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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## HENRY C. CAREY.

Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, is the best known as well as the ablest of American Political Economists. It is scarcely right thus locally to distinguish him, seeing that several of his works have been republished in England, and translated into the French, German, Italian, and Swedish languages. He is the son of Mathew Carey, who had been compelled to leave his native Ireland, on account of the too free expression of liberal opinions, soon after the independence of the Irish Parliament had been conceded. The elder Carey, landing in Philadelphia in November, 1784, established a newspaper there in the following January, and was induced by its success, as well as his own aspiring talent, to publish a monthly magazine, which was highly eulogized by Washington. In time the selling, printing, and writing of books was added to the labor of editing; and thus was founded the great publishing house of Carey & Son, which had been conducted by Mathew Carey alone during 28 years previous to 1814, and was long at the head of the book-trade in America.

In this firm Henry C. Carey, born at Philadelphia in 1793, was admitted junior partner at the age of 21. He received the average education of the period, was pert to help his father in business at an unusually early age, is largely self-taught, and, though devoted to *belles lettres* and the severer studies of philosophy, has ever been a practical, hard-working man, with enlarged views and untiring energy. He it was who established, over forty years ago, the Trade Book Sales, which have been found so advantageous for vendors and purchasers. His father retired in 1821, and he himself withdrew from trade in 1838, resolved to devote himself to authorship, into which he had already entered with an "Essay on the Rate of Wages," published in 1835, in which he naturally appeared as inheriting the enlarged and liberal views of his father, who was one of the earliest political economists and statesmen of this New World.

Two years later Mr. Carey was, by its great success, induced to expand it, and hence was developed his "Principles of Political Economy," in three volumes octavo (1837 and '40), decidedly and rationally anti-Malthusian; and, it is scarcely too much to say, the most intelligent of its class ever published.

The mere enumeration of the various productions of Mr. Carey's inquiring, observing, and reasoning mind, would occupy more space than we can here spare. The best list, as far as it goes, is to be found in the memoir of Mr. Carey, by M. A. Legoyt (1854), in the 8th volume of Didot's "Nouvelle Biographie Universelle." We must name, however, as works, the importance of which has been acknowledged by critics as well as by the public abroad and at home, "The Credit System in France, Great Britain, and the United States," in 1838; "The Past, the Present, and the Future," in 1848; "The Harmony of Interests," in 1851; "The Slave-Trade," a storehouse of facts and arguments, in 1853; various treatises on Currency, Protection, and International Copyright; and, what must be considered his *chef-d'ouvre*, "Principles of Social Science" (1858–60, in three octavo volumes). By this latter work, now naturalized, by translation, in various foreign countries, Mr. Carey is best known. In 1865 it was introduced as a text-book into the University of Pennsylvania, but had previously been translated into German, and adopted for a like purpose at the University of Berlin. Indeed Mr. Carey's writings have been greatly acceptable to the great German mind—which observes, reflects, investigates, analyzes, and casts aside as unproved mere assertion, however plausible. At no time did the theories of Malthus and Ricardo find favor in Germany; and these, as well as the dogmatic blunders and inconsistencies of M'Culloch, have been laid bare by Mr. Carey, who is the champion of labor rather than of capital. Abridgments as well as translations of his works have been liberally made in Germany, where his condensed and reasoning style has latterly found imitators—by the law of contrast, the philosophical writers there having previously indulged in verbosity.

Mr. Carey is the possessor of a fine gallery of pictures, chiefly of the English school, including some of the best works of his brother-in-law, the late C. R. Leslie. He is loved and esteemed in his native city, where he continues to reside, and whose interests he has largely advanced—not only by his pen, but, on suitable occasions, by a characteristic eloquence at once spontaneous and expressive, energetic and logical. Mr. Carey is the ablest advocate of Protection, on the claims of home industry, in Philadelphia—we might say in the United States. He has traveled extensively and observingly in most European countries, and their languages are almost as familiar to him as his own. He showed himself eminently loyal and patriotic in the recent great struggle for the preservation of the Union.

HENRY C. CAREY.

## "THE EMPTY STOCKING."

The beautiful full-page engraving on page 9, from a drawing by W. S. L. Jewett, tells its own pathetic story forcibly enough—as do all the characteristic sketches of this artist. Still we can not but draw attention for a moment to the suggestions forced upon us by the story itself. These point to the shady side of our holiday festivities, which is a side we do not willingly contemplate—not necessarily because we are so selfish, but because the picture is so sad, and, even in spite of any possible relief which it may be in our power to give, still remains so sad as to mar not our pleasures alone, but also our peace of mind. The shadow of human poverty resting upon so many hearths, if it could be seen by us in all of its reality, would be sufficiently gigantic to crowd out the sunlight from our happiest homes: unless, indeed, we can resort to that cold and hard philosophy which allows of an intenser joy in us, just because this joy is measured against the sharp distress of others. Therefore it is that we so naturally turn from the shadows and the cold without us to the light and comfort of happy homes. We want to see the full stockings which represent the overflow of love and kindness and generous wealth, and are apt to turn away from those little empty stockings, because they tell us such long, sorrowful stories about poor little children with many wants, and about pale-faced mothers, whose love for their little ones can find no outlets in the shape of holiday toys, "goodies," and fairy books with exquisite pictures.

"The poor ye have always with you," says Christ. Our readers, therefore, will forgive us for asking them to look upon a picture such as Mr. Jewett has drawn of the poor mother, the poor child, and "the empty stocking." Let us at least try to meet the poverty which daily meets *us:* bringing warmth to the cold hearths which we know of, and shoes to the little naked feet which stand pleadingly in our way!

## Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly.

NUMBER 522 completed the Tenth Volume of *Harper's Weekly.* This has been a volume unusually replete with interest. The illustrations, both in number and variety, have surpassed those of any illustrated periodical. Our readers need not be reminded that the year now closing has been a period of great moment in the world's history. The European Continent has passed through the most significant revolution of the last fifty years, out of which a great Protestant Power has come which rivals even the Second French Empire. At home, to the period of bloody civil war there has succeeded a no less critical period of reconstruction. The events of this important year, both Domestic and Foreign, have been illustrated in the *Weekly*, and have been continually the subject of editorial comment. Every number of the *Weekly* is electrotyped, and the ten volumes now completed may be obtained at $7 per volume. The contents of these volumes comprise, besides illustrations of all interesting current events and portraits of prominent personages, an amount of general literature—representing the best productions of the last decade—which is alone worth the price of the whole series.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Tenth Volume of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *ending with No. 522, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* TITLE-PAGE AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1867.

## THE WAY OF THE PEOPLE.

IN this country, at least, the poet's adjuration to the bells of the New Year, to "ring out the false, ring in the true!" is not without its practical answer. And as the Christmas holidays come again, it is pleasant to reflect how surely we may count upon a national policy founded more and more upon the fundamental truth of human brotherhood, which was the great doctrine of the Great Teacher. The most signal public revelation of the closing year is that of the character of the people, and the steady popular fidelity to the true spirit of the Government.

All the patience, moderation, sagacity, and tenacity they showed in the conduct of the war reappear in the settlement of the question of restoration. The war sprang from a conflict between the principle of equal rights and the system of slavery. But its form was a struggle for the Union. Everybody knew, and nobody better than President LINCOLN, that slavery was the strength and the purpose of the rebellion; but nobody better than he understood the nature and the ways of the people. As late as the second summer of the war he wrote to Mr. GREELEY that he should save the Union with or without slavery. When the preparatory proclamation of emancipation came, it was issued as a war measure, and a great many who thought themselves wiser than the President, deprecated it as premature. When the great work was done in the final proclamation, although the tone of that paper is of the truest solemnity, it was as free from rhetoric as an order of the day. The President's successive expressions upon the subject marked the gradual growth of the national disposition. The country began the war with a mildness and moderation which seem almost ludicrous. It ended it with an unconditional victory, and the utter overthrow of slavery.

It is the same in the process of restoration. When the final surrender took place, the victorious people, who cherished no thought of vengeance, and who only feared when LINCOLN fell that his successor would be too relentlessly severe, looked for an honest acquiescence in the inevitable results of the war—those results to be interpreted not by the vanquished but the victors, but interpreted humanely and with Christian intelligence. Thwarted and pained by the conduct of the President, who rapidly subordinated the great question of wise restoration to the prosecution of a political intrigue, the people expected of Congress a firm but moderate policy, which, with as little disturbance as possible of old traditions and theories, should yet secure the actual results of the war. Like the action of President LINCOLN, that of the Congress elected with him was patient and firm, but in no sense sudden or extravagant. As he often seemed too deliberate and gentle, so Congress was by some ardent souls reviled and satirized for inefficiency; and as there were times when Mr. LINCOLN seemed hardly to have a party, so the policy suggested by Congress was at first heartily supported nowhere. But its real sagacity gradually became apparent, and when the Report of the Committee, written, it is understood, by Senator FESSENDEN, was thoroughly read, discussed, and digested by the country, and its facts and principles and reasoning amply and variously set forth during the last canvass, the country found its real feeling and purpose adequately expressed.

That purpose undoubtedly was, and is, to secure the result of the war with as little shock of any kind as possible, but to secure it, shock or no shock. More than a year ago we ventured to remark that, under whatever careful reservations and concessions to familiar theories the work might be done, there could be practically no question of the authority of the National Government to do whatever the public safety might require, which was in itself just and wise, and in the true spirit of the Constitution. The New York *Times* differed, and insisted that the public safety was a very vague and perilous phrase. It certainly often is vague, and, like every necessary principle, it may be often perverted. But in so utterly an abnormal situation, for which the organic law did not and could not expressly provide, there was no other point of departure. This was immediately proved by the action of the President. Either the National Government had no power whatever in the matter, as Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the Copperhead party contended, or it had all the power necessary to secure its own safety. And we now read with pleasure in the *Times* this sentence: "For it is plain that all attempts to bring States like South Carolina to reason are futile, and that the only available method of terminating the existing condition of affairs is to determine what the Republic needs, and to push it through, without pausing to consult rebel dignity."

When the *Times* says this, it may be assumed that there is no considerable body of loyal citizens who have any doubt upon the subject. The popular purpose has been always the same. But it is the habit of the American people to try to reach results as quietly as possible. When the first step is found useless the second is taken, and then the third, and as many as are necessary to the end in view. Thus those who wished to give the first step a fair trial were not opposed to the second when its necessity became obvious; but they felt that it was wiser to try the first, in order that there might be no doubt as to the necessity and propriety of the next. Thus there is no doubt that, after the deliberate rejection of the Amendment by the late rebel States, which is now rapidly taking place, the loyal people of the country, whose purpose is unrelaxed, are just as ready for the reorganization contemplated by Congress as they were for reorganization under the Amendment.

## THE MEXICAN MUDDLE.

WHEN we asked, a few weeks since, the probable scope of Lieutenant-General SHERMAN'S mission to Mexico, it seemed quite evident that MAXIMILIAN was about to leave that country. But he has issued a queer manifesto from Orizaba, in which he tells the Mexicans that he has been placed in charge of their countrymen, alalthough he forgets to state by whom, and invites all political parties to a congress to determine whether the Empire shall continue. This manifesto follows the arrival of MIRAMON, the leader of the Church party, which is doubtless its inspiration. Meanwhile Marshal BAZAINE, the acting regent, is reported to have forbidden the French troops to take any further part in Mexican affairs, and invites General SHERMAN to the city of Mexico; while the General and Mr. Minister CAMPBELL were, at the last accounts, floating about in the *Susquehanna*, and will probably return to Washington.

In the midst of this muddle Mr. HARDING, of Illinois, suddenly moves that the House of Representatives resolve to vindicate "the time-honored policy of this republic against foreign armed intervention," and applauds "the tone of the national voice in reference to the Republic of Mexico." Nothing could be more comical. The resolution was adopted just at the moment when foreign armed intervention had ceased; and the House, instead of reminding Mr. HARDING of that fact, goaded by the disturbing spectre of the Monroe Doctrine, passed the resolution without debate.

Now the Mexican question has become a very simple question if, as there seems no reason to doubt, the French have ceased to take part in military operations. Our Government was satisfied with LOUIS NAPOLEON'S project of withdrawing in three divisions at three different times. We think, under the circumstances, it ought to be satisfied with his withdrawal of the whole force at once, even if the date be later than that originally named for the first movement. By the French inaction the question becomes purely Mexican. It is a revival of the old quarrel between the reactionary Church party led by MIRAMON, and the Liberals headed by JUAREZ. There will, of course, be other parties, for there always are, and civil strife, as there has been for a generation. That MAXIMILIAN is a decoy of MIRAMON'S may be assumed. But if LOUIS NAPOLEON does not assist him, we can not quarrel with a Mexican party for choosing an Austrian head. Unless we propose to keep the internal peace of our neighbors we can not honorably interfere with arms in Mexican politics, for we were ready to go to war with France for doing the very same thing.

The principles of action announced by the Secretary of State in the long correspondence upon this subject are the true principles of this Government. We do not pretend, he said, to mingle in Mexican debates; we respect the action of that nation when it is free; but when it is coerced, our situation and circumstances give us the right to call the coercing power to account. That is precisely what we have done. The coercing power proposes to withdraw. Why should we now begin to intervene in Mexico?

## THE AMENDMENT ESSENTIAL.

THERE seems to be an impression that the various propositions offered in Congress for the restoration of the States lately in rebellion are intended to dispense with the Constitutional Amendment now pending, and that if any one of them should be adopted there would be no further use of the Amendment. But this is a total misapprehension. The provisions of the Amendment are permanent necessities of the Union. They were offered to the unrestored States for adoption, and their adoption by those States would have been satisfactory evidence to Congress of a disposition which would have justified it in confirming the steps already taken for restoration. The refusal of those States to ratify the Amendment does not change its character or necessity; it merely shows that some other means must be taken to secure the ratification, in order that the Amendment may become part of the organic law.

The Amendment in itself is the result of long and prudent deliberation upon the situation, to determine what changes in the Constitution the war had shown to be essential to the permanence of the nation and the security of the Government. The strict definition of citizens of the United States, the declaration of equality of civil rights among those citizens, the adjustment of the basis of representation consequent upon emancipation, the official ineligibility, at the pleasure of Congress, of all who break an oath of fidelity to the Government in order to bear arms against it, the validity of the public debt of the Union incurred in suppressing a rebellion, and the invalidity of any debt arising from rebellion, are not temporary but permanent provisions. They will be just as necessary hereafter as they are now. Their value does not depend upon any particular system of restoration. They are the ripe fruit of experience.

And these are provisions which can not be safely left merely as laws of Congress, nor intrusted to the legislation of States. The law which one Congress passes another Congress may repeal. The fundamental rights of all the people of the United States can not be safely or wisely left to the passion or party-spirit of any State or section of the Union. A citizen has a right to be equally safe every where in the country, and it is not a supreme and sovereign Government which can not every where within its domain equally defend its citizens. Nothing reveals the character of the dominant sentiment in the unrestored States more plainly than their imperative rejection of the provisions of the Amendment. Whether that rejection be based upon the denial of the right of Congress to propose an amendment in the absence of some of the States, or whether they oppose its provisions upon general grounds, or spurn as dishonorable the ratification of them as conditions of restoration, their action shows a feeling in which it would be extreme folly to confide. Defeated in a sanguinary rebellion which brings every man who took up arms within the penalties of treason, without civil government, and without ability or hope of obtaining it except by the consent of the military power under which they lie conquered, the Assemblies, which represent that part of the people which the conquering power allowed to vote, disdainfully reject, as the terms of the restoration of their States to their functions in the Union, conditions of unquestionable justice and prudence and mildness, conditions which guard their future in common with that of the whole Union.

Fortunately the power which proposed those conditions can secure their acceptance. The whole loyal country acknowledged their moderation and wisdom, and that country hoped that the boon of restoration would induce the late rebel States to ratify an amendment so wise and just in itself. It would be hard, indeed, to answer the logic which shows that the assent of those States is not essential to the ratification. But there is doubtless another and a better way to secure the adoption of the Amendment; and unless some change in the situation appears, which is not to be looked for, that other and better way will be followed.

## CIVILIZATION IN NEW YORK.

THE city has decided to offer the lower end of the Park to the United States as a site for a Post-office for half a million of dollars, and the Committee of the Legislature have unanimously resolved to report the desirability and practicability of an under-ground railroad from the upper to the lower part of the city. These are two signs of a little relief. New York grows so prodigiously, and is yet bound in such a throttling iron Ring, that the result has become a problem. Mayor HOFFMAN makes a smooth speech upon every occasion about this great and glorious city, and the unspeakable sin of not letting it do just as it pleases. But is the Ring great and glorious, and if it pleases to choke us shall we patiently submit? How long before the Ring would have made any public improvements? How soon would the pleasant party at the City Hall have relieved the city of any thing but its money?

Should the point of the Park be taken by the United States and a fine building erected, that in itself will be a gain. But nothing can compensate to the appearance of the city for the loss of the fine open space at its most crowded point, although, from the narrowness of the island at the foot of the Park, the usual sanitary objections to the destruction of the open space are less weighty. When the building is finished, we hope that there may be also a thorough system of postal communication established in the city. Let us have branch offices, and swift and sure distribution of letters. If the Postmaster-General would give his attention to a vigorous system of this kind, he would become much more famous and popular than from some other efforts of his.

The under-ground railroad, if it is to be built, will be but a partial relief. Yet it will be very welcome. Some months since we gave, in this paper, some admirable illustrations and explanations of the London railroads of this kind. They are there found to be perfectly feasible and profitable; and as we generally improve upon the models which we adopt, we may reasonably expect success and comfort from the railroad. The consequences of such a result are plain. We should have an aerial road, and other under-ground roads; and these, with the horse-cars, would soon banish omnibuses, except for the accommodation of strictly way-passengers; and even these would vanish at last, for the relief of Broadway would end in a horse-railroad through it.

There is still another improvement which, we hope, will not be long delayed, and that is the foot-bridge over Broadway. When this is once built any where, it will be multiplied by scores. A bridge at Fulton Street would be found so serviceable that it would be followed at many another point upon Broadway, and on the way to the Jersey City ferry. The throng in Greenwich and Washington streets is often greater and more troublesome than that in Broadway. It is astonishing that the city has so long been without so essential a provision of comfort and safety. The pleasure of living in New York would be indescribably increased if we could move about with comparative safety.

## ARTFUL DODGING.

WHAT will Mr. GARRETT DAVIS say? What will Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS say? What will RAPHAEL SEMMES, Moral Philosopher, say? The Democratic party in a ward in Boston, Massachusetts, has voted for a colored Common Councilman!

What are we coming to? Is this not a white man's Government? Is this not a world of HAM, ONESIMUS, and peculiar shin-bones? Have we not been carefully taught that colored men were of the Simian family, and not of the Human? Have we not been pathetically and conclusively asked whether we wished to have our daughters marry sable husbands? Have we not been sarcastically entreated to say whether white men had any rights in this country? And now the Southern brethren, who have always insisted that Canaan was cursed and that the colored race was Canaan, and have been most faithfully sustained in that ennobling faith by the Northern Democracy, behold their allies deliberately casting their votes for a colored candidate for municipal honors!

The record of the party forbids the supposition that they supported the candidate honestly. The inferiority of the colored race, and their unfitness for political power, have been the party tests for a dozen years. The speech of Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN at Albany during the election canvass of 1865 is a fair illustration of the speeches of Northern Democratic politicians upon this subject. And now the eyes of the Southern brethren will be opened. They will see that the talk of their Northern allies was talk only. They will discover that their political brethren here do not share the profound conviction as to the "normal and essential inferiority of the negro" which is planted in the heart of the Southern brother. The Northern wing may say indeed, that every State must settle the question for itself, but they have revealed their present view of the capacity of the race. The moral support of the Southern party from the outside is gone the moment the Northern Democracy votes for colored men.

Meanwhile, although such events tend to loosen the bonds between the wings of the Democratic party, and thus to hasten its dissolution, it can not affect the original and consistent party of equal rights. That party has been taunted as hypocritical because its members did not support the colored candidate in question. But the party denounced as Radical advocates the equal rights of colored citizens not because they are negroes, but because they are men. They insist that as all men are born with equal rights they are entitled to equal defenses of those rights; and that while the necessities of human nature impose certain limitations upon the exercise of all rights, those limitations shall be equally distributed. Thus they claim that the limitations of the right of voting shall be strictly just; that they shall be such as every citizen may readily acquire, and shall not be rooted in natural disability of any kind. There is a party in the country which holds that faith by conviction, and their control

of the country is not likely to be disturbed by those who adopt the appearance of that faith as a desperate political dodge.

## THE LESSON OF JAMAICA.

The Jamaica question can not be too carefully studied by us at this time in this country. And we can imagine few more valuable books than a clear, brief, and faithful history of that island since the emancipation. The great moral which is taught by that history, in the fragmentary form in which it is accessible, is the practical helplessness of an emancipated, servile class among those who have held them enslaved. Making all fair allowance for the climate, and for laziness, ignorance, dishonesty, and ease of subsistence upon the part of the emancipated class in Jamaica, it will hardly be denied by a student of its condition since 1838 that the chief difficulty of the situation is in the spirit of the old planter or slaveholding class.

The initiative belonged to them. Good sense should have taught them that their true interest lay in acquiescing heartily in emancipation and making the best of it. They were to depend upon a class of laborers perfectly well known to them, but placed in a totally different position in respect of the tenure of labor. Those laborers were now freemen. They were to be treated as freemen. But also they were to be treated as new freemen, as men bewildered in a position to which they were unused. Too much was not to be expected of them. They were first of all to be taught confidence in the late master class. They were to be educated, protected, forborne. The duties and responsibilities thrown by emancipation upon the master class were indisputably very great; but they were to be faithfully fulfilled or the whole island would sink into ruin. Nobody pretends that these duties ever were fulfilled, or that as a class the planters made any serious attempt to accept or even to understand the situation. The apprentice system failed. The negroes were utterly alienated. They took to the bush, and the great estates went to waste. Jamaica has languished, not on account of emancipation, for under Slavery it was steadily and rapidly declining, but from the haughty injustice of the master class.

The Eyre massacres of last year happily aroused the English conscience. The protest was tremendous. The Government were compelled to recall Eyre, and to send out a Commission of Inquiry. Eyre is now in England, where a strong effort will be made to bring him to trial for murder; and Sir Peter B. Grant is the new Governor—a man known for his protection of the natives of Bengal from the hard hand of European masters. In his speech upon assuming the Government Sir Peter points out that there is no practical justice in the Island for negroes in cases of more than ten pounds; and it has been found necessary, for the protection of the blacks, to reorganize a paid magistracy in Jamaica. As a further illustration of the administration of justice there is the case of Gordon Ramsay. He was one of the leaders of the massacres of last year; and the evidence before the Grand Jury showed that when a man named Marshall, who was being flogged by Ramsay's order, either exclaimed, "O Lord!" in the agony of the punishment, or merely groaned, or ground his teeth, Ramsay said that it was sedition, ordered him to be taken down and hung, and he was hung. Three witnesses proved these facts. There was no question of them. But the Grand Jury of Planters refused to find a bill. And these are the things which Carlyle and Tennyson and Ruskin defend as manly, British, heroic, and necessary.

It is the business of statesmanship to deal with human nature, not with abstract theories; and if any argument were wanting to demonstrate the imperative duty of the United States at present to hold the freedmen firmly by the hand, and not to intrust them to those who hate them more than they love their own interest, it may be found in the story of Jamaica.

## THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

After the President had vetoed the Freedmen's Bureau bill he sent a Commission, composed of Generals Steedman and Fullerton, who, with a proper corps of correspondents to make public their proceedings and to convey such impressions as might be agreeable, went through some of the Southern States. Neither the letters, however, nor the Report of the Generals, excited much attention, because every body knew that the object of the Commission was to discredit the Bureau, and the stories of its uselessness, extravagance, and general mismanagement were, therefore, matters of course. The Commission went to find fault, and fault was found. But it had the good result of drawing from General Howard, the Chief of the Bureau, a full and thorough answer, which has been lately published. It confounds and answers the accusers often from their own reports, and gives an admirable conception of the scope of the work of the Bureau, and of its complete organization.

There are some general observations in General Howard's letter which are valuable, as coming from one who has peculiar facilities for knowing what he is talking about. Thus he disagrees with the Commissioners as to "a complete revolution" of Southern sentiment toward the freedmen, and refers to their own reports of the outrages and murders committed upon the freedmen and the agents of the Bureau. The Commissioners repeat the assertion of the good old slave-driving times, that it is the interest of the whites to treat the colored laborers well. So it is, but many motives are stronger than interest; and General Howard justly says that it is a very poor security without the guarantee of equal laws. It is a truth which goes to the root of the whole situation. The Commissioners declare that, upon the whole, the Bureau has done more harm than good, because the negroes rely upon it and distrust the property-holders, while it encourages a spy system. This the General unreservedly denies. Bad agents, he concedes, as in every other department and business, have worked mischief. He claims that the influence of the Bureau has been mediatorial and pacific; that it has raised wages and defended the freedmen against "the inertia of the peculiar opinion of Southern property-holders;" and the General is of opinion that the evils in the contracts will disappear so soon as free labor has a fair chance under equal laws impartially administered.

General Howard says, in a manly and noble tone, to the President: "Could the Freedmen's Bureau be now administered with your full and hearty sanction," and with the co-operation of the rest of the Government, it would soon fulfill the objects of its creation. "The work committed to it may doubtless be done by the Army, without a Bureau, but not with much less expense. Yet, if the Government would keep good faith with its new-made citizens, some sort of a United States agency must be maintained in the Southern States until society shall have become more settled than it now is."

## WEARING FLANNEL.

A reader inquires of us to what extent flannel should be worn? In order to answer this question properly we must consider the office which clothing really performs. Though we speak of some kinds of clothing as being warm, they do not communicate heat to the body, but merely serve to prevent its escape. The heat is all generated in the body itself; and what we call warm clothes are articles that are good non-conductors, so called—that is, articles that do not let heat pass through them so readily as some others do. Fur is one of the best of these, and probably almost entirely from the air which is mingled with or confined between its fibres, confined air being one of the most efficient of non-conductors. Woolen articles come next, and among the best of these is flannel.

If the heat of the body were entirely prevented from escaping it would, by accumulation, reach a much higher degree than it does, for it is all the time being generated. It is by a constant escape that it is maintained, under great variations of external temperature, quite uniformly at about 98 degrees. Now, the colder the atmosphere the greater will be this escape, and therefore the more must it be restrained by non-conducting articles of clothing. The clothing should therefore be varied to correspond to the variations of temperature—a rule recognized by the Chinese, as they speak, in their estimate of the weather, of its being one jacket cold, two jackets cold, etc. This rule can not be fully carried out, but we should approximate to it as well as we can. Temporary changes in the weather should be met by changes in the outer garments; and changes of season, for the most part, by changes in the under-clothing.

Some wear the same clothing the year round, with the exception of over-coats in the winter. This we deem to be a great mistake. The system, under this plan, becomes debilitated by unnecessary suffering from heat in hot weather, and it can not be as well protected from cold in the wintry months as it would be if there were a proper regulation of the clothing. Some wear flannel through the whole year, maintaining that they need it in warm weather to guard them against changes of temperature. We will suppose that they are right in the main, as some of them undoubtedly are; but certainly a much thinner flannel is required to guard against the summer changes than against the severer ones of winter and its long spells of extreme cold. In fact, if woolen under-clothing must be worn throughout the year, it would be well to have three grades—the thinnest for midsummer, the next grade for fall and spring, and the thickest for winter. Most persons do not require more than the two last grades, while some need flannel in winter only, and others still, though they are few, do not need it at all, at least in temperate climates. With some there is so much irritation produced by woolen articles that they can not be borne. In such cases there must be a sufficient amount of other fabrics of less non-conducting power to answer the purpose.

There is great diversity in practice in regard to coverings for the feet. Some wear woolen stockings the year round, others cotton, and others still cotton in summer and woolen in winter. Some can not wear woolen at all because it makes the feet uncomfortably warm in the mild weather of winter, and thus renders them more susceptible of the influence of cold when the weather is severe.

There is no uniform rule in regard to clothing for all persons; but the ability to generate and maintain heat must be regarded in each individual case. This is not possessed by children and the aged to as great a degree as by others, and they need special care in relation to their clothing. There is often great neglect on this point in the case of children in obedience to the dictates of fashion. It is also a very common thing for the aged to have inadequate clothing in the winter, the habits of middle life being prolonged in old age, and the new necessities not being recognized.

It should always be remembered that the object of clothing should be to secure *comfortable warmth*, and if it fail to do this injury is inflicted upon the health. A great mistake, it is proper to remark here, is often committed in not adapting the clothing to temporary varying conditions. Thus often the same amount of clothing is worn in the warmed church or lecture-room as when the individual goes out into the chill air. Then, too, the same over-coat is often worn in the extreme cold weather as in that which is milder. Another mistake often made is failing to protect one's self against the cold more effectually when riding than when walking, forgetting the fact that there is not as much heat generated when the body is at rest as when it is in action.

Another very common, erroneous practice it will not be amiss to notice here—the wearing of fur close around the neck. If it be worn at all it should be so arranged that its proximity to the neck can be regulated according to the degree of cold. As usually managed it is by no means an uncommon way of taking cold from the too great warmth that it occasions in mild weather.

In justice to that noble animal the horse, we can not forbear to mention a mistaken kindness which we often see shown to him in the management of his clothing. He is driven about in a cold day with a blanket under the harness. If it be needed at all while he is in motion, it should be outside of the harness, with an arrangement for the reins similar to that which we have in the India-rubber coverings. Such a blanket can be kept on the horse in a very cold day if he is to go only short distances, stopping often; but if he is to go any long distance it should be taken off, that he may have the full benefit when he stops, much less heat being generated then than when he is in motion.

## LITERARY.

"American Leaves: Familiar Notes of Thought and Life," by Samuel Osgood, just published by Harper & Brothers, is the work of a scholar and clergyman who has previously vindicated his claim to be ranked among the thoughtful and catholic domestic counselors and friends. Mr. Osgood's experience and shrewd observation of men and manners have furnished ample material from which he has elaborated these genial and sagacious essays. They are upon topics of the time and of all times, and are treated in a healthful, vigorous, and truly instructive way, without being clerical or didactically dry. Those who are looking rather for a perennial than for an annual in these Christmas days, will lay a strong and retentive hand upon these evergreen Leaves.

## THE SEASONS.

Spring brought me flowers: small tiny buds and frail;
 Faint shadowings of brighter flowers in store,
Fair snow-drops, shy their beauties to unveil,
 And hardier crocus, striped and varied o'er.

Sweet blossoms Summer sent, bright days, blue skies—
 With all the lavish hand that Nature knows,
Strew'd o'er my path flowers pluck'd from Paradise,
 The fragrant jasmine and the queenly rose.

Fruits mellow, luscious, ruddy Autumn gave,
 Rich spoils from Summer's glowing golden days:
More blessings than the heart of man can crave,
 More wonders than the highest art can raise.

Hoar Winter bared the boughs, although he let
 The holly bright and evergreens remain
To tell, the frozen earth will not forget
 To bid the tenderer blossoms bloom again.

So run the Seasons: so has run my life,
 One full rich tide of blessings from on high.
In youthful Spring thou hail'dst me first thy wife,
 To love and cherish me until I die.

In Summer's prime, with all a matron's pride,
 I gathered rosy children to my knee,
And with a mother's care and teaching tried
 To make thy children somewhat worthy thee.

When rich maturity with Autumn days
 Crept on, I reap'd the harvest of my care,
Pluck'd fruit off twigs my hand had help'd to raise—
 Beheld my goodly sons and daughters fair.

And though one Reaper took some golden grain
 To garner it above, beyond my ken
I know Who lends and Who takes back again,
 E'er dealing justly with the sons of men.

Now wintry age has come I stand bereft;
 Oak-like I'm stripp'd, my leaves dropp'd one by one;
But still, thank God! *one* tender heart is left,
 *One* bosom yet to lay my head upon.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned on December 20, to meet again January 3.

On December 18 a memorial of citizens of Louisiana, asking for a Provisional Government, was presented in the Senate by Mr. Trumbull, and resolutions were read the next day, looking to the establishment of Territorial Governments in all the excluded Southern States; but before this important subject was advanced to a vote the Senate adjourned and the matter was referred.

The bill for the admission of Nebraska as a State was debated in the Senate on various occasions, subjected to several amendments, and its further consideration finally postponed until January 7.

The House, on the 19th, refused to make an appropriation for salary to a "clerk of pardons" for the President: and in the course of the debate Mr. Schofield said that all pardons sent to rebels at the South were charged for at the rate of $300 per pardon.

Payment of claims held by rebels anterior to April, 1861, and the act of secession, was forbidden in the House by resolution adopted on the 20th.

The immigration of Chinese into California has attracted the attention of Congress. It appears that the Chinese immigrants, on settling there, persist in maintaining their allegiance to China; and under these circumstances the Senate voted a resolution, December 19, making inquiry into the propriety of discouraging such emigration.

### NEWS ITEMS.

South Carolina rejected the Constitutional Amendment on the 20th ult. by a vote of 95 to 1.

The Virginia Legislature has appropriated $30,000 to purchase limbs for its disabled rebel soldiers, but nothing for its wounded Union sons.

United States officers and soldiers in Florida are frequently arrested by municipal and State authorities for fast riding when on official business. General J. G. Foster lately ordered the authorities to desist in future; but they persisted, and the matter was finally referred to President Johnson, who sustained the civil authorities, and ordered that they should not be interfered with.

In January, 1866, General Daniel Sickles by General Order abolished corporeal punishment in his military department. On December 20 the sheriff of Raleigh, North Carolina, attempted to inflict punishment on a negro by whipping, when Colonel Bomfort, commanding in North Carolina, interfered and saved the negro from illegal punishment. Indictments were presented against Colonel Bomfort in one of the civil courts, and the Governor was called upon to enforce the obnoxious law of the State. This conflict of authority has not yet been settled.

Considerable difficulty exists in Missouri, and Governor Fletcher has expressed dissatisfaction with the action of General Grant in his disposition of United States forces in that State. A body of State militia was lately sent into the interior counties to protect them from outrages by bushwhackers and returned rebels. General Grant being in Missouri, in the absence of General Sherman, made a change in the disposition of the forces, which threatened a conflict of authority, though none had occurred up to our latest dates. Governor Fletcher protested against the activity of the United States troops; and the United States Senate, on December 20, passed a resolution of inquiry into the cause for such movements.

A Mississippi paper officially declares that all former laws prohibiting freedmen from acquiring real estate or bearing arms have been annulled.

Several tenement houses in New York City were burned during the past week, under circumstances which led to suspicions of the existence of a conspiracy on the part of incendiaries, some of whom were arrested.

The New Bowery Theatre, New York, was destroyed by fire on December 18. Loss, $150,000. This leaves the east side of the metropolis without a theatre, the Old Bowery having lately been sold for other purposes.

The Board of Aldermen of New York City have voted to cede a part of the Battery to the United States as a site for a Barge and Revenue Office.

M. Berthemy, the new French Minister to the United States, arrived in New York City on December 21, and was officially presented to the President and Secretary Seward at Washington on December 24.

The New Orleans Congressional Investigation Committee has been authorized to inquire into General Sheridan's administration of affairs.

General Wager Swayne reports Governor Patton, of Alabama, as a warm supporter of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The pressure of snow on a Buffalo market-house caused a portion of it to give way on Sunday last.

Atlanta, Georgia, has been rebuilt in a more substantial, handsomer, and more elegant manner than it was as it previously existed.

The United States frigate *Lancaster* has been reported lost off Cape Horn, but the report lacks confirmation.

The gold medallion of President Lincoln, to be presented to his widow by the Democrats of France in spite of every effort made by Napoleon to prevent its subscription in the empire, has been finished; it is two and a half inches in diameter, of solid gold, and weighs at least a pound. The relief of the martyr President is a most excellent likeness.

A song, containing an allusion to the rebel "Stars and Bars," was lately *encored* in New Orleans by the whites and hissed by the negroes of the audience.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, has expressed the opinion that the Southern States have no power to ratify the Constitutional Amendment; and that "Congress will do the Union men of the South a grievous injury if it shall admit the Congressional delegations from the rebel States on such a ratification."

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The German Parliament is henceforth to be elected by universal suffrage; and the German army is to be officered by Prussia.

The Diet of Crotia on the 18th inst., following the example of Hungary, voted for a separate Government from that of Austria, and will not be absorbed in the Empire.

It was formally announced in the Hungarian Diet on December 20 that the Emperor of Austria had resolved to restore the Constitution of Hungary, as was urged on him by the Deak revolutionary party.

While defeated Austria is still being forced to concessions threatening her eventual dissolution, victorious Prussia is carrying out her schemes of consolidation. Schleswig-Holstein, very important to Prussia as possessing an ocean frontier, has been absorbed by that Power and declared a part of the kingdom of Prussia.

The Pope still retains a feeble hold on Rome, but the National Committee of that city, in an address to the people, assure them of ultimate triumph in the complete unification of Italy. The Pope meantime has expressed satisfaction with the speech of King Victor Emanuel at the opening of the Italian Parliament on December 15; and a conference for the arrangement of the relations between the Papal Power and the kingdom of Italy had been held.

The last budget of the French Minister of Finance shows that the revenues and expenditures of the Empire are in a happy state of equilibrium. He declares that the new army scheme "will involve no increase of taxes, and will prove a fresh guarantee of peace." Nevertheless, so unpopular with all classes is this scheme for the reorganization of the French army, that its early withdrawal or modification is anticipated.

The Fenian excitement in Ireland was somewhat abated at our latest date (December 24), though arrests continued to be made. A London journal semi-officially declared on December 20 that Stephens was not in Ireland, and could do little mischief now if he were.

The Mexican question continues to be a mystery. General Sherman, who was sent there to solve it, returned to New Orleans on December 20, from Matamoras, where he had had an interview with General Escobedo and President Juarez. Minister Campbell remained at Matamoras after General Sherman's departure, intending to go to Monterey to meet Juarez; but on December 21 left for New Orleans. Both Commissioners were at New Orleans at our latest dates, and declared that their mission was a success, resulting in opening communications with Juarez and learning the plans of that official. The dissensions among the Liberals continued even after the defeat and expulsion from Matamoras of Canales and Cortina. On the 18th General Ortega, who claims to be the rightful President, succeeded in crossing from Texas to Mexico, and was joined by Canales, Cortina, and their bands. The most singular movement lately made is that of Marshal Bazaine, who has issued a manifesto, declaring the neutrality of the French troops in Mexico in Mexican affairs. Maximilian, who had been residing at Orizaba for a month previous, left that place on December 14 for the City of Mexico, compelled thereto by the French authorities.

John H. Surratt was placed on the United States war-steamer *Swatara* at Alexandria, Egypt, on December 21, and is *en route* to New York.

The war in Candia continues vigorously. On December 20 a desperate combat was fought between the Turks and Christians in the Convent of Arcadian. The Christians barricaded even the cells of the convent, but the Turks having carried the place, it was determined to fire the magazine in order to prevent the desecration of the house. A monk applied the match, and thousands were killed by the explosion. The Turkish blockade of the island had been strengthened.

## THE VETERAN.

HE stood upon the village green,
Clothed in his country's gabardine.
His dusty suit of faded blue,
His forage cap and army shoe
(Alas! he had but need of one,
For 'twas a crutch he leaned upon),
His steady look and martial mien,
Showed plainly what he once had been.
I marked him well, for such as he
Are more than dear to you and me—
Who stood, through long and anxious years,
The centre of our hopes and fears.
A throng had gathered at his side;
With them a huckster's trade he plied.
His camp-cut phrase and shrewder vein
A willing audience soon obtain;
And while he talked he gave his cares
More to his story than his wares;
And rough and ready, like the man,
I give its tenor as it ran:

"I am a soldier of Sixty-one—
One of the first, you see, to rally.
I ran with the rest at the first Bull Run,
And carried a gun with Banks in the Valley.
I fired my twenty rounds away
When Shields gave Stonewall such a licking
(The boot was changed at a later day,
And we took *our* turn at the double-quicking).
And so it passed for a year or more,
When we woke one morning, bright and balmy,
Part and parcel of the old First Corps,
The bulliest corps in the grand old army!
And how we fought and how we tramped,
Too long a tale, perhaps, I'd spin ye,
But, first and last, I think we camped
In every field in old Virginny!

"'Twas a gay old life, but, Lord! 'twas hard—
No rest for the good, no peace for the wicked;
When you didn't fight you were put on guard,
And when you came off you went on picket.
Yet still somehow it struck my mind
No single step to much amounted;
Of a score of things done you were lucky to find
That two of the number had ever counted.
But war is war, and one must be
As patient as the game's uncertain;
'Tis little of the play you see—
The biggest part's behind the curtain.
Too long the silken glove we wore,
And ill we throve on milk and water;
Till, cool and grim, our Grant stepped in,
And brayed bold Dixie in his mortar!

"Ah! Ignorance may live and learn,
And Folly may give ear to Reason;
But, turn whichever way you turn,
'Tis Force alone can deal with Treason!

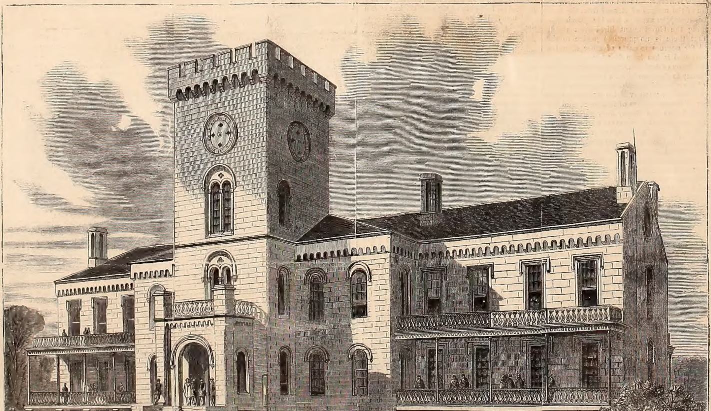
For he who swells with the brutal brag
That he hates the charter that made him free—
That he hates his country and hates his flag,
And prates of war with a devilish glee—
This man in vain you strive to gain
With tender words and soft appealings,
But good dry blows—he yields to those,
And there at last you touch his feelings!

"Well, as for me, I stood up stout
Until Cold Harbor, dark and cruel,
And there this leg was counted out—
At last your uncle had got his gruel!
I had been scratched three times before,
But not enough to hurt my beauty,
And for thirty months and something more
I had scarcely been off a day from duty.

"And now, my friends, I'm pegging my way
From town to town and county to county
(You see we privates had very small pay,
And the old Sixty-oners got no bounty),
A-peddling my salve wherever I raid;
And I don't feel ashamed, now, nary a particle,
For selling salve is an honest trade,
And this of mine is a prime old article!
Good for any kind of a bruise,
From a gun-shot wound to the bite of a mouse,
Or a cut or a burn—all ready for use,
And an excellent thing to have in the house!
Buy a box? Thank'ee! And you, Sir? Two?
I guess 'tain't for nothing I've taken this tramp!
Yes, my good Sir, another for you;
It only costs you a twenty-five stamp.
And another one, too!
Oh, bully for you!
I'd gladly give you a dozen more,
You all take so kind to the old First Corps!"

And while he paused in his simple strain
'Twas little he recked of trade or gain;
For, lost in his tale, his soul had wrought
A grander vision, a nobler thought.
He thought of his country's triumph—the price
Of his own most costly sacrifice;
And a loving glance, suffused and dim,
Fell down upon his shattered limb.
I saw a tear on his eyelid flash—
I saw it fall from the quivering lash;
And he spake these words, unheard of men:
"All that I gave I would give again!"

Oh, well tried soul! through toil and pain
Well hast thou wrought, nor wrought in vain.
Thou hast fought in the van of a noble host;
Thou hast saved a land that was well-nigh lost.
And the sight of thy tattered suit of blue
Shall hold men honest and keep them true—
True to the pledge which, in darker years,
We made in sorrow and signed in tears—
That ever and ever our faith holds good
To the law of human brotherhood;
That the souls of the leal and true are white,
And that man shall be man, and right shall be right.



MILITARY ASYLUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.—[SEE PAGE 5.]

MOTHER'S KISS.

## BURNING OF THE "NEW IRONSIDES."

On the 15th of December, a little after midnight, the *New Ironsides* was discovered to be on fire. All efforts were immediately made to extinguish it; but the dense volumes of smoke which filled the vessel made it impossible to breathe, and, consequently, with the means at hand (which consisted of buckets only), water could not be got to the fire. All the air openings about the vessel had been closed, and there were hopes of smothering the fire, or, at least, subduing it, till assistance could arrive from Philadelphia, which is about three and one half miles distant.

At 12.45 A.M. the flames broke forth from one of the after-hatches, and at about this time the arrival of a steam fire-engine was hailed with joy. Unfortunately another unavoidable delay occurred in getting the engine to work. It happened to be low-water at the time, and the engine had to be transported along the bridge, extending from League Island, and the side-posts and rail of the latter to be cut down, so that the engine could be moved along. The water for its supply had to be drawn from the Delaware. By the time the engine was ready for forcing water the flames were bursting from every hatch, and it became painfully apparent that all efforts to save her would be futile.

Her decks and beams had been thoroughly covered with pitch and tar, and, when once on fire, it became almost an impossibility to extinguish the flames. She burned like a huge caldron of pitch during the remainder of the night and the greater part of the next day, when, as the wooden sides had burned away, the heavy iron armor fell into the hull.

In the afternoon the heavy chain fastenings by which she was moored were cut, and the flaming hull was towed to shallow water, where she soon after sunk. Her armor can therefore now be saved, and quantities of other metal which may be in the hull.

At the time of the fire the *New Ironsides* was moored in the inside channel at the end of a long pier on the river side of League Island. To the starboard of this steamer, on the bow end, was moored the double-turreted iron-clad *Dictator*, and between the last-named vessel and the Island the United States sloop-of-war *St. Louis*, a wooden vessel, was stationed. Between the Island, at the stern of the *New Ironsides*, was moored the *Atlanta*, a rebel ram that was captured in Warsaw Sound in 1864.

The *New Ironsides* was built at Philadelphia in May, 1862. She was 245 feet long, 57½ feet beam, and 25 feet depth of hold. Her sides were 24 inches thickness of oak, plated with 4½ inches of iron, inclined at an angle of about 30 degrees. She mounted sixteen 11-inch Dahlgren guns, and two 100-pounder Parrott pivots, mounted fore and aft. (The guns were not on board when she was burned.) Her original cost was $750,000.

## SKETCHES ON A RICE PLANTATION.

The planters of the South have always fostered an idea that there was an unusual risk to the unacclimated in Southern farming, and particularly has this been claimed to be the case in rice culture, although it is very doubtful if the rice country is much if any worse than the river bottoms of the West, so attractive to emigration.

The operations of the rice plantation commence with ditching the fields to facilitate flooding, the water being distributed by a system of canals and flood-gates. The ground is then prepared either by the hoe or plow—the latter being decidedly the best, although considered an innovation by the bigoted old planters; the weeds and wild rice, or volunteer crop, as it is called, is killed, and the ground trenched for planting.

The rice is sown rapidly, as the negroes generally take a trotting gait as they drop it in the furrows, which are cut very straight. The sprout-water is now let on, and the fields remain flooded for eight or nine days, after which it is drawn off, and the rice allowed to put out leaf; and when it has reached two or three inches in height it is again flooded with what is technically called stretch-water, care being taken not to drown the rice, which must be perceptible above the water.

The rice having advanced to the proper height the water is slowly drawn off that the rice, which it supports, may not fall to the ground, and, after an

## MILITARY ASYLUM AT WASHINGTON.

We give on page 4 an illustration of the United States Military Asylum for Disabled Volunteers at Washington. Official notice has been given that the Asylum is now ready to receive all volunteer soldiers honorably discharged, and who are disabled to such an extent that they are incapable of earning a livelihood in the ordinary walks of life. Whatever labor they do will be paid for. Pensions must be given up to the Institution when the soldier enters, except when he has a family to support.

## METROPOLITAN M. E. CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the present issue we present our readers with a sketch of the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church, now in course of erection in the city of Washington. When completed it will be one of the largest and most imposing church edifices on this continent. It will be built of brown stone, in the Gothic order, and will be surmounted by a spire 220 feet high, and will seat about 2000 persons. The main audience-room will be divided into nave and side aisles, and the vestibules laid in mosaic. All the wood-work will be of black walnut and white ash, the beams and girders yellow pine. The foundation walls are most massive, being six feet thick at the base, and all the stone laid in cement. The vestries and class-rooms, as well as the lecture-room, will be constructed on the most modern and improved plan, and will be well lighted and properly ventilated.

In the arrangement of the seats the national character of the church will be pleasingly carried out. Pews will be set apart for the President and his Cabinet, the Judges of Courts, and officers of the Army and Navy. Seats will also be provided for the different States, bearing on their panels the coat of arms belonging to each, so that strangers from every section of the Republic, as well as the members of Congress, will find they have a place in which to worship when visiting the National Capital.

The erection of this building was first decided upon about ten years ago, when suitable lots were purchased, and the foundations laid; but owing to the unsettled state of the country the project was kept in abeyance until the last session of the Baltimore Conference. At that meeting the Rev. F. S. De Hass, of Brooklyn, New York, was appointed to complete the undertaking, and in April last he assumed the charge. Since then he has been almost constantly engaged in presenting the claims of the Metropolitan Church to the Methodist people of the States. Upward of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the estimated cost, and the entire of this amount, it is expected, the reverend gentleman will secure before the building is completed. Chief-Justice Chase, General Grant, and Senator Harlan are members of the Board of Trustees, and the first men of the nation are among the contributors to this grand memorial edifice.

METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

interval of a week or ten days, the ground is pronounced dry enough for first hoeing, which is immediately followed by the second. The water is then put on again, and performs the double duty of nourishing and bearing up the rice and keeping down the growth of weeds. It is at this time that malaria is apt to arise, the water, which is only changed at intervals of two weeks, getting sour and stagnant. This flooding is kept up with the changes of the tide—being careful not to stretch the rice too much—till the time arrives for harvest-water, which is the last flooding, and is kept on longer than the previous ones. The rice being ripe and the water finally drawn off, when the fields are dry enough the reapers enter, and cut the crop, which is at once carried to the threshing-mill, as it is necessary that it should be threshed as fast as it is cut, 500 to 1000 bushels daily being the usual amount made.

In rice culture the aim of the planter is to get his crop in in time to flood with the spring-tides. If he does this the rice will advance so rapidly that it will be harvested before the arrival of those pests to the rice-grower—the rice-birds. These collect about the rice plantations in immense flocks before migrating to the West Indies and Central America for the winter.

The bobolink, or rice-bird, eats immense quantities of insects and grubs, and is thus of considerable use to the farmer of the North; but woe to the planter if this bird finds the rice upon the ground! Rats and ducks are also among the enemies of the rice, and the hands kill and eat them—the rats as well as the ducks. The negroes of the rice plantations hold themselves much above other hands, and their tasks are much lighter, usually being finished by the middle of the day, when they eat a good meal. To eat early makes them sick, and they often put it off till they have done their work, after which they go to the woods and rivers, and add game and fish to their rations of pork, corn, and rice—the latter they *must* have. In their gardens they cultivate cabbage, potatoes, etc., and altogether lead a tolerably pleasant existence. The drawings, which were made on the plantation of Colonel Wardell, on the Ogeechee, near Savannah, represent, in the centre, the rice fields with the hands at work, and around it the threshing-mill, the main flood-gate, one of the smaller gates, or trunks, a flooded field, ditching, reaping, etc. A. R. W.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

### Book II.—The Two Macaires.

### CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

The Captain was so essentially a creature of the West End that Beauty without her glitter of diamonds and splendor of apparel was scarcely Beauty for him. He waited for the groom of the chambers to announce her name, and the low hum of well-bred approval to accompany her entrance, before he bowed the knee and acknowledged her perfection. The Beauties whom he remembered had received their patent from the Prince Regent, and had graduated in the houses of Devonshire and Hertford. How should the faded bachelor know that this girl, in a shabby cotton-gown, with unkempt hair dragged off her pale face, and with grimy smears from the handles of sauce-pans and fire-irons imprinted upon her cheeks—how should he know that she was beautiful? It was only during the slow monotonous hours of his convalescence, when he lay upon the poor faded little sofa in Mrs. Kepp's parlor—the sofa that was scarcely less faded and feeble than himself—it was then, and then only, that he discovered the loveliness of the face which had been so often bent over him during his delirious wanderings.

"I have mistaken you for all manner of people, my dear," he said to his landlady's daughter, who sat by the little Pembroke-table working, while her mother dozed in a corner with a worsted stocking drawn over her arm and a pair of spectacles resting upon her elderly nose. Mrs. Kepp and her daughter were wont to spend their evenings in the lodger's apartment now; for the invalid complained bitterly of "the horrors" when they left him.

"I have taken you for all sorts of people, Mary Anne," pursued the Captain, dreamily. "Sometimes I have fancied you were the Countess of Jersey, and I could see her smile as she looked at me when I was first presented to her. I was very young in the beautiful Jersey's time; and then there was the other one—whom I used to drink tea with at Brighton. Ah me! what a dull world it seems nowadays! The king gone, and every thing changed—every thing—every thing! I am a very old man, Mary Anne."

He was fifty-two years of age; he felt quite an old man. He had spent all his money, he had outlived the best friends of his youth; for it had been his fate to adorn a declining era, and he had been a youngster among elderly patrons and associates. His patrons were dead and gone, and the men he had patronized shut their doors upon him in the day of his poverty. As for his relations he had turned his back upon them long ago, when first he followed in the shining wake of that gorgeous vessel, the Royal George. In this hour of his penniless decline there was none to help him. To have outlived every affection and every pleasure is the chief bitterness of old age; and this bitterness Horatio Paget suffered in all its fullness, though his years were but fifty-two.

"I am a very old man, Mary Anne," he repeated plaintively. But Mary Anne Kepp could not think him old. To her eyes he must forever appear the incarnation of all that is elegant and distinguished. He was the first gentleman she had ever seen. Mrs. Kepp had given shelter to other lodgers who had called themselves gentlemen, and who had been pompous and grandiose of manner in their intercourse with the widow and her daughter; but oh, what pitiful lacquered counterfeits, what Brummagem paste they have been, compared to the real gem! Mary Anne Kepp had seen varnished boots before the humble flooring of her mother's dwelling was honored by the tread of Horatio Paget; but what clumsy vulgar boots, and what awkward plebeian feet had worn them! The lodger's slim white hands and arched instep, the patrician curve of his aquiline nose, the perfect grace of his apparel, the high-bred modulation of his courteous accents—all these had impressed Mary Anne's tender little heart so much the more because of his poverty and loneliness. That such a man should be forgotten and deserted—that such a man should be poor and lonely, seemed so cruel a chance to the simple maiden: and then when illness overtook him, and invested him with a supreme claim upon her tenderness and pity—then the innocent girl lavished all the treasures of a compassionate heart upon the ruined gentleman. She had no thought of fee or reward; she knew that her mother's lodger was miserably poor, and that his payments had become more and more irregular week by week, and month by month. She had no consciousness of the depth of feeling that rendered her so gentle a nurse; for her life was a busy one, and she had neither time nor inclination for any morbid brooding upon her own feelings.

She protested warmly against the Captain's lamentation respecting his age.

"The idear of any gentleman calling hisself old at fifty!" she said—and Horatio shuddered at the supererogatory "r" and the "hisself," though they proceeded from the lips of his consoler—"you've got many, many years before you yet, Sir, please God," she added, piously; "and there's good friends will come forward yet to help you, I make no doubt."

Captain Paget shook his head peevishly.

"You talk as if you were telling my fortune with a pack of cards," he said. "No, my girl, I shall have only one friend to rely upon, if ever I am well enough to go outside this house; and that friend is myself. I have spent the fortune my father left me; I have spent the price of my commission; and I have parted with every object of any value that I ever possessed—in vulgar parlance, I am cleaned out, Mary Anne. But other men have spent every sixpence belonging to them, and have contrived to live pleasantly enough for half a century afterward; and I dare say I can do as they have done. If the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, I suppose the hawks and vultures take care of themselves. I have tried my luck as a shorn lamb, and the tempest has been very bitter for me; so I have no alternative but to join the vultures."

Mary Anne Kepp stared wonderingly at her mother's lodger. She had some notion that he had been saying something wicked and blasphemous; but she was too ignorant and too innocent to follow his meaning.

"Oh, pray don't talk in that wild way, Sir," she entreated. "It makes me so unhappy to hear you go on like that."

"And why should any thing that I say make you unhappy, Mary Anne?" asked the lodger, earnestly.

There was something in his tone that set her pale face on fire with unwonted crimson, and she bent very low over her work to hide those painful blushes. She did not know that the Captain's tone presaged a serious address; she did not know that the grand crisis of her life was close upon her.

Horatio Paget had determined upon making a sacrifice. The doctor had told him that he owed his life to this devoted girl; and he would have been something less than man if he had not been moved with some grateful emotion. He was grateful; and in the dreary hours of his slow recovery he had ample leisure for the contemplation of the woman to whom he owed so much, if his poor worthless life could indeed be much. He saw that she was devoted to him; that she loved him more truly than he had ever been conscious of being loved before. He saw too that she was beautiful. To an ugly woman Captain Paget might have felt extremely grateful; but he could never have thought of an ugly woman as he thought of Mary Anne Kepp. The end of his contemplation and his deliberation came to this: She was beautiful, and she loved him, and his life was utterly wretched and lonely; so he determined upon proving his gratitude by a sublime sacrifice. Before the girl had lifted her face from the needle-work, over which she had bent to hide her blushes, Horatio Paget had asked her to be his wife. Her emotion almost overpowered her as she tried to answer him; but she struggled against it bravely, and came to the sofa on which he lay and dropped upon her knees by his side. The beggar-maid who was wooed by a king could have felt no deeper sense of her lover's condescension than that which filled the heart of this poor, simple girl, as she knelt by her mother's gentleman-lodger."

"I—to be *your* wife!" she exclaimed. "Oh, surely, Sir, you can not mean it?"

"But I do mean it, with all my heart and soul, my dear," answered the Captain. "I'm not offering you any grand chance, Mary Anne; for I'm about as low down in the world as a man can be. But I don't mean to be poor all my life. Come, my dear, don't cry!" he exclaimed, just a little impatiently—for the girl had covered her face with her hands, and tears were dropping between the poor hard-working fingers—"but lift up your head and tell me whether you will take a faded old bachelor for your husband or not."

Horatio Paget had admired many women in the bright years of his youth, and had fancied himself desperately in love more than once in his life; but it is doubtful whether the mighty passion had ever really possessed the Captain's heart, which was naturally cold and sluggish, rarely fluttered by any emotion that was not engendered of selfishness. Horatio had set up an idol, and had invented a religion for himself very early in life; and that idol was fashioned after his own image, and that religion had its beginning and end in his own pleasure. He might have been flattered and pleased by Miss Kepp's agitation; but he was ill and peevish; and having all his life been subject to a profound antipathy to feminine tearfulness, the girl's display of emotion annoyed him.

"Is it to be yes, or no, my dear?" he asked, with some vexation in his tone.

Mary Anne looked up at him with tearful, frightened eyes.

"Oh yes, Sir, if I can be any use to you, and nurse you when you are ill, and work for you till I work my fingers to the bone."

She clenched her hands spasmodically as she spoke. In imagination she was already toiling and striving for the god of her idolatry—the GENTLEMAN whose varnished boots had been to her as a glimpse of another and a fairer world than that represented by Tulliver's Terrace, Old Kent Road. But Captain Paget checked her enthusiasm by a gentle gesture of his attenuated hands.

"That will do, my dear," he murmured languidly; "I'm not very strong yet, and any thing in the way of fuss is inexpressibly painful to me. Ah, my poor child!" he exclaimed, pityingly, "if you could have seen a dinner at the Marquis of Hertford's, you would have understood how much can be achieved without fuss. But I am talking of things you don't understand. You will be my wife; and a very good, kind, obedient little wife, I have no doubt. That is all settled. As for working for me, my love, it would be about as much as these poor little hands could do to earn me a cigar a-day—and I seldom smoke less than half a dozen cigars, so, you see, that is all so much affectionate nonsense. And now you may wake your mother, my dear; for I want to take a little nap, and I can't close my eyes while that good soul is snoring so intolerably; but not a word about our little arrangement, Mary Anne, till you and your mother are alone."

And hereupon the Captain spread a handkerchief over his face and subsided into a gentle slumber. The little scene had fatigued him, though it had been so quietly enacted that Mrs. Kepp had slept on undisturbed by the brief fragment of domestic drama performed within a few yards of her uneasy arm-chair. Her daughter awoke her presently, and she resumed her needle-work, while Mary Anne made some tea for the beloved sleeper. The cups and saucers made more noise to-night than they were wont to make in the girl's careful hands. The fluttering of her heart seemed to communicate itself to the tips of her fingers, and the jingling of the crockery-ware betrayed the intensity of her emotion. He was to be her husband! She was to have a gentleman for a husband; and such a gentleman! Out of such base trifles as a West End tailor's coat and a West End workman's boots may be engendered the purest blossom of womanly love and devotion. Wisely may the modern philosopher cry that the history of the world is only a story of old clothes. Mary Anne had begun by admiring the graces of Stultz and Hoby, and now she was ready to lay down her life for the man who wore the perishing garments!

Miss Kepp obeyed her lover's behest; and it was only on the following day, when she and her mother were alone together in the dingy little kitchen below Captain Paget's apartments, that she informed that worthy woman of the honor which had been vouchsafed to her. And thereupon Mary Anne endured the first of the long series of disappointments which were to arise out of her affection for the penniless Captain. The widow was a woman of the world, and was obstinately blind to the advantages of a union with a ruined gentleman of fifty.

"How's he to keep you, I should like to know?" Mrs. Kepp exclaimed, as the girl stood blushing before her after having told her story; "if he can't pay me regular—and you know the difficulty I've had to get his money, Mary Anne. If he can't keep hisself how's he to keep you?"

"Don't talk like that, mother," cried the girl, wincing under her parent's practical arguments; "you go on as if all I cared for was being fed and clothed. Besides, Captain Paget is not going to be poor always. He told me so last night, when he—"

"*He* told you so!" echoed the honest widow with unmitigated scorn; "hasn't he told me times and often that I should have my rent regular after this week, and regular after that week; and have I *ever* had it regular? And ain't I keeping him out of charity now—a poor widow-woman like me—which I may be wanting charity myself before long; and if it wasn't for your whimpering and going on he'd have been out of the house three weeks ago, when the doctor said he was well enough to be moved; for I ast him."

"And you'd have turned him out to die in the streets, mother!" cried Mary; "I didn't think you were so 'artless."

From this time there was ill-feeling between Mrs. Kepp and her daughter, who had been hitherto one of the most patient and obedient of children. The fanatic can never forgive the wretch who disbelieves in the divinity of his god; and women who love as blindly and foolishly as Mary Anne Kepp are the most bigoted of worshipers. The girl could not forgive her mother's disparagement of her idol—the mother had no mercy upon her daughter's folly; and after much wearisome contention and domestic misery—carefully hidden from the penniless sybarite in the parlor—after many tears and heart-burnings, and wakeful nights and prayerful watches, Mary Anne Kepp consented to leave the house quietly one morning with the gentleman-lodger while the widow had gone to market. Miss Kepp left a piteous little note for her mother, rather ungrammatical, but very womanly and tender, imploring pardon for her want of duty; and, "O, mother, if you knew how good and nobel he is you coudent be angery with me for luving him has I do, and we shall come back to you after oure marige, wich you will be pade up honourabel to the last farthin."

After writing this epistle in the kitchen, with more deliberation and more smudging than Captain Paget would have cared to behold in the bride of his choice, Mary Anne attired herself in her Sabbath-day raiment, and left Tulliver's Terrace with the Captain in a cab. She would fain have taken a little lavender-paper-covered box that contained the remainder of her wardrobe; but after surveying it with a shudder, Captain Paget told her that such a box would condemn them *any where*.

"You may get on sometimes without luggage, my dear," he said, sententiously; "but with such luggage as *that*, never!"

The girl obeyed without comprehending. It was not often that she understood her lover's meaning; nor did he particularly care that she should understand him. He talked to her rather in the same spirit in which one talks to a faithful canine companion—as Napoleon III. may talk to his favorite Nero: "I have great plans yet unfulfilled, my honest Nero, though you may not be wise enough to guess their nature. And we must have another Boulevard, old fellow! and we must make things secure in Mexico; and settle that little dispute about Venetia; and we must do something for those unfortunate Poles, eh—good dog?" and so on.

Captain Paget drove straight to a registrar's-office, where the new marriage-act enabled him to unite himself to Miss Kepp *sans façon*, in presence of the cabman and a woman who had been cleaning the door-step. The Captain went through the brief ceremonial as coolly as if it had been the settlement of a water-rate, and was angered by the tears that poor Mary Anne shed under her cheap black veil. He had forgotten the poetic superstition in favor of a wedding-ring, but he slipped a little onyx ring off his own finger and put it on the clumsier finger of his bride. It was the last of his jewels—the rejected of the pawnbrokers, who, not being learned in antique intaglios, had condemned the ring as trumpery. There is always something a little ominous in the bridegroom's forgetfulness of that simple golden circle which typifies an eternal union; and a superstitious person might have drawn a sinister augury from the subject of Captain Paget's intaglio, which was a head of Nero—an emperor whose wife was by no means the happiest of women. But as neither Mary Anne nor the registrar, neither the cabman nor the char-woman who had been cleaning the door-step had ever heard of Nero, and as Horatio Paget was much too indifferent to be superstitious, there was no one to draw evil inferences; and Mary Anne went away with her gentleman husband, proud and happy, with a happiness that was only disturbed now and then by the image of an infuriated mother.

Captain Paget took his bride to some charming apartments in Half-moon Street, Mayfair; and she was surprised to hear him tell the landlady that he and his wife had just arrived from Devonshire, and that they meant to stay a week or so in London, *en passant*, before starting for the Continent.

"My wife has spent the best part of her life in the country," said the Captain, so I suppose I must show her some of the sights of London in spite of the abominable weather. But the deuce of it is that my servant has misunderstood my directions, and gone on to Paris with the luggage. However, we can set that all straight to-morrow."

Nothing could be more courteously acquiescent than the manner of the landlady; for Captain Paget had offered her references, and the people to whom he referred were among the magnates of the land. The Captain knew enough of human nature to know that if references are only sufficiently imposing they are very unlikely to be verified. The swindler who refers his dupe to the Duke of Sutherland and Baring Brothers has a very good chance of getting his respectability accepted without inquiry, on the mere strength of those sacred names.

From this time until the day of her death Mary Anne Paget very seldom heard her husband make any statement which she did not know to be false. He had joined the ranks of the vultures. He had lain down upon his bed of sickness a gentlemanly beggar; he arose from that couch of pain and weariness a swindler.

Now began those petty shifts and miserable falsifications whereby the birds of prey thrive upon the flesh and blood of hapless pigeons. Now the dovecotes were fluttered by a new destroyer—a gentlemanly vulture, whose suave accents and perfect manners were fatal to the unwary. Henceforth Horatio Cromie Nugent Paget flourished and fattened upon the folly of his fellow-men. As promoter of joint-stock companies that never saw the light; as treasurer of loan-offices where money was never lent; as a gentleman with capital about to introduce a novel article of manufacture from the sale of which a profit of five thousand a year would infallibly be realized, and desirous to meet with another gentleman of equal capital; as the mysterious X. Y. Z. who will—for so small a recompense as thirty postage-stamps—impart the secret of an elegant and pleasing employment, whereby seven-pound-ten a week may be made by any individual, male or female; under every flimsy disguise with which the swindler hides his execrable form, Captain Paget plied his cruel trade, and still contrived to find fresh dupes. Of course there were occasions when the pigeons

were slow to flutter into the fascinating snare, and when the vulture had a bad time of it; and it was a common thing for Captain Paget to sink from the splendor of Mayfair or St. James's Street into some dingy transpontine hiding-place. But he never went back to Tulliver's Terrace, though Mary Anne pleaded piteously for the payment of her poor mother's debt. When her husband was in funds, he patted her head affectionately, and told her that he would see about it—*i. e.*, the payment of Mrs. Kepp's bill; while, if she ventured to mention the subject to him when his purse was scantily furnished, he would ask her fiercely how he was to satisfy her mother's extortionate claims when he had not so much as a sixpence for his own use?

Mrs. Kepp's bill was never paid, and Mary Anne never saw her mother's face again. Mrs. Paget was one of those meek, loving creatures who are essentially cowardly. She could not bring herself to encounter her mother without the money owed by the Captain; she could not bring herself to endure the widow's reproaches, the questioning that would be so horribly painful to answer, the taunts that would torture her poor sorrowful heart.

Alas for her brief dream of love and happiness! Alas for her foolish worship of the gentleman lodger! She knew now that her mother had been wiser than herself, and that it would have been better for her if she had renounced the shadowy glory of an alliance with Horatio Cromie Nugent Paget; whose string of high-sounding names, written on the cover of an old wine-book, had not been without its influence on the ignorant girl. The widow's daughter knew very little happiness during the few years of her wedded life. To be hurried from place to place, to dine in Mayfair to-day, and to eat your dinner at a shilling ordinary in Whitecross Street to-morrow; to wear fine clothes that have not been paid for, and to take them off your back at a moment's notice when they are required for the security of the friendly pawnbroker; to know that your life is a falsehood and a snare, and that to leave a place is to leave contempt and execration behind you—these things constitute the burden of a woman whose husband lives by his wits. And over and above these miseries, Mrs. Paget had to endure all the variations of temper to which the schemer is subject. If the pigeons dropped readily into the snare, and if their plumage proved well worth the picking, the Captain was very kind to his wife, after his own fashion; that is to say, he took her out with him, and after lecturing her angrily because of the shabbiness of her bonnet, bought her a new one; and gave her a dinner that made her ill, and then sent her home in a cab, while he finished the evening in more congenial society. But if the times were bad for the vulture tribe—oh, then, what a gloomy companion for the domestic hearth was the elegant Horatio! After smiling his false smile all day, while rage and disappointment were gnawing at his heart, it was a kind of relief to the Captain to be moody and savage by his own fireside. The human vulture has something of the ferocity of his feathered prototype. The man who lives upon his fellow-men has need to harden his heart, for one sentiment of compassion, one touch of human pity, would shatter his finest scheme in the hour of its fruition. Horatio Paget and compassion parted fellowship very early in the course of his unscrupulous career. What if the pigeon has a widowed mother dependent on his prosperity, or half a dozen children who will be involved in his ruin? Is the hawk to forego his natural prey for any such paltry consideration as a vulgar old woman or a brood of squalling brats?

Captain Paget was not guilty of any persistent unkindness toward the woman whose fate he had deigned to link with his own. The consciousness that he had conferred a supreme honor on Mary Anne Kepp by offering her his hand and a share of his difficulties never deserted him. He made no attempt to elevate the ignorant girl into companionship with himself. He shuddered when she misplaced her h's, and turned from her peevishly with a muttered oath when she was more than usually ungrammatical: but though he found it disagreeable to hear her, he would have found it troublesome to set her right, and trouble was a thing which Horatio Paget held in gentlemanly aversion. The idea that the mode of his existence could be repulsive to his wife—that this low-born and low-bred girl could have scruples that he never felt, and might suffer agonies of remorse and shame of which his coarser nature was incapable—never entered the Captain's mind. It would have been too great an absurdity for the daughter of plebeian Kepps to affect a tenderness of conscience unknown to the scion of Pagets and Cromies and Nugents. Mary Anne was afraid of her elegant husband; and she worshiped and waited upon him in meek silence, keeping the secret of her own sorrows, and keeping it so well that he never guessed the manifold sources of that pallor of countenance and hollow brightness of eye which had of late annoyed him when he looked at his wife. She had borne him a child; a sweet girl-baby, with those great black eyes that always have rather a weird look in the face of infancy; and she would fain have clung to the infant as the hope and consolation of her joyless life. But the vulture is not a domestic bird, and a baby would have been an impediment in the rapid hegiras which Captain Paget and his wife were wont to make. The Captain put an advertisement in a daily paper before the child was a week old; and in less than a fortnight after Mary Anne had looked at the baby face for the first time, she was called upon to surrender her treasure to an elderly woman of fat and greasy aspect, who had agreed to bring the infant up "by hand" in a miserable little street in a remote and dreary district lying between Vauxhall and Battersea.

Mary Anne gave up the child uncomplainingly; as meekly as she would have surrendered herself if the Captain had brought a masked executioner to her bedside, and had told her a block was prepared for her in the adjoining chamber. She had no idea of resistance to the will of her husband. She endured her existence for nearly five years after the birth of her child, and during those miserable years the one effort of her life was to secure the miserable stipend paid for the little girl's maintenance; but before the child's fifth birthday the mother faded off the face of the earth. She died in a miserable lodging not very far from Tulliver's Terrace, expiring in the arms of a landlady who comforted her in her hour of need as she had comforted the ruined gentleman. Captain Paget was a prisoner in Whitecross Street at the time of his wife's death, and was much surprised when he missed her morning visits and the little luxuries she had been wont to bring him.

He had missed her for more than a week, and had written to her twice—rather angrily on the second occasion—when a rough unkempt boy in corduroy waited upon him in the dreary ward, where he and half a dozen other depressed and melancholy men sat at little tables writing letters, or pretending to read newspapers, and looking at one another furtively every now and then. There is no prisoner so distracted by his own cares that he will not find time to wonder what his neighbor is "in for."

The boy had received instructions to be careful how he imparted his dismal tidings to the "poor dear gentleman;" but the lad grew nervous and bewildered at sight of the Captain's fierce hook-nose and scrutinizing gray eyes, and blurted out his news without any dismal note of warning.

"The lady died at two o'clock this morning, please, Sir; and mother said I was to come and tell you, please, Sir."

Captain Paget staggered under the blow.

"Good God!" he cried, as he dropped upon a rickety Windsor chair, that creaked under his weight; "and I did not even know that she was ill!"

Still less did he know that all her married life had been one long heart-sickness—one monotonous agony of remorse and shame.

## A SONG FOR NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

The fire-light glows upon the hearth;
Come, gather round, kind friends!
To-night the New Year has its birth,
To-night the Old Year ends;
So fill your glasses to the rim,
And let us say farewell to him!

The season knows no flower or leaf
To deck his aged brow;
His hour, alas! is growing brief,
He needs must leave us now;
So let us fill our glasses high,
And bid the dear Old Year "Good-by!"

Old Year, you have been with us long—
The best of friends must part;
Oh, seems it weak if with our song
The tears unbidden start?
Hark to the bell, his funeral knell,
Now bid the good Old Year "Farewell!"

He brought us generous gifts of flowers,
When Spring tripp'd o'er the plain;
He brought us Summer's golden hours,
And fields of waving grain;
So let us fill our glasses high,
And say to him once more "Good-by!"

Join hands, my friends; he lives no more
Whom we have loved so well—
His days with us at last are o'er,
Now fails his funeral bell;
Join hands around the warm hearth here,
And welcome in the glad New Year!

## "LET THE NEW YEAR IN!"

Mrs. Rusk's house was so close on the dépôt that you could have seen from her windows, if you could have seen any thing on that murky New-Year's Eve, that Sahara of old iron, rust, and rails that constitutes the surroundings of an engine-house; and that hour, and every hour during the day and night, was certain to be disturbed by the shriekings and snortings of the ill-conditioned engines that were forever tearing up and down in that particular locality; also, when Mrs. Rusk placed her tall lamp in the window, the brightness of it could be seen streaming across the Sahara at the dusky dépôt itself; and Rufus Rusk, seeing the light, knew that his wife was watching for him; likewise, when Mrs. Rusk heard three short, sharp shrieks of the steam-whistle, she knew that Rufus's train was up, and that Rufus himself had come; a system of signals in which Mr. Rusk took great delight, partly as his own invention, partly as the poetry of life, it being his opinion "that an engine-driver can have as much of that particular kind of poetry as a king, providing he sets his mind to it.

On this New-Year's Eve, the three whistles having already sounded, Mrs. Rusk had laid the cloth, and was busy with the coffee. As she went about, Mrs. Rusk hummed some old catch to herself, and as she came to and fro, the fire showed you, and the lamps showed you, a placid, pleasant face. You must have said also, that between the fresh cleanliness of the room, the snowy whiteness of the table, the sparkle of the fire in the clear glasses, the Christmas wreaths on the wall, and the tall lamp shining out to meet the cold, tired man coming toward it, that here was a cheery and heartsome house, and a cheerier and more heartsome woman; unless you were a close observer, when you would have detected that Mrs. Rusk broke her song, now and then, with a sigh, and that her kind face wore a look of settled, quiet trouble. It is undeniable also that on this special evening Mrs. Rusk was anxious and absent; that more than once she had said to herself, "Is there to be no end, no forgiveness?" as if she were a tragedy heroine rehearsing a part, and that when she heard Rufus at the door she cried out, "I never can do it!" and in her flurry came near spilling the coffee into the gravy.

In fact, something very strange had happened to Mrs. Rusk.

Rufus came in tired—that was usual; but he also came in snappish—that was unusual; when his wife asked, rather to hide her trembling and flutter than from curiosity, if the train were not behind time?

"What if it were?" answered Rufus, gruffly. "You women, I think, must always make a pother about something." And then, a little after—"I met Grierson to-night, with his girl Alice"—bringing out the words with a sort of wrench. "She's grown handsome; and says Grierson, who is as proud of her as a peacock, 'She's as good as she looks.' But says I, 'Wait a bit till you find out whether she'll cheat you, as my girl did.' Four New-Year's nights ago I'd have said the same as him," making a dash at his eyes, as if a bit of sleet or snow had lodged there.

"I can *never* do it," thought Mrs. Rusk.

Rufus went to the door, perhaps to see if the night was getting worse, cleared his throat of something that he seemed to have brought home in it, came back to the little table, and began to sip his coffee grudgingly; but this coffee was of a sort to be drunk with gratitude, and the fire took him in hand, and warmed him out of the very thought of the sleet outside to a gentle glow. Admiring the brightness about him, he forgot Grierson and his Alice, and getting an appeal, that came to him neither by eye nor ear, he discovered a bunch of geraniums cut for the occasion by Mrs. Rusk. Looking at that lady, he saw that she wore her best gown and her cherry ribbons, and that she was smiling at him. That reminded him of something in his over-coat pocket.

"How ever shall I say it?" Mrs. Rusk asked herself, looking after him with a troubled face, as he went to fetch it.

"Barbox Brothers!" observed Rufus, coming back with a thin pamphlet. "I thought you could read it while I smoked. A Christmas story—Dickens's, you know!"

Mrs. Rusk took the book, turned it over doubtfully, glanced at the heading, and felt what she called a "flash," and grander folk would style an inspiration; "And I've got it," says Mrs. Rusk to herself, her heart beating thick between terror and triumph.

"Now, then," said Rufus, who was lighting his pipe meanwhile, "this begins to feel like New Year, Mrs. R. I am the king on his throne, with a pipe in my mouth, a bouquet at my elbow, and the fire to look at; and you are the queen, with an eye and a hand for making the poetry of life that can't be beat; and for the dishes, they can wait and hear the reading!" Here Rufus, quite thawed to his usual humor, laughed lightly, and turned his face, expectant, toward Mrs. Rusk; and that lady, with an awful sense of guilt upon her, and of what Charles Dickens would say, could he ever by any chance find out what she was doing, commenced the story of the man without a New Year.

"But I thought them was Christmas things," observed Rufus, stopping short in a whiff.

"I guess Dickens does pretty much as he likes," said Mrs. Rusk, growing very rosy. "Any how, this is what it says." Rufus put back his pipe, and Mrs. Rusk went on:

"'It was not a silent house. There was a guest in every room, and a fire on every hearth; only the fires could not break down the shadow, and the guests drank with a sense of sadness, mouldering, and decay strong upon, and not a gleam of the New-Year brightness. An old house, with a settled darkness and gloominess upon it that was not that of years! If it had ever known any touch of real gladness, that touch had vanished, like the dead, out of life. If a light foot had ever tripped over its settling floors, or a gay girl smiled at herself in its clouded mirrors, the remembrance of her was put out of the house, as with a strong, relentless hand. If a sad voice ever pleaded without, "Is there to be no end, no forgiveness?" the wild wind drowned it always, and bore it away, or it fell always on stopped ears; and if there be men who soften and grow gracious with years, Gilbert Grayson, its master, was not of them. His face only hardened and hardened in the wrathful lines struck into it by one blow. When he saw no New-Year's sparkle in his wine, and on his hearth, he felt only wrath. When one New Year after another passed by his door without entering, his wrath grew bitter. When, on each New-Year's night, word came to him from one pleading at the door "that she should come to her father's door each New Year till she died, to ask if there was yet forgiveness," he always pointed to the portrait on the wall, and told the man to tell her how it hung, with its blue eyes and the glory of its golden hair turned away, and so should hang forever.'"

"And right!" cried Rufus, laying down his pipe, with a look of rising passion in his face, "if it was a girl that cheated while she fondled him, and flung off her father's love, like an old song, for her first fancy, as some I've known. Though," subsiding again, "I don't see that it sounds yet like any thing that has to do with Barbox Brothers, or, for that, like Dickens either. He's gone back on his style, Mrs. R."

Perhaps the print of "Barbox Brothers" is bad, for Mrs. Rusk had trouble here to make it out. She did make it out, however, and went on, with a growing sense of deficiencies in Dickens's style.

"'Conscious of the hardening and the grimness in himself, and the angrier for it; knowing of the decay and sadness through all his house, and raging against and at her as the cause of it; growing bitterer and hating himself more and more, feeling the shadow deepen on his hearth, and loathing that more and more, yet with no relenting, no thought of turning; so this new year found him a hard, rayless man, walking the streets in the blackness of a night wild with storm and wind long after his guests were got to bed, battling with the storm as he battled with himself, and crying out on her, at every turn, that had brought this upon him; coming home finally, quite worn out, in the first grayness of the year, to hear a knocking at his own door as he came near, and to see a child standing on his steps, and an old man, holding the door against him; and something joyful stirred within Gilbert, and he said: "That is the old year, in which she fled; and I cursed her, and it has never left me since. It has barred out the joyful years as they came by, with new thoughts and new hopes; and it has walked and talked with me, lain down and risen up with me, till I have grown into its angry likeness. But this is the new year, and I will let him in;"'—[Mrs. Rusk at sea here for participles, and the Dickens style and her agitation increasing with every sentence]—'when with the thought he felt a touch on his arm like a falling leaf, and, turning, saw his daughter, beseeching him with the old words, "Is there to be no end, no forgiveness, father?" and teaching her little child to beseech him also.'"

Rufus laid down his pipe, and sat listening with a pale, fixed face.

"'I was so young,' she said, weeping. 'I thought to be forgiven, as I had been a hundred times before, for a hundred other follies.'

"'So young,' pleaded the New Year. 'Little more now than a child.'

"'Yet not too young to break her father's heart,' said the Shadow.

"'If at any time,' she went on, 'however distant, I might hope for forgiveness.'

"'Did she think of forgiveness when she fled from your hearth and left me there?' interrupted the Shadow.

"'And left you there?' repeated Gilbert, gloomily. 'True!'

"'Not true!' cried the New Year. 'It is you, not she, who hold the Shadow fast, else it would have passed from you in its appointed time. It is you who are always stirring the embers of your wrath, not she, who has over and again besought forgiveness.'

"'Where, then, is that man,' asked the Shadow, 'for whom she left the love that had never failed her from her birth? Let her go to him.'

"'And why, then, am I at all,' returned the New Year, 'if old wrongs and sorrows are not to go out before me? Why not one long doleful year of life, happiest when soonest done, if men are to sit in the shadow of evil, and there is to be no forgiveness, and no commencement of fresh hopes?'

"'I know,' she said, weeping more and more, 'that I have darkened your hearth; but if I might even yet gather its fires together—'

"'Never!' cried the Shadow, harshly.

"'If I might,' she urged, waiting, her eyes on Gilbert.

"'He is in me, and I in him,' said the Shadow, darkly.

"'True,' muttered Gilbert, but he looked at the New Year.

"'Turn him out,' said this bright angel, 'and let me in.'

"'For your own sake let him in,' she echoed, still with her eyes on Gilbert."

Mrs. Rusk's voice faltered. She laid down the book.

"Well," said Rufus, starting.

"That is all," said Mrs. Rusk, visibly hardening herself.

"All!" Rufus's eyes wandered from the book to her and back again, and vaguely infected by her evident agitation. "Do you mean to tell me it clips off in that style?" he asked, uneasily.

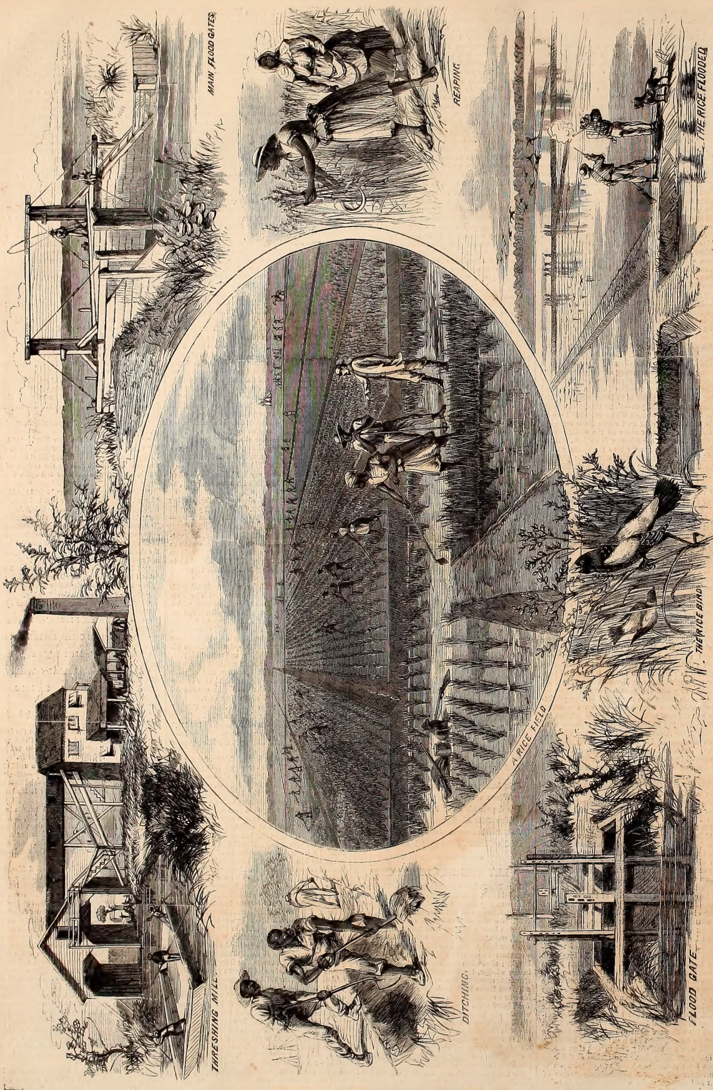
"I mean it ain't there, Rufus, not a word of it," answered Mrs. Rusk, trembling very much; "but it is here among us—in our hearts—and it is what you would say that must finish it: it is what you will say, Rufus, to—our Margy."

A sob sounded behind him. A woman, a girl she looked, she was so young and fair, came out from the shadow of a half-open door, holding a child; and not daring to approach him closer, stood there, beseeching him with her looks. Rufus rose up, and stood looking at her and the child with a set, stern face.

"It is you who must finish!" cried Mrs. Rusk again, "and you only. You know whether Gilbert let the New Year in, or whether he kept the Shadow to darken all his life—and you only. You know, Rufus, whether you will go on, growing hard and bitter, or whether there shall be the commencement of new hopes; and I am sure," breaking down into sobs, "that it was all put into my head in a flash, and that I never could have done it of myself, as I told Margy when she came here and begged me, that I shouldn't know what to say; and I didn't till you brought out Barbox Brothers, and then it all come to me how that some folks never have New Year at all, but go on always in the hard, old, angry year; and oh, Rufus! finish the story as I would have done if I could. Drive the Shadow out, and let the New Year in for your own sake—for all our sakes, and because the blessed Lord gives us this chance for a new start and new hopes."

Rufus made no answer, but his face was visibly softened. She held the child toward him, and when he did not take it, placed it on his arm, repeating, with tears, "Take him, Rufus, and let the New Year in!"

"Let New Year in!" babbled the child after her, putting up its little hand to stroke Rufus's rough cheek. Rufus bent and kissed him, and let the New Year in—a tear in his eye as he held out his hand to Margy.




RICE CULTURE ON THE OGEECHEE, NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 5.]

THE EMPTY STOCKING.—Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See First Page.]

# KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

## IN TEN CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER VI.

It would be impossible to describe Josef Kester's anger and consternation when Katchen confessed to him the result of her interview with Ebner. He stormed and raved in one—the ungovernable and rare fits of fury which now and then broke the calm of his phlegmatic nature. And then, when his passion had spent itself, he tried to coax his wayward daughter. She had changed her mind once, and might change it again. But it was in vain.

"He spoke so harshly to me," said Katchen, taking refuge in an air of being injured.

"Harshly? And no wonder!"

"But he said such shameful things; called me cruel, and heartless, and dishonorable. If ever I could have made up my mind to have him, his words to-day would have cured me of such a notion."

This was not quite ingenuous on Katchen's part, seeing that she had found herself obliged to refuse him long before he had spoken those harsh words. I am sorry to have to record it, but I am trying to describe her as she really was. Besides, in her blind perversity, she actually began to think herself ill-used. Her father fell into the snare, and, dropping his attitude of attack, assumed the defensive, and commenced to excuse and justify Ebner.

"Why, it's natural enough, too. What do you think the man's made of? Angry! If a girl had treated *me* so, after drawing me on—"

"I did *not* draw him on, father. I never had any idea he wanted to marry me until he spoke. Why, had you yourself?"

"I told you I had. Of course I had. It seems odd to me that you could be so blind. You're quick enough generally. But all that is nothing to the purpose. What I go upon is, that you told me you would marry him. Told me so of your own will; and now you say 'No,' without rhyme or reason. But I understand well enough that that underhand fellow, Fritz Rosenheim, is at the bottom of it."

And then he subsided into a growling, half-audible tirade against Fritz; and Katchen sat silent and sullen by the stove, giving little heed to her father's words, but brooding over her own troubles.

The next day, Sunday, neither father nor daughter went to Halstadt to church. Ebner's boatmen rowed up to the landing-place at the Golden Lamb, but were thanked and dismissed. Their master was not in the boat, but he was above forbidding his servants to go for the Kesters as usual. It was a dreary day within and without the Golden Lamb. That grimy quadruped creaked and moaned in the autumn blast. A dry choking dust blew in clouds over the empty desolate high-road, and the lake wore a livid hue, and broke with a dull splash on the shore. Dusky and dreary the day had dawned, dusky and dreary still it went down, with one lurid line of crimson in the western sky. Josef lit his pipe, and sat puffing cloud after cloud, until the glow of the burning tobacco in his pipe-bowl was the only thing visible in the dark kitchen, except such streaks of light as penetrated through the chinks of the stove. Katchen had taken out a hymn-book, and had read in it mechanically while the daylight lasted, but now she sat staring at her father's glowing pipe, and letting her thoughts go whithersoever they listed. And a wild dance they had of it, flying off to the unlikeliest things and places, but under all, like a pedal bass in a piece of music, was the drowning sense of pain and unrest.

"Hulloa! Are you all asleep here? No light? No welcome for a cold traveler?"

The cheery voice rang through the room, startling its inmates as if a bomb-shell had burst in their midst. Katchen, whose nerves were unstrung, gave a sharp squeak like a frightened mouse. Old Josef started up, nearly oversetting his chair.

"Who's there?" said he. But he had known the voice well enough.

"Who but I, Herr Landlord? Fritz Rosenheim, at your service. Shall I light the lamp? And where can I find a lantern? for I must stable my beast. He's warm, and the breeze from the lake cuts like a scythe."

Without waiting for permission, Fritz lit the great old-fashioned oil-lamp that stood ready trimmed on the dresser, and proceeded to search for the lantern, like one who knew the house well.

"Stable your beast!" echoed Josef, recovering himself a little. "Ay, you may stable him, and that's all, for the deuce a bit of provender you'll find to fill his belly with. There's mighty little entertainment at the Golden Lamb now for either man or beast."

"Don't fret about that, Herr Kester. I've brought the piebald's supper along with me from Altenau. I thought how it might likely be. Here's the old horn lantern at last, and here's an end of candle ready to put into it." And honest Fritz bustled out to see to his horse.

"Are you going to stay here, then?" asked Kester, who had been staring open-mouthed at these proceedings. But Fritz was already unharnessing the piebald, and did not hear the question.

"Well, that's cool," said Josef, turning sullenly to his daughter. "He must mean to stay here. Then there are no travelers with him. Small thanks for his coming. If he had had any rich foreigners to convoy, it's the Black Eagle and not the Golden Lamb that would have been honored by Herr Rosenheim's presence to-night."

"Of course it is!" answered Katchen, sharply. None quicker than she to detect unreason and injustice in other people. "How could we entertain rich travelers? Haven't you just told him that you hadn't even a mouthful of hay for his one horse? How would it have been if he had brought the team?"

"Hold your tongue, saucebox. It's my belief you knew he was coming, and that it was all settled between you."

"You know you don't really believe that, father," she answered. But the accusation scarcely angered her. It was rather soothing to feel that, in this instance, she was blamed quite wrongfully. Katchen did not mind being a victim up to a certain point, but she resented a merited rebuke with all the temper of a spoiled child. By-and-by Fritz's voice was heard shouting something; but the wind carried the words away.

"What is it?" asked Kester, standing shivering at the house door, and peering out into the night.

"Have you never a key to this outhouse where the cart stands?" bawled Fritz.

"A key? Thou dear Heaven! No; people don't want keys when they've nothing to lock up."

"Ay, but I *have* something to lock up, as it happens. See!" And he held the flickering lantern within the outhouse door, so as to show a light cart laden with luggage.

"How did you get the cart in?" asked Kester.

"Why, made the piebald back it in, before I unharnessed him. The door's wide enough. But I can't leave these things like this all night. They must be secured somehow."

"Oh," sneered Josef, "they're so very precious, are they?"

"Yes; that they are," replied Fritz, simply. "Whatever is in trust is precious. And these things are in trust to me. If you can't lock the door, I must sleep here all night along with them, that's all."

Kester began to relent. His sulky fits seldom lasted long, they gave him too much trouble, and he was yielding to the fascination of his old liking for Fritz, and the young fellow's pleasant straightforward manner.

"Nay, nay, we'll manage better than that," he said. "You would be found dead of cold in the morning. What are the things? Are they too heavy to be moved?"

"Not a bit too heavy; only I had a thundering long job strapping and packing them all on this morning, and I didn't want to have it to do over again. However," he added, after a glance at old Josef's helpless face, "its no use standing talking all night, is it? Hang the trouble! A little more, a little less, it won't kill me, I dare say. If you'll just be so good as hold the lantern, that's all I'll ask *you* to do."

And Fritz set to work energetically, undoing buckles and cords, and soon had the luggage unpacked.

"There! That was easier to undo than to do," said he, laughing, "and there ain't many things in this world a man can say that of." The packages consisted of two tolerably heavy trunks, and a small square box covered with leather. With the landlord's help Fritz dragged them all across the yard, and piled them in one corner of the kitchen; and then, after some ablutions performed in an adjoining back-chamber, he returned to sit down to whatever supper might be forthcoming. It was a better one than might have been expected from old Josef's cry of poverty; and over the meal Fritz Rosenheim related how and why he happened to be making that mountain journey so late in the year, with but one horse and no travelers. The foreign lady and gentleman with whom Laurier had traveled as courier, and whom Fritz had driven to Salzburg, had there met with some country-people of their own, and had given them a glowing account of the lake and mountain scenery on the route. So charmed were the ladies of the party with the description that they resolved on going by the same way to Ischl.

"They had too much luggage for a carriage to take," said Fritz, "so they wanted part of it sent on by carrier. They were not staying at the Golden Cross in Salzburg, or I dare say I should have got the job of driving them to Ischl; but I know the Kutscher employed by their landlord, he's one Hans Koch, a good sort of fellow. He came to me one night, and said that if I liked to undertake it the landlord of the Archduke Charles, where these foreigners were staying, would employ me to convey the heavy boxes to the hotel at Ischl. Of course I said 'Yes.' It don't do to let a chance of a job slip; especially as these are about the last travelers we shall see till next summer. The roads are getting very bad, as it is. I thought I never should pull up that last hill just before you come to Altenau, and my load's none so heavy, either. However, here I am, safe and sound, and the worst is over. You see I was a little anxious, because they specially warned me that that little leathern box had valuables in it, and of course—"

He stopped abruptly. Happening to look up, he had caught Liese's lacklustre eyes fixed unwinkingly on his face. She was drinking in his words in her dull slow way, but with an eager interest apparent in her heavy countenance.

"Good-evening, Liese," said Fritz. "I didn't see you before."

"No; I've only just come in. Just this minute I was up at the saw-mill with Heinrich Amsel's mother. You were talking, and didn't hear me come in. I don't know what you were saying."

The last sentence was a piece of characteristically clumsy cunning. Rosenheim laughed.

"Well, then," said he, "you must have grown deaf since I saw you last, Liese. However, I was not talking any great secrets."

But he did not resume the subject he had been speaking of; and presently, when supper was over, and the two women had washed and put by the plates and dishes, Liese went off to bed, saying she was tired; and her broad, heavily shod feet were heard making the old wooden staircase creak beneath their tread.

"I think our Liese is a great fool," said old Josef, without taking his pipe from between his teeth.

Fritz looked up with an amused smile, and knocked the ash off the end of his cigar against the stove, as he answered, "Well, I don't just think she's the wisest woman in the world myself."

"No; but she's a great fool in one special thing. She's always with those Amsels up at the saw-mill. They're a bad lot, mother and son. Heinrich is a wood-cutter by trade, but four days out of six he is not at work in the forest at all. He just hangs about here and there and every where, skulking like a fox; and Liese is with him every spare moment she has."

"But I thought she was betrothed to him," said Fritz.

"Didn't I *say* she was a great fool?" retorted the old man.

Then he bade Katchen get to bed, and hung his smoked-out pipe by its green cord on a nail—an infallible signal of his being ready to go to rest. Katchen took up her little copper lamp with its wick floating in oil, and said, "Good-night!" tripping up stairs with a step which her love-troubles had not yet robbed of its spring.

"What a light footfall she has!" said Fritz, listening.

But Josef only grunted. He declined to say a word having his daughter for its subject. He never would speak of her to Fritz. In truth, he knew that if once led into that topic, the young man would openly avow his love, and ask him to sanction his wooing. It would doubtless have been the right course for old Kester to speak frankly to Fritz Rosenheim, or at least, if he would not do that, to have kept his daughter out of the young fellow's way. But the right course is seldom quite an easy one; and Josef Kester never voluntarily faced a difficulty, mental, moral, or physical. So he grunted, as aforesaid, and was in a mighty hurry to see the lights out, and get to his bed. Fritz shouldered the little leather-covered case to carry it to his sleeping-room.

"The big trunks," said he, "would not be easy to walk off with in the night, but I shall feel better pleased to have this small box by my bedside."

"Pooh!" said Kester, "what whim has bitten you? Did you ever hear of any thing being walked off, as you call it, hereabouts?"

"No; but it's as well to be on the safe side. If the things were my own I wouldn't be afraid to leave them out there in the shed. Good-night."

"I suppose you'll be starting early, Fritz?"

"As early as I can. The daylight doesn't last long now."

"Good-night, lad."

And the two separated, each to his rest.

### CHAPTER VII.

The following morning was dull and cloudy, and there was a feeling in the air, and a look in the sky, that betokened a fall of snow before long. Katchen dressed herself almost in the dark, and groped her way down stairs to the kitchen. There was no fire in the stove, and no preparation for breakfast. "That lazy, hulking Liese," said Katchen to herself; "to think of her not being down yet! I'll rouse her to some tune in a minute." But, even as she spoke, she perceived that the house door had been unbolted, and was partly open. "Why, she's gone out, then!" exclaimed the girl, in a startled tone. "Where can she be?" She was advancing toward the door when it was opened from without, and Liese entered, followed by Fritz. "Where have you been at this hour?" asked Katchen, in the imperious way habitual to her.

"Don't you see? To get wood. There wasn't enough to fill the stove."

Liese spoke sullenly, and threw down a great log with a bang on the stone floor. She was panting, and her shoes were covered with dust.

"You've been running yourself out of breath, I declare," said Katchen, gazing at her in astonishment. "You don't usually do things in such a hurry. However, it's as well that you are in a humor to make haste this morning. Be quick with breakfast."

Fritz, meanwhile, had been busied in putting on a new lash to his whip, glancing furtively at Katchen whenever he thought she did not observe him. "I am early, too, this morning," said he, coming forward when Liese had lit the fire, and was making a great clatter of preparation in the scullery. "I went to have a look at the piebald. He's all right."

"Oh!" said Katchen, languidly. "Yes; he's all right."

Katchen was absorbed in measuring out the coffee. Fritz came close to her, and she felt his arm enfold her waist. "Won't you give a pleasant word to a fellow?" said he, piteously.

"How dare you do that?" exclaimed Katchen, turning to transfix him with a haughty stare which would have done credit to a duchess.

Fritz dropped his arm as if Katchen's little waist had been red hot. "Dare!" said he, and the blood rushed up into his brown face. "I did not mean to offend you, Mam'sell Katarina, but it seems that we can't get on together at all. When I am away from you I long for nothing so much as the moment when I shall see you again; and yet when we do meet, somehow it's all wretched. It does seem hard."

Now Katchen had not meant to be taken quite *au pied de la lettre* when she asked Fritz how he dared to put his arm round her. It was simply a piece of coquetry. She had been feeling quite lofty with a sense of the sacrifice she had made of Herr Ebner on Fritz's behalf. She had persuaded herself that she had given up wealth and station all for his sake, and had meant to dazzle him, by-and-by, with a glimpse of her magnanimous behavior. And now, here he was beginning by being aggrieved and hardly treated. Fritz was always so provokingly in earnest, and though he could not be aware that Katchen had refused Ebner's offer, she was as perversely angry with him as though he had already known all about it.

"Indeed!" said she, coldly. "Then if it's all wretched, as you say, I think it a pity that we do meet at all."

"Oh, don't say that, Katchen! Why *should* it be all wretched? It need not be if you would only—"

"Oh, thank you. Of course it's my fault. I am sorry that I happen to be so disagreeable in your eyes, but really I don't know how to help that."

"Disagreeable in my eyes! But you know that's just nonsense, Katchen. I've told you how much I love you often enough to make you believe me, if telling would do it; but I think—I do think it shouldn't be quite all on one side. If you care for me I have a right to say that much, Katarina."

"All on one side! Thou dear Heaven! Ungrateful, insensible creature! What do you endure for my sake in comparison with the sacrifices I make on your account? The greater fool I!"

"You make sacrifices for me, Katchen? I know I'm not your equal in many things; but I know, too, that a real, honest heart is worth something to any woman who knows how to prize it."

"And do you think yours is the only heart in the world? I can tell you, Mr. Modesty, that I could have had a heart perhaps as honest as yours, if I hadn't been a fool and thought more of you than you merit."

"What do you mean, Katarina? You *must* tell me now." Fritz's voice trembled, and his sun-burnt cheek grew pale with the strong effort to preserve his self-command. "Are you thinking of that man at the Black Eagle? Do you believe that he would marry you?"

"Believe it! I know it. He implored me to be his wife. I might have been rich—a lady—and father would have been provided for: but I said no."

"And why did you say no?" asked Rosenheim, with his teeth set and his chest heaving.

"Why did I say no?" Katchen was furious. Was this the reception due to the announcement of her noble conduct? She did not reflect how she had been goading and irritating her lover into anger.

"I said no because I was absurd enough to think it would make you happy; but I see now how foolish I have been."

There was a minute's pause. The two young people stood opposite each other, she flushed and excited, he pale, stern, deeply hurt. At length he spoke:

"Well, Katchen, I am truly sorry that I have been the obstacle in your path. I'm too sincere in my feelings toward you to say that I wish you to marry another man. I ought to, perhaps, but I fairly can not. Only I'm grieved to the heart that you should ever have been hampered with a poor clumsy fellow like me, that has neither money nor land to offer you. And since—since you seem to repent what you have done, I'll leave you at liberty now and forever. You shall not have Fritz Rosenheim to blot out the sunshine from you." Katchen was now standing at the window which looked on the lake, and had her head turned away from her lover. "Of course if you cared for me—ever so little," pursued Fritz, "that would alter the case; but you don't; I can see that." A pause. "You don't care for me," repeated the poor young fellow, with so wistful a look that, if Katchen could have seen it, her obstinate perversity must surely have melted away. But she did not see it. She kept her head turned from him toward the lake, and vouchsafed no answer. And in another minute it was too late to give any, for old Kester came hurrying down, and the breakfast was hastily set on the table.

The meal was taken almost in silence. Fritz was usually full of talk and mirth, but his light-heartedness had been effectually subdued; and Kester was dull and preoccupied. At last Fritz rose up with a great sigh, which came out unawares, and made him color the moment afterward.

"I must see to putting the luggage up," said he. "Will you mind giving a lift with the boxes, Liese?"

Liese's help was very different from old Kester's. She swung up one end of the great trunks as easily as Fritz himself carried the other, and the boxes were soon placed in the cart. Then came the strapping and cording. Fritz had had plenty of experience in such matters, but it nevertheless took some time to accomplish; for he was careful and anxious. The large trunks were put in first, and the small square box strongly secured on the top of them. Fritz went into the house to pay his score, and looked eagerly round the kitchen to see if Katchen would not vouchsafe one word, even one look, to soften his regret. No, she was not to be seen. There was no one but old Kester, in one of his most depressed moods. When Fritz brought out the piebald from the stable to harness him, he found Liese still busy about the cart, giving some finishing touches to the cords and straps.

"Let be—let be, Liese," said he. "It's all right and safe enough. I'll warrant any knot of my tying to hold fast." And he tossed her a piece of money as he mounted into his seat. "Good-by, Herr Kester!" he cried out, and the old man came to the door.

"Oh, you'll be passing back again soon, Fritz Rosenheim."

"Well, no; I think not. It's likely I shall go from Ischl by the Traun-see to Grunnden, and then—who knows?—perhaps even to Vienna. You won't see me again very soon I'm thinking."

"Well, take care of yourself. I hope we sha'n't have snow before nightfall. You have a heavy load."

"Ay," said Fritz, as he drove out of the little yard and urged his horse along briskly; "ay, a heavy load, as you say. Not that the boxes are so much of a load, but I can understand now what folks mean when they talk of being heavy-hearted. My heart feels such a weight in my breast that I almost wonder the piebald can drag it behind him."

### CHAPTER VIII.

More than a week passed away, uncomfortably enough, at the Golden Lamb. Kester's prediction about the snow had been verified. It had begun to fall on the evening of the day on which Fritz went away. But inside the house things looked yet more chill and dreary. Josef had accused his daughter of indulging in more "moonshine" with Rosenheim. He suspected that that hour they had been together in the early morning had been spent in love-making. But, to his amazement, Katchen informed him that she and Fritz were thenceforth to be as strangers; that it was clear he did not really love her; that she cared nothing for him; and that so it was best that they each go their separate ways, and forget any absurd love-passages which might have taken place between them. Katchen spoke with a flippant laugh, and an assumption of her old spoiled-child manner; but the effort was visibly a hard one. Josef was dumbfoundered. All along, since the final rejection of Ebner, he had had a secret conviction that he should have at last to accept Fritz for a son-in-law; and, though he grumbled, his easy-going nature had begun to accustom itself to the idea. He liked Fritz. He had done his best for Katchen. If she would be headstrong, was he to make himself miserable about it? But now the news he heard fairly bewildered him.

"Good Heaven above us!" said he, "who ever heard the like? Why, I believed in my soul that you refused Ebner mainly on that young fellow's account."

"So I did," said Katchen, quickly.

"You did? You own that you did; and after giving up the best prospect ever girl had on account of this lover you go and throw *him* over as well! It's madness. Just stark staring madness, that's all I can say. God help you when I'm gone, my lass; for, as true as I'm a living man, I believe you'll never have such another chance."

And that was all the comfort Katchen got from her father. But her own conscience said yet harder things to her. And these she had to listen to day by day, at all hours. In the dull gray mornings, amidst her household work, and mixed up with the whirr of the great spinning-wheel, or the click of the knitting-needles, she had to listen to these harsh truths, and to confess her faults with bitter self-upbraiding. For now that Fritz seemed gone forever, she knew that she loved him, and that he had loved her a thousand times better than she deserved. Perhaps, poor, perverse, spoiled child that she was, there needed some such grief and some such parting to open her eyes to the truth. In spite of her vanity, and frivolity, and coquetry, she had a heart, as I have said before, and she suffered very really. She had not the relief of speaking of her sorrow. A remnant of willful pride prevented her from confiding in her father; for she believed that Fritz must be wearied out with her caprices, and that his love would not be able to survive her unreasonable cruelty.

"Of course he will forget me in time," she said to herself, "and he will fall in love with some other girl, who will know how to value him. But I know how to value him now, and I love him too, only it is too late. Too late."

It must not be supposed that Ebner had resigned all hope of winning Katchen from the result of that one interview by the lake. His anger had gone, but his love remained. He came down to the Golden Lamb two days after Fritz's departure, and found Katchen alone. She was pale and weary, tired in body after a hard day's work, and she sat by the stove in the winter twilight, while great hot tears kept falling every now and then on the coarse worsted stocking she was knitting. Ebner could not see her distinctly in the dim light, but the tone of her voice, as she greeted him, betrayed that she was not herself.

"Are you not well, Mam'sell Katerina?" asked Ebner, anxiously.

"Oh yes; quite well, only a little tired."

And then by degrees Caspar Ebner began to renew his suit, accusing himself of having been harsh and hasty, and pleading for forgiveness. Katchen answered straightforwardly enough now. She was made sympathetic to another's sorrow by the pain in her own heart.

"Oh, Herr Ebner, you were only too good to me. I am not worthy of it. But I want you to believe that I didn't mean to deceive you."

"I am sure of it, Katchen. And now can't you think better of it, and say that one kind word that shall make me so happy."

But this Katchen could not do: and the refusal was more difficult to her now than it had been before. Ebner pleaded as best he could, asking not for love such as he offered, only for kindness and confidence. He would wait for the rest. Then Katchen took a resolution.

"Herr Ebner," she said, firmly, though her pale face grew scarlet from brow to chin, "I have no love to give you. I love some one else with all my heart."

"Katchen," said he, after a moment's silence, "when you spoke to me before you told me you were beloved, but you did not say you loved. Am I to believe you false-tongued after all?"

"I didn't know it myself then," answered the girl, simply. Many more words passed between them, but Ebner seemed to lose the hope he had held fast by from the first. Katchen's feeling was too real and strong to be simulated. He perceived that she was in earnest now, whatever might have been her former giddiness. Strange to say, it never recurred to him to guess who the favored lover might be. There was not a servant about the Black Eagle but could have given him the information, but Caspar Ebner was not a man to talk to his servants on such a matter. So he went out from Katchen's presence that evening, unwillingly convinced that his suit was hopeless, but ignorant of the name of his rival. After all, what did it matter? If Katchen were determined not to love *him*, what did any thing matter? Before the end of the week, however, came news which caused a great

deal of excitement in Gossau, and even Caspar Ebner found that his misplaced attachment had by no means deprived daily life of its interest and savor. There came a message to Josef Kester from Fritz Rosenheim, importing that a great misfortune had befallen the latter. The leather-covered box had been lost or stolen, and search and inquiry were to be made for it all along the road. It was an unusual, almost an unprecedented circumstance, and made a great stir in the village. Every one knew, and most people liked, Fritz Rosenheim, and the tale flew like wildfire. The peasant—a rough carter—who had brought the message to Kester was lionized and cross-examined all day long. The demand for beer at the Golden Lamb was greater than it had been for years past, and in spite of his sympathy with Fritz's trouble old Kester enjoyed the bustle and importance of his position.

"How was it, then, Hans!" asked a neighbor, making the twentieth time the question had been put that morning.

"Nobody knows. If they did, no need of all this bother," was Hans's sententious answer.

"But I mean, how does he *think* it happened? There are no thieves hereabouts, and any thing lost would be sure to be given back to the owner."

"Oh, *would* it?" said Hans. "Then it's all right."

In this laborious way—but surely if vanity feels no pain, curiosity heeds no trouble—bit by bit, the story was dragged from Hans; and this was his account. Fritz Rosenheim had reached Ischl after nightfall, on the evening of the day on which he left Gossau. The snow had been falling for some hours, and man and horse were stiff and cold and weary. Fritz had driven into the court-yard of the inn, and dismounted, leaving his horse and cart to the care of a friendly hostler. But it was not long before—being revived by warmth and meat and drink, he had visited the stable to look first at his beast, and then gone to the great room next the porter's lodge on the ground-floor, where the luggage was deposited. Picture his consternation at finding only two packages! The leather-covered box was gone. All inquiries and examination elicited the same statement from the servants. There had been but the two black trunks on the cart when Fritz arrived. The testimony of the waiters, the porter, and the hostler, was positive on this point.

"Indeed," said the man who had helped Fritz down, and afterward unharnessed the piebald, "I did notice that the top cord was very loose, and seemed a deal too long; but the boxes were secured by straps, so I thought it was all right enough."

Poor Rosenheim was like one distracted. The travelers to whom the luggage belonged had not yet arrived at Ischl, but they were expected daily, and how should he face them? How face the landlord of the Archduke Charles at Salzburg, who had trusted him? The people of the inn at Ischl tried to cheer him. The box had most likely dropped on the road, and been unheard falling on the soft snow. In that case it would be restored as soon as possible. The people were mostly honest enough in those parts. Every inquiry should be made. But, up to the time of Hans's arrival at Gossau, no tidings had been heard of the missing box. Caspar Ebner had come down to the Golden Lamb when the rumor reached him, and stood listening to Hans with the rest. There was a chorus of comments, sugestions, and exclamations. All at once Liese muttered,

"Perhaps Fritz himself knows more about the box than any one else. He was mighty careful of it when he was here."

"That's a lie, whoever said it," exclaimed Ebner, turning quickly round. "Fritz Rosenheim, whom I have known from a child, is as honest in word and deed as the honestest man in Gossau. I wonder any body should have the heart to cast a stone at him in his trouble."

If he had but known how near Katchen came to loving him at that moment! Liese scowled, and lanched what she thought to be a poisoned arrow in reply:

"Oh, I know one mustn't say a word against him here," said she. "I forgot he was Katchen's sweetheart."

That was the first revelation Ebner had as to who was his rival. But he answered stanchly and almost instantly,

"Not a word shall be said against him here or any where else, while I am by to defend him. I have known and employed Fritz Rosenheim for years, and, I repeat, he is incapable of dishonesty in word or deed."

Katchen walked up to him before them all, with streaming eyes, took his hand and kissed it. It is a common mark of respect in that country from inferiors to superiors. "You're a good man," said she, with a great sob. This little scene made a hush in the crowded kitchen. All eyes were fixed on Katchen, but she did not seem to heed them. She was not thinking of herself at all. Presently the neighbors began to disperse. Not that they had by any means satiated their curiosity; but it seemed that Hans was becoming more and more hopelessly laconic under the influence of the vast potations of beer to which they had treated him with the idea of making him talk. And, besides, they had now fresh food for gossip, which could not be discussed there. It was a memorable day for the scandal-mongers of Gossau.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

OFF SANDY HOOK, ON BOARD THE "HENRIETTA."

*Dear Weekly:*

I left the New York Yacht Club House last Tuesday, as you know, on board the steamer *River Queen*, to join our fellows on the (my friend Mr. BENNETT's) yacht *Henrietta*. Of course, going down the bay, some of us aboard of the steamer being nautical fellows, made observations, some of them not altogether complimentary to the chaps that hadn't the pluck to sail in their own canoes across the pond; but, as I said before, we all made and took several observations; they passed the glasses to me, and I took one or two myself. The weather being cold and stormy without, it became necessary for us to brace up inside by taking a few "bumpers" aboard, as I have seen many a fine craft have their ribs seriously damaged by not being properly supplied with "bumpers." At the table on board of the steamer, going down, things were a little unsteady, and Commodore BENNETT's bottle, being empty, tipped over. He thought it a bad omen that his should turn over while the others didn't, and he was about to "go back on the boys." I told him it was easily accounted for: his bottle was drunk. This created some laughter, and the chap who writes for one of the comic papers patted me on the back and said it was a good joke. If you, dear *Weekly*, can see a joke in it I shall think there is one.

Leaving Trinity Church steeple, Castle Garden, and other fortifications in the distance, we arrived at Stapleton, and there was the *Henrietta*, sitting on the waves like a duck, and, indeed, from the amount of sail on deck, you might say a canvas-back. We steamed up to her, when Commodore BENNETT, myself, and a few other plucky fellows got aboard. For what happened after that I must refer to my Log.

10.45 A.M.—The crew now began weighing anchor; the exact weight I did not note, but, judging from the pulling, it must have been pretty heavy. After the anchor was weighed we were taken in tow by a tug, as were the *Vesta* and *Fleetwing*, when we all steamed for Sandy Hook, on our way to hunt for the "Needles." I took a look out on the ocean, and I should say it was a worse job than hunting for them in a haystack. The Commodore and myself went below to see that the wines and things were carefully packed away. Each of us packed away a little wine ourselves.

11.15 A.M.—We have now reached the "Buoy" off the Hook. Mr. BENNETT suggests that we all get ready. I go to the side of the yacht and unpack some of the things I took aboard coming down on the steamer. A sailor comes along with a mop, and tells me to "Go to lu'ard." I had never heard of the place. Couldn't go if I had; I was too sick.

10.50 A.M.—Wind getting high; but our Commodore, having been so long connected with the newspaper press, was used to "heavy blowing," so the mate told me. The sails now began to go up. Heard the fellows hallooing out, "Set the foresail!" I just wished they could set me, for I felt completely upset by the rough treatment I received at the hands of old Neptune. Not more so, however, than was a chap on board the tug, who was making some water-color sketches for one of the pictorial papers as the Captain shouted out,

"LET GO THE PAINTER!"

when one of the Irish deck-hands, in less time than I am telling you, heaved the poor artist, sketches and all, into the Bay. We got him out, however, after considerable difficulty, but his water colors were never secured. After having the little mistake explained to him he felt perfectly wet, if not satisfied.

1 P.M.—Captain Fearing shouts "Go!" and the men upon deck are hallooing back to one another for each one to do something, when the men on the back part of the boat run to the forward part, and those forward run back, after which they all get still. The Commodore coming down stairs assists me in

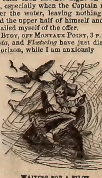
PACKING AWAY THE THINGS.

2 P.M.—The *Henrietta* began heading for old Long Island's sea-girt shore. The sailing-master told me that whenever she passed a small inlet or creek she immediately bore away toward it. He accounts for it by saying she mistakes places like that for "Plum Gut." We have now sailed for an hour, but I begin to think *you can* have too much of a good thing. However, I go to bed. The yacht gives a lurch; the Commodore says we ran across the bar; and there is a scarcity of water there, which is the cause of the pitching. I thought how like it is to life on shore: when a fellow runs across a "bar" too often in a day he soon begins to roll and pitch, and especially if he experiences a *scarcity of water there*.

6 P.M.—The Commodore waking me up to supper. At supper he told me we were out on the wide ocean, and that we had better write something and put it in some bottles and throw them overboard. I thought it a good idea; and we began emptying bottles for that purpose, and kept it up until we had half a dozen in readiness, when we concluded not to do any thing more with them that evening.

OFF MONTAUK POINT.—It is now Wednesday morning, and last night I had a night of it, and came near having my death in my berth. On seeing the beautiful stunted pines on Montauk Point I asked the Commodore if he would oblige me by putting me off on that inhospitable island—that I would rather be a Crusoe than cruise so as I had been doing. He said he could back the main top-mast stay-sail, shake out the flying jib, jib-a-jib and jib top-sail, and luff the storm stay-sails, hauling the *Henrietta* around to the weather. I told him I thought that would do; in fact, I would get off without his doing all of that to the jib-a-jib and things if he would run me ashore any where where it was dry landing. Captain SAMUELS said he would put me aboard of a porpoise if that would serve me, but he thought it would be unadvisable to run ashore just there. I appealed to Commodore BENNETT, and he said he would put me off on the "Buoy," and signal the first pilot-boat he saw to come to my aid. This seemed to me so much more desirable and safer than another night on the *Henrietta* would be, especially when the Captain runs his boat half under the water, leaving nothing out but the masts and the upper half of himself and crew, that I gladly availed myself of the offer.

ON THE BUOY, OFF MONTAUK POINT, 3 P.M.—The *Henrietta*, *Vesta*, and *Fleetwing* have just disappeared below the horizon, while I am anxiously



WAITING FOR A PILOT,

as I have read in geographies that this is a dangerous coast at night, and that I shall not attempt to land while the wind is blowing so.

4.30 P.M.—Ha! ha! The pilot-boat *Good Boy* sees me; the captain makes a tack for me; he sends two men off in a small boat; I make violent demonstrations of joy. The men in the small boat get frightened, and row back and get their guns, after which they come and take me. On reaching the pilot-boat I learn with joy that she is leaking badly, and is making for New York as fast as possible.

MIDNIGHT.—Arrive at Castle Garden after six hours of hard pumping. The Agent of the Emigrant Dépôt refuses to let me out, on account of my excited appearance. He believes me a European criminal; but the captain of the *Good Boy* gets me clear by morning. I am now at home. I hope the yachters are happy in their search after "Cowes," for I am happy in being at home and remaining, dear *Weekly*,

Your own C. O. W.

P.S.—Con. by a chap who didn't go to "Cowes:" Why are the gentlemen who made the ocean yacht race like good business men?—Because they believe in large sails and small profits!

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

STANDING midway between Christmas and New Year's, we would anticipate 1867 with a hearty greeting to our friends of "Happy New Year!" trusting that among all other wished-for blessings a bright and sunny sky, streets *minus* ice or mud, with the elements in a "happy medium," may gladden both gentlemen and ladies on the "opening" day. What bewailing and lamentation there will be if the sterner sex tarnish the polish of their French boots while braving a pitiless storm! and how chagrined the ladies *will* feel if they receive only *half* as many calls as they did last year!

New-Year's Day—according to a fortunate custom—is a most happy time for reviving waning friendship, and for cementing broken ones. Let all remember this, and suffer by-gones—if they have been unpleasant ones—to be by-gones.

And the joyousness of Christmas yet lingers. The eager anticipation of juvenile hearts reaches a climax when the bright glitter of the bending Christmas-Tree flashes upon their dazzled eyes. But delightful as is the burdened tree, there is infinite fun and merriment in all the preparations which precede it. Christmas is pre-eminently the children's festival—and who does not love children well enough to sympathize heartily in their fresh and warm delight? For our part, we do.

What more charmingly amusing than to visit the holiday-attired shops, attended by an enthusiastic boy of twelve and a young lady of five years? Curious, isn't it, to notice when and where their separate pairs of peepers grow biggest? The queer candy baskets and canes, sugar hearts, dogs, pistols, roosters, cats, boots, bonnets, and babies, and confectionery made up in every possible and impossible shape, are marvelous indeed, and numerous "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" interspersed with, "Wouldn't *that* be pretty for Lucy?" and "Don't you think Ettie would like that beautiful sugar bird?" testify their enthusiasm. But the boy's eyes grow two sizes larger as we come to a shop where velocipedes, rocking-horses, locomotives, foot-balls, gay harnesses with little tinkling bells, pop-guns, puzzles, whips, whistles, marbles, and numberless things of wonderful construction but of unknown names are exhibited in attractive confusion. While bewildered little Alice stands, with wide-extended eyes and parted lips, at the astounded sight of a huge window filled with dolls seated on an inclined-plane-arrangement, in tiers, after the fashion of the Cecilian Choir in Steinway Hall—only they are not all *boys*. And *such* dolls! Dolls in full-dress, and dolls in undress—with hats and without hats—with hair and without—dolls with turning heads, and dolls with stiff necks—dolls that can shut their eyes, and dolls that can't—dolls that will say "Mamma," and dolls that won't—walking dolls, and wax dolls, and china, and wooden, and rubber, and—well, it is of no use—there is no end to the subject! But didn't we have a time to coax the small child from the window? Verily we thought we should be obliged to order one of each kind to satisfy her ladyship.

And when, at length, we were cozily at home, secure from the perils of shopping, and the packages had followed us, what queer little efforts to keep *this* a secret from mamma—to hide *that* bundle from papa! what whispered injunctions of "Don't let Kate know!"—sudden warnings of "You must not tell!"—knowing nods and winks, with the suppressed "You know what!" To all of which, of course, the older folks are deaf and blind, and are enveloped in a sublime unconsciousness!

But if the above-mentioned small specimen (and many others too) did not let more than one "cat out of the bag" before Christmas we are mistaken. But she fancied she kept the strings tight, and a jolly time she had, generously spending her stock of "my pennies," to which she unconsciously received secret additions from older sharers of her childlike joy. Scores of children will, like her, long remember "Merry Christmas" with sparkling eyes and happy hearts.

At the recent commemoration of the Sixty-second Anniversary of the New York Historical Society, the Rev. Dr. Osgood delivered an address upon "New York in the Nineteenth Century." Among various interesting facts mentioned in a contrast drawn between the New York of 1801 and 1866, it was stated that in 1801 a genteel house could be rented for $200 a year, and a genteel family could live on $750 per annum, when it now took from $6000 to $10,000. Taxes were then about one-half of one per cent. on the valuation of the property of the city. In 1801 the taxation amounted to $17,000; now it amounts to $17,000,000. The city has now 50,000 dwellings. Her manufactured products amounted in 1865 to $159,000,000, or nearly one-eleventh of the entire manufactures of the country. Her receipts from customs last year were over $100,000,000. It was also shown from certain unpublished statistics that there are in this city 2½ regiments of boiler-makers, 4 regiments of butchers, 1½ regiments of brokers, 8 regiments of shoemakers, 4½ regiments of cartmen, 17½ regiments of clerks, ½ regiment of clergymen, 9½ regiments of dress-makers, 1 regiment of engineers, 3½ regiments of laundresses, 1½ regiments of lawyers, 1 regiment of grocers, 6 regiments of merchants, 3 regiments of mechanics, 1 regiment of musicians, 1½ regiments of physicians, 33 regiments of servants, 10 regiments of tailors, 1 regiment of ship-carpenters, and 100,000 school children.

There are indications that ladies may have some difficulty in obtaining a sufficient quantity of false hair to supply what seems, by the present fashion, to be a deficiency of nature. A most peculiar decree has been issued by the Municipal Council of the Department of Correge, France. That august assembly met recently in high council, and decided that the practice so prevalent of late years for the young women of Normandy and of Brittany to sell their hair in the market-places of their respective villages was highly immoral, and therefore passed a statute forbidding the practice. The custom has been that those who wished to dispose of their *chevelure* should wear bright ribbons in their *chignon*, which were synonymous with the words, "Look at my hair, it is for sale." Hair-vendors were then privileged to go up to the girl, untie the ribbons, examine the hair, and bargain as to its price. As soon as this knotty point was decided the purchaser, armed with scissors, cut off his merchandise, leaving but a few short curls in front.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A MAN TROUBLED WITH FELONS ON HIS HANDS.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—According to Cocker, although it is impossible to square a circle, it is extremely possible to get round a Square. Moreover, a round sum is often the best thing for the squaring of accounts.

A LIGHT EMPLOYMENT—Making candles.

### TAKINGS.

He took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to come of afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
He took her master's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

WANTED.—A gilder to frame a speech.

MEDICAL.—Annuitants are subject to a peculiar malady known as the long-liver complaint.

### GEOGRAPHY.

OLD SPANKEM. "Now, boys, who can tell me where pearls are found?"

YOUTHFUL WIT. "I can, Sir: in *divers* places.

Why is Athens like a worn-out shoe?—Because it once had a Solon.

LATEST FROM OUR ASTRONOMER.—The speed of a meteor appears to exceed the speed of an express; for observers of the phenomena last November universally state that falling stars left trains far behind.

RARE-BITS.—Hairs (hares) in the hash.

A QUERY.—A friend of ours, who has seen a good many presentations of plate, wishes to know whether the speeches made on such occasions are the origin of the word "plate-itudes."

Said a gentleman on presenting a lace collar to his idolitrada, "Do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear, I'll take it off," retorted the naughty beauty.

### DRESSING THE DOLL.

This is the way we dress the doll:
First you observe her little chemise,
As white as milk, with ruches of silk;
And the little drawers that cover her knees,
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,
And lace in beautiful filagrees.
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

Now these are the bodies—she has two,
One of pink, with ruches blue,
And sweet white lace; be careful, do!
And one of green, with buttons sheen,
Buttons and bands of gold, I ween,
With lace on the border, in lovely order,
The most expensive we can afford her!
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

Then, with the black-at-the-border jacket;
And this—and this—she will not lack it;
Skirts! Why, there are skirts, of course,
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,
With a proper bodice, in the proper place
(Stays which lace have had their days
And made their martyrs); likewise garters,
All entire. But our desire
Is to show you her night attire,
At least a part of it. Pray admire
This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in!
It's not the one that's made for her wedding;
*That* is special, a new design,
Made with a charm and a countersign.
Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple or mess the doll.
This is the way we dress the doll.

"Where is the East?" inquired a tutor, one day, of a very little pupil. "Where the morning comes from," was the prompt and pleasant answer.

Why are railroad companies like laundresses?—Because they have ironed the whole country and sometimes do a little mangling.

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S EPITAPH.—"Taken from life."

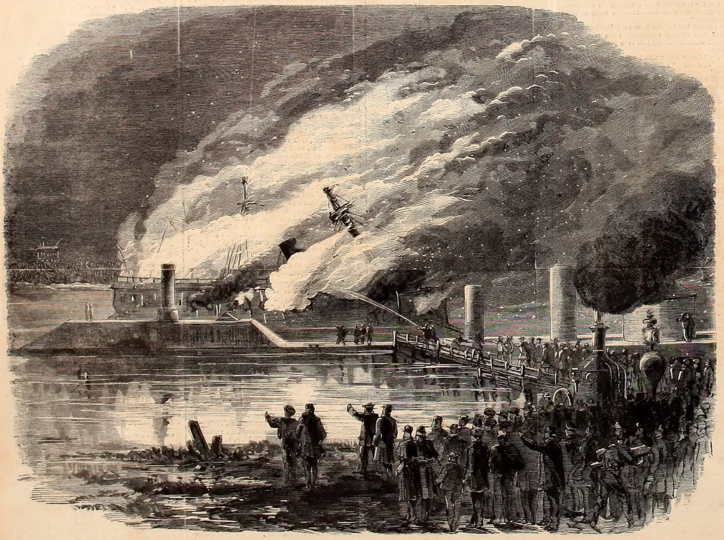
A wag inquired of the fashionable wearer of a "monitor," if he was a judge of horse-flesh? if he was fond of horse-racing? and if he was going to bet at the coming races? The surprised fashionable replied in the negative to all the questions, and asked his interrogator what in the world he meant by putting such questions to him? "Oh, nothing special," was the response. "I only thought that if you were posted about racing matters, and a good judge of horse-flesh, I would like to ask you how long it would take Flora Temple to run around the brim of that hat of yours—that's all!"

PONTOON BRIDGE ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE—DETACHMENT OF UNITED STATES TROOPS CROSSING TO MEXICO.

[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. S. SMITH, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.]

## CROSSING INTO MEXICO.

IN our news column last week we gave a detailed account of General SEDGWICK's interference with the affairs of Matamoras. We illustrate on this page the passage of his command over the Rio Grande from Brownsville into Mexican territory. His interference was only temporary. It had the effect of defeating ESCOBEDO's attack on Matamoras, and perhaps helped on the reconciliation between ESCOBEDO and CANALES. After ESCOBEDO's defeat SEDGWICK recrossed the Rio Grande, and that was the end of the affair. General SEDGWICK's occupation of the city was a mere matter of form. ESCOBEDO, who now commands Matamoras, is on the most friendly terms with our Government.



BURNING OF THE "NEW IRONSIDES," AT LEAGUE ISLAND, ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.—SKETCHED BY E. W. KOEHL.—[SEE PAGE 5.]

## J. CLARKE SWAYZE.

### HOW UNION MEN ARE TREATED IN THE SOUTH.

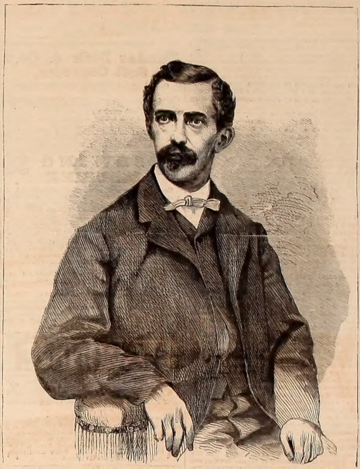
MACON, GEORGIA, *December* 12, 1866.

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

The people in this section have been much exercised the past few days, in consequence of the arrest, by United States Deputy-Marshal BUNUEL, of six prominent rebels at Griffin, Georgia, a small city sixty miles above here, for threatening to hang, and ordering Captain J. CLARKE SWAYZE to leave the place in forty-eight hours. The parties implicated are all rebels of, what is known here as, *respectability*, and hence the astonishment among their friends, that *they*—high-toned Southern gentlemen—should be so unceremoniously gobbled up by a United States officer, and taken from their own "loyal" courts to one less liable to be bought.

The facts in the case are these: Captain SWAYZE was a Union man before and during the war, and evaded service in the rebel army by exemption under one of the exempted classes, by Confederate law, as a printer. He was, however, seized by a mob in 1863, and ridden through the principal streets on a rail, with very severe threats of tar and feathers, and hanging; but his friends interceded and he got away. Shortly afterward he was forcibly arrested by the military, and imprisoned in Atlanta, Griffin, Macon, and Richmond; at the two last-named places he was shamefully treated for his refusal to take an oath to support the Confederate States. He was balled and chained at Macon, and forced to "mark time" on the head of a barrel, face to the street, with a placard hung upon his breast, on which was written "Traitor!" At Richmond he reveled in the luxuries of Castle Thunder nearly a month, getting for his daily food a small piece of cold, and often sour, corn-bread and water. He still held out firmly, as an outspoken friend of the old flag, until preparations were making for the campaign of 1864, when he was taken to the front, and there, with others of his own sentiments, made living breast-work to shield cowardly traitors. He miraculously escaped harm in the fight from the "Wilderness" to Petersburg. At the latter place he was very dangerously wounded by a shell—a circumstance which was probably the means of affording him the opportunity for escape. He went into the Federal army then, under Generals THOMAS and SHERMAN, and, under the direction of General PARKHURST, became a noted scout and spy. At the close of the war he returned to his home and family in Griffin, and was received kindly, even by his old enemies. He took all kindly by the hand, forgot and forgave all.

In due time he was appointed by General TILLSON Bureau Agent for his county, and he entered upon the duties of his office with some distrust, but determined to keep *right* on his side, for the effects of "My Policy" were now developing. A large mass meeting was at last held by the unterrified, who did not like Captain SWAYZE's plain style of



J. CLARKE SWAYZE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RIDDLE, MACON, GEORGIA.]

giving the negro as much justice as the white, "for the purpose of devising means to remove him from his office." The means devised were eighteen affidavits charging him with malfeasance, etc., etc. The General investigated the matter, and pronounced the charges false; but advised Captain SWAYZE to resign for the sake of peace and harmony. He did so, as the following extract from Special Orders, No. 140, will show:

"At his own request J. CLARKE SWAYZE, Esq., is relieved from duty as Agent of this Bureau for Spalding County.

"The Assistant Commissioner takes this opportunity to thank Mr. SWAYZE for the faithful and efficient manner in which he has discharged the delicate and arduous duties of his office.

"DAVIS TILLSON,
"Battalion Major-General and Assistant Commissioner."

Captain SWAYZE then interested himself in behalf of the freed people, as their agent, to procure better homes for them another year—many of them coming out this year in debt—and thought, for once at least, he would be doing the bidding of his rebel friends, as the expression was general among them that the "damned Yankees had freed the niggers, now they should come and take them away." But, true to their pettish, peevish, contrary, headstrong, spoiled-child way, as soon as they began to realize the fact that the Yankees of the Western country did really want them, and were willing to give them double the wages they were getting here, they interposed their objections, and not only insulted, but abused and threatened all who attempted to hire freed people to go out of the State.

Captain SWAYZE, knowing the righteousness of his cause, persisted in disseminating information among the freed people, telling them of their rights and the advantages of a home in the Western country, until Saturday, December 1, Colonel A. D. NUNNALLY, Captain C. S. STARK, Lieutenant L. G. BLOODWORTH, Lieutenant THOMAS NALL, Lieutenant C. S. WRIGHT, and W. S. BROWN, late of the rebel army, waited upon Mr. SWAYZE at his office, and ordered him, upon the authority of the citizens of Griffin, to leave within forty-eight hours. Mr. SWAYZE informed them that he would not, whereupon they proposed to hang him immediately, and probably would have accomplished their mission had it not been for a friend of Mr. SWAYZE's, who happened to come in, when they retired, enjoining upon him the necessity of his leaving if he wished to escape hanging.

Mr. SWAYZE left for Savannah, where he felt he had a friend and a protector in General TILLSON, who, after hearing the statement, took the most vigorous steps in the matter. Having had difficulties of this kind before, without the necessary proof, the General declared his intention of making this case a test of the practicability of the Civil Rights bill. He therefore laid the case before Commissioner STONE, of Savannah, who issued a warrant, and on Friday morning, between two and six o'clock, the parties were surprised, arrested, and the next night sent off for Fort Pulaski, where they are now awaiting their trial.

Thus, you see, by this little episode, the rebellion is not crushed yet. It also shows to a slight degree the disposition of the people toward those who are loyal to the United States Government. They have been feeling pretty independent here, up to this time, under the workings of the JOHNSON Administration, and have boasted in their prints that though the Civil Rights bill did pass and become a law of Congress, it was a nonentity in this State for the reason that it could not be executed.

Recent occurrences have proved, however, that there is a source through which Union men can se-

HOLIDAY SPORTS—TURKEY SHOOTING.

cure justice, and have consequently made some of the knowing rebels stare. So long as a Union man or freedman depends upon their State courts here just so long can rebels, with impunity, laugh at any effort he may make. May we not hope for the overthrow of these infamous Southern State governments? And let such governments be given us as will protect *loyal* men as well as rebels.

JUSTICE.

## APART.

THE dear eyes I love, to-day
Shine three thousand miles away,
And the voice I long to hear
Speaks to some indifferent ear;
Neither years nor miles shall part
Those who hold each other's heart—
Neither Hope nor Time restore
Love that's gone for evermore.

Love of mine across the sea
Thy sweet eyes shine not for me,
Though one slow revolving year
Brings thy gracious presence near;
Though when summer comes once more
Thy feet touch this happy shore,
Winter snow and summer sun
Find and leave me here alone.

Yet this hour of twilight brings
Memories of all precious things;
Though my sun no more may rise
Golden are my sunset skies;
Let me sit and dream a while
Of her far-off glance and smile,
Wondering, if we met to-day,
What the lovely eyes would say.

Are they fixed, with earnest look,
On some grave and serious book?
Does their solemn splendor show
Depths of silent thought below?
Do they rule with radiant glance
In the mazy, circling dance?
Flash with sudden scorn, and then
Soften into mirth again?

Do they gaze with smile serene
On some fair and foreign scene,
Where the lovely landscape lies
Under blue Italian skies?
Are they closed in quiet sleep?
Do they wake, to watch and weep?
Do they look across the sea
With one thought for home and me?

Do they dream with softened ray
Of bright hours long passed away?
Do sweet thoughts of coming years
Fill them full of blesséd tears?
Does their tender twilight shine
Into happier eyes than mine?
One who sits here—in the snow—
Prays, dear heart, it may be so!

## HUGO AND DICKENS.

VICTOR HUGO and CHARLES DICKENS represent two grand realms in literature; the one is king of modern French fiction, the other, of English.

Victor Hugo dwells at Hauteville House; one among the many quaint and weather-beaten houses of the capital of Guernsey—houses with gables and overhanging stories, that lie piled one above another. Banished from France after the *coup d'état* in 1851, he has lived, since 1854, in this rugged island-home, fixed in sight of the coast of Normandy, and prisoned by the restless waves of the English Channel; and from this place—romantic by nature—Victor Hugo, buried in his luxurious home, has sent forth all his later works.

Charles Dickens lives at Gadshill, about twenty-four miles—and a very pleasant ride by railroad—from the city of London. In front of his house lies a lawn stretching to the road. A large garden is on the other side of the road, which may be reached by a subterranean passage under the road. The house is plainly built, and kept in the most perfect order. It is not more than two stories high. As you enter there is a small drawing-room on the right containing Mr. Dickens's library; next is Mr. Dickens's study, which is very plainly furnished, and has no ornament except two or three bronzes. The windows open on a sort of garden surrounding the house, and, as the house stands on a high piece of ground, an extensive view of the neighboring country may be enjoyed from them. On the left is a large drawing-room, filled with every thing to make one comfortable, and decorated with great luxury, but with no attempt at show. Perfect taste reigns over every thing. The drawing-room opens into the dining-room; under the dining-room is the kitchen. Above these rooms are the bedchambers, which are irregularly distributed, but they are exceedingly comfortable and profusely furnished.

Victor Hugo is about sixty-five years old. His hair is gray, or, rather, grizzled; but his head and his heart are as young as ever. Sea air, habits of exercise, and well-ordered methods of work have maintained the freshness of his nature and the vigor of his mind unimpaired.

Charles Dickens appears about fifty; is of average height, good shape, straight as an arrow, and has the energetic look and decisive air of a military officer, which are heightened by his clear and abrupt way of speaking.

Victor Hugo usually sleeps in a little room, upon an ordinary couch, which is also used as a seat. He rises at five and betakes himself to his working-room, which looks more like a photographer's studio than a study. It contains a few chairs and a little stove, a number of books strewn here and there, a desk for working, which he has himself built up with a stool or two and a pile of folios, and this is all. But the room has one advantage—a magnificent look-out upon the sea and sky. He writes on large sheets of blue paper with a quill, and stands at his strange desk. He alters and corrects repeatedly; he polishes and erases, erases and polishes, until the lines grow to very hills of ink, capped with the long-sought word. He deliberates long upon his words before he writes them down, and reconsiders them when written. "He makes the pen and paper creak," said one of his contemporaries. Not seldom his copy bears little sketches of his creations—formless contours that attest the inward struggles and strivings of his imagination. He lets his scored and scattered sheets dry round about him. After the day's work he puts away what he has written, and, as a general rule, preserves the strictest silence concerning it until the completion of the whole. He receives no visitors when he is occupied with a fiction or poem; he works alone, with no other witnesses than the sea and the sky.

Charles Dickens's favorite time for working is likewise in the morning. He rises very early and sets to work at once. He lightly breakfasts at about half past nine, and continues to work until twelve o'clock. At this hour he lunches. After lunch he goes out into the fields, and does not return home until half past six o'clock. He walks every day some eight or ten miles. He walks rapidly. His writing is fine and regular. He is extremely hospitable, is fond of receiving company informally and intimately every day of the week, and especially Sunday. Of a happy and kindly nature, his eminently sympathetic influence is a charm which affects every one brought into contact with him.

Victor Hugo is a true poet, the greatest of modern French poets. It has been well said of him that "he has preserved the dignity of his calling without derogation. His career has been stormy, or, more properly speaking, noisy; but he has moved amidst the plaudits and the hisses, the shouts and the jeers, with calm and resolute self-respect, compelling by his earnestness and ability the homage of even those whom he most offended by his assaults on their prejudices and opinions. Applause has never seduced him into a prodigal waste of his power. He has not traded on his reputation. He has written abundantly, but never carelessly. On these grounds, if on only these, criticism, when most unsparing, will recognize the value of his works. He offends in many ways, but his genius condones offense.

Charles Dickens, however great his popularity, has too vigorously attacked hypocrites, pseudo-Christians, and humbug philanthropists to be free from enemies. He gives them no thought, and none the less continues his crusade against abuses. In England, where old abuses are difficult to uproot, and where custom acquires the force of law, the greatest talents and energy are required to overthrow a defective institution by attacking it openly. Dickens has never assumed the airs of a reformer, either in his conversation or writings; nevertheless few men have exercised so much influence as himself on the national mind. The reforms which are just beginning to be introduced into the incredible intricacy of English pleadings and legal practice were prepared, so to say, furtively, several years ago in his works by calling public attention, and by stigmatizing the rapacity of pettifogers. His raillery has none of the brutality of English sarcasm, neither does it consist of a mere cutting word or a biting phrase, but it is felt every where in the aggregate of the events and persons he groups and makes act against the enemy whom he attacks.

## A DANGEROUS STRIKE.

THE *Journal Amusant* makes mention of a contemplated dangerous strike among marriageable men, who having consolidated themselves in Paris, are daily gaining adherents, and have already published the following resolution: In consideration of the daily increasing circumference of ladies' dresses and the expense of under-clothes, of the steady upward tendency of the price of butter, vegetables, and meat, as well as of house rent, schooling, and all the necessities of life, we single men have met together and declare that we will not marry without a dowry of two hundred thousand francs. Nor is this all. A healthy father or mother-in-law capable of producing a new brother or sister would be an insuperable objection to any such marriage. It is desirable that the lady's father should be thick-set, with a short neck and strong predisposition to apoplexy; that his business be lucrative, and never interrupted except for the purpose of undertaking dangerous hunts or excursions over mountains and rocks or upon the water. Rich childless uncles would add much to the fair one's attractions, especially if, in times of war, he be an ambitious officer in either service—by land or sea.—In Marseilles six thousand young men have already turned the jest into earnest, and announced their determination not to enter into the holy state of matrimony until the fair sex give up the gewgaws of Fashion and return to the primitive simplicity of good old times.

## THE EFFECT OF HASHISH UPON EUROPEANS.

IT is well known that the Orientals are able to create in imagination all the joys of Paradise by means of hashish, an opiate which is prepared from hemp. Several Frenchmen who were traveling in the East, among them the Abbé Michan and Delessert, desiring to prove its vaunted qualities, took each a portion the size of a hazel-nut, which is sufficient to wrap the senses of an ordinary hashish eater in Elysium.

The first began to talk eagerly to the various pieces of furniture which he imagined to be living beings, and mistaking the paunch of his corpulent servant for a kettle-drum, as he was handing him some lemonade, he fell to beating him so zealously with his fists that the latter was forced to take to his heels.

To another all his associates swelled out to the proportions of giants, the room became illimitably spacious, and the minutes lengthened out so inordinately in time that he fancied he must consume twenty years in passing into the next room, a distance of twenty steps, and that it would take as long to listen to one short sentence. In addition to this he thought he was a fool whom the giants were mocking at in the most malicious manner. This condition lasted thirty-two hours.

A third insisted that he was rooted to the earth as a gigantic ball, but the majority exhibited nothing more than a disgustingly stupid state of intoxication.

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## JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,

Capital, $2,500,000.

**Great One-Price Gold Sale.**

SELL NO BRASS OR SO-CALLED PLATED JEWELRY.

## WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD, OR NO SALE.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

**Pianos, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of Rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry, Photograph Albums, &c., &c.,**

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive,

INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $2.

☞ THE PROOF—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly-chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at $10, or a beautiful 50-picture Morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6*; and you have a possibility of getting a

**Fine Gold Watch or Piano.**

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000.

2 for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph.
5 for $1 00, with a Silver Nut Pick, worth.......$1 00
11 for $2 00, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth.. 2 00
17 for $3 00, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth.... 3 00
30 for $5 00, with a Gold Pen, Ext. Case, worth.. 6 00
65 for $10 00, with a Gold Double Locket, worth 12 00
100 for $15 00, with a Fine Silver Watch, worth. 18 00
200 for $30 00, with a Silver Hunt. Watch, worth 40 00

In all cases, upon receipt of money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to Agents, to whom great inducements are offered. Address

CALKINS & CO., 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

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# EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With the COTTAGE PRESS and the printing material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing neatly, quickly, and cheaply. They are so simple in construction, that a boy ten years old can easily manage the largest size. Printed instructions are sent with each office, enabling the purchaser to go at work without a previous knowledge of printing. A circular, containing a full description, prices, testimonials, &c., sent free to all. Our specimen sheets of type, cuts, &c., ten cents.

ADAMS PRESS CO.,
26 Ann St.,
NEW YORK.

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YOUR WIFE will thank you for THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, with its suggestions for training children. Only $2 a year by post. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

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## CANVASSERS WANTED

TO SELL THE IMPROVED FOLDING

## Pocket Lantern

Very light, strong, and durable: can be folded and carried in the pocket or traveling-bag with safety and convenience, occupying the space of a cigar-case, and are opened and closed as readily. They contain (whether open or closed) matches and extra candles, and, being always ready for use, are most appreciated in the greatest emergencies.

PRICES: No. 1, including two candles, $1 each; No. 3, including three candles, 75 cents each: No. 1 pure sperm candles, $1 per lb. (20 to the lb.); No. 3 pure sperm candles, $1 25 per lb. (90 to the lb.).

**Liberal Discount to Dealers and Canvassers.**

**Send for Samples.**

JULIUS IVES & CO., Sole Agents, 49 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Ives's Patent Lamps, and Dealers in Kerosene Goods generally.

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RALLY BOYS, RALLY! Adopted as the marching Song of the Grand Army of the Republic. Words by Henry Hitchcock and music by E. T. Blackmer, members of the Grand Army, with fine lithographic portrait of Maj.-Gen. R. S. Foster, to whom it is dedicated.

"It is full of spirit, and destined to become immensely popular."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mailed free of postage on receipt of 40 cents. A liberal discount to Lodges. Address the publishers,

J. A. BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

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YOUR DAUGHTER would thank you for THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, with its instructions on health and beauty. Only $2 a year.

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PROTEAN CARDS; or, The Box of One Hundred Games. Suitable to all ages. A list of some of the games that may be played with the cards: Romans, Points, Gipsy Counterplot, Cross Purposes, School Ma'am, Auction, Matrimony, Speculation, Puzzle, Lote, Old Maid, Painters and Authors, and a host of others, all played with the Protean Cards, and fully described in the book of directions. Price $1 25 per box. Sent free by mail on remitting price. JOHN H. TINGLEY, Publisher of Games, No. 152½ Fulton St., New York.

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## New Music Book for Grammar Schools.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CHORUS, containing Wilhem's Method of Teaching Vocal Music, adapted to Schools by JOHN HULLAH; also, selections for Devotional Exercises, Exhibitions, and Festival Occasions. Adapted and arranged in One, Two, and Three Parts, by J. B. SHARLAND, Teacher of Music in the Boston Grammar Schools. $1 00. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

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MERCHANTS should read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, to learn how to select trusty clerks for places of trust. $2 a year. FOWLER & WELLS.

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A SPLENDID HOLIDAY PRESENT to your wife, daughter, or friend, is a year's subscription to the Model Parlor Magazine, DEMOREST'S MONTHLY. The January Number has a brilliant array of useful, artistic, and beautiful novelties and entertaining literature. Yearly, $3, with a beautiful premium: Single copies, 30 cents, mailed free. Published at 473 Broadway, New York.

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# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

ALWAYS A WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**Price-List.**

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

EVIDENCE AFTER A YEAR'S TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMET, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *December* 1, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Inclosed herewith I send you our regular list for December. It is now twelve months since we began the use of your Teas and Coffees, and I am pleased in being able to say that the satisfaction derived from the use of said articles by the members of this Club, instead of being confined to individual instances, is universal, and I think I may safely say without exception. Thanking you for the many favors received at your hands, I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient Servant, L. LASS CARPENTER.

WILLIAM PENN WORKS, NEAR SHENANDOAH CITY, SCHUYLKILL CO., PA., *Dec.* 3, 1866.

GENTS: We received our orders of Tea and Coffee all right; and each package put up so nice as to give us but little trouble. They have given great satisfaction both as regards weight and quality; and so cheap that we have saved 56¼ cents per lb., beside getting a better quality; and we are all satisfied that they are as good—both Tea and Coffee—as your advertisement represented them to be.

I remain, yours, THOMAS ROGERS.

XENIA, DALLAS CO., IOWA, *Nov.* 8, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: SIRS,—The order that I sent to your house the fore part of the Summer gave universal satisfaction, and all of the Club have been trying for some time to get me to make up another. The complimentary package which I received was the best Tea I have drank in Iowa. Please fill the following order, and express to me at Boonsborough, Iowa. ZERAH E. COTTRELL.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *Dec.* 7, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York: GENTS,—Yours of the 1st inst. is before me, and I would state that the Tea has been received, and gave entire satisfaction. The money has been forwarded per Adams Express. You may expect another order. Respectfully, &c.,

WILLIS G. OVERSTREET.

BERNARDSTON, FRANKLIN CO., MASS., *Dec.* 3, 1866.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York: GENTLEMEN,—The Tea that I ordered from you gives general satisfaction, and I this day mail you another club order, No. 3, for Tea and Coffee, amounting to $39 10, which you will please fill and send to my address, by express. Please accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Respectfully yours, E. D. RICHARDSON.

ST. PETER, MINN., *Nov.* 26, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: It is but one month since I commenced getting up a club for Tea, and this is my third order, and amounts to nearly $200. All are well satisfied, and say that the tea is as good as we get here at $2 50. I will send your circulars to all the different towns in my reach, and try and get the whole trade turned in the tea line so that the consumers can save these great profits. Yours, truly,

W. O. POWELL.

LOWELL, *Nov.* 20, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: GENTS,—I herewith send second order of Merrimac Club for Tea and Coffee. In regard to first order, I would say that your promptness in answering it, and the quality of the goods sent, gave entire satisfaction, as you will see by an increase of $24 in this order, C. O. D. Respectfully yours,

S. D. GORDON, No. 159 Colburn St., Lowell, Mass.

NEW LONDON, *Nov.* 15, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: SIRS,—I herewith send you another club. We are well suited with that which we received before, and much obliged for the complimentary package. We find that it is 50 per cent. cheaper than we can get it here, and at least 50 per cent. better. Please send me two or three blanks for clubs and circulars to go with them, as I know of some in adjoining towns who would like to get up clubs.

Yours, truly, L. M. DAY.

FRANCONIA, N. H., *Nov.* 10, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: GENTLEMEN,—My last order for tea of 59 pounds came to hand in due time all right, and has given entire satisfaction, and, if you continue to send us as good tea as you have sent, you are sure of a permanent trade in this place. The Imperial was the best of any thing we have had in this place. Several of the club have told me it was better than the tea they had paid $2 a pound for. I send you another order for $68 65. Please forward as before by Express to Franconia, N. H., Grafton County. I thank you for the complimentary package. Address PRIEST YOUNG, Franconia, N. H.

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD LINE, AURORA STATION, *Nov.* 20, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: GENTS,—Here is your sixth Club from these "diggins," making an aggregate of nearly $700. Some of the country storekeepers here say your tea is of no account, but the *people* who use it think otherwise, as is demonstrated by the increasing demand for it. We send inclosed an order for $191 65, and next month we expect to beat that. Yours, &c., E. K. LONG.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for ourstore will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

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# Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Furs, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

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YOUR SON would be greatly benefited by reading the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. He would learn how to make the most of himself. $2 a year. Try it. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

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WANTED—AGENTS, $250 a month, Male and Female, to sell the GENUINE COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Price only $20. Every machine warranted 5 years. For particulars address H. H. REGISTER & CO., 68 Broadway, room No. 3.

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# AGENTS WANTED

To sell Brown's Glass Cleaning Polish. Sells every where, city and country. Large profits to Agents. Particulars sent free. C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker St., N. Y.

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## 100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

# Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

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YOUR "SWEETHEART" would thank you for the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. In it she would find the means by which to judge your character correctly. $2 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

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# GROVER & BAKER'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

## Sewing Machines,

495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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# NEW SEWING MACHINES.

THE AMERICAN ELASTIC-STITCH SEWING MACHINE, very latest improvement, patented Aug., 1866. Price each, Class 1, for *Family* use, with fixtures, &c., all complete, $15. Will do *fine* or *coarse stitching* on ALL KINDS of materials from *Cambric* to the THICKEST WINTER OVERCOAT or LEATHER. Sews *rapid, firm,* and *beautiful; perfectly* reliable. Simple in its movements and EASY TO UNDERSTAND. Is the VERY BEST machine for FAMILY USE. *Samples* of goods sewed and returned by mail *for examination* on receipt of postage. Machines *selected with care,* adjusted for *special work,* and forwarded, securely packed in substantial wooden boxes, per express, to any part of the country ON RECEIPT OF PRICE. Testimonials from those using them for manufacturing and family use on view at the Salesroom. Experienced Agents wanted. Address all orders AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 920 Broadway, New York.

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[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

## THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Illinois,
General Agents for the Northwest.

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SCHOOL-TEACHERS should read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and learn to classify and teach their students according to temperaments and capacity. $2 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

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# It Concerns all Parents

To know the reason why the accustomed freshness of their children is giving way to a pale or sallow skin, sunken eyes, and a general emaciation. Why does the patient pick the nose; complain of a gnawing sensation in the abdomen; why suffer now with a craving appetite, and now utterly detest the sight of food? Why is the abdomen hard and swollen, the breath offensive, the tongue furred, and the taste disagreeable? These are a few of the symptoms consequent upon the interruptions offered to the natural actions of the bowels by the presence of worms. But much more serious mischief may result if they are not speedily expelled. We may mention, general convulsions, confirmed melancholy, palpitation, insanity, and even death itself. The indications presented for treatment are two-fold: FIRST, to expel the worms from the bowels; and, SECOND, to prevent their reproduction. In no department of medical science has there been such diversity of opinion among its adherents, or such varied modes of treatment to fulfill the indications. Partial success has attended the administration of some preparations; but it has been reserved for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE to be offered to the world as a CERTAINLY RELIABLE, EFFICACIOUS, and SAFE SPECIFIC. Members of the medical profession in most honorable standing acknowledge its merits and prescribe it in their practice. IT IS THE MOST EFFICIENT VERMIFUGE KNOWN.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROTHERS, of PITTSBURG, Pa. Dr. McLane's genuine Vermifuge, also his celebrated Liver Pills, can now be had at all respectable drug stores. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE SIGNATURE OF

[2] FLEMING BROS.

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CLERGYMEN would find much interesting matter in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL to be found nowhere else. Reader, present your Pastor with a copy for 1867. It is only $2 a year.

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## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1867.

**Terms for 1867.**

One Copy for One Year . . . . . $4 00

*An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

**Circulation 112,000.**

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page . . . . . . . . . $250 00
Half Page . . . . . . . . 125 00
Quarter Page . . . . . . . 70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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**Circulation nearly 100,000.**

## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

**Terms for 1867:**

One Copy for One Year . . . . . $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

*And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

A DESPERATE FLIRT FOR HIS AGE.

CHARLIE. "I only wish you Girls wern't my Sisters!"
CIS. "Why, CHARLIE?"
CHARLIE. "Oh! only wouldn't I just Flirt with you, that's all!"


## Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
**GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,**
**No. 4 Broad St., New York,**
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.

ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

D.D.&Co's SOFT CAPSULES.
See Advertisement Inside.

**JOHN BONNER,**
## Stock Broker,
22 BROAD STREET.

Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

DINNER AND TEA SETS!
**DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,**
479 Broadway and 46 Mercer Street,

Have on hand a large stock of China, Glass, Plated Goods, Cutlery, &c., all of which are offered at low prices.

**Dyspepsia,**
**Rheumatism,**
**Scrofula,**
**Swollen Glands,**
**Eruptions of the Skin,**

All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of those Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use Strumatic Mineral Baths. For sale at every respectable drug store.

**SURE PILE CURE.**

Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument, for the radical cure of piles, prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in 5 minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for circular. Sold by druggists generally. Discount to dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4. J. B. ROMAINE, Manager, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

## £150,000,000

Sterling in money and estates remain unclaimed in Great Britain and Ireland in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2 00 in U. S. funds. Genealogies traced, wills searched for. All letters must be prepaid. GUN & CO., Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, 6 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

**Wright's Alconated Glycerine Tablet**

Imparts to the skin a clear, natural, youthful tint; restores its color and beauty. Order of your Druggist.

**MUSICAL BOXES,**

1 2

Playing from 1 to 36 different tunes, and costing from $550 to $600. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

$100 to $250 PER MONTH, *and all Expenses Paid.* We want Ag'ts, male and female, every where, to whom we will pay the above salary, or give a large commission. *Business entirely new, permanent, and very desirable.* For full particulars, address, with stamp, G. W. JACKSON & Co., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md.

## Mechanics, Manufacturers, Inventors, Farmers.

On the 1st of January the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN will be enlarged to the size of *Harper's Weekly.* It will contain upward of 500 splendid Engravings of all the latest and best Improvements in Machinery, Farm Implements, and Household Utensils. Also articles on POPULAR SCIENCE and INDUSTRY, of the utmost value to every Manufacturer, Engineer, Mechanic, Chemist, and Farmer in the country.

INVENTORS and PATENTEES will find a complete account of all Patents issued weekly from the Patent Office.

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is acknowledged to be the best and cheapest Mechanical Paper in the world. Every Number contains most valuable and interesting reading, prepared by the best known scientific writers. A single year's subscription, costing but $3, will make an Imperial Volume of 832 pages. New Volume just beginning. Now is the time to subscribe. Published weekly. Terms, $3 a year; $1 50 six months. Address

MUNN & CO., Publishers,
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

**MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE**

The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

A BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY GIFT!
THE FINEST PARLOR GAME YET MADE.

[PATENTED.]

Is the charming novelty of the present season. It is entirely new in its combinations, and possesses the attractive features of Croquet, Ten Pins, and Billiards. Ladies will find it peculiarly attractive.

**It is received every where with enthusiasm, and delights all who examine it.**

An illustrated descriptive book, fully describing and explaining the game, will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents, to prepay postage, &c. Order through any Bookseller, or direct, of

RICHARDSON & CO., Publishers,
540 Broadway, New York.

100 photographs of Female Beauties for 25 cts., also 100 photographs of actors, 100 of Union Generals, and 67 of Southern Generals, for 25 cts. each set, or the whole 367 sent prepaid to one addsess for 75 cts. Address A. Jeffrey, 89 E. Twenty-eighth St., New York.

**Why Every Body is Charmed with**

**Our Young Folks**

Because it always contains so many admirable Stories, full of interest and good sense; such musical Poems; such a large variety of excellent reading of all kinds suitable for young folks, and of Rebuses, Charades, Puzzles, &c., for evening entertainment. Besides, the illustrations are numerous and always attractive. TERMS: Two Dollars a year; Single or Specimen Number, 20 cents.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers, Boston.

**Every Saturday**

Is constantly attractive with its rich variety of Sketches and Short Stories by the finest writers of Europe, its choice Poems, its Serial Tales by some of the most popular story-tellers now living, and its items of Literary and Scientific Intelligence. TERMS: Single Number, 10 cents; $5 00 a year.

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| | |
|---|---|
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*From the Chicago Journal.*

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The Citizens of Chicago who know A. A. Kelley & Co. have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their enterprise.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ISAAC WATTS AND HIS MOTHER AT THE PRISON-GATE.—[See Page 22.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 12, 1867.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Tenth Volume of* Harper's Weekly, *ending with No. 522, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* Title-page and Table of Contents.

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## MAGNANIMITY.

WHENEVER a sagacious observer reports that the people of the late "Confederacy" are solely anxious for repose, and will apathetically submit to any thing which may be imposed, or when some noted ex-rebel like Beauregard declares that his neighbors acquiesce in the situation, there is a disposition in some quarters to insist that all that is necessary to settle the difficulty is magnanimity. Now magnanimity is always essential to wise public action. But what is meant by magnanimity under the circumstances? Is it meant that we should let every thing drift and lie unsettled; that the States should be at once admitted to Congress; that the Amendment should be left to chance, and the welfare of the freedmen committed unreservedly to the late rebels? Does magnanimity mean that no heed should be given to the sharp lessons of experience, and no provision made for future security?

If by magnanimity be meant absence of vindictive or passionate feeling, we should like to know when or where a great people have emerged from a great and fierce civil convulsion with so little ungenerous emotion as the loyal people of the United States? Profound conviction they undoubtedly have, and a very clear sense of the necessity of modifying the organic law in the light of experience. The absolute incompatibility of slavery, and of all the laws and habits that spring from it, with the peaceful permanence of the Union is now a vital conviction of the loyal country. Provision will therefore be made utterly to extirpate the roots of the late trouble, so far as they can be reached by positive action. Much must be left to time and the healing of spiritual laws; but much also may now be done by legislation.

But all such action is consonant with the utmost magnanimity, although not with a morbid sense of "honor," as it has been ludicrously understood in the disturbed States. The important question is not whether Beauregard and Slidell and Wigfall and Toombs and Stephens and Davis see that the dogma of State Sovereignty can not be maintained by force, but how to remove all lawful pretense of such a claim, and how to secure the results that have been caused by the attempt to maintain it. And this is evidently a question which we must answer for ourselves. It is not one in which the people immediately concerned propose to help us. For that we ought not to quarrel with them. It is a pity, but it is natural; and in the whole debate we must bear human nature constantly in mind. The people in the Southern States are sore and silent, and often sullen. They have accepted nothing which the country has offered, excepting the provisional arrangements of the President, and those very reluctantly and imperfectly, and solely from the conviction that they could not help themselves. North Carolina is the only State which fully renounced the right of secession. South Carolina and Georgia declared the ordinance of secession repealed, and Florida called it "annulled." We lay no stress upon this fact; we allude to it simply to illustrate the assertion that there has not been even a formal acceptance of the terms considered necessary by the country as a beginning of the restoration of all the functions of the rebel States in the Union.

The moment that the President and Congress differed the States in question, by their chief spokesmen, newspapers, and Legislatures, assumed an attitude of hostility to Congress, and have remained in it until the present time. Whether these classes fairly represent the body of the people can not be exactly determined; but if there be any other way of ascertaining the drift of public opinion, it has never been discovered. All that can be said is this, that the present disposition of the people at the South can not affect the necessity of changing the organic law to conform to the circumstances of the country and the convictions of the people. If they are reasonable, they will not deny this. If they are unreasonable, they will not admit any thing whatever.

But whatever they admit or deny, our duty is plain; and whether they admit or deny, magnanimity is equally imperative. For magnanimity requires that nothing unjust or ungenerous be done by us, either to our late enemies or to our constant friends in the Southern States. Does magnanimity toward Beauregard require that he should escape personal penalties and resume all his political rights, while the freedman who may have been his slave shall enjoy no other civil or political rights than Beauregard may choose to bestow? That is the simple question; and when we hear magnanimity urged as the prime necessity of the situation, let us ask carefully what does magnanimity mean, and if we are to be magnanimous to white men who have been enemies, as we certainly ought to be, shall we not be just and generous to colored men who have been friends?

## THE WRECK OF THE "COMMODORE."

The loss of the steamer *Commodore* upon a route so thronged as that of Long Island Sound may perhaps arouse the public mind to the necessity of a much more stringent system of marine inspection and police than now prevails. We say perhaps, because no lives were lost. If one of the Sound steamers, carrying citizens known and beloved in Boston and New York, like the *Lexington* in 1839, should be lost with all on board, either from carelessness in regard to kerosene lamps, as in the case of the *Plymouth Rock*, of which we have heretofore spoken, or under circumstances like those of the wreck of the *Commodore*, there would be a burst of grief and indignation, and something might possibly be done to save the next *Plymouth Rock* and *Commodore*.

The afternoon of the 27th of December was an afternoon on which such a boat as the *Commodore* should not have put out. She left at 4 o'clock, but since the morning a wild snow-gale had been steadily increasing. At 2 o'clock it was severe weather in the bay, and nothing was plainer than that there would be "a nasty night." The perils of such nights with such boats in the Sound have been terribly demonstrated. Every frequent traveler by the route recalls them. We remember leaving New York many years ago at the same season and at the same hour, one Saturday afternoon. We were caught in a similar snow-hurricane, and anchored under the lee of an island. Through that night and all Sunday and all Monday morning we remained holding on—the boat, in the mean while, piled with cotton as usual, taking fire—and it was 4 o'clock Tuesday morning before we reached Providence by rail from Stonington.

At the hour appointed for the *Commodore's* departure there was an ugly gale with every sign of increasing. Her route through the Sound is peculiarly exposed. The boat was old, and there was every reason for waiting until the weather moderated. Certainly if she had waited until seven or eight o'clock she would not have left, yet at four o'clock there was every reason to anticipate the weather at eight. But she sailed. The prospect of a tremendous storm became steadily more plain. But she kept on, passed New Haven light, and the officers thought she would weather the gale, when a sudden and furious hurricane carried away her smoke-stacks, the sea stove her wood-work at the bows—deluged the cabin, and extinguished one of the furnace fires. The Captain, apparently cool and firm, tried to keep her head to the wind, but the steamer would not obey. Springing a-leak she drifted in the trough of the sea, the passengers constantly bailing. Near the land on the Long Island shore the anchors were let go, but the water made so fast that they were slipped. The boat swept over the bar at Horton's Point safely, and finally went ashore upon a smooth beach. The passengers and crew were rescued, but the vessel was a total loss.

A little common prudence, it seems to us, might have saved the steamer, and spared those on board of her the unspeakable horrors of such a night. But, without insisting upon this, it is evident that traveling has become a very dangerous business in this country. Whatever the laws may be, the penalties are such that they are not respected. But the good-humored passivity of passengers is the serious evil. They are shot into traps, and are bagged and inconvenienced and butchered with an air of sweet endurance. Six gentlemen we lately counted standing in a Hudson River Railroad car, for whom Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's agents had provided no accommodation whatever, yet who placidly paid their fare to go into Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's pocket. And this we read in the papers is a very common occurrence. Each one of them should have declined to pay until the conductor found him a seat; and when he said, as he did, that there were no seats they should have persisted. Of course it is disagreeable. Any American would rather stand for two hours than go to law and bandy words in a car. Well, some fresh *Lexington*, or *Pulaski*, or *Central America* may change our feelings upon the subject.

## WOMEN'S WORK IN THE WAR.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson says that women ought to bear arms if they vote. A poorer kind of argument could hardly be invented. In alluding to it two or three weeks since we said that a nation of men merely could not maintain a very long war; and since then we have seen a little paper, of scarcely more than the contents of a broadside, in which Mr. Alfred J. Bloor, Assistant Secretary of the Sanitary Commission, sets forth briefly the work and influence of women in the late war.

There was no more essential means for the cherishing of the national spirit, which was our chief reliance, than the Sanitary Commission. It brought every soldier in direct communication with home. It was the family stretching out its hand to the camp. Every little package was one of an infinite and infinitely delicate system of nerves by which the whole body of loyal men and women in the field and out of it were held sensitively together. Every day and every night of every year of the war in every part of the country the homes of the loyal were occupied with the vast and noiseless ministry of comfort and succor. The details were endless and individually slight, and the results at first, as during the epoch of Havelock making, were amusing, but none the less amazing. But when the fierce flurry of excitement passed, and the feminine heart and hand settled tranquilly down to intelligent and effective labor, and the work of the Commission was thoroughly organized by Mr. Olmsted, and the electric current was established between the boys at the front and the mothers, wives, sisters, sweet-hearts, grandmothers, and aunts by the fireside, then the share of women in the war, although different, was not less essential than that of the men.

It was Mr. Bloor's duty, as "Supply Correspondent" of the Central office, to oversee and acknowledge the arrival at Washington of nearly all the supplies collected in the country east of the Rocky Mountains. These were, of course, independent of the immense individual and private aid which was constantly going forward. But these supplies for the Sanitary Commission, composed of every conceivable detail of small value, yet in the aggregate amounting, in Mr. Bloor's judgment, to fifteen millions of dollars, "were almost universally collected, assorted, and dispatched, and re-collected, re-assorted, and re-dispatched by women representing with great impartiality every grade of society in the republic." During the first year of the war this work was done at some points by men, but they were, as a whole, entirely inferior to the women, whose "patience and endurance, an intuitive recognition of the relative fitness of details, and a conscientious methodizing thereof," made them absolutely superior for such service. Their "magnetic enthusiasm" was the main-spring of the spiritual work of the Commission, and their tireless care of detail secured its practical efficacy. The astonishing results of the Sanitary fairs, the great gifts of money, as Mr. Bloor suggests, sprang from the urgency of the sympathy of women for the suffering.

Their part in the war, as in all the great movements of society, was not necessarily inferior to ours because it was different. The account of actual service between men and women can never be made so as to strike a balance against either. In the nature of things their interest in human society and in the commonwealth is as deep as that of men. If the actual bearing of arms were the only way in which a great cause could be defended in the field, the military argument of Senator Johnson would be specious if not strong. But it is the fireside that sustains the field, as it is the sentiment of patriotism that makes prolonged military endurance possible—endurance, not of the shock of battle only, but of the long, wasting suspense and sharp sorrow of the home. Conquer the hearts at home, and you will soon manage the hands in the field.

## THE PROSPECT IN ENGLAND.

The speech of John Bright at the Trades Reform demonstration in London shows how grave he believes the crisis in England to be. He states the case very seriously and plainly. About sixteen out of every hundred men are voters. This leaves some five millions unenfranchised. Mr. Gladstone's very moderate bill of the last session proposed to enfranchise four hundred thousand of these, and Mr. Bright heartily supported it. But the Parliament resisted as they would not have dared to resist had they been responsible to the people. "And they resist up to this moment," says Mr. Bright, "and I fear will resist when they meet at the beginning of February next; and they may possibly resist until the discontent now so general becomes universal, and that which is now only a great exhibition of opinion may become necessarily and inevitably a great and menacing exhibition of force."

Of course Mr. Bright knew that for such words he would be denounced as a dangerous, revolutionary agitator stirring up civil war; and he therefore settles that charge forever. In a fine and striking figure he asks whether a man who warns the dwellers upon the slope of Etna to heed the smoke and flame and thunder which foretell an eruption is responsible for the eruption when it bursts forth? "I did not build the mountain or fill it with explosive material; I only warned the men that were there of their danger. So now it is not I who am stimulating men to a violent pursuit of their original Constitutional rights. We are about our lawful business as citizens of a free country, but citizens to whom is denied the right of the Constitution under which we live. If the truth must be told, the Tory party is the turbulent party in this country." And a little later he repeats the remark with emphasis: "I say that Lord Derby, as the representative of his party in Parliament, is himself the fomenter of discord, and that his party and not our party is at this moment the turbulent element in English political society."

This is a very simple truth, and places the whole debate upon the right ground. The movement for the suffrage is derided now as it was in 1832; but he is a very shallow student of history and human nature, it seems to us, who agrees with Mr. Robert Lowe that the people do not really want an extension of the suffrage, and that the agitation is merely the work of John Bright. Such a view springs from the chronic infidelity of Toryism, which never conceives of the growth of the popular mind and its increasing perception of rights and duties. It was a favorite theory of the British Tories a century ago, that James Otis and Sam Adams were making trouble in America. But it was British Toryism that made the trouble, and Otis and Adams were its tongues. No great political agitation is imaginary. It is now in England as it was in 1832. Toryism may sneer and resist. But at length it must yield or force a civil war.

## "GAG.

It is amusing and instructive to observe the "gag" of the Democratic organs. During the frightful riots of 1863, when the drunken and infuriated mob was hanging and shooting and torturing the most innocent and helpless class of the population in the city, the Democratic papers, which constantly palliated and justified the rebellion of which the riots were an episode, called the bloody mob "the people." Now when Governor Fletcher, of Missouri, has called out the militia to preserve the peace the New York *World* speaks of "Governor Fletcher quartering his soldiers" upon the people. This is the strain in which the *World's* political allies during their rebellion used to speak of the loyal citizens of the United States. For who are "Governor Fletcher's soldiers?" They are the citizens of Missouri who are in arms to keep the peace of the State, which is threatened by those who used to curse the same citizens in arms to keep the peace of the Union as "Lincoln's hirelings."

The *World*, as a poor piece of gag, speaks of the citizens of a State defending their own lives and property as if they were a standing army. In the opinion of the Democratic sages the only truly "constitutional" conduct of the loyal people of Missouri is to sit still and be bushwhacked and murdered by rebel miscreants. The leaders and friends of the rebellion pleaded the Constitution to get out. Now they plead the Constitution to get in. They will learn that the people who successfully defended the Constitution against their bloody assaults find nothing so literally and strictly constitutional as the maintenance of the national safety against any kind of rebellious weapon or wile.

## WHIPPING AND SELLING AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Our readers will have observed a late order of General Sickles, forbidding the public whipping of men in his military department. Governor Worth, of North Carolina, went to Washington to protest against this action of General Sickles, and he states in his Message that the State was "astounded" at the prohibition "to execute the laws which have existed with us and our ancestors for many hundred years." The President, after hearing Governor Worth, promptly annulled the order of General Sickles, and thereby directed that the public flogging of men should be resumed in a part of the country in which there is no valid authority but that of the United States.

Now that we may all understand exactly what it is that General Sickles forbade and the President permits, we refer them not only to the picture of Mr. Nast elsewhere in this paper, but to the private testimony which we receive from a gentleman lately connected with a court-martial sitting in Raleigh, North Carolina. He states that *every day* during about a *month*, while the State court was recently sitting at Raleigh, there was a crowd of nearly five hundred people outside the court-house witnessing the public whipping of colored men as fast as they were convicted and sentenced to be whipped by the Court; and to see the victims of the same court sold at auction for a term of years—three years being the usual term. He says that the people were very exultant when the President's order came prohibiting the soldiers from interfering with this treatment of the colored people. He knew one case in which *three hundred* lashes were laid on.

The same gentleman states that this sentence of whipping operates in North Carolina as a civil disqualification, so that none of these victims, according to the local law, could ever vote, even if the suffrage were extended to colored men. They are disqualified in advance.

Thus the freedmen are still pursued and sacrificed by the ancient laws of Slavery, and thus the rage of baffled rebellion expends itself upon the most helpless and unfortunate of the population. Yet all these tragedies should constantly remind us that the late dominant class in the

Southern States are poisoned to the very marrow by the system of Slavery; and that no duty of this nation is now so solemn and paramount as to take care that the late slaves shall not be tortured. No plea of State law or local law; no fear of national intervention or centralization or consolidation should prevent the people of the United States from protecting those who are hated and persecuted because of their fidelity to the Government. If for a single year the white people of the late rebel States should be made to suffer what the colored people there have endured for generations the world would cry out with shame and horror. The President of the Georgia Senate, in some recent insolent remarks upon the question of reorganization, haughtily said that even the worm may turn. Let him ponder his words. Let him, and all for whom he speaks, understand clearly that such words in the mouths of those who, after the most unspeakable crime, are offered the most unprecedented clemency, are amusing; but in the mouths of those who are guilty of the most intolerable meanness and tyranny toward others such words are indescribably contemptible.

General Sickles may be very sure that his wise and humane order has not lost him any friends among the loyal people of this country. And the President may be equally sure that he has not gained any by his conduct in the matter.

## FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

We have received the following letter, and print it with pleasure as a just and sincere tribute to a representative man:

"*Mr. Editor:*

"It did seem rather funny to me. I was looking for a seat in a crowded car and saw one vacant by the side of a gentleman whom I recognized as one well known in the literary and political world, and one who had given some special attention to railway ethics, moreover. Now, thought I, here is a good opportunity to test the polite theories of my fine gentleman. He will dislike the intrusion; he is so busily engaged in conversation with the gen— Can that be a negro with whom he is conversing? It certainly is; unless it be a Cuban, or the son of a Southern gentleman. However, I will intrude.

"The seat was solicited and gracefully accorded. I felt not a little disappointed that the request was granted in so kindly a manner, as I had anticipated the opportunity of giving somebody a blowing-up in the pages of *Harper*. The truth is, I have found—yes, found by actual experience and intercourse—that many of your great writers, orators, preachers, and public teachers falsify in practice the lessons of politeness and urbanity which they inculcate theoretically. I was once riding in these same cars, and was obliged either to stand for a long distance or beg a seat by the side of one almost peerless in renown as an orator, a scholar, and as a gentleman of culture. My request was complied with, but oh! how churlishly. I shall not easily forget how cold and repulsively disagreeable a traveling companion I had for the remainder of that weary afternoon! You see, therefore, that I rather anticipated a rebuff. And inasmuch as I should have denounced the hypocrite in the columns of *Harper's Weekly* if I had been snubbed, I beg to avail myself of the same medium to extend my sincere thanks for the favor so pleasantly accorded, and to testify to the consistency and sincerity of one at least of our modern moralists.

"But that which amused me particularly was the fact that my fellow-travelers who carried on their dialogue in so loud a tone did not for a moment dream that there was 'a chiel amang them takin' notes.' I shall not be guilty of the indecorum of repeating the free criticisms of character which fell upon my too willing ear, intelligent and correct as I considered them; but I may be permitted to say that public men and public affairs were discussed with an analysis and discrimination such as only the acutest perception and the most intimate acquaintance with the subjects could afford. My curiosity was soon aroused in regard to the colored *vis-a-vis* of my companion, and rapidly increased as I listened to his intellectual characterizations, and observed his rare talent as a conversationalist. Ere long I became convinced that there was but one man of his color who could talk as he did, and that was Frederick Douglass.

"During the remainder of the journey my thoughts were divided between wonder and admiration for his genius and culture, and wonder and contempt for the criminal ignorance which persistently endeavors to withhold from him and his race the rightful appurtenances of their manhood. Here is a man thought of as well qualified intellectually as any Southern statesman, and in a moral point of view better qualified than any participant in the rebellion for the discharge of the functions of a statesman, and yet a 'united South' deny him the simple right of the ballot because he is a nigger. And even in the North petty, mousing politicians, the dirty drabs of a defunct Democracy, echo *nigger, nigger!*

"If I do not trespass upon your space, permit me to say a word in regard to the editorial course of your paper. I desire now to add my approval to that of others, and to assure you that there is a general feeling of gratification among the true men of the country that the influence of your widely-circulated journal is exerted in favor of genuine loyalty, universal brotherhood, and an enduring nationality. H"

## INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON HEALTH.

It is a very common notion that the only direct use of light to us is to enable us to see. The bleached condition of vegetation springing up in partial seclusion from light is indeed so frequent a matter of observation, that a free exposure of light is seen to be necessary to vigorous vegetable growth. But that it is equally essential to vigorous *animal* growth is an idea very seldom entertained. Let us see if this be not the true view of the subject.

That light is one of the necessary stimuli of living action in the one case as well as in the other, and that therefore it is essential to health that it be supplied, like food and air, in suitable quantity to the system, is every now and then indicated to us by certain facts which come under our observation. As the potato-sprout in the cellar is blanched, and has not the firm texture that the plant has when growing in the sunlight, so it is uniformly with the human beings who, in so great numbers, live most of the time in dark places, whether it be from the necessities of poverty or the wrong customs and arrangements of the well-conditioned in life.

The importance of the influence of light is not ordinarily recognized because its deficiency operates so generally in connection with other causes of disease—as want of exercise, bad ventilation, noxious emanations, and other depressing agencies—very commonly, for this reason, the influence of the scanty supply of light is ignored, and the attention is directed wholly to the other causes; and even when it is distinctly recognized it is apt to be underestimated. It will be no ultraism to assert that a due supply of light is as necessary to health as a due supply of pure air or good food, and that deficiency in its supply is one of the chief causes of the debility that is so common a basis for positive disease.

We sometimes have an opportunity of seeing the influence of this deficiency in some degree separate from these other causes of disease. The experience of Dr. Kane and his company in the Arctic regions furnishes us with such an opportunity. In their case there was enough of pure air, exercise, and good food; and yet the long night of over two months bleached them to such a degree that Dr. Kane said, "We are a ghastly set of pale faces, and none paler than myself." But not only did the darkness bleach them, but it produced also various diseases. The whole company were debilitated, and lost their appetites; and rheumatisms, coughs, and scurvy were prevalent among them. This latter disease has been commonly attributed to a long-continued use of salted meat without vegetable food; and yet, in the first expedition of Dr. Kane, notwithstanding there was a due supply of vegetables and fresh animal food, there were numerous cases of scurvy. This proves that the long absence of sunlight, through the debility which it occasioned, was the grand cause of the disease. This "vegetation in darkness," as Dr. Kane termed it, not only deteriorated the blood, but produced morbid effects in the nervous system, and some of the company even had epilepsy. The nerves of the dogs were especially affected, though most of them were natives of the Arctic regions. "The more material functions of the poor brutes," says Dr. Kane, "go on without interruption; they eat voraciously, retain their strength, and sleep well, but all the indications beyond this go to prove that the original epilepsy has been followed by a true lunacy. They bark frenziedly at nothing, and walk in straight and curved lines with anxious and unwearying perseverance. They fawn upon you without seeming to appreciate the notice you give them in return—pushing their heads against your person, or oscillating with a strange pantomime of fear. Sometimes they remain for hours in moody silence, and then start off howling as if pursued, and run up and down for hours."

No wonder that, under such circumstances, the return of sunlight was welcomed with enthusiasm. "For the last ten days," says Dr. Kane, "we have been watching the growing warmth of the landscape as it emerged from buried shadow through all the stages of distinctness of an India-ink washing, step by step, into the sharp, bold definition of a desolate harbor scene. We have marked every dash of color which the Great Painter in his benevolence vouchsafed us; and now the empurpled hues, clear, unmistakable, the spreading lake, the flickering yellow, peering at all those poor wretches! Every thing seemed superlative lustre and unspeakable glory!" And when the sun fairly rose, he says, "I saw him once more, and upon a projecting crag nestled in the sunshine. It was like bathing in perfumed water."

Making all due allowance for the mental effects of this long night of darkness, the diseases produced in this case in both man and that world-wide companion of man, the dog, must be attributed chiefly to the physical influence of the want of sunlight. The case is, it is true, an extreme one, but it is all the more valuable for that, for it shows in a decided manner the results of the agency in question. And the inference is a clear one—that a lesser deficiency of light must produce similar though lesser effects. Indeed we can see that this is the fact in both the paleness of skin and the depression of system, which all who are much excluded from the direct light of the sun have in common with Dr. Kane's company, though not in so great a degree.

The paleness thus induced indicates a poor condition of blood. But blood, perhaps you will say, is made from food and air, and if these be supplied in proper quantity and quality, why should not the blood be good, although we may not have much of sunlight? Simply because the sunlight is needed to enable the food and air to produce their proper full effect on the system. How this co-operative influence is exerted we know not, but the fact is plain enough. Such experiences as those of Dr. Kane conclusively prove it.

While we do not at all consent to the ultraism of a popular lecturer whom we recently heard advise that the invalid should expose himself for some time every day naked to the direct rays of the sun, as an important means of cure, we would say to all whether invalids or in health, court rather than shun the sunlight. Let it co-operate, as nature designs that it should do, with the fresh air in giving richness to your blood and vigor to your system. Let it come into your rooms freely, and fade your carpets while it keeps you from fading. If there are too many trees about your house cut some of them down, beautiful as they are, and great as your attachment may be to them. At all events, let the sun shine abundantly upon you and upon your habitation. There is truth in the old Italian proverb, "Where the sun never comes the physician must."

## A FABULOUS TREASURE.

The Duke of Brunswick, now or lately residing in Paris, is in the possession of diamonds which amount in value to the enormous sum of three millions of thalers.

A catalogue published by himself, and forming a quarto book of two hundred and sixty-eight pages, notices in an appendix all the most celebrated diamonds in the world, and contains a history of each single stone in his own collection. One of these was originally set in the handle of a Turkish cimeter, and, after many vicissitudes, came to Europe, and was found in an old Jew's shop; another sparkled in a king's diadem; a third adorned an emperor's breast; a fourth the hat of an archduke. A black diamond, which once belonged to a nabob, had done duty for centuries in India as an idol's eye. A wonderfully beautiful pink brilliant was once one of a set in the possession of the Emperor Baber, in Agra; it weighed eight carets, and was said to be invaluable—at least to connoisseurs.

An ornament consisting of twelve solitaires once served the Emperor Don Pedro as vest-buttons. A diamond ring of the purest water belonged to Marie Stuart, as was conclusively proven by her coat of arms and the initials M. S. thereon. A pair of ear-rings was formerly among the jewels of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. In this manner curious relics crowd one after another upon the attention. Although the Duke is the owner of numerous gems varying from twenty to forty-five thousand thalers in worth, as well as two valued at sixty thousand a piece and one at eighty thousand, he is now negotiating the purchase of one precious stone for two hundred and thirty-two thousand, and another for six hundred and fifty thousand thalers.

But the millionaire is a slave to his treasure. He dare not leave Paris; bound by his diamond chain he can not pass a night away from home lest he should be bereft of his hoard. His house, which is constructed less with a view to comfort than to security, is fire as well as burglar proof. It is surrounded by a high massive wall, upon the top of which runs a railing composed of hundreds of sharp iron spikes so arranged that as soon as one of them is touched an alarm of bells is immediately heard. This precautionary work, a master-piece of a peculiar kind, cost him fourteen thousand one hundred and twenty-seven thalers.

His diamonds are kept in a safe built within the wall, before which his bed is so placed that no thief can approach without waking or murdering him; and thus he is enabled to feast his eyes upon his treasures without the trouble of rising. This safe, which commences at the edge of the bed, is lined with granite and iron; if opened by force it immediately discharges four fire-arms, and simultaneously a violent ringing of bells is heard in every room, in order to alarm the house. The bedchamber has but one small window, and the bolt, similar to a padlock, is made of strong iron, and can not be opened without a knowledge of its secret. Close by the side of the bed stands a table provided with a case containing a dozen loaded six-barreled revolvers.

The Duke, with a refinement of ingenuity, has exhausted every means of insuring himself against the designs of outside burglars, but has failed to elude the lust for gems of his valet, who, as is well known, made a bold attack upon the safe, and carried off as many of its contents as would fill his pockets. The thief, it is true, did not succeed in making his escape, and the Duke received his own again, but with it, alas! a redoubled amount of care and watchfulness.

## A SUSPICIOUS TELEGRAM.

A new piece was recently given at the theatre in Munich, called "The Death of Lincoln." The author, who lived in Regensburg, wrote, while he was still working upon the drama, to the representative of the President that it would not answer to commit the murder upon the stage; it must be related skillfully in conversation. The actor, however, was not of the same opinion, and immediately returned the following telegram: "He must be murdered in the box. Send answer." Some hours after the receipt of the telegram the author received a visit from a policeman, who earnestly demanded an explanation of its dubious contents, and who naturally upon receiving it burst into a peal of laughter.

## STATISTICS OF LIGHTNING.

Monsieur Boudin has recently handed in the following statement to the Academy of Sciences in Paris: A calculation has been made of 2238 persons in France who were struck dead by lightning between the years of 1835 and 1863. In many cases where the bolt fell among groups composed of both sexes, with commendable gallantry it more or less spared the female portion. Boudin confirmed the assertion of Maxwell that books were never injured by lightning, and adduced several instances to prove it. Dangerous as it undoubtedly is in general to take shelter under trees during storms, Boudin demonstrates by facts that out of thirty-four persons who were struck in the open air in the year 1853 fifteen were standing beneath trees; and only twenty-one out of one hundred and seven between the years 1841 and 1853.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The sale of negroes, convicted of larceny, at Annapolis, Maryland, came off on December 22. John Johnson, the first sold, bought himself for $37; another man brought $35, and two girls brought respectively $22 and $30. Major Vanderlip, of the Freedmen's Bureau, on the 24th of December issued a warrant for the arrest of Judge Magruder who had ordered the negroes sold; and the United States court will test the question whether or not Emancipation and Civil Rights are farces. A similar question has already risen in North Carolina and been decided by the President adverse to justice. On December 20 the sheriff of Raleigh, North Carolina, attempted to inflict punishment on a negro by whipping, when Colonel Bomfort, commandant, interfered, and, in obedience to General Sickles's order of January, 1866, abolishing corporal punishment, prevented the whipping. Indictments were presented against Colonel Bomfort and his subordinates; and an appeal was made to President Johnson, who decided in favor of the civil authorities, and the whipping was cruelly enforced. General Sickles's order was suspended by one from the President. Colonel Bomfort and other officers of the United States army are thus left by the Commander-in-Chief to stand their trial before ex-rebel judges for offense against the laws of North Carolina in executing the orders of their military superior; and the negroes were given to the lash upon trial by a jury of ex-rebels and an order of a judge in whose election they had no voice. Is slavery dead?

A heavy westerly gale began blowing, accompanied by snow, on the night of December 27, and continued with great fury for forty-eight hours. The track of the hurricane led from the great lakes across New York State, Northern Pennsylvania, New England, and along the St. Lawrence. The railroad and the shipping interests suffered severely. On most of the railroads communication was entirely suspended; numbers of trains were snow-bound in drifts high enough to cover the cars and imprison the passengers. In Canada snow fell to the depth of three feet. Off the North Atlantic coast the shipping suffered severely and many wrecks were reported. Steamers on Long Island Sound were forced to seek shelter in convenient ports; and even the ferries which ply across the North and East rivers at New York city frequently got aground in their slips, the ebbing tide and gale causing unusually low water. The European steamship *Australasian* entered the harbor, but the water was so low that she got aground; and after getting off on the changing of the tide, was compelled to put to sea for safety, and rode the gale out off the coast. The gale is said to have been the fiercest known in this latitude for twenty years.

The ocean yacht race was won by the *Henrietta*. She had a westerly breeze all the way, and made the run in the beaten track of the European steamers, with but one tack, in 13 days and 22 hours, during several of which she had to lay by in a gale. The *Fleetwing* and *Vesta* reached Cowes the next day. The only accident was on the *Fleetwing*, from which six seamen were washed in a gale and drowned.

A flag-pole, erected at Concord, New Hampshire, in honor of the nomination of Franklin Pierce in 1852, but from which no flag floated during the war, fell in the storm of December 27.

The bill lately introduced in Congress by Hon. Thaddeus Stevens to reconstruct North Carolina, by superseding the present disloyal government by a loyal one was inspired and written by John Pool, James F. Taylor, and W. W. Holden, well-known North Carolina Unionists.

Three officers and ninety men of the Second United States Cavalry and Eighteenth Infantry, were surprised and masacred by Indians near Fort Philip Kearney, Dakotah Territory, on December 22.

President Johnson has lately repeated his advice to the Southern Legislatures to reject the Amendment; and says that he "has reason to hope that such action on their part will be sustained by the Supreme Court."

Albert Griffin, editor of the *Loyal Georgian*, and an active loyalist, bitterly opposes the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment as calculated to still allow the rebels to control the South politically, and to retard the education of the masses in that section.

Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis, in a report to Congress, expresses his belief that it is by the Isthmus of Darien (Panama route) that we are first to look for the solution of the great problem of an inter-oceanic canal.

Chattanooga, Tennessee, before the war boasted of but one public school for white children; it now has six schools for blacks, and three hundred children are in attendance.

General Sherman, abandoning for the present his character of diplomat, in which he has met with little success, returned from New Orleans to St. Louis on December 28, and reached Washington on the 30th.

Chicago, lately excited over its success in obtaining pure water from Lake Superior, is now greatly concerned as to how its dirty water is to be disposed of. It will not do to run it back into the lake; and a project has been started to run it southward, and thus manure the prairies of Illinois with the "slops" of the "Lake City."

The rebel Generals William Preston, Humphrey Marshall, and John C. Breckenridge, are mentioned as probable candidates for Governor of Kentucky whether pardoned or unpardoned.

Governor Patton of Alabama, elected by the people, favors the Constitutional Amendment; Ex-Provisional Governor Parsons, appointed by the President, opposes it.

Some soldiers of the Thirty-fourth United States Infantry, enjoying their Christmas at Nashville, indulged in enthusiastic cheers for "Lincoln and Union." A party of the city police replied to their cheers by shouting for "Jeff Davis," and at the same time charged upon the soldiers, firing their revolvers at them. Edward Crego, a soldier, was instantly killed; and another, Henry Bishley, received a serious wound. None of the police were injured, nor, at our latest dates, had they even been tried.

W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, has hopes of recovering his eye-sight, and has gone to Paris in search of surgical skill.

The lower end of City Hall Park, New York, has been sold as a Post-office site for half a million of dollars.

George W. Gale, the rebel who offered a million of dollars to secure the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, is on trial at Montgomery, Alabama.

Major-General S. R. Curtis, who commanded the Union forces in the great battle of Pea Ridge, Arkansas, February, 1862, and who was for a long time commander of the Department of Missouri, died of apoplexy at Council Bluffs, Iowa, December 26.

An extensive conflagration at Elmira, New York, on December 28, destroyed one-third of the business section of the town, property to the value of half a million dollars being sacrificed.

A fire in Vicksburg, Mississippi, on December 23, destroyed over one hundred buildings, rendering as many families homeless. Two whites and four negroes perished in the flames, while six other negroes were killed by accident.

The Mississippi River steamer *Fashion* was burned near Baton Rouge December 27, and twenty lives and 2600 bales of cotton lost.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

General Dix was presented as United States Minister at the Court of the Tuileries on December 23, Sunday.

Stephen H. Philips, of Massachusetts, has been appointed Attorney-General of the Hawaian Kingdom. Heretofore the Cabinet officers of the Kingdom have been Englishmen. The change is thought to foreshadow a change of policy—not in political, however, as much as mercantile matters.

The London Trades Union—similar to protective associations in this country—have joined heartily in John Bright's reform movement, and placed their organizations at the disposal of the Reform party.

The French troops evacuated Rome on December 11, 1866. The Pope made a speech to the Eighty-fifth Regiment on its departure, thanking them for their services, but denouncing the policy which left the city and Head of the Church exposed to the Italian revolutionists. He declared France to be a great Catholic nation, and wished that its ruler were a Christian. The French commander assured the Pope of the continuance of the *moral* protection of France.

The Pope has received $10,000,000 in "Peterpence" since September 1, 1866.

Mazzini has issued an address to the citizens of Rome urging them to demand a republican form of government.

Prussia has restored to her part of Poland its ancient rights of representation as a part of the Kingdom.

The war between the Turks and Christians in Candia is beginning to excite all Europe. Belgian journals declare that Austria meditates an invasion of Turkey; and the English papers say that the Christian Powers will interfere in the affair. Since our last report Canea, the capital of Candia, has been the scene of another great battle, in which the Turks were defeated with heavy loss. Greece has taken such an active part in aiding the insurgents that Turkey threatens to break off diplomatic relations with her.

The agitation of the army reorganization question in France has divided Napoleon's Cabinet.

The efforts of the French to take possession of Corea and other points on the coast of Cochin China have not proved uniformly successful. The French fleet was driven off in its attack on Corea, the Chinese shore batteries proving very formidable, and the fleet had returned to Shanghai. The troops on shore, however, had captured the city of Kang-Hun.

Ireland is quiet, and the British troops were going home about New-Year's Day.

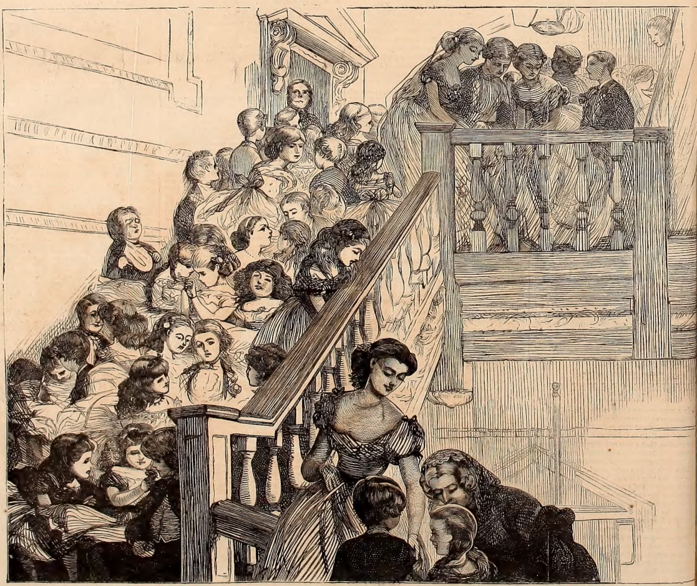
General Escobedo, commanding Juarez's principal army, was captured and executed at Matamoras, Mexico, on December 21, by Canales, who claimed to act for General Ortega. The act created a great panic in Matamoras.

Maximilian's army is said to number 25,000 men without the French.

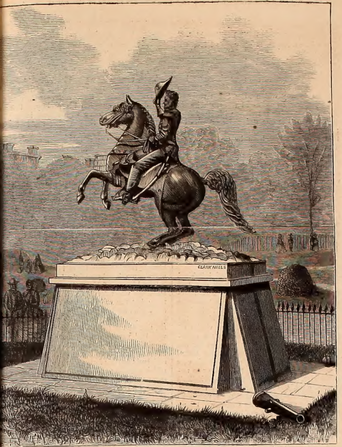
Queen Isabella of Spain has been trying to make friends with the King of Portugal. She visited Lisbon in grand state, but with evident fear and trembling, in December last. Fears were entertained and expressed by the Narvaez party that she would be forcibly detained by the Portugese authorities, who are supposed to be in the interest of the revolutionary party, and who have established a thorough military supervision of the Spanish frontier. The Spanish Cortes (Parliament) is about to be dissolved.

THE FOUNDLING.

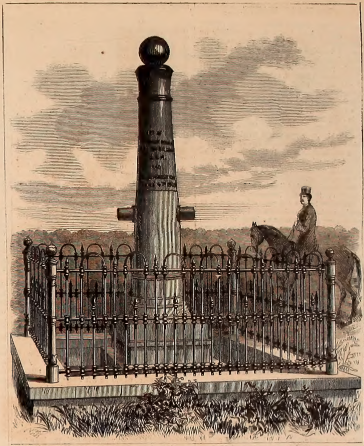
THE FOUNDLING—SCENE IN THE FIRST WARD OF THE ALMS-HOUSE.—[See Pag



THE CHILDREN'S PARTY—WAITING FOR SUPPER.




STATUE OF GEN. JACKSON, WASHINGTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER.—[SEE PAGE 22.]



THE NEW VICKSBURG MONUMENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. E. JOSLYN, VICKSBURG.—[SEE PAGE 29.]

OATMAN'S FIFTH AVENUE SKATING RINK—FIRST LESSON IN SKATING.

## DR. ISAAC WATTS.

DR. WATTS, so well known for his Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, and particularly for his most beautiful simple poems for little children, may claim the high honor of employing his learning and his genius to advance, improve, and spiritualize the popular literature of his country. His life is full of quiet interest, not unmingled with that trial and sorrow which is God's appointment to many of His children.

The engraving on our first page illustrates a scene in the early life of this celebrated poet. He was born in July, 1674, at a time when there was much persecution for conscience sake. While ISAAC was yet a boy, his father was put in Southampton jail by his religious opponents, and one of the child's earliest recollections was, his being carried by his mother to the prison-gate, where she would weep over her little son, who tried in his childish innocence to soothe her.

WATTS's early life is full of interest. He began the study of the learned languages at four years old, and before he was ten years old composed, to please his mother, several devotional pieces.

His purpose was to become a minister of the Gospel. His early studies were too fatiguing for even the strongest of young brains, and, after his course, first at the Grammar School of his native town, Southampton, and afterward at ROWE's Academy, in London, he returned home at the age of nineteen with a great deal of learning but an impaired constitution. At this time he began translating the Psalms, and composing his hymns, his object being to improve the rude version and rugged rhymes then used in public worship. He wrote his verses week by week, and they were sung on the Sabbath from manuscripts by the congregation.

In 1696 Sir JOHN HARTOPP invited the young student and poet—then in the 23d year of his age—to become tutor to his son, and ISAAC WATTS returned to London, and resided with the HARTOPP family, in their mansion at Stoke Newington. Here he commenced a series of works for the benefit of his pupil, of which his "LOGIC" was the most successful.

On his twenty-fourth birthday he preached his first sermon, and having entered the ministry, became the assistant of Dr. CHAUNCEY, of Mark Lane. His solemn sense of the great responsibility of his office, and his constant study, proved too much for his strength. He was reduced by a fever to the borders of the grave. After a long time of suffering he partially rallied, but never through his long life enjoyed what could be called good health.

Toward the close of his life he experienced much sorrow from the conduct of his brothers and sisters. He died November 25, 1748, in the 75th year of his age.

## STATUE OF GEN. JACKSON AT WASHINGTON.

THIS equestrian statue is situated in the open square opposite the White House. It is made of bronze, and is, we believe, the first piece of statuary of any magnitude in this material ever cast in this country. It was the work of Mr. MILLS of Charleston, South Carolina, who had been previously known only as the sculptor of a bust of Mr. CALHOUN. He was applied to by the committee having the matter in charge to furnish a model for the statue, but declined to do so, having never even seen an equestrian statue. He finally, however, submitted a model which was immediately adopted. Everybody said so large a statue could not be cast in America; but Mr. MILLS found a way to melt his bronze, and completed his work. The whole piece is supported by the two hind-legs of the horse. It was cast of the bronze of condemned cannon.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

### Book II.—The Two Macaires.

### CHAPTER III.

"HEART-BARE, HEART-HUNGRY, VERY POOR."

DIANA PAGET left the Kursaal, and walked slowly along the pretty rustic street; now dawdling before a little print-shop whose contents she knew by heart, now looking back at the great windows of that temple of pleasure which she had just quitted.

"What do they care what becomes of *me?*" she thought, as she looked up at the blank vacant windows, for the last time before she left the main street of Forêtdechêne, and turned into a straggling side street, whose rugged pavement sloped upward toward the pine-clad hills. The house in which Captain Paget had taken up his abode was a tall white habitation, situated in the narrowest of the narrow by-ways that intersect the main street of the pretty Belgian watering-place; a lane in which the inhabitants of opposite houses may shake hands with one another out of the window, and where the odor of the cabbages and onions so liberally employed in the *cuisine* of the native offends the nose of the foreigner from sunrise to sunset.

Diana paused for a moment at the entrance to this lane, but, after a brief deliberation, walked onward.

"What is the use of my going home?" she thought; "*they* won't be home for hours to come."

She walked slowly along the hilly street, and from the street into a narrow pathway winding upward through the pine-wood. Here she was quite alone, and the stillness of the place soothed her. She took off her hat and slung the faded ribbons across her arm; and the warm breeze lifted the loose hair from her forehead as she wandered upward. It was a very beautiful face from which that loose dark hair was lifted by the summer wind. Diana Paget inherited something of the soft loveliness of Mary Anne Kepp, and a little of the patrician beauty of the Pagets. The eyes were like those which had watched Horatio Paget on his bed of sickness in Tulliver's Terrace. The resolute curve of the thin flexible lips and the fine modeling of the chin were hereditary attributes of the Nugent Pagets; and a resemblance to the lower part of Miss Paget's face might have been traced in many a sombre portrait of dame and cavalier at Thorpehaven Manor, where a Nugent Paget, who acknowledged no kindred with the disreputable Captain, was now master.

The girl's reflections as she slowly climbed the hill were not pleasant. The thoughts of youth should be very beautiful; but youth that has been spent in the companionship of reprobates and tricksters is something worse than age; for experience has taught it to be better, while time has not taught it to be patient. For Diana Paget childhood had been joyless, and girlhood lonely. That blank and desolate region, that dreary flat of fenny waste ground between Vauxhall and Battersea, on which the child's eyes had first looked, had been typical of her loveless childhood. With her mother's death faded the one ray of light that had illumined her desolation. She was shifted from one nurse to another; and her nurses were not allowed to love her, for she remained with them as an encumbrance and a burden. It was so difficult for the Captain to pay the pitiful sum demanded for his daughter's support; or, rather, it was so much easier for him not to pay it. So there always came a time when Diana was delivered at her father's lodgings like a parcel, by an indignant nurse who proclaimed the story of her wrongs in shrill, feminine treble, and who was politely informed by the Captain that her claim was a common debt, and that she had the remedy in her own hands, but that the same code of laws which provided her with that remedy forbade any obnoxious demonstration of her anger in a gentleman's apartment. And then Miss Paget, after hearing all the tumult and discussion, would be left alone with her father, and would speedily perceive that her presence was disagreeable to him.

When she outgrew the age of humble foster-mothers and cottages in the dreariest of the outlying suburbs, the Captain sent his daughter to school, and on this occasion he determined on patronizing a person whom he had once been too proud to remember among the list of his kindred. There are poor and struggling branches upon every family tree; and the Pagets of Thorpehaven had needy cousins who, in the mighty battle of life, were compelled to fight among the rank and file. One of these poor cousins was a Miss Priscilla Paget, who at an early age had exhibited that affection for intellectual pursuits, and that carelessness as to the duties of the toilet which are supposed to distinguish the predestined blue-stocking. Left quite alone in the world, Priscilla put her educational capital to good use; and after holding the position of principal governess for nearly twenty years in a prosperous boarding-school at Brompton, she followed her late employer to her grave with unaffected sorrow, and within a month of the funeral invested her savings in the purchase of the business, and established herself as mistress of the mansion.

To this lady Captain Paget confided his daughter's education; and in Priscilla Paget's house Diana found a shelter that was almost like a home, until her kinswoman became weary of promises that were never kept, and pitiful sums paid on account of a debt that grew bigger every day—very weary likewise of conciliatory hampers of game and barrels of oysters, and all the flimsy devices of a debtor who is practiced in the varied arts of the gentlemanly swindler.

The day came when Miss Paget resolved to be rid of her profitless charge; and once more Diana found herself delivered like a parcel of unordered goods at the door of her father's lodging. Those are precocious children who learn their first lessons in the school of poverty; and the girl had been vaguely conscious of the degradation involved in this process at the age of five. How much more keenly did she feel the shame at the age of fifteen! Priscilla did her best to lessen the pain of her pupil's departure.

"It isn't that I've any fault to find with you, Diana, though you must remember that I have heard some complaints of your temper," she said, with gentle gravity; "but your father is too trying! If he didn't make me any promises I should think better of him. If he told me frankly that he couldn't pay me, and asked me to keep you, out of charity"—Diana drew herself up with a little shiver at this word—"why, I might turn it over in my mind, and see if it could be done. But to be deceived time after time, as I've been deceived—you know the solemn language your father has used, Diana, for you've heard him; and to rely upon a sum of money on a certain date, as I have relied again and again, after Horatio's assurance that I might depend upon him—it's too bad, Diana; it's more than any one can endure. If you were two or three years older, and further advanced in your education, I might manage to do something for you by making you useful with the little ones; but I can't afford to keep you and clothe you during the next three years for nothing, and so I have no alternative but to send you home."

The "home" to which Diana Paget was taken upon this occasion was a lodging over a toy-shop in the Westminster Road, where the Captain lived in considerable comfort on the proceeds of a Friendly and Philanthropic Loan Society.

But no very cordial welcome awaited Diana in the gaudily-furnished drawing-room over the toyshop. She found her father sleeping placidly in his easy-chair, while a young man, who was a stranger to her, sat at a table near the window writing letters. It was a dull November day—a very dreary day on which to find one's self thrown suddenly on a still drearier world; and in the Westminster-Bridge road the lamps were already making yellow patches of sickly light amidst the afternoon fog.

The Captain twitched his silk handkerchief off his face with an impatient gesture as Diana entered the room.

"Now then, what is it?" he asked peevishly, without looking at the intruder.

He recognized her in the next moment; but that first impatient salutation was about as warm a welcome as any which Miss Paget received from her father. In sad and bitter truth, he did not care for her. His marriage with Mary Ann Kepp had been the one grateful impulse of his life; and even the sentiment which had prompted that marriage had been by no means free from the taint of selfishness. But he had been quite unprepared to find that this grand sacrifice of his life should involve another sacrifice in the maintenance of a daughter he did not want; and he was very much inclined to quarrel with the destiny that had given him this burden.

"If you had been a boy I might have made you useful to me sooner or later," the Captain said to his daughter, when he found himself alone with her on the night of her return; "but what on earth am I to do with a daughter, in the unsettled life I lead? However, since that old harridan has sent you back, you must manage in the best way you can," concluded Captain Paget with a discontented sigh.

From this time Diana Paget had inhabited the nest of the vultures, and every day had brought its new lesson of trickery and falsehood. There are men—and bad men too—who would have tried to keep the secret of their shifts and meannesses hidden from an only child; but Horatio Paget believed himself the victim of man's ingratitude, and his misdoings the necessity of an evil destiny. It is not easy for the unsophisticated intellect to gauge those moral depths to which the man who lives by his wits must sink before his career is finished, or to understand how, with every step in the swindler's downward road, the conscience grows tougher, the perception of shame blunter, the savage selfishness of the animal nature stronger. Diana Paget had discovered some of her father's weaknesses during her miserable childhood; and in the days of her unpaid-for schooling she had known that his most solemn promises were no more to be relied on than the capricious breath of a summer breeze. So the revelations which awaited her under the paternal roof were not utterly strange or entirely unexpected. Day by day she grew more accustomed to that atmosphere of fraud and falsehood. The sense of shame never left her; for there is a pride that thrives amidst poverty and degradation, and of such pride Diana Paget possessed no small share. She writhed under the consciousness that she was the daughter of a man who had forfeited all right to the esteem of his fellow-men. She valued the good opinion of others, and would fain have been beloved and admired, trusted and respected; for she was ambitious; and the thought that she might one day do something which should lift her above the vulgar level was the day-dream that had consoled her in many an hour of humiliation and discomfort. Diana Paget felt the Captain's shame as keenly as her mother had felt it; but the remorse which had agonized gentle Mary Anne, the tender compassion for others which had wrung that fond and faithful heart, had no place in the breast of the Captain's daughter.

Diana felt so much compassion for herself that she had none left to bestow upon other people. Her father's victims might be miserable, but was not she infinitely more wretched? The landlady who found her apartments suddenly tenantless and her rent unpaid might complain of the hardness of her fortune; but was it not harder for Diana, with the sensitive feelings and the keen pride of the Pagets, to endure all the degradation involved in the stealthy carrying away of luggage, and a secret departure under cover of night?

At first Miss Paget had been inclined to feel aggrieved by the presence of the young man whom she had seen writing letters in the gloomy dusk of the November afternoon; but in due time she came to accept him as a companion, and to feel that her joyless life would have been drearier without him. He was the secretary of the Friendly and Philanth[illegible]oan Society, and of any other society o[illegible] by the Captain. He was Captain Pa[illegible]anuensis and representative: Captain Page[illegible] tool, but not Captain Paget's dupe; for Valentine Hawkehurst was not of that stuff of which dupes are made.

The man who lives by his wits has need of a faithful friend and follower. The chief of the vultures must not be approached too easily. There must be a preparatory ordeal, an outer chamber to be passed, before the victim is introduced to the sanctuary which is irradiated by the silver veil of the prophet. Captain Paget found an able coadjutor in Valentine Hawkehurst, who answered one of those tempting advertisements in which A. B. C. or X. Y. Z. was wont to offer a salary of three hundred a year to any gentlemanly person capable of performing the duties of secretary to a newly-established company. It was only after responding to this promising offer that the applicant was informed that he must possess one indispensable qualification in the shape of a capital of five hundred pounds. Mr. Hawkehurst laughed aloud when the Captain imparted this condition with that suave and yet dignified manner which was peculiar to him.

"I ought to have known it was a dodge of that kind," said the young man coolly. "Those very good things—duties light and easy, hours from twelve to four, speedy advancement certain for a conscientious and gentlemanly person, and so on—are always of the genus *do.* Your [illegible]vertisement is very cleverly worded, my dear [illegible] only it's like the rest of them, rather *too* cle[illegible] It is so difficult for a clever man not to be [illegible] clever. The prevailing weakness of the hu[illegible] intellect seems to me to be exaggeration. H[illegible]ever, as I haven't a five-pound note in the wo[illegible] or the chance of getting one, I'll wish you go[illegible] morning, Captain Paget."

There are people whose blood would have b[illegible] turned to ice by the stony glare of indignat[illegible] with which Horatio Paget regarded the man [illegible] had dared to question his probity. But [illegible] Hawkehurst had done with strong impressi[illegible] long before he met the Captain; and he liste[illegible] to that gentleman's freezing reproof with an [illegible]miring smile. Out of this very unpromising [illegible]ginning there arose a kind of friendship betw[illegible] the two men. Horatio Paget had for some ti[illegible] been in need of a clever tool; and in the yo[illegible] man whose cool insolence rose superior to [illegible] own dignity he perceived the very individ[illegible] whom he had long been seeking. The yo[illegible] man who was unabashed by the indignation [illegible] a scion of Nugents and Cromies and Pagets m[illegible] be utterly impervious to the sense of awe; [illegible] it was just such an impervious young man [illegible] the Captain wanted as his coadjutor. T[illegible] arose the alliance, which grew stronger e[illegible] day, until Valentine took up his abode un[illegible] the roof of his employer and patron, and m[illegible] himself more thoroughly at home there than [illegible] unwelcome daughter of the house.

The history of Valentine Hawkehurst's p[illegible] existence was tolerably well known to the C[illegible]tain; but the only history of the young m[illegible] early life ever heard by Diana was rather va[illegible] and fragmentary. She discovered, little by [illegible]tle, that he was the son of a spendthrift *littérat*[illegible] who had passed the greater part of his car[illegible] within the rules of the King's Bench; that [illegible] had run away from home at the age of fift[illegible] and had tried his fortune in all those professi[illegible] which require no educational ordeal, and wh[illegible] seem to offer themselves invitingly to the sca[illegible]grace and adventurer. At fifteen Valent[illegible] Hawkehurst had been errand-boy in a news[illegible]per office; at seventeen a penny-a-liner, wh[illegible] flimsy was pretty sure of admission in the l[illegible]er class of Sunday papers. In the course o[illegible] very brief career he had been a provincial ac[illegible] a *manège* rider in a circus, a billiard-marker, [illegible] a betting agent. It was after having exhaus[illegible] these liberal professions that he encounte[illegible] Captain Paget.

Such was the man whom Horatio Paget [illegible]mitted to companionship with his only dau[illegible]ter. It can scarcely be pleaded in excuse [illegible] the Captain that he might have admitted a w[illegible] man than Valentine Hawkehurst to his fam[illegible] circle, for the Captain had never taken the tr[illegible]ble to sound the depths of his coadjutor's natu[illegible] There is nothing so short-sighted as selfishne[illegible] and beyond the narrow circle immediately s[illegible]rounding himself there was no man more bl[illegible] than Horatio Paget.

It was dusk when Diana grew tired of [illegible] lonely pathways among the hills, where the h[illegible]monies of a band stationed in the valley w[illegible] wafted in gusts of music by the fitful summ[illegible] breeze. The loneliness of the place soothed [illegible] girl's feverish spirits; and, seated in a li[illegible] classic temple upon the summit of a hill, [illegible] looked pensively downward through the pur[illegible] mists at the newly-lighted lamps twinkling fai[illegible]ly in the valley.

"One does not feel the sting of one's sha[illegible]ness here," thought Miss Paget: "the trees [illegible] all dressed alike. Nature makes no distincti[illegible] It is only Fortune who treats her children [illegible] fairly."

The Captain's daughter walked slowly bac[illegible] the little town in the deepening dusk. The l[illegible]ing occupied by Horatio Paget and his househ[illegible] consisted of four roomy chambers on the sec[illegible] story of a big rambling house. The rooms w[illegible] meanly furnished, and decorated with the t[illegible]dry ornamentation dear to the continental mi[illegible] but there were long wide windows and an [illegible] balcony, on which Diana Paget was often ple[illegible] to sit.

She found the sitting-room dark and emp[illegible] No dinner had been prepared; for on lu[illegible] days the Captain and his protégé were wont [illegible] dine at the *table d'hôte* of one of the hotels o[illegible] feast sumptuously *à la carte*, while on unlu[illegible] days they did not dine at all. Diana foun[illegible] roll and some cream cheese in a roomy old c[illegible]board that was flavored with mice; and a[illegible] making a very indifferent meal in the d[illegible] chamber, she went out upon the balcony [illegible] sat there looking down upon the lighted tow[illegible]

She had been sitting there for nearly an h[illegible] in the same attitude, when the door of the [illegible]ting-room was opened, and a footstep sou[illegible] behind her. She knew the step; and altho[illegible] she did not lift her head her eyes took a [illegible] brightness in the summer dusk, and the lis[illegible] grace of her attitude changed to a statue[illegible] rigidity, though there was no change in the [illegible]tude itself.

She did not stir till a hand was laid softl[illegible] her shoulder, and a voice said,

"Diana!"

The speaker was Valentine Hawkehurst, [illegible] young man whose entrance to the golden te[illegible] had been so closely watched by Captain Pa[illegible] daughter.

She rose as he spoke and turned to him.

"You have been losing, I suppose, [illegible] Hawkehurst," she said, "or you would [illegible] have come home?"

"I am compelled to admit that you are r[illegible] in your premise, Miss Paget, and your de[illegible]tion is scarcely worth discussion. I *have* [illegible] losing—confoundedly; and as they don't [illegible] credit at the board of green cloth yonder, t[illegible] was no excuse for my staying. Your father

not been holding his own within the last hour or two; but when I left the rooms he was going to the Hotel d'Orange with some French fellows for a quiet game of écarté. Our friend the Captain is a great card, Miss Paget, and has a delightful talent for picking up distinguished acquaintance."

There are few daughters who would have cared to hear a father spoken of in this free-and-easy manner; but Diana Paget was quite unmoved. She had resumed her old attitude, and sat looking toward the lighted windows of the Kursaal, while Mr. Hawkehurst lounged against the angle of the window with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth.

For three years Valentine Hawkehurst had lived in constant companionship with the Captain's daughter; and in that time his manner to her had undergone considerable variation. Of late it had been something in the manner of an elder brother, whose fraternal breast is impervious to the influence of a sister's loveliness or a sister's fascination. If Diana Paget had been a snub-nosed young person with red hair and white eyelashes, Mr. Hawkehurst could scarcely have treated her with a more friendly indifference, a more brotherly familiarity.

Unhappily this line of conduct, which is perhaps the wisest and most honorable plan that a man can pursue when he finds himself thrown into a dangerously familiar association with a beautiful and unprotected woman, is the very line of proceeding which a beautiful woman can never bring herself to forgive. A chivalrous stiffness, a melancholy dignity, a frozen frigidity, which suggest the fiery bubbling of the lava flood beneath the icy surface—these are delightful to the female mind. But friendly indifference and fraternal cordiality constitute the worst insult that can be offered to her beauty, the most bitter outrage upon the majesty of her sex.

"I suppose it will be midnight before papa comes home, Mr. Hawkehurst," Diana said, abruptly, when her companion had finished his cigar, and had thrown the end of it over the balcony.

"Past midnight more likely, Miss Paget. May I ask how I have become Mr. Hawkehurst all of a sudden, when for the last three years I have been usually known as Valentine—or Val?"

The girl turned her head with a gesture in which the carelessness of his own manner was imitated. She stole a rapid look at him as she answered, "What does it matter whether I call you by one name or another?"

"What does any thing matter? I believe Mr. Toots was an unconscious philosopher. There is nothing in the world of any consequence except money. Go and look at those poor devils yonder and you will see what *that* is worth," he cried, pointing to the lighted Kursaal; "there you behold the one great truth of the universe in action. There is nothing but money, and men are the slaves of money, and life is only another name for the pursuit of money. Go and look at beauty yonder fading in the light and heat; at youth that changes to age before your eyes; at friendship which turns to hate when the chances of the game are with my friend and against me. The Kursaal is the world in little, Diana; and this great globe of ours is nothing but a gigantic gaming-table—a mighty temple for the worship of the golden calf."

"Why do you imitate those people yonder, if you despise them so heartily?"

"Because I am like them and of them. I tell you that money is the beginning and end of all things. Why am I here, and why is my life made up of baseness and lies? Because my father was an improvident scoundrel, and did not leave me five hundred a year. I wonder what I should have been like, by-the-by, if I had been blessed with five hundred a year."

"Honest and happy," answered the girl, earnestly. She forgot her simulated indifference, and looked at him with sad, earnest eyes. He met the glance, and the expression of his own face changed from its cynical smile to a thoughtful sadness.

"Honest, perhaps; and yet I almost doubt if any thing under five thousand a year would have kept me honest. Decidedly not happy; the men who can be happy on five hundred a year are made of a duller stuff than the clay which serves for a Hawkehurst."

"You talk about not being happy with five hundred a year!" Diana exclaimed, impatiently. "Surely any decent existence would be happiness to you compared to the miserable life you lead—the shameful, degraded life which shuts you out of the society of respectable people and reduces you to the level of a thief. If you had any pride, Valentine, you would feel it as bitterly as I do."

"But I haven't any pride. As for my life—well, I suppose it is shameful and degraded, and I know that it's often miserable; but it suits me better than jog-trot respectability. I can dine one day upon truffled turkey and Champagne, another day upon bread and cheese and small beer; but I couldn't eat beef and mutton always. That's what kills people of my temperament. There are born scamps in the world, Diana, and I am one of them. My name is Robert Macaire, and I was created for the life I lead. Keep clear of me if you have any hankering after better things; but don't try to change my nature, for it is wasted labor."

"Valentine, it is so cruel of you to talk like that."

"Cruel to whom?"

"To—those—who care for you."

"It was quite dark now; but even in the darkness Diana Paget's head drooped a little as she said this.

Mr. Hawkehurst laughed aloud.

"Those who care for me!" he cried. "No such people ever lived. My father was a drunken scoundrel, who suffered his children to grow up about him as he would have suffered a litter of puppies to sprawl upon his hearth, only because there was less trouble in letting them lie there than in kicking them out. My mother was a good woman in the beginning, I know; but she must have been something more than a mortal woman if she had not lost some of her goodness in twelve years of such a life as she led with my father. I believe she was fond of me, poor soul! but she died six months before I ran away from a lodging in the Rules, which it is the bitterest irony to speak of as my home. Since then I have been Robert Macaire, and have about as many friends as such a man usually has."

"You can scarcely wonder if you have few friends," said Miss Paget, "since there is no one in the world whom you love."

She watched him through the darkness after saying this; watched him closely, though it was too dark for her to see the expression of his face, and any emotion to which her words might have given rise could be betrayed only by some gesture or change of attitude. She watched him in vain, for he did not stir. But after a pause of some minutes he said, slowly,

"Such a man as I can not afford to love any one. What have I to offer to the woman I might pretend to love? Truth, or honor, or honesty, or constancy? Those are commodities I have never dealt in. If I know what they are, and that I have never possessed them, it is about as much as I do know of them. If I have any redeeming grace, Diana Paget, it lies in the fact that I know what a worthless wretch I am. Your father thinks he is a great man, a noble, suffering creature, and that the world has ill-used him. I know that I am a scoundrel, and that let my fellow-men treat me as badly as they please, they can never give me worse usage than I deserve. And am I a man to talk about love, or to ask a woman to share my life? Good God, what a noble partner I should offer her! what a happy existence I could assure her!"

"But if the woman loved you, she would only love you better for being unfortunate."

"Yes, if she was very young and foolish and romantic. But don't you think I should be a villain if I traded on her girlish folly? She would love me for a year or two, perhaps, and bear all the changes of my temper; but the day would come when she would awake from her delusion, and know that she had been cheated. She would see other women—less gifted than herself, probably—and would see the market they had made of their charms; would see them rich and honored and happy, and would stand aside in the muddy streets to be splashed by the dirt from their carriage-wheels. And then she would consider the price for which she had bartered her youth and her beauty, and would hate the man who had cheated her. No, Diana, I am not such a villain as the world may think me. I am down in the dirt myself, and I'm used to it. I won't drag a woman into the gutter just because I may happen to love her."

There was a long silence after this—a silence during which Diana Paget sat looking down at the twinkling lights of the Kursaal. Valentine lighted a second cigar and smoked it out, still in silence. The clocks struck eleven as he threw the end of his cigar away; a tiny, luminous speck, which shot through the misty atmosphere below the balcony like a falling star.

"I may as well go and see how your father is getting on yonder," he said, as the spark of light vanished in the darkness below. "Good-night, Diana. Don't sit too long in the cold night-air; and don't sit up for your father—there's no knowing when he may be home."

The girl did not answer him. She listened to the shutting of the door as it closed behind him, and then folded her arms upon the iron rail of the balcony, laid her head upon them, and wept silently. Her life was very dreary, and it seemed to her as if the last hope which had sustained her against an unnatural despair had been taken away from her to-night.

Twelve o'clock sounded with a feeble little *carillon* from one of the steeples, and still she sat with her head resting upon her folded arms. Her eyes were quite dry by this time; for with her tears were very rare, and the passion which occasioned them must needs be intense. The night-air grew chill and damp; but although she shivered now and then beneath that creeping, penetrating cold which is peculiar to night-air, she did not stir from her place in the balcony till she was startled by the opening of the door in the room behind her.

All was dark within, but Diana Paget was very familiar with the footstep which sounded on the carpetless floor. It was Valentine Hawkehurst, and not her father, whose step her quick ear distinguished.

"Diana," he called; and then he muttered in a tone of surprise, "all dark still. Ah! she has gone to bed, I suppose. That's a pity." The figure in the balcony caught his eye at this moment.

"What in goodness' name has kept you out there all this time?" he asked; "do you want to catch your death of cold?"

He was standing by the mantle-piece lighting a candle as he asked this unceremonious question. The light of the candle shone full upon his face when Diana came into the room, and she could see that he was paler than usual.

"Is there any thing the matter?" she asked, anxiously.

"Yes; there is a great deal the matter. You will have to leave Forêtdechêne by the earliest train to-morrow morning, on the first stage of your journey to England. Look here, my girl! I can give you just about the money that will carry you safely to London; and when you are once there Providence must do the rest."

"Valentine, what do you mean?"

"I mean that you can not get away from this place—you can not dissever yourself from the people you have been living with too soon. Come, come, don't shiver, child. Take a few drops of this cognac, and let me see the color come back to your face before I say any more."

He poured the dregs of a bottle of brandy into a glass, and made her drink the spirit. He was obliged to force the rim of the glass between her set teeth before he could succeed in this.

"Come, Diana," he said, after she had drunk, "you have been a pupil in the school of adversity so long that you ought to be able to take misfortunes pretty quietly. There's a balance struck somehow or other, depend upon it, my girl; and the prosperous people who pay their debts have to suffer as well as the Macaire family. I'm a scamp and a scoundrel, but I'm your true friend nevertheless, Diana; and you must promise to take my advice. Tell me that you will trust me."

"I have no one else to trust."

"No one else in this place. But in England you have your old friend—the woman with whom you were at school. Do you think she would refuse to give you a temporary home if you sued to her *in forma pauperis?*"

"No, I don't think she would refuse. She was very good to me. But why am I to go back to London?"

"Because to stay here would be ruin and disgrace to you; because the tie that links you to Horatio Paget must be cut at any hazard."

"But why?"

"For the best or worst of reasons. Your father has been trying a trick to-night which has been hitherto so infallible that I suppose he had grown careless as to his execution of it. Or perhaps he took a false measure of the man he was playing with. In any case, he has been found out, and has been arrested by the police."

"Arrested, for cheating at cards!" exclaimed the girl, with a look of unspeakable disgust and horror. Valentine's arm was ready to support her, if she had shown any symptom of fainting; but she did not. She stood erect before him, very pale, but firm as a rock.

"And you want me to go away?" she said.

"Yes, I want you to disappear from this place before you become notorious as your father's daughter. *That* would be about the worst reputation which you could carry through life. Believe me that I wish you well, Diana, and be ruled by me."

"I will," she answered, with a kind of despairing resignation. "It seems very dreary to go back to England to face the world all alone. But I will do as you tell me."

She did not express any sympathy for her father, then languishing under arrest, whereby she proved herself very wicked and unwomanly, no doubt. But neither womanly virtues nor Christian graces are wont to flourish in the school in which Diana Paget had been reared. She obeyed Valentine Hawkehurst to the letter, without any sentimental lamentations whatever. Her scanty possessions were collected, and neatly packed, in little more than an hour. At three o'clock she lay down in her tawdry little bedchamber to take what rest she might in the space of two hours. At six she stood by Valentine Hawkehurst on the platform of the railway station, with her face hidden by a brown gauze veil, waiting till the train was made ready to start.

It was after she was seated in the carriage that she spoke for the first time of her father.

"Is it likely to go very hard with him?" she asked.

"I hope not. We must try to pull him through it as well as we can. The charge may break down at the first examination. Good-by."

"Good-by, Valentine."

They had just time to shake hands before the train moved off. Another moment and Miss Paget and her fellow-passengers were speeding toward Liege.

Mr. Hawkehurst drew his hat over his eyes as he walked away from the station.

"The world will seem very dull and empty to me without her," he said to himself. "I have done an unselfish thing for once in my life. I wonder whether the recording angel will carry that up to my credit, and whether the other fellow will blot out any of the old score in consideration of this one little bit of self-sacrifice."

END OF BOOK II.

## TURNING GRAY.

FANNY'S hair is growing gray!
  She laments, not so do I;
I may love her freely now,
  None will question why.

Some might think I loved too well
  Were she young, and fair, and gay;
But all censure's silenced now—
  Fanny's hair is gray!

I could love her none the more
  Were her youth renewed to-day;
So I only smile to think
  Fanny's hair is gray!

Could her smile more sweetly shine,
  Could her eyes more soul betray,
If she were a girl again,
  Than now when she is gray?

No! I would not have her changed,
  Nor younger by a day;
'Tis a secret joy to me,
  "Fanny's hair is gray!"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TWINS.

MASTER FREDDY (*who remembers the fate of the puppies last week*).—"Well, Nurse, which one are you going to keep?"

PROSAIC POETRY.—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a coquette and every thing bad, I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and dear; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this year!"

A STOOP.—An ingenious commentator suggests that the line, "When lovely woman *stoops* to folly" means when she takes a drop of something "short."

HOW TO GET RID OF WEEDS.—Always put your Cigar-case and its contents at the service of your friends.

When has a lady more water in her system than when she has a cataract in her eyes, a creek in her back, a waterfall in her poll, and her shoes high-tied?—When she has a notion (an ocean) in her head.

NOT LIKELY.—As the Roman Catholic Clergy have for so long a time acquiesced in the giving up of Matrimony, the Pope may also acquiesce in the giving up of Patrimony.

Balloons are like vagrants. When up they have no visible means of support.

### A CONJUGAL SPAT.

Loud brayed an ass. Quoth Kate: "My dear,
  (To spouse, with scornful carriage),
One of your relatives I hear."
  "Yes, love," said he, "by marriage."

### THE THOUGHTS OF A MISER.

"Oh, that I had been born in the Golden Age, with a Silver Spoon in my mouth!"

"A penny for your thoughts," indeed! Why, most people's would be dear at two lots for three halfpence.

It drives me frantic to read of "a glut of gold;" of money being "a drug in the market." I could take any amount of that drug.

The house I should like to live in would be a house at a peppercorn-rent.

The man for my money is the man who can kill two birds with one stone.

*If* children are ever "as good as gold," I shouldn't mind having a few.

There is many an Eve tempted by Satin in our dry-goods windows.

### CONJUGAL JARS.

Know we not all, the Scripture saith,
That man and wife are *one* till death?
But Peter and his scolding wife
Wage such an endless war of strife,
You'd swear, on passing Peter's door,
That man and wife at least were *four*.

"A check in time saves nine," says a mean husband, explaining that unless you give your wife's extravagance a check, she will ask for one every week.

Why is a cheese-factory like some of the fixed stars?—Because it is in the milky way.

### SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.

The course of true love is a race-course where there is often a false start.

Alas! how fleeting are the charms of Nature when unhelped by Art! Who would long prize Beauty, if it were not for Soap?

Teeth are stopped with gold, and tongues may be so, likewise. A man with a rich wife is often silenced by her throwing her money in his teeth.

Philosophers have speculated as to whether men become beasts after death: but let us reflect how often they make beasts of themselves before it!

Cupid shoots with a rifle now, and not with bow and arrows. Else how is it that girls can hear the popping of the question?

When does a man entertain his guest and horse alike?—When they both feed at his table (his stable).

The mayor of a small village of France having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage in his neighborhood who was blind of an eye, was in great embarrassment on coming to the description of his person. Fearful of offending the good man, he adopted the following ingenious expedient for avoiding the mention of his deformity. He wrote, "Black eyes, one of which is absent."

When is a doctor's pocket like a music store?—When it has a viol in it.

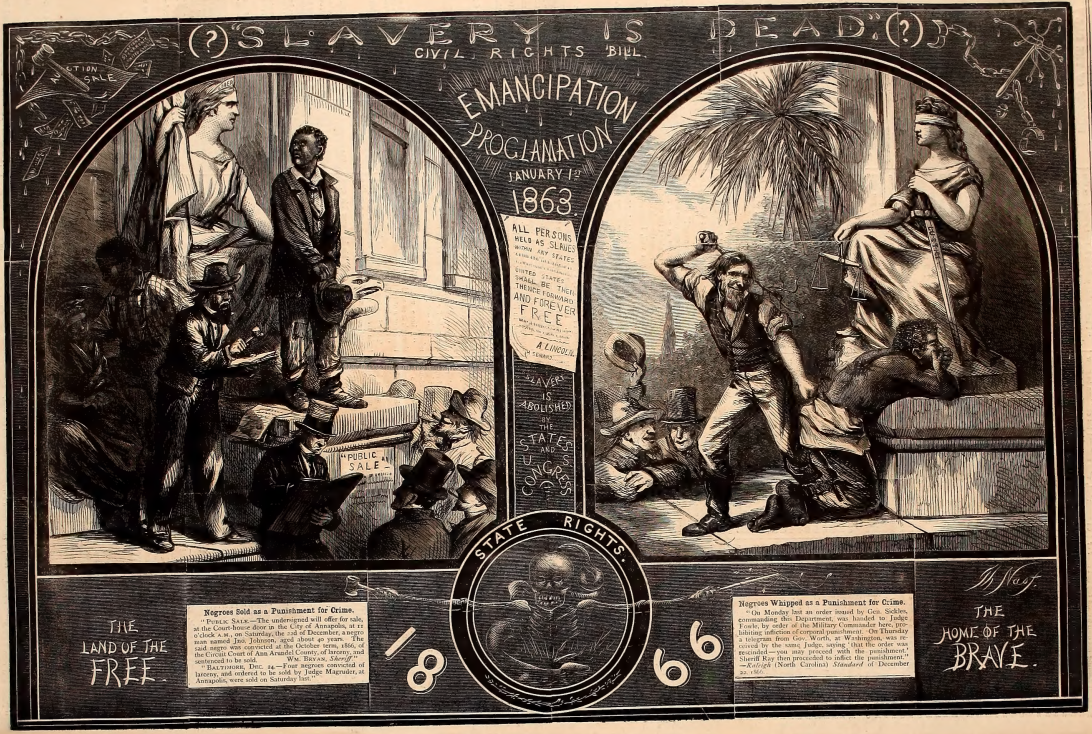
The following epitaph is actually to be seen on a stone in Wolverhampton Church, dated 1690:

Here lies the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who ate while he was able;
But once o'erfed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners:
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners.

The full dress of a native lady of Colombo is a hair-pin and a garter.

Who was Jonah's tutor?—The whale who brought him up.

The speaker who *took the floor* has been arrested for stealing lumber.


(?) SLAVERY IS DEAD (?)
CIVIL RIGHTS BILL
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
JANUARY 1ST 1863.
ALL PERSONS HELD AS SLAVES WITHIN ANY STATES
UNITED STATES SHALL BE THEN THENCE FORWARD AND FOREVER FREE
A. LINCOLN.
SLAVERY IS ABOLISHED BY THE STATES AND U. S. CONGRESS
AUCTION SALE
"PUBLIC SALE"
STATE RIGHTS.
18 66
THE LAND OF THE FREE.
THE HOME OF THE BRAVE.
Th. Nast.
Negroes Sold as a Punishment for Crime.
"PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer for sale, at the Court-house door in the City of Annapolis, at 11 o'clock A.M., on Saturday, the 22d of December, a negro man named Jno. Johnson, aged about 40 years. The said negro was convicted at the October term, 1866, of the Circuit Court of Ann Arundel County, of larceny, and sentenced to be sold. WM. BRYAN, *Sheriff*."
"BALTIMORE, DEC. 24.—Four negroes convicted of larceny, and ordered to be sold by Judge Magruder, at Annapolis, were sold on Saturday last."
Negroes Whipped as a Punishment for Crime.
"On Monday last an order issued by Gen. Sickles, commanding this Department, was handed to Judge Fowle, by order of the Military Commander here, prohibiting infliction of corporal punishment. On Thursday a telegram from Gov. Worth, at Washington, was received by the same Judge, saying 'that the order was rescinded—you may proceed with the punishment.' Sheriff Ray then proceeded to inflict the punishment." —*Raleigh* (North Carolina) *Standard* of December 22, 1866.

HOLIDAY STREET FANTASTICALS IN NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 28.]

# KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

## IN TEN CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER IX.

At last the kitchen was cleared of all save the Kesters, Hans, and Ebner.

"Oh, Herr Ebner, what will they do to him?" asked Katchen, in a pleading voice.

"Ah, Katchen, Katchen," said he, with a sad smile and a shake of the head, "ought *I* to care what they do to him?"

Katchen blushed, but answered eagerly: "But you do care, Herr Ebner, because you're good and true, and can't endure that any one should suffer unjust suspicions. What can they do to him?"

"I don't rightly know how far he was responsible, but I suppose the owners will put a value on their property, and he will have to make good the loss."

"Oh, and it might be worth Heaven knows how many gulden! These foreigners are so rich! What will he do? What will he do?"

"Well, Katchen, as to the value of the box, I can give you some good news; and indeed I came down to the Golden Lamb to-night partly to say something that I wouldn't say before the idle, chattering folk who were here all a-gape for gossip. There's a man at my house who has come over from Ischl about this business. He is a courier in the service of the people who own the box, and is going with them to Vienna. A Swiss named—"

"Not Laurier?" interrupted Kester.

"Yes, truly; his name is Laurier," returned Ebner.

"Ah, I know him! He's a friend of mine," said Kester.

"Is he? Well, he seems to be a friend of Rosenheim's also. He says the poor fellow is terribly cut up, and vows he will sell every thing he has in the world to make up the value of the stolen goods rather than rest under any shade of suspicion if they can't be traced. But, at any rate, Laurier thoroughly believes in Fritz's honesty."

"Yes, yes, yes; of course he does. He spent an evening with him here, in this very kitchen," said Josef, with a touch of importance in his manner, and omitting, with characteristic inaccuracy, to state that it was Fritz who had brought the courier to the Golden Lamb.

"But, Herr Ebner," said Katchen, timidly, "please what is the good news about the value of the box?"

"The good news, Katchen, is, that the box, which, it appears, was a dressing-case, contained only a few trinkets of trifling value, and a sum of money in napoleons—French gold coin, you know. The lady removed the rest of her jewels at the last moment, being unwilling to trust them out of her sight."

Then Ebner went on to explain that Laurier had left the travelers with whom he had journeyed as far as Salzburg, and had been engaged by the owners of the missing box to accompany them to Vienna. It had been his own proposition to come over to Gossau for a day and make inquiries.

"I fancy," said Ebner, "that he has got scent of something that may lead to discovery. But he's a shrewd, close fellow, and keeps his tongue between his teeth; and it's as well to follow his example in this matter."

Caspar Ebner had seen enough of the landlord of the Golden Lamb to be quite aware that there was but one chance of insuring Kester's being discreetly silent on any subject—namely, to keep him as ignorant of it as might be. Otherwise, it is possible Ebner could have been more communicative had he so chosen. Katchen had been sitting silent and attentive. Suddenly, when Ebner, looking at his big silver watch, declared that it was time for him to go, she jumped up and asked, anxiously: "Then how much do you think Fritz will have to pay if the box is not found after all?"

"Tut, tut," said her father, testily; for he had been a little annoyed at the reserved tone which Ebner had assumed. "Women's curiosity is never satisfied. Do you think we are going to give you the particulars at full length, just that you may run all over Gossau to-morrow with your tongue going like a mill-clack? You'll know all that's needful for *you* to know in good time, my lass."

Under other circumstances this speech would have elicited a tart retort, and possibly an unpleasant and unfilial display of temper; but now Katchen only turned her large blue eyes on Ebner with an eager, questioning gaze, and made no reply.

"I think we might venture to trust Mam'sell Katchen with an answer to her question," said Ebner, quietly; "but as far as I am concerned it is impossible. I don't know the amount of the sum contained in the dressing-case."

Then he took his leave, and went away with a sorrowful conviction at his heart that Katchen never would love him, and that she did love Fritz Rosenheim very dearly. And yet Ebner felt a glow of pleasure at the recollection of the way she had kissed his hand and praised his goodness, and he drew in his inmost mind that he had never before stood so high in Katchen's estimation as he did that night.

"I've conquered her in one way, if I can't in another," thought he. "She'll never *laugh* at me again, at all events." Caspar Ebner had never admitted to himself the possibility of his love appearing ridiculous in Katchen's eyes so long as he retained any hope of winning her. But now he confessed that she *had* laughed at him; so I suppose he must have known it all along.

As to Katchen, she went into her own little room, and, wrapping her cloak around her, sat down on the side of her bed, and meditated on many things. She sat quite still for more than an hour, until the oil in her lamp was nearly exhausted and the wick began to sputter. She roused herself with a start, and knitting her flaxen eyebrows sternly, said aloud: "I will. Yes; I will; I'm determined." Katchen had evidently taken a great resolution. Then she lay down, and fell into a deep and childlike slumber.

The wintry sun was faintly struggling to pierce a heavy mass of snow-laden clouds, when, on the following morning, Laurier, who was up betimes, issued forth from the hostelry of the Black Eagle. The clew, whatever it was, which the courier had got as to the fate of the leather-covered box, led him to climb to a very considerable height among the pine woods behind Gossau, and to spend the greater part of the forenoon in hanging about the saw-mills and watching a couple of charcoal-burners loading a miserable pony with canvas sacks. About one o'clock Laurier went back to his inn to dinner, and then, having lighted his meerschaum, strolled leisurely down to Kester's house. The courier could afford to walk leisurely despite the keen air, for he was comfortably wrapped in a fur-lined coat, and wore a traveling-cap with side-flaps coming over his ears, and altogether looked very thoroughly protected from the inclemency of the season. But the protection served also in a great measure as a disguise; so that when Laurier entered the kitchen of the Golden Lamb, where Kester was sitting, the latter did not at once recognize his visitor, but stood up and saluted him as a stranger, with such measure of respect as appeared due to the fur-lined coat and the traveling-cap. Before making himself known to his host Laurier glanced sharply round the large room, as though to assure himself that there was no other person present. Then he unfastened the flaps which nearly covered his face, threw open the heavy coat, and held out his hand to Kester with a friendly gesture. Old Josef was somewhat taken aback on recognizing the courier, and put an extra touch of patronage into his greeting to make up for the low bow he had been cheated into giving him at first. But it was not long before they were seated side by side near the stove, each with a tall glass tankard of beer at his elbow; and the landlord prepared to enjoy a good gossip about the great event of the lost dressing-case. To a certain extent he was gratified. Laurier spoke fluently enough, for he possessed an art of which it may be presumed that Caspar Ebner was ignorant—namely, the power of talking copiously on any subject without telling any essential particular whatever respecting it. So that, though the conversation went briskly on, and Laurier never appeared to be exercising any caution in framing his answers, yet when Kester thought over it afterward, he could not recall having learned one circumstance from the courier which had been unknown to him before. On the other hand, Laurier, by a series of well-directed questions, drew a good deal of information from Josef respecting the events of the morning on which Fritz Rosenheim had left Gossau for Ischl. When somewhat more than an hour had been passed in this way, and the two men were still alone in the kitchen, Laurier asked if he should not have the pleasure of seeing Mam'sell Katarine before he went away.

"Oh, Katchen? Yes, surely, you shall see her if you will. I've hardly set eyes on her myself to-day," answered Kester, in a grumbling tone.

"I hope she's quite well," said Laurier.

"Well, yes, I suppose so. She came down this morning with her head muffled up in a black silk handkerchief after the Bohemian fashion. I asked if there was any thing the matter, but she said no; she was only cold. Lord, what queer cattle these women creatures be! The ugly ones bedizen themselves with all manner of finery, while the pretty ones—well, they *mostly* bedizen themselves too!" said Josef, bringing his speech to an abrupt termination from inability to find an antithetical climax. "Katchen!" he bawled, "Katchen! Oh, now I think of it, she must be gone down to the wood-stack for fuel."

"Surely that's rather rough work for her at this time of year," said Laurier. "What's that strapping wench about that I saw here in the autumn?"

"Ah," rejoined the old man, "there's another of my plagues! That Liese is the most cross-grained, contrary creature! She can work for six when she has a mind; but if she's as strong as a horse she's as obstinate as a mule, and she has taken herself off, the Lord knows where."

"Taken herself off!" echoed Laurier, quickly.

"Yes; a message was sent down here about a quarter of an hour before you came, from Heinrich Amsel's mother—Heinrich is Liese's sweet-heart, more fool she—and the self-willed jade said she must have leave to go out for the afternoon. and, when I refused, she coolly went, whether I liked it or no."

Laurier was busy fastening on his cap by this time. "Well," said he, "I must be off too. I wish I had known before about—" He checked himself abruptly.

"About what?" asked Kester.

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only I must really be going now. There's a deal to do, and I've lost a good hour here already." And with a hurried shake of the hand the courier took leave of his host and left the kitchen, setting forth into the gathering shades of the early twilight with a quick, resolute step.

Kester stood for a minute at the door watching him. "Not too civil, our friend the courier," grumbled the old man, with his pipe between his teeth. "Lost a good hour here, has he? Sappermint! And *my* time? I suppose he thinks that is of no value, because I sat so good-naturedly listening to his chat! Well, a landlord has a good deal to put up with in the way of business."

Then Josef returned to his beer and his tobacco, and fell asleep comfortably before the warm stove.

### CHAPTER THE LAST.

As Laurier walked rapidly toward the Black Eagle he thought over all the circumstances which had come to his knowledge relative to the missing box, and the result of his thinking was so thoroughly to confirm his preconceived suspicions, that he resolved to confide his view of the case, without loss of time, to Caspar Ebner, in order to consult with him as to what method had best be taken to bring the guilty parties to justice and clear Fritz's character; for that the dressing-case had been, not lost, but stolen, was to Laurier now no longer a matter of doubt. As he approached the inn his eye lighted on the space of garden-ground in front of the house. Something he saw there appeared to startle him, for he stood still and peered straight before him, straining his gaze in the uncertain light. Almost as he stopped a dark figure, crouching under the garden wall, moved and advanced a few steps so as to be well in Laurier's view. "Dear Heaven!" exclaimed he, "I was not mistaken, then! It is you, Mam'sell Katchen."

"Hush!" said the girl, softly, with one cold, red finger peeping forth from the folds of her cloak and raised warningly. "Hush! I want to speak to you, Herr Laurier. I've been waiting here for more than half an hour, because I didn't want any one else to know."

"What! waiting here? You must be frozen! Will you come into the great kitchen? There'll be a roaring fire there."

"No, no, thank you; but if you wouldn't mind going in first and opening the back door that leads into the stable-yard, I will come into the little parlor. We shall find nobody there at this hour, and I do so want to speak to you."

Laurier looked at her with a puzzled expression, but said he would do as she wished, and forthwith proceeded into the house, leaving her to take her way through the stable-yard. When he reached the back-door and opened it, there stood Katchen wrapped in her thick blue cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head down to the eyebrows. Her round cheeks were pale, her little nose pinched with the cold, and her eyelids red and swollen. And yet Laurier fancied, as he looked at her, that, in spite of the disadvantageous circumstances, there was a beauty in the childlike face which he had not seen there before. "Come in, mam'sell," said he, holding a light and leading the way into the parlor, "but I wish there was a bit of fire for you. It's mortal cold in here."

"I don't mind it," said Katchen, as she entered the room, and shut the door behind her. And then she stood opposite the courier, looking at him with a wistful, timid glance.

Laurier, who was a good-natured fellow, tried to help her to disclose the business on which she had come, but she seemed unable to speak to him. Her lips moved and trembled, but no sound came forth. "I see how it is," said he, "you're just petrified with the cold. Let me go and fetch you a bowl of hot coffee."

"No, no; pray don't!" she cried, with an effort at self-command. "I don't want any one to know I am here, and I am not cold. I—I will speak, indeed, in a moment." She put one hand on the lock of the door to stay him from opening it, and then, with her head partly turned away, said, tremulously, "Do you remember that night you were at our house, Herr Laurier, when father made me show you the length of my hair?"

"Remember it? To be sure I do! And how angry the Herr Landlord was when I talked of having it cut off for a wig! Ha, ha!"

"You said, that night," pursued Katchen, with deepening color and a nervous twitching of the hand which still rested on the handle of the door—"you said that you knew some one—that there was a friend of yours in Paris who—I mean you thought that he would—that he might, perhaps—buy it!"

The last words were brought out with a jerk, and her color deepened and deepened until her whole face was burning red.

"Buy it! Buy what, mam'sell? You don't mean—"

"Yes; I do. My hair. I mean to sell it if I can," said Katchen, whose firmness seemed to return, now that the first plunge was over. "I should be so grateful to you, if you would try for me. I know I am asking a great, great favor; but I have no other way. And—and—I can't explain it, Herr Laurier; but when I thought of the way you spoke of your own daughter at home, somehow, that gave me courage to come and beg you to help me in this thing."

"My child," said Laurier, kindly, taking her hand, "you're right in thinking that I am willing to help you; but, as I am a father myself, you know, I must say that I shouldn't like *my* lass to shear off all her pretty locks for the sake of gaining money by 'em."

"It is not only for the sake of the money, indeed," cried the girl, eagerly.

"You'd best think of it well beforehand, at all events, Mam'sell Katchen. Do nothing rashly."

"Ah, it is too late to warn me. I was afraid you might advise me not to do it, so—look!" She drew a bundle from under her cloak, and in so doing displaced the hood, which fell back, disclosing a little round flaxen head cropped quite closely, and evidently by inexpert fingers. There was something at once ludicrous and touching in her aspect, as she stood there looking so baby-like and simple, and yet with a womanly light shining out of her blue eyes. Laurier gave a long whistle, and stood silent for a minute or two staring at her.

"Well," said he, at last, "it's done, I see; and there's no use in crying over spilled milk. But I think it's a great pity. And, now, how much do you expect to get for all this?" As he spoke he took up the rich coils of plaited hair which Katchen had produced from beneath her cloak, and weighed them thoughtfully in his hand.

"Ah! that's just what I don't know, Herr Laurier. I want to get as much as ever I can."

"I suppose so," said the courier, dryly. It was evident that Katchen's eagerness about the money revolted him a little.

"How much do you think, Herr Laurier, I shall get?" pursued Katchen, unheedful of his altered manner.

"Well, I can really hardly tell to a kreutzer," returned Laurier. "I'm sorry if any thing *I* said has induced you to do this, for I fear I may have raised false hopes, and you may happen to be disappointed."

Katchen's face fell. "Could you guess any where near the sum, please, Herr Laurier?" said she, with a trembling lip.

"Well, perhaps—mind, I can't be answerable to a fraction—I say perhaps, if I got my friend in Paris to buy it, he might go as high as a hundred and fifty or two hundred francs. That's a fancy price for the raw material; but then the hair is something out of the common."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! Two hundred francs is a great deal of money, isn't it?"

"It all depends, mam'sell. It's a good deal to some people, and very little to others. But it's a great pity, as I said before, that you should have been in such a hurry, for I sha'n't have an opportunity of seeing my friend at Paris before next spring at soonest; and you might have kept your pretty yellow locks on your head all the time between this and then."

"Herr Laurier," said Katchen, after an instant's hesitation, "I thought of that too. I hope you won't have a bad opinion of me for what I'm going to ask. You wouldn't, I believe, if you knew all. Can you—will *you* let me have the money? I don't care if you give me a little less than you think the hair may be worth, only pray do let me have the money now at once! I cut off my hair before I came," she added, naively, "because I fancied if you saw it was done and couldn't be undone you might be more likely to consent to buy it."

Laurier was completely puzzled. There was a single-minded, simple earnestness in the girl's manner which seemed incompatible with mere selfish greed of gain. As he looked attentively in her face a light seemed all at once to dawn on him which made him instantly soften his manner.

"My good child," said he, "I'm not at all sure that I *can* do what you wish. It is possible that I might manage to advance a hundred francs or so; but I am not a rich milord, Mam'sell Katchen, who has but to put his hand in his pocket and bring it out full of gold napoleons. I work hard, and have others to think of besides myself. Look here. If you will go and sit by the fire in the billiard-room—there isn't a soul there, I'll answer for it—I'll just think over how my money matters stand and give you an answer. I won't keep you long."

Katchen suffered him to take her cold hand and lead her along the stone passage until they reached the door of the billiard-room. It was empty, as he had promised, and he placed her by the stove and was about to leave her when she called him back.

"Herr Laurier, Herr Laurier! You won't tell any body," said she, gravely, "because it is a secret."

"Oh, as to that, Mam'sell Katerina," returned the courier, with a queer glance over his shoulder as he left the room, "make your mind easy."

But nevertheless he betook himself forthwith to Caspar Ebner's private apartment, and remained closeted with the landlord for some time. Meanwhile Katchen sat by the stove in the great bare billiard-room, enjoying the warmth in a half-unconscious way. She had let the hood—which she had drawn up on leaving the little parlor—slip back from her head, and every now and then she passed her hand softly over the short silky hair, as though to assure herself that the long luxuriant tresses were really gone. She had sat musing and almost dozing for nearly three-quarters of an hour, when Laurier returned, and, walking straight up to her, put a roll of very dirty Austrian bank-notes into her hand.

"Oh, Herr Laurier!" exclaimed Katchen, looking nervously at the little parcel; "is this—?"

"Yes, mam'sell; the price of these," answered Laurier, as he held out the long thick plaits of hair at arm's-length. "I have made an exact calculation, and I find I can afford to give the full price I named. There's eighty-five gulden in that roll."

Katchen's face beamed with joy, although her eyes were brimming over with tears. She caught Laurier's hand and pressed it between both hers. Suddenly a shadow passed over the childlike joy which lit up her countenance.

"I hope," said she, anxiously—"I do hope you are not doing this merely out of kindness and generosity. You won't be a loser by your goodness, will you?"

"No, no, my little maiden," answered the courier; "no fear of that. I am quite safe. And listen, Katchen; I beg you not to be grateful to me in the matter, because—because it hurts me. And now, child, I must see you safely within your own home. It is pitch dark outside, and I can't let you go alone."

But Katchen protested she felt no fear and needed no escort, and before Laurier could remonstrate she had pulled her hood over her head, and run out of the room, and out of the house, leaving him with the soft mass of glistening yellow plaits in his hand.

The next day all Gossau was ringing with the news that the officers of justice had been making perquisitions in the Amsels' cottage up in the pine-woods behind the village, and that old Lotte, Heinrich Amsel's mother, had been arrested. All sorts of stories were flying about. Some said that a band of robbers had been discovered, who had their head-quarters at the saw-mills. Others declared that Heinrich Amsel had singly performed exploits which surpassed the most desperate deeds of Schinderhannes. But as the afternoon wore on something like a consistent story was currently accepted. It was known that Liese, Kester's servant, was in custody as well as the old woman. Heinrich Amsel had disappeared from Gossau, and gone no one knew whither; but search was being diligently made for him. The excitement was intense, and the Golden Lamb once more became the focus of interest and news. Again and again did Kester, speaking as one who had private and mysterious means of information, relate to eager listeners the circumstantial evidence which appeared to inculpate the Amsels. And as the customers' thirst for beer was in accurate proportion to the keenness of their curiosity the landlord of the Golden Lamb was in a high state of fuss and satisfaction. It was, perhaps, well for Katchen that his attention should have been thus occupied just at this time, for it diverted his mind from the consideration of what he termed her undutiful behavior. There had been a stormy scene between father and daughter when, at last, Josef had discovered the fact of Katchen's shorn locks. He had gone into one of his ungovernable fits of rage—which were, fortunately, as brief as they were violent—and had stormed incoherently for ten minutes. But then, curiosity getting the better of anger, he had insisted on learning the reason of this sacrifice on Katchen's part. When, after much hesitation, and with many tears and blushes, Katchen confessed that she had sold her beautiful hair in order to help Fritz Rosenheim to make up the value of the lost dressing-case, Josef Kester was stricken dumb with amazement. He sank down in the great chair, and stared at his daughter for some minutes in profound silence. At last, leaning his head back and folding his arms with an air of superhuman calmness and resignation, he said, slowly:

"No, no; I can't call it any thing else but madness. The girl's just mad with the spirit of contradiction. It's like my luck. I oughtn't to be surprised. There's not a man in all fatherland who's had such troubles to bear as I have."

"Oh, father," murmured Katchen, with tearful eyes, "don't say so! I know I have often been undutiful and self-willed, but I mean to try to be better; and if you will only forgive me, I will be a good child to you—indeed I will."

Kester closed his eyes to intensify the expression of resignation he had thrown into his countenance, and repeated, nodding his head gently up and down, "Mad with the spirit of contradiction. I can't call it any thing else but madness. Look at the case. Here's a girl carrying on all manner of moonshine with a young fellow who's not worth a kreutzer in the world. I say nothing against him, but he's as poor as Job. Her father objects to the moonshine, and exerts himself to find her a husband worth having in every respect. The man is found, comes forward in a thoroughly satisfactory way, and offers to the girl. The girl tells her anxious father, of her own free-will, that she will accept the offer—an offer, mind you, which any other lass in Gossau, or for twenty leagues about, would go down on her knees and thank Heaven for—and, then, in the next breath, turns round and declares she can never, never consent to marry him. Her father is naturally angry and disappointed, but, being a fond parent, is beginning to forgive her, and even to be reconciled to the idea of letting her choose for herself, when—piff, paff!—one fine day she informs him that she has quarreled desperately with lover number one, that she can on no account be induced to think of him any more, and has sent him packing in the footsteps of lover number two. This is another trial to a father's feelings, but it isn't the worst yet. No sooner does lover number one, who has hitherto borne a high character, get into a scrape—no sooner, in short, does he lie under suspicion of theft and breach of trust—than my fraulein, who professed before not to care a snap of the finger for him, coolly cuts off her beautiful hair, that there isn't the like of in the district, and sends him the price of it to help pay his forfeit! I tell you what, my wench, you've only made one mistake after all. Instead of shearing your head, you ought to have shaved it!" Kester had talked himself almost into a good humor by this time, and repeated, complacently, with his eyes still shut and his head thrown back, "Shaved it. Yes, that's what you ought to have done."

Katchen took all this with unwonted meekness, and busied herself silently in attending to the household duties, which fell heavily on her shoulders in the absence of Liese. But what helped her to be patient, and even cheerful, was the hope, almost amounting to certainty, that now Fritz's character would come out spotless from the investigations which were being made. "Not," said Katchen to herself—"not that any one who knows him could ever suspect him of a dishonest action, but I want all the world to be convinced that his conscience is as clear in this matter as the sun at noonday."

The course of justice is proverbially tardy, and she puts on no special shoes of swiftness in the Austrian empire. It was therefore a long time before the legal proceedings necessitated by Laurier's accusation against Liese and the Amsels resulted in the disclosure of any important facts. The strongest circumstance against Heinrich Amsel was the discovery of some fragments of a box, with a broken lock adhering to them, hidden under a heap of pine chips in the saw-mills. The lock had evidently resisted the clumsy attempts made to pick it, and the box had been smashed to pieces with some blunt instrument. A broken woodman's axe was found near the fragments, but could not be proved to have belonged to Heinrich Amsel. As regards this man, it may as well be stated at once that he was traced as far as Hamburg, where it was supposed he got on board an emigrant-ship bound for the United States, the sum of ready money contained in the dressing-case having doubtless facilitated his escape. The two women, Lotte and Liese, though more than suspected of complicity in the robbery, were finally released, it having been found impossible to elicit any evidence which should amount to legal proof of their guilt. Liese persisted, with dogged obstinacy, in denying all knowledge of the

loosened cord, which she was strongly suspected to have purposely untied when packing the boxes on the cart. She also aroused much popular indignation by throwing out stupidly malevolent hints that Fritz Rosenheim, and he alone, was the culprit. As soon as she was set at liberty she went away, no one knew whither, with old Lotte Amsel. Some conjectured that they had gone to join Heinrich in America; others supposed them to have made their way to Vienna, where Liese had relatives, not of the most reputable character. However that may have been, it is certain that they disappeared from Gossau, and were heard of there no more.

Fritz Rosenheim's conduct in the affair had won the warm approbation of the owners of the lost dressing-case. And as soon as the circumstances brought to light on the trial were made known to them they not only restored to Fritz the sum he had insisted on paying to them as the first installment of the full value of their property, but made him a handsome present into the bargain. But all this, even the preservation of his good name, which was dear to Fritz's honest pride, gave him not one half the joy that filled his heart on learning, as he did from Laurier, the name of the anonymous friend who had forwarded him two hundred francs in Austrian notes.

"I couldn't for the life of me puzzle out who it could be," said he; "but at last I guessed it might possibly be Herr Ebner. He was always very kind to me, and I knew him to be a good, charitable man. Still, of course, I thought it strange. And I resolved to ask him point-blank. Because, of course, I meant to scrape and strive to pay it all back, some day. But to think of its being my Katchen! The darling! And her pretty, precious golden hair, that was worth more than all the money that ever was coined—just to think of the little angel cutting it all off for *my* sake! There never was any body in the world like her, and I feel as if I wasn't worthy to fasten her shoe-tie."

However, for as modest as he was, Fritz in course of time screwed up his courage to the point of resolving once more to ask this angel to share his earthly lot. The first meeting between the lovers since that gloomy parting in the gray autumn morning was a somewhat constrained one; Katchen was shy and silent, Fritz timid and anxious. He hesitated for a choice form of words in which to tell her that he knew of the sacrifice she had made for his sake, and was filled with gratitude for it. And at last, after long deliberation and painful mental framing of a fitting speech, he suddenly fell down on his knees before her, and, taking her hands in his, blurted out:

"Oh, Katchen, how good it was of you, and how I love you!"

And I really believe that Katchen found those few words quite as eloquent as any thing else he could possibly have said.

"I am very angry," she whispered; but she didn't look so. "Herr Laurier is a traitor: he ought not to have told you."

"Not told me!" echoed Fritz, rising up, but still keeping the little hands in his. "I shall be grateful to him to my dying day for telling me. And, I say, Katchen, you ain't really sorry in your heart that he did tell me, are you? Because, if it hadn't been for that, I should never again have plucked up courage to—to—"

The speech was never finished; but perhaps Fritz meant he should not have had courage to take Katchen in his arms and kiss her. That, at all events, is what he assuredly did.

Old Kester's consent to his daughter's marriage with Fritz Rosenheim was obtained without much difficulty. He was thankful, he said, that she had made up her mind at last; though he persisted in asserting that until he saw Katchen come out of the church a wedded wife, all due forms and ceremonies having been complied with, he should never feel secure that she would not disappoint every one's expectations by some new caprice.

"As long as there was the least chance of your being suspected of robbery, my boy," said the old man to his future son-in-law, "you were right enough with Katchen. But now that the world agrees to acknowledge you an honest man, why you'd best look sharp after her, that's all!"

But he accepted the new state of things very well, on the whole; and allowed all trouble and toil about the inn to slip from his own hands into Fritz's with much complaisance. Caspar Ebner, when he heard that Katchen's wedding-day was fixed, discovered that about that period business would call him away from Gossau for some weeks. He did not come to take leave of Katchen in person, but wrote her a kind little note, and sent with it a box which he wished should not be opened until her marriage morning. It contained, he said, a nuptial wreath and veil, and he begged she would accept and wear them for his sake. When, on the morning of her wedding-day, Katchen opened this box, she found in it a pretty gold cross and chain for the neck, and underneath, covered with a white veil, a thick plaited coronet made of glistening yellow hair. There was also a slip of paper with these words written on it: "A golden marriage crown for Katchen." The bride's blue eyes brimmed over with tears as she looked at it.

"My hair!" she exclaimed. "Then it was he who—How good he is! How good every body has been except me! But now I mean to try to be good for Fritz's sake." And she knelt down to say one last prayer by her little bed, with a heart very full of gratitude and humility. Katchen wore the wreath of hair as her bridal head-gear; and though many Gossau people thought a gilt paper tiara covered with ornaments would have been more becoming, yet Fritz then and always declared that no wife had ever worn so beautiful and honorable a marriage crown as his Katchen.

The Golden Lamb, freshly gilt and painted, showed his meek face with a new and pleasant expression on the sign-board. *So* meek and pleasant was his altered aspect that one might almost have said he smiled. The young couple took up their abode at the old inn, and by energy, thrift, and cheerful civility, so extended its trade, that by-and-by Fritz had to relinquish his carriage and team of horses and devote himself to the business of a landlord. Old Kester was very proud and happy when his first grandchild was put into his arms; but the little idol—who was in due time succeeded by sundry brothers and sisters—had no such faithful adorer as Caspar Ebner. He was her godfather, and chose her name. They suggested that the child should be called Katarina after her mother: but he said no, he liked better the name of Margarethe, and so she was called. He often told her the story of her mother's wedding crown; and used to say, looking into the child's clear eyes, and stroking her plump fresh cheeks:

"Ay, my little maid, you've a sweet face and a pleasant, but you'll never be so pretty as your mother. No, no, there is but one Katchen, and there never can be another."

And I suppose he was sincere in saying so, for he remained a bachelor to the end of his days. Fritz and his wife lived together in faithful and fond companionship: and, notwithstanding old Josef's predictions, the sacrifice of her beautiful hair was the very last of Katchen's caprices.

## A BOY'S DREAM OF SNOW.

I dreamed last night of the beautiful snow,
  Gently dropping from heaven to earth,
Softly taking its downward flight
  Out of the clouds where its flakes have birth;
Lightly it lay on the frozen ground,
  Slowly and steadily gathering deep,
Till field and hill and each farm-yard round
  Seemed folded fast in a wintry sleep.

Oh! but my heart beat high with joy,
  For I love the snow, the beautiful snow;
Others may talk of the summer time,
  And the summer sun with his golden glow:
But I love the winter far more than all
  The other months with their flowers and leaves,
When the feathery flakes from the cold sky fall,
  And the icicles hang from the sharpened eaves.

I dreamed of a great snow man that stood
  In our lane, close down by the big gate there;
A great snow giant whose towering form
  Was lifted high in the frosty air—
A king of the giants he seemed to me,
  So tall of stature and huge of limb
That the loftiest one of our poplars three
  Was in size a pigmy compared with him.

How he came there, this great snow man,
  I wondered much in my dream last night;
I gazed on him long in mute surprise,
  And marveled much at his towering height;
Then brother Tommy, myself, and Joe,
  With cousin Fred, and our hired man Bill,
Made heaps of balls of the new moist snow,
  And pelted him with a right good will.

Then all at once, when the balls flew thick,
  The snow man changed to a great snow fort,
With a deep wide ditch round the outer walls,
  And a road that led from the sally-port;
Full fifty feet rose the parapet,
  With frowning casemates, ten in a row;
And a bristling palisade was set
  In the yawning depths of the ditch below.

Straightway a council of war we held;
  Oh, here was fun of the wildest sort!
"What's the use of talking?" said Joe and I,
  "Let's lay a siege to this big snow fort."
So at it we went, without further word,
  To throw up our trenches all round about,
And when this was done you ought to have heard
  How the chill air rang with our joyous shout.

Then we opened fire, and the snow-balls flew
  From one to the other in perfect showers,
Oh! a terrible siege it was we laid,
  And it must have lasted, I think, for hours.
Lame Charley Russell, the blacksmith's son,
  Had charge of the fort, for I knew him when
He stood on the parapet alone,
  And shouted his orders aloud to his men.

"Storm the fortress!" at last I cried,
  "Form your line by the foe unseen;
Forward, now!" and away we went
  Over the ground that lay between,
Into the ditch with the palisade,
  And up the walls climbed our gallant band,
Till at length the parapet was made,
  And we met the garrison hand to hand.

Oh! hard was the fight that followed then,
  Twice were our forces driven back,
But all undaunted our sturdy men
  Returned each time to the fierce attack;
Bravely the garrison stood their ground,
  Hard they struggled for what seemed hours,
But at last they broke, and the ringing sound
  Of our wild hurrahs told the fort was ours!

Then it was that I woke from sleep,
  And looked from the window upon the night;
Over the face of the slumbering earth
  The winter snow lay soft and white;
Low in the east hung the clear, cold moon,
  Casting pale shadows across the snow,
Gilding the barn-yard roofs, and soon
  I heard the cock from his warm roost crow.

Oh! but my heart beat high with joy,
  For I love the snow, the beautiful snow;
Others may talk of the summer time,
  And the summer sun with its golden glow
But I love the winter far more than all
  The other months with their flowers and leaves,
When the feathery flakes from the cold clouds fall,
  And the icicles hang from the sharpened eaves.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A snow-storm is not hailed with any great enthusiasm by the majority of the dwellers in New York City. To be sure, even when the "bleak wind whistles," and

"Snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground,"

warm-blooded boys gaze eagerly from the windows upon the falling flakes which so quickly envelop earth in a soft, unsullied mantle. They are anticipating with delight the time when they may show off the new sled that Christmas brought to them—they are thinking of snow-balls, snow-houses, and snow-men. Young Mr. A—— shrugs his shoulders, as from his easy-chair he watches the whirling eddies of snow; but consoles himself with the thought that his sleigh is of the most fashionable style, that his horses are in fine order—and—that Miss B—— is a very pretty girl. But those who have neither sleds nor sleighs remember with dismay that a snow-storm in the city is but the prelude to a "long spell" of muddy sidewalks, impassable crossings, and a wretched condition of the streets generally. Snow stays with us such a brief time that it gives but little satisfaction to those fond of the article.

A genuine, old-fashioned New England snow-storm is something grand. Reader, did you ever happen to get "blocked up" by one of them? Three days and nights the huge flakes fall in solemn silence. Slowly but surely fences are buried—the gathering mass creeps above the window-sills of country cottages—one unbroken sea of white meets the eye every where. Suddenly the storm ceases—Æolus loosens his reins, and the wild winds, whistling from every quarter, fling the snowy mass hither and thither in fantastic heaps. And when at length their fury is spent don't fancy you can go out and take a walk. Oh no! not yet. Your door is barricaded—huge drifts rise mountain high in what was once a road; and it is a laborious process to break through those drifts, and to dig paths which shall afford egress to those buried in their houses. Such storms are fashionable down East about this time. If you have any curiosity about the matter take a trip to Maine sometime in January, and—if the cars are not "blocked up" on the way—your curiosity will be satisfied.

With us the weather has been for the last month as fickle as the fashion of the ladies' bonnets. A "blow" and a "snow" have alternated with a "thaw" and a "snap." Just at this writing Jack Frost is playing all sorts of tricks; but he is a sly imp, and may take himself away without warning. Until then little folks who dare not venture out lest he should nip their noses may watch the workings of his fairy fingers on the window-panes, where, as somebody says, he paints

"Mountains, hills, and little vales,
Little ships with snow-white sails.

Pearly birds, with wide-spread wings,
Pretty airy fairy things;

Landscape queer, and curious sky,
High as is the window high;

Palaces that nothing cost,
Builded by the king, Jack Frost."

It is reported that the new post-office building will be commenced next March. The required ground is to be sold for $500,000. This site is the lower portion of the City Hall Park, extending along Broadway from the extreme southern end of the Park a distance of three hundred and twenty feet, and along Park Row for the same distance.

The iron bridge which is to span Broadway at Fulton Street will soon be completed. It is being made at the Architectural Iron Works in East Fourteenth Street. It is said that every effort will be used to make this bridge safe beyond the possibility of accident—that it will be capable of sustaining a weight of thirty tons, while only about ten tons can be placed upon it.

It is certainly much to be regretted that duties and taxes are so heavy upon paper and other materials for the making of books. An exchange says that a new edition of "Shakspeare" has just been published in London, comprising the poems as well as the plays, with a biography and 96 engravings, making a volume of 1100 pages, in good type, which is sold at the retail price of *one shilling* (English). Such a book could not have been got up in this country and sold for any thing less than *five dollars*, or about fifteen times the price of this English edition. Lovers of literature must earnestly desire that Congress would do something to relieve this pressure on books.

An exchange paper says: "Never let people work for you gratis. Two years ago a man carried a bundle for us, and we have been lending him twenty-five cents a week ever since."

The London *Athenæum*, in a recent review, gives a list of the proper terms to be applied to flocks of various kinds of winged game. And as a sportsman's character depends on the correct use of these terms, it may be well to circulate the information that one ought to say a brood of grouse, a bevy of quails, a covey of partridges, a covert of coots, a dropping of sheldrake, a flight of woodcocks, a gaggle of geese (when they are at rest), a skein of geese (when on the wing), a herd of swans, a nid of pheasants, a spring of teal, a sege of herons, a team of wild ducks, a trip of dotterels, a wing of plovers, and a wisp of snipes.

The French are proverbially a polite people; but we really do think, judging from some of the latest literature of that country, that they are just a *little* behind the times in regard to table manners. In order that there may be no excuse for misbehavior, even in the humblest spheres of society, it is stated that a benevolent French gentleman has recently published a work on good-breeding and on "French politeness," which may be purchased for the small sum of forty centimes, or, in English coin, fourpence. From this valuable work we make a few extracts. Doubtless it will be republished entire in this country, for the benefit of all concerned.

Somebody who evidently got caught in a luxuriously-furnished mansion, but who nearly perished for want of mental food, relieves himself thus: Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting down upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Chester, Pennsylvania, *Dec.* 28.

Dear Weekly,—I yesterday attended the meeting of the First Cow Congress, held in this place by the gentlemen in the Milk interests, to see what could be done toward raising the price on their milk (as that is the only thing that can be raised on it), and bringing the citizens of Philadelphia, their chief customers, up to the "chalk."

The meeting was called to order by placing Farmer Manglewurtzel in the chair. On taking the chair, he said that he thought this Congress outrivaled the thirty-ninth Congress at Washington, as the members of this body were of the agricultural community, and were the "cream" of the country, while that Washington crowd was the mere "skimmings." [Cheers.] He continued by saying that he was in favor of raising the price of milk, as no one could doubt the right of every man having his own "whey" with his own property. Gentlemen, I allude to the "curds and whey." [Immense cheering.] I will not detain this body with my remarks, but I will just say that I hope there will be no unnecessary debate indulged in—neither ox hide gas nor cow-hide, but plain talk, as become men who live by dispensing the pure milk and water of life. [Cheers.]

Mr. Shorthorn said that when he published the *Agricultural Cock-and-Bull Gazette and Young Farmer's Vade Mecum* he advocated a rise in the price of milk, and for that some of his brother editors had termed him a "bull in milk." Farmer Durham here rose, and said he had never heern tell of sich a thing as a bull in milk, and didn't believe it. The Chairman called Durham to order, and Shorthorn continued: "And I was also opposed to any new machinery being attached to a cow, such as the 'Jersey Milkers,' and other machines, intended to take the place of hand-power in coaxing the milk from the cow."

Dr. H. Eiffe, of Marcus Hook, said that his cows kicked strongly against a reduction in the price of their milk. Farmer Durham again rose, and said "he could cure any cow from kicken." The Chair called Durham to order. The Doctor here submitted a very fine specimen of "condensed milk," which he had used in his practice with great success, and found it a great

saving, particularly in dry times. The members examined it, and broke a piece off to take home with them.

Mr. Patrick O'Flaherty, of New York City, who has a dairy near Forty-eighth Street and First Avenue, and who appeared to be the star of the evening, presented

A SAD TALE OF THE MILK TRADE

in that city. He said that people had got to using milk to an alarming extent, and the jolting country milk was subject to in bringing it over the railroads caused many of the cans to have nothing in them but butter, and as fresh butter was an unsalable article in that city the dealers suffered loss. This was discovered when they opened the cans at Jersey City for the purpose of

REDUCING THE MILK.

This "reducing" was an important matter, for his customers were continually asking when he was going to reduce his milk by the quart; he always promised an immediate reduction. He also referred to the hard life of the dairyman as another reason for a raise in prices. He had heard recently that there had been a book published by the religious people called

"THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,"

but he did not know whether it referred to any particular gal. In New York we labor under great difficulties: nothing but an "Orange County" wagon will do to sell milk in, and the Inspector says he will not license any more "Orange County" milk wagons; that there are enough now to carry not only all the milk, but all the cows in Orange County; consequently, we have to adopt names of other places on the railroads that must be far enough out in the country to raise a cow, and yet not too far for the milk to reach the market that day. His dairy farm was near the East River, and was 25 feet front by 100 feet deep, and his customers lived in Madison, Fifth, and other Avenues, but a few squares from him, yet it was necessary for him to rise by two o'clock in the morning, milk his cows, mix and prepare his milk and cream, fill his cans, and drive his wagons to Jersey City, or to the New Haven or Hudson River Railroad dépôts, according to the lettering on them, and return to the city and serve his customers before six o'clock in the morning. The price of arrow-root, molasses, calves'-brains, and other chemicals used in the manufacture, had gone up so that it was a necessity that the price of milk should be raised, and he thought it was only necessary for them to form a "Milker's Union," and "take the bull right by the horns."

Farmer Durham here rose and said that "they couldn't git milk by taking a bull by the horns; he had never heern tell of sich a thing."

The Chair called Mr. Durham to order.

The Chair here requested Mr. O'Flaherty to furnish the meeting with an account of the process for making milk for city consumption, as they found, even in Philadelphia, a growing demand for good milk by the masses; and unless some way was invented, their own pigs would have to be put on a short allowance.

Mr. O'Flaherty said that he was not prepared to make a statement now, but that he represented forty cows— Farmer Durham rose and said that he "didn't see any likeness to forty cows; he had never heern tell of sich a thing." The Chair called Mr. Durham to order. Mr. O'Flaherty continued: "And I supply, from them forty, 28 cans of 'Long Island,' 37 of 'Poughkeepsie,' and 60 'Connecticut Valley,' besides from 45 to 50 cans of 'Orange County,' every day, which would take over two hundred Pennsylvania cows to do the same thing with the old-style way of doin'. You may know, though, it keeps us busy; we can't raise pigs, or any thing (except childer), as it takes all our time to haul large barrels of pasture to feed 'em and to manufacture our milk for the market, as our Avenue customers are mighty particular regarding the color of their milk—it must look rich."

The Chairman here proposed that a committee be appointed to visit New York and see Mr. O'Flaherty's dairy, and others conducted on the same economical principles, with a view of improving their own. Farmer Durham wanted the Chair to send him to New York, as he had never been there, and he wanted to see how the crops looked. The Chair called Mr. Durham to order.

After effecting a permanent organization, Mr. Shorthorn moved that the title of the Association be the "Pennsylvania Chamber of Milk."

Farmer Durham here rose and said that "was orful; he had never heern tell of sich a thing!" [Cries of Order! order!] The motion was carried, and the name adopted, notwithstanding Mr. Durham's protest that he had "never heern tell of sich a thing."

After settling on a committee to visit New York at the expense of the organization, the Congress adjourned.

I have staid in Philadelphia, dear *Weekly*, over night, and the composition the boarding-houses put in your coffee is something like the composition many of the newspaper reporters put in their papers—milk and water; nothing at all like the article from your own

C. O. W.

## THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

NAPOLEON EUGENE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH, Prince Imperial and heir to the throne of France, was born on March 15, 1856. He is a direct descendant of the Bonaparte family; and though the marriage of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE and JOSEPHINE was unblessed by children, the young Prince may be said to have descended from them, since the blood of both flows in his veins, his grandfather having been LOUIS, the third brother of NAPOLEON THE GREAT, and his grandmother, HORTENSE, the daughter of JOSEPHINE.

The young Prince is now in his eleventh year, and about entering upon the graver and more solid course of his education, to the supervision of which his father, the Emperor, has devoted himself with most exemplary care and remarkable patience. His military education was begun when the Prince was a mere child in arms. He was placed on the muster-roll of the Imperial Guards before he could crawl; learned the manual of arms and the exercise of the bayonet before he was eight years old; was a non-commissioned officer at nine; and is passing, step by step, from the lowest to the highest grade of the army, in order that he may say, as Commander-in-Chief, "I rose from the ranks." Care has also been taken to give him a practical education, and he will commence his collegiate course master of the principles and proficient in the practice of three handicrafts. Besides the ordinary rudiments taught in every common-school in this country, the young Prince has been taught three trades, one of which, and in which he became quite proficient, was that of type-setter in the Imperial office at Paris. The good looks of the Prince are vouched for by the portrait which we give. It is said that his mind is as bright as his eyes, and his temper as pleasant as his countenance. The reports of his intelligence, good-nature, and affectionate disposition have already greatly endeared him to the Bonapartists of France; and his father, by the publication of numerous anecdotes and facts illustrating his better qualities, is wisely endeavoring to extend that popularity to all parties and classes of France.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

## THE LIVERPOOL AND NEW YORK STEAM-SHIP "CHICAGO."

THIS magnificent steamer is a sister ship to the *Manhattan*, belongs to the same line, and sails from this port on the 9th of January, 1867. She is one of seven steam-ships intended to form a weekly line between Liverpool and New York. She has been built by the PALMER COMPANY, of Newcastle, for Messrs. GUION & Co., of Liverpool. Her extreme length is 343 feet; breadth, 42½ feet; depth, 28 feet; and register, 2866 tons. She is fitted for the accommodation of 72 first-class and 800 second-class passengers; and can, in addition to 1000 tons of coal, carry 1500 tons of cargo. Her engines combine all the recent improvements for saving fuel, with the attainment of the highest power. The cylinders are 60 inches in diameter, and of 42-inch stroke. Warned by some recent disasters at sea, special attention has been given to the construction of the hatchways. The engine-room is protected by an iron house. The furniture, fittings, and decorations of the cabins are in excellent taste; and the steerage-berths, being all on the main-deck, are thoroughly ventilated and comfortable. She sailed from Liverpool on the 18th of December on her first Atlantic voyage; and will be followed by the *Cincinnati*, *St. Louis*, and others of precisely the same character.

The managers of the line in this city are Messrs. WILLIAMS & GUION, who have for years been largely engaged in the New York and Liverpool trade, and who occupy a prominent position as merchants of the highest standard of integrity and ability.

## NEW YORK CITY FOUNDLINGS.

WE give in the two engravings on page 20 representations of two scenes in the life of a New York city foundling; one, representing the discovery of an abandoned infant on the door-step of a respectable residence; the other, the care of such unfortunates at the Alms-house on Blackwell's Island.

From one to seven foundlings in this city come daily under the notice of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, and are sent by them to the Alms-house. Here two wards are set apart for the nursing of these infants; and at one time there may be seen in these wards from thirty to forty of them. In the first ward are received those of from one day to four months old. During the last year only one of those thus received has lived; the rest have died, not from want of care but of proper nursing—such as no art can supply—and in many cases from the exposure to which they have been subjected.

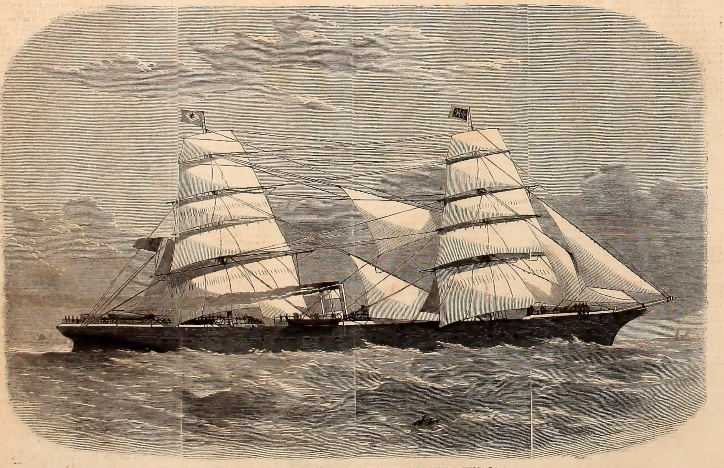
In the second ward the infants are received from four months to two years of age. They generally survive if they enter the institution after six months old. When they are two years old, and remain unclaimed, they are sent to Randall's Island. On said island there are now nine hundred and fifty children, boys and girls. They range as high as sixteen years of age. All children before being received into the nursery on Randall's Island are subjected to a quarantine of two weeks. While in quarantine they are washed in the most careful manner, clothed comfortably, and examined to see if they have diseases of any kind. The unhealthy ones, when not seriously affected, are treated by the doctors in the quarantine, and when seriously affected are sent to a children's hospital. The healthy ones according to their age—here it must be said that the children on Randall's Island are not by any means all foundlings, but get there from a variety of causes—are classified and sent to different parts of the institution. In the first division (the boys and girls being separate) are those from two to five years old. Class No. 2 takes in those from five to eight years old, and class No. 3 those from eight to sixteen years old.

These foundlings do not appear to be at all deficient in intellect, and in most respects would compare advantageously with children of the same social grade as that to which they belong.

## HOLIDAY MUMMERIES.

As a general description to accompany our engraving on page 25 we copy from a daily paper the following account of the "Fantastical" spectacles, as they appeared in the streets of New York on last Christmas-day:

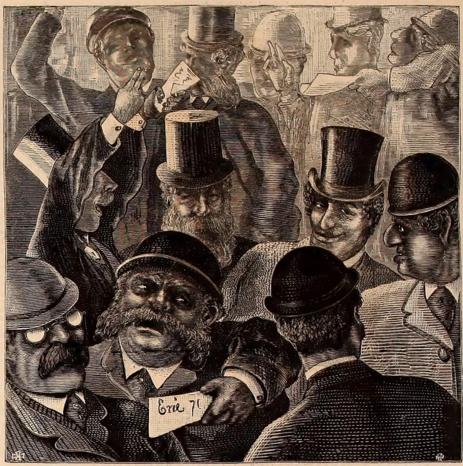
Foremost among the demonstrative enjoyments of the day—the high coloring, as it were, to the already gorgeous picture—were the parades of the masquerading mummers, who, in many troops, rigged out in every style of *outré* dress, and attempting every manner of diverse characterization, played their merry tricks in our principal thoroughfares on Christmas morning, to the intense delight of gaping crowds of pleasure-seekers. The number of these companies of "Fantasticals" was unusually great, and their show was more ludicrously comical than ever before, being, in fact, only excelled in effectiveness by the merry open-air masquerading of the famed carnival season in Venice. Our fantastically arrayed paraders, however, could not have caught the happy spirit of the time more completely than they did. There was a peculiar sprightliness in their buffoonery, wit in their mottoes, and general aptness in their antics that made them worthy embodiments of the grotesque fancies that float about in the charmed air of our Merry Christmas. Added to the kaleidoscopic tangle of gaudily-arrayed humanity that adorned every street, they made complete our holiday expressions of joy—made up, in fact, the comic element in the brilliant spectacle of real life. Here were troops of jolly jokers, attired in every fanciful costume that the spirit of burlesque could devise. Every old theatrical wardrobe and costume establishment in the city had evidently been ransacked by this ludicrous mock-martial array to furnish tinsel and regal ornaments for their holiday show. Geometrically demonstrative steeds had been hauled from their stables, and, despite their rheumatic gait and the general re-



THE LIVERPOOL AND NEW YORK STEAM PACKET-SHIP "CHICAGO."

proach of "crow bait," were made to drag their slow course along in the stately procession, with necks arched as if they felt that they were really theatrical horses, although broken down and playing their part in the sham of some mimic scene on the boards. One company of these jolly maskers was peculiarly comic in its characters, and aroused roars of laughter among the spectators along its entire route. Bringing up the rear of a mongrel train of comical elements was a target, bearing on one side the name, "Black Crook Guard."

The *dramatis personæ* of the troop fulfilled the promise of the title of the show, as displayed on the target, although nothing immodest was displayed to the public gaze. Here were dancing girls with thick ankles, bunion-toed, and professionally awkward, marching arm in arm with cowled priests, and followed by Hamlet in greasy sables, carrying on a dialogue with a colored gentleman of Jim Crow peculiarities, while Ophelia and a Dutchman of great ponderosity danced along *vis a vis* with a Milesian couple. Many a tattered warrior, perched on the apex of his architectural Rosinante, curveted and pranced by on his painful way, and, amidst the fluttering of ragged pennons and the jeers of the good-humored crowd, the emblematic procession made its stately way, complete as a burlesque on the features of our everyday life.—But martial hosts, similar in beauties and equally diverse in characterization, crowded the streets throughout the morning, presenting gratis a holiday show of tin armored knights, tattered heroes, slippery harlequins, lively clowns, and all the paraphernalia of the Christmas pantomime—the state of the legitimate drama being accurately presented in an array of long men with thin legs and very short doublets, and short men with stout understandings, clad in long robes and emblazoned with stage jewels of prodigious size pinned on breast and sides, and fairly covering the pompous actor with their resplendent proportions until he was lost to sight in the blaze of his own wardrobe. These shows were the very soul of the early morning festivities; and in their gay pranks the clowns and jokers of every species engaged happily hit on the foibles of their vast audience, and chiming accurately with the lively spirit prevailing on all sides, found their reward in the loud guffaws that hailed their appearance at every point on the route to their shooting ground. In such good-humored sport the day was begun, and throughout its spirit was maintained in genuine carnival fashion—enjoyment being suffered to run fantastically wild until the spectacle was presented of every age reduced again to happy childhood, and deeply absorbed in the enjoyment of pomp of puppets and the pranks of joyous boyhood.



A GROUP ON THE STAIRWAY OF THE "LONG ROOM," AT THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

## THE VICKSBURG MONUMENT.

THE Monument originally erected to mark the site of the interview between Generals GRANT and PEMBERTON, preliminary to the surrender of Vicksburg, has been displaced by another, of which we give an illustration on page 21, from a photograph taken by J. E. JOSLYN, Esq., of Vicksburg.

Some time after the occupation of Vicksburg by the Federal troops, a shaft of marble, some ten feet in height, bearing an appropriate inscription, was erected on this site. Since its erection it has been defaced and mutilated, the chips and splinters being carried away by those who desired to possess a memento of the memorable event which it was designed to commemorate. Captain J. W. SCULLY, Assistant Quarter-Master United States Army, and Dépôt Quarter-Master at Vicksburg, has lately removed the now unsightly monument, and substituted in its place a 64-pounder, the muzzle pointing upward.

## AT THE "LONG ROOM."

THE "Long Room"—on the stairway of which is located the group sketched on this page—is situated on the ground-floor of the New York Stock Exchange. It is used by the members of the regular Board of Brokers and subscribers as a place of meeting for the purchase and sale of stocks. The stairway at the upper end of the room, between the hours of twelve and half-past one, is crowded with eager and vociferous dealers, who yell themselves hoarse in their efforts to secure a difference of even a fraction of 1 per cent. On "panic" or "booming" days the excitement is proportionately increased. In the "Long Room" all meet on a footing of perfect equality. We see there the snob, the bully, the gambler, the beggar, the Jew, the millionaire, the swell, and the gentleman, all engaged in the worship of a common idol—the Almighty Dollar.

THE YANKEE.

A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

A HOOSIER.

A KENTUCKIAN.

A PENNSYLVANIAN.

A MISSISSIPPIAN.

A CALIFORNIAN.

THE EVERLASTING NIGGER.

CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES, ACCORDING TO POPULAR IMPRESSIONS.

## JOB SPINNING.

MRS. JOB SPINNING was a round, rosy, compact, hard-working little woman. Job Spinning was a meagre, pale-faced, hard-working little man. Mrs. Job was pretty, but quite good enough for this world. Job was too good for it. By heroic labor, that laid out elsewhere would have made him a general, he earned a salary so small that I won't disgrace these columns by telling it; and Mrs. Job, who was a financial genius, stretched it, and met the ends over the year; and there were three little Spinnings of that abhorred class of infants who are perpetually taking every possible disease, or being brought home with the breath and teeth knocked out of them, or failing in these, fall back on hives and sore ears; and Mrs. Job doctored and precepted these three little Spinnings, made their clothes, made her own clothes, made Job's, made every thing in fact, but flour, meat, coal, and groceries, for which she hadn't the recipe, all in the shortest conceivable time, running the household machine with prodigious dash, energy, and friction.

The consequence was, a pain in Mrs. Job's back every night, and a twist in Mrs. Job's temper.

Then, as Mrs. Job was a heroic woman, she suffered in silence, making the tea as if she were dying, and laying the cloth as with her last gasp, harrowing Job's tender soul by the piteous spectacle.

There was also a family tradition that Mrs. Job was in feeble health, and only prevented from commencing a mysterious process called "running down," and sinking into an early grave by unwinking watchfulness on Job's part.

Now Job came home from his work a tired man; a sorely tired man, turning the corner with a feeble step, and lingering heavily in his own door; but between the tradition and the piteous spectacle he found no chance to bring this tired man in and rest him, but hung him up with his coat on the hall peg, and came in a fresh, cheery, sparkling Job, to take the baby, put the children to bed, and oil the wheels generally. By nine o'clock Mrs. Job's back and temper were apt to be comfortable, and Job was dead tired.

So, though Mr. and Mrs. Spinning were a most harmonious couple, Job would probably have fared better if he could possibly have been two Jobs in one.

One morning Job said, as he put on his hat, "My dear, I see that you are running down again. I shall be home early this afternoon."

This was a formula, and signified a Spinning spree, a familiar institution hugely relished in the Spinning family, consisting of a trip across the ferry—a finer thing, properly done, than you may imagine—and a lunch of buttered crackers; therefore Mrs. Spinning hurried what she called her "busy cares" out of the way, scrubbed each little Spinning within an inch of its life, and tied her bonnet strings in a flutter, with the hand of the clock at three; for that was Job's hour on early afternoons, and Job had never disappointed Mrs. Job since their wedding-day.

There is a first time appointed, however, for all that can be said and done, and on this occasion Job did disappoint his wife. The hours dragged along—there are one hundred and twenty minutes to the hour when you are watching the clock. The little Spinnings subsided from uproarious ferment to flat sulkiness, quarreled viciously, did things worthy of spanking, got it, and were ranged sniffing on chairs; finally, Mrs. Job took off her bonnet, and, with the fine unreasonableness of her sex, concluded herself an ill-used woman. Job came home late and looking gloomy, and found Mrs. Job pathetic.

"I should not have cared for my own disappointment," she said. "I am used to that; but the children, poor—"

"Disappointment!" repeated Job, absently. "Oh yes," and subsided again into his gloomy thinking; and that was all the explanation that Mr. Spinning ever offered for keeping his wife waiting in bonnet and shawl two hours by the clock. He was in a frightful humor, and answered Mrs. Job, who had been teasing him lately to insure his life, so like an ogre—or, not to be poetical, like other women's husbands when out of temper, that she dropped the subject aghast, and never dared to renew it. This was not all. On the next night he came home late again—thing unprecedented in their married annals. On the next night he was later yet! After that he was regular only in being always late. More than this. If some meddlesome genius had popped Job bodily into a moral press, squeezed out of him all the cheeriness and frankness, and made him over, a secret, silent, moody man, why then we might account for Job, as he was from that fatal day; or if Job's soul had stepped out in his sleep, as some good folks declare is done in dreams, and the wrong soul had popped in between his lips in the hurry of waking, why then Mrs. Job could have comprehended her husband as he was from that fatal day; but to go out the kind, patient, tender Job that she had always known him, and to come back the incomprehensible Job!

Mrs. Job was a woman of energy, also a woman of some sentiment. When husbands change, morally, for the worse, she knew that good wives make themselves physicians to the case, and, in home reading at least, always effect a cure. Mrs. Dr. Job resolved that she would try to touch Mr. Spinning's better nature; and this is how she did it.

Job coming home, late as usual, found the cloth laid, the steak on the gridiron, the little Spinnings trying to keep their eyes open, and worrying about the room, and Mrs. Job resignedly sewing. On Job's entrance she laid aside her work with a gulp indicative of swallowing much undigested sorrow, looked at her husband with red eyes and nose and a watery smile, and set about the supper as one doubly enfeebled by the pangs of sorrow and hunger, but resolved to bear all meekly without complaint. There was, it must be confessed, a strong rising of the natural woman in Mrs. Dr. Job's heart. She longed to look significantly at the clock. At each burst from the children she ached to say, No wonder! She fairly bubbled with sarcastic queries concerning the recent stretch in business-hours; but when she waxed spiteful she took refuge in peppering the steak, and when she got herself in hand she looked mildly at Job. He sat, his hands lax on his knees, his head dropped on his breast, his eyes on the carpet. If he was not dead tired—and why should he be dead tired?—he was viciously sullen; and in either case Mrs. Job felt a wrathful doubt whether this play of principle *rs.* feeling was not being thrown away. The elder little Spinnings squabbling in a corner teased the baby into a howl. Mrs. Job looked at Job. Job looked at the baby; but in a purposeless, flaccid way, and did not stir. Mrs. Job's heart swelled; but, taking the baby on her arm, she dished the steak and brewed the tea. When Job cut up the steak, "Thank you, no," she said, with a heart-broken expression. "I was hungry, but it has gone over;" and wiped her eyes, laboriously shifting the baby from one arm to the other. I don't say that the baby would not have done very well on the floor, his usual perch. I am only telling you how Mrs. Job set about appealing to her husband's better nature. In fact, rousing from his haggard stupor, Job did ask, with something of the old interest, "Was any thing the matter?" Mrs. Job set her lips. It would take a week to tell in order all that she thought was the matter; and then with a second edition of the watery smile, "No, nothing," says the little woman, sighing, and with the look of one who is telling a noble fib. Job rose abruptly and went into the adjoining bedroom.

"He is touched," thought Mrs. Job; and, much affected by her own sweetness and meekness, began to cry softly over the baby. Job had not closed the door, and she could hear him stirring about the room, and wondered, through her tears, when he was coming out, and what he was doing there. She called up, also, her sufferings, past, present, and to come, and from crying easily fell to sobbing. The little Spinnings, much alarmed, hung about her in a deplorable way, and began to cry also. Here was a tableau! here was a sight to touch harder hearts than Job, who could easily see, if he chose to peep through the half-open door! Perhaps it did, for Mrs. Job thought that she heard a groan. She hushed her sobs, and listened anxiously. It came again, louder, longer; but do people groan thus —ka-a-a—through their nose? A groan! A snore, Mrs. Job! Job was asleep. He had gone to bed, leaving Mrs. Job to wash the dishes, get the children in bed, and wipe her own tears. Not a doubt but several thousands of other husbands at just that hour had done precisely the same thing; but the majority of these husbands had not taught their wives to expect any thing better, you know.

Mrs. Job came out of her suffering condition with fire and rapidity. She popped the little Spinnings into bed in a way that made them curl up very small under the clothes. She made the pans and kettles ring again; and all this bouncing and banging was but a feeble expression of the wrath that was in her.

"The brute!" she said to herself; "but I'll show him whether I am to be trampled or not!" No talk now of appealing to his better feelings. The natural woman was in such a rage that she could not listen to Mrs. Dr. Job, unless that eminent practitioner should suggest some of the sterner modes of treatment. Keep his supper for him indeed! Coming home on the following evening Job found Mrs. Job grimly sewing, and the room wearing that put-away-for-the-night appearance so peculiarly aggravating to hungry and tired folk.

"Isn't it late?" asked Job, glancing at the clock, with some dismay.

"We have had our supper, if that is what you mean," says Mrs. Job, suddenly facing him, "hours ago! But there is bread in the pantry, if you want it;" still with her eyes on him, and bristling for battle. But Job did not take up the gage, but looked at her with a tender, sorrowful, pitying gaze, and, sighing, went and found his crust and ate it without a word. No doubt this was a famous way of making Job understand that she was not to be trampled on; but the little woman had never been more uncomfortable in her life, and she sat up and cried after Job went to bed, recalling his still, solemn, suffering face, and the strange, pitying look he had cast on her, and feeling dimly that here was a case beyond her simple skill, and vowed to herself that if Job lived to be a hundred, and staid out every night till twelve o'clock, he should find his dinner waiting for him in the oven.

When a physician finds a patient getting beyond his skill he calls in a brother practitioner, and Mrs. Dr. Job, thinking the moral symptoms of her patient more and more puzzling, laid the case before Mary Ellen.

Mary Ellen was Mrs. Job's sister, lived in the lower half of the house, and never had believed in Job Spinning.

"There is a woman in the case," pronounced Mary Ellen, portentously.

Mrs. Job fired. "Mary Ellen, I don't believe it! Job Spinning isn't that man!"

Mary Ellen smiled superior.

"Men are men, and not women, Jane, and facts are facts; and if Job don't spend his time here, he does somewhere else; for 'tain't at the shop, as George can tell you. He leaves there regular among the first, and if he brings you eleven dollars a week instead of fourteen it ain't because his salary is not raised, for it is, and every body knows it; and if you don't get the money, it don't go on himself, for, as I told George, Job never was no hand to dress; but now he's going downright shabby. May-be Job is all right, and I don't say he ain't; but the first question I always ask about husbands is, what do they do with their time and their money? and then I judge according:" rolling out the bread that she was moulding with an air that showed plainly how she judged in this case.

"There's different ways of putting facts," said Mrs. Job, much wilted, but still vaguely convinced of the monstrosity of Mary Ellen's conclusions when applied to Job; "and we all know you always were jealous about Job"—that slipped off her tongue without intending—"and I don't believe it, Mary Ellen, say what you like."

"None so blind as them that won't see; and for jealous," cried Mary Ellen, very red, "I must first see something to be jealous of—not to say that you needn't be mad at *me*, Jane, as I ain't the woman he's after any how."

"I call that low," observed Mrs. Job, hastily picking up her work-basket and retiring with much dignity. Not for worlds would she have cried before Mary Ellen; but sitting by her own fire she could do what she pleased—and then, her hysterical passion over, she still sat, watching the fire gleam on the wall; and in the silence, broken only by the falling of a coal, or the measured ticking of the clock, came back to her a bright morning in their wedded lives when Job had brought home that very clock and set it up on the shelf, telling her it would say, as long as it could tick, faithful forever; faithful forever! and Mrs. Job said to herself that the clock had ticked out many an hour that found her fretful, but never one that did not find him patient; and minutes enough in which she had been selfish, but never one where he was not self-denying; and what was the use of his faithfulness—"

Mrs. Job started and gave a little scream—Job, coming in softly, had touched her on the shoulder before she was aware—and starting up faced him, hesitating and flushed.

"What, crying?" asked Job, in a troubled way.

"No, not crying," returned Mrs. Job, glowing between her recollections and Mary Ellen's spur and a new resolve; "or, if I was, it was for myself, not because of you, Job; for I believe you are right, Job, though it all seems so strange, because it is you; and I love you, Job, and I am going to trust you till you speak out of yourself and tell me what it is between us!" crying heartily as she talked, and with her arms about his neck.

"Between us! over us!" muttered Job; and then a sudden and awful paleness fell upon him—you could not say he turned pale, he was so pale already. And with the pitying, tender, woeful look that she had seen on his face before, "Poor little woman! poor Jane!" he said, stroking her hair that was still soft and bright; "poor dear!" and that was all. His manner was very tender, and from that night he softened into many of his old ways; but that was all.

Now if Mrs. Job had ever really looked at Job I think she would have seen an end of the clew to her puzzle hanging out; but it would be a ridiculous fact, if it were not such a mournful one, that the most of us see, not what is to be seen, but what we expect to see, and little more. Mrs. Job looked at her husband to know if he knew how anxiety and sorrow wore on her. She hunted for his secret in what he did. She never thought to look for it in his eyes; and though she trusted him in a measure, she vaguely reproached him in her heart, and was half glad that it wore on her that he might see it.

The days went on into months, and one morning Job proposed a Spinning spree. He had not spoken the word before since that day that had changed him in such mysterious fashion.

"Dear heart!" cried his wife, amazed, for he had hardly been away an hour from home, and had come back suddenly, and his eyes looked strangely. "You are sick, Job!"

"Not it," said Job; "I have a holiday—on a sudden."

"I have my hands in the flour," commenced Mrs. Job; but she took them out as she spoke, for she saw that Job was in earnest.

"We shall take the steam-cars," said Job.

At once the small Spinnings were clamorous, but Mrs. Job was silent. Her heart beat fast to the thought that to-day Job would speak out. She never thought where she was going, only when would Job speak out. The iron horse picked them up at one dépôt, and trudged sturdily off with them to another—a raw little station, where Mrs. Job looked about her bewildered.

"I have a friend who has a house here," said Job, giving her his arm; and she noticed that his breath came short and his steps were uneven.

"He is going to speak, I know," she said to herself.

The friend's house was the least little house that any one ever played at making, with a strip of yard at the back and none in the front, and oddly enough, the key of the front-door in Job's pocket, who entered without ceremony. Mrs. Job entered, and, looking about her, grew red and pale by turns.

"There are two rooms above," said Job, watching her.

"It's our very house," burst out Mrs. Job, "that we've planned a hundred times; and the carpet I was always coveting. Job," catching him by the arm, "whose house is this?"

"It belongs to a bad man," answered Job, "who never told his wife that his salary was raised two hundred and fifty dollars; and when she had been pinched on fourteen dollars a week made her do with eleven instead."

"Job!" cried his wife.

"Being so bad," continued Job, "he takes to bad habits too, and never came home till nine and ten—"

"Doing overwork," bursts in Mrs. Job, who is beaming.

"Yes, overwork," said Job, who is not beaming, and who, indeed, tells all this story in a strange, hurried, far-off way. "Overwork, and book-keeping for Flynn sometimes, and work here by spells, though, for that matter, all the men in the shop gave him a lift at that; and being in luck, he grew worse, you see, and never opened his mouth as to where he had been, nor offered to help his tired, anxious little wife—"

"A tired, anxious Job, I should think!" cries his wife, radiant, for even yet she does not see. "All day long in the shop, and from six to nine at overwork, and no dinner till you came home. Oh, Job! And the land—it's the bit you bought years ago, that we never could build on, and we thought was thrown away. I think we ought to be happy here, Job."

She looked up at him, smiling, and met the old, tender, pitying look.

"The deeds are made out clear in your name," said Job, sitting suddenly down. "You will find them in my coat. They can't take it from you, dear."

"*My* name—take it from *me*!" repeated Mrs. Job, utterly bewildered.

"I have had pleasure in every nail I drove and plank I laid," continued Job, "because it will be my work over and around you, and it will keep me in your mind."

Mrs. Job rose quickly, and went over to her husband and looked him searchingly in the face. "Job," she said, terror thickening her breath, as she remembered all his strange behavior—"Job, you aren't going mad!" She would not see; the truth was knocking at her heart even then; but she would not see—she dared not.

"It's come sooner than I thought," said Job, huskily, and with effort. "Two years he said. He gave me two years; only this morning I felt queer and shaky, and, thinks I, I'll make sure."

He waited a moment with eyes closed. His wife waited too—white as Job himself.

"Two years!" repeated Job, rousing again. "That's what he gave me that morning when I stepped in so smart to the office, and says I, 'I'll insure my life, as Jane has been teasing me, and give her that for a surprise with our spree.' And says the doctor, 'Any thing the matter with you, my man?' 'No,' said I; 'sound as a flint.' And the doctor looks queer, and pokes here and pokes there, and says he, 'I'll give you two years to live, my man.' And when I went out into the street the sunshine was all out of it, and when I came home the sweet was out of your voice; and says I, 'What's the good? when I am to be put away soon with the damp and the worm;' and I don't think I ever felt right till you told me you'd trust me, that night. God bless you, Jane! Maybe I was wrong; but I think I'm right. It comes sharp now; but you have a house over your head, and it will be over, and not gnaw, gnaw beforehand, as it did me, till I got grace; a year and a half—and he gave me two years too."

"And you never told me," moaned his wife, kneeling beside him with tears and sobs, as he laid back panting.

"To break your heart twice, dear!" murmured Job.

The children rushed in shouting from the strip of yard, where they had filled their hands with flowers, but stopped short in the door. Their mother was kneeling beside her dead.

## WATER MUSIC.

THE music which is heard more particularly at the mouths of the great rivers in Borneo has lately excited the most intense interest in the scientific world. There is not the least doubt of its existence; at flood-tide loud and deep, or else low, intermittent tones are plainly audible. The only question is, whence they proceed. While many agree with the aborigines in attributing it to the pressure made by the salt-water as it forces its passage through the fresh, others assert, with more probability, that it arises from a species of fish, which are known to be not altogether mute.

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McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the TAPE-WORM. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

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STARTING OF THE

# GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company continue to sell at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
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UNCOLORED JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

### COFFEE DEPARTMENT.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors of our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which matures and ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the fully-matured and naturally-cured Coffee. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable portion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee. COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner Church Street; No. 640 Broadway, corner Bleecker Street; No. 503 Eighth Avenue, near Thirty-seventh Street; No. 299 Spring Street, between Hudson and Greenwich Streets; No. 205 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, corner Concord Street.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Our friends are getting up Clubs in most towns throughout the country, and for which we feel very grateful. Some of our Clubs send orders weekly, some not so often; while others keep a standing order to be supplied with a given quantity each week, or at stated periods. And in all cases (where a sufficient time has elapsed) clubs have repeated their orders.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

We return thanks to parties who have taken an interest in getting up Clubs; and when any of them come to New York we shall be pleased to have them call upon us and make themselves known.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns, where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANT, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

### EVIDENCE AFTER A YEAR'S TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMET, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *December* 1, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Inclosed herewith I send you our regular list for December. It is now twelve months since we began the use of your Teas and Coffees, and I am pleased in being able to say that the satisfaction derived from the use of said articles by the members of this Club, instead of being confined to individual instances, is universal, and I think I may safely say without exception. Thanking you for the many favors received at your hands, I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient Servant,

L. LASS CARPENTER.

WILLIAM PENN WORKS, NEAR SHENANDOAH CITY, SCHUYLKILL CO., PA., *Dec.* 3, 1866.

GENTS: We received our orders of Tea and Coffee all right; and each package put up so nice as to give us but little trouble. They have given great satisfaction both as regards weight and quality; and so cheap that we have saved 56¼ cents per lb., beside getting a better quality; and we are all satisfied that they are as good—both Tea and Coffee—as your advertisement represented them to be.

I remain, yours,

THOMAS ROGERS.

XENIA, DALLAS CO., IOWA, *Nov.* 8, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: SIRS,—The order that I sent to your house the fore part of the Summer gave universal satisfaction, and all of the Club have been trying for some time to get me to make up another. The complimentary package which I received was the best Tea I have drank in Iowa. Please fill the following order, and express to me at Boonsborough, Iowa.

ZERAH E. COTTRELL.

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

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Parties looking for ourstore will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

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We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills

Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

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# Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,

For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

### Diseases of the Liver.

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

### Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites*, or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

### Fever and Ague.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

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# Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,

OR

## VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE may be depended upon to effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of Dr. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

PREPARED ONLY BY
**FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,**
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF
**Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS and VERMIFUGE.**

**Sold by Dealers Every Where.**

The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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### SKATING AT THE PARK.

A gay Fifth Avenue belle am I,
  As proud as Lucifer some folks think;
But they never saw me upon my skates,
  Skimming along o'er Oatman's Rink.
Ah! that to me is the best of sport,
  Out at the Park on a clear, cold day;
A prettier sight were nowhere found
  From beginning to end of all Broadway.

Swiftly I glide o'er the glittering ice,
  A cheerful tune my steel skates ring;
I feel like a wild sea-bird that skims
  The ocean wave upon restless wing.
Few can follow my swiftest flight,
  Few if any of all the belles;
And I laugh to scorn as I pass them by,
  The vain attempts of the gay young swells.

Of the latest pattern my skates are made,
  And they grasp my feet like a vice:
I can turn a circle five feet in width,
  And cut my name in the ice.
Oh, the air that blows through the open Park
  Has the taste of the finest wine;
And while I skim o'er the frozen pond
  No joy can equal mine!

Ah, how I pity some folks I see!
  For theirs is a dreadful fate—
To be pushed along in a horrid chair,
  Nor know what it is to skate.
It seems to me, were I one of them,
  Than play so tame a part,
I'd buy me a pair of parlor skates,
  And strive to learn the art.

Very well in its way is a grand soirée,
  A hop or a brilliant ball,
But to skim o'er the ice on steel-shod feet
  Is finer by far than all.
Satins and silks I must often wear,
  But my taste it better suits

"GRANDPA IS COMING!"—[Drawn by A. B. Houghton.]

To don a dainty Balmoral,
And a pair of ankle boots.

No hateful rouge for my cheeks I need,
For red as the rose are they
With the bracing air that my lungs inhale
In the Park on a clear, cold day.
Others may sit by their glowing fires
While the fleeting hours take wings,
But give me the sport that I dearly love,
And the precious health it brings.

A gay Fifth Avenue belle am I,
As proud as Lucifer some folks think;
But they never saw me upon my skates,
Skimming along o'er Oatman's Rink;
Ah! that, indeed, is the best of sport,
Out at the Park on a clear, cold day;
Now watch me, good people, one and all,
As I fasten my skates and skim away.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 19, 1867.

## THE NEW DRED SCOTT.

In his inaugural address upon the 4th of March, 1857, President Buchanan said, speaking of the time when the people of a Territory may decide the question of Slavery: "It is a judicial question which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit." A few days afterward came the Dred Scott decision carrying Slavery wherever the flag floated, and virtually denying the equal human rights of colored men under the Constitution of the United States. Slavery had already full possession of the Legislative and Executive branches of the Government. This decision showed that it also controlled the only remaining branch, the Judiciary.* "And what do you propose to do about it?" sneered the New York *Express* and the other Northern lackeys of Slavery. Well, the Dred Scott decision is now eleven years old, and what the people of the United States have done about it must be tolerably clear even to the *Express*.

The other day Colonel T. Weatherby, a Senator in South Carolina from the Marlborough district, came to Washington upon the part of a large majority of the Senate of South Carolina to talk with the President upon the probability of the admission of the State to Congress if the pending Amendment were adopted by the Legislature. The President, who has as much official right to oppose an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as the Czar of Russia, advised that South Carolina should persist in rejecting the Amendment, and added that he felt confident, from a recent decision of the Supreme Court, that his policy would be sustained by that tribunal. It would appear, then, if President Johnson's surmise should prove to be as accurate as President Buchanan's understanding, that the late rebels have already possession of two of the three branches of the Government—the Executive and the Judiciary—leaving the Legislative only to the Union men of the country.

That the President does not reckon without his host is apparent from the late pronunciamento of the Supreme Court in the Indiana conspiracy case. Like the Dred Scott decision, it is not a judicial opinion—it is a political act. So far as the immediate case was concerned the Court was unanimous. But five judges held against four that Congress had no authority whatever to empower military courts in any State when war was not actually raging in it. This was an expression of opinion upon a matter not before the Court. Like the substance of the Dred Scott opinion, it was *obiter dictum*, and its intent was similar. The Dred Scott decision was meant to deprive slaves taken into a Territory of the chance of liberty under the United States Constitution. The Indiana decision operates to deprive the freedmen in the late rebel States, whose laws grievously outrage them, of the protection of the freedmen's courts.

But, in order to make the work complete, one more step is necessary, and that is to decide that Alexander H. Stephens's theory of "the continuous right" of States is correct. For such a decision preparation is making. An appeal is coming up from the court of District Judge Busteed, of Alabama, to the Supreme Court, involving the point that Alabama is a State with all its rights and privileges, and consequently that the people of the country can not impose any terms as the condition of its return to Congress. With such a decision, if it be made, falls the Emancipation Amendment which was imposed upon the Southern Legislatures. Such a decision declares that a State or a conspiracy of States may do precisely what has been done in this country for the last six years, and finding themselves worsted, may cry "All right!" and resume their places in the Government without even nodding "By your leave."

But even before such a decision is made the President has acted upon the Indiana opinion as abolishing all military courts in States in which open rebellion does not exist, and has dissolved the court convened in Richmond to try Watson. Meanwhile Judge Hall, of the United States District Court of Delaware, has released four men who were convicted before a military court at Charleston in December, 1865, of the murder of three Union soldiers detailed as a guard. The ground of the decision is, that at that time the State of South Carolina was in possession of all its civil functions as a State.

Now these are all questions which the people of the United States have solemnly decided by the last appeal, and neither the Executive nor the Supreme Court will be allowed to reverse their decision. They have decided that Congress has supreme authority in time of war, and must necessarily be the judge when and where and how to exercise it. They have decided that States which rebel have *not* "a continuous right" to resume at their pleasure their functions in the Union, but are to resume them upon such terms as the victorious loyal people in Congress may determine. And since it appears that neither the President nor the Supreme Court acquiesce in this decision they must be made as harmless as possible, for their united opposition to Congress would be needlessly perilous.

It is plain that if Congress passes laws which the Supreme Court declares unconstitutional, and which the President, as Commander-in-Chief, refuses upon that ground to execute, the situation would be critical. But the remedy is obvious; and it is not revolutionary. When it was necessary to carry the Reform Bill of 1832 in England, and the House of Lords resisted, Earl Grey, the Prime Minister, in order to save the country from civil war, advised the King to create enough new peers to secure the passage of the bill. It was a process familiarly known as "swamping the Lords." The Lords yielded, however, and passed the bill. If the Supreme Court undertakes to declare that the people of the United States, at the end of a long and fearful war in which they have saved the Government, can do nothing to secure that Government from similar assaults hereafter, let the Supreme Court be swamped by a thorough reorganization and increased number of Judges.

The President, indeed, would nominate the new Judges, and there would be a long delay; for they would not be confirmed. But it is safer to delay than to break. The unrepresented States would be the losers; for they would neither return to Congress nor take part in the Presidential election of 1868. The question in regard to the Supreme Court need not be misunderstood. It is not whether in a time of peace in loyal States the civil courts shall be supreme, which nobody questions. It is whether loyal men or rebels shall reorganize the Union.

## THE WORK IN HAND.

It is now plain that the theory and hope upon which the work of restoration began were visionary and fallacious. It is evident that the class of the population in the Southern States to which the President's plan and the Amendment both appealed are not to be trusted as the foundation of a true reconstruction. The States in which there is now no valid government must be built up by the National authority upon Republican principles, as the Constitution provides, and we hope and believe that Congress will proceed promptly and prudently to the work, and take care that neither the Executive nor the Judiciary thwart the intention of the loyal people of the United States.

The basis of the State Governments must be the people of the States, not a class of them, and not those merely who have been hitherto considered the people. Equal suffrage is therefore indispensable, and as a qualification of education would operate to leave the political power in the hands of a class, and that class the most hostile to the Government, the suffrage must have no severer qualification than age and residence. The primary elections under this general suffrage should be amply protected by the United States troops and the loyal forces of the States, and the Convention to be elected should be open to all who had not broken an oath to the Constitution in order to support the rebellion. This Convention should frame a State Constitution under the plain suggestion from Congress that all distinctions of caste are anti-republican, and that the Constitution should secure equal suffrage with no severer qualification than that of the voters for the Convention. The Constitution so made should be ratified by the people, and receive the guarantee of the whole power of the United States Government; and when the Legislature elected under this State Constitution had ratified the pending Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, the Senators and Representatives of the State should be admitted to Congress. Meanwhile, also, Congress should take care that the freedmen obtain land on fair terms.

In such measures there is injustice to no man and to no class of men. The only disability imposed is the ineligibility during the will of Congress of certain peculiarly guilty persons to high office in the Government which they have tried to destroy. By equalizing political power such measures tend directly to general education, and to a removal of those distinctions of caste which are radically incompatible with a free popular Government. The authority to do this work is found in the provision of the Constitution of the United States which makes it the duty of Congress to guarantee a republican form of government to every State. This authority is derived also from the necessity of the case and from the public safety. It is derived from the source whence sprung the authority to emancipate the slaves. It is an authority justified by the intelligent consent of the nation and by human reason. It vindicates itself by its wisdom, its justice, and its generosity.

If it be urged that the Constitution does not authorize such action in express terms, because the phrase Republican Government is not exactly defined, the reply is that the spirit and purpose of the Constitution necessitates precisely such action under the circumstances; and that had express verbal authority of the kind demanded been sought in the Constitution in 1861, the government established by it would have been overthrown. Rebellion depended for success upon its verbal juggles of the Constitution—just as it depends now upon the same verbal fence to paralyze the national victory. The Constitution, like every fundamental law, is to be interpreted always in its loftiest scope and intention, and with the constant remembrance that treason to God and human nature have always pleaded the letter of the law. From the moment that President Buchanan, inspired by his Attorney-General Black of Pennsylvania, said that he could find no authority in the Constitution to coerce States down to the present time when Alexander H. Stephens and the Copperheads hold that States have "a continuous right" in the Union, whatever the situation and circumstances may be, the intention has been always the same to secure the ascendency of a party, to embarrass the Government, and to thwart the great purpose of the Union, which is permanent peace based upon equal liberty. We would cling close to the Constitution, but in great emergencies we would interpret the letter by the spirit.

Having the fullest power to restore the Union upon conditions consonant with the Constitution and with the fundamental principles of a republican government, and being immediately supported by the loyal people of the Union, Congress need not fear that its measures, however radical, so they be both just and generous in themselves, will produce a reaction upon the plea of State rights. The force of that cry is exhausted. The great object of Congressional action is now seen to be to put the States truly upon their feet; to give all the people of a State their fair and equal share in its government. If any portion of the citizens choose to sulk, it is their privilege to do so. If they refuse to help the work of reorganization, it is they only who will pay the piper. They will not have the power which comes from proscription, for we would not proscribe. They will not have the eloquence of suffering, for we would not touch them except to prevent them from oppressing others. Let Congress, on the one hand, beware of proscribing white citizens, and, upon the other, take good care to protect colored citizens in perfect civil and political equality, and the way will begin to clear. There is no royal road to immediate and normal national tranquillity. But every measure which is founded upon the Constitution, upon obvious common-sense, and upon simple justice brings us nearer to the great result.

## LAW AND LIQUOR.

The Court of Appeals of New York has unanimously confirmed the constitutionality of the Excise Act, which had been questioned by some of the city judges. It is worthy of remark that such judges are elective, and that the liquor dealers' party is omnipotent in the city; and although we are far from saying that this interesting coincidence explains the city judgments against the law, we may be allowed the observation that there is a great deal of human nature in man.

The law, as we remarked at the time of its passage, is less rigorous than any license law in the State for more than half a century, while, with the late law, it forbids the sale of liquor on Sundays. The Court of Appeals justly says, that so far from such a regulation of the traffic being unconstitutional, it is a legislative power inherent in the very nature of sovereignty, and a power which has been unremittingly exercised since the origin of the Government. It is a bold assertion, says the Court, that there is any constitutional limitation of legislative discretion in directing how, when, and where a trade shall be conducted so intimately connected with the public morals or the public safety or the public prosperity. What the condition of the city was in respect of the retail liquor trade when the Board of Excise was organized we learn from the Report of the Police Board.

On the 1st of May, 1866, there were 9250 places where intoxicating liquors were publicly sold. Of this number only 754 pretended to have licenses, leaving about 8500 open violators of the existing law. The State law already forbade the sale of liquor on Sunday, but at all of these 9250 places the law was publicly violated every Sunday. From the sale of licenses there should have been a large revenue, and for some years there had been Boards of Excise to grant licenses. Yet in 1860 the city revenue from this source was $54,580, which was equal to 1819 licenses at $30 each. In 1864 the revenue had dwindled to $12,450—equal to the proceeds of only 415 licenses at the same rate. The Board under the new law established two classes of licenses—one class of $250, permitting the sale of strong liquor to be drunk on the premises; and one of $100 for the sale of ale and beer only. Of these licenses 5697 were issued—3596 of the first class and 2098 of the second. The total amount of revenue thus collected was $1,108,925.

Early in June the Cardozo batteries were in full play upon the Board. Eight hundred and fifty-four suits were entered and as many injunctions granted, of which that illustrious ornament of an elective Judiciary issued 704. His worthy compeer Judge Brady issued 129, while the M'Cunn, having returned from the field of war, expressed his disdain of the "ungentlemanly" Excise law by enjoining the Board twenty-one times. This cannonade silenced the operations of the Excise Board about the 1st of July, until the highest judicial decisions could be ascertained. The Supreme Court differed with Cardozo, and the Court of Appeals with M'Cunn. They asserted the constitutionality of the law, and the Superintendent of Police now announces that it will be faithfully enforced.

The advantage of the law to the revenue and the saving to the tax-payers we have already mentioned. Its service to public order may be estimated from the fact that, on eight Sundays of May and June in 1865, under the old system, the arrests of drunken and disorderly persons were 1078; on eight Sundays of the same months in 1866, under the new system, they were 523, showing a difference of 555. But when the Cardozian raid upon the law took effect the comparative result was as follows. On the thirteen Sundays of July, August, and September in 1865, the arrests were 2094; on the corresponding days in 1866 they were 2125. The Police Board are of opinion that if the new system can have a fair trial for a year or two it will fully prove to the public the value of the system.

## MY POLICY IN THE FIRST DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

In his late interesting Report upon the revenue Mr. Wells suggests that the appointment and retention of revenue officers shall be regulated solely by considerations of competency and fidelity, upon the very reasonable ground that a properly qualified body of such officers can be obtained only by education, and that the true economical interests of the country require that they should be entirely removed from the storms of party politics.

If the President had acted upon such an obviously sensible and patriotic principle, the citizens of the First District of New York would not have lost the services of Henry W. Eastman, the late United States Assessor of that district. Mr. Eastman was appointed by President Lincoln, and by his sagacity, integrity, and unwearied interest and industry in the work of his office had become one of the most noted and efficient officers in the service, and an authority upon the whole subject. Firm in his political convictions, and active in all the duties of a good citizen, always courteous, never an offensive partisan, and wholly satisfactory to the district, Mr. Eastman was suddenly superseded by Edwin O. Perrin, appointed by the President. It is perfectly well known that Mr. Perrin was not only a Copperhead, but a notorious Copperhead; and his appointment in place of Mr. Eastman was as great an insult to the loyal Union men of the First District as the removal of Postmaster Lincoln of Brooklyn to make room for Mr. Kinsella, the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, was an offense to the Union sentiment of that city. Mr. Taber, the Democratic representative from the First District, had been working for the removal of Mr. Eastman, but in the interest of a very different person from Mr. Perrin, who comes from the State of Tennessee, and was preferred by the President to Mr. Taber's candidate.

Upon Mr. Eastman's removal all the assistant assessors of the First District unanimously resigned their positions, "believing that the best interests of the Government and of the Department of Internal Revenue can not be promoted unless by the existence of mutual confidence and esteem among those administering the several grades of official duty." We doubt the soundness of this reasoning; for it may be easily interpreted to justify an entire change of the officers of the Government in every department with every whim and vagary of the President, while an assistant assessor is as independent and responsible a United States officer in his sphere as the President. But the resignation shows the view of the removal held by those having the most intimate official relations with Mr. Eastman.

We trust that the Senate will be so fully informed of the facts of this case as to refuse to confirm the nomination of Mr. Perrin; and that this flagrant instance of the abuse of the

Executive patronage to mere partisan and personal ends will help to reveal the necessity of a more stringent regulation of the whole subject.

## CONGRESS AND THE CURRENCY.

THE great question of the day is—what will Congress do with the currency?

A year ago the Secretary of the Treasury recommended the reduction of the legal tender currency at the rate of at least $100,000,000 a year. He pointed out the obvious evils of a depreciated currency, the means of reducing it at the rate suggested, and the advantages to be derived from a speedy return to specie payments. His views coincided with those of sound merchants and far-seeing financial men. They were met in Congress by dogmatic assertions—from such men as THADDEUS STEVENS and JOHN SHERMAN—that the trouble with the currency was, not that it was redundant, but that it was insufficient for the business of the country, and that a further increase was needed instead of a curtailment. There was common sense enough in Congress to defeat the aspirations of these partisans of disgrace. But Mr. STEVENS and his friends were strong enough to compel a compromise, which was finally agreed upon in this wise: The currency was to be contracted at the rate of $46,000,000 for the next ensuing year—no more, no less. This was, of necessity, accepted by the Department, and has been acted upon. On 1st January Mr. M'CULLOCH had accordingly reduced the floating legal tenders to $380,000,000 as against $430,000,000 a year or more since. In December they were reduced some $5,000,000.

In the mean time the usual evils of an inconvertible circulating medium had been generally developed. Prices having long before adjusted themselves to the existing volume of currency, the least contraction produced stringency in localities where the bow of credit was fully bent. Thus in Chicago money was very close indeed at 10 @ 12 per cent., and at Cincinnati it was worth 20 per cent., week in and week out. Sufferers from this stringency, looking only to immediate relief for themselves, charged their embarrassment, not unnaturally, upon the conservative policy of Government, and clamored for "more currency." At the same time the Chinese tariff, under which we have the blessing of living, had heaped losses and discomforts so evenly upon manufacturers and consumers that all were equally disgusted, and it was hard to say which were the greater sufferers. On the one hand, the manufacturers could show that it was cheaper to send wool and manuscripts to England, and reimport them from thence in the shape of cloth and books, paying the duty, than to manufacture them here. On the other, the public at large could see plainly enough that living was at least twice as expensive as it used to be. Of the manufacturers a portion, with the *Tribune*, held that the Chinese tariff was not Chinese enough, and that if the duties—now averaging about 43 per cent.—were higher still, all would be well. Another portion—hailing from Pennsylvania—demanded not only an increase of duties, but an increase of currency likewise. As for the public, which is very imperfectly represented to Congress and has no friends, it paid, suffered, groaned, and had no plan.

This was the condition of affairs when the present Congress met. Almost every body was dissatisfied. But no remedy satisfied all classes. The Secretary manfully adhered to contraction as the only panacea. Mr. STEVENS was equally firm in favor of further currency expansion. Both have their followers in Congress, and at this time it is hard to say which will prevail. The Associated Press, and most of the newspaper correspondents in Washington, are in the interest of the expansionists: the public, as we said, has no friends. As at Mugby Junction, he is "the beast" upon whom it is in order to trample.

We can not help thinking, however, and saying, too, in strict confidence to the readers of this journal, that, dull and stupid and voiceless as the public may be, he has some rights which politicians will sooner or later have to recognize. He is now paying taxes at the rate of $16 50/100 per head, say 25 @ 50 per cent. more than is paid by the most heavily-taxed people of Europe; and at the same time he is paying, for commodities of all kinds and labor, 50 @ 150 per cent. more than any other people in the world. In England the taxes are heavy, no doubt; but food, clothing, and rent are cheap. In Russia living is expensive; but the taxes are light. Here, in the United States, the public groans under the simultaneous burden of heavy taxes and expensive living. We have a notion that sooner or later he will rebel against this load, and that the party which laid it on his shoulders will itself be laid pretty low.

The currency question is as simple in its general aspect as A B C. Questions may arise as to the order in which legal tenders and National Bank notes should be withdrawn: our own views on the subject have already been expressed. But as to the general subject no difference of opinion can exist among men who have no private interest to subserve, no stock of goods bought at high prices to sell. The currency should be steadily curtailed until legal tenders are as good as gold. In this way prices would be brought down so that living would become cheap, and people would be able to pay taxes without undue suffering. But, say Mr. THAD STEVENS and his friends, this would involve a financial crisis. Not necessarily. It would obviously compel people who have been trading beyond their capital to liquidate, and, if they owed more than they had property to pay with, to fail. It might compel speculators and "enterprising" merchants to sell their fast horses, their diamonds, their yachts, and their country places. But it would hurt no honest man, who has done business on sound principles, paid his way squarely, and avoided running into debt.

As to further currency expansion, it is simply childish. Suppose the city of New York were to agree, by a vote of its people, that each United States dollar should be worth two dollars, and each fifty cent shinplaster worth a dollar. The plan would work marvelously at the start. Mechanics receiving $20 a week would suddenly find their wages raised to $40. Houses worth $15,000 would command $30,000. Goods worth $1 a yard would sell for $2. Erie would rise from $66 to $120 in a day. Every body would fancy he was getting rich. But as time rolled on, a change would come over the spirit of our dream. Pennsylvania would ask $15 instead of $7 50 a ton for coal. Illinois would want $30 instead of $15 per barrel for flour. Beef would rise to 50 cents a pound. England would double the price of cloth and iron. And so, by degrees, New York would find that she was not making any thing by her new plan, but that on the contrary, by the general unsettlement of values, she was spending a dollar to make seventy-five cents. She would find that, the general and uniform standard of value being thrown to the winds, arbitrary standards had taken its place, and there was no obstacle to the forestalling of each market in turn by combinations of speculators. It would very soon be discovered that the lower the intrinsic value of the circulating medium, doubly higher would be the prices of commodities, and that the more debased the currency became, doubly larger would be the profit realized by foreign importers. Uniform standards once rejected, values advance not in arithmetical but in geometrical ratio. This discovery once made, how would New York act? Would even the Board of Aldermen suggest so insane a remedy as a further issue of paper? Would not even Tammany Hall cry out for a return to the general currency of the country?

## THE POLICE VIEW OF NEW YORK.

THE annual Report of the Board of Metropolitan police in the city of New York is always an interesting and instructive paper, concisely written and to the point. In the Report for the last year attention is especially called to the condition of the tenement houses in the city, from which the means of escape in case of fire are almost wholly wanting. There are more than four thousand of these houses occupied by a hundred thousand men, women, and children. The occupants may be reckoned at about one family to a room, in which there is the fire for warming and cooking, and in which the most dangerous kinds of camphene and other inflammable and explosive substances are kept for use. The first-floors and cellars are often used for stores, in which are collected liquors, chemicals, oils, powder, and other perilous stuff. In many of these houses the tenants are of intemperate habits, and the rooms are often left all day in the charge of mere children.

There are eleven of these tenement houses four, five, and six stories high, each house having a single staircase, in which four hundred and seventy-five persons live. When a fire breaks out it follows the stairway, and the inmates of the house have no other alternative but leaping from the windows or burning to death. But apart from these personal perils to the inhabitants of the houses the Board of Health in their Report show the danger to the whole city and country. Dr. DALTON describes in terrible detail the loathsome condition of these houses and the sanitary consequences. Disease is constantly lurking in them. They are the plague-spots both of disease and crime threatening the community.

The Police Board state that the attention of the Legislature has been often called to the subject without adequate result, while the cupidity of proprietors is such that all appeals, warnings, and admonitions have failed of effect. They therefore urge, and with the utmost reason, that no citizen should be allowed so to use his property as constantly to endanger human life; and we trust that the suggestion may lead to the most stringent building act.

The Report also states that the regulations of hacks and hackmen in New York are similar to those of Paris. But while in Paris the result approaches perfection of service, in New York no man calls a carriage without having resolved upon fighting or being robbed. The reason is, that in New York there is no enforcement of the law. During the past year, of the whole number of hackmen arrested for abuses, more than half were discharged without punishment. And this will continue, as the Report truly remarks, so long as the administration of the law remains so inefficient.

The efficient service of the Metropolitan Police in the city has driven evil-doers to the suburbs, so that now the rural neighborhoods have begun to pass under the supervision of the Board. Yonkers, West Farms, and Staten Island are at present included within the precincts of the Metropolitan Police, and other places will doubtless soon follow.

There are not less than five thousand small sail and row boats afloat upon the waters of the District. Many of these, of course, are prostituted to the purposes of crime. This had become so general and menacing that a law of the last Legislature created a bureau of boat inspection for the purpose of licensing such craft and bringing them under strict supervision.

Thus, although with the increase of the city crime increases, the vigilance and sagacity of the Police Commission keep pace with their enlarging sphere and responsibility, and fully vindicate the wisdom and necessity of their appointment. Elsewhere we speak of the very important suggestions of the Report upon the "Excise Law."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

CONGRESS reassembled on January 3. A resolution was adopted in the Senate the same day, inquiring into the necessity of further legislation to prevent the sale of negroes into slavery. A similar resolution making the same inquiry regarding Indians, and rehearsing the fact that United States army officers had held captive Indians in slavery, was also adopted. The most important action of the Senate was had on January 4, when the House bill repealing the section of the Confiscation bill vesting the pardoning power in the President was adopted without amendment by a vote of 27 to 7. It now goes to the President for approval. On the 7th of January the District Suffrage bill, which had been vetoed by the President, was called up in the Senate, and passed over the veto by a vote of 29 to 10. It goes to the House.

Mr. Stevens's bill to provide for the restoration of the late rebel States came up in the House on the 3d, and an amendment was offered by Mr. Ashley, of Ohio. It declares the State governments in the rebellious districts to be null and void, and organizes constitutional State governments, with impartial suffrage. It then provides for State conventions, to be composed of loyal men, who shall elect a Provisional Governor, who is authorized to proclaim martial law and suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* whenever he may deem it necessary. No conclusion or vote was arrived at. The session of the House on January 7 was of an exciting character, witnessing, as it did, the initiatory movements for the impeachment of the President. A resolution declaring it the duty of the present Congress to impeach Mr. Johnson was referred to the Reconstruction Committee. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, then offered a resolution charging the President with usurpation of power and violation of law, with corruptly abusing the appointing power and corruptly using the pardoning power; corruptly disposing of the public property; corruptly interfering in elections, and committing acts which are, in the contemplation of the Constitution, high crimes and misdemeanors. The resolution further instructed the House Judiciary Committee to inquire into and report on the official conduct of the President. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 107 yeas to 39 nays. Mr. Stevens's Reconstruction bill, which came up as unfinished business, was postponed until January 15.

In a general debate in the House on the 5th instant Mr. Stevens declared his opposition to the admission of the Southern States on their ratification of the Constitutional Amendment, saying that Congress would stultify itself to ask them to vote on such an amendment.

### NEWS ITEMS.

A most important caucus of the Republican members of Congress was held at Washington on the 5th of January. The impeachment of the President was the subject under discussion. After a stormy debate it was decided that the Thirty-ninth Congress would not have time enough to impeach and try the President, and it was best to defer action until the Fortieth Congress came into existence, when documents for the impeachment will be prepared and submitted to the Senate. It was also decided that no action should be taken on the matter until agreed upon in caucus and referred to the Judiciary Committee of the House. The first steps under this programme were taken in the House on January 7, as will be seen by reference to our record of Congressional proceedings.

The New York Legislature convened, and Governor Fenton and Lieutenant-Governor Woodford were inaugurated on January 1. The Senate went to work vigorously and ratified the Constitutional Amendment by a vote of 23 to 3. Little was done in the Assembly; Edmund L. Pitts, of Orleans County, was elected Speaker.

The Message of Governor Fenton was submitted to the Legislature on January 3. The Governor holds that he was elected on the distinct issue of the Constitutional Amendment as the terms on which the rebel States are to be restored to the Union; and urges the immediate ratification of that Amendment. He adds, in effect, that, if the Amendment is finally rejected by the Southern States, it will be "the duty of Congress, by more stringent measures, to give effect to the popular will." He favors the election of thirty-two delegates at large to the Convention to frame a new State Constitution, sixteen to be from each political party in the State. The increase of all official salaries, and the revision by the Constitutional Convention of the Judiciary system are recommended. Improvements in the administration and system of government of New York city are urged. The financial statement shows a deficit of $2,600,000; the receipts show an increase of $2,000,000 over those of 1865; and the expenditures $500,000 less. The General Government is urged to reduce its tax rate; and increased canal facilities are demanded.

Religious discourses were delivered on the 6th inst. in New York city on the subjects, "Shall a State be admitted to the Union which administers Justice on the basis of the Color of the Skin?" "The Stone Power of Daniel a Civil Government, or a Republic the Divine Model:" "The Moral Influence of Theatres," and "The Lessons of the Great Ocean Yacht Race!"

A building which cost $6000 has been opened as a normal colored school in Atlanta, Georgia. It is called the "Storrs' School," in compliment to Rev. Dr. Storrs, whose congregation contributed much to the funds.

President Johnson sent into the Senate on January 7 his veto Message of the District of Columbia Suffrage bill. He says it is unconstitutional, and opposed to the wishes of the people of the District—meaning, of course, that portion of the people who are white, and forgetting that colored men are citizens.

Governor Swann, of Maryland, opposes the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. So does Governor Saulsbury, of Delaware, who besides approves of the selling of negroes into slavery for crime.

Maine's war debt was $15,000,000, of which $3,000,000 has been paid.

The Board of Health of New York City are prosecuting tenement house owners, and the Excise Board the liquor dealers.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has petitioned the Legislature against granting any more railroad tracks in the metropolis.

Assassination is becoming as uncomfortably frequent in New York City as in Mexico. There have been four attempts since the year began, and in each case the assassin has escaped or committed suicide. In the last instance an editress named Fanny Willard was shot by a policeman named Burke, who subsequently shot himself.

The death rate in London in 1866 was one in forty-five; Liverpool, one in forty-four; Philadelphia, one in forty-four to fifty-seven; Boston, one in forty-one; and New York, one in thirty-three and a third; so that New York, with its boasted bountiful supply of water and eligible situation and bad government, is the unhealthiest of them all.

The New York Court of Appeals has reversed the decision of the courts of New York city, deciding that the Excise Law is constitutional; and the Board and Metropolitan Police are hereafter to strictly enforce it.

A bill to bridge East River is to be introduced in the New York Legislature. It is proposed to start it in Brooklyn at the corner of Main and Fulton streets, and end it in New York at Franklin or at Chatham Square. The cost will be between three and five millions at least.

Nearly one hundred thousand persons were arrested by the Metropolitan Police during 1866, being an increase of twenty per cent. in seven years.

Three hundred freedmen and women—not fifteen, as previously reported—were lost in the burning of the Mississippi River steamer *Fashion* holiday week.

Burglars are now trapped by a new and ingenious process. The Government securities lately stolen from the Mechanics Insurance Company, Newark, New Jersey, have been recovered from the thieves by *negotiation*.

The New York and Havana steamer *Cortez* struck on the breakwater at the mouth of the Delaware River on December 29 and went to pieces. The crew were saved.

A general suspension of the iron manufactures of Pennsylvania is threatened owing to unremunerative business for the last year or more.

It will cost $8,290,938 67 to carry on the New York County Government for the present year.

Vice-Admiral Tegethoff, of the Austrian navy, and the one who destroyed the Italian iron-clads at Lizza, in 1866, arrived in New York on January 4.

The British Government has commuted the sentences of the Fenians in Canada to twenty years' imprisonment.

Colonel Henry B. Carrington, Eighteenth Infantry, who commanded the post of Fort Philip Kearney, Dacotah, at the time of the late massacre near there, has been relieved and placed in arrest charged with neglect of duty.

Stephen R. Mallory, late rebel Secretary of the Navy, advises the youth of the South to study military rather than more useful sciences, and intimates that the coming generation will find the sword more powerful than the pen.

E. R. Parker, colored, is a candidate for mayor of Alleghany City, Pennsylvania.

James Stephens, the Fenian organizer, who was to have precipitated the revolution in Ireland, is said never to have left America, and is residing in New York city. His office was declared vacant on January 6, and General Gleeson was elected in his place.

The emigration of poor and destitute Southerners from the Central States to those of the Northwest is still as great as when Sherman, in 1864, forced them out of Georgia.

Most of the Legislatures which met on January 1, have taken action with regard to the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. Ohio adopted it by a large vote.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

No solution of the difficulties between Victor Emanuel of Italy and the Pope of Rome has been arrived at. The propositions of the former are to the effect that Florence shall be declared the capital of Italy; that the cardinals shall be made princes of the kingdom and their salaries doubled; and Rome shall be declared a free city under the absolute control of the Pope—the people of the city and states, however, being permitted to vote on the question of unity with Italy. The Pope is to agree on his part to acknowledge Victor Emanuel as King of Italy, and crown him as such at Florence. The treaty is binding only during the lifetime of the Pope. Instead of accepting the terms the Pope announced, on December 22, his abandonment of temporal power in Rome; and has called a Catholic council at Rome for June 1867.

The Spanish revolution appears to be going forward. The Illiberal Cortes has been dissolved, and the dissolution of the Narvaez cabinet threatened by the invitation extended to Marshal O'Donnell to form a new Government. O'Donnell declined and Narvaez still continues in power. In the mean time the revolutionists are closely watched, and one of their suspected leaders, the Duke of Serrano, late Captain General of Cuba, had been arrested.

The London *Times* says England is at peace with all the world except the United States, and urges a speedy settlement of all "outstanding difficulties"—"debts" would be a better English word.

London was visited on January 2 by a heavy snow-storm, the like of which is not remembered there. The city was blockaded for forty-eight hours, snow-drifts accumulating in the streets to the height of eight and ten feet. A fog existed during the whole storm, and the city looked as if in the coldest part of the arctic regions.

The department of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, England, devoted to the display of Eastern products, was destroyed by fire on December 30, 1866.

The latest developments in Mexico do not indicate the early abandonment of that country by Maximilian, although Bazaine and the French will doubtless embark for France at an early date. Generals Marquez, Miramon, and Mejia have announced their intention to sustain the Emperor, and are at the head of an army of French, Austrian, and native soldiers, numbering 30,000 men, prepared to recommence hostilities against the Liberals.

General Prado, the Dictator of Peru, and the one who successfully carried on the war with Spain, was elected President by a large majority on December 13, 1866.

General Flores, of Uraguay, having abandoned the war against Paraguay, has returned to Uraguay and proclaimed himself Dictator.

Yokohama, Japan, has been destroyed by fire, only two houses having been left standing. Thirty-five persons were crushed to death by the crowd fleeing from the flames across the only bridge leading across a river from the town.

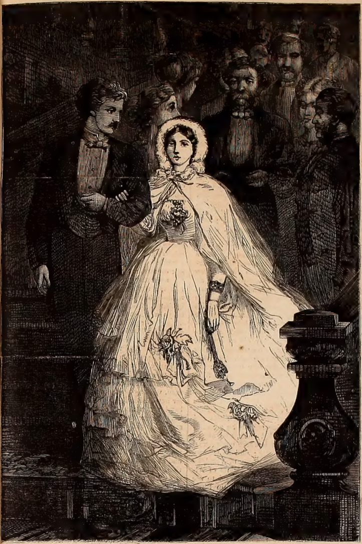
The war in Austria is not yet over; and General Benedek has found an opportunity to win one victory. He fought a duel on December 18 with Count Clam-Gallas, who figured in this country as an *aid-de-camp* to General M'Clellan, and who was badly beaten at Sadowa. The latter in his apology for his defeat reflected on Benedek, who challenged him. Clam-Gallas being a notoriously good pistol shot, sabres were substituted, and the fight took place with those weapons. Benedek gave the Count two severe cuts, and thus satisfied his wounded honor.

One good effect of the success of Prussia in the late war in Germany is the revocation of all gambling permits, and after January 1, 1870, the saloons at Baden Baden Spa, and all other places in Germany, are to be closed.

The Duke of Augustenburg, Queen Victoria's latest son-in-law, has ceded his rights in Schleswig and Holstein to Prussia, and will reside at his royal wife's home in England. With the exception of the alliance with Prince Frederick William of Prussia Queen Victoria's matrimonial ventures have not been highly successful or creditable to her as a match-maker.

"SOCIAL SCIENCE"—COOKING OUR OWN DINNER.—[See Page 46.]

PARADE OF THE CIRCASSIAN BODY-GUARD OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.—[See Page 46.]



SNOWFLAKE—"I called her Snowflake; she looked bright as snow fresh fallen in the morning."
[See Page 38.]

JANUARY—"Nestling round the hearth together, we defy the growling weather."
[See Page 38.]

RAILROAD TRAIN IN A SNOW-DRIFT.—[See Page 46.]

## SNOWFLAKE.

ONE Christmas down at Lynton Hall—
It was so pleasant, I remember—
The hopes and joys I now recall
Of that cold, bitter, bleak December;
When winter's sky was overcast,
Or in the bright and frosty weather,
Snowflake and I—those times are past—
Walked, flirted, danced, or read together!

I called her Snowflake; she looked bright
As snow fresh fallen in the morning,
Just flushed by kiss of rosy light,
Of sunny rays when day is dawning:
Her bosom—white like driven snow,
She seemed as fragile and as tender;
I found—in waltzing, you must know—
Her foot was light, her waist was slender.

How lovely she appeared that night,
In sheeniest of gauzy dresses,
With tangled wreath of snow-drops white
All twining midst her golden tresses!
Round her neck clung orient pearls,
Which softly shone, yet glimmered brightly;
She quite eclipsed the other girls,
When floating down the stairs so lightly.

Ah, me! I recollect those hours—
Since then I've grown a trifle older—
I found just now some faded flowers,
Reminding me of all I told her.
And Snowflake? Well, it's rather hard
For hearts with one another smitten—
But, let me see, I think the Bard
Says "lovers' vows in snow are written!"

## JANUARY.

SHOULD Christmas with its dinners,
Stuffing saints and starving sinners,
More of coming bills than passing bells
Suggest:
When the old year's shades retire,
Round a January fire
Mem'ries crowd to seize the moment
That is best.

Nestling round the hearth together
We defy the growling weather,
Treating all its blatant efforts
As a joke:
Our log sets all at naught,
As he crackles at the thought
How the wind will vent its wrath
Upon the smoke.

So, before the lamp is lit
Flick'ring shadows round us flit
Of the stories that we've heard
In olden time;
Of the ghost of Lady Clare,
Or the phantom on the stair
Near the panel where the stains
Reveal'd the crime.

Then a silence leads us on
To remember faces gone,
Which to leave us once we hoped
Would be the last:
Gentle sorrow creeps apace
Round the circle as we trace
In the fire recollections
Of the past.

Eyes intent upon the flames,
Thoughts now wand'ring in their aims,
Fall with ashes, or rise upward
With the spark;
Till some childish laughter ends
Reminiscences, and sends
All our shadows trooping back
Into the dark.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

### Book III.—Heaping up Riches.

### CHAPTER I.

A FORTUNATE MARRIAGE.

TEN years had passed lightly enough over the glossy raven locks of Mr. Philip Sheldon. There are some men with whom Time deals gently, and he was one of them. The hard black eyes had lost none of their fierce brightness; the white teeth flashed with all their old brilliancy; the complexion, which had always been dusky of hue, was perhaps a shade or two darker; and the fierce black eyes seemed all the blacker by reason of the purple tinge beneath them. But the Philip Sheldon of to-day was, taken altogether, a handsomer man than the Philip Sheldon of ten years ago.

Within those ten years the Bloomsbury dentist had acquired a higher style of dress and bearing, and a certain improvement of tone and manner. He was still an eminently respectable man, and a man whose chief claim to the esteem of his fellows lay in the fact of his unimpeachable respectability; but his respectability of to-day, as compared with that of ten years before, was as the respectability of Tyburnia when contrasted with that of St. Pancras. He was not an aristocratic-looking man, or an elegant man; but you felt, as you contemplated him, that the bulwarks of the citadel of English respectability are defended by such as he.

Mr. Sheldon no longer experimentalized with lumps of beeswax and plaster of Paris. All the appalling paraphernalia of his cruel art had long since been handed over to an aspiring young dentist, together with the respectable house in Fitzgeorge Street, the furniture, and—the connection. And thus had ended Philip Sheldon's career as a surgeon-dentist. Within a year of Tom Halliday's death his disconsolate widow had given her hand to her first sweet-heart, not forgetful of her dead husband or ungrateful for much kindness and affection experienced at his hands, but yielding rather to Philip's suit because she was unable to advance any fair show of reason whereby she might reject him.

"I told you she'd be afraid to refuse you," said George Sheldon, when the dentist came home from Barlingford, where Georgy was living with her mother.

Philip had answered his brother's questions rather ambiguously at first, but in the end had been fain to confess that he had asked Mrs. Halliday to marry him, and that his suit had prospered.

"That way of putting it is not very complimentary to me," he said, drawing himself up rather stiffly. "Georgy and I were attached to each other long ago; and it is scarcely strange if—"

"If you should make a match of it, Tom being gone. Poor old Tom! He and I were such cronies. I've always had an idea that neither you nor the other fellow quite understood that low fever of his. You did your best, no doubt; but I think you ought to have pulled him through somehow. However, that's not a pleasant subject to talk of just now; so I'll drop it, and wish you joy, Phil. It'll be rather a good match for you, I fancy," added George, contemplating his brother with a nervous twitching of his lips, which suggested that his mouth watered as he thought of Philip's good fortune.

"It's a very nice thing you drop into, old fellow, isn't it?" he asked presently, seeing that his brother was rather disinclined to discuss the subject.

"You know the state of my affairs well enough to be sure that I couldn't afford to marry a poor woman," answered Philip.

"And that it has been for a long time a vital necessity with you to marry a rich one," interjected his brother.

"Georgy will have a few hundreds, and—"

"A few thousands, you mean, Phil," cried Mr. Sheldon the younger with agreeable briskness; "shall I tot it up for you?"

He was always eager to "tot" things up, and would scarcely have shrunk from setting down the stars of heaven in trim double columns of figures, had it seemed to his profit to do so.

"Let us put it in figures, Phil," he said, getting his finger-tips in order for the fray. "There's the money for Hyley Farm, twelve thousand three hundred and fifty; I had it from poor Tom's own lips. Then there's that little property on Sheepfield Common—say seven fifty, eh? well, say seven hundred, if you like to leave a margin; and then there are the insurances, three. thou' in the Alliance, fifteen hundred in the Phœnix, five hundred in the Suffolk Friendly: the total of which, my dear boy, is eighteen thousand five hundred pounds; and a very nice thing for you to drop into, just as affairs were looking about as black as they could look."

"Yes," answered Mr. Sheldon the elder, who appeared by no means to relish this "totting-up" of his future wife's fortune, "I have no doubt I ought to consider myself a very lucky man."

"So Barlingford folks will say when they hear of the business. And now I hope you're not going to forget your promise to me."

"What promise?"

"That if you ever did get a stroke of luck I should have a share of it—eh, Phil?"

Mr. Sheldon caressed his chin and looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"If my wife let's me have the handling of any of her money you may depend upon it I'll do what I can for you," he said, after a pause.

"Don't say that, Phil," remonstrated George. "When a man says he'll do what he can for you, it's a sure sign he means to do nothing. Friendship and brotherly feeling are at an end when it comes to a question of 'ifs' and 'cans.' *If* your wife lets you have the handling of any of her money!" cried the lawyer with unspeakable derision; "that's too good a joke for you to indulge in with *me*. Do you think I believe you will let that poor little woman keep custody of her money a day after she is your wife, or that you will let her friends tie it up for her before she marries you? No, Phil, you didn't lay your plans for that."

"What do you mean by my laying plans?" asked the dentist.

"That's a point we won't discuss, Philip," answered the lawyer coolly. "You and I understand each other very well without entering into unpleasant details. You promised me a year ago—before Tom Halliday's death—that if you ever came into a good thing I should share in it. You *have* come into an uncommonly good thing, and I shall expect you to keep your promise."

"Who says I am going to break it?" demanded Philip Sheldon with an injured air. "You shouldn't be in such a hurry to cry out, George. You take the tone of a social Dick Turpin, and might as well hold a pistol to my head while you're about it. Don't alarm yourself. I have told you I will do what I can for you. I can not, and I shall not say more."

The two men looked at each other. They were in the habit of taking the measure of all creation in their own eminently practical way, and they took each other's measure now. After having done which, they parted with all cordial expressions of good-will and brotherly feeling. George went back to his dusty chambers in Gray's Inn, and Philip prepared for his return to Barlingford and his marriage with Georgina Halliday.

For nine years Georgy had been Philip Sheldon's wife, and she had found no reason to complain of her second choice. The current of her life had flowed smoothly enough since her first lover had become her husband. She still wore moire-antique dresses and gold chains; and if the dresses fitted her better and the chains were less obtrusively displayed, she had to thank Mr. Sheldon for the refinement in her taste. Her views of life in general had expanded under Mr. Sheldon's influence. She no longer thought a high-wheeled dog-cart and a skittish mare the acme of earthly splendor; for she had a carriage and pair at her service, and a smart little page-boy to leap off the box in attendance on her when she paid visits or went shopping. Instead of the big, comfortable old-fashioned farm-house at Hyley, with its mysterious passages and impenetrable obscurities in the way of cupboards, she occupied a bright, glistening little detached villa in Bayswater, in which the eye that might chance to grow weary of sunshine and glitter would have sought in vain for a dark corner wherein to repose itself.

Mr. Sheldon's fortunes had prospered since his marriage with his friend's widow. For a man of his practical mind and energetic temperament eighteen thousand pounds was a strong starting-point. His first step was to clear off all old engagements with Jews and Gentiles, and to turn his back on the respectable house in Fitzgeorge Street. The earlier months of his married life he devoted to a pleasant tour on the Continent, not wasting time in picturesque by-ways, or dawdling among inaccessible mountains, or mooning about drowsy old cathedrals, where there were pictures with curtains hanging before them, and prowling vergers who expected money for drawing aside the curtains; but rattling at the highest continental speed from one big commercial city to another, and rubbing off the dust of Bloomsbury in the exchanges and on the quays of the busiest places in Europe. The time which Mr. Sheldon forebore to squander in shadowy Gothic aisles and under the shelter of Alpine heights he accounted well bestowed in crowded cafés, and at the public tables of noted hotels where commercial men were wont to congregate; and as Georgy had no aspirings for the sublimity of Vandyke and Raphael, or the gigantic splendors of Alpine scenery, she was very well pleased to see continental life with the eyes of Philip Sheldon. How could a half-educated little woman, whose worldly experience was bounded by the suburbs of Barlingford, be otherwise than delighted by the glare and glitter of foreign cities? Georgy was childishly enraptured with every thing she saw, from the sham diamonds and rubies of the Palais Royal to the fantastical bonbons of Berlin.

Her husband was very kind to her—after his own particular fashion, which was very different from blustering Tom Halliday's weak indulgence. He allotted and regulated her life to suit his own convenience, it is true; but he bought her handsome dresses, and took her with him in hired carriages when he drove about the strange cities. He was apt to leave Georgy and the hired carriage at the corner of some street or before the door of some café, for an hour together sometimes, in the course of his peregrinations; but she speedily became accustomed to this, and provided herself with the Tauchnitz edition of a novel, wherewith to beguile the tedium of these intervals in the day's amusement. If Tom Halliday had left her for an hour at a street-corner, or before the door of a café, she would have tortured herself and him by all manner of jealous suspicions and vague imaginings. But there was a stern gravity in Mr. Sheldon's character which precluded the possibility of any such shadowy fancies. Every action of his life seemed to involve such serious motives, the whole tenor of his existence was so orderly and business-like, that his wife was fain to submit to him as she would have submitted to some ponderous infallible machine, some monster of modern ingenuity and steam-power which cut asunder so many bars of iron or punched holes in so many paving-stones in a given number of seconds, and was likely to go on dividing iron or piercing paving-stones for ever and ever.

She obeyed him, and was content to fashion her life according to his will, chiefly because she had a vague consciousness that to argue with him, or to seek to influence him would be to attempt the impossible. Perhaps there was something more than this in her mind—some half-consciousness that there was a shapeless and invertebrate skeleton lurking in the shadowy back-ground of her new life, a dusky and impalpable creature which it would not be well for her to examine or understand. She was a cowardly little woman, and finding herself tolerably happy in the present, she did not care to pierce the veil of the future, or to cast anxious glances backward to the past. She thought it just possible that there might be people in the world base enough to hint that Philip Sheldon had married her for love of her eighteen thousand pounds rather than from pure devotion to herself. She knew that certain prudent friends and kindred in Barlingford had elevated their hands and eyebrows in speechless horror when they discovered that she had married her second husband without a settlement; while one grim and elderly uncle had asked her whether she did not expect her father to turn in his grave by reason of her folly.

Georgy had shrugged her shoulders peevishly when her Barlingford friends remonstrated with her, and had declared that people were very cruel to her, and that it was a hard thing she could not choose for herself for once in her life. As to the settlements that people talked of, she protested indignantly that she was not so mean as to fancy her future husband a thief, and that to tie up her money in all sorts of ways would be to imply as much. And then, as it was only a year since poor dear Tom's death, she had been anxious to marry without fuss or parade. In fact, there were a hundred reasons against legal interference and legal tying-up of the money, with all that dreadful jargon about "whereas," and "hereinafter," and "provided always," and "nothing herein contained," which seems to hedge round a sum of money so closely that it is doubtful whether the actual owner will ever be free to spend a sixpence of it after the execution of that formidable document intended to protect it from possible marauders.

George Sheldon had said something very near the truth when he had told Philip that Mrs. Halliday would be afraid to refuse him. The fair-haired, fair-faced little woman was afraid of the first lover of her girlhood. She had become his wife, and so far all things had gone well with her; but if misery and despair had been the necessary consequences of her union with him she must have married him all the same, so dominant was the influence by which he ruled her. Of course Georgy was not herself aware of her own dependence. She accepted all things as they were presented to her by a stronger mind than her own. She wore her handsome silk dresses, and was especially particular as to the adjustment of her bonnet-strings, knowing that the smallest impropriety of attire was obnoxious to the well-ordered mind of her second husband. She obeyed him very much as a child obeys a strict but not unkind schoolmaster. When he took her to a theatre or a race-course she sat by his side meekly, and felt like a child who has been good and is reaping the reward of goodness. And this state of things was in nowise disagreeable to her. She was perhaps quite as happy as it was in her nature to be; for she had no exalted capacity for happiness or misery. She felt that it was pleasant to have a handsome man, whose costume was always irreproachable, for her husband. Her only notion of a bad husband was a man who staid out late, and came home under the influence of strong liquors consumed in unknown localities and among unknown people. So, as Mr. Sheldon rarely went out after dinner, and was on all occasions the most temperate of men, she naturally considered her second husband the very model of conjugal perfection. Thus it was that domestic life had passed smoothly enough for Mr. Sheldon and his wife during the nine years which had elapsed since their marriage.

As to the eighteen thousand pounds which she had brought Philip Sheldon Georgy asked no questions. She knew that she enjoyed luxuries and splendors which had never been hers in Tom Halliday's lifetime, and she was content to accept the goods which her second husband provided. Mr. Sheldon had become a stock-broker, and had an office in some dusky court within a few hundred yards of the Stock Exchange; and according to his own account had trebled Georgy's thousands during the nine years in which they had been in his hands. How the unsuccessful surgeon-dentist had blossomed all at once into a fortunate speculator was a problem too profound for Georgy's consideration. She knew that her husband had allied himself to a certain established firm of stock-brokers, and that the alliance had cost him some thousands of Tom Halliday's money. She had heard of preliminary steps to be taken to secure his admission as a member of some mysterious confraternity vaguely spoken of as "The House;" and she knew that Tom Halliday's thousands had been the seed from which had sprung other thousands, and that her husband had been altogether triumphant and successful.

It may be that it is easier to rig the market than to induce a given number of people to resort to a certain dull street in Bloomsbury for the purpose of having teeth extracted by an unknown practitioner. It is possible that the stock-broker is like the poet, a creature who is born and not made; a gifted and inspired being, not to be perfected by any specific education; a child of spontaneous instincts and untutored faculties. Certain it is that the divine afflatus from the nostrils of the god Plutus seemed to have descended upon Philip Sheldon; for he had entered the Stock Exchange an inexperienced stranger, and he held his place there among men whose boyhood had been spent in the counting-houses of Capel Court, and whose youthful strength had been nourished in the chop-houses of Finch Lane and Threadneedle Street.

Mrs. Sheldon was satisfied with the general knowledge that Mr. Sheldon had been fortunate, and had never sought any more precise knowledge of her husband's affairs. Nor did she seek such knowledge even now, when her daughter was approaching womanhood, and might ere long have need of some dower out of her mother's fortune. Poor Tom, trusting implicitly in the wife he loved, and making his will only as a precautionary measure, at a time when he seemed good for fifty years of life and strength, had not troubled himself about remote contingencies, and had in nowise foreseen the probability of a second husband for Georgy and a step-father for his child.

Two children had been born to Mr. Sheldon since his marriage, and both had died in infancy. The loss of these children had fallen very heavily on the strong hard man, though he had never shed a tear or uttered a lamentation, or wasted an hour of his business-like existence by reason of his sorrow. Georgy had just sufficient penetration to perceive that her husband was bitterly disappointed when no more baby strangers came to replace those poor frail little lives which had

withered away and vanished in spite of his anxiety to hold them.

"It seems as if there was a blight upon *my* children," he once said, bitterly; and this was the only occasion on which his wife heard him complain of his evil fortune.

But one day when he had been particularly lucky in some speculation, when he had succeeded in achieving what his brother George spoke of as the "biggest line" he had ever done, Philip Sheldon came home to the Bayswater villa in a particularly bad-humor, and for the first time since her marriage Georgy heard him quote a line of Scripture.

"Heaping up riches," he muttered, as he paced up and down the room; "heaping up riches, and ye can not tell who shall gather them."

His wife knew then that he was thinking of his children. During the brief lives of those two fragile boy-babies the stock-broker had been wont to talk much of future successes in the way of money-making to be achieved by him for the enrichment and exaltation of these children. They were gone now, and no more came to replace them. And though Philip Sheldon still devoted himself to the sublime art of money-making, and still took delight in successful time-bargains and all the scientific combinations of the money-market, the salt of life had lost something of its savor, and the chink of gold had lost somewhat of its music.

## EVELINE'S VISITANT.

### A Ghost Story.

It was at a masked ball at the Palais Royal that my fatal quarrel with my first cousin Andre de Brissac began. The quarrel was about a woman. The women who followed the footsteps of Philip of Orleans were the causes of many such disputes; and there was scarcely one fair head in all that glittering throng which, to a man versed in social histories and mysteries, might not have seemed bedabbled with blood.

I shall not record the name of her for love of whom Andre de Brissac and I crossed one of the bridges, in the dim August dawn, on our way to the waste ground beyond the church of Saint-Germain des Pres.

There were many beautiful vipers in those days, and she was one of them. I can feel the chill breath of that August morning blowing in my face, as I sit in my dismal chamber at my chateau of Puy Verdun to-night, alone in the stillness, writing the strange story of my life. I can see the white mist rising from the river, the grim outline of the Chatelet, and the square towers of Notre Dame black against the pale gray sky. Even more vividly can I recall Andre's fair young face, as he stood opposite to me with his two friends—scoundrels both, and alike eager for that unnatural fray. We were a strange group to be seen in a summer sunrise, all of us fresh from the heat and clamor of the Regent's saloons—Andre, in a quaint hunting-dress copied from a family portrait at Puy Verdun, I costumed as one of Law's Mississippi Indians; the other men in like garish frippery, adorned with broideries and jewels that looked wan in the pale light of dawn.

Our quarrel had been a fierce one—a quarrel which could have but one result, and that the direst. I had struck him; and the welt raised by my open hand was crimson upon his fair womanish face as he stood opposite to me. The eastern sun shone on the face presently, and dyed the cruel mark with a deeper red; but the sting of my own wrongs was fresh, and I had not yet learned to despise myself for that brutal outrage.

To Andre de Brissac such an insult was most terrible. He was the favorite of Fortune, the favorite of women; and I was nothing—a rough soldier who had done my country good service, but in the boudoir of a Parabere a mannerless boor.

We fought, and I wounded him mortally. Life had been very sweet for him; and I think that a frenzy of despair took possession of him when he felt the life-blood ebbing away. He beckoned me to him as he lay on the ground. I went, and knelt at his side.

"Forgive me, Andre!" I murmured.

He took no more heed of my words than if that piteous entreaty had been the idle ripple of the river near at hand.

"Listen to me, Hector de Brissac," he said. "I am not one who believes that a man has done with earth because his eyes glaze and his jaw stiffens. They will bury me in the old vault at Puy Verdun; and you will be master of the chateau. Ah, I know how lightly they take things in these days, and how Dubois will laugh when he hears that *Ca* has been killed in a duel. They will bury me, and sing masses for my soul; but you and I have not finished our affair yet, my cousin. I will be with you when you least look to see me—I, with this ugly scar upon the face that women have praised and loved. I will come to you when your life seems brightest. I will come between you and all that you hold fairest and dearest. My ghostly hand shall drop a poison in your cup of joy. My shadowy form shall shut the sunlight from your life. Men with such iron will as mine can do what they please, Hector de Brissac. It is my will to haunt you when I am dead."

All this in short broken sentences he whispered into my ear. I had need to bend my ear close to his dying lips; but the iron will of Andre de Brissac was strong enough to do battle with Death, and I believe he said all he wished to say before his head fell back upon the velvet cloak they had spread beneath him, never to be lifted again.

As he lay there you would have fancied him a fragile stripling, too fair and frail for the struggle called life; but there are those who remember the brief manhood of Andre de Brissac, and who can bear witness to the terrible force of that proud nature.

I stood looking down at the young face with that foul mark upon it, and God knows I was sorry for what I had done.

Of those blasphemous threats which he had whispered in my ear I took no heed. I was a soldier, and a believer. There was nothing absolutely dreadful to me in the thought that I had killed this man. I had killed many men on the battle-field; and this one had done me cruel wrong.

My friends would have had me cross the frontier to escape the consequences of my act; but I was ready to face those consequences, and I remained in France. I kept aloof from the court, and received a hint that I had best confine myself to my own province. Many masses were chanted in the little chapel of Puy Verdun for the soul of my dead cousin, and his coffin filled a niche in the vault of our ancestors.

His death had made me a rich man; and the thought that it was so made my newly-acquired wealth very hateful to me. I lived a lonely existence in the old chateau, where I rarely held converse with any but the servants of the household, all of whom had served my cousin, and none of whom liked me.

It was a hard and bitter life. It galled me, when I rode through the village, to see the peasant-children shrink away from me. I have seen old women cross themselves stealthily as I passed them by. Strange reports had gone forth about me; and there were those who whispered that I had given my soul to the Evil One as the price of my cousin's heritage. From my boyhood I had been dark of visage and stern of manner; and hence, perhaps, no woman's love had ever been mine. I remember my mother's face in all its changes of expression; but I can remember no look of affection that ever shone on me. That other woman, beneath whose feet I laid my heart, was pleased to accept my homage, but she never loved me; and the end was treachery.

I had grown hateful to myself, and had well-nigh begun to hate my fellow-creatures, when a feverish desire seized upon me, and I pined to be back in the press and throng of the busy world once again. I went back to Paris, where I kept myself aloof from the court, and where an angel took compassion upon me.

She was the daughter of an old comrade, a man whose merits had been neglected, whose achievements had been ignored, and who sulked in his shabby lodging like a rat in a hole, while all Paris went mad with the Scotch Financier, and gentlemen and lackeys were trampling one another to death in the Rue Quincampoix. The only child of this little cross-grained old captain of dragoons was an incarnate sunbeam, whose mortal name was Eveline Duchalet.

She loved me. The richest blessings of our lives are often those which cost us least. I wasted the best years of my youth in the worship of a wicked woman, who jilted and cheated me at last. I gave this meek angel but a few courteous words—a little fraternal tenderness—and lo, she loved me! The life which had been so dark and desolate grew bright beneath her influence; and I went back to Puy Verdun with a fair young bride for my companion.

Ah, how sweet a change there was in my life and in my home! The village children no longer shrank appalled as the dark horseman rode by, the village crones no longer crossed themselves; for a woman rode by his side—a woman whose charities had won the love of all those ignorant creatures, and whose companionship had transformed the gloomy lord of the chateau into a loving husband and a gentle master. The old retainers forgot the untimely fate of my cousin, and served me with cordial willingness for love of their young mistress.

There are no words which can tell the pure and perfect happiness of that time. I felt like a traveler who had traversed the frozen seas of an arctic region, remote from human love or human companionship, to find himself on a sudden in the bosom of a verdant valley, in the sweet atmosphere of home. The change seemed too bright to be real; and I strove in vain to put away from my mind the vague suspicion that my new life was but some fantastic dream.

So brief were those halcyon hours, that, looking back on them now, it is scarcely strange if I am still half inclined to fancy the first days of my married life could have been no more than a dream.

Neither in my days of gloom nor in my days of happiness had I been troubled by the recollection of Andre's blasphemous oath. The words which with his last breath he had whispered in my ear were vain and meaningless to me. He had vented his rage in those idle threats as he might have vented it in idle execrations. That he will haunt the footsteps of his enemy after death is the one revenge which a dying man can promise himself; and if men had power thus to avenge themselves, the earth would be peopled with phantoms.

I had lived for three years at Puy Verdun; sitting alone in the solemn midnight by the hearth where he had sat, pacing the corridors that had echoed his footfall; and in all that time my fancy had never so played me false as to shape the shadow of the dead.

Is it strange, then, if I had forgotten Andre's horrible promise?

There was no portrait of my cousin at Puy Verdun. It was the age of boudoir art, and a miniature set in the lid of a gold bonbonniere, or hidden artfully in a massive bracelet, was more fashionable than a clumsy life-size image, fit only to hang on the gloomy walls of a provincial chateau rarely visited by its owner. My cousin's fair face had adorned more than one bonbonniere, and had been concealed in more than one bracelet; but it was not among the faces that looked down from the paneled walls of Puy Verdun.

In the library I found a picture which awoke painful associations. It was the portrait of a De Brissac, who had flourished in the time of Francis the First; and it was from this picture that my cousin Andre had copied the quaint hunting-dress he wore at the Regent's ball. The library was a room in which I spent a good deal of my life; and I ordered a curtain to be hung before this picture.

We had been married three months when Eveline one day asked,

"Who is the lord of the chateau nearest to this?"

I looked at her with astonishment.

"My dearest," I answered, "do you not know that there is no other chateau within forty miles of Puy Verdun?"

"Indeed!" she said; "that is strange."

I asked her why the fact seemed strange to her; and after much entreaty I obtained from her the reason of her surprise.

In her walks about the park and woods during the last month she had met a man who, by his dress and bearing, was obviously of noble rank. She had imagined that he occupied some chateau near at hand, and that his estate adjoined ours. I was at a loss to imagine who this stranger could be; for my estate of Puy Verdun lay in the heart of a desolate region, and unless when some traveler's coach went lumbering and jingling through the village, one had little more chance of encountering a gentleman than of meeting a demigod.

"Have you seen this man often, Eveline?" I asked.

She answered, in a tone which had a touch of sadness, "I see him every day."

"Where, dearest?"

"Sometimes in the park, sometimes in the wood. You know the little cascade, Hector, where there is some old neglected rock-work that forms a kind of cavern. I have taken a fancy to that spot, and have spent many mornings there reading. Of late I have seen the stranger there every morning."

"He has never dared to address you?"

"Never. I have looked up from my book, and have seen him standing at a little distance, watching me silently. I have continued reading; and when I have raised my eyes again I have found him gone. He must approach and depart with a stealthy tread, for I never hear his footfall. Sometimes I have almost wished that he would speak to me. It is so terrible to see him standing silently there."

"He is some insolent peasant who seeks to frighten you."

My wife shook her head.

"He is no peasant," she answered. "It is not by his dress alone I judge, for that is strange to me. He has an air of nobility which it is impossible to mistake."

"Is he young or old?"

"He is young and handsome."

I was much disturbed by the idea of this stranger's intrusion on my wife's solitude, and I went straight to the village to inquire if any stranger had been seen there. I could hear of no one. I questioned the servants closely, but without result. Then I determined to accompany my wife in her walks, and to judge for myself of the rank of the stranger.

For a week I devoted all my mornings to rustic rambles with Eveline in the park and woods; and in all that week we saw no one but an occasional peasant in *sabots*, or one of our own household returning from a neighboring farm.

I was a man of studious habits, and those summer rambles disturbed the even current of my life. My wife perceived this, and entreated me to trouble myself no further.

"I will spend my mornings in the pleasaunce, Hector," she said; "the stranger can not intrude upon me there."

"I begin to think the stranger is only a phantasm of your own romantic brain," I replied, smiling at the earnest face lifted to mine. "A chatelaine who is always reading romances may well meet handsome cavaliers in the woodlands. I dare say I have Mdlle Scuderi to thank for this noble stranger, and that he is only the great Cyrus in modern costume."

"Ah! that is the point which mystifies me, Hector," she said. "The stranger's costume is not modern. He looks as an old picture might look if it could descend from its frame."

Her words pained me, for they reminded me of that hidden picture in the library, and the quaint hunting costume of orange and purple which Andre de Brissac wore at the Regent's ball.

After this my wife confined her walks to the pleasaunce; and for many weeks I heard no more of the nameless stranger. I dismissed all thought of him from my mind, for a graver and heavier care had come upon me. My wife's health began to droop. The change in her was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible to those who watched her day by day. It was only when she put on a rich gala dress which she had not worn for months that I saw how wasted the form must be on which the embroidered bodice hung so loosely, and how wan and dim were the eyes which had once been brilliant as the jewels she wore in her hair.

I sent a messenger to Paris to summon one of the court physicians; but I knew that many days must needs elapse before he could arrive at Puy Verdun.

In the interval I watched my wife with unutterable fear.

It was not her health only that had declined. The change was more painful to behold than any physical alteration. The bright and sunny spirit had vanished, and in the place of my joyous young bride I beheld a woman weighed down by rooted melancholy. In vain I sought to fathom the cause of my darling's sadness. She assured me that she had no reason for sorrow or discontent, and that if she seemed sad without a motive I must forgive her sadness, and consider it as a misfortune rather than a fault.

I told her that the court physician would speedily find some cure for her despondency, which must needs arise from physical causes, since she had no real ground for sorrow. But although she said nothing, I could see she had no hope or belief in the healing powers of medicine.

One day, when I wished to beguile her from that pensive silence in which she was wont to sit an hour at a time, I told her, laughing, that she appeared to have forgotten her mysterious cavalier of the wood, and it seemed also as if he had forgotten her.

To my wonderment, her pale face became of a sudden crimson; and from crimson changed to pale again in a breath.

"You have never seen him since you deserted your woodland grotto?" I said.

She turned to me with a heart-rending look.

"Hector," she cried, "I see him every day; and it is that which is killing me."

She burst into a passion of tears when she had said this. I took her in my arms as if she had been a frightened child, and tried to comfort her.

"My darling, this is madness," I said. "You know that no stranger can come to you in the pleasaunce. The moat is ten feet wide and always full of water, and the gates are kept locked day and night by old Masson. The chatelaine of a medieval fortress need fear no intruder in her antique garden."

My wife shook her head sadly.

"I see him every day," she said.

On this I believed that my wife was mad. I shrank from questioning her more closely concerning her mysterious visitant. It would be ill, I thought, to give a form and substance to the shadow that tormented her by too close inquiry about its look and manner, its coming and going.

I took care to assure myself that no stranger to the household could by any possibility penetrate to the pleasaunce. Having done this, I was fain to await the coming of the physician.

He came at last. I revealed to him the conviction which was my misery. I told him that I believed my wife to be mad. He saw her—spent an hour alone with her, and then came to me. To my unspeakable relief he assured me of her sanity.

"It is just possible that she may be affected by one delusion," he said · "but she is so reasonable upon all other points that I can scarcely bring myself to believe her the subject of a monomania. I am rather inclined to think that she really sees the person of whom she speaks. She described him to me with a perfect minuteness. The descriptions of scenes or individuals given by patients afflicted with monomania are always more or less disjointed; but your wife spoke to me as clearly and calmly as I am now speaking to you. Are you sure there is no one who can approach her in that garden where she walks?"

"I am quite sure."

"Is there any kinsman of your steward, or hanger-on of your household—a young man with a fair, womanish face, very pale, and rendered remarkable by a crimson scar, which looks like the mark of a blow?"

"My God!" I cried, as the light broke in upon me all at once. "And the dress—the strange, old-fashioned dress?"

"The man wears a hunting costume of purple and orange," answered the doctor.

I knew then that Andre de Brissac had kept his word, and that in the hour when my life was brightest his shadow had come between me and happiness.

I showed my wife the picture in the library, for I would fain assure myself that there was some error in my fancy about my cousin. She shook like a leaf when she beheld it, and clung to me convulsively.

"This is witchcraft, Hector," she said. "The dress in that picture is the dress of the man I see in the pleasaunce; but the face is not his."

Then she described to me the face of the stranger; and it was my cousin's face line for line—Andre de Brissac, whom she had never seen in the flesh. Most vividly of all did she describe the cruel mark upon his face—the trace of a fierce blow from an open hand.

After this I carried my wife away from Puy Verdun. We wandered far—through the southern provinces, and into the very heart of Switzerland. I thought to distance the ghastly phantom, and I fondly hoped that change of scene would bring peace to my wife.

It was not so. Go where we would the ghost of Andre de Brissac followed us. To my eyes that fatal shadow never revealed itself. *That* would have been too poor a vengeance. It was my wife's innocent heart which Andre made the instrument of his revenge. The unholy presence destroyed her life. My constant companionship could not shield her from the horrible intruder. In vain did I watch her; in vain did I strive to comfort her.

"He will not let me be at peace," she said; "he comes between us, Hector. He is standing between us now. I can see his face with the red mark upon it plainer than I see yours."

One fair, moonlight night, when we were together in a mountain village in the Tyrol, my wife cast herself at my feet, and told me she was the worst and vilest of women.

"I have confessed all to my director," she said; "from the first I have not hidden my sin from Heaven. But I feel that death is near me; and before I die I would fain reveal my sin to you."

"What sin, my sweet one?"

"When first the stranger came to me in the forest his presence bewildered and distressed me, and I shrank from him as from something strange and terrible. He came again and again; by-and-by I found myself thinking of him and watching for his coming. His image haunted me perpetually; I strove in vain to shut his face out of my mind. Then followed an interval in which I did not see him; and, to my shame and anguish, I found that life seemed dreary and desolate without him. After that came the time in which he haunted the pleasaunce; and—oh, Hector, kill me if you will, for I deserve no mercy at your hands!—I grew in those days to count the hours that must elapse before his coming, to take no pleasure save in the sight of that pale face with the red brand upon it. He plucked all old, familiar joys out of my heart, and left in it but one weird, unholy pleasure—the delight of his presence. For a year I have lived but to see him. And now curse me, Hector, for this is my sin. Whether it comes of the baseness of my own heart, or is the work of witchcraft, I know not; but I know that I have striven against this wickedness in vain."

I took my wife to my breast and forgave her. In sooth, what had I to forgive? Was the fatality that overshadowed us any work of hers? On the next night she died, with her hand in mine; and at the very last she told me, sobbing and affrighted, that *he* was by her side.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Paradise of the Compassionate—The Pitti Palace.

### GIVINGS.

He gave her his name, and he gave her his hand,
  That earl with his quarterings twenty,
He gave her his houses, he gave her his land,
  And he gave her pin-money in plenty.

He gave her gay dresses, lace, feather, and gem,
  And furs, as though ermines were weasels,
And flowers—when they cost him a guinea a stem—
  And paintings from thousands of easels.
And she in return for his giving her them,
  In her gratitude gave him the measles.

Doubtful.—"I do not say that man will steal," said a witness on a trial, "but if I was a chicken I'd roost high when he was around."

What is the nearest sound to the Isle of Dogs?—Barking Creek, we should imagine.

In order to get an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms. We have seen this experiment tried repeatedly, and never knew it fail.

The Age which all Girls desire to attain—Marri-age.

Fifty years ago an old woman named Brown, the wife of a Deal boatman, had charge and kept the key of the Deal theatre. The manager, calling upon her preparatory to commencing the summer season asked: "What sort of a winter have you passed, Mrs. Brown?" "Dreadful, Sir," she replied. "If a kind Providence had not sent us two or three wrecks, I don't know what would have become of us."

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty?—Because no one ever saw it before.

Reciprocity.—You may safely mind other people's business. They will be sure to mind yours.

Medical.—It has been observed that in northern countries the cold invariably proceeds to extremities.

What remark ought a gentleman to make to a friend when showing him a box of imported cigars?—Havana (have-any)?

Domestic Toast.—May your coffee and the slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds.

If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

An old minister, while one day pursuing his studies, was suddenly interrupted by his wife asking him the question—one which has puzzled the oldest divines—"Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" Without a moment's hesitation he replied: "To be sure we shall. Do you think we shall be greater fools there than we are here?"

Hint to Whist-players.—If you can, secure a teetotaler for your partner: naturally he will not bottle-up his trumps.

A Smiling Countenance is "The Happy Mien."

"You can do any thing if you only have patience to wait," said an old fogy to his son; "water may be carried in a sieve if you can wait." "How long?" inquired the son, an impudent young America, who could hardly wait for the father's obituary. "'Till it freezes."

When is a dead body not a dead body?—When it's a gal-on-a-bier.

"What's the matter, Uncle Jerry?" said Mr. ——, as old Jeremiah R—— was passing by, growling most ferociously.

"Matter!" said the old man, stopping short; "why, here I've been lugging water all the morning for Dr. C——'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye s'pose I got for it?"

"Why, I suppose about ten cents," answered Mr. ——.

"Ten cents! She told me the Doctor would pull a tooth for me some time."

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I duz; and, what's more, I intend to enter it as soon as Betsy gets her things ready."

An Irishman once observed that mile-stones were kind enough to answer your questions without giving you the trouble to ask them.

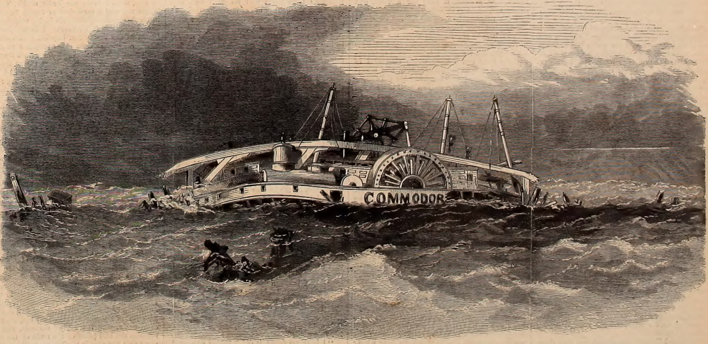
COMING FROM CHURCH—SCENE ON THE BAYOU LAFOURCHE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

## THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

The Ocean Yacht Race continues to be the sensation in England, and indeed in Europe; and young Bennett and the *Henrietta* create as much interest there as Columbus and his smaller vessel did on this side of the Atlantic a few centuries ago.—The three contesting yachts have been reviewed by Queen Victoria, and an interview granted by her Majesty to the victor and Commodore M'Vickar. At the suggestion of the Queen, her son Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, accepted the challenge thrown to the world by Mr. Bennett, Jun., and the race of the Prince's yacht, the *Viking*, against the *Henrietta*, is to take place in August next, around the Isle of Wight. Subsequently the Commodore and Mr. Bennett dined with Prince Alfred, and went to the ball of the Mersey Yacht Club. On the 4th of January Mr. Bennett was visited by Prince Christian, and invited to Windsor Castle. Invitations to Paris and St. Petersburg were received, and a general disposition manifested to lionize the Americans and their victorious representative.

James Gordon Bennett, Jun., the victor in the late race, of whom we give this week an admirable portrait, is still a very young man. He was born in this city, but educated in Europe, his early education being superintended by his mother, one of the finest linguists in the country. She took her son to Paris when a mere infant, and his youth was passed in that city—the greater part of it in sailing miniature yachts on the lakes in the garden of the Tuileries. It is related of him that he took great interest in these miniature boats, and was never so much delighted as when racing with and beating the boats of the Johnny Bulls who engaged in the same sport. After a thorough course of preparatory instruction by his mother, he entered the French College at Versailles, and graduated some time in 1860, when he returned to this country to commence the study of journalism, which was selected as his profession, his tutor in this branch of his education, naturally enough, being his father, the editor of the *Herald*. Shortly after commencing this course, however, the rebellion began, and young Bennett volunteered for duty, and gave the use of his yacht in the naval service of the Government. He took part in the capture of St. Augustine, Fernandina, and Forts Clinch and Marian; but subsequently released from active duty and placed on revenue service, he got disgusted with his tamer duties, and, resigning his volunteer rank, returned to his studies in his father's sanctum.—He was first placed in charge of the Weekly *Herald*; but in May, 1865, on the retirement of Mr. Frederick Hudson from the position of managing editor of the Daily *Herald*, Mr. Bennett, Jun., assumed that charge, and has since devoted himself principally to editing, but occasionally to yachting. His passion for the manly sport in which he has lately won such distinction that already he is nominated for Commodore of the Yacht Squadron is a ruling passion with him; and the first race of the New York Club, as well as its last and most important, were originated by him. In person, manner, and habits he will be a creditable representative on the other side even at the hospitable boards of queens and dukes, or racing with princes of the realm.—His father once dubbed John Van Buren, after he had danced with the youthful Victoria, "Prince John," but he will doubtless be too modest to call his son "Prince Jim" on account of his hobnobbing with the same lady in her more advanced years.—In person young Bennett is tall, and though thin, without useless flesh on his body, is muscular and full of life. In complexion he is fair, with eyes of gray and hair of light brown; and in character impulsive and generous. He is very popular in the establishment which he controls, and in the New York Yacht Club.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jun.—[From a Photograph by Brady, New York.]




WRECK OF THE STEAMER "COMMODORE."—From a Sketch by Erasmus W. Smith.—[See Page 46.]

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,
Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

IN TWELVE MONTHLY PARTS.

## CHAPTER I.

### MISS TALBOT COMES HOME.

THERE was very little light left in the sky on the cold, murky, January night on which this story commences. The moon was young and easily overshadowed, and, though the first watch of the night was given to the "red planet Mars," he kept it unseen by the citizens of London. Fog, in fact, reigned supreme, when the girl who is to play the first part in this drama got out of a respectable-looking brougham at the door of a tall house in Victoria Street, Westminster, and prepared to enter it, and upon the career through which we shall follow her.

The broad blaze of light which fell out to meet and welcome her, as it were, dazzled her for an instant as she went up the steps and into the hall—a hall that, in the language of advertisements, was really of palatial proportions, and up from which a spiral staircase curved away into space. A fire burned in a huge stove in the centre, and a burly porter sat in a huge chair by the door of this hall. Altogether there was a discomposing air of magnitude about every thing, that was oppressive to a tired traveler who found herself in London for the first time in her life.

"I am Miss Talbot; can I have come to the right house?" she asked, quickly, of a grim-looking servant in gray livery, who had come out on the step to meet her. And he conveyed to her mind the fact that she had come to the right house; that it "would be well for her to walk up stairs; and that master would be home to dinner in half an hour," in the low tones and succinct manner of well-trained servitude.

Coexistent with the oppression there had been a sense of elation at the size and splendor of this home to which she had come. But the elation vanished as she mounted flight after flight of the broad, cold, clean stone stairs; and it was borne in upon her mind, through the agency of several brass plates on several doors, that many families were resident in this mansion; and that it was a fair pedestrian feat to mount from the street-door to the topmost "flat," where her brother, to whom she had come home, dwelt in bachelor freedom and comfort, which he was about to break up for her sake.

Elation was her portion again when she came into the brightly-lighted, thickly-carpeted hall, and caught glimpses, through open doors, of several luxuriously-furnished rooms. There was an atmosphere of more than comfort over the home Edgar Talbot had prepared for his sister. There was refinement, elegance—"warmth and color," too—or she, with her warm and glowing tastes, would not have sympathized with it all so suddenly as she did, even while walking along leisurely to the room that was at once pointed out to her as hers, and seeming to glance carelessly about her.

She enjoyed it all with such a hearty, young, strong appreciation! Enjoyed it for itself, without giving much thought to the possible motive which had brought it about. For a few minutes, as she stood between two subtly-adjusted glasses that reflected her own perfect figure and all the delicate appointments of the room, she forgot that a brother, whom she had never seen to remember, was coming home to dinner in half an hour. Then she reminded herself of it and the old adage about first impressions; and then she went on to attire herself for the meeting, with all the kindliest memories of him which she could collect, and by reorganizing her dress.

There had been little plot, little incident, little action in her life as yet. Twenty years ago she had been left (a baby of two) to the care of an old maiden aunt of her mother's. The latter had lapsed out of life soon after the death of her husband; who in turn had died after a feeble wrestle with fever in Calcutta, leaving four children, for whom he provided as follows:

To his eldest son, Edgar Talbot, he left the whole of his business and personal property, charged with the following legacies and bequests, viz.:

To his widow £150 per annum only, "because her tastes were simple, and more would be unnecessary."

To Lionel Talbot, his second son, five thousand pounds, and a recommendation to go into the army when he should be old enough.

To Marion Talbot, his eldest daughter, one thousand pounds and her mother's jewels.

To Beatrix Talbot, his youngest daughter—not even so much as a mention.

There were many reasons assigned at the time for this cruel and unjust caprice by people who knew nothing about it. Men said that old Talbot must have had good cause for making such an invidious exception with regard to the baby Beatrix; and Mrs. Talbot heard the sayings in silence, and bent her already bowed head still lower, and offered no one an explanation. Hard words and harder suspicions were bruited abroad, even in the first days of her widowhood, about the pale, pretty woman who had meekly borne the burden of being old Talbot's wife for thirteen or fourteen years, and who now could not be got to declare that there was any thing unfair in a will that not only left her youngest child and herself paupers, but that put them under a heavy cloud. Without demur, or repining, or reproach, she accepted the position, and let evil tongues wag unchecked, unchid, till her boys' guardians relieved her of their charge. Then she brought her daughters home to the house of her aunt in the English country, and presently faded away under the influence of the cloud which had no silver lining.

The children's guardians had removed Marian from that quiet old home at her mother's death. But Beatrix had been suffered to remain on—there were no instructions about her. Marian went to school and grew and prospered; and at nineteen—five or six years before the opening of this story—"married very comfortably," every one said, and she never contradicted them; and, together with the rest of the Talbots, concurred in forgetting the little outcast down at Stoke Basing—who had, meanwhile, developed from the baby Bee into a beautiful girl, known as Miss Talbot throughout that country-side. A girl from whom the shadow cast by her father's neglect was lifted as soon as she was looked upon. A bright, brave, thorough-bred creature, who had grown into every feminine grace without care or culture, or consideration from the brothers and sister who were but names to her.

When their mother died the £150, which had been left by the Calcutta merchant to his widow for her life, was still, by the clemency of the managers of Edgar's fortune, remitted quarterly for the benefit of the child, for whom no provision had been made. The same arrangement continued after Edgar attained his majority, and took matters into his own hands. On this £150 Beatrix was a princess among the people of Stoke Basing. It provided her with every comfort; more—with every luxury of which she had ever heard. As a child, it gave her a pony, and music, and dancing, and drawing-lessons—"the best the neighborhood afforded," her aunt, old Miss Lenox, was wont to assert. As a grown-up girl, it gave her freedom from the miseries of small economies, a riding-horse, and little basket-phaeton; a considerable power of relieving the want and squalor which abounded in that flourishing agricultural parish, and a certain independence with regard to her old aunt—an independence which showed itself in a bright, cheery toleration for whims and querulous manifestations of authority, which would have been irksome to the point of non-endurance had the girl not felt that it was within her power to break her bonds at any time.

For Miss Lenox was not at all the ideal aged relative of romance. She was a hard-mannered, good, conscientious, narrow-minded woman, who, though she would have charged herself with her niece's child at any cost and under any circumstances, never failed to count the former and bewail the latter as among her many crosses. There was compensation in the conviction Miss Lenox had that these (the crosses) were giving her a high place among the elect of Stoke Basing. And there was consolation in the reflection that the cost would have been greater, and the circumstances more lamentable, had Beatrix had nothing a year of her own instead of £150.

On the whole it must be confessed that it was merely the sorrow of surprise and uncertainty—merely the shock one feels at any long-continued habit of living being abruptly rent asunder, which Beatrix Talbot experienced when old Miss Lenox died. The great difference the event would make in her life did not present itself to her mind. She was conscious, vaguely, that it would necessitate some alteration in her mode of living. She would want fewer servants and a smaller house; she would want some one to spend the long winter evenings with her; and—there her plans became wavy, and she felt that she would need to consult some friend, and knew that she had none whose counsel she could care to take.

But before the funeral day came Beatrix was relieved of the responsibility of herself. Her eldest brother, Edgar, wrote to her and offered her a home with him in words that read like an order. She was to go to him as soon as she could conveniently pack up her own personal belongings; and she was "to believe that henceforth her happiness and welfare would be the chief objects in life of her affectionate brother,

"EDGAR TALBOT."

She was very glad to believe that, or any thing else that sounded kind in those early days of the desolation that always sets in after the death of any one—glad to believe it, and anxious to go up and verify it. She was on the point of doing the latter (she hoped) when we parted from her just now.

She had done away with every trace of travel-stain and weariness when she came out of her room in response to a communication she received that Mr. Talbot was waiting for her in the drawing-room. It was natural to her to be careful and fastidious, and to study the becoming at all times, and she had never felt the obligation upon her to obey this natural instinct so strongly as she did to-night. "I should like him to think me nice at once," she thought, as she moved along to the meeting, alternately depressed by the fear that her brother might find her rustic and uncultivated, and cheered by the memory of the last look in the glass.

As she went into the room, a gentleman, a young man of nine-and-twenty or thirty, came forward to meet her. He kissed her on the forehead, hoped they should get on well together, and then held her off to "have a look at what the baby Bee had grown into," as he said. This was what he saw:

A girl rather above the middle height, yet not tall, splendidly and fully formed, rounded and finely developed, deep-chested, broad-shouldered, slender-wristed. A girl with just so much sway about her when she walked as was suggestive of action unfettered by tight clothing. A girl who had the art of standing perfectly erect without looking stiff—a combination, in short, of perfect health, grace, and freedom.

Her perfection of outline, her rare symmetry of form, took the eyes of the man who advanced to meet her, and chained them away from her face for a moment or two. But when she held back a little, still with her hands in his grasp, and lifted her eyes and told him she was glad to be with him—her brother—at last; when she did this, he saw that the graceful promise of beauty which had been given him by the first glimpse of her was gloriously fulfilled. She was a superb, glowing-hued beauty, rich in the gracious coloring of chestnut hair and violet eyes; very perfect in feature, too—not with the perfection of aquiline regularity, but with the more winning loveliness that goes with a nose that is straight in itself, and still not straight down from the forehead—and with richly-red laughing lips, that were quicker to part or pout than to adapt themselves to the "prunes and prism" forms.

As Edgar Talbot looked down into the well-opened, fearless eyes; as he marked the expression that swept over her face as she felt the intensity of his observation—an expression that was a queer combination of blush, and frown, and smile—he read a portion of her character, and recognized all her beauty. There was plenty of pride, plenty of self-possession, and plenty of self-will in this country-nurtured sister of his. She looked as if she could be very devoted and very defiant, if she were called upon to be either. He liked her very much already. Liked her for the good looks that would surely make her remarkable; liked the turn of her head, and the tone of her clear full voice; liked her for being so unmistakably a gentlewoman, that even his fastidious taste could find no fault with any thing save the density of her mourning dress.

There was little likeness between them: still, had you been prepared for it by the knowledge that they were brother and sister, a faint resemblance would have made itself manifest. His hair was the same color as hers, but without the wave that made hers luxuriant, or the reflections that made it rich. His eyes were gray—sensible, thoughtful, kind, but never soft in their glances. He was a tall, well-formed man, but he stooped, and so lost a little both in height and air. He was quiet in manner, quiet in voice, quiet in style. Beatrix, to whom his occupation in life was as unknown as his local habitation had been before this day, put him down for a follower of one or other of the sage professions of law or physic. He had very much the look, to her, of one who was wont to give advice and to have it taken. His tones—though his voice was low and unmarked by inflection—were quick, prompt, decided. Beatrix had been accompanied on the journey up from Stoke Basing by anticipations of liberty, equality, fraternity. These anticipations fled as he led her in to dinner, and planted her on a chair at the head of his table, and generally took care and command of her.

Gradually, as the dinner went on, Edgar Talbot evoked some old memories about their father and mother, and their old home in Calcutta, that had the effect of making Beatrix feel that, once upon a time, there had been a link, however slight, between them.

"I can just, and only just remember mamma," Beatrix said, in response. "It may be only that I think I can remember her, from having heard aunt Lenox talk about her so much. Her hair used to be loose and soft, and to hang over her face a good deal."

"I have no doubt it did," Edgar answered, as a vision of what used to strike his tight, neat young mind as untidiness in his mother crossed his memory. "Marian is very like her mother; she will be here to see you to-morrow."

"And Lionel?"

"Lionel will come in by-and-by. I asked him to dine with us, but he is very much engaged just now with a friend of his who is ill."

"What are they like—Marian and Lionel?"

"Marian is a charming woman, I believe. Every one who has nothing to do with her is quite delighted with Mrs. Sutton. But you will have much to do with her naturally; therefore I warn you, Beatrix, Marian is a fool, and a dangerous one."

"And Lionel?"

"Lionel and I don't look upon life in the same way, but for all that I know him to be one of the best fellows that ever breathed."

And, for the first time, there was a touch of feeling in Mr. Talbot's voice.

"He is in the army, is he not?" Beatrix asked.

"In an army the ranks of which are rather too crowded for there to be much chance of speedy promotion. He is an artist, and a clever one, too."

"And now tell me about Mr. Sutton, Edgar," Beatrix said, calling her brother by his Christian name for the first time.

"Mr. Sutton is—Marian's husband. His mission in life is to be always on the look-out to save his wife from the consequences of her own folly, and to do it without being detected. For a few weeks you will be very much thrown with Marian. I am sorry to say it is unavoidable; and I tell you again that you must be careful with her."

"Why?"

"It is almost impossible to put you on guard against the precise form of mischief she may work. Once accept the fact of her being false, even when there is not the remotest possibility of her gaining any thing by it, and you will be all right. You will soon be independent of her. I have secured an unexceptionable chaperon for you."

"Will she live here?—with us?" Beatrix asked, in a dismayed tone. She had indulged in a dream of an existence which the presence of an unexceptionable chaperon would most surely mar. She had designed being companion, sympathizer, friend to this brother, who had given her a proper home at last—a place in the family from which fate had hitherto debarred her. It was disheartening to hear that another was coming to share the home and possibly to rule her.

"Of course she will live here," Mr. Talbot replied, laughing. "My dear girl, you did not imagine that, in our position, you could be left to take yourself into society, did you?"

"Shall I not go with you, Edgar? I really know nothing about it, remember, only I thought—"

"That you could live a life of picturesque independence in London. No, no; you will soon see the advantage as well as the necessity of having Mrs. Lyon with you."

For a few moments Beatrix struggled against the conviction that she should not soon see either the advantages or the necessity of the invader; then, even to herself, she seemed to conquer it. It was flattering that her brother should have such a high sense of what was due to her, that he seemed bent on using all the precautions in his power that might aid in placing her well. Or was it a high sense of what was due to himself only? She had no time to consider the question, for, immediately as it arose, Mr. Lionel Talbot was announced, and her store of family interests and feelings was at once increased.

Her heart went out affectionately to this second brother on the instant, as, just placing a hand on Edgar's shoulder in passing, Lionel came up and greeted her with a loving kindness that brought her nearer to him at once than she ever could be to Edgar, she felt. He looked as he was, several years the junior of Mr. Talbot. There was still a good deal of boyish frankness in his face, and boyish fervor in his manner, and boyish freshness in his heart. Life had been no battle to the handsome, hopeful, yellow-haired young artist. He had never sought a mean or low reward for the works of the pencil that was as dear to him as his soul, since it was the deft exponent of the latter. All his life had been spent in the exercise of the art he loved; and the labor had never been fitfully brightened by the thought of what it might bring him. He practiced it unremittingly, and it brought him a great deal; but it was ever the means to which he sacrificed, not the result. He was utterly devoid of what is popularly called ambition concerning it. The hope of being widely and well-named had never entered into his consideration; and had it done so, would have had no charms for him. The lofty beauty of the art he adored could receive no additional grace had a million tongues wagged in honor of such proficiency as he had attained. So he thought, and so he acted; keeping the faith he had in it pure and undefiled by any poor schemings for success, or paltry strivings after commendation, publicity, or reward.

A character lacking in energy, perhaps—in the energy, that is, that belongs to this period, urging each one madly to the fore, at any cost of conscience as regards the manner of his work, under the impression not so much that the devil will take the hindmost, as that the hindmost must be a poor and pitiful failure, whom the devil will not find it worth his while to take. Lacking in that energy, unquestionably, and yet full of the better sort that does not flag in oblivion; full of the perseverance that has, over and over again, won the loftiest rewards, and that remains the best proof of the truth of the statement that the race is not always to the swift: a character that possessed those grand ingredients of strength, a power of waiting, a patience that

would not be worn out, and an earnestness of purpose that made him seek out and practice whatever was true, whether it were telling or not.

Withal, no self-appointed apostle of a possibly purer creed than his fellows practiced and avowed; but a bright-hearted man, who unconsciously impressed others through the agency of the inborn trust he had in truth in every conceivable form. The sentiment Edgar had expressed was a very general one about Lionel Talbot. "Lionel and I don't look upon life in the same way; but for all that I know him to be one of the best fellows that ever breathed," was the unspoken thought of most men whose ways of life were much with the young painter who was playing for high stakes almost unwittingly.

"Affectionate as he is to me, and honestly glad as he is to see me, I wonder he never found me out at Stoke Basing," Beatrix thought. Then she worded her wonder—his clear blue eyes, his open brow, and the smiling lips which the yellow mustache partially concealed, invited confidence.

"I have spent my life in Germany and Italy," he answered. "I only came to England a month ago, Beatrix. I am almost as great a stranger to Edgar and Marian as you can be."

Then he talked to Beatrix of what she knew of literature and art, and found she knew a great deal very imperfectly. And when they spoke of music, she gave him the result of the Stoke Basing instruction; and as she sang bright airs faultily and brilliantly, Edgar Talbot congratulated himself on having fulfilled an obvious duty, and at the same time drawn a card that could not fail to win the prize for which he had long been playing—position and place for the family of which he was the chief representative.

"What is Edgar?" Beatrix asked, abruptly, pausing in her play once, when Mr. Talbot had been summoned to speak to some one on business.

"He is on the Stock Exchange," Lionel replied.

"It's like gambling, is it not?" she interrogated; but Lionel only replied by putting another song before her, and showing her how to sing it.

## CHAPTER II.

### MRS. SUTTON IS FRANK.

"Marian is going to call on you at two—she will take you for a drive if you will go," Mr. Talbot said to his sister the following morning, as she came into the dining-room. He was standing up, with his hat in his hand. "I could not wait for you," he explained, hurriedly. "You will not mind breakfasting alone, I hope?"

"Oh no—not this morning; but I'll get up in future, and breakfast with you, Edgar."

"Or perhaps you would rather have it in your dressing-room? I am often a good deal taken up with letters. Will you mind meeting Marian alone? Shall I take you round to her house, and introduce you, or will you wait for her here?"

"I will wait for her here."

"I'm glad to hear you say so—glad that you didn't feel called upon to sham sentiment about it. Well, good-by, dear!" He stooped and kissed her. "Take care of yourself."

She put her hand on his shoulder to detain him, as she answered,

"Thank you, Edgar, very much."

"For what?"

"For caring for me so. I like it—oh! I like it so much—it is new to me."

"My dear girl! you will have it in your power to do more for me, unless you disappoint me greatly, than I ever can for you."

"How? Tell me."

"In a thousand ways, that you will learn in time; and, eventually, by such a marriage as Miss Talbot ought to make, and you will easily make."

"You don't want to get rid of me yet?" she asked, laughing. "I had a vision, as I traveled up yesterday, of keeping house for you, as Ruth Pinch did for her brother."

"And of passing happy hours over the construction of a similar pie to that immortal one that brought about 'her fate,' as you would call it, I suppose? No; you're not the Ruth Pinch or Dame Durden type of woman, Beatrix—thank Heaven for it!"

He went away now, laughing and nodding to her, gayer at heart and in gait than he had been for years. There was something very enlivening to the keen young business-man in the sight of that beautiful girl sitting there, leaning her elbow on the table, resting her chin in her hand—something enlivening in the sight of her, and reassuring in the recollection that she was his sister. He had never had youthful companionship in his home before. There was a fair promise of good refreshing interest in the presence of one so full of the glory of life as he saw her to be. As he went away he congratulated himself heartily. "She has the best gift a woman can have—beauty—luckily for me," he thought; and then he reflected with pleasure that Mrs. Lyon would soon aid him in bringing that beauty well into the light of day.

"I hope what I have said to her will neutralize any thing Marian may tell her about Blanche; for Mrs. Sutton is safe to shoot her little bolt at Miss Lyon," he muttered, as he passed clear out of the home atmosphere, on his way to a very different one. Then he was soon joined by other men, and his mind became absorbed in some other tickets which he had drawn or might draw in the lottery of life. He was aware of a sort of exultation in his own mind as he went along—an exultation that the majority of men must experience more or less frequently—a sense of there being a great deal to be got out of that portion of his life which was outside his home. Many of his ends could be furthered by his sister Beatrix, if her will would go with his—many others were utterly beyond, entirely above (he almost believed) her aid and understanding.

Additionally, away in the most secret corner of his heart, he had an interest that no one could share with him—a hope that was fitfully bright and feverishly warm, and that was at once the sweetest and most painful element of his life—a love that fought with every determination and resolve he had ever made. Up to the present he knew himself to be well fenced in from a danger that was dear to him; but in the weakness of over-reliance on his own strength, he was going to lay down his arms, open the gates of the citadel, and let in an enemy whom he believed to be unconscious of her own prowess, and so innocuous. He had given himself a great many beautiful reasons for this rash step; he had called it duty toward a too-long neglected sister, and earnest desire to see her so well brought forward as to insure her own happiness and his aggrandizement in the future. But when all the beautiful reasons were given, and blindly accepted by himself, the truth remained. He sighed for the frequent sight of a woman who had stamped herself upon his soul and made him love her—sighed, yearned, thirsted for her presence, though he never meant to do more than sun himself in it while he could; and knew that when it was withdrawn he should perish in the chill which must ensue. And the woman he loved was Blanche Lyon, for the sake of whose strange glances he had secured, at an absurd outlay of time, money, and false reasoning, her mother's services as chaperon for his sister.

The day wore itself away rapidly. Two o'clock, and the immediate prospect of Mrs. Sutton's call was upon Beatrix before she had learned the rooms and reorganized them, as women with taste are sure to want to reorganize what has been solely the realm of the upholsterer heretofore. Her brother Edgar had given her a hint upon the subject of the densely-mourning dress, and she had taken the hint, and changed it this morning for a tight well-fitting one of black silk, that fell from her waist in large folds. She had hoped that Lionel would have come to help her through the ordeal of the first interview with her sister Marian; and, had he done so, she had intended taking his opinion about a little ornament or an utter absence of it. It was an important question, and she gave it much consideration. Should she wear jet, or plain, rather dull gold; or should she abstain from either, and rely upon a rigid little set of linen collar and cuffs for producing the right effect on this unknown sister, Mrs. Sutton, whom she (Beatrix) had already taught herself to regard as a species of butterfly. It was an inspiration direct from the guardian angel of the millinery interest which made her fasten herself together at the throat and wrists finally with dull gold knobs. For they suited her; and though Mrs. Sutton never liked women for looking well, she invariably behaved better to them when they did so.

Miss Talbot was not affected to the point of either anxiety or enthusiasm by the anticipation of her sister's visit. There would be a certain amount of interest, the girl felt, in the study a lady, against whom Edgar had come out of his quiet reserve to warn her, would offer. But beyond this curiosity there is nothing. Natural affection requires more cultivation, perhaps, than any other good quality.

Still Miss Talbot was not insensible to the fact of there being a deeper flush on her cheeks and a brighter light in her eyes than usual, when the door opened and a lady came fluttering in—a lady with a small, pale, fair face, which was adorned with half-closed, large blue eyes, and nut-brown brows and lashes, and a pert little delicately-pointed, turned-up nose, and a flexible, refined, wide mouth, over which the most subtly-sweet smile played. A lady with fascination legibly inscribed on every lineament; fascination that drugged the reasoning faculties of the majority who met her, and deadened them to the first keen irresistible impression of her being a false, treacherous, dangerous creature.

"I am Marian," she said, putting her hands out to meet her sister; "and I am very proud to feel that there can be no doubt about your being Trixy."

The abbreviation was not a familiar one to pretty Mrs. Sutton, but she had made up her mind that her sister should get spoken about as Trixy Talbot. So she uttered the name now as if it had been wont to fall glibly off her tongue many and many a year ago, in their days of guileless innocence and infantine communion.

Mrs. Sutton had a shrilly-sweet voice, and she had it well under command too. It said little tender things about the joy this reunion with Beatrix afforded her very tenderly; and little, sad, semi-self-reproachful things about never having known Beatrix before very sadly. After those soft, clear, pathetic inflections Beatrix's voice sounded deep and full in her own ears, as she answered:

"Never mind about the non-intercourse of the past, Marian; we must make up for it in the future. So you're married? and I have stupidly gone on thinking of you as a mere child."

"I was a mere child when I married," Mrs. Sutton replied, with a gorgeous disregard of the fact of her sister knowing very well that she (Marian) had been nothing of the kind. "I was a mere child when I married, but the five years have made me an old woman."

She sank her voice as she said it, and lowered her head, and seemed to be flushing, and struggling with an inclination to cry. On the whole she looked surprisingly young and innocent, and Beatrix settled at once that Edgar "had been very much mistaken."

"Ah! you must tell me about Mr. Sutton," Miss Talbot exclaimed, eagerly. The eagerness was as much the result of her desire to check Marian's tears as it was to know more of the other member of her family.

Marian lifted the graceful head, that was covered with black lace and crimson roses and nut-brown hair in a way that rendered it difficult to determine where nature ended and art began, and shook out a gentle, sensitive laugh, by way of recovering from the emotion she had been displaying. "You will soon see him; he is very kind—older than I am, you know. Edgar has told you about my marriage?"

Mrs. Sutton glanced sharply at her sister as she asked the question, lowering her lashes and glinting out through them in a way that ought always to make the interrogated very careful. The only impression it conveyed to Miss Talbot was, that her sister was short-sighted.

"No, nothing; remember, I only came to him last night. You tell me about your marriage yourself, Marian; I shall like to hear it."

"Better than I shall like to tell it, perhaps," Mrs. Sutton answered, softly, with a saintly and resigned expression flitting over her variable face. She looked now like a Madonna, Beatrix thought—a Madonna in rich gray velvet and sables, and with a piquant turn-up nose, but still a Madonna. The girl's sympathies were aroused, her kind heart went out in a wave of pity for the possible sorrow so gently borne.

"Marian! only tell me what it will be pleasant for you to tell," she said, quickly; and Marian had to turn her head aside as she smiled over Miss Talbot's graphically-expressed power of being easily deceived.

"Then I shall tell you nothing of my marriage or the manner of it," Mrs. Sutton said presently, bringing her head round again, with a little air of making the best of things that was "eminently well-bred," Beatrix thought. "I can't bring it as a sacrifice, certainly, for I did it with my eyes wide open; but I was very young, and didn't know what I was undertaking to endure, and Edgar—but I must be careful how I speak of Edgar to you."

Beatrix leaned forward in her chair, and clasped her hands together, and wrung them hard in a small excitement.

"Yes, you must be careful," she said, ringing out her words with a bright, proud decision that Mrs. Sutton (for all her subtle inflections) never knew. "You must be careful—if Edgar has been to blame don't blame him to me; let me love him without a shadow of doubt. He has been the one to bring me back to my own—my own must not set me against him in ever so small a degree."

"Oh, Trixy! set you against him! Would I do it? Why, I shrink from doing what would be the greatest comfort to me—talking over things with another woman—a sister—because I won't say a word about Edgar that might possibly make you think him less kind than I'd like you to think him."

"Marian!"

It was only one word. But Beatrix Talbot uttered it, and Marian Sutton heard it, and both these women had a marvelous power of expressing and understanding. There was reproach and condemnation for the invidious onslaught on a brother in the single word which the one sister said to the other. And all the reproach and condemnation was meant and felt.

"Then don't ask me a word about my marriage," Mrs. Sutton replied, "but put on your bonnet and come out for a drive with me. What has Edgar said to you about your milliner, and the thousand other people you must see at once?"

"Nothing," Beatrix answered, laughing. "I don't want any thing. Thanks to every body's goodness in letting me keep what was left to poor mamma, I don't come to Edgar in rags and tatters."

"Nothing! he has said nothing! How very inconsiderate of him! I suppose, though, he relied on me to direct you. You might just as well be in rags and tatters as far as your dress is concerned, dear—a fact of which you might have remained happily unconscious had you staid in the country, but to which you can not be blind now you are in town. We will go to my dress-maker as we come home from the Park. Hortense will bless me for bringing you to her; you are just the figure to do her credit. You had better take some money with you."

Mrs. Sutton uttered this last sentence quite with an air of its being an after-thought. "You are sure to see so many things you will want," she said, in an explanatory tone; "so many little things at shops where I am not known. However, if it is not convenient, my purse is at your service."

This last speech was a bold stroke of consummate diplomacy. It advertised Mrs. Sutton's generosity at the same time that it gauged Miss Talbot's means. Nor was it altogether false. Marian's purse was very much at her sister's service, more especially as there was nothing in it.

"Thanks—many of them—but I have my last quarter's allowance," Trixy replied. So Mrs. Sutton advised her to take some of it, "say twenty pounds," and Miss Talbot took it.

"We are not likely to see many people I know in the Park now," Mrs. Sutton said, as they fell in with the thin string of carriages—the speech might have been made with equal truth at any time of year; but this Beatrix did not know, and so it sounded in her ears as if all Mrs. Sutton's friends and acquaintances were away at their respective country-houses, which was precisely the way Mrs. Sutton wished it to sound—"so we will only just drive round and look at the Row (you ride?), and then it will be time to go to Hortense."

The Row was deserted, consequently Beatrix neither was nor seemed to be impressed by it. "What a dull place to waste one's time on horseback in!" she said, leaning forward to look up the vista, that is unquestionably more striking in June than in January. "If I ride it will not be there."

Mrs. Sutton laughed. "My dear Trixy, if you ride it will be there, and nowhere else."

"Why?"

"Because Edgar will not consider your riding there a waste of time, and you will soon learn that Edgar's wishes are not to be disregarded."

Mrs. Sutton sighed as she finished, and held her throat straight, and bent her head slightly on one side, and looked altogether as if she spoke from sorrowful experience. Beatrix began to develop uneasy sensations of doubt respecting the possible mode by which Edgar had brought about the excellent marriage of his eldest sister, whose fate seemed not altogether shadowless. Even while she was thinking this Mrs. Sutton pulled the check-string, and gave the order, "Madame Hortense's," in a tinkling tone; and as they neared Bond Street, where Hortense, the Muse of Fashion, dwelt, Marian's spirits rose visibly, until Beatrix hoped that Mr. Sutton was not so bad as she had first feared.

"You will excuse me for dragging you away from the Park so soon, will you not?" Mrs. Sutton asked, as they ascended to the audience-chamber of the clever little Frenchwoman who had gained the reputation of giving an unmistakable "air" to any dress which she deigned to take into her little wiry, brown hands. "You will, I know," Mrs. Sutton added, "when I tell you that I have been in terror the whole time about a dress that Mr. Sutton will have me wear to-morrow night. If it is not finished I shall not dare to face him."

"Why not?" Beatrix asked, wonderingly.

"I can hardly explain; well, I will be frank with you, as it is my nature to be with every one. He will ask me why Hortense did not exert herself to finish it; and I shall have to tell him that Hortense does not make efforts unless her account is kept very close."

Then Hortense came in, and, after much conversation carried on between Mrs. Sutton and the dress-maker, in a low tone in a corner, Marian returned to Beatrix, who was at the far-off end of the room, and said, meekly:

"Come along, dear," and sighed.

"Is your dress to be ready?" Trixy whispered.

"Oh no!" Mrs. Sutton answered, aloud. "She says if I could give her twenty pounds" (Beatrix's hand was in her pocket in an instant); "but I can not, and she knows it."

"Marian, do oblige me." Miss Talbot's voice, and manner, and blush were all strongly indicative of her desire that her sister should avail herself of the contents of the purse so eagerly extended. Mrs. Sutton hesitated; then took the purse and hand together, and clasped them affectionately, and said that she "really could not—unless Trixy was quite sure—"

Trixy was quite sure of every thing that might conduce to the speedy surrendering of her money to her sister. Her arguments were overwhelming, and prevailed. She had nine or ten pounds more at home; she wanted nothing herself; it would make her miserable to think that Marian should risk her husband's anger when a little confidence in her sister's wish to help her would avert it. Mrs. Sutton was amenable to reason. She accepted the loan, and once more with Hortense retired to settle the delicate business out of ear-shot.

The subject of their conversation would have been puzzling to Trixy, had she heard it. It was to the following effect: "Now, look here, Hortense," the lady began, in an animated whisper, crumpling up the notes and handing them to the dress-maker, "here are twenty pounds: you are sure the seven yards will be enough?"

The seven yards would make the dress an object which Madame Hortense could view with pleasure when she delivered it up to its possessor; but without that lace (at three pounds a yard) it would have been a thing that it would have cost her anguish to send home. But, about the pound that Madame Sutton could not pay now?

Mrs. Sutton's voice was a little less sweet than usual, as she denounced the exacting deity of dress "as a dreadful screw." "Put it on to the bill; of course it will be paid."

"But when?"

"Oh! soon—directly. Consider how much of my money you have had, and do not distress me for it—there is a good creature. Besides, I have brought you a charming new customer; my sister will have more to waste on you than I ever have had."

"Would the young lady give an order now?"

"Mrs. Sutton felt sure that the young lady would do so:" and forthwith Beatrix was fallen upon suavely by Madame Hortense, and sweetly by Marian, and entreated for "her own sake," and more important still, for the sake of pleasing her brother Edgar, to order such a dress as would not distort her figure, which Hortense hastened to assure her was superb.

"It must be quite plain black silk, then," she said, laughing, as she rose up and prepared to pass a perilous time under the hands of Hortense. Then, when she had been fitted, and so brought into a proper state of subjection, she was casually informed that the dress would be from ten to fifteen pounds; and her face burned as she saw Marian lift her delicate brows in contemptuous astonishment at the start of annoyance which she (Beatrix) had been unable to repress at the sound of the sum.

"I do not think I shall deal much with your Hortense, Marian," Miss Talbot said, as they rode away from the dress-maker's door. And Marian answered, with an accent of self-reproach:

"If I had not borrowed that money of you you would not have this feeling, Trixy."

"Well, perhaps not," Trixy replied, honest-

ly; "because, you see, I should then have been able to pay for the dress I do not want; and now I shall not be able to do it unless Edgar—"

"For my sake do not say a word to Edgar about lending it to me," Mrs. Sutton exclaimed, piteously. "He would be harsh, and tell my husband, and then—"

Mrs. Sutton shuddered, and stopped; and the shudder and silence were more eloquent than any spoken words could have been.

"Indeed I will not, Marian," Miss Talbot said, heartily; "do rely upon me."

And Mrs. Sutton recovered her spirits again, promised to do so, and changed the topic by asking,

"How do you like the idea of the Lyons coming to live with you?"

"The Lyons? Am I to have more than one duenna?" Miss Talbot asked.

"Oh! Edgar has not mentioned Blanche Lyon to you, then?"

Marian smiled significantly, and gave her head a little shake, as if Edgar's reticence on the point had been clearly foreseen by her.

"No, not a word; is she Mrs. Lyon's daughter?"

"Yes," Mrs. Sutton answered; and the large blue eyes that she had kept half closed all day opened suddenly, and a light darted out from them—the cold, clear, pitiless light of hatred. "Yes; Blanche is Mrs. Lyon's daughter, and a precious pair they are. Edgar will rue the day he brought them into his house; but he would never forgive me for saying it to you, so you must keep that secret also for me, Trixy; and now we will speak of pleasanter things. You all (Lionel too) are to dine with us to-morrow night. Is not Lionel charming?"

"He is indeed!" Trixy answered, with a certain feeling of Lionel being the only sure footing she had in the family. "I long to see his paintings."

Mrs. Sutton laughed. "I long to see one, and that is a portrait of myself that I want him to paint for the Academy this year; but he is only my brother, and does not seem anxious to undertake a task that other men have begged for as a boon."

"Why did you refuse, if any one of them could have done it well?" Trixy asked. There was something, it was hard to determine whether it was sublime or ridiculous, in the intense air of vanity with which Mrs. Sutton had made the assertion about the begging and the boon.

"Why did I refuse? Because I am obliged to be so careful, Trixy. I often wish I had been born old, and ugly, and unattractive, and then, perhaps, I might have known a little peace." Then the carriage stopped in Victoria Street, and after depositing Miss Talbot, the victim to her own youth, beauty, and attractions rolled softly away home, where we shall follow her.

## CHAPTER III.

### FALSE DIPLOMACY.

THE house to which Mrs. Sutton was driven after leaving her sister was a handsome, tall, heavily-porticoed house, out at South Kensington, just opposite to the barren wilderness where the Exhibition of 1862 stood. The size and situation of the house spoke of wealth—so did the carriage and dress of its mistress and the number and orderliness of her servants—so did the interior arrangements and furniture. They all spoke of wealth—but of wealth not long possessed—of wealth that had not come by inheritance: every thing was terribly fresh—there was the glitter of recently-made gold about it all.

It was nearly six o'clock when Mrs. Sutton walked into her house, and after looking at the cards and letters on the hall table, and selecting three or four of the latter for private perusal, asked if the master was come home yet? On being told yes, she went on to a room behind the hall, and into the presence of her husband.

He was lying back in a large arm-chair before the fire when she entered, but he got up at her approach, and pushed it back a little, for her to take a lower and more comfortable one by his side. Standing up and smiling a welcome to a woman whom he worshiped, Mr. Sutton was seen at his best. What that best was shall be told briefly.

He was a short, thick-set man, with a large, fat, florid face, surmounted by a quantity of smoothly-brushed straight, yellow-brown hair. His forehead was broad and strong over the brows, and his eyes were of a cool, steady gray, that would have betokened something like fixedness of purpose and strength of will had they not been contradicted by the loose expression of a large, unwieldy mouth. He had been many things before he became a successful speculator. But under every phase he himself truthfully averred that he had never been mean or dishonorable; and Marian added that he never had been and never would be a gentleman.

Indeed, at the first glance, all the conditions which must be fulfilled before a man has a right to that proudest word of all, "gentleman," stamped upon him, were wanting in Mark Sutton. The son of a small country-town tradesman, without a classical education, the trick of manner, or the gracious gift of a good appearance, he belonged clearly and unalterably to the people. Yet for all that he had worked his way up steadily to dine with princes (only at civic feasts, certainly), and to be the husband of a beautiful, refined, well-bred woman, who never suffered him to forget that she was a Talbot.

"Well, my Marian!" he said, taking her hand kindly, as she seated herself. "You have been to your sister; what do you think of the stranger?"

It was a habit of his to put what he knew to be the case in the form of an assertion to his wife when questioning her about her daily path. If he seemed to be sure of a thing Marian was under less temptation to tell a story about it. Under "less temptation," but still not entirely free from it. For the fascination of falsehood was strongly upon Mrs. Sutton, and she rarely told the truth—never when she could avoid doing so.

"Yes; I have been with her at Edgar's all the time, Mark," she answered, brightly. "She is very pretty now. When I have polished her up a little she will be very perfect. I gave up my whole afternoon to her, instead of going to Hortense, as I intended."

Mr. Sutton checked the exclamation of "What was your carriage doing at Hortense's door, then, when I saw it?" Marian would not have been much discomfited by his saying it, but he would have been pained to discomfit her ever so little. Her mendacity was a disease in his eyes, to be treated tenderly.

"I have seen Edgar this afternoon; he seems to have made very considerate plans for his sister's comfort."

Mrs. Sutton shrugged her shoulders.

"He will be sure to make a great parade about all he does; and he will be equally sure not to make a single plan that does not materially conduce to his own comfort. It is a most painful thing to have to say of one's brother, but I must say it—Edgar is selfish to his heart's core."

Mr. Sutton having heard the same remark made before paid little attention to it. Now Edgar Talbot had made the mistake, not of finding Marian out more frequently than any one else, but of letting her feel that he had done so.

"He tells me that she will go into society under Mrs. Lyon's auspices."

"Yes; and she is a regular old soldier. Trixy will go into society under Mrs. Lyon's auspices, in order that Edgar may have a decent excuse for making a fool of himself under the auspices of Miss Lyon. His consideration for his sister does not carry him far enough to provide her with pocket-money. Fortunately, this afternoon, I was able to tell her my purse was at her disposal; which obliges me," she added, rapidly, leaning caressingly over Mark Sutton's stout arm, "to come to you to replenish it—will you?"

She spoke in a little coaxing, winning way, that, strangely enough, sounded very sweet in the ears of the man she addressed. The conviction that there was a false ring in that silver bell-like voice scarcely tainted the pleasure he felt in her deeming it worth while to use dulcet tones to him.

"'Will I?' Wouldn't I give my heart's-blood for you?" he said, rising up, unlocking a drawer in his writing-table, and taking out a check-book. "How much do you want Marian—a hundred?"

Now, a hundred pounds was but as a drop in the ocean of Mrs. Sutton's debts; but it would quiet Hortense, and Hortense was the one whose claim had been brought forward most urgently of late. So now she checked the sneer that was almost on her lips, at what she considered the meanness of the low-born man whose duty and privilege it was to pay for the faults and follies of his well-born wife—checked the sneer, and developed a smile of gratitude.

"A hundred will be magnificent! I shall be able to make up Edgar's shortcomings to Trixy now, thanks to your generosity!"

Then she took the check, and folded it away leisurely in her porte-monnaie, and he watched each graceful, languid, indifferent gesture, with a proud delight in the woman who used them being his own.

She went away to dress for dinner soon after that, and presently came down and placed herself opposite to him at the table, set off in a way that struck even him—little as the traditions of his youth had taught him of any form of beauty. She wore the last birthday present he had made her—a black velvet dress cut square, with sleeves that just reached the elbow, and with both neck and sleeves richly trimmed with Mechlin lace. There was lace fastened with a diamond pin on her soft brown hair, too, and her fingers glittered with jewels.

"Why, Marian, how splendid you are!" he exclaimed.

She laughed and said, "Yes; she knew he was going out to meet a man on business at his club, directly after dinner, so she had made herself look as well as she could while he was with her."

He looked so fondly at her by way of reply, and still his face fell, for he knew she was not giving him her real reasons for the richness with which she had arrayed herself. There was something behind that fair seeming of conjugal consideration. What was it? and how could he avert any ill consequences that might ensue from it to her?

"You expect friends this evening, perhaps, dear?" He always gave her a chance of saving herself, and standing well before herself and the world and him—this man, who had sprung from the mud, and who had, as she was wont to declare, "none of the instincts of a gentleman." He always gave her a chance—it was the grief of his life that she so seldom availed herself of it.

She lifted her fair face innocently toward him. "No, I do not, Mark," she said. "I shall read while you're away; and you will not be late, will you?"

"I am not going at all to-night," he answered, averting his eyes from hers, in order that she might not see that he read the chagrin she could not conceal—skillful adept in deceit as she was. Then Mrs. Sutton lowered her spirits suddenly, and the dinner came to a conclusion amidst thickest gloom.

It was not late—only about half-past nine o'clock—when the lady was roused from the corner of the little couch on which she had settled herself by the announcement of "Mr. Lionel Talbot and Mr. Bathurst," and she was just gracefully welcoming the latter when Lionel's exclamation of, "Ah! Sutton, I'm very glad to find you at home; Marian told me you were out to-night!" betrayed to Marian that she was found out again in a superfluous story.

"But I was persuaded to stay and see you," Mr. Sutton replied, calmly; and then, glad to find that it was no worse, that one of the guests for whom she had elaborately prepared herself was her own brother and his great favorite, Lionel Talbot, Mr. Sutton resigned himself to the ungenial office of making his house agreeable to Mr. Bathurst, a man with whom he had not an idea in common.

Frank Bathurst was the last person in the world who would have been selected, by people who are fond of pairing others according to their own tastes, as the friend of Lionel Talbot. It is true that they both loved the same things; but they loved in such a widely-different way, that the manner of their worship ought to have sundered their souls more effectually than if each had bent before another shrine, and was a bigot about every other form of faith. Frank Bathurst had been left lord of himself and ten thousand a year when he was only nineteen, and, in defiance of the bard's decision to the contrary, he had not found it a heritage of woe. He was a painter and a musician, and he spread out the power his money gave him in all directions, like a polypus, in order to find the means to further the aim he had; namely, to attain perfection and gain a name in both these arts. He had birth and place; he was known as a man of fashion and cultivation—his good looks were a sure passport to the favor of every man and woman on whom he turned his handsome face; and it was not enough for him. He sighed to write some notes that should thrill some world where Verdi was not cherished—to paint a picture that should tell some noble story: nobly to do something good, and grand, and, above all, true.

Above all, true! In his doubt of this aspiration being the most sincere one of his heart was to be found the sole alloy to Frank Bathurst's happiness in life and faith in himself. Ardently as he was set upon achieving something lofty, he was equally ardent in the intensity of his desire that success should wait upon his worthy merits. To do good unseen was quite enough in art for Lionel Talbot, to whom public applause meant only what it was worth; but it was not enough for the brilliant young man already so favored by fortune and nature. He wanted not only to deserve, but to command, the verbal laurels which are hung over every acknowledged victor's brow. He was earnest and unceasing in his efforts to attain what he desired—unresting in pursuit of every ennobling influence—unhasting and careful in the way in which he brought those influences to bear upon his ends. So far as the manner of his means went he was a true artist; but in the motive there was the germ of a flaw. He was over-ambitious: worse still, he was desirous that the realization of his ambition should become a well-known fact.

The two men had cast in their lots together for a while, and were working in a studio in Frank Bathurst's house, in the bright Bayswater air; working unremittingly each after his kind: Bathurst at a great picture that absorbed him—"The Battle of the Bards"—a picture into which he had "thrown all his strength," he firmly believed, and which he loved and looked forward to as to a thing that should make him of great account honestly in the realms of art; and Lionel Talbot at a small piece of canvas—small, at least, in comparison with that which Frank was covering with frightened beauties and frantic bards—on which was represented waves in half a gale of wind, with the moonlight on them. He had learned to know and love his model well down on the wild Cornish coast—the beauty of it had gone into his soul. So he painted it, without giving a thought to the contemptuous overlooking it would be sure to receive at the eyes of the eager votaries of art on the first of May.

It was the first time Mrs. Sutton had seen the man whom she emphatically declared to be Lionel's only respectable friend. She had persuaded her brother to bring Mr. Bathurst, under a promise of showing him a certain quaint old line engraving of some scene of courtly confusion, which seemed to have much in common with the one Mr. Bathurst was striving to depict from "Tannhaüser."

"From what you tell me of the grouping, Lionel, it must be very similar to an engraving I have," she had said the day before, after listening—without attending—to what Lionel had said relative to the composition of his friend's picture. "I shall be happy to show it to Mr. Bathurst, if you will bring him to see it."

"I could take it to him to-day," Lionel had suggested.

"That, unfortunately, I can not allow you to do: it is in a port-folio that Mr. Sutton prizes highly. No; Mr. Bathurst must come here if you want him to see it."

Then she had invited him for the following evening, appending to the invitation her regret that Mr. Sutton would be unavoidably absent. And so they had come, as has been seen, and the engraving proved, on inspection, to be a snare and a delusion, as far as the faintest possible resemblance between it and the grouping of Mr. Bathurst's picture was concerned. But, as she said, her "stupid mistake promised to be the basis of an agreeable acquaintance," for Mr. Bathurst pledged himself to make one of the family party which was to dine at Mr. Sutton's the following day. "Only a quiet little dinner, given in honor of the return among us of my sister, Miss Talbot," she explained. And even while she was saying it she made up her mind that she would not do as she had intended doing before she knew that Mr. Bathurst would be with them—go round to Victoria Street in the morning, and suggest a charming toilet for Trixy, in order that Trixy might tell Edgar how considerate Marian was, and possibly induce Edgar to feel that he had been unwise in not trusting Miss Talbot's future in her married sister's hands.

But it is time that Miss Lyon should come forward.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

COUNTRY OF THE NEWFOUNDLANDS,
TRINITY BAY, *Jan.* 9, 1867.

*Dear Weekly:*

I am now at the western end of the Ocean Telegraph, trying to gather up the full particulars of the arrival at the Isle of Wight of the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in such a bold way, as the song says; for the information we usually get through the Associated Press is so meagre that, unless you get the news right off the cable itself, you run as great a risk of getting the pure article as you do in buying your Otard at a Brooklyn burning fluid distillery. I have, at some trouble, succeeded in getting the following full particulars in advance of the *Herald;* and, like their dispatches, is "important if true:"

COWES, *Dec.* 30.—Yesterday the three American yachts, *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*, upon the invitation of Queen VICTORIA, sailed up Osborne Bay.

HER MAJESTY CAME DOWN ON THE BEACH

and spent some time in witnessing the various manœuvres of the yachts. Her Majesty displayed the insignia of the Garter, which was of pure British manufacture, fastened with a German silver clasp, one of a pair she had bought to encourage the Birmingham manufacturers. As the winner of the great race, the *Henrietta*, passed by she saluted it by waving her handkerchief tied on the end of her sceptre. Her handkerchief was Honiton lace, of Spitalfields manufacture, one of a dozen that she bought on her last trip to Scotland. Mr. BENNETT, on seeing Her Majesty thus saluting him, ordered his crew to give her three cheers and a "tiger," which they did, in true New York style. Mr. BENNETT himself tipped his hat, one of KNOX's, in his usual graceful manner.

At the banquet given by the citizens of Cowes the Hall was profusely decorated with British and American flags. Many of the latter were recognized as having been captured from our merchantmen by the neutral privateers of Great Britain during the rebellion. The Hall was also hung around with friendly mottoes. Sir JOHN SIMON, M.P., presided at the entertainment.

The health of the New Yorkers was good. The health of Mr. J. G. BENNETT, Jun., was drunk in the early part of the evening with great enthusiasm. Some toast was ordered for the peace and prosperity of the United States; but it got cold before it was used.

Major-General SEYMOUR, by command of the Queen, expressed Her Majesty's thanks for the display in the bay, and to the crew of the *Henrietta* for their beautiful imitation of the American Savage war-hoop.

At the dinner His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh accepted the challenge of Mr. J. G. BENNETT, Jun., in the following neat speech:

"Mooster BENNETT, you have coome all the way froom America in your oown boot to sail with awny oof Her Majesty's soobjects; and though, mon, I've heard your father was a cany Scot, I will sail you aroon this island in me oown boot, next soomer coomin, or forfeit haggis foor the whole coompany, and it shall be for a hunder poon, mon."

This acceptance of the challenge by

THE NOBLE DUKE

was received with great applause.

Mr. J. G. BENNETT, Jun., said he would now propose "the health of the Queen," previous to his going to Havre. Expressions of great disgust on the part of the noble lords present were manifested at this remark of Mr. BENNETT's; and Major-General SEYMOUR, Keeper of Her Majesty's Keys at Osborne, rose and rebuked Mr. BENNETT in the following eloquent speech, which was immediately telegraphed to Her Majesty by command:

"Gentlemen hof Hamerica, hi ham surprised to 'ear from hour Hamerican guest, the captain hof the '*Enrihetta*, that he hexpects to 'ave hour Queen, hon whose hempire, by 'eavens! the sun never sets. [Hear! hear!] Hi ham the more hastonished that he should 'ave that hopinion because she waved 'er 'andkerchief to him this hawfternoon; but hi can hinform him hit was not to him, but hit was a signal for hassistance to

her lords in waiting, to hassist her hout hof the mud, hand hon no hother grounds did she stand before him, hand the grounds for his hopinion are softer than the beach hon which her Majesty stood hat the time, hon whose hempire, by 'eavens! the sun never sets.—[Cries of "Hear! hear!"] Gentlemen hof Hamerica, particularly the captain hof the '*Enrietta*, recall hany such hillusions has the one just halluded to, for you can never 'ave 'er." [Hear! hear!]

Mr. J. G. Bennett, Jun., now rose, and said that

THE NOBLE LORD,

who is immense in his way, had run the thing into the ground in his piece he had just spoken; that he had got the wrong sow by the ear; he meant to say, and did say, that he was going to Havre—the town Havre, across the Channel—and that he did not leave home with any purpose of marrying the Queen, or even proposing to her; and, furthermore, he had no objections to the sun never setting where she was, and he only wished her empire extended all over the Atlantic during the trip of the *Henrietta*, for if he could have had daylight all the time he would have been hunkey dorey. [Hear, and cheers.]

The noble lords and gentlemen present seemed to be greatly pleased and entirely satisfied with this disclaimer of Mr. Bennett's.

On the following evening Captain Bennett and Mr. M'Viokar visited the Queen and dined with the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen not having dinner till quite late in the afternoon, and the New York gentlemen being quite hungry, is given as their reason for dining with the Duke, whose dinner is always an hour earlier than the Queen's.

The officers of the New York Yacht Squadron are invited to a banquet at Southampton, and to the Mersey Yacht Club's Rooms, Liverpool.

It is expected they will get their living free for the balance of the season. The officers have now thirty-nine dinner and supper engagements on hand. They expect to be able to attend to them, as their health is constantly improving.

*January* 1.—The yachters have just gone to take another dinner at Cowes, which makes the fourth to-day. Nothing further of importance by the telegraph.

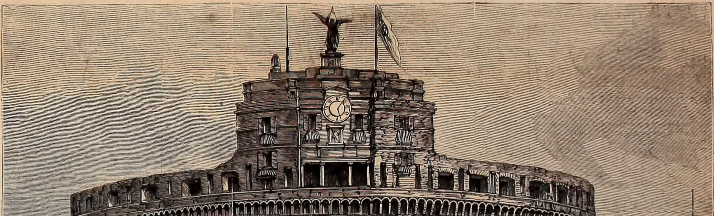
THE CAPTAINS OF THE THREE YACHTS "GOING ABOUT" ON THE PORT TACK.

P.S.—There is now a heavy snow falling here, and our island looks like an "isle of white," with no cows visible excepting Your own C. O. W.

## CAPTAIN SAMUEL SAMUELS.

The Captain who sailed the victorious yacht *Henrietta* in the late race across the Atlantic has been a sailor for the last twenty-eight years. He was born in Philadelphia in 1822, and in 1838 went to sea as cabin-boy of a schooner. After ten years of the usual experience of a sailor, he reached the grade of Captain, in 1848, when twenty-six years of age. He has since then been in command of the ships *Manhattan*, *Angelique*, *Dreadnaught*, *John Rice*, *M'Clellan*, and *Fulton*. During the war he was in the Government service, in command of transports. It was this Captain Samuels who made the first of the remarkable runs across the Atlantic. The first was in midwinter of 1854, when, with the *Dreadnaught*, he ran from port to port in 13 days and 11 hours. The fastest trip ever made by a sailing vessel was done in but two hours less than this time.

SAMUEL SAMUELS, CAPTAIN OF THE YACHT "HENRIETTA."



EVACUATION OF ROME—FRENCH TROOPS LEAVING THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.—[See Page 46.]

## THE CZAR'S CIRCASSIAN BODY-GUARD.

The Prince of Wales has for some weeks been in the capital of Russia, St. Petersburg, having gone there to celebrate the marriage of the Czarewitch to the Princess Dagmar, and to enjoy the magnificent entertainments prepared for the royal couple and their royal guests. Among the most entertaining of these have been a dance of Russian Gipsies, in which the arms, hands, and even the fingers did the principal labor, instead of the feet—a performance very nearly if not quite the same as the Indian *nautch*, practiced in the East. Among the most interesting entertainments given was that of the parade, or equestrian performance, *à la Hippodrome*, of the Czar's Circassian body-guard, which we illustrate on page 36. The parade took place in the Royal Riding School at St. Petersburg, the largest covered space in Europe.

The Emperor came in the Circassian costume, and the Prince of Wales with him on horseback. And the singular evolutions of the guard, and for which the Circassians are celebrated, began. They can make an attack on their enemies by riding close past them, throwing their bodies in a variety of positions over on the sides of their horses, making the body of the horse a defensive rampart against the balls of their foes. In this position they can load and fire their rifles. In the dim light of the Riding School these wild fellows of the Caucasus passed the Emperor and Prince at full gallop, and in every conceivable or inconceivable position, loading and firing off their rifles. One fellow came past standing on his saddle, his sword in his teeth, and fired as he passed; but another, still more ambitious, came along standing on his head, and managed in this strange position to do the same. Such performances are more like those of the circus than the field of battle; yet these things have been done, though not effectively, in actual war as late as 1855.

## THE SOCIAL SCIENCE OF COOKING.

Every lady who is occasionally compelled, by the roving dispositions or other delinquencies of servants, to cook her own meals will be interested in the illustration which we give of the manner in which the "Social Science" is taught. A year or two ago a French disciple of Soyer came to this country and instituted a college, in which our coquettes were taught the more useful lessons of cooking, and both tutor and pupils, we believe, met with great success. In England and France such schools are an institution, and already promise to become so in this country.

## RAILROAD TRAIN IN A SNOW-DRIFT.

The heaviest snow-storm and most disastrous gale which has been experienced in this latitude for a quarter of a century commenced on the night of December 27, and extended across the whole northeastern part of the continent, lasting with great fury for forty-eight hours. Snow fell to the depth of twenty inches in various parts of New England and the Middle States, and throughout Canada. The gale which prevailed at the same time had the further terrible effect of creating immense drifts of snow, many of which were eight and ten feet in depth. The railroads throughout New York were generally blocked up, and travel suspended. Large bodies of men were employed to shovel the falling snow from the tracks, but every effort proved futile, and the men were frequently in danger of being buried in the drifts, and had to desist for safety. So heavily did the snow fall, and so rapidly did the drifts form, that large numbers of trains were brought to a halt and soon buried in the drifts which formed about them, the snow being piled up higher than the locomotives. The passengers in a train on the New York Central Road were unable to leave it, although when blockaded they were within two miles of Albany; the fear of being buried in the drifts compelling them to remain in the cars until relieved after the storm had abated. The scene described is more graphically delineated in the sketch which we publish on page 37.

## WRECK OF THE STEAMER "COMMODORE."

The Long Island Sound steamer *Commodore*, running between this city and Stonington, Connecticut, became unmanageable in the gale of December 27, and striking on the beach near Hermitage, Long Island, broke in two, and has since gone to pieces. It was at first understood and stated that the vessel became unmanageable through defectiveness in the machinery; but it has since been proven that in the heavy gale she "broached to" and got into the trough of the sea, when the starboard pipe went over. This caused the vessel to "list" to the port-side, thus submerging one wheel and throwing the other out of the water, of course rendering both nearly useless, though the engine continued to work. Every effort to get her before the wind proved futile, and she drifted at the mercy of the winds until she got inside the bar, when she was anchored. Subsequently she sprung a-leak, and the hands and passengers were put at the pumps. She filled so rapidly, however, that the cables were slipped, and she went ashore a complete wreck. Her engine and boilers will probably be recovered.

None of the passengers, fortunately, were lost. If the vessel had gone ashore at any other point, east or west, for five miles, all on board must have perished, as rocks are on each side of her that distance, with precipitous and frozen banks, and no houses within a mile of the beach. As it was, they were all safely landed through the aid of the residents along shore, and sent to New York by the first trains.

The *Commodore* was built in New York in 1848, by Simonson & Logan. She was two hundred and seventy-five feet long, thirty-two feet beam, eleven feet deep, and nine hundred tons burden. She was overhauled last fall, put on the dry-dock, engines secured, kelsons thoroughly repaired, and supplied with a shaft and two new life-boats.

## COMING FROM CHURCH.

Last year, upon Ascension Day, the bayous were so full that walking was almost impossible upon the roads, which were wet and muddy from the leakage of water through the levees. These were so thoroughly soaked that, even upon the top of them, there was more muddy than dry spots. However, being a holiday among the Catholics, the residents were all out attending church in full holiday costume. These were so quaint, and the ladies so indifferent to appearances while engaged in keeping their clothes dry, that our artist seized the opportunity to make a characteristic sketch of the natives. The floods in the Mississippi, and the breaks in the levee of that river, was the cause of the unusual rise in these bayous of Western Louisiana.

## EVACUATION OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

From time to time, for over eight years, Louis Napoleon promised to evacuate Rome and remove one of the barriers to Italian unity. The victories of Prussia and the needle gun and the triumph of Victor Emanuel, at Venice, forced him to keep his promise on December 11, 1866, and on that day the last French soldier left the modern citadel of Rome, the castle of St. Angelo. We give a graphic illustration of this interesting event on another page. The evacuation was begun several days before, and continued until there remained of the garrison only a force of thirty-five men and General Montebello and staff, who performed the final ceremonies. The French flag was lowered from the castle and the Papal flag raised, one hundred guns being fired in honor of each, and a hundred and one in honor of the Pope. Large numbers of the people of Rome turned out to witness the ceremony of the retirement of the French; but, though looking upon the French with no particular favor, the citizens manifested no great enthusiasm, nor did they appear to have a lively interest in the event of so much importance to them.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A fortunate time for every one turns up somewhere in the course of the year. May-day is a grand thing for cartmen; and ice-cream saloons would soon be bankrupt if every day came in January. But above all, we fancy that New Year's was a jolly day for the livery stables. Their prices ranged all day from forty to two hundred dollars, and after twelve o'clock there was not even an old car-horse that was not going at his fastest pace. Apparently the owners of horses "to let" added a dollar or so to their prices for every flake of snow that fell.

Flowers, too, were in extraordinary demand; and though there were many murmurs, they were not because of the extortionate prices, but because florists could not supply a sufficient number of the fragrant bouquets and baskets.

Some misfortunes must be expected by those who call on their "dear five hundred friends" on New-Year's Day. And misfortunes seldom come singly. We saw the account of one luckless individual recorded as follows: One umbrella, "accidentally borrowed," $14; one Amidon hat, new Monday night, ruined by snow, $12; one pair Pacalin boots, utterly ruined, $20; six pairs kid gloves, $13; three silk scarfs, $9; carriage three hours, $30; two bouquets, $25, and other "minor items." New-Year's Day does not come but once a year!

The ladies are reported to have adorned their New-Year's dresses with a "double extra" quantity of bead and bugle trimming which kept up a gentle jingling as they laughed and chatted with their callers. Ornament is very well, "taken in moderate doses;" but when, at the distance of forty feet, a lady announces herself by the rattling and ringing of her trimmings, it does seem to be a little too much of a good thing.

But fashion is a very curious thing. It is really wonderful to notice how brave and vigorous young ladies have become—how *impervious* to the stinging cold and bitter wind of January, now that little hats are stylish. Do their ears never feel cold? Oh no, by no means! They may look a trifle rosy sometimes, but that is not because they are cold. But how terribly those same ears would have tingled if sent out unprotected five years ago! It is clear our young ladies are becoming hardy.

We learn, by-the-way, from Paris that French women no longer care to walk down the well-lighted, handsome staircase of the Opera House with their heads enveloped in the ungraceful warm coverings called "Hoods;" so ever since the more tasteful head-gear, made either of rich *point d'Angleterre*, or of vaporous tulle, has come into fashion, woolen hoods have been put aside. This head-covering consists of a small arrangement of white lace gathered in below the *chignon*, and in front describes a point on the forehead. It proves most becoming to the wearer, but is not the slightest use in keeping the cold winds from the face and head.

One can scarcely take up a newspaper, nowadays, without seeing an account of some accident caused by kerosene oil. A most destructive conflagration recently occurred in the city of Vicksburg, by which a thousand persons were made homeless, and many lives lost. It originated in the explosion of a kerosene lamp. If kerosene must be used, a great deal of care must be used too.

With the new year, 1867, a new era in the history of Japan and China commences—that of intercourse with the United States by the "American and Japan-China Mail Line" of first-class steamers. The pioneer ship of this line—the *Colorado*—was to sail from San Francisco last week. The new vessels, *Great Republic* and *Celestial Empire*, which, when finished, will be employed on this line, are said to be the largest wooden ships ever built in the United States.

The northwest wing of the "Woman's Hospital of the State of New York" is now being erected. The block of ground appropriated to this hospital is bounded by Lexington Avenue and Fourth Avenue, and Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets. The cut stone used in the construction of the building is from the Lockport limestone quarries. It is said that this is the first introduction of this stone into our city, and that it is likely to surpass all other marbles in durability and beauty.

Every individual in our city, and the whole city as a body, should beware of relaxing in any degree the sanitary measures which were so successfully employed during the last summer. There is every reason to believe that cholera will rage in the coming season, more or less, all over Europe. And it is stated as a significant fact, that last month there were no less than eight vessels in quarantine with cholera on board. Prevention is better than cure. Let those in authority see to it that bone-boiling factories, slaughter-houses, and filthy streets are expurgated.

Those who read the "Gossip" of last week, and who were desirous of knowing what are the most recent ideas on "French politeness," perhaps looked in vain for some extracts which were promised from a late valuable work on the above-named subject. By some little mistake the *extracts* were not given. But here they are, just as good as ever for use in polite society (in France, we mean), and we trust nobody going abroad will fail to read them attentively:

When you are about to begin eating do not turn your sleeves up as though you were going to wash your hands.

Do not tread upon any one's feet under the table.

Do not hold your plate out or adopt any other manœuvre with the view of being helped first.

Only men who are decidedly ill-bred take salt with their fingers.

Do not throw your bones under the table, or any where in the room. Place them on the edge of your plate.

If you have a bone in your fingers do not gnaw it too closely, as if you were a jackal.

Never criticise what is given to you, or compare it to a dish which you found much better at some other house.

Do not wipe your fingers on the table-cloth. *The English wipe their fingers, and their knives also, on a piece of bread; but this is not the custom in France.*

Mrs Mary Angell Young is the first living and legal wife of Brigham Young. She is a native of New York, and is reported to be a fine-looking, intelligent woman. She is large, portly, and dignified. Her hair is well sprinkled with the frosts of age; her clear hazel eyes and melancholy countenance indicate a soul where sorrow reigns supreme. She has been much attached to her husband, and his infidelity has made deep inroads upon her mind. Her deep-seated melancholy often produces flights of insanity, which increase with her declining years.

"The best preparation of its kind extant."—Burnett's Oriental Tooth Wash.—*Sears's National Review.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

D.D.& Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.& Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

**Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,**

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

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| Castor oil, | Citrate of iron and quinine, |
| Cod-liver oil, | Oil of turpentine, |
| Cod-liver oil with quinine, | Norwegian tar, |
| Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron, | And all other nauseous medicines. |

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

**A Sad Case of Poisoning**

Is reported in an exchange, the teachings of which should not be lost upon a single individual in the land upon whom devolves the care and responsibility of raising children. A lovely little daughter manifested every symptom of worms, and the mother, in her desire to administer a *pleasant tasting* remedy, procured, in an unfortunate moment, a box of "Worm Lozenges." One box was speedily devoured by the little sufferer, but no beneficial results were observed. A second box was purchased, but after taking the second dose, according to directions, severe abdominal pains seized the child, accompanied with vomiting, purging, cold sweats, convulsions, great prostration, dilated pupils, and death. A *post mortem* examination of the body clearly revealed the presence of an active poison, contained in portions of the lozenges found in the stomach. Volumes of advice are contained in the above simple narrative of facts.

With an entirely safe remedy at hand, of acknowledged efficacy, to accomplish all that the nature of the case demands, why will heads of families peril the health and lives of children under their charge by countenancing the use of dangerous and fatally poisonous compounds prepared by persons entirely ignorant of even the name of the medicinal agent which they are directed to prepare.

Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE is offered as the safe and reliable remedy, fully tested, and abundantly proved to be just what it is represented. Multitudes of certificates of cure and restoration to perfect health after taking it are in possession of the manufacturers. Don't fail to procure it and keep it in the family.

☞ Be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, PA. To be had at all respectable drug stores. None genuine without the signature of [3] FLEMING BROS.

"ADROO JOHNSON."—His Western trip and Comic Life. By Nasby. 40 large engravings. It's rich, rare, and racy. Be sure and get it. 10,000 sold weekly. Price only 20 cents; 10 for $1; 50 for $4 50; 100 for $8. Mailed, postpaid, by Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N. H.

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**ENGINEERS & CONDUCTORS' WATCHES.**

The American Watch Company, of Waltham, Massachusetts, request us to publish the following letters, recently received, recommendatory of Waltham Watches for railway use. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have for several years furnished to their employees watches specially made for them by the Waltham Company, and it is this class of watches the Superintendent, Mr. Williams, refers to. Similar watches (in strong silver or gold cases, with plate-glass crystals) we are prepared to supply, named and engraved to order; and of them, as being most suitable for the use of Engineers, Conductors, Station-Masters, of Expressmen and Messengers, the Company give the most ample guarantee. It is a remarkable fact that Railroad Companies using our watches suffer much less from collisions and similar accidents than any others.

Any of the grades of Waltham watches may be purchased of Watch Dealers generally throughout the country.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
182 Broadway, New York.
ROBBINS, APPLETON & CO.,
158 Washington Street, Boston.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD CO.
Office of the General Superintendent,
Altoona, Pa., 15th *Dec.*, 1866.

Gentlemen,—The Watches manufactured by you have been in use on this Railroad for several years by our Enginemen, to whom we furnish watches as part of our equipment. There are now some three hundred of them carried on our line, and we consider them good and reliable timekeepers. Indeed, I have great satisfaction in saying your watches give us less trouble, and have worn and do wear much longer without repairs, than any watches we have ever had in use on this road. As you are aware, we formerly trusted to those of English manufacture, of acknowledged good reputation, but as a class they never kept time as correctly, nor have they done as good service, as yours.

In these statements I am sustained by my predecessor, Mr. Lewis, whose experience extended over a series of years. Respectfully,
Edward H. Williams,
General Superintendent.
American Watch Company, Waltham.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.
Locomotive Department, West. Division,
Rochester, *Dec.* 24, 1866.

Gentlemen,—I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the great majority of Locomotive Engineers have found by experience that Waltham Watches are the most satisfactory of any for their uses. They run with the greatest accuracy and steadiness, notwithstanding the rough riding of an engine, and as I have never known one to wear out, they must be durable. I hope to see the time when Railway Companies will generally adopt your watches, and furnish them to all Engineers and Conductors. In my opinion it would greatly tend to promote regularity and safety.

Yours respectfully,
Charles Wilson, G. Chief Engineer,
B. of Locomotive Engineers.
American Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.

**NEW YEAR! NEW VOLUME!**

Ristori, Tom Hughes, "Father Prout," Two Paths in Womanhood, illustrated with Portraits. Ethnology, by E. G. Squier; Education, by John Neal; Our Neighbor, by Mrs. Wyllis; "Health at Home," by Dr. Griscomb; and Phrenology, Physiology, Physiognomy, and Psychology, by the Editors, in January Double Number Phrenological Journal. Only 20 cents, or $2 a year. Subscribe now. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

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Captain Isaac Smith, of Sing Sing, says thirty of Brandreth's Pills, taken according to directions, cured him of a very severe bronchial affection after other means had failed, and he wishes his numerous friends to know the fact.

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100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25c.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

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# $5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all rders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

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## Personal Recollections
OF
## DISTINGUISHED GENERALS.

BY WILLIAM F. G. SHANKS.

PORTRAITS.

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The portraiture is the work of a free hand, and we are not surprised to learn that much of it is deemed by the heroes "objectionable matter." The book, however, is one that will live, for it will be believed. ....... The historian and the novelist of the future will turn for narrative and portraiture to such books as this, and find precisely the material they need.—*Canandaigua Repository and Messenger.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

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# WATERS'S GRAND,

Square, and Upright Pianos, Melodeons, and Cabinet Organs. THE BEST MANUFACTURED.

TO LET, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargains from $60 to $225. Old Pianos taken in exchange for new. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos. Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York.

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## 100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, PENS, BRACELETS, CASTORS, GOBLETS, SPOONS, FORKS, NAPKIN RINGS, &c., &c.,

# Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and county. J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

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Agents wanted to sell the above watch on commission. Sample watch, with gent's vest chain, sent by mail securely packed for $3 50. S. C. BENNETT & CO., 163 Bleecker Street, New York.

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# Holiday Presents.

THE COSMOPOLITAN

## Manufacturers' Association.

### The People's Great One-Priced Sale

Of all kinds of Staple and Fancy Goods, consisting of Pianos, superb Parlor and Chamber sets of rich Furniture, Carpets, Oilcloths, Bedding of every Description, splendid Dress Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Hoop Skirts, Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, Silverwares of all kinds, Paintings, Engravings, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' Traveling-bags, Albums, and a beautiful assortment of Jewelry. We warrant all jewelry gold, or no sale.

Let it be distinctly understood that this is emphatically a GOLD SALE, by an association of manufacturers, on a one-price average system, and that not a single article of brass or plated jewelry is included in the whole immense stock.

*A rare chance for young Housekeepers and all parties wishing to purchase useful and valuable goods.*

All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of one-fifth the usual cost, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive,

INSURING TEN DOLLARS WORTH FOR $2.

☞ THE PROOF—We guarantee to send any customer, in exchange for the least article they may get for $2, *a splendid richly-chased or engraved silver Butter-Dish or Castor, fine plate, valued at $10, or a beautiful 50-picture Morocco Photograph Album, valued at $6;* and you have a possibility of getting a

### Fine Gold Watch or Piano.

Send 25 cents for the Golden Envelope, containing valuable receipts and songs; and one of the sealed Certificates, which are well mixed and taken out regardless of choice, will be sent, which will inform you what you can get for $2, from a Butter-Dish or Castor, worth $10, to a Watch or Grand Piano, worth $1000.

2 for 50 cents, with a beautiful Photograph.
5 for $1 00, with a Silver Nut Pick, worth.......$1 00
11 for $2 00, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth.. 2 00
17 for $3 00, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth.... 3 00
30 for $5 00, with a Gold Pen, Ext. Case, worth.. 6 00
65 for $10 00, with a Gold Double Locket, worth 12 00
100 for $15 00, with a Fine Silver Watch, worth. 18 00
200 for $30 00, with a Silver Hunt. Watch, worth 40 00

In all cases, upon receipt of money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to Agents, to whom great inducements are offered. Address

CALKINS & CO., 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

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## PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

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# SURE PILE CURE.

DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

**READ!**

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

---

# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

## ALWAYS A WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

### Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

### Club Orders.

HANNIBAL, Mo., *Nov.* 5, 1866.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: *Sirs,*—Please send the within order (the seventh I have sent) by express, as before, with bill for collection. Nearly all my first Club have sent again, which is a proof we are satisfied. I should like to see the advertisement of a new Tea which I have been told you sell (probably Long Arm). Please be careful that no nails protrude through the bok—it is a long way to Missouri.

Yours truly, JOHN V. HIBBERT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 lb. | Gunpowder | D. Holt | at $1 25 | $1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Best Black | D. Holt | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. | Gunpowder | A. Lodge | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson | H. L. Russell | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson | C. Purnell | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Gunpowder | C. Purnell | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 4 lbs. | Gunpowder | Cor. Murphy | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 1 lb. | Gunpowder | Thomas Larkin | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | Gunpowder | Edwin Clogg | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 3 lbs. | Gunpowder | Van Evencoven | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 3 lbs. | Gunpowder | Wm. Kelley | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 1 lb. | Best Black | John Taylor | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. | Imperial | A. C. Shaw | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial | Stephen Watson | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | Imperial | Thomas Creed | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial | Geo. Threlkeld | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| | Carried up | | | $37 00 |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Brought up | | | $37 00 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial | T. J. Williams | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 3 lbs. | Young Hyson | Mrs. Russell | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 1 lb. | Best Gunpowder | Mrs. Russell | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 lb. | Best Gunpowder | Mrs. Russell | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 5 lbs. | Uncolored Japan | W. Brown | at 1 25 | 6 25 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial | A. Manly | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Uncolored Japan | A. Manly | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Uncolored Japan | D. Mahony | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial | D. Mahony | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial | T. Murphy | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Uncolored Japan | T. Murphy | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Best Green | S. C. Davis | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Uncolored Japan | H. Martin | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Best Black | Mr. Meadows | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. | Best Gunpowder | J. V. Hibbert | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| | Total | | | $63 50 |

FOUNTAIN GREEN, ILLINOIS, *Nov.* 28, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York: *Gentlemen,*—The Tea you sent me the middle of this month was received in good order, and gave general satisfaction. The present order is mostly for other parties, who are not yet satisfied that it is possible for tea of a good quality to be furnished at your figures after paying former prices. I am sure, however, that a few experiments resulting as favorably as my first will give people confidence, and insure you a liberal patronage from this locality. Wishing you success, I am, gentlemen, your most obedient servant, J. M. FOY.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

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## Vick's Illustrated Catalogue
OF
## Seeds and Floral Guide for 1867

Is now published. It contains nearly 100 pages, 100 fine Illustrations on wood of

## CHOICE FLOWERS and VEGETABLES
AND
## A Beautiful Colored Flower Plate,

for Frontispiece. Also descriptions of the FINEST FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES grown, with full and plain directions for culture.

☞ Sent to all who desire, postage paid, for 15 cts.—not half the cost. Sent free to all my customers of 1866 without being ordered. Address

JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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## PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

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# SAVONINE

A CONCENTRATED SOAP, CONCENTRATING TIME, SAVING MONEY.

ONE BOX FOR **$1 50**, EQUAL TO **24** POUNDS BAR SOAP.

From the daily receipt of testimonials from all parts of the United States it appears that SAVONINE may be used for a hundred purposes not hitherto claimed by the manufacturers. Manufactured in this country only by GLAMORGAN SOAP CO., **45** BROADWAY, New York. Some districts still open to responsible agents.

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PARLOR FIREWORKS; or, SNOW CRYSTALS IN FIRE. 25 cents a package. Send orders to O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

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## DRUNKENNESS CURED

By UPHAM'S ANTIDOTE. Sent by mail for $1 by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South 8th St., Philadelphia. Circulars free.

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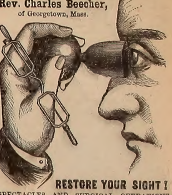
## Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher,

Of Brooklyn, after using the IVORY EYE-CUPS, orders a pair for the wife of

## Rev. Charles Beecher,

of Georgetown, Mass.



## RESTORE YOUR SIGHT!

SPECTACLES AND SURGICAL OPERATIONS RENDERED USELESS! THE INESTIMABLE BLESSING OF SIGHT IS MADE PERPETUAL BY THE USE OF THE NEW PATENT IMPROVED IVORY EYE CUPS.

Many of our most eminent *Physicians, Oculists, Students,* and *Divines* have had their Sight restored and permanently cured of:

1. IMPAIRED VISION.
2. PRESBYOPIA; or, Far Sightedness.
3. ASTHENOPIA; or, Weak Eyes.
4. EPIPHORA—Running or Watery Eyes.
5. SORE EYES.
6. WEAKNESS OF THE RETINA, or Optic Nerve.
7. OPHTHALMIA; or, Inflammation of the Eye and its appendages.
8. PHOTOPHOBIA; or, Intolerance of Light.
9. PTOTIS; or, Falling of the Eyelids.
10. MYODESOPIA, moving specs or floating bodies before the Eye.
11. AMAUROSIS; or, Obscurity of Vision.
12. CATARACTS, Partial Blindness, Loss of Sight from Injury, and Worst Disorders of the Eye.

ANY ONE can use the IVORY EYE-CUPS without the aid of DOCTOR or MEDICINE so as to receive *immediate beneficial results,* and *never wear spectacles;* or, if using now, to *lay* them *aside forever.*

We *guarantee* a cure in every case where the directions are followed, or we will *refund the money.*

Over 5000 certificates of CURE may be seen at our office.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC! The Eye-Cups have become so popular with Families, Physicians, and Oculists, that unprincipled persons have found it profitable to swindle the public with imitations. The genuine are marked "Improved 1865," patented by J. Ball.

Since the completion of our new machinery we have been able to supply the increasing demand. Having imported largely, we are prepared to run down all opposition to the starving point. Consultations may be had by letter free of charge while using the Cups!! Until further notice the Eye-Cups, with full directions how to use them, will be sent by mail or express, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of the following price:

Patent Improved Lignum-Vitæ Eye-Cup..$3.00
New Patent Improved Ivory Eye-Cup....$5.00

Please address us as follows:

DR. J. BALL & CO.,
128 NASSAU STREET;
Box 701 Post-Office, New York City.

"Treatise on the Eye," 7th edition, by mail, 25 cts.

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## CANVASSERS WANTED

TO SELL THE IMPROVED FOLDING

# Pocket Lantern

Very light, strong, and durable: can be folded and carried in the pocket or traveling-bag with safety and convenience, occupying the space of a cigar-case, and are opened and closed as readily. They contain (whether open or closed) matches and extra candles, and, being always ready for use, are most appreciated in the greatest emergencies.

Prices: No. 1, $1 each; by mail or express, prepaid, $1 50. No. 3, 75 cents each; by mail or express, prepaid, $1 00.

**Liberal Discount to Dealers and Canvassers.**

**Send for Samples.**

JULIUS IVES & CO., Sole Agents, 49 Maiden Lane, N. Y., Proprietors and Manufacturers of Ives's Patent Lamps, and Dealers in Kerosene Goods generally.

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## HARPER'S
## NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
## FOR JANUARY, 1867.

### Terms for 1867.

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*An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

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The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page . . . . . . . . . $250 00
Half Page . . . . . . . . . 125 00
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Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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*And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

.WHAT A FIB!

JULIA. "'GUSTA, dear, do see the love of a Bouquet CAPTAIN DASH gave me."
'GUSTA (*who is a little jealous*). "Yes, dear, it's very pretty. He offered it to me before you came down."

## Robinson & Ogden,
### BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
### GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
### No. 4 Broad St., New York,
(Two Doors from Wall.)

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.

**ROBINSON & OGDEN,**
Bankers.

D.D.& Co's **SOFT CAPSULES.**
See Advertisement Inside.

**At Reduced Rates.** POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $5 upward.

**JOHN BONNER,**
## Stock Broker,
22 BROAD STREET.

Government Securities of all kinds, Railway Stocks, and Bonds, Petroleum and Mining Shares, and Gold, bought and sold on commission.

**Delicate and Clear Complexion,**
By using Wright's Alconated Glycerine Tablet, with a delightful fragrance. Order of your Druggist.

## £150,000,000

Sterling in money and estates remain unclaimed in Great Britain and Ireland in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2 00 in U. S. funds. Genealogies traced, wills searched for. All letters must be prepaid. GUN & CO., Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, 6 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

**"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.**

WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel ALL others, as thousands of patrons will testify.
☞ AGENTS WANTED. Machines sent to Agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO, Boston, Mass.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.'S SEWING MACHINES, 699 Broadway, New York.

FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

**THE HOWE LOCK STITCH**

THESE WORLD-RENOWNED SEWING MACHINES were awarded the highest premium at the World's Fair in London, and six first premiums at the New York State Fair of 1866, and are celebrated for doing the best work, using a much smaller needle for the same thread than any other machine.
They are made under the immediate supervision of the President of the Company, ELIAS HOWE, Jr., original inventor of the Sewing Machine, *and are adapted to all kinds of sewing.*

**$30,000.** For a Fortune, and no Deception, address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Massachusetts.

**MUSICAL BOXES,**

Playing from 1 to 36 different tunes, and costing from $550 to $600. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. PAILLARD & CO., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

**"The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."**

THE GOLD PEN—BEST AND CHEAPEST OF PENS.

## MORTON'S GOLD PENS
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

For Sale at his Headquarters, No. 25 MAIDEN LANE, New York, and by every duly appointed Agent at the same prices.
A Catalogue, with full description of Sizes and Prices, sent on receipt of letter postage.
A. MORTON.

## MOTT'S CHEMICAL POMADE
The best hair restorer and dressing. Sold by druggists.

## PENN. SALT MANF'G CO.'S
## SAPONIFIER.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP, AND SAVE 60 PER CENT. There is no article known producing such excellent and cheap Soap as this SAPONIFIER. In saving your waste grease, and using the same according to directions around each box, you obtain, with very little trouble and in a very short time, splendid Soap which will cost you 2 cents ℔ lb., and, if you buy the grease, it will come only to 6 cents or 7 cents ℔ lb.
For sale by all the principal Grocers.

## Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Eruptions of the Skin, Swollen Glands, &c.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO FAMILIES, AND TO THE AFFLICTED GENERALLY.

SCROFULA is the base of a great variety of diseases, the cure of which is certain by using the

**STRUMATIC SALTS,**

for bathing purposes, prepared by the PENNSYLVANIA SALT MANUFACTURING COMPANY, and possessing exactly the same virtues as the celebrated KREUGNACH SPRINGS (Prussia), whence, on a yearly average of eight thousand patients seeking relief from their different afflictions, NOT ONE EVER RETURNS WITHOUT A PERFECT CURE. For all the above diseases take

STRUMATIC BATHS,

which will cure you without fail.
For Sale by all the principal Druggists.

**PH. EPPELSHEIMER, Agent,**
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This is an ENTIRELY NEW STORY, and is published from the advanced sheets. "THE LADY'S FRIEND" is for sale by all News-Dealers.

# Important Notice to the People.
## KELLEY'S GRAND NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT.
### TIME FIXED TO AWARD THE PREMIUMS,
And the Concert to be given at the Wabash Avenue Rink, Chicago, Illinois, on

**Saturday, January 26, 1867.**

THIS IS THE GREATEST DISTRIBUTION OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,
And most successful enterprise of the kind ever inaugurated in the world.

**250,000 Valuable Prizes, valued at Half a Million Dollars, including $100,000 in Greenbacks,**

Will be presented to Ticket-Holders.

A SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE PEOPLE.

The proprietors of this grand enterprise have great pleasure in being able to inform the subscribers to their Concert that it is now an assured success. Out of 500,000 tickets issued, only 98,000 remain unsold. The proprietors do not wish to hold a single ticket when the Concert takes place, as it might create dissatisfaction among our patrons, and therefore have been compelled to extend the time to JANUARY 26, 1867, when it will positively take place without any farther postponement.

For fifteen years we have been engaged in the Gift business, and we point with pride to the reputation we have won for honesty and integrity. Many of the prominent citizens of Chicago will bear witness to the statement that we have never made any promises to the public that we have not sacredly fulfilled, and we refer to the leading bankers and merchants of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, for our character for fair dealing.

In spite of all opposition and every obstacle, we shall prove to the public that the North American Prize Concert will be conducted honorably, and all the prizes advertised will be distributed fairly, impartially, and without reserve.

The plan of drawing adopted is the following: Duplicate numbers from 1 to 500,000 are placed in a wheel; the first number drawn out takes the highest prize, the next the second highest prize, and so on until the whole 250,000 prizes are drawn.

We advise all parties wanting tickets to send for them at once. All orders for tickets will be promptly filled

Number of Tickets issued, 500,000.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR EACH.

### EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

**List of Presents to be Awarded.**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | $30,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 10,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 5,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 4,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 3,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 2,000 |
| 20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each | 20,000 |
| 20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $500 each | 10,000 |
| 20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $100 each | 2,000 |
| 20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $50 each | 1,000 |
| 800 Gifts in Greenbacks, $10 each | 8,000 |
| 1,000 Gifts in Greenbacks, $5 each | 5,000 |
| 1 Gift, Residence in Chicago | 5,000 |
| 10 Gifts, City Lots in Chicago, $500 each | 5,000 |
| 40 Gifts, Pianos, $500 each | 20,000 |
| 20 Gifts, Melodeons, $150 each | 3,000 |
| 100 Gifts, Family Bibles, $20 each | 2,000 |
| 200 Gifts, Gents' Gold Watches, $150 each | 30,000 |
| 200 Gifts Ladies' Gold Watches, $100 each | 20,000 |
| 200 Gifts, American Hunting-Case Silver Watches, $65 each | 13,000 |
| 300 Gifts, Patent Lever Hunting-Case Silver Watches, $40 each | 12,000 |
| 1,000 Gifts, Sets Silver-Plated Teaspoons, $3 each | 3,000 |
| 1,000 Gifts, Silver-Plated Call-Bells, $3 each | 3,000 |
| 1,000 Gifts, Silver-Plated Fruit-Knives, $2 each | 2,000 |
| 2,000 Gifts, Gold Pens in Velvet Boxes, $4 each | 8,000 |
| 2,000 Gifts, Photograph Albums, $5 each | 10,000 |
| 2,000 Gifts, Gold Pens and Ebony Holders, $5 each | 10,000 |
| 2,000 Gifts, Gold Rings, $3 each | 6,000 |
| 1,000 Gifts, Gold-Lined Goblets and Cups, $3 each | 3,000 |
| 1,000 Gifts, Six-Bladed Pearl-Handled Knives, $4 50 each | 4,500 |
| 1,000 Gifts, Fine Ladies' Purses, $5 each | 5,000 |
| 2,000 Gifts, Gold Sleeve-Buttons, $2 each | 4,000 |
| 92,000 Gifts, Books and Steel Engravings, $1 to $2 each | 92,457 |
| 139,043 Gifts, Large Steel Engravings, $1 each | 139,043 |

The distribution will take place after the concert, where 200,000 persons can witness it. A committee will be appointed by Ticket-holders to take charge of the same. All agents and purchasers will be supplied with a correct list of the awards as soon as published.
Price of tickets, $1 each. Sent by mail on receipt of price and 3-cent stamp for return postage.

### EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

SPECIAL TERMS, OR CLUB RATES.

Any party procuring a club of five or more names for tickets, and sending us the money for the same, will be allowed the following commission. We will send

5 tickets to one address for $4 50; 10 tickets to one address for $9 00; 20 tickets to one address for $17 50.

Send the name of each subscriber, and their post-office address, with town, county, and state in full. Money by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk.

### EVERY OTHER TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

READ WHAT THE CHICAGO PRESS SAY:

*From the Chicago Times.*

NORTH AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT.—Among the first gift enterprises ever commenced in Chicago was that of Messrs. A. A. Kelley & Co., which has been perpetual for more than three years past, and has given the most perfect satisfaction, if we are to judge by the extensive patronage accorded it. They are the proprietors of the "North American Prize Concert," now so extensively advertised in this and other papers, and endorsed by some of the best business firms in this country. From what we know of Mr. Kelley, we are positive that he will, "in the future as in the past," deal fairly and honorably with all who take stock in his enterprise.

*From the Chicago Journal.*

KELLEY & CO.'S GIFT ENTERPRISE.—The first to embark in the gift enterprise business in Chicago was the firm of A. A. Kelley & Co., located at 105 Randolph Street. Who does not remember their store, which opened two or three years ago, where many purchased books and other articles, and were so lucky as to find with their purchases tickets which entitled them to valuable gifts of jewelry or other prizes? Thousands of our citizens were thus fortunate, and these have the best evidences that Messrs. Kelley & Co., always perform all they promise—that they are honorable men, and do business honorably and on the square.
The Citizens of Chicago who know A. A. Kelley & Co. have confidence in their honor and integrity, and are largely investing in their enterprise.
These are some of the reasons why we feel safe in commending Kelley & Co.'s Gift Concert to the public.

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All communications should be addressed to

**A. A. KELLEY & CO., No. 105 Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois.**

HARPER'S WEEKLY
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## THE PRESENT HOUR.

The present hour—small fragment—speck of time!
What human joy, what agony, what crime,
It doth condense!—thought terrible, sublime!

This hour, to us so brief, perchance while flying,
Earthquakes shake islands, towns in ruins lying;
Thousands to life are springing, thousands dying.

What multitudes this moment feast and drink,
Or lightly tread the dance, nor pause to think!
What multitudes shed tears, or, starving, sink!

How many in luxurious rooms recline
On couches soft, while lamps above them shine,
Listening to melting music, airs divine!

How many, the same instant, on the wave
Are toss'd by storms—they shriek, but none can save,
And, shrieking, sink in ocean's greedy grave.

What virtuous spirits sorrow, wrong'd, oppress'd;
What hearts, long parted, meet, supremely blest;
What bitter, sad farewells pierce many a breast!

E'en as these pulses beat, how many a sigh
Of piety ascends! how many an eye
Is raised in meek devotion to the sky!

E'en as these pulses beat, the murderer steals
On his hush'd way—his deadly thought conceals;
He crouches, springs, the stroke of horror deals.

Ring out, this hour, a thousand marriage-bells,
Joy's revelry for thousand christenings swells,
Toll mournfully a thousand funeral knells.

What countless lovers whisper, 'neath the shade,
Eternal truth!—alas! for many a maid,
Uncounted hearts are breaking, love-betray'd.

What floods and fires are raging, as we lean
In calmness here! while, startling heaven's serene,
War's thunder now may burst on many a scene.

O'er desert moors what houseless wretches wend!
From beds of anguish what sad groans ascend!
What mothers o'er their dying offspring bend!

All this, all this, while a few moments fly;
Moments, so full of fate, to Heaven that cry,
Charged with all passions—bliss and misery!

We talk, feast, laugh, enjoy the sun's glad light,
But little dream what scenes, the dark, the bright,
Are crowded in one hour's eventful flight.

HON. ROSCOE CONKLING, NEW YORK SENATOR ELECT.—[Phot. by Brady & Co., Washington.]

## HON. ROSCOE CONKLING.

The new U. S. Senator from New York, chosen on the 14th of January, belongs to a family long known in State and National politics. His father, Hon. A. Conkling, was in the Seventeenth Congress, was Minister to Mexico in 1852, and has since been the United States District Judge for the New York District. A brother, Frederick A. Conkling, was in the Thirty-seventh Congress. The new Senator elect was born in Albany in 1828. He was educated for the bar, and has pursued that profession with great success. In 1849 he was appointed District-Attorney for Oneida County; and in 1858 was Mayor of Utica. He was elected to the Thirty-sixth Congress by a large majority; and re-elected to the three Congresses succeeding by increased votes. He was also elected a Representative in the Fortieth Congress, which meets on the 4th of March next, but will now take his seat in the Senate for six years from that date. Mr. Conkling, as will be seen by the elegant portrait which we give, is in the prime of life, being but thirty-nine years of age. He is an effective debater and an unflinching Republican.

## WRECK OF THE TUG "ISLANDER."

The steam-tug *Islander*, belonging to the Government, and on duty at Norfolk and in Hampton Roads, was blown out to sea in the terrible gale of December 28, and wrecked off Chincoteague Island. Captain Morton, of the steamer *General Barnes*, on the 29th of December encountered the wrecked vessel, and rescued the captain, engineer, and two men. The sea was running so heavily at the time that it was impossible to launch a boat; and the *General Barnes* ran as close to the wreck as was consistent with safety and threw out lines, to which the men lashed themselves, and were thus drawn on board, as shown in our engraving. The tug went down within an hour after the rescue was effected.

## RAILWAY SNOW-PLOW.

The late heavy snow-storm of December 28, illustrated and described in the *Weekly* of January 12, has brought into requisition the lately-invented railway snow-plow, of which we give an illustration on another page. Snow-plows on smaller scales and less perfect in design have been in use for several years. That now generally employed on the principal railways of the country is a ponderous machine, requiring two and three engines to operate it effectively. The picture which we present of the machine at work will better explain the *modus operandi* than will any labored description which we might give in words.

## CHILDREN'S SOCIAL GATHERING IN BROOKLYN.

We give on page 61 an illustration of a scene presented at the Brooklyn Athenæum on the 11th instant, in the social gathering of the children of the Second Unitarian Sunday-school. The exercises of the little folks consisted of the singing of several hymns, the recitation of dialogues, the representation of the fairy scenes of "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and of dances and games, all of which were entered into and received by the large audience with great spirit and pleasure.

## DEDICATION OF A MASONIC LODGE.

Kane Lodge, No. 454, of Free and Accepted Masons, was dedicated and the ceremonies of the installation of officers performed on the 5th of January at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street. The ceremonies were conducted under the direction of Thomas S. Sommers, Esq., the Master-elect of Kane Lodge, who acted as proxy for the M. W. Grand Master, Robert E. Holmes. At the conclusion of these most impressive ceremonies a choice programme of vocal and instrumental music was dispensed. An address by R. W. John H. Anthon was delivered and well received.

RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE WRECKED TUG "ISLANDER."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

## IMPEACHMENT.

THE London *Times*, with its usual profound knowledge of American affairs, says that the scheme of impeachment looks like a fatal blow at the Constitution. But the impeachment of a President is as Constitutional as his election. The Constitution defines certain offenses for which he may be impeached, and adds to them "other high crimes and misdemeanors." The occasion of impeachment is thus left to the discretion of Congress, and the measure becomes merely one of expediency. But the removal of the executive head of the Government is in its nature an extraordinary measure to be invoked only in the last extremity. If difference with the majority in Congress is to furnish an adequate occasion for such a movement, it is plain that impeachment of the Executive will become an ordinary party measure; and the independence of the Executive contemplated by the Constitution being thus destroyed the balance of the whole system comes to an end. Undoubtedly, and justly, the chief power of our system is given to the Legislature as the immediate representative of the public will. The authority confided to it of impeaching and removing the President, and of organizing the Supreme Court, gives Congress, under certain stringent conditions, the supreme power. But that power is limited not only by express provision but by moral considerations which can not be safely disregarded.

When the country sees that the President has intentionally prostituted the power of his position to the overthrow of the Government, or that his personal habits incapacitate him for the discharge of his duties, it would universally acquiesce in his impeachment and removal, and the Government would not be severely strained by the proceeding. The London *Times* would learn that if our system could endure such a shock as the assassination of the late President, it would easily bear that of the impeachment of the present. But to engineer an impeachment, to agitate for an impeachment, to twist and torture and refine upon the reasons for an impeachment, is to alienate the national sympathy and approval which are essential to justify it.

The Senate, in trying an impeachment, is not a political assembly, it is a court of law. It must deal with overt acts, not with words or opinions. The present President can not be fairly impeached for Tylerizing. He can not be tried for returning to his old party. We who elected him are justly punished for supposing that a modern Southern democratic politician could comprehend the American principle of equal rights, or work heartily for its development; but we can not fairly revenge our disappointment by impeaching him. The President is in open political alliance with those who denounced and opposed the war. He steadily resists every effort to secure its just results. He is the great impediment in the path of a swift and prosperous national settlement. But he resists thus far under Constitutional forms. He exercises the right of veto; he removes from office those who do not support his views; he has abused Congress in his speeches like a drab; he has denied its authority; he advises the unrepresented States to reject the Amendment; and he tenaciously insists that the late rebel States may return to Congress without any other conditions than those which he has himself imposed.

But all this conduct, baffling and annoying as it is, is yet not a violation of his official oath nor inconsistent with the Constitution as he understands it. When he proceeds to thwart Congress by force, when he deliberately and undeniably refuses to execute the laws, when he practically as well as theoretically denies the authority of the people of the United States in Congress, his impeachment would be felt to be a national act of justice and not a partisan measure, and would then be of the highest expediency.

If, therefore, Mr. ASHLEY gives to the Committee upon the Judiciary, to which his charges have been referred, indisputable and conclusive evidence of criminal act or design upon the part of the President, there will be no serious hostility of public feeling to the trial. If, as the Boston *Commonwealth* intimates, there are facts known which point to civil commotions instigated by the President, let them be presented, and he would be as unanimously and cordially removed as Mr. LINCOLN was re-elected. Mr. ASHLEY charges the President with "corruptly" abusing the appointing power and the pardoning power; with "corruptly" disposing of the public property of the United States, and conspiring high crimes with others. Let these charges be plainly proved, not quibbled and inferred, by the evidence which he lays before the Committee, and his accusation will unquestionably be sustained by the country. But if Mr. ASHLEY knows no more than we all know, then we venture to say that the country does not demand an impeachment, and it would therefore be a highly inexpedient movement.

Every President in opposition is, of course, an obstacle to the majority; but does the Constitution provide impeachment as a remedy for that difficulty? If the ordinary methods of our system can not endure such a strain as the performances of ANDREW JOHNSON, what would become of them under the pressure of a sagacious and powerful conspirator? The President is a temporary obstacle to reconstruction, but he does more to confirm and develop the saving radical purpose of the country than a hundred THADDEUS STEVENSES, however sturdy and efficient. The New Orleans massacre, the stumping and staggering orgie to the grave of DOUGLAS, the exhortations to the late rebel States to reject the Amendment, the Copperhead society in which he loves to dwell, and the coarse vituperation of Senators and Representatives by name—these are all things which the intelligent mind and the generous heart of the people constantly meditate, and they have left ANDREW JOHNSON morally impeached, and morally condemned to a disgrace more undying than that of JAMES BUCHANAN and FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Of course, in extremity moral impeachment is not enough. But what is the situation? The President may delay but he can not defeat the accomplishment of the popular purpose. He is practically powerless. Commander of the army and navy, he can use them only to enforce the laws of Congress. They are not his creatures. He can not seat a single member of Congress from the disabled States. He can not count a solitary Presidential vote for them before their restoration to their functions in the Union. The new Congress will assemble and organize as the old dissolves. The utmost that the President can do is to veto laws which Congress will pass, and nominate officers whom the Senate will not confirm. Neither the Secretary of War, nor the General of the Army, nor the Secretary of the Treasury, can be suspected of complicity in any Presidential plot, however upon certain points they may differ with Congress. Above all, the people are thoroughly awake and in earnest. They watch constantly and closely. Heartily united, every unfriendly word and act of the President only binds them more firmly together. They will hear with attention and interest what Mr. ASHLEY has to say. But if it be a mere repetition of General BUTLER's speech, it will not persuade them that the President ought to be impeached. And as for the droll effort to make adhesion to the wisdom of impeachment, without further knowledge, the test of Radicalism—in the sense of the true national policy—it is just as wise and will prove just as successful as the attempt during the war to make contempt and distrust of Mr. LINCOLN the measure of patriotic fidelity.

## OPENING OF THE SPRING POLITICAL TRADE.

THE first movement of the political year is usually the Convention of the Connecticut Democrats. It has been awaited this year with some curiosity, for it offered an opportunity of studying the effect of the great popular verdict in the late elections. That effect seems to have been very much like that of an arrow upon a rhinoceros. The Convention had scarcely organized when it called upon Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY to open the proceedings with a speech. Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY is an historical character; that is to say, history will mention him as the Secretary of the Navy in the treacherous Cabinet of BUCHANAN, who took good care that the navy should be useless to the Government at the most critical moment. He was a worthy companion of JEREMIAH BLACK, and JOHN B. FLOYD, and HOWELL COBB, and JACOB THOMPSON. His counsels to his political friends in Connecticut were, therefore, peculiarly valuable. Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY is probably considered by them a patriotic patriarch. He told them that, in his opinion, the Government was imperiled "by the revolutionary acts of one of the co-ordinate branches of the Government." Indeed! and when the Government was imperiled by the armed conspiracy of JEFFERSON DAVIS, when FLOYD had sent off the arms and TOUCEY had sent off the ships, where was ISAAC TOUCEY? When brave and loyal men were marching by hundreds of thousands, and fighting and falling for the imperiled Government, where was ISAAC TOUCEY? When a word was to be spoken for the Union soldiers, ISAAC TOUCEY was silent. When there may be a chance to encourage the vanquished rebels to persevere, ISAAC TOUCEY finds his tongue.

The Democratic Convention having been thus opened by a rebel chief, who, if not in arms, had done all that he could to make those arms successful, the resolutions were introduced by Mr. EATON, the chief Copperhead director in the State during the war. They affirmed fully the doctrine of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS. This was at least consistent. The Democratic party have long received their articles of faith from the Southern leaders, who at last rose in rebellion; and it is not surprising that, with the servility which has become a second nature, they now turn to those leaders for instructions in a policy which will make the rebellion as nearly successful as possible. After the resolutions the Hon. JAMES BROOKS, of the New York *Express*, and the Hon. T. H. SEYMOUR, the late Copperhead candidate for Governor, who steadily justified the rebellion, addressed the Convention.

About the same time the Ohio Democracy assembled in convention, and Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was elected President. This gentleman was the author of the pleasant saying: "Gentlemen, if you can not or will not reconcile your differences, let the seceding States depart in peace." Mr. PENDLETON was the VALLANDIGHAM half of the M'CLELLAN ticket in 1864.

While these meetings were held there was a Democratic supper in Washington, to which Mr. THOMAS B. FLORENCE escorted the President of the United States, and which was addressed chiefly by JEREMIAH BLACK, the Attorney-General who advised President BUCHANAN that the Government had no right to "coerce States."

"Here's richness!" quoth Mr. SQUEERS. Here are the original conspirators against the Union, who persistently opposed the war and assisted the rebellion, gravely warning us that the Government is in danger from those who have saved it, and that it has no true friends but those who have relentlessly sought its destruction. Probably the people of the country who elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN will now surrender the Government to ISAAC TOUCEY, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, JEREMIAH BLACK, and their party—"which he didn't see it," said the rude street boy.

## PROHIBITORY LAWS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

IN the Tax Act, passed by the Legislature of South Carolina at its recent session, we find the following: "On the gross amount of receipts from the sale of pictorial newspapers or magazines $25 on every $100;" but on the gross receipts of newspapers published in the State $2 on every $100 are levied. This is substantially a law prohibiting the introduction of illustrated periodicals published out of the State, and is like the Alabama law of last year. Such a blow under the circumstances inflicts no loss upon those who make such papers, but it falls heavily upon the welfare of the State, for it is an act of simple barbarism. It is inspired by the same morbid, local feeling which causes the same act to appropriate: "For the purchase of artificial legs for citizens of this State who have lost theirs in the service of the country in the recent war, $20,000." It is natural that the South Carolina Legislature should wish to aid the disabled citizens of the State, but for what country did they lose their legs? What South Carolinians lost legs in the service of any country which that very Legislature by the oaths of its members acknowledges except the freedmen who served under the United States flag? The act of the Legislature makes State and country synonymous, or it speaks of the late Confederacy of certain States as the country. In either case its language reveals that hopeless spirit of sectionalism which it would fortify and deepen by a practical suppression of discussion. The law against periodicals is a kind of legislation which aims to gratify passion, and therefore succeeds only in fostering ignorance and vice. The actual pecuniary results of such a prohibition are very small; but such laws would soon ruin a State, and at the present time they can have no other effect than to delay and embarrass that settlement which can only be happily reached by discussion, however wide the difference may be.

## THE NEW SENATOR FROM NEW YORK.

MR. THURLOW WEED has joined the Manhattan Club, and Mr. ROSCOE CONKLING is elected United States Senator. These facts show the political time of day in the State of New York. They show that the earnest conviction, the pure purpose, the firm determination of the Union party have at last, and entirely, prevailed over the doubtful, hesitating, truck and dicker policy. The adherents of this policy had made Mr. CONKLING their especial mark. They had twice concentrated in his district all their power and influence to defeat him. Men claiming to be of his own party had made the most mercenary alliances with his ancient enemies in a close and doubtful canvass. Twice Mr. CONKLING had fought long and gallantly and triumphantly against the formidable and remorseless coalition. Twice the State had singled out his contest as the most significant of all, and twice by the force of his character, by the incessant readiness of his trained ability, by his utter superiority to the baser arts of politics and cheerful trust in the rectitude and intelligence of the people, he vanquished the most desperate and concentrated efforts of venal politicians. His success in each case was the victory of the moral intelligence of the party. It was the triumph of political principle over political chicanery, and the man whose white plume had been seen waving steadily and always in the van had become the object of the affection and gratitude of the great body of his party in the State.

Indeed, the purification of the party in this State by the last election was so complete that at the late Senatorial caucus there was no contest of more or less, of hunker and radical, but simply of personal and local preference. Both of the real candidates—for we have never supposed Mr. HARRIS was likely to be re-elected—were men of unquestionable ability and fidelity. The western part of the State, which gives great Union majorities, but has never had a Senator, naturally and strongly presented its claims, and in Judge NOAH DAVIS offered a candidate against whom nothing could be personally urged. The opinion of the caucus was very closely divided. Nothing, indeed, could have proved the essential strength of the western candidate and position more than the vigorous manner in which he pressed his rival, but not his foe; and when the majority leaned toward Mr. CONKLING the friend of Judge DAVIS was the first to move the unanimity of the nomination, and Judge DAVIS himself, in a generous little speech to his more fortunate friend, crowned the result by his cordial sympathy and adhesion.

In ROSCOE CONKLING the State of New York has a Senator who truly represents the spirit and tendency of her regenerated political principle and policy. Young, fearless, devoted, able; of the profoundest convictions; of much experience acquired in critical and stormy times; with all his brilliant powers disciplined and available, the country no less than the State will find him a man equal to the hour. As Senator WHITE, in seconding the nomination of Mr. CONKLING, most truly said, "New York will now have a voice as well as a vote upon all the vital issues with which the country must deal." Her young Senator takes her imperial flag, and will plant it, as its motto exhorts, *Excelsior!*

## EXIT MR. JAMES STEPHENS.

A MEETING of Irishmen lately resolved that the career of JAMES STEPHENS had ended in "an ignominious fizzle." The phrase if not dignified is yet very accurately descriptive; for the history of Fenianism in this country would be certainly one of the most ludicrous of Irish romances, excepting always the foray upon Canada. From the splendors of Mr. O'MAHONY's Republic in Union Square to the letter of "President" ROBERTS to Captain LYNCH, regretting and sympathizing with him that he was not to be hung; from the sensational arrival of the Head Centre STEPHENS to the resolution of "ignominious fizzle," the whole affair has been unreal and ridiculous. The wrongs of Ireland, indeed, are quite too real, and we have plainly stated them in these columns. But such wrongs are not to be righted by rhetorical spouters in another country collecting hard-earned money and recklessly squandering it before the very eyes of those who give it. They are to be remedied only by patience and sagacity; and, as in the case of Ireland, the patient and sagacious men are not yet furnished by that country, the necessary movement must be managed by liberal and wise Englishmen.

And it is for this reason that the papers in this country which did not steadily expose the folly of Fenianism as a movement, not as a sentiment, for the latter is unavoidable, are guilty of the greatest weakness. By fostering the Fenian folly they compelled the only men in the world who can help Ireland to support repressive measures, which, under whatever protest, inevitably estranged from them Irish confidence. And this they did for what? To secure Irish votes in this country. And how many did they get? Let the largely increased Democratic majority in the city of New York answer. We believe the editor of the *Tribune* might crawl upon his knees from the Battery to Madison Square to propitiate the Faynian vote, and it would be in vain. For those Fenians who are accessible to any other than appeals to reason are the sure prey of the opposition leaders.

The hope of Ireland is not in Americans of any party who flatter Irishmen for their votes; it is in the growing liberal good sense of England, which sees the danger and the disgrace of the Irish situation, and in the steady exposure every where of the fact of that danger. For the honor of the United States Government, we rejoice that its action, when the Fenians undertook to make war from our soil, was prompt and efficient. The New York *Tribune* calls the execution of one of the most honorable of our laws a sacrifice of the national honor to please England. It seems to us, however, that if we had quietly looked on while men armed in the United States marched to devastate Canada and murder Canadians, the sacrifice of national honor would have been somewhat greater. The Canadians undoubtedly did look on quietly, if not approvingly, while similar raids were organized and executed against us from their soil. But did we think it honorable or disgraceful conduct?

The demoralizing influence of the ignorant foreign vote upon our politics is seen in nothing more plainly than in the censure of the Administration for its chief creditable act, the summary suppression of Fenian forays. That action has undoubtedly been of great service in ending the futile excitement and vast swindle

of the whole affair. And as it will tend to assure the Irish people that their redress must be sought more wisely, the action of our Government has not only vindicated the authority of our laws, but has been most truly beneficial to Ireland.

## THE VINDICATION OF JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL HOLT.

We alluded last autumn to the conspiracy against Judge Advocate General Holt, which aimed to show that he had deliberately used false testimony to implicate Jefferson Davis in the assassination of President Lincoln. Such a charge against such a man was hopeless from the beginning; but it was pursued with peculiar ferocity and tenacity, and, like all such assaults, left a certain sting, which has now been wholly and publicly removed.

General Holt, as a military officer, demanded a Court of Inquiry, but the President announced that any vindication of his character or investigation of his official acts were entirely uncalled for and unnecessary; while Conover, the tool of the conspiracy, has been indicted in the District of Columbia for perjury. Moreover, the New York *Herald*, in which the most persistent attacks were made upon General Holt, has surrendered to United States Marshal Murray all the letters which composed the pretended proof upon which the attacks were made, and these, upon examination and comparison, have been found to be forgeries and fabrications, mostly in Conover's handwriting.

A more thorough refutation of an ingenious and fatal slander has never been made; and thus ends an elaborate attempt to destroy a public man whose services to the country from the moment he stood firm amidst the treachery of Buchanan's Cabinet down to this day have been vast, constant, and invaluable—yet by their very nature removed from notoriety, and thereby favoring misrepresentation.

## THE PERILS OF THE CITY.

In his sketch of the perils of twenty-four hours in New York, upon pages 56 and 57 of this paper, Mr. Jewett has skillfully and startlingly epitomized the most common and fatal snares of a great city. Like Hogarth's touches from London life, it has a general moral. The rustic stranger arrives, and the fate of his luggage painfully foretells his own. His rough personal experience begins with the hackman—a tolerated highwayman of the metropolis He makes the acquaintance of candid men anxious to help him to see every thing of note. He goes from point to point of experience, from the pickpocket to the garroter, from Wall Street to the gaming-table, and, finally, "sees life" in the concert saloon. From there to destitution and drunkenness in the street is but a few steps, and one plunge drowns him in the river. Stark at last in the Dead-house, his only obituary is the notice of a man found drowned, who has been evidently long in the water. Our rural friends will not regard this striking and pathetic picture as the representation of their inevitable fate upon reaching town; but they and all of us may well and truly see in it a most faithful hint of the tragedy which is constantly acting in the city—a forcible and eloquent sermon upon the snares which await inexperience and credulity in every great resort of men. "Ah, if we lions could only tell the story!" says the king of beasts in Æsop. If the beasts could describe us men, how they would revenge themselves for our travels in Africa!

## INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS ON HEALTH.

The use of alcoholic stimulants has greatly increased of late years both among the sick and the well, and this increase is claimed by many, who would be far from encouraging intemperance, to be based upon truly rational grounds. Let us see whether their views are correct, looking at the subject not at all in its moral bearings, but in its physiological alone. There is certainly much confusion in the ideas that are prevalent in regard to it, and there is need therefore of attaining to all the clearness that is possible in our views.

It is no part of our intention to discuss the medical uses of alcohol, though we can not forbear to protest against the indiscriminate use of it as a remedy by a large proportion of the medical profession at the present time.

There is no point more universally acknowledged to be settled than that the prevalent immoderate use of alcohol as a beverage is one of the prominent sources of disease. The great point in question is as to the influence of its moderate use. On this there are wide differences of opinion even among very good men, some maintaining that even the very moderate use is positively injurious, acting as a slow poison; others, that it is really beneficial; and others still, being in doubt, and therefore taking what they deem at least to be the safe ground of total abstinence. In order to see which of these classes is right, let us settle as well as we can what are the real effects of alcohol upon the system.

It has been asserted that alcohol is really food—that is, that it furnishes something toward the construction and repair of the body. But it was found that this could not be maintained by facts.

Again, it has been taught by that famous chemist Liebig, and his teaching has been widely received, that alcohol is to be classed among those articles which furnish heat-food, as it is termed—that is, that it unites with oxygen in the system, making a real combustion, and thus contributing to the animal heat. But this is proved not to be true both by negative and positive evidence—negative, in not finding any where in the secretions or the substance of the body any of those products which come from the union of oxygen and alcohol when effected out of the body—positive, in finding that the alcohol is not decomposed but circulates unaltered in the blood, and appears as alcohol in the secretions. Like morphine and many other agents, it produces decided effects upon the living organism, without in any way becoming incorporated with it or with its products.

Can we—the question now arises—reject alcohol as unnecessary to the system in health, or even injurious to it, simply on this ground? Certainly not. Alcohol acts as a stimulant; and it may be a needful one. There are, besides those things which nourish the body or maintain its heat, stimuli of various kinds that benefit the system, and therefore may be said to be more or less necessary to its well-being. How shall we decide whether alcohol is one of these? We can not by merely considering its qualities. It can only be done by observing its effects, and those which come from abstaining from its use. Let us look at this.

Light never becomes a part of the system, and yet it is necessary to its health, as we showed in a previous article. It is necessary because without it an abundance of pure air and good food can not make good blood and a healthy body. Light, then, is essential as a stimulus to the vital functions. Can this be said of alcohol in any degree? Do those who entirely abstain from its use in health experience any ill effects from this abstinence? A multitude of cases like that of Professor Silliman, who as a total abstinent lived to the advanced age of eighty-four, furnish a satisfactory answer to this question. Such cases surely demonstrate that this stimulus is not necessary to secure firm health and long life.

But the question comes up whether its use should be strictly confined to states of disease. Perhaps not to what is ordinarily considered as disease, for there are conditions that fall short of this in which stimuli are applicable. This is often true of old age. There is some foundation for the ancient proverb that wine is the milk of the old. I say some, for an acceptance of its truth in full would allow a freer use of alcohol than is called for. An occasional use of it as a cordial in the languor of declining years, agreeably waking the functions to greater energy of action, is beneficial. Perhaps those who have properly abstained fully from its use during all the period of active life commit an error in prolonging this abstinence into old age.

All experience goes to show that so long as there is vigor of action in the system there is not only no need of the stimulation of alcohol, but that it will do harm. We do not see how this conclusion can be avoided; for it is an established principle that if action be stimulated beyond its healthy limit, injury must be done in proportion to the degree of the excess.

We do not believe that the *habitual* use of alcohol, however moderate, is ever beneficial to one in health. It is only when vital action needs to be waked up to a higher grade that it can do good; and this necessity occurs in the healthy only occasionally. And perhaps then some other stimulant will answer better. The memorable distribution of coffee to his men by the noble Farragut is a case in point.

## TRICKS UPON TRAVELERS.

The following letter from a gentleman who is constantly traveling, and who gives us his name, sets forth several of the purely unnecessary annoyances of travel, for which there is plainly no remedy but steady grumbling, so as to arouse public indignation, and so affect the Railroad authorities:

*Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

As I see from the tenor of various articles in your journal that you have the welfare of the traveling community at heart, I wish you would be kind enough to warn them of the below-mentioned tricks on travelers, which are met with daily.

Coffee Swindling.—Coffee swindling is the abominable practice which prevails on the Shore Line at the crossing of the Connecticut River, and doubtless many other points. When the passengers rush frantically out into the cars, leaving their steaming cups of "Mocha" half full, the prudent caterer goes the rounds and pours the contents of each cup back into the coffee-pot again, so as to keep it all nice and hot for the next train. This saves sugar and milk, the wear and tear of tea-spoons and tea-cups, and other weighty matters, amounting to considerable in the course of a year. I have seen this done, and tasted the fluid, and was at some loss to know how it was already sweetened, until I saw the fellow do as I have stated.

Making Change.—Making change consists in mistaking a quarter for ten cents; and when the passenger insists that he knows what he gave, and demands the proper amount, he is met with abuse, and made the target of all sorts of impudence. Moral—don't give the rascals a cent without telling them the denomination of the bill.

Sleeping-Car Tricks.—These consist in pretending to have no berths; that all are taken, but that if your name is given one may turn up. If you suggest a bonus of fifty cents as an incentive for the porter to look again, he will probably find he has made a mistake, and "really forgot about that one in the corner." If you don't offer the bonus you won't get the berth, but the next man that comes may secure it, because the porter finds he can not make any thing. Why are such fellows hired at all? They are universally rude in their behavior, and assign you a berth as if it were a great favor. Why are not tickets sold at the railway offices, so that passengers would not be obliged to pull out their money again, and be at the mercy of pickpockets at the last moment?

The management at present is disgraceful to America. It is one of the greatest nuisances of a nuisance-ridden traveling community. The charges are enormous—two dollars for a berth from New York to Boston—and the service is execrable.

Insolence of Railway Employes.—This is one of the most painful trials passengers are subjected to. Good Mr. Pecksniff, who travels from New York to Philadelphia once a year, and meets with no untoward occurrence, says, as he reads this, "I wonder what this grumbler is talking about now; no one ever insults me!" I suggest to Mr. Pecksniff that if he will travel two hundred and fifty days in the year, as I and many others do, he will have some new ideas on this head. On some roads you will meet really civil conductors, who stop and answer questions with great patience and good-nature, and give you all the information in their power; but unfortunately these are rare, and in a majority of instances if you ask a conductor the time he arrives or leaves, he will throw you an answer over his shoulder moving on; taking it for granted that as he knows all about it every one else does, and it is only a bothersome passenger who is not entitled to consideration. "But," says Pecksniff again, "they have to answer the same question so many times a day it makes 'em cross." Yes, but is it not their duty to answer the questions of passengers relating to the affairs of travel? Yes, they inquire ninety-and-nine hundred times! They should take service with that understanding, and the Presidents and Superintendents of the road are responsible for these things by not discharging rude men from their employ. We do not expect to find Lord Chesterfield "braking" on a train or selling tickets, but we do expect ordinary civility and decent treatment as travelers.

Just ask a baggage-man, the next time he throws your trunk end over end out of a baggage-car, to be a little more careful. Say to him as follows:

"My friend, you will smash my trunk all to pieces if you use it so; handle it with common care."

What do you think you will get for an answer? Just this:

"—— —— *your soul! Don't you come botherin round me or I'll serve you worse than the trunk.*"

Now should any Company suffer such a profane blackguard to insult passengers in this way? They do, however, and all over the United States there are plenty of them reading these lines at this moment and laughing; as if they were written to cause merriment instead of being, as they are, a public rebuke of their shameful want of decency.

The fact of it is, Mr. Editor, that Americans are the most long-suffering and patient travelers in the world. They will stand up for fifty miles, or sit on a wood-box when they have paid for a seat, rather than be abused for claiming what they have paid for.

Mr. Vanderbilt, of the Hudson River and Harlem Roads, as he sits in his office reading these lines, Mr. Jackson, of the New Jersey Railroad, and other officials all over the country know full well that they have conductors, baggage-masters, and brakemen on their lines about whom complaints are made every day. Why are they retained? Perhaps I am answered, "Because they understand their business, and are good men for the Company." Very well! are there no civil people in the world who are good for the Company and understand their business?

It is very plain that you can not legislate this matter; you can only appeal to the better feeling of the controlling officers. Mr. Vanderbilt would not tolerate a rude servant in his household for an instant. One that insulted his guests would be given in charge of the police; yet every day, yes, and fifty times a day, on his line, people who pay for the privilege of riding in his cars are abused and maltreated most grossly without any remedy.

Instructions ought to be posted in every conductor's room, and in every car, to the effect that they are required to answer all questions of passengers relating to travel in a full and satisfactory manner, and that any rudeness, clearly proven, would be punished by stoppage of pay or discharge.

Surely this is not unreasonable. We are compelled to pay whatever railroads choose to charge us, but are the officers not bound by the commonest principles of trade to fulfill their contract with the purchaser of tickets? If one of your clerks should insult Mr. President of a railroad when he came to buy a paper I think you would be apt to hear of it; or if you sold him half a paper at the price of a whole one he would indignantly demand if you intended to swindle him? But this same person will look on in his car, see passengers standing up when they have paid full fare, and if he notices the matter at all from his own comfortable seat, look at it as one of the inevitable results of owning a railroad, and so dismiss the matter utterly. What is wrong in one instance is certainly so in another when a principle is involved.

If this letter is pointed out to a Railroad President, and he be requested to read it, as it contains some wholesome truths plainly told, he will reply that if he noticed all the attacks on his Corporation grumbling or irritable passengers wrote to the newspapers, he would have no time for any thing else; for honestly setting about reformation, endeavoring to remove all reasonable cause of complaint—that is a thing not to be thought of.

## MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHIES.

There will be many collections of biographies of the brave men who served and fell in the war, which will become a literature of themselves, and will always be read with inexpressible tenderness and interest. Among the earliest in appearance and of a singular charm are the Harvard Memorial Biographies and the Memoirs of Rhode Island Officers. The first of these is in two large handsome octavos, and contains the memoirs of ninety-five graduates of Harvard College—from James S. Wadsworth, of the class of 1828, to Cabot Russel, of the class of 1865, who fell in the war, sometimes by disease contracted in the service, but generally upon the field. The Harvard Memoirs are by various hands, and are edited by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The Rhode Island Memorial is a comely small quarto, of 452 pages, with thirty-five portraits and illustrations, edited by Hon. John R. Bartlett, Secretary of the State of Rhode Island. It commemorates one hundred and eight officers of that State, of whom sixty-four are dead, and forty-four living; and of the living there are memoirs only of those who commanded regiments or batteries. In the list of Rhode Island heroes there are 2 Governors, 14 Generals, 17 Colonels, 7 Lieutenant-Colonels, 5 Majors, 1 Surgeon, 19 Captains, 39 Lieutenants, and 4 naval officers of various ranks. The life of General Burnside is the most elaborate in the volume, and will correct many misunderstandings.

The value of such books is not local, although many of the names are familiar but to a few hearts. For the cause was of no section, but of the whole country, and the valor with which it was defended was as universal as it was noble. In turning such pages we feel more freshly and keenly what a costly sacrifice of youth and promise and moral force the long and terrible struggle required. But we do not close the book without a profound conviction that these brave boys knew why they died, and that their blood cries to us from the ground to be sure that we know also, and to take care that they did not die in vain.

Both these volumes are published by subscription, and but a few copies beyond those subscribed for were issued. But many a son of Harvard and son of Rhode Island will be glad, if possible, to have one. The former should apply to Messrs. Sever & Francis, Cambridge, Massachusetts; the latter to Hon. J. R. Bartlett, Providence, Rhode Island.

## LITERARY.

"The Life and Times of Red Jacket" is a well-known work of the late William L. Stone, which is now edited by his son of the same name, who adds a memoir of his father. Mr. Stone was long one of the most conspicuous citizens of New York, and an admirable editor. His interest in the early colonial and Indian history of this State was remarkable; and his Life of Brant and of Red Jacket, with the Life and Times of Sir William Johnson, for which he collected the material, but which his son finished, are of high value to the historian and scholar. The account which the son gives of his father's position upon the question of slavery in the District of Columbia forty years ago is peculiarly interesting at this time, when the late slaves are both citizens and voters. Judge William Jay urged upon Mr. Stone the advocacy of the abolition of slavery in the District, in which the editor did not hesitate. The Alexandria *Gazette* ventured to utter a threat upon the subject, and Mr. Stone remarks, in 1826, "What does the man mean? He surely forgets which party, in the event of an exertion of physical strength, would wield the club of Hercules." Extracts from letters written about this time by various eminent men to Mr. Stone show that the struggle began to be foreseen. In 1829 Judge Ambrose Spencer writes to him from Washington that there will be a warm contest for the Presidency, and that "the battle will be between the slave and the non-slaveholding States." John Quincy Adams writes in the same strain. The work is published by Munsell, in Albany.

"A Digest of the Laws of Texas," by Geo. W. Paschal, is published by Banks & Brothers, New York; S. S. Nichols, Galveston; and W. H. & O. H. Morrison, Washington. It is a copious and complete work, the result of long experience and of great research and patience. Its object is to give the statutes and a digest of the decisions of the Supreme Court in the same volume. It contains also essential historical documents: The Constitution of the Republic of Texas—that of the State—the "Confederate" Constitution—the Ordinances of Secession—and the Constitution adopted under the President's Provisional Government. To the lawyer the work must be an authority, while to the general political student it is of great interest. Judge Paschal is known as one of the men of Texas who, with his son—a soldier in the Union army—remained faithful, and paid the penalty of patriotism in that State, where the fires of rebellion blazed most fiercely. He is now a practicing lawyer in New York, and his knowledge and experience of his State will commend him to all who need counsel on Texan matters.

## A FEMALE PHYSICIAN.

Miss Garrett, the female physician who is conquering London prejudices, is described as a slender, golden-haired young lady, who dresses with a taste which few English women exercise. An American lady, who recently met her at an evening party in London, remarked that it was curious to hear this girlish little creature in white silk talk of her practice, her office, and the daily work she did. Very simply and naturally she spoke of these things, expressing hearty love for her work, confidence in its success, and satisfaction in her daily increasing power to help and comfort. She will be likely to conquer those who make all manner of fun of medical ladies—who wonder how they behave when calling on a patient; and declare it their belief that it will be something after the following fashion:

"Well, my dear, and how are you to-day?"

"No better, thank you, doctress; I feel so dreadfully depressed!"

"Depressed! Well, we will soon put that all right with a new bonnet."

"And I feel so dreadfully cold! I can't get warm any how."

"Yes, yes! I will order you a cashmere shawl, to be applied to the back. I think it will relieve you."

"And at night I can not sleep."

"Dear, dear! We really must take more exercise. We must positively go to the opera oftener than we do."

"But it seems quite an exertion to stir from the house."

"Of course, I understand. Now if I prescribe you a couple of silk dresses, do you think you could manage to take them?"

"I am sure I will try any thing, if I can only get well. I have such dreadful dismal thoughts; I fancy all sorts of shocking things!"

"We must be patient. We can't expect to be cured in a moment. I will tell you what we must do. To-night you shall put your feet in new boots; and whenever you go out be very careful to wrap well round your throat a thick gold chain. We must cheer up. I will tell your husband to give you a stimulating draught, which they will make up for you at the banker's, and then I think we shall do very nicely."

Seriously, we do believe such a style of treatment would be uncommonly beneficial to many ladies.

☞ For News Items see Page 62.

,COAL-MINE DISASTER IN ENGLAND—THE EXPLOSION.

COAL-MINE DISASTER IN ENGLAND—DESCENT OF VOLUNTEERS.

## THE MINE EXPLOSION IN ENGLAND.

FEW of us ever think, as we sit by our cheerful grate-fires in winter, of the hardships and the terrible dangers to which the poor miners are exposed in extracting coal from the earth. To us each of these bright, blazing bits of coal represents so much of comfort and enjoyment; to them it has represented so much of labor, so much of peril. Other laborers toil as hard, and, in many cases, are exposed to as great dangers; but they, at least, are allowed scope of movement, free air, the sight of the sun, and a clear outlook upon the world around them. But the miner, only at intervals of short duration, is allowed the enjoyment of such life as is possible nowhere but in the daylight; the most of *his* life is hid in a darkness deeper than that of common night, and a little lamp is his miserable substitute for moon and stars. And by the merest accident—by the contact of the little flame in that lamp with the gaseous vapor which envelops him all around—there comes a sudden eclipse to his eyes, a deafening crash to his ears, and for him, and, alas! also for his fellow-laborers, the sepulchral darkness of the narrow corridor becomes the darkness of an eternal night. Perhaps the catastrophe hides him forever from human eyes, or, if ever he returns to the common light of day, it is but a heap of ashes or a mutilated semblance of the human form.

Such a catastrophe lately happened to over three hundred laborers in the Oaks Colliery, near Barnsley, in Yorkshire, England. No manner of death can be more fearful than that which attends a mine explosion. The laborers know well the danger which is nearing them, vaguely, but too certainly; for a perceptible trembling of the earth heralds the quick-coming fate.

When the first rumbling was heard at the Oaks Colliery there were at least 333 at that moment working in the mine. It is said that a farrier, who had descended into the mine to shoe the horses, imprudently removed the protecting cover of his lamp, in order to see more clearly, and immediately the gas was ignited. This supposition is based on the subsequent discovery of a lamp, thus uncovered, beside the mutilated corpse of the farrier. The igniting of the gas was followed by an explosion which was heard outside for a great distance, exciting the most painful anxiety in all hearts for the fate of the miners. Twenty-seven brave men volunteered to encounter the perils of a descent into the pit. They found some of the victims, and returned with 24, of whom 18 were still alive. The scene at the opening of the pit, where friends and families gathered about the dead and mangled bodies, can not be described.

The 27 volunteers again descended to continue their search, when a second explosion took place, as violent as the first, and then a third. The mine now became enveloped in flames, and it seemed inevitable that the volunteers had perished as well as the miners. Nearly two days passed, and preparations were made for flooding the mine to extinguish the fire and to prevent farther accidents. Sud

COAL-MINE DISASTER IN ENGLAND—DEAD AND MANGLED BODIES.

COAL-MINE DISASTER IN ENGLAND—THE FUNERAL.

denly the signal-bell sounds, and it is announced that some one still living is in the pit. A bottle of brandy, tempered with water, is let down by a rope. But who will venture into the pit to rescue the unfortunate sufferer? Two men, named Hammont and Emerton, volunteer. A machine is improvised, and the two men in a basket are let down into the abyss. At the end of a quarter of an hour they have reached the bottom. They call out; but there is no response. They can see at a little distance a conflagration still going on, feeding upon the coal, and looking like an image of hell. Upon repeating their call a feeble voice responds, "Save me! save me!" They find a man—one solitary man—living, Samuel Brown by name. They bind him to the basket. Still they wait and call; but in vain. No one answers; and as the fire is nearing them every moment they give the signal and are withdrawn by the same means by which they descended.

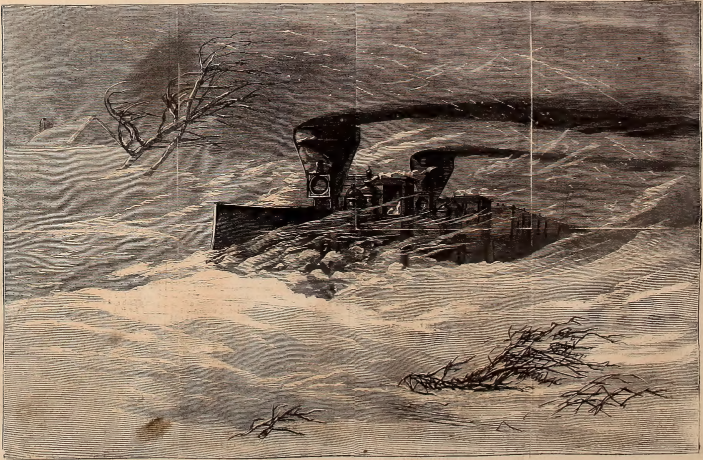
The man thus rescued had been thirty-six hours in the pit. He had witnessed, from a hollow in which he had been crouching, the death of men and horses. Finally he had succeeded in making his way toward the opening, where he found, by means of the signal-bell, a way of making his situation known. Brown recovered, and now relates to astonished hearers his subterranean adventures.

Grief and desolation now reign at the little village. Every house is in mourning over some of the victims of the explosion. The funeral was an impressive one. All of the village, who were not numbered among the sufferers, attended. All over England the most intense sympathy has been aroused, and extensive contributions have been made for the comfort of the bereaved families.

## THE THREE THIEVES.

There existed at Boussu, in 1188 (a respectable epoch), an honest sacristan named Vincent Lefevre. He was old. His good-nature and zeal had assured him a sufficiency in his old age: few people died without leaving him something in their wills. He was good and simple, and yet cunning withal, and he lived happily, untroubled by thieves, having only an old man for attendant, who was called Claude, and who treated the sacristan as a relative.

As he grew feeble, and it became a trouble to walk, while he still liked to attend the weekly market at Mons, where he indulged freely in beer, Claude persuaded him to purchase a steed; so he went forth one



RAILROAD SNOW-PLOW—HOW SNOW-DRIFTS ARE REMOVED FROM RAILROAD TRACKS.—[See First Page.]

Saturday with a sum of money, which he was resolved to invest in a horse or a mule.

There dwelt at this epoch three men at Pomerœul, who had been beyond the seas in the holy war, having accompanied Count Thierry d'Alsace on his fourth military pilgrimage to Jerusalem. They had not brought much that was edifying from their pious expedition. Returning idle and dissipated, they found it more agreeable to live at the expense of others than by the sweat of their brows, as many do in the present day. They had cast their eyes for some time past upon Vincent Lefevre, as he was known to be in possession of ready money—a thing at that time not very common; and as to how they became aware of his intention to buy a mule, we are told every thing is known in small places. They went and posted themselves in his way, each at about a quarter of a mile from one another, and when he came by on his mule, which he had purchased for six florins, the first rogue said to him:

"Heaven protect you, Messire Vincent! Have you made a good bargain at the market of Mons?"

"As you see," he replied, "I bought this mule."

"What mule?" said the warrior from Palestine, looking around him.

"Why, the one I am riding."

"You are joking, Messire Vincent; the beast that you are riding is a donkey."

"A donkey!" replied the sacristan, indignantly. And, shrugging his shoulders, he continued his way.

The second rogue he came up to saluted him after the same fashion, and asked him if there had been a good market that day at Mons.

"Yes, assuredly," replied the sacristan, "and I bought there the mule that you see."

"It is not possible," replied the other, "that you took it for a mule; it is a donkey."

The old man protested against the supposition that his mule was a donkey, but still he went away in a dissatisfied mood; and meeting the third rogue, who addressed him in the same terms, he felt so annoyed that he jumped off its back with greater activity than would have been expected from his age, saying: "If it is an ass, take it, and make what you can of it." And he returned home on foot much disconcerted.

When he came in and related what had happened Claude laughed at him.

"Relative," he said, "they have played you a trick, and for the future every one at Harchis, at Pomerœul, and at Saint Ghislain, will look upon you as a fool."

"Well, do not vex yourself," replied the sacristan, after having ruminated a few minutes; "if they have played me a trick I will play them two."

So the next day the old man went off to Quaregnon, and he bought two white goats from a peasant, which so resembled one another that it was impossible to distinguish them. The Saturday following, being market-day at Mons, he bade Claude have a good supper ready, and leaving one of his goats in the garden, he took the other with him to town. The three ex-crusaders were there.

"What do you come to buy, Messire Vincent?" said they to the sacristan.

"Provisions," he replied; "and if you will come and partake of them with me it will afford me much pleasure."

The companions accepted joyfully. The sacristan, having selected fish and poultry, placed the load on the back of the goat, and said to it, as if it could understand him:

"Go away home, and tell them to cook the things forthwith, after the best fashion. Tell them also to have a pasty, and do not loiter on the way."

The three boon companions looked at one another in astonishment, wondering if the old man had lost his senses. The goat, in the mean time being set free, went its way, and Heaven knows into whose hands it fell. After having walked for some time with his three guests, and partaken of some of the old beer for which Mons was famous, Vincent Lefevre, deeming it was getting near supper-time, led his friends away to Boussu. When they arrived there the three ex-crusaders saw the white goat in the garden, and took it for the one they had seen at market. They were filled with surprise, and their astonishment augmented when they heard the sacristan say to Claude:

"Have you done what I sent you word by the goat?"

"Yes," replied the other. And they sat down to table, where were the fish, the poultry, and the pasty. The rogues looked at one another, and deeming that it would not be easy to steal the goat they said to the old man:

"Messire Vincent, you must sell us that white goat."

"I have no objections," said the sacristan, "if you are prepared to give me forty golden florins for it."

The goat seemed such a wonder that the three rogues counted out the money and took it away with them.

Next market-day they said to their wives:

"Have ready for supper for us what we shall send you, and do as you will be told." Then they took their way from Pomerœul to the market at Mons with the goat, loaded it with provisions, and told it what it must say to their wives. But when they got home, and they inquired what had been done with the provisions sent home on the goat, their wives could not understand what they meant, for the goat had not come back, and, indeed, like its predecessor, was never more heard of.

"Some one has played you a trick," they said, "as you do to others daily when you get the chance."

The three robbers took up their daggers in a great passion, and swore that they would have the sacristan's life. But Vincent Lefevre was prepared for them, and had warned Claude. He knew that he must act solely on the defensive with the ex-crusaders, for they were protected by the Count of Hainault, Baldwin V., the Courageous, who always sided with his old soldiers. When he saw them coming in so great a passion, he said to them:

"Friends, listen to me. If a misfortune has happened to your goat, have patience, it will come back again: and what it has done must be the fault of my relative, Claude, who has permitted it to partake of some intoxicating herbs. So I shall punish him, as you shall witness."

And so saying he drew a long knife from his girdle, and stabbing Claude with it, there came forth a torrent of blood (from a bladder secreted in his clothes), and the faithful attendant fell at the same time as if dead.

"Oh! miserable wretch that I am!" exclaimed the sacristan. "What have I done? I have killed my relative; and now I must resuscitate him, if I have only strength sufficient."

While the three rogues of Pomerœul stood there aghast, the old man went away and brought in a flute, upon which he began to play a lively air. Claude moved, stretched out his hands, opened his eyes, and soon after got upon his feet. The anger of the three thieves had by this time passed away; they began, indeed, to hold the sacristan rather in awe, and finished by giving him forty more florins for his flute.

A few days afterward one of the robbers got into a great passion with his wife and killed her with his dagger. But recovering himself afterward he regretted the deed, and had recourse to the flute. But it was in vain that he played upon it for more than an hour; his wife did not come to life again. When he related what had happened to the two others, one of them said:

"I suppose it is because you don't know the air that the sacristan played. Give it to me, and I will try it."

So, in order to make the experiment, he forthwith stabbed his comrade, making sure of reviving him and his wife afterward. But he played upon the flute in vain; death would not give up either of its victims.

The two remaining thieves became upon this furious with passion.

"Vincent Lefevre," they said, "is most assuredly a magician, and he shall pay for these tricks dearly. There is only one way of destroying one who is in league with the devil, and that is to tie him in a sack and cast him into the Haine."

They accordingly went away, seized upon the old man, tied him in a sack, and carried him toward the river.

As they were going along an incident happened to disarrange their plans for a moment. The Count of Hainault happened to be passing by, on his way from Flanders, where he then reigned, in virtue of his marriage with Margaret of Alsatia. The two comrades being obliged, according to the custom of the day, to salute the count, and to join his escort as far as the next village, they deposited the sack and its contents in a ditch by the way-side, and joined the procession; Baldwin being accompanied by his wife and son, the brilliant young prince who was one day to be Emperor of Constantinople.

In the mean time a shepherd, who had come to the road-side with his flock to see the count go by, was taken aback by hearing a voice coming from the sack, which said, "They wish me to wed her, and I won't, for she is lame."

The shepherd hastened to untie the sack, and, surprised at what he saw, asked the sacristan how he came there.

"I was put here," replied the sacristan, "because Monseigneur the Count of Hainault wishes me to marry his daughter, the beautiful Yolande; but I won't do it, for she is lame."

The shepherd said, musingly, "Do you think, messire, they would give her to me? I should be willing to marry her."

"Most assuredly they would give her to you," replied the sacristan, "for she is lame. But you must allow yourself to be tied in this sack, and carried away without saying a word."

The shepherd did as he was bade, and Vincent Lefevre, having tied him, went away with his flock of sheep. A quarter of an hour afterward the ex-crusaders came back, lifted up the sack, carried it to the river-side, and then threw it into the water, to the great discomfiture of the poor shepherd. Thinking then of the glorious revenge they had had, they took their way home to their village. As they were journeying along they saw a flock of sheep close by, and resolved to try and secure a lamb for their supper. But on approaching the flock what was their astonishment at finding that they were under the care of the very sacristan whom they thought they had just drowned. Rubbing their eyes, they asked him how he had managed to get out of the river.

"Leave me alone," he said to them; "you are no better than asses. If you had thrown me in ten paces farther I should have come back with ten times as many sheep."

The ex-crusaders, feeling more and more assured that they had to do with a proficient in the black art, became quite respectful.

"Messire Vincent Lefevre," they said, "let by-gones be by-gones. It is in your power to make honest men of us. Only consent to place us each in a sack, and throw us into the Haine as far as you can."

"I will do it," replied the sacristan, "but only on your promise that you will mend your ways and become good members of society."

The rogues promised, and the old sacristan, tying each in a bag, cast them into the river, where they reckoned upon finding rich flocks, but only found the shepherd.

## HOW I WON POLLY AND A POST-MASTERSHIP.

I WAS the second sub-clerk at the Cowford Office when the postmaster, Mr. Dwerryman, was compelled to resign rather suddenly through ill health. As a consequence the first sub-clerk, Chaundy, and I had to do the chief's work between us until a fresh appointment was made. It was thought in the office that Chaundy was likely to get, not the Cowford Office, but that of Moilingam, the postmaster of which would probably be transferred to Cowford. He was the likeliest candidate for our vacancy, though Chaundy had been recommended for it by Dwerryman, who was a man much thought of at head-quarters. It was supposed that Chaundy was sure to get some sort of promotion; and I think it puffed him up a little, for he seemed to give himself the airs of a superior, and certainly made me do the lion's share of the work.

I didn't care. I was poor and a sub-clerk, and I never expected to be any thing else. Indeed, I scarcely desired to be any thing else. And why? Because I was in love. That is a thing to make most men ambitious; but it only made me, if not contented, at all events submissive under poverty. I had fallen in love with the heiress of one of the richest land-owners in the county; and I knew no possible position within my limited sphere would or could ever qualify me to become a suitor for her hand. Dreams of ambition therefore did not trouble me. Had the office of post-master-general or secretary been vacant, and made the prize of a severe competitive examination, I would have given the best years of my life, poor scholar as I was, to study for the contest, in order to try and win a position that would make me worthy of her. Failing, I should have come back without a murmur to my high stool, with a bold face and a broken heart.

She was a lovely girl—such a merry, bright glimpse of sunshine! We first became acquainted—if I may so term her condescending ever after to bow to me—on one St. Valentine's-day, when I stamped some twenty valentines for her. When she was gone I looked them over—not without a pang of jealousy, which was allayed when I found they were either to school-fellows or old gentlemen—her godfather, her uncles, and that sort of thing. A more innocent batch of valentines never swelled Her Majesty's revenue.

How a man like her father could ever have had so charming a daughter I can't understand. Mr. Darke was a harsh, proud man, stern on the bench, and heartless at the board. He was severity itself with all tramps and beggars, and he preserved his game with the utmost strictness. There was a fierce hatred and a feud of long standing between him and the poachers, who were tolerably plentiful. He was not the sort of man I was at all disposed to ask for leave to pay my addresses to his daughter.

So I bowed to fate; cherished Mary's image in my heart of hearts; and used to comfort myself in the intervals of business by reciting mentally Shelley's lines about

"The love of the moth for the star."

Besides this I had but one delight—that of collecting foreign stamps for her. She happened one day to ask for one that was lying on the office-ledge; and I kept a watch for them ever afterward. How grateful I was to the mania I had once scorned and despised!

This humble passion of mine had existed nearly two years under these not highly favorable circumstances, and, what is more, instead of diminishing it was increasing. Meantime Chaundy and I went on as two sub-clerks rolled into one postmaster, and no appointment was announced.

Early in December there was always a great ball at Cowford, whereat all classes met, and were supposed to fraternize. It was the event of the season in the county. Mr. Darke was one of the patrons, and occasionally honored the ball with his presence and that of "his lovely and accomplished daughter," as the local journal gushingly styled her. This year he had not announced his intention of going, and it was generally supposed therefore that he would not be present. He had just made a fierce raid on the poachers, and was reported to head his watchers nightly in person, being determined to put down the gang, two of the ringleaders of which had just been sentenced to long imprisonments through his instrumentality.

One afternoon, about three days before the ball, I was looking out of window. My desk was just at the junction of the office in which letters were received, orders issued, and transactions with the public generally conducted, with the inner room in which the sorting was done, and the internal affairs of the office were arranged. These two rooms formed two sides of the small court or vestibule, which was open to the public; and the window where I sat was just in the angle, lighting the inner office, so that, by looking over the ground glass with which the window was glazed half-way up, I could see in profile all applicants at the outer office.

The other clerks were at tea—a meal I did not care for; and I had, just as an occupation, cleared the box and sorted the letters, and then returned to my desk. As I mounted the stool I saw one of Mr. Darke's servants post a letter.

He was only a stable-help, and had but lately entered Mr. Darke's service; yet I knew him, for it was a silly fancy of mine to watch all Mary's surroundings with minute care, and picture to myself where I should have made alterations and improvements, supposing I had been rich enough to make her mine.

I noticed that the fellow peered round, as if anxious to see if he were observed. Not noticing my face at the window, owing to the deepening twilight, he seemed reassured and slipped a letter into the box. There was something so odd about this that I at once went to the box and took it out: perhaps I half expected it was from Mary. It was in a wretched scrawl, probably the fellow's own, and was addressed "J. M., Post-office, Cowford (To be called for)." I hurried to a window which gave a view of the street, and just caught sight of the man climbing into a cart which was standing outside the poulterer's, a few doors off. I knew it to be the gamekeeper's cart, in which game was brought into the town for sale. As I watched I saw the keeper come out of the shop, mount the cart, and drive off. The help had evidently taken advantage of his absence to steal off and post his missive.

I don't know why I took any further notice of the letter. Having ascertained it was his, I ought to have dismissed all thought of it. But somehow I did not. I watched anxiously to see who would come and claim it.

The claimant appeared next day: a couple of rough-looking fellows—railway laborers to all appearance—came in, and one of them asked for a letter for "J. M." Having obtained it, they drew aside into a corner and opened it; and the corner happened to be the one where my window was. With the utmost precaution against making any noise to alarm them, I raised the sash about an inch and listened.

The first words I caught were, "will go to the ball, and he won't return till latish."

"That's the time for me! That's the time, as he's comin' back agin," remarked the listener, in a hoarse whisper.

"There'll be none with him but young miss, for there's none stopping here. Willis"—(that was the coachman's name, I knew)—"will drive the chestnuts. This is all I know; I shall post it when I'm in town with keeper, and sha'n't be in again till next week."

"That'll do," said the man, when he had finished reading; "we'll finish off th' ball for'n wi' a dance he won't loike!"

"Yes, durn un!" said the other; and with that the two moved off.

This discovery of mine settled a doubt that had been perplexing me. I had been undecided whether to go to the ball or not. The expense, and a feeling that I could not hope to do more than see Mary, without speaking to her, had deterred me. Now I felt I might go and warn her father of his danger; and by so doing perhaps not only do a service to the woman I loved, but perhaps be rewarded by exchanging a few words with her; by hearing her thanks; by—but I dared not dream of such happiness as dancing with her.

So I purchased a ticket; and when the momentous time arrived went to the ball with a beating heart, and a terrible sensation of choking in my throat. I took my station near the entrance until Mr. Darke arrived. Before long his carriage drove up, and he and Mary alighted. As he turned to tell the coachman at what hour to fetch him I saw a man push forward through the crowd, as if to hear what time he named, and then disappear. It was the man who had claimed the letter addressed "J. M."

This gave fresh strength to my resolution—which was needed, for I had begun to think I was dreaming, or had been mistaken, or exaggerated the case. Such a feeling was not unnatural under the circumstances; but the sight of the poacher—for I had no doubt he was one, and that was why he wished to revenge himself on Mr. Darke—had the effect of reviving all my previous convictions.

It was not without some nervousness that I asked Mr. Darke to step into one of the windows and give me a few minutes' conversation. He looked a little surprised, but stiffly consented; and when we had found a retired seat in one of the bow-windows I told him about the letter, and my conjecture that the stable-help had either entered his service to aid the poachers in their scheme of revenge, or had been bribed by them to give them information. At first he proposed to take a couple of policemen in his carriage and try to capture the ruffians; but I pointed out that he would alarm his daughter—perhaps expose her to danger, supposing the poachers had fire-arms.

"Quite right. Thank you! I had forgotten that, and more—that if she once fancies I am in danger she will be frightened to death whenever I am away from home. What do you propose?"

"Can you return home by any other route?"

"Yes, by two others, involving a circuit of a couple of miles or so."

"Then go by one of those. Miss Darke will be too tired to observe it; besides, it will not be light enough."

"But I should like to catch the scoundrels."

"I can identify them both, and will go to the railway and make inquiries and look about me to-morrow. You can have them taken into custody; and probably after a day or two in the lock-up they will make a clean breast of it, and give up the names of the others."

"Yes, perhaps best so," said Mr. Darke, after some minutes' reflection. "But how can I thank you for this?"

I declined any special thanks, alleging I was only doing my duty; but the squire was very warm and pressing in his gratitude—inquired what I was, where I came from, and how I was employed. On learning that I had no friends or relatives in the town, he insisted on my coming to dine with him on Christmas-day.

"And I hope we shall be able to drink confusion to these rascals," he said, in conclusion.

I suppose he was in a particularly good temper this evening; for he introduced me to his daughter as a friend of his who had rendered him a most important service. He little suspected that she knew who I was, and was terribly puzzled to think how a post-office clerk could have laid her father under such an obligation.

I mustered courage to ask her to dance with me, and she consented. But why try to describe the unexpected happiness of the evening? I can only say, when I had handed her into the carriage and watched it drive off, I walked home as if I had come into a new life and a brighter world.

Though I did not get home till between two and three, I was at the office again by six to receive the mails from the district. I was tired; but I determined that no one—especially Chaundy—should be able to accuse me of neglecting work.

One of the earliest carts to arrive was that of the Fentleby district. The driver came in looking like a ghost, and stammered out that an attempt had been made to rob him, and that he had been fired at.

Chaundy not being in the office I examined the man, and took down his answers in writing. On inquiry I found that his route had brought him past Grasslands, Mr. Darke's house, and that he had been fired at between there and Cowford, at a very ugly part of the road, where it ran beside a canal, on an embankment. The more I questioned him the more mysterious the affair appeared. He had seen no one, and there was not a bush or a stone to hide a man just where he was fired at; but as he was jogging along—not noticing much, he said, but probably half-asleep in reality—he saw a flash and heard the report of a pistol. Fortunately the old horse was steady and knew the road; so he only sprang forward at a quickened pace. Had the animal shied or swerved, the driver might have been upset into the canal or hurled over the bank into the fields below—quite a sufficient height to have led to some serious fractures, if not a broken neck.

I told our man to go home and keep the affair quiet; went to Chaundy, and handed over the report of the occurrence to him, and told him I would take the cart and go and inspect the scene of the attempted robbery; for such, as Chaundy agreed with me, appeared to be the real solution of the matter.

I took a pair of large horse-pistols, which were kept in the chief's room as a sort of demonstration of our defensive force, loaded them, borrowed a great-coat of one of the men, and drove off to the scene of the adventure.

It was a keen, cold, but still morning. As I was whirled through the fresh air all the cobwebs spun in the late hours at the ball were blown out of my brain, and I felt invigorated both physically and mentally. Much of the bewilderment into which the driver's story had thrown me melted as the morning mists were doing; and by the time I reached the spot I had a pretty clear view of the case.

The poachers had waited and waited for Mr. Darke's return, in ignorance of his having taken another road, and supposing the ball to have been kept up, as had sometimes occurred, until a very late, or rather early, hour. About the time when the mail-cart passed they had, however, come to abandon all expectation of falling in with Mr. Darke; and either the sight of the mail-bags had excited their cupidity, or—as seemed more likely, no pursuit having been made—they fired the shot as a joke to alarm the postman.

When I reached the exact spot I dismounted, and carefully examined the ground. The dew was still on the grass, but there was not a footprint to be seen on it. I went over every inch of the bank, and the border of the fields below, with as much minuteness as a well-trained pointer; then I examined the bank of the canal, and, crossing by a lock a little way below, went over the farther bank with equal care. There only remained the road to examine. No vehicle had passed over it since the previous night except the mail-cart, the tracks of whose wheels were freshly marked. As I followed them with my eye I noticed a little spot of ground slightly blackened, and caught a glimpse of bright metal. I hastened to the place and found a strange-looking object, made apparently with two pieces of tin or zinc which bore the traces of a recent explosion. This, then, was some clew to the mystery.

I walked along the road, scrutinizing it carefully, and about twenty yards farther found another of these "infernal machines" not exploded. Farther on I came on the track of a child which had crossed the road from the canal-bridge to the fields. I could see that the child had stopped in one place; for the footprints were repeated, one over the other, and there were the marks of a hand in the dust, where little fingers had scraped it in the act of picking something up. I looked across the fields and saw a small lad "keeping birds." He was the only one astir, so I hailed him and asked him if he had found any thing like what I held in my hand; and he at once produced one from his pocket, saying he found it in the road. I gave him sixpence, which was of more value to him—and safer, even supposing he laid it all out in sweets—than the explosive article I took from him.

Then I mounted the cart again and drove on toward Grasslands, but did not see any thing more. In order to test whether the things I had found would sound like a pistol, I selected a safe and quiet bit of the road, laid one down, and drove over it. It exploded with a flash and sound very like a pistol. Being prepared for it I saw whence the flash came; but the dozing driver was hardly likely to observe so much as that.

As I was driving on I was surprised by the sudden appearance of Mr. Darke's keeper.

"Hold hard!" he cried, stopping the horse. "Was that you shooting? That's the second this morning. What have you got in the trap?"

I did not choose to explain matters to him; and he clearly suspected me of poaching, and vowed he'd take me before his master. To this I had no objection; so he jumped into the cart and we turned round.

To make a long story short Mr. Darke was roused, and came down to find me virtually in custody. A few words explained how it was. The keeper was sent away—not without praise, though, for his vigilance—and then I related my discovery to Mr. Darke. He at once recognized in my "infernal machines" the fog-signals in use on railways.

He insisted on my coming in and taking breakfast before I prosecuted the search farther, and I readily consented. Mary came down in a charming morning-wrapper and presided, and—the danger being over—was told all about it.

It was determined that the mail-cart—which was an

unusual conveyance, and might attract needless attention—should be put up at Grasslands, and that I should go on to the nearest railroad in Mr. Darke's dog-cart.

On reaching the station I found from the station-master that there was a most unpardonable carelessness about the fog-signals; they were not served out to particular men, but kept in a box accessible to any one about the station. The plate-layers, he told me, were the men who used them oftenest; and I found that a party of them were laying fresh rails about a mile off.

I drove to the nearest point to the place he named, and made my way across country to the gang on the line. I recognized my two friends of the post-office among them; and a mode of procedure at once suggested itself to me. It was not strictly legal, perhaps, but it answered my purpose. I went to the ganger, or foreman, and told him I wanted two of his men on a charge of murder. He did not seem inclined to assist me, and told me I must help myself. Luckily I had the pistols with me. I went up to the two men, told them I was a police-officer, and that I had come to take them up on a charge of murdering Mr. Darke. They seemed a little taken aback, but denied the charge stoutly.

"You laid fog-signals on the road last night to frighten his horses, and they upset him into the canal and he's drowned," said I; "so it's murder, my lads. Come along!"

There seemed some inclination to resist the capture, so I took out the pistols.

"Look here," said I; "if I can't take the two I want, lads, I shall shoot the first two that come to hand; and they'll be the first that interfere. You'd best keep quiet, all of you; for there's a warrant out against you all for poaching"—I saw most of them look uncomfortable at this—"and if I give you a bad word it will go hard with you."

This had its effect, coupled with the appearance of the pistols; and I got my men off and marched them in front of me to the road, where I made them get into the dog-cart. The groom drove, and I sat behind with the pistols cocked; and in this form we went back to Grasslands.

I sent the porter on from the lodge, where I made an excuse for a minute or so's delay; and by the time we reached the hall, in accordance with the instructions I had given him, all the blinds were drawn down and Mr. Darke kept out of sight.

The clergyman, who was a magistrate, was sent for; and we examined the prisoners, who broke down completely and confessed all, giving up their accomplices. They had intended to frighten the horses, as I had supposed, without thinking much about the probable consequences—except with the vague notion that they would not be guilty of murder, even if the worst happened. The stable-help turned out to be the son of one of them.

When we had terrified them sufficiently, we called in the real constables, who had been sent for, and they were given into their custody—Mr. Darke walking in presently, much to their alarm—surprise—but ultimately satisfaction.

I have not much more to tell. On my return to the office I found Chaundy had sent off a graphic report to head-quarters, full of blunders, exaggerations, and misstatements—being founded, in fact, solely on what the driver had said. I therefore did not utter a syllable about my doings, but quietly sent off a report of my own, inclosing a document which I had got Mr. Darke to draw up, as magistrate, to confirm my account.

The authorities placed themselves in communication with Mr. Darke; and the result was that in a week the appointment of a new postmaster to Cowford was made; and the new postmaster was not Chaundy; it was I!

I went over to thank Mr. Darke for his part in the matter. He was out; so I thanked Mary. She congratulated me on my promotion, and said she supposed I should marry now. I said no. She inquired why. I at once explained, and made a confession of my audacious love. She—well, she gave me a good reason why I *should* marry, and furthermore told me whom I was to marry—Miss Mary Darke to wit, and no other.

Mr. Darke came in soon after, and I told him all. He was furious at first; but Mary remonstrated with him for his ingratitude, and pointed out that she should be twenty-one in three months, when she should assert her right to become postmistress of Cowford. The squire relented, and we triumphed. We were married soon after Christmas-day, and have lived as happily as the prince and princess of a fairy-tale ever since.

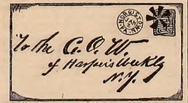
That's how I won Polly—I always call her Polly now, because our eldest girl is called Mary; and she is three years old, and therefore must be treated with respect; and it wouldn't do to have two Marys in the house.

That, I repeat, is how I won Polly and the postmastership—which latter I didn't keep: for the squire makes us a handsome allowance, and I am reading for the Bar. I got my father-in-law to use his influence for Chaundy, who ultimately was appointed postmaster, with a hint not to be *too* clever in future.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Dear Weekly,—I last week received a printed circular, through the post-office, directed in a neat and masterly hand, thus:




I opened it midst great trepidation and excitement, thinking it might be a notice that I had drawn the Astor House, or the Italian Opera, or Pike's Peak, or some other establishment, and that I was to send on five dollars to pay the freight; or it might be a notice from a whisky-inspector, to ask me if I made my own burning fluid; or, still more valuable, it might be an original joke sent to me by some charitable reader of the "Winglets." I opened the envelope, and found the following, printed in brevier type and on excellent paper, notwithstanding the high price of that article:

(Circular.)

Mystic Circular.

H. H. Vanvert, *Engraver*. Der Schwarze, *Alchymist.*

to any person this may concern, male or female.

*Merchants*, *Farmers*, and *Mechanics* desirous of making money fast and easy, and without any capital to start on, can do so by sending their full address, and they shall receive full particulars by return of mail, and free of post.

Silent members wanted in all parts of the United States for a banking scheme.

Any person desirous of making a fortune, without investing any money to start on, can do so by sending their full address.

Henry H. Vanvert,
Montgomery Square, Montgomery Co., Pa.,
at Montgomery House.

To which (if not too late) I would reply:

(private and confidential.)

Dear Henry,—I am on the look-out for a good investment, as I am at present living by my wits, and am now near the end of them (as you will discover by looking over the "Winglets" for the past month or so, copies of which are kept on file at the office for that purpose), and I am "desirous of making money fast and easy," particularly as refers to the easy; but as I am wholly ignorant as to what a "Der Schwarze" is, you will please enlighten me on that point, and some other points in your kind letter, which I do not fully understand.

I am sorry to say that I am not a Merchant, Farmer, or Mechanic, but I am a "male or female;" and I think I can meet the other requisition of, "without any capital to start on," and on this recommendation I ask for the necessary information.

You may think me queer to shove myself thus upon your notice, but as you are not a stranger to

"Shoving the Queer,"

you will, of course, understand me.

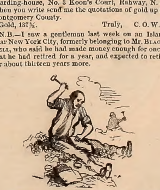
What do I understand by a "silent member" in a banking scheme? I know, in most schemes, "mum" is the word: but is it necessary for a banker, in order to succeed, to keep quiet? Jay Cooke & Co. do not. Up in our Railroad Station he has a big Catechism, equal in the number of its questions to the one you and I used to learn at Sunday-school, called the "Shorter," with Questions and Answers why people should buy the Seven-Thirty Loan, and his name very prominently on it. I like the notion of a "banker," though—always did: and more so since Sir Morton Peto and the rest of those fellows went through our country traveling as "capitalists." I should think "capitalist" was a good *business;* I know it's a good *profession.*

But, Henry, is the money we are to make to be different from the money people make by labor? If that is the case, we might find some difficulty in *changing our quarters* when things were pressing us; and to "hazard all on a die," the *die* ought to be very well engraved. If the stuff is made of "base" metal would we have the same difficulty in "changing our base" that little Mac had? Would the stuff have the true "metallic ring," like the postal currency has around the head of Mr. Clark? And would every thing be done on the Square in Montgomery County, Pa.?

When I send my full address must I make it as full as yours? I don't live in a place with so much name. I think you had better send full information to my boarding-house, No. 3 Koon's Court, Rahway, N. J. When you write send me the quotations of gold up in Montgomery County.

Gold, 137⅜. Truly, C. O. W.

N.B.—I saw a gentleman last week on an Island near New York City, formerly belonging to Mr. Blackwell, who said he had made money enough for once; that he had retired for a year, and expected to retire for about thirteen years more.



I think, Henry, an active life would suit me better. However, send on full information, free of post (or pillory either), directed as before.

P.S.—Dear Weekly: Since the above was written I have seen in the papers that a gang of counterfeiters, known as the "Mystic Circle," has been arrested by the Philadelphia police, having their head-quarters at Montgomery Square. I am afraid my Henry is captured among them, and that the Circle is broken, figuratively and pecuniarily. If so, the law will settle a mathematical problem by squaring it and its account in a summary manner. There was no genuine coin found there—nothing golden but their hopes, which the officers destroyed on the spot. Thus "the best-laid schemes of men and mice gang," as well as other gangs, often wrong, and come to naught.

Your own C. O. W.

## SOMERVILLE'S QUANDARY.

Somerville is a good-looking young man, and is well aware of it. He is not a man of property, in the accepted meaning of that term, but he is the proprietor of a pair of long and glossy side-whiskers, which he has solemnly assured me he would not take ten thousand dollars for; I believe he has never been tempted with an offer. I really do not know what Somerville's business is; I don't think he has any, except that of cultivator of his property—*i. e.*, of course, comber of his side-whiskers. I know he is a beau; he is not only a positive beau, however (I regret to add), but a comparative beau—that is, a beau-er. But you generally spell it b-o-r-e, I believe, don't you?

He comes into my room—stop, though!—I should not speak in the present tense, for of late he comes into my room no more.

He was in the habit of sauntering into my room when I was sure to be at my busiest, combing his glossy side-whiskers lovingly, and getting out his gimlet. Then he would bore me by the half-hour. His talk was of his conquests among the fair sex. He had smitten Miss Crœsus at the party last night; he had struck an arrow into the heart of Miss La Crême at the Opera; he was having a "staving" flirtation with Miss Araminta Blumengeld, of Fifth Avenue.

"Tell you what, Schreiber," said he, one day about a month ago, as he sat down and put his boots upon my stove, "I'm in a quandary."

"Are you?" said I; "how did you get there?"

"Oh, I'm in good earnest about it, I tell you. It's no slight matter. I'm going to get married, Schreiber."

"And who is the happy fair one?"

"Ah, that's the rub, as Booth says, you know. That's where the quandary is, you see. There's two of 'em."

"Don't commit bigamy whatever you do," said I.

"Stuff! Of course not. But I don't know which of those two girls to marry. They're both dead in love with me, and—I'll tell you all about it."

I prepared for martyrdom.

"There's Ellen Sweet, you see; she's the first one. You've seen her, haven't you? A lovely creature, and the most heavenly temper. I love her as bad as can be, you know; regularly swept, I am; and she loves me like any thing. I would marry her to-morrow if it wasn't for one thing; she's poor. She's living with her uncle in Fourteenth Street—you know old Sweet?—but he won't give her any thing, of course; he's five daughters of his own to provide for; and Ellen is an orphan, and has got nothing of her own. If she had any thing at all—say ten thousand dollars—I'd let Miss Goldegg go without a sigh. But there it is; Miss Goldegg is an heiress, they say, to not less than a hundred thousand. I've looked into it pretty carefully; and I'm satisfied there is no doubt about it; in fact, it's more than a hundred thousand if any thing. I wouldn't be surprised to find, after I get her, that she's got double that. But then, you see, she's got the devil of a temper, and that makes it bad. She's good-looking enough—at least she gets herself up in first-rate shape—got style, and all that, to perfection; but you see I never did much fancy a tall and thin woman. I'm tall enough and thin enough myself. But she's dead in love with me, Schreiber—in fact, people talk about us; and I do wish I could love her, but I can't. Whenever I try to think tenderly about her up rises the vision of Ellen Sweet's innocent and lovely face, and—by George! it's enough to drive a man crazy! What the fiend is a fellow to do in such a quandary as this?"

"Why, if it was me, Somerville, I should certainly marry the girl I loved, if I married at all. But could you support her if you had her?"

"There it is again! I couldn't support her in the—eh—style of life I'm accustomed to at all. We should have to take rooms at a second-rate boarding-house, and I should have to go to work in some blessed place or other, and be steady and all that, you know—which I couldn't stand."

"Well, then, marry the rich one," said I, earnestly; "I'll agree to be satisfied, if you will."

"But I don't love her! I shall be unhappy—I know I shall—such a temper as she's got! If I could only marry her money, and Ellen Sweet's soul and body!" continued Somerville, rising and walking about the room in great distress.

And then he ran over the whole subject again, after the manner of his kind.

Finally, I gave him my advice soberly:

"Since you ask it, Somerville, you shall have it. Go and marry Miss Sweet, and settle down to a contented life. Change your habits, and become a useful member of society instead of an ornamental one. The man who truly loves a woman will be content with any lot that leaves him peace, a good home, and her. I really think, my boy, that such a woman as Miss Sweet might be the making of you."

"Well, I'll think about it," said he, as he sauntered out, combing his whiskers thoughtfully.

Next day I was honored with another visit. Somerville was elegantly arrayed, as if to go out.

"I've made up my mind, Schreiber," said he, pressing on his kids.

"Ah!"

"Yes; I've decided in favor of Miss Goldegg. I'm going up there now—this very afternoon. She loves me, you know, and that's a good deal, though I don't love her. Put her money in the balance and it's a settler. *Au revoir.*"

At an early hour on the following day Somerville sauntered into my room in his velvet dressing-gown, and with disheveled hair.

"I'm sorry I did it, after all, Schreiber."

"Then you proposed?"

"Yes; and, now that it's all over, I wish I had taken your advice. She wouldn't have me, Schreiber."

"You astonish me!" I cried, with gentle sarcasm.

"I feel as if I had wronged poor Ellen," he continued, dismally. "I never ought to have allowed myself to be untrue to her."

"She need never know it, Somerville. It's better as it is, old fellow! For your sake I'm sincerely glad of it. Now, be a man: marry the girl you really love, and be happy. I shall have hopes of you yet."

"I'll do it," said he; "I'll offer myself to-morrow. By George, I'll do it to-day! Good-by, Schreiber; I'm going to dress immediately."

He went out whistling.

Late in the afternoon my door slowly swung on its hinges, but no one entered. Looking sharply, I perceived a pair of eyes gazing through the crack at me.

"Is that you, Somerville?" said I.

"I am here, Lagardere!" he responded, in a theatrical tone.

"Come in," said I, "or shut the door."

The door was slowly closed; it opened again, and Somerville put his head in.

"*She* wouldn't have me either," said he.

I haven't seen the fellow since.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Looking down in the Mouth.

### THE BACHELOR TO HIS BUTTONS.

Adieu! thou ill-starred race, adieu!
  Thy banishment I'll not bewail;
But trust I never more may view
  The broken rings which fret my nail.
How oft on wrist or collar band
  A disk delusive dangled, where
Urged by some mercenary hand
  The iron stern had entered there!

Oh, Woman, who did first invent
  That badge of our dependent state;
Hast thou not laughed at our lament,
  When buttonless we stamped irate?
Sweet nymphs have struck a tender chord,
  And smiling, whispered, half in dread:
"How helpless is a noble lord
  Whose happiness hangs by a thread!"

But, lo! a mighty thought is born,
  From Jove full-armed Minerva springs;
The hollow mould which roused our scorn
  Gives place to firm and brighter things.
Then idle girls, who watchful see
  Man's jocund freedom, softly say,
"Strong, Sir, as golden links may be
  Love's links are stronger far than they."

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper has gone eastward to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

A Tennessee editor complains that he has recently seen banks shaving their paper. We once saw a bank director actually shaving himself.

The Worst Tax.—*A-tax* of gout.

An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing and is not yet full."

Mrs. Malaprop's Last.—Inviting her friends to partake of a Cold Relation.

Proverb by our Butcher.—You must take the Thin with the Thick.

Truths and toads lie at the bottom of the well. Leave 'em there.

What is the earliest mention of a banking transaction? When Pharaoh received a check (cheque) on the Bank of the Red Sea, which was crossed by Moses and Aaron.

Why is a money-loaner like a man rowing a boat? —Because he relies upon his *owers.*

No Body in This.—The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse.

The height of impudence—Taking shelter from the rain in an umbrella shop.

### A VISITOR.

A stranger came
  Unto my door,
He asked my name,
  And nothing more.

'Twas nice for me,
  In that strange place,
So soon to see
  So kind a face.

My hopes fell flat:
  He said, "I axes,"
And touched his hat,
  "For unpaid taxes."

A young man from the city was seen in a village at evening looking about attentively in the gutter. "What are you looking for?" said the man whose shop was vis-a-vis. "Some pieces of gold." "Oh, I will assist you," and out he came with a lantern. The neighbors all came with lanterns, and were busily groping in the gutter at this news. After a time, during which the young man let them search by themselves, the first spokesman said, "Are you sure you lost the gold pieces here?" "I said nothing about losing any money; I only wanted to find some—that is the difference." He was careful to make himself scarce after this practical joke.

Scene.—*Clergyman's study. A countryman standing before the Clergyman, with a face full of solemn purpose.*

Reverend Gent.—"But you really can have no serious reason to wish to be parted from your wife."

Rustic.—"Well, no, Sir! *I* likes my wife well enough, but, you see, she don't please mother!"

A married wretch says the greatest gift vouchsafed to any living man was that granted to Adam, as he was blessed with a wife without ever having a mother-in-law.

"Paddy, where's the whisky I gave you to clean the windows with?" "Och, master, I just drank it; and I thought if I breathed on the glass it would be all the same."

A codfish breakfast and an India-rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MISSING MAN; OR, TWENTY-FOUR HOU

S IN THE METROPOLIS.—Sketched by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 51.]

## THE COQUETTE OF ARLON.

In times long back, the inhabitants of Arlon worshiped the moon, and learned men say that the name of the place (Arx lunæ) sprang from that circumstance. It is from the same circumstance, it is added, that the young ladies of this ancient town have sometimes a way of their own.

About a hundred years ago, no one was so much talked about by the Arlonnais as a young girl who was in possession of eighteen years, good, lively, frank, always smiling, always happy, but whose affections no one could monopolize, she was so volatile and independent. Her name was Gertrude, and she was the only daughter of Charles Stock, a well-to-do inhabitant of Arlon, and who was generally known as Stock fils, to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, who were both alive. "On durait vieux"—they lived to a good old age, in that family, according to a local expression. Arlon had not at that time suffered from the terrible fire which ravaged the little town in 1785.

All the young men of the town, we have said, sought to win the affections of the beauty of the place, but no one seemed to meet with success. It was for this reason, and on account of her apparently flighty manners, that she was called the "coquette d'Arlon." The epithet must not be taken, however, in a reproachful sense, for her father and mother had perfect confidence in her, and let her laugh and do just as she pleased.

Four young gentlemen of the town were particularly distinguished by the assiduity with which they plied their suit to the coquette. They were known as Sigismond de Vletter, Gilles Colin, Wenceslas Stroobant, and Lambert van Moll. The first was so quiet that he inspired no apprehensions to the three others; and the three others were so ardent that each only awaited his selection by the maiden. As they became urgent in insisting that she should make a choice the sprightly damsel in question resolved at last upon a stratagem by which she should put each to the proof. This was in the month of September in the year 1749.

Gertrude was aware of the existence in a field belonging to her father, not far from Arlon, of an old Roman tomb, which was looked upon with awe on account of many superstitious stories connected with it. She made this the centre of her batteries.

Gilles Colin came first, according to his daily custom, protesting that he would walk on burning coals to please her.

"I am not so exacting," she replied. "I do not even say that I will not take you for my husband; but I must have a mark of devotion and courage on your part."

"Now you speak to the point!" said Gilles. "I will give you plenty of marks, only say what you wish."

"You know," she replied, "the old tomb that lies there, on a mound about a quarter of a league from the town?"

"I know it," said the Arlonnais—"I know it from afar. I never cared to go near it. There are strange tales current about the nasty place."

"Well, it is my wish that, without telling any one of the understanding between us, you should go to-night at nine o'clock, and that you should lie in that sepulchre."

"What, in that den of witchcraft? What a fancy!"

"And that you should remain there motionless until midnight."

"But, Gertrude, what are you thinking of? For what object?"

"Why, you show the white feather already. You may say it is a whim, a fancy; well, let it be so. I have my ideas, and I wish to prove you. If you do as I bid you, I shall be satisfied; and if you remain from nine till twelve, my heart is yours. Refuse, and I wed another."

Gilles, taken aback by the decided tone of the young girl, had no alternative but to submit. It was in vain that he passed over in his mind the ghosts that had been seen in the neighborhood of the sepulchre, the witches who had been watched manufacturing their unguents and charms at the very spot, and the sabbaths that were occasionally held there. Although Gilles was any thing but courageous, still he was so much in love that he accepted the terms, and promised to fulfill them without saying any thing about them to any one. Perhaps he comforted himself by thinking that, if groups of sinister-looking and grotesquely-dressed personages had been seen there, it might after all have been gipsies, with whom at that epoch the forests of Luxemburg and Limburg were infested.

About a quarter of an hour afterward Wenceslas Stroobant came in his turn. Gertrude received him very graciously. He was handsome, and he was rich; and, vain of these two advantages, he was not wanting in self-sufficiency.

"It is not your fortune that tempts me," said Gertrude.

Wenceslas made a bow, and then puffed himself up, in the attitude of a man who says to himself, "I understand; we have other attractions."

"My heart is totally disinterested," continued Gertrude, "and I will willingly give you my hand if you will render me a service which shall prove to me your worth."

"Speak," said the handsome young man; "I am at your orders in all matters."

"In that case, it is my duty to inform you that one of our relatives has been killed in a duel. Active steps are being taken to secure him a respectable interment. In the mean time his body lies near where he was slain, in the old Roman tomb. As this sepulchre is much exposed, I would ask you to go there at half past nine this evening."

"What! to the tomb where the witches hold their sabbath? What a fancy!"

"What! are you afraid?"

"I am not afraid. But what a strange commission you give me!"

"A fancy, perhaps, as you say. Yet I can not intrust the execution of it to any one who is not devoted to me. No one must know this mystery. Go there, then, at half past nine, disguised like an angel of light, with a torch in your hand. The tales which are connected with the tomb will serve your purpose. Seeing you seated at the foot of the sepulchre those who might have entertained the project of robbing the dead will be terrified, and no one will come near. Do you agree?"

"I agree," said Wenceslas, terrified at the idea of the commission, but still more terrified at the idea of losing his mistress.

"You can come back at midnight. But not a word of what has been said: that is the price of my hand."

Wenceslas, stifling his nocturnal apprehensions, swore that he would be discreet, that he would be at his post at half past nine, and that he would keep such good watch over the dead that not even the bats should come near.

A very brief time had elapsed before Lambert van Moll made his appearance also, to pay his homage. He was a young barrister, of whose future the whole town predicted the greatest things.

"If it is true that you love me," said the coquette, "I wish to have a proof of it. Neighbors whom you know, and who are our enemies, wish to annoy us. To do this they have put a dead body into the Roman tomb which belongs to the family. I wish the body to be removed, a thing that you can easily do."

"I!" exclaimed Lambert, taken aback.

"Yes, you. I know that you are courageous."

"That is true; but you give me so ridiculous a commission."

"There will, in all probability, be nothing but children there to watch the corpse to-night. To drive them away blacken your face, make yourself as ugly as you are handsome; in fact, disguise yourself as a demon. It is a ridiculous commission, if you like; but go to the tomb at ten o'clock, carry away the corpse, bring it here, and expect every thing from my gratitude."

Lambert van Moll felt, after all, that it was not too much to do to win so fair a person as Gertrude, so, like the other two, he promised punctuality and discretion.

Sigismond de Vletter came in his turn to pay his respects to Gertrude. But when, doing as she had done with the others, she proposed to him to play his part in the projected comedy, he replied that he was at her orders in all serious matters but not for absurdities; childish acts, he said, should be left for children to do. The coquette, finding him so little amenable, dropped the subject.

In the mean time, at nine o'clock precisely, Gilles Colin arrived at the Roman sepulchre. He had taken a little lantern with him, and it shook in his hand, partly because the night was very cold, partly from other causes. After looking cautiously around, in the tomb and in every bush, he stretched himself out full length in the tomb, drew a sheet over him from feet to head, fastened it with napkins round his neck and waist, and then blowing out the light, delivered himself up to his reflections, which were any thing but of an agreeable character.

Half an hour had barely elapsed before he became sensible of the sound of footsteps coming in his direction. He raised his head and saw a mysterious phantom, clothed in a long silver-white robe, with a blue band, the head covered with golden stars, and the shoulders loaded with two pieces of muslin, which floated like wings. The apparition held a lighted torch in its hand. Poor Gilles, who had not anticipated such a vision, sunk down to the bottom of the sarcophagus, and covered his head with the sheet.

"Is it an angel?" he said to himself. But the angel coughed. "It is not an inhabitant of heaven," he added. "If it is one of the people who hold sabbath here, I shall come off badly."

The angel, on its side, did not appear to be quite at his ease. He cast a side glance at the sheet that covered the body, but did not seem at all inclined to examine it more closely. With his torch in his hand, he at length seated himself at the foot of the sarcophagus; and it was lucky that it was of solid stone, or each party would have been aware that the other was shaking violently. The cold that had at first manifested itself by a slight cough now got up to Wenceslas's head, and he sneezed twice. Not being able to get at his 'kerchief he wiped his nose with one of his wings.

"Decidedly," thought the dead one, "he is not an angel, but a witch. Perhaps he is master of ceremonies? He is there with his torch to summon the others. I shall soon be in the very midst of a sabbath, and if the devil presides what will become of me?"

As he was making these reflections, of a nature so little calculated to reassure him, he was struck by a sudden movement on the part of the angel with the torch. He seemed to be alarmed at the appearance of some frightful spectacle. It was the third personage who had arrived.

Lambert van Moll came to the place of appointment disguised as a demon. He was clothed in the skin of an ox, with its large horns on, and hanging ears. His face was blackened, and to render himself still less recognizable he wore a great beard of red shavings. In his hand he carried a pitchfork. As he approached his movements assumed an uncertain and zigzag character. It was quite evident that he could not make out what the white figure was with a torch in its hand, and that he had not at all calculated upon its presence. At last he decided upon turning the position, and he arrived at the tomb by the other extremity.

Wenceslas distinguished himself under these trying circumstances by the greatest act of courage that he had ever committed. He rose up and advanced toward the spectre, holding out his torch at him. Unfortunately this hasty proceeding set fire to Lambert's beard, and he, tearing it off as quickly as he could, threw it at the torch and put it out. The two spectres then seized one another by the hair, each astonished at finding the other so palpable.

In the mean time the dead one was seized with the apprehension that they were good and bad angels disputing the possession of his body; and the idea so filled him with terror that he jumped out of the sarcophagus, winding-sheet and all, and took to his heels. The two champions, seeing the corpse take flight thus unceremoniously, were seized with a similar panic, and hurried away across the field as fast as their legs could carry them. Next day the three lovers were confined to their beds by bad colds, and Gertrude, sending them word that they must hold her in very slight esteem to seek her hand by such extravagances, selected Sigismond for her husband.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is a manifest want of neat, well-ordered restaurants in certain business sections of our city. An enterprising individual would soon make his fortune if he would put in operation half a dozen properly-arranged establishments—say between Eighth Street and the City Hall, on Broadway—where gentlemen with ladies, or ladies without escorts, might obtain a neatly-served lunch at a moderate price. Doubtless there are plenty of restaurants, such as they are. But every sunshiny day a whole swarm of ladies come out, like bees from the hive, to "*shop*." Now shopping is not a matter to be hurried, as every lady realizes, and as every clerk knows, by fatiguing experiences. And about mid-day the lady—who has been wavering between "Moonlight on the Lake" and "Ashes of Roses" as the shade for her new silk, or who has been hopelessly puzzled in selecting from innumerable styles collars, neck-ties, and dressing-gowns for her husband—is convinced she could "finish up" her shopping better after a comfortable lunch. It is, however, no easy matter to find a pleasant place where she can lunch in the vicinity of Canal Street. The one or two places into which she ventures are uncomfortably crowded, and she retreats with a decided feeling of repugnance at the prospect of eating in such close proximity to strangers. She wants to rest quite as much as to eat. But the result usually is, that she goes without lunch, and comes home feeling faint, tired, sick, cross, and unsettled generally—not alarmingly so, to be sure, but just enough to disturb her usual equanimity, and to make her resolve that, next time, she will shop "up town," or else not go out till after lunch.

A new era has dawned for babies. It has long been the fashion for proud mammas to exhibit the plump necks and chubby arms of their darlings without the shadow of a covering even in the coldest weather. American winters have not changed, so far as we know, but fashion has; and let those who happen to be babies just now rejoice. High necks and long sleeves is the prevailing style for infants' frocks; and very pretty and stylish they are, as well as sensible. We trust that for once every mother will follow the *height* and *length* of the fashion.

Horses, as well as babies, have reason to rejoice and be glad; that is, those of them who are likely to endure a couple years more of travel over the slippery Broadway pavement. But Broadway is really to be repaved. The contract is made, and the work to be completed within eighteen months from the first day of April next, and the entire expense it is estimated will be about $372,000. Granite has been selected as the best material, and the arrangement decided upon is that which is supposed to afford the firmest footing to horses.

The New York Evening High School has proved a great success. The average attendance during the first quarter was about six hundred and seventy-five. And the only limit to the number was the want of sufficient accommodation. The average age of the students is twenty-three, and their progress has been astonishing. They are earnest young men who hunger for knowledge, and they take hold of their studies with a vigorous will.

We see faint glimmerings which foretell the dawn of brighter days. A bill has been proposed in the New York Legislature to prevent the overcrowding of omnibuses, stages, or horse-cars. This bill provides that no omnibus or stage drawn by two horses shall carry more than twelve passengers; that no car drawn by two horses shall carry more than twenty-four passengers, and where there is an elevation of more than one foot to fifteen on any road an additional horse shall be attached to the car. If such an Act is carried it will be exceedingly gratifying to, and comfortable for, both passengers and horses.

Skates have had quite a *run* thus far this winter; though we fancy the amusement of skating has not created so much "*furor*" this season as in some previous ones. Yet a cold snap always brings out a thick eruption of steel runners. The recent opening of the Skating Lake at Jerome Park has been a matter of extraordinary interest to the members of the American Jockey Club and their friends.

Influenzas are sufficiently prevalent to authorize an exchange in giving the following list of fashionable winter sports: "Sleighing, coughing, sneezing, blowing your nose, flourishing your handkerchiefs, buying lozenges, overshoes, and swallowing 'cough candy,' not to speak of cayenne pepper tea, hot whisky punches, horse-blankets in daytime, and old stockings around your throat at night."

Ladies will be delighted to learn that a new style of bonnet has made its appearance in Paris. It is very simple, consisting merely of a twine string with a diamond set in the top.

A crinoline manufacturer in Saxony has made, during the last ten years, no less than 963,784,000 hoop-skirt springs, or enough to go around the world thirteen times and a half. His business will probably slack off a trifle during the coming year.

Those who sell rags and old paper to dealers had better understand what they are doing. A short time ago a careless lady sold her rag bag—or the contents of it—to a peddler, and the next day discovered that she had disposed of a small fortune in greenbacks at the rate of three cents a pound. She never heard any thing of the fortunate purchaser. A Boston lady, however, met with better luck. A few days since she sold a quantity of old paper, and shortly after she ascertained that among the old papers was a parcel containing United States bonds to the amount of $1900, good promissory-notes for $450, a note of hand for $75, and a $10 greenback, the whole valued at $2425. But honesty certainly exists to a remarkable degree in Boston, for the next day the lady received a call from the dealer, who had found the valuable parcel in sorting, and returned it entire.

Not long since a Woman's Rights Convention was in session in a certain city not a thousand miles from here. The horse cars were, of course, unusually crowded. One afternoon a severe looking female entered a car, and an old gentleman rose to give her a seat. "Be you one of these women-righters?" he asked. "I be," replied the ancient. "You believe a woman should have all the rights of a man, do you?" he inquired. "Yes, I do," was the emphatic answer. "Then," said the man, "stand up, and enjoy them like a man." And she had to stand up.

"Love," says an unknown writer, "is like music. Some instruments can go up two octaves, some four, and some all the way from black thunder to sharp lightning. As some of them are susceptible only of melody, so some hearts can sing but one song of love, while others will run in a full choral harmony."

It is stated that there are in the human voice about nine perfect tones but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Surely it is no wonder that there is a little discord in the world!

Elderly ladies and gentlemen who find immense comfort in a cup of tea need not be alarmed; but the fact is, that, according to chemical analysis, that identical cup of tea contains twenty different articles, namely: volatile oil, chlorophyl, wax, rosin, gum, tannin, theine, extractine, apotheme, albumen, sulphur, phosphorus, chlorid of potassium, oxyd of iron, carbonate, sulphate, and phosphate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, manganese, and silica.

A new invention is announced from "Out West"—Illinois, we believe. It is a patent clothes-washer in the shape of a wheel-barrow. The revolutions of the wheel put in motion a crank that moves a plunger that pounds the clothes. The body of the box is mounted where the load is in a wheel-barrow. On the top of the box is a wringer. A lady can put her clothes into her machine, pick it up, and go out calling; the longer her list of friends the further she will have to wheel her burden and the better her clothes will be washed.

From a London journal we learn that the price of paper in England has begun to fall; the first decline being one cent per pound. It is an interesting fact concerning paper, that the surgeons of Vienna have lately used with great success a peculiar kind of unsized paper as a substitute for lint in dressing wounds. It is said to be in every respect suitable for the purpose.

A writer from Paris says that "all kinds of manual labor, such as moving, putting up furniture, mending articles, carpenters', tinners', or ironmongers' work are very cheap—say $1 a day. Hack-riding is 40 cents an hour, or less for a whole day; and for this you may have a handsome carriage, quite fit to appear with credit in the grand drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and meet your friends with upright heads." New York prices form quite a contrast.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

### Book III.—Heaping up Riches.

### CHAPTER II.

CHARLOTTE.

The little villa at Bayswater was looking its brightest on a resplendent midsummer afternoon, one year after Diana Paget's hurried hegira from Forêtdechêne. If the poor dentist's house in dingy Bloomsbury had been fresh and brilliant aspect, how much more brilliant was the western home of the rich stock-broker, whose gate was within five minutes' walk of that aristocratic Eden, Kensington Gardens. Mr. Sheldon's small domain was called The Lawn, and consisted of something over half an acre of flower-garden and shrubbery, a two-stall stable and coach-house, a conservatory and fernery, and a moderate-sized house in the Gothic or medieval style, with mullioned windows in the dining-room and oriels in the best bedroom, and with a great deal of unnecessary stone-work and wooden excrescence in every direction.

The interior of Mr. Sheldon's dwelling bore no trace of that solid old-fashioned clumsiness which had distinguished his house in Fitzgeorge Street. Having surrendered his ancestral chairs and tables in liquidation of his liabilities, Philip Sheldon was free to go with the times, and had furnished his Gothic villa in the most approved modern style, but without any attempt at artistic grace or adornment. All was bright and handsome and neat and trim; but the brightness and the neatness savored just a little of furnished apartments at the sea-side, and the eye sought in vain for the graceful disorder of an elegant home. The dining-room was gorgeous with all the splendor of new mahogany and crimson morocco; the drawing-room was glorified by big looking-glasses, and the virtual freshness of gilt frames on which the feet of agile house-fly or clumsy blue-bottle had never rested. The crimson and blues and greens and drabs of the Brussels carpets retained the vivid brightness of the loom. The drops of the chandeliers twinkled like little stars in the sunshine; the brass bird-cages were undimmed by the shadow of dullness. To Georgy's mind the Gothic villa was the very perfection of a dwelling-place. The Barlingford housekeepers were wont to render their homes intolerable by extreme neatness. Georgy still believed in the infallibility of her native town, and the primness of Barlingford reigned supreme in the Gothic villa. There were no books scattered on the polished walnut-wood tables in the drawing-room, no cabinets crammed with scraps of old china, no pictures, no queer old Indian feather-screens, no marvels of Chinese carving in discolored ivory; none of these traces which the footsteps of the "collector" always leave behind him. Mr. Sheldon had no leisure for collecting; and Georgy preferred the gaudy pink-and-blue vases of a Regent Street china-shop to all the dingy *chefs-d'œuvre* of a Wedgewood, or the quaint shepherds and shepherdesses of Chelsea. As for books, were there not four or five resplendent volumes primly disposed on one of the tables; an illustrated edition of Cowper's lively and thrilling poems; a volume of Rambles in Scotland, with copper-plate engravings of "Melrose by night," and Glasgow Cathedral, and Ben Nevis, and other scenic and architectural glories of North Britain; a couple of volumes of *Punch*, and an illustrated *Vicar of Wakefield*; and what more could elevated taste demand in the way of literature? Nobody ever read the books; but Mrs. Sheldon's visitors were sometimes glad to take refuge in the Scottish scenery and the pictorial Vicar, during that interval of dullness and indigestion which succeeds a middle-class dinner. Georgy read a great many books; but they were all novels, procured from the Bayswater branch of a fashionable circulating library, and were condemned unread by Mr. Sheldon, who considered all works a fiction perfectly equal in demerit, and stigmatized them, in a general way, as "senseless trash." He had tried to read novels in the dreary days of his Bloomsbury probation; but he had found that the heroes of them were impracticable beings, who were always talking of honor and chivalry, and always sacrificing their own interests in an utterly preposterous manner; and he had thrown aside story after story in disgust.

"Give me a book that is something like life, and I'll read it!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "but I can't swallow the high-flown prosings of impossibly virtuous inanities."

One day, indeed, he had been struck by the power of a book, a book written by a certain Frenchman called Balzac. He had been riveted by the hideous cynicism, the supreme power of penetration into the vilest corners of wicked hearts; and he had flung the book from him at last with an expression of unmitigated admiration.

"That man knows his fellows," he cried, "and is not hypocrite enough to conceal his knowledge or to trick out his puppets in the tinsel and rags of false sentiment in order that critics and public may cry, 'See, what noble instincts, what generous impulses, what unbounded sympathy for his fellow-creatures this man has!' This Frenchman is an artist, and is not afraid to face the difficulties of his art. What a scoundrel this Philippe Bridau is! And after wallowing in the gutter, he lives to bespatter his virtuous brother with the mire from his carriage-wheels.

That is *real* life. Your English novelist would have made his villain hang himself with the string of his waistcoat in a condemned cell, while his amiable hero was declared heir to a dukedom and forty thousand a year. But this fellow Balzac knows better than that."

The days had passed when Mr. Sheldon had leisure to read Balzac. He read nothing but the newspapers now, and in the newspapers he read very little more than the money articles, and such political news as seemed likely to affect the money-market. There is no such sole absorbing pursuit as the race which men run whose goal is the glittering temple of Plutus. The golden apples which tempted Atalanta to slacken her pace are always rolling *before* the modern runner, and the greed of gain lends the wings of Hermes to his feet. Mr. Sheldon had sighed for pleasures sometimes in the days of his Bloomsbury martyrdom. He had sat by his open window on sultry summer evenings, smoking his solitary cigar, and thinking moodily of all the pleasant resting-places from which other men were looking out at that golden western sky, deepening into crimson and melting into purples which even the London smoke could not obscure. He had sat alone, thinking of jovial parties lounging in the bow-windows of Greenwich taverns, with cool, green hock-glasses and pale amber wine, and a litter of fruit and flowers on the table before them, while the broad river flowed past them with all the glory of the sunset on the rippling water, and one black brig standing sharply out against the yellow sky. He had thought of Richmond, and the dashing young men who drove there every summer in drags; of Epsom and the great Derby mob; and of all those golden goblets of pleasure which prosperous manhood drains to the very dregs. He had fancied the enjoyments which would be his if ever he were rich enough to pay for them. And now he was able to afford all such pleasures he cared nothing for them; for the ecstasy of making money seemed better than any masculine dissipation or delight. He did sometimes dine at Greenwich. He knew the *menus* of the different taverns by heart, and had discovered that they were all alike vanity and indigestion; but he never seated himself at one of those glistening little tables, or deliberated with an obsequious waiter over the mysteries of the wine *carte*, without a settled purpose to be served by the eating of the dinner and a definite good to be achieved by the wine he ordered. He gave many such entertainments at home and abroad; but they were all given to men who were likely to be useful to him—to rich men, or the toadies and hangers-on of rich men, the grand viziers of the sultans of the money-market. Such a thing as pleasure or hospitality pure and simple had no place in the plan of Mr. Sheldon's life. The race in which he was running was not to be won by a loiterer. The golden apples were always rolling on before the runner; and woe be to him who turned away from the course to dally with the flowers or loiter by the cool streams that beautified the way-side!

Thus it was that Mr. Sheldon's existence grew day by day more completely absorbed by business pursuits and business interests. Poor Georgy complained peevishly of her husband's neglect; but she did not dare to pour her lamentations into the ear of the offender. It was a kind of relief to grumble about his busy life to servants and humble female friends and confidantes; but what could she say to Philip Sheldon himself? What ground had she for complaint? He very seldom staid out late; he never came home tipsy. He was quite as cool and clear-headed and business-like, and as well able to "tot up" any given figures upon the back of an envelope after one of those diplomatic little Greenwich dinners as he was the first thing after breakfast. It had been an easy thing to tyrannize over poor Tom Halliday; but this man was a grave, inscrutable creature, a domestic enigma which Georgy was always giving up in despair.

But so completely did Mr. Sheldon rule his wife that when he informed her inferentially that she was a very happy woman, she accepted his view of the subject, and was content to believe herself blessed.

In spite of those occasional grumblings to servants and female friends Mrs. Sheldon did think herself happy. Those occasional complaints were the minor notes in the harmony of her life, and only served to make the harmony complete. She read her novels, and fed a colony of little feeble twittering birds that occupied a big wire cage in the breakfast-parlor. She executed a good deal of fancy-work with beads and Berlin wool; she dusted and arranged the splendors of the drawing-room with her own hands; and she took occasional walks in Kensington Gardens.

This was the ordinary course of her existence, now and then interrupted by such thrilling events as a dinner given to some important acquaintance of Mr. Sheldon's, or a visit to the school at which Charlotte Halliday was completing her education.

That young lady had been removed from the Scarborough boarding-school to a highly respectable establishment at Brompton, within a few months of her mother's marriage with Mr. Sheldon. She had been a rosy-cheeked young damsel in pinafores at the time of that event, too young to express any strong feelings upon the subject of her mother's second choice; but not too young to feel the loss of her father very deeply. Tom Halliday had been fondly attached to that bright-eyed rosy-checked damsel of seven, and the girl had fully reciprocated his affection. How often they had talked together of the future, which was to be so delightful for them both; the new farm, which was to be such a paradise in comparison to Hyley; the pony that Charlotte was to ride when she should be old enough to wear a habit like a lady, and to go about with her father to market-towns and corn-exchanges. The little girl had remembered all this, and had most bitterly lamented the loss of that dear and loving father.

She remembered it all to this day; she regretted her loss to this day, though she was nineteen years of age, and on the point of leaving school forever. To say that she disliked Mr. Sheldon is only to admit that she was subject to the natural prejudices of humanity. He had usurped the place of a beloved father, and he was in every way the opposite of that father. He had come between Charlotte Halliday and her mother, and had so absorbed the weak little woman into himself as to leave Charlotte quite alone in the world. And yet he did his duty as few step-fathers do it. Charlotte admitted that he was very kind to her, that he was an excellent husband, and altogether the most conscientious and respectable of mankind; but she admitted with equal candor that she had never been able to like him. "I dare say it is very wicked of me not to be fond of him, when he is so good and generous to me," she said to her chosen friend and companion; "but I never can feel quite at home with him. I try to think of him as a father sometimes, but I never can get over the 'step.' Do you know I have dreamed of him sometimes; and though he is so kind to me in reality, I always fancy him cruel to me in my dreams. I suppose it is on account of his black eyes and black whiskers," added Miss Halliday, in a meditative tone. "It is certainly a misfortune for a person to have blacker eyes and whiskers than the rest of the world; for there seems something stern and hard, and almost murderous, in such excessive blackness."

Charlotte Halliday was a very different creature from the mother whom Mr. Sheldon had absorbed into himself. Georgy was one of the women who have no "characters at all," but Georgy's daughter was open to the charge of eccentricity rather than of inanity. She was a creature of fancies and impulses. She had written wild verses in the secrecy of her own chamber at midnight, and had torn her poetic effusions into a thousand fragments the morning after their composition. She played and sang and drew and danced admirably, and did every thing in a wild way of her own, which was infinitely more charming than the commonplace perfection of other women. She was not a beauty according to those established rules which every body believes in until they meet a woman who defies them all and yet is beautiful. Miss Halliday had thick black eyebrows, and large gray eyes which people were apt to mistake for black. She had a composite nose, and one of the sweetest mouths that ever smiled upon enraptured mankind. Nature had given her just a little more chin than a Greek sculptor would have allowed her; but, by way of make-weight, the same careless Nature had bestowed upon her a throat which Phidias himself might have sought in vain to improve upon. And Nature had planted this young lady's head upon her shoulders with a grace so rare that it must needs be a happy accident in the workmanship of that immortal artist. Indeed it seemed as if Charlotte Halliday owed her charms to a series of happy accidents. The black eyebrows which made her face so piquant might have been destruction to another woman. The round, column-like throat needed a fine frank face to surmount it, and the fine frank face was rendered gracious and womanly by the wealth of waving dark hair which framed it. The girl was one of those bright happy creatures whom men worship and women love, and whom envy can scarcely dislike. She was so infinitely superior to both father and mother that a believer in hereditary attributes was fain to invent some mythical great-grandmother from whom the girl's graces might have been derived. But she had something of her father's easy good-nature and imprudent generosity; and was altogether one of those impulsive creatures whose lives are perpetual difficulties and dilemmas. More lectures had been delivered for her edification than for any other young lady in the Brompton boarding-school, and yet she had been the favorite and delight of every body in the establishment, from the mistress of the mansion down to the iniquitous boy who cleaned the boots, and who was hounded and hunted, and abused and execrated, from dewy morn to dusky eve.

"I allus puts plenty of elbow-grease on *your* boots, Miss 'Allundale, though cook does heave saucepan-lids at my 'ed and call me a lazy wiper," this incorrigible imp protested to Charlotte one morning when she had surprised him in tears and had consoled his woes by a donation of pence.

"All things love thee, so do I," says the lover to his mistress; and it is almost impossible not to adore a young lady who is universally beloved, for the simple reason that this general affection is very rarely accorded to any but a loving nature. There is an instinct in these things. From all the ruck of Cheapside a vagrant dog will select the man who has most toleration for the canine species, and is most likely to give him shelter. A little child coming suddenly into a circle of strangers knows in which lap it may find a haven, on which bosom it may discover safety and comfort. If mistress and school-fellows, servants and shoe-black, dogs and cats, were fond of Charlotte Halliday, their affection had been engendered by her own sweet smiles and loving words, and helping hands always ready to give substantial succor or to aid by active service.

She had been at the Brompton gynæceum nearly nine years—only leaving it for her holidays—and now her education was declared to be finished, and in less than a week she was to leave school forever.

To most damsels of nineteen this would have been a subject for rejoicing; but it was not so with Charlotte. She did not like her step-father; and her mother, though very affectionate and gentle, was a person whose society was apt to become wearisome any time after the first half-hour of social intercourse. At Hyde Lodge Charlotte had a great deal more of Lingard and condensed and expurgated Gibbon than was quite agreeable; she had to get up at a preternatural hour in the morning and to devote herself to "studies of velocity," whose monotony became wearing as the drip, drip, drip of water on the skull of the tortured criminal. She was very tired of all the Hyde-Lodge lessons and accomplishments, the irregular French verbs—the "braires" and "traires" which were so difficult to remember, and which nobody ever could want to use in polite conversation—the ruined castles and dilapidated wind-mills, the perpetual stumpy pieces of fallen timber and jagged posts executed with a BBB pencil, the chalky expanse of sky with that inevitable flight of crows scudding across it: why must there be always crows scudding across a drawing-master's sky, and why so many jagged posts in a drawing-master's ideal of rural beauty? Charlotte was inexpressibly weary of all the stereotyped studies; but she liked Hyde Lodge better than the Gothic villa. She liked the friendly school-fellows with their loud talk and boisterous manners, the girls who called her "Halliday" who were always borrowing her reels of crochet-cotton and her pencils, her collars and pocket-handkerchiefs. She liked the free-and-easy school-girl talk better than her mother's tame discourse; she preferred the homely litter of the spacious school-room to the prim splendors of Georgy's state chambers; and the cool lawn and shrubberies of Hyde Lodge were a hundredfold more pleasant to her than the stiff little parterre at Bayswater, wherein scarlet geraniums and calceolarias flourished with an excruciating luxuriance of growth and an aggravating brilliancy of color. She liked any place better than the hearth by which Philip Sheldon brooded with a dark, thoughtful face, and a mind absorbed by the mysteries and complications of the Stock Exchange.

On this bright June afternoon other girls were chattering gayly about the fun of the breaking-up ball and the coming delights of the holidays, but Charlotte sighed when they reminded her that the end of her last half was close at hand.

She sat under a group of trees on the lawn, with a crochet antimacassar lying in her lap, and with her friend and favorite, Diana Paget, sitting by her side.

Hyde Lodge was that very establishment over which Priscilla Paget had reigned supreme for the last fifteen years of her life, and among all the pupils in a school of some forty or fifty girls Diana was the one whom Charlotte Halliday had chosen for her dearest companion and confidante, clinging to her with a constancy not to be shaken by ill-fortune or absence. The girl knew very well that Diana Paget was a poor relation and dependent; that her bills had never been paid; that all those incalculable and mysterious "extras" which are the martyrdom of parents and the delight of schoolmistresses were a dead letter so far as Diana was concerned. She knew that "poor Di" had been taken home suddenly one day, not in compliance with any behest of her father's, but for the simple reason that her kinswoman's patience had been worn out by the Captain's dishonesty. It is doubtful whether Priscilla Paget had ever communicated these facts in any set phrase, but in a boarding-school such things make themselves known, and the girls had discussed the delinquencies of that dreadful creature, Captain Paget, very freely in the security of their dormitories.

Charlotte knew that her dearest friend was not a person whom it was advantageous to know. She had seen Diana depart ignominiously, and return mysteriously after an absence of some years, very shabby, very poor, very sombre and melancholy, and with no inclination to talk of those years of absence. Miss Halliday had known all this, and had asked no questions. She took the returned wanderer to her heart, and cherished her with an affection which was far beyond the average measure of sisterly love.

"I thought I should never see you again, dear," she cried, when she and Diana had retired to a corner of the school-room to talk confidentially on the morning of Miss Paget's return; "and I missed you so cruelly. Other girls are very nice and very kind to me. There is a new girl, Miss Spencer—that girl with flaxen hair standing by the big Canterbury—whom I get on with delightfully; but there is no one in the world like you, Di. And where have you been all this time? With your papa, I suppose."

"Yes," answered Miss Paget, gloomily; "I have been with my father. Don't ask me any thing about the last three years, Lotta. I have been utterly wretched and miserable, and I can't bear to talk about my misery."

"And you sha'n't talk of it, darling!" cried Charlotte, pursing up her mouth for a kiss in a manner which might have been distraction to a masculine mind of average susceptibility. "You sha'n't talk of any thing or think of any thing the least, least, least bit unpleasant; and you shall have my gold pencil-case," added Miss Halliday, wrenching that trinket suddenly from the ribbon by which it hung at her side. Perhaps there was just the least touch of Georgy's childishness in this impulsive habit of giving away all her small possessions, for which Lotta was distinguished. "Yes, you must, dear," she went on. "Mamma gave it me last half; but I don't want it; I don't like it; in point of fact, I have had it so long that I positively loathe it. And I know it's a poor trumpery thing, though mamma gave two guineas for it; but you know she is always imposed upon in shops. Do, do, do take it, darling, just to oblige me. And now, tell me, dear, you're going to stop here for ever and ever now you've come back?" asked Charlotte, after having thrust the gold pencil-case into Diana's unwilling hand.

"I don't know about for ever and ever, dear," Miss Paget replied presently; "but I dare say I shall stay here till I'm tired of the place and every body about it. You won't be here very long, you know, Lotta; for you'll be eighteen next birthday, and I suppose you'll be leaving school before you're nineteen. Most of the girls do; and you've been here so long, and are so much further advanced than others are. I am not going to be a pupil again—that's out of the question; for I'm just twenty, as you know. But Priscilla has been good enough to let me stay as a kind of second teacher for the little ones. It will be dull work going through the stupid abridgments of history and geography, and the scrappy bits of botany and conchology, with those incorrigible little ones; but of course I am very grateful to my cousin for giving me a home under any conditions, after papa's dishonorable conduct. If it were not for her, Lotta, I should have *no* home. What a happy girl you are, to have a respectable man for your father!"

Charlotte's brow darkened a little as her friend said this.

"He is not my own father, you know," she said, gravely; "and I should be a great deal happier if mamma and I were alone in the world. We could live in some dear little cottage on wide open downs near the sea, and I could have a linsey habit, a horse, and ride about all day, and read and play to mamma at night. Of course Mr. Sheldon is very respectable, and I dare say it's very wicked of me; but O, Diana! I think I should like him better if he were not *quite* so respectable. I saw your papa once when he came to call, and I thought him nicer than my step-father. But then I'm such a frivolous creature, Di, and am always thinking what I ought not to think."

Nearly a year had passed since Diana's return, and the girl's life had been very monotonous during that time. She had stuck bravely to the abridgments and the juvenile scraps of -ologies, and had been altogether a model of propriety, sewing on such a number of strings and buttons during the period as can only be compassed by the maternal mind. Her existence had been by no means as joyless or desolate as such an existence is generally represented by the writer of fiction. There was plenty of life and bustle in the big prosperous boarding-school, if there was not much variety. There were small scandals and small intrigues, departures and arrivals, wonderful hampers of cake and wine to be divided among the elect of a fashionable dormitory; for there is as wide a difference between the tone and status of the bedrooms in a ladies'-school as between the squares of Berkeley and Bedford. There were breaking-up parties, and the free-and-easy idleness of the holidays, when a few dark-complexioned girls from the colonies, a yellow-haired damsel from the remote north of Scotland, and Miss Diana Paget, were wont to cluster round the fire in the smaller of the school-rooms to tell ghost-stories or talk scandal in the gloaming.

It was a life which, taken with all its small hardships and petty annoyances, should have been as the life of Paradise compared to that which Diana had led with her father and Valentine Hawkehurst. Whether the girl fully appreciated the change from the Bohemianism of her late existence to the respectability of Hyde Lodge was a question which no one had asked of her. She had fits of despondency now and then, even in the midst of her duties, and was apt to fall into a sombre reverie over one of the abridgments, whereby she was neglectful of her pupils' aspirates, and allowed Henry the Second to be made the poorer by the loss of an H, or Heliogabalus to be described by a name which that individual himself would have failed to recognize.

There were times when in the midst of that shrill Babel, the school-room, Diana Paget heard the summer winds sighing in the pine-woods above Forêtdechêne, and fancied herself standing once more in that classic temple on whose plastered wall Valentine had once cut her initials with his penknife in a fantastical monogram surmounted by a death's-head, and encircled by a serpent. She thought of that cavalier companion very often, in spite of her juvenile pupils and the sewing-on of tapes and buttons. He had seemed to her a perpetual enigma and mystery when she was with him; and now that she was far away from him he was more than ever an inscrutable creature. Was he altogether vile, she wondered, or was there some redeeming virtue in his nature? He had taken trouble to secure her escape from shame and disgrace, and in doing this he surely had performed a good action; but was it not just possible that he had taken this opportunity of getting rid of her because her presence was alike wearisome and inconvenient? She thought very bitterly of her fellow Bohemian when this view of his conduct presented itself to her. How heartlessly he had shuffled her off; how cruelly he had sent her out into the hard pitiless world, to find a shelter as best she might!

"What would have become of me if Priscilla had refused to take me in?" she asked herself. "I wonder whether Mr. Hawkehurst ever considered that."

More than one letter had come to Diana from her old companion since her flight from the little Belgian watering-place. The first letter told her that her father had "tided over *that* business, and was in better feather than before the burst-up at the Hotel d'Orange." The letter

DIANA PAGET.

was dated from Paris, but gave no information as to the present arrangements or future plans of the writer and his companion. Another letter, dated from the same place but not from the same address, came to her six months afterward, and anon another; and it was such a wonderful thing for Captain Paget to inhabit the same city for twelve months together, that Diana began to cherish faint hopes of some amendment in the scheme of her father's life and of Valentine's, since any improvement in her father's position would involve an improvement in that of his protégé.

Miss Paget's regard for her father was by no means an absorbing affection. The Captain had never cared to conceal his indifference for his only child, or pretended to think her any thing but a nuisance and an encumbrance; a superfluous piece of luggage more difficult to dispose of than any other luggage, and altogether a stumbling-block in the stony path of a man who has to live by his wits. So perhaps it is scarcely strange that Diana did not think of her absent father with any passionate tenderness or sad yearning love. She thought of him very often; but her thoughts of him were painful and bitter. She thought still more often of his companion; and her thoughts of him were even more bitter.

The experiences of Diana Paget are not the experiences which make a pure or perfect woman. There are trials which chasten the heart and elevate the mind; but it is doubtful whether it can be for the welfare of any helpless, childish creature to be familiar with falsehood and chicanery, with debt and dishonor, from the earliest awakening of the intellect; to feel, from the age of six or seven, all the shame of a creature who is always eating food that will not be paid for, and lying on a bed out of which she may be turned at any moment with shrill reproaches and upbraidings; to hear her father abused and vilified by vulgar gossips over a tea-table, and to be reminded every day and every hour that she is an unprofitable encumbrance, a consumer of the bread of other people's children, an intruder in the household of hard, pitiless poverty, a child whose only heritage is shame and dishonor. These things had hardened the heart of Captain Paget's daughter. There had been no counteracting influence—no fond, foolish, loving creature near at hand to save the girl from that perdition into which the child or woman who has never known what it is to be loved is apt to fall. For thirteen years of Diana's life all love and tenderness, endearing words, caressing touches, fond admiring looks, had been utterly unknown to her. To sit in a room with a father who was busy writing letters, and who was wont to knit his brows peevishly if she stirred, or to mutter an oath if she spoke; to be sent to a pawnbroker's in the gloaming with her father's watch, and to be scolded and sworn at on her return if the money-lender had advanced a less sum than was expected on that security—do not compose the most delightful or improving experiences of a home life. But Diana could remember little of a more pleasant character respecting her existence during those brief periods when she was flung back upon her father's hands, and while that gentleman was casting about for some new victim on whom to plant her.

At Hyde Lodge, for the first time, the girl knew what it was to be loved. Bright, impulsive Charlotte Halliday took a fancy to her, as the school-girl phrase goes, and clung to her with a fond, confiding affection. It may be that the softening influence came too late, or that there was some touch of natural hardness and bitterness in Diana's mind; for it is certain that Charlotte's affection did not soften the girl's heart or lessen her bitter consciousness of the wide difference between her own fortunes and those of the happier daughters whose fathers paid their debts. The very contrast between Charlotte's position and her own may have counteracted the good influence. It was very easy for Charlotte to be generous and amiable. *She* had never been hounded from pillar to post by shrewish matrons who had no words too bitter for their unprofitable charge. *She* had never known what it was to rise up in the morning uncertain where she should lie down at night, or whether there would be any shelter at all for her hapless head; for who could tell that her father would be found at the lodging where he had last been heard of, and how should she obtain even work-house hospitality, whose original parish was unknown to herself or her protector? To Charlotte these shameful experiences would have been as incomprehensible as the most abstruse theories of a metaphysician. Was it any wonder, then, if Charlotte was bright and womanly, and fond and tender—Charlotte, who had never been humiliated by the shabbiness of her clothes, and to whom a walk had never been a shame and a degradation by reason of obvious decay in the heels of her boots?

"If your father would dress you decently and supply you with proper boots, I could almost bring myself to keep you for nothing," Priscilla had said to her reprobate kinsman's daughter; "but the more one does for that man the less he will do for himself; so the long and the short of it is, that you will have to go back to him, for I can not consent to have such an expensive establishment as mine degraded by the shabbiness of a relation."

Diana had been obliged to listen to such speeches as this very often during her first residence at Hyde Lodge, and then, perhaps, within a few minutes after Priscilla's lecture was concluded, Charlotte Halliday would bound into the room, looking as fresh and bright as the morning, and dressed in silk that rustled with newness and richness.

Keenly as Diana felt the difference between her friend's fortune and her own, she did nevertheless in some manner return Charlotte's affection. Her character was not to be altered all at once by this new atmosphere of love and tenderness; but she loved her generous friend and companion after her own fitful fashion, and defended her with passionate indignation if any other girl dared to hint the faintest disparagement of her graces or her virtues. She envied and loved her at the same time. She would accept Charlotte's affection one day with unconcealed pleasure, and revolt against it on the next day as a species of patronage which stung her proud heart to the quick.

"Keep your pity for people who ask you for it!" she had exclaimed once to poor bewildered Charlotte; "I am tired of being consoled and petted; go and talk to your prosperous friends, Miss Halliday; I am sick to death of hearing about your new frocks, and your holidays, and the presents your mamma is always bringing you!"

And then, when Charlotte looked at her friend with a sad, perplexed face, Diana relented, and declared that she was a wicked, discontented creature, unworthy of either pity or affection.

"I have had so much misery in my life that I am very often inclined to quarrel with happy people without rhyme or reason, or only because they are happy," she said, in explanation of her impatient temper.

"But who knows what happiness may be waiting for you in the future, Di?" exclaimed Miss Halliday. "You will marry some rich man by-and-by, and forget that you ever knew what poverty was."

"I wonder where the rich man is to come from who will marry Captain Paget's daughter?" Diana asked, contemptuously.

"Never mind where he comes from; he will come, depend upon it! The handsome young prince with the palace by the lake of Como will come to fall in love with my beautiful Diana, and then she will go and live at Como, and desert her faithful Charlotte, and live happy ever afterward!"

"Don't talk nonsense, Lotta!" cried Miss Paget. "You know what kind of fate lies before me as well as I do. I looked at myself this morning, as I was plaiting my hair before the glass—you know how seldom one gets a turn at the glass in the blue room—and I saw a dark, ugly, evil-minded-looking creature, whose face frightened me. I have been getting wicked and ugly ever since I was a child. An aquiline nose and black eyes will not make a woman a beauty; she wants happiness and hope and love, and all manner of things that I have never known, before she can be pretty."

"I have seen a beautiful woman sweeping a crossing," said Charlotte, doubtfully.

"Yes, but what sort of beauty was it?—a beauty that made you shudder. Don't talk about these things, Charlotte; you only encourage me to be bitter and discontented. I dare say I ought to be very happy, when I remember that I have dinner every day, and shoes and stockings, and a bed to lie down upon at night; and I *am* happier, now that I work for my living, than I was in the old time, when my cousin was always grumbling about her unpaid bills. But my life is very dreary and empty; and when I look forward to the future, it seems like looking across some level plain that leads nowhere, but across which I must tramp on for ever and ever, until I drop down and die."

It was something in this fashion that Miss Paget talked, as she sat in the garden with Charlotte Halliday at the close of the half-year. She was going to lose her faithful friend—the girl who, so much richer and happier and more amiable than herself, had yet clung to her so fondly; she was going to lose this tender companion, and she was more sorry for the loss than she cared to express.

"You must come and see us very often," Charlotte said, for the hundredth time; "mamma will be so glad to have you, for my sake; and my step-father never interferes with our arrangements. Oh, Di, how I wish you would come and live with us altogether! Would you come if I could manage to arrange it?"

"How could I come? What Quixotic nonsense you talk, Lotta!"

"Not at all, dear; you could come as a sort of companion for me, or a sort of companion for mamma. What does it matter how you come, if I can only have you? My life will be so dreary in that dreadful new-looking house, unless I have a companion I love. Will you come, Di?—only tell me you will come! I am sure Mr. Sheldon would not refuse, if I asked him to let you live with us. Will you come, dear?—yes or no? You would be glad to come if you loved me."

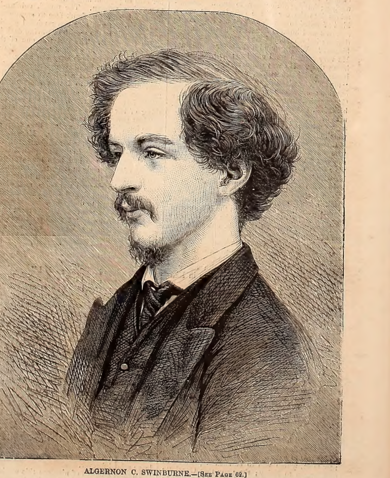
"And I do love you, Lotta, with all my heart," answered Miss Paget, with unusual fervor; "but then the whole of my heart is not much. As to coming to live with you, of course it would be a hundred thousand times pleasanter than the life I lead here; but it is not to be supposed that Mr. Sheldon will consent to have a stranger in his house just because his impulsive step-daughter chooses to take a fancy to a school-fellow who isn't worthy of half her affection."

"Let me be the judge of that. As to my step-father, I am almost sure of his consent. You don't know how indulgent he is to me; which shows what a wicked creature I must be not to like him. You shall come to us, Diana, and be my sister; and we will play our pet duets together, and be as happy as two birds in a cage—or a good deal happier, for I never could quite understand the ecstatic delights of perpetual hemp-seed and an occasional peck at a dirty lump of sugar."

After this there came all the bustle of packing and preparation for departure, and a kind of saturnalia prevailed at Hyde Lodge—a saturnalia which terminated with the breaking-up ball; and who among the crowd of fair young dancers so bright as Charlotte Halliday, dressed in the school-girl's festal robes of cloud-like muslin, and with her white throat set off by a black ribbon and a gold locket?

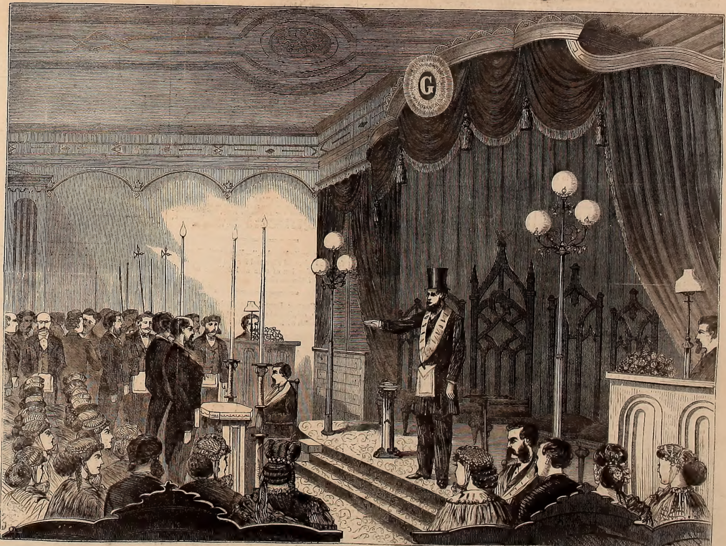
Diana sat in a corner of the school-room toward the close of the evening, very weary of her share in the festival, and watched her friend, half in sadness, half in envy.

"Perhaps if I were like her *he* would love me," she thought.



ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.—[See Page 62.]

CHILDREN'S SOCIAL GATHERING IN BROOKLYN.
[See First Page.]



DEDICATION OF KANE MASONIC LODGE.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.
[See First Page.]

## SWINBURNE, THE POET.

WE publish this week a portrait of the latest literary lion in England. ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE, whose latest volume of poems has been severely criticised both in America and his own country as the immoral effusions of a sensualist, is still a young man of twenty-eight. The most that is known of him personally is, that he comes from a good English family, that he has traveled, and is one of the best classic scholars in England. He has several peculiarities as an author. He aims at originality, but frequently proves that he is only eccentric. He is fond of committing such petty literary forgeries as passing his own composition off as quotations from familiar poets, and many of the best critics of Europe have been frequently misled by his quotations. Driven to defend himself from the charges of grossness in imagination and description, Mr. SWINBURNE has lately published a pamphlet in which he quotes scenes of the same character from SHELLEY, KINGSLEY, and SHAKSPEARE in justification of his style.

## THE FRAUENSAND.

### A DUTCH LEGEND.

I WAS crossing the western end of the Zuyder-Zee; we were at a short distance from the little town of Stavoren. I could see tall grasses with long stalks rising above the waves. "That is a corn-field," said the pilot to me, following my eyes. "At sea?" "Oh! the sea is not very deep at that place; the corn grows on a sand-bank." "And who is venturesome enough to sow it there?" "No one." "Then who reaps it?" "No one. It is cursed, like the town of Stavoren, and produces nothing." "Jacobus, you have a story to tell me." "At your orders, Sir." "Begin then, my good fellow!" And, stretching myself on my cloak in a comfortable position, I listened.

It is now two or three hundred years ago: Stavoren was a handsome town, stretching far and wide in the rear of that bank out of which the long straws still rise. The richest person of Stavoren was a lady whose name is no longer known. Proud of her wealth, harsh toward the poor, she had only one passion, which was that of continually increasing her treasures. She had ships that carried her produce to all parts of the globe, and which came back laden with spices, ivory, and gold. One day this lady summoned one of her captains, and said to him:

"Set sail, and bring me back that which is most precious in the world."

The ship-master, who was accustomed to receive detailed and precise orders, respectfully inquired of the lady what she meant by the most precious thing in the world. But the lady bade him hold his tongue, go forth, and carry out her orders.

The mariner felt himself in a state of great embarrassment. He did not dare to question any further, for he was full well aware of his mistress's obstinate and perverse disposition, so he set sail, not knowing where he should go or what he should bring back. After having reflected, however, some time when at sea, he said to himself:

"I will bring her home a load of the best wheat that grows in the world. What can there be that is more precious than that noble grain, without which mankind can not prosper?"

Thus saying, he sailed toward Dantzig, where he shipped a load of the best corn, and then took his way back to Stavoren. As he got near he felt nervous at times as to the reception he should meet with from the lady, but there was no alternative. When he presented himself before her, hat in hand and not a little anxious, she seemed much surprised.

"What, back again already, Captain? I thought you were on the coast of Africa, purchasing gold and ivory. Have you by chance plundered one of those rascally merchants of Hamburg? Come, let us to the harbor; I wish to see your cargo at once."

The captain felt by what had fallen from her that she would not be overpleased at what she would see, so he ventured to observe:

"Mistress, I have brought you the best corn that it is possible to find in the whole extent of the earth."

"Corn!" she exclaimed. "Did you dare to bring me such stuff?"

"I did not think that that which gives us our daily bread could be called stuff."

"Idiot!" exclaimed the lady, in a passion, "I will teach you what importance I attach to your freight. What side did your ship come in?"

"Port, Madame."

"Well, then, I order you at once and forthwith to cast the whole of your freight over the other side of the ship. I shall follow immediately, to see with my own eyes that my orders shall have been punctually carried out." The mariner went forth much troubled in his mind. He hesitated to carry out an order which appeared to him little better than a crime. So he went and bade all the poor people of the town, men, women, and children, come down to the harbor and await by the ship's side.

The lady was not long in making her appearance.

"Have my orders been carried out?" she demanded.

No sooner had she made this inquiry than all the poor of the town went down on their knees and begged of her to let them have the corn, and not to throw it into the sea. But the lady's heart was stubborn as a rock: she would not listen to their prayers, but persevered in her orders that it should be thrown into the sea.

The captain became so indignant at this that he could no longer restrain himself, and he said aloud:

"No! God, who rewards the good and punishes the wicked, will never let such cruelty be enacted without vengeance. The day will come, Madame, when you will weep at not being able to gather up one by one the precious grains which you this day cast into the sea."

"I!" exclaimed the lady, with a satanic smile—"I shall fall into poverty, and shall want bread! It is about as true as that my eyes shall once more see this ring which I cast into the sea."

And at the same moment she took a very valuable ring from her finger and threw it into the water.

Nothing remained but to obey, and the valuable cargo was all committed to the deep.

Some days after the lady sent one of her servants to market to buy her some fish. She particularly bade her bring cod, but the servant came back with a mackerel.

"What is this?" said the lady. "Do you take me for a goose? You bring mackerel, and I told you to bring me cod."

"Madame," replied the servant, "there was only one cod in the market, and it was so large that I did not like to buy it for Madame's dinner alone.

"Go back at once," said the imperious dame, "and do as I bade you."

So the servant went back for the great cod-fish, and having brought it home, committed it to the charge of the cook. The latter, on opening it, found within the ring which the lady had thrown into the sea, and hastened to return it to her.

"Ah, unfortunate that I am!" said the lady, turning pale as she saw it. And she felt the first pang of that remorse, which is the sure forerunner of punishment, creeping into her conscience.

Nearly at the same moment people came to announce to her that one of her flotillas coming from the East had been dispersed by a storm, and the ships wrecked.

A few days afterward news came that several of her ships, richly laden, had been captured by the Moors. The great houses with which she did business also failed; and, one loss with another, in less than a year she was a ruined woman, and the mariner's prophecy had been fulfilled.

Poor, shunned, and abandoned by every one, the lady of Stavoren fell into the deepest misery. Without a home, and hungry, she went begging from door to door; but the poor remembered her hard-heartedness in prosperity, and refused to relieve her. Grief and vexation, added to her privations, soon brought her to the grave.

Unfortunately the punishment of the lady did not profit the inhabitants of Stavoren, the majority of whom were, like her, harsh, egotistical, and avaricious. One day, in drawing water from a well, it was found to contain herrings. The next night the waters of the sea rose out of it and swallowed up three-fourths of the town. To the present day not a year passes by without some of the huts being swept away, and there is not a prosperous inhabitant to be found in the whole place.

At the spot where the wheat was thrown out there comes up every year a species of corn out of the water, which bears no flower; the stem is very high, and the head resembles that of wheat, but it bears no seed. The sand-bank on which this sterile harvest grows stretches the whole length of the town of Stavoren, and it is known as the *Frauensand*, or the "Lady's Sand-bank."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

THE Senate, on January 8, by resolution, made inquiry of President Johnson if violations of the Civil Rights bill had come to his knowledge, and if so, had steps been taken to punish the offenders. On the 9th of January the bill to admit Nebraska as a State, after being amended to impose negro suffrage as a condition, was passed by a vote of 24 yeas to 15 nays. The Colorado admission bill, involving the same suffrage condition, was also passed. On the 10th the Senate passed the bill prohibiting the denial of civil or political rights in the Territories on account of color. The House concurred in this vote, and the bill was sent to the President for his approval. The bill changing the time of the regular meeting of Congress to the 4th of March was also passed by the same body and sent to the House, which body also adopted it, and forwarded it to the President for his approval. Nothing further of importance was transacted up to the 15th inst., at which time our record ends.

The House of Representatives, on January 8, refused to adjourn to celebrate the anniversary of New Orleans in the usual way, and commemorated it by passing the District Suffrage bill over the veto of the President by a vote of 113 yeas to 38 nays. The bill is now a law. On the same day the House passed an act declaring, in effect, that any judge, misconstruing the intent and purposes of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution as to find warrant in it for the sale of negroes into slavery for misdemeanors, shall be punished by two years' imprisonment or $10,000 fine. Seven Democrats voted with the Republicans for this act. On the 14th inst. Mr. Loan, of Missouri, renewing the question of the impeachment of the President, suggested, in the course of his speech, that Mr. Johnson was privy to the assassination of President Lincoln. A resolution suspending payment to loyal owners of slaves who volunteered in the army was passed by 107 yeas to 35 nays.

### NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The attention of both Houses of the State Legislature has been principally devoted, during the week embraced in our record, to the consideration of matters looking to the much-needed improvement in the administration of the New York City government. Reports from the Police Commissioners and Board of Health on the necessary improvements were asked for by the Assembly, and a thorough examination of the tenement houses of this city ordered. The Assembly ratified the Constitutional Amendment by a vote of 70 yeas to 40 nays.

### NEWS ITEMS.

A disgraceful scene occurred during the session of the Common Council of New York City on the 10th of January. A fight occurred between the President and a member named Long, during which pistols were drawn and inkstands thrown about. The parties were arrested and examined by the Mayor. The President pleaded in justification of his act in carrying a pistol (a penitentiary offense, by-the-way), that he had a permit to do so from a city justice.

The Mayor, instead of trying the members for their misdemeanors, endeavored to reconcile them and finally coaxed them into promises to "go and sin no more." The Board again met on the 14th instant, when Mr. Long apologized for his conduct to the Board but declined to make any to the President. The board then resolved itself into Committee on the Whole and spent some hours in eulogizing the Democratic party!

A terrific earthquake was felt at Fort Klamath, Oregon, on the 8th inst. Ashes and sulphurous vapors filled the air, and Klamath Lake fell six feet.

A negro man in Wilmington, North Carolina, has been permitted to administer on the estate of another one—probably the first case of the kind on record in the South.

At a banquet in Washington, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, President Johnson gave the following toast: "No State of its own will has a right under the Constitution to renounce its place in or to withdraw from the Union, nor has the Congress of the United States the constitutional power to degrade the people of any State to a mere territorial dependency upon the Federal head."

Kentucky, which appears determined to be both neutral and nothing, has rejected the Constitutional Amendment.—Virginia has done the same, only one member voting for it.

In the "Amalgamation Legislature," as that of Massachusetts is facetiously called, E. G. Walker, one of the colored Representatives, was appointed on the Committee on Federal relations, and Charles L. Mitchell, the other, on the Committee on Printing.

The difficulties in the Associated Press of New York have been settled by a compromise with the Western Association. The *World* newspaper resumes its place in the Association, and the Western papers agree to buy the news of the New York Association, but pay a much smaller sum than they formerly did.

The Colorado House of Representatives has protested, through Governor Cummings, against the admission of that Territory as a State into the Union on the ground that it has not sufficient population, and the people have had no opportunity of expressing their wishes in regard to the matter.

The Michigan Legislature has adopted resolutions favoring the impeachment of President Johnson, and thanking Congress for passing the District Suffrage bill over the veto.

The Kansas Legislature ratified the Constitutional Amendment on January 11.

Statistics show that in New York City there are 407,556 native-born inhabitants, of whom 51,500, or one in eight, are voters; and there are 318,830 foreign-born inhabitants, of whom 77,475, or one in four, are voters. It therefore takes twice as many natives as it does foreigners to elect any officer. There is no parallel to this in any city of the world.

Several of the State Legislatures, which assembled on January 1, have elected Senators for the new term. Roscoe Conklin was elected on January 14 by the New York Legislature; Simon Cameron, Mr. Lincoln's first Secretary of War, was elected by the Pennsylvania Legislature; Charles D. Drake, a "radical," is the Senator elect from Missouri; Governor Morton, the energetic Governor of Indiana, received the nomination of the Republicans of that State, and Lyman Trumbull that of the Republicans of Illinois, and both will doubtless be elected. The Maryland Legislature indicates an intention to send Swann to the Senate, and that of Kentucky promises to still further show its folly by sending Powell instead of a loyal man.

The receipts of the New York theatres for the year 1866 amounted to over two millions of dollars.

New York city alone welcomed 233,418 emigrants from Europe and Asia during the year 1866. 106,000 were Germans, 68,000 from Ireland, 36,000 English, and the remainder from every country on the globe.

The judge before whom the Fenian prisoners are being tried at Toronto, Canada, declines, under instructions, to sentence those found guilty.

The rebel General Sterling Price has returned to St. Louis and been received by his rebel friends with all the honors.

The United States Grand Jury, empanneled at New Orleans to examine the evidence against the rioters of July 30, 1866, failed to find any indictment against any person. P. H. Morgan, the District Attorney, declined to require the jury thus empanneled to take the "jurors' test oath," as required by law.

John C. Breckinridge thinks that the magnanimity of the North is unparalleled, and he is astounded at the blindness and madness of the South in not accepting the humane and merciful provisions of the Constitutional Amendment. John evidently wants a pardon.

Philadelphia is to have a theatre for the colored people, at which only colored actors will play. White folks will be admitted as spectators.

The United States public debt was reduced $10,000,000 in December, and is now *only* $2,675,062,566.

Twenty-three business firms have been forced to leave Salt Lake City because the Saints refuse to deal with them.

Thirty thousand marriages took place in Ohio last year—eight thousand more than in 1865. In the same blessed State and year the Penitentiary had so few convicts that it did not pay expenses.

The public debt of Pennsylvania on January 1, 1867, was $35,000,000, actually five millions less than when the war began.

Professor S. F. B. Morse has presented Allston's picture of "Jeremiah" to Yale College. The painting cost $7000.

The Ohio Legislature has ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE abandoned during the year 1866 three expeditions into foreign countries—withdrawing or agreeing to withdraw from Rome, from Cochin China, and from Mexico.

England has instructed its Washington Minister, Sir Frederick Bruce, to ask if the United States will submit the *Alabama* claims to arbitration.

There is a Japanese embassy at Paris *en route* to the United States.

The Papal authorities at Rome have prohibited the continuance of religious services in the Scotch Protestant church, and threaten to close the American chapel.

Turkey has called out one hundred and fifty thousand men to put down the Candian revolutionists. The announcement created general excitement, and London papers state that a general conference of European powers will be held to consider the Eastern question. And has been indirectly tendered the Cretans by Greece and Russia; and the Turkish Porte has recalled its embassador to the former court. Garibaldi is reported to have gone to Candia. Details of the blowing up of the Monastery of Arkadion, of which we shall give a graphic illustration next week, show the desperate character of the conflict.

Mr. Washburn, United States Minister to Paraguay, has passed through the hostile armies before forts Humayti and Curupayti, Paraguay, and have reached the capital to which he is accredited.

The Chinese have become so far civilized that they are now indulging in a financial panic; and Shanghai and other commercial points are in a state of great excitement.

A plot to assassinate Napoleon has been discovered and frustrated.

The revolutionists in Spain have issued an address to the people advocating action.

Italy is offended because President Johnson failed to congratulate them in his Message on the attainment of their independence and the unification of their kingdom.

"Scandinavian Unity" is the latest political scheme in Europe. Following the movements of the Germans in Germany, and the Latins in Italy, the Scandinavians, who people Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, are agitating the unification of those countries.

"Deservedly Popular."—BURNETT's Cocoaine for the Hair, and Florimel for the Handkerchief —a combination of rare and delicate odors.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The COLTON Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute, originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

D.D.& Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.& Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

**Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,**

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

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| Castor oil, | Citrate of iron and quinine, |
| Cod-liver oil, | Oil of turpentine, |
| Cod-liver oil with quinine, | Norwegian tar, |
| Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron, | And all other nauseous medicines. |

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

### NEW MUSIC.

"Bonnie Brown Cottage" (Lith.), 40 cents.
"My Home on the Hill" " 40 cents.
"Waiting at the Door" " 40 cents.
"Let us be True to Each Other," 30 cents.

All by W. C. Baker. Also "A Fair Form at the Gateway" and "Do not Heed her Warning" (reply to Gipsy's Warning), both by Henry Tucker. 30 cents.
CHAS. M. TREMAINE, Publisher, 481 Broadway, N.Y.

## COUNTERFEITERS OF NATIONAL CURRENCY

Are punished with long terms of confinement in prison at hard labor. The nature and degree of their crime is considered of sufficient enormity to demand this severe treatment. If those who seek to enrich themselves by issuing spurious and worthless imitations of our National Currency are adjudged deserving of such punishment, what course should be pursued toward those who willfully and knowingly tamper with the health and lives of the people by offering them medicinal compounds which, if not absolutely baneful and hurtful in themselves, are totally ineffectual in accomplishing what is claimed for them? When these worthless and dangerous compounds are sent out under the established name and reputation of meritorious preparations, the crime of counterfeiting is as certainly established as in the case of National Currency. The reader may draw his own inference.

We are led to these reflections by reason of learning that the popular and universally successful preparations known as

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills,**

prepared only by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa., have been imitated by parties envious of their unsullied reputation and unequivocal worth. Let our readers be on their guard. In making their accustomed purchases of RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINES, let them be careful to provide themselves with Dr. McLane's infallible remedies.

☞ Be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. To be had at all respectable drug stores.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE SIGNATURE OF FLEMING BROS.
[4.]

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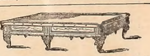

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34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.
J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

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*From* T. B. LAWRENCE, *U. S. Consul-General Florence, February* 15, 1866.

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The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

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To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

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3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

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Yours truly, JOHN V. HIBBERT.

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| 2 lbs. | Gunpowder | A. Lodge | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson | H. L. Russell | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson | C. Purnell | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Gunpowder | C. Purnell | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 4 lbs. | Gunpowder | Cor. Murphy | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 1 lb. | Gunpowder | Thomas Larkin | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | Gunpowder | Edwin Clogg | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 3 lbs. | Gunpowder | Van Evencoven | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 3 lbs. | Gunpowder | Wm. Kelley | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 1 lb. | Best Black | John Taylor | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. | Imperial | A. C. Shaw | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial | Stephen Watson | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | Imperial | Thomas Creed | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
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| 3 lbs. | Young Hyson | Mrs. Russell | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 1 lb. | Best Gunpowder | Mrs. Russell | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 lb. | Best Gunpowder | Mrs. Russell | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 5 lbs. | Uncolored Japan | W. Brown | at 1 25 | 6 25 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial | A. Manly | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Uncolored Japan | A. Manly | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
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| 1 lb. | Imperial | D. Mahony | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
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| 1 lb. | Uncolored Japan | T. Murphy | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Best Green | S. C. Davis | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
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☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

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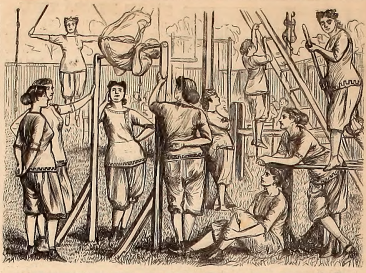

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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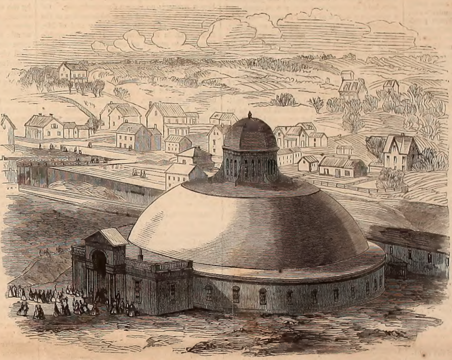
## SKATING RINKS.

WHEN the question as to the derivation of the word "Rink" came before the Philomathean Coterie recently, the learned Professor SKAATS thus propounded—referring to TRENCH on Words, and other kindred authorities:

"Rink," he remarked, "is analogous to the English 'Ring.' We trace its origin to remote antiquity, and find its synonym in the Swedish *rynka*, Danish *rynke*, Saxon *wrincle*, a strictly hyperborean word, found only in the nomenclature of the high latitudes. It is certainly a 'new wrinkle' in this region, whatever it might have been to the Saxons.—[Here he smiled grimly.] While I am not positive that the word, in its primary use, was applied to skating inclosures exclusively—as it is with us now—it is evident that it came, in time, to embrace the varied places of amusement among the fashionable Danish, Swedish, and Finn-ian circles. At all events, the affinity of the Rink to the Frigid Zone is established beyond a doubt."

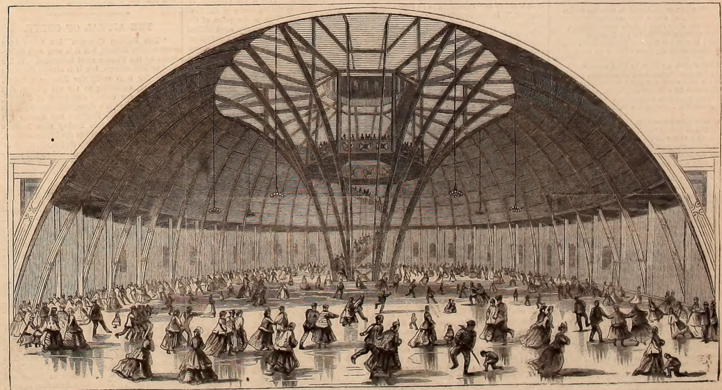
Here the Professor was interrupted by a "head-centre," who asked how he reconciled such a conclusion with the fact of so many *Miss-skaters* being invariably found in all Rinks? The question evidently floored him, for he proceeded no farther in his investigation of the subject.

It is certain that Rinks, in the generic sense, can never become an "institution" in the United States, because the winter temperature is too fickle. So far we indorse the Professor's climatic theory. Our periods of severe cold are of but short duration, and seldom intense enough to freeze a large surface of water that is inclosed by a roof and walls, as is the case with all *bona fide* Rinks. We have no genuine Rinks here. What are called such are mere misnomers. A sheet of ice, inclosed by a fence or a row of sheds, is not a Rink, whatever adjuncts may be employed to make it attractive to the community of skaters. A "Blue-nose" or a "Canuck" would laugh at such abortions. In the British Provinces, where the Rink exists in its full and sublime perfection, we find structures as spacious and graceful as a World's Fair Palace, whose crystal floors are nightly renewed and polished to gleaming by the biting frost. Each night the icy arena is planed by a machine and flooded to the depth of an inch; and then, through every opened door and window, the keen air is admitted to harden and glaze the surface for the next day's sport. From December until March, throughout the long and dreary winter, the Rink affords the chief and constant centre of attraction; before it all other festivities pale their fires. It is the Social Circle of the Provincial *élite;* and the unfortunate in petticoats or trowsers who is not a member thereof, might as well count himself out of society altogether. All the chief cities of Canada boast their skating Rinks. Montreal has a model one; but for extent, adaptation to the purposes for which it is designed, and beauty of detail, that at St. John, New Brunswick, unquestionably bears off the palm. We present in this issue of the *Weekly* an interior and exterior view of the structure.



ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, SKATING RINK—THE EXTERIOR.

This Rink is owned by an incorporated stock company, with a capital of $16,000, which paid an 8 per cent. dividend the first year. The main structure is of circular form, 160 feet in diameter, and covers an area of 20,000 superficial feet. It is an immense dome, resting upon perpendicular walls 20 feet high and pierced with 39 windows, and is surmounted by a graceful cupola, or lantern, the apex of which is 80 feet from the ground. This lantern contains 24 windows, throwing light directly into the interior of the structure. Within, and girting the extreme circumference, is a platform, or promenade, 10 feet wide, for the accommodation of spectators. In the centre is a circular frame-work containing a spacious stand for the band, from which a spiral iron staircase ascends to two circular galleries, one above the other, the highest 50 feet from the ground, whence a birds-eye view of all that is passing below can be had at a glance. From this focal point also spring the supporting rafters that form the huge dome which constitutes the chief feature of the design, producing an effect airy and graceful in the extreme: it can not be better described in terms unarchitectural than to liken it to a fountain whose waters, springing from the centre, fall in majestically-sweeping curves to the outer perimeter. All the area between the band-stand and the circular promenade is covered with ice, which is flooded daily from the City Water-Works. The outside front is two stories high, with decorated entablature, and contains waiting and refreshment rooms, dressing-rooms, and the residence of the janitor. The whole edifice cost about $12,000, and is in every respect credita-



ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, SKATING RINK—THE INTERIOR.

ble to its projectors, and an ornament to the city.

Nothing can be more inspiriting than the scene to be witnessed here on a gala night. All through the spacious vault above hang pendent clusters of gas jets, whose gleams are reproduced and multiplied in the polished surface beneath; wreaths and coronals of blazing lights encircle the central scaffolding; lights twinkle high up among the overarching rafters, and blaze along the whole circumference of the outer walls. In the midst of the restless, ever-changing throng, the regimental band discourses the liveliest strains. The flashing scarlet uniforms of the Line officers mix and mingle with the more sombre hues. Shapely elfin figures flit, vanish, and reappear. The scenes shift with marvelous rapidity, like the combinations of a kaleidoscope; here a flutter of a ribbon, there the flash of a scarlet Balmoral, a shapely pair of ankles in the distance, with gas-light glistening at the heels! Anon an expert glides swiftly into an open space, cuts a figure on the outside edge, spins three times, and again subsides into the universal ring. The outsiders that throng the promenade look on approvingly, and admire with enthusiasm. How charming a young lady looks "on ice!" Even the homeliest damsels seem lovely on ice. Jaunty hat with plume, slender waist, skirts gracefully festooned, with crimson petticoat peeping out beneath, a very visible pair of stockings of any positive color, twin little feet delicately poised on perceptibly nothing, an easy sylph-like motion, a tiny gloved hand in yours, masculine reader, and shawl slung carelessly over your unincumbered arm! These are delights that pertain to Rinks. There are little mishaps as well, and many a slip—but pleasant ones. A fall never breaks any bones, you know, and of course your forefending arm is ever ready to interpose between the inexorable ice and the female form divine. And how radiantly she blushes after the fall! Wonder if Mother EVE did the same? A little snow does no harm either, and is brushed off in a twinkling. Up again, the best foot foremost, a merry laugh, and away we glide once more. No wonder the Rink is popular, under the circumstances! Why, love is won and lost there oftener in a single evening than during a whole season of commonplace ball-room monotony. The music keeps one's heart in a constant flutter, and of course a pressure of the hand is necessary to preserve a proper balance. Of this we are assured; and then we go faster round, and more swiftly still, until the gas-lights, which betimes shone down peacefully like stars, now dance and flicker, and seem to chase each other in swift pursuit, and the endless circle of spectators resolves itself into an indefinable ring of jet, within which the sparkling ice flashes like a diamond in its setting!

Doubtless the "so-called" Rinks of New York afford facilities for pleasure equal to those in the Provinces; but did they resemble those of our neighbors more closely in their construction they would be more worthy of the name, and more in keeping with our acknowledged enterprise. Yet it is doubtful if they proved more than a partial success even then, by reason of the mildness of our climate.

## AN ODE TO A NOSE.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

OH Nose! chief feature of the human face!
To whom each varying visage justly owes
Its quaint excess of ugliness or grace,
'Tis meet to give thee prominence and place,
And make thee, too, the feature of my song;
Oh yes! the feature of my song, oh Nose!

Then tune thee, organ, though in senseless strain:
Accompanying with a light catarrh,
My wheezy Muse shall join the strange refrain,
And blow the bellows for thy fa, sol, la.
Alack! that in our first acquaintance, Nose,
We should so readily have come to blows!

I'll follow thee, my Nose, in blind reliance,
As dauntless seamen track an unknown main—
Bid the wild winds and angry waves defiance,
With thee for compass, dial, index, vane;
I'll mock when dire vicissitudes arise,
With thee, my Pole-star, aye before mine eyes.

Thy ruby light beams forth like beacon blaze,
Or heat of inward "crater" all aglow;
Thou art a censor of the public ways,
In whatsoever path thou chance to go.
Thus Sheridan, chief of Wits and Beaux,
Erst made a nosegay of his gay nose.

He filched the subtle hue from reddest wine,
And robbed the mellow punch-bowl of its bloom,
Until at length his nose grew aquiline,
Through being bent for lack of beaker-room.
A nasal bridge of such portentous size
Might well sustain a punch between the eyes!

And yet, indeed, thou art a goodly Nose—
No common snub or overgrown proboscis,
But such a nose as every body knows
Is fitted for the functions of its office.
Here, then, I pause; I've wasted words enough
On one that seems acutely "up to snuff."

Oh most sagacious Nose! most potent Nose!
When friends desert and bright presages fail;
When life's best hours are fraught with bitter woes
That fain would make the stoutest hearted quail;
When naught transpires to succor or befriend,
Thou'rt sure, my Nose, to turn up in the end.

Thus words are vain to trumpet forth thy praise—
One brazen note from that strange lute of thine,
One of thy deep sternutatory brays
Would do thee justice more than pen of mine;
Yet, if my Muse doth fail in aught to please,
He fain will make my devoirs with his knees [sneeze.]


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1867.


## A REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

THE debate upon the Nebraska and Colorado bills has shown the necessity of a final removal of the chief objection to the constitutions offered by those Territories—a removal which can be best effected by an amendment of the organic law. If, however, any one is inclined to look with distrust upon another proposition of constitutional amendment, let him reflect that the abolition of slavery necessitates certain constitutional changes, and that all of them are to be considered simply as inevitable adaptations of the organic law to the changed situation of the country. Slavery is fallen, and all its works must fall with it. The laws which imply slavery—which were the growth of a condition in which a large part of the population were held as chattels—which are an insult and a crime in a nation of equal freemen—must be annulled as rapidly and as radically as possible. The simplest and surest method is a constitutional amendment forbidding political disability in any State by reason of race or color.

It is upon this point that the battle is now fighting in this country. Nothing is clearer than that the war sprang from the absence of such a fundamental provision. If at the beginning the equal political rights of every individual had been secured we should have had no war. It will be urged that we should have had no Union either. Very likely; but we have now tried a Union without that provision, and its absolute necessity has been demonstrated. Henceforth peaceful Union without equal political rights is impossible. However we may theorize about ignorance and degradation, the fact which shines like the sun is, that the common rights of human nature are not safe in a large part of the country without this defense, and it is sheer folly to suppose that the conscience and intelligence of the American people will tolerate such a condition. If any thing is certain, it is that there will be a tremendous agitation until the venom of slavery is expelled from the electoral law. There can be no doubt of the final result of such an agitation. The spirit of caste will be exorcised from our institutions.

In March, 1864, Congress passed an enabling act for Nebraska, and offered to admit the Territory as a State upon compliance with certain conditions. In January, 1867, Congress accepts the Constitution so framed, and admits Nebraska upon further condition that the State Legislature abolishes the disabling distinction of color. But the vigorous and able debate upon this proposition proved a wide difference of opinion among the best lawyers in Congress as to its practical operation, and showed a very general doubt of its legal force. In any case it is easy to see how serious a question might arise under it, and what grievous delays and excitements it would be very sure to produce.

Meanwhile the very terms of the bill of admission, as it passed the Senate and the House, should be very gravely considered. The Constitution of Nebraska, as presented to Congress, is declared to be "republican in its form of government." Is that strictly true? At this time, in this country, is any form of government properly republican which denies political rights on account of color? In other words, is a government founded upon caste republican in the American sense? Venice was called a republic, and so was Florence under the Medici. But in this country, which secured its independent national existence by a declaration of the inalienable and universal equality of rights among men, and declared the consent of the governed to be the only legitimate authority of the Government, neither an oligarchy like Venice nor a Ducal despotism like the Medician Florence can be accounted republican.

It is useless to insist that we have hitherto called Slave States republican. Even if we were now to be absolutely bound by precedent, it would be enough to say that if a State in which half of the people were slaves, but in which also the whole of the freemen were voters, could be called republican, yet the very same State, disfranchising half its freemen, could no longer be called so. But we are not to be bound by this kind of precedent. If, as the very terms of the present argument and the facts of all political history show, the word republican is vague and inexact, and used with very various meanings, the Congress of the United States, constitutionally bound to provide a republican form of government for the States, must, when the question arises, determine for itself what, under all the circumstances, in the light of reason and experience, and in the spirit of the Constitution, is truly republican.

If, therefore, it shall declare that a constitution is republican which politically disables a part of the population because of the color of the skin, it must be governed by its own principle. Now it is utterly unnecessary to say it. Every consideration of principle and policy pleads against it. But if, in the judgment of Congress, it be republican to deny political power to colored citizens in Nebraska and Colorado, it is equally republican to deny it to the same citizens in Georgia and Mississippi. Such a settlement settles nothing. The question remains as peremptory as ever. The action of Congress will merely have hindered the pacification of the country. And if North Carolina asks restoration to the Union upon a constitution altogether satisfactory except in this single point of exclusion, Congress will have prescribed its own action, and can not fairly refuse. The fact that there may be fewer colored citizens in Nebraska than in North Carolina is of no importance. The United States is bound to be as just to one man as to one thousand men.

It seems to us that the phrase "republican form of government" should have been stricken out of the bill. The original error, indeed, was in passing an enabling act so framed that Congress was apparently committed by the acceptance of its conditions to receive the State and to declare its Constitution republican. But one error can not justify another. That we have begun wrong is no reason for continuing. Of course we understand the good intention of the amendments of Senator EDMUNDS and of Mr. BOUTWELL in the House. It was to enable Congress to respect an implied pledge, and at the same time to secure something which was not a condition of the pledge. The effort will probably fail. The bill will be vetoed, and in view of its doubtful operation, it will hardly be carried against the veto. Such a result will not be a misfortune. Congress will not admit either Nebraska or Colorado until they have adopted a republican form of government. But we hope that, as the Constitution requires Congress to guarantee such a form, the Constitution will be amended to declare what it means by a republican government in a State.

## CENTRALIZATION.

IN the Legislature of every one of the States which were loyal through the war the pending Constitutional Amendment is opposed by the strict party vote of the Democracy. That Amendment, our readers will remember, provides for the inviolability of the national debt, and the invalidity of any debt incurred by an effort to destroy the Government, it makes certain of the late rebel chiefs ineligible to office at the pleasure of Congress, and it refuses to acknowledge as a basis of political power in any State any part of the population which is arbitrarily disfranchised. Against such moderate and equitable and essential conditions the Democratic party arrays itself, and declares that the States which rebelled have a right to return at any moment, and that if a measure of the war like emancipation happened to strengthen their political power, the loyal people of the country can not help themselves.

The plea under which the Democratic party is now striving to recover control of the country is the same under which the Democratic leaders of 1860-61 stimulated secession, and which a Democratic Administration urged as preventing the "coercion of States." It is the plea of State Rights; and the argument addressed to the country is, that a ruthless and revolutionary majority is bent upon an absolute centralization of the Government. This is the assertion of the vetoes. This is the substance of the Copperhead editorials. This is the point of the speeches of those who were the most skillful opponents of the war, like MR. RICHARD O'GORMAN. This is the opening cry of the conventions of the party which declared the war a failure, and whose last national platform was written by VALLANDIGHAM, and for whose success at the polls CLEMENT C. CLAY, and JACOB THOMPSON, and DAVIS, TOOMBS, and WIGFALL, sincerely prayed. This is what ISAAC TOUCEY says in Connecticut, and JEREMIAH BLACK in Washington, and GEORGE H. PENDLETON in Ohio, and EDMUND BURKE in New Hampshire. State Rights, they cry, are in danger! Congress is centralizing the Government.

So unanimous a cry is worthy attention. If not persuasive, the unanimity shows that those who raise it believe it to be persuasive; and that belief is founded upon their conviction that the people of this country are sensitively jealous of the rights of the States. Undoubtedly they are and should be. The municipality has always been the great bulwark of individual liberty. The common and reasonable independence of the parts secures the stability of the whole. But in generalizations of this kind we must carefully bear in mind the differing circumstances of different nations. Against the encroachments of the king the feudal lord was useful. Against the tyranny of the feudal lord only the commune protected the individual. But nations arose only when the king prevailed over the feudal lord, and rights were secure only as the people overcame the absolute supremacy of either.

This was the truth which was so plainly seen by our fathers that they made it the cornerstone of our system. It is a government of the people, not of the States. It is complex, indeed, because with the necessity of a supreme head the advantages of modified local independence were plainly seen. But whatever may have been the whims and theories and speculations hitherto, the last great appeal has decided that our system, in Mr. LINCOLN'S phrase, is a government of the people, by the people, for the people, and that States are conveniences by which the people propose to secure the great end of government, individual security of life, liberty, and property. For this result the States are permitted a certain local independence and supremacy, subordinate always to the supreme authority in Congress. For the laws of the United States are made supreme by the Constitution, any conflicting State law notwithstanding.

At the end of a long and fierce war certain States are left without any civil government whatever, and they can obtain one only by the action of the supreme authority in the State. What is that supreme authority but the people of the United States? Is there a political authority in the State of North Carolina superior to that of the United States? If there be, that authority is sovereign in North Carolina, and the United States are not. Is that Constitutional doctrine? Is it the doctrine expounded by the war? But if the United States be thus sovereign in a State, does it follow that Congress can elect a Governor for New York? Not at all; because the United States have agreed upon the conditions under which New York shall elect her own local officers. But if renouncing those conditions, declaring her independence of the Union, New York takes up arms to maintain her separate sovereignty, and is defeated, and by the very act of defeat is left without any civil government whatever, she can acquire one only by the intervention of the supreme authority, and upon such conditions as it may impose consonant with its own organic law.

This is what Congress is doing; and this it is which is so fiercely assailed as an attempt at consolidation. It is determining upon what conditions States which have vainly sought to destroy the Government, whose internal social and political system has been uprooted, vast numbers of whose people are capitally liable as traitors, and are still hostile to the Government, shall resume their rights in the Union. It is in no other sense a dangerous tendency toward consolidation than the uniform action of Congress in the admission of Territories as States. And unless it is asserted, as ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS plainly says, that States have a "continuous right" of representation in Congress, despite their renunciation of it and the attempt to enforce the renunciation by arms, and despite the disappearance of all valid civil authority within their borders, and despite the national welfare, the cry of centralization is a cry merely. The common-sense of the people and the necessity of the case are against it. Congress proposes to say upon what terms the late rebel States may resume their full functions as equal States in the Union. Nor has there been as yet any suggestion that the necessary functions of a State in the Union should be abridged. The power to establish Slavery or political exclusion has been found not to be a necessary function of a State in the Union, but a permanent peril to the nation, and will be, therefore, forbidden. This is the kind of centralization which the country demands for the common safety of all the States; more than this it neither asks nor would tolerate.

## THE APPEAL OF CRETE.

"THE Eastern Question" has never been very exactly defined, but it is very well understood by the Powers most interested. It has had various aspects, but it is always the same thing—for it is really the Russian question. Assuming, according to the old phrase, that the Turks are merely encamped in Europe, and that Turkey is a chronically sick man, the consideration with England and France has been how to maintain Turkey as a bulwark against Russian progress to the Mediterranean. Constantinople has been a diplomatic point of importance quite disproportioned to the power of Turkey. It has been the arena of the most astute game of diplomacy, the stakes being the "balance of power."

This question has suddenly an interest for us greater than it has had for forty years; and its present aspect is not less interesting to Europe. Crete, or Candia, abandoned by the settlement in 1827, after the battle of Navarino, appeals to America to assist the Cretan women and children while the men fight with Turkey. In Europe Russia, which is sure to gain by the misfortunes of Turkey, has just completed her aggrandizement by the final and total absorption of Poland, and, of course, awaits complacently the issue of the Cretan struggle. For how can the Western Christian Powers sympathize with the Turk against struggling fellow-Christians?

The facts of the case are simple. In 1821 occurred the last general insurrection of the Greeks against the Turks. The struggle affected the imagination of Christendom. The English poets, BYRON and SHELLEY and CAMPBELL, appealed for the Greeks in heroic and plaintive song. The young American orators, WEBSTER, CLAY, and EVERETT, pleaded with romantic eloquence the cause of Greece. HAL-

leck thrilled the land with "Marco Bozzaris." The tragedy of the Island of Scio roused universal indignation. There was a new crusade of sympathy and interest and aid, if not of armies, from Christendom to the East; and by the stringent representations of the allies in Europe Turkey at last recognized the independence of Greece.

But Crete, an island near the Morean coast, entirely Greek, was excepted, and left under Moslem rule. Three times since the treaty she has risen in rebellion against the intolerable tyranny of Turkey, and three times, with the utmost cruelty, the rebellion has been suppressed. About a year ago the island began a constitutional resistance. The people formally protested to the Turkish Government against the inhuman laws under which they suffered. The answer of the Porte, as Dr. Howe says—Dr. Howe, who in the earlier struggle was the American who fought for Greece—was an armed attack upon the population, desolation, and massacre. The Cretans, with sublime enthusiasm, thereupon decreed the independence of the island, and intrusted their cause to their own valor, to the sympathy of mankind, and to the protection of God. How ferocious is the spirit of the Turks, how heroic the devotion of the Greeks in this terrible contest, may be seen in the story of the siege of Canea, of which we give a vivid illustration in this paper. "When the battle," says Wendell Phillips, in his instructive and manly appeal, "had at last broken through the outer w it was sustained for six h urs, hand to hand in the yard of the convent. When the time came finally for the decision—death or submission, knowing well that out from under that Greek flag no living soul would pass, they themselves applied the match to the magazine and went to Heaven, while three thousand of their opponents went to their graves."

The Cretans in this desperate struggle invoke the aid of generous souls every where for their wives and children, driven into exile to escape the unspeakable horrors of captivity among the Turks. "They only ask," says the Executive Committee of the Greek Relief Committee, of which Dr. Samuel G. Howe is properly President, "that their women and children, who have fled and are flying to the neighboring islands and to Greece, may be saved from starving. Ten thousand of them have reached Athens alone." It is the appeal of humanity, of a revolution as justifiable and more desperate than our own. It is to feed the wives and children of heroes falling in the most sacred cause. We believe there is a Greek Committee in New York, but we do not know its address. That of the Boston Committee is 20 Bromfield Street.

## AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

The unsettled *Alabama* claims against England and the negotiations upon the subject will lead, we hope, to an international Congress to determine some general code of neutrality. In such a Congress our own traditions would shine brightly. The extraordinary Report of Mr. Banks upon the change of our neutrality laws at the last session of Congress might lead the uninformed to suppose otherwise; that we had adopted our whole neutral system under terror of England; and that our own honor imperatively demanded a change. The action of the House of Representatives in passing the proposed measure by a unanimous vote would strongly confirm this impression. But we should have liked to examine the members who so briskly voted as if they were opposing a tremendous iniquity or disgrace, to ascertain in what particulars our neutral system was unjust and dishonorable.

The whole question has been lately treated by Mr. George Bemis, one of the most accomplished authorities upon the subject, in a solid pamphlet called "American Neutrality: its Honorable Past; its Expedient Future." With copious learning, and entire familiarity with the topic, he gives a clear and succinct history of our neutral laws and conduct; and politely but mercilessly exposes the weakness of the Report in question. Mr. Bemis shows conclusively that we have from the very beginning preached and practiced the most truly honorable neutrality, but that, in some important points, the British laws are superior to our own; and that the fitting out of the *Alabama* and the other piracies against us from the English base were violations of the English law. Mr. Bemis considers at some length the "unworthy promotion of Fenian belligerency," and, as it seems to us, quite effectually disposes of the sophistries upon that subject. He then criticises in detail the new law proposed, and concludes his instructive and timely little work with a statement of the desirable improvements in our neutral system.

Buncomb legislation is not admirable, but Congress seems peculiarly liable to it when treating our foreign affairs. Governments are not impressed by swagger, for men in office reason very much upon some points like men out of office, and respect most the dog who does not bark. Our neutral laws from the first were reasonable and humane. The system began with the orders of Washington, approved by Hamilton and Jefferson; and we venture to say that their spirit is more truly beneficial to the neutral interests of this country and of other nations than the spirit of the "scaling down" to the British standard which Mr. Banks's report proposes, and which is merely introducing "You're another!" into international usage or law. That is neither the spirit which promotes public nor private peace. The man who acts upon the theory that every body is trying to cheat and insult him is no more successful and is not half as comfortable as his neighbor who lives upon the theory that rectitude and strength combined are sure to be respected.

## THREATS OF CIVIL WAR.

During the Presidential campaign of 1860 the Democratic party declared that the election of Mr. Lincoln would of course lead to violence. He was elected, and the Southern Democratic leaders took up arms.

During the late canvass, in the autumn of 1866, Montgomery Blair and the other Democratic orators and papers warned us that the success of the Union party at the polls would lead to civil war, which could be begun, of course, only by the defeated party.

At the present time the orators at the Democratic Conventions, who were the most malignant Copperheads during the war, talk of arming and resisting.

Finally, the *Constitutional Union*, or Johnsonian newspaper, in Washington, says that it may soon be necessary for the President to arm his friends, that the army and navy will fight for him, and that he will at all hazards fulfill his term of office.

This kind of talk always proceeds from the Democratic "Conservative" party. The appeal to revolution comes naturally from the apologists of the late rebellion. But they make a terrible mistake if they suppose that the people of the Free States can be frightened by it. Whether it be bluster or serious purpose, those who propose to renew rebellion under the plea of protecting the Constitution—a plea as old as political knavery—will find those who have faced battle and the disasters of war for four years perfectly ready for any alternative. The threat, perpetually repeated at every election, to Mexicanize the Government, and to oppose the ballot with the bayonet, will only bind the vast majority of loyal men closer together. Nor do we wonder at the contempt with which the Macon *Journal and Messenger* speaks of James Brooks's late belligerent speech at New Haven. It says in effect: "Why didn't you fight when fighting could be of some use? You who blustered while we fought are very ready to renew the battle. We who fought while you swaggered have had enough of it."

If any thing could make Union men more resolute than they are, it would be the menaces of men like Isaac Toucey, Vallandigham, Jeremiah Black, George H. Pendleton, and James Brooks, and the warnings of the Johnsonian journals.

## TOBACCO.

We once heard a prominent physician in one of our large cities assert that he could prove from some statistics which he had collected that the use of tobacco promotes longevity. If this were true it would follow, of course, that it is conducive to health. The statistics, we believe, have never been published, and even those who are most disposed to defend the use of tobacco are far from claiming that it is absolutely beneficial. The utmost that they claim is, that while, so far from being necessary to health, it is not even of any benefit to it, yet it is not in most cases injurious, and is therefore an innocent source of comfort and enjoyment. Some, perhaps we may say most, when pressed, will allow that it does some harm; but they seem to consider this so slight that it should be left out of the account in view of the gratification that the use of the article affords them. But if it be true that it inflict any injury at all upon the constitution, is it, we ask, consistent for considerate and conscientious persons to use it? Are they not bound to discard every thing which will in any degree lessen their usefulness or shorten its period?

The subject should not be dismissed with a joke, or be considered carelessly. This may reasonably be expected of those who live for self-gratification alone, but not of those who aspire to live wisely and nobly. To all such who are in the habit of indulging in the use of tobacco (and there are many at the present time) we appeal, and ask them to examine candidly the question whether the use of this article is consistent with health.

It will not do to say that there are many all around us in whom this indulgence produces no obvious bad results. This may be said of many of the known causes of disease. Their operation is often concealed from view till there is sufficient accumulation of effect to betray it.

Neither will it do to say that many live to a good old age that have always used tobacco largely. The same may be said of the use of alcoholic drinks, and yet there is no fact more abundantly established than that a free use of them is one of the most fruitful causes of disease at the present time.

Tobacco contains two principles—an alkaline substance and a volatile oil—which are among the most virulent of poisons. Two or three drops of the oil put upon the tongue of a cat have been known to destroy life in a minute or two. It is not strange, then, that when physicians use tobacco as a remedial agent, as they sometimes do, they are exceedingly careful as to the amount they administer.

Perhaps it will be said that poison is a relative term, and that we are daily using, with benefit, articles in small quantities which, in larger, would prove injurious. But it is not true that even in the ordinary indulgence in tobacco it is used in small quantities, and very many use it in very large ones.

In all the common use of tobacco there is induced a tolerance of it in the system. Observe what this tolerance implies—for this is a point which deserves to be considered in relation to the influence upon health. It implies an artificial condition of the system—a departure from nature; and *all such departures are more or less inconsistent with a perfect state of health*. There is no getting away from this principle of hygiene. Every one allows its application to opium, where there is the same tolerance induced; and how can an exception be made out in the case of tobacco?

This tolerance, it is true, lessens the bad effects, but it by no means destroys them. It converts the drug from a quick, palpable poison, into a slow and secret one. The development of its results appears at various periods in different individuals—in some very manifestly, and in others indistinctly, being mingled with the results of other causes operating conjointly in the production of ill-health. It is only now and then that a case is met with where the deleterious influence of tobacco can be seen separately from that of other agencies, but such cases occur sufficiently often to enable us to see distinctly, by comparison, its influence on multitudes of other cases, and we are in this way warranted in the conclusion that the very prevalent use of tobacco is among the prominent causes of ill-health and positive disease.

The evidence which some cases furnish is of the most unequivocal character. We refer to cases in which we have first the evil results of the use of tobacco palpably developed, and then the entire disappearance of these after an abandonment of the indulgence. We have met with many experiences of this kind—so many that the evidence is abundant and multiform. Take a single case as an example: A clergyman, coming to the conclusion that his health was suffering from tobacco, which he used very largely, resolved to break off at once. It cost him a severe trial: for his system had become so accustomed to the influence of the drug that the uncomfortable sensations which its loss occasioned, together with the cravings of the appetite for it, caused much suffering, incapacitated him for mental labor, and made him almost sick. But in a month the trial was fully passed, and vigor and buoyancy took the place of the ill-health which had been his lot for years. This was when he was a young man; and he is now one of the most hale and hearty of our older clergymen.

This must not be regarded as an exceptional case in kind, though it may be in degree. The cases that are more or less like it are very common. In looking at such evidence it is always to be remembered that individuals differ very much both in relation to the manifestation of the evil effects of the indulgence, and the immediate results of an abandonment of it. This is owing to idiosyncrasies or peculiarities of constitution and other circumstances. The whole scope of the evidence most clearly indicates that tobacco is as truly injurious to health, though in a different way and degree, as opium is, which it so much resembles in the tolerance that habit may induce. In view of it we think that the statistics to which we referred in the beginning of this article would hardly bear a rigorous examination.

The injurious effects of tobacco are seen mostly in the nervous system, for it is upon this that its influence is chiefly exerted. Coupled, however, with the nervous derangements are often seen signs, to a greater or less degree, of that same depression which is so prominent in the palpable effects produced upon those who have not become accustomed to the use of this drug. The powers of digestion are also apt to be affected, especially in those who chew tobacco; for, in addition to the impairment of them which comes from the nervous derangement, there is a great expenditure of the saliva, which the physiologist has shown to be of essential service in the process of digestion. We may add also that this expenditure is no inconsiderable drain upon the system.

Such being the evidence against tobacco, it is no wonder that Dr. Franklin never found any one who used it that would advise him to follow his example. It would be well if more were as wise as he was in refraining for this reason from its use.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

The Senate on January 16 concurred in the House amendments to the Nebraska and Colorado admission bills, and they now go to the President. The purchase of the site for the post-office in New York was authorized on the 17th. In a debate on the bill to regulate the tenure of office Mr. Sumner said "it was the duty of Congress to protect the loyal people against the President. There was no precedent in this particular. There was no such duty against our fathers, for the President had not become an enemy to his country." Mr. M'Dougal rose to a point of order that such terms against the Executive were unparliamentary, but the Chair declined to sustain him. The bill was finally passed on January 18 by a vote of 29 yeas to 9 nays. The measure deprives the President of the power to appoint or remove any officers except the members of his Cabinet without the advice and consent of the Senate, and effectually prevents removals and appointments during the recess of Congress, except in certain specified cases, and in such contingencies subjects them to the action of the Senate within twenty days after its reassembling.

In the House, on the 15th of January, the bill for the admission of Nebraska as a State was passed, after being so amended as to require the Legislature to solemnly assent to the negro suffrage clause. The vote was 103 yeas to 55 nays. The Colorado bill, similarly amended, was passed by a vote of 90 yeas to 60 nays.—The Reconstruction bill of Mr. Stevens was debated at length on the 16th and 19th of January. In the course of the debate, on the 16th, Mr. Paine denounced the present State governments at the South as "piratical governments resting on the souls of Andrew Johnson and his Northern and Southern satellites." Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, declared that "the rebels had denuded themselves of citizenship, and the question was one of franchisement and not one of disfranchisement." On the 19th Mr. Scofield made a speech on the pending question, in which he said that "a perfidious Secretary, one old man, stood in the way of the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment."—The Legislative Appropriation bill was adopted by the House on the 17th instant.—The Senate amendment to the New York Post-office appropriation was agreed to by the House, and the bill goes to the President for approval.

Two important resolutions affecting the reconstruction of the Southern States were introduced in the House on the 21st of January. One "declared the ten communities lately in rebellion to be without civil governments, and only eligible as State governments when so recognized by Congress." This was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The other declared that "in ratifying amendments the States not represented shall not be entitled to vote." This was referred to the Committee on Reconstruction.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

The New York Legislature has as yet done little of importance. A bill to prevent delay in the transit of passengers and freight over railroads passed the Senate on January 18 by a unanimous vote. It compels connecting roads in this State to sell tickets and check baggage for each other, and imposes fines and imprisonment on the Presidents and Directors for refusal to obey the law.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Some developments of the Sherman-Campbell commission to Mexico place the commissioners in a rather ridiculous light. It appears that they did not agree very well, each claiming to rank the other, and to act under separate instructions. Sherman wanted to deal with Bazaine; Campbell with Juarez. The breach culminated in a quarrel and separation at Matamoras, and in the suppression of the respective reports to the State Department.

The difficulty between the New York Central and the Hudson River Railroads has been arranged by mutual concession, so that through tickets and baggage-checks are issued by either company.

Dr. Almon Case, State Senator from Obion County, West Tennessee, and a strong and unflinching Unionist, was shot dead at his residence on January 14, by an assassin. Late in the evening a man rode up to his residence and called for him to come out. Mrs. Case went to the door, and in answer to the man's inquiry replied that he had gone to town. The man rode off in the direction indicated, and met Senator Case on his return, with whom he rode back. On approaching the house the assassin pretended to depart, but immediately afterward wheeled and shot his unsuspecting victim dead, and made his escape. The assassin is known to have been a returned rebel.

A prize-fighter named Jamison, but calling himsel Collyer, won in a fight on January 15. On the same day his brother committed suicide in Brooklyn, leaving behind him a note intimating that the social degradation to which he had been reduced (probably by his brother's conduct) had led him to commit the act.

Two colored boys were returned on a writ of *habeas corpus* by Judge Wylie of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia to their former master, to whom they had been apprenticed, and from whose cruel treatment they had fled. The plea of violation of the Civil Rights Bill was rejected.

Governor John W. Geary, of Pennsylvania, in his inaugural, delivered on January 15, says the South must be kept out until the conditions of Congress are complied with.

Government income from internal revenues alone, for the six and a half months from July 1, 1866, to January 15, 1857, amounted to $175,000,000, about $328,000,000 a year, being $43,000,000 more than the estimate.

Information from North Carolina states that a secret organization, with revolutionary objects, exists in Union County. Outrages of an aggravated nature are being perpetrated on the negroes in Wayne County, and the officers of the law confess themselves afraid to pursue the perpetrators with the remedies provided by law.

A State law of New Jersey of the same import as that known as the New York Excise Law is to be vigorously enforced, and rum drinkers from New York city are to be excluded from Jersey soil.

Mr. Leonard W. Jerome has given $5000 to Princeton, New Jersey, College, the interest of which is to be annually expended in the purchase of a medal to be awarded to the graduating senior, who shall be declared by a vote of his class-mates to be the first gentleman in his class. He declares a due regard for the feelings of others the basis for his prize gentleman.

Kansas has ratified the Constitutional Amendment by a unanimous vote.

A fire occurred in the conservatory attached to the President's mansion in Washington on January 18, and the most valuable plants, many of them of the rarest character and of foreign origin, were destroyed. A Sago palm which had been imported by General Washington was among those burned up. The loss to the buildings amounts to $20,000, and the Executive mansion was injured to the amount of $1000.

Nathaniel P. Willis, the poet, died on his sixtieth birthday, January 20, at Idlewild, on the Hudson.

The West Virginia Legislature has ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

The Mississippi River steamer *Platte Valley* sunk near Vicksburg on January 17. She was crowded with passengers, most of whom were lost.

Nine men were massacred in Southern Utah on the 5th January by the Indians.

The Supreme Court of Alabama has decided that the Act of Congress requiring a stamp upon State legal processes is unconstitutional, and also that the State, being a *de facto* government under the Confederacy, its personal representatives are protected from all loss on Confederate investments, under an act of the Legislature.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The last vessel of the fleet to bring away the French troops in Mexico has sailed from France.

John Bright thinks a "great change" is at hand in the political situation of Great Britain. "The question," he says, "of a wide extension of the suffrage is making way. The working-men throughout the United Kingdom are becoming interested in this great question, and their organization is becoming more complete. Their power, added to the power of the liberal middle class, will be too great for those who now monopolize the influence of Government, and a great change can not be far off." Lord Derby has declined to adopt Reform as a Cabinet measure.

Queen Victoria is going to the Paris exhibition.

A bread-riot lately occurred in the streets of Liverpool, caused by the distress of the poor of that city, whose sufferings are greatly aggravated by the unusual severity of the winter in England.

Advices from the Island of Candia to January 19 state that the Cretans had fought another battle, in which they claim a victory over 5000 Turks. The Cretan Assembly has issued a call to all the Powers of Europe to send agents to Candia to witness and report the condition of the country.

The French Cabinet has been dissolved without a revolution.

Marshal Bazaine has been relieved of his "high powers" in Mexico.

Alexander Smith, the English poet, is dead.

THE WAR IN CRETE—MAP OF THE ISLAND.—[DRAWN BY MR. KEMP.]

## THE WAR IN CRETE.

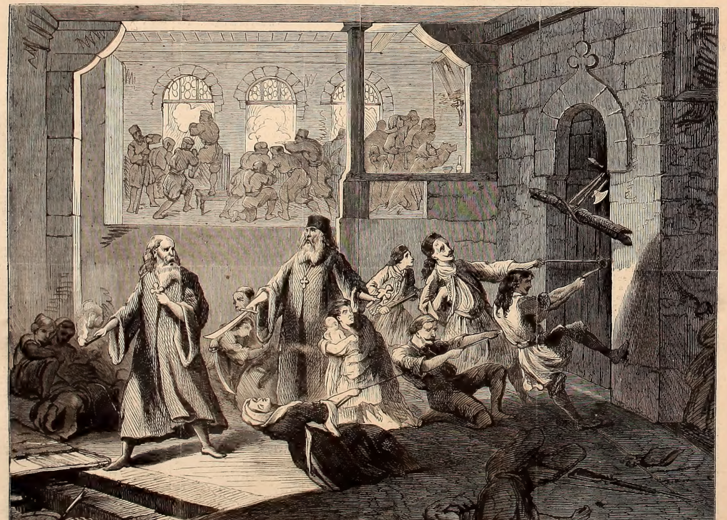
THE attention of the Christian Powers of Europe has been particularly directed of late to the war between the Christians and Mohammedans in the Island of Crete by the late terrible tragedy at the monastery of Arcadi. It is evident now, as the facts come to light, that in their gallant struggle for freedom the Christians are entitled to the sympathies of the civilized world.

The Island of Crete, or Candia, since it came under the domination of the Turkish empire—two hundred years ago—has been the theatre of many bloody attempts on the part of the people to regain their ancient independence or become united to Greece, the land of their ancestors. Although having a common patriotic desire that Crete should be governed by Cretans, they have rather been goaded on to these revolts by the relentless and insupportable oppression of the Turks themselves, whose system of continued cruelties has few parallels on record. The present uprising is another convulsive effort to shake off the yoke and be free. The insurrection which commenced in 1866 is now wide-spread over the island, and all classes have taken up arms to fight against the Turks. Numerous indecisive battles have occurred, and the condition of the island is described as much the same as during the Greek revolution of 1821, both parties exhibiting bitter hate, and the Turks slaughtering without mercy to wreak their vengeance. Men, women, and children have fled from their towns to the mountains and strong-holds, enduring great suffering, and even ending their own lives, rather than be borne away as the captives of the infidel Moslem. An intense feeling and sympathy is manifested in Greece for the Cretans, but the Government itself can not render its willing aid owing to the complications of European politics. Many volunteers, however, and some supplies have been safely conveyed through the Turkish blockade; and in the coming spring there is every indication that the scenes of 1822-25 will be re-enacted, it is hoped with a different result.

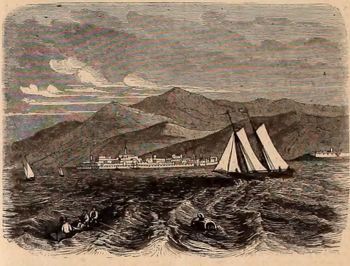
The most tragic event of the war thus far has been the destruction of the monastery of Arcadi, a vivid sketch of which we give from the pencil of a native Cretan living in the city of Constantinople, who was familiar with the locality. "The scene," writes our correspondent, "represents the defense of the monastery on the second day, when the Turks had passed the outer walls and penetrated into the grounds in the midst of which the monastery stood. The Christians are firing from the windows on the Turks, who are expected every moment to force the great door which gives access to the monastery." We give also a picture of a Greek priest of Crete—such as WILLIAM C. PRIME describes as "unmistakably a Greek priest—for they can not be mistaken, and noble-looking men some of them are." A Map and View of the Island of Crete accompanying these will serve, with our description, to make the locality where these interesting events are now progressing familiar to our readers. Biblical students especially will find the study of this map interesting, as the island was visited by Saint Paul, who, it will be remembered, landed at Fair Havens. Here he advised the sailors to remain during the winter; but, disregarding his advice, they put to sea, and were wrecked on the Island of Malta, the vessel being lost, but all the crew saved with the Apostle, as had been predicted by him.

The Levant *Herald* publishes the following account of the terrible massacre:

"The monastery of Arcadi, called after its founder, the Emperor ARCADIUS, is a large and solid building in the Byzantine style, dating from the 8th century, and situated at some hours' distance from Rethymno. The insurgents, who had shut themselves up in it, had to resist from the 20th to the 22d November the attack of four Turkish battalions and several cannon. It seems that CORONEOS was at this time with only a small force on the neighboring heights, about half a league off. The Turks cannonaded the convent for a whole day with four mountain howitzers, after which MUSTAPHA PASHA sent for some heavier pieces, and with these succeeded in opening a breach in the defending works. An assault then took place, and the troops having effected an entrance, a desperate round of fighting took place in the convent yard. Driven from this, the insurgents took refuge in the cellars of the building, the women and children (of whom there were many in the place) at the same time barricading them



THE WAR IN CRETE—THE ATTACK ON THE MONASTERY OF ARCADI.—[FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.]



THE WAR IN CRETE—VIEW OF CANEA, THE PRINCIPAL PORT OF CRETE.

selves in the refectory. The cellars, however, were soon rendered untenable, and all defense of them made impossible, by the shells thrown in by the troops; the insurgents after a short council then resolved on blowing up the room, which served as a powder magazine.

"This resolution having been carried into effect by a priest named MANISSI, a terrific explosion followed, and in a twinkling the greater part of the vast building was reduced to a mass of ruins. It is said that there were at the time in all 516 Cretans—200 men and 316 women and children—in the convent. Of these about 50 women and children and some 20 men who had been sheltered by a wall which withstood the shock, were saved; the whole of the others perished. The saved, many of whom were badly wounded, were sent to Rethymno. The loss of the Turks is said to have amounted to about 3000 killed and wounded."

## REV. DR. HENRY ADAMS NEELY.

WE present on this page a portrait of the new Episcopal Bishop of Maine, Rev. HENRY A. NEELY. Dr. NEELY was born at Fayetteville, New York, in May, 1830. His college course was begun under Bishop CHASE, at Jubilee, Illinois, but in 1846 he entered the Sophomore Class of Hobart College, Geneva, and graduated in 1849 with the second honor. He was admitted in the same year a candidate for holy orders in the diocese of Western New York, and became a member of the Theological Department of Hobart College. He was also Tutor of the college for two years. Ordained Deacon in Trinity Church, Geneva, December 19, 1852, he immediately became Assistant to the Rector of Calvary Church, Utica. In Trinity Church, in the same city, he was admitted to the holy order of Priests, June 18, 1854, having in March previous become the Rector of Calvary Church. On the 1st of October, 1855, he took charge of Christ Church, Rochester, a parish newly organized as a free church—a charge which he held with great efficiency and success for seven years.

He married, in 1858, Mary, daughter of the late JOHN DELAFIELD, of Geneva.

In the autumn of 1862 Mr. NEELY was elected the first Chaplain of Hobart College, on the endowment given by JOHN W. SWIFT, Esq., of New York. He held this position with great usefulness and very acceptably for two years, when the health of his family requiring a removal to New York, he accepted a call as Assistant Minister of Trinity Church, with the full pastoral care of Trinity Chapel. In this new and important sphere he at once set to work with great energy and entire success. On the 30th of October last Dr. NEELY was unanimously and most unexpectedly elected Bishop of the diocese of Maine, made vacant by the death of the lamented Bishop BURGESS. He accepted his high office, and his consecration took place in New York city on the feast of St. Paul, January 25. He will enter upon his duties in the full vigor of life, the youngest member of the House of Bishops in age as well as in office.

The residence of the late Bishop of Maine was at Gardiner; but the See will hereafter be the city of Portland, the commercial centre of the diocese, where a cathedral is to be begun at once by the enterprise and liberality of the Churchmen of that place.

## SCENES ON A COTTON PLANTATION.

THESE pictures were mainly taken upon the Buena Vista plantation, in Clarke County, Alabama. The four sketches in the centre show the principal operations of cotton culture; and around figure other scenes appropriate to a cotton plantation.

The cotton-gin; the picturesque cotton-press, to whose long levers the mules are harnessed to create the power which compresses the ginned staple into bales; the morning call, performed upon a cow-horn; the owner and his overseer, figure here; as well as the weekly distribution of rations, the dance which closes the week's labor, and the plantation burying-ground. Here the defunct negroes are buried, a rail-fence being raised above the graves to keep off marauding hogs, calves, etc. It is customary among the superstitious negroes to place upon each new-made grave a mattock and a spade, there to remain for fourteen days from the date of the burial, as safeguards against the premature resurrection of the corpse.

The operations of cotton-growing commence with bedding; the beds being from four to six furrows wide, according to the expected growth of cotton. A small plow called a "scouter" is then used to cut the furrows for the seed, which is usually sown by the women and younger hands, who are in turn followed by the harrow—a bent board which covers up the seed. The next process is called bearing off, which consists in throwing a furrow away from the young cotton with a scraper, leaving a ridge of four inches in width; this makes it easy to follow with the hoes and "scrape" the cotton, which means to cut out the surplus growth to the width of the hoe, technically called a half stand. The furrows are now thrown back toward the cotton, and every effort made to keep the growing crop thrifty and free of weeds, especially grass, some kinds of which are great pests in the cotton field. The cotton is now brought to a full stand, the plants standing about two feet apart in the rows. It is not unusual to plant corn in the cotton field in transverse rows, with the plants eight or ten feet apart—an arrangement which does not interfere with cotton, and is a clear gain upon the crop.

Picking commences about the latter end of August, and may continue till January. The cotton is taken to the gin-house, and, if wet, spread out for an hour or two upon large platforms to dry; after being ginned it is pressed and baled. Ordinary land, well cultivated, will give half a bale to the acre, while the rich river bottoms will yield twice as much.

One man to ten acres is considered sufficient — if they work. A good hand before the war was worth $1500 in gold, which, at the Alabama rate of interest—8 per cent.—was $120 a year, besides the clothing, taxes, doctor's bill, loss of time during sickness, insurance, etc. The same hand can now be hired for $10 a month in currency; pays his own doctor's bill and taxes, clothes himself, deducts all time lost by sickness, and if he dies is his own loss—a consoling reflection to some planters.

Horses and mules can be purchased for less in currency than they could before the war, while provisions are about the same when reduced to a gold basis. The richest lands are for sale for prices one half to one third less than before the war.

Alabama and Mississippi planters amassed large fortunes by raising cotton at from seven to nine cents a pound; and to-day in our own markets it is selling in gold for from two or two and a half times what it did before the war. Putting land, labor, stock, etc., at half their gold value in 1859, and cotton at twice, or more, the gold value of that year, it follows that to raise it is a profitable investment. The present year is no criterion as to the cotton crop, for it has been certainly the most unfavorable season since 1846.

THE WAR IN CRETE—A GREEK PRIEST.

HENRY A. NEELY, D.D., EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF MAINE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD & CO., NO. 839 BROADWAY, N. Y.]

## BURNING OF THE HYATT HOUSE.

THE Hyatt House, the principal building and the pride of the "Bower City," as Janesville, Wisconsin, is called, was totally destroyed by fire on January 12. It was erected on West Milwaukee Street, on the west bank of Rock River, in 1856 and 1857, by the Honorable A. HYATT SMITH, at a cost of $150,000. Recently it had passed into the possession of, and when destroyed was owned by, O. B. MATTISON, of Utica, New York. Its dimensions were as follows: Front, 153 feet; depth, 132 feet, and six stories in height. It was the largest building of the kind in the State, and would compare favorably with any structure for beauty of architecture, and in its general arrangements for the purposes designed, as a first-class house, in

the West. The building was occupied by Solomon Hutson as a hotel, by the Baptist Church Society as a tabernacle for religious services temporarily, and by two law firms, and several stores containing various kinds of goods. A servant girl perished in the flames. We present on page 76 a view of the burning building.

## BELLE'S CARICATURE.

Many people make enemies by long faces and cold manners. Belle Bruce had made them by smiles and laughter and a love of fun. The ludicrous points of friends and strangers were too visible to her bright eyes, and she was not careful enough to conceal the fact. Consequently, she had laughed at her maiden aunt's ruffled night-caps, until that lady disinherited her, and left her worldly all to a serious maid who had waited on her for five-and-twenty years without a smile; laughed at her teacher's prim ways and peculiarities of speech, until school became "too hot to hold her;" laughed at her room-mate, Miss White, who was absurdly romantic, until she lost the favor of one who was very influential in certain circles where Belle needed the exercise of her influence; and, finally, laughed herself out of a situation as governess to a clergyman's two daughters because something ridiculous occurred in church. "A young person so forgetful of absolute decency as to laugh aloud over a slight mistake in *such* a place is not a fit instructress for my girls," said the Reverend Obadiah Waugh; and Belle found herself friendless in a large city, with a month's salary in her pocket, her one black alpaca growing rusty at the seams, and her one pair of kid gloves in need of mending.

The case was desperate, and when a situation in a district school at Lemon offered itself Belle jumped at it instantly. The salary was small, but it was something, and she had just enough left to get there if she did not stop to dine or sup on the way.

So Belle, brave in her way as any soldier, remended her gloves, sponged her alpaca with soda-water, spent her last extra money upon a blue veil, put her small stock of underwear into a black valise, papered up a pound of soda-crackers and four apples, and thus provisioned, started for Lemon.

It was a two-days' journey. Belle, who had a year or two before been used to dining sumptuously every day, did wonder just a little whether she should look like the men released from Andersonville, or taken from the wreck of the *Hornet*, by the time she reached Lemon, and whether she should come to wishing to make steaks and soup of her fellow-passengers. But she sailed into the car with an air, and seated herself as a princess might, and looked about her with that instinctive desire of hers to find something to laugh at. Soon she found it. Into the car, all in a hurry, just as it was about to start, waddled a little fat man. One of the shortest, fattest men, perhaps, ever to be met with out of a show. He was not a dwarf, nor a monstrosity, but his girth was tremendous, and his legs ludicrously short. His dress, too, increased the absurdity of his proportions. His hat—enormous, white in hue, and very bell-crowned—was so much too large for him that it rested on his ears. His coat-tails touched his heels, and when he sat down his trowsers climbed his calves, exhibiting gray worsted stockings and high-lows. He had with him a leather traveling-bag, a palm-leaf fan, an umbrella, and a book. Scarcely was he seated when he immersed himself in the pages of the volume, and grew excited over it—frowning, knotting his brows, laughing in scorn, and smiling in commendation—both dumpy feet on his bag, the umbrella between his legs, and the fan behind him. In vain Belle Bruce struggled to wear a solemn face. Ere long she put her veil down, and, looking out of the window, went into convulsions of noiseless laughter. She shook until the old lady next her began to fear that she had a fit, and until a sentimental young lady, believing her to be weeping (as she was herself) at parting from friends, offered her the use of her smelling-salts. Belle took it, bowed courteously, and soon surprised her neighbor by returning it with her veil up, and exhibiting two wonderfully bright eyes and a mouth framed by two mischievous dimples. She was growing used to her *vis-a-vis*, and now bethought her of her grand delight, the drawing of a caricature. Her pencil was in her pocket; the fly-leaf of a volume of Victor Hugo's last, which she had with her, served for paper, and she devoted herself for the next hour to an elaborated caricature of the gentleman opposite. She was quite an artist, and had a talent for these things. No one who had ever seen the man could have mistaken her model. From the tie of his cravat to the great loop of his shoe-strings she worked the picture up with care, and ended by inscribing on the leather bag the letters which shone there in white newness—"G. Guise."

By that time Belle was hungry, and ate one apple and three crackers, and thought in the midst of a bite how dreadfully the nervous old lady on the same seat would feel if she should become a cannibal at heart through starvation before her journey's end, and laughed until she choked at the fancy. Soon they came to a stopping place, where every one alighted for lunch, except one young matron, who was to leave the cars at the next station, and who had a basket of ginger-nuts wherewith to sustain her young brood. A very nice smell of beefsteak and onions swept into the car, and some one outside, either a person in the employ of the tavern or a disinterested passenger, informed Belle that she had better lunch there, for it was the best place on the road. Belle shrugged her shoulders, spoke with immense disgust of the cookery at "such places," and leaned back, very hungry, but resolved not to touch her evening rations.

She amused herself by watching people. The fat man had his meal and a glass of ale after it, and returned to his old seat opposite her. He blew his nose as though it were a trumpet, and an echo in a hill near by mocked him. He fanned himself with the palm-leaf fan, and looked at her. Belle's gravity was upset again, and she repressed a laugh, which was thus changed into a smile. The fat gentleman evidently thought it a signal of sociability. He smiled back. The face was funny, but the smile was astonishing. It was a beautiful smile. Two rows of snow-white teeth displayed themselves; his eyes shone; his face became interesting. He hesitated, and then made an offer of his palm-leaf fan. "It is so warm," said he; "and I see you have none, Madam."

The tone was gentlemanly, the voice sweet. It was an act of courtesy. Belle was no prude. She accepted the fan and thanked him. A moment more, and she had another surprise. The fat gentleman had taken off his hat to wipe his forehead, and with it had taken off half his absurdity. That hideous, ill-fitting stove-pipe had concealed a head that could not have belonged to a mean or ignorant man—a glorious head—all the handsomer for its bald crown. Not bald with age either, for certainly the face beneath it was not over thirty-five. It had looked five-and-forty in the hat. Belle looked at it in sheer astonishment. "He's almost handsome," she thought. "How can any one dress so absurdly!" Then she returned the fan with a courteous bow. But her *vis-a-vis* would not have it. "You may need it again," he said. And now, with his hat still off, his smile was yet more charming; and though Mrs. Grundy might not have approved, there was really no great harm in chatting with him, and so the two talked merrily together for miles.

When the train stopped at dusk he offered to attend her to the dining-room of the hotel, but she shook her head, and told him she had all she needed with her. Whereat the fat gentleman shook his head doubtfully, and, leaving her, returned with ham sandwiches and pie—of which he insisted that she should partake. "I hate to eat alone," he said. "I know it's a liberty, but *do* keep me company." And he never guessed how very good that dinner tasted to little Belle, or that there were but six crackers and one apple in the black valise.

"I suppose I shall lose your company soon," said the fat gentleman, after a while. "Very few will go on to Lemon, as I shall."

"Are you going to Lemon?" asked Belle.

"Yes, ma'am, to Lemon;" and he gave a little sigh.

"I'm going there also," said Belle. "To a school there."

"Not to the North District School?" cried the fat gentleman.

"Yes, Sir. I'm assistant there," said Belle.

"And I'm principal. How singular! I knew I was to have an assistant, but could not imagine—and this is Miss Bruce. My name is Guise." And the two laughed together.

Bell felt pleased. This odd man was very genial and warm-hearted, she knew, and he appeared to be delighted. He resolved himself into her escort at once. He behaved as brothers ought, but never do, upon a journey. He took her into Lemon on his arm, and saw her safe at her destination, and shook hands with her very heartily when they parted.

"I expect we shall be glad of each other's society in this uncultured place," he said. "I understand that the last female teacher was ducked for keeping in a girl, and that an effort was made to lynch the former principal because he flogged a boy. However, don't feel alarmed. I think I am able to keep you from being annoyed; and when they once know me they will scarcely trouble *me*, I think."

He was two inches shorter than Belle, and as fat as ever; but when he said that in his manly, courteous, quiet way, there was nothing in the least ridiculous about him, and Belle's smile was genuine, and not a hidden laugh, as she replied to him.

Her first day, or rather her first night, at Lemon, seemed to her to promise pleasantly. It was Saturday evening. She went to church next morning, and slept off her fatigue in the afternoon. In the evening she chatted with her hostess. She was "to board around" a week here and a week there, and that night she heard a good deal about her other patrons. "Miss Smith"—Mrs. was a title never heard in Lemon, where matrons were dubbed "Miss," and single ladies had their Christian names accorded them by every body—*Miss* Smith was *near*, and half-starved the teachers; and *Miss* Jones gave them "the dispepsy" with bad bread; and *Miss* Brown expected *hern* to "learn all creation," and *Miss* Wilson wouldn't have *hern* whipped.

And after the good lady had left her guest for the night, with the parting information that at the Halls she'd be expected to share a truckle-bed with little Peter, she told her spouse that that new teacher seemed to think there was suthin' to laugh at, but whether it was her stories or herself she couldn't guess.

"Couldn't be *me*, d'ye think, John?" she queried. "I had my gingham and my best comb in."

And John answered, "No," in good faith, and added that "The gal seemed lively."

But one may laugh with a heavy heart; and remembering her luxurious home of four years back, and her own dainty room with all its appliances for comfort, Mrs. Hall's back attic and little Peter did seem a hard pill to swallow. Even her present quarters, where a triangle of broken looking-glass and a tin basin on a chair were the toilet arrangements, were scarcely satisfactory.

On Monday morning she went to school, and the long room, with its dingy windows, made her heart sink. The cracked blackboard and lumps of greasy chalk, the tottering desk and seats all pulled askew, worried her. Urchins of five, and full-grown clowns of eighteen, stumbled in and stared at her. Confusion reigned, and she was not able to change it to order. She sat down in despair, and then a hand touched her softly, and the fat gentleman appeared upon the scene. It was, to make use of a bull, "a second first appearance." His hat was on, his coat was buttoned to the chin. In the act of shaking hands the whole absurdity of his *tout ensemble* burst upon Belle, and she began to laugh. A moment before she had been ready to cry. The two emotions mixed themselves, and she went off into hysterics. A magnificent beginning, as she felt even at the time.

Somehow she was conveyed into a wardrobe, provided with a chair, a fan, and water, and left to recover. Coming to herself she listened. All noise was hushed. She smoothed her hair and went out. Order reigned, every boy was at his book; every girl had her hands folded primly. The baby who should have been in long clothes, and the middle-aged person she would have taken for a house-maid, sat side by side equally mute and motionless. The ten little girls, all of a size, were as faultless. Her chair and book were ready. She took possession of them, and looked with amazement at the studious youths working away under the supervision of Professor Guise; for she knew his title as well as his name by this time. Little as he was, fat as he was, absurd as was his costume, it was plain that every one there respected him—Belle respected him also. As the time went on she liked him more and more.

He knew so much. Her boarding-school accomplishments faded into insignificance when compared with those solid acquirements; and when one day he told her of a certain ordeal he had passed through, of a scheme by which he had hoped to make his fortune turning out a failure and ruining him—of money that must be saved and scraped together, and of an old worn-out, hopeless feeling which will come to young people whose schemes prove to be illusions, and who struggle in vain for some *ignis fatuus* which in the end eludes them. Belle had not struggled much, but she knew the feeling; for she had had some hopes of being an authoress, and had offered sundry poems to the press, and had them handed back with that profound contempt with which long-suffering editors decline such favors. She had gone home with a heart like a lump of lead, and aching feet and eyes burning because they would not weep; to tear the manuscript savagely, and wonder how long the alpaca would last decently, and to look in the glass, expecting almost to see gray hairs and wrinkles. When the Professor said, "Do you know when it was all over I felt eighty years old?" she quite understood him. They were better friends than ever from that moment.

And what a friend he was! He managed that she should have all the pleasures and as few of the hardships of her lot as possible. He contrived that she should board constantly with the clergyman's family. He told the head-boy to see that she came in a wagon on wet days, and that youth continued it. He borrowed papers and journals for her—sometimes books. He took her to the lectures at the Lyceum. He was the only man of culture except the clergyman in the place. The only person who felt as she felt on most subjects. Soon to have heard that he was about to leave would have been to hear evil tidings. He, and he alone, made Lemon bearable. And it is strange how much two poor people, who agree with each other in sentiment, can help each other along upon the road to happiness.

No gallant exquisite with a bouquet worth a small fortune, and invitations to a private box on some Ristori or Jenny Lind mad night, could have been more acceptable to city belle than the fat doctor with his thumbed volume under his arm, and his ticket for the Lyceum lecture, was to our heroine, on many a Wednesday night; and when coming home, leaning on his left arm, that right hand so plump and firm and white somehow dropped on hers and held it. Belle liked it. It made her feel safer.

So, in the commonplace desert of drudging life, there lay a bright oasis or two, and Belle laughed as much as ever. She drew caricatures of the white-headed boys, and the Professor laughed at them. She sketched "the committee" on examination-day. She wrote comical doggerel in celebration of absurd scenes. There was no one to appreciate her fun but the Professor; but his kindly smile was always ready. She learned to look for it as a necessity of her life.

So the year passed. A second term—a third. Then one bright day a letter was dropped into the midst of all the homely plans, and exploded there like a bomb-shell. A square red-sealed letter from Messrs. Tape and Parchment, lawyers. It told her that her aunt was dead, also that the serious waiting-maid had been serious in vain, for she had left this world before her mistress. Belle Bruce was the only living heiress of the old spinster. She was, or would be, all legal forms completed, worth half a million.

It was necessary that she should leave Lemon for the scene of action at once, and she wondered she was not happier at the thought. Tears would come as she packed her little wardrobe, as she gathered together the Professor's humble gifts, worthless in money value, but so precious for the kindly feeling which was the motive of their giving.

"He will be as kind to the next teacher, and forget me," she said, and her tears fell.

It was Saturday afternoon, and she sat at a table in the clergyman's parlor looking over these books, when the Professor came in. He sat down also. Something was plainly on his mind. He sighed, was silent, and moodily looked over the books. At last he took one up.

"Victor Hugo," he said. "Do you like him?"

"I do. There is genuine pathos—"

"Great Heaven!"

He stopped with those words on his lips, with an ashen pallor overspreading his cheek. He was staring at the fly-leaf of the volume.

Belle looked at him. Her cheek paled also. A remembrance fell upon her. She went softly behind Professor Guise, and saw on what his eyes were fixed. He was looking at the caricature she had drawn of him in that first hour when he was only an absurdly dressed fat man to her—a caricature she would not have drawn now for the wide world's wealth. What should she do? What could she say? There was the name, G. Guise, on the valise. She could not deny. He knew she had drawn it. She stood like a statue.

But in a moment more she saw the great head bowed, the beautiful eyes hidden, and she heard a sob—another and another.

Then she found voice.

"What shall I do—what shall I do? Oh, look at me, listen to me! Dear friend, I never meant—"

He lifted up his head.

"I know you never meant I should see it," he said. "I know that I'm a fool. But it *is* very hard;" and his lip quivered. "*You* are so beautiful to me, and *I* look like that to you!"

"It was drawn before I knew you. It is not like. I had forgotten it. It was in the car."

Something like this Belle panted out, sinking with shame and grief. "Oh, my kind, true friend, forgive me!"

Then he held his hand toward her.

"I do forgive you," he said. "If I am ridiculous it is my fault or Nature's, not yours. I only make myself more so by this display of feeling. But when I knew that you were an heiress and a beauty, I a poor, not even a fine-looking man, and that my love for you—for I have loved you very, very truly—was a dream I must forget, I still hoped you would think of me as a friend—as a pleasant companion. We don't know ourselves. I didn't. I'm not vain, but—" His lip quivered again.

"Think of it, Belle," he cried, suddenly, as though stabbed by the thought; "*I* loved you! When you were poor I meant to try to win you for my wife, and all the while I was your laughing-stock! I didn't deserve it. If I am absurd in figure, I did not deserve it from you, for I loved you."

He paused. He trembled from head to foot, and Belle went closer to him.

"Gustave," she said, calling him for the first time by his Christian name—"Gustave, look at me, listen to me. You were a stranger when I drew that. You have been a friend ever since—so dear a friend that when you say what you have said just now—when you say you love me—it makes me very happy. Think of that wretched scrawl as the work of a stranger's hand, and be my friend again, my lover! For—I love you now."

And Belle paid an awful price of shame and terror for that caricature when she spoke those words. But they were words that she knew she must speak or lose him. And they brought Gustave Guise to her side, and the next moment his arms were about her, and she was weeping on his bosom—on the bosom where her wifely head is pillowed now so happily; for they have been wed many bright months now, and of all the world's heroes he has grown to be the bravest and best and most beautiful to her, and always will remain so, thanks to Love's glamour!

## ZENOBIA'S COURTSHIP;
### OR, LOVE UPON SKATES.

Lady Martello's experience in matrimonial matters was extraordinary. Left a widow, with a family not only healthy but numerous, she saw at once that she must keep her eyes open. When all the girls were at home they sat down ten to dinner. Yet such was the indomitable energy and accurate strategy of this noble matron that before Zenobia, her youngest, had completed her fourth season, her eight sisters were all carriage-people.

After Zenobia, her remaining comfort, was taken off her fond hands, her ladyship would frequently moralize on the folly of man.

To a distant relative, who had four fine young women, and came to her ladyship for advice, she remarked, "Look at my girls! Dear Jessica's hair was as thin as harp-strings; dear Penelope's complexion was so disheartening, I always called her my brown paper parcel; and my darling Zenobia's poor red nose would have tempted a blackbird. Yet look at them now! Even dear Patience, the poorest of them, has a thousand ounces of plate in her house. It is all nonsense for a pack of silly girls to put on their best frocks and sit quietly down, waiting for a husband. If they want to be courted, they must begin by courting; if they want a fire, they must first light it. The commonest little fright may have the pick of the Blue-book, if she has only the proper judgment to make love to her Adonis without his finding her out. The vanity of man, my dear, is such that he will gobble up compliments as gluttonously as a Frenchwoman. But remember, my dear, our little one must on no account outstep the delicate timidity of our sex. She must pat and caress the wretch's vanity with a hand so light that it would not wake a sleeping weasel; she must merely impress him with the belief that he is at length appreciated. If he attempt wit, there is no objection to her helping him in the difficulty; if he is fond of serious converse, a well-directed girl will naturally look solemn and impressed. I never knew a man yet, my dear, who objected to being admired, and in self-defense he tries to prove that his admirer is capable of judging. He returns the compliment, and calls her a clever creature. When others laugh at his stupid remarks, he remembers the upturned eyes that seemed to worship his words as he uttered them; when his little sparks of wit twinkle and expire, he recalls the sweet lips that parted so merrily, and showed the little teeth all of a row. To save his own self-esteem he vows that Phillis is the only being that properly understands his value, and for fear the market should decline still lower, he speculates in Phillis. These are my views, my dear," added her ladyship to her poor relation; "and although your Stella must be at least forty, if she will follow my advice she may yet marry a widower."

The history of Zenobia's courtship is peculiarly applicable to the month of January, and may be quoted as a fine illustration that love is never out of season, but is as sweet when cold Winter reigns as 'neath a July sun—whether we tread on violets or slide on the bosom of the lake.

The first and only offer submitted to the trembling Zenobia for her acceptance came from a gentleman in skates.

So long as any of her ladyship's daughters were blessings unbestowed, it was her custom to entertain much company at "The Towers." For fear her son, the gay Lord Martello, might, after the pleasures of a soldier's life, consider the home of her ancestors dull, the doting mother generously allowed him *carte blanche* to invite any of his brother officers whose fortunes stamped them as men of sterling worth.

One Christmas, during Zenobia's dispiriting fourth season, the guests were unusually numerous, but to no one was a warmer welcome given than to the elegant Lieutenant Hallen, a deserving officer, who was serving his country merely for the fun of the thing. The Lieutenant had not been two days at "The Towers" before he observed to Lord Martello that his sister Zenobia had a fine foot. He was in a foot regiment.

Certainly, Zenobia was unusually favored with this blessing *a la Chinoise*. It—the foot—stamped Lieu-

tenant Hallen as a man of superior attainments, that he should have discovered and appreciated this perfection.

To Zenobia herself her feet were far from being objects of dislike. She tended them with the prettiest care. Her bottines were supplied by the Maison Bugnion of Paris, renowned for its *specialite de chaussures des dames*. It was the prettiest sight in the world to watch Zenobia skipping over a puddle, and Lieutenant Hallen confessed in after-life that he had stood many a time peeping behind a curtain merely to see her trip across the doorway and spring up the carriage-steps.

The winter of Zenobia's fourth season was unusually severe—so cold, indeed, that the poor girl would sometimes creep up to the fire and rest her little foot on the fender. As the warm blaze played upon the high instep, she once remarked to Lieutenant Hallen, who was, as usual, by her side, enjoying his opportunity, "I can scarcely feel my poor little feet."

"And I can scarcely see them," the brave officer replied, with a gallantry that scorned to be truthful, for Zenobia was doing her utmost to assist his eyesight.

It was noticed by her ladyship that during their walks the young soldier invariably preferred the society of her daughter, or, if another robbed him of her company, he might be seen following at her heels, his eyes modestly resting on the ground. The moments were of unequaled bliss to him when a slight thaw stopped their path, for Zenobia had a virtuous horror of mud, and would be constantly peeping at her boots, crying out in her pretty way, "Oh, what horribly muddy feet!"

Occasionally, too, her better feelings would be called into play—as, for instance, when the sensitive girl stumbled against some awkward stone, "My tiresome little foot, I've knocked it off!" the poor child would exclaim, smiling despite the pain, and holding forth the suffering yet fascinating member. The first time the gallant officer witnessed this distressing accident he replied, "We must stop till we find it again; you'll never get another like it."

Her ladyship, who had been fretting over the high flush which from a child—through indigestion—had mantled in her Zenobia's nose, was but too pleased to find that the other extremity of her darling's form had monopolized attention. Up to that time her wit had ever been on the alert to defend her fond one's nasal organ. When it was unusually brilliant she would ingeniously observe, "I wish this horrible winter were gone, it is such unbecoming weather for the poor nose! Yours, Lieutenant Hallen, is quite pink. And so is yours, my dear Zenobia." But what did one so passionately fond of feet as the Lieutenant care for the hue of a nose?

There is no exercise more healthy or warming than skating. There was a fine sheet of ornamental water in the Martello grounds, where the gentlemen often enjoyed this manly sport. One day, as Zenobia stood shivering on the margin of the frozen lake, watching the sylph-like attitudes of the performers, Lieutenant Hallen, his face glowing with exercise, invited his lovely audience of one to try her powers.

"I should never be able to stand on my poor little feet," objected Zenobia.

"Try," pleaded the admiring officer, looking down at the feet.

"I should tumble down and die of bumps, or make a hole and be drowned," replied the timid little puss.

But a loving eye was at that moment looking through an opera-glass from an upper window of "The Towers," watching the countenances of the unsuspecting ones.

The owner of this eye was wondering to herself what they could be talking about, that *he* should look so perky, *she* so sly; and when, on her daughter's return, the truth was told, her quick brain at once appreciated the importance of the proposition.

"Zenobia!" exclaimed the excited parent, "to-morrow you skate."

"My dear mamma! I shall break my limbs," objected the pouting child.

"Stuff! Put on two crinolines! Your brother has the Martello foot; his skates will fit you!" replied the parent. "And, pay attention to me, sweetest, wear your bronze boots. Mention the subject to me before *him* this evening."

Her wishes were dutifully obeyed, and a lively discussion on the impropriety of ladies learning to skate, in which her ladyship proved herself no match for the talented Lieutenant, ended in an unwilling assent. "There is a great deal of truth," observed her ladyship, "in what you have stated about this accomplishment being of service to my Zen, should destiny place her lot in the frozen regions; and the instance you mention of the Dutch women skating to market is a powerful argument, I confess freely. I adore, I love the useful! But let me implore you to be careful of my pet! Do not quit her hand; be ever by her side, until she is *au fait* at this treacherous art."

When a young gentleman undertakes to teach a young lady the art of skating the dangers she risks are small indeed compared with those which beset the tutor. True, she may tumble once or twice, and scramble on her hands and knees, and be laughed at; but his fall, poor man, will be a desperate one—he will fall in love. To him every inch of the ice should be declared "dangerous."

Her ladyship knew all this when she uttered the words—"To-morrow you skate."

In the first place, it is essential that the fair pupil should be able to use her foot freely, and this can only be done by reefing up the petticoats ankle-high, after the fashion of a Swiss maiden. If, as was the case with our Zenobia, nature has carefully finished her work from ankle to toe, it is a great treat to all men of elegant tastes to enjoy this innocent exhibition, which comes but once a year.

Is it not also delightfully suggestive to feel how thoroughly the pretty trembling creature is dependent upon you for her safety? How precious you have become in her sight! If you leave her but for an instant her eyes follow you sorrowfully, and her voice pleads coaxingly as she totters. She beseeches, she entreats you to return. The modest beauty, who an hour since blushed as she shook your hand, now clings to your arm as if you were her only hope in life; and let me tell you, Sirs, to be squeezed about and cuddled by little hands no bigger than paper-weights will, if continued for long, affect the brain, and make you see "double."

The greatest luxury of love is its sense of protection, and curiously enough it both precedes and follows love. That the fragile innocent is so entirely at your mercy makes the heart tender and careful. Absorbed by her fear, she forgets all the governess has taught her as to her proper behavior before gentlemen; her coaxing appeals are entreating enough to be thought affectionate; and before twenty minutes have flown the heart frizzles on the grill, and your destiny is cooked.

On the eventful morning when the nervous Zenobia, sacrificing herself to her mamma's wishes, ventured on the ice it seemed to her as if she had exchanged her legs for two highly-tempered foils, which bent and wriggled under the weight of her body.

When left to herself her ankles began to twist in and out, while the wind, rushing with violence against her full skirts, forced her to describe a half circle, and placed her with her back toward the gay Lieutenant, who was flourishing a figure of eight in the distance.

Unable to behold the only creature who could help her, alarmed at the sudden fit of bobbing which jerked her body into a hundred attitudes, she exclaimed, in piercing accents:

"Lieutenant Hallen, come! come! I want you! Oh, quick! quick!"

Yet he came not. She felt she must fall.

"Dear Mr. Hallen," she cried again. "Oh, please do! You must; oh, do—now!"

Still her appeal was unanswered. Already her body bent forward so that she could distinctly see her skates; her arms and fingers were extended; when, forgetting every thing but her hopes for assistance, she allowed these pathetic words to betray the secret of her heart:

"Oh come! come! dearest Mr. Hallen! I am sure I shall fall! Make haste! Oh, Mr. Charles, dear Charles, I know I shall fall! Please! Oh, dearest Charley, I'm certain I shall! Oh! oh! oh!"

A manly arm was round her waist, and raised her tenderly. It was the first time she had uttered his Christian name, and the effect electrified his very knees.

Another great peril which the professor of skating must be prepared to encounter arises from cold fingers. The young lady, fatigued with having to twirl her arms and jerk her body about like a boy walking on a wall, or exhausted by the violence of her attitudes—now bending suddenly forward as if the middle joints had suddenly given way, and now throwing herself backward as though a wasp had flown at her nose—at length struggles toward some object for support, and clings to it with the clutch of despair. Then the fingers begin to freeze.

By the time her professor comes to her aid she could not, though a thousand yards of the richest silk were the wager, fasten his shirt button. The most reasonable and expedient way to warm cold fingers is to press them between two warm palms. As the grateful girl feels the heat return, she murmurs—"Oh, how nice!"

The professor is apt to misconstrue this expression, and take it as a personal compliment, and there have been cases when he has been so loth to part with the pretty fingers that he has proposed keeping the little hand for the longest period man can call his own.

Several times did the gallant Lieutenant yield himself up to the sweet influences of the skating lessons.

The sprightly Zenobia was a quick scholar, and in a short time she could run races with her tutor and romp with him in the delights of the sport. On one occasion they ran against one another, and had to cling tightly to each other to save the fall; and the position was so poetically suggestive that the brave soldier felt how much better it would be to make a clean breast of his troubled bosom and end his sufferings.

He taught her "to do" the inner and outer edge of the circle; they practiced quadrilles, and she learned how to skate out her own name in the snow-drift. As she executed these difficult performances, one leg slightly elevated *à la Taglioni*, the arms waving gracefully, and the body undulating to the alternate skate, the Lieutenant gazed in silent wonder, while his heart bounded like a foot-ball.

But the crisis did not declare itself until one afternoon when the straps on dear Zen's left foot—her prettiest foot—caused her such intense pain she was obliged to sit upon the icy bank and allow the compassionate Charles to unbuckle the cruel thongs.

He, humbly kneeling, performed the charitable office; but lo! the unkind skate removed, instead of liberating the little foot, he still retained his hold, and as it rested on his palm gazed on it intensely like unto one consulting a watch. He was filled with admiration and tenderness.

The miraculous influence which small feet exert over sensitive minds is such that reason has been known to totter on its throne. That celebrated maker of ladies' boots, Monsieur Lehocks, is frequently obliged to send his young gentlemen of the trying-on room to the sea-side to renew their shattered systems.

The Lieutenant gazed on the little foot, and then bowing his head as if in worship kissed the patent-leather tip as reverentially as if the toe had been the Pope's. Still resting on his knees, he implored the agitated Zenobia to bestow on him her foot in marriage, and she—sweet blushing thing—referred him to her mamma.

On her wedding-day she wore kid bottines of a most delicate peach-color. He was happy!

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A FEW weeks ago we recommended those who had any curiosity to see a genuine, old-fashioned New England snow-storm to make a trip "Down East." We take back our advice. It is not worth any thing. Such a journey is totally unnecessary. An old-fashioned snow-storm has been imported into New York city. It arrived about the middle of last week, and only differed from the genuine originals in duration. But for one entire day it raged in the true style, which is quite familiar to denizens of Maine and Vermont, but which is not so intimately known to dwellers in our city. But last week it snowed, and blowed, and drifted. Streets, sidewalks, back-yards and front-yards, door-steps and window-sills were piled with feathery masses to the immense delight of frolicsome juveniles, and to the great annoyance of every housekeeper. At least one extra servant was needed to dispose of the incessant troop of men and boys, armed with shovels and brooms, who insisted upon tossing your snow from one side of the yard to the other. Just as if Æolus and all his aids were not tossing it enough without any terrestrial assistance! No use to shovel snow out of one's yard until the Elements have done shoveling it in!

The truth is, we have had a tremendous snow-storm—its equal has not been known among us for many years. Sleigh-bells jingle in our streets right merrily, and we are having a taste of rare amusements as a counterpoise to the unusual number of frosty days. People complain that we have had an extra amount of cold weather this winter. Certainly our toes and noses vote against it just at present. But December and January must be put in the scales with July and August—taking the four months together, there is no cold to spare, though we might desire it to be more equally distributed.

Several prominent gentlemen in this city are interested in an effort which is being made to establish a boarding-house for workwomen. It is proposed to obtain a house in a central neighborhood, to furnish it neatly but inexpensively, to oblige those occupying it to conform to certain rules, to place it under the charge of a competent matron, and to put the price of board at the lowest possible rate which will at once cover the daily expenses and secure the class of women for whom the house is designed. Comfortable board is now enormously high, and such an institution, properly conducted, and made home-like, would be a blessing to many.

It was recently decided in the Court of Common Pleas in this city that in the phrase, "Will not be liable for an amount exceeding $50 upon any article," which is usually upon the check of a baggage expressman, the word "*article*" may be applied to each item of the contents of the trunk, and not merely to the trunk itself.

A novel custom has been introduced into some of the Southern States. It is reported from North Carolina that a wedding was recently celebrated in Raleigh, at which the guests, receiving the usual cards of invitation, were required to pay an entrance fee of five dollars, and after entering the charmed precincts were required to pay five dollars more for refreshments. The money was turned over to the bride and groom, who had taken this method of raising money to start on their journey through life. The fortunate couple are said to be from among "the upper crust of darkeydom."

A Portland paper says that the fire is still burning in the ruins of Brown's sugar-house—six months from the time of the great conflagration. Considering the amount of rain and snow which has fallen in the interval, it seems wonderful that the fire should have kept alive so long.

Mrs. Burdell-Cunningham, who obtained such an unenviable notoriety some ten years ago, resides in a small town of Lower California. She has been engaged there in superintending the operations of a silver mine purchased by herself, and has displayed remarkable energy and capacity for business.

The oldest stove in the United States, if not in the world, is that which warms the hall of the Capitol of Virginia, in Richmond. It was made in England and sent to Virginia in 1777. The great republic of America has been torn by civil war, the breaches partly healed, and still the old stove has remained unmoved in the midst of all.

A writer from San Francisco in discoursing upon fashion, shopping, and other kindred topics as they appear in his vicinity, says:

"There are four articles that woman requires on this earth to enable her to lead a calm and placid life—diamonds, a lace shawl, a camel's hair, and a set of furs a little better than those of her intimate and particular friend; and faith they are pardonable weaknesses, and a man who can afford the expenditure, and don't make it, is a curmudgeon, and don't know the value of peace and quietness."

Some unfortunate, once the proud possessor of a silk umbrella, but who was deprived of it on a chance visit at some city church, thus mildly makes complaint:

"It is to be feared that church-members, above reproach in the general tenor of their lives, will sometimes select from a pile of umbrellas one which they are not sure belongs to them, and will let it hang on their rack, or devote it to household use, with but little concern about the rights of the true owner. Others of equally good character will borrow one and wear it out, never mentioning their delinquency nor thinking of offering payment."

The irresistible inclination which children—whether small or of larger growth—have to do what they are gratuitously told *not* to do, is pretty well illustrated by the following anecdote, whether it be a true one or not:

"A young married man being about to leave home, said to his wife: 'Now, Julia, you may do any thing you please while I am away, except ride Jowler, the house-dog.' 'Ride Jowler! what do you mean?' 'Never mind, only I warn you not to ride Jowler.' When the husband came home Julia had a black eye and an arm in a sling. 'Why, Julia, what's the matter?' 'Well, you told me not to ride Jowler, and I thought it must be very nice, or you wouldn't have told me not to do it, so I got on his back, and he threw me down stairs.'"

From a London journal we quote the following "antidote" to hydrophobia. It appears that a certain German forest-keeper, eighty-two years old, not wishing to carry to the grave an important secret, has published in a German paper a recipe he has used for fifty years, and which, he says, has saved several men and a great number of animals from a horrible death by hydrophobia. The bite must be bathed as soon as possible with warm vinegar and water, and when this has dried, a few drops of muriatic acid poured upon the wound will destroy the poison of the saliva, and relieve the patient from all present or future danger.

A French work recently published maintains that every ten thousand five hundred years the waters of the sea pass from one pole to the other, submerging and overwhelming in their passage the earth and all its inhabitants. According to the author of this theory the last of these deluges occurred four thousand five hundred years ago; the next one is due in six thousand years more. Such a remote calamity as this is not personally alarming to us.

An English paper has the following item:

"A lady from a neighboring village last week had her likeness taken by a photographist, and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original."

This reminds us of a little anecdote told of Fénélon. It seems that Fénélon, who had often unsuccessfully applied to Richelieu for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other, "it was so like you."

Not many weeks since a young lad in Ireland, while employed in a room which was undergoing some alterations, found under the flooring a mass of honey weighing over 120 pounds, the fruits of many years' industry of the busy insects. The proper precautions having been taken, the monster honey-comb was made secure by the fortunate finder.

A coroner's inquest in London recently brought to light the following sad story: A man and his four children, following the occupation of artificial flower-makers, had an extensive order for wreaths of artificial flowers for one of the Christmas pantomimes. Night and day for ninety-six hours had these poor people stuck to their work so as to have it ready in time; and this, the father stated, he had been frequently compelled to do in order to earn bread for his family. At the close of the fourth day their labors were suddenly stopped by the upsetting of a candle, which simple accident resulted in the burning to death of one of the unfortunate man's children, and the destruction of the whole fruits of the ninety-six hours' constant work.

The highly refined often envy rude and uncultivated races their beautiful teeth. It is said that the Arabs are blessed with remarkably white teeth—a circumstance which is attributed to the almost exclusive use of "couscoussou" as an article of food, and as coffee without sugar as a beverage, besides water. But this is not all; the Arabs rinse their mouths several times at the beginning of each of their four daily ablutions, and thereby any small alimentary particle that may have stuck between the teeth is carried away. They also chew about once a week a bit of bark of a tree, called "sooat," and which seems to be akin to the walnut-tree; the bark must not, however, be chewed until it is reduced to the consistency of a pulp, but, when softened by the saliva, it is taken out, the teeth are rubbed with it, and then wiped with the burnous, which is white.

A comical quarrel was begun in a public street in Paris, a short time since, by a gentleman who roughly accosted a working-man, and accused him of swindling. "You sold me," he said, "a pomade to make my hair grow; see, my head is as smooth as a piece of leather." "Sir," answered the vendor of ointment, "you wrong me. There are lands where the best seed won't grow. It is not the fault of the seed; it is the soil." The gentleman did not continue the discussion.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SHADOW WITHOUT A SUBSTANCE.—The shadow of a doubt.

"And ye have taken the teetotal pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman.

"Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it aither."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach."

A BAD BEGINNING.—The end of the marriage service.

A Down East paper has the following local notice: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantaloons on which never spoke afterward."

### STANZA IN THE LUCID STYLE.

The sun sinks in emerald glory,
  Like snakes in the sea.
There are many not old who are hoary:
  There are slaves that are free.
Dost thou love me? No. Else thou wouldn't bite me,
  And sting like a bee!

"I am rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such good health," said Edwin to his Julia. "Health! I have had the plague ever since I was married," was Julia's response.

Why are the sun and moon like a marriage contract?—Because they govern the tide.

Why is a divorce like high-water-mark on the sea-coast?—Because it is the termination of the tied.

SCENE.—*Third story hall of the Metropolitan Hotel. Waiter with a pitcher of hot water in his hand.*

WAITER (*knocking at a door*).—"Hot water, Sir!"

VOICE FROM WITHIN.—"What sort of a morning is it?"

WAITER.—"Freezing hard, Sir!"

VOICE.—"Then call me when there's a thaw."

### OFT IN THE CHILLY NIGHT.

Oft in the chilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I pull the blankets tight,
  And tuck them close around me.
    Yet often still
    Feel dreadful chill,
  Without of warmth a token,
    From bitter winds,
    Through tatter'd blinds
  And window-shutters broken!
So in the chilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I pull the blankets tight,
  And tuck them close around me!

When I remember all
  The times in wintry weather
That sheets and blankets fall
  From off my couch together!
    I really dread
    To go to bed,
  Lest after some hours' dozin',
    Without a quilt,
    I'd waken "kilt,"
  And find myself half frozen.
So in the chilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
I pull the blankets tight,
  And tuck them close around me.

"Sambo, wy am dat nigger down dar in de hole ob de boat like a chicken in de egg?" "I gives um up." "Bekase he couldn't get out if it wasn't for de hatch."

What paper has the largest circulation?—Counterfeit 50 cent currency.

Why is a gardener like the balance-wheel of a watch?—Because he regulates the beets.

THE MATRIMONIAL CIRCUS.—The only ring in which the whip should not be used is the wedding ring. Whenever it is used you may put it down as a badly-managed circle, that is a disgrace to the ring.

### THE "BOARDER'S LAMENT."

[*Tune*—"Saw My Leg Off."]

Hash for breakfast,
Hash for dinner,
Hash for supper,
Hash!

### A PARCEL OF PROVERBS.

If the cap fits, wear it—out.

Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.

None so deaf as those who won't hear—hear! hear!

Faint-heart never won fair lady—nor dark one either.

Civility costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit.

The best of friends must part—their hair.

Any port in a storm—but old port preferred.

One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.

Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm—very sea-sick.

When is a ship like the most profitable hen?—When she lays too.

### GOOD ADVICE.

HUSBAND. "Mary, my love, this apple-dumpling is not half done."

WIFE. "Well, finish it, then, my dear."

### CURIOUS CHINESE DEFINITIONS OF MAN.

The Inquisitive Man thrusts his head into a bee-hive.

The Contented Man cuts his own hair.

The Extravagant Man keeps his coals in a volcano.

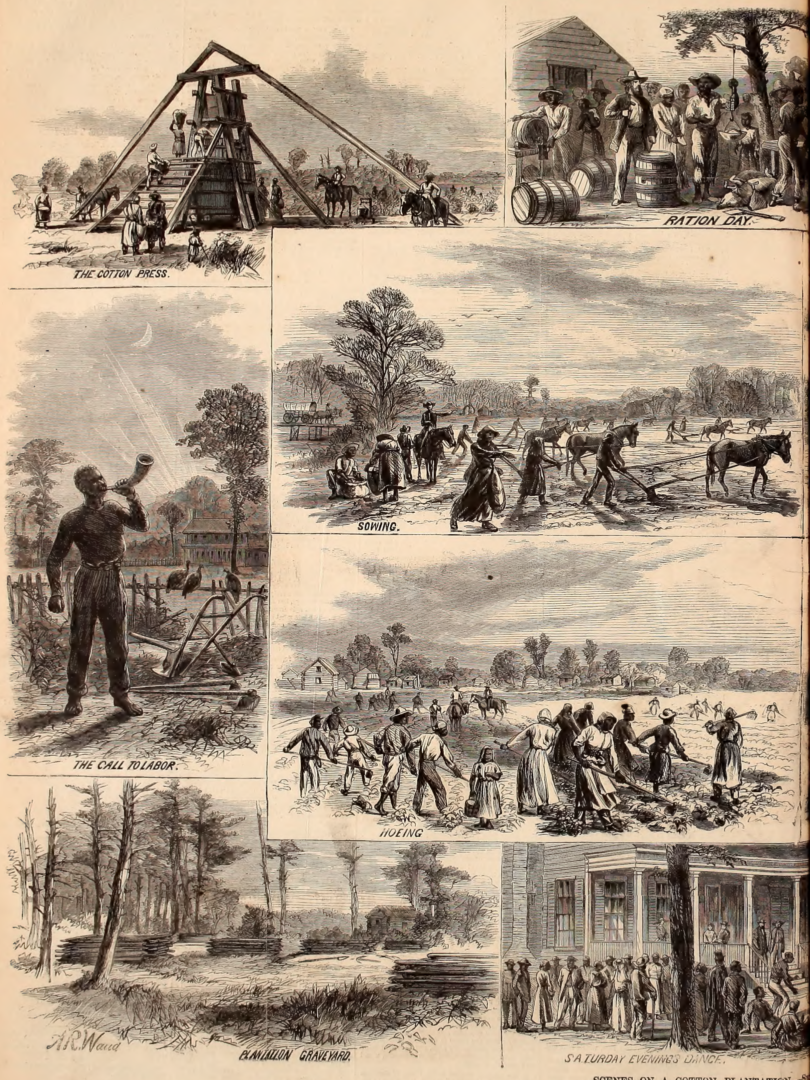
The Hasty Man drinks his tea with a fork.

The Reckless Man is like a dog in a sausage shop.

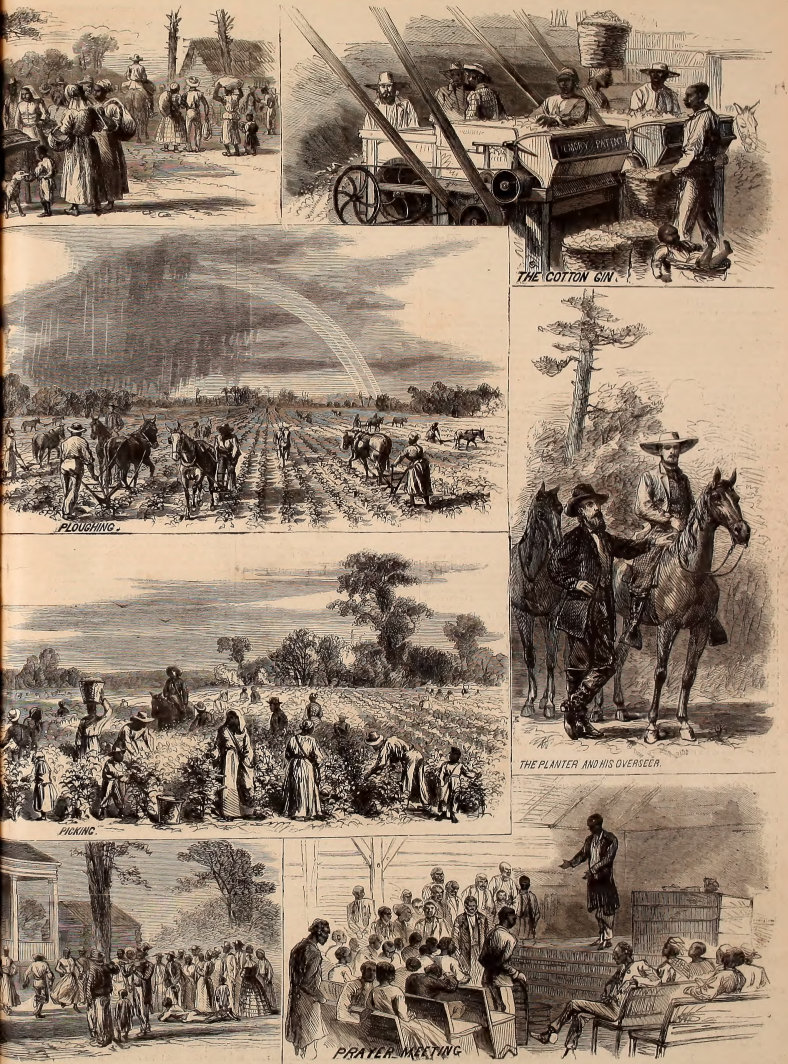
The Passionate Man picks his teeth with the tail of a dragon.

SHORT BUT AFFECTING DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.—A cruel step-father unmercifully beat his two step-sons. The elder went for a soldier; the younger went for a policeman.

Men are like wagons; they rattle most when there's nothing in them.




SCENES ON A COTTON PLANTATION.—S



THE COTTON GIN.

PLOUGHING.

THE PLANTER AND HIS OVERSEER.

PICKING.

PRAYER MEETING

TCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 69.]

## EMBROIDERY.

PLY the needle and bend the head,
  The tapestry of life must be
Colored with many a curious thread
  Of ebon and of ivorie.

Skeins of orange and purple and blue,
  First take and 'broider into flowers,
Fair types of those sweet ones that strew
  The pathway of our earliest hours;

With here and there a sombre thread,
  To show where the faint shadows fall,
When, truants from our books, we fled
  To loiter in the hazel dell;

Or wandering under woodlands dim,
  Beside the trout-stream quick and cool,
In learning how to fish or swim,
  Neglected lessons taught at school:—

Ply the needle and bend the head,
  The brightest of bright colors take,
Amber yet moist from its sea-bed,
  Violet amethyst and lake;

Twining them into beauteous shapes,
  To true-love knots and hearts akin,
Roses and trellis-work, where grapes
  Hang down in glossiness of skin;

Showing the seasons, when with rare
  Fond thoughts our pulses danced in glee,
And, lit by love, the earth shone fair
  As sunset on a tropic sea:—

Ply the needle and bend the head,
  Take threads of sad and sable hue,
Then pensive for our dear ones dead,
  Shape drooping cypress and dark yew;

For sorrow, on the track of youth,
  Comes swiftly with unflagging wing,
And manhood brings to light the truth
  We saw not for the leaves of spring.

With softest wool of Afric's dye,
  Memorials make, each ebon spot
Will tell of hopes that bloomed to die,
  Of friends whose memories serve them not.

The sweet rosemary, bitter rue,
  Must on the varied web appear,
But with them violets of rare blue,
  White lilies such as martyrs wear.

Joining the beauteous with the sad,
  As rainbows over clouds are thrown,
To teach that God would have us glad,
  Despite all epitaphs on stone.

## GRUMPER.

"LOOK here, gentlemen," said Grumper, gruffly; "what is the good now? Aren't you always at it, and isn't the charitable slough bigger and blacker than ever it was? The good comes to the top, and the dregs filter into our slums and alleys, and breed thieves there. It is a natural law that there should be such scum, as there are snakes and bats and mosquitoes, the Lord knows why! What are you going to do about it, so long as you can't let in a second flood and wash the back streets of the city clear of them? And what have I got to do with it? One of you, gentlemen, talked about brotherhood. People are naked and hungry because they are vicious, and I don't own to such brothers as that. I say, help those that help themselves. I started on a capital of two hands, willing to work, and worked my way up to the salary of Burlaps and Tackem's head book-keeper. I say, let them do the same; and they'll do it a good deal sooner, in my opinion, gentlemen, if you charitable folks will let them alone, and make them understand—*make* them understand—that there is to be no coddling. They are to work or starve."

Mr. Grumper brought his hand down heavily on the table, and looked as unrelenting as Pluto. In fact, this "piece of his mind," as he called it, was not only a characteristic sample, but his most cherished opinions and prejudices went into the weaving of it, and he habitually kept a large stock on hand for the benefit of such charitable folk as were unlucky enough to call on him. So, having bowed out the discomfited committee, he went up stairs to bed with that warm glow in his breast popularly supposed to be the symptom of a kind action.

As usual, before retiring, Grumper turned out the gas, and groped the way to his pillow; but not, as usual, as he crossed the hearth-rug, the dark widened and expanded about him. He stretched out his arms, but touched nothing, although his dressing-bureau should have been almost under his hand. He attempted to find the gas-burner, and walked through unaccountable spaces—considering that his room was not made of gutta-percha—but his fingers found neither wall, table, nor bracket. He was conscious also of a new atmosphere striking upon him with uncomfortable rawness, and of a singular sense of tenuity within himself, and, while he hesitated, was startled by a sudden dash of light and a shriek below him. I say below him. Grumper's position was peculiar. He was looking down into his own sleeping-room at a large, solid Grumper, prone on the hearth-rug, and at his daughter Janet, trying frantically to lift this Grumper in her arms.

The inference was unpleasant, and Grumper experienced that ghostly emotion which is equivalent to breaking out in a cold perspiration for earthly bodies; but his first utterance was worthy of that excellent man of business, Burlaps and Tackem's head book-keeper:

"I haven't saved a cent. Poor Janet! That is," brightening a little, "if I am really dead." Not that there should have been any rational doubt on that score; but Grumper, like those who are still in the body, was slow to believe disagreeable facts, and stuck by fag-ends of hope about trances, catalepsy, and the like, till the doctor came and declared, with unction, that the body had been dead an hour at least. Then Grumper felt that he was dead indeed, though in point of time the doctor was wrong. It was just twenty-five minutes by the time-piece on the mantle since he had stepped across the rug and out of his body.

It is generally supposed that when we quit our houses of clay we walk out of them as we do out of other furnished houses, taking none of the appanages with us. But if this be the rule, then Grumper's case is the exception; for while they arranged his funeral below his poor old ghost sat up above, and worried about his Janet, left without kith or kin, more careful and anxious than ever he had been in the flesh, with the addition of a wider vision, over, of course, a wider field of worry, and a vexed sense of the folly of a being reduced to the consistence of whipped syllabub, troubling himself at all about solid interests.

While he was in this anxiety John Goodabricke came to condole with Janet.

John, put him where you liked, and look at him whenever you chose, was a plain man; forty years old, twenty-one years older than Janet. He was in love with Janet, of course, in the most awkward, possible way; and, being shy in her company, was without the advantage before her of a certain rugged show of strength and fidelity that procured him respect in other society; and Janet would doubtless have refused him if it had not been for a meddlesome woman; but she, Janet I mean, was only a grown-up baby, with lovely brown eyes; used to do as she was bid by one who sat in the arm-chair of evenings; and now the arm-chair was empty, and a desolate silence had fallen over the house, and she listened readily enough to the first voice that addressed her with authority.

"La! my dear!" said this voice. "Why, I call this providential! Here are you without a place for your head, and I can tell you there are dozens of girls with homes and friends that would jump at John Goodabricke. There isn't a stick of furniture in his house that's poor; I have been in it, and I should know; and he's a kind man, and will make you a good husband, my dear, if you have the wit to take him."

So the lonely little girl married John Goodabricke, because she was bid, and luckily had not the courage to do otherwise—showing that cowardice is sometimes as good as common sense, and that here and there a meddlesome one may be excused for living.

*Nunc dimittis*, chanted Grumper from the ceiling, and thought that now he should indeed depart in peace; but some attraction, certainly not gravitation, still held him fast there, stuck in a corner, like a child's balloon, and making him spitefully recall his funeral sermon, in which the minister had assured his friends that he, Grumper, had done forever with earthly anxieties, and was now at rest. Also, Grumper was much perplexed, because it appeared to him that he had died, and that his funeral had been dispatched, Janet married, and a little Rob grown under his eyes, to walking alone all on that Christmas-eve, on which he had dismissed the charitable committee—which was a manifest absurdity—wherefore he justly concluded that having done with time he no longer comprehended it, and had lost the method of dividing eternity into days and years. Did John and Janet build their nest in the house celebrated by the voice, "in which there wasn't a stick of furniture that was poor?" Grumper could not have told you. He was growing dull about certain earthly surroundings that he had once considered of first importance, and wide-awake about atmospheres, and influences, and things of that sort, formerly ignored by him as a practical man; but he knew that his poor, thin consistence warmed almost to life in Janet's sunny housekeeping. Janet went about light-footed and lighter hearted, with here a bit of a song and there a laugh, and a romp with Rob, and you might have said that the whole house bloomed in her hands and in her colors. Rob grew lustily, and had Janet's lovely eyes, and his father's shoulders, and a look that Janet often declared "was like poor pa!" at which poor pa was always inclined to whimper. It is so pleasant to be remembered, even if you are a ghost. All day long Rob turned the house upside down, and Janet followed settling it, pretending to scold, but with a smile in her eyes, and secretly thinking that he was the cleverest, the tallest, and the sweetest boy of his age; and at night, when Rob was safe in bed, she recounted his badness to John, and they chuckled over it together. For John, he bettered with age, like oaks and old wine, and it was quite wonderful the way in which he doted on Janet, and in which she loved him back again, unless you consider that love, like charity, leaves you richer for lavishing it; and here was John's case; also, that there are two kinds of love—the first is struck out, like a spark, from external circumstances, and is as long-lived as other sparks. The second is the natural and constant growth from fidelity, tenderness, and magnanimity; and here was Janet's case.

Yet Grumper saw a shadow. Where he first spied it, or whence it fell, not even his subtle perception could detect; but it was there. Was it in Janet? She sat on her husband's knee, twisting his grizzled hair on her slender finger and—hear her:

"I like to say over how good you have been to me," she tells him in her soft, caressing voice, "for that is counting my treasure—all rich folks do that; and I think now it is all the better, John, because, at first, I hardly loved you; that is, not so very much. You are my book, you see; and you were given to me shut up; and you know, Sir, you are not a pretty book, and you are written in crabbed letters; and the foolish child—that is me—would have liked better, perhaps, at first, if you had been a Child's Own Book, in gay colors and large letters, that I should have read once, and thrown aside forever; while you, dear book"—with her arms close about his neck—"make me better and wiser for reading; and I like every reading better: and now, John, you are my priceless treasure—twice mine, for I discovered you; I found you out first, you know. You were not to be read at a glance, like the Child's Own Book, and I was the first you took to your heart; and I like to think it, for I believe I am a jealous little woman, John."

"Such a battered book! so roughly bound!" answers John, fondly, yet uneasily. "Who besides you would have cared to read it, Janet?"

"Plenty," says Janet, positively; and so bright and triumphant in the conviction that all womankind would have snapped eagerly at her John if they could have seen him within reach, that she never sees him wince under her exultation; but Grumper looks anxiously at this treasure of a John and at the shadow, barring the cheerful fire-light and falling around them both. "Is it, then, in John?" asks Grumper of himself.

A long pull at the bell startled Janet from her seat. "Well, I never!" cried Janet, in a bustle, and running to pull out chairs and straighten the rug: "do you go, John. I wonder who it is!" for their bell was seldom pulled of evenings.

There never was such a guilty John. He was red and undecided in the legs, and stammering all at once; and, "I think," he said at last, in a weak voice, "that it is likely to be Miss Marle."

"Miss Marle!" echoed Janet.

"I told her," explained John, much flurried, and with his hand on the door, "to bring her trunk—for a time—an old friend's child—" What miserable work he made of it! He grew almost angry. "I am sure I told you, Janet," he said, sharply, and banged the door. "Sure he told her!" oh, John! such a foolish lie! when you knew, and she knew that you knew, that you had never told her! and you knew, and she knew that you knew, that she had never heard the name before! Janet stood quite still, looking at the fire, feeling vaguely frightened if any thing; and the shadow came up broadly over the hearth and darkened in her eyes; and John came up the stairs, bumping Miss Marle's trunk hardily about and talking loud, and stopped at the door to hearten himself and pull out his furtive face into its honest look before he should say, Janet, my dear, Miss Marle. Janet opened the door. "Janet, my dear," said John. Janet lifted her eyes. John felt that he turned sneaking. "Miss Marle," he finished, hastily. The shadow filled the room and struck it cold and cheerless on the instant.

Miss Marle was possibly eighteen—a tall girl; she would have made two of Janet; a dazzling girl in light colors: with the sunniest hair, and such a mass of it; the clearest pink and white in her cheeks; the shapeliest hand, and the bluest eyes, smiling roguishly, and with evident understanding and astounding assurance in John's uneasy, downcast face.

"How do you do, Miss Marle?" said Janet, nippingly; and then grew suddenly and furiously red. Providentially, at that moment, that blessed Rob set up a howl from an inner room—else who knows what would have happened next?

John looked after her as she shut the door, and dropping his discomfort like a mask, turned a face, full of loving satisfaction, on Miss Marle, who still stood in the door—Janet had not asked her to sit down, the remorseless little woman!—"And how lovely you have grown, my pet," said John, admiringly, passing a great arm about her slender waist.

"And how grizzly you have grown, my pet," returned Miss Marle, pulling maliciously at his whiskers, and calling him fond, saucy little names, as Janet had called him half an hour ago. "The dullest darling!" said Miss Marle, laying her pink cheek on his; "he couldn't have had a guiltier face if he had come to murder his Janet outright and the knife was in his pocket."

"Poor Janet!" said John, stroking the smooth cheek, but with a pained, regretful jar in his voice. He was thinking how she said, with her arms about his neck, "I like to believe that, John, for I am a jealous little woman;" and so Janet saw them, coming back from Rob, by whom she had taken herself to task. "You angry, jealous, spiteful woman!" says Mrs. Janet to herself. "To hurt your dear, good, faithful John when he looked at least to see you civil to his old friend's child. Perhaps he did forget. Was he to have this girl forever on his mind?" and coming back, in this reasonable and compliant state, saw her husband kiss Miss Marle's fresh lips and gently take his arm from about her waist.

"Janet will be back soon now," said this monstrous John, while Janet stands behind him in the door. "Never," sighed Janet, creeping away in the dark to Rob's bed again.

A chill came upon the room. John stirred the fire, but it sulked and smouldered. Between the chill, a moaning wind without, and Janet's absence, John saddened, and went to look for her. She heard him coming, and jumping into bed by Rob, was fast asleep when he opened the door. He looked, and stole back to Miss Marle, who sat by the fire listening to the storm, her shining hair tumbled about her shoulders—a beauty in rose and snow and gold worth looking at; but John sat drearily staring at the hearth. Miss Marle started.

"What is that? Something like a cold breath passed me," she said, shuddering.

The door below closed softly; but as it closed Grumper floated out, and followed close along the dark and windy streets a woman carrying a boy in her arms.

John Goodabricke on his way to bed saw a paper pinned and fluttering from Janet's great, frilled toilet cushion, and stopped to look at it. "Dear John," said the paper. "What is this?" asked John, with a start. "Dear John," said the paper, "I believed in you just as I did in the Bible. You made me feel that you were faithful as that makes me feel that it is true. Every line in your face is honest; every word you say rings true; and I saw you kiss Miss Marle, and take your arm away from her, because, you said, Janet would be back soon now. So I run away from you lest I should go crazy wondering how the truth could be a liar. I think I have a right to Rob, for you will have Miss Marle, and I nothing. And I have taken a little of your money. I know you will not care; and I shall need it at first, if only for Rob's sake. Good-by. —JANET."

John dropped the paper, and made one stride to the bed. It was empty. His heart began to beat as if it would burst out of his breast. "Janet!" he called, "Janet!" throwing open the doors; and his voice was so hoarse and thick that it frightened even himself. He tore back the bolts and ran frantically into the street, and the storm met him, and beat bitterly against him while he stood looking by the faint glimmer of the lamps along the dark, wet causeway. The strong man grew faint, and his knees shook under him. "To think," he groaned, "of Janet staggering through this with Rob! My tender, timid little lamb! Oh, Janet!"

Janet had taken thirty dollars of "John's money," as she called it: a tolerable capital, she thought, in her simplicity, with two hands willing to work. She had her father's pet phrase aptly on her tongue; and up and down the streets she walked seeking work, and finding none; and up and down these streets followed Grumper mournfully, his heart very sore, and some of his foundation-principles getting loose and shaky. Rob, patient little fellow, staid at home; "the best boy in the world," Janet said—so good, in fact, he made her heart ache! And every day she came home without work for those willing, unskillful little hands; and every night she counted her money by way of improving on this heart-ache. There were plenty of places, but Janet did not fit in them. She was too young, and too pretty, and too slender, and too shy, and too proud, and too ignorant of every thing. The money dwindled and dwindled, and Janet hired a room in a tenement house, and moved there with Rob and Grumper. Oddly enough, on entering Grumper was almost blown out again on a whiff of air made by the brisk descent down the dirty stairs of a stout gentleman—the speaker of the charitable committee; and the poor old ghost, forgetting that he was invisible, curled himself up as small as possible lest the man should say: "You here! who acknowledge no fellowship with those who work their way down to tenement houses?"

The money dwindled and dwindled; and Janet had no work yet, except a bit of sewing here and there, not enough to buy them coals, though the Christmas-tide was drawing near. All circumstances conspired against her; for ill chances are like the Forty Thieves. They all steal into the house where one has made his mark. Janet came to the last dollar. Janet spent it, cent by cent, with fear and terror. Janet was without a cent. You would hardly have known the child; she had grown so pale and wild. Rob, who had nearly broken her heart, by saying, when he saw her wet eyes, "I am not *very* cold, mamma!" began to pipe now, "I am not *very* hungry, mamma!" When she heard that Janet grew ghastly, and giving Rob her crust, went out, hungry, cold, broken-hearted, and desperate, into the merry streets, full of merry people, smiling papas and mammas, loaded with curious bundles, going cheerfully about in a world dazzling with snow and sunshine, and dizzy with swift darting sleighs, that made Janet's head reel as she walked with feeble, uncertain steps. Her head swam; her eyes were dim. I do not think she was very certain of any thing, except that a patient little baby boy, who was not *very* hungry, waited for her at home. In this way, Grumper following, she went on, turning aimlessly down one street and up another, till she found herself, rather from instinct than intention, before John Goodabricke's door.

"I will ask John," said Janet, dreamily. "He will not let Rob starve," and rang the bell. A woman answered it; a stranger, who stared at Janet.

"Mr. Goodabricke! He don't live here now. He has let the house."

"Gone with Miss Marle!" said Janet to herself, in a leaden way, and stumbled on. Twilight came early; but the crowd grew in the street. Christmas-eve, you know, and every body was out, buying, smiling, chatting, pushing their way good-humoredly; now and then one turning a head to look after Janet, sitting with an aimless face on a step. The stores began to blaze with lights. "Rob will be alone in the dark, and so hungry," said Janet to herself, and got on her feet. Hungry and likely to starve in this great city! "No, he shall not starve," vows Janet, with a gleam of the old fire. She went into the first shop, a bakery as it happened. One or two of the people stared at her in answer, but no one gave. "He shall not starve!" muttered Janet, slipping quickly out of the door and around a corner. "That woman put a loaf under her shawl," says one in surprise to the burly man behind the counter. A boy darted to the door and yelled, "Stop thief!" "Stop thief!" echoed the people without. Janet hears, going down her dark street. "For Rob," she says to herself, and starts on a feeble run; loses breath, grows sick, grows dizzy. The strength is out of her knees; there is a roaring in her ears; and Grumper stops, shivering and bemoaning himself; filled with a dark dread, pierced with bitter anguish, but through it all keenly conscious of a deep want of respectability in the position; himself without a body, looking down on his daughter lying at the foot of a lamp-post, dead, or like dead, with a stolen loaf under her shawl.

The chase did not come their way. No one had seen Janet slip around the corner; but presently a stout man, with a girl hanging on his arm, came with a prosperous step down the echoing street, and looked at the figure dimly seen in the flaring light with deep disgust.

"Bah!" he said, "here is another case for our charitable ones! As if what was good did not always come to the top. It is the dregs that filters into our by-ways and shows us such things as this. What is the use of meddling with them? People who are naked and hungry are vicious or lazy, always! No doubt this woman here would suffer rather than work! No doubt she is drunk now; has been drunk fifty times before; will be drunk as often as she can get a chance. They are all alike."

The lady glanced at Janet and drew her dress aside as she passed on.

"I never can imagine what the motives and feelings of such creatures can be like," she said. "It seems to me they are not of the same—"

The wind carried away their voices and the echo of their steps. Close behind tramped a woman with a basket. She looked at Janet and set down her basket.

"Dear heart! here's a poor crathur now!" she said, lifting Janet's head, and then catching sight of the pale young face. "Och! but it is the mother of the swate little boy! Oh, poor sowl! and how iver'll I be afther gettin her home at all, at all!" Sure, and she's kilt with the hunger, I'm thinkin, and she so young! Worra, worra! if I but had her home onst!"

This was Mrs. O'Rooney, Janet's neighbor in the tenement house. "And do you not think," said a voice in Grumper's ear, "that it would be well to let in a second flood, and wash our lanes and alleys clear of such scum?"

To Rob, whimpering piteously in the dark, entered Mrs. O'Rooney, with warm milk and bread, and various insinuating ways, by which Rob was finally induced to take his supper and go to bed without mamma; and waking duly on the following morning, who should he find in the bed but said mamma, looking alarmingly pale, which fact, however, being a young gentleman of small experience, he did not notice. Janet smiled down on her darling, and called feebly for Mrs. O'Rooney, whom she was sure she had seen in the room before her last nap; but it happened that Mrs. O'Rooney was a person of varied accomplishments. One of these accomplishments was the art of reading, both print and writing, as she declared with pride. Kind Mrs. O'Rooney had been up betimes, washing out for Janet what she called "her bits of clothes;" and while thus engaged she came on a name, done in indelible ink, and in a firm, clear hand—Janet Goodabricke.

"Why, that is the name," cries Mrs. O'Rooney, spelling it letter by letter, "of the gintleman that Mary Killany does the washing for! A quare name it is! By the same token, she was telling me only yestreen"—here she stopped for a doubting look or two at the bed, where Janet slept unconscious, and then trotted out, the garment in hand, leaving Grumper in an ecstasy of hope and fear such as he had never felt in his mortal days, and her sentence unfinished. Wherefore no Mrs. O'Rooney answered Janet's faint call, and being too weak to get up, she dozed again, till Rob shouted in her ear; and rousing in a fright, she saw Rob capering like mad, and John looking at her with a grave face, that had aged and saddened miserably in that brief time since she had fled from him.

"Janet," he said, "my poor stray lamb! How could you be so cruel, Janet? You have nearly broken my heart!" And the water stood in his eyes.

Not yet sure that he was a flesh and blood John and not a dream, Janet looked at him wondering, and then about the room. Instantly the color flew up in her pale face. She had spied Miss Marle in a corner.

"Must you bring her even here?" she asked John, bitterly.

"Her!" repeated John, touching his lips to Janet's forehead. "Who? Helen, there. Why, you are going to be a worse step-mother than I thought, Janet."

"Step-mother!" Janet's brown eyes were wide open now, as she repeated the word. "Step-mother, John?"

"You called me once your book," answered John, speaking slowly and with perceptible effort. "Well, Janet, years before you had ever seen your book, and when it was not such a worn and battered old book as you see it now, there was written in it a story of a love and a marriage; and this story, which was madly sweet in the beginning, was so bitter in the end, that your John resolved to cut the leaves on which it was written quite out of his life. He put the little daughter, all that was left him of this marriage, away at school. He left the place where the story had been written. He detested all women, specially fair-haired, snow-white women, and he always said to himself he should never marry again till he saw you, Janet."

"Till he saw me!" repeated Janet, her eyes fixed on his face, but not without a thrill of triumph and an involuntary glance toward Miss Marle, when he came to the clause about fair-haired, snow-white women. "Yes; go on, John."

"This book," continued John, "crabbedly written in the beginning, and stiff and worn with time, had little in it to please, except Janet's fancy, that she had discovered it; and for that she loved it chiefly."

"Not chiefly, John," put in Janet, earnestly. "Don't say chiefly, John."

"I am telling what this stupid John thought to himself," pursued her husband, tightening his hold on the small hand she had laid in his. "And how should he tell her," he asked himself, "that he was rejected and despised—lightly read once, and thrown aside, as she said of the Child's Own Book, and had laid hopelessly on a corner of Time's shelf till she had picked him up and spelled him out anew? And so," said John, warming up to the first person, "I staved off the thought from day to day till there came a letter from my daughter. I had put her out of my home, and, as far as I could, out of my heart; but I could not send her adrift in the world, and adrift she was on the death of her aunt unless she came to me. So there was I stupidly struck of a heap; and by way of farther confounding myself I set up to be artful. She was a nice child of twelve when I saw her last, and I never guessed that she had grown into a beautiful woman. I said to myself, you were a pitiful and kind-hearted little Janet, and you would take to her as an orphan, and when you came to love each other telling would come easier, perhaps; and then— Janet!" he broke out suddenly, a look of pain and terror coming into his face, "where have you been? How have you lived; you and that other child?"

Janet took his hand and kissed it softly.

"I have you back, and I forget the rest," she said; "only this, John. Sometimes, in my pride and folly, I used to think that there were people who were born to art, and people who were born to trades, and people who did the sinning and desperation, and things of that sort; and that I had no more to do with them than I had with the painter's or ship-builder's craft; but your loving, happy little Janet is that desperate little Janet after whom people cried stop thief last night. The despair and the wickedness were there all ready in my heart, John; and I see now we are all of one family, not in a far-off way, on Sundays, but every day, and we should be pitiful, as to brothers, to those whom Christ was born to save, on this blessed Christmas morning."

"Yes; we should be pitiful, as to brothers, toward those whom Christ was born to save," gurgled Grumper, sniffing and sobbing, and woke. The fire was down, Grumper's neck was stiff, and his daughter Janet was shaking him by the arm.

"Merry Christmas!" cried Janet; "and why in the world did you sleep in your chair, papa?"

## IS SLAVERY DEAD?

DEAD! is it dead?
  Bury it deep! bury it deep!
Lest it should waken and raise its head
  Out of a *sleep*.

Dead! is it dead?
  Ring the bells that men may know
It goeth down to its burial bed,
  And let it go.

Dead! is it dead?
  Over its grave a tablet set,
And write: "By all that rule in dread
  This doom be met."

Dead! is it dead?
  Proclaim it to the universe:
"The storm is passed from overhead,
  And gone the curse."

Dead! is it dead?
  Roll the rock above its tomb,
And plant a new growth overhead,
  To rise and bloom.

Ring! the old tyrant's dead!
  The fair estate is free;
Ring for the brave new heir instead!
  Come, Liberty!

CARL SPENCER.

## SUCH IS RUSSIA.

I RESIDED in Russia for many years, and I must in justice say that I thoroughly enjoyed my life in its capital. Business succeeded well, my speculations prospered, my wealth was accumulating rapidly, and I felt that there was no extravagance in having luxuries, nor in allowing my family to enjoy them. We entered freely into society, and the Russians always treated us with the greatest kindness. Our children were growing up; the eldest had been educated in London, and had spent her holidays at her grandfather's, in Kent. A short time before we had been surprised by learning that she had formed an attachment with a young neighbor of theirs of good character.

As the season was almost too advanced for traveling the young people petitioned that they might be married in England; and we at last consented, with the proviso that they were to pay us a visit in the following spring. I need not, however, dwell upon our family. The night I speak of was in the depth of winter. Every thing was freezing, and only Russians or Canadians would dream of parties in such weather; but it was the height of the season in St. Petersburg, and the party we gave that evening was expected to go off brilliantly. Our friends were invited to come in masquerade, and we begged our intimates to try and disguise themselves effectually. Our rooms were already crowded, when a stranger, or at least a strange figure, addressed me, saying he was obliged to leave early, and he trusted I would follow his example in returning home: he hoped he should not see me again.

I was astonished by the odd address. At first I thought that he must have imbibed too freely of the sparkling wines in the refreshment-rooms, but then I remembered that they would hardly have been opened. Just then Count Vladimer came up and put his hand upon my shoulder, saying:

"I should scarcely trouble to carry a mask *in my hand* if I were you; for every one has seen your face, so you can not disguise yourself, even if you put it on. Pray! why are you looking so mystified?"

I repeated the words of my visitor, and said I could not forget them, although I knew they were of no consequence.

"I disagree with you," remarked my friend. "Those words must have been intended for a warning. I know that you have done many kindnesses to our people, and one of them has wished to put you on your guard."

"Oh! nonsense," I answered; but the Count persisted. He reminded me that he had known and liked me for years, and he earnestly begged me to act upon the warning. At any rate, if he found that there were grounds for his suspicions, that I would promise to act upon his advice.

"Very well," I said, and turned away.

In half an hour's time I met my friend, who whispered that he wished me to join him in the library, which we found deserted.

"My fears have been corroborated," said the Count; "you are suspected, and will be seized to-morrow, or at any moment, if you show signs of departure. You must quit St. Petersburg to-night."

"Nonsense!" I again repeated; "you do not suppose that I will leave my wife and children on the whispered joke of some scoundrel, perhaps?"

"I do not wish you to leave your wife and children," answered my friend; "take them with you, or possibly you may all be on the road to Siberia before you are aware, and it will be small comfort to you to know that you have done nothing wrong, and that perhaps in twenty years' time you may be acquitted. Be warned in time by a sincere well-wisher."

The Count's arguments had some effect, and I inquired what had best be done.

"Exchange dresses with me," was the answer; "but first order your people to pack a hamper full of eatables on the plea of a surprise for my children, and manage to have both wine and brandy included; then quietly tell your wife to collect her valuables, and conceal them upon her person—she fortunately is wearing her diamonds; then return, and we will change dresses."

This was soon done. My poor wife was one of those valuable women who could take a hint without stunning one with questions. Meanwhile I personated Count Vladimer as well as I was able, wearing the mask tightly fastened, as you may suppose.

The next time we met my kind friend told me that his carriage was fortunately both warm and large, and well supplied with furs, as they had had a long drive from their country seat. He thought our best plan would be to enter it as if we were leaving the party, get fresh horses at Iverskoy, and reach the frontiers with speed, while he and his wife would personate us as long as they could.

"But if there is any risk you will be more likely to suffer than a foreigner."

"Pardon me," he answered; "the Countess is nearly connected with the Empress, and a favorite at Court; and they could not allege that we had done any thing worthy of blame, for surely you might pay me a visit in the country without committing treason; and I could aver on oath that I had no suspicion that you had been guilty of any crime likely to drive you from the country. On second thoughts I think you had better leave your youngest child behind; he is too young to bear the journey, and I will promise that my wife will take the greatest care of him; and now prepare your family with all haste."

I need scarcely say that Count Vladimer spoke English fluently, as compared with most of the Russians, and he acted the part of host capitally; while I persuaded the girls that we intended to carry on the joke of our disguise, and would try and take the servants in when we arrived at Iverskoy, the country seat of Count Vladimer. My daughters were fortunately dressed as Poles, and their sable pelisses, which early in the evening they had deemed to be nuisances, were well qualified for a journey; and a large domino concealed effectually the thick shawls which scarcely suited the embroidered velvet dress of my wife.

I lost no time in explaining matters to my family. My daughters could not believe their ears, while my wife seemed drowned in sorrow that her darling Charlie should be left to the mercy of Russian barbarians.

My thoughtful friend had furnished me with a note to his confidential attendant, and no sooner was it read than he left me, while we recruited ourselves with the hot supper provided for his master. On his return he urged us to start directly. The ladies were wrapped still more warmly in furs and hoods, while I had an immense fur coat assigned to me, the outside being of sheep-skin. Emily, my youngest daughter, declared that I looked exactly like a polar bear raised upon his hind-legs. But to our dismay we found that our extra wraps had so increased our size that it was next to impossible to wedge myself into the carriage. What was to be done? I began to take off my coat, but Vassilievitsch objected:

"I would be sure to require it. Besides," he added, "would it not cause remarks to see a carriage crowded to that extent with lords and ladies, and no servant to attend upon them? Could not my lord attempt to personate a servant, and stay outside the carriage?"

To this I agreed willingly. Vassilievitsch told me that I would find pipes, tobacco, and cigars in the hamper beneath the seat, and a few other things which I might require.

At last we were off at a rattling pace. The Count's horses were first-rate, and they were well driven; but the night grew colder and colder. Anxiety of mind seemed to have deadened my external feelings, and I only dreaded the want of horses. Imagine my delight when we arrived at the post-stage to find four horses in readiness. The Count had ordered one of his people to ride on and give notice of our coming upon business of importance. I now had recourse to the cigars beneath the seat, and a small lantern showed me a most heterogeneous mass of articles; a brace of pistols and ammunition were among the number, and thankful I was to see them, as I was determined to sell my life dearly if we were pursued.

We continued our journey during the following day, the weather continuing fine though cold. A great deal of snow had fallen during the last week, and the roads were heavy in consequence; toward night the wind began to moan in a threatening manner. At the post-house we were strongly recommended to remain all night as the next stage was through a large wood which was frequented by wolves, and the inn-keeper told us that several oxen had suffered from them, though he did not think that they would dare to attack a carriage. Time was too precious for us to spare it for rest, so I said we must continue our journey at all risks. Dispatches of consequence were in the carriage. We hurried on, for the wolves were on all sides making the most horrid noise.

We made but slow progress. At last we came to a full stop. I disentangled myself as well as I was able from all my furs and jumped to the ground. A tree had fallen down across the narrow road. The driver thought we might be able to lift it, but we found it was frozen to the ground. Ivan then got a hatchet and began to cut the top away. I saw that this must be a tedious business, and trembled for the result. The wolves seemed to be creeping nearer and nearer, and they might attack our horses at any moment. I took the hatchet from Ivan's hands and begged him to look after his cattle; but I had soon to relinquish it that I might answer the questions of the women. One of them was sure that wolves were near.

"I am afraid so," was my reply; "that is the reason we are so hurried about the tree; if we can only keep them at a distance till the passage is free I have no fear."

"Make a fire!" cried one of the girls; "that is the way they frighten lions and tigers."

"Yes, but lions and tigers usually reside in hot countries, where sticks are dry," answered I; "but I will speak to our driver about it."

I found him holding with difficulty the startled and frightened animals, and inquired whether a fire would be practicable.

"The best thing that could be done," said he; "get every thing you can spare from the carriage, and if once you can get a blaze the fir-tops may kindle."

On telling the ladies I found they were determined to be useful; so I left it to them and worked hard at the tree while Ivan instructed my daughters; the lid of a box and some straw were soon ignited, and not a bit too soon. The wolves had drawn so near that we could hear them snarling as they hustled one another. But my work was nearly done; the horses were fastened strongly to the trees, and Ivan assisted me in lifting the wood.

When once the road was clear we started; my wife had given Ivan a bottle of brandy, and put another on my seat; and much we needed it, for the cold was intense. Before long the driver told me that one of the horses was lame—he could not keep up with the others. As our speed diminished our enemies crept nearer. I thought of the mask. I had kicked it under the seat, and I remembered the old school-boy dodge of cutting out a turnip and frightening one's friends by putting a light within it. My little lantern would be the very thing. I fastened it into the mask and waited till the wolves drew nearer, then threw it in front of them. The half-starved brutes were startled; they could not make it out. The mask had fortunately fallen so that the light shone through the eyes and mouth and I saw them stop; the foremost went up to it, but seemed afraid to touch it. But the wolves in the rear were impatient and pushed the others on; one fell upon the mask and evidently crushed the lantern, for the light went out, and again the wretches were in pursuit.

"We can not be saved," said Ivan at length, "unless you can think of something else."

"If I had but a rope," I shouted, "I might do something!"

"Then catch this," he answered, and threw a good-sized piece over the top of the carriage; "I brought it in case the harness broke."

I pulled off my long boot, which was lined with sheep-skin with a band of fur round the top, and prayed, as I fastened the rope securely round the instep, that our hungry foes might mistake it for a trap. I then threw it over, and had the pleasure of seeing it bump most satisfactorily along, the wolves keeping at a respectful distance. This continued for a minute or two and then our lame horse fell.

"We must leave him!" cried Ivan, jumping down as he spoke; and I followed his example, cutting the harness with our knives.

"Have your pistols ready," said the Russian, "while I fasten the traces—the wolves are upon us."

And so it was. My boot no longer served to frighten them. It now lay quiet on the snow; and I had just time to turn and shoot the foremost as he was making a spring.

"Mount!" shouted our driver, and I sprang on to the step, managing to shoot an immense wolf who was rushing at one of the horses.

"We are free now," I said to Ivan; "the wolves will surely remain with the lame horse."

"Yes, I think we are," he answered; "but load your pistols; if we do not reach the post-house before they overtake us we shall find them more savage than ever; that poor brute will not be a mouthful for each of them."

But at the edge of the wood we saw the walls of the post-house, just as the pack rushed into the brighter light. They felt they were foiled, and shrank away, howling dismally. As to the ladies, they were really more dead than alive when we helped them out of the carriage, and we all agreed that we must take an hour's rest before we started.

As we reached the frontier another doubt arose. Our passports were *en règle*, but I only had them for my wife, myself, and one of my daughters; they had been made out when we talked of joining my eldest daughter and her husband in Paris, and they were likely to be of service; but how was I to manage about Emma and Carry? After some deliberation, I decided upon consulting our driver, who had behaved so well in our escape from the wolves. So telling the ladies that they might have a short rest at a comfortable little post-house which we had reached, I joined Ivan, offering him a share of my brandy-bottle, and asked if he had not been long in the service of Count Vladimer.

"I am a serf, born on his land," was his reply; "and my father was before me."

"Is he not a good master?" I inquired.

"He is, indeed, my lord," for so he persisted in calling me. "Ah! if all vassals were as fortunate as I have been, Russia would be a different country from what it is."

I said I believed his master trusted him, and I would do the same. I wanted to know what I had best do, as I had not passports for two of my daughters, and I dared not apply to the officials of the frontier towns.

"I fear you would not be allowed to pass," he said; "but could not you get them across the River Memel, and then pick them up after going through the nearest town?"

"How do you mean?" I inquired.

"When we get near to Meretch," Ivan answered, "I could turn aside, for I know the part quite well. The river must be frozen hard at this time, and I or my lord might take the young ladies over, leave them at a cottage close to the banks of the Memel, and then return to the carriage and drive to Meretch, where you can show your papers."

This plan I deemed feasible, although the idea of leaving two young girls at the mercy of strangers was repugnant to my feelings. But when I told my daughters about it, they both declared that they had no fear, and that they would much rather cross the ice than be detained perhaps for weeks at Meretch.

On the banks of the river another difficulty arose. There was no passport for Ivan, and yet we were most unwilling to part from him.

"My lord must condescend to act as driver," said Ivan, "and I can see the young ladies across the river, and protect them from danger if necessary. Or I can stay with the carriage, and on arriving at Meretch pretend to return to St. Petersburg, and seize the first opportunity of crossing the river."

The last plan would have taken too much time, so I told him we felt full confidence in him, and promised him a handsome reward if we reached Paris in safety; and so we parted.

We had not much trouble at Meretch. When I produced my passports I said my business was of importance; an hour saved was sometimes worth a fortune to a merchant like me, and if the official would kindly assist me by paying any dues that were required, I should feel everlastingly indebted to him. So saying, I slipped a bag of money into his willing fingers. He gave a look of intelligence, glanced at my passports, and begged me not to dismount—there should not be a hindrance if he had the power to prevent it.

When out of the town my heart bounded. We were once more free! I trusted to join the girls in an hour or so, and lost no time on the road; but the path was a winding one, and there were numerous cross-roads; however, I took the river as my guide, and in course of time we reached a cottage, but could hear nothing of our little party. Further on we met an old woman, who made us understand that she had seen two girls whom a Russian was taking before the authorities, as he feared they were spies. "But they looked both good and modest, and my heart ached for them," she added, with a sigh. After giving her a trifle, we hastened on, and soon overtook my weary children. Ivan had seen some military resting in the cottage when he peeped in through the narrow window, and feared that unpleasant inquiries might be made, so he concocted this story, which he was sure would win the heart of any peasant.

The girls told me that the poor woman had been very kind; she had brought them black bread and cheese in her apron, and milk from her little dairy, though Ivan had pretended that he could not allow them to stop and rest. My daughters said that they would never forget his kindness and thoughtfulness; and indeed he has proved a most faithful servant; he is now my gamekeeper at ——. His master thought it would be scarcely prudent for him to return to Vladimer.

A day later I could not have left the capital, for I should have been in prison; for the authorities had heard that I was connected with the English press. Nothing could be more absurd; but such is Russia.

THE GREAT SNOW-STORM—OPERATING A SNOW-PLOW ON A CITY RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

BURNING OF THE HYATT HOUSE, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. F. BARKS, JANESVILLE.—[SEE PAGE 69.]

FIRE IN ALBANY, N. Y.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. H. J. FELLOWS, ALBANY.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

## THE LITTLE GOSSIP.

TIMELY blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please;
Little gossip, lithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green in May,
Flitting to each blooming spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest;
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot;
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

"THE WANDERER RETURNED."—[BY HARRISON WEIR.]

## THE GREAT SNOW-STORM.

The terrible snow-storm of December 27, of which we gave an account at the time, has been surpassed by a second, which began on the night of January 16, and raged with great fury during the morning of January 17. The quantity of snow which fell in a few hours was most astonishing; and all the large cities of the Northern States were completely blocked up. Reports from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Massachusetts, and all New England represent the storm as raging in those States with great fury: and its equal in severity has not been known in many years. The streets and wharves of Boston were literally piled up with snow-banks, in many places six feet high. The shipping at the wharves presented a decidedly Arctic appearance, the snow having covered many vessels even with the rail. Railroad travel was every where obstructed, even the lines as far South as Virginia and Maryland being "snowed up."

Many sad and exciting incidents marked the storm. In Boston a little girl, twelve years of age, while returning from school, was smothered in the snow and lost. The police of Boston rescued and assisted to their homes twenty-seven children and over one hundred women, who otherwise would probably have perished in the snow. A train on the New Jersey Railroad ran off the track at Unionville, while two locomotives were pulling it, and two cars were smashed, and another and a locomotive were overturned. Several of the passengers were injured. A Hoboken ferry-boat was lying at the slip in Barclay Street, but unable to put in closer than within five feet of the bridge. The extension-board used to bridge over the space gave way under a heavy wagon laden with sewing-machines in wooden cases, and the wagon fell through on the rear. The piles of ice, however, were sufficiently frozen to support the weight, and after some delay the wagon was extricated.

The streets of New York city were almost completely blockaded, and the regular running of the horse-cars, ferries, stages, and similar public conveyances was for the time abandoned. The Superintendents of the various railroad lines set their snow-plows in motion soon after the storm began, in order to keep the track passable for the cars; but it was found necessary to employ a large number of snow-shovelers also to prevent the snow from completely choking up the roads. Double teams were attached to all the cars; yet it took nearly twice the length of time to make the trips. The snow accumulated in heavy piles, blocking up even the doorways of the stores to such a depth that many of the early-rising porters found it necessary to dig their way through the drifts to the keyholes of the store doors. Area-ways were filled until, judging from the surface of the snow, they were level with the street; stoops of mansions and hotels were buried in huge banks; and every tree in park and avenue was bowed beneath the weight of the feathery masses that lay deeply piled upon its outstretched arms. The heavy fall of snow of course produced fine sleighing, and the metropolis has since been the scene of a grand sleighing carnival.

A third heavy fall of snow occurred on the night of the 20th of January, followed by a drizzling rain, which soon rendered pedestrianism even more difficult than it was before, and for a day nearly put a stop to the running of vehicles.

We give an illustration elsewhere of the snow-plow which is used by the city railroad companies—a scene lately made familiar to our metropolitan readers, and needing no explanation to others.

## FIRE IN ALBANY, NEW YORK.

We give this week a photographic view of a late fire at Albany, New York, in which the building of Messrs. Thompson & Anderson, No. 12 Green Street, was destroyed. The night being the coldest of the season the water froze as fast as it fell on the outside of the building, and in the morning it presented a scene that, for picturesqueness and beauty, could hardly be equaled.

## A GREAT STORY.

It will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere that the New York Weekly is publishing another new story from the pen of the renowned romancer, Leon Lewis. The name of this new production is "The Water Wolf; or, The Demon of the Bermudas;" and it is beyond question the very best romance which its talented author has yet given to the world.

"The Great American Tea Company.—In noticing the operations of this large and enterprising establishment it may be proper for us to offer a remark in explanation of the reasons which induce us to call the attention of the community to a concern which has reached its eminence in public favor. It is our undeviating rule to exercise a scrupulous judgment in relation to business enterprises—never recommending any except such as we believe have been proved worthy and reliable, and whose system of business, uprightness of dealing with their customers, and ample capital to fulfill their engagements are fully established. When we know of an enterprise that will benefit the mass of our readers, we take pleasure in recommending it. Upon these principles we call attention to the advertisement of The Great American Tea Company, published in our advertising columns. The Company have several very large stores, located in different parts of the city, stocked with the best and most serviceable goods, which they are content to sell at merely living profits, as they have proved by their prices for the past five or six years. They have but *one price*, which is no small consideration to those who are dependent to any considerable degree upon servants or children to make purchases, or to those who wish to order from the country. By these rules alone the Company propose in the future to conduct their vast and rapidly augmenting trade. Believing that the ability and disposition of the Company are ample to perform all they promise, warrants us in calling special attention to them in our columns.

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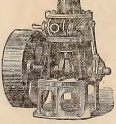


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| 5 for $1 00, with a Silver Nut Pick, worth....... | $1 00 |
| 11 for $2 00, with a Silver Napkin Ring, worth.. | 2 00 |
| 17 for $3 00, with a Silver Fruit Knife, worth.... | 3 00 |
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| 65 for $10 00, with a Gold Double Locket, worth | 12 00 |
| 100 for $15 00, with a Fine Silver Watch, worth. | 18 00 |
| 200 for $30 00, with a Silver Hunt. Watch, worth | 40 00 |

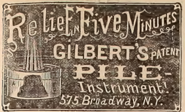
In all cases, upon receipt of money, the premiums as above will be sent with the envelopes. Also will be sent our circular, containing list of articles and full particulars; also terms to Agents, to whom great inducements are offered. Address
CALKINS & CO., 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

**GOLD PENS.**
The largest assortment in the city. Send for circular, giving prices and showing styles. Pens repointed, 50c. by mail. E. S. Johnson & Co., 44 Nassau St., N.Y. City.

**Bartlett's Sewing Machines.**
A NEW STYLE for use by HAND or FOOT at $25. ALL MACHINES are WARRANTED, and sent every where. Principal office, 569 Broadway, New York.

HOTCHKISS IMPROVED BRICK MACHINE.
For information concerning this valuable machine, the best and most successful now in the market, address BRAMAN & JONES, Lock Box 1271,
Office, No. 30 West 3d St. Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS for BARTLETT'S SEWING MACHINES WANTED.—A few thoroughly reliable and responsible business men competent to act as GENERAL AGENTS, and control territory that will be allotted them. Address J. W. BARTLETT, Patentee. Principal office No. 569 Broadway, New York.




# SURE PILE CURE.

DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

**READ!**

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.
This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.
J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.
DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

## THE GREATEST STORY OF THE AGE.

In keeping with the promise which we made some time back to keep

# The New York Weekly

In the front rank of literary journalism, and to maintain its claim to the position which it undoubtedly holds—that of being the leading story and sketch paper of the United States, if not of the world—we are now gratified to be able to announce that we have commenced the publication of

ANOTHER GREAT STORY.

It is from the pen of that world-renowned romancer,

LEON LEWIS,

Author of "The Silver Ship," "Syria the Jewess," "The Step-Daughter's Portion," &c., &c.

It is entitled

# THE WATER WOLF;

OR,

## THE DEMON OF THE BERMUDAS.

The mere announcement of a story by a writer so extensively and favorably known as LEON LEWIS would perhaps be enough to cause every body to read it, but "THE WATER WOLF" has especial claims to public approval, in that it is somewhat different from any thing else which its gifted author has thus far given to the world. As its title implies, it is a story of the Bermudas, and partakes largely of the wild, the weird, and the grand. The heroine is a most glorious creation—a creature all beauty and sunshine, tender, impulsive, generous, and courageous—who is cast away upon one of the Bermuda Islands, and falls into the hands of a desperate villain, who is a deadly enemy to her father. While here she encounters the dread scourge of the islands, the frightful WATER WOLF, the simple description of which fearful monster causes the flesh to creep with horror. The story is full of action at the very start, and the reader finds his attention enchained before he has read a dozen sentences. It is full of the most thrilling situations, and possesses a plot of the greatest intricacy and of the most ingenious character. THE WATER WOLF will unquestionably add greatly to the already great reputation of LEON LEWIS, and will undoubtedly be extensively read.

RECOLLECT THAT

**THE WATER WOLF;**

OR,

THE DEMON OF THE BERMUDAS,

By LEON LEWIS,

IS NOW READY, AND FOR SALE EVERY WHERE.

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**STREET & SMITH**, Proprietors, 11 Frankfort St., New York.



# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

ALWAYS A WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices*. We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price*.

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound*.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**Price-List.**

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

**Club Orders.**

OFFICE OF THE AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING CO.'S MACHINE SHOP,
MANCHESTER, N. H., *Jan.* 8, 1867.

TO THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: GENTLEMEN,—Your Teas continue to give great satisfaction, and the Club is increasing; surely there is great growling among the grocers, and very ridiculous statements made by some of them. This is my sixth order. I raised the full amount in about three hours. You may send by Kingsley's Express as before.

Please send some papers and slips of prices. You will notice several amounts for best G. P. at $1 50 on the list. Please see that no nails protrude through the box—and that is all, I believe.

I remain your obedient servant,
FRANK T. E. RICHARDSON.

SIXTH ORDER OF THIS CLUB.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 lb. Green Tea, best, Frank Hall | at $1 25 | $1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Frank Hall | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. Green Tea, best, Mrs. Buckman | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, John T. Spofford | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, P. H. Stark | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Green Tea, best, P. H. Stark | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, Jno. C. French | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, J. G. George | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Seth T. Hill | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 3 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, F. P. Sargent | at 1 00 | 3 00 |
| 2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, J. L. Bean | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, G. P. James | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Gunpowder Tea, best, J. G. George | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, B. F. Garland | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, Thos. Wilson | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson Tea, best, J. Morse | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson, best, C. K. Haines | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, C. K. Haines | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, J. T. Morrison | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, J. T. Morrison | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, L. Kidder | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Abram Smith | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, H. T. Mowatt | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, Wm. Flanders | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Wm. Flanders | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, W. H. Wilson | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 2 lbs. Gunp. Tea, best, W. H. Wilson | at 1 50 | 3 00 |
| 2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, Frank Prince | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Oolong, best, Geo. Sawyer | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. Japan, best, S. M. Stanton | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Oolong, best, B. O'Connor | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong, best, D. O. Danforth | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 4 lbs. Japan, best, P. H. Stark | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 1 lb. Green, best, P. H. Stark | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 5 lbs. Oolong, best, N. M. Smith | at 1 00 | 5 00 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong, best, Jno. Murphy | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 1 lb. Oolong, best, Oliver Jackson | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, P. Scollard | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 4 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, W. A. Hackett | at 1 00 | 4 00 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson, best, J. N. Marshall | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Gunpowder, best, D. F. Phersons | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, Chas. McCoy | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, B. W. Green | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 3 lbs. Oolong Tea, F. Bachner | at 70 | 2 10 |
| 2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, L. L. Sweatt | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, John L. Avery | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| Carried up | | $82 85 |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Brought up | | $82 85 |
| 2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, R. E. Frye | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Gunpowder Tea, best, J. L. Stevans | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 5 lbs. Imperial Tea, best, R. S. Eastman | at 1 25 | 6 25 |
| 2 lbs. Gunpowder, best, D. W. Morse | at 1 50 | 3 00 |
| 2 lbs. Japan Tea, best, D. W. Morse | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong Tea, J. P. Stark | at 70 | 1 40 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, W. E. Stevans | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, C. E. Krugher | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Gunpowder Tea, best, A. M. Patten | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 lb. Gunp., best, A. M. Patten's father | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson, best, S. B. Putnam | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Gunpowder, best, S. B. Putnam | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, S. B. Putnam | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, S. B. Putnam | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. Gunpowder Tea, E. Chandler | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Gunpowder, best, Mrs. Gordon | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 3 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, Ed. Bolton | at 1 00 | 3 00 |
| 1 lb. Japan Tea, best, S. N. Roby | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson Tea, best, S. N. Roby | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson, best, Mrs. Raniett | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson, best, Mrs. Peasley | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, A. B. Chase | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. Gunpowder Tea, best, T. N. Bond | at 1 50 | 3 00 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, Sidney Smith | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial Tea, best, Mrs. Conway | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial Tea, best, Jas. Conway | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, Jas. Conway | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial Tea, best, A. Bohan | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Imperial Tea, best, P. Manning | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong Tea, best, John Scully | at 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson, Alex. McAllister | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong Tea, best, Alex. McAllister | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. Gunpowder, best, Wm. H. Emory | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 4 lbs. R'd Ungr. Coffee, best, J. C. Ricker | at 40 | 1 60 |
| 4 lbs. Gr. Coffee, best, J. F. Phersons | at 40 | 1 60 |
| 2 lbs. Raw Coffee, best, L. L. Sweatt | at 35 | 70 |
| 2 lbs. R'd Ungr. Coffee, best, R. E. Frye | at 40 | 80 |
| 2 lbs. R'd Ungr. Cof., best, A. M. Patten | at 40 | 80 |
| 3 lbs. R'd Ungr. Java, best, A. B. Chase | at 40 | 1 20 |
| 10 lbs. Oolong, best, Miss Thompson | at 1 00 | 10 00 |
| 8 lbs. Japan, best, Miss Thompson | at 1 25 | 10 00 |
| 2 lbs. Japan, best, Mrs. Henry | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Green, best, D. H. Maxfield | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Oolong, best, D. H. Maxfield | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. Raw Java, D. H. Maxfield | at 35 | 35 |
| Total | | $177 30 |

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# Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

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Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.



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FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863*, with CRIMPING attachment; sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured.

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T. ALLCOCK & CO.: Gentlemen,—Please send me another six dozen of your Porous Plasters. They are in great demand here for Whooping-Cough. They act like a charm. I could have sold two dozen this week if I had had them. Send as soon as possible, and oblige, yours respectfully, JOHN I. WILLIAMS, P. M.

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Mr. Wm. May, of 245 Spring St., New York, writes, Jan. 1, 1856: I have been afflicted with Asthma for upward of ten years, receiving no benefit from medical men. I was advised by a friend to try one of Allcock's Porous Plasters. I said I had tried several kinds of plasters without any benefit, and supposed they were all alike. My friend gave me one of Allcock's, and urged me to use it. I did so, and have now worn them steadily for nine months, and find myself better than I have been for many years. Agency, Brandreth House, New York. Sold by Druggists.

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Howe's Ball-Room Hand-Book, containing 300 Dances, with Illustrations, Explanations, and Calls, 50 cents. Etiquette of the Ball-Room, containing 60 sets of Cotillions, Fancy Dances, &c., with full instructions, 25 cents. Ball-Room Prompter, containing Calls for the Changes and Figures to all the principal Dances, 12 cents. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

DECIDEDLY NOT.

Aunt. "I'm sure, Dear, the Picture Papers can not make Frights of us now!"

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Polly (*congratulating her victorious brother*). "Well done, Jemmy! But why didn't you pull his hair?"


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Good soil, mild climate, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only $25 per acre. Also, improved farms. Hundreds are settling. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey.

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WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine when $25 will buy a better one for all practical purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "Franklin" and "Medallion" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excel all others, as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED. Machines sent to Agents on trial, and *given away* to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO, Boston, Mass.

**£150,000,000**

Sterling in money and estates remain unclaimed in Great Britain and Ireland in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2 00 in U. S. funds. Genealogies traced, wills searched for. All letters must be prepaid. GUN & CO., Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, 6 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

**50 MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP PER-CENT SAVED BY**

Using B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or Ready Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions, in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

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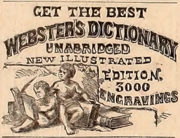


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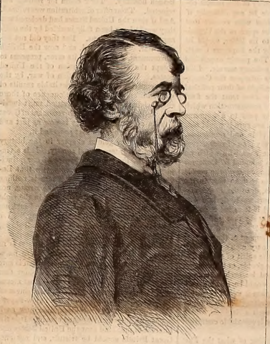


THE LATE N. P. WILLIS.
[Photographed by Rockwood & Co., Broadway, New York.]

## DEATH OF N. P. WILLIS.

N. P. Willis, the poet, died at Idlewild, on the Hudson, on the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday (January 20). The brilliant qualities of his mind and the peculiar traits of his character gave him much distinction as a poet, editor, and essayist, and made him popular throughout the country. As a fluent and graceful discourser on the lighter topics of social interest he is admitted to have had few rivals. His poetry shows that he was not destitute of the deeper sentiment, for the exercise of which he had little use in the airy sketches which charm alike by the frivolity of their tone and the piquancy of their diction. He was never weary of his task, never at a loss for suggestive themes, never wanting in skill of adaptation, in curious surprises of expression, or in flowing wealth of original illustration. He devoted himself to his editorial duties with the care of a fond mother for her pet child.

Mr. Willis was a native of Maine, and was educated in Boston and at Yale College; but early came to this city, where he started, in 1828, the *American Monthly Magazine*. It was abandoned in 1830 for the *New York Mirror*, a weekly journal, principally edited by Geo. P. Morris; Mr. Willis journeyed through Europe and contributed sketches of his travel to the *Mirror*. These sketches subsequently swelled into several volumes of adventure. The *Mirror* lived until 1839, when it was superseded by the *Corsair*, which, in 1844, gave place to the *Evening Mirror*. This latter, in its turn, merged into the *Home Journal*, which paper Mr. Willis conducted to the day of his death.

Mr. Willis was married in 1845 to Miss Cornelia Grinnell, daughter of Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who, with a daughter, survives him.

"Idlewild," of which we publish a picture to accompany his portrait, was the suburban residence of the poet, and is situated on the Hudson near Newburg, New York.

"IDLEWILD," RESIDENCE OF THE LATE N. P. WILLIS.

## ICE BRIDGE OVER EAST RIVER.

East River was temporarily bridged by ice on the 23d of January, and several hundred persons crossed from either shore. During the day three different bridges were formed, a sketch of one of which we give on this page. This was first crossed by three men, who started from the foot of Peck Slip and moved cautiously toward the Brooklyn side. They did not go in a direct line, but made a detour in a southerly direction, and finally reached Deforest's wharf, a short distance from the Fulton Ferry-house in Brooklyn. This example was speedily followed by others. Among those who crossed were two ladies, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Moses S. Beach. No accident of any kind having occurred, the crowd on shore took greater courage, and struck off in parties of dozens, and finally joined themselves in masses. Thus matters continued for an hour

ICE BRIDGE ACROSS THE EAST RIVER—RESCUE OF PERSONS ON THE BROKEN ICE.

or more, when the Police, apprehending danger of the ice breaking up, exerted themselves in preventing further crossing. It was with no little difficulty, however, that the crowd could be prevailed upon to remain on *terra firma*.

As was anticipated, when the water had reached high tide, and began again to ebb, the vast field began to give signs of parting from the piers, which were followed in a few minutes thereafter by an actual onward movement. When the bridge broke away there were upon it about fifty people, some of them midway between the two shores; but with the assistance of helping hands, planks, ropes, and a tug-boat, all managed to get away in safety from their perilous position. As would naturally be supposed, the acme of the excitement was at the moment when the ice actually began to break. The scene on the New York side was one of tumult and confusion. Nothing could be heard but shrieks, screams, and shouts. On one of the pieces of detached ice were about sixty persons, for whose safety the most serious alarm was felt. All fears were allayed, however, at the sight of a half dozen tug-boats starting out to rescue the endangered party. Three of the number were taken off by one of the Fulton Ferry boats. Only one person is known to have perished.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 9, 1867.

## USURPATION.

THERE are many persons who have a very confused notion of the "usurpation" which is charged upon the President, but a little reflection will enlighten them. The President, by the Constitution, is made a co-ordinate but not a co-equal branch of the Government. So, also, is the Supreme Court. But Congress, or the Legislative branch, is wisely made the chief and superior branch. The Executive and the Judiciary are "checks and balances" only. The Constitution, in giving Congress power to remove the President by impeachment, and to reorganize the Supreme Court by increasing the number of Judges, establishes the necessary final supremacy of the Legislature. To suppose three absolutely co-equal branches is to suppose three supreme departments of the Government, which is absurd. Under certain careful reservations, therefore, the Legislature is, as in the nature of a popular system it should be, constitutionally supreme.

The President is the Executive. He is the hand of the Government. His function is to execute the laws which are enacted by Congress. He is therefore made Commander of the army and navy, because the execution of the laws may sometimes require force. But he can lawfully use the army and navy only in the enforcement of the laws, and there are no laws until Congress makes them. The Executive has no legislative power whatever. But the check upon the Legislature by the Executive which the Constitution provides is the Veto. Yet that is not a final obstruction. If a law be vetoed by the President it is invalid, unless it be passed over the veto by a vote of two-thirds of Congress. It then becomes as imperative a law as if the President had approved it; and his oath binds him to its faithful execution. That is one of the ways in which the supremacy of the Legislature over the Executive is constitutionally asserted.

When the rebellion was suppressed by the arms of the United States it left every rebel State without any lawful civil authority, as President Johnson truly declared at the time. Every such State was held by the national military authority, and as Commander-in-Chief upon the field the President was authorized to establish military governments to keep the peace. But there could be no political movement, no initiation of a civil government without a law of the United States, and the Legislature or Congress alone was constitutionally competent to pass such a law. By disregarding this fact, by initiating civil governments upon his own responsibility and without the least reference to Congress, and then insisting that such governments were as valid as those of Ohio or New York, the President indisputably usurped the function of Congress, and neither he nor any of his adherents have ever been able to show the slightest constitutional authority for his action. This is the plain usurpation of the President. He had no more authority to reorganize the rebel States of his own motion than he would have had for issuing an edict from the White House, removing the Governor of New Jersey, and claiming for it the force and sanctity of law.

But he did this twenty months ago, we are told, and why do we now first hear of usurpation? We do not now hear of it for the first time. It was as clear then as it is now. But the express terms of the President's proclamations and the words of his first Message in December, 1865, by which he referred the whole subject to Congress, and his declarations that he regarded his action as experimental, persuaded the country that his proceedings were merely provisional, and were taken from the necessity of immediate action and from considerations of public safety. If the President had said in his proclamations that when any State had conformed to the terms he imposed it should be at once by that fact restored to all its functions in the Union, the very first act of the present Congress would doubtless have been his impeachment.

Moreover, when his usurpation began it was regarded not only in the light of his own declaration that it was a provisional, experimental movement, arising from the public situation, like a sudden suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and like that wholly referable to the ratification of Congress, but it was viewed also from the point of his conduct through the war and his speeches upon his accession to the Presidency. In a word, the same confidence which the country had reposed in the occasional arbitrary acts of Mr. Lincoln—a confidence founded in entire faith in his patriotic loyalty—was naturally transferred to his successor, elected with him, and called suddenly to deal with an utterly unprecedented emergency. And the usurpation would have been as heartily condoned by the country, as Mr. Lincoln's acts always were, had the President himself morally justified his course by showing Mr. Lincoln's simple fidelity.

But when the deplorable consequences of the President's course were gradually revealed—when the country saw that the President actually denied to Congress a legislative function which he had not hesitated himself to assume; that, not content with so startling a position, he fiercely denounced Congress as an unlawful and impertinent body; that his action had placed the government of the lately rebel States wholly in the hands of enemies of the Government, leaving Union men of every color to their mercies; that he opposed every measure of Congress intended to secure the just and necessary results of the war; and that the whole mass of those who had been in open or covert hostility to the Union and the principles of equal liberty were suddenly changed from his foulest detractors into his most unwavering and menacing supporters—then those who would willingly have forgiven the assumption of power, had it been directed, as they supposed it would be, to the pacification of our troubles, saw the Presidential conduct in its true light as nothing less than usurpation.

That it was begun with the deliberate intention of overthrowing the Government is not clear; but that its chief danger, the sudden restoration of the late rebel States without the least security to the Union, has been averted, is very evident. Yet the question still remains, and it is the question which the country is now pondering, whether impeachment is a wise policy until the President is shown to be willfully persisting in the attempt to establish his usurpation by actually refusing to execute the laws; or whether, on the other hand, it is a wise policy to trust the Executive power in hands which have shown such facility and tenacity in usurpation, and which are evidently to be strengthened by the judicial branch of the Government.

## CONSTITUTIONAL FORMS.

THE *Evening Post*, whose steady fidelity to the great principle of the inviolability of law and of respect for its forms and methods is conspicuous and admirable, seems to us sometimes to treat the subject somewhat too technically and formally. Thus it recently said that if Congress frames Constitutional laws the Supreme Court if invoked must confirm them, and that if it passes unconstitutional laws the Court must declare them to be such, and they ought to have no force. But as with all general rules, the exception is as essential and imperative as the rule itself. For suppose that in the winter of 1860-'61, when the Executive and his cabinet were plotting or assenting to disunion, there had been a Republican Congress which had passed a law for the raising of troops and the coercion of the seceding States, a case would instantly have been made for Judge Taney and his Court. They would have decided the law to be unconstitutional. The President would have refused to execute it, and we should have been ruined under the verbal forms of the Constitution. The letter would have killed us while the immortal spirit shone as clearly as ever.

Regulated and lawful liberty in this country and in England dates from the Long Parliament. Yet one of the chief and most essential acts of that Parliament was the trial and execution of Strafford—essential, because Strafford would have been so able and subtle an enemy when the inevitable war began. Now Strafford was punished by an *ex post facto* law, and Hallam, the most judicious and moderate and cautious of historians, fully justifies the act. This is but one illustration. Still more striking was the next great step, the binding of the King by treaty and statute. Parliament deprived him of the command of the army. It was unprecedented. It was certainly without technical Constitutional warrant. What was the argument of the Parliament? Let Macaulay answer—the profoundest student of that period of English history—"It was now absolutely necessary to violate the formal part of the Constitution in order to preserve its spirit." But the work of the Long Parliament in saving liberty threatened to be entirely undone by the reaction under Charles II. and James. What overcame that reaction and rescued English liberty? Nothing but a similar violation of the literal form of the Constitution to save its spirit. The succession was changed and a new sovereign enthroned while the undoubted hereditary king was still living.

These are undoubtedly extreme cases. They are cases of a nation undergoing a revolution. But they show indisputably what reason suggests—that in revolutionary times a nation must confide more in the substance than in the form, and rigorously read the letter in the light of the spirit. That is what we did through the war. That was the inspiration of the act of emancipation, and of the military trials, and of the summary arrests. It is a simple necessity of human society. The hope of the rebellion was that the people would not dare to do that very thing; for, if the nation remained content with formality and technicality, the rebels felt that they had a fair chance in the argument.

Now certainly a similar discretion must be reserved to a nation just emerging from so tremendous and radical a conflict as ours, and addressing itself to the security of the results obtained. Nor would there be any difficulty if the assumption of the *Post* were correct that every law conceived in the spirit of the Constitution, and not hostile to its letter, would be declared constitutional by the Supreme Court. But it is not correct. The purely unpolitical character of the Court is a theory merely. Like the rest of us, the judges interpret the Constitution more or less in the light of their political convictions. Would the *Post* trust the final decision upon the laws of reconstruction which a Union Congress might pass to a Supreme Bench of Taneys? We are sure it would not. The peril would be too plain and prodigious. Suppose, then, that the very plan of reconstruction recommended by the *Post*, with which we heartily agree, should be adopted by Congress in the form of a law summoning *all* the people in any unorganized State to take part in the election for a Convention, does the *Post* imagine that the Supreme Court would declare it to be Constitutional? And if it called it unconstitutional, would the *Post* say that "of course it ought to have no force?" Would not this be putting the whole settlement of the war into the hands of five reactionary men? And is it conceivable that either the spirit of the Constitution, the liberties of the people, or the national peace could be preserved by such a course? Does the *Post* think it would be invoking anarchy if we should say that it would be better to reorganize the Court altogether than to attempt to acquiesce in such a decision, which could only plunge us into incalculable confusion and disaster?

This is our understanding of what the *Post* calls the threat that, if the Supreme Court stands in the way, it will be put out of the way; not by force, not by revolution, not illegally, but according to the Constitution, which merely creates the Court, leaving to Congress the power to regulate the number of its members. The remodeling of the Court may truly be called an extreme measure, to be adopted only in most extraordinary emergencies. But can any conceivable emergency be so extraordinary as that which would arise if the five Judges should deliberately undertake to nullify the will of the majority of the people of the United States in reorganizing the Union?

The remedy for the present situation is wholly Constitutional, and lies in the hands of the Union party. It will be culpably and incredibly stupid if it does not see it. There is no necessity of any measure whatever for which there is not express authority in the organic law. Let the party use that authority with sagacity and good temper, and the pacification of the country is sure. The ground of confidence is the spirit and intelligence and moderation and firmness of the people. They will unquestionably have their way, and without disaster to the fundamental guarantees of liberty.

## LORD STANLEY'S OFFER.

THE London *Times* can always talk sensibly when it suits its purpose, and truth does not cease to be true because the *Times* speaks it. In a recent long and really friendly article upon the *Alabama* claims it expresses its pleasure that Lord Stanley has offered to refer the question in dispute to arbitration. It concedes that Lord Russell's conduct was "ungracious" and "unpalatable," but thinks that upon the mere ground of precedent upon which his correspondence with Mr. Adams proceeded Lord Russell had perhaps the advantage, as a signal American precedent was in his favor. The *Times*, however, plainly calls Lord Russell's conduct in curtly refusing arbitration "an error," and adds: "An error it was, as we have more than once pointed out, not only in policy, but on principles of reason and right." It was "a false step that Lord Stanley was bound to retrace without needless delay, and without unworthy reservations." And, finally, the *Times* truly says: "Englishmen did not suspect America of cowardice when, in deference to the clear rules of maritime law, she gave up the prisoners wrongfully captured on board the *Trent*; and Americans of sense will not suspect England of cowardice because, in deference to equally clear dictates of international morality, she retires from an untenable position."

These are manly words. It is indeed the interest of England to settle the difficulty. As the case now stands, if she should be involved in war, her commerce would be swept from the sea by her own precedents. There are many Americans who could cheerfully resign themselves to such a result; but would it be really desirable for the United States any more than for England? Shall our statesmanship consult our national passions merely, or the great and permanent interests of the country and of mankind? Is the preference of an honorable and friendly settlement of a disputed international question to a childish delight in revenge and injury so very visionary a virtue? The loftiest principles of international comity have been always asserted and practiced by the United States. From the height of those principles they protested against the collusion of the British Government with knavish offenders against British law as well as international usage. They protested in vain and suffered grievously by British hostility. Their claim for redress was rejected. Their offer of arbitration was refused. And if then the United States had declared war they would have been fully justified by the ordinary customs of nations. But they did not declare war. They waited, and now the British Government, repenting of its error, proposes to accept the original suggestion of the United States. Without a declaration of war, by the mere contemplation of the inevitable results of war, smitten by the terrible eloquence of those silent claims, which if not settled must inevitably settle themselves, the Government of Great Britain asks us to do what is now as just and honorable as when we first proposed it.

It is another golden chapter in the history of American international comity. It is a vindication of the essential justice of our principles. The London *Times* confesses that England was in the wrong. "There is nothing half so undignified as being in the wrong, nor was there any means of placing us in the right except by assuming the initiative, and inviting the United States to meet us half-way." We hope there is no question that we shall do so, and in the most friendly manner. The theory that nations must of necessity be enemies is as foolish as Hobbes's fancy that men are naturally so. To treat a man with suspicion is sure to make him act suspiciously. To show that you mean only what is fair is the surest means of securing fair treatment. If the business of diplomacy be merely to outwit a fellow-negotiator, state-craft is as contemptible now as it appears in the most wretched epochs. It is the interest of mankind that the United States and Great Britain should be friends, and not enemies. It is the interest of all the enemies of our Government, at home and abroad, that we should pick a quarrel and fight. But the United States are strong enough and shrewd enough to settle any difficulty which is now apparent reasonably and honorably. Nor have we any doubt that we will so settle every one of them.

## THE IMPEACHMENT.

THE criminal folly of the friends of the President who at the Democratic Conventions and in such papers as the Washington *Constitutional Union* openly threaten armed resistance if Congress should exercise its express Constitutional right of impeachment, has done more to make an impeachment probable than all other causes together. If Congress can not take an undeniably Constitutional step but a faction in opposition must invoke civil war, we ought all to know it. And if it be necessary to impeach the President in order to prove that fact, by all means let him be impeached. From 1860 to the present time the Democratic party has tried to carry every election and to secure all its measures by a threat of civil war. John Van Buren at the Cooper Institute, in 1862, and James Brooks at New Haven, and Edmund Burke (Phœbus Apollo!) at Concord, in 1867, resort to the same menace. It should not be disregarded. Such men should be taught, whenever they invite the issue, that the people of the United States are not yet Mexicanized, and that they intend to settle all questions by peaceful methods until they are openly opposed, and will then forcibly overcome the opposition that peaceful methods may be resumed.

If the evidence laid before the Judiciary Committee shall show that the President has unquestionably attempted to subvert the Government, directly or indirectly, by usurpation or by corruption, or by inaction, he will be impeached and tried, and if convicted he will be removed from office. And whoever undertakes to resist by arms the process or the decision will fare as other rebels have lately fared. It is one of those great and grave measures which only an extraordinary public emergency can justify. It is indeed strictly Constitutional, as the war-power is Constitutional. If the Constitutional authority be offensively denied, the country may demand that the issue be raised. But no sensible man can be indifferent to the importance of such action, and will therefore neither passionately nor flippantly invoke it.

This is undoubtedly the attitude of the coun-

try at this moment. Nothing will change it but the continuous folly of the President's party. If they and he are wise, they will patiently await the action of the Committee. If the Committee report that ample grounds for impeachment exist, and state their nature so that the country can clearly comprehend them, the President, if wisely advised, will abide by the Constitution and the methods it prescribes. That, and that only, will be proof to the country that he sincerely believes in the justice of his position. That, and that only, will incline the country to judge dispassionately the evidence and the defense. Mad and reckless as his words and measures have been, fatally encouraging to the rebellious spirit, and destructive of the hopes of loyal and humane citizens, his acts are not of necessity to be interpreted as conceived with an intent of overthrowing the Government. An obstacle to the loyal and generous purpose of the country he plainly is; but not an obstacle, obviously, to be removed by impeachment. But the moment he resists a simple Constitutional process, that moment he judges himself.

If the Judiciary Committee shall be satisfied that the laws of Congress passed over the President's veto are made inoperative by his inaction, and that in consequence of that inaction the condition of loyal men in the late rebel States is intolerable, upon what ground can any body ask the country to wait two years before such wrongs are remedied? If that shall be made plain the impeachment will be carried and unanimously supported by the country. But if, as the President and the Secretary of State declare, the laws passed over the veto are faithfully executed, although, of course, not with the hearty co-operation of approval, then the impeachment will not hold. This seems to us to be the substantial point; and we can know the truth not by the rhetoric of partisans, but by actual evidence. For that, as we have already said, we must wait. Nor can any of us tell whether the President ought to be impeached until the grounds of the charges are revealed in detail.

## THE PERILS OF TRAVEL ON THE SOUND.

WE are accustomed to take pride in intrusting the public service as much as possible to private enterprise and in forbidding the Government to interfere. We smile loftily at the "paternal governments" that supervise steamboats, and run railroads, and make their finger felt every where. But if private enterprise can not secure human life more surely than it does in this country, the people, who are the government, will be wise if they provide by law for their own safety. The annual death list by accidents of travel in this country is appalling; and there is scarcely a serious disaster by rail or boat during the last six months which may not be traced directly to the culpable carelessness of the management.

The latest instance is the wreck of the Sound steamer *Commodore*, by which fortunately no lives were lost. We said at the time that the boat was probably unseaworthy, and that it was most imprudent to allow her to leave in such weather. A gentleman whose business carries him constantly upon the boats through the Sound, who makes more than a hundred passages in a year, tells us that about a week before the *Commodore* was lost, the mate of the steamer upon which he was coming to the city said, as they passed the *Commodore*, that she was a dangerous old tub, upon which he had lately seen the rotten wood actually shoveled out, but that the Company would run her until she met a gale, when she would go down. The mate's prophecy was fulfilled to the letter.

Mr. MEW, the Treasury Inspector, has now made his report upon the circumstances of the loss. He says that the *Commodore* was eighteen years old, and had been condemned, but was subsequently refitted. At the time of the wreck the crew were inadequate to the emergency, and unacquainted with the management of boats, and the officers disregarded the warnings of the barometer. His report declares that the *Commodore* was lost from her unfitness to stand a gale, and from the indiscretion of the Captain in taking her to sea, and then, in not making a harbor, and asserts that the owners are liable for navigating her without a certificate.

What follows upon these reports of the Treasury Inspector we could never very clearly see. Almost without exception they allege criminal carelessness; but we do not remember that any person or company has been made to pay any penalty. But the public may make its own comment. This is the kind of care which is taken upon one of the most thronged routes of travel in the country; and when the *Commodore* had met the fate which every body who knew her predicted, her place was supplied by the *State of Maine*, another venerable hulk which is justly liable to the most damaging suspicion, for the simple reason that she is run by a Company, which, if such private comment as we have quoted and the official report of the Treasury Inspector may be believed, is totally unfit to be trusted with the care of human life. The gentleman of whom we have spoken as a constant traveler informs us that nothing is more common than to see the sparks from the pipes of the deck passengers flying among the most inflammable freight; and says that, upon a recent passage, he saw groups of smokers scattering sparks among the cotton bales from which the cotton protruded. His desperate conviction is, that nothing will be done until there is some frightful catastrophe, and then every body will exclaim with horror, and remember that they always saw the danger and were sure of some awful event.

The remedy lies first of all with the public. Let passengers observe the management of the boats. Let the authorities learn that they carry every day a Committee of Vigilance, who will rigorously report the dangers and the follies of the passage, and there will be a change. Then for all loss and injury let the law be steadily invoked, and the pressure of pecuniary damages to pay and of public censure to encounter will occasion some reform. But as long as the public behaves like a sheep, it may be very sure that every Company will behave like a wolf.

## CONSUMPTION.

THIS disease causes about one-sixth or one-seventh of all the deaths north of the tropics. The proportion in Boston and New York is a little less than one-fifth, and in Philadelphia and Baltimore a little less than one-sixth. With such an enormous mortality this may well be singled out from all maladies as the grand scourge of all cold and temperate climates.

Can any thing be done to diminish this mortality? Let us see.

There is one general fact in the prevalence of this disease which stands out prominently, and which, duly considered, is a key to measures of prevention capable of lessening vastly its ravages. It is the fact that *very many more females die of consumption than males*—in the experience of some physicians twice as many. The statistics of hospitals often seem to contradict this, for there are generally more male than female inmates laboring under this disease. But it is to be remembered that, on the whole, in any sickness, more males than females are compelled by their circumstances to resort to the conveniences and care of the hospital. We can ascertain the proportions of the sick, then, only from the records of private practice; and these, so far as they have been examined, are very decisive on the point in question.

In the observations on this point there has come out one significant fact which indicates very distinctly some of the measures of prevention. It is this: In families where the disease—or rather, a tendency to it—is inherited, the female members are more apt to die of it than the male. We have known some instances in which all the males escaped, while the females died. Why this difference? It can not be in the inheritance. A better constitution could not have been inherited by the one sex than by the other. The difference then must have been in the habits and circumstances of life.

If, then, we observe what this difference is, we shall discover what are the chief means of counteracting the tendency to consumption, whether it be inherited or generated in the individual.

There are two things in which the circumstances of the two sexes differ. One of these is the amount of exercise in the open air. After the first few years of childhood there is a marked difference in this respect, becoming greater and greater with the advance to maturity. The school-girl seldom takes any exercise that reddens the face, starts the perspiration, and puts the heart in strong action. But the boy does this as a matter of everyday habit. The result in him is vigor of constitution, counteracting any tendency to consumption and other kindred diseases that he may have inherited. On the contrary, in the girl there are laxness and feebleness of structure, favoring the development of the latent morbid tendencies which may have been born with her, or engendering them in a constitution originally vigorous, and therefore well fortified against disease.

Consumption is pre-eminently a disease of debility, and hence the great importance of measures for imparting vigor either in its prevention or its cure. It is in vain to try to cast off either the disease or the tendency to it by vaunted cures and preventives, to the neglect of these measures, as is so often done.

We sometimes have an opportunity of seeing in a very striking manner the influence of outdoor exercise in renovating the system, and thus destroying diseased tendencies. Here is a case as an example: A young lady, who had superior scholarly attainments, at the expense of health, from neglect of exercise in the open air, consulted a physician who was in the habit of thinking that his vocation extended beyond the administration of drugs, and included properly the control of all the circumstances of his patients. Giving her but little medicine, he enjoined an entire change of the habits, confining her to two studies—one of which was to botany, and this was to be pursued very largely in the open air. There was such an entire change from the long-continued sedentary habits in this case, that in less than a year she walked in one day over twenty miles, and with this change there was a perfect deliverance from the old morbid tendencies which her over-confinement to study had induced.

The other circumstance in which there is a great difference is the mode of dress. In the stronger sex this is such, for the most part, as will allow the freedom which nature provides for the organs. Not so with the female where Fashion bears rule—and where does she not? Restrictions are put upon freedom of movement in various ways, thus tending to prevent exercise from being taken in sufficient amount. The chief restriction is in the compression of the trunk of the body, bearing mostly upon the chest, so that while it impedes the general motions of the trunk, which nature designed to have so abundant and varied, it also prevents the lungs from having their required volume. It is in this last point that the principal mischief is done. There is a certain natural proportion between the lungs and other organs which is essential to health. But fashion undertakes to alter this by restricting the growth of the lungs for the purpose of making a small waist. To say nothing of the deformity thus produced (for thus we must consider it, unless we discard the Venus de Medicis as our type of beauty of form), the result is inevitably debility and disease. It is not so much that the lungs themselves are thus rendered liable to disease, though this liability is thus created. The great damage that is done is in the failure of the crippled lungs to do their duty to the system. With the chest so compressed there is not room enough for all the air that is needed to act on the blood brought to the lungs to be revivified by it. This failure in their function, seen especially in the embarrassed respiration when extra exercise stimulates the heart to send the blood more rapidly than usual through the lungs, but really experienced continuously, is all the while bringing down the standard of healthy vigor, and so preparing the way for consumption and other kindred diseases.

In three ways, then, does this compression tend to produce consumption—by preventing the lungs from fully fitting the blood passing through them for the nutrition of the system, by impeding freedom of exercise, and by rendering the lungs themselves liable to disease. The first two are really the most important, for consumption is rather a malady of the system than of the lungs, and is therefore induced more by general than local causes.

The fact that exercise in the open air is of such vast importance as a measure for the prevention of this disease should be taken very largely into account by those who have any tendency to it in choosing their employment for life. Many very sad mistakes are continually made on this point.

In conclusion, we would say that there is no disease in which a proper use of preventive measures can effect such signal triumphs as in this. *The mortality by it can be greatly lessened.* And yet how large a proportion of its victims have neglected to use the obvious and effectual preventives, and are now vainly trying the round of boasting consumption-curers!

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

THE Tariff bill has been a principal object of interest in the Senate debates of the week. Its discussion, begun on January 22, has been continued from day to day. Various important amendments have been made. The new tariff is to go into effect on April 1. The importation of fire-works is prohibited. The duty on asphaltum and bitumen is raised to \$5 per ton; that on iron machinery to 50 per cent. ad valorem; that on copper ore to 3 cents per pound; and the duties on zinc paint and zinc sheets to 3 and 3½ cents per pound. The duty on bituminous coal is largely increased—from 50 cents to \$1 50 per ton, although the first provision had proved sufficiently protective.

The House was the scene of exciting "filibustering" movements on the part of the Democrats on January 22 and 23, to prevent a vote on the bill of the Judiciary Committee prescribing a test oath for public officers, lawyers, etc.; and after a long siege it was passed. It is designed to meet the point made in the recent decision of the Supreme Court, that a Presidential pardon enabled rebels to practice in the United States, and did away with all the laws enacted by Congress on the subject; and to assert the right of Congress to declare what offenses make men ineligible to administer the laws. It establishes a distinction between the power to remit a penalty and the power to reinstate in privileges—a distinction not admitted in the decision of the Supreme Court. Mr. Johnson, by the ruling of this bill, may pardon a rebel, but can not make him a United States officer against the laws of the country. The bill is intended as a bar to Executive usurpations of the Constitutional powers of Congress.

The Post-office appropriation bill was passed by the House on January 23.

The House bill, amending the Habeas Corpus Act, was passed by the Senate on January 25, and with the approval of the President will become the law. It is intended to protect military officers who made arrests during the war from prosecution under the civil laws.

An important bill came up in the House on January 25. It was for the relief of Josiah O. Ames, appropriating \$9500 to pay for the house and buildings burned at Anandale, Virginia, for military purposes, and elicited considerable lively discussion. Mr. Morrill said the passage of this bill would be a precedent for the allowance of claims that would amount to \$1,000,000,000. Mr. Delano, Chairman of the Committee on Claims, thought that \$2,000,000,000 would not be too high an estimate. The bill was passed by 99 yeas to 27 nays.

The bill to punish counterfeiting of the national currency and public securities passed both Houses, and goes to the President.

The President vetoed the Colorado bill on January 28. The Senate had taken no action upon it up to the time our record closed.

Mr. Stevens's Reconstruction bill was, after a sharp debate in the House on January 28, finally referred to the Reconstruction Committee.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

In the New York Assembly on January 22 resolutions were adopted providing for the investigation of the inconveniences attending the passage of the East and North rivers by the ferry-boats, and to report a bill compelling the ferry companies to afford better security and protection to the public. The bill extending the time for the collection of taxes to the 18th of April was passed in both Houses.

The Committee on Piers and Wharves have recommended the widening of the streets of New York city which lie along the water's edge, and the appointment of a Special Board to control New York harbor.

The bill to amend the Brooklyn Water Act was passed by the Senate on January 24.

The Senate found Judge Smith, of Oneida County, guilty of three specifications of the charges against him; and his removal was ordered.

A bill making general throughout the State the provisions of the New York Excise Law has been introduced in the Senate, and will probably pass.

### NEWS ITEMS.

All the Senators elected since our last report are strong Republicans. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen was elected for New Jersey on January 22, by a vote of 44 to 32. Timothy O. Howe was re-elected by the Wisconsin Legislature; and Senator Pomeroy by the Upper House of the Kansas Legislature, the Lower House refusing to go into an election for the long term. Governor Morton was elected Senator by the Indiana Legislature.

Four thousand nine hundred and fifty-six emigrants landed at New York between Jan. 1 and Jan. 20, 1867.

The Wisconsin Legislature, by a vote of 21 to 11 in the Senate, and 75 to 21 in the Assembly, has condemned the course of Senator Doolittle, and instructed him to resign.

General Philip Sheridan, in interfering with the obsequies to the rebel General A. S. Johnston, said "he had too much regard for the memory of the brave men who died to preserve our Government to authorize Confederate demonstrations over the remains of any one who attempted to destroy it."

Thomas Swann was elected Senator by the Maryland Legislature on January 25.

We noticed in our previous issue the murder of State Senator Case, of Tennessee. It now appears that the assassin was a ruffian named Frank Farris, who had previously murdered Deputy-Sheriff Kinman, of Obion County. On the day after the murder of Mr. Case he killed another Deputy-Sheriff, Roland Green, making three men whom he had assassinated in three days. The rebel citizens make no effort to arrest the guerrilla.

Bills were passed in the Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature, on January 23, organizing loyal militia of white and colored men in the State, and striking the word "white" from the franchise law.

Wendell Phillips delivered a speech before the Federal Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, on January 23, against the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment by Massachusetts.

The Canadian Council, in session on January 25, determined to pay all claims for damage by the Fenian invasion, and present the bill to the United States Government for payment. Cool!

A collision occurred on the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad on January 26, by which the engineer was killed, and five other persons were seriously and several slightly injured.

The State law permitting the sale of negroes into slavery for crime has been abolished by the Maryland Legislature.

A Captain Tremble, formerly an officer of an Illinois regiment, lately settled in Bowie County, Texas. His loyal conduct during the war and his loyal sentiments made him an object of hate to the Texas secessionists, and recently a mob of them shot at Tremble and wounded him. They subsequently threatened his life. Tremble then went to New Orleans and returned with twenty cavalry to remove his family. He found that his wife and child had been driven from home into Arkansas. The negroes on his place were manacled and driven through the streets in presence of the cavalry, who were forced to fall back before a mob of three hundred rebels. Mrs. Tremble died from ill-treatment. Captain Tremble lies at the point of death from wounds received from the chivalry.

An official letter from Florida says the Indians of Everglades, Florida, are determined to keep the negroes in their tribe as slaves, denying that white men's laws are applicable to them on the subject of slavery. The negroes claim their liberty, and have appealed to the military for assistance. It is feared there will be trouble in Florida touching this matter.

The body of the rebel General Johnston has been taken to Galveston for burial. General Griffin, commanding in that city, agreed to permit the burial to take place on condition that no organized associations should appear in the procession, and that there should be no music or tolling of bells. The authorities refused to consent to these conditions, and the body remained exposed for several days, all the stores being closed in honor of the deceased.

One half the town of Lagrange, Georgia, embracing all the business houses, was burned on January 24.

At meetings lately held at the Cooper Institute measures were taken to send relief to the destitute people of the South and the oppressed Christians in Candia.

Wall Street was lately excited over a tragedy of a painful character. Mr. Yelverton, President of the Bank of North America, certified checks of A. J. Meyer & Co., Broad Street brokers, to the amount of \$250,000, on Wednesday, the firm having always honored their paper heretofore; but the day drew to a close, and it was stated that Meyer & Co. had been ruined by ventures in Pennsylvania stock. The anxiety produced by this state of affairs worked so severely upon the mind of Mr. Yelverton that he died on January 25 in a fit of apoplexy.

Two of the Common Council of Philadelphia, in imitation of the New York city fathers, have had a "rough-and-tumble fight" on the floor of the council-room, and the fun was only brought to a close by an adjournment and putting out the gas.

Trouble has occurred among the negroes in South Carolina, opposite Savannah, Georgia, two or three hundred of them being armed to resist ejectment from the plantations. A force of United States troops had arrived among them to preserve order.

The artists composing the "National Academy of Design" have, through Senator Morgan, presented a memorial to Congress asking the imposition of a specific duty of \$100 on all oil paintings imported from aboard.

Congressman Samuel M'Kee, of Kentucky, while addressing a Sabbath-school in Washington city, on the 13th of January, alluded kindly to the progress and condition of a neighboring colored Sabbath-school, and got hissed for his philanthropy.

With all that has been said about the indolence and worthlessness of the negroes, there are only two freedmen drawing rations in Nashville, Tennessee. Where one colored person applies to the Bureau or city authorities for relief, there are at least half-a-dozen indigent whites who are to be seen on the same mission.

In the Kentucky Senate, on January 17, Mr. Helm made a speech in favor of raising ten regiments of Kentucky Infantry to resist aggression and maintain the principles of State Rights; the troops to be at any time subject to the call of the President.

The net earnings of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company have thus far exceeded the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum, and a dividend of ten per cent. "on account" will soon be paid out of the proceeds of the first six months' business.

Judge Whiting, who has the contract for cleaning the streets of New York, is said to have discovered that it can not be done for the sum which he receives. The causes are that there are three feet of snow in the streets, and forty idle pensioners drawing fifteen hundred dollars a year to be paid.

Forty United States troops, stationed at Jackson, Texas, have been attacked and killed by Indians.

The main street of Helena, Arkansas, was carried away by the Mississippi River on January 19.

General Rousseau or Lieutenant-Governor Jacobs are now the prominent candidates for the Kentucky Senatorship.

James Gordon Bennett, Jun., lately tendered his yacht, *Henrietta*, to Prince Alfred as a present; but the Prince declined.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE ex-rebel American steamer *Rappahannock* has been awarded to the United States by the Admiralty Court, London.

Details of the *coup d'etat* at Madrid, Spain, show that great and unnecessary cruelty was practiced against the chiefs of the Liberal party.

A plan, originating in Germany, for the partition of the Turkish Empire and the obliteration of the Porte Government is being seriously considered in Prussia, Russia, and Austria.

Formidable bread riots occurred at Greenwich, England, on January 24.

## POPE PIUS IX.

### EXPULSION OF PROTESTANT WORSHIP FROM ROME.

Just now the attention of the American people has been especially directed to the Pope by his denial of the right of worship to American Protestants in Rome. English and Scotch Protestants are included under the same ban, and are only permitted the grace henceforth to assemble for the worship of God outside the walls of the city. As it was the only Government in the world to recognize the Southern Confederacy, so now the Papal Government is the only one which denies the right of worship to American Protestants in Rome. This new pretension of the Pope is as ludicrous as it is against all the rules of international comity. Following directly upon the French evacuation, this dictate of the Pope is virtually a confession that the toleration hitherto enjoyed by Protestants in Rome has been due not to the liberal intentions of the Papacy, but to the Pope's wholesome awe of French bayonets. In this light it is at the same time an act of confessed cowardice and an insult to America and England, the two chief Protestant nations of the world. Though it seems hardly worth while to quarrel with the Papacy upon the eve of its extinction from among temporal powers, and though this extraordinary assumption of despotic might on the part of petticoated priests, under the direction of a Pope, in the last and weakest stage of his power, rather excites a smile of contemptuous pity, there is still room left for indignation, and we hope our Minister will not be backward in the assertion of our national dignity. If hitherto our religious liberty at Rome has been protected only by French soldiery, it is now worth while to show that we are able to take care of it ourselves.

Pope Pius IX., the pretended Vicegerent of Christ upon earth, was born in 1792. He is now, therefore, seventy-four years old. His original name was Giovanni M. Pasti Ferretti. He was born of a noble family. If his destiny had depended upon the wishes of his friends rather than upon his own resolution, he would have belonged to the Army and not to the Church. After his priestly ordination he attended to his pastoral duties with exemplary devotion. He was intrusted with delicate and important missions by Popes Pius VII. and Leo XII., receiving from the latter one of the principal ecclesiastico-civil departments of administration in Rome. When the cholera was raging in Naples in 1836 he was the apostolic nuncio in that city, and his name is still gratefully remembered by the poorer inhabitants for his disinterested efforts in their behalf. He was in 1840 created Cardinal Archbishop of Imola in Romagna, where great political disaffection existed, and where he displayed great liberality of sentiment. Upon the death of Gregory XVI., June 1, 1846, Cardinal Ferretti was elected to the Papacy under the name of Pius IX. He was then fifty-four years old. The new Pope was very popular during the first two years of his administration. It appeared that he was about to reform the gigantic abuses of the Papal Government, and the enthusiasm of the Romans and of the entire Italian population was raised to the highest pitch.

But in 1848 the French Revolution introduced a new era in Italy as in all Europe. The reform of egregious and long-standing abuses was no longer satisfactory. There was an imperative demand for radical changes, moving toward popular systems of representative government. The Pope was strongly opposed to this new movement, and his popularity began to decline. The popular disaffection was soon increased by the Pope's taking for his minister Count Rossi, one of the most unpopular and aristocratic men in Rome. So violent was the feeling of the people that the hated minister was assassinated, and the Pope himself obliged to make his escape in disguise from Rome, followed by his Court.

For a year and a half the Pope was an exile from the "City of the Saints;" and the State Commission which he appointed was contemptuously ignored by the Roman Chambers, who appointed a Provisional Government in its place. Rome, in the mean while, was in the possession of native troops under Garibaldi, and was besieged and captured by the French army under General Oudinot. Covered by the thunder of French cannon, the Pope re-entered Rome on the 12th of April, 1850. Since that time, until within a few weeks, the Pope's temporal power in Rome has been maintained by the aid of French troops. It has been a power hated by the people, and now that these troops have left him, he has no protection, foreign or domestic, against the stormy elements which surround him on all sides. The chief ecclesiastical acts of the present Pope have been his formal definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception (December, 1854) and his Encyclical Letter of 1864, supported by his extraordinary pronunciamento of last year. These latter manifestoes have destroyed all hope of union between Liberal Catholicism and the Papacy.

King Victor Emanuel in his late compromise with the Pope has disappointed the Italian people. The history of Italy is fast approaching its crisis. Already the Italian people are con-

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

THE POPE ORDERING OUR MINISTER, MR. KING, TO REMOVE AMERICAN PROTESTANT WORSHIP FROM ROME.

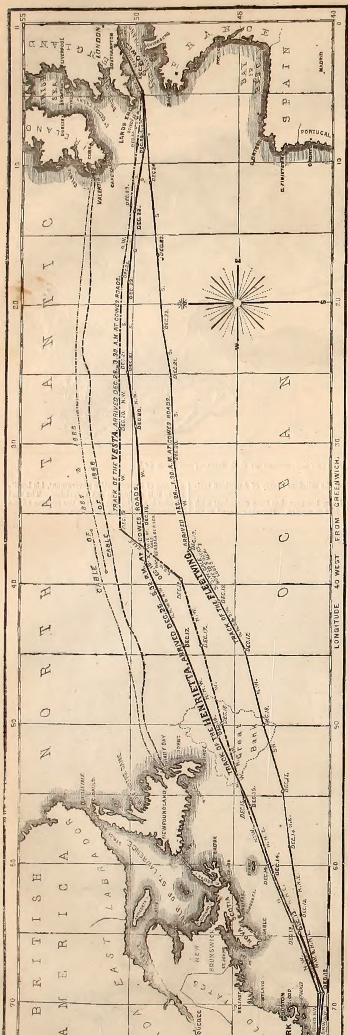
THE SNOW-STORM—OPENING BLOCKADED ROADS IN THE COUNTRY.—SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

sidering whether more has not been lost than gained by the monarchy, and movements are in progress which not only the Pope but VICTOR EMANUEL will do well to consider.

The expulsion of Protestant worship from Rome is a measure especially directed against this country. For, unlike England, we have at Rome a resident Minister, whose business it is to protect the religious liberty of American residents.

The Pope, however, has been consistent with himself in this matter. Bitterly opposed to all systems of representative government, his hostility to this country is not surprising. The real wonder is that he can not see the ruinous effects to himself of his own despotism.

THE SNOW-STORM—CARTING SNOW FROM THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 94.]




THE GREAT NAUTICAL TRIUMPHS OF 1866—CHART SHOWING THE LINES OF THE ATLANTIC CABLES AND ROUTES OF THE YACHTS IN THE LATE RACE.

## AMERICAN NAUTICAL TRIUMPHS.

The two great nautical performances of the year 1866—of the century, perhaps—were achieved through the energy and daring, and under the direction of Americans. We refer to the laying of the Atlantic Cable and the ocean yacht race between the yachts *Henrietta, Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*. The importance of these efforts, and the interest taken in them, has induced us to present a chart showing the routes of the cables of 1858 and 1866; and those of the contesting yachts in the late December race. This chart has been prepared by George W. Blunt, 179 Water Street, from the North Atlantic chart of E. G. W. Blunt, of whom copies can be obtained by all interested in the subject.

### THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

It is well known that this great triumph of scientific skill, completed successfully in August, 1866, after nearly fifteen years' constant labor, resulted from the perseverance of Cyrus W. Field, an American, who steadfastly labored when others abandoned the enterprise in despair. Of the nature of this great triumph it is not necessary that we should speak, since the cable can and has talked enough of itself. One fact not generally known is, that through the circuit of 4000 miles the electric flash has been passed in $\frac{35}{100}$ of a second. Of the

### OCEAN YACHT RACE

we propose to speak more fully, as of a performance unequaled for seamanship, navigation, and courage.

The seamanship necessary to race those yachts successfully needed to be of the very highest order. The continued strain on the rigging, spars, and sails, as shown in the distance run in one day, and the shortness of the passages of all the yachts, proves there must have been a constant painful tension of the minds of those who were to conduct the race.

The navigation was also skillfully conducted. The accuracy of the land-fall and the shortness of the distance run prove the facts that the *Henrietta* ran 3066 miles, the *Fleetwing* 3007 miles, and the *Vesta* 3064 miles; while the total distance between the two places on the arc of a great circle, which can not be sailed, as it runs over Nantucket and Cape Race, is 2977½ miles.

The following table shows the actual time made by the several yachts:

Left Sandy Hook December 11, at 1 o'clock P.M., and arrived off the Needles Light-house in the following order on the 25th and 26th December, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| Henrietta | Dec. 25 @ 3.45 P.M. |
| Fleetwing | Dec. 26 @ 12 M. |
| Vesta | Dec. 26 @ 0.40 A.M. |

The difference between Needles time and Sandy Hook or New York time is 4 hours, 49 minutes, 43 seconds, which is made up as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Long. of Sandy Hook Light-house is | 73° 59′ 8″ | W. |
| Long. of Needles Light-house is | 1° 34′ | W. |
| Difference | 72° 25′ 8″ | |
| | h. m. sec. | |
| Which is equal to | 4 49 43.8 | P.M. in time. |
| Add time of starting | 1 | P.M. |
| Gives us | 5 49 43.8 | P.M. |

as the time the race began *in Needles time*.

This would give the following as the actual time of each yacht, viz.:

| | days. | h. | m. | sec. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Henrietta | 13 | 21 | 55 | 16.2 |
| Fleetwing | 14 | 6 | 10 | 16.2 |
| Vesta | 14 | 6 | 50 | 16.2 |

In this contest of nautical skill our country may feel proud. All engaged did admirably; and we may say, "Glory to the victor! honor to the beaten!"

## A CLEAR CASE OF LUCK.

"A good many singular things happened during the war," said John, as he lighted his after-dinner cigar; "but somehow I consider my own case about the funniest thing of all."

"Ah!" said I, "how is that?"

"Did it never occur to you that it was a little odd that in so short a time I should have got to be a partner in the firm, and a married man, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh! you speculated."

"Not a bit of it; or, rather, I did, and I didn't; for you know I detest speculation. I've even made old Mitraille swear off."

"So far it's all very clear; but if you *have* secured a French wife, and a rich one, I *could* understand a little plain English."

Before I went to the war John Develin and I had been fellow-clerks in the banking house of Mitraille & Co., in New York. A slight lameness prevented John from going into the army; and an utter absence of capital prevented him from proposing for the hand of the pretty Lucille, though I always believed that he had more to fear from her gruff old papa than from the young lady herself.

Poor as he was, and on a moderate salary, when I returned at the end of the war—a good deal lamer than ever John had been before it—I found my chum in the full enjoyment of all his heart had longed for, and with a brown-stone front to enjoy it in. So, when he volunteered something which promised to explain the mystery my curiosity was on fire in a moment. John was a right good fellow, and I did not envy him a particle; but I must say that I was curious about it.

"Well," said John, "the way of it was this: Have another cigar? You know a good deal what I was after when you went away; and my chance of getting it then seemed about as far off as the Presidency. It was a clear case of luck, I tell you, and very little more. Old Mitraille always liked me pretty well, though I was hardly the man he would have chosen for a son-in-law; and I kept his private books, you know. You know all about that unbounded gold speculation in 1862 and 1863; well, he had somehow got into it, steady, old, hard-headed banker as he is. Almost every body went in more or less.

The old man had rather missed it once or twice, and got hit pretty hard, though no one but myself knew any thing about it—so hard, in fact, that I was more than a little alarmed for the result.

I got it into my head about that time that I would like to run down to Washington and take a look at the forts and camps. Somehow it always galled me a good deal that I could not take my part with the rest, and I wanted to have a look at the thing any how. So I called at the house to see Lucille and get a short furlough, and I succeeded surprisingly well. That is, I didn't see as much of Lucille as I wanted, but the old gentleman gave me leave of absence readily, and added:

"Suppose something may happen, somewhat, whiles you are dare, eh? You send me a telegram, quick?"

"Yes," I replied, "but you know the War Department don't allow a fellow to send over the wires just what he wants to."

"Oh, never mind all dat," said Mitraille, "just you send somethings good or bad, no matter just de words. I understand mighty quick, ha! ha! Never you mind de War Department."

"And so," continued John, "off I went, without a very clear idea of what was expected, or how I was to do it."

And now the rest of it sounds tremendously like a page from Munchausen, but it's all a clear historical fact. Mitraille wrote a letter which got to Washington about as soon as I did, urging me to keep my ears and eyes open, and promising that if I sent him any thing of importance he would go halves with me on the profits. I saw by that how terribly nervous he was getting, and concluded that affairs must be even worse with him than I knew of. Nevertheless, I began to be a trifle excited myself, and though I had a sort of horror of speculation, especially of gold gambling, I commenced to look around me pretty sharply for items. Among other adventures I fell in with old Sam Gorham, of Cincinnati, one of our correspondents, and a nephew of his, a queer, awkward spoon of a fellow, and we went around sight-seeing in company.

Nothing would do for either uncle or nephew but a continual succession of cocktails, and I had to leave them in their rooms soon after dinner, somewhat the worse for wear, while I continued my search for information under difficulties.

I didn't find out any thing in particular all that night or the next forenoon, but I saw the sights pretty effectually, and about noon I went into my friends' room to stir them up. I found the nephew lolling disconsolately on a chair, and the uncle in bed with a high fever, the natural result of his foolishness the day before. The hopeful youth began the story of his tribulations by stating that he had expected his aunt there that day, but had received a letter from her saying that she had been delayed and could not come on at once.

I asked him what the doctor said about his uncle.

"Oh, the old man's right sick, and I reckon I'd better telegraph to Aunt Sally to come on right off."

On the plea of a splitting headache he begged me to send his message, and I thought I would send one at the same time to Mitraille & Co. Well, his telegram, saving the direction, read;

"Don't wait for any thing. Uncle Sam very sick indeed."

While mine was simply,

"Nothing stirring. Having a good time."

Now, how on earth those two little affairs got interchanged is a mystery to me to this day. Perhaps I did it; maybe he did it; perhaps it was done at the telegraph office; I don't know; but twisted they certainly were, and somehow both of them passed the censors. When Mitraille opened his he straightway imagined that something had gone to smash in Washington, and that I had taken a neat way of giving him a hint, and he rushed out and bought all the gold his credit would cover.

He wrote me by that mail an account of transactions whose magnitude almost turned my hair gray; and while he thanked me for my hint he begged me to be sure that my information was correct. I thought at first that he was crazy, and then I got pretty near crazy myself, thinking of what might be the consequences of the mistake. The first thing I did—this was the next day, you know—was to rush into Riggs's and ask the latest gold prices.

Guess my delight when I found them fairly jumping upward. It was wonderful! Still, I was terribly nervous, for all sorts of rumors were afloat, and I knew that gold could fall as fast as it could rise. The feeling grew on me until, pretty nearly half-demented, I went into the telegraph office at Willard's and dashed off—

"It's all a sell, and a big one."

Well, the old gentleman took that just as he had the other one, and not only sold out but went short to the full extent of his line. It was the luckiest thing in the world, for, sure enough, within forty-eight hours things did go down heels over head. I began to feel superstitious; there was something fairly uncanny about it; and I packed my kit and made fast time for New York. I did not attempt any explanation, but I steadily resisted all the old gentleman's entreaties to go on with it any further. I even managed to persuade him to close up his gold account and quit it. I had Lucille to help me in that.

The net figure was a handsome one, I tell you, and there was very little trouble about

making the other arrangements after my bank account was made up. My honored father-in-law has the blindest faith in my judgment; but I told Lucille all about it. What's more, I don't and won't speculate, and I won't do business for any firm that does. It's all a clear case of luck."

John threw the stump of his cigar into the ashes, and I pulled away at mine, wondering if there was any luck in my getting that bit of shell in my ankle.

## "WHAT WAS IT?"

### A TALE OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

In the year 185- I was in command of the *Dolphin*, a fine bark of 600 tons. We had been on a whaling voyage, and had obtained an unusually good cargo of oil both in quality and quantity. With our course laid for home, the crew in good health, and a fair prospect of percentage money on the cargo, what more could we want to keep the song and the jest on the lips of the crew? Time passed quickly along. "Homeward bound" has an intensified meaning to the whaler's crew, and as we bowled along with a good breeze, each day getting nearer and nearer to our homes and firesides, there were few on the vessel who did not feel their spirits rising with each day's progress.

One night about eleven o'clock I was sitting at the upper end of my cabin table consulting a chart on which the vessel's course was laid down. I had been reading Dante's *Inferno*, and the horrible nature of the work had aroused my sensitive feelings to such an extent that I had determined to try how far a cigar and a walk on deck would steady my nerves. Just as I was about rising from my chair to go on deck I noticed a figure descending the companion-way before me. A single glance told me that it was not one of the crew. No one of my well-fed, sleek men could possibly look as miserable as this figure looked, even at the distance at which I saw him. Slowly he descended the steps, grasping the hand-rail to support himself as if he were too feeble to descend without support. His back was bent, and his head lay forward on his breast as if he was carefully watching his footsteps; his feet were bare, while his head was enveloped in a piece of old sail-cloth in place of a cap. His left arm hung down by his side carefully rolled up in his coat, which had evidently been taken off for that purpose, and the arm itself appeared to be broken. Quietly and without uttering a word he approached me, and at last he sat down at the opposite end of the table to that which was my accustomed place. He then slowly raised his head, and a sight was presented to my astonished gaze, the like of which I hope I may never see again. A fine, noble face it was; but attenuated by disease and suffering, or perhaps both. The features had been good and regular, but now the cheeks were sunken and hollow; the teeth, white and even, were firmly set together, while the thin, parched lips were drawn back from them. The eyes were as black as coal, but sunk far back into the head, and I saw that they were at once fixed on me with a dull, unmeaning stare. The figure now stood up just opposite to me, and I felt myself spell-bound to my seat without the power to address it. Having looked at me fixedly for some time, the figure then walked up to my side till it touched my shoulder. Reaching out his arm, he laid a bony finger on the chart which was on the table, and before I could muster courage to articulate, lo! he had disappeared.

Recovering my composure somewhat, I sprang with a bound up the companion-way and shouted for the mate. He speedily replied to my call, and came aft dragging something behind him which kept up a continued howling. As he came nearer to me I saw that it was my Labrador dog Caspar, and I inquired the meaning of what he was doing. "Why, Sir," he replied, "the dog lay on the companion-hatch until a few moments ago, apparently sound asleep, when all of a sudden he sprang up with a horrible howl, and ran to his kennel forward with his tail between his legs. I went forward after him, and found him in his kennel shaking with fright, and when I put my hand in to pat him he attempted to bite me. Hearing you call, I dragged him aft with me by his collar, to see if he had not been hurt in some manner, for I never saw him act so before."

I did not examine the terrified dog. I felt that he had seen my visitor as well as myself. With some difficulty I soothed him, and then went down below. Walking up to my table I cast a look down at the chart. At the exact spot where my visitor had placed his attenuated finger I saw a dull red mark, and, on a closer examination, I perceived that it was a drop of blood. The mark indicated a position on the chart which was about a day's sail from and at right angles to our course. For two hours I paced the deck wondering at what had happened. The visitor was too surely no creation of my own imagination, for the dog had seen the figure as well as myself, and the spot on the chart was plain evidence. What could it mean? I half determined to ask the mate's advice. He was a firm believer in spiritual manifestations, and would endeavor to solve the enigma in some way or other. But then I had always ridiculed his notions, and it was too galling to my pride to ask his advice now on that of which I had always denied the existence, save in a heated imagination; so I determined to keep my own counsel. Turning in soon after I slept well and awoke refreshed—determined in my own mind to say nothing and think no more about it.

When I got on deck I found that we were becalmed. Not a ripple was on the water. The day passed away monotonously enough. The crew slept. I read and smoked; and eleven o'clock that night found me in my chair at the head of the table in the cabin. Caspar, who had quite got over his fears, lay on the hatch at the head of the cabin stairs. I could hear the pat, pat of his tail as a sort of greeting to the mate as he kept passing him in his walk up and down the deck. This evening my thoughts were tranquil, for I was reading a volume of Longfellow's poems, and was in the midst of Evangeline, when I heard a howl from Caspar and the scurry of his feet as he scampered forward. Looking up I saw my visitor of the previous night again descending the companion-way. He seemed much weaker, and came slowly down, clutching the hand-rail with his one sound arm and hand. He walked across the cabin more feebly than before, and his respiration was heavy and labored when he reached the table. He glanced at the table with an anxious look as if to see whether the chart was still there. It was not. He then gazed at me with a disappointed and sorrowful stare and disappeared. I remained quietly in my chair for about ten minutes after the spectre had departed. When I went on deck I found the mate again endeavoring to soothe the dog, who snapped and snarled in his kennel until it was unsafe to approach him. Leaving him there I went below, and throwing myself, dressed as I was, on my cot, I tried to sleep. Unrefreshing and feverish was the sleep which visited me that night, and I arose in the morning totally unfit for work of any kind and with my nerves entirely unstrung. What was expected of me? For what purpose had I been warned? What must I do? Thus I mused during the entire day. Caspar kept close to his kennel all the time and steadily refused to eat or drink. Whenever any of us approached him he attempted to snap at us, and appeared as if entirely under the influence of some great fear. The calm had continued during the entire day, and we made no progress whatever. Again evening approached and the same hour found me, as on the two previous nights, sitting at my table. This time I eagerly awaited my visitor. Would the figure again appear? I found myself hoping that it would. This time I did not attempt to read, for my thoughts were too troubled to permit of my concentrating my mind on any book. The same chart, with the blood-stain on it, lay on the table before me. Would my visitor, if he came again, touch that spot, or would he give me some other sign which might indicate to me the course I ought to pursue? This time there was no Caspar to warn me, but I felt that the figure was coming even ere it appeared. Presently I saw it again coming down the stairs. This time it was evidently far weaker than before, for with difficulty could it stand, and it toiled down the steps in manifest suffering and agony. At last it reached the cabin floor and attempted to advance toward me; but no sooner had it let go the hand-rail than it sank down exhausted. I sprang up and rushed toward it; but the moment I moved the spectre vanished, and when I attempted to raise the fallen figure my hands touched the cabin floor.

And now a light seemed to break upon me. I rushed upon deck, where I found the mate and crew setting all sail to catch the breeze which had just sprung up. I immediately gave orders that the *Dolphin's* course should be altered to that which would bring us to the spot marked so plainly on the chart by the drop of blood. All that night I paced the deck. No sleep seemed possible to me until this hidden mystery should be revealed. We made a beautiful run, and with daylight I hoped to find—*What?* I knew not.

The dawn brought a disappointment. A dense fog lay on the face of the ocean. We could discern nothing at ten yards distance from the vessel's side. According to my calculations and by the log we should have been not far from that spot on the wide sea where I hoped to find a solution of the mystery. Toward noon the wind died away, and at length deserted us altogether. Then the fog slowly rose, and I at once, glass in hand, ascended the rigging. With eager gaze I scanned the horizon ahead and on both bows, but no welcome object met my eyes. Disheartened at I knew not what, I was about coming down when I chanced to look directly astern. Almost directly in our wake, but far astern of us, lay an object, which, by the aid of my glass, I made out to be an open boat. I could not discern any thing in it, and it appeared to lie like a log upon the water. The gig was soon lowered according to my orders, and a mate and a boat's crew were dispatched to inspect the boat as it lay far astern. I felt quite unequal to going myself, so agitated was I, but I had presence of mind enough to order some brandy and nourishment suitable to the sick and famished to be brought up on deck. I felt as assured that my visitor was there as if I had seen him in the boat; but whether alive or dead I dared not to speculate. Twice I had been summoned, and twice I had neglected the summons. On the third occasion my spectre visitor had sunk, to all appearance, lifeless on the floor of my cabin. Was he dead, or was he only in a death-like swoon? I thought over the wonderful incidents which had caused me to find the boat. The wind had died away when I neglected to obey the first summons, nor did it return until after I had received the third call. Had it not again died away when it did, I should have passed the boat so far in the fog as not to be able to see it when the fog lifted. As it was, we were very nearly out of sight when the horizon became clear. Half an hour's more wind and the mystery would never have been revealed. Scarce could I restrain my impatience. However, there was no help for it. I must wait until the gig returned. After hours of suspense I at last beheld the gig approaching slowly with the other boat in tow. Unable to endure the terrible suspense I went down into the cabin. Soon I heard the gig touch the ship's side and the mate giving orders to lower away the chair from the yard-arm. Then, I thought, they had found him; but he must be too feeble to climb up the ship's side. A few moments, and I heard approaching footsteps, and down the stairs was brought, with the assistance of some of the crew, my visitor for the *fourth* time; but now really and truly in the flesh. He was supported in the arms of the mate, but he held on to the hand-rail just as I had seen him in the three visions. His left arm hung loosely at his side, and was bandaged up just as I had observed on the three occasions of the spectre's visits.

We gave him proper refreshment and put him to bed. He gradually revived, and in a few days was able to tell us his story. He had been captain of a large vessel trading in the Pacific. The crew had mutinied, and had cast him adrift in the open boat, with nothing to eat but a few biscuits, which were thrown into the boat in derision by one of the mutineers. When these were eaten he had tried to eke out life by eating his shoes, and with water wrung from his clothes after rain and heavy dews he had quenched in a manner his thirst. When found by the mate he lay extended in the bottom of the boat in a death-like swoon, and owed his recovery, perhaps, chiefly to the brandy which I had sent in the gig. In a few days more we assisted him on deck. Caspar no sooner saw him than he flew at him, and but for my interference would have torn him to pieces. During the rest of the voyage we were obliged to keep the dog chained up. As soon as we perceived the boat the *Dolphin* had been put upon her former course, and now, with a fair wind, we again sped merrily on.

I now felt satisfied that omens and signs were sometimes vouchsafed to mortal men for certain grave reasons, and, though not superstitious, I still believe that they are more frequent than is usually supposed. As we neared the port for which we were bound Captain Williams (for such was the name of my visitor) was one day sitting with me in the cabin, when he asked to see the chart, as he wished to pick out the spot where I had found him. I gave him an entirely new chart, and he busied himself sharpening a pencil with which to mark the place where he had so nearly lost his life. Suddenly I heard an exclamation from him, which he followed up by saying: "My dear ——, I am very sorry; but I have cut my finger, and have dropped some blood on your new chart, and I see that I have soiled the very spot which I was going to point out as that whereabouts you found me. But," he added, in a light laugh, "that will do instead to mark the place." I have the two charts now, both of them marked exactly alike; one done by Captain Williams in the flesh accidentally; the other by— Reader, can you tell whom?

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

New York was not the only city where a terrible snow-storm put, as it were, "a great soft *brake* on the wheels of life, and made every thing stop, or go slowly" till men cut their way through it. The London journals speak of the storm which recently enveloped their city as a "terrible calamity," as a "scene of unexpected horrors." "We were paralyzed with sheer terror," remarks the *Saturday Review*. "Not the slightest attempt was made to grapple with the enemy. The snow had fallen, and London succumbed." Americans do not yield quite so easily as that. New York could not be paralyzed for three days, as London has been, by a fall of snow; though such a visitation puts a sort of damper on every thing. Yet what was said of London might have been said truthfully of *some* parts of our city. "Not a scavenger moved; not an attempt was made to clear out the gutters." Since a snow-storm may be expected every winter, can not some ingenious mind devise an expeditious way of clearing our streets? It is said that after a heavy snow-storm which recently occurred in Paris the streets were entirely cleared within twenty-four hours. Let us import from France whatever is necessary to a like prompt action, if Americans can not or will not manufacture it for themselves.

The ice obstructions have rendered ferry navigation almost impossible. Multitudes have been subjected to great inconvenience, anxiety, and suffering. On one occasion it is said that not less than five thousand persons waited for hours at Fulton Ferry for an opportunity to cross. And when at length the overladen boats did cross the possibility of accident with such an immense crowd on board, and no special provisions for safety, was fearful. The experience of the last few weeks has caused the question of a bridge from New York to Brooklyn to be agitated afresh.

The fearful condition of our streets has made short dresses a necessity to ladies. A promenade through Broadway will reveal the numerous styles which are prevailing. These short dresses are usually cut gored, and are vandyked out, shaped in battlements, or trimmed with velvet, or a plaiting. They are worn over an under-skirt of the same material, trimmed to match; or over a bright-colored Balmoral petticoat. Suits, having the dress and petticoat of the same material, either black, or of some neutral color, are most fashionable, and are in thoroughly good taste. The short dress requires very little cloth—and many ladies might find it a convenience as well as an economy to make both a long and a short skirt to their bodices; so that merely an exchange of the skirt might sometimes take the place of an entire re-arrangement of the toilet on returning from their promenades. Some of the short dresses are made fuller and longer than those just referred to, entirely covering the petticoat, but leaving the foot free for walking. Long dresses, when worn in the street, are universally looped—no lady having the temerity, in the present crisis, to attempt to sweep the sidewalks. Whether some one might not be induced to undertake it *on contract* we can not say.

A great many persons think they can not learn to sing. Some say they have "no voice," others have "no ear." We remember a good old deacon in a country church who used to say he should never know the difference, whether the choir sung "Old Hundred" or "Yankee Doodle." But times are changing—this is an age of progress; and recently it has been announced that by the "Galin Method" of teaching music every body can learn to sing. We say every body—only three classes are exceptions, it is said: 1. Those who are *deaf*; 2. Those who are *dumb*; 3. Those who are *idiots*. The "Galin Method," which has been successfully practiced in France, professes to be an efficient way of teaching large masses to read and write music readily, and to give the ability to "sing at sight," without regard to want of musical taste or culture in the learner. A course of free lectures illustrating this peculiar method is now being given at the New England Congregational Church on Monday and Thursday evenings of each week, and at the Rutger's Institute on Tuesday and Friday evenings. The audience, thus far, has been an enthusiastic one, and the lecturer, Mr. C. H. Farnham, shows himself both able and entertaining. Time alone can prove the real value of the "Galin Method."

In a recent report respecting the new Academy of Music it is officially stated that the building will be, when completed, in all respects safe and secure. This is a matter about which the public feel a deep interest, as some doubts in regard to its security were thrown out months ago. The new building is sixteen feet less in height, and does not accommodate within 1200 of the number that the old building did. It has five seven-foot doors on Fourteenth Street, four on Irving Place, and two on an open court, for egress, all of which will open outward; it has a circular staircase seventeen feet in diameter, with an iron stairs leading from the family circle, set in two feet of brick-work. In the matter of warming the building a very great improvement has been made; instead of the ten furnaces which were formerly located in the basement, under the stage, for that purpose, heat is supplied throughout the establishment by steam-pipes, supplied from a boiler placed in a vault outside the building; the gas-meters are also placed in a vault outside the building.

It does seem passing strange that as soon as a vessel or steamer has been blown up, or wrecked, or burned at sea, or has met with some disaster which involved fearful loss of life, it is suddenly revealed that it had long been wholly unseaworthy. Recent investigations disclose the fact that the steamboat *Commodore*, of the Stonington line, which was lost the latter part of December, was an old, rotten vessel, totally unfit for navigation. Is it not *somebody's* business to prevent the lives of trusting travelers from being thus recklessly exposed?

Ladies may change their minds, it is universally agreed. A lady living somewhere in New York State recently availed herself of this privilege. She became prejudiced against her husband through the influence of a lover who furnished her the money to procure a divorce and then married her. After living with her second husband a while she became convinced she had been deceived as to her first husband, and her old love returning, she eloped from her second husband, running away with her first husband.

The best female skater in Washington this winter is said to be a young lady from Saco, Maine. A young girl of fifteen, living in Minnesota, is reported to have recently skated from Minneapolis to Dayton, a distance of forty miles, in six hours.

A curious little item comes to us by private letter from Indiana. In a certain town in that State lives a man who had given his wife just cause for seeking a divorce. After a long time she, with the usual difficulties, obtained the bill of divorcement, and set up a boarding-house as a means of support. She had been in her new business only a few weeks when she received, through a friend, an application from her former husband to take *him* as a border! As she had been working for two years to get rid of boarding him she respectfully declined the application.

We learn from an exchange that the Methodist Centenary collection now reaches nearly $4,000,000. This is one of the greatest achievements of the past year, and is an argument in favor of the voluntary system of sustaining religious worship in our country, which churchmen in other lands will wonder at but can not answer.

A Boston paper gives the following useful recipe:

*To cause a healthy glow to radiate through the body.*—Buy one or more tons of coal, taking care that it is a kind that will burn. Pay for it, and have it put into carts. Pay for the cartage. Distribute it to a few poor people whom you know to be generally destitute. You will find your heart become warm on the instant, and the heat will gradually expand to the extremities. This effect will be experienced more decidedly in the coldest weather.

It requires very little nowadays to make a law-case. A young lady in Wisconsin recently brought a suit for a breach of promise. On the trial she introduced several commonplace letters from the defendant to sustain her case on the ground that the letters were signed, "*Ever yours.*" How could he be *ever hers* unless he intended to marry her? was the logical conclusion of the unsophisticated damsel; but the jury, not seeing it in that light, nonsuited her.

The number of ladies' waterfalls exported from France to England last year was 11,954, with hair sufficient for 7000 more. The ladies of the United States undoubtedly appropriated about as many.

A very amusing anecdote is told of John Gibson Lockhart's college days. The young genius was always bubbling over with fun and humor, and had a marked antipathy to all forms of pretense. His tutor at Oxford assumed to be a great Hebrew scholar, and Lockhart, doubting the fact, one day handed up to his tutor a paper covered with Hebrew characters. He was complimented, and desired to persevere. The Hebrew papers accumulated, and at length the tutor, in a glow of pride, carried them to Dr. Parsons, who was really a good scholar in that abstruse branch of learning. The Doctor glanced over them, while the tutor dilated on what might in time be achieved by such an extraordinary young man. But presently a roar of laughter burst from the reader. Lockhart had written in the Hebrew character, but in the English language, a series of good-natured lampoons upon his tutor, for each of which, as he handed it in, he had received the public thanks of the person lampooned.

A pretty good story is told in connection with a Connecticut clergyman who was reproving an old Indian for his cruel and revengeful conduct toward them that had offended him. "You should love your enemies," observed the parson, "and preserve an affection for those that hurt you."

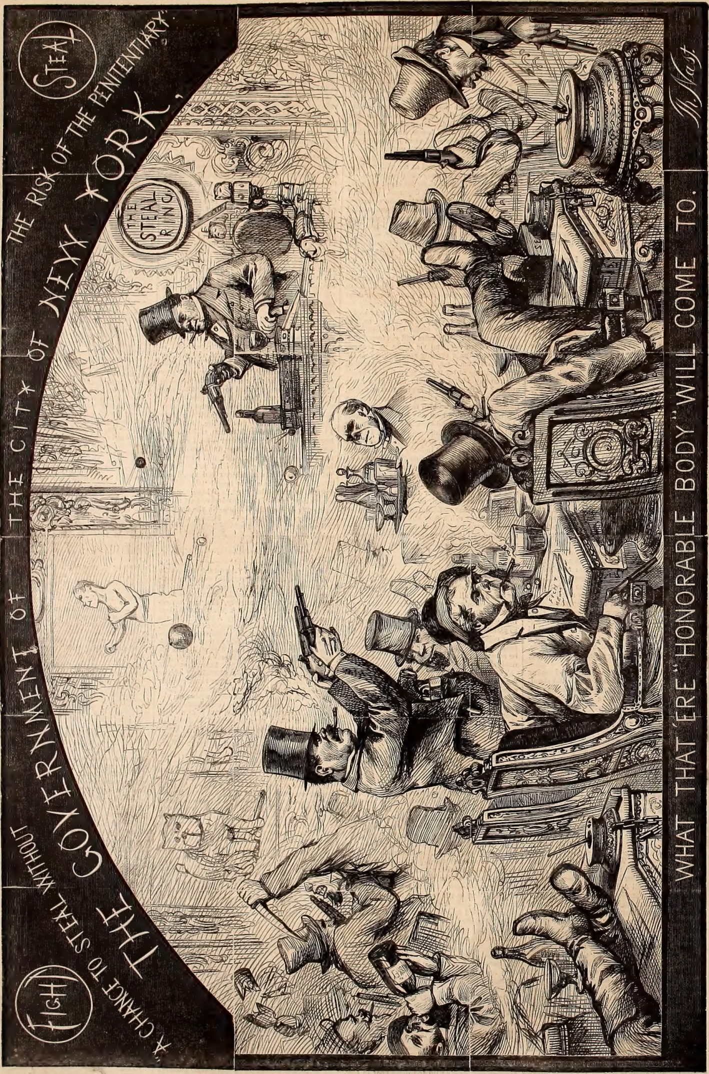
"I do love my enemies," retorted the son of nature, "and have a great affection for them that hurt me."

"No such thing," returned the clergyman, "you don't love your enemies."

"I do."

"Who are the enemies you love?"

"Rum and cider!"




WHAT THAT 'ERE "HONORABLE BODY" WILL COME TO.

DIFFICULT TRAVELING FROM VERA CRUZ TO MEXICO.—[See Page 94.]

## HOW NEW YORK IS MISGOVERNED.

An essayist some time since undertook to tell how New York city is governed, and began, naturally enough, with a dissertation on stealing, in which allusions were made to all grades of robbery, from that of the orchard by the school-boy to that of the government by its official guardians. It is hardly more than a generation since the city of New York possessed a model government, which other cities were glad to copy; now it is the worst governed city of the Union. The mayoralty of New York less than twenty years ago was an official position more envied than a seat in Congress; and to be a "City Father" was an honor which the first citizens sought; now the honor is avoided. In 1830 New York was governed for half a million of dollars; in 1865 it cost $40,000,000. The rate of taxation then was two dollars and a half per inhabitant; it is now forty dollars—an unnatural increase, since the population now is only five times greater than it was in 1830, while the rate of taxation is sixteen times multiplied. For years past the various governing officials of New York have been furnishing illustrations of the art of robbing a government with such boldness as to lead one to suspect that the members fully appreciated the truth of Hudibras, that

> "All those who do but rob and steal enough
> Are punishment and court of justice proof."

We enumerate briefly a few familiar instances. A short time ago a certain building belonging to a city politician was leased by the City Council through the "Ring" for ten years at two thousand dollars per year, when it was clearly shown by one just member that it was not worth twelve hundred per year. Four thousand dollars were appropriated in 1865 for colors to New York regiments, which had been already provided by the State at a cost of fourteen hundred; and though the flags were never presented the money was spent. The "City Manual" costs the voters annually over fifty thousand dollars, when private enterprise could make a handsome sum by furnishing it at $30,000. The contractor for removing dead animals from the streets is paid $25,000 per year. He testified in 1866 before the Board of Health that he "had paid $60,000 for the contract." Mr. Schultz, the President of the Board of Health, estimated the "total swindle under the night soil contract" at $111,000 for the year 1865, that amount having been realized from the sale of refuse for the removal of which the city paid $21,000, instead of receiving a bonus for the privilege. One of the most stupendous jobs is said to be that of the "street cleaning contract," for which the city pays $495,000 per year, one hundred thousand of which the Board of Health declares is divided annually among pot-house politicians. It was recently proved before the Governor that the appointment of the office of Corporation Attorney was sold to a former incumbent for the round sum of $10,000; and that the places of tutors in the public schools are systematically sold. One poor girl came on to the witness-stand on crutches, and swore that she had paid $75 for a situation worth $300. A member of the Citizens' Association last year canvassed the city to find the whereabouts and learn what were the duties of the forty-four health wardens and assistants, to whom the city pays $48,180 annually. He found these guardians of the public health to be bar-keepers and hangers-on of the lowest character of drinking saloons, who did no official duty whatever except to draw their pay. Mr. Horace F. Clarke appeared before the Assembly Committee recently, and testified that the Hudson River Railroad is compelled to pay "blood money" constantly to the city "Rings" in New York. The estimate for printing and stationery for the city, in 1865, was $145,000; the amount expended was $310,324; and the deficit was collected through suits under which the portraits and furniture of the City Hall were levied upon. Hundreds of similar instances might be quoted; and the transactions of either Board of the City Council for any day will furnish convincing proof of the corruption charged. We take up at random the transaction of the Board of Councilmen on the 3d of January last. Almost the first resolution introduced was one to pay $400 to a man whose horse had been injured by falling through a pier, and the inquiry of one of the three or four honest Councilmen, as to the value of the horse, was treated with derisive contempt. A resolution coming from the Board of Aldermen, by which the clerks and attachés of the Common Council were given the sum of $250 each for "extra services," was next passed. Then a resolution was adopted, giving to those members of the Board who were likewise Commissioners of the sinking fund, $1000 each, on the same pretext of extra services. It was also voted to pay the Presidents of the two branches of the Common Council $500 each for extra services as members of the Board of Health. It is a literal fact that the passage of these resolutions, every one of which, with the possible exception of the first, was in direct, open violation of the statute, constituted almost the entire business transacted by the Board on that day.

The same writer from whom we have quoted, continuing his sketch, has strayed a second time from his subject, and describes these official leeches as possessing the countenances of bullies and the manners of ruffians. It was reserved for the present Common Council to fully justify this description by its shameful conduct. A short time since the "Ring" which misrules us became divided—the members fell out, and the millennium for honest citizens was for a short time expected to momentarily dawn. The caucus arrangements which always precede the organization of the Common Council had miscarried. Although those who take part in these caucus meetings are formally sworn on the Bible to abide by the decision there come to, a dissenting party strong enough to upset those decisions turned up on the day of organization, and the nominees for the offices of President and Clerk of the Board were set aside by the open vote of the Council. This untoward state of affairs occasioned a mild species of row on the first day of meeting. The rival factions swore at and cursed each other quite vigorously, but not exactly in such a formal way as to be properly reported. On January 10 things developed themselves in a more striking manner. The defeated party refused to recognize the President as duly elected. An outside sympathizing crowd appeared on the scene to back up the *loyal* caucus men, and to put a popular veto upon the appointments made in open Council. And in less than a trice the row commenced. An attack upon the President by a disappointed member, with an inkstand as the weapon of assault, brought to light the fact that the President himself was not unprepared for the fray. That dignitary instantly produced his pistols; the crowd rushed over the barriers into the thick of the struggle; the police, forewarned of the impending conflict, presented themselves in solid phalanx, and before any blood worth mentioning had been shed the chief combatants were taken in custody.

The last hope of every respectable New York citizen is in the Legislature at Albany; and a sweeping act of legislation is urged upon that body as necessary to relieve us of the corrupt officials who at once rob and disgrace us. Superabundant proof of the necessity for legislating the whole corrupt body and corrupt system out of existence, and returning us to the condition in which we existed before the abolition of the household restriction on voting, is furnished daily in the practices of the two Boards of the Common Council and the city officials generally. The Constitutional Convention of 1847 produced the present evils by admitting to the polls all citizens, native and foreign; the Convention which has been called to meet this year can in a great measure relieve New York of its present peculiar oppression by restoring the household restriction, and thus confining suffrage in municipal elections to those who pay the taxes.

If the Legislature does not come to our aid, we shall have soon arrived at the condition which our artist has depicted on another page. Already the satire on "that 'ere honorable body, the Common Council," is as truthful as it is bitter.

## THE GHOST AT BEECHOVER HALL.

"I have no hesitation, Captain Arden, in asserting that you are an infidel and a heretic."

Miss Dampier preferred this grave charge against me solely because I had expressed an utter disbelief in spiritual manifestations.

The attack was made in the long drawing-room at Beechover Hall, where a large party were gathered round the old-fashioned fire-place; and never did the "jolly dogs" which supported the blazing wood grin upon a pleasanter circle—at least, I thought so; but perhaps my opinion may not be considered unbiased when I say that I should have found the society in an Irish cabin or an Esquimaux hut just as agreeable, so long as the fire-light was reflected in Ethel Dampier's eyes.

My brother officer, Jack Beresford, and myself were, I believe, the only members of the party who could not claim ties of kindred with either Sir Harry or Lady Dampier; and both of us were earnestly desirous of enrolling our names among their connections, for Jack was as much in love with Laura as I was with Ethel Dampier. We had both lost our hearts at the same time. We happened to be on guard the day the Miss Dampiers made their first courtesies to her gracious Majesty, and of all the young and fair *débutantes* who passed before us, we agreed that not one could bear comparison with the sisters. Our verdict was soon indorsed by public opinion, for they left St. James's Palace the acknowledged belles of the season.

We were not long before we were introduced to the beauties, nor were opportunities lacking for becoming intimate, as there were few evenings that we did not meet at some gay *réunion*. Our attentions must, I suppose, have been remarkable, for before the season was over we found ourselves tacitly acknowledged as the Miss Dampiers' cavaliers.

Ethel was the eldest by a year, though she was usually taken for the younger, her sister's style of beauty being of a statelier order and her manner more composed. Ethel was all life and animation, and her eyes spoke even more than her lips. Her hair, of that peculiar shade called by our neighbors "*brun cendré*," seemed a very burden to her, for great rolls were constantly slipping out at wrong places, and bringing blushes to her cheeks as she tried to push the rebels back. Her figure was perfect, though small, and every movement had a nameless grace of its own.

Laura was taller, and her presence more commanding; her hair and eyes, too, were darker. By many she was thought the handsomest: but she wanted that provoking fascination which Ethel possessed—at least, I thought so; probably Jack was of a different opinion.

The "season" for both of us was unusually pleasant, and passed more quickly than ever; but the regret that came with its close was mitigated by an invitation to Beechover, Sir Harry's country place. The invitation pleased us all the more because it seemed to indicate that Sir Harry did not disapprove of our attentions to his daughters, and that the young ladies had no particular aversion to their admirers. In London our intercourse had not gone further than the limits of flirtation, and neither of us felt sure that it would ever be permitted to outstep those bounds. We had plenty of time to canvass the question, as Sir Harry was sent to Vichy, and a round of visits had to be got through after his return before we could be received at Beechover.

This was the state of affairs when we found ourselves at Christmas under the same roof with the objects of our affections.

Shouts of laughter, of course, hailed Miss Dampier's attack upon my incredulity.

"Did you ever see a ghost, Miss Dampier?" I retorted.

"I am thankful to say," she answered, "that I can believe without seeing; but as you are not gifted with the same amount of faith, I only hope you may be convinced by ocular demonstration."

"There is nothing I should like better," I replied. "Let us advertise for a ghost; but perhaps, Miss Dampier, you have one on the premises, which will save us the trouble?"

"Of course we have. Did you ever hear of a respectable family that had not? It is only your nobodies who are ghostless."

"I should have said that it was your *no bodies* who are ghosts."

"For shame, Captain Arden! I did not think you would condescend to a pun, and such a one!"

"I will try and blush, if you will only tell us all about this family ghost. I hope it is a female, and young and pretty, if I am to make its acquaintance."

"I shall not waste my breath upon an unbeliever; you would only laugh at me and my story."

"Give me the chance, Miss Dampier. Think what a triumph it would be if you were to convert me. I promise to do my best to believe. Indeed I will if I can. So, pray tell us all about your ghost."

"Do tell us, Ethel," echoed a chorus of pretty cousins.

After a little more pressing Miss Dampier complied with our request, and told her tale so well, that I should only spoil it by attempting to repeat its words. It was the stereotyped ghost story. There were rustling silks heard in the corridors; the wearer was deadly pale, and was dressed in a Court costume (why is it that ghosts are always dressed for Court?). The only thing which gave this ghost any individuality was, that though her silks were often heard, she was only seen on Christmas-eve, and that on those occasions she carried a baby in her arms to the centre window in the picture-gallery, and, after a succession of cries from the infant, returned without it. This evidently hinted at a murder, and caused great excitement among the audience, which became intense when some one remarked that the following night was that of the annual infanticide.

Miss Dampier's tale was only the first of a series. Every one has really a true history to relate of a ghost, seen by a friend or a friend's friend, but, strange to say, eye-witnesses are never forthcoming. Some of those related that night were very thrilling, and seemed well-authenticated; but as they have nothing to do with our story, they are not repeated here.

They would have gone on all night, I believe, had not Lady Dampier at length made a move, and carried off the young ladies. I accompanied them to the foot of the stairs, and thought I had never looked upon a prettier group than our hostess in her mature beauty, surrounded by her fair relations, among whom her daughters shone out as the moon "inter stellas minores."

We men remained behind, and a smoke in the billiard-room drove the subject of our evening's conversation entirely from my mind.

"Will you meet me in half an hour in the picture-gallery?" said Miss Dampier, after breakfast next morning. "I have something very particular to talk to you about. I will bring the battle-doors and shuttle-cocks as an excuse for a *tête-à-tête*."

I need not say how gladly I promised to meet Miss Dampier at the appointed hour and place. To be taken into her confidence upon a matter however slight was a step in the right direction: there was no knowing what might come of a private interview; a word might fall or a glance be given which might serve as a clew to the feelings of her heart.

The intervening half hour was spent in vain conjectures as to what could be the purport of Miss Dampier's communication. At its expiration I made my way to the gallery, and while waiting for Miss Dampier had ample time to look around me. The gallery was very long and low, running the whole length of the house. It was lighted by fifteen oriel bay-windows, upon which were various coats of arms in colored glass. The space between the windows and the whole of the opposite wall, except where doors led into the principal bedrooms, was entirely concealed by family portraits, so closely packed together that it was impossible to discover the color of the wall. The chief portion of the mansion had been refurnished of late years, but the gallery evidently had not been touched since the day it was first fitted up—probably in the time of Elizabeth, as the ground-plan of the house took the form of the letter E, a compliment often paid by architects to the Maiden Queen. Many of the portraits and some stands of arms were of an earlier date than the Elizabethan period, so that the present house was probably built upon the remains of one still older. The gallery had an ancient savor, which carried me back to by-gone days—and Wardour Street, and my thoughts took a practical turn as I calculated what a large sum of money the antiquities around me would fetch at Christies'. After making the tour of the room, and endeavoring to trace a likeness to Ethel among her ancestors, I turned into one of the bays and took a seat.

"I know I am late, Captain Arden," said Miss Dampier, running up to my resting-place with the battle-doors in her hand; "but you must excuse me, as I could not effect my escape before from the drawing-room. Of course you are burning to know what I have to communicate. Talk of woman's curiosity—it is nothing to man's. Take a battle-door, and I will let you into my secret. I have got a capital idea in my head, and I want your help to carry it out. You remember, perhaps, that this is the ghost's night? Well, I mean to play the ghost! Won't it be fun to frighten them all out of their senses? I only wish I did not require your protection, for I should have enjoyed seeing you shaking with terror; but I really am afraid to come into the gallery by myself, and this night above all nights in the year."

I looked my thanks, but before I had time to express them in words, she continued:

"I know I could have asked one of the girls to accompany me, but if there was any cause for alarm, she would be sure to faint or run away. Now I think, Captain Arden, you would stay and protect me, wouldn't you?"

"Protect you, Eth—Miss Dampier, I mean! I would protect you with my life—against all comers, ghosts included!"

"Don't be rash! but listen to my plans. Up stairs there is an old wardrobe filled with costumes worn by our great-grandmothers. I have taken the key off the housekeeper's bunch, and intend this afternoon to abstract a dress of the stiffest silk I can find; one that will rustle well. I think I remember a blue silk that will suit exactly. I shall powder my face and look very ghastly, and when all have retired for the night I will join you here. Is it not a glorious idea? Every one will be on the *qui vive* to-night, and the first rustle of my silk will be sure to be heard."

I agreed that the idea was capital, and laughed with her at the thought of the terror which her ghost-like appearance would inspire, my conscience all the while telling me that I was wrong to encourage a practical joke, which might be followed by bad effects. But how could I give up the sweet pleasure of pleasing Ethel, and of sharing a secret with her?

"But you have forgotten the baby," I suggested.

"No, indeed, I have not," she replied. "There is a young puppy in the stables, which I shall carry to my room; an old doll's dress and cap will convert it into a first-rate infant; and a judicious pinch, administered at the right moment, will extract a cry not unlike a baby's. Every one will be too frightened to be critical."

Business concluded, we commenced our game. For showing off a woman's gracefulness there is nothing like battle-door and shuttle-cock. I had never known half Ethel's beauty till I saw her, with arm extended and cheek flushed, springing now here, now there, in the excitement of the game, every curve seeming doubly graceful, every movement doubly fascinating.

Fatigued at last, after keeping up the shuttle-cock some incredible number of times, she sunk upon a neighboring sofa, panting and out of breath. The enemy is exhausted, thought I; now is the time to go in and win. And, taking a seat by her side, I ventured a preliminary remark of rather a romantic character; but before I had time to make any further advances Ethel had taken fright, and was on her feet again.

"I don't think you have been introduced to my ancestors, have you, Captain Arden?" she asked at once. "As a military man you might perhaps like to become acquainted with some of the fighting Dampiers.

"This suit of armor belonged to one Roger de Dampier; it is dented with arrows shot at Agincourt. Can't you stand straight, Mr. Roger? One would think your knees were shaking with fear of the French.

"This dandy, with long hanging sleeves and pointed shoes like elongated beet-roots, is not the sort of man you would think likely to stick to a losing cause; and yet he followed Margaret of Anjou till he fell at Tewkesbury.

"This is his wife, the lady with the heart-shaped head-dress and a Lancastrian rose at her breast. Poor woman, that rose had thorns for her!

"There is their son, who fled over seas, and returned with Richmond to die on Bosworth Field.

"The inscription over the back-ground of this picture proclaims that cluster of tents to be the field of the cloth of gold, so I suppose this gay gentleman with the jeweled cap and feathers was one of Henry's party to Calais. They were longer in crossing the Channel, I expect, than we were the other day.

"Here is good Queen Bess herself. You can not mistake her red hair and starched ruff. She looks rather worn after her journey to the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington, where she found her auburn locks all the fashion. The old lady passed a night at Beechover on one of her pleasure-trips.

"This is her host, Sir Jasper Dampier. His bill for a night's board and lodging was paid with a baronetcy. Well, I have known higher titles given for less. At all events there is nothing to be ashamed of in the way we gained our red hand.

"Here is a sailor, a comrade of Raleigh's. He must have found it rather difficult to dance the hornpipe in that tight body and those puffed-out knickerbockers.

"This is evidently a Dundreary of the period. What a lovely dress! gray satin and cherry color. His top-boots, with their deep fall of point-lace, look as if they were expressly made to catch the water. I would order a pair like them, Captain Arden; they would be very suitable for the hunting-field. You Guardsmen are great swells, but they say you don't fight badly. Philip Dampier was not in the Guards, but he fought like a Guardsman in every battle from Edgehill to Naseby.

"This is supposed to be the ghost, but no one knows who she is; certainly not Philip Dampier's wife, for he died a bachelor. I shall never be able to dress my hair with those cork-screw curls unless I cut it, which I have no intention of doing; in all other respects my make-up will be perfect.

"This gay young man, with long embroidered waistcoat and stockings with gold clocks, was one of Marlborough's colonels.

"But this is the ladies' pet, Captain Arden. Did you ever see such melting eyes? He gave up every thing to follow the fortunes of Charles Edward—'the Pretender' I dare say you call him; conquered with him at Prestonpans, and died for him at Culloden. And now I think you have had enough of me and my ancestors, so *au revoir*," and before I had time to utter a word the provoking beauty was half-way down the gallery, leaving me discomfited before a bevy of hoop-petticoated, stacked-up haired, very *décolleté* ladies, who followed me with their ogling smiles; while a crowd of pig-tailed, shoe-buckled, and knee-breeched gentlemen cocked not only their eyes but their hats at me.

We did not meet again alone; the subject of our morning's conversation was not, therefore, renewed; but though there was no verbal communication, our eyes kept telegraphing. There was a secret between us, and I wonder that no one discovered the fact. The snow was falling fast, and kept us all prisoners to the house; but for once in my life I did not abuse the weather.

The afternoon passed quickly in the billiard-room, where the ladies joined us in a game of pool, and grew excited over penny lives. The evening was devoted to games in which the younger portion of the party could participate, and a noisy game of blindman's-buff brought the amusements to a close.

By hal. past twelve the house was still; and at a quarter to one, having put on a pair of noiseless slippers, I made my way to the picture-gallery. There was nc need of a candle to find the way for the moon was shining brightly; in the gallery it was almost as light as day. There were no curtains to the windows, and the moonlight, rendered more powerful by the reflection from the snow, photographed every line upon the polished floor, even reproducing in colors the armorial bearings on the glass.

It was the beau-ideal of a scene in which a ghost might play a part; the very smell of the room had something supernatural about it, and to an imaginative mind many of the pictures on the wall might have appeared possessed with life as the branches of ivy which dangled over the windows cast moving shadows across their faces.

The clock struck one, and Ethel had not arrived. I began to think she had taken fright at meeting the Lady in Blue. I seated myself in the window where I had promised to wait her arrival, and whiled away the minutes in looking at the wintry landscape. Beneath me lay a broad terrace, divided by stone balustrades from the garden, which was on a lower level. At intervals on the coping of the balustrades were urns wreathed about with creepers, whose branches, shorn of leaves, might well have been taken for a tangle of snakes. On either side the broad steps into the garden strange animals stood on their hind-legs and held up shields bearing the Dampier arms; and in the gar-

den below yew-trees clipped to resemble fanciful monsters added to the weirdness of the scene. I was beginning to feel drowsy with the cold, and in a half-sleepy state was peopling the garden and the gallery with the old Dampiers whose acquaintance I had made in the morning, when Ethel's voice close to my ear startled me from my reverie.

"Asleep, and on duty, Captain Arden? I must report you to your colonel; but I suppose it is my fault for keeping you waiting in the cold. Am not I a first-rate ghost? I was quite terrified at looking at myself in the glass. I really believe I should frighten the ghost herself."

There was a tremor in her voice which betrayed agitation. I saw that she shivered slightly as she seated herself in the bay-window; all the animation which had glistened in her eye in the morning at the prospect of her midnight walk had vanished, and the smile with which she asked what I thought of her "get up" was only a counterfeit. She was not a girl to give up an enterprise once entered upon, but it was evident that she was frightened at what she had undertaken. I knew her too well to think of recommending her to abandon her project, so I did my best to remove her nervousness by ignoring it, and by talking in a cheerful strain.

The costume was of course perfect, not being an imitation but a real antique. It consisted of a robe of blue silk brocaded with bouquets of flowers in their natural colors, the skirt was opened in the front to display a petticoat of yellow satin stiff with gold embroidery, and round the neck and sleeves hung a profusion of old point-lace. It could hardly have been possible to make a closer copy of the dress in the portrait.

We talked in whispers for a few minutes; for Ethel seemed to wish to have an excuse for not starting on her expedition immediately. I had no desire to hurry her, but could have sat there all night joyfully, forgetting altogether the object of our meeting in the happiness of gazing into her eyes and feeling her breath upon my cheek. At last, however, she declared it was too cold for sitting, and proposed starting on her walk. Taking the puppy in her arms, with a laugh she stepped into the gallery, and left me with a caution not to lose sight of her. She walked slowly up the room, and slowly down again; but although her silks rustled loudly, no doors were opened, no noise was heard. She returned to her old seat in the bay to arrange, she said, her baby before making it cry on her next turn; but really to regain her breath, which had been lost through fright. I tried to cheer her again in whispers, but with no result; her spirits were quite gone—gone past recall. I stood leaning against the wall, with my face to the window, my back to the room, my eyes wandering now over the moonlit landscape, now over Ethel's form. A sudden impulse caused me to lean back and look down the gallery—why, I can not tell, unless some sound almost inaudible may have reached my ear. To my amazement I thought I saw a figure at the farthest end of the room—whether man or woman I could not tell—I only saw that something moved. It approached very slowly, and at last came full into the moonlight—it was a woman! Though a long way off, I could see that she was dressed like Ethel, in an ancient costume, and I could see that she carried something in her arms—something white. It was the real ghost and her infant! There could be no doubt of it. I could see her now more distinctly, for she had advanced as far as the second window. This was a Roland for an Oliver with a vengeance! I did not feel nervous, but awe-struck. I believed at once in spiritual manifestations. On it came, gliding slowly with an almost imperceptible motion, pausing constantly and looking back; it had reached the fifth window, the rustling of the silk was growing quite audible. I wondered that Ethel did not catch the sound; what was I to do? Was I to tell her? she must hear the sound before long. My brain was in a whirl. I had heard of the terrible effects of sudden frights—of people turning gray in a single night; nay, even of becoming raving mad. God knows I would have died to save my darling from such a fate; I was helpless, powerless; I felt like one in a nightmare—the danger was approaching, but I was spell-bound; like the poor rabbit I was fascinated, though the serpent's fangs were close upon me. The ghost was now at the seventh window; it stood still for a second, and then disappeared in the bay. Thank Heaven! now I might be able to persuade Ethel to leave the gallery; but how to do it was the question. I was just going to take her up in my arms and rush with her from the gallery when the ghost emerged again and stood full in the moonshine. Too late! Too late! She had now reached the eighth window; she stopped again and disappeared in the recess. There are fifteen windows, thought I, then the eighth must be the centre; we shall hear the baby's cry in a minute; Ethel *must* hear that. I was distracted—in despair. The ghost was again in the moonlight, she had put off the murder for a time; the rustling became more distinct. I was in an agony, half-maddened; my face must have betrayed my emotion, for Ethel jumped from her seat.

"What is the matter, Harry?" she cried; "are you ill? your face is so strange."

It was too late—I could not save her! She pushed past me and stood face to face with the ghost, who was now only four windows distant. Uttering a piercing shriek, she cried—

"Harry!—dear Harry, save me!" and fell fainting into my arms.

"Help!—help!" I called; but before the words were past my lips another cry rung through the gallery.

Was it the echo? No! it was in a different key to Ethel's. I looked up and saw the ghost upon the floor—fainting, too! In a second more Jack's strong arms were supporting the inanimate form. He, like myself, had been concealed in one of the bay-windows.

My eyes were opened: my disbelief in ghosts returned stronger than ever. The ghost was not a ghost after all, but flesh and blood. The ghost was Laura Dampier! And now the rival ghosts were fainting each with terror at the other—each fully believing that the other was the Lady in Blue, who haunted the picture-gallery.

The two successive shrieks had more effect than the rustling of the rival silks. Bolts begun to unbolt, locks to unlock, and doors to open, displaying startled faces. Eyes scarcely open from their first sleep peered into the gallery, and drowsy voices asked what was the matter? Women's cries, muffled by the bed-clothes, sounded from some chambers: "The ghost!—the ghost!" echoed wildly from others.

"Water!" I cried.

"Salts!" called Jack.

Sir Harry seemed the only practical man in the house, for in a second he was with us holding a water-jug in his hand, which I seized and sprinkled Ethel's face with its contents, and then passed it on to my friend, who performed the same operation upon her sister.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked their father. "I insist on an explanation, Captain Beresford—Captain Arden! Answer me at once: who are these masqueraders?"

"Your daughters, Sir. They have both fainted! Help us to bring them round, and all shall be explained to your satisfaction."

We were now the centre of a crowd, carrying bed-room candles, who had plucked up courage to leave their rooms. Salts and sal-volatile poured in on all sides. There were plenty of volunteers to rub the young ladies' hands, and plenty more to suggest impracticable remedies. The old-fashioned remedies, however, salts and cold water, soon did their work.

"Where am I?" whispered Laura, while a deep sigh heralded Ethel's return to consciousness.

They looked round inquiringly, and both seemed bewildered at the circle of faces which hemmed them in. At last the eyes of the sisters met! For an instant they scanned each other curiously, and then a look of relief appeared upon both countenances.

"Were you the ghost?" they cried, simultaneously. And a feeble laugh from each proclaimed that they were satisfied. The laugh was contagious and became general.

Had I not been so anxious about Ethel's recovery I should have found it very hard to control my laughter within moderate bounds when I first glanced round the group of by-standers. The costume for the dressing-room is seldom becoming, but when that costume is huddled on without any regard to appearance the effect may be imagined better than described. It would be impossible to describe the *déshabillés* that appeared in the gallery that night. There were wraps of all sorts, shawls of all colors, cloaks of all shapes, night-caps of all patterns, forming a *tout-ensemble* truly grotesque.

We four, who felt ourselves to be properly equipped at all points, could afford to laugh at the ridiculous figures cut by our friends, and we *did* laugh; and as Ethel and Laura regained their strength their merriment became louder and longer. The rest, of course, could not refrain from laughing at each other, but they could not laugh with a will as we could. We had decidedly the best of it; but there was one mouth that did not relax even into a smile. Sir Harry's anger was in no whit appeased, and he called again for an explanation of this unseemly disturbance.

"Don't be angry, dear papa," pleaded Ethel; "we have been foolish, very foolish, but we have been punished enough for our folly. It appears that the same idea struck Laura and myself; we both thought it would be fun to play the ghost, and frighten you all out of your senses. The tables have been turned; instead of terrifying you we have half killed each other with fright. I was afraid that I might meet the real ghost, and accordingly I asked Captain Arden to be present. I suppose Laura invited Captain Beresford for the same reason. There, papa, you have the whole truth; but, really, if you wish me to preserve my gravity you must put your night-cap straight; it does give you such a comical look."

Sir Harry did not join in Ethel's laugh; on the contrary, he looked very glum. But at this stage of the proceedings an event occurred providentially which restored him to good-humor. Ethel's baby, who had been sleeping soundly, suddenly awoke and quietly walked off, barking violently. The noise aroused Laura's infant, who sprang off her lap, and mewing piteously, hurried away as fast as her robes would permit. This was too much even for Sir Harry: he joined in the universal shout of laughter, and afterward kissed and forgave his daughters.

Lady Dampier followed his example, and then carried off the rival ghosts, recommending at the same time every one to return at once to their warm beds, lest a third, and a real ghost, should make her appearance and cause another disturbance.

We all took the hint, and left the gallery to silence and the moon. I went to bed; but think you that I slept? No, not a wink. Ethel's exclamation as she fell into my arms kept ringing in my ears like an endless chime, very sweet and very musical. The fright had been my friend, and had saved me some anxiety and trouble. "She loves me—yes, she loves me," I whispered to myself, as I tossed about; and the chime became a wedding peal.

I took an early opportunity of reminding Ethel of the expression that had involuntarily fallen from her lips, and of begging her to repeat it.

I need only add that on coercion she did repeat it.

Whether Jack had the same reason for thanking the catastrophe in the picture-gallery I can not say. I only know that before the next season arrived Laura and Ethel Dampier were the wives of Jack Beresford and Harry Arden.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Matrimony—A bouquet of thorns with an occasional flower.

What to do with the National Debt—Leave it a Loan.

Man's life's a vapor,
And full of woes;
He cuts a caper,
And down he goes!

Our Old Bachelor's Latest.—Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

The Miser's Paradise.—The Guinea Coast.

When is the best time to read the Book of Nature?—when Autumn *turns* the *leaves*.

### WINTER.

How lovely is the virgin snow
That clothes the lofty mountain's top,
While in the silent vale below
The frozen streams and fountains stop.

Frost's tracings, see, the window shows—
How beautiful each view on it!
But not so lovely is my nose
When frost paints coats of blue on it.

How fair the scene, with mantle white
And snow-wreathed roofs and trees in it!
But I don't think I'm called on, quite,
To walk up to my knees in it.

### FAT GIRLS.

A lady of the teaching sort advertises thus:

SCHOLASTIC.—Mrs. Pilgrim, Cornwall House, Longlazyham, finding her Boarders so much increased, will Remove at Christmas to Nelson House. Diet unlimited.

A Disgusting Feat.—The man who bolted the door with a boiled carrot has paid the penalty of his gluttony. He is suffering from internal hinge-cries.

### ECCENTRICITIES OF AUTHORS.

Bulwer rit "Night and Mornin." What he did the rest ov the day is not staited.

Collins rit "After Dark." Praps he coodn't rite so well bi day.

Le Fanu, he rit "All in the Dark." I don't see how he did it without a lite. How cood he dot the i's or kross the t's.

Sum orthor rote "Bound tu the Wheel." What an unkumfortable posish tu rite in bound tu a wheel! Thunder!

Carpenter rit "Six Months at the White House." I spose that was as long as he stade there, his time bein out.

Gilmor rote "Four Years in the Saddle," so tis sed. He must hev hed a "quiet horse."

Sum orthor rote "All for the Best." That must hev ben Seward. That's him klean throo.

Miss Mulock rote "Nothin New." This cood be sed ov menny others with grate propriety.

Harrington rit "Inside." I take it for granted that most peeple do. It woodn't be kumfortable ritein on the sidewalk in rainy wether.

Sum orthor, hoo didn't give us his name, rote "Altogether Wrong." A good menny hez copied from his stile, but hev hed the effruntry tu give us thair names, bein lost tu shame.

Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel rote "After Long Years." Sensible woman. If sum ov the rest ov em wood wait till tha git too the age of diskretion, it wood be better for awl konserned.

A cute Miser.—A gentleman called on a rich miser and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put into the sugar-bowl and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

### CRIBBAGE.

BY ONE WHO HAS CRACKED A CRIB BEFORE NOW.

This is a game for two. Choose the party, and have a turn-up. Give him one for his nob to prevent a sequence. Take a deal—as much as you can get, in fact. Then go. As you are the knave, peg two for your heels. Cut, and begin again.

Coleridge was descanting, in the presence of Charles Lamb, upon the repulsive appearance of the oyster. "It isn't handsome, Coleridge," said Lamb; "but it has the advantage of you in one thing." "What is that?" queried Coleridge, who, as every body knows, was an exhaustless talker. "It knows when to shut its mouth," was the reply.

Two ears, and but a single tongue,
By Nature's laws to man belong;
The lesson she would teach is clear,
"Repeat but half of what you hear."

Legal Note, by Mrs. Briefless.—Spring Circuits—Crinoline.

Tacitus says: "In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks: "When was this period of innocence? The first man who was born into the world killed the second! When did the time of simplicity begin?"

### RIDDLES.

BY TWO SIMPLETONS.

Simple Simon wishes to know—

Why a story handed down from generation to generation is like the thing on which the butler carries up the luncheon, and at the same time like every thing on it?

S. S. supplies the solution: Because it is tray-dish-an'-all. [The word which S. S. means is, therefore, *traditional*: so we've guessed it.]

Simple Solomon sends this:

My first is one of several exclamations,
'Tis also used for gardening operations:
Of it the slave is oft a holder,
A negro will carry it on his shoulder.
My second is what I will not do
About my whole, my friend, to you.
My whole is where I think I'll stop,
And so I will: so let it drop.

We have guessed it. The word of course is—*Ho-tel.*

*Latest and Bestest.*—If you saw the Great Khan of Tartary laughing fit to kill himself, why might you be sure that he wasn't a Tartar?—Because he would evidently be *A Merry Khan.*

### A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

A Lincolnshire paper apprises us that

A THOROUGHLY DOMESTICATED CHRISTIAN lady is requiring a re-engagement as Housekeeper where one or more servants are kept. *She was 11 years in one position*, and has been accustomed to children. Good references. Address X.

The Ready Reckoner—Money down.

An absent-minded professor in going out of the gateway of his college ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, Madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the streets; in sudden recollection of his former mishap he called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"

Why are oysters good for dyspeptics?—Because they die jest (digest) before they are eaten.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Shycawgo, Illinois, *Jan.* 21, 1867.

Dear Weekly,—You see I have written the name of the city that gave birth to the Crosby Opera-House Lottery, the Big Tunnel, and other underground arrangements, according to the aristocratic pronunciation used out here, which I learned by associating with some of the first families who were here

PRACTICING DRAWING

at the Crosby Art Association and Wheel of Fortune. I may add, however, that some of the first families came out last: and the family of an agriculturist, whose wife does not wear a waterfall, and who had heretofore been reckoned among the last families, came out first, and has been made even greater than Mohammed, in that he had never been to an Opera-House until an Opera-House came to him.

I, in order to make sure of not getting the building, the owning of which I had learned had ruined Mr. Crosby, bought my ticket late; indeed I believe it was the last ticket bought. Nevertheless, I determined to be out here, in case I should draw it—to superintend the delivery of it to me in person.

When I arrived I found a regular bank panic, occasioned by the snow-banks refusing to break, although run upon by locomotives and other contrivances heavily; neither would they liquidate, on account of the continued spell of cold weather. Another feature surprised me; I was amazed at the immense snows on the Face of Nature.

The wheels that were to contain the numbers and the prizes were placed in the room on Saturday, consequently many of us had the advantage of practicing drawing lucky numbers before the day of trial, had we been so minded; but our honor prevented any attempts of the kind.

I once at home dreamed of

DRAWING THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE,

but awakened in the morning to find it was an unfinished drawing for one of the "Winglets" that had disturbed my rest: and I am persuaded that if I ever draw a prize it will be with my pencil.

When the drawing in the Hall commenced we all considered the large paintings, valued at thousands of dollars, as nothing so long as that Mordecai of an Opera-House lay hid away in the wheel. Even ticket 199,999, held by your own C. O. W., and which was awarded the splendid painting of

STILL LIFE,

by a native Chicago artist, excited no envy. But after a while ticket 58,600 came to light, and with it the Opera-House. This proved two things: that the lucky ticket was not among the "unsold," as Mr. Crosby might hope; and that I bought my ticket 141,899 too late. When it was announced who had drawn the prize

THE GENTLEMAN WHO WON THE OPERA-HOUSE

walked up to the platform to receive it, as I believe he had very ill-conceived notions of what an Opera-House was. After the "House" was disposed of the Committee pulled out the prizes by the handful, and threw them about with a lavish hand, reserving to Mr. Crosby, however, some choice paintings, under the plea of "unsold," which I believe he was, and which could not be said of many others.

For fear the sudden good fortune that had just befallen the gentleman from the country might work his ruin, as fortunes are said to do, I addressed him a tender note from my hotel, asking him what he intended doing with the Opera-House, now he had it, and cautioning him against sharpers who would try and get hold of his money; also recommended him to buy my painting of "Still Life," valued by the Committee at 5000 dollars. Next morning I received from him the following note:

Bull's Head.

Zur,—Me and the old woman and the children is goin to move to Chicago ef we kin git rid of Sukey at an advantidge, as she's a good milker. i wood put her agin eny cow in the county and after that we don't know what weal do, unless i cood git a pardner to furnish sum capital and start a grocery bisiness and rent the up stairs to the pork-packers, as some fellers at our tavern sed it wood be a bully place fur that bisiness, and they mite buy your pictur for a sign, but i dont want eny picturs. i will not sell it till i hev tried the grocery bisiness, as me and the old woman and Adaline, that's my grown up dorter, hev alway had a hankerin after a store and Adaline sez keep dry goods and trimmins

Yourn till deth. Abner h. Beet.

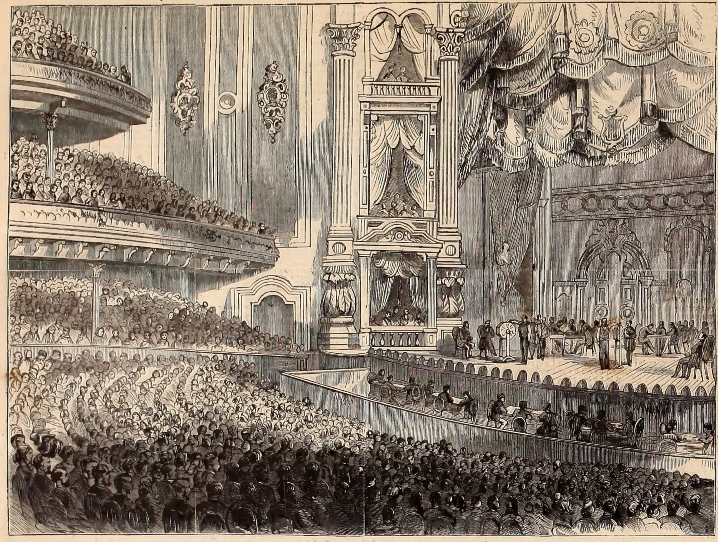
N.B. I'm no Johnson man.

After receiving this letter I felt that there was no more for me to do in this city, and

LEAVING MY PICTURE AT A FRIEND'S,

I determined to return home. I did not realize as much for my "Still Life" as the Committee had led me to expect, from their printed catalogue, so that I am forced to buy a second-class railroad ticket for my return trip. The Opera season is now over out here.

Your own C. O. W.



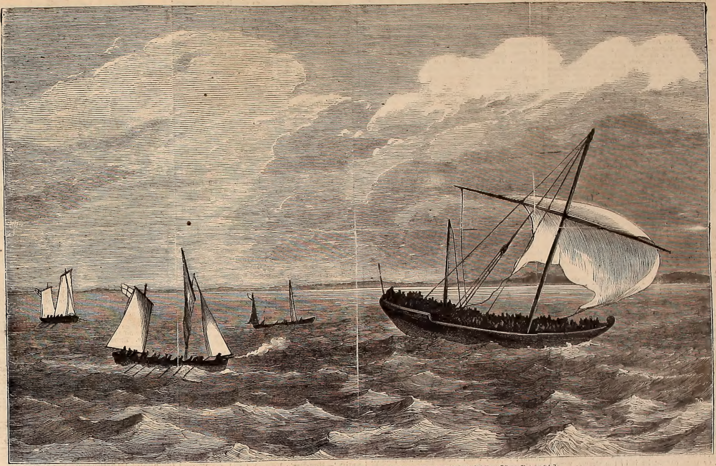
DRAWING PRIZES IN THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE LOTTERY.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

## THE CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE LOTTERY.

WE present on this page a sketch of the drawing of the Crosby Opera-House Art Association at Chicago, Illinois, on January 21. The large building was densely packed with an excited and enthusiastic throng, and Washington Street was blocked up with people. Order was only preserved by a strong police force posted on either side the main entrance and along the stairways. The parquet, orchestra chairs, balcony, boxes, and family circle, were filled with the crowd, which included many ladies. The stage was occupied by the Committee, and the orchestra by the reporters. At 12 o'clock the Committee appeared on the stage with boxes containing the tickets.

The numbered tickets were then deposited in the large wheel, and those upon which the names

THE SNOW-STORM—CROWDING IN OUT OF THE COLD.—SKETCHED BY C. W. CRANE.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



CAPTURE OF AN ARABIAN SLAVER OFF THE COAST OF MADAGASCAR.—[See Page 94.]

of the prizes were engraved in the small wheel. When it was completed both wheels were tightly closed and revolved for five minutes for the purpose of thoroughly mixing the tickets.

Before the drawing commenced it was announced that there were between twenty and thirty thousand tickets unsold, which belonged to Mr. Crosby. Mr. Pulsifer, of Boston, was designated to draw from the small wheel, and Mr. T. C. Dorr, of Chicago, from the large one. These gentlemen then took off their coats, bared their arms, and went to work, as shown in our sketch.

The latest information concerning the chief prizes is that the Opera-House was drawn by A. H. Lee, of Prairie du Rocher, Illinois; one or two valuable paintings were drawn by others; but the more valuable ones of the "Yosemite Valley," "An American Autumn," etc., were found to have fallen to the lucky Mr. Crosby. Mr. Lee subsequently sold his ticket for $200,000. The balance-sheet of Mr. Crosby shows that his total profit on the speculation amounts to $650,000.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Brocaded silk dresses appear to be in favor; but they have not yet come into general wear. For walking-dresses the robe *en fourreau*, shaped into some fantastic form at the base, with a different-colored jupon either plaited or elaborately ornamented at the bottom, is as much in favor as ever. Ball-dresses are usually made with an upper and under jupe, the one being much shorter than the other, and generally of a different material. The corsage *à la Grecque* is of white satin, trimmed with narrow lace at the top and at the edges of the sleeves, which are very short. Over the satin jupe are worn two other jupes of different lengths of white tulle. Ball-dresses, too, are of white muslin, embroidered with small flowers in stripes, and with wreaths of similar flowers running round the lower part of the upper and under jupes. They are also of white tarletan, with a lace veil which hangs from the coiffure falling over the robe behind, and are generally worn with a scarf of rose-colored satin ribbon, ornamented with a fringe of white beads, which is fastened at the waist behind with a large bow.

An elegant evening-dress has the jupe made of white satin, bordered with an orange-colored silk cord, with three broad ruches of orange ribbon running up each seam. Over this jupe is worn a robe of orange-colored velvet, short in front, open at each side, and terminating *à la queue*, and having long hanging sleeves, lined with white satin and finished with silk tassels,

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1867.

The corsage is made very low. Chemisette of white plaited muslin, with short sleeves of the same material. Coiffure of interlacing gold chains.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Jupon of light-blue taffeta, with a plaited flounce about 10 or 12 inches deep. The robe, which is of white foulard covered with large bouquets of flowers, is made short in front, and goes off gradually, *à la queue;* the lower part is formed into scallops, which are bordered with blue velvet ribbon covered with white silk guipure. Each seam of the robe is hidden by a similar ribbon, having an insertion which corresponds with the guipure. The bodice is made square-shaped, and very low, with loose hanging sleeves lined with blue taffeta, and scalloped at the edges, which are trimmed to match the bottom of the robe. The chemisette is in puffed tulle, with long puffed sleeves tightened at the wrists.

Fig. 2.—Jupe of warm gray taffeta, ornamented down the sides and at the lower part with *guirlands* of leaves in blue velvet. Blue silk corded girdle round the waist. Corsage in white foulard. Blue velvet Zouave jacket, embroidered with gray silk and silver thread, with small silver bells running round the edges.

Fig. 3. *Ball-dress aux Quatre Saisons.*—The jupe of pale gray foulard, or of velvet even, spotted over with snow-flakes and trimmed with swansdown. Tunic of white taffeta, cut into small scallops at the bottom, and ornamented with vine-leaves and grapes. A fringe, composed of ears of corn intermixed with poppies, hangs from the trellis-work of gold-colored velvet, which, worn over a bodice of green silk, forms the corsage. Spring flowers run round the lace chemisette and ornament the coiffure.

Fig. 4. Robe, vest, and jacket, with long, hanging sleeves, in dark velvet, trimmed with sable. Chapeau of velvet, with a wreath of blue feathers and blue velvet strings.

## INCIDENTS OF THE LATE SNOW-STORMS.

CARTING SNOW FROM THE STREETS.

THE late snow-storms have almost blockaded the streets of New York, many of them being filled with snow to a depth of four or five feet. The contractors who have the removing of rubbish from the streets were appalled at this unexpected accumulation, and made no effort to remove it. The railroad companies, in order to resume travel, were compelled to cart the snow from the streets through which ran their lines. Finally, private enterprise came to the rescue, and, for several days after the storm, such scenes as we represent on page 85 were to be seen in all the important avenues and business streets of the city.

CROWDING IN OUT OF THE COLD.

While the storm raged most furiously in New York, many persons who had unwisely ventured out, or were caught by it in the streets, were driven to seek shelter in the public bar-rooms and police station-houses. Our illustration represents groups of these unfortunates seeking safety by "crowding out of the cold" into one of the numerous low doggeries of the city. The number of respectable persons applying for lodgings at the down-town police-stations has never been so great as it is this winter. At the stations in Oak and Beekman streets an average of fifty persons have applied nightly for several weeks past, while there are but poor accommodations for six or eight. The crowd is especially great in this part of the city, for the reason that so many men are looking for employment in the stores and along the wharves.

OPENING ROADS IN THE COUNTRY.

Reports from all parts of the country represent that numbers of persons have been lost in the snow-drifts which have obstructed the roads. Superhuman efforts have been made by the farmers of the country to reopen their obstructed roads. We present on page 85 an illustration of the mode of doing this with the improvised snow-plows of the farmers.

## TRAVELING BETWEEN VERA CRUZ AND MEXICO.

VERA CRUZ, the principal Atlantic sea-port of the Empire or Republic of Mexico—for we really do not know at this moment whether the reign of the Emperor Maximilian has terminated or not—is about 200 miles distant from Mexico, the capital city. Of the railway by which these two places are to be connected but a short piece at each end of the line has yet been constructed. The traffic is immense; and the mule-wagons, heavily laden with all sorts of merchandise, are sometimes delayed a month on the road, sticking helplessly in the mud, where the mules frequently perish. Our sketch represents a scene as witnessed in the neighborhood of Rio Frio, a place infamous for highway robberies and murders. The Emperor Napoleon has once more declared that he will positively recall the French army from Mexico by the 1st of March. Looking at the wretched state of this road from Vera Cruz to Mexico, the most important commercial thoroughfare in the whole country, it occurs to us that the French occupation, which has continued five years, does not seem to have effected much for the civilization and improvement of Mexico. The ancient Romans, commanded by the Cæsar of whom the French Emperor and historian is such an ardent admirer and able biographer, would have made a good road before they had been in possession of the country a twelvemonth.

## CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

ON September 3, 1866, the British ship *Lyra*, while cruising off the coast of Madagascar, captured a slave dhow off Cape St. Andrew, which had just arrived from the coast of Africa with a cargo of 176 slaves, making, with her crew of 23 Arabs, a total of nearly 200 souls on board. The boats sighted her early in the morning, when there was scarcely any wind, so that they were enabled to reach her after a heavy pull of two hours and a half. As they approached the wind began to freshen, and the dhow made a final attempt to escape by running on shore. But the boats were by that time within musket range, and a few blank cartridges being fired, she was brought to, the crew making little or no resistance. The poor negroes were huddled together indiscriminately, without regard to age or sex, just as if they were a great herd of cattle. They lay amidst a mass of filth and dirt, which was daily accumulating, and were kept on a very limited quantity of food and water, the latter being almost putrid. A great many of them, both male and female, were without any thing in the shape of clothing. Some of the poor wretches were reduced to perfect skeletons, so that it was wonderful how they could move about, their bodies being so emaciated and wasted. In the present case there were thirty male adults, twenty-six female adults, eighty boys, and forty girls. They were landed at Port Victoria, Mahé, Seychelles, where they were comfortably housed and clothed. In 1866 nearly eight hundred slaves were liberated by the British vessels stationed off the station of Port Victoria.

## THE DUTCH WATCH-MAKER.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

HANS VONDERBEST was "and is," else why the advertisement? in the "Watch and Jewelry line." Not an extensive dealer was "and is" Hans; though he had "and has" a tolerably fair stock of very large silver watches, very large seal rings, spectacles of various adaptations, walking-sticks of all lengths, a clock or two of the genuine imported, and hundreds of *Jerome* time-keepers ticking away in all sorts of grotesque cases: little Atlas fellows, with great world-clocks on their shoulders; aldermanic chaps with little clocks in their great stomachs; clocks to go any number of days without winding up, "warranted;" clocks that do not go unless constantly wound up, not warranted; clocks with big faces like Hans's, and also like the full moon, and clocks of pigmy size, "not bigger than an agate stone."

There was one great dial in the single front window, a paragon of exactness; and all the people in the neighborhood had a pious veneration for it. They breakfasted when both the hands made a straight line down through its face, dividing the great sphere into hemispheres; dined when both hands pointed exactly perpendicular; supped when the same hands pointed out the morning division line; and went to bed when the hands quartered at IX (9), making the old time-keeper look like a great pie with a school-boy's slice out of it.

Hans was a good fellow, and if the smell of cabbage *did* continually abide with him, and if tobacco smoke *was* "and is" his habitual atmosphere, you could not help liking the "Dutch watch-maker." He would set your watch for you, clean it off nicely with a chamois, tell you the history of its manufacturer, try a pair of spectacles on your nose, and offer you a *puff* out of a meerschaum colored by his great-grandfather—all for nothing, wishing you a good-day as you left with as satisfied an expression as if you had purchased half his stock. Ah! we all did "and do" love Hans Vonderbest.

And then *Mrs.* Vonderbest, and the graduating row of little Vonderbests, who slyly opened the door which led from the shop into the little back kitchen, peering forth with their great, round eyes, every time a customer entered—*that* was worth the price of a watch-key any day.

It's astonishing how many watch-keys Hans did "and does" sell. "I shall zell you dat key by de single piece just de same as from de grossen prices," Hans would say; then you would get a "key as was a key, ay, and with a *rivet* through the barrel," for six cents. Tiffany now charges ten; consequently you will have to pay your extra four cents there, and not get half as good a key, or have half such interesting surroundings.

"Will you divide this for me?" asks a pretty girl, holding out a new gold dollar.

"Wid great pleasure," naturally enough replies our German, who always was, "and is," polite and accommodating to all customers; so he pulled out the money-drawer and produced a variety of silver coin—there *was* silver coin at that time.

"Not changed! Oh no, Sir!"—and the girl appeared positively frightened—"only cut in two; two halves, if you please, Mr. Vonderbest."

Hans appears puzzled—puts on his goggles to see if the coin is a counterfeit—finding it all right, looks inquiringly. The girl looks up into his great Dutch face, and blushingly, yet confidently, says: "Charley is going to the war, and I wish to give him a keepsake."

Hans had a heart a little softer than the cold chisel which he held, consequently quickly and rightly guessed that *one* half of that dollar was to be nestled away in the girl's bosom, while its fellow-half would be nearer Charley's heart than the patriotic breast-plate. So he cuts the dollar neatly into halves, wraps each piece carefully up in pink tissue, and puts them into a bran-new paper box.

"How much am I to pay, Mr. Vonderbest?"

"Not one zent," was the reply. The good, kind-hearted fellow was going to add, "My dear;" but there was something in the girl's face which restrained even this well-intentioned familiarity.

"Oh, thank you! Charley is coming to buy a watch of you before he goes away, and I know you will sell him a good one."

So she tripped away half-crying, half-smiling, like a dewy morning flower as it opens its petals after the first enlivening sun-ray.

Hans, too, had been a soldier—not a volunteer, however. He brushed away a tear with his great, honest hand, and so did I, as pocketing my watch-key I went thoughtfully away.

A few days elapse before I bethink me of a new watch-key. The great brazen sentinel sends forth its alarm notes against the midnight air. "Fire!" shouts the watchman. "Fire! fire!" is echoed from the hoarse throat of the fireman. Men, women, and children rush hither and thither "like mad." The steamers shriek out their whistle. The engines and hose carriage rattle over the russ and cobbles, and all arrive in a miraculously short time at the scene of conflagration.

It's a great fire over in Sixth Avenue. The greater portion of a block is caught in the remorseless clutches of the devouring monster, who, opening his capacious maw, takes in a church, several stores, and any quantity of dwellings. Oceans of water, concentrated and forced through leathern channels, are launched against the monster, and finally he is actually drowned away from his unfinished meal. The flames cease to roll in heavy volumes. Some partition walls come thundering down, sending up huge masses of smoke and dust, which, mingling with the lowering dew-clouds of night, render all around Egypt-like, dark and gloomy. An occasional burst of flame illumines the uncompromising faces of the firemen, the dejected visages of the sufferers; lighting up the countenances and figures of all that motley group of lookers-on. Who are those crouching and shivering there? As I am a mortal, feeling the heart-beat of a man who loves his fellow-men, it's the family of Hans Vonderbest. *Burned out;* no insurance; not even a watch-key left. Poor Hans!

"What did he do?" Why, Hans was a philosopher, and, like the rest of his solid, practical nation—our very best adopted citizens—did the next best thing, *enlisted.* Charley was not the only patriot who returned at the head of his regiment at the end of the war, receiving the plaudits of the neighborhood over in Sixth Avenue where the fire had been. Hans has a new store now; and if you are ever over on the Avenue, near a certain frame-work bell-tower, don't fail to call on *Colonel* Hans Vonderbest, the very best place in the great city to divide a dollar, buy a watch, eye-glass, or walking-stick, or to see a plain Dutch watch-maker, whose heart, like his great clock, is always right.

"Remarkable for delicacy, freshness, and purity"—BURNETT's Unrivaled Cologne Water and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

The COLTON Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute, originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D.D.& Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.& Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

**Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,**

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

| | |
|---|---|
| Castor oil, | Citrate of iron and quinine, |
| Cod-liver oil, | Oil of turpentine, |
| Cod-liver oil with quinine. | Norwegian tar, |
| Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron, | And all other nauseous medicines. |

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

**The Perils of Childhood,**

Embracing as they do the trying seasons of dentition; the terrors incident to croup; the critical exposures to measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, &c., seem to be greater than the comparatively helpless patient can contend with. Happy for the fond mother did the frightful list of perils end here. The sad experience of innumerable childless mothers to-day, however, tells a tale of the fearful doings of yet another class of insidious enemies—the INTESTINAL WORMS.

We could readily fill several columns of our paper in detailing the symptoms attending the presence of worms, and occupy the same amount of space in pointing out their disastrous results to health and life unless dislodged. Suffice it to say that among the symptoms we find *prominently* the following: picking the nose; offensive breath; coated tongue; grinding the teeth in sleep; perverted appetite; headache: vertigo; dilated pupils; spasmodic movements of the Eyelids; temporary blindness and deafness, &c. Among the certain results are a chain of established ills, confirmed ill health, convulsions—death.

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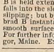

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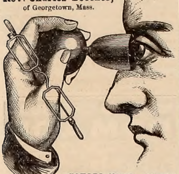

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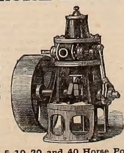

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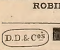

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*From* T. B. Lawrence, *U. S. Consul-General Florence, February* 15, 1866.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 529.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


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### LAYING IN RUM FOR SUNDAY.

WHILE the operation of the Excise Law has undoubtedly produced quieter Sabbaths than the city formerly enjoyed, it is not so certain that the trade has been damaged, or that much less liquor is drank in consequence. It is a painfully-frequent sight which we have illustrated on this page. On Saturday night the rum-shops of the city are crowded with men, women, and children who have come there to purchase liquor for use on Sunday, when the shops will be closed. Nowhere, and at no time, will a person behold more squalor, degradation, and misery than in a New York rum-shop on any Saturday evening.

WINTER SPORTS—AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK.

### DRAWING FOR PRIZES.

WE give on another page an illustration of the drawing of the prizes in the Orphan Home and School Lottery, at the Cooper Institute. The enterprise was started some months ago, and had for its object the erection of a Home and School for the orphan children of the fallen soldiers and sailors of the Republic. The plan insured a present to every subscriber, to whom was also offered, for a dollar, a chance of winning some rare and costly prize. At the outset of the undertaking the ambition of the managers was limited to selling about 200,000 tickets; but as the object and extraordinary attractions of the design became more extensively known, their most sanguine expectations were so fully realized that they determined on printing double the number originally intended. The anxiety to secure chances in this tempting lottery became greater from day to day, as it was found the second series of tickets printed—which it was determined should be the last—were fast running out. The principal prizes were a roll of greenbacks amounting to $10,000, two or three city residences, a country farm in Westchester County; and other similarly-enticing gifts.

The drawing began on the morning of January 28, at 9 A.M., at which time Cooper Institute was thrown open to the public, and before an hour had elapsed all the available seats were occupied by an eager and expectant multitude.—All those who were comfortably seated and many who were placed in positions any thing but agreeable provided themselves with prize-lists, and, pencils in hand, proceeded, like a host of reporters, to note down the magic numbers that issued in succession from the wheel. At a little before ten o'clock Generals VAN VLIET, WETMORE, and BARLOW appeared on the platform, which was also occupied by a staff of writing-clerks seated at several tables. A huge cylin-

EVADING THE EXCISE LAW—LAYING IN RUM FOR SUNDAY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

drical box, over seven feet in diameter, painted red and blue, and mounted on a frame, was placed in the centre of the platform, and on the right-hand side a large black board for recording the winning numbers was put in a conspicuous position before the audience. The process of putting the numbers into the wheel was immediately commenced. When the wheel had received its entire freight it was set in motion by four or five of the committee, and the drawing began. The result of the enterprise, as a speculation, is said to have been highly remunerative to the managers, while the manner in which it was conducted was generally satisfactory to the ticket-holders.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.


## CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES.

WHETHER a written or unwritten Constitution be more desirable may be a question; but when, as with us, a country has a written Constitution, it must be adapted, in the manner provided by itself, to the changing national condition, or there will be perilous confusion. The common talk about tinkering the Constitution is mere folly. A written Constitution is made to be tinkered. When it is formed it is the result of the national wisdom and experience down to that time; and the same reasons which controlled its formation continue to require its modification and enlargement. The great advantage of an unwritten Constitution is that the interpretation which the good sense of the nation gives to it at any time is really the fundamental law. In other words, an unwritten Constitution consists of certain general principles applied at any period to the national condition as the general wisdom dictates. This is what in this country we call the spirit of the Constitution. This is its superior and essential part; and the organic law itself provides how this spirit shall be adapted to any exigency.

As time passes, as the nation grows and circumstances arise which no human wisdom could foresee, the paramount conservative duty of the people is to amend the Constitution accordingly. The revolutionary tendency is to resist change under the plea that the letter is already perfect. But the true theory of a written Constitution is that it is like the skin of a living human body. Its essential qualities never change; but it adapts itself perfectly to the expanding frame and fits the man as it fitted the child. To protest against Constitutional Amendment is to insist that the skin shall be sheet-iron; it is to require that the bands which held the sapling shall remain untouched when the sapling has become a tree. This is merely to compass the destruction of the tree or of the band.

The war has shown us that the Constitution is not adapted to the present situation of the country. Our rapid and prodigious development has revealed dangers against which the Constitution does not expressly guard, and difficulties for which it affords no precise and indisputable remedy. This is a subject of the highest congratulation, for were it otherwise we should justly feel that we had made no real progress either in political morality or in a true nationality. The spirit of our Constitution is the spirit of liberty. Its fundamental principle is that of equal freedom. But it was adopted by States in which slavery existed, and which held strongly to a certain theory of State sovereignty or local rights which was really incompatible with the general prosperity and common existence. It was, indeed, most skillfully adapted to the public sentiment of the time in which it was framed. It refrained from expressly recognizing either slavery or State supremacy. And it plainly implied both equal liberty and an absolute national sovereignty. But its expressions and its omissions alike left certain points obscure. This very obscurity permitted the growth of a radical conflict. While time and experience were essentially strengthening the national morality and developing the national instinct, the intentional obscurity of phraseology in the Constitution favored the growth of an intense hostility to the necessary principles of the Government. The divergence at last permitted but one solution. Each party claimed to be the rightful interpreters of the fundamental law. They appealed to arms, and the victory remains with those who held to the spirit and purport of the Constitution, while those who had shielded their deadly conspiracy under an assumed authority based upon the omissions and obscurity of the instrument are utterly vanquished.

As the people have thus decided what the Constitution means it is their first and most imperative duty to make it say what it means, that there may be no further doubt among the loyal nor pretense among the disloyal. This is the unanswerable argument for certain constitutional amendments at this time. The Constitution and the Union under it have been maintained by arms, and the decision must be put beyond dispute. And nobody but the victorious people can declare what their decision is. It is not for those who resisted them, nor for those who sympathized with the resistance, to undertake to settle the decision of the war. For that we must look to the victors.

Now by common consent the Constitution has been interpreted in the interest of nationality and liberty. It should therefore be amended accordingly, so that there may be no question remaining. It should declare expressly that no State is to secede; and that if it makes the attempt it shall resume its relations in the Union only upon such conditions as Congress may prescribe. It should further declare, as it now does by the thirteenth amendment, that slavery shall not exist; and it should define, as the pending amendment proposes, who are citizens of the United States; and it should further give to every such citizen equal guarantees of his liberty by securing equality of political power.

We believe that this view of the subject is becoming every day clearer to the country. The idea that because we have a written Constitution we can not secure the national safety by amending it according to the decision of the war, but that the Southern interpretation of it, which was overthrown by arms, is now to prevail in virtue of its failure, is a folly so exquisite that it could be entertained only by those who supposed a great nation would consent to be theorized out of existence. The intent of the Constitution can be expounded only by those who have maintained it, and their decision can be manifested only in amendments. The sole danger is in that kind of superstition which forgets that a fundamental law is valuable and authoritative only as it expresses the living conviction and purpose of a nation.

## CONGRESS AND IMPEACHMENT.

UNTIL the report of the Judiciary Committee is presented to the House the air will be thick with rumors of every kind from Washington. We are very glad, therefore, that Mr. WILSON, the chairman of the Committee, has stated that nobody but the members of the Committee know any thing about the progress of the investigation, and that all the reports in regard to it are wholly groundless.

The Judiciary Committee is usually considered a very radical body, and it is probably the general impression that it will report in favor of impeachment. But it will be remembered that this much-abused Congress has not been swift to take extreme action of any kind. Notwithstanding great national excitement, and the natural exasperation of the Legislature with an Executive who first betrayed and then denounced it; notwithstanding also its enormous majority, which enables it to dispense with the Presidential approval, the action of the Thirty-ninth Congress has been singularly temperate.

During the last session there was much hot and foolish declamation, but the decisions were deliberately and wisely made. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS was called the leader of the House. He unbridled his tongue and urged summary measures; but of all his serious plans, during a session of seven months, Congress adopted but one—the appointment of a Reconstruction Committee. Rivaling the wise patience of Mr. LINCOLN, it endured the sneers of all its enemies and the adjurations of some of its friends. It knew that, at an epoch like this, time is the truest friend, for time only can reveal the circumstances upon which wise legislation can be based. Upon the one hand, Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS charged it with hypocrisy and swindling; upon the other, Mr. RAYMOND prayed it to leave its damnable faces and begin. But Congress waited and investigated and deliberated, and time, which it trusted, has vindicated its wisdom. Had it decreed confiscation and territorial governments and universal suffrage at its last session it would have outrun public sympathy. But by proposing only the mild Amendment it gave the country full opportunity to learn the controlling facts of the situation, and won public opinion to its present advanced position.

We confide, therefore, in the wise report of the Judiciary Committee and the subsequent action of Congress. Should the Committee decide not only that the evidence authorizes impeachment but that circumstances render it desirable, we have no doubt that the testimony and arguments will be so fully and fairly stated as to command public approval; and we presume that upon the presentation of such a report the House will defer action until it can ascertain the feeling of the country.

There is probably little difference of opinion among loyal men as to the usurpation by the Executive of the functions of the Legislature. But as it is not generally believed to have had originally a bad intention, and as it has been wholly defeated in its perilous tendency, it is questionable whether upon that ground alone impeachment would be expedient. There is equally little doubt of the illegal dispensation of the prerogative of the Senate by the Executive action in official appointments. But that is with ample precedent, and is a disputed point upon which impeachment is plainly inexpedient. More ominous was the Presidential conduct at the time of the New Orleans massacre. If it shall clearly appear that under any pretense whatever the President of the United States connived at the slaughter of citizens peaceably assembled for discussion, the public indignation will be profound, but it will not necessarily regard impeachment as the wisest policy. And if the Committee shall show by ample evidence that the pacification of the country is impeded or paralyzed by the unconstitutional passivity of the President in executing laws of the most vital necessity, and that the attitude of the Judiciary leaves no reasonable doubt that for the whole term of the next Congress the present situation must continue, the question for the country will be simply whether it is more expedient to worry through than to set the precedent of impeachment.

The peril of the precedent is probably the strongest popular argument against impeachment for any cause less than that of an open and palpable attempt to subvert the Government by force. The argument is, that all other attempts are mainly inferential, and therefore doubtful; and that if an impeachment be carried for any such cause, an extreme Constitutional remedy becomes at once an ordinary party measure. Such an argument is very powerful. It demands very careful reflection. But on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that every grave political measure creates a precedent; and that although a precedent is always in danger of being abused, yet that in this country there is less peril than elsewhere, because we may always count upon the increasing intelligence and good sense of the people not to abuse it.

The session is so nearly at an end that it may be doubted whether the present Congress is likely to take final action upon the subject. But as the next Congress is composed of many, if not most, of the sitting members, it may be assumed that no very serious change of opinion is likely to occur. General BUTLER, of course, will dispute Mr. STEVENS's laurels; but the General will learn the lesson which has been very forcibly taught Mr. STEVENS, that Congress follows no other leader than the conviction and intelligence of the country. In view of every contingency, however, if the impeachment should finally be carried, and it were thought best to suspend the President from his functions during the trial, there is no man whose temporary occupation of the Executive office would inspire greater confidence in the country than Senator FESSENDEN.

## BROKERS' WAYS AND MEANS.

IN such period of unsettled values and commercial derangement as the present, brokers and speculators thrive most. They alone make money. Depreciated securities afford them the same percentage of gain as those that bear the highest premium. The rise and fall of gold yield them a like margin of profit. Whatever their failings may be, whatever their sins of omission, they are seldom guilty of errors of *commission*. So certain are the emoluments of the craft that when a man has failed in all other schemes and expedients he invariably turns broker.

"Thus weather-cocks, which for a while
Have turned about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point and fix at last."

DR. JOHNSON wrote that "a man is seldom more beneficially employed, either for himself or others, than when he is making money." This seems to be the actuating and governing principle of the Gold Room and the Stock Exchange; and doubtless the persistent broker, who howls his throat hoarse in Broad Street from morning until night, imagines himself more beneficially employed than the rest of mankind, who toil to produce that which money will buy. The art of making money, "either for himself or others," is known to the broker in a superlative degree. All brokers make money, either for themselves *or others*. If they can not make it out of their patrons, they feed and fatten upon themselves. It is not unusual in the Gold Room for one broker to buy $10,000 from another, and within five minutes sell it back to the same man at a respectable profit. This is called a "turn." The brokers take turns in doing so. If there is nothing to be made in this way they borrow from each other, and receive interest for their loans. In almost any supposable case the broker "makes money," as DR. JOHNSON says. In last extremity, when driven to the wall, they overdraw their bank-account a couple of hundred thousand and retire rich.

Moreover, favorites among the brokers have their private nests well feathered. (The brokers take care of their own, on the principle of charity beginning at home.) For instance, the Moderator of the Gold Room gets $10,000 a year for expounding parliamentary law to the "Bulls" and "Bears," which is not a bad salary for any clergyman. The other salaries of the Board are in proportion. Likewise, the officers of the Mining Board and Stock Exchange receive several thousands for settling disputes and pounding their desks with mallets two hours in every twenty-four. (Disputes are not settled with the mallets.) These salaries are paid out of the dues, fines, and initiation fees of the members. It costs a man now $2500 to become a member of the Gold Board. It used to be only $200, but in these days there are so many fingers after the plums that new memberships can hardly be afforded, even at the increased rate. The admission fee to the Stock Exchange is $3000! The officers of the Gold Exchange Bank, or Clearing House, lately established, also get comfortable salaries, while printers, reporters, runners, telegraphers, janitors, and other employés are supported handsomely by compensation growing out of the daily traffic in gold.

The precincts of Mammon (which lie chiefly within the triangle bounded by Broadway, Wall, and Beaver streets) daily illustrate two distinct phases of labor—its substantial *fact* and its shadowy *fiction*. One is seen at dawn, in the laborer trudging forth to his task, whose mission is to produce. The other becomes visible at 10 o'clock, and exhibits the parasite that lives upon the producer. During the few hours' interval an unnatural quiet pervades the precincts of Mammon, as if to give the workers a fair start before the drones begin to sip. While all other parts of the city resound with the hum of industry, Wall Street preserves its painful stillness. The explanation is that the Gold Room and Stock Board constitute the mainspring that sets trade and traffic in motion here, and the machine is not wound up until 10. If it should not be wound up at all, as on holidays, or if it should cease to run at noon, as it sometimes does, then all business in that vicinity is paralyzed or suspended.

The time was when all stock transactions were carried on in the purlieus of Wall and William streets and Exchange Place, and solicitous divines were wont to warn the would-be speculators of their flocks that the shortest Road to ruin lay through Wall Street; but *Broad* is the way that leads to destruction now, and all old stock-gamblers, or novitiates who wish to try their luck, must turn their footsteps there. Also, in former times, operators were content to make their bids or sales on curb-stones in the open air; but now they congregate in palatial edifices which are whitest marble without, but foul with tobacco-juice within, and hideous with the wrangling of a thousand brazen throats. Here, in the turbulent sea and changing tide of fortune, men lose or win their thousands in an hour. They surge fearfully on the tumbling crest of a panic, or repose in the intermittent lull of a calm and the soothing atmosphere of thick tobacco-smoke. Spasm succeeds spasm, and the infection of excitement passes with lightning rapidity and unerring certainty from the street to the inner sanctum, or from within to the Open Board, according to the influences, rumors, or speculative manipulations that are reciprocally brought to bear upon the market. The intelligence directly goes abroad that stocks are tumbling fearfully, that such-and-such extensive operator has failed, and that worse disasters threaten. Meanwhile, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the laborer have been quietly pursuing their several avocations, unconscious of any danger impending, or of any sufficient cause that should disturb the even tenor of past prosperity and fixed values. But what is the real effect of all this commotion upon the outside world? Why should it affect it at all? What concern is it of others that some score of men have won or lost heavily in their stock-gambling? The business world knows well enough how it is done—that the decline is caused by a "Ring" or combination of heavy capitalists, who, having now squeezed their victims as dry as seems expedient or safe at present, and bought in all the stock they can carry conveniently, will bull the market in their turn, and send stocks up again. Why, then, should the mercantile community suffer? Only this: that when securities are depressed they fall in favor as collaterals; confidence is shaken; the money-market tightens; men can not easily borrow to meet their engagements; and failures eventually result. This, and nothing more. Legitimate enterprise suffers, but the brokers have made money and will make money out of the general derangement of trade.

In the Gold Room the brokers find additional ways and means of making money. Fluctuations are rapid there under the manœuvres of the strong cliques of operators, and it only requires an absurd rumor from Washington or the Eastern Hemisphere to set the mill in motion which will grind out the golden grain into the maws of insatiate speculators. The daily transactions in gold sometimes reach 150 millions, which the Clearing House readily settles for the brokers at the very moderate charge of one cent per thousand dollars. At first the charge was two cents, but the Clearing House was too conscientious to take that much, and therefore voluntarily reduced it—an extraordinary instance of "honor among" gentlemen. The Gold Room always sympathizes with the Stock Exchange. If stocks decline rapidly the public becomes alarmed, and gold naturally advances; and because gold is higher, stocks consequently fall still lower. One helps the other, and both assist the concentric rings of speculators. When all other means fail to produce the required fluctuations they bait the trap with "wash" sales and bogus transactions in fictitious stock, or sometimes create a tight money-market by borrowing heavily from the banks,

depositing the borrowed notes as collateral; in consequence of which the banks' regular mercantile customers are unable to obtain seasonable accommodation, and are therefore thrown upon the tender mercies of the street, and fall a prey to the note-brokers and shavers.

Whichever way the tide turns, brokers invariably make money. If business is active they thrive on brokerage and commissions; and if there comes a financial revulsion, then they flourish upon the misfortunes of others. Their most abundant harvest is during a period of unsettled values. But all these speculative gains, all the profits resulting from the forced and feverish fluctuations of the market, are so much direct tax upon the productive industry of the country.

We shall enter into details of this subject in subsequent articles.

## AID FOR THE SOUTHERN STATES.

The statement of the Executive Committee of the Southern Relief Commission will not, we are sure, be lost upon the generous heart of the country. We wish it were possible for the people of the Southern States to understand that the people of the other States are wholly free from any vindictive or harsh feeling toward them. We say it the more confidently because this paper is accused of relentless hostility toward "the South," and of a disposition to perplex and delay national harmony. But in one sense only is this true. So far as the phrase "the South" describes the spirit of caste, injustice, aristocracy, and the political theories inspired by it, so far we are its steady foe, and are firmly persuaded that nothing but its extinction will give the country a chance of harmony and peace. But in common with all sensible persons we fully understand the circumstances of the late war at the South, the sincerity with which the Southern theory of the Constitution was held, the pertinacity and bravery with which it was defended in the field, and the honesty with which many of those who fought most desperately now accept the result. All that we wish is, that the result shall be secured, and that all the blood of four terrible years shed upon both sides shall not have been shed in vain, as it infallibly will have been if those who have won do not understand what they have won.

This feeling is, of course, perfectly intelligible. It does not imply a spark of revengeful emotion. We have resolutely opposed the theory that a vast war of four years could be treated as a riot of four hours. We have exposed the folly of wholesale penalties and proscriptions. We fully recognize the fact that those who are defeated do not feel pleasantly toward the victors. We do not forget that the coexistence of a lately privileged class with a servile class suddenly freed, and whose color was the badge of the old servility, presents a very difficult problem. But we do not believe that it will be happily solved by leaving the conceded rights of the one class dependent upon the pleasure of the other. On the contrary, we hold that the indication of a settled determination that they shall not be so dependent tends straight and swiftly to general tranquillity.

And now the opportunity is offered to all who agree with us, and they are the great multitude of the people of this part of the country, to prove that we suffer in the sufferings of the people of the South, and that we aim not at individual or local punishment but at the national welfare and fraternity. We would feed, and clothe, and teach. We would invest the truth of our political convictions with all the glory of sympathy and humanity. We would show that our doctrine of equal human rights has a moral foundation by an exhaustless beneficence. If the clouded Southern idea of "a Northerner" or of "a Yankee" is that of a sour, sharp, hard trader, let us show him to be—what he truly is—a cheerful, generous, sympathetic friend. If the Southerner thinks that we are Mars, grim and bloody, it is our business to show him that we are Cybele herself, the mother of peace and plenty. When he sees that our hearts are right he will be more ready to believe that our heads are not all wrong.

There is a region in this country six or seven hundred miles long and one or two hundred wide in which there are a million and a half of people and not breadstuffs to feed half of them until the next harvest is gathered. And it is our country; and these are *our* people; and they are people against whom inexorably fighting we have at last prevailed, and people who must remain one with us. Let us justify our victory even to them by our humanity. Let us show them that not personal or sectional hostility, not a mean ambition, not partisan fury, but an equal determination with theirs in devotion to what we think an essential principle, strengthened us and gave us the triumph. And by our open hearts and hands, by our quick and ample relief as from brother to brother, let us implant in their sad hearts, weeping in a stricken land, the divine doubt whether, after all, our principle were not the truer. By their fruits ye shall know them. And if, while our political aims are plainly toward justice only, our social sympathies overflow in practical charity, we shall find that the way of national peace becomes daily brighter.

James M. Brown, of the house of Brown, Brothers, & Co., is the Treasurer of the Executive Committee, and all contributions may be sent to him at 61 Wall Street. Facts of destitution and applications for relief may be addressed to Edward Bright, Corresponding Secretary, 39 Park Row, New York.

## THE LETTER TO Mr. MOTLEY.

It is difficult to speak temperately of the extraordinary letter of the Secretary of State which caused the resignation of Mr. Motley. It is so gratuitous an insult to one of the most honored of living Americans, and through him to his fellow-citizens, that it has probably no serious defender in the whole country.

The Secretary of State writes to an historian whose chief fame is his brilliant defense of popular government that somebody says he is an enemy of democracy; he writes to a minister who is peculiarly endeared to his country by his private and public vindication of American unity and nationality against the ignorant prejudice of the British aristocracy that he is anonymously accused of servility to English noblemen; he writes to a man conspicuous for the finest graces of the gentleman that a nameless traveler declares him to be a blackguard, and asks him what he has to say about it. There is not an American of honorable feeling who does not wince as he reflects upon the indecency.

Mr. Motley's answer is worthy of his fame and of his character. He denies distinctly the specific charges; he asserts the perfect right of every American citizen, whatever his official position, to express his opinions upon grave public questions; he states clearly, moderately, and firmly what his opinions are, and, with a single word of pain that his character alone has not defended him against so ignoble a slander, he resigns his position.

We must infer that the private discourse of the Secretary of State concerning official personages who differ with him in opinion is so comely and temperate that he is authorized to call others to account. We must assume that he is so careful in his criticisms, so free from irritability and petulance, as to be properly shocked at any reported heat in others. Otherwise his letter is as absurd as it is sad; while coming from the head of the Cabinet of a President who speaks as he has constantly spoken of members of Congress, the letter is an amazing jest.

The Secretary of State seems determined that those whose sense of his former signal service to the country inclines them to silence in regard to his present position shall be compelled to agree that his present official conduct is a national misfortune.

## SUBTERRANEAN TRAVEL.

Some months since Mr. Craven, the Engineer of the Croton Board, stated that an underground railroad in New York would interfere with water pipes and trouble the foundations of the city so much that it was undesirable if not impracticable. The project therefore seemed to be abandoned. But some remedy of the crowded and impassable thoroughfares has been long an absolute necessity, and we have at length the report of the Legislative Committee, signed also by Mayor Hoffman and Mr. Craven himself, recommending an underground railroad. The elevated road is regarded as a doubtful experiment and unadapted to the transport of freight; and the plan of a railway running through blocks offers tedious and vexatious delays and vast expense. The underground project is therefore approved as the most practicable and speediest remedy of the difficulty.

It is evident from the report that the subject has received very careful consideration from engineers, and that the experience of London has been consulted. Mr. Kirkwood's report states that recent experiments prove that a steam locomotive is not essential to the movement of a subterranean train, and Mr. Davidson submits some interesting observations upon pneumatic propulsion; a subject which will be more fully tested. The general proposition of the Committee is a line from the Battery to the City Hall Park, thence diverging into two or more lines east and west of Broadway. They recommend, however, that the plan of Mr. Harvey for an elevated road upon supports in the street be experimentally tried for half a mile in the southern part of Greenwich Street.

Mr. Kirkwood went last year to London and carefully examined the various railroad systems there. He describes especially a tunnel road irregularly winding under the city north of the Thames. It is fourteen miles long, and is designed for through passengers, whom it carries rapidly and cheaply. Five and a half miles are now in operation, and the running time, with seven stoppages, is twenty-two minutes. This is at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. The road carries more than four hundred thousand passengers weekly, who pay twelve cents for the first-class, eight cents for the second, and six cents for the third-class cars. Here we will make the third-class first-class, and all ride in them at the lowest fare.

But before the railroad is built why not throw a few bridges over Broadway?

## FERRY ABUSES.

The Grand Jury of Hudson County, New Jersey, have just set an excellent example to the whole country. They have called the attention of the authorities to the flagrant offenses of the Weehawken Ferry Company in running a boat called the *Lydia*, which, it seems, is old and rotten, and upon which sheep and hogs are turned into the cabins, the walls of which are covered with obscene designs. This filthy and rotten tub is used to convey passengers across the North River. Why do not the Grand Jury publish the names of the responsible persons? Who are the directors and agents of this Company? If men are taught by disagreeable publicity that they must either do the duty they pretend to do or not pretend to do it, we should find public opinion rapidly purifying a great many unclean customs.

The ultimate remedy of the abominations to which the enormous daily traveling population of New York is forced to submit by railroad and steamboat companies lies in itself. We hear, for instance, constant and bitter complaint of the discomforts and petty annoyances and insolent disregard of the passengers from daily travelers upon the ferry-boats to the Morris and Essex Railroad. We believe that Mr. Edwin Stevens, of Hoboken, is a large, if not a controlling proprietor of that ferry. If Mr. Stevens has not heard we hereby inform him that the complaint of passengers by that ferry is constant and grievous. Can he do nothing to help it? Can his agents do nothing? At least, we advise the daily travelers who experience the inconveniences to protest to him, and to protest publicly, and to keep up such a protestation that if they can not be heard by any authority which can help them, the public can form a very clear judgment of such authorities.

There is no other remedy for such passengers except the establishment of a new line, which is expensive and impracticable. As long as they submit quietly so long they will be outraged. If they undertake, as we learn they sometimes have undertaken, personal correction of certain outrages, they merely add brawling to the general discomfort. Concentrate the public contempt upon those who are clearly responsible, by diligent publication of their names and statements of the abuses which they tolerate, and matters will begin to mend.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

Congress has been unusually dull since the date of our last record: The propriety of transferring the Indian Bureau from the Interior Department to the War Department was discussed in the House of January 29, and the Indian Department was denounced as a den of thieves. The bill finally passed the House on January 31.

The House, in committee of the whole, on January 29, discussed the propriety of annulling the Legation at Rome in consequence of the Pope's prohibition of Protestant worship within the walls of the city. Subsequently the House decided that no more money should be paid for the support of the Legation at Rome after the close of the present fiscal year (June 30); but a consul is to be maintained there to look after American commercial interests. The mission to Portugal was discontinued under the same conditions as to time; and both the Lisbon and Rome Legations are practically abolished.

The veto messages of the President in the bills for the admission of Colorado and Nebraska were read in the Senate on January 29 and 30. The bills had not been considered as passed over the vetoes up to February 4.

The Tariff bill, variously amended in the Protective interest, passed the Senate on January 30. The House deferred action on it, and referred it on February 2 to the Committee on Ways and Means.

The Senate Tenure of Office bill, prohibiting the President from removing officers without the advice and consent of the Senate, was adopted in the House on February 2, by a vote of 111 yeas to 38 nays. An amendment, including Cabinet officers among the others, was also adopted.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

A Committee to inquire into the neglect of the Street Commissioner of New York city was ordered in the Assembly on January 30.

The Special Committee of the Senate decided on January 31 that underground railroads was a necessity in New York city.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Russia is about to establish a church in New York city for worship according to the Greek rites.

The Attorney-General of New Hampshire has given directions through the State to close up by prosecution all rum-shops, by whatever name they may be called, where crime is committed, to which it can be directly traced, or in which criminals are harbored.

The north building of the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg was destroyed by fire on January 25.

A collision occurred January 30 on the Cheeves plantation, South Carolina, between the negroes and the United States troops. The trouble results from efforts to dispossess the negroes from the land granted them during the military occupation, and upon which they have crops growing.

A Union man is under indictment in Johnson County, North Carolina, for stealing four pounds of meat from the so-called Confederate States Government (these are the exact words used in the bill), and unless the Government interfere it is believed by his friends that he will be dragged to the whipping-post. The accused was a conscript soldier in the rebel army, and when on duty in 1863, while half starved, took meat to keep life in his body, and now will have to suffer for an act not against law, but because he is and was a Union man.

The Tennessee State Senate has requested United States Senator Patterson (son of President Johnson) to resign. The preamble recites "his shameful betrayal of the loyal Union men who gave him their confidence and their votes."

In 1861, when Georgia seceded, Solomon Cohen, postmaster at Savannah, turned over the funds of his office to the rebels, and continued to act as postmaster under rebel rule. When the war ended he was elected to the United States Congress. John E. Hayes, a loyal man, and editor of the *Savannah Republican*, reviewing the career of the Congressman elect, alluded to him as "a defaulter to the United States." Cohen had Hayes indicted for libel, and a criminal prosecution ensued in a Georgia court. A jury of rebels have brought in a verdict of guilty, and virtually decided that rebel postmasters were not defaulters.

The navigation of Long Island Sound was effectually closed on February 1, and wagons and horses crossed and recrossed between Fort Schuyler, New Rochelle, Willett's Point, Whitestone, Great Neck, and City Island in safety. Far as the eye could reach, for a distance of ten or fifteen miles, to the right and left of Throgg's Neck, one unbroken mass of ice extended, varying in thickness from one to five feet. Along the beach in many places the ice rose to the height of from fifteen to twenty feet. Eight schooners and the Boston steamers *Nereus*, *Oceanus*, and *Continental* were frozen in the field of ice.

The United States steamer *Lancaster*, reported lost off Cape Horn, arrived safely at Barbadoes December 24, 1866.

Hon. Philip Johnson, Member of Congress from the Eleventh Pennsylvania District, died in Washington on January 31.

Washington Hunt, Ex-Governor of New York and a former Member of Congress, died in New York on February 2.

The President and some leading Southern men have decided on a new plan of reconstruction. A series of resolutions were drawn up in favor of suffrage based on reading and writing and a property qualification of $250, to be submitted for adoption to the Southern Legislatures, and to pave the way for the submission of the question by the President in his Message to the Fortieth Congress. These resolutions were sent to the Governors of several of the Southern States on February 3, accompanied by an advisory letter stating that they met the President's approval. The question of Amnesty does not appear to have been an essential feature of the proposed plan. The Governor of North Carolina was telegraphed to keep the Legislature in session to consider these propositions, and similar messages were sent to the Executives of Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. Governor Orr, of South Carolina, left Washington on February 3 to submit the new plan to the Legislature of his own State.

The steamship *R. R. Cuyler* has been seized by the Custom-house officials of New York as a privateer in the service of Chili.

Governor Wells, of Louisiana, in his late Message, repeats his conviction that the New Orleans riot was "an unprovoked massacre of loyal citizens, headed by the police and assisted by a mob, to gratify their hatred of every man who remained true to the Government during the rebellion or abandoned its cause." The Governor also strongly approves of the Constitutional Amendment as just and proper, and says he believes it to be within the power of Congress to demand of the seceding States such guarantees as are therein secured.

A letter from Rome from Rev. Dr. Samuel I. Prime, dated January 4, 1867, establishing the fact of the late suppression of Protestant worship in Rome, and declaring that "Papal Rome was less tolerant than Pagan Rome had been," was the closing argument advanced in the House of Representatives, on January 31, to secure the passage of the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill which abolished the Legation at Rome.

A Nashville (Tennessee) paper asserts rebel citizens of that State are banded together, and large sums of money raised, to procure the assassination of Colonel W. B. Stokes and other Radical State leaders. In the House of Representatives, on February 4, a resolution was adopted to investigate the matter.

It is estimated that the cost of clearing the streets of Boston of the superabundance of snow that fell during the two great storms in January will amount to at least $50,000.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

On the announcement that the French, Austrian, and Russian powers were about to interfere in the Cretan war, the Sultan offered the Christians terms of peace, and for a time hostilities ceased. The Cretans indignantly rejected the terms proposed by Turkey, and the war was resumed with the former vigor and ferocity. This result has further complicated matters and "the Eastern question" now seriously threatens an extensive war. Russia, taking advantage of the insurrection of the Christians in Crete against the Turks, appears disposed to again endeavor to push her way to the Mediterranean; and already the Sultan and the Czar are arming. On this further extension of the vast territory of Russia the other powers of Europe are not disposed to look with favor; and we may witness in 1867 the same "unholy" alliance of Christian and Mohammedan against Christian in order to maintain the "balance of power in Europe which existed in 1854-55." This time England is likely to remain neutral, and France and Austria promise to be the allies of the Turk. Garibaldi, who sees and fears this unnatural complication, has written a letter urging on England, France, and Russia an alliance similar to that of 1827, which established the Greek kingdom, and begs those powers to complete the good work then begun by freeing Candia and the other islands of the archipelago from Turkish rule and uniting them to Greece. This policy of the Christian and freeman is not, however, likely to prevail against that dictated by the selfish ambition of the European powers. How far the United States may become interested in the Eastern question under its new phase is a question much agitated at this time both in Europe and this country. Our navy has already been more prominent than that of any other country in aiding the Cretans; an alliance offensive and defensive is popularly supposed to exist between Russia and the United States; the struggle for liberty of the Cretans and the efforts of Russia to aid them meet with the warmest sympathy in America; and latterly it is said that Russia is intriguing to involve us with her in the coming war by sending General Constantine Canaris, the Greek hero of the war of 1827, as an envoy to this country asking aid for the Cretans.

The Colonial Secretary of Great Britain has informed the Canadians that their Confederation scheme has been sanctioned by the home Government; that the bill will be introduced as a Government measure at the next sitting of Parliament; and that under this new organization Prince Alfred is to be the first Governor and Royal Viceroy.

Brazil and her Allies have resolved to push the war against Paraguay with renewed vigor.

The Honduras Government has contracted for a railway across that country, connecting the two oceans. The Costa Rican Congress was convened on January 8 to approve the contract with New York capitalists for building an interoceanic railway.

Foreign mediation between the allied republics of Peru, Bolivia, and Chili, and Spain has been definitely rejected, and a vigorous prosecution of the war has been determined upon.

The latest announcement from Europe with regard to Mexico is to the effect that the Austrian troops are to remain in Mexico after the French shall have left.

The presence of our squadron in the Bosphorus and around Crete is considered by the Paris diplomats as serving to "complicate the Eastern question."

Ortega, claiming to be the rightful President of Mexico, has been captured by the Juarists, and is threatened with execution.

## MURDER OF SENATOR CASE, OF TENNESSEE.

A correspondent writing from Richmond, Virginia, January 17, says of the feeling prevalent throughout the South:

> "I was in hopes when the war ended that love to the Union would revive in the breasts of the Southern people. In that expectation I have been miserably disappointed. The unfortunate course pursued by President Johnson awakened hopes in the South only to be disappointed. At first we were humble and willing to submit to any thing, glad to escape without losing our land. Now we are exceedingly angry at having lost our negroes. We still hope that the Northern Democrats will espouse our cause, and by force of arms place our representatives in the halls of Congress. That forlorn hope is all that we have left to comfort us. If Johnson should get himself turned out of office, instead of driving others out, we shall go deranged, I fear. Instead of loving the Union, all who have lost their slaves seem to hate it with a perfect hatred. Such would not have been the case if Andy Johnson had kept his word and endeavored to make treason odious."

That the spirit of rebellion is not whipped out of the Southern people is proved by numerous reports of the above character, and daily instances of cruelty to negroes, and persecutions, and even assassinations of Union men. One of the latest and most terrible proofs of this rebellious and inhuman spirit is the tragedy in Tennessee, resulting in murders of Senator Almon Case and his son, and Deputy-Sheriffs M. H. Kinman and Green, all of Obion County, Tennessee. The story is one of the most horrible on record.

The murderer in each case was the same—a noted rebel guerrilla ruffian named Frank Farris. He belonged to a band of robbers which prowled on friend and foe alike. A comrade of Farris was captured and shot as a guerrilla by Union troops, when Farris and his brother swore to be revenged. They shortly after killed a Union soldier named Thompson in the presence of his wife. At the close of the war they were indicted for this murder, but fled, returning to Obion County only about two months ago. They managed to evade arrest in various ways, and, finally, to carry out their horrible designs of revenge. The first victim selected was the son of Senator Case. One Sabbath-day, only a few weeks ago, the Senator and his family were returning from church. The son, a young man of about seventeen years, was walking some paces ahead of the father, mother, and some younger children. Suddenly the sharp crack of a gun or pistol rang out upon the stillness of the Sabbath air. With gloomy foreboding in his heart Senator Case hastened forward, found his child weltering in gore, and had but time to take the prostrate form in his arms when the poor young victim gasped and died. From that hour Senator Case felt that his own fate was sealed.

He was not destined, however, to be the next victim. On Friday, January 10, while Deputy-Sheriff Hinman was transferring to jail a colored prisoner who had been indicted by the Grand Jury, the pair were joined by Farris, and all three rode along together, Farris and Kinman talking on the most amicable terms. Arriving on the public square of the county seat, the town of Troy, Kinman was in the act of dismounting, when Farris suddenly drew a revolver, and deliberately shot him through the head, inflicting a fatal wound. The scoundrel, not content with this, ineffectually snapped his revolver four times more, and, then turning his horse's head, rode rapidly away. There had never been any private difficulty between them; but Mr. Kinman's well known loyalty was sufficient cause for enmity on the part of Farris.

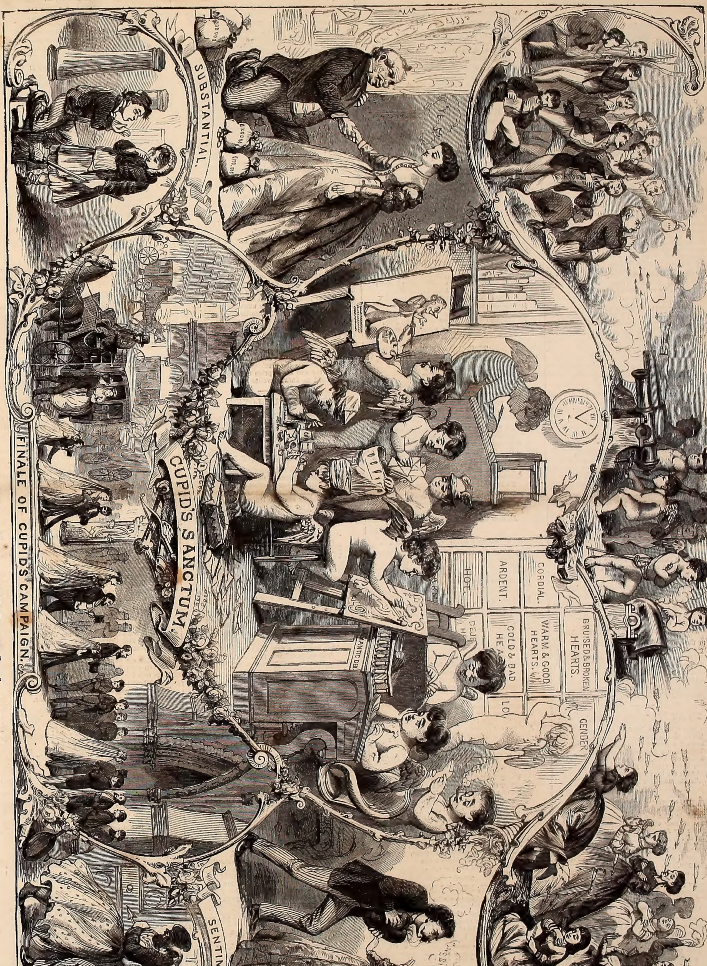
The murderer's hand was now fairly in for the day. The tiger-thirst for blood was aroused. Farris went immediately to the house of Senator Case, who lived not far away. Arrived there, he inquired of the Senator's wife if he was at home. She answered that he was at a neighbor's near by. Farris started for the place designated, met Case returning home, put on a devilish smile as he accosted him, and even shook hands with his unsuspecting victim. The latter kindly invited him to go back, partake of the hospitalities of his house, and remain all night. The fiend said he would do so, turned and rode back with the guileless Senator until near his home. Suddenly three men appeared on the road, coming as if to meet them. This seemed to be the preconcerted signal of death. Farris drew a pistol from his pocket, seized his victim by the collar, placed the muzzle almost against his head, and coolly blew out his brains. This horrid deed achieved, he hastily rode off through the woods.

On the succeeding day, while Deputy-Sheriff Green was engaged in conversation with a friend, about twelve miles distant from the scene of Case's assassination, Farris rode up, and taking deliberate aim, shot Green through the heart. He expired in a few moments. The triple murderer, in the mean time, put spurs to his horse, sped away, and has not been heard from since.

We publish herewith an illustration of the murder of Senator Case and also his portrait. He was a native of Ohio, but had been a resident of Tennessee from his early youth. Being a steadfast Union man, he was driven out of West Tennessee while it was in rebel hands. When the State was recovered by our arms, Mr. Case was one of those who saw the necessity of placing it in loyal hands. He himself was a member of the Constitutional Convention which assembled in February of 1865, and attracted attention at that time by his modest devotion to principle, and by his unyielding, though unassuming, patriotism. Subsequently he was chosen a member of the upper branch of the Tennessee Legislature, acquiring from the first the love of those with whom he was associated politically, and winning even from the opposite party respect and esteem. In the Legislature he was known as a Radical, although one of the few in the Senate who was disposed to extend the ballot to rebels and colored men alike. He had often befriended Farris, his murderer, and was mild and unoffending in his intercourse with all.

THE LATE SENATOR ALMON CASE, OF TENNESSEE.—[Phot. by C. C. Giers.]

MURDER OF SENATOR CASE, OF TENNESSEE, BY A RETURNED REBEL GUERRILLA.




FINALE OF CUPID'S CAMPAIGN.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY, February 14, 1867.—[See next Page.]

# A Bunch of Valentines.

## St. Valentine's Day.

Valentine's Day! Valentine's Day!
How shall my feeble pen essay
Of thy love-burdened glories to tell!
Season of smiles—season of tears—
Season of hopes—season of fears—
Season of murmuring, kissing, and sighing;
Of whispering soft nothings; of pining and dying;
Of vows of true constancy breathed o'er and o'er;
Season of loud double-knocks at the door,
And limitless rings at the bell.
Valentine's Day! all hail! all hail!
Long may thy power o'er mortals prevail!
Valentine's Day! Valentine's Day!
Cupid's own holiday! Valentine's Day!

## CUPID'S CAMPAIGN.

This is the month when the blithe birds mate,
Robin and skylark, linnet and dove;
The month when the good St. Valentine
A martyr was made in the cause of love.
See Cupid's sanctum, with Cupid there,
Busily working with pencil and pen,
Look on the picture, ladies fair,
Gaze on it, all you gentlemen!

What is he writing, the little god
With the dreamy look in his poet-eye?
A sonnet, maybe, for one in love,
Tender, no doubt, as a lover's sigh;
And that other Cupid, with pen in hand,
Seated next him there in his place?
Something brimming with fun I know
From the comical smile on his little round face.

And there are artists, with pallet and brush,
Droll young fellows, as you may guess;
And others sealing the envelopes,
And writing on each the name and address.
There, too, is the postman, holding the bag,
A Mercury, rapid of flight is he;
While another is dropping the letters in;
Is there any, I wonder, for you or me?

See Cupid a soldier, training his guns;
Be cautious, all you susceptible hearts,
Lest you in turn, like the rest of mankind,
Be struck by one of his dangerous darts.
Swift and sure is the young god's aim,
See his arrows fly through the air
Straight to the hearts of the sterner sex,
Straight to those of the gentle fair.

Love is something hard to resist,
But gold is harder sometimes to withstand;
The heart is a treasure much to be prized,
But does not always go with the hand;
Love is born of a thousand things,
Sometimes a word, and sometimes a look—
It lives alike in the boot-black's breast,
And lights its flame in the heart of the cook.

Now see the end of young Cupid's campaign,
Happy ending of what is best·
Life's goal seems reached when, Love's courtship o'er,
In a happy union two hearts are blest.
Oh, what a tale the blithe bells tell,
Pealing so sweetly upon the air,
A promise of hope for the years to come,
A promise of joy to the bridal pair!

## TO AN INCONSTANT ONE.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
Thine be the grief, as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before;
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love, unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God sent me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

## UNDER "THE SAINT'S" FAVOR.

Ah me! how soon the seasons wear!
I marked, dear wife, as you sat last night
Beneath the Argand's chastened light,
A glint of silver in your hair.

Do you remember, Heart of mine,
How, by the Lovers' Saint made bold,
I sent you, on a day of old,
A tinsel, tinted Valentine?

A tawdry rag! and yet, I vow,
I thought my verses fairly sped!
Do you remember how they read?
What, Sweet! you've kept the trash till now?

But what a metamorphosis!
This yellow, faded, shriveled thing
My Valentine? And could I sing
In such a sickly strain as this?

Nay, keep it, darling, if you will;
Yet not unmated; for I write
Another Valentine to-night,
Under the Saint's fair favor still.

Thus runs it, darling: "I have paid
Light tribute to the usurer Time:
The hue hath faded from my rhyme,
But its fresh passion may not fade.

"Had we but chosen an olden way
To note our love-illumined days,
White stones within the classic vase
Had fallen still, surely, day by day.

"Though dim the gilded page you hold,
Time's art hath but refined the dross
From Life's alembic, and its loss
Reveals our love of proven gold!"

## BLESSED BE SAINT VALENTINE.

Now, blessed be Saint Valentine,
By whose high leave I pour
Words in this gentle ear of thine
I never dared before!
Each thing to-day, in glade or nook,
May name its Valentine.
*I* read out boldly from Love's book,
And, dearest, thou art mine!

The breeze hath found the wall-flower out,
And feedeth on its sigh;
The hunter bee now hunts about
The violet's deep blue eye.
Escaping from its icy chain
The river runneth free;
And so my heart flings off its pain,
And cometh straight to thee!

A blessing on Saint Valentine!
He is a good old saint,
And maketh [illegible] to speak to thine
My soul [illegible] was so faint.
And then he [illegible] a spirit, sweet!
More loving than his own;
His task to lead Love's pilgrim feet
To Hymen's altar throne.
So blessings on St. Valentine,
I am his worshiper and thine.

## LOVE.

Love, dearest lady, such as I would speak,
Lives not within the humor of the eye;
Not being but an outward fantasy
That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,
Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,
As if the rose made summer, and so be
Among the perishable things that die.
Unlike the love which I would give and seek:
Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay,
With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.
Love is its own great loveliness alway,
And takes new lustre from the touch of time;
Its boughs own no December and no May,
But bears its blossoms into winter's clime.

## THE RESOLVE.

I pray thee let my heart alone,
Since now 'tis raised above thee;
Not all the beauty thou didst own
Again can make me love thee.

He that was shipwrecked once before
By such a siren's call,
And yet neglects to shun that shore,
Deserves his second fall.

Each flutt'ring kiss, each tempting smile,
Which thou in vain bestows,
Some other lover might beguile,
Who not thy falsehood knows.

But I am proof against all art:
No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
To her that hath betrayed me.

Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine,
I might thy scorn as justly move
As now thou sufferest mine.

## A WORSHIPFUL VALENTINE.

The golden sun that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withal,
In vain doth cast his beams away,
When they are blind on whom they fall;
There is no force in all his light
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he
That shines at noon in summer-tide,
Hast given me light and power to see,
With perfect skill my sight to guide;
Till now I lived as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of beauty's grace,
Yet deem'd it naught but poet's skill;
I gazed on many a lovely face,
Yet found I none to bend my will;
Which made me think that beauty bright
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have cleared my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind;
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's blaze each where I find;
And yet the dames that shine so bright
Are but the shadow of thy light.

## TO A YOUNG LADY WHO TALKED TOO MUCH.

While raptur'd on your charms I gaze,
You talk so loud and long,
I find you angel in your face,
But woman in your tongue.

When taken captive by your eyes,
What pains I might endure!
But happily your tongue supplies
To beauty's wounds a cure.

If lovers, then, you would pursue,
Ah! learn your power to prize,
Nor by your idle tongue undo
The conquest of your eyes.

## I DIE, DEAR LIFE!

I die, dear life! unless to me be given
As many kisses as the spring hath flowers,
Or there be silver-drops in Iris' showers,
Or stars there be in all-embracing heaven;
And if displeas'd ye of the match remain,
Ye shall have leave to take them back again.

## LOVE FOR LOVE.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me:
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouched by art?
I will own the color true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

## PERHAPS I LOVE.

Perhaps I love
To visit my heart's treasure by that light
When misers seek their buried hoards; to steal
Upon the loved one like a mermaid's song,
Unseen and floating between sea and sky;
To creep upon her in love's loneliest hour,
Not in her daylight beauty with the glare
Of the bright sun around her; but thus pure
And white and delicate, under the cool moon,
Or lamp of alabaster. Thus I love
To think of thee, thou dear one! thus with flowers
About thee, and fresh air, and such a light,
And such a stillness; thus I dream of thee.

## THE CHARM.

Wind the spell, bind the spell;
What is in it? Fond farewell!
Wreathed with drops from azure eyes,
Twilight vows, and midnight sighs.

Bind it in the maiden's soul!
Suns may set and years may roll;
Yet beneath the tender twine
All the spirit shall be thine.

Oceans may between you sweep,
But the spell's as strong as deep!
Anguish, distance, time are vain—
Death alone can loose the chain.

## THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

Cupid, if storying legends tell aright,
Once fram'd a rich elixir of delight—
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fixed,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:
With these, the magic dews which evening brings,
Brush'd from the Idalian star by fairy wings,
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,
Each gentler pleasure of the unspotted mind—
Day-dream, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And Hope, the blameless parasite of Woe.
The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs,
Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamor'd dove
Pours the soft murmuring of responsive love.
The finish'd work might envy vainly blame,
And "Kisses" was the precious compound's name.
With half the god his Cyprian mother blest,
And breath'd on Sara's lovelier lips the rest.

## THE TRUE LOVER.

I loved thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

## FROM A PERSISTENT LOVER.

What! bid me seek another fair
In untried paths of female wiles?
And posies weave of other hair,
And bask secure in other smiles?
Thy friendly stars no longer prize,
And light my course by other eyes?

Ah no! my dying lips shall close,
Unaltered love, as faith, professing;
Nor, praising Him who life bestows,
Forget who makes that gift a blessing.
My last address to Heaven is due;
The last but one is all—to you.

## THE SCORNFUL REPLY.

Burn or freeze at thine own pleasure,
Thou art free to love or no;
'Tis as little loss as treasure,
Whether thou art friend or foe.
Lover false and unadvised,
Who to threaten are so vain,
Light thy love I ever prized,
And less value thy disdain.
If to love 'twere ever bootless,
And neglected was thy smart,
The disdains will be as fruitless,
Of thy fickle, hollow heart.

## TELL ME YOU LOVE ME.

Tell me you love me; I know it full well,
Though of truths so delightful one can't be too sure;
Doubts will arise that a breath may dispel,
Fears that alone such avowals can cure.
When were those syllables murmured in vain?
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though often before
You have told me the tale I now bid you repeat:
Outpourings like these from the lips we adore
In their fond iteration grow daily more sweet;
Why from the tender confession refrain?
Tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me, though bent to deceive:
Such delusion were dearer than everyday truth,
We in time learn to look on and cherish as sooth.
Repeat those sweet words, though their fondness you feign,
And tell me you love me again and again.

Tell me you love me; no skeptic am I,
Who would question the faith of the heart of his choice;
When did Falsehood look forth from so truthful an eye,
Or Deception assume less untrustful a voice?
'Twere treason to doubt thee, so welcome my chain!
But tell me you love me again and again.

## LET EACH MAN CHOOSE HIS MADAM.

Since Valentine, that saint benign
To all the sons of Adam,
Did leave this day, as who should say
Let each man choose his madam;

Then blame who can, since I'm the man,
As much as is my daddy,
If I pursue and wish for you
More than for other lady.

You are my right, for yesternight,
With scrips of paper rolled,
I drew your name, and made my flame
Too high to be controlled.

Now every night your image bright
A moment leaves me never;
Oh, that it would be still so good,
With joy I'd sleep for ever!

Grant then, dear miss, some hope of bliss,
If I deserve your notice;
If not, be free, and let me see,
My chance not worth a groat is.

## SILENT LOVE.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your ringlets, and kiss time away;
By love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it!
Small gifts find tongues; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound:
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below;
So when love speechless is, it doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speaks but little, 'cause I love so much.

## GIVE ME BUT THY LOVE.

Give me but thy love, and I
Envy none beneath the sky!
Pains and perils I defy,
If thy presence cheer me.

Give me but thy love, my sweet!
Joy shall bless us when we meet;
Pleasures come, and cares retreat,
When thou smilest near me.

Happy 'twere, beloved one,
When the toils of day are done,
Ever with the set of sun
To thy fond arms retiring—

There to feel and there to know
A balm that baffles every woe,
While hearts that beat and eyes that glow
Are sweetest thoughts inspiring.

What are all the joys of earth?
What are revelry and mirth?
Vacant blessings—nothing worth
To hearts that ever knew love.

What is all the pomp of state,
What the grandeur of the great,
To the raptures that await
On the path of true love?

## FROM A GENTLEMAN TO A LADY.

As a lass loves to be trim,
As a lawyer loves to sign,
As a duck in ponds to swim,
So I love my Valentine.

As the master loves to teach,
As the dandy to be fine,
As the Methodist to preach,
So I love my Valentine.

As the miser loves his pelf,
As the glutton loves to dine,
As Narcissus loved himself,
So I love my Valentine.

As the Jew loves cent. per cent.,
As the bard in fame to shine,
As the landlord loves his rent,
So I love my Valentine.

## TO A FLIRT.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could breathe had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
Which kisseth every thing it meets;
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning-rose that untouched stands,
Armed with her briers, how sweetly smells;
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
With sere flowers to be thrown aside;
And I will sigh when some will smile
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

## JANE.

Oh cruel, but bewitching Jane!
I'll never trust a maid again!
I had a house not long ago,
A house to let—as well you know—
Well-built, well-ordered, furnished fair,
And open to the sunny air.
But you, sweet thief, one summer day,
Went by, marauding on your way,
And found, without a bolt or bar,
The windows up, the door ajar;
And entering, as it were your own,
Kindled a fire, and sat you down;
And there remained, in spite of me,
The lawful owner of the fee,
As if 'twere clear beyond a doubt
That law must fail to turn you out.
Dishonest Jane! to act such part!
But take the house—oh, take my heart!
I'll make the roguish tenant mine,
And seize for rent—by Valentine!

## READING THE VALENTINE.

Ah, Amy darling! those exquisite blushes,
Masking the face in such fairy-like guise,
As the pink cheek so rapidly rosily flushes,
And the light gleams in those radiant eyes,
Tell me more surely than words could convey,
This is the morning of Valentine's Day!

Clasping so lightly, with daintiest fingers,
Lace-broidered pages with letters of gold,
Where the dim violet scent fragrantly lingers,
Reading words ever young, yet ever old;
Thus 'tis I see you in fancy, though miles
Numberless lie between me and your smiles.

Far, far away, I can see you so plainly,
Where by the window you musingly stand;
Far, far away, I can long—ah, how vainly!—
Once more to touch that soft tiny white hand,
Which holds the bright missive whose verses but say
The words which are greeting for Valentine's Day.

I am far from you; and yet I am nearer—
May I not say so?—than ever before.
Never yet, O my darling! I held you the dearer
Than now, as I call up the fancies of yore,
As I picture you reading, though far, far away,
The verses that typify Valentine's Day.

## A CONTENTED PROPRIETOR.

I have plenty of dutiful vassals,
Have plenty of gold and to spare,
I have plenty of beautiful castles—
But my castles are built in the air;
And my vassals are all airy creatures,
From beautiful Dream-land are they,
They drive me to balls
And magnificent halls,
And tell me my coach stops the way:
But oh, what a pest,
When it comes to the test,
I am kept in a dreadful delay.
A plague on those wild little vassals,
You can't trust a word that they say,
And I've heard that my beautiful castles
Are sadly inclined to decay.

Father Wisdom advised me to sell them
To the public—a benefit clear—
And Fancy engaged so to tell them,
For Fancy's a fine auctioneer.
But the market by no means was lively,
For castles the call was but cold;
Lead and iron were brisk,
But gold none would risk
To invest on my battlements bold.
So my turrets, unlet,
I inhabit them yet,
And rather rejoice they're not sold,
And never a bit am down-hearted,
For my vassals still ply me with gold;
My castles and I sha'n't be parted
Till the heart of the owner be cold.

Again Father Wisdom address'd me—
He's a horrid old bore in his way;
He said rats and mice would infest me,
As crumbled my towers to decay.
"They never can crumble, good father,
They're lasting, when once they're begun;
Our castles of air
We can quickly repair,
As the home of the spider's respun."
So homeward I went
To my castles, content,
As the vesper-bell told day was done,
And they look'd just as lovely as ever,
As burnish'd they stood in the sun.
Oh, ne'er from my castles I'll sever
Till the sands of my glass shall be run!

## LOOKING FOR LODGINGS.

"I won't stay here another day—that's flat!" Such was the exclamation of my boyhood friend, and present business partner and roommate, as he took up the dirty towel that had ornamented our mutual wash-stand for some days past, and flung it across the room. Joe Marshall and I had not been long residents of New York. We had come down from Wilton together, a short time before, to establish ourselves in business, and were getting on swimmingly therein. Although we had, as almost every body has, a number of acquaintances in the city, yet one seldom finds acquaintances useful when the boarding-house question comes up. We had consulted the advertisements in a morning paper when we had sought a boarding-place, and had finally taken up our abode at Mrs. M'Blank's—a fine-looking house with a brown-stone front, where we had a large double-bedded room for which we jointly paid twenty-eight dollars a week. There was an elegant parlor at Mrs. M'Blank's, with a fine piano, luxuriant sofas and gilded mirrors, and the table was well provided; but there was no homelikeness about the premises, and there was an absence of that cleanliness which is next to godliness, that contrasted most unpleasantly with the humble but neat surroundings of our old homes in Wilton. Every day we felt more and more dissatisfaction with the place, and at last discontent culminated, on Joe's part, in the above exclamation.

"Where'll you go?" I asked.

"I'll go to a hotel or to a private house, one or the other," said Joe. "These epicene boarding-houses, that are neither one thing nor the other, are detestable. I'm sick of it."

"You're homesick," said I.

"Well I may be. But I tell you what, Bob, I'll find a home somewhere."

"A thing that is easier said than done."

Boarding-houses there are in plenty, of course, and no doubt excellent ones, so far as they fill the place merely of eating and sleeping institutions. But who looks for a home-circle in one of them? Joe did; and he declared that he would spend the remainder of his existence on this mundane sphere—or that part of it, at least, that should find him doing business in New York—in migrating from boarding-place to boarding-place in search of a *home*; a place where he could sit down of an evening in the family-room in his slippers, and read the evening papers in peace; a place where he could play with the children on a Sunday, and feel himself a member of the family.

"Perfectly Quixotic," said I. "Your only way, my boy, is to get married, and set up a home for yourself."

"Never!" said Joe, giving me a reproachful look.

I knew what that meant. There was a passage in Joe's history which was seldom or never referred to by either of us, but of which I well knew the story. When Joe was at college he had flirted with a certain pretty girl in the college town, as young students do mostly flirt, merely for pastime. Jennie Warren was a charming girl, daughter of the Baptist minister; and when Joe left college, hers was the last sweet face that he remembered, as she looked from a window of her father's house and waved her hand to him as the stage rolled by. That he should ever think of her again Joe had not the remotest idea. But who knows at what door love will enter? Joe had not been at home long before he discovered that Jennie Warren filled by far too large a place in his thoughts. He was, in a word, deeply in love, and he made me the confidant of his passion. Though I had never seen the lady, of course—for I had not been a student with Joe—yet so glowing were his frequent panegyrics that I grew to imagine her as beautiful as a houri and as fascinating as a mermaid. One day, however, Joe brought me a letter, and, with a melancholy face, asked me to read it. It was from Jennie Warren, and, couched in the most formal terms of conventionalism, informed him of her approaching nuptials with some man whose name I never recalled again.

"One of the heartless, eh?" said I.

"I don't know about that," said Joe, in a doubtful tone. "I had no claim on her—not the least in the world. I never showed her I really loved her. In fact, Bob, I didn't know myself that I cared so much for her until I had left the old town behind me forever. To tell the whole truth, it is only now that I realize fully how much I loved her—now that I have lost her. Dear girl! I would give half my life, if that could be, but to recall the opportunities that are now lost to me forever. Good-by to all thoughts of married life now!"

"Poh!" said I; "you'll get over it. A first fancy."

"No," said Joe, solemnly; not a first fancy—nor a tenth; not a fancy at all. But let it pass, Bob. There's no use crying over spilled milk. One man in a thousand marries the wife Providence designed for him. Clearly I'm one of the outer thousand. There is no woman on earth for me but her."

Perhaps I have employed an undue share of words in relating this little episode in Joe's career; but the truth is, I wanted to show you how firm a hold this thing had had on him, and how confident he was, poor fellow, that he could never love again. There are so many men who think that way after their first disappointment, and then, as Joe did—

However, we must not anticipate.

How many places we boarded at in the course of the next two or three months I should be afraid to tell. Never was a man more set in his purpose than was Joe Marshall. When the spring came, one week found us at a boarding-house in Brooklyn. It was no better than all the rest. Advertised as a "private family," we found at the table no less than seven boarders besides ourselves; the landlady a childless widow; the married boarders without children. Children are forbidden fruit in boarding-houses. They conflict with the regulations.

In going to our place of business that week, *via* Fulton Ferry, we had occasion to walk through some of the pleasant streets on the Heights, and in the window of one of the houses in our way we one morning observed a "love of a baby," about four years old, with delightful golden curls, and as sweet as a daisy. Joe, whose love for pretty children was a perfect passion, called my attention to this pretty boy with an exclamation of delight.

"Bless the little fellow!" he cried; "how I'd like to take him on my knee!"

"Ah, my boy!" said I, "you were certainly cut out for a married man. This deep love of children was not put into you for nothing. I see your fate in the future. It's impossible you should live to be an old bachelor."

Joe sighed.

"I wonder," said he, "if a man is ever happy who marries a woman without really loving her—feels a friendly regard, you know, and that sort of thing. I suppose a man might fill his heart with his children as he grew old, mightn't he?"

"Perhaps so," said I.

On the following morning we looked for the pretty boy again, but he was not there; and the next day being Sunday we did not have occasion to pass the house. Monday came—our flitting day.

"Which way will you go next?" I queried.

"I don't know," said Joe. "Perhaps we had better stay where we are another week. Fact is, I *am* getting disheartened, Bob, and I won't deny it."

Passing the house where the baby was we looked up at the windows as usual; there was no curly-head gazing out. But Joe took hold of my arm with an eager clutch.

"Hah! By George, Bob—what's that?"

I followed the direction of his gaze and perceived a delicately-written label on the door-post. Approaching nearer we read, in a feminine hand like copper-plate:

"A nice front-room to let with board."

Joe's hand was on the bell-pull in a twinkling. The servant-girl came.

"Can I see the room that is to let?"

"Yes, Sir."

She led the way directly up stairs, and ushered us into a pleasant chamber looking out upon the street. It was a gem of a room. There were two windows, with drooping muslin curtains, white and fresh; the walls were hung with light-hued, cheerful paper; the bed in the corner was as immaculate as snow and looked delicious. There was a book-case with a pleasant display of books within its glass-doors, and with a desk and a set of drawers below. Neatness, perfect, irreproachable, reigned in every nook and corner, and yet there was nothing cold or formal about the room; on the contrary it seemed as cozy as a birds-nest. Joe gave gasp of profound satisfaction and looked at me with joy in his eyes.

"Put this and the baby together," said he, meaningly, "and what's the sum total—eh?"

"But with the rest of your puttings," said I, "where will you put me?"

There was but one bed in the room, and though it was a wide one Joe knew that I had an unconquerable aversion to a bed-fellow, owing to a fashion I had of sprawling at my utmost latitude when asleep.

"Is this the only room you have?" asked Joe.

"No, Sir," said the girl. "Here's a hall-bedroom off. It opens into this. They're both to let."

We looked at the hall-bedroom. It was perfection.

"What is the price?" asked Joe.

"I don't know, Sir. The missis is out."

"No matter. We'll take the two rooms. Settle the rent afterward. We'll come to-night."

The girl nodded.

"You understand now," continued Joe. "The rooms are let. Here's our business-card, and here's ten dollars deposit to secure them. Expect us this evening."

Joe was as merry-hearted that day as if he has never known a care.

"I'm sure we have found exactly the right place, Bob," he declared. "I don't know why, precisely, but I feel as if we were fixed at last. I've a strange sort of confidence—a presentiment, eh?—that we have *got home*."

"Don't be too sanguine, though," said I. "The baby is very nice—and the rooms are certainly O. K.; but you haven't seen the baby's father and mother yet. He may be a disagreeable fellow, you know—and so may she. A bear of a man may have a pretty baby."

But nothing could dampen my partner's ardor. We left the store an hour before our usual time that afternoon, so eager was Joe to get to Brooklyn. As we passed through Fulton Market, among the hundreds of other figures in that thronged resort was one of a little woman who stood at a flower-stand.

"Don't ye want somethin' more, ma'am?" asked the flower-dealer.

"Yes," responded a voice whose tones fell on the ear like music, "I want all you have, but I can't have them," with a little laugh.

Joe stopped and turned around to look at the little woman. Then he stepped up to her with an eager gaze, and held out his hand. She took it hesitatingly, not seeming to recognize the bearded fellow at once. Then she said, as a beautiful light broke over her face:

"Joseph Marshall!"

"Who would have thought of meeting you here?" said Joe. "I thought you lived in Iowa."

"No," said she; "we left Iowa long ago. I live in Brooklyn now."

Here the flower-dealer, who had been wrapping a paper around a pot, put it in the little woman's hands. She already had one on her arm.

"Let me carry them for you," said Joe, politely. "We are going to Brooklyn. Bob!" he called to me, as I stood a little apart.

I approached.

"This is my friend Mr. Burton, Mrs. Granger," said Joe. "Mrs. Granger is an old acquaintance of mine," he explained. "Here, take this pot," and he gave me one, keeping the other himself; and so we moved off.

On the ferry-boat, as Joe and Mrs. Granger sat conversing with the eagerness of old acquaintances who have not met in years, I had leisure to survey the lady. She was the owner of a face whose expression was full of sweetness, full of soul. She would not have been called a beautiful woman by most men; but the face was so kind, so gentle, and so true that it could not fail to awaken the admiration of such men as most love womanliness in woman. I liked it thoroughly. When we arrived on the other side Joe remarked to me:

"Mrs. Granger lives in Pineapple Street, right in our way, and I tell her we'll carry the pots to her door."

But when we arrived at her door, behold! it was the identical house where we had agreed to come in the evening to take lodgings, and the baby boy was looking out of the window and clapping his hands at sight of his mamma.

"You will call and see us soon, I hope, Mr. Marshall," said Mrs. Granger, as she took the pots, "and your friend."

Joe was dumb. He surrendered his pot as if he were in doubts whether it was her property or his, and stood gazing after the little woman, as she tripped into the house, with a most remarkable air.

"Well, of all the coincidences that ever I heard of!" he began, as we turned away.

"Capital!" cried I. "Your presentiment had a foundation indeed. You'll be quite at home with your old friends. By-the-way, who is Granger? What's he in?"

"I don't know," said Joe, musingly. "I never spoke ten words with him. I believe he speculated in grain out West. What he does here I can't say. I—in fact, Bob, I'm in doubts whether to go there to board after all. Mrs. Granger is certainly a—a very nice sort of woman, but her husband is—fact is, I never did like him much, and perhaps— By George! I don't know what to think of it at all."

"But how does it happen that Mrs. Granger didn't know it was you who had engaged her rooms? We left our card, you know, this morning."

"Oh, that's simple enough. She has been absent from home all day—been over into New Jersey, on business I believe she said."

"What business would a woman have to keep her out all day?"

"There, don't ask me. I don't know. I didn't inquire. We were talking about old friends all the way over. See here, Bob! We *will* have to back out of this!"

I was amazed.

"Back out? What for?"

"Just so," said Joe. "*Don't* ask explanations. It's enough that I don't like Granger, and I can't sit at his table—no, not even for his baby's sake."

It sounded half as if he meant to have said, "For his wife's sake," but I didn't mention it.

"You go round there after dinner and tell them we have changed our minds," said he.

I tried to talk him out of it, but without success. On my own part I felt no little regret at the prospect of letting those pleasant rooms go. But I might as well have talked to the winds. Joe could be as obstinate as a mule when he chose. After dinner I went around to the house accordingly. Mrs. Granger herself met me at the door.

"Such a surprise!" she cried, in a cheerful tone, her face all enthusiasm. "I found your card here when I came in. But where is Mr. Marshall?"

"The truth is, Madam," said I, stammering painfully, and heartily wishing myself well out of it," my friend has changed his mind about taking the rooms."

"Changed his mind?"

She seemed about to ask the reason, but checked herself immediately, and asked me to be seated in the parlor a moment, where she left me, but quickly returned with a ten-dollar bill in her hand.

"Here is the money you left with my servant," she said, handing it to me.

"But that is forfeited to you," said I, declining to receive it. "It was a deposit."

"I do not wish to keep it," said she. "You will oblige me, Sir, if you will take it."

Her tone was imperative despite its sweetness. I twisted the bill around my finger, feeling excessively uncomfortable. I ached to be able to offer some apology; but what could I say? I could not tell the lady that it was her husband who was objectionable to Joe. I fell back on the deposit as my only resource.

"In a mere business sense, Madam," said I, confusedly; "a deposit, you see— This bill is no more mine than—than the rest of the contents of your pocket-book. It is your indemnification. Your girl might have let the rooms to some else if we had not promised to take them. You—really—you don't consider the matter in a business way. Your husband, no doubt, would see the thing in a different light."

"My husband is dead, Sir," said Mrs. Granger, quietly, her eyes on the floor.

If ever a man was warranted in being covered all over with confusion like a hot bath, I certainly was at that remark. I immediately arose, stuffed the bank-note into my pocket, and saying:

"Well, if you positively decline it—"

"I do," said she.

I took my hat and left the house. I left it behind me, too, very quickly on regaining the street. I burst into our room at the boarding-house in Henry Street and found Joe quietly smoking his meerschaum in his shirt-sleeves, and reading a magazine. I made a wad of the bill and threw it at his head.

"What's that for?" said he, looking up.

"With the widow's compliments," I returned.

"What?"

Then I told him the whole story in a few words. Joe flung the magazine across the room and got up and put on his coat.

"Where are you going?"

"Pack up those duds again," said he, nodding his head at the sachel which contained the small amount of baggage we had allowed ourselves in the flitting life we had lately led. "I'll be back in ten minutes."

He didn't come back in an hour; and when he did his face was just transfigured with joy.

"Go down and settle with Mrs. Whatshername," said he, "and then come on."

"Where?"

"Where the baby is!" he shouted.

Later in the evening, as we were seated in our new quarters, I said:

"Now tell me how you explained that matter to the widow. It looks to me as if it must have been a mighty delicate piece of work."

Joe turned to me with his face wreathed in good-nature.

"Bob," said he, putting his two hands on my shoulders and looking me right in the eyes, "bless your stupid old heart!—haven't you such a thing as a suspicion about you any where?"

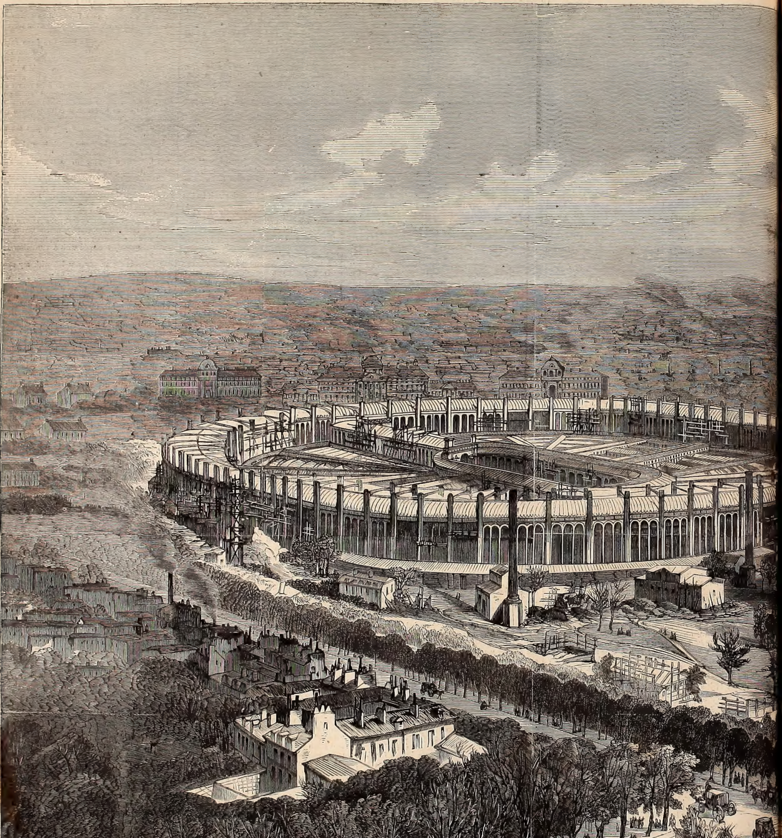
"Suspicion?" quoth I.

"Who do you suppose this Mrs. Granger is? Now stop to think."

"Why, I suppose," said I, deliberately, "that she is the late Mr. Granger's widow."

"And her first name," said Joe, "is Jennie."

The whole thing burst upon me like a flash, though I dare say the reader has seen through it all along. Granger had turned out to be a worthless fellow. He had neglected his wife, and had finally left her. Mrs. Granger had continued to reside in Brooklyn, living upon a small property left her by her father. A few weeks ago she had found that it would be necessary to receive two or three boarders into her house in order to eke out her slender income. Her husband had died two years ago in Chicago. I board at Joe's home at present. He has been married three years, and has got a baby of his own to keep the other curly-head company. The once-important boarding-house question has lost all interest to us. I am a fixture of the family, and am beginning to suspect I shall be an old bachelor shortly. I am rather fond of babies myself. Mrs. Granger has a very agreeable young sister living with her just at present. She has been with us something like a month. She is really a superior girl, in some respects, and just five years my junior. But, never mind!



THE FRENCH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION—VIEW OF THE PALACE

AND CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS, AS THEY NOW APPEAR.—[See Page 108.]

[Continued from No. 526.]

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

## Book III.—Heaping up Riches.

### CHAPTER III.

GEORGE SHELDON'S PROSPECTS.

FOR George Sheldon the passing years had brought very little improvement of fortune. He occupied his old dingy chambers in Gray's Inn, which had grown more dingy under the hand of Time; and he was wont to sit in his second-floor window on sultry summer Sundays, smoking his solitary cigar, and listening to the cawing of the rooks in the gardens beneath him, mingled with the voices of rebellious children, and shrill mothers threatening to "do for them," or to "flay them alive," in Somebody's Rents below. The lawyer used to be quite meditative on those Sunday afternoons, and would wonder what sort of a fellow Lord Bacon was, and how he contrived to get into a mess about taking bribes, when so many other fellows had done it quietly enough before the Lord of Verulam's day, and even yet more quietly since; agreeably instigated thereto by the pleasant casuistry of Escobar. Mr. Sheldon's prospects were by no means promising. From afar off he beheld his brother's star shining steadily in the commercial firmament; but except for an occasional dinner, he was very little the better for the stock-broker's existence. He had reminded his brother very often, and very persistently, of that vague promise which the dentist had made in the hour of his adversity—the promise to help his brother if he ever did "drop into a good thing." But as it is difficult to prevent a man who is disposed to shuffle from shuffling out of the closest agreement that was ever made between Jones of the one part, and Smith of the other part, duly signed and witnessed and stamped with the sixpenny seal of infallibility; so is it still more difficult to obtain the performance of loosely-worded promises, uttered in the confidential intercourse of kinsmen.

In the first year of his married life Philip Sheldon gave his brother a hundred pounds for the carrying out of some grand scheme which the lawyer was then engaged in, and which, if successful, would secure for him a much larger fortune than Georgy's thousands. Unhappily the grand scheme was a failure; and the hundred pounds being gone, George applied again to his brother, reminding him once more of that promise made in Bloomsbury. But on this occasion Mr. Sheldon plainly told his kinsman that he could do no more for him.

"You must fight your own battle, George," he said, "as I have fought mine."

"Thank you, Philip," said the younger brother; "I would rather fight it any other way."

And then the two men looked at each other, as they were in the habit of doing sometimes, with a singularly intent gaze.

"You're very close-fisted with Tom Halliday's money," George said, presently. "If I'd asked poor old Tom himself I'm sure he wouldn't have refused to lend me two or three hundred."

"Then it's a pity you didn't ask him," Mr. Sheldon answered, with supreme coolness.

"I should have done so, fast enough, if I had thought he was going to die so suddenly. It was a bad day for me, and for him too, when he came to Fitzgeorge Street."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Sheldon, sharply.

"You can pretty well guess my meaning, I should think," George answered, in a sulky tone.

"No, I can't; and what's more, I don't mean to try. I'll tell you what it is, Master George, you've been treating me to a good many hints and innuendoes lately; and you must know very little of me if you don't know that I'm the last kind of man to stand that sort of thing from you or from any one else. You have tried to take the tone of a man who has some kind of hold upon another. You had better understand at once that such a tone won't answer with me. If you had any hold upon me, or any power over me, you'd be quick enough to use it; and you ought to be aware that I know that, and can see to the bottom of such a shallow little game as yours."

Mr. Sheldon the younger looked at his brother with an expression of surprise that was not entirely unmingled with admiration.

"Well, you *are* a cool hand, Phil!" he said.

Here the conversation ended. The two brothers were very good friends after this, and George presented himself at the Gothic villa whenever he received an invitation to dine there. The dinners were good, and the men who ate them were men of solidity and standing in the commercial world; and George was very glad to eat good dinners, and to meet eligible men; but he never again asked his brother for the loan of odd hundreds.

He grubbed on, as best he might, in the dingy Gray's Inn chambers. He had a little business—business which lay chiefly among men who wanted to borrow money, or whose halting footsteps required guidance through the quagmire of the Bankruptcy Court. He just contrived to keep his head above water, and his name in the Law-list, by means of such business; but the great scheme of his life remained as yet unripened, an undeveloped shadow to which he had in vain attempted to give a substance.

The leading idea of George Sheldon's life was the idea that there were great fortunes in the world waiting for claimants; and that a share of some such fortune was to be obtained by any man who had the talent to dig it out of the obscurity in which it was hidden. He was a student of old county histories, and a searcher of old newspapers, and his studies in that line had made him familiar with many strange stories—stories of field-laborers called away from the plow to be told they were the rightful owners of forty thousand a year; stories of old white-haired men starving to death in miserable garrets about Bethnal Green or Spitalfields, who could have claimed lands and riches immeasurable had they known how to claim them; stories of half-crazy old women, who had wandered about the world with reticules of discolored papers, clamorously asserting their rights and wrongs unheeded and unbelieved, until they encountered sharp-witted lawyers who took up their claims, and carried them triumphantly into the ownership of illimitable wealth.

George Sheldon had read of these things until it had seemed to him that there must be some such chance for any man who would have patience to watch and wait for it. He had taken up several cases, and had fitted link after link together with extreme labor, and had hunted in parish registers until the cold mouldy atmosphere of vestries was as familiar to him as the air of Gray's Inn. But the cases had all broken down at more or less advanced stages; and after infinite patience and trouble, a good deal of money spent upon traveling and small fees to all manner of small people, and an incalculable number of hours wasted in listening to the rambling discourse of parish-clerks and oldest inhabitants, Mr. Sheldon had been compelled to abandon his hopes time after time, until a man with less firmly-rooted ideas would have given up the hunting of registers and grubbing up of genealogies as a delusion and a snare.

George Sheldon's ideas were very firmly rooted, and he stuck to them with that dogged persistency which so often achieves great ends that it seems a kind of genius. He saw his brother's success, and contemplated the grandeurs of the Gothic villa in a cynical rather than an envious spirit. How long would it all last—how long would the stock-broker float triumphantly onward upon that wonderful tide which is constituted by the rise and fall of the money-market?

"That sort of thing is all very well while a man keeps his head cool and clear," thought George; "but somehow or other men always seem to lose their heads on the Stock Exchange before they have done with it, and I dare say my wise brother will drop into a nice mess sooner or later. Setting aside all other considerations, I think I would rather have my chances than his; for I speculate very little more than my time and trouble, and I stand in to win a bigger sum than he will ever get in his line, let stocks rise and fall as they may."

During that summer in which Miss Halliday bade farewell to Hyde Lodge and her school-days George Sheldon was occupied with the early steps in a search which he hoped would end in the discovery of a prize rich enough to reward him for all his wasted time and labor.

Very early in that year there had appeared the following brief notice in the *Observer*:

"The Rev. John Haygarth, late vicar of Tilford Haven, Norfolk, died lately, without a will, or relation to claim his property, £100,000. The Crown therefore claimed it. And last court-day the Prerogative Court of Canterbury decreed letters of administration to Mr. Paul, the nominee of the Crown."

Some months after this an advertisement had been inserted in the *Times* newspaper to the following effect:

"NEXT OF KIN.—If the relatives or next of kin of the Rev. John Haygarth, late vicar of Tilford Haven, in the County of Norfolk, clerk, deceased, will apply, either personally or by letter, to Stephen Paul, Esq., solicitor for the affairs of her Majesty's Treasury, at the Treasury Chambers, Whitehall, London, they may hear of something to their advantage. The late Rev. John Haygarth is supposed to have been the son of John Haygarth, late of the parish of St. Judith, London, and Sarah his wife, formerly Sarah Copeland, spinster, late of Langford Court, Soho, in the County of Middlesex: both long since deceased."

Upon the strength of this advertisement George Sheldon began his search. His theory was, that there always existed an heir-at-law somewhere, if people would only have the patience to hunt him or her out; and he attributed his past failures rather to a want of endurance on his own part than to the breaking down of his pet theory.

On this occasion he began his work with more than usual determination.

"This is the biggest chance I've ever had," he said to himself, "and I should be something worse than a fool if I let it slip through my fingers."

The work was very dry and dreary, involving interminable hunting of registers and questioning of oldest inhabitants. And the oldest inhabitants were so stupid, and the records of the registers so bewildering. One after another Mr. Sheldon set himself to examine the lines of the intestate's kindred and ancestors: his father's brothers and sisters, his grandfather's brothers and sisters, and even to the brothers and sisters of his great-grandfather. At that point the Haygarth family melted away into the impenetrable darkness of the past. They were no high and haughty race of soldiers and scholars, churchmen and lawyers, or the tracing of them would have been a much easier matter. Burke would have told of them. There would have been old country houses filled with portraits, and garrulous old housekeepers learned in the traditions of the past. There would have been mouldering tombs and tarnished brasses in quiet country churches, with descriptive epitaphs, and many escutcheons. There would have been crumbling parchments recording the prowess of Sir Reginald, knight, or the learning of Sir Rupert, counselor and judge. The Haygarths were a race of provincial tradesmen; and had left no better record of their jog-trot journey through this world than the registry of births, marriages, and deaths, in obscure churches, or an occasional entry in the fly-leaf of a family Bible.

At present Mr. Sheldon was only at the beginning of his work. The father and grandfather and uncle and great-uncles, the great-grandfather and great-great-uncles, with all their progenies, lay before him in a maze of entanglement which it would be his business to unravel. And as he was obliged to keep his limited legal connection together, while he devoted himself to his task, the work promised to extend over months, or indeed years; and in the mean while there was always the fear that some one else, as quick-witted and indefatigable as himself, would take up the same tangled skein and succeed in the unravelment of it. Looking this fact full in the face, Mr. Sheldon decided that he must have an able and reliable coadjutor; but to find such a coadjutor, to find a man who would help him, on the chance of success, and not claim too large a share of the prize if success came, was more than the speculative attorney could hope. In the mean time his work progressed very slowly; and he was tormented by perpetual terror of that other sharp practitioner who might be following up the same clew, and whose agents might watch him in and out of parish churches, and listen at street-corners when he was hunting an oldest inhabitant.

### CHAPTER IV.

DIANA FINDS A NEW HOME.

THE holidays at Hyde Lodge brought at least repose for Diana Paget. The little ones had gone home, with the exception of two or three young colonists, and even they had perpetual liberty from lessons; so Diana had nothing to do but sit in the shady garden, reading or thinking, in the drowsy summer afternoons. Priscilla Paget had departed with the chief of the teachers for a sea-side holiday; other governesses had gone to their homes; and but for the presence of an elderly French woman, who slept through one half of the day, and wrote letters to her kindred during the other half, Diana would have been the only responsible person in the deserted habitation.

She did not complain of her loneliness, or envy the delights of those who had departed. She was very glad to be quite alone, free to think her own thoughts, free to brood over those unforgotten years in which she had wandered over the face of the earth with her father and Valentine Hawkehurst. The few elder girls remaining at the Lodge thought Miss Paget unsociable because she preferred a lonely corner in the gardens and some battered old book of namby-pamby stories to the delights of their society, and criticised her very severely as they walked listlessly to and fro upon the lawn with big garden-hats, and arms entwined about each other's waists.

Alas for Diana, the battered book was only an excuse for solitude, and for a morbid indulgence in her own sad thoughts! She had lived the life of unblemished respectability for a year; and looking back now at the Bohemian wanderings, she regretted those days of humiliation and misery, and sighed for the rare delights of that disreputable past! Yes, she had revolted against the degraded existence; and now she was sorry for having lost its uncertain pleasures, its fitful glimpses of sunshine. Was that true which Valentine had said, that no man can eat beef and mutton every day of his life; that it is better to be unutterably miserable one day and uproariously happy the next than to tread one level path of dull content? Miss Paget began to think that there had been some reason in her old comrade's philosophy; for she found the level path very dreary. She let her thoughts wander whither they would in this quiet holiday idleness, and they went back to the years which she had spent with her father. She thought of winter evenings in London when Valentine had taken her the round of the theatres, and they had sat together in stifling upper boxes—she pleased, he critical, and with so much to say to each other in the pauses of the performance. How kind he had been to her; how good, how brotherly! And then the pleasant walk home, through crowded, noisy thoroughfares, and anon by long lines of quiet streets, in which they used to look up at the lighted windows of houses where parties were being given, and sometimes stop to listen to the music and watch the figures of the dancers flitting across the blinds. She thought of the journeys she had traveled with her father and Valentine by land and sea; the lonely moonlight watches on the decks of steamers; the long, chill nights in railway-carriages under the feeble glimmer of an oil-lamp, and how she and Valentine had beguiled the tedious hours with wild, purposeless talk while Captain Paget slept. She remembered the strange cities which she and her father's protégé had looked at side by side; he with a calm listlessness of manner, which might either be real or assumed, but which never varied; she with an inward tremor of excitement and surprise. They had been very happy together, this lonely, unprotected girl and the reckless adventurer. If his manner to her had been fitful, it had been sometimes dangerously, fatally kind. She looked back now, and remembered the days which she had spent with him, and knew that all the pleasures possible in a prosperous and successful life could never bring for her such delight as she had known in the midst of her wanderings; though shame and danger lurked at every corner, and poverty, disguised in that tawdry masquerade habit in which the swindler dresses it, accompanied her wherever she went.

She had been happy with him because she had loved him. That close companionship, sisterly and brotherly though it had seemed, had been fatal for the lonely and friendless daughter of Horatio Paget. In her desolation she had clung to the one creature who was kind to her, who did not advertise his disdain for herself and her sex, or openly avow that she was a nuisance and an incumbrance. Every slight put upon her by her father had strengthened the chain that bound her to Valentine Hawkehurst; and as the friendship between them grew closer day by day until all her thoughts and fancies took their color from his, it seemed a matter of course that he should love her, and she never doubted his feelings or questioned her own. There had been much in his conduct to justify her belief that she was beloved; so this inexperienced, untutored girl may surely be forgiven if she rested her faith in that fancied affection, and looked forward to some shadowy future in which she and Valentine would be man and wife, all in all to each other, free from the trammels of Captain Paget's elaborate schemes; and living honestly, somehow or other, by means of literature, or music, or pen-and-ink caricatures, or some of those liberal arts which have always been dear to the children of Bohemia. They would have lodgings in some street near the Thames, and go to a theatre or a concert every evening, and spend long summer days in suburban parks or on suburban commons, he lying on the grass smoking, she talking to him or reading to him as his fancy might dictate. Before her twentieth birthday the proudest woman is apt to regard the man she loves as a grand and superior creature; and there had been a certain amount of reverential awe mingled with Diana's regard for Mr. Hawkehurst, scape-grace and adventurer though he was.

Little by little that bright girlish dream had faded away. Fancy's enchanted palace had been shattered into a heap of shapeless ruin by those accidental scraps of hard, worldly wisdom with which Valentine had pelted the fairy fabric. He a man to love, or to marry for love! Why, he talked like some hardened, world-weary sinner, who had done with every human emotion. The girl shuddered as she heard him. She had loved him, and believed in his love. She had fancied a tender meaning in the voice which softened when it spoke to her, a pensive earnestness in the dark eyes which looked at her; but just when the voice had seemed softest and sweetest, the pensive eyes most eloquently earnest, the adventurer's manner had changed all at once, and forever. He had grown hard and cold and indifferent. He had scarcely tried to conceal the fact that the girl's companionship bored and wearied him. He had yawned in her face, and had abandoned himself to moody abstraction when accident obliged him to be alone with her. Miss Paget's pride had been equal to the occasion. Mary Anne Kepp would have dissolved into tears at the first unkind word from the lips of her beloved; but Mary Anne Kepp's daughter, with the blood of the Cromie Pagets in her veins, was quite a different person. She returned Mr. Hawkehurst's indifference with corresponding disregard. If his manner was cold as a bleak autumn, hers was icy as a severe winter; only now and then, when she was very tired of her joyless existence, her untutored womanhood asserted itself, and she betrayed the real state of her feelings—betrayed herself as she had done on her last night at Forêtdechêne, when she and Valentine had looked down at the lighted windows shining dimly through the vaporous purple of the summer night. She looked back at the past now in the quiet of the school-garden, and tried to remember how miserable she had been, what agonies of despair she had suffered, how brief had been her delights, how bitter her disappointments. She tried to remember what tortures she had suffered from that wasted passion, that useless devotion. She tried to rejoice in the consciousness of the peace and respectability of her present life; but she could not. That passionate yearning for the past possessed her so strongly. She could remember nothing except that she had been with him. She had seen his face, she had heard his voice; and now how long and weary the time might be before she could again see that one beloved face or hear the dear familiar voice! The brightest hope she had in these midsummer holidays was the hope of a letter from him; and even that might be the prelude of disappointment. She wrestled with herself, and tried to exorcise those ghosts of memory which haunted her by day and wove themselves into her dreams by night; but they were not to be laid at rest. She hated her folly; but her folly was stronger than herself.

For three weeks Diana Paget had no companions but her sorrowful memories—her haunting shadows; but at the end of that time the stagnant mill-pond of her life was suddenly ruffled—the dull course of existence was disturbed by the arrival of two letters. She found them lying by her plate upon the breakfast-table one bright July morning; and while she was yet far away from the table she could see that one of the envelopes bore a foreign stamp, and was directed by the hand of Valentine Hawkehurst. She seated herself at the table in a delicious flutter of emotion, and tore open that foreign envelope; while the French governess poured out the tea, and while the little group of school-girls nudged one another and watched her eager face with insolent curiosity.

The first letter contained only a few lines.

"MY DEAR DIANA"—wrote the young man—"your father has decided on returning to London, where I believe he really intends to make a respectable start if he can only get the opening and the help he wants. I know you will be glad to hear this. I don't exactly say where we shall take up our quarters: but the Captain will of course come to see you; and if I can chasten my outward semblance sufficiently to venture within the sacred precincts of a lady's school, I shall come with him. Direct to the old address if you write before the end of the month; and believe me, as always, your friend, VALENTINE."

The second letter was in Charlotte Halliday's big bold hand, and was frank, impetuous, and loving as the girl herself.

"MY OWN DEAREST DI,—It is all arranged"—wrote Miss Halliday, dashing at once into the heart of the

subject—"I talked mamma over the very first day after my return, and then there was nothing more to be done than to talk over Mr Sheldon. Of course there was just a little difficulty in that, for he is so awfully practical; and he wanted to know why I wanted a companion, and what *use* you would be in the house; as if the very last thing one required in a companion was companionship. I'm almost afraid to tell you the iniquitous fables I invented about your extreme usefulness: your genius for millinery, and the mints of money you would save by making-up mamma's flimsy little caps; your taste for dress-making, etc., etc., etc. You *are* the cleverest creature in the world, you know, Di; for you must remember how you altered that green-silk dress for me when Miss Porson had made me a square-shouldered fright. So, after a great deal of humming and ha-ing and argufication—*is* there such a word as 'argufication,' I wonder?—my step-father said that if my heart was set upon having you, and if I thought you would be useful, you might come to us; but that he could not afford to give you any salary, and that if you wanted a new dress now and then, I must buy it for you out of my own allowance; and I will, darling, if you will only come and be my friend and sister. My life is dreadfully dull without you. I walk up and down the stiff little gravel paths, and stare at the geraniums and calceolarias. Mariana might have been dreary in her moated grange; but I dare say the Lincolnshire flowers grew wild and free, and she was spared the abomination of gaudy little patches of red and yellow, and waving ribbons of blue and white, which constitute the glory of modern gardening. Do come to me, dear. I have no one to talk to, and nothing to do. Mamma is a dear good affectionate soul; but she and I don't understand each other. I don't care for her twittering little birds, and she doesn't care for my whims and fancies. I have read novels until I am tired. I am not allowed to go out by myself, and mamma can scarcely walk to Kensington Gardens without sinking under the exertion. We drive out sometimes; but I am sick to death of crawling slowly up and down by the Serpentine staring at people's bonnets. I might enjoy it, perhaps, if I had you with me to make fun out of some of the bonnets. The house is very comfortable; but it always seems to me unpleasantly like some philanthropic institution in miniature. I long to scratch the walls, or break the windows; and I begin to understand the feelings of those unhappy paupers who tear up their clothes; they get utterly tired of their stagnation, you see, and must do something wicked and rebellious rather than do nothing at all. You will take pity upon my forlorn state, won't you, Di? I shall come to Hyde Lodge to-morrow afternoon with mamma, to hear your ulti—what's its name?—and in the mean while, and forever afterward, believe me to be your devoted and unchanging LOTTA."

Diana Paget's eyes grew dim as she read this letter.

"I love her very dearly," she thought, "but not one hundred-fold as much as I ought to love her."

And then she went back to Mr. Hawkehurst's epistle, and read and re-read its half-dozen lines, wondering when he would come to London, and whether she would see him when he came. To see him again! The thought of that possibility seemed like a spot of vivid light, which dazzled her eyes and made them blind to any thing around or beyond it. As for this offer of a strange home in the household of Mr. Sheldon, it seemed to her a matter of so very little importance where she went or what became of her, that she was quite willing to let other people decide her existence. Any thing would be better than the monotony of Hyde Lodge. If Valentine Hawkehurst came to see her at Mr. Sheldon's house, he would be permitted to see her alone, most likely, and it would be something like the old times; whereas at the Lodge Priscilla Paget or one of the governesses would undoubtedly be present at any interview between Diana and her old friend, and the real Valentine would be hidden under the semblance of a respectable young man, with very little to say for himself. Perhaps this one thought exercised considerable influence over Miss Paget's decision. She wanted so much to see Valentine alone, to know whether he had changed, to see his face at the first moment of meeting, and to discover, if possible, the solution of that enigma which was the grand mystery of her life—that one perpetual question which was always repeating itself in her brain—whether he was altogether cold and indifferent, or if there was not some hidden warmth, some secret tenderness beneath that repelling outward seeming?

In the afternoon Miss Halliday called with Mrs. Sheldon, and there was a long discussion about Diana Paget's future life. Georgy abandoned herself as unhesitatingly to the influence of her daughter as she did to that of her husband, and had been brought to think that it would be the most delightful thing in the world to have Miss Paget for a useful companion.

"And will you really make my caps, dear?" she said, when she had grown at her ease with Diana. "Miss Terly in the Bayswater Road charges me so much for the simplest little lace head-dress; and though Mr. Sheldon is very good about those sort of things, I know he sometimes thinks my bills rather high."

Diana was very indifferent about her future, and the heart must have been very hard which could have resisted Charlotte's tender pleading; so it was ultimately decided that Miss Paget should write to her kinswoman to describe the offer that had been made to her of a new home, and to inquire if her services could be conveniently dispensed with at Hyde Lodge. After which decision Charlotte embraced her friend with enthusiasm, and departed, bearing off Mrs. Sheldon to the carriage which awaited them at the gates of Priscilla Paget's umbrageous domain.

Diana sighed as she went back to the empty school-room. Even Charlotte's affection could not altogether take the sting out of dependence. To go into a strange house among strange people, and to hold a place in it only on the condition of being perpetually useful and unfailingly good-tempered and agreeable, is scarcely the pleasantest prospect which this world can offer to a proud and beautiful woman. Diana remembered her bright vision of Bohemianism in a lodging near the Strand. It would be very delightful to ride on sufferance in Mrs. Sheldon's carriage, no doubt; but oh, how much pleasanter it would have been to sit by Valentine Hawkehurst in a hansom cab spinning along the road to Greenwich or Richmond!

She had promised to dispatch her letter to Priscilla by that afternoon's post, and she kept her promise. The reply came by return of post, and was very kind. Priscilla advised her by all means to accept Miss Halliday's offer, which would give her a much better position than that which she occupied at Hyde Lodge. She would have time to improve herself, no doubt, Priscilla said, and might be able to hope for something still better in the course of two or three years; "for you must look the world straight in the face, Diana," wrote the school-mistress, "as I did before I was your age; and make up your mind to rely upon your own exertions, since you know what your father is, and how little you have to hope for from him. As you are to have no salary with the Sheldons, and will no doubt be expected to make a good appearance, I shall do what I can to help you with your wardrobe."

This letter decided the fate of Captain Paget's daughter. A week after Miss Halliday's visit to Hyde Lodge a hack cab carried Diana and all her earthly possessions to the Lawn, where Charlotte received her with open arms, and where she was inducted into a neatly furnished bedchamber adjoining that of her friend. Mr. Sheldon scrutinized her keenly from under the shadow of his thick black brows when he came home to dinner. He treated her with a stiff kind of politeness during the orderly progress of the meal; and once, when he looked at her, he was surprised to find that she was contemplating him with an expression of mingled wonder and reverence.

He was the first eminently respectable man whom Miss Paget had ever encountered in familiar intercourse, and she was regarding him attentively, as an individual with scientific tastes might regard some natural curiosity.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

February is generally regarded as a sentimental month—very favorable to marriage, but opposed to horticulture; so that although weddings during this month are unusually numerous, no one in his senses would think of planting potatoes; hence the inference that it is a fair time for looking after *husbands*, and neglecting *husbandry*.

In some fairy history or other we remember to have read about a certain "Valentine," who was an exceedingly well-educated, dashing gentleman, who wore gaudy armor, and went to Court; but we can scarcely imagine that he was related to the veritable St. Valentine, the founder of the "curious customs" which have made the 14th day of February so memorable. For the fairy "Valentine," though a sober, honest man, was no monkish saint, because he married a beautiful princess, had a large family of lovely children, and "lived happily all the days of his life;" whereas saints, as it is well known, were strictly forbidden entering into the connubial state, and led the most miserable existences it is possible to imagine, keeping up no establishment beyond a damp cave, with a skull or two by way of furniture, subsisting on cold water and wild fruits.

Those who are still devoted to the observances of "St. Valentine's Day" may be interested to know—if they are not already fully posted in the matter—what desperate methods young ladies of olden times employed to discover who was to be their "Valentine." Sometimes the question was decided by lot; but often young ladies wrote their lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose to the surface was to be the lucky fellow. Other maidens had recourse to a more disagreeable plan; they boiled an egg hard and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt. This the poor victim of love ate, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. Such devotion is charmingly lovely; but we can not conscientiously recommend it, except in rare cases.

One day last week Broadway "sprung a leak"—so did the avenues—so did several of the streets—in fact, *all* of them, so far as we know. The anticipated consequences are: colds, coughs, influenzas, consumption, asthma, phthisic, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs—a huge bill for medical treatment, and general discomfort. To be sure, we truly "know not what a day may bring forth" in the weather. To-day we are deluged with mud and water—"*slush*" is the vernacular—to-morrow we may be skating or falling on the ice; and the next day we may be blocked up by a snow-storm. The season is remarkable.

Dwellers in New York city have talked a great deal about "our immense quantity of snow" this winter. In Berkshire County, Massachusetts, the people have been buried in the snow—literally covered up and frozen in. Up to the window-sills, up to the shoulder on each side of the doorway, atop of fences, over the gates, and almost over head and ears lies the snow. The shrubbery and smaller fruit trees disappeared as under the sea. A blanket of snow, from four to twenty-five feet deep, might be supposed to keep the earth warm. It may seem incredible, but, by actual measurement, there were snow-drifts found in Berkshire of the depth of twenty-five feet—weird, fantastic, titan drifts they were.

The sons of men of genius are said to be dull as a rule, and the daughters to inherit the ability of their sires. Curiously enough, two great novelists seem destined to transmit their literary succession in the female line. Miss Thackeray's writings prove that she is endowed with her father's genius, as well as with a womanly power peculiarly her own. Miss Dickens is said to be the author of the story "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," which has recently appeared; and if such is the case the young authoress may be congratulated on having made an extremely successful *début*, and one worthy in every way of her father's reputation.

A good story is told of a Glasgow merchant who, on his death-bed, sent for a Free Church clergyman. Having some fears regarding his future prospects, he asked the reverend gentleman—"Do you think if I were to leave £10,000 to the Free Kirk that my soul would be saved?" "Well," answered the cautious minister, "I couldn't just promise you that, but I think it's an experiment well worth trying."

At the Paris Exhibition a new and very delicate product of industry will be shown in basket-work, which is carried to such a point of perfection as to imitate lace. This species of manufacture has attained to so important a place in decorative art as to be an object of special admiration and research.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE TWO PRINCES.

Prince James. "Alfred, Pa says I may give you my Boat. It is now in perfect Order."

Prince Alfred. "Oh! ah! vewy nice; but Ma says we don't Advertise in the *New York Hewald!*"

"Do you know what I am thinking about?" said a customer to his barber. "No, Sir, not exactly, but I can see what is *running in your head*."

### GARDENING.

During the present inclement weather don't set any thing—not even your foot—in your garden.

This is rather too early for sewing, but a little darning may be done.

The chief operations after New-Year's will be found to be pruning your outlay and cutting down expenditure. If you don't like this, and prefer hoeing, you can (h)owe your butcher's bill.

Things are apt to be backward with such variable weather. If your crops don't come up, there's no remedy for it. Should your dinner, however, not come up when you ring, you can ring again.

Proverb by our Servant-of-all-Work.—Wishes won't wash Dishes.

During the early part of the rebellion Alfred A—— enlisted in the ——th regiment, then recruiting at Buffalo. Before going South he obtained leave of absence and came up to see his friends and bid them good-by. As he walked up the street he met an acquaintance, who exclaimed,

"How are you, Alf? When did you come? Did you come up on a furlough?"

"No," was the naive reply. "I *came up on the cars!*"

Marriage is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it.

What is smaller than a mite's mouth?—Its tongue.

A violinist was lately arrested for getting into a *scrape*.

A Tailor's Revenge.—Giving a customer fits.

Latest from Washington.—A Congressman has been arrested for trying to pass a bad bill.

In the year 1863 a meeting was held in Lebanon, Indiana, for the purpose of getting up a supper and fair for the sick and wounded soldiers. Judge B——, being loyal all over, was very active in such matters, and was appointed chairman of the meeting. There was quite a number of ladies present.—The business progressed rapidly, and as most of the articles for the supper were to be donated the Judge called, in his ludicrous manner, on those present, to know how much they could contribute. Almost enough was given to complete the arrangements, when some one suggested that it would be necessary to have some milk. "Oh yes," said the Judge, rising with great dignity; "*all you ladies that give milk will please arise.*" It is sufficient to say that there was no rising done.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "The doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

A Real Water Cure.—The chaplaincy on board a man-of-war.

Epitaph for a Glutton.—No more!

Benevolent Barbarity.—We are glad to hear that, thanks to the beneficence of the rich, a great many poor people have been thoroughly coaled during the recent inclement weather.

Bacon without liver is food for the mind.

### A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

Wilt thou be mine, sweet maiden?
Oh, wilt thou be my bride?
My spirit sorely laden
For such a love has sighed!
Yet much as I admire thee
I first would rather see
If all that I require thee
Thou likely art to be!
Thou'lt share my joy and sorrow,
Thou'lt love me well and long,
Thou'lt teach my soul to borrow
Fresh comfort from thy song.
Ah, yes! but there is more, love,
That I of thee desire—
Which (as I said before, love)
I should of thee require.
Wilt never have cold mutton
My appetite to hurt?
Wilt never let a button
Be missing from my shirt?
Wilt never let a hole be
Undarned in sock of mine?
Then mistress of my soul be,
Sweet maid, I'm ever thine!

"None but the brave deserve the fair." No; and none but the *brave* can live with some of them.

Alphonse Karr, the gardener-poet, has offered a *bon-mot* to the world. He was lately present at a banquet given by some of the disciples of Hahnemann. Toasts were given to the health of every medical celebrity by every body, when the president remarked: "Monsieur Karr, you have not proposed the health of any one." The poet rose, and modestly replied: "I propose the health of the sick."

Passing along the street we heard the following between two gentlemen:

First Gent. "I shall go in his store no more; he presented a bill to me when I didn't owe him a red cent."

Second Gent. "He did me a confounded sight more than that; he presented me a big bill *when I did owe him*."

There is no cruelty in whipping cream.

THE VERY LATEST FASHION.

*Wife.* "Have you lost your Watch, Love?"

*Husband.* "No, Dear; 'twas a New Bonnet I had for you somewhere."

## THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

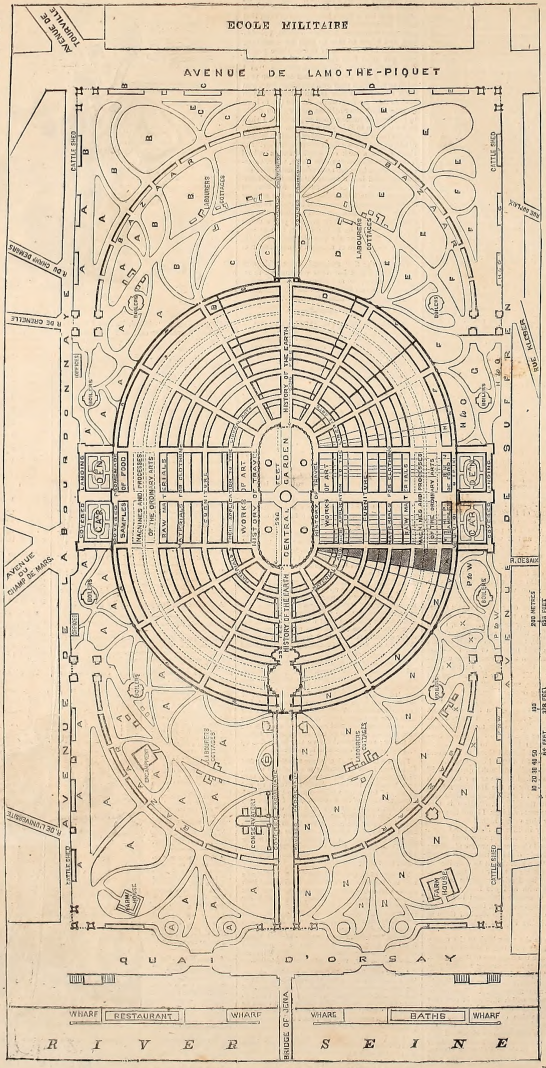
THE attention of American manufacturers has been for more than a year past drawn toward the Paris Industrial Exposition as a means of displaying our "Yankee ingenuity;" and American pleasure-seekers are now looking forward to the same exhibition as to a festival of fun and sight-seeing. While vessels are continually loading at our wharves with the products of our work-shops, numerous others are being engaged by those who contemplate the tour as one of pleasure. Now that the day for the opening of the building is near at hand the hegira is already begun.

We publish in this issue of the *Weekly* two interesting illustrations of this important work—the one showing the ground-plan of the building, and the other the building itself as it now appears in course of construction. The scene in the Champ de Mars, Paris, where the building stands, presents at this time a very animated appearance, which can be better appreciated from a glance at our illustration than from any written description. The labor of erecting the building has been very great, and the expense enormous. The grade of that portion of the Champ de Mars which adjoins the Seine had to be raised to the level of the Quai d'Orsay, and this alone was a work involving vast labor, expense, and time. The grounds have been otherwise improved, so as to completely change their appearance from the former open field to a beautiful park, in the centre of which will stand the Industrial Palace when completed.

The accompanying map is the official ground-plan of the building, which such readers of the *Weekly* as are going to Paris will wisely preserve as their guide. It will be seen that the entire space of the famous Champ de Mars, an immense field 1000 yards long by 700 feet wide, will be occupied. "Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" describes it as formerly devoted to horse-racing and military reviews, and until the present buildings were begun it was the site of the Parisian Hippodrome. It was in the Champ de Mars that, in 1790, LOUIS XVI., seated on a splendid altar, swore to maintain the new Constitution, which finally overthrew him. It was here that, in 1850, LOUIS PHILIPPE distributed the colors to the National Guard; and that, later (May 10, 1852), the present NAPOLEON gave the eagles to the army, on which occasion there were over 60,000 troops present on parade.

The palace, it will be noticed from our illustration, is to be of an oval form; and, to secure that double system of classification of the various articles exhibited which it has been decided to adopt, and which will be unquestionably one of the most valuable features of the contemplated exhibition, possibly no other form presenting equal advantages to that of the circle or the oval could have been selected. The following are the chief dimensions of the building and its approaches: From the Bridge of Jena to the commencement of the covered promenade is 315 feet. The length o. the covered promenade on the side of the exhibition facing the Seine is 820 feet. From the chief entrance of the palace to the edge of the central garden is 536 feet. The length of the central garden is likewise 536 feet. The distance between the central garden and the entrance on the side facing the Ecole Militaire is also 536 feet. The length of the covered promenade leading to the Ecole Militaire is 712 feet. The extreme length of the building is 1608 feet, and its extreme breadth is 500 feet. The space of ground covered by the building and its accessories, including the surrounding park and covered promenades, is 3153 feet in length by about 1500 feet wide. The table of references accompanying the map will further explain the arrangement of the interior of the palace, showing the location and amount of space given to the products of each country.

The architect of the palace was Mr. HARDY, a Frenchman, both by birth and education. The chief engineer was Mr. KRANTZ, formerly chief engineer of the Orleans Railway, who was appointed by the French Government, without any kind of competition taking place.—There was no general contractor for the entire work, but separate contractors for each particular department. The masonry alone is known to have cost $500,000; but we have no means of calculating the total cost of the building.




PLAN OF THE PALACE AND PARK OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

| Names of Countries. | Space Allotted. | Names of Countries. | Space Allotted. | Names of Countries. | Space Allotted. | Names of Countries. | Space Allotted. | Names of Countries. | Space Allotted. | Names of Countries. | Space Allotted. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A, France and French Colonies | 200,162 sq. ft. | E, Other German States ........ | 24,699 sq. ft. | I, Sweden and Norway ........ | 6,860 sq. ft. | L, Greece ........ | 2,130 sq. ft. | P, Russia ........ | 9,564 sq. ft. | T, Africa and Oceania ........ | 2,657 sq. ft. |
| B, Holland and Dutch Colonies | 6,560 " | F, Austria ........ | 24,699 " | J, Spain and Spanish Colonies .. | 6,378 " | M, Danubian Principalities ........ | 2,130 " | Q, Turkey ........ | 4,252 " | U, Mexico and Central America. | 2,136 " |
| C, Belgium ........ | 23,786 " | G, Switzerland ........ | 7,924 " | K, Portugal and Portuguese Colonies ........ | 3,720 " | N, Papal States ........ | 2,130 " | R, Persia and Central Asia ........ | 2,130 " | V, Republics of South America .. | 2,657 " |
| D, Prussia ........ | 24,699 " | H, Denmark ........ | 2,182 " | | | O, Italy ........ | 12,756 " | S, China, Japan, and South Asia | 2,657 " | W, Brazil ........ | 3,173 " |

| Names of Countries. | Space Allotted. |
|---|---|
| X, United States ........ | 10,978 sq. ft. |
| Y, Reserved space ........ | 4,610 " |
| Z, Great Britain and British Colonies ........ | 76,467 " |

## HON. JOHN LATHROP MOTLEY.

The country owes another debt of gratitude to Mr. Motley, the historian. He has saved us a national disgrace by his manly and dignified reply to the impertinent letter of Mr. Seward, demanding to know the truth of contemptible charges anonymously made by a supposed spy of the State Department. The correspondence was unearthed by the Senate on January 29, and has been published. As a matter of history, and as reflecting great honor on Mr. Motley, we give it entire:

### MR. SEWARD TO MR. MOTLEY.

Department of State, Washington, *Nov.* 21, 1866.

Sir,—A citizen of the United States has addressed a letter to the President from Paris, in which he represents that he had traveled extensively in Europe during the past year, in the course of which he had occasion to see something of our Ministers and Consuls in various countries. The most of those whom he met were bitterly hostile to the President and his administration, and expressed that hostility in so open a manner as to astonish Americans and leave a very bad impression on Europeans. He adds, that you do not pretend to conceal "your disgust," as he says you style it, at the President's whole conduct. That you despise American democracy, and loudly proclaim that an English gentleman is the model of human perfection. That the President has deserted his pledges and principles in common with Mr. Seward, who you say is hopelessly degraded. Your denial or confirmation of the truth of these reports is requested.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

William H. Seward.

To J. Lathrop Motley, Esq.

### MR. MOTLEY TO MR. SEWARD.

Legation of the United States,
Vienna, *December* 11, 1866.

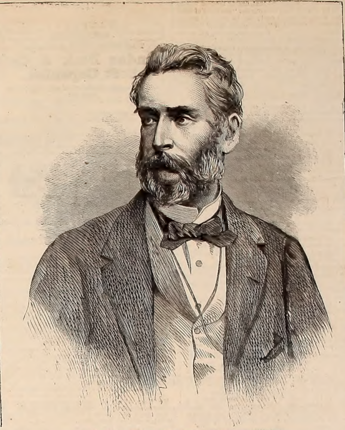
*Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State:*

Sir,—An hour or two ago I received a letter from you dated November 21, 1866, to which I hasten to reply. You inform me that a citizen of the United States has addressed a letter to the President from Paris stating that in the course of the last year "he had had occasion to see something of our Ministers and Consuls in various countries; that most of those whom he met were bitterly hostile to the President and the administration, and expressed that hostility in so open a manner as to astonish Americans and to leave a very bad impression on Europeans." With the opening paragraph, relating generally to United States Ministers and Consuls abroad, I have nothing especial to do. Other gentlemen are fully competent to answer for themselves. You proceed to say: "He adds that you do not pretend to conceal your disgust, as he says you style it, at the President's whole conduct; that you despise American democracy, and loudly proclaim that an English gentleman is the model of human perfection; that the President has deserted the pledges and principles in common with Mr. Seward, who, you say, is hopelessly degraded." You conclude by requesting me to deny or confirm the truth of these reports.

My first impulse on receiving the letter was to content myself with a flat denial of their truth. On a little further reflection, however, I do not wish that there should be any doubt as to my political sentiments as a representative of the foreign politics of the Government. I have done my best faithfully to discharge my duties in strict conformity with my instructions. In the conflict of opinions in regard to home questions, especially that of reconstruction, my views have never been asked for by the United States Government, and I should have considered it unbecoming and superfluous to volunteer a public declaration of them as I certainly should have deemed it my duty to express them frankly whenever they were officially demanded. I do not understand that I am even now directly questioned on the subject; but after reading your letter I owe it to myself to say a few words. I have always believed it necessary that strong guarantees should be taken against a recurrence of the rebellion and the establishment of some form of slavery before the seceded States should be readmitted to representation in Congress. Latterly I am inclined to the opinion that the noblest and the safest course would be by an amendment of the Constitution, prohibiting the distinction of race or color in regard to the attainment of the franchise, together with a general amnesty to be proclaimed by the President. These opinions in the privacy of my own household and to an occasional American visitor I have not concealed.

The great question now presenting itself for solution demands a conscientious scrutinizing by every American who loves his country and believes in the human progress of which that country is one of the foremost representatives. I have never thought during my residence at Vienna that because I have the honor of being a public servant of the American people I am deprived of the right of discussing within my own walls the gravest subject that can interest freemen. A Minister of the United States is as deeply interested as others in all that affects the welfare of his country. In conversation with such of my colleagues or members of the Government here as were interested in our politics I have uniformly stated that the conflict of opinions now prevailing in the United States was inevitable in a free country. That such discussion was the very evidence of our freedom and of our capacity to govern ourselves. That to silence discussion belongs to despots, and not to a republican government like ours; and that I had entire faith that the American people would settle all disputed questions with justice. I have always been cautious, however, in such considerations, to avoid any expressions of disrespect toward the President or his Cabinet. I have uniformly stated that in our own country the people was not only theoretically but practically sovereign, and that when great political questions were to be solved appeal was made to the ballot-box. I have steadily expressed the opinion that the President and Congress would be reconciled after the people should have pronounced their solemn verdict; and I have added that all parties in the United States, as I believe, honestly desired and required the re-establishment of the Union, however they might differ as to the wisest means of securing it. This is the way in which I have been in the habit of speaking, officially or semi-officially; and this is my reply to the charges contained in your letter, so far as they regard in any way the President of the United States.

That "I despised American democracy, and loudly proclaim that an English gentleman is the model of human perfection," is so pitiful a fabrication that I blush while I denounce it. Any one personally acquainted with me, or who has taken the trouble to read my writings, whether official or historical, knows that a more fervent believer in American democracy than I am does not exist in the world. My expressions of reverence for the American people during these few heroic years have erred, if at all, on the side of enthusiasm, and have often seemed to the skeptical somewhat extravagant. I scorn to dwell longer on the contemptible charge. That I have called "Mr. Seward hopelessly degraded" is a vile calumny, and it wounds me deeply that you could listen for a moment to such a falsehood. In conclusion, I have only to add that I beg herewith respectfully to resign my post as United States Minister at Vienna. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, J. Lathrop Motley.



HON. JOHN LATHROP MOTLEY, MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

We also publish in this connection a portrait of Mr. Motley. He has been before the country in many honorable positions for years past, but never appeared to better advantage than in the present instance. Mr. Motley is a native of Massachusetts, and was born in Dorchester April 15, 1814. He graduated at Harvard in 1831, and studied subsequently at Göttingen and the University of Berlin. He was admitted to the American bar in 1836; but principally devoted himself to literary pursuits. He was Secretary of Legation to Russia in 1840, but soon after his appointment resigned in order to devote himself to literature. He had published one or two novels, and several valuable papers in the Reviews, previous to the appearance, in London, in 1856, of his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," but they had excited but little attention. The last-named volume, however, was highly successful, and when followed by the history of "The United Netherlands," established Mr. Motley's reputation as a brilliant historian, and secured for him, on the death of Mr. Prescott, the election to the vacant memberships in

THE ORPHAN HOME AND SCHOOL LOTTERY—DRAWING THE PRIZES AT COOPER INSTITUTE.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See First Page.]

the various learned societies of Europe. He was appointed Minister to Austria by Mr. LINCOLN, in 1861, and held the position with great honor to the country until lately compelled by his self-respect to resign it.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

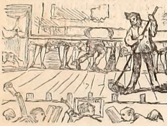
DEAR WEEKLY,—I am here listening to the Head Centres of the nation disposing of their time, and I thought I would communicate to you the amusing way in which they did it.

When I happened in the House of Reps, Head Centre ROSS was saying that he would never consent to any bill that would make a reduction of ten stars out of the national banner, which I consider myself a rather heavy discount on thirty-seven. He said Generals GRANT and SHERMAN were against the bill, and the only army officers who favored it were those whose military exploits during the war had been the hunting of cotton and silver-spoons. As I had never heard of those officers, I suppose they belong to the

SECRET SERVICE.

This Head Centre continued by saying that if reconstruction was based on representation and suffrage the outrages on the colored folks would be so great that there would be emigration from the South to New England like a flight of doves. Another Head Centre moved to insert "crows" instead of "doves" in the gentleman's flight. Head Centre Ross said that the flight he referred to was more a flight of rhetoric than doves. But I believe both parties settled down at last on "blackbirds." He appealed to the Head Centres to let well enough alone. "Rather bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of." Whether this referred to flying to New England, as before stated, he did not say.

Head Centre RAYMOND gave notice that he would like to introduce a bill to increase the tax on "undressed skins." That he witnessed with alarm among his constituents things that led him to believe that the tax on



UNDRESSED SKINS

was entirely too light, as indeed was the dressing, and that, while the members were so much occupied with their interest in the blacks they would not forget the "Black Crook." [Immense cheering in the galleries, in which they said they wouldn't.] The Speaker here said he would have to clear the galleries if that thing was repeated.

Head Centre MORRILL, the Great Protector of the House, said that while on that subject he would like his colleague to add to the bill an article to protect

"SCRUBBED WOOL,"

as it was now open to great competition, and prominent wool-growers had told him that unless that was protected they would be completely fleeced by foreign growers. Without debating these motions the floor was yielded to the main questions of the day.

Head Centre ASHLEY spoke of the President of the United States as having become the leader of a negative rebellion.

Head Centre FINCK said that he was a photographer by profession, and he had never heard of a "negative" getting up a rebellion; didn't believe it could be done; he had taken several of them himself, and noticed no resistance on their part, even of rebels.

HEAD CENTRE FINCK TAKING A REBEL ALIVE.

Head Centre CHANLER asked whether, if no loyal people but negroes were found in a State, he (Mr. ASHLEY) would recognize that State government based on negro votes alone? Head Centre ASHLEY said that if there is a single State in the American Union in which there is not a loyal man except black men, he would clothe those black men with the right of franchise and every other right under this Government.

A Head Centre suggested that, during the cold weather, to be clothed with nothing but "the right of franchise" would be rather cool; and he moved to amend by inserting, instead of "every other right," "cloths, cassimere, and tricot." [Laughter, during which the Speaker threatened to clear the galleries.]

In continuation of his argument Head Centre ASHLEY said he would vote to admit HORACE GREELEY as a member from South Carolina, or any other man, if loyal, until the State was restored to its practical relations to the United States. Head Centre ELDRIDGE said, How about the HORACE of New York? [A voice from the galleries, "And the delegate from Oregon?"] At which the Speaker said he would clear the galleries if that thing was repeated, but as he had said that fourteen times before that morning, nobody in the galleries was offended.

Head Centre ASHLEY, continuing, said—The assumption, the brazen assumption of men here who, during the entire war, were in secret alliance with the rebels, coming here and joining hands with the apostate at the other end of the avenue—[Cries of "Borrowed! borrowed! 'the other end of the avenue' won't do! get something else!"]—a recognized leader of a negative rebellion, as I said a while ago, passes comprehension.

After this Head Centre had taken his seat, Head Centre WINFIELD wanted to know to whom Head Centre ASHLEY intended to apply these remarks. As some show of a fight was now coming on, the crowd in the galleries began crying out, "Hats off in front!" The Speaker threatened to clear the galleries if that thing was repeated. Head Centre WINFIELD said he had never been associated with rebels or the man at the other end of the avenue, and he would stand no such insinuation.

Head Centre ASHLEY said he had no doubt that there were plenty of men here that during the whole war belonged to the "not another man or not another dollar" party.

Head Centre HUNTER said, so far as he was concerned, it was a base lie! The Speaker said this Head Centre was completely out of order. Head Centre RANDALL added—Nevertheless true. The Speaker said the gentleman from Pennsylvania was out of order.

Head Centre HILL now submitted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*—That the gentleman from New York, Mr. HUNTER, in declaring that the gentleman from Ohio, Mr. ASHLEY, told a lie, transgressed the rules of this body, and deserves to be censured for the same by the Speaker."

Head Centre ANCONA thought the punishment contemplated too severe, and moved, instead, that they lay the gentleman from New York on the table. Head Centre STEVENS moved that, if convicted, the Speaker commute the sentence to imprisonment in the old Capitol prison.

Head Centre LE BOND, the brunette, asked the House which was the most offensive—the language used by the gentleman from New York, Mr. HUNTER, or that used by Mr. WINFIELD? None of the audience seemed to be able to guess this conundrum, and were about giving it up, when a gentleman in the galleries ventured an answer, and shouted out, "Because he can't climb a tree!" The Speaker said the gallery was out of order in thus trenching on the privileges of the House, and he should clear them if that thing was repeated.

Head Centre NIBLACK said that because the conundrum was guessed by the Democratic side of the galleries the Speaker didn't like it. The Speaker overheard this remark of Mr. NIBLACK, and declared Head Centre NIBLACK out of order.

The House now proceeded to take a vote on censuring Mr. HUNTER. Head Centre HALL wished to be excused from voting, as he had a bad cold, several other "regrets" were sent up to the Chair, but they were not taken. The sense of the House was now taken (what little there was left), and they agreed, by a majority of 50 (although the Washington *Chronicle* claimed 20,000), to inflict the awful punishment due to his crime.

Head Centre HUNTER was now told to stand up. The House was told to look at the prisoner at the bar. The Speaker then put on his smoking-cap, and administered the sentence in the following solemn words:

Mr. HUNTER—Dear Sir: No deliberative body can preserve its own self-respect, neither can any thing be preserved properly, unless hermetically sealed, and your mouth is any thing but air-tight. We can not allow language to be used here that is only appropriate to a collection of Fenian Head Centres, and is condemned in all of the first-class bar-rooms of this city. For this offense you are sentenced by this House to stand treats until you are dead broke. Having thus declared the verdict of this House, let us adjourn to get the drinks.

At this latter remark of the Speaker the galleries were immediately cleared—the only time the Speaker was successful in that direction.

Below, dear *Weekly*, I give you a sketch of

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR,

which I made shortly after the House adjourned.

Your own C. O. W.

## PIPES FOR THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

MESSRS. KALDENBERG & SON, Nos. 4 and 6 John Street, are about sending some magnificent specimens of meerschaums—beautifully cut—to compete with those of European manufacture, at the Great Exhibition in Paris. They are now on exhibition at their warerooms, where the public is invited to view them. Pipes of every description are always made to order, and in the most finished and attractive manner. Also a great variety always on hand.

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DEAR MR. HOFF,—My physician has advised my wife to use your Malt Extract instead of Porter or Ale, and she is much benefited by it. Please to send again, &c.

J. HELLER, 168 Lexington Avenue.

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JOHN ZETTLER, No. 168 East Twelfth St.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 25, 1867.

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C. P. WAGNER, 273 Ninth Avenue.

To Hoff's Depot, 542 Broadway.

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 26, 1867.

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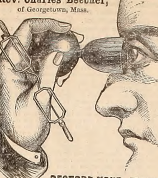

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171 Water Street, Greenpoint, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.
This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. Abraham Myers.

34 South Ninth Street, Williamsburg, *December* 11, 1866.
J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. Corwin.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., Wm. E. Chapin, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

Cincinnati, *November* 1, 1866.—Mr. J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, Griffin Taylor, M.D.

Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry, New York, *April* 20, 1866.
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1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

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3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for all the profit he can get.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

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Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

We publish some of our club lists to show how it is done and as matter of reference.

After the first club we send blanks.

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Gentlemen,—I herewith send you my second order, amounting to $77 90, for tea and coffee, which I wish you to fill with as much care as you did my first order. Every one of the first club were satisfied with the tea you sent, a part of whom have used their tea up, and join in this order for more. The largest portion of this order is from new friends who have heard of your great success in selling good tea. If you do well by your friends this time, I promise you a better order next time. Yours truly, Gilman T. Eaton.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 lbs. | Y. H., Green | Gilman T. Eaton | at $1 25 | $2 50 |
| 10 lbs. | " " | C. R. McElroy | at 1 25 | 12 50 |
| 1 lb. | " " | A. Richardson | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | " " | L. D. Airsworth | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | " " | Mrs. J. Haskins | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | " " | Wm. D. McIntire | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Japan, Uncol. | Wm. D. McIntire | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Oolong | J. D. Hills | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. | Y. H., Green | Mrs. N. Grovenor | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | " " | N. Jackman | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | " " | E. M. Sisby | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | " " | Norris Wright | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | " " | O. Evans | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | " " | C. Foster | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | " " | S. Darling | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Gunpowder | S. Darling | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 lb. | " | Wm. Prentis | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 1 lb. | Oolong | D. Murray | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| | | Carried up | | $41 25 |
| | | Brought up | | $41 25 |
| 1 lb. | Oolong | D. Murray | at 60 | 60 |
| 2 lbs. | Y. H., Green | Mrs. I. Foster | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | " " | R. Holden | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | " " | Mrs. T. B. Stiles | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | " " | H. K. Eaton | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | " " | O. A. Chamberlin | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | " " | H. Hills | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | " " | L. Leeland | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | " " | T. Murpy | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | " " | W. C. Barnard | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | " " | S. Hutchins | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | " " | Wm. Foster | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | " " | Geo. Newcomb | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | " " | A. G. Prentis | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 4 lbs. | " " | G. H. Lewis | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | " " | Mrs. H. G. Gurney | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 1 lb. | Gunpowder | M. Aldrich, Jr. | at 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Y. H., Green | A. G. Murray | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| | | Total | | $77 10 |
| 2 lbs. | Best Unground Coffee, Roasted | Martin Hamlit | at 40 | 80 |
| | | Total (64 lbs.) | | $77 90 |

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*From* T. B. Lawrence, *U. S. Consul-General Florence, February* 15, 1866.

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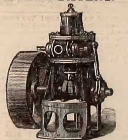

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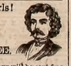

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The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

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First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863, with crimping attachment; sews with double or single thread of all kinds, making sixteen stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c. Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured.

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Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no increase; the soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be small returns; and the human body must contain impurities, or there will be no sickness. The man whose bowels and blood have been cleansed by a few

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

May walk through infected districts without fear. "The life of the flesh is in the blood." To secure health we must USE BRANDRETH'S PILLS, because we can not be sick but from unhealthy accumulations in the bowels or the blood, which Brandreth's Pills remove. This method is following nature, and is safe, and has stood the test of time. See B. Brandreth in white letters in the Government stamp. Sold by all Druggists.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Seward. "Dear Andy, Mr. Motley calls me a degraded old man."
Andy. "No matter, Willy; don't cry. We'll turn him out."


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**BANKERS,**
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**GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,**
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And conserve for the skin, is Wright's Alconated Glycerine Tablet—33 ℔ cent. pure Glycerine; fragrant and transparent. Order of your Druggist.

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Using B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or Ready Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions, in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

**Chase's Improved Microscope.**

Perfect in every part. Sample sent by mail on receipt of $1 00. Address
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Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
LONDON and LIVERPOOL.
A. W. RUSSELL, 57 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, Sole Agent.

VALENTINES! VALENTINES! The usual large assortment of fine Valentines, and the popular $10 lot for dealers. The trade are requested to send in orders at once. Persons desiring a handsome Valentine, by remitting $1, or any amount up to $10, may rely on a choice "Love Picking" in fancy French box. Send to T. W. STRONG, 599 Broadway, New York.

OLD EYES MADE NEW *easily* and without doctor or medicines. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents.
Dr. E. B. FOOTE,
1130 Broadway, N. Y.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, author of Medical Common Sense, &c.
No. 1130 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—Agents—$75 to $200 per month, every where, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States, the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for 5 years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful or elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

THE "OCEAN YACHT RACE" Grand March, for the Piano, composed by Konrad Treuer. A most inspiring and original piece. Splendid illustrated title-page. Price 50 cents. Mailed free. Rudiger & Hill, Music Publishers, 865 Broadway, N. Y.

$10 FROM $1. Agents wanted every where. For full particulars please address, with stamp, G. W. Jackson & Co., 11 South St., Baltimore, Md.

**Dyspepsia,**
**Rheumatism,**
**Scrofula,**
**Swollen Glands,**
**Eruptions of the Skin,**

All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of those Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use STRUMATIC MINERAL BATHS. For sale at every respectable drug store.

**GRADUATED BOTTLES.**
Have your Medicine put up in one of STOECKEL'S PATENT GRADUATED BOTTLES.

**$30,000.** For a Fortune, and no Deception, address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Massachusetts.

**MERCHANTS, BANKERS,**
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

# IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS, FARMERS, and PLANTERS.

We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills

Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

# Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,

For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

### Diseases of the Liver.

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

### Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites*, or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

### Fever and Ague.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

# Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,

OR

## VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE may be depended upon to effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of Dr. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

PREPARED ONLY BY

**FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,**

SOLE PROPRIETORS OF

**Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS and VERMIFUGE.**

**Sold by Dealers Every Where.**

The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XI.—No. 530.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

### GATHERING SNOW-DROPS.

Now past away is wintry night,
Comes back again the sunshine bright,
The golden flow of ruddy light—
And birds are on the wing;
The breaking buds are growing red,
And purple turns the violet bed,
The yellow primrose shows its head
In bright and early spring.

Keen is the air, the ponds still freeze,
The tangled branches on the trees
Still bare to shudder 'neath the breeze,
Though merry mortals sing;
While foremost in the floral race
The modest snow-drop shows its face,
And purely, sweetly takes its place
As first-born child of spring.

Then bright-eyed maidens, young and fair,
The snowy blossoms cull with care,
To twine them in their jetty hair,
While merry voices ring:
For what think they of care or grief,
Of winter's chill or autumn's leaf,
That life is sometimes sad and brief?—
With them 'tis ever spring!

Though seasons quickly come and go,
Great joys are theirs, few cares they know;
And heed not—it were better so—
What summer days may bring.
Laugh on, fair girls! and often stay
To pluck sweet blossoms on your way,
And gather snow-drops while you may—
For 'tis not always spring!

### "SWEET HOME."

"Sweet Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
When perfect love and peace are found
Within it, shedding joy and grace
To make the threshold "hallowed ground."

When heart to heart and hand to hand
Are closely linked by silken chains;
Where each one shares the fears, the cares,
The hopes, the pleasures, and the pains.

Where open deeds and guileless speech
Dissolve all clouds of mean Deceit;
Where honest eyes without disguise
Look straight into the eyes they meet.

Where Manhood, Infancy, and Age,
With simple faith and earnest trust,
In lowly reverence hear the page
In which 'tis written "Be ye just."

Where words that preach "Good-will to all,"
And widely herald "peace on earth,"
Are heard in gentle tones to fall
Like music of seraphic birth;

Where the rich flower of Conduct blows
From the pure bud of Christian Thought;
And living practice daily throws
Truth's halo round the precept taught;

Where merry song and harmless jest
At festal tide are heard to blend;
Where "welcome" greets the stranger-guest,
And "loud rejoicing" hails the friend.

"Sweet Home!" Oh! blissful, holy place,
Where "Home" is all that "Home" *should* be;
And Man, despite his fallen race,
Some trace of Eden still can see.

"SWEET HOME."

GATHERING SNOW-DROPS.

A. H. LEE, THE WINNER OF THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE.—[See Page 116.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1867.

## OUR PRESENT DUTY.

THE report made to a distinguished General by his inspecting officer in Texas, that if he owned hell and Texas, he should prefer to live in hell, is but a forcible way of telling a truth which is not limited to Texas. General SHERIDAN states in his report, that the protection afforded to the freedmen by the civil courts in his department is a farce. The New Orleans Investigating Committee report, that "the condition of things existing there can not continue consistently with the safety, security, or peace of loyal men." Our national duty is plain. The "first office of a government is the protection of the life, liberty, and property of its faithful citizens; and unless the people of the United States mean that loyal men in the late rebel States shall be outraged and murdered without redress they must provide for the present ample military protection for them."

That the United States uniform should be disagreeable to the late rebels is not surprising. That military officers in New Orleans and elsewhere should be invited to but a few houses, and to them only upon condition that they do not appear as officers, is to be expected. That a gentleman who the next morning received his pardon from the President as a "good Union man," should leave the theatre because, as he said, there was "rather too much stars and stripes" for him in the neighborhood of the Lieutenant-General and General SHERIDAN is natural. But the spirit which shows itself in this steady hostility, even in the very cities where head-quarters are established, runs riot in the remoter districts.

When Union men from the North, established in business in New Orleans, are returning because of the plain personal peril of remaining; when Southern Union men, white and black, are outlawed, tortured, and massacred, with no remedy but courts in which their rebel enemies are their judges and juries; when a General of the army in Texas is obliged to draw his revolver for his protection in a railroad car; when legislatures and courts and the entire civil machinery are controlled by rebels, there is but one alternative—the authority of the Government to protect citizens must be altogether abandoned in that region, or it must be enforced by the military arm until there is such a thorough reorganization of civil administration that life, liberty, and property are again uniformly safe.

Experience having shown that the civil governments erected by the President without the least authority have utterly failed to fulfill the first function of a civil government, it has become necessary to establish other governments upon a different principle. But while the preliminary steps are taking the people must have protection against the existing governments, and this can be given only by military authority. This is the precise intention of the bill reported by Mr. STEVENS from the Reconstruction Committee. Yet by itself the bill is incomplete. It establishes military law, or the will of the commanding General, and makes no provision whatever for the termination of such authority. Undoubtedly such a provision is contemplated and will be proposed, but it should be included in the bill, under the form of a method to base government upon the consent of the whole people in the rebel States.

The debate was very earnest. The folly of the Democratic members who opposed the bill, and who compose an opposition perilously feeble, was that they argued the matter as if the country were in a normal condition. They spoke of striking down State governments and erecting military despotisms upon their ruins, as if the present authorities in the Southern States were truly valid governments, instead of illegal creations of the President. Mr. RAYMOND, also, in opposing the bill, and with some forcible reasons, was yet so singularly imperceptive as to call it a confession of inability upon the part of Congress to deal with the subject. But how a confession of inability? The bill declares the President's inability, and that Congress must take the matter in hand; and, in order to work effectively, that it must begin to mend where the President began to botch. And when Mr. RAYMOND asked, as he did with warmth, why we might not as well invite the army to take charge of the other States, the question showed a curiously confused conception of the situation with which Congress is called to deal.

The passage of a bill containing the essential provisions of this is beyond doubt. Its absolute necessity is known to every man. Public and private correspondence, the testimony of soldiers and civilians, as well as the probabilities of the case, all show that Mr. BOUTWELL spoke only the truth in saying that the loyal people of the South "are writhing under cruelties nameless in their character, and under injustice such as never has been permitted to exist in any country in modern times." The country is ripe and eager to remedy the intolerable consequences of the President's policy. Let the remedy be swift and sure.

## GOLD AS A COMMODITY.

"OLD TRINITY," with its dead around it, stands guard at the head of Wall Street, overlooking the battle of life below. Each day, when its bells have chimed the first quarter after 10 o'clock, the whisper begins to pass from corner to corner, as men hurry on, "*What's gold to-day?*" Then the stir grows apace, and the watch-word becomes louder and more emphatic as it is elbowed and jostled through the crowd, "*What's gold?*" And this is the daily countersign of the regulars, flats, and "30-day" men, who constitute the grand army of brokers. It is echoed by every mercantile interest; for the fate of many a transaction hangs upon the answer.

Gold is no longer a circulating medium, though it serves its various purposes. It forms the basis of our financial system, giving it vitality, strength, and stability; it keeps the commercial world in equipoise, checks inordinate speculation and overtrading, and sustains our credit abroad. It supplies the arterial viaducts of the nation, flowing to the heart of the Treasury, and thence again to the extreme limits of trade. When the currency is unduly inflated this arterial fluid is weakened and the body suffers in proportion. An unhealthy trade is stimulated to the detriment of useful production, breeding extravagance, waste, and bankruptcy; from these brokers reap rich harvests. Gold then becomes, in the Wall Street acceptation, simply a commodity, to be bartered at the Gold Room as jockeys trade horses—both parties to the transaction claiming the best of the bargain—while, in a commercial point of view, it is an article indispensable for paying duties and purchasing exchange (especially on steamer days), and obtainable at constantly varying rates for greenbacks, through the agency of brokers, for a commission of ⅛ per cent. Hence the universal and earnest query at half past ten in the morning, "*What's gold?*"

Said half past ten is the busiest hour of the day in the Gold Exchange. At that time the whole pack of brokers is hungriest after fasting overnight; and if a sop of 1½ or 2 per cent. advance be thrown to them at the opening,* the clamor and wrangling is fearful. The sop is snapped up in an instant, with loud cries for more, and often gold will advance 3 or 4 per cent. under the excitement. Then in a few minutes it will fall again suddenly to the old mark, and a lull will follow. By this turn shrewd operators who have watched the market closely have been able to buy and sell at the extreme rates, making a handsome profit each way. During the temporary spasm the crowd sways fitfully. Big fellows, huddled in the centre, hurl bids at each other's heads by the fistful. Tall ones snap them off their fingers' ends defiantly. The diminutive, perched high up, chirp and flourish like chipmunks on a stone-wall, or run fidgeting around the outer circle, striving to edge in their bids or get a snap at the tid-bits offering. Occasionally a tall figure, lank as a crane, will stretch his long neck over the lesser crowd and gobble up a fat chance at a mouthful, leaving the crumbs for the small fry. Gold changes hands by millions. Losses and gains are enormous. Voices pitched to every key and tinged by every foreign accent strive to out-scream each other. Double bass vies with falsetto, Jew with Gentile, Greek with Barbarian, and the noise of the jargon reaches to streets far distant. At such a time nothing could interrupt the proceedings, unless an earthquake or explosion should happen; and then they would probably attribute the occurrence to an unexpected tumble in gold! General SHERIDAN happened upon the floor of the Gold Room some time since, but the brokers were too intent to notice him. Only the day before he had been formally presented at the Capitol, amidst cheers, to each member of Congress, but in the Gold Room he was as unheeded as if he had been an ordinary visitor. Had he come with the purpose to operate largely in gold he would doubtless have received more attention.

A circular iron railing separates the members of the Board from the outside crowd of operators and lookers-on; but the excitement in the outer apartment keeps equal pace with that within. The infection reaches all. Many there are large operators, and when fluctuations are rapid, orders to buy or sell fly thick and fast over the railing to the brokers within. Messengers hurry to and fro. The janitors call in trumpet tones for those whose services are wanted. The "indicator" is kept in active motion, and informs the outside world of the changes as they occur, while the click of sundry telegraphic instruments speeds the news to the uttermost parts of the earth. Strange to say, during all this hurried transfer of the golden commodity no coin is visible; no mellow chink is heard; no bags of glittering metal are seen to change owners. The buyer and seller merely pass memoranda, the statement goes to the Clearing House, and the "difference" between the buying and selling rate is paid to the winner by the Clearing House. This is his profit. Even then the receiver does not get coin, but only paper certificates of coin supposed to be on deposit somewhere, subject to the order of the holder of the certificates. If there is no "difference," there is no profit, of course; but it makes considerable difference to the operator whether this "difference" is in his favor or against him,* because in the latter case he will have to "cover;" and if he can't cover, or pay his losses, he is summarily expelled from the Board and laid on the shelf among the "lame ducks."† Very often brokers sell "short" (that is, they sell what they haven't got and never had), and make a respectable profit by buying it back at a lower figure than they sold at. They pay interest for borrowed money, and make a profit; and also often pay people 3 or 4 per cent. to borrow from them, and still make a profit. Brokers are very like the whale that swallowed Jonah. Jonah was a great prophet.

Periods of wild excitement in the Gold Room are always temporary and intermittent. Sometimes they do not occur for several days. During lulls the swarm of active brokers is diminished to a score or two who lounge listlessly upon the circular railing that incloses a fountain in the centre of the room and make their bids with sleepy indifference or quiet dignity. Some few commission men, who are limited in price, compose themselves in chairs and wait with Job-like patience for a reaction that shall reach their figure, while the "lame ducks" outside, the "dead-beats," small operators, and lookers-on—the halt, the lame, and the blind—occupy the interval with newspapers or hang upon the railing, blinking quietly at the fountain, and waiting patiently for the moving of the waters. Some of this fraternity, who love to watch the market, bring their lunches and stay all day, paying for the privilege an annual admission fee of $100. Between the hours of one and two o'clock there is generally a pause, when the majority of the brokers go to DELMONICO's for lunch. After three o'clock the restrictions that have governed the preceding hours are removed in part, and a general smoke ensues. A great many smoke who are not in the habit of doing so, simply because there is no longer prohibition; just as men drink more when there are severe restrictive laws. The atmosphere of the room then reeks with the fumes of pipes and cigars, and the attention of members is more occupied with practical jokes and skylarking than with the traffic in gold. Nevertheless, there is less noise and confusion, and less resemblance to Bedlam than when business is active. In the midst of these periods of calm, when the bidding languishes and the pulse is sluggish, the Board is often galvanized into action by the sudden entrance of a wiry operator into the ring, who offers to sell "any part of half a million" at a new quotation. Instantly the hive is astir. The "dead-beats" resuscitate. There is a rush to the scene of action. "Puts" and "calls" fly thick and fast, and "seller 3," "buyer 30," "regular," "flat," and the whole vocabulary of brokers' terms are bandied about from mouth to mouth in rapid succession. Those who have been waiting for gold to touch the figure at which they are limited by their orders watch their chance and swoop down like buzzards when the opportunity arrives. In the general scramble the coolest and most audacious are most successful. Mere youngsters often outgeneral old veterans, and principals worth their millions are sometimes obliged to yield to clerks or barefaced lads who have only power of attorney or else a power of cheek and lip. To bid to advantage requires no little tact and good address. To be able to take advantage of the market is a great acquisition. But the ability to *control* the market belongs only to the heavy capitalists and veteran campaigners, and to this but few can aspire.

Speculators, of course, favor inflation because it gives them the chance of larger profits through greater and more frequent fluctuations. The numerous schemes, called financial, which have recently been pressed upon Congress, are solely in their interest. They do not want contraction, however gradual, because it leads to the eventual resumption of specie payments; and with such resumption gold ceases to be a commodity. When that happy event occurs the 450 members of the Gold Room will divide the surplus in their Treasury, and seek for occupation elsewhere.

* The Board opens like an oyster.

* It will be difficult to make the stupid understand the distinction, either with or without the difference.

† A "lame duck" is a bird that tries to cover too many eggs at one time.

## THE PROBABILITY OF IMPEACHMENT.

A GOVERNMENT is practically overthrown when its laws are unexecuted. The Constitution of the United States, therefore, provides that for high crimes and misdemeanors, the chief of which is failure to execute the laws, the President may be impeached and removed. But it is of the highest importance that the evidence be so plain as to convince the country; otherwise an impeachment merely excites instead of composing trouble.

It is unquestionably becoming the public conviction that Mr. ASHLEY, although sincerely persuaded that the President was guilty of impeachable offenses, was not so fully furnished with conclusive evidence as to satisfy the Judiciary Committee, and justify a recommendation of impeachment. His specific charges were: corrupt abuse of the appointing and pardoning power; corrupt disposition of the public property; corrupt interference in elections; and, in general, that he had committed high crimes and misdemeanors. These specific charges of corruption would undoubtedly be difficult to prove. Nothing would be of avail but distinct evidence of overt acts; and of such evidence there would be various interpretations. The guilty, treasonable intention would hardly be more than inferential; and except upon the most incontrovertible proof the Senate would not convict.

But there is one point which, if evident, would unite the country in a demand for impeachment; and that is, a refusal to execute the laws. It is the duty of Congress to regulate by law the States in which as yet there is no valid government. Those laws should be mild, temperate, and just. Congress should provide adequately for their enforcement, and thus compel the President to reveal his intentions. If he faithfully and honorably executed the laws, whether they had been passed over his veto or not, the difficulty between him and Congress would disappear. If he failed to execute them, Congress should demand his reasons. If those reasons were adequate, Congress would be satisfied. If they were insufficient, then, as under the circumstances there could be no question of the Executive intention to defeat the purpose of the people in Congress, he would be promptly impeached and removed with the consent of the whole country.

The most authentic information that we have leads us to doubt if an impeachment can be carried upon the charges which have been preferred. We have seen no reason to change our opinion that there must be plain proof of a willful non-execution of the law before so grave a measure could be taken. Mr. PHILLIPS's charge that the President is an "obstacle," although it has been much derided, is all-sufficient if it can be proved. A President who will not execute the law is precisely that obstacle to the fulfillment of the popular will which impeachment is intended to remove. That the President *is* an obstacle of this kind, as Mr. PHILLIPS declared that his instincts assured him, is very possible. But let us bring it to the proof. In certain parts of the West horse thieves are hung, not because they are known to have stolen a particular horse, but upon their general bad reputation. And certainly if general bad reputation were sufficient, a clear case could be made out against the President. But the Constitution does not make an ill name an impeachable offense.

It is sometimes charged that the Civil Rights bill is not enforced. If the President can be shown to have failed in his duty of enforcing it let us have the evidence. We all know that he vetoed it. We all know that civil rights are not respected in the Southern States. We all know that if there were a President who was in sympathy with the people, those rights would not be generally disregarded. But this kind of knowledge is not enough. We must know also when and how the Executive failed or refused. And therefore the laws for the regulation of the Southern States should be made so that his defection will be evident. If Congress orders a brigade of the army to be kept in certain districts subject to the orders of certain specified officers, and the President, as Commander-in-Chief, orders them away upon plea of the public service, let him be compelled to show why the public service required their removal, and if his reply is quibbling or evasive, he will be seen at once to have intended to thwart the will of Congress. That will be enough for the Senate and for the country.

## MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

THE complaint of the delay in Reconstruction is unreasonable. It is very desirable that the Union should be restored; but it is absolutely essential that it should be restored wisely. Those who think that the question can be settled as speedily as a motion for adjournment evidently forget that a subject so entirely without precedent for its adjustment, and of such transcendent importance, can be properly treated only with the utmost care and reflection. Indeed it is only gradually that we are coming to understand the true principle of the settlement, and after that is determined there remains the consideration of details.

When the war ended there was very great confusion in the public mind as to the situation and its rights and duties. The relief from cruel tension was such that there was danger of mistaking utter weakness for practical wisdom, and a betrayal of the triumphant cause for magnanimity. There was even apparent danger that the country might accept, without the least reflection and in a gush of mere maudlin emotion, the astounding folly of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS and the Northern allies of the rebellion that, with the cessation of active hostilities every State resumed every right in the Union, and that by simply taking a formal oath to the

Union instead of the Confederacy every rebel State government became loyal and was entitled to the guarantee of the national protection. This was the result of a very superficial logic. The war, it was said, was to maintain the Union. The Union has been maintained; consequently no State has seceded; consequently every State is just where it was with all its rights of representation and with an increase of political power arising from emancipation. In other words, "the late disturbance" showed that the enemies of the Government are not yet strong enough to overthrow it, and therefore they have returned with enlarged power to bide their time.

This was the preposterous sophistry with which the public mind was threatened to be confused. If "once a State always a State" were sound doctrine, what was to be done about it? was the question triumphantly asked by those who had opposed the war. As the argument was urged it really seemed to many that we had fought for four years and defeated rebels only that they might be politically stronger than ever. The Union victory, according to this reasoning, had merely weakened the Union. Time and discussion were necessary to dispel this extraordinary delusion. The popular purpose, indeed, was plain. The nation was resolved to secure the fruits of the victory it had won, but in what manner was not clear.

Gradually the true solution of the difficulty appeared. States can not, indeed, escape from the Union, but they may deprive themselves of local civil government, which can be then obtained and sanctioned only by the national action; and when by open rebellion States have relinquished the exercise of national functions in the Union they can regain them only by the consent of the Union. More popularly stated, the public conviction now is, that rebel States can be restored only upon certain conditions, and in the determination of those conditions those States have no voice whatever. Of course their actual situation can not be safely disregarded in the decision of what those conditions ought to be; but neither reason nor precedent gives them any authority to share in the deliberation, and the Constitution can not be rightfully interpreted against reason. It is for the people of the States which have saved the Government to settle the terms upon which the defeated States may return; and as these terms are not to be dependent in any degree upon the whims of those States they should be fixed in the fundamental law, and when that is changed as wisdom and experience direct, the Representatives and Senators from the absent States, upon their oath of loyalty to the Constitution so amended, may appear again in Congress.

The duty of the Reconstruction Committee, therefore, seems to us to be, to decide what Constitutional changes our recent history has shown to be essential; to report them in the form of amendments; to submit them to the States represented in Congress, and when they have been ratified and have become parts of the supreme organic law, to take care that the action of every State conforms; and then, so far as Congress is concerned, the work is completed. This course is not of itself a revolution; it merely recognizes the revolution that has already occurred.

Meanwhile, of course, as we have elsewhere remarked, Congress is to keep the peace in the unorganized States. The fault in the movement of reconstruction has been foolish haste. The result, therefore, is anarchy. But as we all begin both to understand the situation and the principle which should control our action, we shall proceed to reconstruct permanently and securely.

## Mr. DIXON'S AMENDMENT.

When Senator Dixon lately proposed the amendment which was said to be approved by the President and some of his Provisional Governors, Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, broke out into the most vehement vituperation of the scheme, and, in the name of what he called "the glorious Democratic party," stigmatized the proposition as poison which had been injected into the Senate, and which, he said, was the more dangerous because of the known intimacy of Senator Dixon with the President. During this gust of denunciation Senator Dixon sat, pen in hand, and gazing at his fellow-Senator with amused astonishment. Having finished his speech, Senator Saulsbury betook himself to promenading defiantly upon the floor of the chamber, while Senator Conness rose and said, good-humoredly, that he was very glad to see from what had just taken place that there was a prospect of a division of the sheep from the goats, although he did not wish to say which were the goats and which were the sheep. He congratulated Senator Dixon upon the prospect of his return to his old political fold, upon which Senator Dixon suggested that he supposed, then, he might count upon the vote of Senator Conness for his proposition. "Oh yes," replied the Senator, "after a few changes."

The Senator spoke for the country. Nothing could be more inadequate than the plan as suggested. It is merely a proposition to leave the government of the late rebel States in rebel hands and to abandon our friends. The loyal strength at the South is mainly among the freedmen and some of the poorer whites. If you give the suffrage only to those who can read and write and who own a certain amount of property, and disfranchise nobody and make nobody ineligible, the present deplorable condition of the freedmen and other Union citizens is sanctioned and made permanent.

Mr. Dixon's amendment has no other value than that of a scheme of supposed terms upon which the rebel States might possibly consent to resume their places in the Union. It is fatally wrong for this one reason, if for no other, that it proposes to leave the question of equal suffrage, even upon the utterly inadmissible conditions we have named, to the rebel States themselves. But the true guarantee of equality of political rights among the citizens of the United States is the Constitution of the United States.

But the country which requires more than the provisions of the pending amendment will hardly stop long to consider one which demands less.

## INJUDICIOUS USE OF MEDICINE.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once startled the medical public by asserting that, leaving out opium, certain specifics, wine, and anæsthetics, "if the whole materia medica, *as now used*, could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind, and all the worse for the fishes." We do not think that the doctors need to have been startled, and some of them were not. There is vastly more medicine used in the world than there should be, under the administration of doctors, quacks, old women, etc., so that the assertion of Dr. Holmes is undoubtedly true. But there is a judicious use of it, and we believe that this is becoming more and more prevalent in the medical profession, which will surely though slowly abate the indiscriminate and abundant use in the world at large; and therefore, instead of poisoning the fishes by dosing them at random with the whole materia medica, we would preserve it entire, and, with Dr. Holmes, do all that we can to urge forward the change that is going on.

Medicine injudiciously used gives a fatal issue to multitudes of cases that, with judicious treatment, would have resulted favorably. But this is not the point that we wish to illustrate now. It is rather the influence of bad medication, professional, quackish, and domestic, in producing ill-health and disease.

In the treatment of disease the object of the judicious physician is not merely to carry the patient through the sickness, but to bring him out of it in the best possible condition. It is just here that inappropriate treatment most signally fails. Residues of the sickness are unnecessarily left, laying a foundation for continued ill-health and future attacks of disease. This may come from giving too much of those medicines which are appropriate to the case in hand precisely as one in mending machinery, though his blows may be directed aright, may put so much force into them as to do more harm than good. Or the proper medicines may be administered in such small amounts as to prove ineffectual. Or, again, medicines entirely unfit for the case may be given, increasing rather than lessening the disease.

Recovery may occur in all these cases from the recovering powers of nature alone, though the blundering medication may get all the credit. But, nevertheless, the damage done by the treatment is not wholly removed, but results are left here and there in the organs, or in the system as a whole, that impair the health and predispose to disease.

This often happens. An attack of disease, which might be broken up at once by proper treatment, is suffered to go on, resulting at length in confirmed and severe sickness, and the medical attendant—quack or perhaps doctor—makes a large bill, and, what is more, has his praises sounded as having raised his patient from the borders of the grave, when, in truth, he brought him there, and the rescue was effected by nature's recuperative power. In this case this needlessly prolonged suffering from disease must leave residua that might have been escaped by a rapid and early recovery.

The enormous amount of advertising of nostrums shows how much of random dosing is done independent of medical attendance. True, some are benefited, for the same reason that some would be hit by one firing into a crowd, though he may be a poor marksman. These, of course, praise the medicine they have used, while the multitude who have received no benefit say nothing about it. It is by the recommendations of these few, uttered among acquaintances and appearing in advertisements, that nostrums get their currency. Meanwhile those who have not been benefited have received actual injury, for *all inappropriate medicine does more or less harm.* It does not merely fail to do good, as is very commonly supposed. Considering the great prevalence of this indiscriminate use of nostrums, we can not avoid the conclusion that it is quite a large cause of ill-health and disease. Not only is it directly so, but often indirectly; for it frequently leads on the individual beyond the possibility of a recovery, when the application of judicious measures at the outset might have effected a cure.

Much medicine is taken unnecessarily by those who are a little ailing, and those who imagine themselves to be sick. With some extra attention to diet and regimen nature is ordinarily competent to the removal of slight ailments. And as to imaginary ones, the directing the mind to every uneasy sensation, together with the constant tinkering of the system with drugs, will in a very short time produce positive disease where none existed before. Let us not be understood as wholly discarding the use of medicine in all cases that fall short of positive and marked sickness. A timely use of it will often prevent the development of grave disease. But it should be resorted to not at hap-hazard but understandingly, from instructions gathered from the family physician, if not by his prescription.

There are some invalids who make a business of invalidism. They are not satisfied unless they are taking some medicine all the time. They would feel lost if the health which they are so earnestly seeking for should actually come to them, and force them to abandon the wide field of the materia medica. They get to be very wise on medicine, and weary their friends with narrations of their complaints, and the many victories obtained over them by drugs; the victory, however, never being complete and final. As for the doctor, he gets poorly paid at ordinary fees for the time which he must spend in hearing their long and tedious stories and disquisitions, and answering as well as he can their numberless questions. In all such cases, unless the doctor have both tact and firmness, there is too much of dosing; and this, of course, tends to confirm, if not to aggravate, the invalid condition.

Most people have much less confidence in nature than they have in drugs; and yet *nature is the great curer of disease, and the drugs are at best only auxiliaries.* Let this grand truth be thoroughly believed, and there would be vastly less medicine taken in the world; and there would be a consequent diminution in the amount of disease.

## "THE STATE OF MAINE."

In our zeal for the security of travelers by steamer and railway we have no wish to misrepresent the facts, and we have received a note from Captain Borden, of the steamer *State of Maine*, stating that instead of being "liable to damaging suspicion," she has been recently inspected by the Inspectors of the District, and licensed to run for another year; and that she has been supplying the place of the *Plymouth Rock*, and not of the *Commodore*.

We make the correction with pleasure; but we do not think that the Report upon the loss of the *Commodore* encouraged unquestioning faith in the certificate of the Inspectors.

## LITERARY.

"The Village on the Cliff." A Novel. By Miss Thackeray. Thackeray, when in this country a few years ago, said, in one of his lectures, that "his little daughter" had often told him that she "thought Charles Dickens's stories far preferable to papa's." The little daughter has grown to be a young woman, and has written novels of her own, rather in the vein of Dickens than that of her father, and yet not in imitation of either. The "Story of Elizabeth," her first work, has been followed by "The Village on the Cliff," which Harper & Brothers publish as No. 287 of their "Library of Select Novels." It is a pleasant love-story, full of quiet and natural scenes and characters, told in a natural and entertaining manner.

"The Claverings" is the best of Anthony Trollope's many good novels, and has just been issued from the press of Harper & Brothers. It is more dramatic in arrangement and dénouement than "Orley Farm;" more varied in character than the "Small House at Allington." As he grows older Mr. Trollope seems to become less cynical; and in "The Claverings" he has introduced us to a better class of English society, and to characters which we are happier to recognize as human, than in any of his previous works. The hero is not a saint; he has many faults, but none that the reader can not heartily forgive, unless it be when he appears in the unamiable and disgusting light of a weak fellow who maudlingly complains that "the world had treated him badly." Florence Burton and Julia Ongar, the two loves of the hero, appear at all times in delightful contrast, and yet both are noble and natural women. The "love of Mr. Saul" is a truly pathetic episode of the story, so beautifully told that the character of Mr. Saul, drawn only to fill up the background of the picture, eventually becomes pleasantly prominent in the reader's mind and heart. Unlike most of Mr. Trollope's novels, "The Claverings" is complete in itself, and in the dénouement there is nothing left unsatisfactorily solved.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

The Bankrupt bill was lost in the Senate, on February 5, by a vote of 22 nays to 20 yeas; but a reconsideration was had on February 9, and the bill is again open for consideration.

Senator Dixon, on February 6, offered in the Senate constitutional amendments said to have been approved by and submitted at the request of President Johnson, which provided for the payment of the war debt of the United States, the repudiation of the rebel war debt, and granting negro suffrage with property and educational restrictions. No action has as yet been had on them.

The bill to admit Nebraska as a State passed the Senate over the President's veto by a vote of 31 yeas to 9 nays, and the House by a vote of 120 yeas to 44 nays

### NEWS ITEMS.

The report of the New Orleans Investigating Committee lays the blame of the riots of July, 1866, upon the municipal authorities of the city, and charges the Mayor with a "determined purpose to break up the Convention by armed force." Preparations for the riot were made, by the arming of fire-companies and other disloyal organizations, for weeks before the massacre occurred. The police were withdrawn from their posts when the riot began, and no attempt made to quell the mob. The Committee also find that the rioters found encouragement from the instructions and policy of the President.

A Nashville, Tennessee, paper states that a conspiracy has been entered into by certain rebel citizens of Cannon, White, and Warren counties to procure the assassination of a number of leading and influential Union men, all late officers of the Federal army. The following are the names of the persons marked out for death, and the sums offered for making way with them: for Colonel W. B. Stokes, $5000; for Colonel Blackburn, $4000; for Colonel Pleasure, $4000; for Captain Vanatta, $2000; for Captain Hathaway, $2000. A rebel citizen living near Alexandria, in De Kalb County, has offered to give $1000 for the assassination of Captain Vanatta. It is understood that three notorious cut-throats, who were once members of Champ Ferguson's gang of bushwhackers, have been employed to do the work. Several Union citizens, fearful of their lives, have fled to Alexandria for safety, where a number of discharged Federal soldiers, formerly belonging to Colonel Stokes's cavalry, reside. Though this startling assertion, when first made, was denied by the Democratic papers in Nashville, the Tennessee Legislature, on the 5th, considered it worthy of investigation, and appointed a committee for that purpose. In the debate in the House Mr. Fuson, one of the members, said that this game of assassination was no news to him. Some of the men whose lives were menaced were his neighbors, and he lived near them when prowling enemies hunted them like wild beasts. He had himself been forced to hide in the woods from the outlaws. A part of the clan were killed, but a part still survive. He was satisfied of the truth of the statements published. The offer of $5000 for killing the Hon. W. B. Stokes was no new thing; it was offered long ago. The men who had been marked out for vengeance by these assassins were always on their guard against attempts at assassination. The gang had already murdered many good citizens, and should be brought to justice. It will be remembered that one rebel lately murdered in cold blood Senator Almon Case and three other Union men within a few days. Information from Tennessee since the date of those unfortunate occurrences represent that affairs have been growing worse in Obion County. Farris, the assassin, is still in the county with his band, and has sent word for the sheriff to come and take him, if he can; that he is ready for him. An infamous villain named Tom Hooks has also a small band of bushwhackers, defying Governor Brownlow and the laws. Hooks swears that there are ten Union men in Obion County whom he is determined to kill before he leaves it. He and his band went to the house of a highly respectable Union citizen, some days since, at night, and tried to induce the family to come out of doors. Failing in that the bushwhackers fired some twenty pistol-shots into the house. The Union men are greatly depressed and discouraged. The sheriff and his deputies find it impossible to enforce the laws and arrest the desperadoes, and have abandoned the attempt. Unless the Legislature speedily passes the loyal militia bill the country will be given over to a reign of violence, far worse than that which prevailed in the days of the rebellion, blood-hounds, and Cherokee savages.

The Kansas Legislature on February 6 amended the State suffrage bill by striking out the word "male"—in other words, extending the suffrage to women.

Kentucky is sadly in need of martial law. The State is almost entirely ruled by Lynch law. The Governor, unable to furnish State militia, has been compelled to ask for a detachment of United States troops to preserve quiet.

The spy upon whose letter to the President Mr. Seward requested information from Mr. Motley, our Minister at Vienna, turns out to have been an unknown New Yorker named George W. M'Cracken. In his letter, misrepresenting Mr. Motley, the same person slanders Consuls Murphy at Frankfort, Hall at Madrid, Moth at Tangier, and Perry at Tunis; and declares that our foreign representatives are "a very indifferent set." The people have just such an idea of some of their representatives who are unfortunately at home.

The Long Bridge across the Potomac River at Washington was swept away on February 5 by the breaking up of the ice.

Mrs. Daniel E. Sickles died in New York on February 4, aged thirty-one; and was buried on February 9 with much ceremony.

The following incredible story was lately telegraphed from Louisville, Kentucky: A white had murdered his mistress, a negro woman, and was arrested, charged with the crime, and brought before a Judge for examination. He explained to the Judge that he was fearful the negro woman would expose his conduct to his wife, and hence he had killed her, when the Judge released him from custody!

The Tennessee State Senate have passed the Negro Suffrage bill, and another bill still further restricting rebels from voting. In the Kentucky Senate on the same day similar bills were defeated.

The religious papers are filled with accounts of revivals of religion throughout the country.

George Peabody, the philanthropist, on February 7 donated $2,000,000 to be devoted to the education of the people of the Southwestern States, irrespective of color. He declares his purpose that "the benefits intended shall be distributed among the entire population without other distinction than their needs." Robert C. Winthrop, Hamilton Fish, Rev. Charles P. M'Ilvaine, U. S. Grant, William C. Rives, John H. Clifford, William Aiken, William M. Evarts, William A. Graham, and others form the Board of Trustees intrusted with the expenditure of the munificent gift.

So great is the destitution in North Carolina, and so stringent the pecuniary affairs of the people, that the Sheriff of Pitt County was lately mobbed, and all his writs and executions were burned; and the Legislature has been forced to pass a "Relief Bill," under the provisions of which the payment of a debt may be deferred one year.

Solomon Johnson, a colored man of ability and refinement, has been appointed to a first-class clerkship in the Treasury office at Washington.

The rebels of North Carolina have discovered a new system of outrages against the freedmen. They organize themselves in armed bands, call themselves "Regulators," and go about the country depriving the negroes of their horses and planting implements, thus robbing them of all power to produce the necessities of life. This is the refinement of cruelty.

The Bureau of Agriculture Reports show that the average rate at which white labor is paid for at the North is $15.50 per month, at the South $9.50 per month; board being included in both cases.

A band of Regulators have appeared in Carroll Parish, Louisiana, threatening and perpetrating all manner of violence upon "Yankees and Yankee niggers." They avow themselves rebels, and belonging to the poorer class of whites upon the back hills; and are enraged because the negroes have left them to hire to the planters upon the bottoms. They have already raided upon several places near Bunch's Bend, on the old channel of the river.

Sanford Connover, indicted for perjury in giving false testimony against the Lincoln assassins, was convicted on February 11.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

A remarkable scene occurred in London, on February 5, on the occasion of the opening of Parliament by Queen Victoria. The enthusiasm for the Queen and royal family usually displayed by the London populace gave place to loud and significant cries for "Reform! Reform!" Large crowds of working-men filled the streets, and displayed rather a sullen spirit and evidently disposed to mischief and riot.

Earl Derby stated in the House of Lords, on February 7, that he had requested Mr. Seward to make out his *Alabama* claims, and stated that they would be speedily settled.

President Mosquera of the Colombian Republic has been impeached for his usurpations, and is to be tried by Congress.

The Liberal garrison of Zacatecas, Mexico, was surprised by General Miramon, Imperialist, and routed. Juarez had established his capital there, and is reported to have been captured.

THE POACHER.—[Drawn by H. W. Herrick.]

## A. H. LEE.

We give this week a portrait of the fortunate Mr. Lee, who held the lucky number 58,160 which drew the Crosby Opera-House in the late Chicago lottery. Mr. Lee is or was a well-to-do miller at Prairie du Rocher, Illinois; and, judging from his appearance and his disposal of the Opera-House for $200,000, cash in hand, we conclude he is not of that large and well-known class who are popularly supposed to part with their money as rapidly as possible.

## THE AMERICAN SNOW-BIRDS.

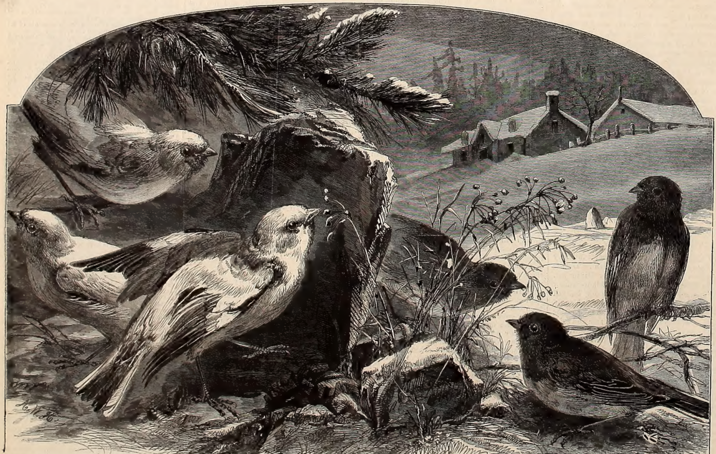
We present on this page illustrations of two species of American birds, which are frequently seen at this time of the year, and which are familiar to almost every woodsman. In our illustrations they are drawn about two-thirds the size of nature.

### THE SNOW-BIRD

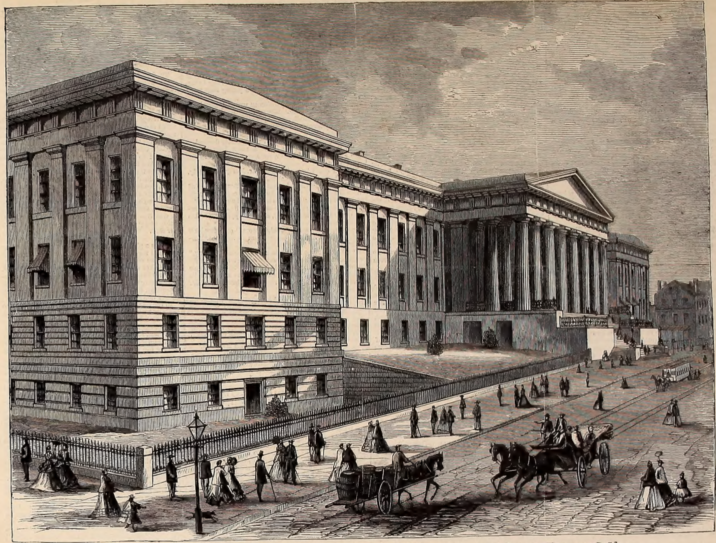
is known, we believe, only to America. The dark slate-colored birds on the right in the drawing are our most common variety. Their distinctive marks are the snow-white breast and the white feathers on the side of the tail, the latter seen very plainly when the bird is flying. The coming of the Snow-bird and his increased activity in the search for food are looked upon as sure prognostics of a storm. When very deep snow covers the ground they become half domesticated, and collect about the barns and other out-houses, and even round the steps of the doors, not only in the country, but in the largest cities.

### THE SNOW-BUNTING.

Upon the left of the engraving are Snow-buntings—another species of our winter birds. They are among the most interesting of our birds, possessing several peculiarities. They make their appearance in the Northern States early in December, coming in flocks of different sizes, and flying closely together at some little elevation from the ground. They are restless and roving in disposition, and timid and retiring by nature, skulking in the most retired and mountainous districts.



AMERICAN SNOW-BIRDS.—[Drawn by H. W. Herrick.]



UNITED STATES PATENT-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

## THE PATENT OFFICE.

WE present our readers this week with a view of the southern front of the Patent Office at Washington City, one of the most imposing of our public buildings. It stands as a very significant sign of the growth, enterprise, and keen intellect of the nation. On a clear moonlight night there is nothing more beautiful than this immense edifice of pure marble, glistening with the moonbeams, and almost speaking to the beholder of the vastness of his country's power and the worth of its Union. The order of architecture in which it is built is Grecian Doric; there are porticoes on the south, east, and west sides —the southern portico being copied from the Parthenon at Athens. The total height is 74 feet 11 inches; it is 275 wide by 406 feet 6 inches long. In the third story are saloons for the exhibition and preservation of models.

## RACHEL'S FOLLY.

### I.—RACHEL'S LOVERS.

THE sun was setting, shedding a blaze of yellow light over the great tossing sea, over the little village of Eastend, and over the brown cliffs running for many a mile along the seashore on either side of the village.

On the beach were groups of children playing, of girls talking and laughing together, and of men, who—some smoking, some sleeping among the boats and fishing-smacks drawn up above the tide-mark—were enjoying their day of rest after their own fashion.

There was no afternoon service at Eastend, so the villagers always turned out to talk and pass their Sunday afternoon socially on the shore. They were a quiet set of people—orderly, sober, industrious, regular in their attendance at church, hard-working and, on the whole, prosperous.

Of course when I say this, I do not mean that they were remarkably good, or better than their neighbors, but that there were few openly vicious characters among them—few cases of disorderly conduct; and the work that was ready for their hands to do they did willingly and well. Some of them were fishermen; but most of them were employed in a large building standing a little away from the village—a rope-manufactory belonging to the squire of the place.

This gentleman was the brother of the clergyman; and perhaps it was owing to the interest they both took in their people, and to the care they bestowed on them, that the villagers of Eastend were such an orderly, respectable set.

That particular evening of which I am writing you might have seen among the group of girls sauntering about one so remarkable for her fresh beauty that it was almost impossible not to notice her.

She was taller than any of her companions, and so finely made that her badly-fitting print dress might disfigure but could not hide the perfect grace of her form. Thick gold-brown hair was coiled in masses round her head, and combed carefully away from the sweetest face that you could wish to see; a face which, with its blue eyes and rosy lips, its dimples and its smiles, looked more like one you would expect to see in a painter's study than among a group of fisher girls.

If you had watched her, you would have seen that among the whole set of men, women, and children she seemed singled out for kind words and kind smiles. As she sat there lounging against a fishing-boat, now one and then the other came to chat a moment; and more than once some little child would leave its play to climb upon her lap and throw its arms round her neck, while the girls of her own age clustered round her, some sitting on the pebbly beach, some lounging about the boats, like bees round their queen.

A happier scene than Eastend beach could not be found; and it was no wonder that the girls saw with regret the great sun sink beneath the waves, and heard the village clock chime six. In ten minutes after the first stroke the beach was clear, and the village street was crowded with the people going to church.

I am wrong when I say the beach was clear; behind the black boats there was still one figure lingering—it was the beautiful fisher girl, Rachel Kently.

She had let them all go one after another, finding some excuse to linger behind; and now, as the beach was deserted by all but herself, she looked anxiously around her. "I wonder what they'll say when they miss me," she muttered to herself, as she began playing nervously with the pebbles. "And father too! poor father!"

Then she crept a little farther in among the fishing-boats and laid down her beautiful head on the bare ground, that she might be quite hidden from the view of any one on the road above. The light faded, one or two stars came out, and still Rachel lay quietly under the shadow of the boats, only raising her head from her hard pillow to cast now and then an anxious glance at the sea.

At length the sound of a keel among the shingles broke the evening stillness, and then she looked up and called out clearly but gently, and without moving from her hiding-place: "Under the big boat, Mr. Sapping." At the sound of her voice a tall young man, dressed like a gentleman, jumped from the little skiff, drew it up as high on the shore as he could, and then he too crept among the vessels on the strand and was lost to view.

* * * *

There was a long pier at the end of the village of Eastend; a long wooden pier, stretching half a mile, they said, into the sea; and at the little round-house at its foremost end lived a man of about thirty years of age, and of a character that, in his way, made him as remarkable as Rachel Kently among the Eastenders.

He had been a sailor in early youth, and was such a desperate, daring character that when he left the service no one regretted it. At the same time he was a clever fellow—brave, and, in the service of a friend, capable of kind deeds, and even generous ones.

He lived a solitary life in the round-house, and passed his time easily enough in putting up the signal-lights and performing other duties in connection with the steamers constantly touching at the pier.

It was supposed that Tom

"UNDER THE BIG BOAT, MR. SAPPING!"

Harding, or, as he was more usually called, "Big Tom," on account of his great size, was rich. His small house was comfortably furnished; he was always well-dressed, and he never seemed to deny himself any pleasure or comfort on account of money. You may be sure, therefore, that there was many a girl in Eastend who smiled pleasantly on Big Tom, in spite of his reputation for ferocity; and many a mother who thought that little round-house might make a very cozy home for her daughter, in spite of its being exposed to wind and weather.

Big Tom said he wanted no wife. He declared that he hated women; and he never could be persuaded to go to any of the village gatherings, till one day Rachel Kently happened to come to the end of the pier to meet her father. Then Tom's conduct suddenly altered. He began to make a habit of sauntering down to the North Star Inn, near where Sam Kently lived, every evening.

Sometimes he saw only Sam; but sometimes Rachel would come to bring her father some message or fetch him home, and then Big Tom would walk a little way with her, and go home very happy.

By degrees he grew bolder. He took to calling on Sam at his queer old boat-house; and at length he absolutely went to church in the evening with the father and daughter.

Meanwhile it was remarked that he was always buying something or other to make that comfortable little house at the end of the pier more comfortable still; he had it painted freshly too, rather gayly, and made more weather-tight.

Altogether things looked very much as if Big Tom was thinking of taking home a wife, and that that wife was to be Rachel Kently. Still, whenever the neighbors joked the girl about him, and asked her when she was going to be mistress of the round-house, she only laughed it off or blushed, and said she was too young for Big Tom's wife, and too timid to live in such an out-of-the-way place as the end of the long pier was.

The truth was, Big Tom had never yet asked her to marry him, and Rachel was not at all anxious that he should.

She was a timid girl, and it frightened her to think of marrying the fierce-looking, enormous man, in spite of his soft manner to her: she had heard a great deal of his former life; she had heard him swear too; and once, never to be forgotten, she had seen him in one of his terrible fits of passion; and the idea of going to live alone with such a man alarmed her. But she kept all these thoughts to herself. She knew her father would be only too glad to have Tom Harding as a son-in-law; and from her babyhood she had been accustomed to give way to his will.

So she walked with Tom, listened to him, smiled at him, and allowed him to buy her little ornaments and deck her hair clumsily with the flowers he brought every day; and yet at night she would kneel down and pray humbly that she might never be his wife.

## II.—BIG TOM TO THE RESCUE.

On that particular evening of which I am writing Tom Harding had gone into church as usual, expecting to find Sam Kently and his daughter in their accustomed places. To his surprise the old man came hobbling in a few minutes later alone.

Sam himself seemed astonished not to see his daughter any where about. He looked around anxiously, and then sat down, evidently expecting her soon to appear; for every time the door opened he turned to see who came in.

But the prayers and lessons were over and no Rachel; the last hymn was sung, and still no Rachel.

Big Tom's patience was at an end. He stooped quietly for his hat while the congregation were kneeling over the prayer before the sermon, and when people rose up from their knees his place was empty. He did not quite know what he feared, or why he should find any thing to be anxious about, in Rachel's absence. Still his heart misgave him that there was something wrong in it.

It was very quiet out-of-doors. One or two sailors lounging before the North Star, and one or two old women sitting at their cottage-doors, were the only human beings visible.

Tom felt glad that it was dusk. He could pass them more easily without being forced to stop and talk. And he didn't want to talk and tell them he had come out of church because Rachel Kently was not there. However, one of them stood just in his path, and he couldn't help himself.

"Holloa, Harding; why, you are out early, mate!" exclaimed the man, puffing out a cloud of smoke. "Where are you steering to now?"

Tom walked on a pace or two.

"Oh, ahead," he answered, pointing seaward in the direction of the pier.

"Wind's rising; sing you a few sea-songs to-night, I'm thinking," said the other. And then, as Tom moved on again, grunting assent, he called after him: "I say, mate, if you fall in with young Mr. Sapping, just shout to him to stick to the land to-night."

"Mr. Sapping!" answered Big Tom, stopping short. "Is he in these parts?"

"Down somewhere yonder. I saw him sailing alongside o' the pier an hour ago in that bit o' a skiff; and now she's lying nigh the boats on the beach. Hail him as you pass, mate!"

Big Tom turned round slowly, and looked eagerly in the direction pointed out to him.

"Ay, ay," he said, gruffly, moving off; and then he muttered still more gruffly to himself: "And what does *he* want o' these parts?"

He had a suspicion—a suspicion that made his fierce face look fiercer than ever—as he walked along the quiet dusky road in the direction of Sam Kently's home.

Sam's dwelling-place was an odd mixture of boat and hut. The front looked as if it was made of a black barge, planked in and set up endways; and the back was a kind of hut, well tarred to make it water-proof. It was not so uncomfortable within as you might have supposed. Rachel's natty fingers had beautified it in various ways; and the large arm-chair drawn close up to the little fire-place, with the supper-table already laid beside it, looked very inviting, as Tom gently pushed open the door and peeped in.

"Rachel," he called; "Rachel, are you there?" And then, no one answering, he walked in.

Tom's eyes were sharp, and perhaps that night anxiety made them sharper. As he looked round he noticed that Rachel's bonnet, usually hanging against the wall, was gone, and that the supper-table had only one knife and fork on it, only one plate. Sam's pipe was lying on the mantle-shelf ready filled, and beside it stood the black bottle from which Sam took his dram before going to bed. Rachel's fingers had been carefully busy; but why was all this prepared so much earlier than usual?

As he was pondering this he heard steps come softly over the pebbles. The door was pushed a little ajar, and then Rachel's sweet voice said,

"In five minutes. I shall only take my cloak and a small bundle."

"Make haste then, darling!" returned another voice, which Tom recognized as Mr. Sapping's; "and while you get your things I'll just run down and get that rope from Hempson. Be as quick as you can; they'll be out of church in ten minutes."

Big Tom's bronzed face turned ashy pale as he listened; dreadful passion and fierce grief were at his heart; but he restrained himself, and, as softly as he could, pushed open the door of Sam's sleeping closet and crept in as Rachel entered the front-room. Through the little pane of glass that lighted the closet he could watch her movements. And he did watch, his face growing each moment more angry and fierce-looking.

Rachel went to work hastily, collecting a few things, first from one drawer and then another; and then she made them up into a small tight packet. She was very pale, and breathed quickly and hard, like one trying to keep down sobs; but she never hesitated. Then she threw on her cloak and tied on her bonnet; and giving one hasty glance round on the old familiar room, muttered, "God forgive me!" and went out.

"Heartless, deceitful little jade!" Tom growled to himself; "but"—and he swore a dreadful oath—"she shall learn Tom Harding is not to be played with or cheated by a silly girl."

And then he went as softly as he could after her out of the house on to the beach. She was walking quickly in the direction of the boat; and in the twilight he could just see her figure standing solitarily by the edge of the sea, waiting for the man Tom already hated as his greatest enemy on earth.

Big Tom strode like a giant over the shingles; and in two minutes he had reached the skiff, run it down to the very edge of the water, and then, before Rachel was quite aware of who had come upon her, had seized her in his strong arms and thrown her into the boat. The next moment the sail was up, and they were dancing over the waves at a rate that soon made a long distance between them and the shore.

Rachel gave a long frightened cry as she saw *who* had discovered her, and then sank down in the stern of the boat and covered up her face in her shawl.

## III.—TWO VOWS.

If she had been on the land she would have screamed and cried; but what good would it do alone on the great sea with that fierce angry man? She was quite in his power, out of the reach of all human aid, for no one could hear her at that distance from shore; and, in spite of the rising wind, he was standing out to sea.

All the horrible stories of jealousy and revenge, of jilted lovers murdering their false loves and killing themselves too, passed through her brain, and terrified her almost to madness. She dared not uncover her eyes and look at his fierce face; she dared not move; she dared not even pray; for, after all, might not this be God's punishment on her for thinking of deserting her old father? And then the idea of dying with this sin fresh upon her, unrepented of, even unconfessed before her Saviour, made death more awful still.

The wind blew chilly over her, the boat danced and tossed about like a nut-shell over the waves, and the spray dashed over her in continual showers; and still he kept her before the wind, flying out toward the sea at a tremendous speed.

Death, thought the terrified girl, must be very near, very, very near. And then she put her two cold hands together and tried to say the prayer her mother had taught her before she died; but her lips would not move; the sound of waters rushing, rushing every where, filled her ears, and she fell down on her face, and remembered no more.

When she woke up again to life she was lying on a soft rug before a warm fire in a queer-shaped, low-ceilinged room. The wind still seemed whistling quite close to her, and the waves dashing and plashing round her; but for all that she felt safe. She tried to remember where she could be, and how she had got there; and as she lifted up her head and caught sight of the figure sitting beside her she guessed well enough.

Big Tom was beside her, with his elbows resting on his knees and his chin on his hands, and he was looking at her with his dark angry eyes. She was still in his power, and now in that solitary round-house at the end of the pier. She put up her hands to her eyes not to see him, and she cried out:

"Oh, Tom, Tom, don't look like that at me! What have you brought me here for?"

"Because you shouldn't bring shame on your old father and on *me*," Tom answered, never taking his fierce eyes away from her face. "You know you were as good as promised to me; and d'ye think because Mr. Sapping's a gentleman I'm going to let him take what's mine?"

"I never promised to marry you," Rachel answered, passionately. "I love Mr. Sapping, and go with him I will; he will marry me; he vowed to Heaven he would."

"Listen here, Rachel," Tom said in a low, terrible voice, and grasping her arm till she could have screamed with the pain: "I, Big Tom Harding, as never made an oath he didn't keep to, swear you shall not go with Mr. Sapping, ay, nor marry him neither; for unless you give me your solemn word to marry me to-morrow I'll lock you in here, and you shall never come out till I come to let you out with *red* hands, Rachel."

The girl gave a short frightened cry.

"No one can hear you, and I am master here. The boat's below: shall I go back after him? Say the word, girl!"

She gave a frightened look up at him, and then dropped her head on to the rug with a low, miserable sob. And then, while she lay with her face covered up from his sight, all that she had heard of his desperate character, his fierce-heartedness, kept crowding into her poor bewildered mind. She quite believed that he would keep his oath. And then, while she was thinking all this, Big Tom suddenly rose from his chair and moved toward the door.

Rachel sprang to her feet.

"Tom," she screamed, running across the room in great terror, and planting her back against the door, "stop! Listen; do what you like to me, but don't touch him. Heaven forbid that through me *he* should come to harm. I will marry you; I will be your wife. But for God's sake don't come to me with his blood upon your hands!"

Tom drew back, looking at her all the time.

"You will marry me, and love him!" he said, a little sullenly.

"If I marry you I will be a faithful wife," she answered, indignantly.

Tom went back to his chair and was silent for a moment: then suddenly he looked up at her white, beautiful face again.

"Rachel!" he exclaimed, "if I take you home to your father quietly, and forget what has happened to-night, will you swear to me, after you are my wife, never to see Mr. Sapping again?"

She hesitated a moment. Never see Mr. Sapping again—never! She meant to make Tom a faithful wife; but it seemed hard never to see that faithful, devoted Harry Sapping again.

"Well," Tom said, gruffly, "are you afraid to promise that?"

"I swear," she answered, faintly—"I swear never to see Mr. Sapping again."

And after that Tom wrapped her in his own large cloak and opened the door, and took her out on to the pier; and then he drew her hand through his arm, and they walked silently along the half mile of wooden way, with the waves dashing wildly below them and the wind whistling round them.

* * * * * * *

And that was how Tom and Rachel plighted their troth.

## IV.—TAKING THINGS QUIETLY.

About two miles from Eastend, or say from the sea-shore, stood a handsome house, known by the name of Eastend Place.

In the breakfast-room of this house the morning following that Sunday of which I was writing in the last chapter two gentlemen and a young lady were seated at the breakfast-table.

The elder of the two gentlemen was tall, gray-haired, and grave-looking. The younger was very handsome, and, you could see by his countenance, of an unusually gay temper, although that morning he seemed a little gloomy.

The young lady was pretty and elegantly dressed.

"I thought you were off to London, Harry," said the elder gentleman. "What has made you change your mind?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Harry, carelessly. "Perhaps I shall go to-night."

Just then a servant brought in a letter and handed it to Mr. Harry. "The man from the pier brought it, Sir," he said; "Big Tom he's called about here."

Mr. Harry colored a little as he took it; but he turned pale after he had read it, and he slipped it into his pocket quickly.

"Why, what an odd-looking letter!" exclaimed his quick-eyed cousin Lizzie. "What is it about, Harry?"

"Oh, only some fishing-tackle I was going to buy," answered Mr. Harry, not hesitating to tell an untruth now any more than he had last night to poor simple Rachel. But he got up from the table; and when he was alone in the park he read that letter over again. It began:

"Mr. Henry Sapping,—I know of your wicked intention toward Rachel Kently. But when you have this she will be my wife; and I warn you it will be a bad day for you that you speak your wicked words to her again. I have taken an oath about it, and Tom Harding never yet forgot his oath. Look to yourself, and keep out of both our ways.

"Tom Harding."

He was annoyed at being threatened by a man of Tom's rank; and he was also annoyed at hearing that pretty Rachel had escaped him and was married. It put him quite out of temper for the whole of the morning; and he wandered about the park undecided whether to go and ask Tom what he meant by threatening him, the rich Mr. Sapping's son and heir, or to go off to London and say nothing to any one about the affair.

After a good deal of meditation he determined on the latter course; and, in justice to young Sapping, I must say that it was not because he feared even that fierce Tom Harding. The truth was, Mr. Harry wanted his father to pay rather a large bill; and he knew that if his "scrape," as he called it, came to Mr. Sapping's ear, he was very certain to refuse his son the money and put him out of form for some time.

So, while poor Rachel was weeping to herself, and thinking how miserable Harry must be to have lost her, and how unfaithful he must think her, Mr. Harry was reckoning up his bills, and riding in a first-class carriage to London, and trusting most devoutly his "scrape" would not get talked of in the village, and so reach his father's ear. He thought very little about Rachel. And then in the evening he went to a ball, and met another beautiful girl, who quite drove the little fisher maiden out of his head.

## V.—BROKEN FAITH.

Quiet Eastend was quite startled when, one day, it became known that sweet Rachel Kently was actually married to Tom Harding.

People could not believe it at first; and it was only on Mr. Sapping, the clergyman, assuring them that he himself had joined their hands early one morning in the solitary little church that they were satisfied that daring Big Tom had not carried off his pretty prize by force.

Almost every inhabitant of Eastend found some excuse to go to the end of the long pier after that; and there, sure enough, all eyes saw another face and figure than Tom's flitting about the curious little round-house.

At first it was rather a sad, frightened face, and apt to hide itself behind the muslin blinds; but as time went on it grew brighter and bolder, and by degrees, when some old companion loitered up to the pier-head, the door of the round-house would be opened gently, and pretty Mrs. Harding would step out for a few minutes' chat.

And I can assure you, in spite of its odd position, in spite of the manner in which she had been forced into becoming its mistress, Rachel found the little round-house a very comfortable home.

Big Tom might be fierce to other people, but to his young wife he was kinder and fonder a thousand times than even handsome, merry Harry Sapping had been.

Nothing that she wished or asked for did he deny her—nothing that he could do for her, or cause to be done for her happiness, did he neglect; and though he was a little rough and a little queer, Rachel could find nothing to complain of, or to make her really regret that she had been forced to become his wife.

Tom was generous too, as men should be to their weaker wives. He never alluded to Rachel's folly, never mentioned the name of Harry Sapping. Perhaps it was because he kept his own oaths so firmly, whether they were good or bad, that made him trust his wife would do the same; at any rate he never questioned her about it. It seemed as if he had entirely forgotten that dreadful Sunday night, and as if he had forgotten that such a person as Mr. Harry Sapping was in existence.

It was the wisest course Tom could have pursued. Had he taunted Rachel with her sin she was still vain and foolish enough to have upbraided him in return for all he had forced her to give up, and which in her heart she still kept repining over.

The poor child had believed Mr. Sapping faithfully when he promised to marry her; and in marrying Tom Harding she fancied herself giving up a gentleman for a husband, and a grand house with carriage and servants, and fine clothes and jewels, and all the rest that her imagination pictured Mr. Sapping's wife would have. She never for an instant dreamed that instead of rescuing her from wealth and happiness Tom had rescued her from sin and shame.

So, at first, she took her husband's kindness for a wish to make up to her for what she had lost; and though she was a little sullen and sore, she allowed herself to be coaxed by it, till at length she gradually began to like it, and then to care a little about that great rough Tom himself.

It took a long time to do all this—a great many summer evenings, when she would sit on the wooden steps of the pier, sewing and singing, or listening to the plash of the great clear green waves below, while Tom climbed about, hoisting the signals, or fishing, or cleaning his boat, but always finding time to come and talk and sit by her; a great many autumn and winter nights, when even beside the cozy fire the roar of the sea and the whistle of the winds would make her glad to come and nestle down at his feet, and bury her head in that old rug; a great many days and nights, days and nights, till last year seemed a long while ago.

And the love for her husband came on so gradually that I think she scarcely knew herself that it had come at all, till one day she held a little child in her weak arms, and then, as she murmured its father's name over it, she burst into tears, and asked God to forgive her.

To forgive her hard-heartedness, I suppose; and after that, when she was strong and about the house again, it seemed as if a new spirit was in her, she was so loving and gentle.

Well for her had it been if those pleasant days had continued—if Heaven had mercifully spared her further temptation; and well also had it been for her, when she knelt down beside her baby's bed night and morning, if, when she prayed for God's blessing on those dear to her, she had prayed for strength for herself—if, when thanking God for His goodness in giving her so much love, she had besought Him to strengthen her to deserve and preserve it faithfully.

Rachel Harding was a careful, loving mother—a gentle, obedient wife; she read her Bible, said her prayers, went regularly to church, and, as far as appearances went, was at peace with all friends and neighbors; and if you had told her she was not a religious young woman, she would have been very much startled; but it was this very self-confidence that prevented her being really religious, really zealous in the service of her God.

* * * * * * *

It was a pleasant early June evening; the sunshine was still flooding land and sea, and dancing round and about the odd little house at the pier-head, till every pane in the small windows shone like burnished gold.

Down below swelled and flowed the clear green water, flashing under the sunlight every now and then like diamonds, but passing under the shadow of the pier calmly and darkly.

In the distance two or three white sails stood out to sea, and near at hand a few dark fishing-boats floated lazily on the calm, gently swelling waves.

Big Tom had gone down the coast on some business; and so Rachel, with her baby in her arms, was sitting on the pier-steps hushing it to sleep, and watching for the signal of his return to go in and set the supper-table.

The sunlight now and then crept in through some crevice in the wood-work, and fell on her sweet face and brown hair, and then a prettier picture than the young mother you might have hunted Eastend for and not found.

There she sat, now singing a low sweet song to her baby, now listening to the low, sweet song of the waves, evil thoughts as far from her as the sky is from the earth, when the noise of something rustling and plashing gently through the water made her look up hurriedly, fancying perhaps her husband had come upon her unawares; and she was about to call out, "Tom, is that you?" when a small boat, a tiny skiff, rounded the head of the pier. A crimson color rushed into her face; she knew that skiff well; there was no occasion to look down into the face that was gazing up at her from under that straw-hat to find out to whom it belonged. Her heart beat with great throbs under the baby's sleeping head.

"Your oath, Rachel!" whispered conscience; "get up and go away into the house; he will not dare to follow you there."

"He has not come to see me," she muttered to herself; "he does not even look at me. Of course I sha'n't speak to him."

And so the foolish girl bent her head over her baby, and thought, as she did not look at the tempter, she was doing no harm.

"Rachel!" called out Harry Sapping; "how are you, Rachel? Surely you will speak to me?"

She did not reply, but bent her head lower over the child.

"Surely, Rachel, you don't think I'm such a scoundrel that you are afraid to speak to me. Mayn't I come up?" called out Harry Sapping again, and pushing his hat off so that she might see his kind, handsome, pleading face.

"Don't, Sir," Rachel answered in a frightened voice; "I swore never to speak to you. Go away; please go away!"

"But there is no harm, Rachel, you silly child; I only want to have a look at you, and hear if you are happy with that great ruffian of yours. Let me come up?"

Mr. Sapping put his foot on the first step; but at that moment the large, dark sail, which Rachel's quick eye could distinguish while it was still a speck in the horizon, hove in view. She started to her feet. "Go," she exclaimed, "or it will be dreadful for us both!" And then she sprang up the steps, dashed into the house, and flung herself panting in her chair.

For a few minutes she listened, in an agony of fear and anxiety, for the sound of Mr. Sapping's departure. The water splashed and rushed among the wood-work, but her well-accustomed ear could clearly distinguish that from the motion of a boat.

"Surely Harry would not be so mad as to wait Tom's return!"

She clutched the baby till it woke and began to cry, in her anxiety; and then a voice called out, "To-morrow, Rachel; good-by!" and then the welcome deep and regular rushing of the waters announced that he was gone.

Tom's boat was a slow sailer, while Mr. Sapping's skiff skimmed the waves like a sea-bird. Now that he was once off she had no fear; so she laid the baby on the bed and began setting the supper, and tried all the while to look natural, and be glad that her husband was so near at hand.

But when she looked at herself in the glass she saw that she was deadly pale, and her poor fingers trembled so that she could scarcely set the table.

Would her husband notice her looks? Had he seen Mr. Sapping's skiff? Would he be angry? Should she tell him?

No; she trembled at the bare thought—she dared not. What would he think of her breaking her oath? He would never forgive her—never trust her again.

And then she kept murmuring, "God forgive me! God forgive me!" But it never entered her foolish, frightened head to kneel down and say, "Father, teach me what to do! Help me to do right!"

And so there she wandered about the room in a kind of giddy fear and trembling, undecided what to do, and scarcely knowing how far she had done wrong, till the sound of Tom's heavy foot ascending the steps, and his voice calling her, recalled her senses a little. At any rate, she must meet him as if nothing had happened.

The first glimpse of Tom's great bearded face told her he had not seen Mr. Sapping's boat. He was in high good-humor; he had met an old sailor friend, and had done his day's work, and was ready for a good supper and a quiet pipe.

And then he was so hungry, and busy with the nicely-broiled steak and the foaming beer, that he could only find time to praise his young wife's cookery as she sat there opposite him, pretending to eat her supper.

And then (fortunately, Rachel thought) it grew dark, and she was forced to go and put the baby to bed; and when she returned Tom had fallen asleep over his pipe, quite worn out with his day's work.

It was only when they were getting to bed that, as Big Tom turned to help her to close the shutter, he noticed something amiss in her usually bright face.

"What ails you, Rachel?" he asked, kindly; "your eyes look wild as a scared gull's; what ails you, my girl?"

For an instant her conscience whispered, "Tell him all, Rachel—be a truthful, faithful wife!" But her silly fear came again. "There's no harm done; and I shall never wrong him," it urged. So she only turned away and said, "The baby has been fretful, and I'm tired."

### VI.—STORM CLOUDS.

THE next morning was sunny and pleasant. In spite of herself, as Rachel stood on the pier-head, watching Tom prepare his boat for another trip down the coast, her spirits rose. "There is no harm done," she said to herself, "and I could not help it; besides, I *did* send him away." And so she comforted herself; and then she kissed her husband, and watched him off, and tried to believe she was as good a wife as ever.

But she wasn't so happy as she had been yesterday morning.

And as she sat sewing while the baby slept, somehow she didn't like to think about Tom; so she thought of Harry Sapping.

What a pleasant voice he had! what a handsome face! He was not married yet—and he had not forgotten her!

Such thoughts were the most dangerous she could have; and yet she would have been terribly angry had you told her they might lead to her not being a faithful wife. She trusted herself entirely.

About noon she locked up the house and took her baby with her to the village. She wanted to do some shopping, and also to see her father. The truth was she was restless and found the house lonely.

She found plenty of amusement in Eastend; plenty of kind words for herself, and admiration for the baby; but somehow she was not satisfied or pleased, so she went home earlier than usual; and then with trembling steps and a heart that kept telling her she was tampering with her happiness, she went to her accustomed seat on the pier-steps. What was she going to do?

"Nothing," she would have replied; "she always sat there; besides—"

But whenever a sail came in sight her heart bounded and her color came; and she sang no song that evening—she was listening much too intently.

Poor foolish Rachel!

And the time seemed long till that skiff came in sight; and then she bent over her baby, but she did not move away, nor even call out when, without any word or question, Mr. Sapping fastened his boat to the pier and then jumped on to the steps.

"My sweet Rachel," he exclaimed, as he took her hand and sat down beside her, "it seems years since we met; and how changed you are!"

"Changed!" she said, in an uneasy tone. "Ah, I am older, you know; and married life changes one."

"I don't mean in looks," Mr. Sapping went on; "you are as pretty as ever, my darling; it is to me in your manner you are changed. You don't care for me any longer, I see."

Rachel remembered that she was a wedded wife—for she was foolish not wicked—and answered, gravely, "No, Sir; because I am Tom's wife now, and it would be sinful."

Harry Sapping laughed gayly; and Rachel blushed and felt grieved, and wished herself away in the round-house.

"Is that all?" asked Harry; "then you don't hate me for myself?" And he again took her hand; and then, as he noticed the wedding-ring on it, he laughed again. "My dearest little prude, and how does the ruffian use you?"

"Very well. Please, Sir, don't talk of him like that," Rachel said, with dignity.

"Well, I won't, if you don't like it. I only want to have a little talk with you. You needn't be afraid of me, Rachel, or look so cross."

And so they talked on for half an hour, till the sunlight, playing on the sea and on the little house above them, began to fade. There was not much wrong in any thing they said, or any thing they did: there would have been no harm at all had not Rachel been a wedded wife, and sworn never to speak to Harry Sapping again. And when at length he rose to go they parted very quietly. Rachel drew back firmly from his offered kiss; and he for once was a little abashed at her modest dignity, and pressed her hand almost respectfully as he got into his boat. Then he pushed off and she stood watching him.

"No harm," she whispered to herself over and over again as she mounted the pier-steps slowly and re-entered the house. "I have shown him how steady and firm I am. There is no harm, I am sure."

And then she took out a small pair of ear-rings that he had brought her and held them out to catch the light; and she again began to dream of all the pretty things which would have been hers had Harry Sapping married her.

And these thoughts hardened her conscience. She began to care less about deceiving Tom, and to think he had used her hardly in forcing her to become his honest wife. And she laid the baby on her bed and began to fasten in the new glittering ear-rings before the looking-glass, and to wonder if Mr. Sapping did really think her as pretty as ever.

Long as this takes to write it all happened in a very few minutes; so few that, when heavy steps coming along the pier in the direction of the land startled her, she quite forgot that those tell-tale ear-rings were still in her ears, in a dreadful fear that her husband was coming, and that Mr. Sapping's skiff must still be in sight.

She caught up the baby in an instant and went into the front-room just as Tom opened the door.

Her heart throbbed with fear; but she managed to toss up the baby with trembling arms and exclaim, "Why, Tom, how early you're home!"

"Not earlier than yesterday," he replied, in a voice that sounded strange to her anxious ear. "Isn't supper ready?"

"In a moment," she said, glad to bustle away.

He had not kissed her as usual; he hadn't noticed the baby; and his eyes had a fierce light in them, although he spoke quietly.

The young wife's heart sank within her. "Something wrong," she thought to herself, as she began laying the cloth. "He has seen the skiff; will he question me? what shall I say?"

"The truth; tell the truth and all may yet be well," whispered conscience.

Big Tom stood leaning against the mantle-shelf, and Rachel busied herself frying the bacon beside him. She would have given worlds for a kind word, even for a word on any ordinary subject. But he took no notice of her; he did not even try to hurry her as he often did when hungry.

I am not sure but that a single kiss from him in that moment would have induced her to tell him the whole truth; for all the hard thoughts had passed away, and just then no person on earth seemed so precious as her great strong husband.

"Are you tired, Tom?" she at length ventured to ask, gently.

"I was," he answered, gruffly; "but I've forgot all about that."

"What are you thinking of?" she again ventured to say, in a trembling voice.

"Never mind; get the supper," he replied, sternly; and then he went away out on to the pier.

"He has seen Harry," she thought to herself. "What will become of me? Why didn't he get in a rage like he used? Is any thing—"

And then that dreadful threat of his on the night she had attempted to go away with Mr. Sapping flashed through her memory, and she could not help crying out in her terror.

Big Tom came in immediately, and then it was all on the tip of her tongue to tell him out, and beg his forgiveness; but he looked so fierce and grim her coward heart shrank again.

"The bacon-fat burned me," she said, in excuse. "Come to supper, will you, Tom?"

And then they both sat opposite to each other and began to eat silently, neither of them looking up.

In vain the baby crowed and laughed; neither father nor mother had smiles to give it. Rachel only drew it to her bosom, and tried to nurse it.

At length Tom looked up, and as he pushed his plate from him, said, in his gruffest tone: "Where have you been to-day, Rachel?"

"To the village," she answered. "I wanted to buy some tea and sugar, and to see father: father's been ailing lately, you know, Tom." She spoke in a low, gentle tone, very different from his.

"Has any one been to see you to-day?" Tom went on.

"From the village, do you mean?" his wife asked, feeling sick at heart; not wishing to tell a lie, and not daring to tell the truth.

"Any one, I say; any one from any where?" Tom cried, thumping the table with his great fist. "Can't you answer, girl?"

And then poor foolish Rachel colored up and answered: "No; I don't know why you are so cross and unkind, Tom;" and she got up from the table and went out of the room.

Big Tom looked after her with a puzzled expression. "I'd give worlds to know the truth," he muttered; "for, by the heaven above me, I'd keep my oath;" and then he too got up and took his pipe to smoke by himself at the end of the pier.

It was the first evening they had spent apart since their marriage.

### VII.—A FATAL MEETING.

WHEN Tom went in Rachel was in bed, and apparently asleep; and early the next morning Tom turned out, and was busy with his boat; so that husband and wife didn't speak to each other until breakfast.

Rachel glanced anxiously at him as he sat down, to see if the fierce gloominess had worn off at all; but he still looked grim; and he made no remark to her, as he was always in the habit of doing when he came in.

"You won't be away so long to-day, will you?" she said, as he rose to go out again.

"How do you know?" he replied, sharply.

Rachel colored, and said, of course she didn't *know* any thing; only she hoped he wouldn't be.

The truth was, Harry Sapping had told her his father, who employed Tom on these expeditions, intended to go himself that day, and that, therefore, her husband would return about three or four o'clock; in consequence of which he (Mr. Sapping) proposed paying his visit about noon, to be sure of Tom's being absent.

Rachel followed him as usual to the pier-steps with the baby in her arms; then rather tremblingly she held up the child to receive a farewell kiss, and afterward put up her own cheek.

As she did so the sun glittered on something half hidden in her hair, and caught her husband's eye; and he put out his great fingers and took hold of those shining ear-rings. Alas for Rachel! she had forgotten them.

In a moment his eyes were gleaming fiercer than ever, his dark face growing livid with anger.

"Where did you get these? Who gave you them?" he asked, in a voice terrible with suppressed passion.

Rachel's fear made her bold for an instant.

"I've had them a long time," she replied, in a firm voice; "a very long time."

He raised his hand—no, he didn't strike her to his feet, but he pointed to the door of the house, and said, in a tone that struck a cold, icy fear to her heart: "That is a lie! go in, and leave the house again if you dare!"

And she did not dare disobey; and he came and locked the door after her, and put the key in his pocket.

I can not describe her thoughts or her dreadful fears, as she sat for a moment pale as a corpse on the chair into which she had first dropped.

Then she got up almost frantic, and shouted for her husband. "Come back! only come back! and I will tell you the holy truth, as I hope for God's pardon. Come back, come back!"

But in vain she cried, in vain she called—no voice answered her—not a step sounded near; the dash of the waves below and the sighing of the breeze were the only breaks to the dreadful stillness.

Had Tom gone? or was he hidden near, watching, ready to pounce on Harry Sapping when he came like a wild beast on its prey?

And then she tormented herself with wondering what would happen? Would Tom keep his dreadful oath? If he did, it would be all her fault? an awful sin would be done on account of her cowardice and deceit. And worse, Harry's blood would be upon her head; and still worse—but she dared not go on, she could only hide her eyes and moan—moan till even the noise she made was dreadful to her own ear.

No thought of prayer entered her head; she felt as if it would be a mockery to pray while a dreadful wickedness was enacting through her folly. So she sat moaning there, with dry parched lips and haggard eyes, and not even hearing the cry of the baby on her lap.

How the time passed she knew not; it seemed ages since she had been sitting there; and yet the clock ticking in the corner showed only a quarter to twelve.

In a quarter of an hour more Harry Sapping ought to come—what would happen then? She listened intently for the least sound. No steamers touched at the pier before half an hour after noon. No one would come to the round-house before them; and half an hour was an age to perform a crime. She dreaded the sound of a boat.

But as the clock told ten minutes to twelve, that sound came—came quite close; and then, to her terror, she heard steps on the pier-stairs, and a voice calling gently, "Rachel, Rachel!"

She held her breath to listen for some signs of her husband's being near, but none came; and Harry Sapping kept on calling her by name. Then she took courage, and crept to the window looking out over the sea, and opened it.

"Go away," she called out, in a voice that sounded sharp and harsh; "for God's sake go away! Tom has discovered us, and he is fearfully angry; your life is in danger!"

"What nonsense, child! Tom's not such a ruffian," laughed Harry. "Come out, or let me in; there's a darling!"

"For God's sake," she cried again, "go, go!" And as she spoke a dark shadow came across from the other side of the pier. She screamed, and hid her eyes. Oh, Heaven, what was to follow? But when she looked again the little boat was dancing over the waves at a little distance, with Harry Sapping in it; and then the shadow of Tom's great figure turned the corner away from her sight, and she heard his heavy steps coming down the pier in the direction of the land.

Harry Sapping was still safe; but Tom was pursuing him.

Rachel said, "Thank God!" and the words seemed to bring something to her remembrance; and she flung herself on her knees in the middle of the floor and prayed—prayed as she never in all her life had prayed before—that God would prevent this sin, would help her to prevent this terrible evil.

And it seemed to calm her. She put on her bonnet and shawl after that, and putting the baby within reach, she opened the window and managed to crawl out, and then, with her child in her arms, she ran down the pier after her husband.

A brave resolve was in the young wife's heart. She would prevent her husband from doing this sin, at any risk, even if her own life should have to be sacrificed.

So on she ran, only stopping at the end of the pier to inquire which way her husband had gone.

But no one seemed to know. Tom Harding passed so often that no one marked his coming and going. She ran on, looking wildly about; but every thing was quiet and peaceful, and there was no sign of either her husband or Mr. Sapping.

Which way should she go? Should she tell any one her great fear, and ask for help?

She looked round, and while she was hesitating she noticed that small skiff lying on the beach empty.

"He has gone home. Tom has followed him," she cried almost aloud; and then, swift as a young fawn, in spite of her burden and the hot sunshine, she set off running along the dusty road toward Eastend Place.

Heedless of passers-by, or of their wondering looks, the poor frightened girl kept up her headlong speed till she reached the lodge-gates of the great Place; and then, as she burst in upon the gate-keeper, she sank with a terrible cry upon the ground.

Fortunately the woman knew her, and in an instant she had taken the baby from her arms, and was vainly trying to understand the question Rachel was sobbing out as she lay gasping on the floor.

"Tom—my husband?" at length she managed to say audibly.

"Ay, child; he's come and gone," answered the woman. "Did ye want him?"

"Gone!" cried the poor wife, springing up with new life; "gone, did you say? Where, oh, where? Which way? Tell me quick, for the sake of Mr. Sapping—for the sake of us all."

"Why, what *is* the matter? the heat's sent ye mad," answered the gate-keeper, looking with some fright into Rachel's flushed face. "Sit ye down quiet, Mrs. Harding, while I fetch Miss Lizzie; she's outside;" and without waiting a reply, the woman ran out, and in a moment almost returned with a kind, pretty-looking young lady.

"I am sorry—" she began, taking Rachel's hand; but Rachel clutched hold of her like a mad woman.

"Mr. Harry!" she exclaimed. "Oh, miss, tell me where he is! My husband's after him, miss, and there'll be awful wickedness done if he finds him; and it's all my fault. Can't you help me, miss? For the love of Heaven, help me!"

The young lady turned deadly pale. "Your husband was at the Place half an hour ago, inquiring for my cousin Harry. What does he want with him?"

"He's sworn a dreadful oath against him," Rachel almost shrieked. "Which way did he go?" and catching up her baby, she turned toward the door.

Miss Sapping followed her. "I told him Harry was going to London by the next train," she exclaimed. "Let us go to the railway station. Oh, Heaven! help us!"

And then Rachel sprang off, and Lizzie following her, away both the girls ran, tearing over the fields and along the lanes toward the station.

A train was on the point of starting for Ranford, the junction where all passengers from Eastend changed for London; and they had only just time to get their tickets, and make a hurried inquiry if Tom or Mr. Sapping had been seen about the station.

One guard alone had noticed a tall man, whom he thought was Tom Harding, rush in just in time to catch the train that had started about half an hour ago for Ranford; but no one had seen Mr. Harry Sapping, and Harry Sapping was well known to every person about the station.

Lizzie Sapping, though pale as death, was more calm and collected than the poor wretched young wife, and she gave orders that should Mr. Harry Sapping appear and take a ticket for London he should be desired to return immediately tc Eastend Place; and she scribbled a few words on a piece of paper, and desired that it should be given to him or sent to the great house. And then she took her seat by Rachel, and tried to comfort her and herself with the hope that they might reach Tom before Harry left Eastend, and that, after all, all might yet be well.

And poor Rachel shrank back in the corner of the carriage, and thought that the train would never start; and though her bloodshot eyes stared about her, she was like one in a trance, and saw nothing.

At length the engine began to make some signs of departure; the great bell rang, and just then there were shouts—a well-known voice called out, "Ho, there, guard; open the door!" and then those bloodshot eyes of Rachel's did see a figure fly past the carriage, and knew that it was Mr. Harry Sapping.

The guard clung on their carriage and called in, "I couldn't help it, miss; he's off; you must stop him at the junction;" and then they steamed slowly out of the station, and there they all were rushing into the very clutches of fierce Tom Harding.

It was very terrible, very terrible to both the women; but Lizzie Sapping had no guilty conscience to add to her fears. Rachel's tortured her like a fiend.

On they went through the green fields and lanes, with the sunshine pouring down on them, and the pleasant summer air blowing in at the open windows; what a sight to look upon with their weary eyes! On they went, nearer and nearer to what they dared not think of.

Past the banks—the shining river—the green woods—the grazing sheep—the white cottages—the gray old churches—on, on, till there, as they stretched out their heads, they could see in the distance the great town of Ranford, with its large station and its complication of iron rails.

"Ranford Junction—change for London!" rang in their ears; and then, as the train stopped, they sprang out. The moment was come!

But Ranford was a large place, and many persons got out there, not only to change for different trains, but for the place itself; and as the two girls stood looking around them they saw crowds of people, but neither of those they sought. They heard, however, from one of the porters that Tom Harding had arrived by the preceding train, and had not been seen to leave the station or to go on by any other. Evidently he intended awaiting there the arrival of Harry Sapping; so their only course was now either to get Harry off before they could meet, or be ready to prevent any mischief should they see each other.

Miss Sapping was busy hunting about for her cousin; and she was just about to procure the assistance of the station-master, when Mr. Sapping came leisurely along the platform, looking about him as indifferently as if no such person as Tom Harding was in existence. When, however, he saw his cousin's pale face, beside the still more agonized one of Rachel, he started, and came hastily toward them.

"There is something terribly wrong, I fear," Miss Sapping began, with white lips; "I can not gather from this poor girl the whole story, but you, Harry, will probably understand it. Tom Harding is after you with deadly threats of vengeance."

"Oh, Mr. Sapping," Rachel murmured, vainly endeavoring to say more through her parched lips—"Oh, Mr. Sapping, go—" but she interrupted herself with a violent scream, as she pointed in the opposite direction.

Climbing down the platform, crossing the rails, with his terrible face turned toward them, came Big Tom Harding. On he came, looking neither to the right nor to the left; and then Harry Sapping, with sudden fury at the hated sight of him, shook off his cousin's hand, and, heedless of the shouts of the guards, jumped on to the rails and went with clenched fists to meet him.

What they said no one knew—what they did no one saw; for cries of terror and shouts of danger from all parts rang through the station; and a few yards off came thundering in the express train on its direct route to Bowmborough.

A wild scream—a scream that made itself heard for miles and rang above all those cries and shouts—followed; a woman's figure flew rather than ran across those terrible rails; and then came an awful minute, during which carriage after carriage flew by, and no eye dares look what that dark object was under the wheels, and every ear still rang with a death-shriek!

And when it was gone, there stood a big white-faced man and a woman clinging to him, and a few yards from them lay a crushed form and a pool of blood! Harry Sapping was killed—and Rachel's daring had saved her husband!

* * * * * * * *

And after that, for days and days Rachel's life was a blank to her—a blank during which that dreadful story spread through the country, and there was no tongue to tell whether the dead man had really deserved Tom Harding's bitter hatred, or whether his frightful end had overtaken him in the commission of a boyish folly.

Tom told out the story of his anger boldly enough; he avowed that he was pursuing Mr. Sapping with the intention of punishing him; but no question ever drew from him if he really intended to take the life that had been so awfully destroyed under his eyes.

That the accident was entirely Mr. Sapping's fault there were plenty of witnesses to prove, poor weeping Lizzie among them; and so Tom was allowed to go home to the miserable little house, where Rachel lay raving and shouting to him to save Harry Sapping! And as he listened, though he hated that name, he could not help wishing with a shudder that his had been the life taken and Mr. Sapping's spared.

What was life to him now, with that terrible memory to haunt him, and his trust in his young wife gone? And in his despair the fierce man hated the light of day, and hated to wake up to it.

But as the darkest hour is before the dawn, so those dark days heralded a more peaceful life. In his misery his heart became softened. One morning, by Rachel's side, he groaned forth a prayer—a prayer that for years had never passed his lips; and it brought back his boyhood and childhood—times when his conscience had no heavy weights on it, or black shadows, and, in spite of himself, he laid his head on his pale wife's pillow and burst into tears.

And then as reason gradually came back to Rachel she murmured in his ear her confession of the past, praying him so humbly to forgive her weak deceit, that, in his softened humor, he dared not deny her the pardon he felt he needed so terribly for his own life.

It took months and months to restore that little home to its former peacefulness; but peace came at length, and of a more enduring kind; for the husband and wife had learned to trust each other and distrust themselves, and both of them remember that had it not been for their sin the home of good Mr. Sapping had not been sonless, and that to God's mercy alone could they look for forgiveness for the past.

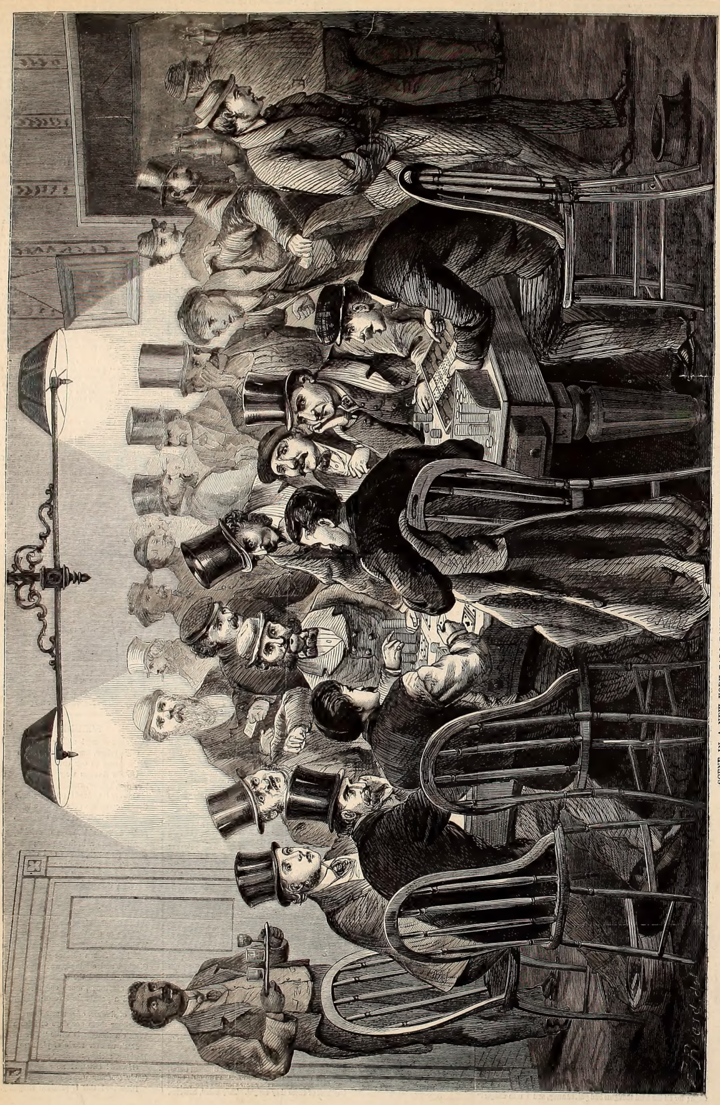
### SLEIGHING.

PLEASANT riding! swiftly gliding
  Over crispy, hard-packed snow,
All a flutter in our cutter
  Up the Avenue we go.
Trotting, pacing, running, racing,
  Onward! onward! no delaying,
Gayly scorning words of warning—
  Bless me! this is jolly sleighing.

Sleigh-bells tinkle, cares unwrinkle,
  All possess a healthy glow;
Gold's forgotten, stocks and cotton
  Can't compete to-day with snow.
Men of business feel the dizziness—
  Youth with their gray locks is playing,
While the bracing air they're facing
  In the rare fine sport of sleighing.

Whistle, Boreas! you make glorious
  Music to the ears of lovers,
While a whiteness—blinding brightness
  All the frozen surface covers.
Cloaked and ermined, we're determined
  To withstand the blasts—displaying
Some assurance, much endurance,
  And a passionate love of sleighing.

Talk of flowers, of summer hours—
  Neither these nor days of leisure
Worth a thought is while "Two-forties"
  Dash us over roads of pleasure.
Dashing, racing, trotting, pacing,
  Onward! onward! no delaying,
Gayly scorning words of warning—
  Bless me! this is pleasant sleighing.



SCENE IN A NEW YORK FARO BANK—THE CRITICAL MOMENT: MAKING "THE TURN."—[SEE PAGE 121.]

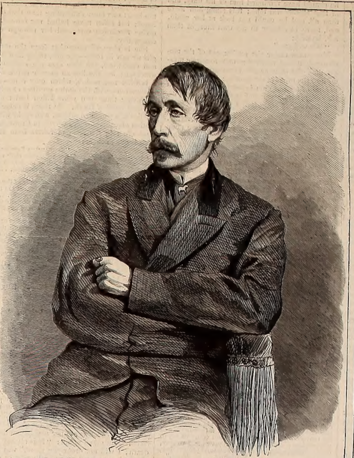
## THE FARO BANK—"THE TURN."

Among all games of chance played in this country, "Faro" is the most enticing and popular with both amateur and professional gamesters. This popularity is the result of the simplicity of the game and its apparent fairness—the amateurs believing, in their ignorance and stupidity, that the chances are even between the "dealer" and the "player;" whereas the "advantages" or "percentage" of the former pay the expenses of the most sumptuous establishments in the country.

The game is played in the following manner: A pack of cards is inserted into a silver box made for the purpose, open at the top, so that the face of every succeeding card can be seen upon removing the one above it. Our illustration presents the most exciting epoch of the game, "the turn"—or, in other words, when the dealer by removing the upper card exposes the next, which is a losing card. The succeeding one will be the winner. At this moment every eye is upon the box with the most intense anxiety; hope and fear alternately are traced upon the countenances of the players, the dealer being generally the only one whose face betrays no emotion. He sits behind the table, about the centre; on his right sits an assistant, or "the look-out," whose duty consists in keeping a sharp eye on the bets, and to see that none are missed by the dealer and left on the board when the "bank" has won them. Further to the right, at the end of the table, is the "case-keeper," with the cue-box, marking the cards that are "dead"—or out of the box. He is generally "a hanger-on" of the bank, looking out for "sleepers," or bets forgotten by the players, though the cue is often kept by any one of the players. Crowding in at every available space are the players. A little to the left, in the back-ground, comes the invariable darkey servant, with the "fuel" to keep up the steam. The picture is completed by a crowd of spongers, loafers, and spectators.

## CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was established by Mr. Henry Bergh, of New York, in 1865, having for its purpose the prosecution and punishment of all persons guilty of inhuman treatment of dumb brutes. There was great demand for such an association, for the practice of such cruelties to animals as are depicted in the sketch accompanying the portrait of the President, which we publish this week, was, and still is, of painful frequency. Cock and dog fights take place almost every night in the low dens of the metropolis, while every metropolitan reader will have noticed the cruel manner in which car and stage horses are treated by brutal drivers. One looks at the several pictures which we give, and the question naturally occurs to his mind, "Which are the brutes?"



H. BERGH, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.
[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.]

Henry Bergh, President of the Society, is one of the first philanthropists of the country, and has made a reputation for himself that will long endure. Mr. Bergh, though still a young man, has been in the public service of the country for a number of years. He was appointed by the late President Lincoln, in 1861, Secretary of Legation to Russia; and acted in that capacity, and as Consul at St. Petersburg, until 1864. He was then compelled to resign in consequence of his ill-health and the severity of the Russian climate. Shortly before his departure from St. Petersburg he was the recipient of a high honor from the Czar, who, in reply to Mr. Bergh's request for permission to visit the famous fortress of Cronstadt, tendered him the use of his own royal yacht, a compliment rarely, if ever before, paid to a private citizen.

On his return to America, in 1865, Mr. Bergh organized and obtained the charter of the Association which he now heads. This Society has made great headway, and is all the while making more, as is proved by the constant arrests and convictions—only about half of which, for some reason, are reported by the employés of the press. The measures thus far put in operation at the instance of Mr. Bergh have been of most manifest advantage in the punishment of those guilty of cruelty to animals; and if the measures urged by him upon the Legislature are adopted, and more stringent laws for the protection of dumb animals are promptly passed, we may look to an early millennium for the brute creation.

## LOST IN THE SNOW.

One of the most painful incidents of the late snow-storm comes to us from the western part of the State, and is illustrated on page 124 of the present Number of the *Weekly*. An old blind fiddler, who made his living by going from village to village and playing for the amusement of the people, was caught in the late terrible snow-storm and perished. His sole companion was the dog who acted as his guide. Becoming numbed with cold, the old man stopped to rest, and gradually lost all power of locomotion, and perished in the snow as we have depicted in the illustration. The barking of the faithful animal who had been his guide attracted aid too late; and those who went to the old man's assistance found him dead.

## ELLEN ELLERY.

By GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.

Balzac, in one of his exquisite stories which analyzes the woman nature with a power exceeded by no other writer, says: "Paris, in our day, possesses many thousand Madames de Sévignés who are able to write with the same purity and elegance, with more force and intelligence, and who do not publish their letters."

It would be an eloquent and fruitful theme for discussion to show the advancement of women since Madame de Sévigné's day in their relation to the progress of literature, art, and science. Although America is the chosen theatre where Women's Rights (so called) finds its most earnest advocates, yet here also has blossomed into beautiful flower the most lovely, the

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—"WHICH ARE THE BRUTES?"—[Sketched by A. R. Ward.]

gentlest, the noblest traits of woman nature. If Paris can produce a thousand Madames de Sévignés, we may proudly point to our thousands of Florence Nightingales, and it is in this exhibition of character that we love best to gaze upon the women of our country. During the long years of war which visited our land—in the many days, and sad, weary nights in the hospital, on transport ships, upon the battle-field itself—there was not a moment when these noble women were not by the side of the sick or wounded, with gentle hands to apply the soothing balm, or watching the fluttering breathings of him who was dying, contented that his message of faith and love would be sent to the mother, or sister, or wife, waiting and watching way up there among the Northern hills. The names of these heroines of humanity do not appear in thrilling reports of battles lost or won: no titles of brevet mark them for honor and distinction. They are not welcomed to their homes by the plaudits of enthusiastic crowds; but God knows them.

It was a touching tale of patience, endurance, self-sacrifice, of love, that of Ellen Ellery. It was a solemn night when I first saw her, and when I heard the story. The place was at Nashville, in one of the wards of a hospital used for the reception of convalescent patients, or those requiring extraordinary care. I had just left the bedside of a dear comrade whose life trembled in the balance as between that and death. It is a serious case that of a bullet through the lungs. The silence of this hall of pain was hardly broken by the smothered moan of some suffering one. In the dim light the ghostly forms of nursing Sisters of Charity moved noiselessly here and there between the thickly-crowded cots which stretched in shadowy procession into the obscurity of the long room. "Sister Ellen," for thus they named her, lay partially upon the floor by the side of one of the low hospital beds, her head and shoulder resting upon it and the arm of a young man whose white face and hollow eyes told the story of wounds and pain. Propped up by pillows, he was gazing watchfully and tenderly at her as she rested thus, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion, and by the tears which stole through the closed lids I should have thought of grief, but a beautiful smile just parted the sensitively curved lips. It was like the singing strain in one of Schuman's melodies in the mournful minor key, lifting its very sadness into a heavenly light of a restful happiness.

Ellen Ellery was a lovely type of our Western women. At the age of nineteen she possessed to a marked degree that free, expansive nature, that energy and self-confidence which seems born of the far-stretching, endless prairie, the big rivers, and ocean-like lakes. When the war broke out the electric thrill of patriotism which shook the land ran through the village of her home in Iowa. The little place was alive with excitement, and one man after another forsook his employment and started off for the recruiting rendezvous, and thence to the army in the field. Day by day as the stage drove out of the village was seen the pathetic spectacle of mother and sister saying their tearful good-by to son or brother. Ellen witnessed these scenes with a throbbing heart, and, like many an earnest woman before her time and more who will come after, wished she was a man. She was gentle and simple-hearted as a child, proud of her womanhood, yet she yearned with all the generous impulses of her nature for action; and it was yet more unbearable to remain at home in that quiet village when the thunders of the storm of battle followed that terrible calm of the first few months, when, like gladiators of old, the combatants were measuring swords before the shock of conflict.

It was just at this juncture of events that Hugh Cranston came home. He had just graduated from a theological seminary, and had taken orders, and was on his way to take charge of a church in Minnesota. Hugh and Ellen had been in love with each other, and had been engaged to be married for years. Perhaps if Ellen had lived in another and larger community, or had seen more of men, she would have chosen a lover of more demonstrative character than Hugh. At least such a thought crossed her mind as he stood beside her that winter morning of the year 1861. It is possible that she had not yet really known Hugh Cranston. There was a ruddy glow in his healthy face, and a bright light in his clear hazel eyes as he gazed into hers after their first greeting.

"Well, Nellie," he said, "what is it? What are you thinking of?"

She blushed a little, half in shame, but she was too honest to herself and to her lover to disguise the truth.

"I thought, Hugh, that if I were a man I would not remain here at home when my brothers were on the battle-field fighting for the nation's honor."

For an instant Hugh's face was scarlet, and then deathly pale as the sodden snow-drifts over which his eyes now wandered There was a sad silence between the two lovers for a moment. Ellen experienced that shrinking of the heart, which has in it something of fear and something of dread foreboding; she was sorry for what she had said, and now this haggard face, a moment before so bright, struck her into silence.

As for Hugh he could not speak, but bitter, burning thoughts flashed across his mind. His very soul's welfare and the saving of the souls of his fellow-men were the purposes which bound him to the profession to which he had consecrated so many years of preparation and prayer. To give it all up and plunge into this frightful business of war, of killing men, the thought was terrible, and he shrank from it; and yet Kate's words smote a secret chord in his heart until it rang again and again. Might he not fulfill his mission on the battle-field more nobly than in the peaceful village on the plain? But that Nellie should have reminded him of his duty, and in that reproachful tone; this stung him more than all, and he could not look at her again, and, more in answer to his own thought than her, he said:

"We will see."

Many men under the excitement of the moment might have resolved at once to seize a musket, and, with more or less of dramatic effect, rush off into the ranks of the fighters; but these tragic kind of men are apt to take it leisurely when they come within sound of ponderous explosions, and do their fighting before they start or upon their return home.

Hugh was not one of this kind. His bearing, his walk, the way he held his head square upon his shoulders, his straight chestnut hair, his calm, reflective eyes—all these were indications of his character, which did not jump hastily at a conclusion, but weighed well the reasons in favor of or opposed to a line of action. So he did not reject at once the calling he had chosen, and he said nothing to Nellie about the future again that night, nor the next day, nor the next, when, about to continue his journey to his future home, he bid Nellie good-by. There was an unusual tenderness at this parting. Nellie would have asked forgiveness for what she had said, but she was repelled by a something in Hugh's manner, which was more of sorrow than of anger—a sorrow which did not require sympathy, which might not be questioned.

And so Hugh went away. It is a long while between the parting kiss of lovers and the first letter received. Before Nellie saw again the well-known handwriting days and weeks dragged by. She could not comprehend the reason of Hugh's silence. She did understand it before she had finished reading the letter. The letter ran thus:

"DEAREST NELLIE,—Until now I have not had the heart to write you. I have passed through one of those terrible struggles which come to men sometimes when they honestly desire to do the right and can not clearly see the way. It is all settled now, Nellie, and I am going to the war. Governor F—— sends me a commission as Chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, and with the commission an order came to march to-morrow. It was your exhortation, Nellie, kindly meant, but which cut deep into that pride which even we preachers retain a little of. It was that thorn which pricked me to this course, however, and to-day I thank you for it, for I am conscious in this added service that I am doing a double duty to my God and the country. I can not come to say to you good-by; but I take with me your precious love, a consolation, and a hope. God bless and protect thee, darling! Faithfully, HUGH."

It may have been exceedingly weak for a woman who was strong enough to have wished she was a man to have sat down and cried over this letter; yet Nellie did cry as if her heart would break. But it may as well be noted that it is not only weak people who cry. Just what the relation is between the optical nerves and the mental or spiritual nature of human nature it will puzzle the most profound physiologist and philosopher to say. People of exquisite, sensitive, emotional feeling, who suffer keenly and enjoy with ecstasy, can not shed tears. And I have seen a sun-burnt, rough-bearded, hard-handed, bold-talking old soldier, who had killed a hundred men and fought out four years of hard campaigns, cry till the tears glistened in the sunlight on his red whiskers, because a negro mother plead with him to take away with the marching army her little girl, who, she said, would grow up to a life of outrage or crime, and the old bronzed hero, almost speechless in his tears, had no more power to grant her request than the poor mule who carried the regiment's pots and pans for cooking.

It is not easy to say why men and women cry. But Nellie cried, and bitterly, for a while. Remorse had something to do with it, perhaps; for she remembered the thought which prompted her speech to Hugh. She was like a child who had bruised her choicest treasure. Apprehension for her lover's safety, sorrow that she could not have said a word of parting, her passion for her now soldier lover, which had increased mightily within a few moments, then gave volume to her tears. But they were not shed in vain. They moistened into life fresh flowers of resolution.

"Why can not I do my part in this work? There is a call for trained nurses at St. Louis. I am not trained, but I can soon learn." It was in the evening, and she ran into the room where her mother sat listening to her father, who, with spectacles upon his nose, was reading the description of the great battle of Shiloh.

"Mother, father," cried Ellen, "I am going down to St. Louis to act as nurse in the hospital! I have just received a letter from Hugh. He has entered the service as a chaplain. I can not stay at home when I know I can be useful down there, and so useful!" Ellen's enthusiasm pictured to her mind bright visions of how much she would accomplish, and the reward a glad heart receives in the doing of good deeds.

Ellen's parents at first objected to this scheme.

"You have no acquaintance in the great city, my child," protested the father. "What will you do there alone and unfriended?"

"I will go directly to Mr. Hartman, who is the President of the Sanitary Commission. My friend will be every suffering soul whose pains I can alleviate. Indeed, father, I must go!"

And she did go.

* * * * * *

We will pass over that two years of unceasing labor which marked Ellen Ellery's novitiate in the hospital service—the long days and sleepless nights by the bedside of those crushed, torn, shattered bodies of men, administering the cooling draught, lifting the suffering patient from one side of his hard cot to the other. Ugly work it was, dressing dangerous wounds, where a misplaced bandage might let out the life. Many were the journeys she made down the Mississippi on the hospital boats to return with its freight of agony, which often was relieved by death. A life of labor was this, where the strain upon the heart was more exhausting than that of the hand; but Ellen never halted nor fainted. A divine resolution sustained her through every emergency.

She is changed somewhat from the country girl we saw in Iowa—the fair, ruddy face is pale and care-worn, the blue eyes are sunken with watching; but she has an angelic expression—a beatific resignation, which only comes with abnegation—with the entire sacrifice of self.

During those two years Ellen had received frequent news of Hugh. At times it came from the lips of a wounded soldier, who spoke with affection and reverence of Chaplain Cranston, but most often in the form of letters from Hugh. This is one of them:

"CHICKAMAUGA BATTLE-FIELD.

"DEAREST NELLIE,—A few moments only can be devoted to-night to my darling. The air is heavy with the sighs of our wounded, dying comrades; and my time is theirs.

"You will not care to know the details of the fight; yours and my duty lies with its victims. I am at one end of the line of pain, and you at the other. A sad bond of sympathy is this, which unites us more closely than ever. You can imagine that I have but little to do of what is mainly called preaching.

"If ever there was a place where sermons are best delivered by acts of Christian love and faith, and not by mere words, it is in the army; and I try to do my duty in that way. But, Nellie, oh, how large is the field! * * * *

"Your letters are a beautiful happiness to me. May Heaven shield thee from all harm!

"Affectionately, HUGH."

Nellie kissed this letter, sacred to her, and laid it close to her loving heart. Hugh was something more than her lover now.

* * * * * *

That terrible disease, more dreaded by the surgeon than the rifles of the foe, the erysipelas, with incipient small-pox, was spreading rapidly through the crowded hospitals of St. Louis, and separate buildings had been set apart for the reception of patients who contracted this added suffering to their wounds. Shocking, loathsome charnel-houses were these, where many a brave surgeon had fallen victim at his post. It was well-nigh impossible to obtain male nurses for their sick; those who entered this infectious atmosphere must remain—they said adieu to the outside world, not seldom, forever. Ellen applied to the Medical Director for orders to enter as nurse. She was at once and imperatively refused. She asked again: "It is almost certain death; I will not order you there," was the reply. She persisted again and again as did the good disciple who would not leave his Lord. At last unofficial permission was reluctantly given, and for weeks and months Ellen Ellery did menial service in this lazar-house.

The summer came with burning, scorching heat. If there be one spot upon the earth more uncomfortable than another it is St. Louis in the summer time. At the same thermometrical temperature it is hotter than any other locality; and when the blasting, southern wind blows—and it is exceeding fierce at times—the air is filled with opaque clouds of dust from the limestone pavements, this pulverized mass rises in ponderous volume, sweeping along the thoroughfares, obscuring near objects from sight, drifting through every crack or cranny of the dwellings, enshrouding damask curtains in a ghostly veil of white, settling down upon carpets and furniture until all local color, as the artist would say, is destroyed. It enters the mouth and nostrils, it fills the eyes and ears of the unfortunate victims who nearly lose senses and entirely lose their patience, but for the time it can not be avoided. For the wretched inmates of the small-pox wards of the hospital there was no escape from this suffocating heat, this blinding, choking lime-dust. But strong-hearted, noble-souled Ellen Ellery, like the Roman sentinel who stood on guard at the Pompeiian gate until entombed in Etna's ashes, so Ellen remained at her post in this shower of fire, while about her disease, and pain, and death held high carnival.

Slowly the summer passed away. With the autumn frosts and cold the disease began to abate. How Ellen was able to resist the infection, to withstand the unceasing wear and tear upon her nervous and physical system, only the heavenly angels know who watch over and protect their earthly sisters. The exhaustion of her body she was not herself conscious of. As for her spiritual nature, it had, by constant, undeviating devotion to the good and happiness of others, reached that divine height of charity and love that it had long ago ceased to be self-sacrificing. To her there was no merit in good deeds. The love of the neighbor had become the necessity of her existence. One sorrow only rippled the crystal surface of her life—for several weeks she had not heard from Hugh Cranston. It was just at that time in the fall of 1864 when the Confederate General Hood had made his wild dash in the rear of Sherman's army. The newspapers of the North were filled with conflicting rumors, and for a while that portion of the Federal forces where Hugh was serving south of Chattanooga were cut off from communication by mail from their friends at home. In those days there was doubt and apprehension in the hearts of thousands of others besides that of our heroine, Ellen Ellery.

Let us see where the chaplain lover is and what he is doing. Sherman has detached, under command of Schofield, a portion of his army, and sent them northward. Hugh Cranston is one of them. It is not for a while certainly known where the enemy are or where he intends to go, but the banks of the Tennessee are soon thronged with his hungry horde, and cautious Thomas, from far and near, calls in his outlying detachments to his strong-hold at Nashville, where he means to wait for the development of his opponent's plan.

Hood is wary and bold. He knows that Schofield, with his small force, must expose his flank as he passes northward to Nashville, and so, like a tiger, he springs upon him. A wild, furious assault was that at Franklin, where Confederate Generals led their men up to the Union breastworks and over them through the reserved line of Union braves. It was irresistible, that charge. Nine men fell dead, but the one in ten leaped the parapet and crossed bayonets with his foe. The Stars and Bars waved over the Stars and Stripes. For a moment it seemed as if the Federal cause was lost. So thought Hugh Cranston as the gray-coats rushed into the field hospital tent, where he was assisting the surgeons. And then this minister of the Gospel did what he had not done before in all this four years of war—what he little dreamed he ever could have done. Human nature gets the better of the best of men sometimes. Whether it was that Hugh was averse to any lengthened residence at Andersonville, or whether his sense of manly honor and generosity was outraged to the fighting point, certain it is that, when he saw one of the victors strike a wounded Union soldier because he clung to a ring which the other was stealing from his finger, he seized a musket and knocked the cowardly thief down, not minding much where the blow fell. The fellow never rose again; and for the succeeding five minutes the chaplain found he had more men to fight; and in close quarters, as the tent was, a clubbed musket in a strong man's hands, when that man is infuriated, is a dangerous and effective weapon. Hugh, now that his blood was fairly up, did not stop when the tent was cleared of the gray color, but rushed into the open air. He rallied the disordered men, and assailed with reckless daring the enemy, who, now beaten at the other end of the line, began to waver, and, as they fled, in the moment of success Hugh felt a crashing sensation in the left leg above the knee, and in an instant a thug in his side. As he fell senseless he could hear the shouts of his comrades far in the advance, and his last thought was, "We have retrieved the day. Thank God!" Probably that was the most fervent, happy, thankful prayer he had uttered since he had left his Northern home.

In the reports of the battle of Franklin which were printed in the St. Louis papers was this paragraph:

"Hugh Cranston, Chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, was dangerously wounded by two musket-balls—one through his side below the ribs, the other breaking the bones of the left leg above the knee, rendering amputation necessary. Mr. Cranston, who is loved by all who know him, at the time he received his wounds displayed the most splendid gallantry in leading a counter-charge at a critical moment in the battle."

Our hero did not regain consciousness until some two weeks after he received his wounds. When he did open his eyes to returning health and to the light of reason they gazed into the pale, loving face of Ellen Ellery.

As I listened to this story, told in the presence of the reunited lovers, lying then before me, it seemed to me that they realized the highest conception of the heroic man and all that was noble and beautiful in woman.

Duty soon carried me far away from Nashville, and I never heard again of Ellen Ellery and Hugh Cranston; but, like thousands of others who did in a manner what they did, they have become a part of the social life of the nation. I presume they have gone back to their quiet village on the prairie. In the light of their love, consecrated by such memories, their life must be very beautiful.

## IN THE PARK!

How sweet you looked, love, in your dress
Of that pale blue you wore at noon!
How bright your glance—and not the less
Because you looked away so soon!

Your carriage passed so near my side
It brushed me, walking, with its wheels;
I looked in time to see the bride!
(One look at times a world reveals.)

Your shawl, I think, was all of lace,
And gold kissed gold upon your head;
You bowed with all your former grace;
Your eyes a certain pity shed.

You waved your hand—that lemon glove
Matched wonderfully with the rest—
You'd perfect taste in colors, love,
In days when even simply drest!

Though quick you passed, a perfume rose;
That scent you used, you know, *before*—
Your figure swayed in soft repose;
And leaning o'er your carriage door

One hand I saw, so small and fair,
Ungloved; and on a finger white
The ring I gave you—with my hair,
Plain set in gold—one silly night!

He sat, I noticed, on the seat
Next yours—he'd ask you, when you bowed,
"Who he might be you rose to greet?—
Whose eyes were those amid the crowd?"

And you will answer—as the red
Will tremble in your cheek, perchance—
"That friend I knew ere I was wed,
With whom, a girl, I used to dance!"

Poor fool! And then—with jealous eye,
Whose light so soon has learned to hate—
He'll watch and hear a little sigh,
And cold lips murmur, "Ah, too late!"

Your jewels shine, but ah! my own,
The light within your eyes is gone!
Alas! for days that we have known—
For gold and jewels that have won!

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 12, 1867.

DEAR WEEKLY,—Being in this somewhat thickly-populated village last Thursday, and, moreover, being a family man and a great admirer of fine cooks and cooking, and finding a large portion of the community all in a stew on the subject, I went to hear a Professor BLOT over his French cooking (for the proper appreciation of the pun here dished up, you must understand that the Professor's name is pronounced *Blow;* reading it the other way would *blot* out the joke, so to speak), and to see his man, "JEAN," dressed up in an apron and cap—both of which looked as if they had just been dredged with the flour-dredger—stir the broth, while the Professor added the spice, in the way of some garlicky remarks on American cooking. This lecture, which I learned was the fourth of the series, was much like all the others, which consisted mainly in cooking meats away to nothing, and then with an onion making a soup out of the broth.

Among the various dishes was

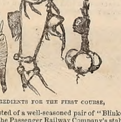
A REAL FRENCH "SUPE,"

which took the fancy of the ladies immensely, and, I sincerely believe, contributed more than any one thing else to the Professor's popularity with those ladies about to commence housekeeping. Standing among the dishes, with his linen cap in the shape of a dish-cover, wreaths of steam circling his face—which always, when on duty, wore a parboiled expression—he looked the very *essence* of a French cook; his whole soul seemed absorbed in his dishes; all of his finer feelings and affections, in vulgar parlance, "gone to pot."

Before the Professor commenced his *fêtes* in cooking he announced his Bill of Fare, which embraced the following charming variety:

| | |
|---|---|
| Blinker Soup. | Hors de Combat. |
| Fish. | Froggee a la Mode. |
| Fricassee Froggee. | Fish. |
| Equine Bake. | Onions a la Stew. |
| Fish. | Sorrel Horse. |
| Boned Froggee. | Stir. |

The Professor now called upon JEAN for the



INGREDIENTS FOR THE FIRST COURSE,

which consisted of a well-seasoned pair of "Blinkers" from one of the Passenger Railway Company's stables, four onions, and one carrot of moderate growth.—Said the Professor: "It is an error to suppose that good meals must necessarily be expensive. If the cooking is right the ingredients may be of the humblest description. These articles," continued the Professor, "can be had any where in the suburbs of our large cities, and, if thoroughly boiled, seasoned, stirred, and allowed to simmer—not too hot, or you will break the fat—may be served up, and no one, if the brass ornaments are first carefully removed, will be able to tell the compounds or the exact cost of the dish."

The Professor now read some notes aloud from ladies, questioning him on his subject—which questions, I learned, he had invited on a previous occasion. One, from a professional cook in one of the West End families, showed what interest was taken in the subject by that class of the community. It read as follows:

"MISTHER BLOT,—Afther hearin' your lectur in the Assimbly Buildin, on cookin dinners and the loik, I thought I would ask, by your parmishun, if you think the cook ought to schour the knives and forrucks when she's imployed as a first-class cook at three dollars a wake, and one day out? It is a great dhraine on me's time to do the schouring, and wash the plates, and cook so many Frinch dishes as the misthress wants since she sint me to your own lectur, and I wish you would say to the misthresses as hears you that they should niver come into a cook's kitchen, nor niver ask her to go out of it, excipt on her day out, which no lady would deny to a nager.

"BRIDGET O'FLANAGIN.

"To Misther BLOT, Frinch Cook."

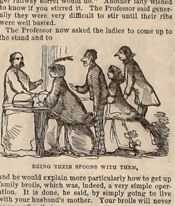
The Professor said he had often received letters from the ladies in America, and it gave him great pleasure to know that his matinées excited so much interest; and before he proceeded further with his bill of fare he would make some remarks on behavior at the table, giving the rules established in Paris for the government of good society in that department.

*First.*—You must not "castle" with your knife and fork. The knife moves in a horizontal direction, from right to left, and *vice versa*, like the "rook," but can not capture any thing on the board. If it should move forward or backward from you great care must be taken that your food does not slip off your plate on to the cloth or into your lap. Such movements, though sometimes made, are always attended with danger. The fork has more the power of the "knight," moves vertically in an eccentric curve, and can capture any thing on the board.

*Second.*—In carving a goose place your fork firmly into the bird, for fear the breast-bone may glance off, and the fowl slide into the lap of a guest. Should such a *contre-temps* happen do not stick your fork at the bird, like a harpoon, as you might miss your mark, or, at least, terrify your guest; but simply say, in a low tone, smiling, "Madam, I'll thank you for that goose!" This will put the burden of the awkwardness, like the goose, on your guest, and relieve you of the difficulty of getting it back to the dish.

The Professor now returned to his bill of fare. The next thing he took hold of was "Boned Froggee." Taking the animal by the head, and severing the skin just below the ears, he, by a dextrous jerk, pulled the skin completely off until it just held by the toes. He then blew up the skin, and presented his pupils with the sight of two "froggees," one boned and the other for fricassee. Jean took it, replaced the skin, when it was set aside for a future lecture. Next in order was "Equine Bake." Take a little sorrel, about fourteen and a half hands high, remove his harness, and then take his spare ribs and put in a pan with a bucket of water. While baking make a gravy of a quart of oats, a little corn, and two onions, and baste the ribs well, when they will soon begin to fill out, and your sorrel will be fit for use. A lady here asked "Where the sorrel could be had?" The Professor said, "'Most any where along the road-side; a passenger railway sorrel would do." Another lady wished to know if you stirred it. The Professor said generally they were very difficult to stir until their ribs were well basted.

The Professor now asked the ladies to come up to the stand and to



BRING THEIR SPOONS WITH THEM,

and he would explain more particularly how to get up family broils, which was, indeed, a very simple operation. It is done, he said, by simply going to live with your husband's mother. Your broils will never be *rare* after that.

The ladies, to show their appreciation of the Professor's lessons in the noble art of self-dependence, signified their desire of presenting him with

A PIECE OF PLATE

of the celebrated "bridge and willow-tree" pattern, that has gone all around the world, and which the Professor recognized as part of that plate in which so many of his youthful loves had been dished.

With this interesting ceremony the lecture closed. The ladies, after examining Jean with their opera-glasses, left the hall. I myself think the Professor overdone. Your own C. O. W.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IF New York was the metropolis of a barbarous country, and its inhabitants only semi-civilized, there could scarcely be a worse state of things in some respects than is now tolerated. We have in mind, just at present, the frequent, and even violent, attacks made upon passengers in our city cars by pickpockets and thieves. Every day people's pockets are rifled, and gangs of desperadoes, who are known to be watching for an opportunity, infest the cars, and no one molests *them* or makes *them* afraid. A case in point recently occurred, and it is only one among many. The Librarian of the Astor Library, while attempting to get out of one of the Third Avenue cars, was forcibly held by a gang, who robbed him of $85, and then threw him violently from the car. The conductor, evidently afraid of the robbers, paid no attention to his cries for help; and a policeman whom the Librarian soon met, and to whom he pointed out the car, said he could render him no assistance whatever. Such a state of things is a deep disgrace to any city.

By the Report of the Central Park Commissioners we learn of many interesting improvements which are proposed for our already beautiful Park. A large building is in process of construction for the exclusive benefit and enjoyment of the children. This play-house will be partially covered, and shaded by climbing plants; and will form a delightful retreat for the little ones in the hot days of summer. The avenues leading to this spot will be so arranged as to be secure from carriages, quiet, and shady. Croquet grounds are also to be provided for the lovers of that game; and in various other ways the facilities for enjoyment greatly increased.

By an act of the State Legislature the sum of $3500 has been appropriated to preparing a model of a Massachusetts school-house for the Paris Exhibition. It is designed to construct a room twenty-five or thirty feet square, so arranged as to be set up easily on its arrival in Paris. This room is to be thoroughly furnished with the most approved school apparatus and books. Donations from dealers will doubtless be received, from which selections will be made.

A Southern paper states that fifteen young ladies and gentlemen of Stephensport, Kentucky, were severely poisoned a short time ago by eating what is called "marble cake," in which cochineal is mixed.

It is said that there are no lace curtains in Paris large enough for the windows of the White House at Washington, and some are being made to order.

A touching incident, which occurred in Chicago during our last snow-storm, will excite the deepest sympathy in every lady's heart—and *head.* It appears that late in the afternoon, just as the shades of evening were gathering in as if to keep company with the stealing march of the snow-flakes, a young lady with a waterfall of greater size than usual was riding along in a sleigh, which she must have occupied (in company with a young gentleman) for some time, as the aforesaid waterfall was covered with snow.—Another sleigh drove along behind, the horse attached to which being evidently hungry made a sudden rush and took the ample appendage into his capacious mouth. The young lady screamed, the horse started, the hair-pins came out, and the unfortunate individual found the back of her head bare of all except nature's covering. She modestly drew a veil over the scene.

The Southern papers are very ingenious in inventing curious stories to illustrate *their* views of the character of Northerners. Some of them are really amusing. A Virginia journal gives the following incident as indicating its opinion of "Puritanic hospitality:" A distinguished Southern clergyman was invited to the house of an eminent Northern lawyer, and in the midst of the conversation the family dinner was announced. "My dear Mr. S——," said the hospitable lawyer, "our dinner is ready and we must beg you to excuse us for a short time. Be good enough to glance at my library while we are dining." The wife, however, not liking to lose the interesting conversation of the guest, is represented as saying: "Perhaps, Mr. S——, you would prefer sitting by the fire in the dining-room and continuing your interesting and edifying remarks while we are eating our dinner." We really suppose there *are* people who will swallow such a story with avidity. We are sorry for them.

A young *lady* (she certainly deserves the name) only thirteen years old is said to be in the employ of a large manufacturing company, in Chicago, as *paymaster.* She has paid out since last May a quarter of a million of dollars, keeping the time-sheets, pay-roll, and a private account-book with and for each of the three or four hundred men employed. She receives the money weekly from the bank to the amount of 4000 to 5000 dollars, carries the transaction of paying all the men through, and settles and makes her balances with the cashier. She commands a salary of 625 dollars per annum, takes two music-lessons each week, and attends an evening course at a commercial college, where she has a scholarship. She is in the most robust and vigorous health, never has a day's sickness, and stands ten hours each day at her desk. If the reports concerning this child (for she is no more in years) are true, she is certainly one of the wonders of the age.

Those who sew a good deal often acquire a bad habit of biting their thread off, instead of using scissors. That this is a dangerous practice has recently been proved in France, where a large number of seamstresses have been suffering from violent colics from putting the silk they use in sewing into their mouths. This is attributed to sulphate of lead, and the presence of that deleterious substance is explained by the fact that, as the silk is sold by weight, some manufacturers mix the sulphate with it to make it heavier. Careful analysis has been made of many different samples of thread, and in almost every case not only the sulphate but the acetate (or sugar) of lead was found in large quantities. Ladies should be upon their guard—and we think the *manufacturers* might as well be so also.

We notice in an English journal a remedy for burns, given by a "Regular Practitioner." It may be familiar to many; but it is well for every body to know a remedy which may be promptly applied to burns. This is one. Mix common whitening with sweet oil, or with water. Lay on and around the burned surface a thick coat of the mixture. Keep it moist, and at night cover it with flannel, or something which will prevent rapid evaporation. This acts like a charm, and the most agonizing pain is eased.

The longevity of M. Auber, who was born in 1784, is the cause of his being made the point of many a joke. It is said that not long since he was met at his own door by a gentleman who appeared to be looking for some one. "What do you seek?" "Monsieur Auber," replied the stranger. "I am Monsieur Auber." "Impossible! I have been sent to embalm Monsieur Auber, who is dead." "Ah," replied the composer, ironically, and with the quintessence of politeness, as it seemed, "I never so much regretted to be in the world as at this moment that I stand before you."

The most striking phases of fashion just now are short dresses, which are really sensible, and towering *chignons*, which are ridiculous in the extreme, being often of an exaggerated size, with two extravagantly long curls at the back in the place of ribbons. No lady's head is so formed as to be improved by such an unnatural structure on the top of it. Those who, in addition, "*frizzle*" the front hair elaborately, and have a "*choker*" in the neck of their dresses, finished off with a broad white ruffle, present very correct duplicates of portraits we have seen of Mary Queen of Scots and "good Queen Bess."

It is far better taste to accept the decrees of fashion in moderation instead of adopting these eccentric extremes.

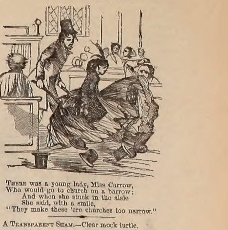
A certain noble lady has addressed a letter to the Ladies' Sanitary Commission, London, on the benefit of going barefoot. In support of her innovation she instances the magnificent gait of a barefoot Highland girl, and the elastic play of every muscle, and compares her feet with those girls who have been tortured in boots. We wonder if the "Comtesse" is going to support her precept by example.

Rome has experienced a sensation in the form of a genuine practical joke. The story is in substance as follows:

A crowd assembled in the streets, watching anxiously a window in the fifth story of a house. At this window was a sad-looking young man, evidently a sculptor, who was leaning against the bar and listening to the supplications of a younger artist, who was trying to persuade him not to throw himself down. To all his solicitations no answer was returned, and nothing seemed to shake the determination of the sculptor in the red cap. "Why don't they force the door?" cried some one. "Against the law," was the reply; "but the commissaire of police has been sent for." A good old woman with her wits about her rushed out of a house with a couple of mattresses to deaden the fall. The police were long in coming; the dispute at the window grew more lively; the hundreds in the streets were breathless with excitement. Suddenly the young man bounded over the balustrade, and was whirling through space, and just clearing the mattress, fell. The crowd was rushing forward, when a woman's voice was heard at the fatal window, and before any one could interfere she jumped into eternity. A woman dressed in mourning, evidently the mother, followed; she seemed to allow herself to slip from the window, and fell with a crash into the street. The crowd rushed forward to the bodies, and raised up three—lay figures who did not require the benefit of the clergy. The room on the fifth floor was a studio, and the artists who perpetrated this lugubrious joke announced the termination of the seventeenth representation. No wonder the commissaire of police did not arrive.

At one of the military hospitals established by the Prussian Government during the late war a circular saw, worked by steam, was used for the purpose of amputating such limbs of wounded soldiers as the surgeon shall direct to be taken off.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.



THERE was a young lady, Miss Carrow,
Who would go to church on a barrow;
And when she stuck in the aisle
She said, with a smile,
"They make these 'ere churches too narrow."

A TRANSPARENT SHAM.—Clear mock turtle.

Why should Catherine's pet-name be very popular just now?—Because it's Kate's.

### MARRIAGE GRIEFS.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual sighs
They both express their care.

"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
"The same effect may give;
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
His wife that he may live."

The only shares that are sure to turn up all right—Plow-shares.

### TO A COQUETTE.

How often have you told me, dear,
That patience is a virtue?
I'm nearly out of it, I fear,
You flighty little flirt, you.
I mean to throw your chains away
And fit some other set on—
Forgetting that unlucky day,
The day that first we met on.

I mean to play a bolder part,
And (slowly, dear, but surely)
Win back the lacerated heart
You thought your own securely.
The toy I take away from you
Shall be elsewhere presented,
And still may look as good as new
If properly cemented.

I'll send you back the lock of hair;
The photograph (untinted)—
It made you younger than you were,
As I've already hinted.
I'll send the letters, every note—
Why, folks would hardly credit
The sprawly, peaky hand you wrote:
And yet I always read it.

About the brooches and the rings—
You may as well return them.
My letters, too, the silly things;
I wish at once to burn them.
Farewell; but stay, we *must* contrive
One meeting ere we sever;
I'll call to-morrow, dear, at five,
To say "Farewell forever!"

Weak doses of washboard are now recommended to ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way may be cured by a strong preparation of wood-saw.

A Philadelphia clergyman, in the course of a sermon, recently remarked: "You need not clasp your hands so fervently in prayer that you can't get them open when the contribution box comes around."

"Where are you going so fast, Mr. Smith?" demanded Mr. Jones. "Home, Sir, home; don't detain me. I have just bought my wife a new bonnet, and I must deliver it before the fashion changes."

"Jack, your wife is not so pensive as she used to be." "No; she has left that off, and turned expensive."

A chap from the country, lately visiting Delmonico's, came to the word halibut among the list of fish on his bill of fare, and never having seen or tasted any, thought he would try some.

"Have you any halibut?" said he.

WAITER. "Yes, Sir."

"Bring me a couple."

Why is a billiard-player like a thief in a crowd?—Because he aims for the pockets.

Jack eating rotten cheese did say:
"Like Samson I my thousands slay."
"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too."

NOSELESS MEN.—A man who has lost his nose, says an old Scotch journal, has peculiar advantages. He can not follow his nose; but then he can not be poking it in every thing. He can not blow his nose; but then he can not take snuff, which is, however, another. If he goes to sleep you can not tickle his nose; and when he is awake he can not run his nose against a post. Let him drink hard, he will never have a red nose, and never will be exposed to the nickname of Nosey; and let him be as impertinent as he will, he may defy you to pull his nose. "Sir," said a man to another with a false nose, "I'll pull your nose." "Sir," replied he, "I'll put my nose in my pocket."

FAST YOUNG MEN'S MOTTO.—*Meet* and drink.

"Are these pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird-dealer, with whom he was negotiating for "a gift for his fair."

"Yes, Sir," said the bird-dealer, confidently; "I raised them 'ere birds from canary-seed!"

### "MY FAVORITE"

*Actor.*—Self in "Seven Parts."
*Amusement.*—*The Game of Speculation.*
*Artist.*—*Not* the lady who paints.
*Book.*—My banker's.
*Exercise.*—A run on a Bank.
*Motto.*—One good turn deserves another—in waltzing.
*Play.*—Upon words.

The pedigree of shoddy is thus given: These are the generations of Pshawdee.—Pshawd, who came from Jonbool, begat Pedullah; and Pedullah begat Rheet Aylah; and Rheet Aylah begat Jobbah; and Jobbah begat Holz Ayl, and Holz Ayl begat Kaudphyssh; and Kaudphyssh begat Pshawdee.

Male and Female Cochineal.

Sting of a Prickly Gnat (magnified).

The Dazzling Chrysops.

COLLECTING COCHINEAL IN ALGERIA.

Chrysalis of the Cabbage Caterpillar.

## GATHERING COCHINEAL.

The cochineal is an insect found chiefly in Mexico, Georgia, South Carolina, and the West Indies. It was formerly in Mexico only that much attention was given to its culture; but it is now extensively reared in the southern portion of the United States. Although indigenous to America, it has been successfully introduced into Java and other tropical countries. The scene represented in the large engraving is the gathering of the cochineal. Wild cochineal is collected six times in the year, but that which is cultivated is collected only thrice during the same period. There are about 70,000 of these insects to a pound. They are detached from the plants on which they feed by a blunt knife, are put into bags, dipped in boiling water to kill them, and then dried in the sun. Cochineal is principally used in the dyeing of crimson, scarlet, and other esteemed colors. The water infusion is of a violet crimson, the alcoholic of a deep crimson, and the alkaline of a deep purple or violet hue. It is imported in bags, each containing about 200 pounds, and has the appearance of small, shriveled berries of a deep brown, purple, or mulberry color, with white matter between the wrinkles. They suffer no change from the length of time during which they are kept. For a long time after cochineal began to be imported into Europe it was supposed to be a sort of vegetable, grain, or seed. It is used extensively in the coloring of sugar candies. It is an expensive coloring matter, and lac and madder have superseded it to some extent.

Our illustrations of the cochineal and its gathering are from the work of M. Figuier, *On Insects*, recently published in Paris. The accompanying engravings are from the same work, and represent some curious and interesting specimens of the insect world.

## HOW A MAN FEELS WITH HIS HEAD OFF.

It is considered on all sides that the body does not feel one instant after decapitation: for the brain being the seat of sensation to the whole frame, through the medium of the spinal marrow, every part of the body beneath the joint at which the latter may be divided must be deprived of feeling. But it by no means follows that the head is deprived of sensation immediately after decapitation, nor that it may not retain its consciousness, and, like the head of the Irish knight who was killed by Saladin in the Holy War, get up and declare that it was never cut off by so sweet a cimeter before; nor, like that of the assassin Legare, swear roundly at the executioner for not keeping a keener axe; but it is quite possible that it may be troubled with very serious reflections upon the irrevocability of its fate and the awfulness of its deprivation. In support of this unpleasant theory many facts are adduced, with grave vouchers for their authenticity. Among others is the unfortunate Queen of Scots, whose lips continued to move in prayer for at least a quarter of an hour after the executioner had performed his duties. Windt states that, having put his mouth to the ear of a decapitated criminal's head, and called him by name, the eyes turned to the side from whence the voice came; and the fact is attested by Fontenello, Mogore, Guillotine, Nauche, and Aldini. On the word murder being called, in the case of a criminal executed for that crime at Coblentz, the half-closed eyes opened wide with an expression of reproach on those who stood around.

LOST IN THE SNOW.—[See Page 121.]

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

**Book III.—Heaping up Riches.**

## CHAPTER V.

### AT THE LAWN.

LIFE at the Lawn went by very smoothly for Mr. Sheldon's family. Georgy was very happy in the society of a companion who seemed really to have a natural taste for the manufacture of pretty little head-dresses from the merest fragments of material in the way of lace and ribbon. Diana had all that versatile cleverness and capacity for expedients which is likely to be acquired in a wandering and troubled life. She had learned more in her three years of discomfort with her father than in all the undeviating course of the Hyde Lodge studies; she had improved her French at one *table d'hôte*, her German at another; she had caught some new trick of style in every concert-room, some fresh combination of costume on every race-course; and, being really grateful for Charlotte's disinterested affection, she brought all her accomplishments to bear to please her friend and her friend's household.

In this she succeeded admirably. Mrs. Sheldon found her daughter's society much more delightful now that the whole pressure of Charlotte's intellect and vitality no longer fell entirely upon herself. She liked to sit lazily in her arm-chair while the two girls chattered at their work, and she could venture an occasional remark, and fancy that she had a full share in the conversation. When the summer weather rendered walking a martyrdom, and driving an affliction, she could recline on her favorite sofa reading a novel, soothed by the feeble twittering of her birds; while Charlotte and Diana went out together, protected by the smart boy in buttons, who was not altogether without human failings, and was apt to linger behind his fair charges, reading the boards before the doors of newsvendors' shops, or looking at the cartoons in *Punch* exhibited in the stationers' windows.

Mr. Sheldon made it a point of pleasing his step-daughter whenever it was possible for him to do so without palpable inconvenience to himself; and as she was to be gratified by so small a pecuniary sacrifice as the trifling increase of tradesmen's bills caused by Miss Paget's residence in the Gothic villa, he was the last man in the world to refuse her that indulgence. His own pursuits were of so absorbing a nature as to leave little leisure for concern about other people's business. He asked no questions about his step-daughter's companion; but he was not the less surprised to see this beautiful high-bred woman content to sit at his board as an unsalaried dependent.

"Your friend Miss Paget looks like a countess," he said one day to Charlotte. "I thought girls generally pitched upon some plain, homely young woman for their pet companion, but you seem to have chosen the handsomest girl in the school."

"Yes, she is very handsome, is she not? I wish some of your rich City men would marry her, papa."

Miss Halliday consented to call her mother's husband "Papa," though the caressing name seemed in a manner to stick in her throat. She had loved that blusterous good-tempered Tom Halliday so very dearly, and it was only to please poor Georgy that she brought herself to address any other man by the name that had been his.

"My City men have something better to do than to marry a young woman without a sixpence," answered Mr. Sheldon. "Why don't you try to catch one of them for yourself?"

"I don't like City men," said Charlotte, quickly; and then she blushed, and added apologetically, "at least not the generality of City men, papa."

Diana had waited until her destiny was settled before answering Valentine Hawkehurst's letter; but she wrote to him directly she was established at the Lawn, and told him the change in her plans.

"I think papa had better let me come to see him at his lodgings," she said, "wherever they may be; for I should scarcely care about Mr. Sheldon seeing him. No one here knows any thing definite about my history; and as it is just possible Mr. Sheldon may have encountered my father somehow or other, it would be as well for him to keep clear of this house. I could not venture to say this to papa myself, but perhaps you could suggest it without offending him. You see I have grown very worldly-wise, and am learning to protect my own interests in the spirit which you have so instilled into me. I don't know whether that sort of spirit is likely to secure one's happiness, but I have no doubt it's the wisest and best for this world."

Miss Paget could not refrain from an occasional sneer when she wrote to her old companion. He never returned her sneers or noticed them. His letters were always frank, friendly, and brotherly in tone.

"Neither my good opinion nor my bad opinion is of any consequence to him," Diana thought, bitterly.

It was late in August when Captain Paget and his protégé came to town. Valentine suggested the wisdom of leaving Diana in her new home uncompromised by any past associations. But this was a suggestion which Horatio Paget could not accept. His brightest successes in the way of scheming had been matured out of chance acquaintanceships with eligible men. A man who could afford such a luxury as a companion for his daughter must needs be eligible, and the Captain was not inclined to sacrifice his acquaintance from any extreme delicacy.

MR. HAWKEHURST AND THE GIRLS.

"My daughter seems to have made new friends for herself, and I should like to see what kind of people they are," he said, conclusively. "We'll look them up this evening, Val."

Mr. George Sheldon dined at the Lawn on the day on which Horatio Paget determined on "looking up" his daughter's new friends, and he and the two girls were strolling in the garden when the Captain and Mr. Hawkehurst were announced. They had been told that Miss Paget was in the garden.

"Be good enough to take me straight to her," said the Captain, to the boy in buttons; "I am her father."

Horatio Paget was too old a tactician not to know that by an unceremonious plunge into the family circle he was more likely to secure an easy footing in the household than by any direct approach of the master. He had seen the little group in the garden, and had mistaken George for the head of the house.

Diana turned from pale to red, and from red to pale again, as she recognized the two men. There had been no announcement of their coming. She did not even know that they were in England.

"Papa!" she cried, and then held out her hand and greeted him; coldly enough, as it seemed to Charlotte, who fancied that any kind of *real* father must be very dear.

But Captain Paget was not to be satisfied by that cold greeting. It suited his purpose to be especially paternal on this occasion. He drew his daughter to his breast and embraced her affectionately, very much to that young lady's surprise.

Then, having abandoned himself entirely for the moment to this tender impulse of paternity, he suddenly put his daughter aside, as if he had all at once remembered his duty to society, drew himself up stiffly, and saluted Miss Halliday and George Sheldon with uncovered head.

"Mr. Sheldon, I believe?" he murmured.

"George Sheldon," answered that gentleman; "my brother Philip is in the drawing-room yonder, looking at us."

Philip Sheldon came out into the garden as George said this. It was one of those sultry evenings on which the most delightful of Gothic villas is apt to be too stifling for endurance; and in most of the prim suburban gardens there were people lounging listlessly among the flower-beds. Mr. Sheldon came to look at this patrician stranger who had just embraced his daughter's companion; whereupon Captain Paget introduced himself and his friend Mr. Hawkehurst. After the introduction Mr. Sheldon and the Captain fell into an easy conversation, while the two girls walked slowly along the gravel pathway with Valentine by their side, and while George loitered drearily along chewing the stalk of a geranium, and pondering the obscure reminiscences of the last oldest inhabitant whose shadowy memories he had evoked in his search after new links in the chain of the Haygarths.

The two girls walked in the familiar school-girl fashion of Hyde Lodge, Charlotte's arm encircling the waist of her friend. They were both dressed in white muslin, and looked very shadowy and sylph-like in the summer dusk. Mr. Hawkehurst found himself in a new atmosphere in this suburban garden, with these two white-robed damsels by his side; for it seemed that Diana with Charlotte's arm round her waist, and a certain shy gentleness of manner which was new to him, was quite a different person from that Miss Paget whose wan face had looked at him so anxiously in the saloons of the Belgian Kursaal.

At first there was considerable restraint in the tone of the conversation, and some little of that unnecessary discussion as to whether this evening was warmer than the preceding evening, or whether it was not, indeed, the warmest evening of all that summer. And then, when the ice was broken, Mr. Hawkehurst began to talk at his ease about Paris, which city Miss Halliday had never seen; about the last book, the last play, the last folly, the last fashionable bonnet; for it was one of the special attributes of this young Robert Macaire to be able to talk about any thing, and to adapt himself to any society. Charlotte opened her eyes to their widest extent as she listened to this animated stranger. She had been so wearied by the dryasdust arguments of City men who had discussed the schemes of great contractors, "which will never be carried out, Sir, while money is at its present rate, mark my words"—or the chances of a company "which is eaten up by debenture-bonds and preference-shares, Sir, and will never pay its original proprietors one sixpence of interest on their capital," with a great deal more of the same character; and it was quite new to her to hear about novels, theatres, and bonnets, from masculine lips, and to find that there were men living who could interest themselves in such frivolities. Charlotte was delighted with Diana's friend. It was she who encouraged Valentine every now and then by some exclamation of surprise or expression of interest, while Miss Paget herself was thoughtful and silent.

It was not thus that she had hoped to meet Valentine Hawkehurst. She stole a look at him now and then as he walked by her side. Yes, it was the old face—the face which would have been so handsome if there had been warmth and life in it, instead of that cold listlessness which repelled all sympathy, and seemed to constitute a kind of mask behind which the real man hid himself.

Diana looked at him, and remembered her parting from him in the chill gray morning on the platform at Forêtdechêne. He had let her go out alone into the dreary world to encounter what fate she might, without any more appearance of anxiety than he might have exhibited had she been starting for a summer-day's holiday; and now, after a year of separation, he met her with the same air of unconcern, and could discourse conventional small-talk to another woman while she walked by his side.

While Mr. Hawkehurst was talking to Mr. Sheldon's step-daughter, Captain Paget had contrived to make himself very agreeable to that gentleman himself. Lord Lytton has said that "there is something strange, and almost mesmerical in the *rapport* between two evil natures. Bring two honest men together, and it is ten to one if they recognize each other as honest; differences in temper, manner, even politics, may make each misjudge the other. But bring together two men unprincipled and perverted—men who, if born in a cellar, would have been food for the hulks or gallows—and they understand each other by instant sympathy." However this might be with these two men, they had speedily become upon very easy terms with each other. Mr. Sheldon's plans for the making of money were very complicated in their nature, and he had frequent need of clever instruments to assist in the carrying out of his arrangements. Horatio Paget was the exact type of man most likely to be useful to such a speculator as Philip Sheldon. He was the very ideal of the "Promoter," the well-dressed, well-mannered gentleman beneath whose magic wand new companies arise as if by magic; the man who, without a sixpence in his own pocket, can set a small Pactolus flowing from the pockets of other people; the man who, content himself to live in a humble second-floor at Chelsea, can point to gigantic hotels which are as the palaces of a monarch of Brobdignag, and say, "Lo, those arose at my bidding!" Mr. Sheldon was always on the alert to discover any thing or any body likely to serve his own interest, either in the present or the future; and he came to the conclusion that Miss Paget's father was a person upon whom an occasional dinner might not be altogether thrown away.

"Take a chop with us to-morrow at six," he said, on parting from the Captain, "and then you can hear the two girls play and sing. They play remarkably well, I believe, from what other people tell me; but I am not a musical man myself."

Horatio Paget accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given. It is astonishing how genial and friendly these men of the world can be at the slightest imaginable notice. One can fancy the striped tigers of Bengal shaking paws in the jungle, the vultures hobnobbing in a mountain cleft over the torn carcass of a stag, the kites putting their beaks together after dining on a nest of innocent doves.

"Then we shall expect to see you at sharp six," said Mr. Sheldon, "and your young friend Mr. Hawkehurst with you, of course."

After this the two gentlemen departed; Valentine shook hands with Diana, and took a more ceremonious leave of Charlotte. George Sheldon threw away his chewed geranium-stalk in order to bid good-evening to the visitors; and the little party walked to the garden-gate together.

"That Sheldon seems a very clever fellow," said Captain Paget, as he and Valentine walked toward the Park, which they had to cross on their way to Chelsea, where the Captain had secured a convenient lodging. "I wonder whether he is any relation to the Sheldon who is in with a low set of money-lenders?"

"What, the Sheldon of Gray's Inn?" exclaimed Mr. Hawkehurst. "We can easily find that out."

Horatio Paget and Valentine Hawkehurst were frequent visitors at the Lawn after that first evening. Mr. Sheldon found the Captain useful to him in the carrying out of certain business arrangements on more than one occasion, and the relations between the respectable stock-broker and the disreputable adventurer assumed a very friendly character. Diana wondered to see so spotless a citizen as Philip Sheldon hand-and-glove with her father. Mrs. Sheldon and Charlotte were delighted with the Captain and his protégé; these two penniless Bohemians were so much more agreeable to the feminine mind than the City men who were wont to sit in the dining-room slowly imbibing Mr. Sheldon's old port in the long summer evenings, while their wives endured the abomination of desolation with Georgy and Charlotte in the drawing-room. Captain Paget paid Mrs. Sheldon flowery compliments, and told her delightful stories of the aristocracy and all that shining West End world with which he had once been familiar. Poor simple Georgy regarded him with that reverential awe which a middle-class country-bred woman is prone to feel for a man who bears upon him that ineffaceable stamp of high birth and good-breeding, not to be destroyed by half a century of degradation. Nor could Charlotte withhold her admiration from the man whose tone was so infinitely superior to that of all the other men she had encountered. In his darkest hour Captain Paget had found his best friends, or his easiest dupes, among women. It had gone hard with him when his dear friend had withheld the temporary accommodation of a five-pound note; but it had been much harder when his friend's wife had refused the loan of "a little silver."

Valentine Hawkehurst came very often to the Lawn; sometimes with his friend and patron, sometimes alone. He brought the young ladies small offerings in the way of a popular French novel fit for feminine perusal, or an occasional box for some theatre which had fallen upon evil days, and was liberal in the circulation of "paper." He met the two girls sometimes in their

morning walks in Kensington Gardens, and walked with them in the leafy avenues, and only left them at the gate by which they departed. So much of his life was a listless waiting for the arising of new chances, that he had ample time to waste in feminine society, and he seemed very well inclined to loiter away the leisure hours of existence in the companionship of Diana and her friend.

And was Miss Paget glad of his coming, and pleased to be in his company? Alas, no! The time had been, and only within a few months, when she had sickened for the sight of his familiar face, and fancied that the most exquisite happiness life could afford her would be to see him once more, any where, under any circumstances. She saw him now almost daily, and she was miserable. She saw him; but another woman had come between her and the man she loved; and now, if his voice took a softer tone, or if his eyes assumed a tender earnestness of expression, it might be Charlotte's influence which wrought the transformation. Who could say that it was not on Charlotte's account he came so often, and lingered so long? Diana looked at him sometimes with haggard, angry eyes, which saw that it was Miss Halliday who absorbed his attention. It was Charlotte—Charlotte, who was so bright and happy a creature that the coldest heart must needs have been moved and melted by her fascination. What was the cold Patrician beauty of Miss Paget's face when compared with the changeful charm of this radiant girl, with the flashing gray eyes and piquant features, and all those artless caprices of manner which made her arch-loveliness irresistible? Diana's heart grew sick and cold as she watched these two day by day, and saw the innocent school-girl's ascendency over the adventurer. The attributes which made Charlotte charming were just those very attributes which Valentine Hawkehurst had been least accustomed to discover in the womankind he had hitherto encountered. He had seen beautiful women, elegant and fascinating women, without number; but this frank girlish nature, this happy childlike disposition, was entirely new to him. How should he have met bright childlike creatures in the pathways which he had trodden? For the first time in his life a fresh young heart revealed its treasures of purity and tenderness before his world-weary eyes, and his own heart was melted by the new influence. He had admired Diana; he had been touched by her girlish fancy for him, and had loved her as well as he had believed himself capable of loving any woman. But when Prudence and Honor counseled him to stifle and crush his growing affection for the beautiful companion of his wanderings the struggle had involved no agony of regret or despair. He had told himself that no good could ever come of his love for Captain Paget's daughter, and he had put aside that love before it had taken any vital root in his heart. He had been very strong and resolute in this matter—resisting looks of sad surprise which would have melted a softer nature. And he had been proud of his own firmness. "Better for her, and better for me," he had said to himself; "let her outlive her foolish school-girl fancies, and wait patiently till her beauty wins her a rich husband. As for me, I must marry some prosperous tradesman's widow, if I ever marry at all."

The influence of the world in which his life had been spent had degraded Valentine Hawkehurst, and had done much to harden him; and yet he was not altogether hard. He discovered his own weakness very soon after the beginning of his acquaintance with Mr. Sheldon's step-daughter. He knew very well that if he had been no fitting lover for Diana Paget, he was still less a fitting lover for Charlotte Halliday. He knew that although it might suit Mr. Sheldon's purpose to make use of the Captain and himself as handy instruments for the accomplishment of somewhat dirty work, he would be the very last man to accept one of those useful instruments as a husband for his step-daughter. He knew all this; and knew that, apart from all worldly considerations, there was an impassable gulf between himself and Charlotte. What could there be in common between the unprincipled companion of Horatio Paget and this innocent girl, whose darkest sin had been a neglected lesson or an ill-written exercise? If he could have given her a home and a position, an untarnished name and respectable associations, he would even yet have been unworthy of her affection, unable to assure her happiness.

"I am a scoundrel and an adventurer," he said to himself in his most contemptuous spirit. "If some benevolent fairy were to give me the brightest home that was ever created for man, and Charlotte for my wife, I dare say I should grow tired of my happiness in a week or two, and go out some night to look for a place where I could play billiards and drink beer. Is there any woman upon this earth who could render my existence supportable *without* billiards and beer?"

Knowing himself much better than the Grecian philosopher seemed to think it possible for human nature to know itself, Mr. Hawkehurst decided that it was his bounden duty, both for his own sake and that of the young lady in question, to keep clear of the house in which Miss Halliday lived, and the avenue in which she was wont to walk. He told himself this a dozen times a day, and yet he made his appearance at the Lawn whenever he had the poorest shadow of an excuse for going there; and it seemed as if the whole business of his life lay at the two ends of Charlotte's favorite avenue, so often did he find himself called upon to preambulate that special thoroughfare. He knew that he was weak and foolish and dishonorable; he knew that he was sowing the dragon's teeth from which were to spring up armed demons that would rend and tear him. But Charlotte's eyes were unspeakably bright and bewitching, and Charlotte's voice was very sweet and tender. A thrilling consciousness that he was not altogether an indifferent person in Charlotte's consideration had possessed him of late when he found himself in that young lady's society, and a happiness which had hitherto been strange to him gave a new zest to his purposeless life.

He still affected the old indifference of manner, the idle, listless tone of a being who has finished with all the joys and sorrows, affections and aspirations of the world in which he lives. But the pretense had of late become a very shallow one. In Charlotte's presence he was eager and interested in spite of himself; childishly eager about the veriest trifles which interested her. Love had taken up the glass of Time; and the days and hours were reckoned by a new standard; every thing in the world had suffered some wondrous change, which Valentine Hawkehurst tried in vain to understand. The very earth upon which he walked had undergone some mystic process of transformation; the very streets of London were new to him. He had known Kensington Gardens from his boyhood; but not those enchanted avenues of beech and elm in which he walked with Charlotte. In the plainest and most commonplace phraseology, Mr. Hawkehurst had fallen in love. This penniless adventurer, who at eight-and-twenty years of age was steeped to the lips in the worst experiences of a very indifferent world, found himself all at once hanging upon the words and living upon the looks of an ignorant school-girl.

The discovery that he was capable of this tender weakness had an almost overwhelming effect upon Mr. Hawkehurst. He was ashamed of this touch of humanity; this foolish affection, which had awakened all that was purest and best in a nature that had been so long abandoned to degrading influences. For some time he fought resolutely against that which he considered his folly; but the training which had made him the master of many a perplexing position had not given him the mastery over his own inclinations; and when he found that Charlotte's society had become the grand necessity of his life, he abandoned himself to his fate without further resistance. He let himself drift with the tide that was so much stronger than himself; and if there were breakers ahead, or fatal rocks lurking invisible beneath the blue waters, he must take his chance. His frail bark must go to pieces when her time came. In the mean while it was so delicious to float upon the summer sea, that a man could afford to forget future possibilities in the way of rocks and quicksands.

Miss Paget had known very few pleasures in the course of her uncared-for youth; but she hitherto had experienced no such anguish as that which she had now to endure in her daily intercourse with Valentine and Charlotte. She underwent her martyrdom bravely, and no prying eye discovered the sufferings which her proud nature supported in silence. "Who takes any heed of my feelings, or cares whether I am glad or sorry?" she thought; "*he* does not."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| 1 | Japan (Uncolored) | P. H. Powers | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 | English Breakfast (Black) | Mrs. H. Dingman | 1 20 | 1 20 |
| 1 | Young Hyson (Green) | Mrs. H. Dingman | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 | Coffee | Mrs. H. Dingman | 30 | 30 |
| 1 | Coffee | G. Stevens | 40 | 40 |
| 2 | Coffee | G. Stevens | 30 | 60 |
| 3 | Coffee | A. B. Stevens | 30 | 90 |
| 2 | Japan (Uncolored) | J. Powers | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 | Young Hyson (Green) | J. Powers | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 | Imperial (Green) | C. Alton | 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 | Young Hyson (Green) | C. Alton | 1 10 | 1 10 |
| 1 | Coffee | C. Alton | 25 | 25 |
| 1 | Oolong (Black) | F. Smith | 80 | 80 |
| ½ | Japan (Uncolored) | L. Baldwin | 1 10 | 55 |
| ½ | English Breakfast (Black) | L. Baldwin | 1 10 | 55 |
| 5 | Young Hyson (Green) | D. Clark | 60 | 3 00 |
| 1 | Japan (Uncolored) | H. A. Clark | 1 10 | 1 10 |
| ¼ | English Breakfast | Geo. Hubbs | 70 | 18 |
| ¼ | Young Hyson (Green) | Geo. Hubbs | 70 | 18 |
| ¼ | Imperial (Green) | Geo. Hubbs | 70 | 18 |
| ¼ | Gunpowder (Green) | Geo. Hubbs | 1 25 | 32 |
| 38 | | | | $35 86 |

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*From* T. B. Lawrence, *U. S. Consul-General Florence, February* 15, 1866.

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171 Water Street, Greenpoint, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.
This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. Abraham Myers.

34 South Ninth Street, Williamsburg, *December* 11, 1866.
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It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., Wm. E. Chapin, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

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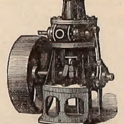

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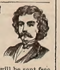

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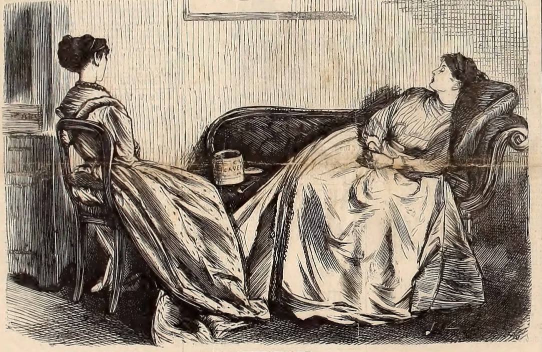

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THE
**HOWE MACHINE**
CO.'S SEWING MACHINES,
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THE HOWE LOCK STITCH

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XI.—No. 531.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF WASHINGTON, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Rockwood & Co., Broadway.—[See page 183.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 2, 1867.

## THE LOUISIANA BILL.

MR. ELIOT'S Louisiana bill was promptly passed by the House; nor was it surprising, for the report of the New Orleans Committee reveals the appalling situation resulting from the attempt to reorganize civil government by the late rebels. The thing most hated in the city of New Orleans is evidently steady fidelity to the Union. That the hatred is honest only makes it more deadly. The massacre of loyal men was deliberately planned and terribly executed. Nor can any one doubt that one of the conspirators, if not by position the ringleader, was Mayor Monroe, a fierce and notorious rebel whom the President pardoned into office.

Of the President's part in the tragedy it is most painful to speak. Of the slightest sympathy with loyal men or of the least wish to inform himself of the facts, there is not a trace. Trampling upon his own theories, in defense of which he defied Congress, denounced by name Senators and Representatives, and stumped the country, he peremptorily called to account the person whom he acknowledged to be Governor of a State for a strictly local act. Knowing, as the country knew, what the spirit of the city Government was, and what the decision of the courts, he ordered that the military arm should support them. Disdaining the officer whom he had insisted that Congress and the country should recognize as Governor, he addressed himself to other officers with whom, even had they been what he claimed, he could constitutionally hold no communication whatever. And when the fearful slaughter of defenseless loyal men in the exercise of the plainest right of American citizens occurred, he who had promoted it—for the word is not too harsh—had no word of sympathy or sorrow, and went through the country trying to smear Congress with the innocent blood that cried to Heaven.

It is a very sad and solemn story. After half a year the details are not less fearful than when they were first known. They have steadily accused us who are responsible for the government of the country and for the ample defense of all our fellow-citizens. Except for the countenance of the President the New Orleans massacre had not taken place. Except for his persistent opposition to the will of the people in Congress, of his contempt for experience and for common-sense, the universal disorder in the lately rebellious section would have been in the way of pacification. The old rebel spirit has counted upon him. Invited by him, it has scornfully rejected the Amendment. Relying upon him, it has outraged and murdered and continues to outrage and murder loyal citizens of every color. The doubt, confusion, and virtual anarchy in Texas and elsewhere have been developed and encouraged by his foolish insistence that an experiment which has long been a tragical failure is a triumphant success. The New Orleans report is an indictment of the whole Presidential policy. It is now seen to have been wrong in its theory and fatal in its results. It proposed to build loyal Governments upon disloyal men, and to leave the security of the rights of the freedmen to those who hated them for being free.

That the policy was not at once repudiated was due to reasons which we have heretofore explained. That it was wise to try the experiment when once it was begun we have always thought and still think. That its failure is total and terrible we have long distinctly declared. Mr. Eliot's bill proposes to begin anew, and to build up a stable foundation. Its principle is, that the civil Government of Louisiana must spring from the loyal and not the rebel element of the population. Its chief defect, in our judgment, is the extent of the disfranchisement. There are thousands of people in the Southern States who believed in "the South" and fought more zealously for it than Toombs or Wigfall who are thoroughly disenchanted, who have sincerely acquiesced, and who would most willingly see the leaders punished. Mr. Eliot's bill permits such to vote after a certain process; but it seems to us that it would have been wiser to exclude a certain specified class from the polls and from office, and to allow all the rest to vote. The reason is, that a vast disfranchised class of those who have been always honored as masters and leaders, is a dangerous class; while, by making it small, it is the interest of all others to support the Government.

But no bill could be entirely satisfactory, while this avoids many of the theoretical difficulties which trouble so many minds. Political metaphysics have been exhausted. Whether the late rebel States can or can not ratify an Amendment—whether if they can, they should not be represented—whether if they can, they may be required to ratify as a condition for enjoying an unconditional right, are the questions around which Congressional schoolmen have spun their webs, but without catching the conscience or common-sense of the country. That sense and conscience have determined that the rebel States shall be restored only when proper guarantees have been obtained; that loyal governments are no more to be expected of disloyal men than figs of thistles; and that innocent citizens of the United States shall be every where protected by the United States. If that is centralization, make the most of it. Mr. Eliot's bill begins at the right end, and we hope that it will become law without much change.

## WHAT GOVERNOR ORR SAYS.

Governor Orr, of South Carolina, one of the most fiery secessionists of 1861, and the most conspicuous Southern member of the Johnson Philadelphia Convention of 1866, which he entered leaning upon the arm of General Couch, amidst prolonged and enthusiastic weeping, which extended to the White House, is still one of the most prominent Southern gentlemen in the debate upon reconstruction. He favors the Dixon amendment, because he thinks it would satisfy all moderate men upon both sides. It came, Governor Orr informs us, from Southern men, and is therefore precisely what we called it—a programme of terms upon which the late rebels would be willing to resume their national relations.

But Governor Orr and his friends entirely misunderstand the situation. We do not misrepresent him and them, we think, in assuming that they would say to us: "We have failed in our attempt to secede, and we therefore renounce the theory of secession, and agree to pay our share of the war debt. But the political power is to remain with us, and we will determine upon what conditions it shall be extended to the freedmen." For when Governor Orr asks that no freedman shall vote who can not read or write, or who does not own a certain amount of property, in a State where the freedman was yesterday a slave, and in which the master class are to pass upon his qualifications, he simply asks that the Government of the United States will legitimate the present bastard governments of the Southern States, and in a manner which abandons their tried friends.

Now, Governor Orr should understand as quickly as possible that it is not he and his friends who are to decide the question. Governments are to be erected upon the true American republican democratic principle of the consent of the governed, excepting in the case of certain chief offenders, who for the present are to be excluded. In the State of South Carolina half of the governed are freedmen, very few of whom can read or write, and still fewer of whom hold any property. Yet as a class they are and have been steadily faithful to the United States. Does Governor Orr honestly think that the United States ought to be satisfied with a State Government in which these people have no voice, and which is made and supported by those whom he knows are not, as a mass, truly loyal to the Union? Such a government is not only not founded upon the consent of the people, but it directly prevents that consent being obtained.

Thus, it is not Governor Orr and his friends, it is we, the loyal defenders of the Union and our friends, who are to settle the principles of reorganization. We do not mean to do it unfairly or unkindly, and therefore unwisely. We certainly do not mean to be deaf to his suggestions, or to those of any other intelligent man lately our enemy; but we most positively mean to consult and to hear the voice of those who have always been our friends.

## ANOTHER CHANCE.

We remarked last week that some bill with the essential provisions of that of Mr. Stevens's Military bill would undoubtedly pass the House; but that his bill was incomplete, because it did not provide for the establishment of civil government. When, however, Mr. Eliot's Louisiana bill made this provision in an intelligible and thorough manner for one State, it was evident that it could be substantially and immediately applied to others, and the Military bill was promptly passed by the House. The two bills are, however, incompatible. The Louisiana bill submits the military to the civil authorities which Congress provides, while the Military bill authorizes the military power to supersede all civil process.

Senator Fessenden said in the Senate that the Military bill received the unanimous support of the Reconstruction Committee, excepting, we suppose, Mr. Rogers of New Jersey. It will, of course, be vetoed by the President if it reaches him in time, and the Louisiana bill likewise. They will both probably be passed over the veto and become laws. Then the President's duty will be unmistakable. It will lie plainly in sight of the country. If he evades or refuses the execution of the law, there is nobody so blind as not to see that he defeats the intention of the executive office, and that the most vital laws must remain unexecuted.

During the debate upon the Military bill in the House it was insinuated by Messrs. Banks and Raymond that there was some prospect of reaching an understanding with the President. It was, as we know, currently rumored in private conversation also that he was anxious to compromise; and there were published reports of caucuses and conversations tending to the harmony of the two branches of the Government. Now we do not wish to be led astray by precedents, or resemblances, or historical parallels; but we can not forget that it was after Charles I. had assented to the Grand Remonstrance that he arrested the five members. We are not supposing a parallel, for it does not exist. A King of England two centuries ago is not to be compared with a President of the United States. But human nature is always the same.

If the President honestly thinks that the laws which are submitted to him are unconstitutional he ought to veto them. If he offers not to veto them upon any condition whatever he reveals his dishonesty. Nor can we conceive any grounds of what is called compromise. Either he must yield the very fundamental principle which he has constantly asserted or Congress must agree with him. There is no middle ground. He may indeed say that although he must veto as his conscience commands, yet that when the veto is set aside he will heartily and efficiently execute the law. This he may say, with the understanding that he is not to be pursued for former offenses. But this is not compromise. This is not meeting Congress half-way. This is surrender. For the objection to the President is not that he writes abortive vetoes, but that the whole influence of his position tends to paralyze the will of the people in Congress. The moment he is content with the veto, and works in good faith according to his oath in executing the laws in their spirit as well as in their letter, he is not censurable.

But there are certain experiments which are not worth trying. Flying, breathing under water, the election of honest men as New York city fathers, are experiments of this kind. Is it any more worth while to act upon the assumption of hearty co-operation between the President and Congress? We would not be unjust to him in the least—we would not repel his advances, but we would certainly be very careful of being thrown off our guard, or of leaving the least essential point to his discretion. Even had his sympathies remained with the party that elected him, his discretion could hardly be trusted. The President may, we think, avoid impeachment; but he can never in any true sense recover himself. He has no party. He has no future, except the historical page upon which he has written his name. He promised to write it as the Moses of an oppressed race. He has written it as their Judas.

It is foolish to be deceived or disappointed. If the reconstruction bills become laws, and the President faithfully executes them, the public feeling will be so generous toward him that we should think the prospect would tempt him. If they become laws, and he plainly defeats their execution, it is by no technical defense that he can be saved from that action of Congress which Mr. Banks, with solemn mystery, called "taking into consideration the state of the country."

## REFORM OF THE CIVIL SERVICE.

If the bill reported by Mr. Jenckes, which is really a bill to secure efficiency in the public service, shall become a law, it will be among the good works of the Thirty-ninth Congress. The bill merely applies to the public service the principle upon which private business is wisely and successfully conducted. It proposes that officers shall understand their duty in order that they may do it. It forbids the public service to be any longer a huge hospital for spavined politicians and noisy vagabonds. It provides that if a man applies for an office he shall be duly examined to ascertain his fitness; that activity in getting up political meetings shall not be deemed a qualification for deciding the value of French silks, nor ability to drum up voters be held as proof of capacity for a responsible clerkship.

The bill is in no sense a party bill. It takes care that whatever party may be in power no members of the party shall rob the public treasury by sheer incapacity; while the most competent candidates for office must be appointed, to whatever party they may chance to belong. There is to be a Commission of Examination, which is denounced as another centralizing movement. But how? Any candidate may present himself, and why is the recommendation of a Board likely to favor centralization? The appointing power remains the same, and since the list to be selected from is made up from the result of examinations and not from mere personal, or local, or partisan feeling, the danger of centralization is less than under the present system.

In the admirable speech with which Mr. Jenckes introduced the bill he showed that its principle has been always applied to the military and naval service, while the civil offices are merely the rewards of partisanship. The consequence is, that the country is poorly served at an enormous expense, while it is a discredit to a man's capacity to be in the subordinate civil posts. Under the present system the time of the Heads of Departments and of Members of Congress is squandered in the miserable conflict of insignificant appointments without regard to the essential qualification, and the President himself becomes a party to the inglorious strife. There is no valid reason whatever which can be urged for the present system, while its corrupting and perilous tendencies are plain.

The bill proposes to open admission to all. But experience shows that where all must submit to certain tests the number of applicants is sufficiently decreased. The highest talent among young men indeed, as Mr. Jenckes says, will naturally aim still for the great professional prizes; but there is always a large class of well-educated youth who wish immediate compensation, and who will be satisfied with slow and sure increase. Of these the most worthy will be appointed upon recommendation of a central Board of Examiners. This Board may sit at Washington, and having determined the minimum degree of qualification for every branch of the civil service, and every where in the country, they may call to their assistance the most competent persons. Thus if a hundred qualified persons are wanted at Washington, the Board determine what the examinations shall be, and where they shall be made. There may be ten thousand applicants, and out of these there may be two thousand who are found qualified. The leading hundred get the places, and the nineteen hundred obtain certificates, which are the best of diplomas for commercial or other business.

The report which accompanies the bill enters into details, which show how carefully this most important subject has been considered by the Committee. The advantages of the system are not theoretical, they have been fully established by the experience of other countries. It abolishes the political patronage which is both a bane and disgrace in this country. The bill supersedes by an intelligent and economical policy the stupid maxim that to the victors belong the spoils, which implies that every election is but a contest for the emoluments of office. It tends to a certain degree of permanence in minor offices which will greatly purify our politics and abate party-spirit. It thus promotes political morality and elevates the national character; for under the present system the temptation of an office-holder to adapt his principles to his bread-and-butter is only too evident and degrading. Mr. Jenckes's bill contemplates a radical and searching reform for which we believe the country is fully ripe, and against which no valid objection can be urged.

## PRACTICE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

The bill disabling certain persons from practicing in the courts of the United States does not seem to us a wise measure. The decision of the Supreme Court upon the Test Oath should be considered merely as another proof of the disposition of the Court to withstand the national will and to reverse the results of the war. Congress should therefore spare any small and abortive blows until it is persuaded that the time has come by one decisive stroke to reorganize the Court. When that is done the Court may safely be intrusted with the care of its own dignity and the national honor; and until then such measures as this are ineffective.

To speak of such a reorganization as usurpation and revolution is foolish. Congress has unquestionably the power to reorganize the Court, although the power should be exercised only upon the most careful deliberation. The precedent of John Adams's midnight judges has been lately refreshed in the public mind. Upon the defeat of the Federal party in the country by the election of Jefferson a bill was brought in and passed enlarging the number of the judges, for the mere purpose of planting in one branch of the Government an opposition to the national will. The nominations were made and confirmed within a few hours of the end of Mr. Adams's Presidency. It was an adroit measure, for the judges are constitutionally appointed for life, and the effect of the action could be thwarted only by repealing the bill, which would legislate out of office judges who held for life. But early in Mr. Jefferson's Presidency the repeal was moved, and after an earnest and able debate was carried. Nor could there be any doubt either of the constitutionality or of the expediency of the repeal. The Constitution, under due safeguards, gives the power over the Court to Congress, and of course with the same intention that it gives Congress the power of impeachment; namely, that the popular will, represented in the Legislature, may not be factiously baffled by collusion between the Executive and the Judiciary. When, therefore, the Representatives saw that the Court had been made a vehicle of annoyance and delay to the national purpose, they very promptly and properly thwarted the intention. And whenever a similar purpose becomes clearly evident we trust that Congress will apply a similar remedy.

But, meanwhile, a law such as Mr. Boutwell has introduced will be vetoed by the President, and should it be passed over the veto will be pronounced unconstitutional by the Court; and although such a decision may be counted in the accumulation of proof as to the

spirit and purpose of the Court, it will have less essential weight because the point will seem to have been raised for the purpose of eliciting the decision.

There is, however, another objection to the bill which is more serious. It virtually disables the entire bar of several States for practice in the United States Courts. It does not provide that those who have been convicted of treason shall be disqualified. Indeed conviction is not mentioned. It disables those who have participated in rebellion. But this is an unwise and unnecessary proscription. The object of legislation at this time should be merely the public security against plain and probable perils. But the practicing in a United States Court of a man who was in the rebel army, and who may, with thousands of others, have accepted the issue, is not a peril of any kind; while his exclusion inevitably arrays him against the Government. If he have not acquiesced, and is still rebellious in feeling, his exclusion certainly does not change his heart, while his presence would be less dangerous than his absence. If the Copperhead lawyers in the national courts did not seriously harm us during the war, how can an ex-rebel attorney hurt us now? Good policy seems to us to require that when the Constitution is amended so as to secure equal suffrage, when a certain class of rebel leaders are made ineligible to office at the pleasure of the people in Congress, when ample military provision is made for the maintenance of public order, and the public lands are wisely made accessible to the freedmen, all measures of punishment, any thing which looks like proscription, should be forborne.

The force of the great Union party which now controls the Government should be directed to great radical measures which will secure the results of the war. With such measures, when their wisdom is made apparent, the public mind will not quarrel. But the public patience is tried, and may easily be exhausted by teasing and little regulations.

## FIRES AND INSURANCE RISKS.

The extraordinary number of fires that have occurred the past year, and the appalling aggregate of losses resulting therefrom, have filled the country with alarm, and instituted a searching inquiry after causes and a remedy. The insurance companies are in despair. Most of them have suffered terribly. The greater portion have eaten up their surplus; many have fallen back upon their original capital stock; others are upon the verge of dissolution; while very few have been able to declare dividends. Some insurance officers have declared openly that they would prefer to close their books and wind up altogether; others refuse to take risks except those of the very best class, and then only at exorbitant rates. Meanwhile, as conflagration follows conflagration, property owners become more anxious than ever to effect insurance, notwithstanding the rates have advanced greatly upon all descriptions of property.

In the present epidemic of disaster there is a prevailing disposition in this city to charge the Fire Department with inefficiency, and to revive the discussion that attended the change from the volunteer to the paid system. It is claimed, through ignorance perhaps, that extraordinary tests have proved the impracticability of the new, or at least that it is capable of improvement in many respects. Probably none will deny the latter assumption, for it could hardly be expected to reach perfection during its first eighteen months of trial. While we do not purpose to discuss the comparative merits of the two systems, it may be well to produce a few facts which bear so directly upon the question as to determine, beyond cavil, the practical efficiency of the present Fire Department, as well as to acquit it of contributing indirectly to the immense aggregate of losses of which the country and the insurance companies justly complain. In the first place, it is an ascertained fact that the great burden of losses which have pressed upon the companies has not resulted from fires in this city, but in the country at large, and for which, of course, the New York Fire Department can not be held responsible. Taking the annually published report of the Fire Marshal for the year ending June, 1865, which was really the last year of the Volunteer system (although the Paid Department did not get into full working order until about the 1st of November ensuing), we find the number of fires to have been 359, involving a total loss of \$6,219,199, or an average of \$17,300 to each fire. On this insurance was paid to the amount of \$2,809,859. For the year ending June, 1866 (being the first under the paid system), the number of fires was 399, and the total loss \$7,920,711, on which \$6,182,732 of insurance was paid. The average loss per fire was a trifle over \$19,000. As a comparative statement this hardly does justice to either of the two systems, because it covers a period of more than three months when neither were in full and complete operation. However, it does not in the least show to the disadvantage of the present Fire Department. When the greatly enhanced value of mercantile commodities and real estate is taken into account, the increase in the amount of losses for the year last named is only apparent, not real. The percentage of insurance is seen to have increased in much greater ratio than the percentage of losses, showing not only an increased disposition on the part of the public to effect insurance, but less discrimination on the part of the companies in taking risks.

Since the report of last June the number of fires throughout the country, the aggregate of property destroyed, and the losses to insurance companies, have increased fully 30 per cent. Taking the losses for the month of January, which are stated at \$6,650,000, as a basis, it is a reasonable estimate to put those of the eight months at double that amount, on which a two-thirds insurance has been paid. Of these losses and insurances a very large proportion has fallen upon New York. The number of fires in this city has also increased in like ratio, as we gather from the statistics of the Chief Engineer. They show that, for the year ending December 1, 1866, which embraces the last six months of the Fire Marshal's report already referred to, they reached a total of 785. Of the number of buildings on fire 616 were but slightly damaged, and only 48 totally destroyed. With 46 exceptions the flames were confined to the buildings in which they originated. In the months of December and January last there were 164 fires; buildings slightly damaged, 140; totally destroyed, 10. In all but seven cases the flames were confined to the buildings in which they originated. These are interesting facts, and do the Fire Department manifest credit for efficiency. The Department is not responsible for the origin of fires or their number; their task is to extinguish. The small percentage of buildings destroyed, and the comparatively few cases in which fires have extended, where houses are crowded together as they are in this city, make a favorable exhibit, and should elicit for the Department the praise of our citizens and put an end to complaints.

So far as New York and the large cities are concerned, we think it easy to explain the occasion of the extraordinary losses and number of fires. The period of general combustion began soon after the close of the war, when trade with the South was suddenly revived. Cotton, which had long been locked up, was forwarded rapidly to the North, and an increased quantity of other goods has been constantly in transit or stored in warehouse. Many buildings were unsafe, or unadapted for the purpose of storage—some so constructed with lifts or dummies as to afford drafts that presently kindled incipient fires into general conflagration. Many fires are found, upon investigation, to have originated in gross carelessness, especially cotton fires. In some cases the fire was carried to the warehouse in the bales. Immense values, vastly more than formerly, and often amounting to millions, were crowded into a single building. Now, goods in warehouse are almost invariably insured, often at an excessive valuation, even considering the present inflated prices. Goods have been and are too highly covered by insurance. Just here the insurance companies have only themselves to blame for a large portion of their losses. They have been too greedy of gain, like the rest of the people, in our period of prosperity and haste to get rich, and in accepting indiscriminate risks and insuring at too high a valuation have incurred a "moral hazard," as it is technically called, which has brought them to the brink of ruin; for eighteen months they have actually been offering a premium for incendiarism, for there is no period so dangerous to morals, or so fraught with temptation to defraud, as when values are unsettled, business depressed, and fluctuations in prices occur rapidly. That a very large proportion of the fires throughout the country have been incendiary, lacks *legal* proof only.

To remedy the difficulty and to preserve themselves from greater losses, as well as to secure the city from calamity, the insurance companies should decline for the present to insure for more than two-thirds the property value; there should be a proper and more careful supervision by the underwriters, who should fix certain stringent but just and reasonable rules, and if property owners refused to comply, then they should decline to insure; officers more competent should be appointed, who are more judicious in taking risks. With these as a basis of government we should expect the country as well as the insurance companies to find speedy relief. It is folly to complain of a thief when a premium is offered him to rob.

## EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Our own political situation naturally engrosses our attention; but that of other countries is not less interesting. While France withdraws her last troops from Mexico, and Maximilian quarrels with Louis Napoleon, the Southern German States gravitate toward Prussia, and Bismarck sees events completing the marvelous victory of the summer. War is muttering in Turkey which, should it rise into a storm, must destroy the Mohammedan hold in Europe; and in Italy, the great successor of the great Cavour, Ricasoli, retires from office upon a proposition of absolute separation of Church and State, a revolution hardly less radical than emancipation in the United States. In England, the movement for political reform, at which, in the last spring, Mr. Lowe and the Conservative Liberals sneered, has become as resistless as the demand for universal suffrage in this country, of which Conservative Republicans a year ago were utterly incredulous. The vast procession that poured peaceably through the streets of London, bearing unmistakable mottoes, passing the princes of the blood in silence, but greeting the American Legation with long and tumultuous cheers, shows the purpose of the people to which every Ministry must yield.

The Queen is understood not to be averse to reform. Indeed, she was bred by the Whigs in the traditions of reform. But the tendency of the movement is unquestionably Republican. This may be conceded without apprehension. Every liberal, political policy springing from increasing popular intelligence is evidently to a purely popular elective system. An elective monarchy is a phantasm. It is useless to assert with some of the older English political philosophers that the chief difference between their system and a republic is, that in theirs the executive power is hereditary. The whole structure of their society is different. It is a society of classes, of which two are hereditary; and the State and the Church are united. Indeed, the difference between us is even greater in essence than in form.

England seems to be rapidly approaching a more radical revolution than she has ever experienced. Mr. Bright, indeed, in his late speech at Rochdale, says that the Reformers do not contemplate any change of dynasty or of the great features of the Government. But he admits that the Church has sore interior troubles, and declares that many of his hearers may see prodigious changes in the Church. But there can hardly be prodigious changes in the Church while the State remains unaltered. When the mass of the people are invested with political power the hereditary claim of an aristocratic class becomes untenably absurd. When men are politically equal, the assumption of a class to be hereditary and not elected legislators is futile. This is a truth which can not be long concealed from the English people, and which, indeed, they already begin to suspect. The great question in England, therefore, is not so much the extension of the suffrage, which is inevitable, but whether the revolution which that extension implies can be peacefully accomplished.

## THE PETER FORCE LIBRARY.

Mr. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, has made a very valuable Report to the joint Committee upon the Library in regard to the Historical Library of Peter Force. This collection is well known to scholars, and is undoubtedly the most celebrated collection in the country. Mr. Spofford has devoted two or three hours a day for two months to its examination, and every book in the Library has passed through his hands. He reports its historical value to us as quite incalculable. The collection in detail of printed and manuscript works upon America is unequaled. It contains 245 bound volumes of American newspapers printed before 1800, besides 700 bound and unbound volumes of journals from 1800 to the present time. It contains 30,000 or 35,000 pamphlets relating to America. The Library of Congress has less than 6000. The Force Library has also not only a large, but a unique collection of maps and atlases illustrative of America. The manuscript correspondence is also most extensive and important, while the unpublished manuscript material of Mr. Force's great work, the "American Archives," is perhaps most important of all.

The whole number of volumes is 22,529. If the pamphlets are counted it is about 60,000. Of these about 7850 volumes are already in the Library of Congress; and, taken as a whole, so extensive a collection of the most rare and valuable books and manuscripts relating to America could not now be made even with unlimited means. The New York Historical Society offered Mr. Force \$100,000 for the collection, but failed to raise the money. A book-dealer has offered the same sum upon speculation, but Mr. Force does not wish to divide it. The most competent scholars think it well worth that price. Such a collection should, without any question, make part of the National Library. Once lost it can never be recovered; and even in the present situation of the Treasury the proper appropriation would be true economy.

## A SUMMER JOURNEY.

The proposed summer excursion to the Holy Land, Egypt, the Crimea, Greece, and other interesting points in the Mediterranean, is more attractive than it may at first appear. You go in a comfortable steamer, upon which, wherever you may be, you are at home. From the shores of France, Italy, Greece, Spain, Palestine, Sicily, and Egypt, you make excursions inland to chosen spots. You see with comfort many of the most historically and poetically interesting places in the world, and are spared a thousand annoyances and discomforts which poison the pleasure of travel. You are sure of friendship, sympathy, and care. In the most delightful season of the year you make one of the pleasantest voyages imaginable; you are gone for five months, and you pay twelve hundred and fifty dollars currency. All passages must be taken and paid for by April 15, and all applic[illegible] for passage must be approved by a Committ[illegible] addressed to Charles C. Duncan, 117 Wall Street.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

The Bankrupt Bill, somewhat amended, passed the Senate on February 12 by a vote of 22 to 20; and being returned to the House the amendments were nonconcurred in. The Senate insisted on its amendments, and a committee of conference was appointed.

The bill to establish a Provisional Government in Louisiana, and provide for the reorganization of that State on the basis of loyal and impartial suffrage, passed the House on February 12 by a vote sufficiently large if necessary to overcome a veto; but had not reached the Senate up to February 18.

Mr. Stevens's bill to establish military governments in the South, which provides for the division of the Southern States into five military districts, each to be commanded by a general officer of the army, was passed by the House on February 13 by a vote of 109 yeas to 55 nays. The bill reached the Senate on February 16 and was defeated. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, then offered a substitute retaining the principal provision—the division of the Southern States in five military districts—and after a debate which lasted until six o'clock the next (Sabbath) morning, it was passed by the decisive vote of 29 yeas to 10 nays. An amendment providing that no sentence of death under the act should be carried into execution without the approval of the President was adopted. As this bill in every important respect is identical with that of Mr. Stevens it will probably pass the House promptly and by a decisive vote, sufficiently strong to overcome the veto, which it will certainly encounter.

The bill equalizing the bounties of soldiers and sailors passed the House on February 15. It involves the payment of over \$250,000,000 out of the Treasury as bounty money.

A bill nullifying the pardons of the President to such rebels as have not been tried and convicted was introduced into the House on February 18.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

The Senate on February 14 authorized the construction of a suspension bridge over the East River.

The same body on February 15 passed a bill extending the power of the Central Park Commissioners to all the parks of New York City.

Nothing else of importance was done, and both Houses of the Legislature adjourned on February 15 to meet again on February 25.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Anna Dickinson, in her lecture on "Something to do," says the first money she ever earned was two shillings for scrubbing a pavement, which she spent to hear Wendell Philips lecture.

The secret mission of Frederick Seward to St. Domingo was to purchase that Island as a coaling station, but too much money was demanded for it.

A number of rebels in Parkesville, Kentucky, on February 17, hung a Union man named Carrier, the charge against him being that he had stolen a horse which he had captured from the rebels at the battle of Perryville.

The Tennessee Senate has passed the bill granting suffrage to the negroes, which had previously passed the House.

John H. Surratt, the accessory of Booth in the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, has arrived at Washington, and is to be promptly tried.

The Kansas Legislature has adopted an Amendment striking the words "white" and "male" from the State Constitution, and making intelligence the basis of suffrage.

Alexander Dallas Bache, Chief of the United States Coast Survey, and a great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin, died at Newport, Rhode Island, on February 17, aged sixty-one.

Mr. Peabody's gift to the Southern States, for the education of their youth, is not very gratefully received. The Richmond *Dispatch*, Augusta *Chronicle*, and other leading papers, consider that the selection of Northern men for the majority of the trustees is "a gratuitous insult to the honor, intelligence, and manhood" of the South, that the fund is intended to educate "children at the South as Yankees," and they especially object that it is to be used for the education of negroes.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

A Fenian uprising or Irish rebellion is reported by the telegraph to have occurred in County Kerry, Ireland; but so confused and contradictory have been the statements that it is impossible to define the extent and character of the affair. On February 11 about 1400 persons made their appearance simultaneously at the town of Chester, England, and though they were unarmed and made no warlike demonstrations, and intimated that they came to witness a prize fight, the frightened citizens called them Fenians, and telegraphed all over the country that they had endeavored to take the city. On February 14 the rising in Kerry County is reported to have taken place; but though long dispatches have stated that there were eight hundred Fenians in arms led by the redoubtable Stephens, the whole story is apparently based on the fact that the land telegraph wires to Cork were accidentally down. These were soon restored, and on February 18 Ireland was reported "perfectly quiet."

The *Corps Legislatif* of France assembled by decree of Napoleon on February 14, and the Emperor delivered an important speech. He announced postively his abandonment of the Mexican idea and the recall of the troops. He declared also that the great Powers ought to "act in concert to satisfy the Christians in the East, protect the rights of the Porte, and prevent complications." "Protection to the rights of the Porte," of course, means opposition to the southward progress of Russia, and the preservation of the balance of power. The perpetuation of Austria is declared to be "necessary to the balance of power."

The Czar of Russia has promised to protect the Christians of Crete if Turkey any longer refuses to treat them with equity.

The Reform party of England had a tremendous demonstration in London on February 12, but its desired effect on the populace was damaged by the wild rumor set afloat of rebellion in Ireland.

Victor Emanuel has dissolved his Cabinet, and ordered the election of a new Parliament. A new Cabinet was formed subsequently. The King's unexpected leniency to the Pope, and his injustice to the Romans in not at once carrying out the plan of unity for which the war was fought, appears to be at the bottom of his troubles. The election, which is ordered for March 10 next, will doubtless force him to abrogate the agreement with the Pope, and deprive that magnate of the last of his temporal possessions.

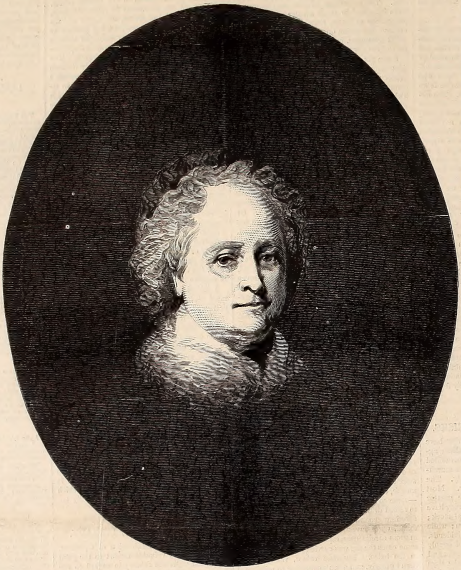
The great battle at Zacatecas, Mexico, reported in our last, turns out to have been a small affair. The Imperialists were defeated, and not the Liberals, as previously stated. A naval battle between the fleets of the Liberals and Imperialists is reported to have occurred off the bay of San Francisco on January 20, in which the former were totally defeated. The most important news from Mexico is to the effect that Mexico city was finally evacuated by the French troops on February 6, leaving its defense to General Marquez and the native imperial troops.

## WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

We present to the readers of the *Weekly* in this issue three illustrations of particular interest in connection with the one hundred and thirty-fifth anniversary of Washington's birthday. On our first page will be found an accurate engraving, from a photograph by Rockwood & Co., of the equestrian statue of Washington erected in Union Square, New York city. This work of art was designed and executed by Henry K. Browne, the sculptor. It was erected several years ago, and forms one of the principal attractions of the vicinity. A similar space on the opposite side of the square has been fittingly reserved as the site for the monument to be erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, the corner-stone of which has already been laid.

We also give an engraving of Washington's Head-quarters at Newburg, one among the many places made sacred as well as memorable to the American people by Revolutionary events. The picture represents the house as it now appears, having been photographed for us by Mr. C. A. Palmer, of Newburg. The building, which is still known as the "Hasbrouck House," is situated in the southern suburbs of Newburg, and was the Head-quarters of Washington about the year 1783, and again at the close of the Revolution. The view as taken is from the north-west, and comprises the north gable and east or river front. From the piazza or *stoop* may be seen at a glance the historic grounds of Fishkill, New Windsor, Plumb Point, and Beacon Hills; and one may catch, away in the distance, a glimpse of West Point.

The house is substantially built of stone, and is now one hundred and seventeen years old. It has several peculiarities of architecture. The front-door, as seen in the engraving, opens into the dining-hall, used by Washington as his public reception-room. This room had seven doors and only one window. The fire-place in this same room was so spacious that Eager, in his "History of Orange County," declares that "a bullock might have been turned upon a spit in it." The house has no sign of plaster about it, the heavy timbers of the ceiling being every where exposed. Mrs. Washington was a resident of the Hasbrouck House during the summer of 1783, and devoted herself while here to gardening.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.—[Photographed from the Original Painting by Gilbert Stuart.]

The house remained in the possession of the Hasbrouck family until 1848, when it was purchased by the State of New York, and some changes made by the mounting of cannon on the grounds around it, giving it a military look. A few alterations were made in the interior, which were intended to restore it to its original appearance at the time it was occupied by the "Father of his Country;" but the taste which dictated this is as doubtful as the success which attended the efforts appears to have been dubious.

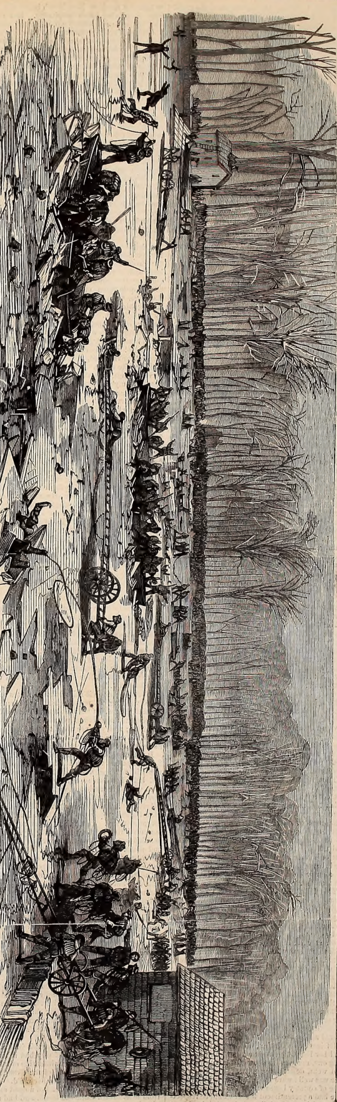
Accompanying these engravings the reader will find an admirable picture of the wife of Washington. This massive and grand head, photographed from the original, by Gilbert Stuart, which is now in the Boston Athenæum, is now generally adopted as the best picture which exists of Martha Washington. Those who have studied the lovely character of the gentle Mrs. Washington will readily feel that this noble picture is the true one.

## THE DISASTER AT REGENT'S PARK.

We give this week a graphic picture of the late terrible disaster which occurred on the lake at Regent's Park, London. Our sketch was taken immediately after the breaking of the ice, while the unfortunate skaters were yet struggling in the water, and shows the efforts made to rescue them.

At the time of the disaster there were five hundred skaters, many of them ladies, on the ice, and at least three thousand spectators looking on from the shores; and the excitement and fun were at their highest. The entire expanse of ice, covering nearly an acre of water, gave way according to some, exploded according to others, and was agitated as if by an earthquake. The fatal cracks are described as shooting with sharp reports in every conceivable direction, and with such rapidity that it seemed as if the giving way was simultaneous in each direction. Within a minute the whole sheet of the ice over the full width of the lake gave way, and split up into fragments of a few yards square. A general rush was made for the banks. Unfortunately, this broke up the soft ice into still smaller pieces. About two hundred persons were struggling in the water, and screaming for help. A few,

WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURG.—[Photographed by C. A. Palmer, Newburg.]



THE DISASTER AT REGENT'S PARK, LONDON.—RESCUING THE SKATERS FROM THE BROKEN ICE.

with great presence of mind, threw themselves flat upon the surface of the pieces of ice, and were thus instrumental in saving the lives of many of those in the water, as well as preserving their own until assistance came to them. The scene was most distressing for many minutes after the breaking of the ice: a multitude of people, among whom were several women and children, were struggling in the water, and trying to save themselves by holding the pieces of ice, and most of them screaming in despair. Of those on shore, a few were able to give prompt assistance to the nearest sufferers, and help them to scramble to land; but many were struck with horror and could do nothing but utter cries of lamentation. The icemen of the Royal Humane Society and the park-keepers, aided by some of the spectators, lost not a moment in bringing all their ropes, poles, ladders, and boats to the place, and endeavoring to rescue those who still remained above water, as is shown in our engraving. Thirty-three bodies were finally recovered from the water.

[Continued from No. 525.]

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

### BLANCHE.

"DENBIGH STREET, Belgravia," was the address which Mrs. Lyon gave to all such correspondents as she desired to hear from. Her letters would have reached her a post or two sooner had she surrendered the truth, and permitted "Pimlico" to appear upon the envelopes. But "Belgravia" looked better, and Mrs. Lyon saw great cause for studying the look of things still.

"Denbigh Street, Belgravia, is my temporary abode, while my daughter is staying in the country," she had been saying in reply to all inquiries as to either her house or her child during the last six months. But now Blanche was coming back to her, a change was about to be made; and Mrs. Lyon was glancing forward hopefully to a time when lodgings, and difficulties about dinners—an overwhelming sense of utter inability to keep "litter" in the back-ground—and "herself" should be on less familiar terms.

Miss Lyon was expected home to dinner. She was to arrive in town a few days after Miss Talbot, and to be told on her arrival of the plans that had been formed for Miss Talbot's welfare. Mrs. Lyon was to be the communicant; and Mrs. Lyon, at the moment of her introduction into these pages, was looking forward tremblingly to her task.

She was a middle-aged, neutral-tinted woman, who had always found herself less well placed in the world than she had confidently expected to be, and who yet, withal, had never expected much. She had gone through life obeying mild impulses that invariably tended to convey her further from fortune, and all the delights appertaining thereunto, than she had been before. Yet all her reverses, all her never-ending declinings upon some position still lower than the one she had before occupied, had been powerless to wrinkle her brow, or deepen the lines round the softly-moulded lips that had never been known to utter a severe or a sensible sentence.

The nearest approach to a frown that her brows had ever known was upon them now, as she sat between the table and the fire-place, awaiting her daughter's advent. She was sorely perplexed and annoyed about two or three things. The chief one was a message that had been brought up wordily from the kitchen to the effect that, if Mrs. Lyon did not have her chicken up now that it was ready, it would be burned to a cinder.

"It may be brought up the instant Miss Lyon arrives—not before," she had answered, almost deprecatingly; and then she had gone on to explain to the servant, whose usual manner was one of insolence, tastefully enlivened by familiarity, that, "Now Miss Lyon was coming, things must be different: they really must, for Miss Lyon was most particular."

Presently Miss Lyon came. She was heard giving directions about her luggage in the hall; then she came running up stairs, and her mother advanced half-way to the door to meet her, and then fell back to alter the situation of a salt-cellar, and then faltered forward again, and finally involved herself with the door handle just as Blanche was coming into the room: involved herself in such a way, that some lace on her sleeve caught in the key, and brought it to the floor with a clatter that bewildered her, and prevented her seeing Blanche's outstretched hand, and face bent down to kiss her.

While Mrs. Lyon was extricating herself, and explaining how it came to pass that the key should have fallen at this juncture, and calling to "hasten dinner" in a tone that was unintentionally petulant by reason of her anxiety to make her daughter comfortable at once, Blanche swept on into the full light of the lamp, and stood by the fire, looking back half impatiently, half laughingly, upon the confusion her entrance had caused.

The light of the lamp had never fallen on a brighter beauty than this one. She had a face that was flashing, thoughtful, cloudy, smiling, in such rapid succession that it appeared to be at once. No expression had a long life in her eyes, no smile, and no reason for it, more than a temporary abode on her lip and in her heart. There was about her that magic of luminous darkness which characterized Edgar Allen Poe's genius. The sheen on each wave of her lustrous ruddy-tipped dark hair; the quickly dilating pupil of her great black-lashed gray eyes; the line that came from nervous agitation or anxious thought across her rather low, square, clever brow; the quick, clear tones that never lost their cultivation; the lithe movement that was never lounging; the rapid gesture that was always refined—all spoke of suppressed fire—all made one marvel at her being the daughter of her mother.

Rounded, but fine-drawn in figure, lacking in those large proportions which made Beatrix Talbot such a glorious type of woman, but with a

"LET THERE BE NO 'IFS' IN THE CASE."—[SEE PAGE 135.]

grace that was all her own, and that was inferior to none; a grace that clothed each action, making it seem the fitting thing to do; a grace that came from perfect proportion, and from an artistic appreciation of all the power perfect proportion gives. A woman—in a word—possessed of that most "gorgeous cloak for all deficiencies"—an inimitable manner.

How splendidly she stood the test of the strong light after the long day's travel! Standing there, her hands in her muff still; her hat on her head; one well-bred, high-instepped little foot lifted up to the top bar, to the detriment of the shapely boot that covered it; her long drapery falling away in graceful folds; and her little, delicately-pointed nose and chin held aloft in laughing contempt for the chaos she had created—Blanche Lyon looked well worth any man's love, and any woman's envy.

It had been her portion to have much of both. Men had wooed her warmly, and still something had always come between the wooing and the actual satisfactory winning toward which all wooing should tend. She had been very often loved, and very often left. Whether the fault was the lover's, or hers, or Fate's, it was hard to tell. The fault was, and was a bitter one—bitter to her mother and to such of her relations as felt the bright beauty to be a responsibility so long as she remained unmarried, but not bitter to Blanche herself. There had always been something wanting on the part of herself or the other to make the union fit. Unless that something could have been supplied, the chasm the want of it made was accepted by Blanche as an inevitable, and not very much to be regretted, thing. She often told herself that a thorough heart-searing would be welcome, as a distraction to the many minor ills by which she had been surrounded ever since she had grown up into the capability of seeing the folly of things, and feeling strongly about them.

It seemed many a long year ago since this capability first became hers, for Blanche Lyon's perceptive faculties developed early, and she was three-and-twenty when her interest in the set of events which go to the making of this story commenced. The rough side of life had been the one on which her baby eyes opened, and it had never been smoothed for her up to the present date. Once upon a time her father had been a gentleman of considerable property in the West of England, but that time had been long past when Blanche came into the world most inopportunely, adding to expenses that Mr. Lyon found already far exceeded his receipts, and making the delicate, vacillating, neutral-tinted woman he had married more delicate, vacillating, and generally unendurable than she had been before.

It was a sorry home for any thing so bright as she was, that in which little Blanche Lyon grew up. Her father took to the evil courses to which men of strong passions, wavering minds, small means, and few interests, are apt to take. He drank and gambled, and was miscellaneously gay in a way that soon degraded him out of the ranks of the order to which he belonged by right of birth. Then his wife reproached him, and lamented, and so goaded him along the lower road faster than he would otherwise have traveled, and the atmosphere of their home was one of black, bitter discontent and gloom, that was never brightened by one ray of approving conscience.

Yet in this ungenial atmosphere, in this sad, grace-abandoned home, the girl grew and thrived, mentally and physically. Gradually she came to take a sort of command of the household, to regulate and refine it a little, and to force the semblance of peace, at least, to hang around it. Long years of gross neglect on the one side, and of feeble reproaches and furious jealousies on the other, had weakened the always slender tie that existed between the husband and wife to the point of dissolution. The marriage had not been one of love, nor had respect or convenience or sympathy brought it about. They had married because Mr. Lyon, then a young debonair man, had taken too much Champagne at a hunt ball one night, and under the influence of the same, had seen some charm which did not exist in the daughter of one of the professional men of the town where the festivities were going on. Rather for the sake of avoiding the necessity for making an unsteady progress across the room in search of another partner, than from any feeling of preference for Miss Pulleyne, Arthur Lyon danced with her many times in succession, and kept by her side in the intervals. What he said, or why he said it, he never had the remotest idea; but that he did say something, and that Miss Pulleyne was satisfied with his reasons for the speech, may be gathered from the fact of Mr. Pulleyne calling on him in the morning, before the nausea consequent on the previous night's dissipation had passed off, and mildly, but firmly, making it manifest to him that he must consider himself engaged to marry Miss Pulleyne, or be considered a defaulter from the code of honor by all Miss Pulleyne's friends and relations.

The alternative was not a very painful one to the young man, who had a strong element of defiance in his nature. He would have braved the outraged feelings of the whole Pulleyne family, root and branch, without hesitation, had he had any stronger motive for doing so than mere indifference to the daughter of the house. But indifference was not a sufficiently active feeling to make him do any thing definite that might be adverse to the interests of the one toward whom he felt it. It seemed to him that there would be less cause for exertion, less call for explanation, if he married the girl than if he refused to do so. No other woman had any place in his heart, so Arthur Lyon allowed himself to drift into matrimony without even the semblance of love for his wife, or the semblance of curiosity as to whether she loved him or not.

For a few years the house was kept up in a free, open, roughly-hospitable, uncomfortable way—a way that involved the expenditure of a great deal of money, and that kept the whole establishment in a chronic state of confusion. Mrs. Lyon went wafting along with the tide of folly, often enjoying it, often bewailing it, oftener still weakly suffering herself to be submerged by it; but never once attempting to turn it. When things were at their worst she would weep at her husband, and though her tears were but a drop in the ocean that eventually engulfed him, there was some truth in the man's declaration that he might have breasted it but for those readily flowing reproaches.

Meantime, while things were tending toward the worst—which was the selling of his property and the reduction of the family to live on the liberality of an old uncle of Arthur Lyon's—a little girl had been born—the Blanche of these pages. She grew into a comprehension of the state of things surrounding her very rapidly; it seemed to Arthur Lyon that it was but the "other day" he had tossed her in long clothes when she advanced her own opinion on a measure he proposed taking, and stood out against his.

This measure was nothing less than the total separation of the girl from her family. The old uncle had fallen sick—sick of life that had lasted till none loved him—sick of being served by those who gave such services as they were paid for, but never a tender tone or look. He was a selfish old man—it ran in the Lyon blood to be selfish—and he was true to his race in that respect to the last. He had liked women about him all his life. He liked them for their pretty ways and their self-sacrificial power. But now he was old, and women stood afar from him, so he wailed out a plaint to the nephew he supported to the effect that he was deserted and left to die alone, and his nephew, who shrank himself from the society of the old sensualist, said that "Blanche should come and cheer him up if she would."

It was merely sagacious on the father's part to add this clause, for Blanche had a will of her own.

"If he were ill I'd go and tend him," she said, with her bright face in a flame, when the plan was proposed to her; "but he's not ill, papa; he eats and drinks more than is good for him, and I never can love him, or put up with him."

"You may lose a fortune through not doing so," her father answered, moodily; "you're not the only one of the family, remember, Blanche."

She thought he was referring to her mother and himself, and she was melted in a moment.

"Oh, papa! and I would do any thing to serve you; but let it be with you; don't send me away to grow a sneak."

"I meant, remember, that he can easily find some other relative who would be more acquiescent," her father replied; "as to serving me, and not leaving me, I wish to Heaven you'd do either, or both, poor child! I shall do you no good; but if you won't go, and my uncle takes a fancy to Bathurst's boy, it's all up with your fate ever being brighter, that's all, my girl."

She was only a girl of sixteen when this conversation took place, but a woman's winning ways were familiar to her even then. She hung over his shoulder, resting her chin upon it, and looked up into his face.

"Who knows, papa? Bathurst's boy may take a fancy to me!"

"He might do something more extraordinary, certainly. So you decide, then? You will stay with me and rough it."

She nodded her head.

"Yes, don't mind my roughing it ever, papa. I have a little of the gipsy in me, I believe; there's a cross of a vagabond in me someway, I am sure; it must be on your side, for mamma has nothing of the vagabond in her."

"Your mother is a slave to mythical respectability," he answered, testily, and Blanche could not help thinking that her mother had been spared the sight of her thrall for some years.

"Yet she would have had me go to old Mr. Lyon's," she answered, quickly. "Well, never mind; you have let me have a choice—I will rough it with you."

So the question was settled, and once definitely arranged between them, it must be stated in justice to Mr. Lyon, that he never reopened it. But Mrs. Lyon suffered from an utter inability to keep the peace on the subject. Whenever life went ever so little harder than usual with them, Mrs. Lyon sought, after the manner of her kind, to obviate the present difficulty by lamenting the past possibility.

"When I think how different things would have been if only Uncle Lyon's offer had been accepted, I have no patience; if my advice had been asked instead of Blanche's—"

"It wouldn't have been taken by Blanche, that is certain," her husband would reply. So another element of discord was introduced; the mother grew to dread the child, the child to despise the mother.

It was not a "bad blow," or a "terrible shock," or any other form of woe that would admit of conventional expression to Blanche Lyon when her father died. His life had shocked her a great deal more than his death; he had fallen away upon evil ways, and his daughter knew it, and was grieved alike in her purity and pride. But when he died she was conscious of rising up under it, glad almost of the opportunity of putting her shoulder to the wheel of the family coach without seeming to usurp his place, and degrade him to the back-ground.

Naturally the woman who had wept at Arthur Lyon almost incessantly while he lived, wept even more copiously for him when he died. She was an exemplary widow. She felt it "due to poor Mr. Lyon," she said, "to have the best crape and the widest hem-stitched pocket-handkerchiefs." When she had got them she could not pay for them, and then she felt it due to the mournfulness of the position to sit down and weep over the inability, and nearly madden Blanche by appearing abject before the draper.

For a time it was one of those social mysteries that may never be solved how the widow and her daughter lived. Old Mr. Lyon had died before his nephew, and had not left them even so much as a mourning ring. All his property, personal and landed, was left to a young man already possessing a fine estate of his own, the son of a first cousin, Frank Bathurst.

The fortunate heir had made one or two efforts to institute friendly relations with the widow and daughter of the man who had been more nearly related to old Mr. Lyon than he (Frank) himself. He had heard little of them; they were but names to him, for old Mr. Lyon rarely spoke or thought of people who were not actually engaged in conducing to his own comfort. Still though he had heard so little of them, he knew that they were to be regarded as wronged, or rather that they might be forgiven for so regarding themselves. Accordingly he held out a flourishing olive branch, and Blanche gracefully waived it aside.

"What can the friendship of a young man like Mr. Bathurst do for us?" she asked, when her mother remonstrated with her on the ground that she was throwing away another chance; "he's very kind to say he will call; he means well, but he needn't do it; callers waste so much of our time."

"Don't utter such sentiments, Blanche; they are not natural to your age and station in life."

Blanche laughed.

"I forget what my years are, but I have learned a good deal in them one way and another; as for my 'station in life,' well, mother, I don't agree with you about my sentiments not being 'natural;' they are perfectly natural; they accord with the outward and visible sign of position I am at present hanging out. One little parlor, with a strong odor of roast mutton pervading it, is not the place I should care to receive people in; though I make the best of it, and put it nicely for my pride by declaring that callers waste one's time, and hoping Mr. Frank Bathurst will stay away."

"You're like your poor dear father, and you always stand in your own light," Mrs. Lyon replied.

Then the subject was dropped, as far as words went; but Mrs. Lyon recurred to it often in what stood her in place of a mind, and made Blanche aware that she was doing so by dropping tears down at unexpected times into unseemly places.

If Blanche stood in her own light out of innate perversity, it must be conceded to her that the ground she selected to stand upon was far from pleasant, and so she may be accredited with a certain integrity of purpose. She was the one sound plank in what was left of the wrecked Lyon family, and so she willingly took it upon herself to bear the brunt of every storm that might arise.

"We have nothing to live upon, and so we must die, like paupers," Mrs. Lyon had remarked, while folding away her crape upper skirt on the day of her husband's funeral. "We must live, and so I must work," Blanche had replied. "You know you wouldn't like starving, mamma; and we are neither of us likely to die just yet." Which speech made Mrs. Lyon feel very unhappy and very discontented, for at the moment she was theoretically ready to undergo any martyrdom in order to prove to survivors that her dead husband had shamefully neglected his duty in not amply providing for her out of nothing.

Blanche's will to work had been very good, but she had a tough struggle with obstacles of many kinds before her will could carry her into any remunerative path. She went the weary round of agency offices, telling the same outspoken story at each: "I want to make enough money to support my mother and myself, and I want to make it respectably. I don't expect comfort or consideration. What shall I do?"

The majority of ladies to whom she addressed herself declared with emphasis that she would not do for a governess in their houses. They either had marriageable sons, or daughters who were engaged, and in either case Miss Lyon's brilliant bloom and beautiful eyes went very much against her. But at last a mother, with no such responsibility, was found, a lady who had no sons at all, and whose eldest daughter was only ten, and who lived away so deeply in the heart of a midland county, in an old secluded country grange, that Blanche's beauty, like the famous flower, seemed born to blush unseen.

This lady, Mrs. Marsh, was the widow of a man who had chanced to have business relations during his life with Mark Sutton. So it came to pass that the year before this story opened, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, and some friends of theirs, had gone to pass a few fresh, invigorating days down at Mrs. Marsh's place. Mr. Talbot was with them, and when he went back to town he left his heart with the beautiful governess whom his charming sister, Mrs. Sutton, had sedulously flouted the whole time they were together.

Indeed, the pretty guest had been most sorely tried by the resident beauty. Marian had gone to the Grange gracefully enough to all outward seeming, but she had had a sharp struggle with her sense of expediency before she did so. Her husband asked it as a favor to himself that she should accept the invitation of the widow of his old friend, and Marian, who knew that it was well her list of favors shown to him should be a long one, made a fair show of surface sweetness, and went, determining to make the best of it. She was well aware that the Grange was not the type of country house where the time would fly. She had a presentiment that it would be respectable and intensely dull, and that she should get to hate the excellent Mrs. Marsh before she had long tasted that lady's hospitality. But as it was advisable she should go, she went with a fair show of grace, reflecting that she could perhaps ravish the hearts, and tastes, and eyes of some of the better sort of the male members of the benighted neighborhood that had never seen a Marian Sutton before. On the strength of this hope she had some very perfectly designed costumes made to take with her, and bowed the neck in getting them from Hortense. It was hard to find Miss Lyon in possession after such a praiseworthy display of self-abnegation, and such tasteful efforts to make herself look as well as she could. Hard, very hard, to feel that her prettiness paled before Blanche's radiancy, and that the governess did not spoil her beauty by evidencing an overwhelming sense of inferiority to Mrs. Sutton, as Mrs. Sutton deemed it only becoming governesses should do.

"Miss Lyon is more than pretty, she is almost lady-like," Marian said to her brother Edgar one morning, when together they were sauntering in the gardens of the Grange. "Do you admire her?" Marian gave him one quick glance through her half-closed eyelids as she asked the question, and saw that he colored as he answered it.

"Admire is a weak word for her. I think her splendid."

"So does Mark," Marian said, laughing. She knew that her brother rated Mark Sutton's intellect very low indeed, and denied him all claim to the possession of taste. It was pleasant, therefore, to her to put Edgar in the position of having his admiration for Miss Lyon indorsed by Mark Sutton. "So does Mark. She is just the sort of dashing, rather loud young country lady whom Mark would admire."

"Thank you for the implication, Marian."

"Why! what have I said that is not quite true?" she inquired, opening her eyes a little wider as she spoke. "Don't thank me for implying things, Edgar. I never imply; I speak out. It's my misfortune to be too truthful."

"You have never suffered from the effects of that misfortune as yet, luckily. Never mind, Marian; what more have you to say against Miss Lyon?"

"Against her?" Mrs. Sutton reiterated, gathering her skirts away from contact with the ground, and putting her hand through her brother's arm: "not a word against her; she amuses me too much."

"How?"

"Oh, with her would-be lady-like airs of quiet reserve when she is as full of animal spirits as she can be. She is like all underbred people—odious when quiet on compulsion."

Mrs. Sutton spoke with considerable animation, in a ringing treble. Her hand, too, trembled on her brother's arm.

"You speak with a good deal of feeling. What has Miss Lyon done to you, Marian?"

"Done to me!" She laughed and recovered herself. "Perhaps you believe that I am capable of being jealous of Mark's clumsily-expressed admiration for her?"

"If he were not your husband I should think so decidedly."

"But as he is my husband? My dear Edgar, pray banish that notion from your mind. He admires our cook very much—she is Miss Lyon's most formidable rival; he wavers to such a degree between the two, that I feel my balance of power is not endangered."

"The sarcasm is neither very delicate nor very keen. It is modest on your part, though, Marian, to undervalue Mark's taste in this way. He chose you."

"Which speech is full of the attributes which were wanting in my sarcasm," she replied. "Come, Edgar, let there be an armed neutrality between us about Miss Lyon. I can not endure incivility; and you are almost capable of being uncivil to me when I venture to hint that she is not as absolutely perfect as Mark thinks her."

It will easily be understood that after this Mrs. Sutton had less toleration in her soul, though far more in her speech, for Blanche Lyon. The girl held her own so quietly among them all, even when her mother came to join the party at Mrs. Marsh's considerate invitation. Mrs. Lyon fell an easy and unsuspecting victim into every pit Mrs. Sutton prepared for her, and Mrs. Sutton prepared many. It was altogether beyond the power of the pretty, young, wealthy, admired married woman to put the governess in the second place. Mrs. Sutton had quite exhausted her store of depreciatory devices on Miss Lyon, and still Miss Lyon was as composedly indifferent to her, and as unfettered in her intercourse with Mr. Sutton and Mr. Talbot as if Marian had not existed. Mrs. Sutton had taken a patronizing tone, and Blanche had, with great good temper, and good-breeding too, made manifest the fact that Mrs. Sutton's patronage was too small a thing to be either accepted or rejected. Then Marian had ignored Blanche's presence and remarks, and neither Blanche's presence nor remarks grew less bright for the treatment. If Miss Lyon had employed a country dress-maker, and her waist could have been proved to be an inch too high or too low, too slight or too large, Marian would have been less bitter. But Miss Lyon daringly employed the great Hortense, and did not give Mrs. Sutton the shadow of a chance of finding fault. Marian had almost given up the contest, when Mrs. Lyon came and strengthened Mrs. Sutton's forces unintentionally at once.

The poor lady had sighed for this invitation, and in her own transparent way had schemed for it. She had declared her intention of taking lodgings in the neighborhood of the Grange for a few weeks in order to be near her child. And her child had kept the declaration a dead secret from Mrs. Marsh while she could, and had sedulously striven to alter the intention. But, like

all people who are unstable by nature, Mrs. Lyon cultivated obstinacy under the name of strength of will, whenever the display of it seemed to promise her one of those "changes for the better" which her half hopeful, half discontented mind had always craved. This seemed to her a fitting opportunity for flaunting out her limp flag of defiance. Accordingly she did it in a tremulous manner that was essentially her own, and essentially repugnant to Blanche. She wrote to Mrs. Marsh, proposing that Blanche should come and pass a few weeks with her at a farm-house about two miles from the Grange, and during those weeks walk backward and forward for the fulfilling of her educational duties toward the little Marshes. To the proposition of this plan she appended a humble hope that Blanche would not catch a violent cold on her chest in the course of these compulsory walks, and so develop an hereditary delicacy which had always been a source of anguish to her anxious mother. The reply to this letter (the contents of which Mrs. Marsh kept from Blanche, but which were told to her in a song of triumph sung by Mrs. Lyon as soon as she arrived) was the invitation which brought her in contact with Mrs. Sutton, and more important still, with Edgar Talbot.

For a day or two Blanche was taken in by the manner Mrs. Sutton adopted toward Mrs. Lyon, but after a day or two she saw through and resented it as such a woman would resent a manner that was the offspring of such a motive. It has been said that Mrs. Lyon went with celerity into all the pitfalls Mrs. Sutton prepared for her. She did more—she went into them as if they were pleasant places. Under the influence of the false, subtle, fascinating allurements of the soft-voiced woman with the tender, half-closed eyes, poor Mrs. Lyon would enter upon the telling of endless narratives that were uninteresting in themselves, that concerned people of whom her auditors had never heard, and that were singularly void of point. And Mrs. Sutton would listen to them with an assumption of interest that Blanche felt to be insolent, and would recall the wandering attention of her brother Edgar, and generally portray pitying condescension toward a tedious inferior in a way that at last made Blanche Lyon writhe.

Writhe to a degree that at length the smaller elements in her mental organization trampled over the better, and urged her to enter upon an ignoble contest. Then she brought the battery of her great beauty, the wonderful wealth of her animal spirits, the subtle charm of her soul superiority to himself to bear upon the husband of the woman who sought to render her ridiculous through her mother. She took the conversation, as women of her mental calibre know how to take it, on to ground where Mark Sutton was very much at a loss, and compelled him to join in it, and contrived that he should do so to his disadvantage. In short, she sought to shame his wife through him; sought to do so till she saw him smart under the consciousness of one of his blunders, and then bitterly repented herself of the littleness.

There was nothing attractive, nothing interesting, little worth thinking about, in short, in Mark Sutton. Still Blanche's heart went out warmly to him when he told her that he "had always thought too little of himself for it to have been quite worthy of her to have made him think less." The rebuke was a bitterly sharp one to her in its moderation and humility. If the man she had made absurd in the eyes of others, above all of his wife, if he had turned round upon her as a man of his class would be likely to turn, she thought she could have borne it better, and forgiven herself more readily. But he was kinder to her than before, kind as to one who had need of protection against herself among others.

Blanche Lyon had a bright, clear, discriminating power, and she recognized this element, and acknowledged that there was ground for its being shown. She had just a few words of explanation with him, and bound him to her by them a faster friend than before. Going to him one afternoon as he was walking along between two high laurel hedges, with a little flush of mingled penitence and pride on her rounded healthy cheeks, with a shimmer over her gray eyes, and a touch of tremulousness in her voice that appealed to him very sweetly, what could any man do but forgive her when she said:

"I have been made to smart so that like the scorpion I was ready to sting myself, Mr. Sutton; I did worse, I tried to sting the only human being who cared enough for me to be stung by my ingratitude. Can you forgive me?"

She looked what Edgar Talbot had called her, a "splendid creature," as she asked this. Standing there before him in her rich, heavily-falling, violet-hued, winter drapery, with her bright face toned down into a transient tenderness by remorse, with all the winning delicacies of her most winning manner brought into such quiet play, with the silent weight of the pretty, refined, feminine trifles of becoming hat and well-fitting gloves, and mere idea of perfume brought to bear upon him—to bear upon the man who had never known them in his youth, and who accepted them all as badges of the station to which he had climbed. What could he do but forgive her, and utter the hope that he might be permitted, might be able to befriend her?

"And if you ever can, I will ask you," she said.

"And I will do it while I live," he answered.

"Even against your wife?" she interrupted, with a laugh, and Mark Sutton's heart sank and his color rose at even so slight an allegation being brought against Marian; but still he replied heartily, taking the hand of the girl who had made it.

"Even against Marian, if—"

"Let there be no 'ifs' in the case."

Mrs. Sutton herself interrupted, lounging forward from a half-concealed seat in the laurel hedge.

"Excuse me; I would have spoken before if I had recognized your voices," she added, carelessly; "but I thought it was some of the servants indulging in a lovers' quarrel; it was not till my name was taken in vain that—"

"You remembered ladies do not listen," Blanche put in, hastily. Then the belligerents looked straight into each other's eyes, and it occurred to Mark Sutton that it might be very hard for him to keep his promise of befriending Blanche, "even against his wife."

## THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S LEG.

[Among the curiosities of Waterloo are the grave of the late Marquis of Anglesey's leg and the house in which it was cut off, where the boot belonging to it is preserved. The owner of the house has interred the leg most decorously in his garden, within a coffin, under a weeping-willow, and honored it with a monument. This has inspired some humorist to write the following epitaph:]

HERE rests—and let no saucy knave
 Presume to sneer or laugh,
To learn that mould'ring in this grave
 There lies—a British *calf*.

For he who writes these lines is sure
 That those who read the whole
Will find that laugh was premature,
 For here, too, lies a *soul*.

And here five little ones repose,
 Twin born with other five,
Unheeded by their brother toes,
 Who all are now alive.

A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
 Lie here of one commanding;
Who, though he might his wits retain,
 Lost half his understanding.

And when the guns, with thunder bright,
 Poured bullets thick as hail,
Could only in this way be taught
 To give the foe *leg bail*.

And now in England just as gay
 As in the battle brave,
Goes to the rout, the ball, the play,
 With one leg in the grave.

Fortune in vain has showed her spite,
 For he will soon be found,
Should England's sons engage in fight,
 Resolved to stand his ground.

But Fortune's pardon I must beg;
 She meant not to disarm:
And when she lopped the hero's leg
 She did not seek his h-arm.

And but indulged a harmless whim,
 Since he could *walk* with one:
She saw two legs were lost on him,
 Who never meant to run.

## THE LAND OF "I DON'T KNOW."

THERE was once upon a time a little boy—

"Ah, there now," I hear you exclaim, "that is the way so many stories begin! I wish you would tell us his real name, and where he lived?"

I might if I liked; but, perhaps, when the little boy is grown older, and quite got over the bad habit that was the cause of the misadventure I am going to relate, he would not like to have you pointing at him and reminding him of his fault; so you must be quiet, and let me tell my story my own way, and be careful that you do not get into similar trouble.

"Tom" lived in a very pretty house, in a very lovely garden. He was fond of reading, and had a great many books, that ought to have been kept on a shelf by themselves, but— Every night before he went to bed he used to take his favorite toy and his favorite book for the time being, and place them on a chair by his bedside, so that he might have them close at hand the moment he awoke. Like other boys, he was very often restless at night, and then he would knock them over and break their backs, and altogether behave very badly to them. In the morning, too, when he ought to have washed and dressed as quickly as possible, he would take one of his books and place it on his wet wash-stand, and while he washed one eye would read out of the other, till the poor books got almost as much water as his face, and their red and blue covers were all blistered and defaced by soapy water.

His mother and sisters called him "Untidy Tom," after that sad boy in the story of Struwelpeter; and, indeed, he was quite as bad, if not worse.

He had still another fault. If his mother asked him where any thing was, the answer was sure to be, "I don't know."

"Where is your hat, Tom?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your whip, Tom?"

"I don't know."

"Where is your watering-pot?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

And once when he was amusing himself by acting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the shrubbery by himself, and had borrowed his sister's black doll to personate "Topsy," he left the poor little negress out in a dreadful snow-storm; and when asked where she was, of course answered, "I don't know."

His mother was very much displeased with him, and said, "Tom, to-morrow I must really take some severe measures with you, unless this is the last time I hear 'I don't know' from your lips."

Tom was very much frightened. He did not wish to vex his mother or be unkind to his sisters. He did not intend to break his books' backs, or give Topsy her death of cold; but he was so very very careless and forgetful that he was always doing some mischief.

Others besides his mother were angry with him, and determined to punish him. It is all very well treating books and playthings as if they had no life in them, but you may do it once too often.

One night when Tom was fast asleep in his bed, his room, as usual, strewn with his clothes and playthings, there was a great discussion going on, though he did not hear it.

"I'll not stand this any longer," said Masterman Ready, stepping from the boy's book-shelf. "I'm an old man, and I'll not be insulted in this way. Here, it is near a fortnight ago that that young rogue, who is sleeping so snugly there, under half a dozen blankets, actually tore off my only coat, and since then I have been shivering all through this bitter weather in nothing but my shirt. I should like him to feel as cold as I do!"

"And I," said the Lady of the Lake, who was standing near, "would gladly see him punished. He has thrown so much soapy water over me, I feel as if I were in a Scotch mist. I wish he was on the top of Ben Nevis, with a good fog rolling round him."

"And I," said Robinson Crusoe, "owe him a grudge, not so much for the many injuries he has inflicted on me personally, but for his disgraceful conduct to that interesting Black Lady who lies buried under the snow yonder. I make no doubt she was nearly related to my beloved servant, Friday, and any slight cast on him or any of his relations shall be avenged by me."

The accusations against the unlucky boy now came in so thickly that it was impossible to make them all out. Whips without lashes, lashes without handles, guns without locks, ramrods without guns—the hubbub became so great, the wonder is the whole house was not roused by the voices of his accusers.

But even Tom slept quietly on, little dreaming what was in store for him, till he felt an icy hand laid on his arm, and a stern voice desired him to rise. He was too much alarmed to speak, but one glance showed him that old Masterman Ready, clad in nothing but a tattered shirt, stood at his bedside, with many others, who in the dim light he could not recognize.

No time was allowed him to look about. He was quickly blindfolded, dragged from his nice warm bed, and out into the bitter night air, with the white snow beneath his feet, and the clear, frosty starlit sky above his head, his only covering his night-gown.

His enemies hurried on at a fearful pace, and his poor feet ached with the cold, and his legs trembled under him. At length, just as he was completely exhausted, they removed the bandage from his eyes. Ah! what a sight he beheld. There was the drum he had broken, no longer a poor inanimate thing, to be kicked and beaten at any one's will and pleasure, but a living, moving being on legs, who rushed up to Tom, and inquired, in a haughty voice, "Why did you break in my head?"

And then the watering-pot came and demanded, "Why did you leave me in the mud at the bottom of the pond?" And a double barreled gun, with a lady-like-looking pistol hanging on his arm, upbraided him for his cruel usage, and whips, and spades, and trumpets, and hoops, all came and reviled him; and, lastly, his late victim, the poor black doll, in a winding-sheet of snow, said, in a melancholy voice, "You are worse than a slave-dealer: had you no compassion on my warm African blood, that you left me to perish beneath the snow?"

Poor Tom seated himself on the hard ground and burst into tears, but the more he wept the more his tormentors jeered him; and really Masterman Ready and Robinson Crusoe seemed to incite the others to insult him, and the poor little boy was very miserable.

At last his strange companions, tired of playing with him, or afraid of the bitter, cold wind, took their departure, and Tom was left alone.

Such companionship had been bad enough, but solitude was worse. "Oh! I must find somebody," cried the poor boy, starting up, and trying to make his night-gown cover his poor little ankles. "I don't know," sighed the wind. "Which is the way home?" shouted Tom. "I don't know," shrieked a curlew. "Where's my mother?" screamed the boy. "I don't know," croaked a frog in a neighboring morass. Too frightened to speak any more, Tom groped his way along in the darkness. As day dawned he came to a directing-post. "Saved!" thought Tom, as he climbed up it like a sailor-boy up a mast. Imagine his horror. It directed him to the "Land of I don't know!" Tom slipped down quicker than he went up, and pursued his way. Presently he came to another finger-post. It was lighter now, and he could read it without the trouble of climbing; and what think you he read?—"This is the Land of I don't know."

The day passed and night came on, and still he wandered up and down, while strange voices mocked him with the oft-repeated phrase, "I don't know," "I don't know," varied sometimes with "This is the Land of I don't know!"

Poor Tom, half-mad with terror, hunger, and cold, rushed headlong on till a sudden light, a sudden breaking of the mist, showed him that he stood at the edge of a precipice, a deep blue lake far below. Then he knew where he was; on the very topmost ridge of Plinlimmon, and the blue lake shining below he knew to be the source of the Severn, that his father had shown him, a year before, when traveling in Wales.

Fearful of falling he uttered a piercing shriek, and called aloud on his mother to help him. Conceive his joy when he found himself in her arms, and heard her well-known voice reassuring him, "You are safe, my boy, quite safe; what has frightened you?"

"Oh! mother, I have been to the 'Land of I don't know;' and, only think, it is on the top of Plinlimmon."

You may be sure Tom did not soon forget his adventure. He got Masterman Ready a new coat. He dug up Topsy from under the snow, and fished the watering-pot from the depths of the pond; and if he ever mislaid any thing he tried to find it again, for he said, "I have no wish to go again to the 'Land of I don't know.'" And you, my young reader, the next time you are asked where the Severn rises, say, "In the 'blue lake' near the summit of Plinlimmon, in the county of Montgomery, Wales," and you will be A 1 in your class for a week.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MR. B——, accompanied by his wife No. 3, called on Mr. S—— to engage a tombstone for wife No. 2. While selecting, the knight of the chisel addressed Mr. B—— as follows: "Mr. B——, I think you are one of the luckiest men I ever knew." "Why so, Mr. S——?" "Why, here you have your third wife, and the most of us poor devils must stick to one as long as we live." Mrs. B—— No. 3 went into an outburst of laughter not readily described.

### BREAD AND CHEESE AND KISSES.

Love finding trade fail, as many trades will,
 In a matter-of-fact world like this is,
Found, that if he would do any business at all,
 He must mix bread and cheese with his kisses.

So to it he went, quite disgusted and sad;
 His doves stole the corn from the peasant;
While he in the milky-way found all he'd need
 To make his cheese taste nice and pleasant.

What a trade did he drive! He began to look up
 As he winked at the young eager misses;
For he knew, though they asked for the bread and the cheese,
 That in fact they but came for the kisses.

This was all very well for a honey-moon month.
 Then the thing became really quite crazing:
For the kisses were growing quite stale on the shelf,
 While the bread and cheese trade was amazing.

Woman is a delusion; still, men will hug delusion.

When dressed for the evening we girls nowadays
 Scarce an atom of dress on us leave:
None blame us; for what is an evening dress
 But a dress that is suited for Eve?

An amusing story is told of a cunning exhibitor at an agricultural fair in Connecticut, who divided a bushel of peaches, and entered one-half in his own name for competition, and the other in the name of an influential man in a neighboring town. The big man got the prize, and the other contribution, although off the same tree, was not mentioned.

A contraband who witnessed the explosion of a shell for the first time exclaimed: "See dar! hell hab laid an egg!"

"Are you the mate?" said a passenger to the Irish cook of a vessel. "No," answered Pat, "but I'm the boy that boils the *mate!*"

### CASES FOR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

A woman driving a spirited horse in St. Louis, was run away with. Being insured against accidents, she wasn't alarmed a bit, stopped the horse, and came back safe. Her policy running out, she neglected to renew it. Shortly after she was run away with again. Her husband's partner ran away with her this time, and she hasn't come back yet. Don't fail to renew your policy, particularly if it is in the "Breakneck."

Near Paris, Kentucky, a man, while engaged in running a circular saw, had his arms taken off. They consisted of a cavalry sabre and a double-barreled shotgun. The man who carried them off had an accidental insurance, and he hasn't been caught yet.

In Utica, New York, a man accidentally got married. Being insured in the "Breakneck," he will receive $15 a week until he recovers.

Near Portland, Maine, a poor man fell from a loft and broke his neck. He received his insurance, $3000, from the "Breakneck," with which he was enabled to set himself up in business, and is now doing well.

A boiler exploded at Memphis, blowing the engineer into the air quite out of sight. He will receive $15 a day until he comes down again.

A man accidentally fell from a steamer at New Orleans into the river. As he was sinking the third time he suddenly recollected that his policy in the "Breakneck" had expired. He then swam ashore, sought out the agent and renewed his policy, and immediately returned to the river and sank the third time in a serene and tranquil manner.

An old bachelor says the ladies are like Scotch snuff, because they will bring a foolish man to his knees (sneeze).

A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon upon the duty of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

MEDICAL.—You are under examination. You are questioned about the Spinal Cord. You must be short-sighted not to see the advantage it will be to you to describe it as the chain attached to your eye-glass.

A SUGGESTION.—After-dinner conversation is sometimes called post-prandial talk. Considering the spirituous character of much of the wine we consume, would it not be more correct to say post-brandial?

A COMMENT.—"Speech is silver, but silence golden." Hence the expression, hush money.

THE MOST MODEST THING IN CREATION.—The retiring tide.

When may a loaf of bread be said to be inhabited? —When it has a little Indian in it.

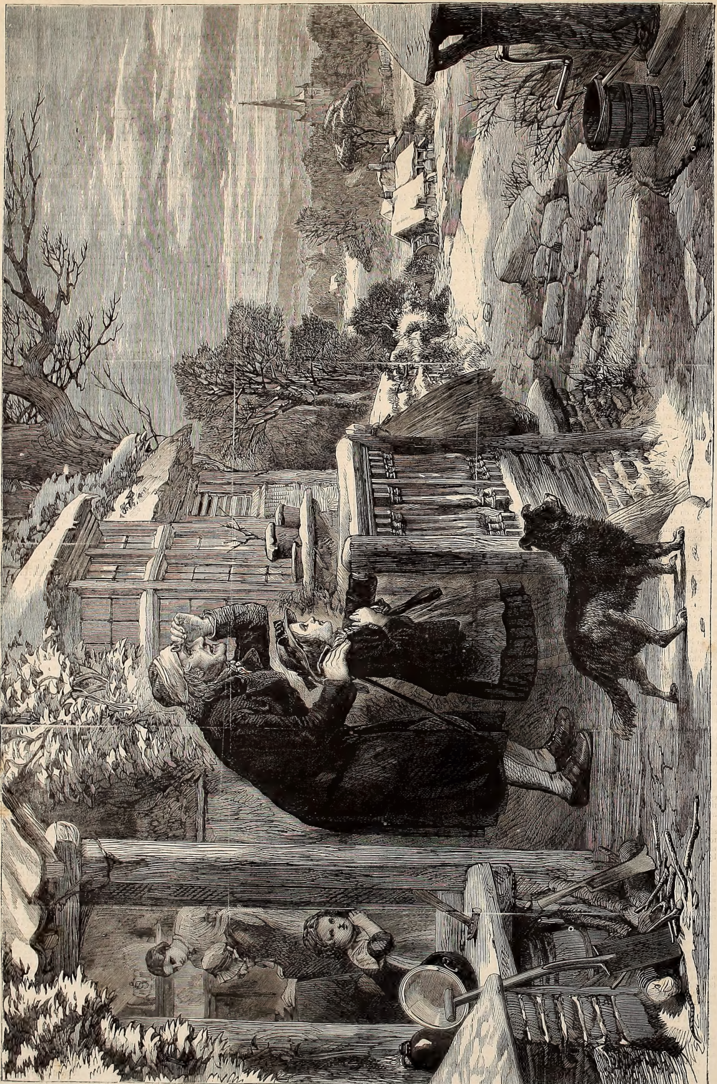
### WHIMSICAL INSTANCES OF MONOMANIA.

The Rev. Simon Brown died with the conviction that his rational soul was annihilated by a special fiat of the Divine will. A patient in the "Retreat" at York, thought he had no soul, heart, or lungs. A soldier, wounded on the field of Austerlitz, was struck with a delirious conviction that he was but an ill-made model of his former self. "You ask how Pere Lambert is?" he would say. "He is dead—killed at Austerlitz. That which you now see is a mere machine made in his likeness." Dr. Mead tells us of an Oxford student, who ordered the passing bell to be rung for him, and went himself to the belfry to instruct the ringers. He returned to his bed only to die. A Bourbon prince thought himself dead, and refused to eat until his friends invited him to dine with Turenne and other French heroes long since departed. There was a tradesman who thought he was a seven-shilling piece, and advertised himself thus: "If my wife presents me for payment, don't change me." Bishop Warburton tells us of a man who thought himself a goose-pie; and Dr. Ferreday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had swallowed the devil. In Paris there lived a man who thought he had, with others, been guillotined, and when Napoleon was Emperor their heads were restored, but in the scramble he had got the wrong one. A newspaper editor fancied that he was a paragraph, and, as he lay in bed, debated whether he should rise altogether or sentence by sentence.

The following curious notice recently appeared on Ludford Church door, Herts, and was previously read in the church: "This is to give notice, that no person is to be buried in this church-yard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

It was a pointed remark of Franklin's, when he said, "If a wife is only half the scissors, she is often the half with the point."



"WINTER."—Drawn by A. Hunt.—[See Page 138.]

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

Th. Nast.

SCENE.

A Ravine in the Southern States. Prometheus (Grant) is discovered bound to the precipice. Panthea (Columbia) and Ione (Congress) are sitting at his feet. Southern Furies, Minor Spirits, etc. TIME—Night. During the scene morn slowly breaks.

*First Fury.*

The hope of torturing him smells like a heap
Of corpses to a death bird after battle.

*Second Fury.*

We are the ministers of pain and fear,
And disappointment, and mistrust, and hate,
And clinging crime; and as lean dogs pursue
Through wood and lake some struck and sobbing fawn,
We track all things that weep and bleed and live,
When the great King (Andy) betrays them to our will.

*Ione.*

Hark, Sister!—
Darest thou observe how the fiends torture him?

*Third Fury.*

Blood thou canst see, and fire, and canst hear groans;
Worse things, unheard, unseen, remain behind.

*Panthea.*

Look, Sister, where a troop of spirits gather,
Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather,
Thronging in the blue air!

*Ione.*

And see! more come!

## INSULTS TO UNITED STATES SOLDIERS.

WASHINGTON, *Feb.* 6.—A messenger has arrived from Richmond to consult General SCHOFIELD regarding insults to the troops stationed around that city. It appears that while a body of soldiers were marching through the town on the way to camp, on Saturday, the inmates of a private house, occupied by a prominent rebel family, displayed the rebel flag from the windows and greeted them with jeers and taunts.

General R. S. GRANGER, in command during General SCHOFIELD's absence, at first determined to arrest the whole party and occupy the house; but reflecting that under the President's orders and the decisions of the Supreme Court the military authorities have no further power in the South, he decided to report the facts to General SCHOFIELD. The latter was greatly incensed, and left for Richmond at once.

## REWARDS OFFERED FOR THE KILLING OF UNION OFFICERS IN TENNESSEE.

*The Nashville Press and Times* of February 4, contained the following statement:

We have received direct information of a diabolical conspiracy which has been entered into by certain rebel citizens of Cannon, White, and Warren Counties, to procure the assassination of a number of leading and influential Union men, all late officers of the Federal Army, residing in the Third Congressional District. The following are the names of the persons marked out for death and the sums offered for making way with them:

| | |
|---|---|
| For Colonel W. B. STOKES | $5000 |
| For Colonel BLACKBURN | 4000 |
| For Colonel PLEASURE | 4000 |
| For Captain VANATTA | 2000 |
| For Captain HATHAWAY | 2000 |

A rebel citizen living near Alexandria, in De Kalb County, has offered to give $1000 for the assassination of Captain VANATTA. It is understood that three notorious cut-throats, who were once members of CHAMP FERGUSON's gang of bushwhackers, have been employed to do the work. Several Union citizens, fearful of their lives, have fled to Alexandria for safety, where a number of discharged Federal soldiers, formerly belonging to Colonel STOKES's cavalry, reside.

## STATE OF THINGS IN TEXAS.

General SHERIDAN says: "Two soldiers were shot at Brenham, Texas, about two months ago; they were unarmed, and offered no provocation. The grand jury could find no bill against their would-be assassins; but found a bill against Bre-

vet Major Smith, Seventeenth Infantry, for burglary, because he broke into the house of some citizen in his attempt to arrest these men."

Large grants of lands and money have been made to rebel soldiers in Texas. The bodies of rebels have been brought from other States for reinterment, and an Act has been passed to remove the bodies of Union soldiers from the State cemetery.

### MURDER OF UNION SOLDIERS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The recent release of Joseph Crawford Keys, Robert Keys, his son, Elisha Byren, and F. G. Stowers, for the wanton murder of three Union soldiers in South Carolina, is creating a good deal of comment. The victims were Corporal W. C. Corbett, Emory Smith, and Mason Browning, all of the First Maine Veteran Volunteers, who were killed while on guard over cotton. Each had been shot through the head; two with wounds which must have caused immediate death; the third evidently having been drowned after receiving his wound. The hair of each was scorched, showing the pistols had been discharged close to their heads. The defendants are very rich, and it is stated one of their counsel alone received $10,000 for his influence with the President in the matter.

"In South Carolina," says General Sickles, "when arrests are made by military authority, and the parties turned over to the civil tribunals, the accused are generally admitted to easy bail."

## "WINTER."

[*See the Illustration on page* 136.]

The sun is sinking in the wintry sky,
And all the landscape lies enwrapp'd in snow;
The day is dying, and to see it die
Come youth and age, who watch the fading glow.
Age looks forth wistfully, and longs to go
Thus gently, silently, to peaceful rest:
Youth, full of hope, unconscious of life's woe,
Gazes in gladness on the glowing west.
Old age is weary—he has played his part—
Life's wintry day is drawing to its close;
But spring is shining in the child's young heart,
Like dew-drops gleaming on the budding rose.
The night is coming; but the morn is near,
When light, and life, and hope shall reappear.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

**Book III.—Heaping up Riches.**

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE COMPACT OF GRAY'S INN.

The sand which ran so swiftly in the glass which that bright young urchin Love had wrested from the hand of grim old Time ran with an almost equal swiftness in the hour-glasses of lodging-house keepers and trades-people, and the necessities of every day demanded perpetual exertion on the part of Mr. Hawkehurst, let Charlotte's eyes be never so bright, and Charlotte's society never so dear. For Captain Paget and his protégé there was no such thing as rest; and the ingenious Captain took care that the greater part of the labor should be performed by Valentine, while the lion's share of the spoil was pounced upon by the ready paw of the noble Horatio. Just now he found his pupil unusually plastic, unusually careless of his own interests, and ready to serve his master with agreeable blindness.

Since that awkward little affair at Forêtdechêne, that tiresome entanglement about a King of Spades which had put in an appearance at a moment when no such monarch was to be expected, Captain Paget had obtained the means of existence in a manner which was almost respectable, if not altogether honest; for it is not to be supposed that honesty and respectability are by any means synonymous terms. It was only by the exercise of superhuman address that the Captain had extricated himself from that perplexing predicament at the Belgian watering-place; and it may be that the unpleasant experiences of that particular evening were not without a salutary effect upon the adventurer's future plans.

"It was touch-and-go work, Val," he said to his companion; "and if I hadn't carried matters with a high hand, and sprung my position as an officer in the English service upon those French ruffians, I don't know where it would have ended."

"It might have come to a metallic ornamentation of the ankle, and some amiable 444, who has murdered his grandmother with a red-hot poker and extenuating circumstances, for your companion," murmured Valentine. "I wouldn't try it on with that supererogatory king again on this side of the Channel, if I were you."

The Captain bestowed a freezing look on his flippant protégé, and then commenced a very grave discussion of future ways and means, which ended in an immediate departure for Paris, where the two men entered upon an unpretentious career in the commercial line as agents and travelers for the patentees of an improved kind of gutta percha, which material was supposed to be applicable to every imaginable purpose, from the sole of an infant's boot to the roof of a cathedral. There are times when genius must stoop to pick up its daily pittance; and for twelve months the elegant Horatio Paget was content to devote his best energies to the perpetual praise of the Incorrodible and Indestructible and Incombustible India rubber, in consideration of a very modest percentage on his commercial transactions in that material. To exert the persuasive eloquence of a Burke or a Thurlow in order to induce a man to roof his new warehouses with a fabric which you are aware will be torn into ribbons by the first run of stormy weather, for the sake of obtaining two-and-a-half per cent on his investment, may not be in accordance with the honorable notions of a Bayard, and yet in a commercial sense may be strictly correct. It was only when Captain Paget had made a comfortable little purse out of his percentage upon the Incorrodible and Incombustible that he discovered the extreme degradation of his position as agent and traveler. He determined on returning to the land of his birth. Joint-stock companies were beginning to multiply in the commercial world at this period; and wherever there are many schemes for the investment of public capital there is room for such a man as Horatio Paget; a man who, with the aid of a hired brougham, can inspire confidence in the breast of the least daring speculator.

The Captain came, accompanied as usual by that plastic tool and subaltern, Valentine Hawkehurst, who, being afflicted with a chronic weariness of every thing in life, was always eager to abandon any present pursuit in favor of the vaguest contingency, and to shake off the dust of any given locality from his vagabond feet. Captain Paget and his protégé came to London, where a fortunate combination of circumstances threw him in the way of Mr. Sheldon.

The alliance which arose between that gentleman and the Captain opened a fair prospect for the latter. Mr. Sheldon was interested in the formation of a certain joint-stock company, but had his own reasons for not wishing to be identified with it. A stalking-horse is by no means a difficult kind of animal to procure in the cattle-fairs of London; but a stalking-horse whose paces are sufficiently showy and imposing—a high-stepper, of thorough-bred appearance, and a mouth sensitively alive to the lightest touch of the curb, easy to ride or drive, warranted neither a kicker nor a bolter—is a quadruped of rare excellence not to be met with every day. Just such a stalking-horse was Captain Paget; and Mr. Sheldon lost no time in putting him into action. It is scarcely necessary to say that the stock-broker trusted his new acquaintance only so far as it was absolutely necessary to trust him; or that the Captain and the stock-broker thoroughly understood each other without affecting to do so. For Horatio Paget the sun of prosperity arose in unaccustomed splendor. He was able to pay for his lodgings, and was an eminently respectable person in the eyes of his landlord. He enjoyed the daily use of a neatly-appointed brougham, in which only the most practiced eye could discover the taint of the livery stable. He dined sumptuously at fashionable restaurants, and wore the freshest of lavender gloves, the most delicate of waxen heath blossoms or creamy-tinted exotics in the button-hole of his faultless coat.

While the chief flourished, the subaltern was comparatively idle. The patrician appearance and manners of the Captain were a perennial source of profit to that gentleman; but Valentine Hawkehurst had not a patrician appearance; and the work which Mr. Sheldon found for him was of a more uncertain and less profitable character than that which fell to the share of the elegant Horatio. But Valentine was content. He shared the Captain's lodging, though he did not partake of the Captain's dinners or ride in the smart little brougham. He had a roof to shelter him, and was rarely unprovided with the price of some kind of dinner; and as this was the highest order of prosperity he had ever known he was content. He was more than content; for the first time in his existence he knew what it was to be happy. A purer joy than life had ever held for him until now made him careless whether his dinner cost eighteen pence or eighteen shillings; whether he rode in the most perfect of broughams or walked in the mud. He took no heed for the future; he forgot the past, and abandoned himself heart and soul to the new delights of the present.

Never had Philip Sheldon found so willing a tool, so cheap a drudge. Valentine was ready to do any thing or every thing for Charlotte's step-father, since his relations with that gentleman enabled him to spend so much of his life with Charlotte.

But even in this sublimated state of mind Mr. Hawkehurst was not exempt from the great necessity of Mr. Skimpole and humanity at large. He wanted pounds. His garments were shabby, and he desired new and elegant raiment in which to appear to advantage before the eyes of the woman he loved. It had been his privilege on several occasions to escort Mrs. Sheldon and the two younger ladies to a theatre; and even this privilege had cost him money. He wanted pounds to expend upon those new books and music which served so often as the excuse for a visit to the Lawn. He wanted pounds for very trivial purposes; but he wanted them desperately. A lover without pounds is the most helpless and contemptible of mankind; he is a knight errant without his armor, a troubadour without his lute.

In this dilemma Mr. Hawkehurst resorted to that simple method which civilization has devised for the relief of pecuniary difficulties of a temporary nature. He had met George Sheldon several times at the Lawn, and had become tolerably intimate with that gentleman, whom he now knew to be "the Sheldon of Gray's Inn," and the ally and agent of certain bill-discounters. To George he went one morning and after requesting that Captain Paget should know nothing of his application, explained his requirements. It was a very small sum which he asked for, modestly conscious that the security he had to offer was of the weakest. He only wanted thirty pounds, and was willing to give a bill at two months for five-and-thirty.

There was a good deal of hesitation on the part of the lawyer; but Valentine had expected to meet with some difficulty, and was not altogether unprepared for a point-blank refusal. He was agreeably surprised when George Sheldon told him he would manage "that little matter; only the bill must be for forty." But in proof of the liberal spirit in which Mr. Hawkehurst was to be treated, the friendly lawyer informed him that the two months should be extended to three.

Valentine did not stop to consider that by this friendly process he was to pay at the rate of something over a hundred and thirty per cent. per annum for the use of the money he wanted. He knew that this was his only chance of getting money; so he shut his eyes to the expensive nature of the transaction, and thanked Mr. Sheldon for the accommodation granted to him.

"And now we've settled that little business, I should like to have a few minutes' private chat with you," said George, "on the understanding that what passes between you and me is strictly confidential."

"Of course!"

"You seem to have been leading rather an idle life for the last few months; and it strikes me, Mr. Hawkehurst, you're too clever a fellow to care about that sort of thing."

"Well, I have been in some measure wasting my sweetness on the desert air," Valentine answered, carelessly. "The governor seems to have slipped into a good berth by your brother's agency; but I am not Horatio Nugent Cromie Paget, and the brougham and lavender kids of the Promoter are not for me."

"There is money to be picked up by better dodges than promoting," replied the attorney, ambiguously; "but I suppose you wouldn't care for any thing that didn't bring immediate cash? You wouldn't care to speculate the chances, however well the business might promise?"

"*C'est selon!* That's as may be," answered Valentine, coolly. "You see those affairs that promise so much are apt to fail when it comes to a question of performance. I'm not a capitalist; I can't afford to become a speculator. I've been living from hand to mouth lately by means of occasional contributions to a sporting weekly, and a little bit of business which your brother threw in my way. I've been able to be tolerably useful to him, and he promises to get me something in the way of a clerkship, foreign correspondence, and that kind of thing."

"Humph!" muttered George Sheldon; "that means eighty pounds a year and fourteen hours' work a day, letters that must be answered by this mail, and so on. I don't think that kind of drudgery would ever suit you, Hawkehurst. You've not served the right apprenticeship for that sort of thing; you ought to try for some higher game. What should you say to an affair that might put two or three thousand pounds in your pocket if it was successful?"

"I should feel very much inclined to fancy it a bubble; one of those dazzling rainbow-tinted globes which look so bright dancing about in the sunshine, and explode into nothing directly they encounter any tangible substance. However, my dear Sheldon, if you really have any employment to offer a versatile young man who is not overburdened with vulgar prejudices, you'd better put the business in plain words."

"I will," answered George; "but it's not an affair that can be discussed in five minutes. It's rather a serious matter, and involves a good deal of consideration. I know that you're a man of the world, and a very clever fellow into the bargain; but there's something more than that wanted for this business, and that is patience. The hare is a very fine animal in her way, you know; but a man must have a little of the tortoise in him if he wants to achieve any thing out of the common run in the way of good luck. I have been working, and waiting, and speculating the chances for the last fifteen years, and I think I've got a good chance at last. But there's a good deal of work to be done before the business is finished; and I find that I must have some one to help me."

"What sort of business is it?"

"The search for the heir-at-law of a man who has died intestate within the last ten years."

The two men looked at each other at this juncture; and Valentine Hawkehurst smiled significantly.

"Within the last ten years?" he said. "That's rather a wide margin."

"Do you think you would be a good hand at hunting up the missing links in the chain of a family history?" asked Mr. Sheldon. "It's rather tiresome work, you know, and requires no common amount of patience and perseverance."

"I can persevere," said Valentine, decisively, "if you can show me that it will be worth my while to do so. You want an heir-at-law, and I'm to look for him. What am I to get while I'm looking for him? and what is to be my reward if I find him?"

"I'll give you a pound a week and your traveling expenses while you're employed in the search; and I'll give you three thousand pounds on the day the heir gets his rights?"

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Hawkehurst, rather doubtfully; "three thousand pounds is a very respectable haul. But then, you see, I may fail to discover the heir; and even if I do find him the chances are ten to one that the business would be thrown into Chancery at the last moment; in which case I might wait till doomsday for the reward of my labors."

George Sheldon shrugged his shoulders impatiently. He had expected this penniless adventurer to catch eagerly at the chance he offered.

"Three thousand pounds are not to be picked up in the streets," he said. "If you don't care to work with me, I can find plenty of clever fellows in London who'll jump at the business."

"And you want me to begin work—?"

"Immediately."

"And how am I to pay forty pounds in three months out of a pound a week?"

"Never mind the bill," said Mr. Sheldon with lofty generosity. "If you work heart and soul for me, I'll square that little matter for you; I'll get it renewed for another three months."

"In that case I'm your man. I don't mind a little hard work just now, and I can live upon a pound a week where another man would starve. So now for my instructions."

There was a brief pause, during which the lawyer refreshed himself by walking up and down his office two or three times with his hands in his pockets. After which relief he seated himself before his desk, took out a sheet of foolscap, and selected a pen from the ink-stand.

"It's just as well to put things in a thoroughly business-like manner," he said presently. "I suppose you'd have no objection to signing a memorandum of agreement—nothing that would be of any use in a court of law, you know, but a simple understanding between man and man, for our own satisfaction, as a safeguard against all possibility of misunderstanding in the future. I've every reason to consider you the most honorable of men, you know; but honorable men turn round upon each other sometimes. You might ask me for something more than three thou'—if you succeeded in your search."

"Precisely; or I might make terms with the heir-at-law, and throw you over. Perhaps that was your idea."

"Not exactly. The first half of the chain is in my hands, and the second half will be worth nothing without it. But to prevent all unpleasantness we may as well put our intentions upon record."

"I've not the least objection," replied Valentine, with supreme indifference. "Draw up whatever memorandum you please and I'll sign it. If you don't mind smoke, I should like to console myself with a cigar while you draw the bond."

The question was a polite formula, the atmosphere of George Sheldon's office being redolent of stale tobacco.

"Smoke away," said the lawyer; "and if you can drink brandy and soda at this time of day you'll find the *de quoi* in that cupboard. Make yourself at home."

Mr. Hawkehurst declined the brandy and soda, and regaled himself only with a cigar, which he took from his own case. He sat in one of the second-floor windows smoking, and looking dreamily into the gardens, while George Sheldon drew up the agreement. He was thinking that any hazard which took him away from London and Charlotte Halliday might be a fortunate one.

The lawyer finished his document, which he read aloud for the benefit of the gentleman who was to sign it. The agreement was in the following terms:

"Memorandum of agreement between George Sheldon on the one part, and Valentine Hawkehurst on the other part, whereby it is this day mutually agreed by and between the parties hereto as follows:

"1. That, in consideration of a weekly salary of one pound while in pursuit of certain inquiries, and of the sum of three thousand pounds to be paid upon the arising of a certain event, namely, the establishment of an heir-at-law to the estates of the late John Haygarth, the said Valentine Hawkehurst shall act as agent for the said George Sheldon, and shall not at any time during the continuance of this agreement do any act to prejudice the inquiry or the steps now being taken by the said George Sheldon to discover and establish an heir-at-law to the estates of the late John Haygarth.

"2. That at no time hereafter shall the said Valentine Hawkehurst be entitled to a larger recompense than is hereinbefore provided: nor shall he be liable to the said George Sheldon for the return of any moneys which the said George Sheldon may advance on account of the said inquiries in the event of the same not resulting in the establishment of an heir to the estates of the late John Haygarth.

"3. That the said Valentine Hawkehurst shall not alter his character of agent to the said George Sheldon during the prosecution of the said inquiry: that he shall deliver over to the said George Sheldon all documents and other forms of evidence that may arise from his, the said Valentine Hawkehurst's, inquiries: and that he shall week by week, and every week, and as often as may be necessary, report to the said George Sheldon the result of such inquiries, and that he shall not on any pretense whatever be at liberty to withhold such fruits of his researches, nor discover the same to any one else than the said George Sheldon, under a penalty of ten thousand pounds, to be recovered as liquidated damages previously agreed between the parties as the measure of damages payable to the said George Sheldon upon the breach of this agreement by the said Valentine Hawkehurst.

"In witness whereof the parties hereto have this 20th day of September, 1862, set their hands and affixed their seals."

"That sounds stiff enough to hold water in a court of law," said Valentine when George Sheldon had recited the contents of the document.

"I don't suppose it would be much good in Chancery Lane," returned the lawyer carelessly; "though I dare say it sounds rather formidable to you. When one gets the trick of the legal jargon, it's not easy to draw the simplest form of agreement without a few superfluous words. I may as well call in my clerk to witness our signatures, I suppose."

"Call in any one you like."

The clerk was summoned from a sunless and airless den at the back of his principal's office. The two men appended their signatures to the document; the clerk added his in witness of the genuine nature of those signatures. It was an affair of two minutes. The clerk was dismissed. Mr. Sheldon blotted and folded the memoran-

dum, and laid it aside in one of the drawers of his desk.

"Come," he said cheerily, "that's a business-like beginning at any rate. And now you'd better have some brandy and soda, for what I've got to say will take some time in the saying of it."

On this occasion Mr. Hawkehurst accepted the lawyer's hospitality, and there was some little delay before the conversation proceeded.

It was a very long conversation. Mr. Sheldon produced a bundle of papers, and exhibited some of them to his agent, beginning with that advertisement in the *Times* which had first attracted his notice, but taking very good care *not* to show his coadjutor the obituary in the *Observer* wherein the amount of the intestate's fortune was stated. The ready wits which had been sharpened at so many different grindstones proved keen enough for the occasion. Valentine Hawkehurst had had little to do with genealogies or baptismal registers during his past career; but his experiences was of such a manifold nature that he was not easily to be baffled or mystified by any new experience. He showed himself almost as quick at tracing up the intricacies of a family tree as Mr. Sheldon, the astute attorney and practiced genealogist.

"I have traced these Haygarths back to the intestate's great-grandfather, who was a carpenter and a Puritan in the reign of Charles the First. He seems to have made money—how, I have not been able to discover with any certainty; but it is more than probable he served in the civil wars, and came in for some of the plunder those crop-eared, psalm-singing, Pierce-the-brain-of-the-tyrant-with-the-nail-of-Jael scoundrels were always in the way of, at the sack of Royalist mansions. The man made money; and his son, the grandfather of the intestate, was a wealthy citizen in the reigns of Anne and the first George. He was a grocer, and lived in the market-place of Ullerton in Leicestershire; an out-of-the-way sleepy place it is now, but was prosperous enough in those days, I dare say. This man (the grandfather) began the world well-off, and amassed a large fortune before he had done with it. The lucky beggar lived in the days when free-trade and competition were unknown, when tea was something like sixty shillings a pound, and when a psalm-singing sleek-haired fellow with a reputation for wealth and honesty might cheat his customers to his heart's content. He had one son, Matthew, who seems, from what I can gather, to have been a wild sort of fellow in the early part of his career, and not to have been at any time on the best possible terms with the sanctimonious dad. This Matthew married at fifty-three years of age, and died a year after his marriage, leaving one son, who afterward became the reverend intestate, with whom, according to the evidence at present before me, ends the direct line of the Haygarths." The lawyer paused, turned over two or three papers, and then resumed his explanation. "The sanctimonious grocer, Jonathan Haygarth, had one other child besides the son—a daughter called Ruth, who married a certain Peter Judson, and became the mother of a string of sons and daughters; and it is among the descendants of these Judsons that we may have to look for our heir-at-law, unless we find him nearer home. Now, my idea is, that we *shall* find him nearer home."

"What reason have you for forming that idea?" asked Valentine.

"I'll tell you. This Matthew Haygarth is known to have been a wild fellow. I obtained a good deal of fragmentary information about him from an old man in some alms-houses at Ullerton, whose grandfather was a school-fellow of Matthew's. He was a scape-grace, and was always spending money in London while the respectable psalm-singer was hoarding it in Ullerton. There used to be desperate quarrels between the two men, and toward the end of Jonathan Haygarth's life the old man made half a dozen different wills in favor of half a dozen different people, and cutting off scape-grace Matthew with a shilling. Fortunately for scape-grace Matthew, the old man had a habit of quarreling with his dearest friends—a fashion not quite exploded in this enlightened nineteenth century—and the wills were burned one after another, until the worthy Jonathan became as helpless and foolish as his great contemporary and namesake, the Dean of St. Patrick's; and after having died 'first at top,' did his son the favor to die altogether, *intestate*, whereby the roysterer and spendthrift of Soho and Covent Garden came into a very handsome fortune. The old man died in 1766, aged eighty; a very fine specimen of your good old English tradesman of the Puritanical school. The roysterer, Matthew, was by this time forty-six years of age, and, I suppose, had grown tired of roystering. In any case he appears to have settled down very quietly in the old family house in the Ullerton market-place, where he married a respectable damsel of the Puritan school, some seven years after, and in which house, or in the neighborhood whereof, he departed this life, with awful suddenness, one year after his marriage, leaving his son and heir, the reverend intestate. And now, my dear Hawkehurst, you're a sharp fellow, and I dare say a good hand at guessing social conundrums; so perhaps you begin to see my idea."

"I can't say I do."

"My notion is that Matthew Haygarth may possibly have married before he was fifty-three years of age. Men of his stamp don't often live to that ripe age without being caught in matrimonial toils somehow or other. It was in the days of Fleet marriages, in the days when young men about town were even more reckless and more likely to become the prey of feminine deception than they are now. The fact that Matthew Haygarth revealed no such marriage is no conclusive evidence against my hypothesis. He died very suddenly—intestate, as it seems the habit of these Haygarths to die; and he had never made any adjustment of his affairs. According to the oldest inhabitant in Ullerton almshouses, this Matthew was a very handsome fellow, generous-hearted, open-handed; a devil-may-care kind of a chap; the type of the rollicking heroes in old comedies; the very man to fall over head and ears in love before he was twenty, and to go through fire and water for the sake of the woman he loved. In short, the very last man upon earth to live a bachelor until his fifty-fourth year."

"He may—"

"He may have been a profligate, you were going to say, and have had baser ties than those of Church and State. So he may; bu if he was a scoundrel tradition flatters him. Of course all the information one can gather about a man who died in 1774 must needs be of a very uncertain and fragmentary character. But if I can trust the rather hazy recollections of my oldest inhabitant about what his father told him *his* father had said of wild Mat Haygarth, the young man's wildness was very free from vice. There is no legend of innocence betrayed or infamy fostered by Matthew Haygarth. He appears to have enjoyed what the young men of that day called life—attended cock-fights, beat the watch, gambled a little, and was intimately acquainted with the interior of the Fleet and Marshalsea prisons. For nearly twenty years he seems to have lived in London; and during all those years he was lost sight of by the Ullerton people. My oldest inhabitant's grandfather was clerk to a merchant in the city of London, and had therefore some opportunity of knowing his old school-fellow's proceedings in the metropolis. But the two townsmen don't seem to have seen much of each other in the big city. Their meetings were rare, and, so far as I can make out, for the most part accidental. But, as I said before, my oldest inhabitant is somewhat hazy, and excruciatingly prolix; his chaff is in the proportion of some fifty to one of his wheat. I've given a good deal of time to this case already, you see, Mr. Hawkehurst; and you'll find *your* work very smooth sailing, compared to 'what I've gone through."

"I dare say that sort of investigation *is* rather tiresome in the earlier stages."

"You'd say so, with a vengeance, if you had to do it," answered George Sheldon, almost savagely. "You start with the obituary of some old bloke who was so disgustingly old when he consented to die that there is no one living who can tell you when he was born, or who were his father and mother; for, of course, the old idiot takes care not to leave a blessed document of any kind which can aid a fellow in his researches. And when you've had the trouble of hunting up half a dozen men of the same name, and have addled your wretched brains in the attempt to patch the half dozen men—turning up at different periods and in different places—into one man, they all tumble to pieces like a child's puzzle, and you find yourself as far as ever from the man you want. However, *you* won't have to do any of that work," added Mr. Sheldon, who was almost in a passion when he remembered the trouble he had gone through. "The ground has been all laid out for you, by Jove, as smooth as a tea-garden; and if you look sharp, you'll pick up your three thou' before you know where you are."

"I hope I shall," answered Valentine, coolly. He was not the sort of person to go into raptures about three thousand pounds, though such a sum must needs have seemed to him the wealth of a small Rothschild. "I know I want money badly enough, and am ready and willing to work for it conscientiously, if I get the chance. But to return to this Matthew Haygarth. Your idea is that there may have been a marriage previous to the one at Ullerton."

"Precisely. Of course there may have been no such previous marriage; but you see it's on the cards; and since it *is* on the cards, my notion is that we had better hunt up the history of Matthew Haygarth's life in London, and try to find our heir-at-law *there*, before we go in for the Judsons. If you knew how the Judsons have married and multiplied, and lost themselves among herds of other people, you wouldn't care about tracing the ramifications of *their* family tree," said Mr. Sheldon, with a weary sigh.

"So be it," exclaimed Mr. Hawkehurst, carelessly; "we'll leave the Judsons alone, and go in for Matthew Haygarth."

He spoke with the air of an archæological Hercules, to whom difficulties were nothing. It seemed as if he would have been quite ready to "go in" for some sidereal branch of the Plantagenets, or the female descendants of the Hardi Canute family, if George Sheldon had suggested that the intestate's next of kin was to be found *there*.

"Mat Haygarth, by all means," he said. He was on jolly-good-fellow-ish terms with the dead and gone grocer's son already, and had the tone of a man who had been his friend and boon companion. "Mat Haygarth is our man. But how are we to ferret out his doings in London? A man who was born in 1720 is rather a remote kind of animal."

"The secret of success in these matters is time," answered the lawyer, sententiously; "a man must have no end of time; and he must keep his brain clear of all other business. Those two conditions are impossible for me, and that's why I want a coadjutor: now you're a clever young fellow, with no profession, with no particular social ties, as I can make out, and your time is all your own; ergo, you're the very man for this business. The thing is to be done: accept that for a certainty. It's only a question of time. Indeed, when you look at life philosophically, what is there on earth that is *not* a question of time? Give the crossing-sweeper between this and Chancery Lane time enough, and he might develop into a Rothschild. He might want nine hundred years or so to do it in; but there's no doubt he could do it, if you gave him time."

Mr. Sheldon was becoming expansive under the influence of the brandy-and-soda; for even that mild beverage is not without its effect on the intellectual man.

"As to this Haygarth case," he resumed, after the consumption of a little more soda and a little more brandy, "it's a sure success, if we work it properly; and you know three thou' is not to be despised," added George, persuasively, "even if a fellow has to wait some time for it."

"Certainly not. And the bulk of the Haygarthian fortune—I suppose that's something rather stiff," returned Valentine, in the same persuasive tone.

"Well, you may suppose it's a decent figure," answered Mr. Sheldon, with an air of deprecation, "or how could I afford to give you three thou' out of the share I am likely to get?"

"No, to be sure. I think I shall take to the work well enough when once I get my hand in; but I shall be very glad of any hint you can give me at starting."

"Well, my advice is this: begin at the beginning; go down to Ullerton; see my oldest inhabitant; I pumped him as dry as I could, but I couldn't give myself enough time for thoroughly exhaustive pumping; one has to waste a small eternity before one gets any thing valuable out of those hazy old fellows. Follow up this Matthew from his birth; see the place where he was born; ferret out every detail of his life, so far as it is to be ferreted; trace his way step by step to London, and when you get him there, stick to him like a leech. Don't let him slip through your fingers for a day; hunt him from lodging to lodging, from tavern to tavern, into jail and out of jail—tantivy, yoicks, hark-forward! I know it's deuced hard work; but a man must work uncommonly hard in these days before he picks up three thou'. In a few words, the game is all before you; so go in and win," concluded George Sheldon, as he poured the last amber drops from the slim smoke-colored bottle, and swallowed his glass of brandy undiluted by soda.

## THE TWO VOYAGES.

I.

Swiftly, swiftly, we onward glide,
Borne by the wind and the fav'ring tide;
We pass by hamlet, by park, and hall,
And meadows where holiday festival
Is kept: and our hearts beat feather light,
While the sun o'erhead shines warm and bright.

And such is life through its opening years,
Before the burden of grief and tears;
Life when the birds of promise sing,
And happiness dwells with every thing—
When the cloud that veils the early morn
Is gone ere we scarce can say 'tis born.

II.

Heavily, heavily, now we glide,
For we fight with wind and we fight with tide;
The day is done, and the shadows fall,
Darkness soon will envelop all:
Brave strokes are wanting; come, pull away,
That we be not lost with the close of day.

So when we are old, and worn, and gray,
And friends once with us are pass'd away,
When we are left to struggle alone,
With many a weary, weary moan,
We must not falter nor drop an oar
Till we land on yonder eternal shore.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Have we a lottery among us? Some complaints are made of the manner in which the drawing of the Union Home School Presentation Festival has been managed; and the provisions of our State statute relative to lotteries are invoked as being applicable to such distributions. Every one knows that lotteries were formerly considered—if fairly conducted—perfectly legitimate modes of raising money for benevolent purposes. Thus a large part of the endowment of Union College was obtained by a lottery, and there have been many similar cases. They are now, however, altogether prohibited by the State Constitution, and conducting them or selling tickets in them is a punishable offense by statute. Recently one or two complaints have been made against persons who took part in the Union Home School enterprise, charging them with violating the law. The first complaint was dismissed by the magistrate upon the ground that such presentation enterprises were not unlawful, not being "lotteries." Another complaint has been since preferred against one of the clerks of Thomas & Co., the managers of the Union Home School Presentation, before another magistrate, who took a different view of the law, and committed the accused for trial. It is said that the question will be carried before the Supreme Court.

People take "good luck" very differently. Mr. Lee, who drew the Crosby Opera-house, in the recent distribution at Chicago, is said to have been not at all excited when the news first came. He was at first incredulous. But neighbors and friends flocked in upon him, and strangers thronged his door, inquiring for "Mr. Lee, the man that drew the Opera-house;" dispatches came from unknown friends telling him to "hold on to his ticket;" until at last even his own family, to his unbounded astonishment, began to believe in his success. Nevertheless our philosopher was not convinced. At length late one evening a thundering knock at the door announced another man wanting to see "Mr. Lee, who had drawn the Crosby Opera-house." This time there was no mistake. Bowing to Mr. Lee as to a man of property, the messenger delivered a letter announcing that he was the lucky holder of the winning ticket, the fortunate possessor of the much-coveted Opera-house! Mr. Lee questioned the messenger whether it was "really a fact and no mistake." The most solemn assurance was given that there was no mistake about it. "Very well," wrote Mr. Lee to his brother, "I suppose the Opera-house belongs to me, and I just say to you that it is for sale."

Quite a different story is told of the old man who drew the prize of $10,000 in greenbacks in the Union Home School Presentation. He was poor, and conscientiously opposed to lotteries; but his scruples were overcome by his wife, who had dreamed a dream which induced him to purchase a ticket in the lottery. He received the check for $10,000 with a tremor of delirious joy and unnatural excitement.

We are glad to notice that several of the city mission stations have been furnished with newspapers and magazines, especially designed for the free use of working-men; and rooms are suitably prepared, so that any who desire may have a comfortable place in which to pass a leisure hour pleasantly and profitably. We understand that there is a good collection of newspapers and magazines at No. 27 Greenwich Street, No. 122 Leonard Street, No. 139 Canal Street, No. 60 Bleecker Street, and No. 273 West Twenty-fifth Street.

The largest sale of coal ever made in this country at public auction occurred last week. The coal was the property of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, and came from the Company's mines at Pittston. There were 208,000 tons, and the whole of it was sold in twenty-five minutes.

Mr. Andrew Boyd, of this city, is collecting every available memento associated with President Lincoln. He has some thirty bound volumes, and over one hundred unbound, containing information respecting him; besides large numbers of portraits, badges, medals, etc., letters and autographs by Mr. Lincoln, prospectuses of books about him, posters for the arrest of the assassins—in fine, whatever publication or token, however trifling, that relates to the martyred President.

President Lincoln's old home in Springfield, Illinois, is occupied by a family who keep things as nearly as possible as they were while he lived in it. It has been visited by over fifty thousand people since the assassination.

The Broadway Aerial Bridge is fairly commenced, and will probably be completed in about three weeks. We sincerely hope the erection of this bridge will render the duties of the policemen, who so untiringly escort ladies across the crowded thoroughfare in the vicinity of Fulton Street, somewhat less onerous.

A brace of thunder-showers, coming in mid-winter, within about a week of each other, is a rare phenomenon, the like of which even the "oldest inhabitant" can scarcely remember. It has been our fortune to experience this novelty this winter, as well as many other unusual efforts of Nature.

It is said that Artemus Ward's jokes have been too much for him, and that he is seriously ill in London. By-the-way, it has been stated by some New York paper that this noted lecturer "comes from Ohio." Undoubtedly he has been in Ohio, and came away again; but he is a *native* of Waterford, Maine.

If the following, which we clip from an exchange, be a *fact*, it is a fact that somebody ought to be ashamed of:

"An Outdoor Relief Committee in New York last week found a girl about 18 years old who *exists* by making trimming at five cents per yard, and is able to make only three yards per day of 12 hours. This trimming is sold by the dealers at 75 cents per yard."

Who does not wish—with some "mental reservations"—that he had chanced to have been a "native" of the country in 1811, or thereabouts. Just look at this extract from the prices current at that period. It is taken from a Boston paper of 1811:

"Butter 13 @ 14 cents; cheese 8 @ 10 cents; cider per barrel $2 @ $2 25; flour sup. $9 @ $9 50; beef 8 @ 10 cents per pound; pork 6 @ 7 cents; veal 7 @ 9 cents; mutton 5 @ 7 cents; poultry 12 @ 14 cents; eggs per dozen 14 @ 16 cents."

No wonder that some of the older inhabitants long for the "good old times!"

*Punch* quotes the following advertisement:

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

A YOUNG LADY teaches the above in Four Lessons, without any previous knowledge of either.—Apply, etc.

And adds: "There is nothing like frankness. We would rather send for the young lady who makes this open announcement in a West of England paper than for any pretentious person who should puff herself.

"A good girl. If she has no knowledge of what she is going to teach, she is no worse off than many who pretend to a great deal, and we like her candor and truthfulness. Is she disengaged?—we mean, matrimonially. If so, she may send up her photograph. We have several young men on hand."

A nice little story is told of General Washington, by Parton, which will be fresh to many of our readers; and will show him—to *wives*—in the light of a model husband:

The General and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a curtain-lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremer, relates that a gentleman once slept at Mount Vernon, in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overheard, through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtain-lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving him her opinions in somewhat animated and quite decided tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said:

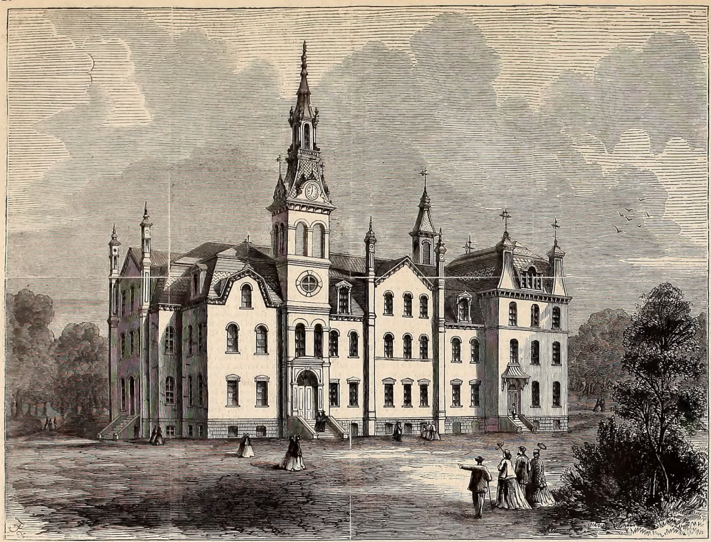
"Now good sleep to you, my dear."

It is plain the General believed that "it takes two to quarrel."

In familiar language we often hear the phrase "sleeps like a top" applied to a person completely under the influence of Morpheus; and some may imagine that the simile is taken from the momentary pause of a humming-top when its rotatory motion is at the height. But this is not so. *Topo*, in Italian, signifies a mouse; it is the generic name, and applied indiscriminately to the common mouse, field-mouse, and dormouse, from which the Italian proverb, "*Ei dorme come un topo*," is derived—Anglice, "He sleeps like a top."

A logograph is a kind of charade, in which one word is made to undergo several transformations, and to be significant of several things by addition, subtraction, or substitution of letters. The following on the word Cod is a good example of the logograph:

Cut off my head, how singular I act!
Cut off my tail, a plural I appear;
Cut off my head and tail—most curious fact—
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!
What is my head cut off? a sounding sea!
What is my tail cut off? a flowing river!
Amid their foaming depths I fearless play,
Parent of softest sounds, though mute forever.



MINNESOTA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT WINONA.—[See next Page.]

GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK—RUINS OF THE APPLETON BUILDING, BROADWAY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See page 142.]

## NORMAL SCHOOL, WINONA.

We present in this number a view of the fine edifice now being erected for the Minnesota State Normal School at Winona. Its dimensions are 94 by 166 feet. As will be observed, the building is three and four stories high, exclusive of the basement, which will be eight feet above the surface when graded, and 11 feet above the natural surface. The foundations are laid in solid concrete from 16 to 30 inches deep, and the basement walls are of dressed magnesian limestone of a light cream color. The superstructure is composed of hard-pressed brick, the facings and ornamentation being also of dressed limestone. The first story will be about 13 feet high, the second 16, the third 20, and the fourth 23 feet in the clear.

The building will contain, besides the usual recitation and study rooms, a fine laboratory; a large calisthenic room, devoted exclusively to the female pupils· a large library; a spacious lecture-room; and a museum of natural history of the State.

The building is centrally located in the city of Winona, occupying two squares, 300 by 670 feet in area. It presents an imposing front to the Mississippi River. In the rear, and at a distance of about half a mile, is Lake Winona; and beyond the lake, which is about half a mile in width by one and a half in length, lie the magnificent bluffs of this picturesque region, rising to a height of about 500 feet.

This institution was established in 1859, in accordance with an act of the Legislature passed in 1858, the year in which the State was admitted into the Union. It was opened for the admission of students in September, 1860. It continued in operation with varying fortunes for about two years, when it was suspended, owing to embarrassments growing out of the war, and other causes. The Legislature of 1864, however, re-established it on a permanent basis, giving it an annual endowment of $5000. It was reopened and reorganized in November, 1864, under the supervision of Professor William F. Phelps, A.M., formerly of the State Normal School at Albany, New York, but more recently Principal of the New Jersey State Normal School, at Trenton. Since its reorganization its progress has been rapid, and it has won in a remarkable degree the confidence of the people of the State. This is evidenced in the fact that public sentiment enthusiastically sanctions legislative appropriations for a building of such proportions as will require from $80,000 to $100,000 for its completion and equipment.

The recent examinations were attended by the Governor, State officers, and the members of both branches of the Legislature, who traveled 160 miles for the purpose. The architect of the building is G. P. Randall, Esq., of Chicago. The State Normal Board, under whose auspices the school is conducted, is composed of seven members, viz.: Dr. J. D. Ford, Winona, President; Hon. H. C. Rogers, St. Paul, Secretary; Rev. H. J. Parker, Austin; Hon. Daniel Buck, Mankato; Hon. N. F. Barnes, St. Cloud; Geo. W, Prescott, Esq., St. Paul; and Joseph Haskell, Esq., of Afton.

A State which has the sagacity and the liberality to erect such structures as this for educational purposes is far on the highway to greatness. With a present school-fund of nearly one and a half millions of dollars, and a landed endowment which must eventually yield from fifteen to twenty millions for the support of common schools, Minnesota will soon be in the front rank in the march of material and social progress. We heartily congratulate her people upon the brilliant prospects which lie before the "North Star State."

CROSSING BROADWAY.—[Drawn by C. G. Bush.]

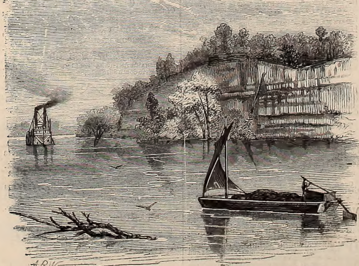
## VIEW ON THE TOMBIGBEE.

The "Bigbee," as it is called for short, takes its name from the Tombeckbee tribe of Indians, who formerly flourished in Alabama. It is a fine stream, running almost parallel with the Alabama River to the Gulf of Mexico.

The sketch was taken near St. Stephens, Washington County. Below this point the banks of the river are rather flat, and subject to partial inundation. It is a rich cotton and corn country, and, in the pine woods, quite healthy. The roads are exceeding bad, and the country unsettled. Good land can be bought cheap, either woodland or cleared; but the facilities of intercourse are so limited that there is little profit in settling except upon the rivers or lines of railway.

## ILLEGAL STILL IN ALABAMA.

It being generally imagined that whisky is one of the necessaries of life, it could hardly be expected that the chivalric native of the South should deprive himself of the inebriqting fluid. Now to buy whisky that has paid a profit to half a dozen dealers is more expensive than brewing it. Then the aforesaid native has a *constitutional* objec-



VIEW ON THE TOMBIGBEE RIVER, ALABAMA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

AN ILLEGAL STILL IN ALABAMA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

tion to government taxes, and a large one is gathered from the sale of spirits. Hence the still carries on contraband distillation in many a quiet nook of the Southern States. The sketch is from one of these.

## THE GREAT FIRE IN BROADWAY.

A disastrous conflagration which occurred in New York City on February 12 swept away one of the oldest and most valuable landmarks of the city. The building destroyed was familiarly known as the "Appleton Building." It was built in 1839 by the New York Society Library Association, and occupied by that and similar associations and the Academy of Design until 1853. The narrow entrances to the building and the contracted stairways were not, however, calculated to tempt the public, and the building was abandoned by its originators, and sold in the year named to Messrs. Appleton & Co., publishers. Chittenden & Co., and others, have occupied it as a dry-goods warehouse and salesroom for some time.

The fire was discovered bursting from the building about daylight. The flames so completely enveloped the building that the engines, which were soon on the ground, could do nothing toward suppressing them. So great was the heat that the firemen could not stand in front of the building, the flames circling outward with a sound and fury perfectly appalling. Within a few hours the side and rear walls of the building fell, the interior having been burned out, and nothing remained but the front wall, as shown in the illustration which we give on page 140. The entire loss is estimated at $1,300,000.

## THE ARREST OF A CORPSE.

It was not an army corps-e, but that of a man who, when in the flesh—or rather, when life was in his body—was one of the most distinguished in his calling.

Pat O'Shaughnesey was his name.

He was called Pat for short. Pat's metier was to wheel coal from a raised platform by the side of the vessels which lay at our wharf, over a narrow staging, to some coal-bins on the other side of a street which ran down the wharf. This was in Boston, where they have respectable wharves, and not the narrow, crowded, rotten concerns called piers which are the hindrance to commerce in the city of New York.

There may be occupations requiring more genius than that of wheeling coal, but when that operation is carried on over a two-foot platform, at a height of twenty feet from a cobble-stone pavement, it not only demands a scientific turn of mind to guide accurately the turn of the wheel, which all the while is out of sight, but it requires a cool head and firm hand, for it is a task of danger as well.

Pat used to boast that he "was a bully wheeler;" he "could wheel that barrow across Niagara falls widout winking. Bother your Blondin!" he would say. "Let him put a tub of coal in his barrow, and he'll say what wheeling is!" Unquestionably Pat was the best wheeler in the yard; and barrin' a spree, which laid him up from work for a day or two, he pursued this business without any of those accidents which befell his less capable or inexperienced brethren. But one day an event occurred against which even Pat O'Shaughnesey could not provide. The plank broke just as he was in the middle of it, and poor Pat's head, after a rapid descent, impinged upon the cobble-stones, arresting the circulation of the blood. His wheeling days were over. In fact, Pat was a dead Irishman! There was great grief in Pat's family over this incident, for he was a husband and the father of numerous children; there was greater sorrow, if possible, among the coal-heavers and the 'longshoremen, for, as they asserted, "He was the pride of the trade, an' a harder head an' betther fist there wusn't in the First Ward!" There was no help for it, however; Mrs. O'Shaughnesey must now depend upon her own exertions for a living, and the knuckles of the defunct coal-heaver, which had imprinted themselves upon many an ensanguined countenance, were now stiff with death.

But there was one satisfaction left to his mourning friends: they could "wake" him, and "wake" him they would. As Henry, the foreman of the yard, and I had been friends of the deceased, we were honored by an invitation to the ceremony. Neither of us had ever witnessed this singular method of an attempt to raise the dead; both our curiosity and respect for the memory of Pat led us to accept the invitation.

It was a sloppy, slippery, foggy night as we arrived at the entrance to the dark alley-way where the O'Shaughneseys lived. A dismal hole it was, and as we peered into its obscurity we might have thought it uninhabited but for the screams and yells, wild and inhuman, which re-echoed in the passage, reminding me of the howl of the coyotes on the prairie feasting upon the carcass of some dead animal.

"Black Alley," the locality where my companion and I now found ourselves, was of bad reputation. The quiet citizen whose business called him through this neighborhood always gave it a wide berth. Men and women had been violently killed there. It was the theatre of endless quarrels and fights. The police never entered Black Alley except when well armed, and then in squads. I knew the place very well, and had passed in the daytime, when a ray of sunshine rested across the topmost story of the high stone building, revealing the misery and filth within. To-night the place is black indeed. As we proceeded up the narrow inclosure the light from dirty, patched windows faintly struggled through the misty darkness. Our feet were entangled in heaps of garbage, or we stumbled into pools of mud and water, while the breath was almost suffocated with the noisome smells which filled the air. A narrow, forbidding cavern was this, with no outlet but that of the way by which we came.

"A nice hole for the cholera is this!" said Henry, as he halted for a moment upon a bit of dry stone.

"It looks—what we can see of it—more like one of the entrances to the infernal dominions," I replied. "And there are a legion of devils just let loose," I continued, as a chorus of howls broke forth in one of the houses near by.

"This must be the wake," said Henry.

"I should think so. But let us see if we can get into the place."

Guided by the noise, which had now reached a symphonic volume, variety, and continuity, we climbed a narrow stairway, and without knocking, entered the room from which the sound proceeded. I shall never forget the sight and sound and smell which met my senses at that moment.

The central object which attracted my attention was a mahogany coffin, which was placed upon two wooden stands in the centre of the room. This evidently, and as I had reason afterward to know, encased the mortal remains of the late Pat O'Shaughnesey. Two tallow-candles sputtered and dripped from the nozzles of black bottles, which flanked either end of the coffin. On its centre stood two other bottles, which did not bear candles, while several partially filled or empty glasses and cups supported the bottles in their unhappy position.

There were one or two small tables in the room. These were covered with jugs and bottles, while the assemblage of heart-stricken mourners were holding fast to mugs and cups and glasses, drinking therefrom now and then with pathetic devotion. There must have been twenty or more of these people, men and women, crowded into that small, filthy den. Some were sitting; others standing; all drinking, smoking, and howling.

"Whillew! whil-il-il-lew! arrah he wuz a brave lad, he wuz!" yelled a brawny female near me. I at once recognized her as the most successful cotton-stealer on the wharf.

"Will yez tell me, now," shouted a coal-heaver, as he staggered toward us to give us welcome, "did yez have a betther wheeler on the place than Pat, who's on his way to heaven, God bless him!"

Our questioner tried to make the sign of the cross as he finished his remark, but his inebriated finger wandered somewhat. Truth, however, and the evident objection of making any other answer, compelled me to admit that "Pat was a bully wheeler." But my reply was lost in the "arrahs," the "whill-e-e-e-lews," prolonged for many seconds, the groans, the yells, which burst forth at the moment.

"You'll take a drink?" demanded my friend of the inflamed visage.

"Certainly, and glad of the chance;" and I took the fiery poison and adroitly threw it on the floor.

"We have made a mistake to come here," I said to my friend in an undertone. "Let us keep together, and get out as soon as possible."

"Do you see that fellow in the corner talking to the man with a blue jacket?"

"Yes," I replied; "that is the man who was sent to the House of Correction for stealing iron on the wharf. How is it he is out so soon? We must keep an eye on him."

By this time Henry and I had gained a place near the window, where we could the better survey the scene, and at the same time get a breath of air. A strange sight it was, where the solemn and the ridiculous, the grotesque and the pathetic were strangely mingled—a picture for the pencil of Doré and Gavarni combined. At the head of the coffin sat the widow, her face buried in her hands, while she rocked her body to and fro in paroxysms of grief. To her, all thought and consciousness lay within the four walls of that thin coffin. She seemed to ask for no sympathy; she received none from that beastly, drunken crowd surrounding her. Beating the air with their arms, crying to the Holy Mother, shouting the prowess of the dead man, boasting of their own, some were singing, others praying, many cursing. Surely these were demons, and not men and women.

Suddenly one of the group we had noticed when we first entered the room jumped upon a table and shouted:

"It's sacrilege, it's sacrilege upon the Holy Church to have a d—d Protestant at a Catholic wake!"

"That's truth," screamed another. "What are they here for? It's a shame, it is!"

"Oh, howld your dirthy jaw," remarked one of the gentlemen who had asked us to the feast.

"Out wid the Protestant blackguards," came from the crowd in significant chorus.

"We'll say about that," was the response of our friends; and in an instant, without further conversation, these hot-headed mourners were assaulting each other right and left. The bottles flew in all directions: an earthen mug laid open the cheek of my friend, I received an ugly blow on the head. Henry was a medium-sized, compactly-built man. He could strike an awful blow. I am of a rather big-boned, muscular make, and we delayed as little as was consistent with politeness in reaching the door. In fact, we struck right and left, not minding much who went down. The row was by this time really terrific; the air was rent with howls, and curses, and groans; the women screaming at first, and then taking a hand in the fight. In the mêlée over went the coffin on the floor. Two or three of the wakers, with pious intent, in the midst of the whirling to and fro, took it in their arms and tried to replace it upon the stand, but the crowd which surged from one side to the other defeated their purpose.

"Kill the Protestant baste!" yelled our friend from the House of Correction, at the same time striking furiously at me with the leg of a table. I caught it as it fell and wrenched it from his grasp.

"Quick, Henry, get the door open! I will keep them away for a while," I cried to my companion, and with my newly-found weapon I soon made a clear space in front of me. The movement saved us, but it was the death of the corpse; for the crowd of infuriated, but now somewhat dismayed, Irishmen gave way before the rise and fall of my bludgeon. The men who bore the coffin were pushed irresistibly backward toward the window. One of them shouted:

"Take care, the windi, the windi!" and then there was a great crash of broken glass, and to my horror, which feeling was instantly lost in a supreme sense of the ludicrous, I saw the coffin with its end up disappear through the window. We at once sprang down the stairs, upsetting several persons in our descent. It was full time we had gotten away, for Black Alley was alive with its denizens of roughs and jail-birds who had rushed out to take part in the row. The unusual phenomena of a coffin falling in their midst arrested their steps.

We had barely time to see the shattered fragments of the mahogany and the sadly-abused body of Pat O'Shaughnesey, whose white cerements of the grave were shockingly stained by the filth in which it had rolled, when we heard the sharp click of a watchman's rattle, and a party of these guardians of the night rushed in, using their billies and hooks in an energetic but somewhat promiscuous way. Fortunately, we were recognized by them, and kept our heads unbroken. But the Black Alleyians and the "wakers" were taken prisoners, and, headed by the corpse, were removed to the station-house.

We heard afterward that Pat was decently buried; but no amount of personal friendship has induced us since to accept an invitation to a wake, and for no possible consideration would we ever again become parties to the Arrest of a Corpse.

Agents Wanted.—For a new patent article just introduced in the market. Ladies and Gentlemen can make a respectable living, from $5 to $20 per day. For information, inclose your envelope, addressed and stamped, to Stewart & Stevens, No. 840 Broadway, New York.

"Burnett's reputation is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of his preparations."—Burnett's Standard Flavoring Extracts and Cocoaine for the Hair, &c.—*Boston Journal.*

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Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using
**Dundas Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,**
Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

Castor oil,
Cod-liver oil,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,
Citrate of iron and quinine,
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And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

Great advantage derived by exhausted and weak persons from the use of
**Hoff's Malt Extract**
BEVERAGE OF HEALTH.

Since the recent introduction of this celebrated HEALTH BEVERAGE, the approval of American Science, as well as of the Public, is so unanimous that HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT begins to become as popular here as in Europe.

It is recommended to weak persons generally, and for ladies of delicate constitution especially (also to ladies nursing, or after exhausting sickness); and, as a proof of its efficacy in such cases, we publish extracts of a few city letters to Mr. Hoff of Berlin, or to Hoff's Depot for America, No. 542 Broadway:

New York, *Jan.* 9, 1867.
Dear Mr. Hoff,—My physician has advised my wife to use your Malt Extract instead of Porter or Ale, and she is much benefited by it. Please to send again, &c.
J. Heller, 168 Lexington Avenue.

New York, *Jan.* 26, 1867.
Dear Mr. Hoff,—The best results were produced on the suffering condition of my lady by your Malt Extract Beverage of Health.
John Zettler, No. 168 East Twelfth St.

New York, *Jan.* 25, 1867.
Mr. Hoff,—I am obliged to say that my lady is greatly benefited by the use of your Malt Extract. It is not only a very pleasant beverage but also a very efficacious one, and strengthens the stomach as well as the nerves and the whole system. (Follows order.)
C. P. Wagner, 273 Ninth Avenue.
To Hoff's Depot, 542 Broadway.

New York, *Jan.* 26, 1867.
Dear Sir,—I thank you for the wonderful effects of your Malt Extract. Since six years I suffered greatly from general weakness, but the nourishing matters of your Beverage of Health have given me new strength. Please to send &c.
Karline Schade, 106 Ludlow St.

PRICE SIX DOLLARS PER DOZEN.
One dozen and upward delivered to any part of this city and suburbs free of charge. Sold by the principal druggists and grocers.

NASBY'S Androo Johnson's Comic Life and Western Trip. It's rich, contains 40 "Kurus Kuts." 100,000 sold. Mailed free, 10 for $1; 100 for $8; single copy, 20 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA FOR MARCH. Now Ready. With extraordinary Novelties and beautiful Engravings, Stories, Games, Puzzles, &c., &c. 15 cents; yearly, $1 50, with a pearl-handled two-blade Knife, worth $1, or a Microscope, Compass, or a good Box of Paints, as a premium. 473 Broadway, N. Y.

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EVER OFFERED IN AMERICA.
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**AMATEUR CULTIVATORS' GUIDE**
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NOW READY.

A descriptive work of 150 pages, fully illustrated with a beautiful colored plate and 100 engravings, containing a list of over 2500 varieties of Flower and Vegetable Seeds; also 150 varieties of the choicest French Hybrid Gladiolus. All the Novelties, both of the Flower and Vegetable for 1867, will be found described in the above work. Mailed free to any address on receipt of 25 cents.
WASHBURN & CO., Seed Merchants,
Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass.

***"Tænia Solium."***

Probably among the most terrible of the many human ills is the existence generally in the small intestines of the "Tænia Solium," or Common Tape Warm. These monsters are often solitary, but sometimes are found in numbers, though less numerous, fortunately, than the other intestinal worms. They sometimes occur in childhood, but more frequently after puberty, and females are more subject to them than males. They also frequently exist in large and tangled bunches, interfering mechanically with the proper performance of the intestinal functions, and when the knowledge of their presence is communicated to the patient the fearful condition of the mind adds largely to the misery of the physical suffering. It is an interesting matter to follow the "books" in the treatment for the expulsion of these monsters, if for no other reason than to study the prescribed variety. The oils of turpentine, castor, and olive; pomegranate bark; male fern, kooso, kammela, pumpkin-seed, cervadilla, oxide of silver, *et id omne genus*, have each had their day. It is equally interesting and very important to know that the standard preparation known to the world as

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge**

has effected dislodgement and expulsion of the tape worm when all other medicines failed. Certainly the remedy should be procured and tested by all whose symptoms indicate the existence of the worm.

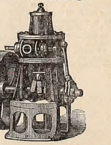
☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. All other vermifuges are, in comparison, worthless. This efficacious remedy can now be had at all respectable drug stores.
*None genuine without the signature of*
[8.] FLEMING BROS.

**Bartlett's Sewing Machines.**

A New Style, for use by Hand or Foot, at $25.
THE CHEAPEST GOOD SEWING MACHINES.
Every Bartlett Machine is warranted for 10 years.
All genuine Bartlett Machines have the trade-mark, "Bartlett Sewing Machine Co., New York," in *gilt letters* upon the shield on the arm.
*Beware* of Infringers and of Bogus Machines.
☞ There is Immediate Opening for a few first-class Agents.
J. W. BARTLETT, Patentee. Principal Office, 569 Broadway, New York.
Clergymen or others sending an order for *three* machines will be given an Extra Machine Free of Charge.

**THE MODEL PARLOR MAGAZINE.**
Spring Fashions, Elegant Engravings, Entertaining Stories, Poems, Music, full-size Patterns, and other splendid Novelties, in the March No. of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Now Ready. Sold every where. Single copies, 30 cts., mailed free; yearly, $3, with a valuable premium. Address
W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, N. Y.

**TRUNK ENGINES.**
**ROOT'S PATENT.**



Of 5, 10, 20, and 40 Horse Power,
(Larger sizes when ordered,)
Of the most compact and approved construction, at low prices, by the
**Root Steam Engine Company,**
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**DRUNKENNESS CURED**
By Upham's Antidote. Sent by mail for $1 by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South 8th St., Philadelphia. Circulars free.

**FISHING TACKLE,**
In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau St., one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

**BARTLETT'S NEEDLE FACTORY.**
Depot, 569 Broadway, New York.
☞ NEEDLES for ALL the SEWING MACHINES Sent post free every where. Also,
The BARTLETT BURNISHED HAND NEEDLES.
200 of any or all sizes, *Sharps or Betweens*, for 50 cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS'
**Special Trade Sale,**
From February 20 to April 1, 1867.
Catalogue sent to the Trade on application.
Now Ready.

# THE IMMENSE PROFITS
OF THE
# TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**Price-List.**

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St, Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Club Order.**

TRIUMPH, ILLINOIS, *January* 7, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

GENTS,—My last order came to hand in good condition, and gave entire satisfaction. I herewith send you another order, all new names, and all farmers. Please send as good tea as you sent before, and you will hear from us again.

Many thanks for the complimentary package. Yours truly, H. H. WORSLEY.

Please ship to Mendota (by express), Lasalle Co., Ill.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | O. Billings | at $1 25 | $5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | Wm. Austin | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | T. Hitchens | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | J. Worsley | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | C. C. Webster | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | John Quigley | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | James Quigley | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | D. Westgate | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 4 lbs. | Young Hyson | A. Austin | at 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 3 lbs. | Young Hyson | E. Chrystler | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 3 lbs. | Young Hyson | S. B. Gillett | at 1 25 | 3 75 |
| 1 lb. | Oolong | S. B. Gillett | at 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson | D. Parsons | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Japan | D. Parsons | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson | H. Presher | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson | Mr. Hewlett | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 51 lbs. | | | | $63 50 |

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, NEAR CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With the COTTAGE PRESS and the printing material accompanying it every man can do his own printing neatly, quickly, and cheaply. They are so simple in construction that a boy ten years old can easily manage the largest size. Printed instructions are sent with each office, enabling the purchaser to go at work without a previous knowledge of printing. A circular, containing a full description, prices, testimonials, &c., sent free to all. Our specimen sheets of type, cuts, &c., ten cents.

ADAMS PRESS CO.,
26 Ann Street,
New York.

**GOLD PENS.**

The largest assortment in the city. Send for circular, giving prices and showing styles. Pens repointed, 50c. by mail. E. S. Johnson & Co., 44 Nassau St., N.Y. City.

## WATERS'S GRAND,

Square, and Upright Pianos, Melodeons, and Cabinet Organs. THE BEST MANUFACTURED.

TO LET, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargains from $60 to $225. Old Pianos taken in exchange for new. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos. Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York.

HORACE WATERS.

## MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

KALDENBERG & SON, Manufacturers of genuine Meerschaum Pipes. The best Meerschaums at a fair price. All goods warranted genuine. Monograms, Portraits, &c., cut to order. Pipes repaired, boiled, mounted, &c. Send for circular. 4 and 6 John St.

## CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES,

Baby Jumpers, Propellors, Self-Operating Swings, Musical String Tops, Cradles, Invalid Chairs, and Toys. Send for Circular to LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 478 Broadway, New York.

## SURE PILE CURE.

DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

**READ!**

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint.

ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c.,

J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully,

GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

## $5 SEWING $5 MACHINE.

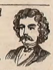
FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863, with CRIMPING attachment; sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD OF ALL KINDS, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured.

"With single or double thread, it rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

Curls! Curls!

Samples
SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

## TO CONSUMPTIVE SUFFERERS.

WINCHESTER'S
GENUINE
HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF
LIME AND SODA

IS THE SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR

## CONSUMPTION,

ALSO FOR

**Nervous and General Debility**

*Female Weaknesses*, and all DISORDERS OF THE NERVOUS AND BLOOD SYSTEMS. ☞ CIRCULARS and ADVICE FREE TO ALL INQUIRERS. ☜ PRICE: $1 and $2 per Bottle; Six small or three large for $5, by Express. Sold by Druggists generally. Address J. WINCHESTER & CO., 36 John St., N. Y.

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G. P. PUTNAM & SON

*Publish this Day:*

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**The Parlor Steam Engine**

Is free from danger. It will diffuse a delicious perfume when required. Sent postpaid for $1 00 by O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

*From Scientific American, Jan.* 26.—Chase's Improved Dollar Microscope, although perfect in every part, is retailed at the low price of $1. Great inducements to agents. Sample sent by mail on receipt of $1. Address O. N. CHASE, No. 3 Lime Street, Boston, or FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

WHISKERS.—We defy any one to produce any thing equal to our preparation for the growth of the Beard or hair. Perfectly harmless. Sent by mail for 50 cents and 2 red stamps. Address D. & T. MORRILL, Boston, Mass.

INDELLIBLE PENCIL, for marking Linen, &c. Better than Ink—warranted indellible. Will not blot—will last a lifetime. Splendid case mailed, sealed, postpaid, for 50 cts.; 12 for $4. Agents wanted. Address "PENCIL CO.," Hinsdale, N. H.

## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1867.

CONTENTS:

THE DODGE CLUB; OR ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Dick!—Here I invite my Friends.—The Club.—The Place Vendome.—Keep it, Buttons!—That's a Hotel Bill.—Cicero against Verres.—Sac-r-r-r-re!—Number 729.—Horror! Despair!—Those Italians.—Genoa, the Superb.—Their Noble Excellencies.—Lazaroni and Macaroni.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.—(*Sixth Paper.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—An Interior.—The Portsmouth.—The Narrow Passage.—An Explosion.—Burnt Railroad Bridge, Narrow Passage Creek.—The Peaked Mountain from New Market.—You know Swartz.—The Aristocracy.—"Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel."—Lowering the Flag.
IF I WERE RICH.
TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND SPIDERS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—James Island Spider.—Its Cocoon.—Scorpion.—Mygale.—Spider in the Egg.—Reel for Spider's Silk.—Nephila Plumipes.—Theridion.—Torn Cocoon.—Sundry Cocoons.—Chalcidian.—Small Cocoon.—Web of Epeira Riparia.—Egg-Bag.—Parts of Epeira.—Twenty-three Illustrations.
OUR EXPECTED GUESTS.
A BRACE OF BOYS.
"RUM CREETERS IS WOMEN."
THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.
CHAPTER X. Out in a Norther.
CHAPTER XI. The Night of the Fire.
CHAPTER XII. Mr. Roland.
LAURA'S LOVERS.
HOW WE GET OUR NEWS.
ALEXANDER T. STEWART.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

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| Half Page | 125 00 |
| Quarter Page | 70 00 |

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

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Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

"A TUB TO THE WHALE."

Andy (*nearly shipwrecked*). "See if that will quiet him. I'll be upset if this confusion continues!"

A CONVINCING ARGUMENT.

Opposite Neighbor. "Monsieur Grenoble, there's some gentleman in your house who forgets every morning to close the blinds when he takes his bath. I wish you'd speak about it, as it's very annoying to my family."

Mr. Grenoble. "What! somebody who bath himself in my house! *C'est drole!* It is not me, Monsieur: *I nevaire take a bath!*"


# Mrs. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher

Walked across the East River on the ice, without the aid of spectacles. Her eyesight was so much improved after one week's use of our

### Ivory Eye Cups

that she ordered another pair for the wife of Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, Massachusetts.

"I have great faith in the Eye Cups..... Spectacles are a nuisance."

Dimness of Vision, Weak Eyes, Watery Eyes, Sore Eyes, Cataract, or any failing whatever of the eyesight, is easily cured without doctor, or medicine, or surgical operation. Our 40-page pamphlet on The Eye and Near-Sightedness is sent to any address free. Address

Dr. J. BALL & CO.,
128 Nassau Street, New York.

D.D.& Co's SOFT CAPSULES.
See Advertisement Inside.

**At Reduced Rates.** Pollak & Son, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $3 upward.

### THE SLOCUM REVOLVER.

Made by the Brooklyn Arms Co., Manufacturers of *Sporting Rifles, Rifle-Barrels, Percussion Nipples*, &c. Sole Agent, GEO. A. HICKCOX, No. 73 Beekman Street, New York.

## 50 PER-CENT SAVED BY USING

B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this Yeast Powder in fifteen minutes. No shortening required when sweet milk is used.

I will send a samply package free by mail on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage.

Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

## Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Swollen Glands, Eruptions of the Skin,

All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of those Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use STRUMATIC MINERAL BATHS. For sale at every respectable drug store.

OLD EYES MADE NEW *easily* and without doctor or medicines. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents.
Dr. E. B. FOOTE,
1130 Broadway, N. Y.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, author of Medical Common Sense, &c.
No. 1130 Broadway, New York.

# Thos. Russell & Son,

Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
LONDON and LIVERPOOL.
A. W. RUSSELL, 57 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, Sole Agent.

LACTINE, the best substitute for

## MOTHER'S MILK,

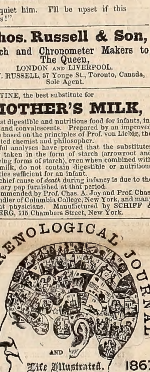
the most digestible and nutritious food for infants, invalids, and convalescents. Prepared by an improved process based on the principles of Prof. von Liebig, the celebrated chemist and philosopher.

Careful analyses have proved that the substitutes usually taken in the form of starch (arrowroot and sago being forms of starch), even when combined with cow's milk, do not contain digestible or nutritious properties sufficient for an infant.

The chief cause of *death* during infancy is due to the customary pap furnished at that period.

Recommended by Prof. Chas. A. Joy and Prof. Chas. J. Chandler of Columbia College, New York, and many eminent physicians. Manufactured by SCHIFF & ALSBERG, 115 Chambers Street, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL



AND

For Life Illustrated. 1867

S. R. WELLS, Editor.

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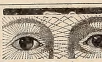

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## DOMESTIC DOGS.

WE give below a beautiful engraving of a dog's head by HARRISON WEIR, the artist, who is an ardent lover of animals; and in this connection recall several anecdotes of interest as illustrating the sagacity of domestic dogs.

A gentleman in Edinburgh had a clever Newfoundland dog called Dandie. Among other accomplishments he had been taught to take a penny in his mouth, and run to a certain baker's shop every morning, bringing back with him a loaf of white bread which the baker gave him for the penny. This bread he was allowed to eat. One may imagine the pleasure with which he would start away every day with the penny in his mouth for the favorite loaf! One morning a friend of his master's, who had frequently seen him going and returning on this errand, thought to play him a trick. Instead of a good penny he put a bad one in his mouth, and away went Dandie delighted as usual—rather more than usual, indeed, for two loaves in one day were a wonderful pleasure. The shop reached, up went Dandie's paws, and down went the penny on the counter. "Now for the loaf!" thought the expectant dog. But no, the baker looked at the penny curiously and suspiciously, turned it about in his hands, shook his head, and gave poor Dandie the money back again, and no bread! No doubt the baker smiled a little to himself too, thinking that some one had been making fun of the dog, and was not far off enjoying the frolic. As we may suppose, Dandie did not smile—*his* smile, a wag of the tail, was not forthcoming; it was a very serious matter to him that a penny should no longer be able to buy a loaf. He stood a moment thinking, for dogs can think, and to a certain extent reason very wisely, and then, with the useless penny in his mouth, he returned with it to the house of the gentleman who had deceived him, laid the penny at the feet of the servant who opened the door, and walked away with more than a look of disappointment—an air of contempt. If he could have spoken he would no doubt have said, "Tell your master he is a deceiver, and I will never take any more pennies from *him*.

A Newfoundland dog kept at the ferry-house at Worcester, England, became somewhat famous for having, at different times, saved three persons from drowning, and was so fond of the water as to consider a disinclination for it in other dogs as an insult to his species. If a dog was left on the banks by his master, and stood yelping and unwilling to take the water, the Newfoundland veteran would go down to him, and with a satirical growl, as if in mockery, take him by the neck, and throw him into the stream.

The police of the Bow Street division of the

A DOG'S HEAD.—[DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR.]

London constabulary force had a remarkable dog whom they christened "Charlie, the White Sergeant." He seemed to comprehend that he was a member of the force, and to feel the responsibilities of his rank. At a quarter to six o'clock every morning he appeared at the first day-relief parade, marching up and down in front of the line with all the importance of a drill-sergeant. On these occasions he was accompanied by his only four-footed acquaintance, "Jeanie," the office cat, who, with bell tinkling at her brass collar, trotted at Charlie's side. Parade over, the dog headed the relief in its march round the beats, and then went on a tour of inspection. He was regularly entered on the mess; his slice of meat was duly laid aside by the carver, and at the Christmas dinner the "White Sergeant" sat at the table. His collar was a sergeant's amulet, of which he was very proud. At the Victoria Cross presentation in Hyde Park, in 1857, among the most admired of the twenty-five hundred police present was Charlie. He got no cross, but the Queen gave him a smile as she passed him, sitting stiff and erect as a soldier at the head of his division. He was a great terror to thieves, who feared and disliked him. One night when a constable was taking a prisoner to the station he was attacked by a man who endeavored to rescue the captive. Suddenly Charlie appeared on the scene, and seized the would-be rescuer, but the man escaped, followed by the dog. A constable some distance off seeing a man running, pursued by the well-known police dog, arrested him and carried him to the station, his excuse for detaining the man being that it was "a suspicious circumstance to see any man pursued by the 'White Sergeant.'" Whenever the cry of "fire!" was shouted in the station-yard Charlie barked his loudest, and, if the time happened to be night, ran through the station bedrooms, rousing the detail whose duty it was to attend fires, by his barking; and when the detachment moved off to the scene of conflagration would run in front of it, clearing the way by his barking.

## MARCH.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Gone is the winter but where is the spring?
  The roses are pale in their sleep;
And the violet's eyelids, just shuddering,
  Are only unclosed to weep.

The skies are sad-browed, but no tears they shed;
  And the snows with frolicsome feet
Stir not on the plain; we but hear instead
  The tramp of the sullen sleet.

Neither shrouded winter nor debonair spring—
  A tearless, transitional state—
There is ever in life this sad murmuring:
  Too early and ah—too late!

Oh bring back the snows that sheet the pale dead,
  Or hasten the sweet April rain—
Bury deep all Love's roses once fragrant and red,
  Or bid my soul blossom again.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1867.


## THE THIRTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

THE Thirty-ninth Congress has been as fiercely denounced as any legislative body in history. From the President of the United States down to the smallest Copperhead cur, its enemies have constantly snarled or growled or snapped, while its friends have been often impatient and complaining, forgetting how necessarily and wisely slow the action of such a body at such a time ought to be.

The first thing that strikes the observer of this Congress is that it had no proper leader, while it had many noted and able men. There was no conspicuous figure like HENRY CLAY or Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, by his age, his long fidelity to the principles of the dominant party, his uncompromising spirit, his distinct purpose, and a certain personal force, was the most prominent member of the House. But Mr. STEVENS seldom carried his points. A true leader must command the general confidence of his followers, but this Mr. STEVENS never did. There was no doubt of his sincerity, as there was none of his purpose; but there was a doubt of his general good sense and of the sagacity of his judgment. His tongue was remorseless; his sarcasm stung like hail; but he is no leader who exasperates instead of conciliating a faltering follower. The general direction of Mr. STEVENS was that of the House and of the country, and upon the great questions all moved together—not always, however, without a protest from him. Hearty, genial, of an undaunted spirit, and of the sharpest speech, Mr. STEVENS will be always one of the memorable figures of this Congress, and always honored for his sturdy loyalty to the great cause. Nothing is more comical than the portraits drawn of him by rebel letter-writers, who saw in him the ROBESPIERRE of the time. Mr. STEVENS is as like ROBESPIERRE as the city of Washington to-day is like old Paris. He is just as much a ROBESPIERRE as the present situation of the country is a reign of terror.

Turning from its men to its acts, the great monuments of the Thirty-ninth Congress are seen to be the Civil Rights bill, the pending Constitutional Amendment, the District Suffrage bill, and the Reconstruction bill. They are the most important acts of legislation in our history, with the sole exception of the Emancipation Amendment; for they provide for the equal rights of all citizens of the United States, complete the work of emancipation, and secure the results of the war. These laws were the fruit of careful investigation and wise deliberation. Their inspiration was the wish and conviction of the people, which, as we understand it, no Congress ever more truly represented than this. They are not imperiled by transcending in the least the popular sentiment. The plain danger of a Congress at a time like the last two years is emotional legislation. It is in peril of enacting hasty, crude laws, which return to plague their supporters. But this misfortune has been avoided. The very conditions of the situation, which seemed so threatening, have been propitious. The certainty of a veto upon every wise and humane measure of reconstruction has forced Congress to be wary and to frame only such laws as should be sure of the two-thirds vote. It has marched, therefore, even-paced with the people, and they have approved what the President vetoed.

Lastly, the Thirty-ninth Congress will be always memorable for its contest with the President. In all Parliamentary governments at some time this contest has developed itself and the Executive has been conquered. But while in other countries the contest has been often fearful, in ours it has been simply ludicrous. The President, supported by the Secretary of State, undertook to absorb the most essential function of the supreme power of Congress, and to sustain and vindicate their extraordinary action—which was sheer usurpation—by destroying the great party which had victoriously finished the war, and forming a new one composed of the late rebels, their Northern allies, and the camp followers of the loyal host. Doubtless it was the Executive intention, if a clear majority of a Congress had not been elected by the Union party, to recognize a body composed of rebels and Northern Copperheads as the Congress of the United States, and doubtless, also, many weak persons supported the Philadelphia movement in the hope of avoiding trouble by yielding to the maker of trouble. For a moment, and for a moment only, the plot seemed threatening; then it utterly miscarried, amidst the mingled indignation and contempt of the loyal people which it proposed to betray. The political ruin of the chief conspirators was more sudden and total than has ever been known. Congress was triumphantly sustained. When it assembled it appeared that, while the Democratic party tactically supported the Executive against the Union party, they cared for him as little; and the President, who was elected by a vast and hearty majority, and who had one of the few great opportunities in history, has no Congressional supporters whatever but a few political hermaphrodites whose names will scarcely survive the session.

The virtual re-election of Congress was the sentence of the President. He has not yielded indeed, for a mind which could be blind to so great an opportunity would not be likely to see a smaller one. But his persistence has been of true service to the country, not only in the way we have already mentioned, but by compelling the people to understand more exactly the precise structure of the Government and the relation of its parts. The victory of Congress culminates in the perception which is now universal that the supreme power of every Government must be lodged somewhere, and that our Constitution gives it to Congress.

We trust that the Fortieth Congress will be worthy of its predecessor.

## RECONSTRUCTION.

THE Reconstruction bill was fully discussed in Congress, and probably no bill was ever more thoroughly understood by the country. Nothing is more absurd than to assume to speak for the people; but there can be little doubt in the mind of any one who watches closely, that the earnest and profound conviction which finally dominates public opinion is, upon the whole, satisfied with the bill as it finally passed.

Every student of politics and public affairs will have his theory of reconstruction. For ourselves, we still think that universal suffrage should be secured by the Constitution of the United States; and there are points in the Louisiana bill which in our judgment are unwisely omitted in the Reconstruction bill as adopted. But in such a crisis, and upon such measures, entire satisfaction with every detail is not to be expected. The bill is, upon the whole, so radical and excellent that the country will approve it as heartily as it approved the Civil Rights bill. It was passed, however, at so late a moment of the session that filibustering over the vote upon the veto may prevent its becoming a law. In that case, we hope that the Fortieth Congress will immediately repeat the action of this, that the bill may be a law before the month ends.

It will then be the duty of the President to execute it as effectively as if he had approved it. It may be presumed, of course, that he will do what he technically can to defeat its purpose. Those only will think differently of his probable action who believe that he has executed the Civil Rights bill cordially and efficiently. The bill requires the President to appoint certain military Governors from a grade not lower than a Brigadier-General. If he appoints a man like General FULLERTON or General STEDMAN we may know what to expect; and if his action reveals a purpose virtually to defeat the intention of the people in Congress there would undoubtedly be a very general desire of his impeachment.

Our objection to the impeachment as hitherto proposed has been founded upon the shadowy nature of the charges which would render the issue of a trial very uncertain. To impeach and acquit the President would be surely to convict his accusers of a most dangerous partisanship. But to impeach the President upon the ground evident to the whole country that he was deliberately thwarting the loyal national will in reorganizing the Union would be very different. There would be very grave and natural doubt whether a merely technical plea should avail. If, however, the Governorships should be given to THOMAS, SHERIDAN, and others, whom the whole people trust, the President would show a sincere desire of fair play which would be of the best promise.

So far as the civil reorganization of the rebel States is concerned the Senate bill of reconstruction is merely tentative. It leaves the initiation of civil order unsettled, and in this it seems to us inferior to the Louisiana bill. The question is inevitably suggested by the present bill, who shall begin the effort for a civil government? May any person who is not a felon nor excluded by the amendment call a convention to frame a constitution? And if "the people of any one of the said rebel States" may proceed to political action, how many of them may do so? The Louisiana bill provided for a registry; and although the military Governor under the new bill may be hereafter authorized to take the initiative, the Louisiana bill appointed elections and made it the duty of the Secretary of War to register the voters.

The Senate bill, however, is undoubtedly in harmony with the general wish to leave as much local action as may be wisely left to the rebel States. If it is found that no action is taken, and that inaction is undesirable, a further step will be taken by Congress. The whole movement of Reconstruction necessarily proceeds slowly but surely. The people have clearly no intention of going backward. They began very moderately with the Constitutional Amendment. Its rejection has by no means dismayed them. They do not recede but advance. The new bill secures directly what the Amendment was intended to reach indirectly, general suffrage and personal protection. If this fails to start the wheels of State reorganization the people in Congress will advance to the next step for which the Louisiana bill provides, the initiative of State government by national authority although not wholly under the terms of that bill. Under the present bill the attitude of those who are accustomed to control public opinion and action in the rebel States will probably be sullen and defiant. They will encourage passivity. It will then be for Congress to decide whether a government established by the few who may vote shall be regarded as the government of the State, or whether the State shall be held directly by the military hand until a due proportion of the people shall consent to vote.

Of course this is not a pleasant alternative. But the situation offers only a choice of evils. We must either tolerate the present condition of the South, or we must secure the protection and justice which are now denied. The first alternative is simply impossible. Honor and humanity forbid. We must then accept the other. All but a few persons in the States concerned may for various reasons refuse to vote. We can not make them vote, and we certainly shall not be coerced or cajoled by their not voting into the stupidity of surrendering to their will. Time is the great physician. We can wait if the Southern citizens can. But we beg them not to cherish the fatal delusion that they can tire us out. The loyal people know distinctly what they fought for, and they will secure their victory if they have to wait for a generation.

## THE FREEDMEN.

THERE are complaints from Florida that the colored laborers upon the cotton plantations ask very high wages, sometimes refuse to work, and are generally troublesome; and we observe that every instance of disorder upon their part is carefully published by the Copperhead papers. Meanwhile the Richmond *Enquirer* says that nothing could be so unchristian and cruel as to give the negro a fair chance with the white man. "The negroes," it remarks, "were not fitted to contend in such rivalry, and it is cruel to force them upon it." The alternative, of course, is plain. The white man, who has shown himself so truly friendly to the colored man hitherto, ought to continue to be his guardian. Now one thing is demonstrated. If the colored man in Virginia is unfit to take care of himself the white man has shown himself utterly unfit to take care of him. And inasmuch as the colored man has never had a chance to take care of himself, while the white man has had every chance to take care of him and has ignominiously failed, is it not wise to try the alternative, which at least has not failed? As for "the prejudices of race" of which the *Enquirer* speaks, they have not prevented an immense increase of the mulatto population; and we may hope, therefore, that they will continue to tolerate the existence and equal chance of the colored race, which is all that is claimed.

It was certainly not to be expected that a race which had been under that particular and patriarchal system of guardianship known as chattel slavery could be released and show no consequences of its servitude. The great argument against slavery is, that it destroys the self-respect of the slave and imbrutes the master. A man whose self-respect is lost has lost his manhood. He has become crafty, suspicious, servile, dishonest, and insincere. And although one of the remarkable characteristics of the African race is the resistance which it has offered to the essential demoralization of slavery, yet it must for a long time show the tragical signs of its servitude. There can, however, be little doubt that the colored race suffers less from the natural consequences of being enslaved than the white race in the Southern States suffers from the consequences of enslaving.

If the freedman is lazy and unthrifty, he may surely plead that he has learned from his old master's example that liberty and laziness are identical. If he asks exorbitant wages, he may fairly argue that he has large arrears to make up. If he is insolent and presuming, he may remember how he has been treated; and so on to the end. All that we ask is, that amidst the delay and confusion in the settlement of labor and society in the rebel States we shall be reasonable, and not expect what is impossible. Emancipation will work miracles; but it must have time and sympathy. Every man who hires a plantation and freedmen should calculate upon his laborers as the slaves of yesterday, while he treats them as the citizens of to-day. They come to him with all the shiftless habits of slavery unlearned. They come often as ignorant as the poor whites. They come broken in spirit, and with the long, long habit of servility. They will not tell the truth. They will conceal and evade. They will have all the faults that we all have in our labor, but often more in number and more exasperating.

Our duty has not ended with emancipation. The discipline of events will be sharp enough for the freedmen. They have great suffering to undergo. But let us be patient and thoughtful, gratifying their desire of education, which is so touching and universal, and trying in good faith to give them the fair chance of which they have been defrauded. They can not be exported from the States in which they live. They will not willingly emigrate. They can never again be enslaved. Instead then of assuming, with the Richmond *Enquirer*, that they can not live peaceably upon equal terms with the rest of the population, would it not be wiser for that paper to reflect that this theory may be as unsound as some others which it has as confidently advanced within the last five years?

## OUR INDIAN POLICY.

THAT our whole Indian policy must be reviewed and improved there is no longer any doubt. The Secretary of War informs the Military Committee that the Indian traders are freely selling muskets and ammunition to the Indians, who, by the exorbitant prices they pay, are manifestly preparing for hostilities. Lieutenant-General SHERMAN has forbidden any further transactions of the kind, and General Grant has approved his prohibition, saying that if we are to go on arming the Indians we must either withdraw our troops, and Congress must authorize a general Indian war, or the whites upon the great Plains must be exterminated.

The frontier whites are doubtless responsible for much of this trouble. The mutual hostility of the whites and the Indians is most bitter. The horrible massacre by the Indians of the garrison of Fort Kearney shows how relentless the enmity is, and it is difficult to see what remedy there is but the presence of a large and imposing military force upon the Plains and the sternest punishment for such offenses. The difficulty is constantly increased by the jealousies among the Indians in regard to the money which it is the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to spend for their benefit. General GRANT is of opinion that the exigency demands the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department, and the abolition of the system of Indian agents and licensed traders.

It is evident that the present Indian management is inefficient. As the Pacific Railroad is pushed across the Plains, and the question of rapid intercourse with the western shore of the continent rises into importance, the question of its security is not less vital. The country which the Indians occupy is not arable. Their reliance is the chase; and when the buffalo is scarce they must depend upon the plunder of emigrant trains. The whole subject has been postponed and laid aside. But we trust that the reports of the Secretary of War to the Military Committee, with the testimony of

Generals GRANT and SHERMAN, will lead to a comprehensive and careful consideration of the matter.

It should be constantly remembered, however, that the whites are equally guilty with the Indians; and the new system should comprehend the strictest supervision of the whites with the utmost possible protection of the Indians. Any policy which encourages the whites to regard the Indians as mere vermin to be shot at sight, which is substantially the present policy, will only teach the Indians to retaliate. We have no sentimental theory of the Indians, but a system of simple extermination will cost us as dearly as it costs them. The frontiers must be made secure; but if the savages could feel that we were not necessarily their enemies we should have taught them what our treaties have hitherto failed to teach.

## DANGERS OF INFLATION.

IN the Irish rebellion the insurgents, who had conceived a high degree of indignation against a great banker, proceeded to take revenge upon him by destroying his notes. They forgot that, in so doing, they were only destroying his debts, and that for every note which went into the flames a correspondent value went into the banker's pocket. Had they imitated the policy of those in our day who favor inflation, and devised means to increase his liabilities, they would have better accomplished their purpose to injure.

A great many people seem to forget that our paper dollars are but so many evidences of debt, and that each additional issue of paper-money only increases the burden which the country has to bear; that it is quite possible to increase the volume of indebtedness beyond the ability of this or any future generation to pay, and that when such event occurs a financial collapse must follow. The frog in the fable suffered the natural consequences of excessive inflation. He attempted to rival the bull, and burst! The only parties that can be benefited by an excessively redundant paper currency are speculators, and overtraders who are heavily laden with stocks purchased at very high prices. Inflation would afford them temporary relief by enabling them to sell off without loss; but thus secured, would they not immediately buy new stocks? And after that would come another pinch. Meanwhile the humbler and poorer mass of the people will have suffered by the enhanced cost of all necessaries.

It is a narrow policy that defers the evil day instead of meeting it boldly now, when it can be done with less distress than by-and-by. It is the advocates of such a policy who argue that contraction of the currency is the cause of the present depression in business. No doubt the time for contraction would have been more wisely chosen if it had been deferred to the summer months, when business is always dull; but if we are not to have an eternal reign of inflated and depreciated paper—if we must bear the inconvenience of resumption sooner or later, it is better to bear present embarrassment and carry out what is already begun. The country regards with satisfaction the very considerable reduction of the national debt that has already been made since the war closed. It does not wish to go back to the original starting-point by incurring fresh liabilities. All it requires is a plan of contraction that is safe and not too rapid. Let Congress look to this. Let it turn a deaf ear to those who would blow the bubble of inflation until it bursts. More than this, let it remove the present uncertainty that embarrasses trade by settling the vexed questions respecting the status of the South, and an easy road will be at once opened to a glorious and prosperous future.

It is the evidence of ability to pay debts which gives confidence to creditors. When we accumulated an indebtedness of nearly three thousand millions in four years' time the world predicted repudiation and ruin. It has since confessed itself astounded at our manifest recuperative power, and now buys our bonds as the most desirable and safe investment known. With each report of the Secretary of the Treasury, showing a large reduction in our indebtedness, confidence is strengthened, both here and abroad. As gold gradually declines here our national securities appreciate in Europe in like ratio. They are very little affected by slight fluctuations in our market. But suppose that any thing should occur to create a violent perturbation of our finances? Suppose that, in consequence of a sudden inflation of the currency to the extent of some hundreds of millions, whereby gold would advance 20 per cent. or more at a jump, confidence abroad should be so shaken that holders of our bonds would send over a hundred millions for redemption, what would be the result? The Treasury would be drained of its specie, consternation would follow, and the whole country be plunged into the greatest financial distress. The credit of the Government would be destroyed.

What is wanted now is to maintain the confidence already secured, and a strict adherence to that policy which looks to the eventual making of legal-tender notes at par with gold. When that event occurs, and not until then, will our credit be fully restored. There is no sounder principle of financial science than this, that to raise the standard of a depreciated currency its volume must be diminished.

## CRUELTY TO BIPEDS.

MR. BERGH, the President of the Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, has submitted a bill to the New York Legislature to prevent the overcrowding of cars and omnibuses. Whether it is his chief intention to relieve the cruelty to the animals inside or outside of those carriages is not stated, but the passage of his humane bill will be of the greatest service to both. Passengers are now packed into cars like fish in barrels. Every body complains, every body suffers, and every fare paid by a passenger who is not accommodated with a seat is virtually a swindle upon the part of the Company.

The apology of these Companies is exquisitely absurd. After spending vast sums of money to secure their charters and cramming their cars they tell us that they can hardly make the two ends meet. That is none of the public's business. The Companies offer a certain thing at a certain price. If they can not live at the price, let them raise it; but they have no right to save the money by withholding the thing. Yet if they should raise the price, they would find so many quite ready to continue the business upon the same terms that the present Companies would probably reconsider. But as there is plainly no remedy in the Companies, and as the offense increases yearly, we hope sincerely that the Legislature will relieve us. When the reform is once begun, when New York has shown that it is possible to regulate travel by street cars and to secure comparative decency and comfort, other States will follow. The Legislatures must stand between the people and these vast monopolies or we shall be oppressed without remedy.

## OLD TIMES AND NEW.

WE were speaking last week of the repeal of the Judiciary law under JEFFERSON, and a friend has sent us a copy of *The Carolina Journal; or, the Camden Advertiser*, of April 20, 1802, which contains in a communication from the city of Washington an allusion to that act which we commend to the meditation of the *Charleston Courier*, which says of the Reconstruction bill: "The rights of self-government indeed hang trembling in the balance. The issue has been made. The struggle has commenced."

The *Carolina Journal* said sixty-five years ago: "The die is cast! And that Constitution which WASHINGTON framed and nurtured, and the people adopted, has become a dead letter—no better than a last year's almanac. The bill to repeal the Judiciary law has passed the House by the usual majority. Sic transit gloria Americani!"

Let the *Charleston Courier* take heart! The Constitution has survived the repeal of the Judiciary act and various other misfortunes, and is even better than new.

## HEALTH OF CLERGYMEN.

CLERGYMEN of the olden time were a very healthy class of people; but for the past fifty years or more a change has been going on, and at the present time uniform good health is somewhat of a rarity, especially among the younger members of the profession. Many break down entirely; others every now and then intermit their labors in order to take measures for recruiting their health; and others still labor along year after year borne down by a weight of physical burdens that threaten every moment to crush them. Comparatively few present continuously the hale, hearty look which so characterized the clergy who were on the stage in the first part of this century.

What are the causes of this difference? They are to be found in the change of circumstances and habits in this class of the community. Let us enter a little into particulars. The clergyman of the olden time led a more quiet and even life than the clergyman of the present day. Now there is a general press and excitement. The world moves faster than it did. Every thing is astir, and thinking men, especially those who have such responsibilities resting on them as clergymen have, are roused by the general movements of society to a higher grade of action. Opportunities for doing good are multiplied. Circumstances make great demands upon them, and the people earnestly enforce these demands. If a clergyman of the last century could rise from the dead to enter again upon his labors, and if he should pursue the same course that he did when he was upon the scene before, he would not satisfy the demands of even a small country parish.

Not only are clergymen called to higher and more abundant intellectual effort than formerly, but this effort is made under a greater burden of anxiety. And here we come to a very important point, and yet one which is little thought of. The mind is capable of doing a great amount of work without harm to the physical condition, provided it labors under agreeable circumstances. But let it work with the burden of perplexity and anxiety dragging upon it, and the weariness and depression produced will inevitably inflict injury upon the physical system, and result in ill-health. It is just in this particular that the clergyman of fifty years since had a great advantage as compared with the present time. He was supposed to be settled for life. The union of a pastor with his people was considered as sacred as the union of marriage. He had therefore none of the anxiety which precariousness of situation is so apt to occasion even in those who possess, in addition to a firm faith, a calm philosophy and quiet nerves. He had no great temptations to fret himself about pleasing certain individuals in his parish, whom perhaps it was very hard to please. He was not every now and then kept tossing upon his pillow at night from some indications that he had seen of the existence of a dissatisfied minority. These minorities, that in these days so often for long years mercilessly plant thorns in the pillow of a minister, materially abridge his usefulness, impair his health, and at length perhaps procure his dismission, either partially or wholly broken down, were not known in the olden times. But the frequency of their existence now lay as burden of anxiety on the great majority of clergymen, lest one should rise up among the people of their charge. To say nothing of the harm done in destroying the harmony of churches, and in diverting their energies from their proper work of saving their fellow-men to the profitless business of maintaining a quarrel, the injury that is inflicted by a meddlesome minority upon the clergyman, both mentally and physically, is unwarrantable and cruel.

There is another source of anxiety to the modern clergyman. His means of subsistence are not only precarious, but they are scanty. This is the general rule, though, it is true, there are some very marked exceptions. The clergyman of the olden time was a good liver, and he found it no hardship to obey the scripture in being given to hospitality. True, his salary was small, but really much larger than salaries now are, compared with the prices of other things, for the salaries of clergymen have not grown *pari passu* with the expenses of living. Besides, with all the noise made now about donation visits and sunny-side items, clergymen were treated more liberally by their parishioners then than they are now. The annual filling of the minister's wood-yard, with the cheerful entertainment afterward, is a type of the multiform generosity of his people, and his hearty recognition of it.

Sometimes the insufficiency of salary brings a load of debt, and the anxiety about this wears sadly upon both mind and body, unless, perchance, the clergyman belongs to that wonderfully easy-minded class of persons who seem never to be in the least troubled with the idea of debt, even though the disagreeable reminders of it may often press upon them.

In many cases also, especially where there are strong scruples in regard to going beyond the income, there is added to the anxiety the depressing influence of poor and comfortless living. There is many a poorly-warmed and poorly-fed clergyman who, in other avocations, might have attained much more than a competence, and yet he is expected, under all the depressing circumstances of his condition, to maintain a bright cheerfulness in his abundant labors. Nay, more, very often the ailments which such circumstances may produce are spoken of by parishioners with little charity, and perhaps the opprobrious name of hypochondriac may be freely applied to him by those who, as a matter of justice, not of liberality, should have so adjusted his circumstances as to have saved him from his ill health.

The subject will be resumed in another article.

## LITERARY.

THE HARPERS have just issued a handsome volume containing Speeches and Addresses by HENRY WINTER DAVIS. Mr. DAVIS had made a chivalric impression upon the public imagination, and as a conspicuous Radical leader in a Border State during the war his words were very significant. A man of scholarly accomplishment, his political ambition was great, and his career, had he lived, would unquestionably have been distinguished. It was unfortunate that he was partly at variance with the Administration during the war, because hearty co-operation among all loyal men was indispensable; and Mr. DAVIS's protest with Mr. WADE against Mr. LINCOLN, when the political campaign of 1864 was opening, seemed at the time to be a misfortune for the country. The present volume contains a full and accurate collection of his various orations and addresses, all showing his ability, and no less interesting to the student of our stormy time than precious to the many in all parts of the country who looked upon HENRY WINTER DAVIS as one of the most gallant of all the political leaders in the war.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

OUR last record of Congressional proceedings closed while action on the important bill of Senator Sherman placing the South under military rule was pending in the House. After some delay, in which amendments were urged by the House and declined by the Senate, the bill came to a final vote in the House on February 20, and was adopted by a vote of 125 yeas to 45 nays. The bill as passed was handed to the President on February 21—only eight days previous to the hour for the legal expiration of the Congress which adopted it, thus giving him an opportunity for "pocketing it;" but it was not thought at the time that he would do so, but promptly veto it. The votes in both Houses indicated a power and disposition to override any veto. The bill as passed re-enacted the original or Stevens bill so far as it declared that no legal Governments exist in the rebel States, divided them into military districts, and prohibited State authority from interfering with military orders, but it differed in declaring it the duty of the *President*, and not General Grant, to appoint military commanders. It also agreed with the Louisiana Reconstruction bill in its provisions for the restoration of the Southern States to the Union.

The Indian Appropriation bill passed the House on February 19, and the Senate on February 23.

The Army Appropriation bill was passed in the House on February 20. It enacts, as its most important feature, that the General of the Army shall have his head-quarters in Washington, and that all military orders and instructions shall be issued through him, or, in case of his inability, by the next in rank.

The bill of Mr. Hooper providing for the redemption of compound-interest notes by the issuance of $100,000,000 legal-tender notes, without interest, was passed by the House on February 22.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The Mayor and citizens of Rome, Georgia, lately displayed the rebel flag at a public parade, and a number of them were arrested in consequence. The Mayor appealed to General Thomas to release the prisoners, urging that no "disrespect to the United States Government was intended by the exhibition, and claiming that the persons who displayed the rebel flag had accepted in good faith the present status, and acknowledged the jurisdiction of the United States Government," etc. General Thomas's reply is positive and sensible, and has met with the approval of all loyal citizens. He very emphatically informs the rebels that the display of their old flag is an offense to be punished; that the late war was not a revolution but a rebellion, and that treason is a crime that must not be paraded as a virtue. He adds that "every where in the States lately in rebellion treason is respectable and loyalty odious," and clearly intimates that, so far as lies in his power, he intends to reverse this order of things.

Generals Custer and Gordon Granger, nominated by the President to be colonels of the regular army, have failed of confirmation by the Senate.

The Mississippi steamer *David White*, plying between New Orleans and Louisville, was blown up near Columbia, Arkansas, on February 17, and thirty-eight persons are known to have been killed and nineteen wounded, and sixty-five passengers whose names are unknown are reported missing.

Among the latest rebel outrages in Kentucky is the ordering of the Union General Speed S. Fry, and Captains Goodlow and Harlan from the State. They were threatened with death if they did not leave, and they had to obey. General Thomas has been applied to and will grant protection. Governor Bramlette has been compelled—so great is the terrorism established by the returned rebels in Kentucky—to apply to the Legislature for authority to arrest the "regulators," and in the course of his message to the Legislature says:

"A band of lawless men, claiming to number over one hundred, thoroughly organized, and assuming to take the regulation of society and government into their own hands, operating in Marion, Boyle, and adjoining counties, under the orders of 'Judge Lynch,' have become so emboldened by impunity that they publish their orders of banishment and of condemnation in the public journals. Disobedience of their lawless mandates is followed with speedy vengeance. Jails are forced by them, and their victims ruthlessly torn from legal custody and murdered. Those standing on bail who are obnoxious to their murderous wrath are dragged from their homes and executed. They condemn without a hearing, and execute without a trial. The cold-blooded atrocity of their cruelties and murders must shock every manly bosom, and arouse the indignation of all just men. Within the last few days, during the session of the Boyle Circuit Court, these murderers took from the jail of that county a man, there confined to answer an indictment, and hung him to death, within the limits of the town. Since then another has been hung in the neighborhood, who was standing up on bail. Good citizens, who denounce their lawless proceedings, are being warned by them to leave the country, under penalty of their wrath. In Marion County many outrages have been perpetrated by them; recently they burned the dwelling-house of an aged and exemplary citizen because his son had resisted their authority, and made a successful defense against the party sent to arrest him. A gallant soldier was notified in one of their published orders to leave the country—his offense having been an expressed determination to stand by and defend a younger brother against the mob that had ordered him to leave under penalty of death."

The same spirit here indicated controlled the Democratic State Convention which met at Frankfort, Kentucky, on February 22, to nominate a candidate for Governor. The rebel General William Preston was put in nomination, but was beaten by Ex-Governor John L. Helm—"a stay-at-home rebel." On his defeat Preston, who is still unpardoned, made some bitter remarks, in which he said that Kentucky had been singled out for persecution and oppression for the last six years; that she must look to herself for protection. He deplored her lost rights and the "lost cause." His remarks were constantly applauded with genuine rebel yells. Much dissatisfaction was exhibited by the returned rebels at the result of the Convention. On the night after the holding of the Convention the streets resounded with shouts for John Breckinridge, late of the rebel army.

The Nebraska Legislature on February 20 ratified the conditions imposed by Congress, preparatory to the admission of the Territory into the Union. The number of States is thus swelled to thirty-seven.

The soundings for the cable between Cuba and Florida had been made, and it is declared that the cable will be laid by next November. A submarine mountain was discovered while making the soundings.

The first election in the District of Columbia under the negro suffrage law passed off quietly in Georgetown on February 25; and resulted in the triumph of the negro suffrage ticket.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, has proclaimed his intention to call out the militia to protect the Union men of the State.

The bay of Samana, St. Domingo, has been purchased by the United States as a coaling station, and the treaty has been forwarded to this country.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

JOHN BRIGHT is opposed to the Reform measures prepared by Lord Derby.

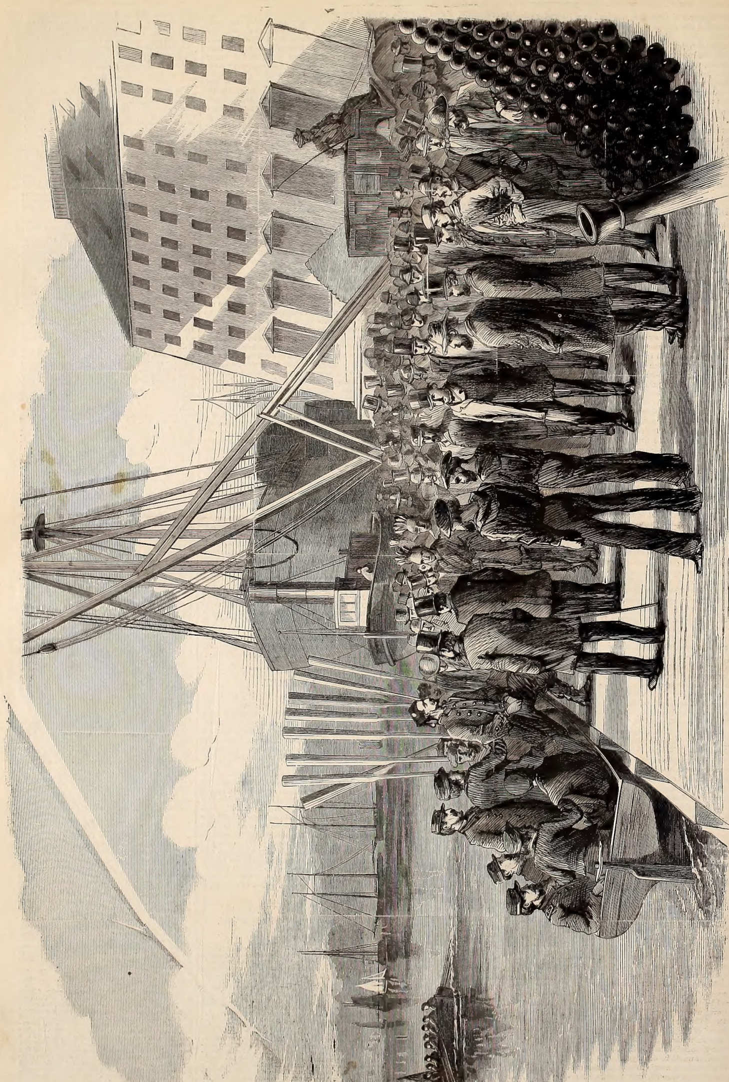
The Habeas Corpus Act has been further suspended in Ireland on account of the late "Fenian scare."

The Sultan of Turkey has officially informed the leading Powers of Europe that he has decided to call together an assembly of the representatives of all the different religious creeds in the Ottoman Empire for the purpose of deliberating upon and adopting measures for the more effectual execution of the provisions of the firman of 1856.

The first session of the new Parliament of reconstructed Prussia was begun in Berlin on February 23. The King in his speech recommended the Parliament to form a new constitutional union, *which would be defensive in its character*, and give unity, liberty, and power to the Fatherland; and declared that all hopes for the future welfare of the nation now rested on the accomplished fact of a united Germany.

The war in Paraguay has been renewed. Fort Curupaity was bombarded on January 19, but little damage was done.

Maximilian declared martial law in the city of Mexico on its final evacuation by the French on February 6. The attack of Miramon on Zacatecas, his subsequent defeat by Escobedo, and the narrow escape of Juarez, are all confirmed in detail. Tabera, with eight hundred Imperialists, was attacked on the 7th February, while on his way to reinforce the capital, and was compelled to retrace his steps after losing over five hundred men in killed, wounded, and missing. A severe battle was reported to have been fought at San Luis Potosi, in which the Liberals lost all their artillery; and on the 1st February another battle is said to have taken place between Miramon and Escobedo, in which the former was again severely handled. Marquez had ten thousand men in Mexico city, only four thousand of whom are armed. They are all forced levies. Zamacona pronounced for the republic, and eight hundred men belonging to the garrison at Puebla followed suit with him.



LANDING OF JOHN H. SURRATT AT THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD.—Sketched by Andrew M'Callum.—[See next Page.]

SURRATT LEAVING THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "SWATARA."—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

## JOHN H. SURRATT.

AMONG the most interesting events of the last month was the arrival at Washington of the United States steamer *Swatara*, having on board JOHN H. SURRATT, the alleged accomplice of JOHN WILKES BOOTH in the assassination of President LINCOLN on April 14, 1865. After a flight to Europe and Africa, occupying nearly two years of time, the wretched criminal has been brought to the scene of the assassination for trial. The trial of the Conspirators at Washington in 1865 developed the fact that SURRATT was the principal accomplice and dependence of BOOTH in carrying out his infamous designs; and a large reward was offered in the hope of securing his arrest. SURRATT had, however, fled; he was probably in Canada when the murder was consummated. The first intimation which the Government received of his whereabouts was by a letter, dated September 27, 1865, written to Secretary SEWARD by A. WILDING, Vice-Consul at Liverpool. SURRATT, it seems, remained in Canada four months, having been secreted most of the time by a Roman Catholic priest at Three Rivers. He was disguised, having dyed his hair, eyebrows, and mustache, stained his face, and put on glasses. It appears that SURRATT had manifested no signs of penitence, but had told his friends that, if he could live two years longer, he would serve JOHNSON as he had LINCOLN.

He arrived in Liverpool on September 25, 1865. On the passage from Quebec to Liverpool he traveled under the name of M'CARTY, and was introduced to several persons as "a Confederate who had compromised himself." To one fellow-passenger he became quite confidential; spoke of having great difficulty in escaping from the United States to Canada; smiled when some connection with the assassination of LINCOLN was imputed to him; admitted that he had been in the rebel service, engaged in conveying intelligence between Washington and Richmond, and that he was concerned in a plan for carrying off LINCOLN from Washington, which was entirely concocted by BOOTH and himself, and that he came to Canada just before the assassination; and, finally, he declared his real name to be SURRATT. He remained in England several weeks; but our Minister, Mr. ADAMS, had not sufficient evidence to warrant him in attempting to procure his arrest, and was compelled to be content with keeping a close watch on him. This surveillance was maintained for nearly a year, when it was discovered in April, 1866, that SURRATT had enlisted in the Papal Guards at Rome under the name of JOHN WATSON. In November last, sufficient evidence as to his identity having been collected, he was arrested, but escaped and sailed for Alexandria, Egypt, where he was finally secured and placed on the *Swatara*. He arrived at Washington on February 19.

JOHN H. SURRATT.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

We give on this and the preceding page several engravings illustrating this event, showing the prisoner leaving the *Swatara* and landing at the Navy-yard, together with an accurate portrait of the criminal and a picture of his former home. SURRATT was removed from the vessel at about half past five o'clock on the 19th of February. United States Marshal GOODING and his deputy, District-Attorney CARRINGTON, and the Superintendent of Police with a file of policemen, arrived at the Navy-yard in carriages at 4 o'clock, and after a short consultation with Admiral RADFORD, the Commandant, the *Swatara* was signaled. A boat was lowered and manned, and Captain BALCH proceeded to the steamer and SURRATT was brought ashore, handcuffed, and transferred to the custody of the Marshal. There were not many persons besides the officials and guards present, only a few reporters and our artist, and a number of Indians of the Sioux delegation now at Washington, having been permitted to witness the scene. SURRATT was dressed in Zouave uniform, such as he wore when he was captured in Alexandria, Egypt, and handcuffed. His uniform was of light-gray, trimmed with red scarlet fez, with blue tassel, scarlet sash around his waist, and white leggings.

During the voyage the prisoner had repeatedly denied that he was SURRATT; but when he was about to be delivered into the hands of the Marshal, the following colloquy occurred:

MARSHAL. "Is your name JOHN H. SURRATT?"

SURRATTSVILLE, THE HOME OF JOHN H. SURRATT.—[SKETCHED BY A. M'CALLUM.]

PRISONER. "It is, Sir."

MARSHAL. "Then, Sir, I arrest you by virtue of a bench warrant issued to me by the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia."

SURRATT walked to the carriage erect, but with a tired air, entered it with the Marshal and Chief of Police, and drove rapidly to the county jail. During the ride to jail the prisoner was naturally depressed and abstracted, but when spoken to would brighten up and reply cheerfully. He was placed in a cell on the second floor of the east wing, which is very secure and prepared especially for his lodging.

From this he was taken on February 23 to the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia, and arraigned for trial. He plead "Not guilty."

The identity of the prisoner is fully established. His sister, Miss ANNA SURRATT, visited him on February 21, and fully recognized him.

## CHECK 92,327.

"BAGGAGE all right? Good-night, Kirtle. Happy New Year!"

"Yes, I'm all right—same to you, old boy. Good-night!" And Evans, the station baggage-master, after swinging his lantern to the conductor as the signal that all was right forward, turned into his snug baggage-room, glad to escape from the pitiless storm which was raging outside.

I watched him as he passed into the room, and I could not repress an involuntary sigh, which arose in spite of my usual stoicism. The baggage-master at the station could pass to-morrow, or at least the best part of it, with his wife and family, while I must be traveling onward, farther and farther away from my own fireside. For a moment I stood watching him, and then, remembering my work, I turned back into the baggage-car. Trunks, satchels, valises, carpet and leather bags, and every thing and any thing that will hold passengers' baggage, were strewn about the car in wild confusion, waiting to be sorted and piled away in different parts of the car according to their respective destinations. Evans and his men had been wondrous smart with the baggage to-night, shying it in more quickly than I was able to sort it, and then hurrying off to their holiday enjoyments. We had got through about five minutes before the time the train started, as had also the express agents in their cars—the latter, in fact, had closed their doors before I got all my baggage in. Between my car and the passengers' cars there were three express-cars, and in front of the passengers' cars might be seen, as is usual, persons still straggling about, wishing good-night to their departing friends and waiting to see them well off. I had been at my work of sorting only a few minutes, when, concluding that no more baggage would be brought down, I turned to close the door of the car. I was alone to-night, my assistant having obtained leave of absence to spend New-Year's with his wife. Glancing down the platform, I saw that I was mistaken about there being no more baggage, for four men were coming out of the baggage-room carrying some heavy piece of goods between them. As I had no convenient place to stow it away, the floor of my car being literally strewn with divers sorts of baggage, I immediately hurried myself to make room for it, throwing trunks and every thing else that came into my way into the further end of the car indiscriminately. By the time I had made room for it the men were at the car door, and had lifted one end of their burden on to the sill of the door. Turning to assist them, I now saw for the first time that they were carrying a coffin, inclosed in one of the plain pine cases which are used to transport coffins in. We frequently carry the dead as well as the living; so I was not much surprised at my new piece of baggage, though I thought it somewhat strange that a coffin should be shipped on the last night of the year by the very last train.

Before the bearers had time to push in the coffin the train started, leaving them apparently standing on the platform, while I had to drag in the coffin. This I had to do very hurriedly, for I knew that if it protruded as we went through the station gates, as it was then doing, the gate post would make an awful smash of it. Fortunately I got it pulled in just in time, and, fatigued with my hurried exertions, I closed the car door and sat down on a trunk to rest myself.

And now I must explain my position as I thus rested. I was baggage-master on the N—— and E—— Railroad Lightning Express, leaving New York at 11 P.M., and not stopping until we reached T——, fifty miles off, which distance we ran in an hour and fifty-five minutes. I always had an assistant with me, but on this occasion, as I have previously explained, he was absent on leave. The night, the last of the year, was a most fearful one. Wind and snow, and then again sleet, combined to make the worst sort of weather. It does not require much exaggeration to say that this last night was worse than all the bad nights of the year put together.

But I must go on with my work. Half an hour saw my various charges in assorted piles about the car, my way-bill was checked, and, with one exception, it came out right. The exception was the *coffin*; and for it there was no entry on the way-bill, it having been received after the regular time. In such cases as the present, that is with "*hurried baggage*," as we call it, or baggage received just as the train is leaving, the station baggage-master gives a small extra way-bill which we pin on to our regular bill. I suppose Evans must have been in his room drawing up the extra bill when the train so suddenly started; and on reflection I remembered that I had not seen him on the platform as I took in the coffin. However, it did not make much difference, for the coffin was checked No. 92,327, and I entered it on the way-bill in pencil as was customary. I also made a memorandum in my pocket-book. This done, I sat down to await our arrival at T——, our first stopping-place, and to grow moody in my loneliness shut up in a close car with a coffin. Ugh! I was becoming very unhappy and uncomfortable, when I felt the train slacken speed. There was no whistling for brakes, nor was there any brake applied, as I could perceive from the smooth run of the train. I quickly drew back my door to look out. The train had almost stopped by this time and was barely moving. As I opened the door I saw the four men on the platform apparently waiting to receive the coffin, which they had placed in the car at New York. One of them put a check into my hand, a duplicate of the one on the coffin, viz., No. 92,327. The four men took the coffin, never having spoken a word to me, either when giving it to me or receiving it from me, and again walked down the platform. I strung the checks as usual, and laid them down in a corner with the others as I grasped the lantern and gave the signal of "All right!" and the train quietly moved off without bell or whistle being rung or sounded. I had just time to see the name of the station as we moved off, and I read "*Edgaston.*" On looking at my list of stations, I made out Edgaston to be a small tank station where freight and slow trains pulled up to wood and water. Having written against the memorandum I had made on the way-bill and in my pocket-book, and marked the time, I again sat down to occupy myself with gloomy thoughts. They were interrupted by our arrival at T——, and in the hurry and excitement of transhipping my baggage I thought no more of the circumstance.

"What's this on your way-bill about a coffin delivered at Edgaston, Kirtle?" was the first question asked me by the T—— baggage-master.

"It was shipped at New York," I replied, "but Evans was not smart enough to give me an extra way-bill before we started."

"Well, I can't know any thing about it without a way-bill from Evans; bring one up with you next trip, and keep the 92,327 checks till then. I can't take them without a way-bill for them," was his answer.

We went on to the terminus of the line, where I was only too glad to go off to bed and have a good sleep. Next morning at breakfast I met Harley the conductor, and said to him,

"You started too quick for me last night, I came nearly having a smash up."

"Why, Evans swung his lantern, and you seemed extra smart, I thought."

"Yes," I replied; "the men hurried up, but that coffin coming so late was what nearly brought me to grief."

"Coffin! what coffin?"

"Why, the one we put off at Edgaston."

"Put off at Edgaston; why, Kirtle, you're mad."

"Not a bit mad; I put it off, and I have the checks for it on my string."

"And you say we stopped at Edgaston?" asked Harley.

"Yes! most certainly. You were asleep, of course."

"No! I was not; but *you* must have been dreaming."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Harley," I said, "I'll leave it to Watkins—*he'll* know for certain."

"All right, Kirtle; don't you want to bet your little pile on this go?"

"If I were a betting man I would risk every red cent I have in the world on this 'go,' as you call it; but I don't bet. Come, let's go and see Watkins."

Off we went to see Watkins, the engineer.

"'Morning, Watkins," he said. "Happy New Year."

"Thanks, Mr. Harley, and you too, Mr. Kirtle; what'll you have to wet the New Year with?"

"Nothing now, Watkins; much obliged all the same. What we want to know is, whether you stopped the train any where last night?"

"Lord bless you, no! Mr. Harley. The night was so bad it took all the old Reindeer could do to bring us here on time without stopping any where."

"And you didn't stop at Edgaston last night, Watkins?" I asked.

"Stop at Edgaston? No, *Sir!* I didn't stop nowheres."

A cold chill ran through me, and I thought I should have fainted right away. Was this a conspiracy got up to ruin me, and Harley and Watkins swearing against me? or had something out of the common line been with me?

With an "Are you satisfied now?" Harley took my arm and we walked away.

"Satisfied? No! a thousand times no! Why, look here, Harley, there are the checks I took off the coffin regularly strung, and here's an entry made in my pocket-book of the number of check and where delivered."

"Well, Kirtle, it *is* very strange; but we didn't stop at Edgaston, be assured of that."

Though I could not rest assured I was obliged to wait till we arrived in New York, when I quickly sought out Evans and asked him about the coffin. His reply was to the same effect as the statements of Harley and Watkins. He had shipped no coffin, nor had he given any check on 31st December after the way-bill was handed in to my charge.

I turned to show him the checks, but on running over the bundle I found there were no checks of that number! In an instant I suspected Harley or Watkins had tampered with them.

"Have you got checks 92,327, Evans?" I asked, hurriedly. He took me into his inner room, where he showed me a large iron-bound chest. Unlocking this chest and opening it I saw that it was nearly full of checks done up in parcels of certain numbers.

"There's 20,000 new checks in this box that have never been used," said Evans; "the order we gave the maker was for 100,000, but we ain't distributed any above 80,000 yet; and the whole lot, from 90,000 up to 100,000, are in this 'ere chest."

Taking up the bundle containing the 92,000's (they were put up in packages of 1000 each), Evans began hunting through the numbers for 92,327. He found 92,325, then '26, and then '28, but 92,327 was *missing!* Ah! I was sure of it!

He then put the bundles back into the chest without uttering a word, and mused silently for a few moments. At last he said:

"There's some devil's work about this 'ere, Kirtle, and we must sift it out. Let us go to the superintendent."

To the superintendent we went and I told my tale, to which he attentively listened. He then dismissed us with orders to wait upon him again in two hours, and not to say any thing to any one about the coffin. On returning at the appointed time the superintendent conducted us into the Directors' room, where we found the president and secretary of the Company seated at the long table busily conversing with another gentleman. Harley and Watkins sat on a settee against the wall, and two men, whom I knew to be our railroad detectives, were lounging near them. Mr. B——, the president, was the first to speak.

"Mr. Kirtle will please tell us about this mysterious coffin."

I told my story, showing the entry in my pocket-book, and telling about the disappearance of the checks, but never alluding to my suspicions of Harley and Watkins. Evans was then examined, and stated positively that no coffin went through his hands that night. He then related how he had looked for the checks and had discovered that 92,327 was missing. The strange gentleman then cross-examined Evans.—Did he count them and read the numbers of the checks when he placed them in the box?—No, he had not. They were done up in brown paper, just as they came direct from the maker's hands. Then this missing check which turns up on the coffin might have been stolen from the maker's hands, and have never passed through the Company's at all? It might have been.

Harley, Watkins, and his fireman were then examined; and they all positively testified that the train never stopped that night. While they were testifying I remembered that the fireman had applied for the place of my assistant and had been refused. Of course this did not allay my suspicions. Harley and Watkins wanted my place for the fireman, and had taken advantage of my assistant's absence to catch me in a scrape.

Just at this moment another railroad detective came in, accompanied by another man who proved to be the station-master at Edgaston, and whose presence had been demanded by telegraph. He declared positively that the train went past his station at full speed, and that no marks of footsteps were visible in the snow on the platform next morning. Moreover, no coffin had come to Edgaston, which only consisted of a few houses, and he would be sure to know of it.

The president having consulted with the strange gentleman (whom I found to be the Company's lawyer) and the secretary, after first cautioning us not to speak a word about the matter on peril of losing our situations, told us we might retire. Recalling me, he laughed, and advised me not to go to sleep again and dream such curious dreams. I felt a choking in my throat at the very idea of *his* doubting me. Thenceforth the matter was apparently dropped. Only apparently, for I soon found that I was "dogged." I was suspected, and a detective followed me every where. I felt bad over it naturally enough—felt hurt at being suspected; but confident of my innocence I did not dread scrutiny, and went about my work as usual and did my duty as I had done it before. But I every where met my "shadow," and for months I felt myself under a cloud, with little hope of promotion. Naturally enough I always felt queer when thinking of that New-Year's eve, and its mysterious freight; but I waited patiently for the fit and proper time when the mystery would be revealed; and that it *would* be explained I felt quite confident. In the mean time the "shadow" did not pursue me without results, which affected others—the others whom I suspected. Harley was discovered by my "shadow" in some peculations in the matter of his ticket money, and Watkins and the fireman were found to have occasionally shared with him. In the course of their examination it was discovered that I had carried freight to a small amount for Watkins; but as I had Harley's order for doing so I was returned to duty with a kind approval of the business-like manner in which I kept all my orders. Thus my suspicions of Harley, Watkins, and the fireman were confirmed. If the latter had obtained my place the three might have carried private freight to any extent, and with considerable profit. While these facts were developing Evans had the misfortune to be killed; and so when the year rolled round of all those who had known of the "coffin story," only myself, the baggage-master at Edgaston, and the Directors remained on the road.

The year had passed away, and another New-Year's eve had arrived. I still ran on the same train; but this night my assistant was with me. A feeling for which I could not account made me refuse his request that I should allow him leave of absence for this night; and on leaving my house I put my revolver into my pocket. The baggage had been all pitched into the car, and we were busily at work sorting it, when the station baggage-master, who had taken Evans's place, came running up to the car shouting: "More baggage! Make room in the car for a coffin!" You might have knocked me down with a feather! Mechanically I took the extra way-bill which he thrust into my hand, and stood gazing at the four men who were carrying the coffin. Yes! they were the *same four men* whom I had seen on this very night just a year ago! I watched them into a passenger car where they took their seats, and turned to examine the check. My assistant was before me, and called out:

"92,327."

He must have thought I was mad! First I lifted one end of the coffin, and then the other. Then I made him lift it, and asked him if it was heavy. Very heavy indeed he seemed to find it; and it was plain that there was no sham this time. I looked at the check, then at the caps on my pistol, and then walked back into the first-class cars. Here I met the conductor.

"Where is that coffin going?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "the men who brought it gave me this order from Mr. Nesbit, the superintendent; so I suppose we must do as he says; but the engineer don't like it at all."

I took the order and read as follows:

"SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, N. AND E. RAILROAD CO.
"NEW YORK, *December* 31, 185–.

"*Mr. Tesdell, Conductor* 11 P.M. *Lightning Express:*
"Please take on board one coffin and four bearers, and put them off at Edgaston Station, free.
"J. L. NESBIT, *Superintendent.*"

Things were evidently coming to a climax. It was not Harley and Watkins, then, but the superintendent! No; I felt ashamed of my suspicions. But what could it mean? New-Year's eve: another coffin; to be put off at Edgaston! I pinched myself. Was I awake or dreaming? I went back to my car, and told my assistant that I fancied something was wrong about that coffin, and that I should follow it. If they missed me at the end of my return trip he was to report me sick, but not to say where I was.

With my coat off I awaited impatiently and silently—my assistant said, "very gruffly"—our arrival at Edgaston. It soon came. We opened the door, and the four men stood there! One of them handed up a check.

"92,327," called out my assistant. "All right!"

I grasped it nervously and looked at it. Its mate was unstrapped from the coffin, and my assistant was about to string them with the other checks, but I hastily snatched them from him, and put both in my breeches-pocket. "No losing these checks this time," said I to myself. The men received the coffin. As soon as it was out I swung my lantern as the signal to go ahead, shut the door in the faces of the men, opened the one on the opposite side, grabbed my coat, and jumped out. The train was in motion, but I lit in a snow-bank, and did not hurt myself. Crouching down in the snow I watched the men carry their burden down the platform, and then take the road leading to the little village. Had there been no snow on the ground the night would have been very dark; as it was, the wind and the drifting sleet made it almost impossible to see any distance ahead. When the men had almost disappeared in the storm I carefully crept out of my hole in the snow, and, keeping them in view, dogged their footsteps. About a quarter of a mile from the station they turned into a narrow lane, at the end of which was a wretched-looking house, with a barn near it. My men went straight to the barn and entered it. There was no cover to allow of my creeping up to the barn, and I was afraid they might come out at any moment; so, crouching low in the snow, I awaited further developments. Presently they came out of the barn without the coffin, and went into the house, from a window of which there shone a very faint light as soon as they had entered the house. Creeping up, I was able to see what was going on inside, and the first peep satisfied me that some unlawful deed was being enacted, in which the coffin, I felt sure, bore a prominent part. By the light of the tallow-candle, which burned on a rude table at which they sat, I observed that they were occupied in peeling from their faces false mustaches and whiskers, and keeping up a low conversation of which I could not distinguish one word.

My mind was quickly made up. The Lightning Express, passing T—— at 12.30, and due in New York at 2.25 A.M., would pass the Edgaston station in a few minutes. If I could but awaken the station-master and flag the train I could rush down to New York, report what I had seen to the superintendent and the police, and be back before daylight. I ran to the station as fast as I could through the snow, and awoke the station-master, who slept there. A few words sufficed to tell him my errand, and in a minute or so the station lamp showed a red light, a signal of danger to the fast-approaching train. The station-master was the same one who had been examined a year before about my mysterious coffin, and he readily promised to watch the house while I was gone.

The train had now pulled up in front of the station, and the engineer was angrily asking what he had been stopped for. Jumping on to the engine I promised to get an order from the superintendent to show on his book why he had stopped, and I soon made matters all square with him.

I think that hour on the engine was the longest one I ever spent in my life. My brain was filled with a thousand unquiet thoughts. Suppose I should not be able to find the superintendent; and even if I did, and he refused to believe this my second "*coffin story!*" I now half-suspected him from the fact that he had given the order; but after debating in my mind where to go, I concluded that to report to him was my only course.

At length we reached New York, and jumping off the engine I ran to the superintendent's

house, which was fortunately near to the dépôt. He was at home and in bed, and angrily asked from his window why he was disturbed. On my saying "Danger on the line," he immediately shut down the window, and in a few minutes admitted me into the house. My story was soon told, and he as quickly stated that he had not given the order to put off the coffin at Edgaston with its four bearers. I was relieved, I *tell* you, when he said that. This time I saw that I was believed, and in five minutes we were in the dépôt. The engine on which I had come in from Edgaston was in the locomotive house, and the fireman busy in drawing off the fire. Mr. Nesbit soon stopped that, and, to the great disgust of the engineer and fireman, gave orders to them to run out on the main track and await his orders. We then went to the nearest police-station, and had an interview with the captain of the precinct. With a sergeant and a possé of his men we were in a quarter of an hour more on the engine, and scudding along to Edgaston as fast as she could carry us.

Within three hours of the time at which I had left I again got off on the Edgaston platform, accompanied by the officers of the law. The station-master was not to be seen, but in a few moments he came from the direction of the lonely house, having heard the engine draw up. "They have been in the barn over two hours, but they are now gone back into the house," was his greeting.

The sergeant of police now assumed command. The men, with Mr. Nesbit, the station-master, engineer (the fireman being left with the engine), and myself were detailed in different directions to surround the house, and, at a given signal, to rush in at every entrance we could find. It was all over in a minute. A few cracks from revolvers, a good many hard knocks from the officers' clubs, and the result was, three men prisoners and handcuffed. One of the four had been of far superior courage to the others. He had drawn his revolver upon the sergeant, who was the first to break into the room, and had managed to fire twice before an officer, entering at another door, had fired at him. The bullet entered his skull and caused instant death. The others had shown little fight, and were soon overpowered by the clubs of the officers and reduced to submission. The wounds of the sergeant were slight flesh wounds, and he was the only one of our party who was hurt. The prisoners were all willing to turn state's evidence, and vied with each other in giving us information. It appeared that the slain man was the head and chief of the party. He it was who had conceived the whole plan, and had persuaded the others to join him. When an innocent boy, and as a young man, he had lived in the house which we had so unceremoniously stormed, the property having belonged to his father. For many years the old house had been unoccupied, the barn only being used. Our captives told us that murder had been committed, and that the coffin containing the corpse would be found in the barn under the hay, buried in the ground, they having buried it while I was on my way to New York and back. While some of the men went to raise the coffin the superintendent, myself, and the sergeant remained with the prisoners. The dead man had fallen on his face, and we raised his body. On examining his countenance the superintendent recognized the face of one of his own clerks, whom he had discharged several months before. This at once accounted for the forged order addressed to the conductor being written in the form peculiar to the office.

"Did it not also account for the missing checks?" I asked, producing them.

"He might have stolen them from the bundles when first delivered," suggested the superintendent.

On examining the pockets of the dead man several thousand dollars were found, which the prisoners avowed to be the proceeds of the robbery and murder. The corpse in the coffin was recognized as that of a wealthy retail merchant, whom the clerk to the superintendent knew to be in the habit of carrying large sums of money from his store to his house in the holiday season. He had been watched, deliberately felled by a blow from behind, robbed, and then put into the coffin, which was simply an outer shell of pine wood roughly put together. The murder and robbery took place some twenty minutes before eleven, at which hour the Lightning Express left New York. All their plans having been carefully laid beforehand, they had hurried to the station, exhibited to the baggage-master the forged order, which they had just time to hand to the conductor and get the coffin checked and on board. The three associates were to receive their share of the plunder, and then cross the country. The clerk was to walk to the next station and return to New York by an early train. My suspicions—my dream—my hallucination—my insanity—call it what you will—*I* don't care—had defeated their plans. After raising the coffin we all returned on the engine to New York, taking with us both the coffined and the uncoffined corpse. An inquest was held, when the jury brought in a verdict of "Willful Murder" against the three surviving villains. They were subsequently tried and executed. For my share in the transaction I was promoted to the baggage-mastership of the New York station, and my first duty was to examine the checks and arrange them. I found no others missing, and 92,327 were not missing now. However, I ordered a new set made, and I keep checks 92,327 to this day.

*But what manner of coffin was it that I put off on the first occasion?* The superintendent says I dreamed. He has shown me, too, the testimony of Harley, delivered on the occasion of the original examination, in which it seems the conductor swore—reluctantly, the superintendent says—that he passed through my car during the trip first described here, and found me sitting on a trunk asleep. I have my character to sustain—it is the only capital I have—and I emphatically deny Harley's statement; and, s'help me goodness! I don't believe it yet, and never shall, whatever others may think and believe.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Hub of the Universe.

*Dear Weekly:*

I have been induced by many of the citizens of this enterprising town, which is designated on the face of the earth by a big granite spike, called a monument, just as we used to mark the location of armies by pins on our war-maps, to start a Grand Promenade Concert and Pig-Chase, in aid of the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters. This institution was established in this city previous to the war, and as that event took the legs off of so many people, the institution now stands on an entirely different footing. I might add, in view of that fact, that it is in a knee-dy condition.

At this Musical Entertainment I propose giving away presents in value to the tune of $2,500,000. There are to be 5,000,000 tickets, issued at the low figure of 10 cents, which, it is expected, will be ample to pay for the tickets and advertising, leaving a handsome profit.

The Asylum was organized prior to the Big Organ, but has had less blowing, and consequently made less noise in the world. It has the recommendation of several Boston names, including Boston Corbett; and I thought, in view of the charitable object, I could get a favorable notice in your excellent paper, "of which I have been a subscriber from the first."—*Old Song.* There are now here so many punsters out of Holmes that the supply of puns is beyond the demand, and constitutes, in mercantile language, a "glut" in the market, and my only hope is that they will be eventually washed away and absorbed in the *Atlantic.*

I herewith inclose you my Prospectus, with an extract from the "List of the Premiums," taken at random from my Illustrated Catalogue, which will be ready in a few days, and which I will send on receipt of stamps. I inclose a few of the recommendations, which I want you to keep to yourself, as also the Prospectus, for the present, until I get my agents appointed throughout the United States and the Canadas.

(*Private and Confidential.*)

ASYLUM FOR AGED AND DECAYED PUNSTERS.

REMEMBER THE FATHERLESS AND MOTHERLESS

WITS!!

*A GRAND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,*

*Embracing a Promenade Concert and Pig-Chase,*

With 5,000,000 Presents,

Valued at 2,500,000 Dollars!

2,500,000 *Tickets, at 10 Cents Each!!*

☞ EVERY TICKET DRAWS TWO PRIZES. ☜

The proprietors of this grand enterprise, in a desire to allow the Asylum for Decayed Punsters to enlarge its usefulness by putting Wings to it, intend making this the most taking thing in the present decade.

We take pleasure in referring to the following testimonials, from well-known statesmen and others, to this charitable undertaking:

*From* Horace Greenleaf, *Esq., Editor of the New York Tribulation:*

"The object of your Musical Concert and Pig-Chase meets with my hearty approval. I have often thought of an Asylum of that kind for the writers of the paper in which I am concerned, but my time has been too much occupied to organize it. I look forward to the time when somebody else will take the laboring oar, and I can farm a little, fish a little, and write when I have any thing humorous."

*From* W. H. Seaweed, *Author of "Answers to Correspondents," etc., Washington, D. C.:*

"Your Grand Promenade Concert and Pig-Chase is befitting the nineteenth or twentieth century. There never has been, nor is not now, or ever will be, such presents again as is now offered by you to a united people; and it is expected that the drawing will be over in sixty days."

*From* Sturgeon P. Chased, *Attorney at Law:*

"Know all men by these Presents, of which there are some half a million, the names may be sent and the money entered in its own recognizance. I think the object is good, and your judgment, in my opinion, is sustained."

*From Prof.* J. C. Air, *Chemist and Almanacist:*

"I have tested your plans and Prospectus, and believe them to be entirely safe for you, the ingredients of those who enter into them must be purely vegetable."

If space would allow I could add hundreds of others, but these few must convince any one that I would treat them as I would my own brother; and any one sending their money need have no fear but that they will be served right.

Below I give a list of a few of the presents, taken from my Illustrated Catalogue.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

No. 1.

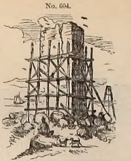
*Taken from a Photograph.*

One Country Residence in New Jersey $0,000,163 50

*Description of the Property.*—This Elysian Rural Retreat is situated upon the flowing banks of Mud Rippling Creek, Sandburr County, New Jersey. The situation of the Estate is one of ineffable sweetness. Gentle zephyrs are constantly employed by the township in playing the Æolian harps of the swaying tree-tops; gorgeous parterres of blossoming flowers spring up whenever they think they can improve the prospect; and weeds are prohibited by law. Undulating swards sweep gracefully down to meet stately groves; and on every considerable plain a man with a red shirt is employed to pipe to his Phyllis, and keep sheep for the purpose of giving animation to the landscape.

The females of the vicinity are all of indescribable beauty; the young men invariably of matchless grace and agility; while the old men wear white beards and bestow blessings. All are characterized by an air of the utmost refinement and simplicity. They are almost entirely unacquainted with the value of money, and will seldom shoot you for appropriating an apple.

No. 604.



A Monument at Washington, D. C......$1,987,654 32

This piece of free masonry was partially built in partial memory of the Father of his Country, but as events progressed (which was not the case with the structure) he came near having no country. It was thought appropriate he should come equally near to having a monument. The Rents now accruing from its eligible situation are enormous, one on the S.W. side running from the bottom to the top. The person winning this prize will be put under bonds to complete it.

No. 500,640.

A Drawing of Turkey......$0,000,001 25

*Drawn by Bridget M'Coy; Stuffed by Mrs. Jones.*

The struggles that these unhappy beings have endured in their fights for liberty must make the contemplation of this picture an ever-pleasant theme to the man of epicurean taste and acquirements.

No. 900,000.

Dumy Injun......$0,000,002 75

This piece of Statuary has had a great run, and as it represents a portion of the human race that is "untaxed," it will always be regarded as the representative of an enviable people.

No. 990,000.

Portrait of Andrew Jackson......$0,000,000 02

*Engraved on Steel by the American Bank-Note Company.*

This head was struck off by order of the American Government, at the Government Printing-Office, and was distributed for sale throughout the United States, every Postmaster being appointed agent for the sale of the picture.

No. 999,000.

Autograph Letter of Mr. M'Crackey to Andrew Johnson, President of the United States—Very rare—only one of the kind......$0,000,000 00.

(*Copy of Letter.*)

"Mackerelville, Aist River.

"Misther President,—I hev thravelled a great dale through the counthry, was two years Conducthor on the Third Avenue Cars, and have had occasion to see something of the inimies of the Democrathic parthy, as will as yoursilf and Billy Seward. Ould Binnett, who used to be a good Dimocrat, now shpakes very disrespictful of your Honor, and makes no bones to say as impachement is jist the thing yur riverence desarves, and it laves a very bad imprishun on me naburs, who are distinguished furriners and belong to the Dimocrathic parthy. Ould Binnett, the spalpeen, shpakes of yez all in a very inilegant sthyle of spache, and, with other min from the New Ingland States, continually make fun of you and Billy Seward, who, they say, is 'hopelessly degraded.' Ben Buthler does not pretind to consale his disgust, and shpakes as only you would expict a rinegade Dimocrat to shpake, and is in favor of publicly suspinding your Honor, as we did the nagers here one summer, whin the lamp-posts were dicorated with the heads of thim as had brought all the thrubbel on the Dimocrathic parthy. I undershtand Misther Shtanton, another rinegade Dimocrat, dispises the Dimocrathic parthy, and ounly houlds his office at the suggestion of ould Greeley and thim fillows, and proclaims loudly that a nager should vote, whin he knows that he will not vote fur your riverence or Billy Seward.

Binnett's Patent Extinguisher.

"Whin I saw Altherman Rooney fling the ink-shtand at the head of the Prisidint of the New York Council I wished it was ould Shtanton himsilf that was sittin' there, and it was mesilf that had the ink-shtand; I would tache him betther mannirs than to imprison Dimocrats as he did when the Southern min were fightin' fur their nagers.

"I hev heard from me frind Morrissey that ould Welles, whose name your riverence could not remimber about two years ago, and whose name is not wurth remimbering, is another ould rinegade dimocrat, and who goes with ould Stevens and thim radicals, and is down on yoursilf when he gets with ould Zack Chandler and thim fillows. The fillow has built some Monithors, and he thinks himsilf the Monark of the Says.

"Ould Forney, the dead duck, another rinegade Dimocrat, spakes very inilligant of your Honor and Billy Seward, and is now thrying to get the printing of the Congressional debates, which your Honor will niver allow so long as Misther Windell, who is a good Dimocrat, can print thim. All of these ould rinegades are for impachement of yer Honor, and they are not only a public scandal, but are the inimies of the Dimocrathic party, of which yoursilf and Billy Seward are honorable mimbers. Some of my frinds who went to Washington say that the rinegade Dimocrats are our worst inimies.

"Bill Kelley, I'm tould, is another ould riprobate, and who Billy Seward had betther write to and ask to resign, along with ould Stevens, who says your Honor is always dhrunk, if you wish to save the Dimocrathic parthy from going to the divil and yoursilf from impachement, which them fillows now have got into their heads. I ask nothing at your Honor's hands, but I want dacent min in Congress, with a big majority of Dimocrats and no ould rinegades. Respictfully, Michael M'Crackey,

"Of Mackerelville, New York.

"A frind will deliver this in parson."

The balance of my presents, amounting in number to 4,999,994, will consist mainly of horses and carriages, gold watches, pianos, 500,000 complete copies of Joe Miller, the nine numbers of Mrs. Grundy, one volume of the *Congressional Globe*, one Ocean Telegraph, a section of the Pacific Railway (unfinished), etc., etc.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Concert and Chase, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggest.

Contributions and donations gratefully acknowledged. Money especially solicited; it is advisable in all cases to make the sums large, and send by Express, prepaid.

This, dear *Weekly*, is a mere outline of my plan, and if I can get General Grant, or Mr. Johnson, or some other lucky person, to draw the numbers out of the wheel, I will put it immediately in motion. The Concert to be given when one-half of the tickets and purchasers are sold; the Chase to take place when I get all of the money. You will hear from me again.

Your own C. O. W.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It has come to be debated in military circles whether the Foundling Hospital is a desirable place for infantry practice.

The Cattle Plague.—Flies.

If one pine-tree makes pitch, how many will it take to make pitchers?

At one of the schools in Cornwall the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

It is no breach of etiquette for a lady to decline a gentleman's proffered hand if she is liable to soil her glove by accepting it.

Hint to an Infuriated Printer.—Compose yourself.

Why is an unsuccessful oil-borer like an advertised wife?—Because he left his bed and bored for parts unknown.

A well laid dinner is always served according to mathematical rule—first the soup or fishes (superficies) and then the solids.

It is said that some mothers have grown so affectionate that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

Why did "the monks of old" laugh so much?—Because the convents were always full of sells.

If "Union is strength," what is a little whisky and plenty of water?

There is an old proverb that says that contentment is the true philosopher's stone. Brown says it's very likely, for nobody has ever found one or the other.

OLD SAWS RE-SET.

Truth is a stranger, except in fiction.
Charity begins with a cold bath in the alms-house.
Set a thief to catch—financiers.

Definition by our Housemaid.—"My Pale Companion:" the scrubbing-brush.

Why are ship-carpenters the most impolite men?—Because they are several days making a bow.

Two Old Men's Tails.—Old Fogeyism and Old Bogeyism. Let us cut them off.

"Unequal Rating."—A Big Wife scolding a Little Husband.

"I saw a lady wrapped up in a velvet mantle that she said she wouldn't take six hundred dollars for," said Smith to Jones. "I can beat that all hollow," retorted Jones; "for *I* saw a lady that was *wrapped up in her baby* that she wouldn't have taken *six hundred thousand* dollars for."

Paper made from wood can scarcely be claimed as a recent invention, for it is well known that *log*-books have long been used by masters of vessels.

Jeff Davis has been caned by some ladies of Norfolk. The cane was made of a piece of oak from the rebel ram *Merrimac*, and had a gold head.

If the price of a sleigh-ride be $5, what would be a fair charge for "cab-bage?"

Woman's Best Book.—*Self-Help*, by Smiles.

The very climax of superfluous benevolence has been declared to be that of holding an umbrella over a duck in the rain.

A handsome young peddler made love to a buxom widow. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union. "Name them," said the widow. "The want of means to set up a retail store." They parted, and the widow sent the peddler ample means. When they met again, the peddler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment. "I have another wife," cried the notion dealer.

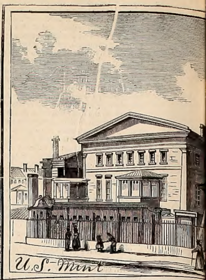
Many Government officials are like some postage-stamps; they are poor sticks.

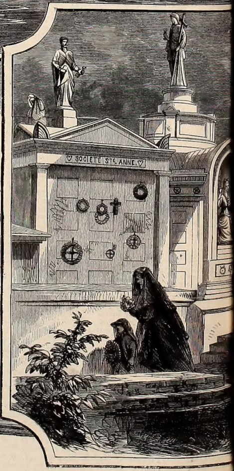
A Professor of Chemistry, while lecturing to a college class, said, "Oxygen is an invisible gas; *you see it in these bell glasses!*"

Pumps and hose are little protection to the feet in wet weather, although they are indispensable in keeping a vessel dry.

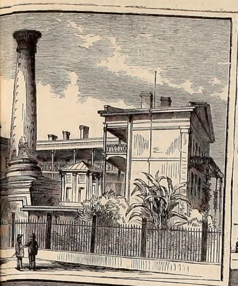
"I am not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a toper to a temperance man. "I presume not," was the reply: "from your appearance I should guess a barrel of cider would run at your approach."

The printer is a fair type of the present financial age. He does business on a metallic basis, yet delights in a paper currency and an extensive circulation. He profits by the credit system, and favors the broadest latitude in exchange.






THE CRESCENT CITY—SCENES IN AND AROUND NEW ORLEANS,



Unloading by flags

River View of the city of New Orleans.

French Cemetery.

Sketch on the Levee.

ISIANA.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 158.]

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER V.

### CUMBERED WITH MUCH SERVING.

Meanwhile an alliance that would have seemed very strange and full of discordant elements to Blanche, had she noticed it, had been formed between Mrs. Lyon and Edgar Talbot. Almost before the girl, with all her sensitiveness, was conscious of it, he marked his sister's manner toward Mrs. Lyon, and saved her from it as far as he could. He perceived at once that in her garrulousness lay Mrs. Lyon's chief danger, and Mrs. Sutton's chief chance of stinging Blanche into subjection. Therefore he turned that garrulousness upon himself as far as he could, devoting himself to the mother in a way that would have touched the daughter very much had she loved him, but that, as it was, simply made her regard him as a well-meaning young man who could have nothing in common with her, since he "rather seemed to prefer mamma's tedious talk."

It must at once be conceded that Blanche Lyon was very far from being a type of the duteous child of real life or romance, who can cloud her own judgment over to the extent of believing, whatever the parental attributes, that they are perfect. She never allowed herself to say or look aught that might be construed into a slight upon the woman with the lukewarm nature and limp mind whose child it was her misfortune to be. But though she kept the peace, and was filial outwardly, she was inwardly conscious of all the weak places, and she used no shallow euphemisms in describing them to herself. When Mrs. Lyon got into a wordy labyrinth, and then immediately proceeded to display an impatient hopelessness about ever extricating herself, Edgar Talbot would put in a word, and help her to clear herself in a way that caused Blanche to leave her mother very trustfully to his mercy, but at the same time to think him not exactly a "poor spirited creature," perhaps; but at any rate little more than a "good sort of young man who suited mamma." Her own lack of interest in and appreciation for him blinded her to his motives, his admiration for herself, his tenderness for her feelings, his anxiety to put all belonging to her in the best light—all these were lost upon her by reason of her heart being untouched by him.

So it came about that when Mrs. Lyon left the Grange and went back to live in London her communications respecting Mr. Talbot's unabated interest in and kindness to her fell flatly upon Blanche.

"It's very good of him to go and call on mamma—I suppose her old stories amuse him," was her sole mental comment upon the fact of Edgar Talbot having "renewed the acquaintance, and said he was sure he hoped it would continue," to use Mrs. Lyon's own words. Miss Lyon thought so little about it, in fact, that she never so much as referred to it in any of the letters which Mrs. Lyon, in her frequent bursts of maternal pride, would give him to read. Accordingly, when he first mooted the plan of the united household for the sake of his sister Beatrix, he treated it as he did any other venture, and declared that it would be injudicious to talk about it prematurely. "Wait until Miss Lyon comes home, and then tell her what you have kindly consented to do—her companionship will be invaluable to my sister," he had said. And Mrs. Lyon had refrained, sorely against her will, from writing wordy letters, and had kept a silence on the subject which was to be broken for the first time on this night of Blanche's arrival.

Mrs. Marsh was going to break up her establishment, put her daughter to school, and go on the Continent herself, therefore she required Miss Lyon's services no longer. Blanche had come home charged with good resolutions. Among others, she was not going to suffer impatience to obtain for one minute in her heart against the weak one who should have been her support, and who in all things had to lean upon her. Additionally, she was going to spend the three or four months' holidays she meant to take in learning some language or accomplishment which should fit her to take some better situation than she had hitherto held. The consciousness of being fraught with good intentions came to her aid happily, and tided her over the irritating half hour of confusion, complaining, and explanation which succeeded her advent. Mrs. Lyon was a woman who was utterly incapable of letting a fact speak for itself. The dinner was late—the dinner is very apt to be late where unceasing fuss and one female servant reign alone. Blanche could have borne this with composure, as she had not set her hopes on dining the moment she arrived. What she found hard to bear was being told it was late, and why it was late—a stream of narration which was swollen continually by many way-side springs of explanation concerning all the nouns incidentally mentioned. It was hard, very hard indeed, for the girl who had a good heavy weight upon her, made up of many things, to listen patiently to the tale of the green-grocer's laxity, the butcher-boy's peccadilloes, and the servant's general iniquities.

"I do not mind for myself," Mrs. Lyon wound up with, when the wearied Blanche drew a quick breath that was as much of a sigh as a sensible woman can ever permit herself to heave, and this not out of impatience at any of the ills to which the livers on narrow incomes are heir, but at the manner of their recital—"I do not mind for myself; I never expect to be any thing but worried and uncomfortable; but I do wish to make your home pleasant to you."

"Then, mother, let me do all the fault-finding," Blanche answered, brightly. "You sit down and take things easy."

"Ah!" Mrs. Lyon said, shaking her head, and rising up laboriously to move two or three things that might with perfect propriety have remained where they were, "it's easy to talk: your poor dear father always spoke as if regulating a household, and having things nice and comfortable, was no more trouble than taking a walk."

"But you don't have things nice and comfortable, with all the fuss you make." Blanche only thought this sentence, she did not say it. All she said was, "I dare say you are right, mamma; but comfort is a most uncomfortable thing." Then she took off her hat and threw it back on to the side-board (when Mrs. Lyon followed it as if it might have done some damage to the normal decorations of that piece of furniture, if it were not carefully supervised), and then she threw off a good deal of the brightness with which she had come into the room, and sat down rather sadly, under the conviction that her good resolutions would be utterly routed before long.

Down at the Grange there had been an easy-going refinement pervading all the arrangements—a refinement that came as much from the mistress having a clear head as it did from her having a full purse; but here, up in this little cramped lodging, where the head and purse of the presiding domestic deity were alike badly supplied, there was a good deal that was temper-trying and unavoidable, and (which was worse) there was a good deal that was temper-trying and avoidable. Probably the race of Marthas—the women who are cumbered with much serving—will survive and flourish unto the last. It may be for our good that they should do so. In some cases the end does justify the means; as, for instance, when vaccination causes small-pox to be lightly taken, or when missionary pie brings one savage of delicate digestion to a sense of the superiority of living preaching missionaries over the preparation which has disagreed with him. But, in the majority of everyday matters, the end is too small for fussy means to be forgiven.

"I am sure, the day I have had!—not a moment to call my own since I got out of bed, Blanche!" Mrs. Lyon commenced, piteously, when the chicken made its appearance at last, and the two ladies sat down to dinner.

"How happy you must have been!" Blanche answered, with most injudicious truthfulness. It was a fact that Mrs. Lyon never was so easy in her mind as when she was actively employed in contributing to confusion; but it was a fact the mention of which she always resented.

"Happy!" she echoed, pausing in her employment about the toughest part of the wing. "Happy! it is very little happiness I have known in life, Blanche—very little, as I have told your poor dear father over and over again."

"What a comfort it must have been to my father to hear you say so!" Blanche had remembered her good resolutions by this time; so, though she could not resist making the speech, she made it in her lightest, pleasantest manner.

"I am afraid he cared very little about it," Mrs. Lyon replied, pathetically. Then she shed a tear or two, and had to stop to chase them down her cheeks and dry them before they escaped. Meanwhile the chicken grew cold, and Blanche had time to wonder whether it had been quite worth while to spend the whole day in designing and striving after a consummation that was suffered to spoil when achieved.

"Tell me some of the things you have been busy about, mamma," Blanche asked, hastily. And then Mrs. Lyon entered upon a narrative that reminded her daughter of the famous brook, in that it bid fair to go on "forever." A narrative that wound round and round the original subject which it had professed to treat of at starting, cleverly avoiding that, and embracing instead a variety of topics that had no connection whatever with any thing about which Blanche ever had heard, or ever could desire to hear.

The truth was that Mrs. Lyon was striving to brace herself for the leap she had promised Edgar Talbot to rise at by taking a conversational preliminary canter. She rather dreaded the look the announcement might call into life in her daughter's great, gray, honest eyes. More, she rather dreaded a definite refusal on Blanche's part to accompany her to Mr. Talbot's house, there to play the part of social guardian-angel to Mr. Talbot's sister.

Mrs. Lyon broke the tidings, in what she conceived to be a singularly diplomatic way. She waited till Blanche (tired out with her journey and several hours' hard hunting after her mother's meaning, which had been, as usual, sedulously concealed in many words) went up to her own room and prepared to go to bed.

To bed, but not to sleep; for Mrs. Lyon followed her with a glass of warm sherry and water—a beverage with which Blanche was unsympathetic, the mere sight and faint odor of which brought back memories of childish illnesses and general debility. Mrs. Lyon followed her with this draught and the words:

"My dear Blanche, what do you think of this plan of Mr. Talbot's?" laying a slight stress on the words "what do you think," as if the matter had been before Blanche for some time, and had been a subject of free discussion between Mrs. Lyon and others.

"Mr. Talbot!—Mrs. Sutton's brother? I don't think I know any plan of his," Blanche replied, raising herself up and leaning on her elbow.

"Then I may as well tell you to-night, to give you something pleasant to dream about," the elder lady rejoined, with a little affected air of jocularity that was very pitiable. Then she went on to tell what Mr. Talbot had thought, and she had thought first; and then what each of them had said to the other, and then what each had thought the other would think, and then what both had said Blanche would think, until she swam away into a haven of satisfaction out of the dangerous difficulties of the ocean of words she herself had created. "There, now go to sleep and dream about it, and ask no questions until the morning," she interrupted, rather querulously, when Blanche began, "But, mamma." The interruption fell on deaf ears, however; Blanche would not go to sleep and dream about it just yet.

"To manage Mr. Talbot's house and his sister! What is his sister? an infant or an idiot?"

"Really, Blanche, no one, to hear you, would believe how careful I always have been in my own language. Choice! I was considered quite choice in my expressions when I was a girl; and I am sure for years after my marriage your father never heard me say a word that the whole world might not have heard."

"I dare say not, poor papa!" the girl cried, with petulant irreverence. "Never mind my bad language to-night, though, mother, tell me more of this plan; tell me something I can hear with patience; tell me, you have not agreed to put yourself and me in the position of servants in Mr. Talbot's house."

She spoke fast and earnestly. Her mother, in describing the tones Blanche used on the occasion, afterward, to the sympathizing Mrs. Sutton, denominated them "fierce."

"I am to be Miss Talbot's chaperon."

"Blanche laughed out merrily. The absurdity would touch herself she knew; still she could not help seeing the humor of it all, and laughing at it for the time."

"And I—what am I to be?" she inquired.

"You are to be Miss Talbot's companion—treated quite like her sister; and really, Blanche, I do not see that a companion is so much lower than a governess," Mrs. Lyon added, hurriedly. Then she went on to cry a little, and to say that this was a prospect that opened up something like peace, and comfort, and security to her—things (she would mention incidentally) which had hitherto been denied to her. But of course she should have to give them up, and go on living the life of privation, not to say misery, for which she had been expressly born!

Then Blanche had to perform a humiliating task: to argue against her own judgment, for the sake of rescuing her mother from the watery abyss over which the latter insisted on hovering. She reminded herself that she was not sure of being able to do better for Mrs. Lyon than Mrs. Lyon proposed doing for herself, and she sedulously strove to cultivate the feeling that it was unworthy of her to imagine that there would be any degradation in going in a subordinate position to the house of Mrs. Sutton's brother. The mere thought of her fair, insolent, skillful antagonist brought her worst qualities vigorously to the surface. "If she does not keep the peace from the first—from the very first—keep it fairly, and never try to deal me a foul blow, I will strike—and wound her, too," she thought, as she turned her hot, throbbing brow from the light and pressed it into the pillow, when at last her mother left her alone—but not to sleep.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FAMILY PARTY.

Mrs. Sutton had certainly not neglected one of the primary duties of woman on the night of the family dinner-party to which she had asked Mr. Bathurst. She was looking her best; there had been no counting the cost in the creation of the rich costume that seemed only a fitting finish to her prettiness—it was so perfect in its unobtrusiveness. Having abstained—as may be remembered—from going to offer Beatrix a hint on the subject of her dress, she was rather disappointed to find, on Beatrix's entrance, that the hint would have been superfluous, Miss Talbot having dressed the situation capitally. Securely as Mrs. Sutton stood in the centre of her own rich draperies, she did feel her heart hardening against the younger sister, who, coming straight from the wilds of the country, dared not alone to know what to wear, but how to wear it.

As a rule family parties must be admitted to be very trying things. They are pleasant to read about when they are treated, for example, as Dickens treated the Wardles, in "Pickwick." Still we can not help being struck by the great truth that even the Manor Farm might have been dull, even at that hilarious season of the year, if it had not been enlivened by the presence of the Pickwickians—and introduced to us by Charles Dickens.

Mrs. Sutton thoroughly appreciated all the difficulties attendant on making a family dinner-party go off well. The thorough appreciation was not the result of experience, for it was the first time her brothers and sisters had met together under her roof, and Mark was too completely the result of circumstances for any material family connections he might have, to come under Marian's consideration. But though she had had no practice in the art, her theory about it was very perfect.

"The salvation of the affair will be, that two of us know nothing whatever about each other or the rest," Mrs. Sutton had said to herself while dressing. "Trixy and Lionel will assemble themselves together here with as much faith in us all and our surroundings as if they were strangers to us." Mrs. Sutton laughed a pleasantly derisive little laugh, as she thought this, and looked at herself so sweetly in the glass that her maid thought it an auspicious moment to hint how acceptable her "wages" would be to her. At the sound of the word the fair, innocent-browed, well-to-do beauty's face clouded, and she turned impatiently from the glass.

"I have told you, over and over again, that I will pay you when I can, Rickson. What is the use of your worrying me about it? You are all alike—a set of spoiled extortionists. Hortense would not have charged any one else three guineas a yard for this lace, that looks nothing now it is on; and as for you, with the things I am always giving you, you are as well-dressed as I am myself."

Rickson had lived with the siren-voiced lady ever since her marriage, and was attached to her after a fashion. Mrs. Sutton was one of those women who wound, and wrong, and insult with soft hand, and kind eyes, and gentle tones. It was almost impossible to feel angry with her, or to deem her in the wrong if she deigned to desire that any one should feel pleased with her, and consider her in the right. She would falsify facts, trick, deceive, deal in any form of treachery, in short. But she did it all pleasantly; and so, some way or other, though she was found out continually, her dependents stood by her, and served her and suffered for it. It was her specialty to be sweet and gentle, feminine and pleasant. Given the object Lady Macbeth had to gain, and she would have played Lady Macbeth's part. But she would first have made Macduff love her for her tenderness and delicacy and for her fair innocent beauty, that she might have killed him the more conveniently while his admiration was at its height, with a nice clean dagger.

So now, though she spoke impatiently to Rickson, and would not, like Hope, tell a "flattering tale" of prompt payment, there fell the magic mantle of her pleasant manner between herself and her servant, who showed her sense of that manner's artistic merit by being far less uncivil than she thought she dared to be.

Nevertheless, though the subject was dropped almost as soon as started, it had brought the fact of there being several serious crumples in her rose-leaf prominently before Mrs. Sutton. She set her little, white, straight teeth together savagely as her sister came into the drawing-room, remembering that Beatrix had it all before her—had a fair start—might marry, and carry on the war as brilliantly as she (Marian) was doing it, without one of Marian's inward pangs.

For pretty Mrs. Sutton had these occasionally. She was not one of the successful sinners of romance, who do all sorts of reprehensible things, with a conscience unclouded as their cheeks. Mrs. Sutton told stories, and deceived her husband, and got herself into debts and difficulties through pursuing a tortuous course, when fair sailing would have carried her clear of all such things. But she did not sin with impunity. She was horribly frightened at times—she was brought so very low at others as to have to put on a fair surface-seeming to her inferiors; she went about in daily danger of being found out. And though she fully deserved it all, it being her desert did not make the inward pangs less hard for a woman to bear.

It may be doubted whether she suffered in her conscience. It may, indeed, be doubted whether she had any conscience at all, in the proper acceptation of the word. Her two strongest qualities were thoughtlessness and vanity, and these do not conduce much to the preservation, far less cultivation, of any conscience with which a human being may originally have been endowed. But however it may have been about that, it is undoubtedly a fact that she went through many a quaking time when her pride of place, her power of creating and keeping admiration, her domestic position was endangered. For all her well-bred little airs and graces, she had it in her to be very much of a sycophant—had it in her to trail her nut-brown tresses in the dust in private rather than have them lowered one inch in public, even though there was no moral degradation in such lowering.

She had banished the sharp expression of savage jealousy before Beatrix had time to see that it was more than a welcoming smile—banished it, and substituted one of young matronly dignity, that sat very gracefully upon her almost girlish beauty, Frank Bathurst thought. During the first ten minutes of being with the two sisters Mr. Bathurst made many profound and original observations to himself on the superiority of perfect tact, grace, and style over mere "perfect beauty," as shown in the favorable contrast Mrs. Sutton offered to her younger sister. It did not occur to him at the time that the contrast might not have been so markedly in favor of the married woman had she not happened to be apparently absorbed in something he himself was saying to her. When he mentioned afterward to Lionel that "Mrs. Sutton talked well," Lionel knew enough of his friend and his sister to feel certain that the latter had listened admiringly.

But when they got themselves seated round the dinner-table, the inferiority of perfect beauty was less patent to Mr. Frank Bathurst. He saw that there was a touch of nobility about the girl opposite to him which her pretty married sister lacked. Beatrix had not a vivacious face, but she had a face that was capable of very intense expression, and this capability made itself manifest to the artist at a very early stage of the dinner, and brought him very much under her banner, though he was ignorant of the cause that called forth that intensity. For want of some more interesting topic which should have a common interest, they had been speaking of some of the extravagances of the day, and Edgar Talbot had quoted some of the dull and dead season letters to the *Times* about it.

"From a man's point of view, it's simply feeble the way in which you ladies haunt certain shops and milliners' establishments," Mr. Talbot said to Mrs. Sutton; "you order your dress, and take a fair amount of time to do it, and then you give a few more days to the buttons, and the band, and the trimming. I won't have you spoil Beatrix, Marian."

"Marian has commenced well, at any rate," her husband put in. Then (he was off guard for once) he added, "She tells me she did not even take her sister near Hortense yesterday."

Even as he spoke he remembered himself—remembered how he had seen his wife's carriage at the dress-maker's door, and his heart smote him as he looked at Beatrix and saw the same look of intense, hot scorn on her face which Frank was just admiring.

Like a cat, Mrs. Sutton invariably offered a velvet paw, keeping the claws well back, and purred when she dared not scratch. She dared not scratch now; every one of the people present could be, and should be, useful to her. So she said, quite suavely:

"Trixy finds the room too hot; she is quite flushed. Take my advice, Edgar, and have a nice perforated oak screen put up in your room before you begin giving dinners. When do the Lyons come to you?"

The diversion was perfect. Mr. Bathurst ceased in an instant to admire Miss Talbot's expression, and to ponder over what could have called it into being.

"The Lyons," he repeated, addressing Mr. Talbot; "do you know any Lyons?"

"I know a Mrs. Lyon and her daughter," Edgar replied, rather stiffly. He exceedingly disliked having to offer up explanations concerning his relations with the Lyons to chance questioners.

"We all know Mrs. Lyon and her daughter," Mrs. Sutton went on to explain, "and we are all very much at the feet of Mrs. Lyon and her daughter, are we not, Mark?"

"I am more than rather interested. I have some cousins—distant cousins—of the name of Lyon. Is Miss Lyon called Blanche?"

"Yes, the children used to call her Blanche sometimes," Mrs. Sutton replied.

"Children—what children?"

"The children where she was governess," Mrs. Sutton said, quietly. And something in her tone brought the blood to the brows of the two men to whom Blanche was nearest, the one through his love for, the other through his relationship to her. Frank Bathurst was the first to speak.

"She went out as a governess, did she? A high-spirited girl, as she ought to be, coming of that stock."

Then he told the story of old Mr. Lyon's request, and rage at Blanche Lyon refusing it; and when he had finished, Mrs. Sutton felt very sorry that she had spoken about the Lyons at all. She had still one more charge in the gun she always carried against Blanche Lyon, and this she contrived to deliver in the course of the evening. But she sent it home to the "one" alone—she felt that at dinner she had not been diplomatic.

As soon as the two sisters found themselves alone in the drawing-room, Mrs. Sutton realized that she must talk very fast and very forcibly in order to keep Trixy from uttering the reproachful words she was evidently burning to utter relative to Madame Hortense. She had no distrust of her own powers of managing to avoid hearing unpleasant things. A few minutes spent in saying pretty things fluently, then a few minutes' sleep, or assumption of it, and then the men would come in, and "decent sisterly feeling would prevent Trixy" speaking. Mrs. Sutton was great about many things, but perhaps she was greatest of all about the moral and social responsibilities of others.

Accordingly she commenced at once, while wheeling one little couch round nearer to the fire to make "Trixy comfortable," and pushing another back into her own pet corner, where were low seats for satellites.

"Very good-looking Damon and Pythias are."

"You mean Lionel and his friend?" Trixy asked.

"Yes, of course I do. What a fortunate thing it is for us all that Lionel did not go into the bondage of an artistic friendship with one of the many untidy and poor young men who paint, and whose name is legion!"

Marian paused, and Trixy was on the point of saying a word as to the possibility of the untidy and poor young man being not utterly devoid of merit. A moment's consideration saved her from the error. Marian had not impugned their merit; she had only said it was a comfort to the family that Lionel had not formed a friendship for one of them. Probably she was right.

"It is an immense satisfaction to me that he is what he is," Marian went on. "I am far too fond of my brothers," she added, piously, "not to feel it my duty to see a great deal of them; a married sister can be of such immense service to a young man, can she not?"

The climax was weak. Beatrix had been feeling her painful inferiority and utter uselessness as an "unmarried sister," but she was partially restored by the appeal.

"I have no doubt that she can, and that you are, Marian," she replied, laughing. "Do your good offices extend to their friends?"

"When their friends are like Mr. Bathurst, and I have a beautiful sister, who is still Miss Talbot, near me, yes. The story tells itself, without trouble, Trixy; my experience of men with those heavenly blue eyes is, that they fall in love with every lovable earthly creature they meet."

Among other girlish attributes Miss Talbot had a fair sense of her own importance. She did not hold it absolutely necessary that other lips and other hearts should have played no part in the past of the one who might hope to win her in the present. She did not hold this absolutely necessary. At the same time, it would be a first condition with her that she should reign, and reign alone. So now she said:

"My experience of men with heavenly blue eyes is yet to be gained, and will not be from Mr. Bathurst."

"I have heard those decisions against a man's suit, before it has been proffered, made before to-day, Trixy," Mrs. Sutton said, in her most dulcet accents, stretching her feet out so that the dainty silk shoes, with their big rosettes, just escaped below her robe. "Don't determine too resolutely against Frank Bathurst; his eyes will upset your strongest resolutions, if he ever brings them to bear upon you."

"I will give him up to Miss Lyon, she has the prior claim," Trixy said, laughing. And then Mrs. Sutton sat up and pushed her brown hair back off her forehead, and suffered her eyes to scintillate.

"You will be weak—weak is no word for it—you will be foolish and wrong to the last degree, if you suffer that girl to be in Edgar's house for a week, Trixy; she will marry him and lead him like a blind dog!"

"And if she does?"

"If she does!—you ask it coolly enough now; but take my word for it, you will know the reason why it would be better she should not, before she has been his wife a month. She is artful, designing, unscrupulous, and clever."

Mrs. Sutton spoke fast and forcibly, but neither loudly nor coarsely. She panted out her denunciation of Miss Lyon much as a silver bell might "ring out" the falseness of the epoch with its tinkling chimes. In the face of the knowledge she had that Marian could diverge from the truth to suit her own convenience, without effort or scruple, and despite her brother Edgar's caution on the subject, Beatrix was conscious of being considerably carried by the fascinating homilist on the sofa.

"You know something to her disadvantage, Marian?—you could not be so bitter against this girl for nothing," Trixy asked, unguardedly. And Mrs. Sutton said to herself, "I wish I did," and to her sister:

"I know nothing; but I have my instincts—a pure woman's instincts seldom mislead, Trixy," she continued, with a brilliantly rapid assumption of the best British matron manner. Then they had to cease from the subject, for Lionel and Mr. Bathurst came in to ask if they might take their coffee there.

The pure woman, whose instincts seldom misled her, thought it well, on the whole, since she desired to stand highly with Frank Bathurst, to devote herself a good deal to her almost stranger brother this evening. There was a good deal about Lionel that was very interesting to most women. He was intelligent, with a bright surface intelligence that does not always—or often—go with the deeper, more intense æsthetic feeling for appreciation of, and proficiency in, art or literature. Further, he was good-looking, fine, well-grown, and graceful. There was no need for him to be ticketed—no woman seen with him would feel called upon to give a hasty explanation respecting him. She would rather take pride in waiting and hearing the speculations to which his appearance gave rise, since all of them were flattering.

If there was a good deal that was interesting to women generally about Mr. Lionel Talbot, the young, already well-reputed artist, there was even more that was particularly interesting to his sister, Mrs. Sutton. She saw in him a good, strong, legitimate stepping-stone to a higher place in the social scale for herself. She was very far from being contented with the position she had gained. Mark was utterly useless for the purpose of Marian's glorification. She would willingly have seen him thrice as plebeian in appearance, and know him three hundred times as plebeian in mind, to have been able to hang him on, when casually mentioning him to some one of the great county families. But she could not do so, fertile as was her imagination, and inexhaustible as were her expedients for self-aggrandizement. In most things he pandered to her weakness, for the sake of keeping it from the sight of the world that was only too willing to misjudge.

But in this he was firm—he would not lie himself, or be lied by any one over whom he had sway, into the line of Suttons of high degree. "I am not much to boast of, but, such as I am, I'm the best and the first gentleman of my family," he would say. And when he would say this, no matter whom it was said before, Marian, beneath all her falseness, all her keen desire to seem higher than she was, all her mortification, and all her indifference—had a feeling of admiration for the pluck of the man who could avow calmly, and not vaunt himself upon the daring to so avow it. The speech had frequently knocked down some delicate fabric of fiction respecting the family she had married into, which Mrs. Sutton had erected with much elaboration, for the benefit of some stranger. It had made her wince, and smart, and blush over and over again; but it always made her like the man who said it more.

Now, about Lionel her hopes were very high. She saw that he was made of more ductile materials than Edgar; moreover, he knew less about her, and was more likely, therefore, to come under her influence. If only he succeeded brilliantly, she would attach herself to, and identify herself very much with him. In pursuance of this idea, she told him she was sorry he had established himself with Mr. Bathurst at Baggswater. "You could have had a capital studio here, Lionel, and I could have peeped in on you sometimes, without feeling that I was interrupting Mr. Bathurst," she urged, in reference to her proposition.

"You can do that now, Marian; the 'Battle of the Bards' doesn't occupy much of his time just at present; he has got an idea of another subject from the same poem in his head—Venus herself luring Tannhauser up the fatal mountain; so he is letting himself lie fallow until he can meet with a model for Venus."

"I wonder if he will find one," Mrs. Sutton replied, looking round toward the man under discussion and her sister. The latter looked fair enough to be a model for the goddess of beauty at the moment. The notion that Frank Bathurst might think her so, and perhaps let it be known that he thought so, to the overthrowing of Mrs. Sutton's claims to be first always, roused all the sleeping tigress vanity that was always there, even if couchant, in Marian's character.

"I was looking at Trixy, hoping that she would do," she said, carelessly turning toward Lionel again; "she has good features—perfect, I suppose they may be called—and nice violet eyes; but she is no Venus."

"Bathurst will not readily find a better type."

"It's a very usual English type, however," Mrs. Sutton pursued. She could not bear that her own brother should admire her own sister. "A very usual English type—fine and fleshy, and wide-eyed; more a Juno than a Venus, isn't she, Mark?"

Mr. Sutton, who had just come in with Edgar Talbot, seated himself by his wife before he answered:

"I am not sure that my ideas about the respective goddesses are very clear: what is the question?"

"Mr. Bathurst wants a face to paint Venus from: Trixy will not do?"

"No; but his cousin, Miss Lyon, will," Edgar Talbot exclaimed. Then he felt annoyed with himself for saying it, or thinking it; and more horribly annoyed still at the fact of the relationship rising to his recollection. "That mother of hers will harass Blanche into marrying the fellow," he thought, angrily; and then he determined that he would tell Lionel to keep his friend away from his (Edgar's) house on Trixy's account. "It will never do to give him the freedom of the place; Lionel will quite understand that," he said to himself. Yet it did not give him any great uneasiness to see that already Trixy and Mr. Frank Bathurst were talking a duet, apparently very much to their own satisfaction.

"My experience of men with those heavenly blue eyes is, that they fall in love with every lovable earthly creature they meet." Trixy remembered her sister's words, as Mr. Bathurst looked at her while telling her some art story, until he grew confused in the telling. Trixy was not sure that she hoped her sister's experience might be exceptional; but she was sure that Frank Bathurst's eyes were of the most heavenly blue.

## FORGIVEN AT LAST.

A SHORT time back, while on a walking tour through Thelemarken, in the south of Norway, I stopped at a little village on the side of a large inland lake. The cluster of wooded houses, with its quaint little church, was built at the head of a narrow mountain valley. As I sauntered along the village road, I noticed that pine-boughs were strewn about in front of many of the houses, while before one, the neatest-looking of them all, a few small fir-trees were set upright on each side of the doorway. There were sad faces among the many by-standers, for all the people of the village had evidently assembled because death was in that house, and the funeral procession was about to set out; for I knew that it was an old Scandinavian custom to strew boughs of fir and pine in front of the dwellings of the relatives and friends of the deceased.

In a few minutes the door of the house was opened, and the pastor came out dressed in his black gown and frilled linen collar. Next to him came eight men bearing two coffins, which they placed on an open bier. Next came the friends and relatives of the deceased, who decked the bier with wreaths of flowers and garlands. The pastor then placed himself at the head of the little procession, which set out toward the church. I was among those who followed.

On arriving at the church-yard the mourners were met by the village choir, which chanted a funeral dirge as it led the way to the grave. The coffins were then lowered, a sprinkling of earth thrown on them, and the pastor spoke, as from his heart, in an unwritten address, which, to judge from the tears it brought to the eyes of the assembly, was the living voice of a true sympathy. It was an impressive scene, and I lingered long after the funeral party had left the church-yard, trying to decipher the inscriptions on the numerous tombs. Presently, on looking up, I saw the pastor himself standing before me.

"The Herr is an Englishman, I presume?" he said, addressing me in my native tongue.

"Yes, Sir," I replied; "I ventured to follow the funeral party here, as I wished to witness the ceremony. I trust I have not intruded."

"By no means. But my house is close at hand. If you will do me the honor of sharing our frugal supper, I shall be glad to see you."

I gladly accepted the invitation, and was introduced to the *frue*, whom I found a most charming and amiable lady. When supper was over, I happened to allude to the funeral that had just taken place.

"Ah!" said my host, "theirs is a sad history. They were man and wife. He was what we call a merchant, that is, he kept a shop where all the necessaries of life are sold, and did a very good business. At one time there was no happier couple in my parish. It is about fifteen years ago that I married them in this church. For four years they lived as happily together as it is possible for man and wife to live. They were always to be seen in church, and they were never absent from the Sacrament. But all at once a strange and mysterious change occurred. They left off coming to church altogether, and evidently avoided me as much as possible. Fearing that I had given unintentioned offense, I asked the man one day when I met him if such were the case.

"'No, Herr Pastor,' he replied, 'it is not that; but—yet I have sworn to keep it secret. I pray you not to ask me.'

"Finding it was useless to question him, I asked his neighbors whether they could tell the cause of his changed manner and appearance. But all of them were as much in the dark as I was myself. At one time I feared that he must have committed some crime, but that fear soon passed away. Eleven years have gone by since then; and it was only a few days ago that I learned from his own lips the sad story of his life.

"For the last few years his wife had become a confirmed invalid; in fact, she had become prematurely old. Sorrow had set its stamp on her soul, and she was slowly but surely fading away.

"One night, about a week ago, a messenger came and requested me to attend at the house immediately, as she was evidently dying. I went with him, and was shown up into the bedroom. The sick woman's eyes were sunken, and a wild unearthly gleam played over her features. Every now and then her gaze was riveted on a door, outside which slow and heavy footfalls could be heard, as of one pacing to and fro in agony of grief.

"I guessed who it was.

"'Oh! tell him—tell him to come to me,' she murmured in a faint and scarcely audible voice; and then fell back swooning on the pillow.

"'Nay! he will not see her, will not speak to her,' whispered the old woman who was nursing her. 'If the Pastor could only get him to come in, and just say one word, the poor thing would die in peace. For eleven years she has never heard the sound of his voice!'

"'Indeed!' I replied, as I passed through the door and entered the adjoining room.

"He was sitting down now, with his face buried in his hands, unconscious of my presence. I approached him, and began to speak to him gently, and urged him to accompany me into the next room. The sound of my voice seemed to arouse him; for he suddenly started up and confronted me, asking me in a harsh tone why I had presumed to intrude upon him? He did not want me....

"I let him go on, and then remarked quietly: 'But, my good friend, you know I am but fulfilling the duty of my calling. Do you know that your wife is at the point of death? In God's name come and speak to her. Believe me, Hans,' I added, as a look of anger flashed from his eyes, 'I do not know your secret. I do not know the cause of estrangement that has so long existed between you and your wife, neither do I seek to know it. But I have come to tell you that your wife is on her deathbed, pleading for your forgiveness. As you hope for pardon yourself, be merciful now to her whom once you loved so dearly.' My words seemed to have taken some effect.

"'Ah! you may well say that, Herr Pastor. But see her I can not—I will not. I have sworn it. But stay, you shall know all. Nay, nay! I can not go and look on her who has made my life a blank. Yes, Pastor, you are right. I did love her! ay, I worshiped her! Willingly would I have given my life for hers. But one day, great God! the scales fell from my eyes. I found my idol false—a base deceiver, a shameless hypocrite. I swore then before my God never to interchange another word with her in this life. I have kept my oath thus far, and will not break it now for all the powers of Heaven or Hell. You think me hard, you think me cruel, but how can you know what it is to feel as I have felt? You can have no idea what it is to have your heart made stone, to brood on a sorrow you can not get rid of, to be chained for life to some loathsome thing.'

"Just then the door slowly opened, and the dying woman, half leaning on the nurse, half crawling on her knees, entered the room, and fell down on the floor.

"'Mercy, mercy! husband, pardon!' she ejaculated, and them swooned away.

"'Out with her, I say! out with her!' shrieked the man, in a fury of madness. 'Out with her from my sight, or I will not answer for myself!' and he sank back upon a chair, white with passion, and trembling in every limb from the violence of his emotion.

"By the united efforts of myself and of the nurse we carried back the dying woman to her bed. Alas! the thorn was still in the pillow. On returning to her husband I found him somewhat calmer.

"'It is just eleven years this very day,' he said, 'since I returned from Christiana, whither I had gone on business. I had been away a month, and glad was I to get back to my home, for we had never been parted for so long before. She was not in when I returned, for I had come some days earlier than I had been expected.'

"'Well,' I said to the man who had been left in charge, 'how have things gone on during my absence?'

"'Oh! well enough, master,' he answered; 'but there is something odd about that boy Lars!'

"'How?' I asked; 'is the lad ill?'

"'Oh no; but he spends his dollars like a fine gentleman. Where he gets them from the good God alone knows!'

"These words set me thinking. Surely Lars was not deceiving me. I had brought him up ever since he was a child, as if he were my own. But where could he get his money from? Perhaps he had got into bad ways, and had learned to play cards and gamble. I never for one moment suspected any thing worse.

"'I had that afternoon occasion to go up to a chamber at the top of the house, where I kept my papers and cash. The box had evidently been moved since I had left home. Surely Lars is not a thief, I thought; but I will watch.

"'Just then I heard footsteps approaching, and I had scarcely time to hide myself behind some bales of wool, when a person entered. Great God! how my heart beat when I saw that it was not Lars, but my own wife Margarethe, who had just returned home, and as yet, I suppose, was not aware of my arrival. What could she want up here? I was soon satisfied, for she went straight up to the box, opened it with a key which she took from her pocket, and took out a handful of money. I could not believe my eyes. In a half unconscious state I followed her; and there in that very room where she lies now, I saw her go up to the lad, throw her arms round his neck, kiss him, and give him the money, and then he kissed her.' Here the man paused for a few moments, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks.

"'Yes, Pastor, all this I saw, and my heart turned to stone; and I had hard work to prevent myself from rushing in on them and killing them both. But I restrained myself, got out of the house as soon as I could, and wandered about in the forest till it was dark, and I knew my wife would be gone to bed. Then I returned home, and beckoned the lad toward me.'

"'Come hither,' I said, and we walked toward the forest. 'Thou seest, lad, yon road that leads from the village. Set out on it this instant; never return hither, as thou valuest thy life, else by the God above us, thou'lt die a dog's death!' He went, without a word, and I returned to my house.

"'She,' pointing to the other room, 'did as she liked, and I went my way. Ah! long and weary were the days; but the nights were longer and wearier still. Sorrow has been my food for eleven years; and you, Pastor, are the only living being that knows my tale. Now tell me—can I forgive that?' And he paced up and down the floor in an agony of grief.

"'Yes,' I said, 'most surely—forgive her, for she needs your pardon; forgive her her great sin, as you hope to be forgiven!' And I left him, and proceeded into the sick room to administer the last sacrament to the dying woman.

"I had just finished when the door opened, and a voice, choked with sobs, ejaculated: 'Farewell, Margarethe—wife—I forgive thee, as God forgives,' and it shut to again.

"A smile passed over her face. She had heard that voice once again, speaking in its wonted accents of love. It was enough—she could die now. And I could see that death was even now stealing up her face like a summer cloud that hides the sun from view for a passing moment, or like a fleeting shadow that hurries along the mountain side; and I whispered in her ear: 'Thy sin is forgiven, go in peace;' and her spirit passed away.

"But suddenly there was a crash in the adjoining room—a sharp and bitter cry of anguish. We dashed in and found her husband lying in his blood, while his hand still clenched the knife that had pierced his heart.

"They died in the same hour. The strain that had weighed on him through all those years had been too much for body and soul. And I believe, too, that his old love had returned; for, on kneeling down by his side, I could hear him whisper: 'Farewell, Margarethe—wife—farewell!' as if some spirit voice were echoing the words that he had so lately spoken to his wife."

Such was the substance of the history the Pastor told me, and very mournful seemed to me the funeral pines at the door of the desolate house, as I went by it to my inn, through the first shadows of the night.

## THE PRISON-SHIP MARTYRS.

It is not pleasant to reflect that Congress procrastinated over a bill giving an annuity to the last Revolutionary soldier until it was too late, and there was no longer a Revolutionary soldier left us. It is not a less unpleasant reflection, and even more a matter of reproach, to know that the Monuments to the Revolutionary martyrs are strangely permitted to go to decay.

We give on this page an accurate picture of the only structure remotely resembling a Monument erected to the memory of the eleven thousand soldiers of the Revolution who miserably perished while prisoners in the British prison-ships in Wallabout Bay. The engraving shows the precise condition of this, the *only* Monument which Brooklyn boasts. Its condition is a shame to the city and to the State in which it exists. This Monument was erected by the Tammany Society in 1808, to mark the burial-place of the "Prison-Ship Martyrs."

On the 26th of May, 1808 (the remains as far as possible having been collected), a grand procession was formed, and amidst solemn ceremonials the bones were placed in a vault which had been prepared. For those days the procession was an immense one, and the display something gorgeous and unprecedented. The remains had been placed in thirteen immense coffins, each coffin intended to hold the relics of the natives of one State, and these were deposited inside the building, after orations, music, and the firing of salutes. The accounts of the ceremonial, traversing all parts of the Union, created great excitement, and for a while there was no doubt that a fitting monument would take the place of the structure in which these relics were deposited. Benjamin Romaine was appointed Treasurer of the fund; but this never reached any considerable size, and was before long spent in keeping the place in repair. A sum appropriated by the State toward a monument was returned to the State Treasury.

Soon the vault and its contents were almost forgotten, and in altering the grade of Jackson Street the walls of the vault were disturbed. The land on which the vault was situated was in course of time sold for taxes, and purchased by Benjamin Romaine, who had himself been a prisoner of the British, and who took every possible care of the bones during his life, and who, after death, was interred in the same tomb, which was subsequently used as a family burial-vault. Mr. Romaine erected an ante-chamber over it, with adornments and inscriptions. Subsequently the matter was revived, Congress was petitioned, and, in 1855, at a large meeting of citizens, it was resolved "that the time has arrived when the cities of New York and Brooklyn can not, without criminality, longer delay the necessary efforts for rearing the Monument to the Martyrs of the Prison-Ships." An association was formed; a site was selected on Fort Greene; and there the matter for the present ended.

ENTRANCE TO THE VAULT OF THE PRISON SHIP "MARTYRS," HUDSON AVENUE, BROOKLYN.

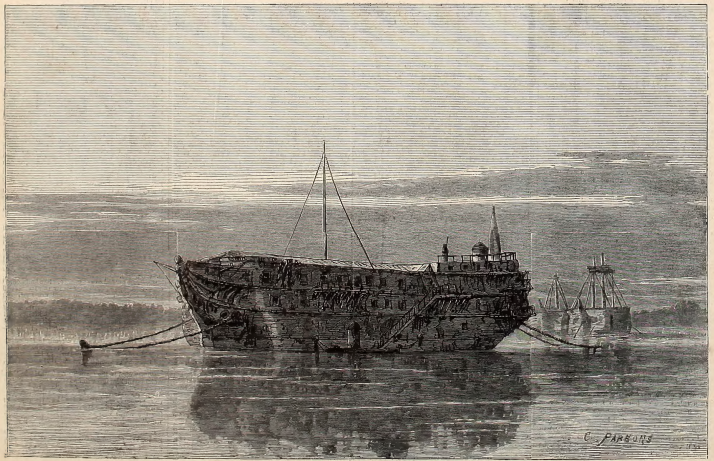
[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

At this time the grave and the Monument are in the last stages of decay. The walls are in a tumble-down condition, and abandonment and neglect are doing their work. Though the memory of these patriots is honored wherever there is one who calls himself an American, and praise and gratitude to them abound on ready lips, the great and proud city in whose charge they are suffers their bones to lie neglected, and has not placed one stone of a fitting and enduring monument.

In the same connection we also give a picture, by Mr. Parsons, of the Revolutionary Prison-Ship, the *Jersey*, as infamous in history as is the Libby Tobacco Prison-house. The vessel was originally a 64-gun ship. She was dismantled in 1776, and placed in Wallabout Bay, and used as a prison-ship until the close of the war, when she was left to decay. Often as many as a thousand prisoners were simultaneously confined on the *Jersey*. Her crew was composed of drafted British and Hessian soldiers, who were very cruel to the prisoners. Here, confined within a stone's-throw of their friends and relatives, these poor starving prisoners gazed from their prison port-holes on the neighboring shores, where welcome and plenty awaited them if they could but escape. They had but to promise obedience to the Crown and they were free. Promises of pardon and of gold were made them if they would but submit to "good King George;" but they sadly shook their heads. "Then rot!" said the British officers; and rot and die they did. They were taken ashore as they died from the ships, and buried in the swampy land forming the shores of the bay, where their bones now neglected lie. The condition of the cemetery in which they lie and the Monument which marks the spot should not be permitted longer to remain a reproach to the people of Brooklyn and New York.

## THE LAST SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

On the last anniversary of Washington's Birthday there was buried at Edinburgh, New York, the last soldier of the Revolution. While the House of Representatives were engaged, on February 19, in discussing and adopting the Reconstruction bill, which secures liberty to the race enfranchised by the late war, the proceedings were interrupted to announce the death of the last of the glorious band which, under Washington, won our freedom in the first war of the Republic. Samuel Downing, whose pic-



THE BRITISH PRISON-SHIP "JERSEY."—[Drawn by Charles Parsons.]

ture we give on this page, was the last Revolutionary soldier whose name was borne on the pension-roll at Washington, and doubtless the last of those who actually bore arms under WASHINGTON.

He was born near Exeter, New Hampshire, on the 30th day of November, 1760, and had therefore attained the remarkable age of one hundred and six years and three months. He entered the Revolutionary army at the age of sixteen, as a regularly enlisted man, and was at first detailed to duty with a detachment sent to guard a baggage-train *en route* from Exeter to Springfield, Massachusetts. Thence he marched to New Jersey, and subsequently to West Point, where he was on duty during the winter of 1776. In the following year he joined General GATES's army, and served through the campaign which resulted in the surrender of BURGOYNE at Saratoga. After this event he was sent with a detachment to Schenectady and Fort Plain, to meet the force of Indians and Tories operating in that direction, and was engaged during the winter of 1777 in driving off these marauders.

Early in the spring of 1778 he was returned to Southern New York. On this march the command to which he belonged encountered a force of the enemy at Pine Bridge, near Peekskill, New York, and a sharp fight ensued, in which Colonel GREENE, the commander of the patriots, was killed. The scene of this engagement was very near the spot where ANDRE was captured. Little else is known of Mr. DOWNING's Revolutionary career. He was one of the garrison at Newburgh during the winter of 1778, served in that vicinity until the end of the war, and was honorably discharged on the disbandment of the army at Newburgh.

A few years after his discharge and return to New Hampshire he married Miss EUNICE GEORGE, of Antrim, and in 1794 removed to the State of New York, settling upon or near the place where he died. It is on the north side of the Sacandaga River, a stream which takes its rise in Hamilton County and runs through Saratoga County, emptying into the Hudson at Hadley. His late dwelling is a two-story farm-house, built of wood, standing on a high hill, from which there is a gradual descent for some three miles through the hamlet of Beecher Hollow to the Sacandaga.

Mr. DOWNING's health was always good until within a few months of his death, and his feats of strength were extraordinary for a man of his years. On the hundredth anniversary of his birthday he gave evidence of his good health and strength at a celebration of the event by his friends and neighbors. The day before his birthday (November 29) he went to Beecher Hollow, and spent the night at the house of an old friend. The next day a large number of people gathered at Beecher Hollow, with a band of music, and forming a procession to the number of thirty or forty sleigh-loads, escorted the old soldier to a neighboring wood, where a platform had been erected. Here Hon. GEO. S. BATCHELLER, a young townsman (now Inspector-General of New York), delivered a brief oration appropriate to the occasion, and then, with a new axe, especially purchased for the occasion, the old man cut down a hemlock-tree 22 inches in diameter. The procession re-formed and escorted Mr. DOWNING to his home, where he cut down a black cherry-tree measuring a foot in diameter, and then, digging through the snow and frost, he planted a small tree in the space before his residence. He thought nothing of walking to the neighboring village of Northville—a distance of five or six miles—and returning in the same manner and on the same day. In 1864 he paid a visit to New York city. In the spring of 1866 he accidentally fell while carrying an armful of wood, and injured his arm so seriously as to disable him, and from that time until his death his health was precarious.

When the first law granting pensions to Revolutionary soldiers passed Congress, March 18, 1818, Mr. DOWNING applied, and received a warrant, of which the following is a copy:

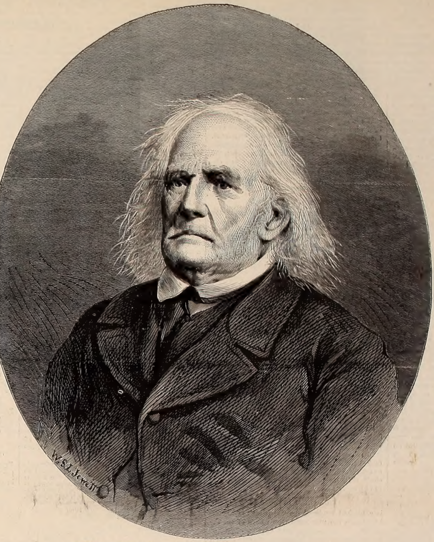
WAR DEPARTMENT.
REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMS.

I certify that in conformity with the law of the United States of the 18th of March, 1818, SAMUEL DOWNING, late a private in the Army of the Revolution, is inscribed on the Pension List of the New York Agency, at the rate of Eight Dollars per month, to commence on the 24th day of April, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

Given at the War Office of the United States this 27th day of July, one thousand eight hundred and nineteen.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,
*Secretary of War.*

On April 1, 1864, Congress passed a law granting an additional pension of one hundred dollars *per annum* to all surviving Revolutionary Pensioners, and Mr. DOWNING's name was at once put on the rolls for that pension. At the time of his death a bill was pending in the Senate to give




SAMUEL DOWNING.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1867.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

Mr. Downing an additional annuity of five hundred dollars; but he did not live to receive it, and the Revolutionary Pension-Roll is now closed.

In appearance Mr. Downing was of the medium size, muscular and strong. His hair, thin and white, hung in unusual profusion down to his shoulders. His wife died many years ago, after having given birth to thirteen children. Only two of these survive their father, one of whom has a family of thirteen children. Of his numerous grandchildren three boys fought during the rebellion, and one grand-daughter is a teacher of freedmen at Norfolk, Virginia. The old man took a deep interest in all that occurred during the years of the rebellion, and was often heard to regret that he could not make one more campaign for his country. During the war it was his chief pleasure to hear of Union victories, and to keep note of the battles in which his boys were engaged. He prayed to live until peace came back to the country, and he was gratified, although he was disappointed in another wish, that he might see Jeff Davis hung. Mr. Downing was something of a politician. He would always vote, and always voted on the side of freedom and justice. He gave his first vote for Washington and his last for Lincoln; and in recounting his political experience he was always sure to say that he did not vote for Buchanan.

## THE LATEST FASHIONS.

The changes in fashion at the present moment are by no means striking, and are confined exclusively to indoor and evening dress.

An elegant evening dress is composed of a jupe of fawn-colored satin, the edge turned over and bordered with real gold lace; over the jupe is worn a tunic of fawn-colored velvet, trimmed with a bias of satin at the edges, and having long, loose hanging sleeves, with under-sleeves of fawn-colored satin, made perfectly tight and trimmed at the cuffs, with gold lace to match the jupe.

The robe *caprice* is of black-spotted tulle, with an insertion of jet beads down each seam, and with a double-plaited flounce at the lower part spread out some distance from the jupe, which is of pearl-gray satin. The bodice, which is made high and is worn over a gray satin corsage, is of spotted tulle, gathered at intervals into perpendicular bands, which are ornamented with insertions of jet beads to match the robe.

A somewhat stylish carriage dress is of green velvet, with a paletot of the same material, bordered with tufts of white feathers. It is worn over an under jupe of deep rose-colored China silk.

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Ball Dress.*—Under jupe of white taffeta, dotted over with pale green beads, and having a Grecian border formed of similar ornaments. Robe of pale green silk gauze, puffed all over in horizontal lines, much shorter in front than at the sides and behind, and edged with pendent beads of pale green glass. From the right shoulder hangs a long sprig of white convolvoli, reaching to the bottom of the robe. The bodice, which is made low, is of white taffeta, ornamented above and below with green beads. The chemisette is of plated white muslin. A wreath corresponding to that attached to the robe forms the coiffure.

Fig. 2. *Morning Dress.*—Robe *en fourreau*, with low bodice, in black taffeta, embroidered and trimmed with a chenille fringe down the sides and at the base of the skirt. Corsage of crimson cashmere, with long sleeves, and dotted over with small jet beads. Braces of taffeta, having bows of black ribbon at the shoulders, support the jupe. A jupon of crimson cashmere matches the corsage.

Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Robe *à queue* of primrose-colored satin, bordered with a double puffing of crape of the same tint. Ball or opera cloak, made to wear like an unfolded shawl, of violet-colored velvet, embroidered with gold thread and edged with a rich gold fringe. Round the neck is a violet and gold-colored velvet scarf, the long ends of which, fringed like the cloak, fall down behind over a square-shaped hood. The coiffure is composed of coral cameos, mounted in gold.

Fig. 4. *Carriage Dress.*—Robe *à queue* of pou-de-soie, with the train shaped into large vandykes, bordered with violet-colored velvet bands and edged with a ruche of the same material as the robe. Collar of violet-colored velvet, from which start violet velvet bands, edged with white guipure, that border the robe on each side and connect themselves with the train by means of a large semicircular-shaped bow. The sleeves fit tight to the arm, and are ornamented at the cuffs and at the shoulders with violet-colored velvet, edged with white guipure. The jupe, which is of the same material as the robe, is trimmed with narrow bands of black velvet at the lower part and has a double row of large velvet down the front.

## SKETCHES OF NEW ORLEANS.

To an artist New Orleans is the most characteristic of all the cities of the United States. It abounds in the picturesque, especially in the French quarter, where some of the buildings are very old. Many of these are only one story high, moss-grown and weather-stained, with tiled roofs overhanging the streets, and the beams and scantling visible in the plastered walls. Catholic churches and monastic institutions overlook the smaller buildings, the institutions mostly withdrawn in the bosom of dreamy gardens, which sleep all day in the rays of the torrid sun, but at night rustle merrily to the cool sea-breeze which evening brings to fan the heated populace, who incontinently people the door-steps and side-walks to enjoy it.

Of the better class of houses the principal peculiarity is the veranda, or gallery, not seldom projecting from several stories of the same building, and mostly of graceful iron-work. Another feature is the cistern, an unfailing adjunct to every structure in the city, a circular tank to catch the rain-water from the roofs of the houses, the Mississippi, the only other fresh water attainable, being not only filthy but unwholesome. These cisterns are occasionally quite elegant, rising out of a shrubbery of palms, bananas, pomegranates, and crape myrtles, and draped with honey-suckles and other flowering vines. The Crescent City has another distinction—there is not a cellar in the corporation, which is accounted for by the fact that at about two feet below the earth's surface you reach water. The city is built upon an old cypress swamp, several feet below the high-water level of the river, which is kept in bounds by the levee. It is on this account that the natural drainage is from the river, and in the direction of Lake Pontchartrain, which is connected with the sea. The gutters, which are almost always running, are inhabited by the lively shrimp and the crayfish, whose chimneys rise along the edge of the sidewalks.

One other peculiarity of New Orleans is extremely puzzling to a stranger. It is undeniable that the city is on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, but the sun rises always directly over the western shore, and sets *behind* New Orleans. Such are the mysterious windings of the stream. From the river little save the buildings upon the levee are visible; even those are pretty well obscured by the vessels; the dome of the St. Charles, the Custom-house, and a spire or two alone breaking up the monotony.

### THE FRENCH QUARTER.

Among the other pictures is a view in the French quarter, which describes itself.

### THE UNITED STATES MINT

is not now in operation. It is a picturesque collection of buildings, and we recommend to chimney builders the graceful pattern of the one attached to this institution.

### THE FRENCH CEMETERY.

The scene in a cemetery is illustrative of the manner in which the people of these parts dispose of their dead. There being too much water below the surface to admit of digging graves, tombs are built upon the earth to contain the coffins. These tombs are of various sizes, containing from one to a dozen or two coffins, each supplied with a separate compartment, which is sealed up with masonry upon being filled, to be opened no more. Immortelles, wreaths, and crosses, fresh flowers, portraits, etc., decorate the graves, over each of which the changeful lizard sports.

### SCENE ON THE LEVEE.

One of the scenes on the levee represents the fruit-dealers and vendors of shells, who haul their boats close up by the gangways of the river packets to supply passengers with what shells they may require before starting, it being considered as necessary for a traveler on steamboats to purchase shells as for one by the Washington cars to buy useless articles made of vegetable ivory.

### UNLOADING BY FLAGS

is a method rendered necessary by the limited knowledge the negro stevedores have of the alphabet. Corn consigned to a number of parties is deposited in heaps marked by various-colored flags; some negro who has succeeded in stealing a knowledge of reading standing by the gangway to note the marks, and call the color of the flag to which it should be carried.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The old, time-worn topic—the weather! There is a strange fascination in harping upon it! It is a sort of safety-valve to fretful, discontented minds—an unfailing resource to those who have nothing to say, but think they must talk—to those who want to talk, but don't know what to say—and to those who have plenty to say, and know how to say it, but fancy it won't *do* to say it. To multitudes the fitful changes of the weather is a positive blessing, when simply viewed in the light of a topic of conversation!

Imagine for a moment what new, strange, gay, sad, witty, cross, and charming things were uttered in scores of family circles, when, last week, a third edition of "Snow-Bound" (not by Whittier), greatly enlarged and improved, was presented to the public! What hilarious rejoicing among the youthful caps and boots! What despairing looks among the ladies, and murmurs, "loud and deep," of *terrible walking!* What disconsolate pa-pas, who "*must* go down town," and "no cars!" Or, perchance, what a sober mamma, because papa, being down town, could not get home to dinner! Though, to be sure, there is not much of a dinner for him! The milkman had not made his appearance, and the market-man maliciously misunderstood a message, conveyed with infinite trouble, and sent no meat. What a boundless field for conversation! Even "little pet" has a limberer tongue than usual—she has been gleefully watching her brother making a "snow man," and her little head is full of new, strange fancies. There is no lack of chit-chat at home, although snow-bound.

Nevertheless, we are forced to say, "What a world of discomfort will this fresh fall of snow bring to our citizens!" Having relieved our mind by the utterance of this very original sentiment, we will contentedly pass to other subjects.

A case of "spontaneous combustion" is said to have occurred recently at Columbus. A German, very intemperate in his habits, was found dead in his shop, his lips entirely burned away, leaving a ghastly hole, his tongue charred to a crisp. His nose was also burned, as if by fire coming out of his nostrils, and his clothes were still burning when found. No other part of the body save the air-passages was burned. Physicians who examined the body pronounce it a clear case of spontaneous combustion. It is supposed that the fire was communicated by attempting to light a cigar.

Another case, passing under the same name, but quite different in character, and of more general interest, is reported in a Washington paper. This combustion occurred at Watervliet Arsenal, and resulted from the spreading of saw-dust instead of sand, as was ordered, on some linseed oil that had leaked from a barrel. The saw-dust, thus mixed with oil, ignited spontaneously in six hours, in a cellar where it had been placed in a box, but was discovered and the fire extinguished without much damage. The temperature of the cellar was 36 degrees, indicating that a low temperature will cause spontaneous combustion in a mixture of lisneed oil and saw-dust.

It is related that a man in Maine, recently, becoming dissatisfied with his wife, invoked the interposition of an auctioneer! and had the wife and all his household furniture put up for sale at auction. The wife brought ten dollars. Before the next morning, however, the husband and wife "made up" their disagreement; and when the purchasers came for their property the original proprietor announced that he had changed his mind, and refused to deliver.

Charles Breusing, the proprietor, in his lifetime, of the music store at No. 701 Broadway, now kept by Beer and Schirmer, died in 1863, leaving an estate of $35,000 and the following will:

> When I die Regina Kaufman shall have all I leave behind me.
> C. Breusing.
>
> A. Hirsch.
> M. Hirsch.

After prolonged litigation the will was decided to be valid. This must be, we think, the briefest will upon record.

Queer mistakes are made in business transactions by illegible writing, bad spelling, and unauthorized contractions. Sometimes the misunderstanding is serious, more often ludicrous. A merchant of Natchez was recently amazed by receiving a bill of lading for ten boxes of tom-cats. Subsequent investigation showed that it should have been tomato catsup.

Some eccentric genius broke into the treasurer's office at Wabash, Indiana, a week or two ago, unlocked the safe and deposited twenty-five dollars in the cash drawer, leaving every thing else undisturbed. This new style of burglar would be likely to meet with a more kindly reception than those of the ordinary stamp.

A correspondent of a Boston paper gives his experience with New York hackmen something as follows:

Having a lady with him he took a carriage at the dépôt, and upon reaching the hotel he alighted and asked the price for the service.

"Five dollars," said Jehu.

Handing him a $5 greenback, the gentleman inquired quietly,

"What is your *Number?*"

"Four dollars," he answered, gruffly.

"Here are four dollars. What is your Number?"

"Three dollars," said the fellow, sulkily.

"Here are three. Now, your Number, Sir?"

"Two dollars—little 'nuff, too," rejoined the driver.

"Two, then; here they are. What is your Number?"

"*One* dollar, Cap'n—one dollar 'll do"—replied whip.

"Here is your dollar," said our friend, civilly; "all you are entitled to. It's no consequence as to your Number now. Good-morning."

The following is a good example of the origin of many slanderous stories which are in full tide of circulation:

"Mother Jasper told me that she heard Greatwood's wife say that John Hardstone's aunt mentioned to her that Mrs. Trusty was present when the Widow Parkman said Captain Hartwell's cousin thought Ensign Doolittle's sister believed that old Miss Orley reckoned that Sam Trifle's better-half had told Mrs. Spaulding that she heard John Brimmer's woman say that her mother told her that she heard her grandfather say that Mrs. Garden had two husbands."

Every little while the Paris papers relate some wonderfully shocking stories of young and beautiful ladies who take extraordinary methods to get rid of their husbands. One fair and loving bride is stated to have filled her husband's bedroom with flowers, whose poisonous emanations killed him while he slept. Another tragic tale is, that a wealthy merchant was ill, though not dangerously so. To the physician's surprise the symptoms became complicated, and Monsieur X—— was worse. The doctor asked to see the mixture his patient had been taking that night, and remarked to the servant that the glass from which he had drank was not clean. "No one, Sir, touches it but Madame," replied the servant. After a slight examination he asked to see Madame X—— alone. She was young and lovely. "Is my husband worse?" she inquired with great apparent anxiety. "Yes, Madame; but he must improve rapidly. Do you hear, Madame?—in a week he must be cured." The lady's fair cheek grew pale. "But, doctor—" "You have understood me, Madame; good-morning." The patient recovered within the given time.

A singular invention to make trees imbibe color while growing is noticed in a London journal. The results were exhibited lately at the *conversazione* of the Cirencester Royal Agricultural College, in the form of beautiful sections and planchets of wood stained with various hues. Metallic salts are introduced into the substance of the growing tree, apparently carried up by the sap, and forced into the fibre and cells of the stem.

The rule of good French society is that a girl, until married, is never to speak to any man unless in the presence of her parents or guardians, and then only in monosyllables. A well-bred French girl knows that she is one day to be married, and looks forward to the event with pleasure as one which will give her an opportunity of making many old school-fellows jealous by the display of her *trousseau*. But she is supposed to have no preference on the subject. One day her father comes to her, and says, "My love, I have found you a husband!" To which she replies, kissing her father on the forehead, "Merci, mon père! who is it?" He gives the name, mentions a proximate day for the wedding, and then the young lady consults with her mother about the wedding outfit. But recently Mdlle. Baisson, a young French lady, regardless of these well-known rules, formed an attachment on her own responsibility. She had from infancy been under the care of her grandmother, but at this crisis her father interfered, declared he would never consent to the marriage, and demanded the custody of his daughter. The grandmother, taking the part of the young lady, declined to give her up, and the result was a prolonged litigation, ending, of course, in favor of the father. Mdlle. Baisson is now under parental authority, and must patiently wait until she is twenty-five—more than four years—before she can legally marry the man of her choice.

It is stated by those who have the means of knowing, that from 15,000 to 20,000 canary-birds have been imported into this country during the past year. These birds are estimated to be worth from $60,000 to $80,000. They are mostly found in the Hartz Mountains in Hanover, and take passage to America in the German steamers. The varied, native melodies of these songsters are, perhaps, sweeter than any thing that can be taught them. Still it is delightful as well as curious to hear their snatches of familiar tunes. A pretty little fellow at Delmonico's restaurant, on Fourteenth Street, whistles "Hail Columbia!" with charming sweetness and vivacity, until he reaches the limit of his knowledge, and makes a sudden stop on a comically unsuitable note in the middle of the air. He is by no means discouraged, however, but performs his part again, always concluding with a genuine little bird twitter, as much as to say, "Won't somebody teach me the rest?" We understand that this songster was brought from the South by a well-known gentleman of this city, and can be purchased for the snug little sum of $250.

The toys of the present day have, as the *Lancet* expresses it, "a dash of science" about them. And some of them are quite too dangerous to be introduced into the nursery, however amusing they may be. A good deal has been said in condemnation of "Pharoah's Serpents," which attracted so much attention a while ago. The newest sensation toy is named "Devil's Tears," and is composed of a little oval cotton capsule, open at one end, and covered by a layer of varnish, resembling closely red sweetmeats or the berries of the hawthorn, and might easily be mistaken by children for something good to eat. These "Devil's Tears" contain in the centre a little piece of the metal potassium, which inflames when brought in contact with water. There are several imitations made on the same principle, called "Juno's Tears," "Witch's Tears," and so on, all of which, when thrown into water, burn and explode, scattering little red-hot fragments in all directions, so that children who play with them run great danger of burns and other injury. Moreover, should one of these balls be swallowed the consequence would be almost assuredly fatal.

Dr. Johnson's Dictionary receives a hard hit from the Portland *Transcript;* and some characteristic definitions are quoted, which illustrate his peculiar facility in the art of defining. As our readers may not be familiar with this ancient Dictionary, a few specimens of his style may be *new* and amusing:

Cough: A convulsion of the lungs, vellicated by some sharp serosity.

Excise: A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged, not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

Favourite: A mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.

Gallowstree: the tree of terrour.

Grub-street: The name of a street near Moorfields, London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems.

Man: Not a woman, 3, Not a boy, 10, Not a beast.

Network: Any thing reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections.

Pension: An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay to a state hireling for treason to his country.

"Once used, they recommend themselves."—Burnett's Standard Cooking Extracts, Kalliston for the Complexion, Florimel the finest Perfume in the world, and Cocoaine the best Hair-Dressing extant.—*Christian Freeman, Boston.*

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Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

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**The Primary Object of Medical Investigation**

Is to distinguish diseases from one another. It is evident that all discussions concerning and treatment of any disease is utterly futile, so long as it is not clearly established in what respect it differs from all other diseases. For many years it was not considered possible to distinguish between pleurisy and pneumonia; between organic and functional diseases of the heart, and the same state of things applied to continued fevers and other affections. In our own day we meet with numberless cases of faulty investigation, finding often a patient clearly affected with a diseased condition of the liver, yet undergoing a regular course for the cure of rheumatism. Again, the *Materia Medica* is exhausted in furnishing cures for affections of the lungs, heart, and brain, when, in reality, these organs are in comparative perfect health, and the sole cause of trouble—a diseased liver—is entirely overlooked or unsuspected. Careful and long-continued investigation of these important subjects, on the part of a competent medical practitioner, led to the proper location and classification of evils arising from a diseased liver, and the result of his labors was an offering to suffering mankind of

A REMEDY WHICH INFALLIBLY CURES

all cases arising therefrom. The sovereign remedy to which we refer is *Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills.* Their reputation is established, and no family should be without them.

☞ Don't fail to procure them. They are manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa., and are to be had at all respectable drug stores.

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A MODERN MIRACLE.—The magic Mirror, by which either lady or gentleman can produce their future husband or bride, the greatest thing yet out. Two mirrors sent to any address free by mail. Enclose 50 cents to DRAKE & CO., 38 Broadway, N.Y. N.B. Agents wanted.

# THE IMMENSE PROFITS
OF THE
# TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of The Great American Tea Company became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**Price-List.**

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ₩ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of the

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St, Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Club Order.**

Williamstown, Orange County, Vermont, *Jan.*, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

Gentlemen,—The Tea I ordered before gives good satisfaction, and I send you another order amounting to $41 60, which you will please fill and send to my address by express. Many thanks for the complimentary package. Respectfully yours, Alexander Smith.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 lbs. Young Hyson | C. A. Earl | at $1 25 | $5 00 | |
| 1 lb. Black, best E. B. | C. A. Earl | at 1 20 | 1 20 | |
| 4 lbs. Young Hyson | John Clark | at 1 25 | 5 00 | |
| 3 lbs. Young Hyson | B. S. Harrington | at 1 25 | 3 75 | |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | D. D. Martin | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | A. S. Martin | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | Mrs. Wakefield | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | Wallace Martin | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson | L. H. Merrill | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| Carried up | | | $26 20 | |
| Brought up | | | $26 20 | |
| 2 lbs. Best Japan | L. H. Merrill | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson | D. M. Harrington | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson | F. Goodrich | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| 1 lb. Japan | F. Harrington | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | S. B. Bohonon | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | Enos Town | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | Alex. Smith | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 1 lb. Japan | Alex. Smith | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| 1 lb. Coffee, best | A. C. Boutwell | at 40 | 40 | |
| Total | | | | $41 60 |

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street, near Church. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

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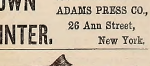

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West Winfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—Dear Sir: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, Nathaniel Tompkins.

171 Water Street, Greenpoint, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.
This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. Abraham Myers.

34 South Ninth Street, Williamsburg, *December* 11, 1866.
J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. Corwin.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., Wm. E. Chapin, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

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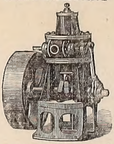

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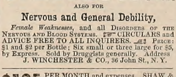


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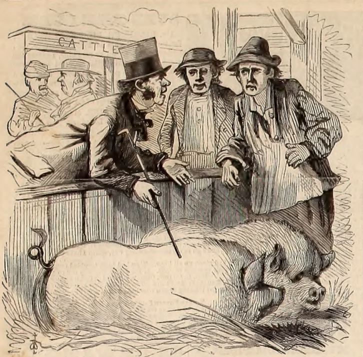


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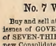

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 533.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

At the organization of the new Parliament of the new Kingdom of Prussia, the King, William I., and all the royal family, were present. The late war between Prussia and Austria, and the political efforts for the reconstruction of the German Confederation—the evident purpose of the King being to revive the old "Empire of Germany," with himself as Emperor—have brought the principal personages of the family prominently before the public; and we therefore give this week accurate portraits of them.

The King, William I., was born in 1797, and was the second son of Frederick William III. When his elder brother, King Frederick William IV., became insane in 1858, William, then Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian army, was declared Regent. His first act was to dismiss the Cabinet of his brother, composed entirely of leaders of the aristocratic party, and to establish a new Administration on the liberal policy which has since so materially advanced the prosperity of the Prussian people. His insane brother died in 1861 without issue, and the Regent became King under the title of William I.

His queen, Augusta, is the daughter of the Grand Duke of Weimar. She is now 56 years of age, and was married to the King when he was merely a Prince of the Realm.

The only son and the heir to the throne is the Crown Prince, Frederick William, who is represented in the engraving on the left of his father. He is frequently confounded by American readers and writers with the Prince Royal, Frederick Charles, his cousin, who is represented on the other side of the engraving. This error has resulted from the similarity of name and title, the fact that each commanded a corps of the army in the campaign of Sadowa, and that both were equally gallant and distinguished on that bloody field. The Crown Prince, Frederick William, was born in 1831. It was he who in 1858, just before his father's elevation to the throne, married the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England. His wife and their second child, Princess Charlotte, are represented by the side of the Crown Prince. The eldest child of the young couple, Prince Frederick William (the sixth of the name) is represented at the feet of his grand-parents.

The Prince Royal, Frederick Charles, the nephew of the King, is commander of a corps of the Prussian army. He was born in 1828, and is a bachelor.

The Grand Duke of Baden, Prince Frederick, is a son-in-law of the King of Prussia, having married in 1856 his only daughter, Princess Louisa Mary, who is represented at his side.

Prince Frederick Charles. Queen Augusta. Duchess of Baden. Prince Frederick William. Grand Duke of Baden. King William I. Prince Frederick William. Princess Victoria. Princess Charlotte.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1867.

## A STATEMENT OF FACTS.

IN *Littell's Living Age*, of March 2, 1867, we find the following:

"Two very welcome articles; but we are very sorry that there is no space for the considerable variety which we had prepared, and which must go over. The cause of this is, that our good friends Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have again undertaken to jostle us out of the market just at the end of the story we have been publishing so long, having obtained early sheets of the last part of the work and printed the whole separately. So we have to finish the 'Claverings' sooner than we should have done had we regularly reprinted the tale as it shall come out in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

"This conduct of the GREAT PUBLISHERS is a violation of the courtesy of the Trade; and is the worse, because, as in former cases, we offered them our Stereotype plates at the manufacturers' price. By accepting this offer they would have had more than all the advantages they now have, and we should have received back again the money we have expended.

"How does this conduct differ from setting your neighbor's house on fire? Simply in this: *that* would be *against Human Law*. And yet we do *not* think Messrs. HARPERS belong to what BURNS thinks the small class 'who have no check but human law.' They do not see their conduct 'as others see it.' They have so good an appetite, and so strong arms, that they eat more than Christian politeness warrants."

It is not the first grave charge of the same kind which has been made; and a statement of the facts in this case will apply to other complaints from the same source.

The impression which the publishers of *Littell's Living Age* seek to convey is, that the Messrs. HARPER, knowing that "The Claverings" was being published serially in the *Living Age*, bought early sheets of the last part of the work in order to forestall the market, and thereby to injure Messrs. LITTELL, SON, & Co.

The truth is, that the Messrs. HARPER, being the American publishers of Mr. TROLLOPE'S novels, paid more than two thousand dollars for the advance sheets of "The Claverings" before they were issued in England.

They paid this large sum that they might be able to issue the complete work in this country before any other House.

The Messrs. HARPER announced the work as in press on the 13th of January, 1866. Messrs. LITTELL, SON, & Co. began to publish it in the *Living Age* in the month of March, 1866.

Messrs. LITTELL, SON, & Co. knew that the Messrs. HARPER intended to print the book *before* its publication was begun in the *Living Age*, and before a page was stereotyped for that purpose.

And now Messrs. LITTELL, SON, & Co. complain of the Messrs. HARPER because they declined to buy the stereotype plates of the *Living Age*, WHICH WERE MADE IN PART FROM THE HARPERS' OWN EDITION AFTER ITS PUBLICATION.

## THE VETO OF THE RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

IF the moderation and propriety of tone which mark the Veto Messages of the President were ever to be found in his speeches he would be at least respected by the country, although his views might be rejected. The Messages, indeed, have no individual character, no raciness and quaintness, like those of his predecessor, but they are decorous and inoffensive, and becoming his position. They are all disheartening, however, from the narrow technical grasp and total want of the vital comprehension which the situation demands. They are the special pleas of a dull advocate who has taken a side; not the words of a statesman who regards only the commonwealth.

The veto of the Reconstruction bill illustrates what we say. It is a long paper, but it begs the whole question from beginning to end. There is not a good suggestion in it which is not wholly inapplicable. Being asked what he thinks of an eagle, the President proceeds to prove that a buzzard is not a nightingale. He makes an assertion contradicting the fundamental assertion of the bill, and goes on with his argument from premises which no one but himself concedes. The bill declares that there is no lawful government in any of the late rebel States. The President replies that "to pronounce the supreme law-making power of an established State illegal is to say that law itself is unlawful." What is an established State? Did the President's will establish South Carolina? If not, how is there any establishment there which is valid in the view of the National Government? And if the President's will established the State, where does the Constitution, which he so earnestly commends, grant him the authority? Having thus assumed the whole case the President sweeps on with generalizations which have no relation to the facts, and statements which are disproved by the most ample evidence.

The President argues at great length that the Constitution does not authorize military despotisms in the States of the Union in a time of peace. He shows in detail that despotic will is the will of the despot. He quotes the late Indiana decision of the Supreme Court that in a time of peace the only valid military law is the Congressional law for the government of the army, and declares that the bill denies the right of trial by jury to nine millions of citizens. He points out that the bill enfranchises the negroes, who have not asked to be enfranchised, and that the Constitution gives no power to Congress to legislate upon suffrage in the States. Then he shows that the bill invalidates the governments of ten States which have already adopted the Emancipation Amendment, and that the Amendment falls if their assent was illegal. Finally, he celebrates the excellence of the Constitution itself, and its adequacy to every emergency.

Throughout this long document there is no sign of the least consciousness that the country is not at peace, but is settling the conditions of peace. It is not, indeed, *bello flagrante*, but it is *bello cessante*. The President has proclaimed that the rebellion has ceased, but that no more makes peace than his appointment of Provisional Governors establishes States. Congress alone can declare war and raise and support armies and navies, and Congress alone therefore can say when war has ceased. The President as usual returns to the Congressional declaration of July, 1861, that the war was not for subjugation, and he argues that it was merely the suppression of an insurrection. But the Supreme Court, upon which he relies, has decided that it was a war, and when an insurrection has proceeded upon the scale of the late war it is for Congress, and Congress alone, to decide when it has ended. The President merely repeats ALEXANDER STEPHENS'S doctrine of the continuous right of States. There has been a riot, he says, like the SHAY rebellion in Massachusetts, like the whisky insurrection in Pennsylvania, and the riot being suppressed, every thing reverts to its previous condition. And this is urged by a man who insisted, after the surrender of LEE, that "traitors should take a back seat in the work of restoration," and who declared that if there were five thousand men in Tennessee loyal to the Constitution, to freedom, and to justice, they should absolutely control the work of reorganization, while every rebel should be "subjected to a severe ordeal before he is restored to citizenship." The President who says that the rebellion of a State does not destroy or interrupt its relations in the Union is the same President who, within two years, required the rebel States to adopt the Emancipation Amendment, to repudiate their rebel debt, and to disavow their secession ordinances as conditions of their return to the Union.

Every argument of the Veto Message is fatal to the policy which the President has pursued; every assertion is contrary to the express evidence, and every appeal to the Constitution is futile from a man who denies to the people in Congress a power which he alone has not hesitated to exercise. It is plain that the President has nothing more to say. His position has been as fully and ably explained as it can be, and it is utterly and indignantly repudiated by the people. Since, then, his oath binds him to execute the laws, and since the most vital laws, in his judgment, are unconstitutional, why does he consent to be an instrument of what he considers fatally destructive measures? He tells us that he is a patriot. Do patriots remain in place when they think that they are to be used to destroy the liberties of their country?

## THE FINE ARTS IN THE CAPITOL.

AT the close of the late session of Congress, in the debate upon the Appropriation bill, there were some suggestive passages. There was an item of $8940 for models of bronze doors, and of $20,860 for "material for and casting the same" which were struck out. Mr. SCOFIELD said the doors were a nuisance. Mr. RICE proposed to present the Senate with the bronze doors upon the House side of the Capitol. Mr. FARNSWORTH thought the doors "a very great piece of absurdity." Mr. HILL was of opinion that they were utterly useless, that "they stood in the way with prongs sticking out of them to catch people as they passed, besides having to pay a watchman to prevent people stealing the stealable portions of those doors." A few days before Mr. HALE had vainly endeavored to introduce a resolution to pay $25,000 for a picture of the signing of the Constitution by Mr. ROSSITER; and during the debate of which we are speaking Mr. GARFIELD moved an appropriation of $25,000 to buy Mr. CARPENTER'S "First Reading of President LINCOLN'S Emancipation Proclamation;" but the motion was lost.

Now in so magnificent a building as the Capitol it is proper that there should be suitable paintings and decorations; and in what we have to say we speak without the least thought of any person whatever and upon general principles. We wish, then, that there might be a clean sweep of every thing called a "work of art" out of the Capitol. Pictures on canvas and in fresco; busts, casts, statues, marble or plaster, from the works of TRUMBULL and of PERSICO to the very last bought, ought to be wholly removed; and then a Commission appointed by Congress, of which no artist should be a member, and which should serve without salary, should decide upon some general plan for the decoration of the building—restoring such of the present works as might be thought desirable, and admitting only such hereafter as the Commission should approve.

The present condition of the Capitol in this respect is a national shame. The method by which the works are obtained is most pernicious, and the result is ludicrous and contemptible from the total want of any system or principle in the method. The public money is regarded as a placer which the most pertinacious can work to the most advantage. Nor is it surprising that, seeing what abominations have been lavishly paid for, any artist should feel that he has an equal right to try his chance with what he naturally supposes to be very much better works. He goes to Washington and makes the acquaintance of Members. Now Members are not necessarily wise in art. To them a picture is a picture. If the good-natured friends of the artists warmly commend their personal worth and the excellence of their pictures, the single sum asked for is so small that it seems niggardly or unkind not to try to slide it into the Appropriation bill. Good-natured Members therefore conspire with the good-natured friends of the good-natured artists, and often succeed in slipping the insignificant sum into the bill, and the insignificant picture or bust or statue into the Capitol. The consequence is, that an incoherent set of unsatisfactory works is stuck about the building, giving it the aspect of an ill-furnished old curiosity shop, for which enormous sums of public money have been squandered. We certainly do not blame the artists for trying to sell their works at the highest prices they can obtain. But we do blame Congress for its shocking extravagance.

In the Capitol, pictures should either be a constituent part of the building, by being painted in fresco according to some general and intelligent design, or they should be collected upon a similar principle in a gallery. In the vast spaces of that building there is room enough for a gallery of historic portraits, for another of historic busts and statues, and for another of historic scenes. But in all there should be some kind of symmetry. If the Rotunda, for instance, instead of being disfigured by pictures of all subjects, shapes, and sizes, hung every where and every how, were surrounded with a proper number of statues of eminent Americans, and every thing else were rigorously excluded, there would be a simple and satisfactory effect, like that of the arcade of the Uffizi in Florence. But in its present condition it is an utter disgrace.

The difficulty is not beyond remedy. Such a commission as we suggest, created by Congress, with absolute power over every picture, statue, and bust in the building; to remove, retain, and arrange at its pleasure; to receive and decide all applications from artists of every kind; to report a general design, and to ask appropriations from time to time for its furtherance—a commission composed of a few men of acknowledged æsthetic intelligence and taste, whose characters were their credentials, and who should be paid a *per diem* for their expenses while actually engaged, would spare Congress annoyance and discredit, would do what is possible to redeem the huge national structure with which the country is saddled, and would save hundreds of thousands of dollars of the public money.

## *IN RE* M'CRACKEN.

THE whole of the extraordinary correspondence occasioned by the M'CRACKEN letter to the President has been laid before the Senate, and it is a mortifying revelation. It is customary that Foreign Ministers appointed by one Administration should be replaced upon the accession of another party to power, by those who are of the household of that party. If, therefore, the President or the Secretary of State supposed that any of our Ministers politically differed from the Administration, it would not have been unusual or surprising if they had relieved them. But to ask them whether a spy told the truth in calling them blackguards was an exquisite refinement of insult.

Of Mr. MOTLEY'S response to the letter of the Secretary of State we have already spoken. It has endeared him to his countrymen by its truly manly tone. The letter of Mr. JOHN P. HALE, Minister in Spain, however, is not edifying. He bows very low in the dust, and while he painfully struggles to intensify his denial of the charge which Mr. SEWARD had no right whatever to prefer, Mr. HALE begs that strict inquiry may be made, and he is proudly sure that he will be found white as snow. Mr. MORRIS, at Constantinople, also is urgent in his denial. 'Twas never no such thing! is the hysterical cry of the diplomatic Biddies whom the severe housekeeper in the State Department calls to account. Very well, responds that awful functionary, take care how you behave in future.

But Mr. HENRY SHELTON SANFORD, Minister in Belgium, earns his superior's especial praise. Mr. SANFORD not only says that he has himself been perfectly good, but that he heartily approves the President's policy! Well may the Secretary of State commend him. When the poor clergyman saw the fine estate and splendid house of his richer clerical brother, he said to him, "What! Brother Barnabas, all this and heaven too?" Here is a diplomatic agent who declares not only that he has not said that he thinks the President wrong, but that he believes him to be right. If the Senate raises the mission to Belgium to a higher grade we sincerely believe that the President will not veto the bill.

But why, pray, should it? Why should the mission to Belgium be increased in rank at this especial moment? The late King LEOPOLD was the chief engineer of the Mexican mischief which we have happily escaped. Is that a reason for this mark of respect? The present United States Minister to Belgium, Mr. SANFORD, was appointed by President LINCOLN in 1861. We presume that no one familiar with the facts will assert that he had been in earnest sympathy with the Republican party. Mr. SANFORD now declares himself politically opposed to the dominant sentiment of the country. Is this the moment to elevate the mission in his person? We are very glad that the Senate has declined to make so useless a change.

Mr. SEWARD has now done all that he can to establish a system of foreign spies. He has by his conduct notified the Ministers of the United States that if any guest at their tables or in their houses chooses to slander them, they will be summoned to explain. He has put every Minister upon his guard. He has destroyed all freedom of social intercourse between them and their countrymen. And if every foreign representative of the United States should absolutely refuse socially to receive or entertain his countrymen, it would be a logical result of Mr. SEWARD'S conduct.

"But"—we are told—"the M'CRACKEN letter was not addressed to Mr. SEWARD but to the President." Was it the President or Mr. SEWARD who answered it? It does not avail to say that the Secretary acted merely as an agent. The thing was indecent, and the agent is as responsible as the principal.

## THE GEORGETOWN ELECTION.

AT the election held last June in Georgetown, District of Columbia, one man only voted in favor of equal suffrage. When the result of the late election for Mayor and Council of that city was announced the solitary voter remarked, quietly, that the egg he laid last summer had hatched. This election was peculiarly interesting, and it has shown distinctly two things—that the colored citizen is intelligent enough to know his interest, and independent enough to act accordingly. The horrible consequences of the vice and ignorance of colored voters are not yet apparent, and the theory that they would vote just as "massa" dictated is effectually annihilated.

As we said last week, slavery essentially injures the enslaved, although probably less than the enslaver; and it has long been plain to every observer that if the freedmen could not be safely trusted with the ballot the enslavers ought certainly to be disfranchised. No race was ever so long enslaved as the African has been in this country, and none has ever suffered so little essential injury. The conduct of the freedmen at the polls in Georgetown was most memorable. It was another evidence of the absolute difference between them and the "lower classes" of any other country. The contrast between their behavior and that of the "superior white race" at the polls of the "bloody Sixth," in New York, or of the estimable "Dead Rabbits," or of the Mackerelville constituency, or of any other characteristic body of "Conservative" voters, was not humiliating to the colored citizens.

The sense of responsibility of which every individual colored voter in Georgetown seemed to be conscious showed exactly that kind of "education" or intelligence which are most desirable in voters. The throng was dignified and decorous. As the "Conservative" roughs and bullies of Baltimore and Washington had announced their probable coming, there were a hundred and fifty policemen ready to receive them. But the peace was not broken. There were plenty of sneers and insults offered to the colored voters, which they wisely disregarded, and they carefully abstained from every thing which even seemed like provocation. One of them was uncertain if his name were registered. There was another man of the same name in the same registry precinct, and only one name was on the list. He wished to vote, but it was thought the other man had voted, and he finally agreed with two or three companions that it was better not to offer his vote. A crowd of colored voters was assembled from curiosity near one of the polls; but some of the leaders went among them, urged them to give no occasion for remark, and to retire quietly, which they did. Every thing showed the most admirable self-restraint under exciting and often exasperating circumstances.

The result is known. The candidate of the party of equal rights was elected by ninety-six majority, and the same party elected seven of their Councilmen to four Democrats. A fairer

or more peaceful election was never known. It was an ample vindication of the wisdom of Congress in passing the suffrage bill, and of those who insist that justice is the best policy.

## THE PETITION OF POLYGAMY.

THERE is a law of the United States prohibiting polygamy in any Territory, and punishing the offender by a fine of not more than five hundred dollars, and by imprisonment for not more than five years. But in the Territory of Utah polygamy is openly and notoriously practiced, yet no case has hitherto been tried by the Territorial Judiciary; and the Legislature of the Territory lately petitioned Congress to repeal the law, and so establish polygamy by the national authority.

The impudence of such a request is exquisite, and the Committee upon the Judiciary, to which the petition was referred, have made an admirable report upon the subject. Polygamy is held by all civilized nations to be an offense to God and a crime toward society. But some persons calling themselves Latter Day Saints, and popularly known as Mormons, inform us that, in their judgment, polygamy is of Divine origin, and is a tenet of their religious faith; and they demand that, as the Constitution guarantees religious liberty, the law shall not interfere with their much matrimony.

And if another body of persons shall declare that, in their judgment, a community of goods is of Divine appointment and a part of their religious faith—or that all marriage is of the Devil and should be abolished—or that any practice universally condemned as criminal is really Divine and ought to be adopted—have we no remedy? Does the Constitution bind us to authorize crime of every kind, if only the criminal claims that he thinks it religious, and so adds hypocrisy to his offens3? The secessionists used to tell us that it was unconstitutional to defend the Government. The Mormons announce that it is unconstitutional to enforce the laws.

The Judiciary Committee believe that all persons in the Territories who are living in open violation of the laws of the United States should be assured that the penalties will surely be enforced upon conviction; and that if the delay arises from the fault of the Judiciary of any Territory the Judges should be removed without delay; "for the people of the United States will never consent to tolerate in this country a relic of barbarism destructive alike to the family and the state, and utterly abhorrent to the moral sense of the nation."

## THE TAX ON COTTON.

UP to the outbreak of the Southern rebellion the United States was the largest cotton producer in the world, and the only country that furnished for export more than it consumed. By this surplus it was enriched scores of millions of dollars annually. It furnished to Great Britain in 1859 1,907,000 bales, which was five-sevenths of all the cotton imported into that country. So dependent was Great Britain upon us, so completely did we control the market, that the question of cotton supply became seriously agitated by Parliament and the manufacturing interest. Long and persistent were the efforts she made to discover new sources of production, and stimulate the growth of cotton in her colonial possessions, so that she might relieve herself of this dependence; and the period has now arrived when she can boast her complete success.

While war engrossed the attention of our people, the culture of cotton ceased entirely in the United States; scarcely any was exported except what was run through the blockade at fabulous prices. Some dreamed that the close of the war would again find England as dependent as ever upon us. They were mistaken. For two or three years foreign manufacturers struggled with riot and starvation; but while their machinery rusted, they were industriously sowing the seed that was to supply their future needs; and we now find that the United States, so far from controlling the market, is itself controlled by the rates that rule the foreign market. Great Britain now draws the bulk of her supplies from other countries than ours. The United States produces less cotton than India, and stands fifth in point of production in proportion to the capital employed. Its product, which was 4,300,000 bales in 1860, has fallen to less than 2,000,000 in 1866, or but little more than two-fifths of that year's product, and less than that of any year since 1835. The high rate which ruled at the close of the war has not been maintained, but has declined from 42 cents per pound (the highest price) to 30 cents. American cotton can not be laid down in England now at a profit of more than $5 per bale. For the first time probably since the invention of the gin it may be said to be a drug in the market, and without speculative demand. Over 200,000 bales are stored to-day in the city of New York alone, and there are large accumulations in Europe, where it is dull at a value of about 26½ cents. The day of high profits is past. The United States no longer enjoy a monopoly of the trade, and must suffer unless they can enter into successful competition with other countries by offering a better staple at a less price; for India, Africa, South America, and the West Indies will soon be able to supply all the demands of the Transatlantic.

Who will deny the incalculable importance of maintaining the growth of cotton in this country, and stimulating its increased production? What else than gold could we substitute to meet our heavy importations? If the production of cotton were destroyed, foreign trade would have to be greatly checked or general bankruptcy would follow. The North does not wish to destroy or check the production of cotton; its interests are directly opposed to such a contingency. It is easy to impose a tax so heavy as to effect so disastrous a result—a tax which would benefit the Treasury but little, while it would be equivalent to giving a bounty to foreign nations who grow cotton, and have already shown themselves able to compete successfully with us in its production. Such a tax common-sense opposes, and common-sense has actuated Congress to reduce the present tax to 2½ cents a pound, an act which we heartily approve. At the same time we regard it eminently right and proper that a certain tax should be levied on cotton. It is eminently right and proper that the Southern States should contribute their mite toward the support of the Government, and there is no better or surer means of securing such support.

We are aware that many of the Southern planters have become discouraged by the losses of the past year and the uncertainty of negro labor; but the productive interests of the North are equally liable to accidents of various kinds. The tax of 2½ cents per pound is not more burdensome than those imposed upon many branches of industry of the North; it does not deter production, and it leaves the planter a reasonable margin of profit under the ordinary chances of the crop. The South will do well to consider its relations toward the Government and the country, and instead of complaining, apply themselves to raise an increased quantity of cotton. If they will devote more attention to mechanical appliances, and to the adjustment of the labor question, their chances of greater profits will be largely increased.

## HEALTH OF CLERGYMEN AGAIN.

THE causes of ill-health in clergymen which we noticed in a previous article are such as are calculated to produce a general nervous and depressed condition. Out of this grow certain local complaints, some of which have at times attracted more attention than is their due, for the local remedies have done but little for their relief; but their cure has been for the most part effected by remedies addressed to the faulty condition of the system at large. Fashion has governed much in this matter, and clergymen have furnished, in the changes from time to time of their reputed diseases, a very good illustration of the text, "The fashion of this world passeth away." For example, many years ago dyspepsia was the disease from which most invalid clergymen were suffering. But the fashion of dyspepsia soon passed away, according to the Scripture, and that of bronchitis, so-called, took its place. This, however, did not last a long time, and now no particular local complaint is prominent; but the fact of a general invalid condition is very commonly recognized.

What is the explanation of all this? Did the invalids among the clergy all have diseased stomachs at one time, and diseased throats at another? And have they neither now, but only a general morbid state? This can not be. The truth is just this: What may be called an *invalid condition* has existed alike in all these changes, and any local complaints present have, for the most part, come from this. Of these that one to which the attention the patient is particularly directed will be apt to be the worst, and will seem to him to be *the* disease in his case. Dr. HOLLAND, a noted English physician, even goes so far as to say "that if persons are always supposing that they are liable to a certain distemper, the nerves will so act upon the part that it is very likely to come upon them." Though he may be thought to speak too strongly, it certainly is true that fixing the attention upon the sensations of a part will aggravate an ailment in it, even if it be not competent to originate the ailment. To apply this to the case of the invalid clergyman, we will suppose that he has both a bad stomach and a bad throat. If, now, he were living at the time when dyspepsia was all the fashion, his stomach would occupy his attention and his throat would hardly be thought of; but if he were living a little farther on when dyspepsia was almost a forgotten disease, the disease in his throat would be the great subject of his thoughts. In either case it is the general treatment that either wholly or chiefly effects the cure, though it may be attributed to dyspeptic pills in the one case, and to gargles, swabbings, and clippings in the other. And we may add, that of the general treatment, that which may be included under the word regimen is usually of by far the most importance. The errors which are so commonly committed on this point were typified by the cultivated JOHN WESLEY when he was "more disposed to attribute his cure to a brown paper plaster of egg and brimstone than to Dr. FOTHERGILL'S salutary prescription of country air, rest, ass's milk, and horse-exercise." Many a clerical invalid of the present day owes, with WESLEY, his recovery from the effects of prolonged study, care, and anxiety to "the resuscitating influence of four months' repose."

It is this general damaged condition that the clergyman should aim to avoid in his hygienic training. How shall it be done?

The clergyman should endeavor to find out how much mental labor he can perform without injury to his system, and he should make it a matter of duty to do no more than this. He has no right to leave this to hap-hazard, but the estimate should be made carefully. And it is to be remembered that it is a question that bears upon the work not merely of a few months or years, but of a lifetime. There should be then no inconsiderate plunging into the work of the present, leaving out of view the long future beyond. The careful husbanding of our powers is as much a duty as the vigorous use of them.

In this care of one's resources there must be a due amount of relaxation, and this should be as much a part of the plan of life as the performance of duty. Dr. BEECHER was a wise man on this point. As a part of his plan he so managed that the burdens of the day should not disturb his repose. Accordingly, after his evening services, he would spend an hour or two with his children, sportively, in order to let himself "run down," as he expressed it. "If I were to go to bed," he would say, "at the key at which I leave off preaching, I should toss and tumble all night. I must let off steam gradually, and then I can sleep like a child." How different this from the occasional sitting up half the night to finish a sermon, so common with some clergymen! This is never done without costing vastly more than it comes to. It should be the plan of the clergyman to do his intellectual work in the first part of the day and there should be no variation from it.

He should also invariably have Monday as a day of relaxation after the labors of the Sabbath. For the same reason he should have occasional seasons of relaxation. The summer vacation which so many clergymen have is no loss to the people of their charge.

The clergyman should have diversion of mind. His thinking should not all be theological. It is an injury to any one in any profession, both bodily and mentally, to think of nothing but his profession.

He should have variety in his mental work. On this point we would simply say that he would be able to do more work if he would make half of his sermons extemporaneous than if he has them all written.

He should take a plenty of exercise; and we would suggest here that, as it is essential to the realization of the full benefit to be derived from this, that the exercise have an object—a plan for the visitation of the people should be connected with it, as we have known to be done by some clergymen.

## SOUTHERN AID.

MR. J. F. G. MITTAG, Southern Relief Agent for his district, writes to us from Lancasterville, South Carolina, in response to what we said upon the relief of the South:

"This section of the country is in a most deplorable state of want, owing to an almost total failure of the crop; and unless immediate relief is afforded numbers must perish. But the future is still more gloomy. Our stock having perished for the want of food, no crops will be made by many farmers, and the freedmen, unemployed for the want of means on the part of the owners of land to support them, must suffer severely. We have been especially blighted in our crops."

It will be remembered that JAMES M. BROWN, Esq., of BROWN BROTHERS, & Co., is the treasurer and receiver of all gifts to the Southern Relief Committee.

## A LITTLE LAKE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE "Owner of a Yacht" writes to suggest that while the Central Park Commissioners are planning a play-ground for children, they should advise with the children a little, and make a miniature ocean for them. There are many young folks who are also owners of yachts, and who have no place to sail them unless they go into the country and find a pond. If the Park Commissioners are wise they will secure the friendship of young New York by devoting a quarter of an acre to the yacht lake. It need not be more than a foot deep, but the gratitude of the children would be fathomless.

## LITERARY.

HARPER & BROTHERS have in press for immediate publication "The Bankrupt Bill, with Notes, Forms of Procedure, and a Collection of all the American and English Decisions upon the Law of Bankruptcy, adapted to the use of the Lawyer and the Merchant, by EDWIN JAMES, of the New York Bar, and one of the Framers of the English Bankruptcy Amendment Act." Mr. JAMES's entire familiarity with the subject and his long practical experience peculiarly fit him for the preparation of this most valuable and timely treatise.

THE Rev. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, who saw service in the war as a chaplain in the Rhode Island line, has prepared a most interesting and spirited "History of the Ninth Corps." This was the corps of General BURNSIDE, and he is naturally the hero of the work. It is written with warm sympathy and admiration for the General, and rises often into an earnest plea for him against common rumor and the popular judgment; and although evidently the work of a friend and advocate, there is such evident moderation of tone and desire of justice, and so copious an acquaintance with the subjects discussed, that the book is indispensable to every one who would know what may be considered General BURNSIDE'S own view of the events of his military career. His great service in North Carolina and in Eastern Tennessee are undisputed. The disasters at Fredericksburg and at Petersburg, for which he is held responsible, are treated in these pages with a fullness and interest which will well reward careful reading. Mr. WOODBURY'S views must necessarily excite, as they have already excited, radical differences of opinion, and in our limited space we can not enter upon the discussion. But nothing can affect the hold which General BURNSIDE has upon the popular heart—a hold due not only to the purity of his character, his hearty popular sympathies, his spotless and devoted patriotism, but to the unparalleled generosity with which, amidst a host of envious and selfish officers, he quietly waived his rank, and cordially co-operated where he had commanded. The book throws a curious side-light upon some of the judgments of Mr. SWINTON'S Army of the Potomac.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

THE proceedings during the closing week of the Thirty-ninth Congress were of a most important and exciting character.

The Army Appropriation bill which passed the House on February 20, was amended in the Senate so as to direct the disbandment of all rebel militia organizations. As thus amended the bill passed, and was signed by the President under protest.

The House, on February 28, by a vote of 97 to 30, passed the Southern Homestead bill, disposing of public lands in five of the States, with an amendment which prevents those persons who have aided the rebellion from applying for the benefit of the act. Those who, having aided the rebellion, afterward served in the Federal army, are, however, not excluded.

The bill for the admission of Colorado was defeated in the Senate on March 1.

The Tariff bill which passed the House on July 27, 1866, was finally adopted by the Senate on March 2, and goes to the President for approval.

The Indemnity bill, which was adopted by the House on February 23, passed the Senate without amendment on March 2.

The Tenure of Office bill was passed by the Senate and House over the President's veto, without debate, on March 2. It is now a law.

The President sent in his veto of the Military Reconstruction bill on March 2; both Houses in their evening session on the same night passed the bill over his head, and it is now a law of the land.

Both Houses of Congress were in session on Sunday, March 3, and all the business on the Speaker's table was cleared up.

The Judiciary Committee recommended the transfer of the further investigation of the impeachment charges to the Fortieth Congress.

The same committee report that due diligence was not exercised in the pursuit of John H. Surratt by the Executive.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The Fortieth Congress was organized at noon on March 4, without delay, Mr. Colfax being elected Speaker of the House and Mr. Wade President of the Senate and Acting Vice-President of the United States.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

The Constitutional Convention bill was taken up in both Houses of the State Legislature on February 27. An Amendment allowing negroes to vote for delegates was lost in the House: and another providing for the election of thirty-two delegates at large was adopted. The first of these amendments was, on February 28, adopted in the Senate; and the bill was finally passed by that body on March 2. It was delayed in the Assembly, however, and had not passed that House on March 5.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The rebel regulators of Kentucky, who lately ordered General Speed S. Fry from the State, served a warning on Governor Bramlette on February 27, threatening him with violence if he issues any more proclamations against their lawless proceedings, and ordering him and other prominent Union men of Frankfort to leave the State.

The Tennessee Legislature was compelled on February 28 to call out military force to keep order in the State, in consequence of the numerous outrages perpetrated by the returned rebels.

The North Carolina House of Representatives, after animated discussion, on February 28, referred to the Committee on Federal Relations a resolution declaring the willingness of the State to accept the proposed plan of Congress for the reconstruction of the South.

At a meeting held in Atlanta, Georgia, on March 4, resolutions submitting to the will of Congress were adopted. The Virginia Legislature had been convened in order to take similar action.

In the Kentucky Legislature on March 1 resolutions were reported from the Federal Committee reiterating the doctrine of State Rights.

The majority of the Committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives reported on March 1 against the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment. A minority submitted a resolution of ratification under protest, declaring that Massachusetts does not recognize the right of any State to abridge the franchise by reason of race or color, and wants no reorganization except on the basis of universal suffrage.

Governor Swann, of Maryland, on March 1, sent a Message to the Legislature declining the United States Senatorship, to which he was recently elected, and adhering to the gubernatorial chair. The reason for this step is, that the Lieutenant-Governor is a thorough Radical.

General Dix was confirmed by the Senate, on March 3, as Minister to France.

United States Commissioner Foster arrested five magistrates of Norfolk, Virginia, on February 27, for refusing to accept colored testimony in legal proceedings.

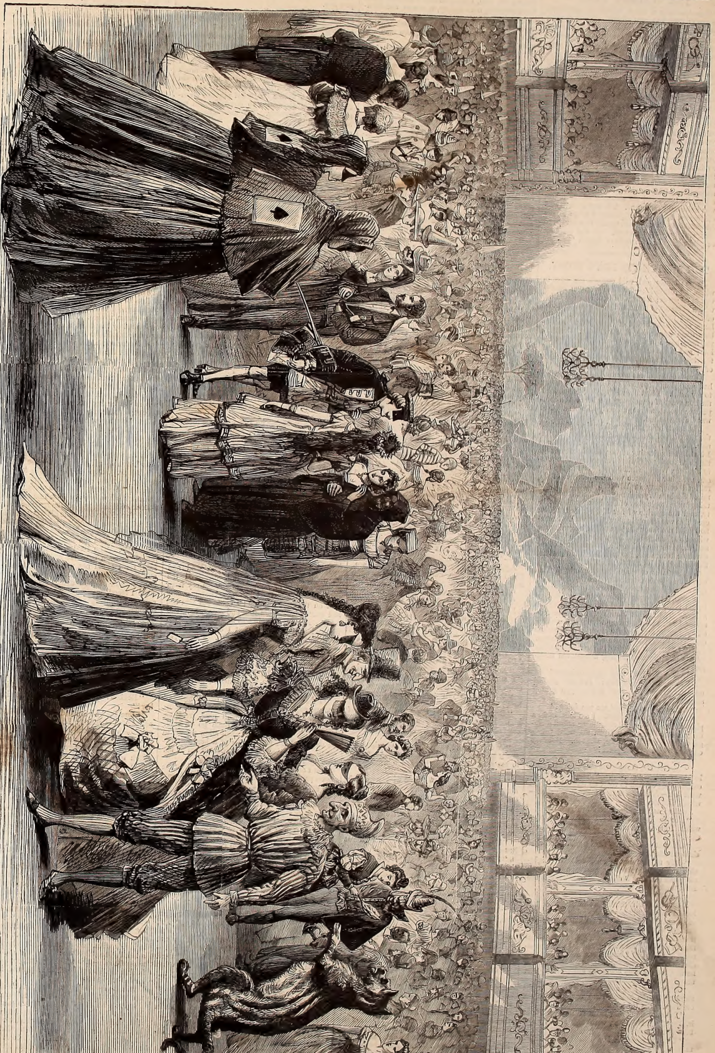
## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE resolutions on Reform introduced by the Derby Cabinet in the English House of Commons were withdrawn, the Government party fearing to let them pass to a vote. This action resulted in divisions in the Cabinet, Earl Carnarvon, Mr. Adderly, and others, having resigned, and the Duke of Richmond, Sir John Pakington, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. H. J. Corry, and Mr. M. S. Cave having assumed the vacated places. We publish this week the portraits of the members of the Cabinet as formed previous to the changes here noted.

The bill for the Confederation of the British Provinces in America passed the House of Lords on February 26, and was pending in the House of Commons on March 5.

General Escobedo, in his official report of his victory over General Miramon at San Jacinto on February 1, states that he drove the Imperialists in confusion four leagues, and then, by a sudden charge of cavalry, completely routed them, capturing all their artillery, ammunition trains, equipages, and in short "all they had." He adds that two columns of cavalry continued in pursuit of the Imperial leader, whose person he hoped to secure.

INDIAN DELEGATIONS AT WASHINGTON—PRESENTATION TO THE PRESIDENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 173.]



GRAND FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—[See Page 166.]

## THE ACADEMY BALL.

THE Academy of Music, which was destroyed by fire in 1866, has been rebuilt, and was thrown open to the public on the night of March 1, when the dedicatory ceremonies consisted in the brilliant fancy-dress ball, which we illustrate on page 165.

The exterior of the new Academy is generally condemned as "a dull deformity of old materials saved from the ruins, and painted a savage red to hide the unseemly bats;" but the interior arrangements, though not the decorations, are more worthy of praise as affording unusual advantages for seeing the stage, of ingress and egress, etc. The issue of tickets for the ball from the sales office was limited to one thousand, which, with the extra ladies' tickets and the few complimentaries, made an aggregate of perhaps three thousand. These were all represented, and no more, so that while there was an attendance quite sufficiently large to insure brilliancy and geniality, there was not enough to give discomfort or cause annoyance. The number of fancy dresses was unusually large, and the elegance of the toilets was universally remarked. The usual variety of characters, from the impossible Yankee to the hand-rubbing clown—from Queen ELIZABETH to Mrs. GRUNDY—was noticed. Several hundred couples engaged in the various dances.

## THE SWITCH-TENDER'S STORY.

IT was lonely and wild enough the spot in which my future life—for some years, at least—was to be spent; a rough cabin of logs and laths, with a chimney of stone and plaster in the midst of almost uncleared woods, and shut in by the huge, precipitous crests of rocky hills. Neighbors there were none, save at Hiram Wycliffe's red farm-house in the valley some few miles below; and it was only in the blue transparence of the clearest days that I could see the dim wreaths of smoke curling up from his chimneys.

Yet the solitude was not unpleasant to me. I had needed employment, and here it was ready to my hand. I had been struggling to ward off the iron grasp of actual poverty; here was a competence decent, although barely sufficient. Nor was I discontented.

I had not, however, been the only aspirant for the situation of switch-tender at the Branhill Station. John Walker had also applied for it, and I had heard a floating rumor, half-heeded at the time and totally disbelieved afterward, that pretty Barbara Wycliffe had herself gone to the city and used her influence with the attachés of the railroad company in Walker's behalf. I admired Barbara Wycliffe myself—there was something in the tropic glow of her dark Spanish beauty, and the sparkle of her black-lashed, brown eyes, that was strangely attractive to me. Somehow I did not fancy the idea of her becoming the wife of a sullen, reticent fellow like John Walker; and whenever the vision of a possible home of my own rose before me, Barbara Wycliffe's glowing face lighted up its undefined walls.

The sun was creeping slowly up the leafless woods and sombre stretches of black-green pines that covered the eastern hill one sparkling March afternoon, as I came leisurely in after half an hour's brisk work at wood-cutting down in the hollow. The instant I entered I became conscious, by that peculiar magnetic influence which all have experienced, of the presence of some one else in the little apartment. Nor was I mistaken. John Walker was lounging in the rocking-chair by the one window, reading a week-old newspaper.

"Halloo, Walker! how came *you* here?"

"Through the back-door. I've just strolled up from Wycliffe's. And how are you getting along, old fellow?"

"Oh, first-rate. What are you doing?"

"Nothing just at present. I am looking for a place on the E—— road as brakeman until something better turns up. Upon my word you've got things pretty snug here, Reuben. Does the Company give you the place?"

"Yes."

"Comfortable, though not gorgeous," he said, looking carelessly around. "Nice warm walls, chimney big enough to roast an ox—two, if you want 'em—furniture neat—clock on the shelf—what's that for, eh?"

I smiled as I confessed the clock's utility.

"Not having yet attained the dignity of a watch, I depend on a clock to inform me of the time."

"Oh, that's it! Pretty hard work? Switches changed often?"

"Only twice a day, when the down "Lightning" meets the up Accommodation on the branch road, and the Way Mail on the branch leaves the main track."

"Late?"

I could not but think him impertinent, and looked rather suddenly at him; but he was not at all disturbed by my gaze. What a lounging, insolent sort of way he had as he put the questions indifferently to me—as if even the petty details of my daily life were preferable to no amusement at all. But I resolutely checked my rising choler by remembering that, in a certain sense, he was, for the time being, my guest—though an unwelcome one—and answered, pleasantly:

"Well, yes, late and early; at nine in the morning for the branch road, and seven in the evening for the "Lightning."

"I should think you led a pretty easy life of it, Eyre," said Walker, wrinkling his ugly eyebrows discontentedly.

"You are right; it is not hard, only one has to be promptly on the spot."

"Yes," he said, absently; "yes, to be sure. See much of old Wycliffe's folks here, eh?"

"Occasionally."

We chatted on for five or ten minutes longer, and I was unmistakably relieved at length to see him rise to depart. All the time he had been talking his cold, gray eyes had wandered about the apartment, not uneasily, it is true, but seemingly endeavoring to avoid meeting mine; and he never once looked at me with the frank, fearless gaze that is most appropriate between man and man.

"Well, old fellow, I'm off. Don't make love to pretty Barbara if I go on the E—— road!"

I smiled a forced smile; but I could have cheerfully knocked the coarse jester down, and I watched his retreating footsteps with a feeling of hearty gratification. I had never liked or trusted that man; and the very idea of his presuming to take Barbara Wycliffe's name in his mouth was indescribably revolting to me.

The next day was one of those brilliant bits of sunshine and brightness that occasionally diversify the early weeks of our Northern spring, *avant couriers* of soft-eyed April and blossoming May. The air was blue as liquid sapphire; the folded leaf-buds seemed visibly to stir and swell, and here and there, in sunny, sheltered nooks, the velvet grass glowed greenly beneath dead, rustling leaves. I had been down in the woods piling up and trimming the logs I had yesterday cut, and on returning up the narrow glen path I saw the light flutter of a scarlet shawl cross the window of my little dwelling from the inside.

"More company," I thought, with a quick, electric bound at my heart; for I knew there was but one woman for miles around who would be likely to visit me, and then, besides, Barbara Wycliffe's sweet eyes were like lodestars to me, and I felt it must be her. I sprang up the slope with a movement as light as my heart, and entered at the wide-open door.

"Barbara," I said, holding out both my hands, "this is an unexpected pleasure."

She had been crimson when my footstep first sounded on the threshold; now she turned deadly pale with a whiteness that startled me.

"Oh, is it you, Reuben—Mr. Eyre? I'm so glad you have come. I—I—" She stammered and stuttered painfully, and was much confused. "I—I was looking for our stray guinea-fowls in the woods above, and I went further than I had any idea of. I was very tired, and I thought I would stop in a minute and rest."

"And you are as welcome as flowers in May, Barbara; but you *know* you are."

For she had smiled up in my face with an arch, half-doubtful look. There was no question of absent color now; her cheeks glowed like—like—like the velvet petals of a "Giant of Battles" rose, I suppose the poets would say; but I thought of the red glare of the locomotive's head-light, which was always beautiful to me.

"And did you find the runaways?"

"No. I think they must be down in the maple swamp. I shall look there for them to-morrow. But, Mr. Eyre, I wanted to say, besides—" She hesitated and hung down her head.

"Well, Barbara, what?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, convulsively. "I don't know what. But I came to—to warn you—"

Again the deathly pallor came over her face. There was a strange, startled look in her large brown eyes.

"Warn me, Barbara! Of what?"

"Of him—of that man—John Walker."

I had felt when she said she came to warn me that it was of that man. She was surprised that I was not startled, and asked me, hurriedly:

"What was he doing here to-day, Reuben?"

I did look at her in astonishment this time.

"Has he been here to-day, Barbara? You are thinking of yesterday evening?" I suggested.

"No, I am not," she answered, impetuously. "I am *not* thinking of yesterday evening. I mean to-day; not an hour ago."

"What makes you think he was here, Barbara?"

"Because I saw him; because I—I *followed* him. I know he was bent on mischief, and mischief against you."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken? For if he had been here, would he not have staid to see me? When did you see him here, and where?"

"I tell you it was but a little while ago. He means you mischief, Reuben, be sure of that. I *saw* him put a large knife in his breast as he left the house, and I followed him—followed him until I saw him reach the door. He stopped by the door, and stood still a minute or two as if he were listening."

"Perhaps he was listening to hear if I were at home."

"I was sure of it, and I started on a run to the house to warn you; but I was so agitated I could not move fast. I saw him enter, and I tried to scream, but could not. I felt he would do you an injury with that knife."

"Well?"

"Well, he went in and closed the door behind him, but he did not remain there more than two minutes; for as I ran I saw him come out again and strike right into the woods to the left."

"That is the short cut to the railroad switch. Perhaps he expected to find me there."

"Perhaps he did," said Barbara.

"Or possibly"—the "green-eyed monster" was reasserting its presence once more, and trying to smile, I said—"possibly he knew you were out, and hoped to meet *you* somewhere in the vicinity."

Barbara's long lashes drooped for a moment; then there was a flash in her eyes; and then she answered, carelessly, with a just-perceptible sneer:

"It is just possible that he did, though why he should arm himself to meet me is beyond my comprehension. At all events he went the wrong way. Good-evening."

"Surely you are not going yet?"

"I must, thank you. Father will certainly think I am lost if I don't hurry home."

I glanced up at the clock in the corner. It was rather earlier than I had thought—only half past five.

"You will let me walk with you as far as the bridge, Barbara?" I pleaded.

Ordinarily she would have hesitated a while, or else have uncompromisingly refused my escort. She possessed all the impulses and wiles of a finished drawing-room coquette, this little rustic maiden of the wilderness, and seldom missed an opportunity of tormenting me as much as possible. I had offended her by my allusion to John Walker, and though previously she had seemed almost unlike her usual piquant capricious self, the disposition to coquette with me seemed about returning. Yet, after a moment's hesitation, she grew serions again. Had I deemed it possible that she could ever experience the sensation of personal fear I should have fancied that she was afraid of something or somebody, for her hand trembled as she laid it on my arm. And at the same time there was an inscrutable something in the melting darkness of her eye that seemed to appeal to me with a voiceless cry for help.

"What is it, Barbara?" I questioned, instinctively.

She looked wonderingly at me—the look had all gone out of her eyes now.

"Nothing. I did not speak."

"But what ails you? Why are you so depressed in spirits?"

"I feel there is something wrong—that man—you have escaped him this time, but I want you to be wary of him."

"For your sake?" I ventured, stutteringly and hesitatingly.

"For your own sake," she answered; and then both of us were silent for some time.

What a delightful, dreamy walk that was, down to the bridge, whose rude planks spanned the shallow, brawling stream, with the low sun hanging like a ball of gold above the purpled woods, and the air full of fragrant breathings of the spring-tide, whose coming footsteps were already sweet upon the hills! Pleasant in spite of warning and Walker. Barbara's softly-spoken "Good-by!" sounded like saddest music as I turned away from the bridge, regretting that I could not prolong the rambling *tête-à-tête* to an indefinite length.

A few paces higher up I turned once more to watch the scarlet gleam of Barbara's wrappings through the column-like trunks of the leafless trees, and as my eye rested on this one bright glimpse of color a tall figure emerged with a stealthy air from the thickets beyond and joined her.

It was John Walker's self! How the sharp pang of jealousy shot through my heart as I saw him bend over her little hand, and still hold it in his as he walked by her side, apparently talking in the most earnest manner. Was it a preconcerted interview between them? Had she told him to meet her as soon as I, the deluded dupe, was safely out of the way? Did they make my home a rendezvous, to escape the eyes of her father? Or did they—

Hark! Surely that was a cry, wild and startling, full of horror, that disturbed the gloomy current of my meditations—a cry from Barbara Wycliffe's lips! From my commanding post on the higher ground I could see that she had started back from him and drawn her hand away. My first thought was to spring down into the ravine and join her, but I desisted when I saw him take the hand once again. I could see—not hear—that he was speaking in an eager manner, making frequent and impulsive gestures, pointing in my direction; and then I saw him grasp her hand again; I saw his arm around her waist, her head upon his shoulder; and I saw, too, that she did not again repulse him.

"I am glad I did not make a fool of myself," I muttered, bitterly, between my set teeth, turning away and hastening, with long, irregular strides, up the hill. "Let them go on their way. It is the last time I shall allow myself to be duped by the bright eyes of a heartless coquette. I am glad I have discovered her in her true light at last!"

But I deceived myself. I was *not* glad. The sorest pang that ever rent a true and honest heart was gnawing at mine as I slowly returned to the house, or rather cabin; and the lively refrain I forced myself to whistle as I went died away into melancholy minor ere I was aware of it. As I entered the room I looked up involuntarily, with the instinct that grows from constant habit, at the clock. The hands indicated the hour of six. I had somehow fancied it to be later than that. The sun had dipped down behind the purple line of woods; the long shadows of the tree-trunks, stretching out across the brown turf in front of my door-step, had vanished; and just in the warm orange glow of the west a great golden star flamed and quivered, like a solitary eye of fire.

"It can't be that the sun sets earlier than usual," I said to myself, half doubtfully; "and yet—"

While I stood there hesitating, I knew not why, the silver sound of a far-off village bell—the church bell of St. Mark's, at Branhill, heard only in the clearest and stillest days, and when the wind set in a peculiar direction—rang out its strokes with marvelous distinctness.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—*seven!*"

Like invisible writing suddenly flashing into view at the magic action of fire, the whole chain of circumstances became frightfully, diabolically clear. John Walker's mysterious presence in my cabin but two hours since was sufficiently explained now. He had writhed in, deadly and noiseless, like a serpent, to work my ruin, and elevate himself upon the wreck of my good name and trust. His hand had moved backward the indices of my time-piece upon the dial with a motive too horrible for me to contemplate without a shudder. He knew (for had I not myself told him?) that the Lightning Express, going north, met the branch-road train at seven o'clock, and that it rushed wildly forward without stopping, with only a whistle of warning. The switch was set to the branch road; it must be changed at a quarter to seven, or the Lightning Express would leave the track and collide with the "Accommodation," calmly waiting it in fancied security. Yes; John Walker had deliberately laid his plans to ruin me; and Barbara—could it be possible that Barbara's sweet frankness, her unwonted presence, her warning, were part of his fiendish conspiracy to divert my attention, and wile me away from the post of duty? Was Barbara in his interest? and had I been doubly deceived? As I stood there perfectly motionless, with cold drops oozing out upon my brow, and a frozen sort of rigidity at my heart, I could almost see the shattered cars, the shapeless, splintered ruin, the crushed machinery, the ghastly faces upturned to the glowing purple of the fair twilight sky; I could hear the shrieks and groans and dying gasps through the dull, continuous roar that seemed to surge across my brain! And *I—I* should have been the unconscious murderer, the guiltless criminal! O God of all mercies! Was there no way of averting the impending shadow of this awful catastrophe?

All this was thought in a second; and before the chimes had ceased ringing the final stroke of seven I bounded from the room. My usual route down to the switch was a foot-path, steep and narrow, that skirted the edges of the precipitous hills; but there was a nearer and much more direct way, through dense undergrowth and matted briers and bushes, through which I plunged, heedless of tearing thorns and tangled branches which seemed to impede my progress with almost human malice. As I ran my speed was accelerated by the shrill whistle of the approaching Accommodation train. I did not mind that—the Accommodation would stop on its track and wait for the Lightning Express to pass; but I had not a second to spare, for usually the whistle of the Lightning was heard as if it were the echo of the other, so nearly simultaneously were they due at Branhill Junction. As I neared the track with breath that came in short, panting sobs and laboring pulses, I saw, as it were, through a scarlet mist of blood, the white, starry gleam of the signal-lamp in its accustomed place—the "all right" token to the engineer of the Lightning train!

Whose hand had so foully lighted that treacherous star of doom?

As I ran I had searched for the key of the switch-lock. It was safe. I sprang to the track, hurling down the signal with a vehemence that shivered the strong glass to a thousand atoms. I thrust the key into the lock and unlocked the switch. Great Heavens! the lever was immovable! The villain had done his work completely, and with a small wooden wedge driven firmly between the lever and the iron frame-work of the switch had made the movement of the former impossible. The loud shriek of the now approaching train gave me additional strength in vain, for I could not move the rails. Walker and Barbara Wycliffe had neglected no one link in the chain of their detestable plot. One instant I stood, in the utter abandonment of despair. In the same terrible instant the glare of the thundering train flashed on the track and lighted it up with painful brilliancy, and I saw, as I knew, that the rails were wrong. While my mind seemed to give way before the terrible doom which I had no power to avert, a breathless, gasping voice sounded close in my ear, and a heavy iron implement was thrust into my hands. I did not see her, but I knew who it was. I did not see the implement which I grasped, but I knew there was strength in it.

"Reuben! Reuben! Quick! it is the crow-bar!"

Before she had finished the words I had formed my plan of action; I had acted. With a powerful blow I struck the iron rod of the switch—the thin stem which connected the lever and the rails, and which before had moved them, but which now prevented them from moving. A single blow was enough. I heard the sharp twang of the iron rod as it snapped. I bounded to the side of the track. I placed the crow-bar as a lever under the rail, and was about to move the switch, with a laugh of relief, into its place, when I felt both my arms grappled from behind with a hold as firm as steel, and I was thrown violently back, dropping the crow-bar as I fell.

"Not so fast, Reuben Eyre," hissed the hated voice of John Walker close to my ear. "I will be revenged yet, though pretty Barbara has played me false."

I struggled, with a strength that afterward seemed to me well-nigh supernatural, to free myself from his clinging grasp, but in vain. He had drawn me, I suppose unconsciously, on to the track, and I could already feel beneath my feet the thrill and tremble of the firm earth—a sure token that the approaching train was nearing us. I thought of the unsuspecting passengers whose fate hung in the balance. Were they to perish when help and rescue lay almost within a hand's-breadth of me? They talk of the bitterness of death—*this* was the bitterness of life; and in that moment of horrible suspense I drank the loathed cup to the very dregs.

But help—thanks to God's providence!—was nearer at hand than I had dared to hope. While I strove with John Walker's herculean strength Barbara Wycliffe had, with surprising courage and presence of mind, seized the crow-bar, and had forced the rails into position. Brave girl! It did not require more than a woman's strength, but she did need at that moment more than a man's courage. It wasn't nerve and sinew she needed, but the heart to do it. The train did not slacken its speed. The engineer had failed to notice the absence of the signal, and dashed

wildly ahead. It did not matter now. The switch was all right and the danger was past.

The danger past? Not so. Can you believe that, while I distinctly saw all this, saw Barbara's act, saw the rails move, saw them rightly adjusted, saw the engineer's mistake—actually reflected that his mistake resulted from his firm confidence in me—I had never failed him before—can you comprehend that all this time—it was only an instant, though—I was engaged in a struggle for life with John Walker? Mind and matter were totally distinct. Mentally, I was absorbed in Barbara's work; physically, I grappled with John Walker. Now, the danger to the train past, mind returned to matter, and Walker soon found I was more than a match for him. My first reflection was to drag him and myself from the track, across which we were struggling. It was the work of an instant. Then, with a superhuman effort, I endeavored to free myself from his grasp, and I threw him violently from me. He staggered back a pace or two, vainly endeavoring to recover his equilibrium, and then fell.

Fell, great Heaven! directly across the iron track!

I made an instinctive step forward to save him, but Barbara Wycliffe's arms were clasped tightly around me, Barbara's voice was crying out wildly,

"Reuben! Reuben! for *my* sake!"

And in the same breath the Lightning Express rushed over the track like a fiery serpent, and I knew that John Walker's accounts with Time were closed forever.

The engineer and fireman of the Accommodation train, which was standing on the branch road, had, in the glare of the locomotive, witnessed the struggle, had heard Barbara's screams, and now came rushing forward. In awed silence they removed the body from the track where it lay, fearfully crushed and mangled, with glazed eyes upturned, and brow still contracted with the scowl of mortal rage.

So the man died, and there was no living soul to mourn his death.

As the engineer of the Accommodation comprehended the situation and explained it to the wondering passengers, he turned to me as I mechanically readjusted the switch to allow the Accommodation to pass, and said,

"Lucky for you, old fellow, that the Lightning was five minutes behind time."

Five minutes behind time—and those five minutes had held the destiny of life and death within their pulsing seconds!

As the last crash and rattle of the vanishing train, which now sped on its way, smote upon my ear, my duty for the night wholly done, all the fictitious strength that had lent vigor to my arm, and nerve to my limbs, seemed taken from me. My friendly crow-bar dropped with a dull sound from my hands, the far-off crests of the purple hills seemed to reel and tremble, and I fell like a log to the ground, weak and fainting, with Barbara Wycliffe's sweet face bending over me, like the face of an angel.

When thought and sense returned to me once more, days after, I was in my little cabin, and the Wycliffes, father and daughter, were ministering to me. And the farmer told me how the people from all about the country had come to look at the dead man, and hear the verdict of the coroner's jury, and to see how narrowly the passengers of the two trains had escaped the doom that had come down upon *him* like an avenging spirit.

"And I tell ye, it made their blood run cold," said the farmer. "They called my little girl a heroine, and I ain't sure but that they're right!"

"Barbara," said I, when the old man had gone to the spring for water, and we were left alone together, "how did it happen? How did you know that *he*—"

"He told me himself," said Barbara, in a low, troubled voice.

"When?"

"That evening, after I had left you at the bridge."

"And you, Barbara, what did you say?"

"At first I screamed with terror. Then he told me he had done it for love of me; that when he got your place he would marry me. What could I do? I dared not turn back to you, for there was murder in his eyes, and he would have stabbed you—perhaps me, too, long before I could have reached you; so I let him fancy—God forgive me—that I would be his accomplice in his wicked schemes and his wife afterward. He told me all he had done. So when he left me I went straight to where I had seen my father's crow-bar lying by the track; and oh, Reuben! it seemed as if I never should be able to drag its weary weight through the woods to your post. Every rush of the wind in the tree-tops seemed like the train coming, and every rustling leaf was John Walker's step!"

She bowed her head in her hands with a shudder. But Farmer Wycliffe's footfall was on the frozen earth outside, and I had not yet learned quite all I wanted to know.

"Then, Barbara, I was wrong when I thought you loved John Walker."

"Wrong—altogether wrong!"

"And it was not he—but—but *me* you loved all the time?"

The roses came to her cheek—the small head was poised more royally.

"Because, darling, I have loved *you* these many months. Tell me my fate quickly—your father is close at hand. Is it yes or no?"

And Barbara whispered "Yes!"

All this happened, you know, years ago. I have the longed-for "home of my own" at last, where Barbara's beauty glows with perpetual sunshine, and all the trace that now remains of my own adventure is the solitary grave on the edge of the wood where John Walker lies buried.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Trinity Bay, N. F., *February* 20.

Dear Weekly,—The following telegrams by the Atlantic Cable are full of interest, the Company having already declared a dividend of ten per cent. interest on five months' operations, and the interest in the working of the Cable is continually increasing:

(special to the c. o. w. of harper's weekly.)

Dublin, *Feb.* 19.—News has been received here that there has been

A RISING OF THE FENIANS

at Killarney, and it is believed this rising will extend to adjoining counties. This telegram was dated at 4 o'clock in the morning, Greenwich time, and this early-rising movement on the part of the hitherto lazy Irishmen of this section is looked upon with great favor by Bright, Mill, and other English philanthropists who look on the Bright side of politics; but the British Government sees no good in the natives getting their eyes open so early.

[In this connection it may be well for me to mention a fact not generally known concerning the cunning of her Majesty's Government in trying to keep this people in the dark. For some time past—dating as far back as "George III., stat. iv. cap. v. sec. 6"—it is ordered "that, in the rural districts, all candles in private dwellings shall be put out at nine o'clock in the evening," thus putting an extinguisher not only on the "mould of fashion," but also on the dip of no particular form, rendering obscure what little light there was in this be-knighted country. The object of this decree was to make it unnecessary for a person in any family to be

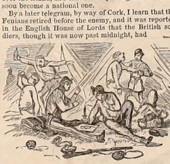
"UP TO SNUFF,"

thus making it the more certain, about half of the time, of shutting up the eyes of the whole nation.]

It was reported that the Fenians had cut the cable, but further information elicited the fact that they had used the mail in the transmission of their messages, and had thus "cut" the cable and the Company on account of their high charges.

The uprising is at present confined to the counties of Cork and Kerry, but it is hoped it will extend all over the island, and that an early rising character will soon become a national one.

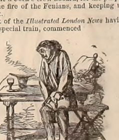
By a later telegram, by way of Cork, I learn that the Fenians retired before the enemy, and it was reported in the English House of Lords that the British soldiers, though it was now past midnight, had



NO IDEA OF RETIRING,

but were awaiting the arrival of the iron-clads off Cork, to put a Cork's-crew aboard, for the purpose of drawing the fire of the Fenians, and keeping up the excitement.

An artist of the *Illustrated London News* having arrived in a special train, commenced



A DRAWING OF CORK

for that paper, but was unable to finish it on account of the "rotten burrow" system so prevalent in Cork.

It appears that the Fenians have retired to the Sleevegammon Hills. These are old settlers in this part of the country, and are no connection of Yankee Hill's whatever.

Chief-Organizer Stephens is reported to be here, and there; and it was stated in Parliament that Colonel Horsford's force was altogether too small to follow Stephens, as he was in so many places at once, and 40,000 more men were asked for to watch the Chief Organizer. [If they only knew the difficulty we had in finding Stephens while in New York city, they would see that the force they contemplate is entirely inadequate.]

A number of Marines have been ordered from Plymouth to Ireland. This came about by the Irish Secretary, Lord Naas, telegraphing to Earl Derby that the Fenians were rising and would massacre all of the inhabitants. The Earl replied to the messenger, "Tell that to the Marines!" which the faithful and frightened bearer of dispatches immediately did.

Along with a number of troops that were sent over were

THE LANCERS,

who are doing much execution, having already had some hand-to-hand engagements with the natives.

Twenty Americans are said to be acting with the Fenians, which, if true, must make quite a large Stock Company, as subsequent reports showed that there were one hundred and twenty Irishmen performing in this Screaming Farce.

The British Government has posted troops, under the command of Colonel Horsford, at Mallow Junction; but how the Government posted them, whether by newspapers or special agents, my telegram does not inform me; many of them, however, were very badly posted, as they could not tell my informer the whereabouts of Stephens.

The county of Kerry is said to be in a state of siege, and the inhabitants in a state of excitement. Peace is not looked for between these two states for some time. Nobody is working—even the telegraph wires ceased before dinner-time.

Later.—Ireland is entirely quiet. Chief-Organizer Stephens is reported to be there, but the danger seems past. This must be good news for the Chief Organizer.

Still Later.—The danger that is past does not refer to the C. O. I. R., but to the British Government.

Colonel Horsford now commands all of the hills at the Junction, and we believe it is the purpose of the Government to dress them in green this spring.

The very Latest.—The Government denies that there has been any disturbance in Ireland at all, but says every thing is as quiet as usual.

N.B.—An Orangeman came into the office of the Ocean Telegraph here to-day, and made a charge on the Superintendent of four cents, Canadian currency, for an orange, but the fellow's claim was instantly rejected by the whole office, including your own

C. O. W.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Multitudes of the citizens of this proud metropolis daily pass through a fearful, mind-disturbing, body-torturing, dress-destroying ordeal. Strong men and delicate women, infirm age and tender babyhood, the merchant who counts his thousands and the poor sewing girl, with just *six cents* in her pocket, *all* suffer, if not equally, yet in sympathetic proximity.

Our city cars, crammed with human beings, remind one of those trains of freight cars densely packed with pitiful-looking cattle. Who has not seen them? At the close of business hours, almost any day, there is a general scramble at the terminus of every line of cars. Seats are full before the car stops, standing-places are occupied before the up-town trip is commenced. Yet still at every block new arrivals are crowded *in* or *on* the few square inches which was vacant between two pairs of boots. If by chance you were among the early comers, and have secured a seat, you can moralize to your heart's content. No newspaper can be opened in a crowded car at 5 o'clock P.M. Where your lot is cast there must you remain fixed and immovable! Attempts at politeness are futile. How can people be polite and gallant herded together like cattle, suffocated, smothered, squeezed, and jammed? The human freight, some suspended by straps, and others vainly seeking such unstable support, are *matted* together. They do not complain loudly, their hopeless misery has long since passed that point.

"*Light* sufferings give us leisure to complain,
We groan, but can not speak, in greater pain."

They stand stolidly, enduring to the end. An independent boy may slightly object to having his head "squeezed to a jelly," and give an extra and unnecessary punch. And a tired woman may heave a sigh of weariness. But in general the monotony of misery is only varied by the sudden lurch of humanity forward and backward, and the agonizing extrication of some unfortunate from the interwoven mass. It is quite impossible for any body to move more than an inch or so; gentle attempts to reach the platform are useless. One can only *push* his way through the crowd, and all understand the necessity and don't blame him. And if it be a lady who makes the effort—alas! we will not dwell on the subject—with panting breath and disordered dress she is devoutly thankful if disentangled without serious injury.

And this is an everyday affair in the metropolis of North America in the nineteenth century!

To lay aside moralizing on the general discomforts of our car system, a fact may be mentioned, indicating one danger (only one of many) in connection therewith. Recently the floor of a city car fell through, there being at the time fifty or sixty persons crowded into and upon the car. Is there no one ingenious enough to devise a *practical* remedy for this great evil?

The new Academy of Music was "opened" last week by the annual ball of the firemen; on which occasion there was a brilliant gathering of "fair women and brave men." As to the dress of the ladies—always a point of vital interest—an eye-witness declared that there were sylphs in satin, fairies in flounces, seraphs in silks, and peris in pearls. The "Fireman's Ball," however, was but a prelude to the more general opening of the Academy, when the "Grand Bal d'Opera" came off with great *éclat*.

Murders in every conceivable variety are becoming more and more fashionable. In general the circumstances are *so peculiar*, that the murderer is regarded as merely a very "unfortunate" individual, and as claiming the sympathy of every kindly heart. Not long since a man shot his enemy—who was on trial for crime—deliberately, in broad day light, in the court-room. "The unfortunate man was regarded with much sympathy by the majority in court," because he had received special provocation months before. A short time ago, a jealous woman in Hoboken shot her husband in a ball-room. When brought before a justice for examination "there were quite a number of persons present, most of whom expressed the greatest sympathy for the unfortunate young woman, and it was the general opinion that when all the facts become known no jury could be found to convict her." So it is, and murders continue to be frightfully common.

There is a project on foot for opening Fifth Avenue to the Battery. The proposed bill provides for the appointment of three commissioners, who shall have power to open "Fifth Avenue through the Parade Ground, down Laurens Street to West Broadway, through College Place to Greenwich Street, striking the latter street near Dey Street, and running thence to Battery Place." It is argued in favor of this project that it is the best method of relieving Broadway of its present crowd of travel. The tendency will be to concentrate large warehouses in the vicinity of this street, and to improve that portion of the city.

It is a fact worthy of being universally known that every hack driver in New York city is obliged to bear on himself as well as on his coach the number of his license, as well as to keep posted up in his vehicle a card bearing the following statement of the legal rates of fare:

| | Cents. |
|---|---|
| For one passenger, one mile or less ..... | 50 |
| For each additional passenger in same coach.............................. | 37½ |
| For one passenger, any distance exceeding one mile and less than two miles | 75 |
| For each additional passenger, same distance at the same time.............. | 37½ |

If the number of the coach be not shown on the outside and the rates of fare on the inside of the vehicle the passenger is not obliged by law to pay any fare. In case he is charged more than legal rate he can pay under protest, and bring the driver to account by reporting his number and making complaint at the Twenty-sixth Police Precinct, at the City Hall.

At a recent lecture given by John G. Saxe, before the medical students of Bellevue Hospital, he related the following little incident, illustrative of the original meaning of the word "*cure*." "A few years ago an English practitioner presented a bill to a widow for services rendered her deceased husband, in which the word 'cure' was employed in its original and appropriate sense. There was in the account but one item, preceding a modest sum in *£. s. d.*, which read as follows:

'To curing your husband till he died.'"

Suits for divorces are increasing, and the provocation that is *needful* to make out a cause, in some cases, is very small. For example: A woman in Chicago, on visiting her husband's office, discovered long hairs in his hair-brush, and has sued for a divorce. Gentlemen better keep their office hair-brushes under lock and key.

If a certain Mississippi paper may be relied upon there are many girls of genuine worth in that State—girls who have been reared in luxury, but who, since the war has changed their circumstances, cheerfully chop wood, drive a two-horse wagon, go to market, and do all the house-work. They can go in the kitchen, too, and prepare a dinner equal to a French cook. The spirit they manifest is deserving of great commendation.

A terrible tragedy has occurred in California. A gentleman recently made a lady a present of a pair of pistols, and after several trials of skill they concluded to go through the forms of a duel. They took their positions, fired at the word, and, to the terror of the lady, the gentleman fell. She threw herself frantically upon the corpse, embracing and kissing it with every emotion of endearment. Under such magical influences the gentleman revived, and rose unhurt from the ground, and—and—they are to be married!

A Boston newspaper relates a very pleasant incident. An Irish teamster who keeps up his establishment in the "Hub," saw a lady unable to cross a street during one of the days of the slush, and reined his horse so as to bring his sled directly across the street—in Boston the streets are narrow—whereupon the lady accepted his extended hand and crossed without difficulty on the sled. The teamster should have the medal for politeness.

The English have as much difficulty in procuring good servants as Americans, if the following advertisement, which recently appeared in the Birmingham *Post*, gives us the liberty of making a "Yankee guess:"

WANTED—A general servant in a small family, where a man is kept. The housework and cooking all done by the members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchen is provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meat and hash studiously avoided. Wages no object to a competent party. References and photographs exchanged.

In one section of France there has recently been a fall of red snow, to the depth of three inches, continuing for two hours. The phenomenon is said to be due to the presence of a microscopic mushroom, the *protococcus nivalis*.

A musician belonging to one of the French regiments has just met with an extraordinary death at Vera Cruz. He was engaged to play at a ball, and being very thirsty went out into the garden, and finding a water-bottle on the terrace took it up and drank freely. Suddenly he raised cries of agony, and upon assistance arriving it was found that an enormous centipede had fixed its mandibles in his throat. The animal had taken up its abode in the neck of the bottle, and was washed into his mouth in the act of drinking. A surgeon who was called was obliged to cut it to pieces, but the poison from the bite caused death in a few hours.

Some idea of an English Duke's estate may be formed from the following facts relative to the establishment of the Duke of Devonshire. The park immediately surrounding the place contains 3000 acres. The principal garden for vegetables, fruits, green-houses, etc., is 25 acres. There are 30 green-houses, each from 50 to 75 feet long. Three or four of these contain nothing but pine-apples, others contain nothing but melons and cucumbers. One peach-tree on the glass wall measures 51 feet in width, 15 feet in height, and bears 1000 peaches. It is the largest in the world. The grape-houses, five or six in all, are 700 feet long. The conservatory, filled with every variety of tropical plants, is one of the wonders of the world. It covers an acre of ground, is 100 feet high, of oval shape, and cost $500,000. It is heated by steam and hot-water pipes, which in all are six miles in length. The apparatus consumes 600 tons of coal in a year.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM
MR WALPOLE
LORD STANLEY
EARL OF DERBY
GENERAL PEEL
SIR J. PAKINGTON.
EARL OF MALMESBURY
THE NEW CABINET

THE NEW CABINET

## THE ENGLISH CABINET.

The Derby Cabinet, which was formed in the first week of July, 1866, has been brought prominently before the public, not only of England but of this country, by the Reform movements of John Bright and his followers. On the assembling of Parliament in February last the Derby Cabinet, forced to give the question of Reform some consideration, introduced a series of resolutions avowing certain principles by which the Government party was to be guided. These resolutions were bitterly opposed by the leading men of the Reform party, and finally were withdrawn, the Cabinet fearing to let them pass to a vote. A more liberal Reform bill was promised; and here, for the present, the struggle between the two parties rests.

We give in this interesting connection the portraits of the Cabinet of Lord Derby. The Cabinet is a council of Government consisting of the principal members of the Administration, but not less than ten or more than fifteen or sixteen, with the First Lord of the Treasury, or Prime Minister, at their head. This institution, which dates from the reign of Charles II., though it is not expressly recognized by Constitutional law, and has never been referred to in the statutes of the realm, is the very keystone of the whole political structure. It exercises for the time being, on behalf of the Sovereign, the entire authority of the Crown, and is responsible for all the acts of every subordinate official. It is, at the same time, a committee of management for the interests of that party which has the majority in Parliament, or which happens by any other means to hold the government of the country. When the measures of a Cabinet are defeated in Parliament the Cabinet resigns and the opposing party forms another. The retiring leaders then head the Opposition, and the battle between the "ins and outs" is renewed. All measures of importance are discussed and decided upon, it is understood, in the secret deliberations of the Cabinet, at the instance of the particular Ministers to whose department they belong. No minutes or records are kept of its meetings, which usually take place at the official residence either of the Prime Minister or of one of the Secretaries of State. Even the other members of the Administration, which numbers altogether a list of fifty or sixty public functionaries, with the great officers of the royal household, are not allowed to know what is done in the Cabinet Councils, though they are supposed to agree with its resolutions so long as they choose to stay in office.

The members of the present Cabinet are such prominent public men, and their biographies so intimately blended with the history of Great Britain for the last forty years, that it is alike unnecessary and impossible to give a sketch of each in our limited space.

## FILLET-AU-FILLY.

It is stated that horse-flesh has grown so much in favor in Paris, as an article of food, that there are now no less than fifteen butcher-shops for its exclusive sale. Four restaurants also offer the new "viande" as the distinguishing feature of their *carte*.

This is a new and exalted position for the horse to occupy. It opens to his view a future glorious in the prospective! The horse will no longer be placed before the cart, but both carte and horse will be placed before the guests of mine host. This may be justly termed an *inn*-ovation in French hostelry. The French are a horse-pitable people. But the French are a superlatively omnivorous people, and an ingenious. They are the authors of the proverb, "*Chacun a son goût*," which means, literally, that it is nobody's business what another body eats. They have less compunction of stomach than the ostrich, and more ways of squelching it—by gravies and condiments. Every thing is meat that comes to their larder. No doubt, under present approval, horse-flesh will soon become a *stable* article of diet, and be sold at a galloping rate. It is meet that it should. At such a time we shall expect to observe a radical change in hotel nomenclature. The great dining-hall will then be known as the *Salle à Manger*. Guests, with choice bits in their mouths, will go over the various courses in a style which the coursers themselves scarcely rivaled in their palmiest days before they were converted into ragouts and mince-meat. Racy viands will be served up as the souvenirs of antiquated racers; the distilled spirit of the draught-horse will go round in a decanter, and many a stirrup-cup of *ci-devant* thorough-bred win praise from connoisseurs. Some such bill-of-fare as the following will then be found upon first-class tables:

SOUPS.

Horse-tail.
Snaffle, after mile heats.

ROAST, FRIED, ETC.

Roast Saddle.
Mustang, curried.
Fried Withers, unstrung.
Sliced Thorough-bred, Pony sauce.

ENTREES.

Colt's Head, on a Charger.
Stallion Hash.
Fillet-au-Filly, garnished with Fetlocks.

PASTRY.

Blood-Pudding, from best blood-horses.
Sliced Piebalds.
Whip Syllabub.

DESSERT.

Arabian, in great variety.

But we need not anticipate the future by any further speculations. It is sufficient to say that the new system of diet has now been fully installed in France under the most favorable horse-pices. Hereafter the cooks will be the most favored chevaliers among that gallant people. Doubtless the innovation will extend to this country, and be adopted by those whose habit it is to mimic foreign fashions. If so, we shall not be surprised to see them next make asses of themselves, and turn cannibals.

## MRS. HALLIDAY.

### A Romance of the Old Town of Edinburgh.

There are little bits of romance spread here and there in the routine of ordinary life but for which we should be like the fairy Aline, somewhat weary of always the same flowers blooming, and the same birds singing, and the same play of human motives and passions. They are something of the nature of episodes which, as in the case of epic poems, are often the most touching and beautiful in the whole work. Yet the beauty is seldom felt by the actors themselves, who are frequently unfortunate; and so it is that they suffer that we may enjoy the pathos of their suffering after it has gone through the hands of art. We are led to say this as a kind of prelude to one of those episodical dramas which occurred some eighty years ago, and for twenty of them formed a household story, as well from the singularity of the principal circumstances as from the devotion of the personages. But we must go back a little from the main incidents to introduce to the reader a certain Patrick Halliday, a general agent for the sale of English broadcloth, whose place of business was in the Lawnmarket, and dwelling-house in a tenement long called Peddie's Land, situated near the Old Assembly Close. It belongs not much to our story to say that Mr. Halliday was pretty well-to-do in the world; though probably even with youth and fair looks, if he had been a poor man, he would not have secured as he did the hand of a certain young lady, at that time more remarkable than he. Her name was Julia Vallance. We know no more of her except one particular, which many people would rather be known by than by wealth, or even family honors, and that was personal beauty—not of that kind which catches the eye of the common people, and which is of ordinary occurrence, but of that superior order which, addressing itself to a cultivated taste, secures an admiration which can be justified by principles. And so it came to pass that Julia had before her marriage attained to the reputation—probably not a matter of great ambition to herself, certainly not at all times very enviable—of being the belle of the old city. Nor is this saying little when we claim it in the face of the world as a truth that Edinburgh, in spite of its smoke, has at all times been remarkable for many varieties, dark and fair, of fine women. A result this which, perhaps, we owe to a more equal mixture of the two fine races, the Celt and Saxon, than ever took place in England. But Julia had brought her price, and her market having been made, she could afford to renounce the admiration of a gaping public in consideration of the love of a husband who was as kind to her as he was true. As regards their happiness as man and wife, we will take that in the mean time as admitted, the more by reason that in due time after the marriage they had a child; and no doubt they would have had many in succession had it not been for the strange occurrence which forms the fulcrum of our tale.

Apart from the family in Peddie's Land, and in no manner connected with it, either by blood or favor, was that of Mr. Archibald Blair, a young man living in Writers' Court, of whom we can say little more than that he was connected with the Borgue family in the Stewartry, an advocate, and also married. We are not informed of either the name or lineage of his young wife, and far less can we say aught of the perfections or imperfections she derived from nature. We are only left to presume that if there had been no love, there would probably have been no marriage; and in this case, also, we have the fact of a child having been born to help the presumption of that which, naturally enough, may be taken as granted.

The two families, far asunder in point of grade, and equally far from any chance of acquaintanceship, went on in their several walks; nor are we entitled to say from any thing previously known of them that they even knew of each other's existence; unless, to be sure, the reputation of Julia for her personal perfections might have come to Blair's ears as it did to many who had perhaps never seen her; but then the marriage of a beauty is generally the end of her fame, as it is of her maiden career; and those who, before that event, are entitled to look and admire, and perhaps wish to whisper their aspirations, not less than to gaze on her beauty, leave the fair one to the happy man to whom the gods have assigned her.

We must now allow four years to have passed, during all which time Patrick Halliday and his wife—still, we presume, retaining her beauty, at least in the matronly form—were happy as the day is long, or rather, we should say, as the day is short, for night is more propitious to love than day. Nothing was known to have occurred to break the harmony which had begun in love; and surely when we have, as there appeared to be here, the three requisites of happiness mentioned by the ancients—health, beauty, and wealth—there was no room for any suspicion that the good deities repented of their gifts. But all this only tended to deepen the shadows of a mystery which we are about to revive at this late period.

One day, when Patrick Halliday returned from a journey to Carlisle, he was thunder-struck by the intelligence communicated to him by his servant, that his wife had disappeared two days before, and no one could tell whither she had gone. The servant, by her own report, had been sent to Leith on a message, and had taken the daughter, little Julia, with her; and when she came back she found the door unlocked and her mistress gone. She had made inquiries among the neighbors, she had gone to the acquaintances of the family, she had had recourse to every one and every place where it was likely she would get intelligence of her—all to no effect. Not a single individual could even say so much as that he or she had seen her that day, and at length, wearied out by her inquiries, she had had recourse to the supposition that she had followed her husband to Carlisle.

The effect of this strange intelligence was simply stupefying. Halliday dropped into a chair, and, compressing his temples with his trembling hands, seemed to try to retain his consciousness against the echoes of words which threatened to take it away. For a time he had no power of thought, and even when the ideas began again to resume their train, their efforts were broken and wild, tending to nothing but confusion.

He put question after question to the servant, every answer throwing him back upon new suppositions, all equally fruitless. The only notion that seemed to give him any relief was, that she had gone to a distance to some of her friends—wild enough, yet better than blank despair; and as for infidelity, the thought never once occurred to him, where there was no ground on which to rear even a doubt.

At length, on regaining something like composure, he rose from his seat, and began to walk drearily through the house. He opened his desk and found that a considerable sum of money he had left there was untouched. He next opened the press in the wall, where she kept her clothes. He could not see any thing wanting—the gown was there which latterly she had been in the habit of putting on when she went out to walk with little Julia; her two bonnets, the good and the better—the one for every day and the one for Sunday—hung upon their pegs. Her jewels, too, which were in a drawer of her cabinet, were all there, with the exception of the marriage-ring she was in the habit of wearing every day. There was nothing wanting, save her ordinary body-clothes, including the fringed yellow wrapper in which, during the forenoon, she used to perform her domestic duties, and which he had often thought became her better than even her silks. Wherever she had gone, she must have departed in her undress and bareheaded—nay, her slippers must have been on her feet, for not only were they away, but the high-heeled shoes by which she replaced them when she went to walk were in the place where they usually lay.

In the midst of all this mystery, the relations and others, who had been quickened into a high-wrought curiosity by the inquiries made by the servant, dropped in one after another in the expectation that the missing wife would have returned with her husband, but they went away more astonished than before, and leaving the almost frantic husband to an increase of his apprehension and fears.

The dark night came on, and he retired to bed, there to have the horrors of a roused fancy added to the deductions of a hapless and demented reason.

In the morning he rose after a sleepless and miserable night, tried to eat a little breakfast with the playful little Julia, the image of her mother, by his side, asking him every now and then, in the midst of her prattle, what had become of mammy, rose and went forth, scarcely knowing whither to go. Directing his steps almost mechanically toward his place of business, he ascertained that his clerk knew no more of the missing wife than the others. On emerging again from his office, he was doomed to run the ordinary gauntlet of inquiries, and not less of strange looks where the inquirers seemed afraid to put the question. Others tried to read him by a furtive glance, and went away with their construction. No one could give him a word of comfort, if, indeed, he had not sometimes reason to suspect that there were of his anxious friends some who were not ill pleased that he had lost, no doubt by elopement, a wife who outshone theirs.

At length he found his way to the bailie's office, where he got some of the town constables to institute a secret search among the closes, and thus the day passed resultless and weary, leaving him to another night of misery.

Next day brought scarcely any change, except in the wider spread throughout the city of the news, which, in the circumstances, degenerated into the ordinary scandal. Nor did the husband make any endeavor to check this, by stating to any one the part of the mystery connected with the clothes—a secret which he kept to himself, and brooded over with a morbid feeling he perhaps could not have explained to himself. And that day passed also, leaving at its close an increased curiosity on the part of the public, but with no change in the conviction that the lady had merely played her husband false.

The next day was not so barren—nay, it was pregnant with a fact calculated to increase the excitement without ameliorating the scandal. On going up the High Street, Halliday met one of the officers who had been engaged in the search, and who told him that another citizen had disappeared in a not less mysterious way. The question, "Who is it?" was put, but not answered, except by another question.

"Was Mrs. Halliday acquainted with Mr. Archibald Blair, advocate, in Writers' Court?"

"No," was the answer of the husband; "and why do you put the question?"

"Because Mrs. Blair requested me," replied the officer. "She is in great distress about her husband, and I think you had better see her."

And so thought Patrick Halliday, as he hurried away to Writers' Court, much in the condition of one who would rush into the flames to avoid the waves: for, dreadful as the death of his beloved wife would be to him, more dreadful still was the thought that she had eloped with another man, and that man might be Archibald Blair. On reaching the house, where he was admitted upon the instant, he found a counterpart of his own domestic tragedy—every thing telling the tale of weariness, anxiety, and fear; comers and goers with lugubrious countenances; and Mrs. Blair herself in a chair the picture of that very misery he had himself endured, and was at that very moment enduring.

"Who are you?" she cried, as he approached her. "Are you come with good news or bad?"

"My name is Halliday, Madam," replied he. "I understand you wish to see me."

"As much as you may perhaps wish to see me," answered the lady. "The town has been ringing for days with the news of the sudden disappearance of your wife, who is said to be—," and she faltered at the word, "very beautiful. Is it true, and on what day did she disappear?"

"Too true, Madam," groaned the unhappy man. "Tuesday was the day on which she was found a-missing."

"Tuesday! Oh, unfortunate day!" rejoined she. "The very one, Sir, when my Archibald left me, perhaps never to return. Can you tell me," she continued, as she sobbed, hysterically, "whether *your* wife and my husband were ever at any time acquainted? Oh, I fear your answer, but I must hear it."

"I don't think," replied he, "that my wife ever knew of the existence of your husband. Even *I* never heard of his name, though I now understand he was a promising advocate. I can, therefore, give you small satisfaction; and, I presume, I can get as little from you when I ask you, what I presume is unnecessary, whether you ever heard that my wife was in any way acquainted with Mr. Blair?"

"No," replied she; "neither he nor I ever mentioned her name, nor did it once come to my ears that Archibald was ever seen in the company of any woman answering to the description of your wife."

"Most wonderful circumstance, Madam," replied Halliday, into whose mind a thought at the moment came, suggested by the mystery of the left clothes. "Pray, Madam," he continued, "can you draw no conclusion from Mr. Blair's desk or wardrobe whether or not he had provided himself for the necessities of a journey?"

"That is the very wonder of all the wonders about this strange case, Sir," she answered. "I have made a careful search, knowing the money that was in the house, and having sent and inquired whether he had drawn any from the bank, I am satisfied that he had not a penny of money upon him. As for his wardrobe, every article is there, with the exception of what he used when he went to take a walk in the morning—a light dress, with a round felt hat in place of the square one. Even his cane stands there in the lobby. Where could he have gone in such an undress, and without money?"

A pertinent question, which was just the counterpart of that which Patrick Halliday had put to himself. The resemblance between the two cases struck him as wonderful, and no doubt if he had stated to Mrs. Blair the analogous facts connected with his wife's wardrobe, the untouched money, and the missing slippers, that lady would have shared in his wonder; but he felt disinclined to add to her apprehensions by acquainting her with facts which could lead to no practical use. There was sufficient community of feeling between them without going into further minutiæ, and the conversation ended with looks of fearful foreboding.

Patrick Halliday left the house of the advocate only to saunter like one broke loose from Bedlam, going hither and thither without aim; learning, as he went, that the absence of Mr. Blair had got abroad abreast of his own evil, and that the public had adopted the theory that his wife and the advocate had gone off together. The conclusion was only too natural, nor would it in all likelihood have been much modified even though all the facts inferring some other solution had come to be known. Even he himself was coming gradually to see that the disappearance of the two occurring at the same time, almost at the same hour, could not be countervalled by the other facts. But behind all this there was the apparent difficulty to be overcome that two individuals so well known in a news-loving city should have been in the habit of meeting, wherever the place might be, without any one having ever seen them—nay, the almost impossible thing that a woman without a bonnet, arrayed in a yellow wrapper, and with colored slippers on her feet, could have passed through any of the streets without being recognized, and that the same immunity from all observation should have been enjoyed by a public man so well known—dressed, too, in a manner calculated to attract notice. There was certainly another theory, and some people entertained the possibility, if not the reasonableness of it, that the two clandestine lovers might have concealed themselves for an obvious purpose in some of those houses whose keepers have an interest in the concealment of their guilty lodgers. But this theory must have appeared a very dubious one, for it involved a degree of imprudence, if not recklessness, amounting to voluntary ruin, where a little foresight might have secured their object without further sacrifice than the care required in the preservation of their guilty secret. But, unlikely as this theory was, it was not left untested, for special visits and inquiries were made in all places known as likely to offer refuge to persons in their circumstances and condition.

All was still in vain; another day passed, and another, till the entire week proved the inutility of both search and inquiry. The ordinary age of a wonder was attained, with the usual consequence of the beginning of that decay which is inherent in all things. Yet it is with these moral organisms as with the physical—they cast their seeds to come up again as memories. A month elapsed, and then another, and another, till these periods carried the mere diluted interest of the early days. So it is that the big animal, the world, on which man is one of the small parasites, supplies the sap as the desires require, and changes it as the appetite changes, with that variety which is the law of nature. Even as regarded Patrick Halliday and Mrs. Blair, the moral granulation began gradually and silently to fill up the excavated sores in their hearts, and by-and-by it ought by rule to have come about that the cicatrices would follow, and then the smoothing of the covering, even to the pellucid skin. And as for the public, new wonders, from the ever-discharging womb of events, were rising up every day, so that the story of the once-famed Julia Halliday and the advocate Blair was at length assuming the sombre colors of one of the acted romances of life. But it takes long to make a complete romance. There is a vitality in moral events as in some physical ones which revives in overt symptoms, and so it was in the case we are concerned with. A whole year had at length passed, and brooding silence had waxed thick over the now comparatively old event; but the silence was to be broken by the speaking of an inanimate thing as strange in itself as the old mystery.

One day, when Patrick Halliday had returned from his office in the upper part of the city to Peddie's Land for the purpose of getting a letter which he had by mistake left on the table in the morning, he found that the servant had gone out as usual for the purpose of taking little Julia for an airing; but, getting entrance by his own key, he proceeded along the lobby to the parlor, on opening the door of which, and entering, his eye was attracted to something on the floor. The room was at the time shaded by the hangings drawn together to keep out the rays of the sun, and, not distinguishing the object very well, he thought it was some plaything of Julia's. On taking it up he found, to his amazement, that it was one of the slippers of his wife. It had a damp musty smell, which he found so unpleasant that he threw it down on the floor again, and then began to think where in the world it had come from, or how it came to be there. The servant might explain it when she came in; but why she should have gone out with that remaining to be explained he could not understand. Meanwhile his only conclusion was, that sufficient search had not been made for the slippers, and that the dog, which was out with the maid, had dragged the article from some nook or corner which had escaped observation. Under this impression he felt inclined to seek for the neighbor of that which had been so strangely found, altogether oblivious of the fact that, if the slipper had been left by the runaway, she must have departed either barefooted or in her stocking-soles; for her shoes, so far as he could know, had been accounted for.

But he was not to be called upon to make this search; something else awaited him; for, as he sat enveloped in the darkness of this new mystery, his eye, wandering about in the shaded room, was attracted by another object. Rising, as if by a start, he proceeded to the spot, and took up, to his further amazement, a man's shoe. He at first supposed that it was one of his own; but on looking at the silver buckle, on which were engraved—not an uncommon thing at the time—two initial letters (these were "A. B."), he was at no loss for the name. It was that of the missing advocate. This shoe, like the slipper, was covered with white mould, and smelled of an odor different from and more disagreeable than mere must. He was now in more perplexity than ever, nor could he bring his mind to a supposition of how these things came to be there. It was the time of popular superstitions, when intelligences in the shape of ghosts and hobgoblins, and all forms of good and devilish beings, seemed to have nothing else to do than to entertain themselves with the fancies, feelings, and passions of men, and we might not be surprised to find that Patrick Halliday was brought under the feeling of an indescribable awe—nay, it is doubtful if even the veritable spirits of his wife and her paramour, if they had then and there appeared in that shaded room before him, would have produced a stronger impression upon him than did those speechless yet eloquent things. A moral vertigo was on him; he threw himself again into a chair, and felt his knees knocking against each other, as if the nerves, paralyzed by the deep impression upon the brain, were no longer under the influence of the will.

After sitting for a time in this state of perplexity and awe, from which he could not extricate himself,

the servant, with his daughter, returned. He called her to his presence, and asked her, pointing to the shoe and the slipper, "how those things came to be there?"

The girl was seized with as great wonder as he himself had been, and there was even a greater cause for astonishment on her part, insomuch as, according to her declaration, she had cleaned out and dusted the parlor within half an hour of going forth, and these articles were certainly not in the room then. As for the outer door, she had left it fastened in the usual way, and the windows were carefully drawn down before her departure. Where *could* they have come from, she questioned both her master and herself, with an equal chance of a satisfactory answer from either. Then she would not have been a woman if she could have resisted the claims of superstition in a case so inexplicable, so extraordinary, so unparalleled even in winter fireside stories. And so she looked at her master, and he looked at her, in blank wonder, without either of them having the power of venturing even a surmise as to how or by what earthly or unearthly means those ominous things, so terrible in the associations by which they were linked to their owners, came to be where they were.

After some longer time uselessly occupied, Patrick Halliday bethought himself of going to Writers' Court, so taking up the silver-buckled shoe, and putting it into his large coat pocket, he proceeded to Mrs. Blair's. He found her in that state of reconciled despondency to which she had been reduced for more than two months; but the moment she saw Patrick Halliday enter she sprang up as if she had been quickened by the impulse of a new-born hope rising amidst the clouds of a long-settled despair. The movement was soon stayed when her keenness scanned the face of the man: but a new feeling took possession of her when she saw him draw out of his pocket the silver-buckled shoe with which she had been as familiar as with her own.

"Where, in the Lord's name—!" she cried, without being able to say more, while she seized spasmodically the strange object, still covered as it was with the mould, and with the silver obscured by the passage of time. And, gazing at it, she heard Halliday's account of how he came to be in possession of it, along with the slipper.

"Have you the neighbor in the house?" he inquired.

"No, no," said she; "but I am certain that that is one of the shoes Archibald had on the day he disappeared. Oh, Sir, I can scarcely look at these initials; and there is such a death-like odor about it that it sickens me."

"It is the same with the slipper," said he. "It would seem that both of them had been taken off the feet of corpses."

"Strange mystery altogether," added she, with a deep sigh. "Oh, I could have wished I had not seen these—it only serves to renew my care, without satisfying my natural desire to know the fate of one I loved so dearly."

"It is so with me as well, Madam," rejoined Mr. Halliday; "but the finding of this shoe and slipper may satisfy us of the connection between your husband and my wife."

"Yes, yes," ejaculated she; "but oh, merciful God! what a wretched satisfaction to the bereaved wife and the deserted child. You are a man, and can bear up. A poor woman must sit in solitude and mourn, while the flesh wastes day by day under the weary spirit."

"And you can suggest nothing to help me to an explanation of this new mystery?" said he.

"Nothing; all is darker than ever," replied she. "But, Sir, you have got the only trace that for a long year has been found of this most unfortunate—I fear, unhappy pair, and it will be for you to improve it in some way. Something more will follow. I will go over with you myself to your house. A woman's eyes are sharper than a man's. I would like to examine the house, and judge for myself."

And the lady, rising, went and dressed herself. In a few minutes more they were on the way to Peddie's Land; probably, as they went along, objects of speculation to those who knew the strange link by which their fortunes were joined. Nor was it unlikely that evil tongues might suggest that as their partners had played them false, they intended to make amends by a kind of poetical retribution. Alas! how different from their thoughts, how unlike their feelings, how far distant from their object!

On arriving at the house a new wonder was to meet them almost upon the threshold. The servant ran forward to Halliday, holding in her hand the partner of the silver-buckled shoe which her master had in his pocket. She was utterly unable to say a word; her eyes were strained not less in width than in intensity; her mouth was open like that of an idiot; and motioning and muttering, "Come, come," she led her master and Mrs. Blair on through two or three rooms till she came to a small closet, at the back of which there was a door, now for the first time in Patrick Halliday's experience found open. In explanation of which peculiarity we require to suspend our narrative for a minute or two to enable us to inform the reader that the house then occupied by Halliday had, five years before, and immediately preceding his marriage, been in possession of George Morgan, a wool-dealer.

Morgan's warehouse, where he stored his wool, entered from a close to the west, through a pend, between Peddie's Land and the large tenement adjoining. The run of the warehouse was thus at right angles to that of the dwelling-house, and Morgan was thereby enabled to knock out a small door at the back of a press, through which he could conveniently pass to his place of business without being at the trouble of going down the close to the main entry. After Morgan's death the house and warehouse went to his heirs, from whom Halliday rented the former, the other having been let to some other person for three years, after which it had been without a tenant. We may state also that Halliday was at first quite aware of the existence of the door at the back of the press, and had even taken the precaution of getting it locked; but as no requisition had been made by the tenant of the warehouse to have the communication more securely barred the door had been left in the condition we have described.

Resuming our story: the servant, when she came to the point where we left her, stopped and trembled; but by this time Halliday had begun to see whither these pointings tended, and pushing the girl aside with a view to examine the door he was astonished to find that it opened to his touch—a fact better known by Nettle, his dog, who had, as the shoes testified, been there before.

On entering the warehouse, all the windows of which were shut except one, through which a ray of light struggled to illuminate merely a part of the room, the party beheld a sight which in all likelihood would retain a vividness in their memories after all other images of earthly things had passed away. Right in the middle of the partial light admitted by the solitary window lay the bodies of two persons—a man and a woman. The latter had on her a yellow morning-gown trimmed with green. One slipper was on, the other off. Her head, which was uncovered, was surmounted by the high toupee of the times, which consisted of the collected hair brushed up and supported by a concealed cushion. The man had on a morning-dress, with a round felt-hat, which still retained its place on his head. There was no corruption in the bodies of that kind called moist. They were merely shriveled, but that to an extent which reduced them to little other than skeletons covered with a brown skin—a state of the bodies which probably resulted from the dry air of the wareroom, heated as it was by a smithy being immediately below it, the smoke of which was conveyed by a flue up the side of the tenement. The two bodies lay clasped in each other's arms; the faces were so close that the noses almost met; the eyes were open, and, though the balls were shrunk so much that they could not be seen, the lids, which had shrunk also, were considerably apart. These were the bodies of Julia Halliday and Archibald Blair.

There was not a word spoken by the searchers. Their eyes told them all that was necessary to convince them of the identity of those who lay before them. Nor, when Halliday took up a paper which lay at the head of Blair, did he think it necessary to make any observation of surprise at what was in keeping with what they saw.

"Oh, read!" said Mrs. Blair, as she gasped in the midst of her agony.

Halliday, holding up the paper so as to receive the light, read as follows:

"Whoever you may be, man or woman, who first discovers the bodies of me and her who lies by my side will please, as he or she hopes for mercy, deliver this paper either to Mr. Patrick Halliday, of Peddie's Land, or Mrs. Archibald Blair, in Writers' Court, that they may take the means of getting us decently interred. Julia Halliday and I, Archibald Blair, met and looked and loved. These few words contain the secret of our misfortune, and must be the excuse of our crime in taking away our lives. Our love was too strong to be quelled by resolution, too sacred to be corrupted by coarse enjoyment of the senses, too hopeless to be borne amidst the impediments of our mutual obligations to our spouses. We felt and believed that it was only our mortal bodies that belonged to our partners; our spirits were ours, and ours alone, by that decree which made the soul, with its sympathies and its elections, before ever the world was, or marriage, which is only a convention of man's making. We loved, we sinned not, yet we were unhappy, because we could not fulfill the obligations of affection to those we had sworn at the altar to love and honor. Often have we torn ourselves from each other with vows on our lips of mutual avoidance, but these efforts were vain. We could not live estranged, and we flew again to each other's arms, again to vow, again to meet, again to be blessed, again to be tortured. This life was unendurable, and, left to the alternative of parting or dying, we selected the latter. The poison was bought by me in two separate vials. As I write, Julia holds hers in her hands, and smiles as she is about to swallow the drug. We have resolved to lie down face to face, so as to be able to look into each other's eyes and watch jealously Death as he drags us slowly from each other. I have now swallowed my draught, smiling the while in Julia's face. She does the same. The pen trembles in my hand. Farewell, my wife. Julia mutters, 'Farewell, my husband.' Against neither have we ever sinned.

"Archibald Blair."

## HAREM LIFE AT CAIRO.

We seldom know any thing of what really passes in harems, as the Turks are exceedingly jealous of their domestic life being talked about. Many intrigues and scandals take place, and are known to the ladies in other harems, but rarely transpire beyond their walls. The two following events took place not long ago at Cairo, and rather interfere with our ideas (chiefly taken from the Arabian Nights) of the poetry of Turkish life:

On the road to Old Cairo lives a Bey, whom we will call Hassan, and whose wife had been a slave of the viceroy's. It is deemed a great honor to receive a cast-off slave-girl of the viceroy, or of one of the princes, as a wife; and the lady usually gives herself airs, and generally leads her poor husband a miserable life, by threatening to complain to the Effendina's mother, unless all her whims are gratified. Hassan Bey's wife at some fantasia heard the celebrated singer Suleiman, and was enchanted with his voice. She sought every occasion of seeing him; and one day he rode under her windows while she happened to be looking out from behind the musharibieh. The lady from that day refused to eat, became melancholy and sullen, and at length one of her old slaves ventured to ask the cause of the Khanoum's sorrow. On being told it the old woman reflected a while, and then proposed to her mistress to marry Suleiman to one of the girls in the harem who had a fine voice, and was rather a favorite in consequence. The lady approved of the idea, and charged the old woman with the direction of the affair. Suleiman, thinking that out of so good a house as Hassan Bey's he would get valuable marriage-gifts with his wife, accepted the proposal. The marriage was celebrated with some pomp; and Zeeneb, the slave-girl, was envied by her less fortunate companions at having made so brilliant a marriage; for Suleiman earned large sums by singing at marriage-feasts and burials. The old woman now explained to Suleiman why her mistress had given him one of her favorite slaves, and that he must manage to come often to the harem on some pretext or other. For some time things went on smoothly, until Suleiman became fonder of his own wife than of the other lady, and neglected going to the harem as often as the latter wished, and also gave less baksheesh to the eunuchs and slaves. Hassan Bey, sitting in his divan one day, overheard his people talking of Suleiman, of baksheesh, and of his frequent visits, and summoned the chief eunuch, demanding what all this meant? The Aga hesitated; but threats soon loosened his tongue, and he denounced the old slave woman as chief authoress and abettor of the intrigue. Hassan Bey had her brought before him, and gave her the alternative of bringing Suleiman to the harem within an hour's time, or of losing her head. Thoroughly frightened, she went off to Suleiman's house, and implored him to come to her mistress, dying, as she said, from longing to see her heart's beloved one. Zeeneb had her suspicions aroused by the evident trepidation of the woman's manner, and besought her husband not to go. The old woman threatened to destroy his livelihood through her mistress's influence in the vice-regal harem, and Suleiman at last yielded, but promised Zeeneb that this should be his last visit to Hassan Bey's harem. Unfortunately for poor Suleiman, his words turned out true, for Hassan Bey cut him down as he entered the door. Zeeneb waited for her husband for some hours, and then sent her mother-in-law to inquire after him. Hassan Bey himself received her, and showing her the dead body of her son, bade her begone. She burst forth in a torrent of reproaches and bitter lamentations, which so enraged him that, drawing his sword, he killed her too. By his orders the corpses were flung into the Nile, close by, after small black crosses, such as the Copts wear, had been hung round their necks to divert suspicion. Next morning the bodies were found, and were buried in the Coptic burial-ground by a priest, on the supposition of their being Christians. The disappearance of Suleiman caused some wonder; but it was soon forgotten, and it was no more talked of, until the viceroy's mother gave a fantasia at the marriage of some slave-girl in her harem, when Zeeneb was summoned with other gazialis, or singing-women. When it was her turn to sing she rose, burst into tears, and falling at the Validè Khanoum's feet, declared she could not sing, and implored justice. The princess stopped the fete, and inquired what she meant. Zeeneb then related that Suleiman, her husband, had had an intrigue with Hassan Bey's wife, had gone one day against his wish to her harem, and had never returned; that his mother had gone to make inquiry for him, and had never been seen since; and that she suspected foul play. The Validè Khanoum promised that justice should be done, and kept her word; for the viceroy summoned Hassan Bey before the council, interrogated him, and sentenced him to banishment at Fazoglou (the Egyptian Cayenne). Since then nothing has been heard of Hassan Bey's wife. Whether she was killed by his orders or by Ismail Pasha's, or is still alive, imprisoned in some distant harem, is a mystery; but it is improbable that Hassan Bey would have dared to touch a woman who came out of the vice-regal harem.

The second tale is more tragic and touching.

Osman Bey, so we will name him, had two daughters, Fatmé and Elmass, whose mother had died young; the Bey had not married again, and left the two girls very much to the care of their old nurse. A young Turk, living close by, had seen Fatmé as a child in the doorway with the eunuchs, and had observed her pretty face; he by chance caught a glimpse of her at the open musharibieh, and demanded her in marriage of her father. Osman Bey answered that he was honored by Shaheen Bey's proposal; but although there was nothing to object to in point of fortune, or so forth, yet he declined to give him his daughter, as he lived much with infidel dogs, and was therefore no true Mussulman. "Piqué au jeu," and deeply smitten with Fatmé's charms, Shaheen Bey contrived to bribe the old nurse, who introduced him into the harem dressed in woman's clothes. No Turk, it should be observed, can enter his own harem when a lady is there on a visit; and even should he have strong reason to suspect the visitor to be a man in disguise, he would never dare to touch the seeming lady. Woe betide him should he unveil a woman! and he can, of course, never be sure of his suspicions. Fatmé, of the mature age of fifteen, was much delighted at the impression she had produced, and soon her love for Shaheen Bey became as strong as his passion for her; but Elmass grew jealous, and threatened to tell her father, quoting at the same time an old Turkish proverb: "Whoever does not beat his daughter will one day strike his knees in vain." Fatmé, in great alarm, took counsel with her old nurse, who suggested that Shaheen Bey should bring his younger brother to amuse Elmass, and that, being then equally culpable with her elder sister, she would say nothing. The two brothers paid frequent visits to the harem, and all went well for some time, until Shaheen Bey committed the extreme imprudence of going into the harem undisguised. Coming out, he met Osman Bey, who recognized him in spite of his efforts to cover his face; a tremendous struggle ensued, in the course of which the old father was thrown down, and Shaheen Bey got away. By dint of threats, Osman Bey made the eunuchs confess that they had long suspected the sex of the two visitors, and by a vigorous application of the whip he got the whole truth out of the nurse. In a towering passion he went directly to the viceroy's secretary, who, more civilized than the Turks usually are, tried to persuade the Bey to hush up the whole thing, and marry the two young couples. Osman Bey would listen to nothing, and insisted on the affair being laid before Ismail Pasha, who condemned the two brothers to be sent to Fazoglou. The youngest, luckily for himself, died soon after passing Thebes. The two girls and their nurse were sentenced to death. Horrified by so severe a decree, Osman Bey threw himself at the Effendina's feet, and after many prayers obtained a commutation of his daughters' sentence to imprisonment for life among the female galley-slaves.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Lawyer C—— (*entering the office of his friend, Dr. M——, and speaking in a hoarse whisper*). "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning I can't speak the truth."

Dr. M——. "Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

### ORIGIN OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

John Smith was the son of his father. He formerly lived in New York and other places, but he has removed to San Francisco now.

John Brown was the son of old Brown. The body of the latter lies mouldering in the grave.

John Jones was a son of temperance.

In early life Gabriel Jones was actually a shoemaker. He is a shoemaker yet.

Patrick Murphy is said to have been of Irish extraction.

John Johnson was a blacksmith. He died. It was published in the papers, with a head over it, "Deaths." It was therefore thought he died to gain notoriety. He has got an aunt living somewhere.

Up to the age of thirty-four Hosea Wilkerson never had any home but Home Sweet Home, and even then he had to sing it himself. At one time it was believed that he would have been famous if he became celebrated. He died. He was greatly esteemed for his many virtues. There was not a dry eye in the crowd when they planted him.

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out, among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom! Mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors; "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."

The man who had to lower his shirt-collar to pass under a railway-bridge arrived in New York last week. He was laboring under a slight attack of *collary* morbus.

### A MISUNDERSTANDING.

Polite Gentleman. "Good-morning, Sir. How do you feel yourself to-day?"

Deaf Gentleman. "Very stormy and disagreeable."

Polite Gentleman (*slightly astonished, but determined to recover lost ground*). "Indeed! How is your good wife, Sir?"

Deaf Gentleman. "Very windy and blustering indeed."

A First-Class Boarding-House.—A great deal of pretension, exorbitant charges, and nothing to eat; insults from the landlady if you complain, and law-suits if you don't pay promptly for what you never had.

Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage, near to Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, adds, "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening *in three pieces!*"

A clergyman was one day talking with his landlord, a Universalist, on the personality of the devil. A little incredulous, the gentleman remarked, "I should like to see the devil." "Can't you wait?" was the quiet reply.

Frightful Prospect.—It is dreadful to hear of a child only one month old *taking to the bottle!*

A young man who was crossed in love attempted suicide recently by taking a dose of yeast powder. He immediately rose above his troubles.

### AN OLD BACHELOR.

What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is,
With his cheerless house and his rueful phiz!
On a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow,
And when all the earth is covered with snow,
When his fire is out, and in shivering dread,
He slips 'neath the sheets of his lonely bed;
How he draws up his toes,
All encased in yarn hose,
And he buries his nose
'Neath the chilly bed-clothes;
That his nose and his toes,
Still encased in yarn hose,
May not chance to get froze!
Then he puffs and he blows, and says that he knows,
No mortal on earth ever suffered such woes.
And with Ah's and with Oh's,
With his limbs to dispose,
So that neither his toes nor his nose may be froze,
To his slumbers in silence the bachelor goes.
In the morn when the cock crows, and the sun is just rose,
From beneath the bed-clothes
Pops the bachelor's nose,
And, as you may suppose, when he hears how the wind blows,
Sees the windows all froze,
Why back 'neath the clothes pops the poor fellow's nose;
For full well he knows, if from that bed he rose
To put on his clothes, that he'd surely be froze.

Designing Men—Architects.

To Drain Lands.—Drink whisky and spend all you time at the village tavern. This will drain you of all your lands in a short time.

Artemus Ward says that no daily paper is published in his town, a ladies' sewing circle answering the same purpose.

### DIVISION OF LABOR.

A parson of too free a life
Was yet renowned for noble preaching,
And many grieved to see such strife
Between his living and his teaching.
His flock at last rebellious grew:
"My friends," he said, "the simple fact is,
Nor you nor I can *both* things do;
But I can preach—and you can practice."

Curiosities Wanted.—A bunch of blossom from a railway plant; the topmost bough of an axle-tree; a crust from the roll of the ocean; a feather from the crest of a wave; some quills from the wings of the wind; a lock of hair from the head of a column; a hoop from the pale of society; the knife used by ringers when pealing bells; a broom for sweeping assertions; a collar for a neck of land; a quizzing-glass for an eye to business; a rocker from the cradle of the deep; a few tears from a weeping willow; and some down from the bosom of a lake.

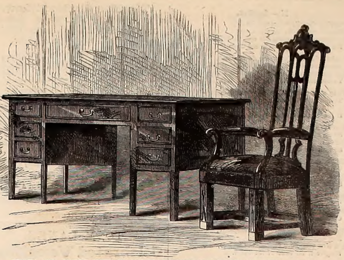
Recipe for Making Love.—Take two parts sugar, three of soft soap, a little sage, plenty of summer savory, add a little wine, mix well together, and leave the whole to "set" for two or three nights. It is best taken while hot.

A Mortal Insult.—A dead cut.

*Intelligent Pet.* "Ma, dear, what do they Play the Organ so Loud for, when 'Church' is over? Is it to Wake us up?"

THE GEORGETOWN ELECTION—THE NEGRO AT THE BALLOT-BOX.—[See page 162.]

NEW AND BECOMING STYLES OF HEAD-DRESSES.



CHAIR AND TABLE USED IN INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, IN 1776.

LORD MONCK, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

## INDEPENDENCE CHAIR AND TABLE.

We give this week an engraving of the Table on which the Declaration of Independence was signed, and the Chair occupied by John Hancock while President of the Continental Congress. These Revolutionary relics were recently (on the 22d of February) presented by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania to the city of Philadelphia, to be preserved in Independence Hall, in the room which they occupied ninety years ago. The table is of mahogany, and the top, which is plain, is covered over with black oil-cloth. The table is arranged with a large drawer under the central part and three smaller ones under each end. These drawers are inlaid with a narrow strip of yellow wood about one-eighth of an inch in width all around the edge, and each drawer is furnished with a plain lock. The brass handles which were on the three right-hand drawers have been broken. The table itself stands upon eight legs. The latter are plain and square, with a little fluting. On the ends of the table-drawer, and on the ends of the table itself there is a slight attempt at ornamentation by inlaying plain slips of maple. The table is about five feet by thirty inches, and stands about thirty inches from the floor. It is very plain, indeed of the most democratic aspect.

The chair is a very interesting relic of the old straight-back days of our grandfathers. It is strongly made of mahogany. The seat and cushion are lined with crimson morocco, and the sides are studded with nails. The legs are plain and square, and the bottoms shod with brass. The chair stands altogether about five feet in height. There is some slight attempt at ornamentation, but the carving is of the plainest description. The back is almost straight, having but a slight curve. It bears the marks of honorable age.

## INDIAN DELEGATIONS AT WASHINGTON.

Two Indian delegations from the friendly tribes of Dacotah Territory visited Washington during the latter part of February. They consisted of the chief men of the Sioux and Yancton tribes, and numbered over one hundred persons. The chiefs were dressed in full Indian costume, and attracted much attention. They were accompanied by Governor Foulk, of Dacotah, and were in Washington for the purpose of framing new treaties.

On the 23d of February they visited the White House, and were introduced by Secretary Browning and Indian Commissioner Bogy to the President. The reception took place in the East Room, in the presence of a large number of persons, including the families of the President, Secretary Browning, and other officials. The speeches on the occasion were of the usual stereotyped form of such affairs. The remarks of Mr. Bogy to the President were interpreted to the Indians, and were approved by them in their guttural ejaculation of "Ugh!" The reply of the President, unlike most of his speeches, also met with approval.

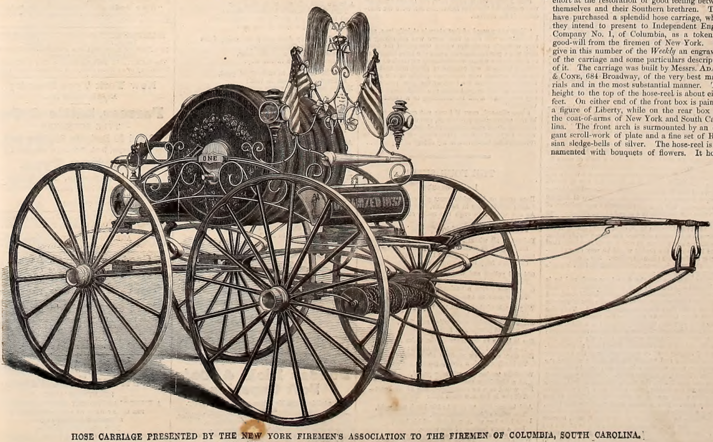
## VISCOUNT MONCK,

### GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

The latest news from England intimates that the political movements for joining the British American Provinces in a more intimate, if not a more perfect union, are likely to result in the establishment of a kingdom, with Prince Arthur of England as its king. The bill for the establishment of the confederation—it is officially styled "the British North American Province Confederation"—was read for the second time in the English House of Commons on March 1, and was to have been hurried to a vote at an early day. The understood intention of the originators of the scheme is to have the first Provincial Parliament which assembles after the adoption of the bill declare the confederacy a kingdom, and place it under the rule of Prince Arthur William Patrick Albert, the third son of Queen Victoria. One of the most zealous workers in favor of this scheme has been Viscount Charles Stanley Monck, present Governor-General of Canada, whose portrait we give on this page. He is now in England busily engaged in completing the work on which he has been so assiduously employed for the past five years. As his features indicate, Lord Monck is of Irish descent. He is the fourth Viscount of his title, and is descended from the famous General George Monck, who dissolved the Parliament of Richard Cromwell, and on whose invitation Charles II. resumed the throne of England. The present Lord Monck was appointed to the Governorship of the Canadas at the opening of the rebellion in this country. He displayed great energy in erecting defenses along our northern frontier, and made himself somewhat unpopular in the United States by protecting the rebels who congregated in Canada. His principal and favorite scheme as a statesman has been the establishment of a Canadian Confederacy, an undertaking likely to be very soon crowned with success.

## HOSE CARRIAGE FOR COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The members of the New York Firemen's Association have lately indulged in a commendable effort at the restoration of good feeling between themselves and their Southern brethren. They have purchased a splendid hose carriage, which they intend to present to Independent Engine Company No. 1, of Columbia, as a token of good-will from the firemen of New York. We give in this number of the *Weekly* an engraving of the carriage and some particulars descriptive of it. The carriage was built by Messrs. Adams & Cone, 684 Broadway, of the very best materials and in the most substantial manner. The height to the top of the hose-reel is about eight feet. On either end of the front box is painted a figure of Liberty, while on the rear box are the coat-of-arms of New York and South Carolina. The front arch is surmounted by an elegant scroll-work of plate and a fine set of Russian sledge-bells of silver. The hose-reel is ornamented with bouquets of flowers. It holds




HOSE CARRIAGE PRESENTED BY THE NEW YORK FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION TO THE FIREMEN OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.
[Photographed by Charles K. Bill, 747 Broadway.]

one thousand feet of the finest hose, made to fit the water-hydrants of Columbia.

The carriage was forwarded to Columbia, in charge of a special committee of the New York Association on February 28. This is the first presentation that was ever made by the members of the old volunteer organization to the firemen of the South.

## A CLAIRVOYANTE'S REVELATION.

Some time ago I attended one of the *séances* of a well-known professor of electro-biology. It was held at a town about ten miles distant from my own residence, and as the proceedings did not terminate until a late hour of the evening, it was nearly midnight when I started with a friend on my homeward drive. The night was dark, the road bleak and lonely, and our conversation, turning as it naturally did upon the events of the evening, was of a weird and ghostly character, thoroughly befitting the time and place. Being a hardy unbeliever in the supernatural, I had been expressing my skepticism pretty freely with regard to the mysterious knowledge and wonderful prophetic powers which persons in a state of coma are said to possess, and had even gone so far as to denounce the whole thing in sweeping terms as an imposture, when my companion, who had listened patiently to my display of righteous indignation up to this point, said, quietly,

"Well, I dare say you're right in the main. I've no doubt a good deal of that sort of thing is all bosh, and many of the so-called professors no better than rank impostors; but I think you go too far in denouncing all followers of Mesmer; for I firmly believe that there are clairvoyants who are not impostors, and that many of their performances are such as it is impossible to account for by purely natural causes. Now, as an instance of this, I will tell you a very curious incident, for the truth of which I can myself solemnly vouch, since I was intimately acquainted with the persons to whom it happened. The circumstances took place in Paris thirteen years ago.

Among the most intimate of our circle of friends at that time were two brothers, whom I shall call Desmarets. Eugène, the elder, was a wealthy banker; Paul, the younger, was a literary man of considerable talent. They were both unmarried, and they lived together. At the period I am alluding to, business affairs necessitated Eugène's presence in St. Petersburg, and it had been agreed that his brother was to accompany him on the journey, which was to take place in October.

One evening, the evening, in fact, of the day but one preceding that fixed for their departure from Paris, Eugène went out for the purpose, as he stated, of settling some money-matters. He was absent from home all night, but that circumstance did not excite much attention on the part of his brother Paul, who knew him to be a man of irregular habits. The whole of the next day and night, however, passed without his returning, and the morning appointed for their journey arrived. Surprised that he had not been home to make his preparations for traveling, Paul Desmarets repaired to the bank to ascertain the cause of his absence, under the impression that something had occurred to induce his brother to alter his original plan. To his astonishment not only was his brother not at the bank, but no one there had seen any thing of him since noon two days before.

This unusually prolonged and unaccountable absence of the elder Desmarets perplexed and alarmed the younger brother, for, knowing that Eugène had a considerable sum of money about him, he feared that he might have been robbed, and if not murdered, at all events severely injured. He made inquiries at all the places which he thought his brother was likely to have visited, but could find no clew to his sudden and mysterious disappearance.

Paul Desmarets then consulted with three of his most intimate friends with reference to the best plan of action to adopt. His friends recommended him at once to communicate with the police; but Paul was a curious fellow with odd fancies in his brain, and with no small amount of superstition in his nature, and he declared his intention of enlisting the services of a clairvoyant toward unraveling this painful mystery. It was in vain that his friends attempted to dissuade him from such an absurd act, his obstinacy was not to be overcome. Accordingly, they made this arrangement, that Paul Desmarets and one of his friends should obtain all the assistance they could from a clairvoyant, while the other two visited the Morgue, where most missing men in Paris turn up at some time or other if they have ceased to belong to this world.

There was at that time in Paris a Spaniard, by name Madame Huesta, whose feats of clairvoyance had caused considerable excitement in all circles, and to her Paul Desmarets now went to obtain tidings of his brother.

Madame being disengaged, they were admitted into the house, and, on their stating the nature of their business, she was at once put into a state of coma by her husband's mesmeric influence, and the questioning began. The clairvoyante commenced with a minute description of the man whom she saw in her vision, and both Paul and his friend confessed that it was a most accurate and unmistakable portrait of Eugène Desmarets. The man thus described was walking, at the time she saw him, in a street of old Paris; it was night-time, and the lamps were lit. Suddenly he halted at the door of a large, dark corner house, of the outward appearance of which she gave a vivid picture, so minute and distinct in every detail that both Paul and his friend felt that it would be very easy to discover it after such plain directions. She then gave the following remarkable and succinct account of the man's farther proceedings:

"He rings the bell, the door is opened, and he is admitted into the hall; now he is shown into a small room on the ground-floor. It is brightly lighted, and there are two men seated at the table; one of these is much older than the other, and is bald. They rise from their chairs to welcome the new-comer; they are both very tall, and the younger has a thick black beard and mustache. Now all three are sitting down; the new-comer takes a paper from his pocket and shows it to the two others. They begin to talk loudly and angrily over it, and the elder of the two rises in a passion and shakes his fist at the visitor; the younger man whispers in his ear, and he becomes calm. They talk quietly again. Now the younger of the two men leaves the room, and the elder hands a paper to the visitor, who takes up a pen and, after writing some words, returns the document to the elder man. The younger now re-enters the room with a bundle of papers—no, they are bank-notes—in his hand: he gives them to the visitor, who, bowing to the other two, leaves the room, and is shown out of the house. Now I see him again in the street alone, he stands there, looking this way and that in doubt: at last he makes up his mind and walks briskly away. Instantly the door of the house which he has just left is opened, and the elder and younger men follow quickly in his steps. Now they stop: the younger one signs with his hand, and two other men cross the street and join them: all four rapidly continue their walk. Now I see the first man again, still alone: he stops and looks around him. The place is lonely and dimly-lighted; I think it must be a quai, for I see the lights reflected on the river. The night is very dark, and it rains. The first man muffles his cloak about his ears and crosses the bridge. I see four men come out from the shadow of the wall and follow him. They are close upon his heels, but I think he does not hear them. Ah! now there is a signal, and they all spring upon him at once; they have him by the throat; he struggles, but can not cry out. God of mercy! they strike him once—twice; he falls heavily and lies quite still upon the ground; they bend over him; now they lift him up in their arms. I can not see plainly what they do, but there is a dull, heavy splash in the water—they have thrown the body into the river. Now they are all gone, and I can see no more."

You may guess the feelings of horror with which Paul Desmarets and his companion listened to this circumstantial narrative of a foul and bloody murder. Both of them were deeply affected by the startling revelation which they had just heard, and went away with their thoughts full of it. Paul, excitable, nervous, superstitious, believing every word of it; his friend, thoroughly bewildered, divided between belief and doubt, half-wondering, half-fearing.

When they reached Desmarets' house they found their two friends awaiting them.

"We have seen him," they both exclaimed. Paul started. "Dead?" he asked.

"Dead," they replied; "he was taken in the nets this morning."

So far, then, the clairvoyante had been correct. Eugène Desmarets was dead, and his body had been found in the river.

Before another hour elapsed Paul was on his way to the Morgue. In the dead-house, stretched on one of the slabs, stark and ghastly, he saw his brother, but there were no marks of violence on the body, except such as might easily have been caused by rough contact with objects in the water. A large sum of money, too, was found upon the dead man's person, so that it was evident he had not fallen into the hands of robbers. On the whole, it seemed more like a case of suicide than any thing else.

But Paul thought otherwise; and he had, it must be owned, some ground for his suspicions when the following facts were taken in connection with the clairvoyante's revelation: He had little difficulty in finding the street and the very house described by her; in that house lived two gentlemen, a father and son, who, though only slightly known to Paul, were intimate acquaintances of Eugène. The father had been largely in debt to the elder Desmarets, but on the very night of the deceased's mysterious disappearance that debt had been paid, as a receipt in full for the money, signed by Eugène Desmarets, conclusively proved. It was a very large sum, nearly £1000, and had been paid in notes. Now the money found on the dead man was all in gold, and did not amount to more than £90. What, then, had become of the notes? It was ascertained beyond doubt that they had not been any where about the person of Eugène Desmarets when he was taken out of the river. Moreover, a pocket-book containing valuable papers, which the banker always carried about with him, was missing. How was the disappearance of money and pocket-book to be accounted for otherwise than on the supposition that they had been taken from the unfortunate man by violence, and that his struggles had necessitated his murder? There can be little wonder that Paul, finding the clairvoyante's story so strangely corroborated in its details up to a certain point, should believe that it was also true beyond that point.

The police were applied to and put in possession of the facts; but though willing enough to prosecute their inquiries, they declined to accept the clairvoyante's revelation as evidence of the guilt of the parties whom Paul suspected. And the matter dropped, for no further light was afterward thrown upon the mystery.

Paul Desmarets is dead now, but to his death he was convinced that that father and son were the murderers of his brother.

"Now every word of that story is strictly true, and I think you will allow that there was something in that woman's revelation which was out of the common way: you can scarcely apply the term imposture to a statement which was distinctly ascertained to be true as far as it was capable of proof, and that was through several very important points of the story. I say nothing about the truth of the latter part of the singular narrative, yet I think you could hardly blame any reasonable mind for inclining to a belief in its veracity."

I was silenced, even if I was not quite convinced, by this extraordinary anecdote, and though I am still skeptical about supernatural agencies in the forms in which they now exhibit themselves, yet I am far less reckless than heretofore in my charge of imposition.

## THE FOUR SUITS.

### I.—Diamonds.

Rich gems on her white arms glittered and shone,
Rich jewels were in her hair,
As she walked through the midst of a worshiping throng,
The fairest of all the fair.

Fairest of all whom Fashion and Wealth
Had bound in their fetters of gold;
Can eyes so bright ever lose their light?
Can such fairy forms grow old—

Old and yellow and withered and wan,
Palsied and haggard and bent,
Grudgingly giving a backward glance
To the time so heedlessly spent?

Why speak of that when the hours run by,
The intoxicating hours,
Glitter and sparkle and flutter and flash,
Music and jewels and flowers?

She is borne in the maze of the waltz along,
The maze of the maddening dance;
Her dark eyes look up from his shoulder now
To his face with a loving glance.

Wistfully tender, yet willfully proud,
As a high-born maiden will.
She would fain be sovereign-queen of his heart—
Yet she is but a woman still;

And knows that to give to his hand, unsought,
The reins of her ardent soul,
Is to lose her value, and gain of his heart
But a part instead of the whole.

Whirl onward! Ye are a well-matched pair:
Beauty and fortune and birth;
Yet, soldier noble and maiden fair,
Ye must both of ye come to—*Earth!*

### II.—Spades.

Cheerily, cheerily whistleth he
To his whetstone on the lawn;
Nor slumber nor sleep his eyelids keep,
For he was awake with the dawn;

Awake with the dawn, the dewy dawn,
When the white-thorn buds blow sweet,
And the green grass bendeth its tender blades
To the touch of the blackbird's feet.

'Twas allotted to Adam to dig and delve—
To his sons 'tis an heir-loom still;
Yet what was a curse may a blessing prove,
If the work be done with a will.

Who is't comes tripping along the walk,
So spruce, so enticingly trim?
The chairs are dusted, the cloth is laid;
So now for a talk with him.

Nimbly she trips o'er the graveled path
With a not unwinning grace,
The bright rose red in her muslin cap
Scarce so bright as her comely face.

Sure 'tis a neighborly act to wish
"Mr. Gardener" good-day;
Damon and Phyllis in rustic life
Care nothing what folks may say.

They are not trammeled by "etiquette,"
Nor sacrifice nature to art;
And if it may be their manner is free,
Forgive it for sake of the heart.

Work, work cheerily, man and maid—
Work on, work, ye who can;
For a true love-spirit halloweth toil,
And to work is the lot of man.

### III.—Clubs.

'Twas meslif and me Biddy got married
Saint Pathrick's day was a year;
Didn't Biddy look clane and look dacent,
And mesilf a spruce boy, niver fear.

The praste he hild open his fingers—
The ould rogue, 'twas a tirrible fee;
By the powers, he laid it on nately
For jining me Biddy and me.

Sure we had in the frinds and the naybors;
The "craythur" wint merrily round;
And some of us lay on the binches,
And some of us fell on the ground.

'Tis mesilf who don't know how it happened,
But there was a mighty fine row;
The shillalahs were whirling and flying;
Och, murther! I feel Connor's now.

We injied ourselves purty and dacent,
Sure we had an iligant faste;
'Twas mesilf and me Biddy they toasted,
And bad cess to the covetous praste.

'Twasn't him who should ax for a fee, then,
From a couple so dacent and poor;
Sure we might have had noggins of whisky
Till we all of us fell on the floor.

Bad luck, in the morning I wakened—
'Twas mesilf that felt dridfully ill;
By Jabers, the bars on the windies
Tould me I was in a p'lice cill.

'Twas a beautiful piece of enjiment;
They fined me and rated me twice;
But a weddin' don't come every mornin',
And sure it was chape at the price.

### IV.—Hearts.

A benevolent smile on her young face sits,
A sweet heart-smile fair to see,
And her calm brown eyes shine out with the light,
With the light of true charity;

A lustre that glistens with purer ray
Than the diamond's brightest sheen;
And the gray silk sits on her slender form
Like the purple robe of a queen.

From the rectory door she is hastening forth
Alone on this Christian's day,
Scattering bounties upon the poor,
Gathering prayers in her way.

If her life be spent in such silent good,
Is her "talent" given in vain?
Not so, not so; for whose steward she is
Will pay it tenfold again.

True, 'tis but small; yet if measured out
All carefully into parts,
It can blessings sow wherever it goes,
Bring joy to a thousand hearts.

At her quiet touch see the sorrowing smile,
The suffering eyes grow bright;
She is welcomed, welcomed, wherever she goes,
As a blessed angel of light.

Walk on, sweet minister to the sick,
Dear comforter of the poor;
Walk on, young cherisher of the old;
And when Death shall knock at thy door

Thou shalt hearken to words, unto blessed words,
Unto words that shall come to thee:
"Inasmuch as thou didst it to one of these,
Thou didest it unto Me."

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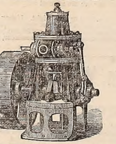

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# THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of The Great American Tea Company became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

## Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St, Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

## Club Order.

Sandy Creek, Oswego Co., N. Y., *January* 7, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

Gents,—The Tea you sent me gives good satisfaction. Enclosed find club order from another neighborhood, the which send as per order, and collect on delivery. There is much prejudice, I find, existing in some localities in regard to your Teas, created by the merchants, who say it is a great humbug, &c., &c. But I think, after an examination and trial, the people will decide for themselves, and buy their Teas where they can buy cheapest.

Yours, J. Clark.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 lb. | Young Hyson, gr. | A. Dornberg | $1 25 | $1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Gunpowder, gr. | S. Blodget | 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson, gr. | S. Blodget | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial, green | S. Blodget | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Japan, uncolored | S. Blodget | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Young Hyson, gr. | J | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Gunpowder, gr | | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. | Gunpowder, | | 1 50 | 3 00 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson, | | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | Japan, | | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. | Eng. Breakf., | | 1 20 | 1 20 |
| 1 lb. | Young Hyson, | an. | 1 25 | 25 |
| 1 lb. | Coffee | an. | 30 | 30 |
| 1 lb. | Coffee | | 40 | 40 |
| 2 lbs. | Coffee | G. Stevens | 30 | 60 |
| | Carried up | | | $20 75 |
| | Brought up | | | $20 75 |
| 3 lbs. | Coffee | A. R. Stevens | 30 | 90 |
| 2 lbs. | Japan, uncolored | J. Powers | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. | Young Hyson, gr. | J. Powers | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. | Imperial, green | C. Alton | 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. | Young Hyson, gr. | C. Alton | 1 10 | 1 10 |
| 1 lb. | Coffee | C. Alton | 25 | 25 |
| 1 lb. | Oolong, black | F. Smith | 80 | 80 |
| ½ lb. | Japan, uncolored | L. Baldwin | 1 10 | 55 |
| ½ lb. | Eng. Breakf., bl. | L. Baldwin | 1 10 | 55 |
| 5 lbs. | Young Hyson, gr. | D. Clark | 60 | 3 00 |
| 1 lb. | Japan, uncolored | H. A. Clark | 1 10 | 1 10 |
| ¼ lb. | Eng. Breakfast | Geo. Hubbs | 70 | 18 |
| ¼ lb. | Young Hyson, gr. | Geo. Hubbs | 70 | 18 |
| ¼ lb. | Imperial, gr. | Geo. Hubbs | 70 | 18 |
| ¼ lb. | Gunpowder | Geo. Hubbs | 1 25 | 32 |
| | Total | | | $35 86 |

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

**Great American Tea Company,**
31 and 33 Vesey Street, near Church. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

# $5 S WI G $5 MACHINE.

First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863, with crimping attachment; sews with double or single thread of all kinds, making stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will gather, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up breadths, &c., &c. Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured.

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Single machines, all complete, sent on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

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Square, and Upright Pianos, Melodeons, and Cabinet Organs. THE BEST MANUFACTURED.

TO LET, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargains from $60 to $225. Old Pianos taken in exchange for new. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos. Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York.

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A beautiful engraved plate and fifty cards, sent to any part of the United States on receipt of $2 50. Address JAMES MORRIS & CO., 194 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents to introduce and sell my patent Cyphering Machine (see Scientific American, Oct. 6, 1866, p. 234) wanted immediately. Please enclose stamp. Samuel J. Kelso, Box 1045, Detroit, Michigan.

HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES. A charming, perfect, natural color for the cheeks, lips, or nails. Does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years; and can not be detected. Price $1 18, by mail, secure from observation. Address HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.

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**No. 7 Wall Street, New York,**

Buy and sell at market rates and on commission, all issues of GOVERNMENT SECURITIES; all series of SEVEN-THIRTY Notes taken in exchange for the new Consolidated FIVE-TWENTY BONDS.

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See Advertisement Inside.

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*Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds;* Shot-Guns, English, German, and American, of the most approved patterns.

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PILULÆ EXTRACTI JECORIS ASELLI, SUGAR-COATED PILLS OF COD LIVER EXTRACT, more economical, agreeable, and efficient than Cod Liver Oil.

Approved by the Imperial Medical Academy at Paris. Authorized by the Imperial Medical Council of St. Petersburg. Used in English Hospitals. M. WARD, CLOSE & CO., Wholesale Agents forthe United States. Send for a Circular.

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It is *simple, durable,* and *easily operated.* Agents wanted. Send for a circular and sample of work. Address (inclosing stamp)

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50 PER-CENT SAVED BY USING

B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this Yeast Powder in fifteen minutes. No shortening required when sweet milk is used.

I will send a samply package free by mail on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage.

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Address Dr. J. Ball & Co., 128 Nassau Street, New York (Box 701 Post-Office).

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For Original Puzzles. Open to all. See present No. at all Newsdealers, 15c. Haney & Co., 109 Nassau St.

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Using B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or Ready Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions, in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

**Dyspepsia,**
**Rheumatism,**
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**Swollen Glands,**
**Eruptions of the Skin,**

All cured by taking baths of mineral waters possessing certain chemical properties. Use STRUMATIC SALTS, prepared for bathing purposes from the mineral springs of the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. The chemical properties of those Salts make them specifics for the cure of the above-named diseases. No more swallowing of drugs and quacks. Use STRUMATIC MINERAL BATHS. For sale at every respectable drug store.

COLD WEATHER does not have any effect upon the skin after using Wright's Alconated Glycerine Tablet. No other soap should be used for infants and children. Order of your druggist.

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Good soil, mild climate, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only $25 per acre. Also improved farms. Hundreds are settling. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey.

$200.00 a Month.

**VALUE RECEIVE.**

*Send for a* Catalogue of Stencil Dies, *and how to make* $6 00 to $10 00 *per day.* A complete Outfit for $25 00.

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Have a large stock of China, Glass, Plated Goods, Cutlery, &c., all of which are offered at low prices.

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TO THE TRADE.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

**Special Trade Sale,**

From February 20 to April 1,

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Catalogue sent to the Trade on application. Now Ready.

**IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS, FARMERS, and PLANTERS.**

We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge**

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills**

Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,**

For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

**Diseases of the Liver.**

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

**Symptoms of a Diseased Liver**

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled witn pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites,* or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

**Fever and Ague.**

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

**Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,**

OR

**VERMIFUGE.**

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

**Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.**

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE may be depended upon to effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

**Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.**

The great popularity of Dr. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

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SOLE PROPRIETORS OF

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The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE, PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. SENATE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D.C.—[SEE PAGE 178.]

## HON. BENJAMIN F. WADE.

THE Senate of the Thirty-ninth Congress, in concluding its labors on March 4, elected as its President *pro tem.* the Honorable BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WADE, of Ohio. He is therefore by virtue of this election President of the Senate of the Fortieth Congress and the Acting Vice-President of the United States. In the event of the death or the suspension or removal by impeachment of Acting President ANDREW JOHNSON, Mr. WADE would become Acting President until a new election could be had. In view of the important national position now occupied by Mr. WADE, and to satisfy the great interest manifested in him by the public, we give this week an accurate portrait of him, and a brief sketch of his career.

Mr. WADE was born in Feeding Hills Parish, near Springfield, Massachusetts, on October 27, 1800. His father, a soldier of the Revolution, was poor, and his early education was obtained in the common schools. After he arrived at manhood he usually spent his summers in labor as a farmer or lumberman, and his winters in school-keeping. He was for some months employed with spade and wheel-barrow in the digging of the Erie Canal. In 1826 he began to study law in Ohio with ELISHA WHITTLESEY, and in 1828 was admitted to the bar in Ashtabula County, where he has ever since resided. In 1835 he was elected prosecuting attorney of that county, and in 1837 he was returned to the Senate of Ohio, to which body he was twice re-elected. In 1847 he was chosen by the Legislature presiding judge of the third judicial district of the State; and in 1851, while holding court at Akron, he was elected a member of the United States Senate, to which body he was returned in 1857, and again re-elected in 1863. In the Senate Mr. WADE has been prominent, first as a leader of the Anti-Slavery Whigs, and then of the Republicans. He has been a steady and consistent opponent of all measures which he conceived to be intended for the benefit of slavery. In 1852 he voted, with only five other senators, to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law; he also spoke and voted against Mr. DOUGLAS's bill to abrogate the Missouri Compromise; against the Lecompton Constitution for Kansas in 1858; against Mr. SLIDELL's bill appropriating $30,000,000 for the acquisition of Cuba; and against all the schemes of compromise between North and South propounded after Mr. LINCOLN's election in 1860. The Homestead bill, making a free grant of 160 acres of public land to every actual settler, he advocated for years, and it was in his charge when it was finally passed by the Senate in 1862. The Agricultural College bill, and Pacific Railroad bill, he always supported, as he has every measure for the protection of American industry. On every occasion he has opposed the increase of the standing army, and has favored the discontinuance of West Point Military Academy on the ground that it is essentially aristocratic, anomalous, and impolitic. From the outbreak of the civil war in 1861 Mr. WADE labored incessantly for a vigorous treatment of the war, and a rigorous dealing with the enemies of the Government. On the opening of the Thirty-seventh Congress he became Chairman of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War appointed by the two Houses, and also took an active part in urging the enactment of a law to confiscate all the property of leading rebels and emancipate their slaves. He spoke and voted for the bill making treasury notes a legal tender, and for the bills abolishing slavery and the so-called black laws in the District of Columbia. As Chairman of the Territorial Committee, he reported a bill in 1862 abolishing slavery in all the Territories of the Government, and prohibiting it in any that may hereafter be acquired. Since the war he has been one of the most earnest advocates of the radical policy of Reconstruction; and his upright character and long and unswerving fidelity to the principles which command the popular approval and control the national action, naturally commended him to the Senate as their presiding officer.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1867.


## THE SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE RECONSTRUCTION BILL.

THE language is exhausted by the Southern papers in denouncing the Reconstruction bill. In their estimation it is cruel, abominable, infamous, incredible, degrading, black, devilish. Yet they are quite unanimous in the declaration that forcible resistance is useless, and they therefore advise the hopelessly oppressed and utterly subjugated "South" to remember in this hour of fearful agony that all is lost but honor, to be dignified in misfortune, patient under insult, calm amidst ruthless injustice, and to leave the issue to Him who maketh the wrath of man to praise him. The papers exhort the people of "the South" to take the attitude of a magnanimous nation which has heroically but unsuccessfully fought for the noblest cause against a fierce and remorseless tyranny; not to forget that the renown, honor, greatness, and glory of the "South" rest upon a foundation which is indestructible and immortal, and to confide themselves to the sure justice of mankind and of the ages.

All this belongs to that absurd melodrama to which "the South" is so fanatically devoted. This cheap tinsel seems to be its natural wear, and this melancholy rhodomontade its easiest expression. Does it really impose upon any sensible man in the rebel States? If any such, as is very probable, should chance to see these lines, let us remind him of the actual state of the case.

Nobody denies the desperation and heroism with which the rebels fought, nor is there any doubt of the sincerity of their declaration of faith in their cause. But in no point of view was it a noble cause. They rose against a Government which they had always controlled, and which they confessed had never oppressed them. They tried to destroy it because they thought it might oppress them hereafter. Do they suppose that mankind, with its experience of war, will justify them for such a theory of forcible revolution? And what was the oppression they feared? Simply the lawful limitation of the area of human slavery. Do they appeal to the judgment of mankind upon that possible and prospective oppression?

But, waiving this, they claim, perhaps, to have wished merely to exercise a reserved constitutional right to secede peaceably from the Union. Such a secession, of course, would have resulted in the fall of the Government and the disappearance of the United States as a national power. Do they ask mankind to consider the dissolution of a great nation, against which no accusation of oppression is urged, and toward which the eyes and hearts of the oppressed every where were turned in hope, as a glorious event? Was the substitution of thirty-seven feeble and jarring States for one commanding power so imposing an advantage to human welfare as to be sure of enlisting the gratitude and admiration of the world? Or do they rely for that final justification upon the object for which this national dissolution was sought? That object was the foundation of an empire upon ignorance and crime; upon political principles which civilization repudiates, and upon a social system which the conscience of the enlightened world abhors. Was this an object for which to summon piously the contemplation and applause of the ages?

No rhetoric about liberty can hide the fact that the rebel States sought merely the liberty to oppress; no indignant assertion of the right of State sovereignty can conceal the unimaginable crime for the unchallenged perpetration of which that sovereignty was invoked. Whether "the South" presents the "lost cause" to history and the conscience of mankind as that of slavery or of State rights, it is equally indefensible. The sole decent and tolerable point in it is the bravery with which it was maintained. It is not necessary to question the honesty of tens of thousands who fought for it, but neither can we, in the same sense, deny the sincerity of the priests who burned other men of equal sincerity for their opinions. Shall the Inquisition therefore hope for the admiration of mankind? When the Richmond *Times* talks to a world which fully understands the terrible and damning truths of the rebellion, of "Finis Poloniæ," and traditions "bright and shining with classic glory," of "garnered fame," and of "the ark of our honor floating safe and spotless," it merely compels the contempt of every generous mind. There is no spotless honor in claiming the right, constitutional or unconstitutional, to trample upon other men. There was no fame garnered at Salisbury: nor is Andersonville very bright and shining with classic glory.

And what is this wicked and unprecedented tyranny to which the States in question must now submit? Having for the purpose which we have described, and which nobody will deny, waged a war for the destruction of the nation, which, at a cost of four years fearful struggle, of three thousand millions of dollars, and of countless precious lives, has succeeded in saving its life, what is the proposed doom of the offending States? Is it the kind of justice which they would have meted had the case been reversed? Is it the policy of England toward Ireland, and of every historic power after a subdued rebellion? Is it confiscation, exile, and death? It is simply that the anarchy which the war has produced in those States, and the evidence of which is incontestible, shall be controlled by the military force of the nation until all of the people excepting—as the Richmond *Times* itself grants, in the case of Virginia—about three per cent. of the worst rebels, have adopted a Constitution which recognizes the equal rights of all citizens; while the disfranchisement of the three per cent. is not perpetual but at the pleasure of Congress. This is the "disgrace," "humiliation," "degradation," "destruction," "injustice," "persecution," "proscription," "wrong," "ruin," "outlawry," "monstrous iniquity," "calamity," "fanatical tyranny," "infamous madness," "the bitterest cup ever concocted by ingenuity and vindictiveness," to which the rebel States are doomed.

The people in the Southern States are greatly mistaken who suppose that there is any vindictiveness among loyal citizens. Revenge would take a very different form from that of the Reconstruction bill. In common with the civilized world the loyal people of this country have a very hearty contempt for the theory and the purpose of the "lost cause;" but they sincerely hope that its adherents will presently see that the cause *is* lost—that the theory of State sovereignty is overthrown—that slavery is abolished; and that the Union must be reorganized upon the original American principle of equal rights and fair play for all men. If that be the "Finis Poloniæ," the end of Poland, who will not thank God that Poland is ended?

## THE CONNECTICUT DEMOCRACY.

FROM the day that ISAAC TOUCEY, a leading Connecticut Democrat, sent all the navy out of reach at the beginning of the rebellion, and that other Connecticut Democrat, THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, denounced the war as wicked; and ever since the day when the news came of the evacuation of Richmond, and the New York *World* naïvely remarked that the Connecticut Democracy could not be expected to turn out in great force or in very high spirits under such discouraging circumstances, the Connecticut Democrats have been of the opinion that the country was going to the "demnition bow-wows." They are now fully convinced that the Constitution is destroyed and that the people are ruined, and they refuse to be comforted. They will, however—such is their patriotic and Christian spirit—make one more effort to obtain control of the State. They are willing, for the sake of resuscitating the late lamented Constitution, and of truly restoring the Union by accepting the terms offered by the late defeated rebels, to occupy the State offices and receive the emoluments of the State patronage; and when they are asked what special claims they have upon the loyal men who saved the Union and defended the Constitution, they declare that they are the true friends of the Union and the real saviours of the Constitution.

They were the political allies and friends of JEFFERSON DAVIS, and are consequently the only national party.

They were of the party of TOOMBS and WIGFALL, and are therefore the only defenders of the Constitution.

They discouraged enlistments and denounced ABRAHAM LINCOLN as a military despot, and are therefore the most faithful Union men.

They heartily supported the Chicago platform, which declared the war a failure, and are therefore the most patriotic party and the proved friends of the soldiers.

They insist upon abandoning loyal freedmen to the mercies of defeated rebels, and are therefore of a truly fraternal and magnanimous spirit.

They sneered at ANDREW JOHNSON when he declared treason to be a crime, and they applaud him when he rewards traitors, and are therefore the only party of Christian conciliation.

They vehemently deny equal rights to colored men, and are therefore the friends of the people.

They are the tool of the only aristocracy that ever existed in the country, and are therefore the "real grit hard-shell" Democracy.

If these arguments do not convince the people of Connecticut that its Democratic party which sympathized with the rebels is the only Union party in the State and country, they must be incorrigible. Yet it is not now for the first time that that Democratic party has discovered that the Constitution has been abolished. Three years ago the Milwaukee *News*, an organ of the party which now nominates Mr. ENGLISH for Governor of Connecticut, said, while Governor HAWLEY was fighting in the field for the victory which saved the Union and the Constitution from allied rebels and Copperheads: "If GRANT wins a battle, *it is in part a triumph over the fundamental law of the Government*. If SHERMAN conquers Atlanta, *an essential portion of the Constitution is thereafter dead.* If our soldiers win a victory, its glory is lost in the consciousness that a portion of its fruit is a marred and battered Constitution."

Whether the spirit which dictated these words or that which inspired the action of Governor HAWLEY, of THEODORE WINTHROP, of General SEDGWICK, and General LYON is the spirit which ought to control the State, Connecticut is quite capable of deciding for herself.

## THE DEBATE UPON IMPEACHMENT.

THE opening debate in the Fortieth Congress upon the Impeachment resolutions was not advantageous to that measure. Mr. ASHLEY's speech was hurtful to his own reputation and to his proposition. It was a mere philippic, so furious that the Speaker was compelled to call him to order, upon a subject which required the calmest and most temperate statement. Mr. ASHLEY accused the President of inciting to revolution and civil war. He insinuated a suspicion of his complicity in the assassination of his predecessor. He charged him with usurpation of power. He accused him of turning the White House into a den of thieves and pardon-brokers. He denounced the President's "drunken electioneering tour." He described him as "the moral incubus which has blotted our history with its foulest blot;" and he affirmed that "the nation cries out in agony" for his removal.

We can not but think that Mr. ASHLEY was unduly excited. It is impossible not to remember that he made the same charges in more guarded language many weeks since. Either he made them upon evidence or without evidence, and from what Mr. PHILLIPS called his "instincts." If he made them without evidence Mr. ASHLEY committed a very grave offense. But if he made charges with knowledge he could certainly, in the course of two months, have presented the proof to a committee composed of gentlemen who were certainly not unwilling to impeach. Yet after the most constant and diligent investigation the committee were not able to report that they had found adequate evidence upon which to recommend impeachment. Now if sufficient reasons for impeaching the President could not be discovered by a willing committee in a research of two months are they likely to be found at all?

The Committee reported, indeed, that the charges had not been "so entirely negatived as to admit of no discussion," and they are of opinion that there is sufficient testimony to demand further investigation. But that is merely another way of saying that, after investigating for two months, they can not find sufficient proof of the Presidential offenses, against which Mr. ASHLEY declares that "the nation cries out in agony," to justify impeachment at present. We certainly have not changed our own opinion, that if an impeachment did not carry itself—if it were not a plain state necessity clearly above the charge of party purpose in the strict sense—if it were necessary to engineer and contrive it, then it could only result in the destruction of those who attempted it. Impeachment is not a measure of partisan warfare; it is a great Constitutional remedy for national peril.

Does that peril exist? We can not find any valid proof of it in the speeches of Mr. ASHLEY, or of Mr. PHILLIPS, or of General BUTLER; nor have the Judiciary Committee been able to find it after two months of investigation. That the President has usurped powers is not denied. But the country, including General BUTLER in his letter to the Faneuil Hall meeting, condoned the usurpation at the time, and has now provided against its evil results. That he has corruptly used the pardoning power, or the appointing power, or has illegally returned property to rebels, General BUTLER charged in his speech and Mr. ASHLEY in his. But the exercise of the pardoning power and the use of the patronage are points very ill defined, and of various precedent; and unless the corruption were proved, or the misuse were flagrant, the country would not sustain an impeachment. Yet, had it been flagrant, would not the proof have been laid before the Committee during the two months of investigation?

General BUTLER, however, discarding all other charges, declared that if any man withstands the progress of the nation he must be removed by a Constitutional method. But if any man does so withstand the popular purpose, he is virtually and Constitutionally removed by being made harmless; and that is the present position of the President. He is powerless. The popular purpose is thus far maintained against him in the Constitutional way. If Mr. ASHLEY or General BUTLER can show that he is endeavoring the overthrow of the Government, or the corruption of officers, or that he refuses to execute the laws, then he can be as easily impeached as he is denounced. But when they urge his impeachment as an obstacle they surrender their case. Every President in opposition is an obstacle. Every majority in the House represents the purpose of the people. Impeach this President because he differs with this majority, and the precedent poisons all our politics. Every opposition President can then be impeached, and the House can easily dispense with him by following General BUTLER's prescription of suspending him during trial, and suffering the trial to outlast his term.

## ROBESPIERRE AND MR. JAMES BROOKS.

MR. JAMES BROOKS, a representative in Congress from New York, announces that the times upon which we have fallen remind him of the French Revolution. The American reign of terror, as our readers know, consists in keeping the peace by the sword until constitutions securing the equal rights of all citizens can be secured, while the horrors of our terrorism do not include a single political execution.

Mr. BROOKS may take heart. The people of the Northwest and of New England, of New York and Pennsylvania, are not the mob of old Paris; and the requirement that ex-rebels shall not slaughter freedmen at their pleasure but shall respect equal rights, is a little different from calling the lists of aristocrats and *suspects* at the Conciergerie for the guillotine. To liken this country now to France in her revolution may be very pretty party rhetoric, but there is not a farmer's boy in the land who does not smile at it.

There was, indeed, a moment when the mad passions of the mob of New York did truly repeat the traditional horrors of the French terrorism; a time when the ignorant Irish, inflamed by the slanders and misrepresentations and party hate of the New York *Evening Express*, edited by Mr. JAMES BROOKS, and by newspapers of a similar spirit, hunted and tortured and massacred the unfortunate and innocent colored pop-

ulation of the city. In that hour of crime, which in its fiendish spirit was the reproduction of the September massacres in Paris, what said Mr. James Brooks's paper of the murderous mob? It was not reminded of the French Revolution. It had nothing to say of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, although these were their very deeds. But it flattered that fierce and cruel mob as "enraged and outraged conscripts."

It seems to us that the editor of a paper which thus calmly contemplated the most wicked massacre and palliated and justified the July riots in New York need not affect fear of the French Revolution in legislation which has abjured blood and the gallows, and which asks that the only penalty of inciting such horrors as those of the riots shall be a practical acknowledgment of equal rights.

## PACIFIC MAIL.

Of all the favorite stocks upon the call list perhaps none have been more valuable *to hold*, or more dangerous to speculate in, than "Pacific Mail." There are those who laugh and those who mourn over the fortunes of Pacific Mail. Such as have made it a permanent investment have been wholly satisfied with its returns. To them it has proved a veritable Pactolus, through whose channels the golden sands of El Dorado have perpetually flowed to deposit themselves in the banks of Wall Street. At the same time there is no trust-worthy stock that has been more indiscriminately kicked about. It has been inflated, "cornered," "watered," and doctored in every conceivable manner; made the victim of "pools" and "rings," and the jumping-jack of wire-pulling operators.

Springing from the early California trade, Pacific Mail at once took prominent place among the leading securities. For a period of years it was little else than a financial grave-yard for unfledged operators, or rather a sort of "nightmare life in death," sometimes endowing its votaries with the wealth they preyed for; at others, laying them out stiff and cold. Its fluctuations were most wonderful. Its intrinsic merits gave it buoyancy; but while it swam bravely to-day at par, assisted by the skillful manipulations of the initiated, to-morrow some Trent affair, some rumor of foreign war, or report of a rival line to be started, would sink it almost from sight. Toward the close of 1862, when its capital stock was only $4,000,000, a clique of bold and wealthy operators formed a "pool," and bought up 25,000 shares of the stock at prices considerably above par, agreeing to hold it until 1868. The chief members of this pool were a well-known steamship king, a heavy curb-stone operator, a powerful Anglo-American banking-house, and a rich and daring financier whose operations have long been household words in the Wall Street family. Under their efforts the stock rose from 150 to 300 and over. Meanwhile the Steamship Company was earning 100 per cent. in currency out of their lucrative business.

In 1865 the Company bought out the Atlantic Mail Company's stock and privileges, giving 20,000 shares of its own stock as an equivalent. It also increased its capital to $10,000,000. After this the market-price of shares ranged from 200 to 250 until a few months ago, when the Company extended its connections to China and doubled its capital, increasing it to $20,000,000. Notwithstanding this enormous increase the stock sold at times at 170 and upward, which was rather an advance than a decline, as two shares of the new stock sold at an aggregate for considerably more than one of the old. The financial operations of the Company have always been on a grand scale; and the profits stupendous. Not long since the "pool" exchanged five millions of its stock for two millions of United States 6 per cent. bonds. This operation paid it a profit equal to an annual dividend of about 17 per cent. The last February dividend was at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum. Those who had the good fortune to buy the stock at par and hold it, have received dividends amounting to 500 per cent. in stock, besides 20 per cent. per annum in earnings, with an extra dividend indorsed upon the first increase of 40,000 shares. The Company furthermore owns large amounts of real estate, store-houses, wharves, and coal upon the Pacific coast, besides eighteen or twenty steamships, some of them as fine as any in the world. There can be no doubt, therefore, of the great intrinsic value of the stock; and the confidence reposed in it by the public is but natural. This, however, does not prevent its fluctuating wildly, for reasons already partly shown.

The present year has witnessed another of those extraordinary perturbations to which it has been subject from the first. On the 4th day of January last, the stock sold at 174; on the 6th of March it had declined to 117, then rallied again, and has since steadily improved. Just now the street is full of gossip respecting the reported failure of one of the chief operators already mentioned—a gentleman whose wealth was supposed to be something vast, and whose recent donations to various beneficiaries were not less munificent than singular in their object. It is said that this gentleman had control of a large number of shares of Pacific Mail in the interest of the pool, which he sold some months ago at seller's option, and thus induced the street to believe that he was "going short" of the stock. The "boys" thought they would catch him napping, and bought up the whole lot at the extreme rate; then found too late that they had got an elephant of the largest size. The reported failure of the large operator (if failure it be) is attributed to a concerted attack upon him by the victims of this sharp operation, which compelled him to "throw overboard" a large amount of his own stock—thus accounting, in part, for the recent decline in Pacific Mail. However, it is said that the large banking-house already referred to as being in the pool interest, is holding his head above water and may save him.

We can not vouch for the complete correctness of this theory, for the fluctuations of Pacific Mail are inscrutable. Solomon, the wise man of old, enumerated four things that were wonderful; possibly the "wise men of Gotham" are almost persuaded to regard the movements of this very mercurial stock as one of the four wonderful things of the present age.

## EX-GOVERNOR BROWN OF GEORGIA.

The late address of Ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown at Atlanta, Georgia, is the most sensible and manly speech made in the South for half a century. It is a plain and forcible statement of the situation. The orator neither whines nor spouts, but talks like a genuine American. We invoked the decision of the sword, he says, and the sword has decided. It is childish to quarrel with the result. The victors naturally and properly determine what is necessary to secure their victory; and our honor requires acquiescence in whatever is not personally dishonorable. Ex-Governor Brown does not even, like the New York *Times*, allege that the proposition of Congress is harsh, and unjust, and unconstitutional; but like a man and a statesman, having declared it inevitable, he declines to criticise it. The practical question, he says, is what the people of Georgia ought to do under the circumstances; for he is very sure that they ought to do something.

As for the passivity which is recommended by some persons the Ex-Governor declares it to be foolish and undignified. The true model for Southern action is General Lee. When he surrendered he submitted to the best terms he could get. If the people of Georgia refuse the terms now offered they will never get any better. Congress, indeed, disfranchises a highly intelligent class, but it is not a large class; and it is certainly much better to submit to such disfranchisement than to have all the white population which sided with the rebellion disfranchised, and the property of the whole people confiscated.

Nor can it be said, he continues, that acquiescence is degrading. If so, the people who acquiesced in the President's requirements are already degraded. Nor is it wise to argue that enough has been yielded, for that is a matter for the other party to decide. Moreover, inaction is really want of loyalty; and those who, with every opportunity of removal offered to them have chosen to remain in the country, have chosen its government as their government, and are bound in honor to acknowledge and support it. There is neither manliness, dignity, nor good faith in any other course, says the Ex-Governor; and he adds what follows, which we commend to the grave reflection of the people of all the States which are unorganized like Georgia:

"I am assailed because I have recommended our people to do what the conquerors require on the suffrage question. Men are gravely discussing the question whether the negro shall be allowed to vote. This is a useless waste of breath. Congress has settled that question for us. We have no power to prevent it. They are now voters. That is not now the question. It is, shall the great mass of our white men vote? If we accept the position and act upon it, the ballot will remain in the hands of nine-tenths of the white men of the South. If we refuse to do so, it will be taken from them and given to a very small class of white men and the negroes. During the war the blacks acted nobly. We sent our white men to the field, and the negroes, who knew our failure was their freedom, staid at home and acted as protectors to our families, and made support for them and their masters in the field. The fortunes of war have placed them upon terms of civil and political equality with us. Many of them have nursed our children; others have been the companions of our boyhood and the servants of our manhood. Their interests and ours must be in a great degree identical in future. What sense is there, then, in such action on our part as will alienate them and make them our enemies? I think we had better keep their friendship, and show them, by kind and just treatment, that we are their best friends. In giving this advice I trust I may not be considered as selfish. I am not courting their votes. They have no right to vote for me, as I am ineligible to office. I am caught on three horns of the dilemma, if you will allow the expression, as I have been a member of the State Senate, a Judge of the Superior Courts, and the Governor of my State, and I have taken an active part in the rebellion. While I may be denied the political privileges of a citizen I am not unconcerned about the future of the country. I have children, relatives, and friends who are not disfranchised. I wish to see their Government and their country the best it can be made."

The speech of Ex-Governor Brown is wisdom itself compared with Mr. Alexander H. Stephens's theory of the continuous right of States; and when the people of Georgia agree with Mr. Brown and utterly repudiate Mr. Stephens—when they believe, as Mr. Brown tells them, that the theories of Calhoun are utterly obsolete and absurd, they will begin to be a happy and prosperous people.

## EQUAL RIGHTS AND MATRIMONY.

A correspondent in the interior of Louisiana complains of our saying that the freedmen ought not to be intrusted to the care of those who hate them, and vehemently repels the charge. He says, indeed, that "it is false," and adds that he and his friends are "willing to do almost any thing for the sake of peace." In fact, he says they are willing to give up every thing except honor; *but*—"we don't want our daughters to marry the 'nigs.'" Our correspondent proceeds to declare that he likes the negroes. "I repeat, I like them......They are like Irishmen, as a general rule, you can do any thing you please with them provided you give them whisky." In fine, he does not think "the Southern people were right in treating their slaves as they did," but he begs that "the nigger" may not be eternally mixed up with every thing. "We are your brothers, and the negroes are hardly cousins."

It seems, then, that instead of hating the freedmen our correspondent and his friends have only a good-natured contempt for them. But if the freedmen are such simple, silly folk, pleased with whisky and tickled with a fiddle, whence comes the ludicrous fear that "our daughters" will furiously insist upon marrying them? There was a Dutch Copperhead in Pennsylvania who was heard loudly lamenting after the late election of Governor Geary. His sympathetic neighbors begged to know the cause of his distress. "Oh teer me!" replied the afflicted citizen, "Geary is elected, and now we mush marry our tauters to te niggers." That is the kind of intelligence and argument which we expect of the "Conservative" lackeys of "the South" in this part of the country. But "the South" itself should be wiser.

Let our Louisiana correspondent ask any of his Conservative friends in New York, who so zealously propitiate the Irish vote, whether they wish their daughters to marry the jintleman from Mackerelville, and whether, in order to avoid that catastrophe, they deny the right of Mackerelville to vote? Is it found that the young white women in Washington are irretrievably bent upon matrimony with the newly-enfranchised voters in the District? Here in the State of New York colored men vote upon certain conditions; but we assure our Louisiana correspondent that the mulatto population has not increased even as fast as in some States, with which he is more familiar, in which they are not allowed to vote at all. Indeed, we should not be surprised, when equal suffrage is established in Louisiana, to hear that our friend's sons and daughters continue to marry whom they please.

As for the eternal mixing of the negro in every question it is plain that, as he mixed us up in a ferocious war because he was treated as a brute, the simplest way to be relieved of the eternal mixing is to give him fair play. Louisiana, for instance, has always treated him as a chattel. How does Louisiana like it "as far as she has got?" Suppose now Louisiana should try treating him simply as a man—not a possible son-in-law.

## FAMINE AT THE SOUTH.

While we oppose to the utmost the political policy which would intrust reconstruction exclusively to those who were lately in rebellion, and while the social condition of the Southern States undoubtedly demands the measures of the military bill, we do not in the least forget the sufferings of thousands and thousands of the people in those States, and we earnestly press upon our readers the absolute necessity of immediate relief. The accounts from many parts of the South are most melancholy.

In Alabama the grain crop was very light, and fully half of the necessary supply must be imported. Every county has its destitute families, and not less than forty thousand persons must be fed by public charity. In Georgia forty-two thousand were helped last year, and this year there is even greater destitution. One of the agents of the Relief Commission reports that, upon careful inquiry, he thinks there is no more grain in the State than will last to the end of the month. In one county there were twelve hundred persons who needed immediate relief. From another county a physician writes, that in four weeks he fears that the poorer people will be dying like the Hindoos in the late famine. The same tragical story comes from other counties in the State. From many parts of South Carolina the reports are harrowing, and the universal cry is, "Help! help! for God's sake, help!"

No words are needed. The treasurer, Mr. James M. Brown, 61 Wall Street, has received about $55,000, and nearly fifty thousand bushels of corn have been bought. But more money and corn are greatly needed. Sunday, the 17th of March, is the day suggested for a general contribution in all churches, and we hope every body will go prepared to remember our unfortunate brethren.

## LITERARY.

"Hopefully Waiting, and other Verses," by Anson D. F. Randolph, is the title of a neat little volume of poems collected at the request of Mr. Scribner the publisher, to whom the work is dedicated, and by whom it is issued. The poems are full of the tenderest religious feeling, and are mainly inspired by a sad domestic experience which will commend them to a thousand hearts. There is in many of them a delightful reminiscence of George Herbert's muse; a certain quaintness of thought and form which recalls that unique religious singer without any unpleasantness of imitation. There is, too, a simplicity and modesty of tone in the little book which are most attractive, while its genuine feeling and true melody will secure for it a longer date than much poetry of greater pretension.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The President sent in no Message to the Fortieth Congress, as has been customary on the assembling of a new Congress.

In the Senate, on March 6, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to provide a republican form of government for the Southern States on the basis of the loyal voters. The bill was laid on the table to await the formation of the Committees.

A joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to provide that no State shall hereafter prohibit any of her citizens from voting or holding office on account of color was offered in the Senate on March 7.

A bill to repeal the act retroceding Alexandria County from the District of Columbia to the State of Virginia was passed in the House on March 7 by 111 yeas to 28 nays.

The Senate, on March 9, passed a joint resolution appropriating $1,000,000 for the relief of the Southern people, loyal and disloyal alike.

On March 11 Mr. Sumner's resolution declaring further guarantees required from the late rebels before the reconstruction of the Southern States can be completed, and giving one section of land to the freedmen as a homestead, was laid on the table in the Senate by a vote of 36 to 10.

The House, on March 11, adopted the Judiciary bill, supplementary to the Sherman reconstruction bill, and requiring and providing for the registration of voters in the Southern States. The vote was very large, 117 yeas to 27 nays.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

The bill for the Constitutional Convention has not yet been passed. The Senate, on March 7, adopted a bill providing for 137 delegates, empowering colored men to vote, and applying the test oath to voters. The Assembly had other views, and a conference was arranged on March 9.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, issued on March 5 a general order organizing a volunteer force in the State for three years, to act as a military police, subject to his orders as Commander-in-Chief.

The steamship *Andalusia*, of the New York and Charleston line, was burned at sea off Hatteras on March 2. Four of the crew and four male passengers were lost.

A Reconstruction Convention bill was reported in the Virginia Senate on March 9, with an amendment protesting against the unconstitutionality of Sherman's bill.

Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, the Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, and others, had an interview with General Sheridan regarding the rights of negroes to vote at the election which was to have been held on March 11, when they were informed that if the negroes were not allowed to vote the election would be null. A bill was immediately passed in the House postponing the proposed election. Apprehending difficulties between the whites and negroes General Sheridan on March 10 prohibited the election.

A caucus of the Republican Members of Congress was held at Washington on March 6. The majority were clearly in favor of the impeachment of the President.

Governor Bullock, of Massachusetts, with consent of Council, has appointed George L. Ruffin (colored) a Justice of the Peace for the County of Suffolk.

Robert Lincoln, the eldest son of the late President Lincoln, has been admitted to the bar of Illinois.

Those who anticipate a visit to Paris during the exhibition may feel assured that, notwithstanding the multitudes who will be present in the city at that time, it is altogether probable that all will be able to procure something good to eat at a reasonable rate—a thing which our citizens can not do at home. It is said that the proprietor of the Hotel de France, Madrid, offers to supply four hundred thousand dinners—consisting of soup and three dishes—for one franc each at Paris during the exhibition.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### THE IRISH UPRISING.

The abortive Fenian insurrection of last month in Kerry County, Ireland, has been followed by another more formidable in proportions. It was begun on March 5, and extended through several of the south-eastern counties. Simultaneous demonstrations occurred on that day and night near Cork, Dublin, and at Drogheda, as well as other minor points along the Cork and Dublin Railroad. The Drogheda barracks were attacked; the town of Tallaght, eight miles south of Dublin, was temporarily occupied by a Fenian force estimated at 1000 men; another large body appeared in County Limerick, while a fourth demonstration was made at Castlemartyr. In each case where the demonstration resulted in engagements with the troops the Fenians were defeated. The only advantage which they appear to have gained was the interruption of the railroad from Cork to Dublin—a temporary advantage only, as the road was soon repaired and again in running order. After their first futile demonstrations the various Fenian bands moved toward the mountains of Tipperary, where on March 9 they had concentrated before the town of Tipperary, near the junction of the Cork and Dublin with the Limerick and Waterford railroads—a strategic point of great importance, the control of which by the Fenians would undoubtedly be of great disadvantage to the Government forces. The English troops had pursued the Fenians to the mountains, and after a skirmish or two at Kilfinnan and Clonmel, had also concentrated near Tipperary town, where a battle was anticipated; but none had occurred up to March 12, and the country was represented to be quiet.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Earl Carnarvon, in moving the second reading of the bill establishing the British North American Confederation, expressed the opinion that the proposed territory would "become greater than England, and second only to Russia."

The Reform bill, which was to have been presented in the House of Commons on March 11, was deferred.

Dates from Mexico to February 28 report the Liberal army, under Escobedo, and the Imperial forces, under the Emperor in person, were concentrated near Queretaro, both parties prepared for battle.

The war in Crete continues. On February 13 and 14 eight thousand Turks were defeated by the Christians near Gerakari, losing two guns, five flags, one hundred mules, and many prisoners.

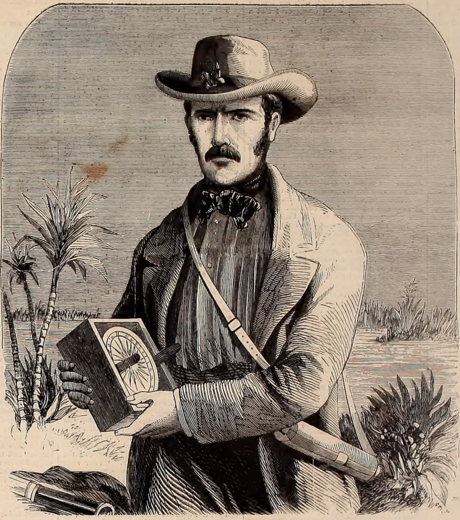
THE INDIAN BATTLE AND MASSACRE NEAR FORT PHILIP KEARNEY, DACOTAH TERRITORY, December 21, 1866.—[See Page 188.]

## Dr. LIVINGSTONE.

A cable telegram announces the murder by Caffre savages in South Africa of Dr. David Livingstone, one of the most famous of African explorers.

Dr. Livingstone was a native of the little village of Blantyre, in Scotland, where he was born in 1815; and in early life was employed in a cotton-mill, as a piecer-boy. But in the midst of his daily labor he was smitten with a desire to learn from books; and earning money as a spinner in the summer months, he went to Glasgow to school in the winter, and there laid the foundation for those studies that have had such splendid fruits in his maturer life. He was engaged, however, in the spinning business up to the year 1840, when, at the age of twenty-five, with a mind improved by education, and a heart filled with a burning desire to be useful to his fellow-men in dark parts of the earth, he entered into the service of the London Missionary Society. His studies had been medical as well as religious, and, like Parker in China, House in Siam, and Grant in Persia, he aimed at doing good to the bodies as well as the souls of his fellow-men. The Society sent him out to Africa, and he stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was at first employed in astronomical pursuits. This was not the object by any means of his mission, for he was expected to push on into the interior to take charge of the Kuruman mission station. In June, 1849, he set out on his first exploring expedition, and the ensuing August reached Lake Ngami, as unknown then as it has since been made familiar. In 1851, after several more expeditions of less importance, he made one in which he reached the Zambesi. In 1852 he had a casual glimpse of civilization again for the first time in twelve years, on a trip to Capetown undertaken for the purpose of sending his wife to England. Mrs. Livingstone was the daughter of the African missionary Moffat; her husband had met and married her in Africa, and it was there that she met her death some two years since, after a participation in nearly all the hardships of his life. In January, 1853, he left Capetown, on the journey out of which he made his first book—"Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," published in 1857 by Harper & Brothers. In this journey he went through with very notable pluck as many difficulties and discomforts as would have sufficed to discourage a dozen ordinary men, and he ended it in May, 1856, four years after he started, at Quilimane, on the Indian Ocean, having traversed the continent from ocean to ocean, for a distance of very near nine thousand miles, with (and without) all conceivable kinds of conveyance. He found a British gun-boat at Quilimane, and made the passage in her to the Mauritius, and so home by the overland route. He arrived home in England in December, 1856, and was of course made a lion of. Numerous public meetings were held in his honor, at which he found that his long absence and his disuse of his mother tongue had made him so unskillful in it that he was unable to express himself to the satisfaction of himself or his audiences. His book came out in 1857, carrying his popularity throughout Great Britain and America.

But he turned his back on his successes, and sailed for the second time in March, 1857. The Government had given him the consulate at Quilimane, and he made this place the *point d'appui* for his next important expedition, in which he was accompanied by a party of *savans*. The course taken was up the River Zambezi, and the results of his voyage are recorded in his second book—"Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambezi and its Tributaries," published by Harper & Brothers in 1866, and which is in every body's library. Last year he returned the third time to Africa, and we have since heard of him only in a vague way and at long intervals, until the announcement of his death reached us.



THE LATE DR. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

## THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

We might well fancy that it was in one of Nature's freaks that it formed the huge and uncouth animal whose portrait in various attitudes appears on this page. As bulky as the elephant or rhinoceros, and possessing some points of resemblance to those quadrupeds, it is at the same time entirely distinct in ap-

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, OR RIVER HORSE.

pearance, and more ungainly than either. By naturalists it is ranked among the pachydermatous, or thick-skinned animals, as a family in itself; and by the most casual observer it will be recognized as unlike any other inhabitant of land or river.

It is but rarely now that the hippopotamus, or river horse, as the name implies, is seen alive in this country. It is found only in Africa, but it is very widely diffused over that division of the globe. On the Western Coast there exists a species smaller than any met with elsewhere, and distinguished from the other members of the family by having two only instead of four foreteeth or incisors. In the Nile the hippopotamus abounds, and the first specimen brought to this country from its native land was captured in that river.

In height the hippopotamus is usually about five feet when full grown, and its remarkably clumsy appearance is due, in great measure, to the shortness of its legs, which leave the belly almost touching the ground. The head is very large, the jaws enormous, and the eyes and ears small. The teeth are very formidable in appearance, but their chief use is to cut and tear the grass and tropical vegetation on which the animal feeds; and this it does so cleanly that the feeding-ground over which it may have gone is left as smooth as if it had been cut by a scythe.

The animal inhabits the rivers and lakes chiefly by day, and leaves them at night to prowl along the adjacent plains in search of food. It causes immense damage among the growing crops on its way, not only by satisfying its own wants, but still more by trampling down the grain in its lumbering progress. The cultivators on either side of the rivers which it haunts endeavor to protect themselves against its depredations by sinking pitfalls, in the middle of which sharp-pointed stakes are set, and in these the animals frequently fall and are captured. Sometimes the hippopotamus is also taken by harpooning in the rivers, or is shot by the rifle. The thickness of its skin—one inch and a half or two inches on the back—renders it difficult to inflict upon it a mortal wound; but it is most vulnerable in the head or under the shoulder.

The flesh of the hippopotamus is highly esteemed, and its skin is used for a variety of useful purposes; but the ivory of its teeth is the most valuable portion of the animal's body, and forms a staple article of commerce.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

## Book III.—Heaping up Riches.

### CHAPTER VII.

AUNT SARAH.

After that interview in Gray's Inn there were more interviews of a like character. Valentine received further instructions from George Sheldon, and got himself posted up in the Haygarthian history, so far as the lawyer's information furnished the materials for such posting. But the sum total of Mr. Sheldon's information seemed very little to his coadjutor when the young man looked the Haygarthian business full in the face, and considered what he had to do. He felt very much like a young prince in the fairy tale who has been bidden to go forth upon an adventurous journey in a trackless forest, where, if he escape all manner of lurking dangers, and remember innumerable injunctions, such as not to utter a single syllable during the whole course of his travels, or look over his left shoulder, or pat any strange dog, or gather forest fruit or flower, or look at his own reflection in mirror or water-pool, shining brazen shield, or jeweled helm, he will ultimately find himself before the gates of an enchanted castle, to which he may or may not obtain admittance.

Valentine fancied himself in the position of this favorite young prince. The trackless forest was the genealogy of the Haygarths; and in the enchanted castle he was to find the crown of success in the shape of three thousand pounds. Could he marry Charlotte on the strength of those three thousand pounds, if he were so fortunate as to unravel the tangled skein of the Haygarth history? Ah, no; that black-whiskered, stock-broking step-father would ask for something more than three thousand pounds from the man to whom he gave his wife's daughter.

"He will try to marry her to some rich City swell, I dare say," thought Valentine; "I should be no nearer her with three thousand pounds for my fortune than I am without a sixpence. The best thing I can do for her happiness and my own is to turn my back upon her, and devote myself to hunting the Haygarths. It's rather hard, too, just as I have begun to fancy that she likes me a little."

In the course of those interviews in Gray's Inn, which occurred before Valentine took any active steps in his new pursuit, certain conditions were agreed upon between him and Mr. Sheldon. The first and most serious of these conditions was, that Captain Paget should be in nowise enlightened as to his protégé's plans. This was a strong point with George Sheldon. "I have no doubt Paget's a very good fellow," he said. It was his habit to call every body a good fellow. He would have called Nana Sahib a good fellow, and would have made some good-natured excuse for any peccadilloes on the part of that potentate. "Paget's an uncommonly agreeable man, you know; but he's not the man I should care to trust with *this* kind of secret." Mr. Sheldon said this with a tone that implied his willingness to trust Captain Paget with every other kind of secret, from the contents of his japanned office-boxes to the innermost mysteries of his soul.

"You see Paget is thick with my brother Phil," he resumed; "and whenever I find a man thick with my relations I make it a point to keep clear of that man myself. Relations never have worked well in harness, and never will work well in harness. It seems to be against nature. Now, Phil has a dim kind of idea of the game I want to play, in a general way, but nothing more than a dim idea. He fancies I'm a fool, and that I'm wasting my time and trouble. I mean him to stick to that notion. For, you see, in a thing of this kind there's always the chance of other people cutting in and spoiling a man's game. Of course, that advertisement I read to you was seen by other men besides me, and may have been taken up. My hope is that whoever has taken it up has gone in for the female branch, and got himself snowed up under a heap of documentary evidence about the Judsons. That's another reason why we should put our trust in Matthew Haygarth. The Judson line is the obvious line to follow, and there are very few who would think of hunting up evidence for a hypothetical first marriage until they had exhausted the Judsons. Now, I rely upon you to throw dust in Paget's eyes, so there may be no possibility of my brother getting wind of our little scheme through *him*."

"I'll take care of that," answered Valentine; "he doesn't want me just now. He's in very high feather, riding about in broughams and dining at West-End taverns. He won't be sorry to get rid of me for a short time."

"But what'll be your excuse for leaving town? He'll be sure to want a reason, you know."

"I'll invent an aunt at Ullerton, and tell him I'm going down to stop with her."

"You'd better not say Ullerton; Paget might take it into his head to follow you down there in order to see what sort of person your aunt was, and whether she had any money. Paget's an excellent fellow, but there's never any knowing what that sort of man will do. You'd better throw him off the scent altogether. Plant your aunt in Surrey—say Dorking."

"But if he should want to write to me?"

"Tell him to address to the post-office, Dorking, as your aunt is inquisitive, and might tamper with your correspondence. I dare say his letters will keep."

"He could follow me to Dorking as easily as to Ullerton."

"Of course he could," answered George Sheldon, "but then you see at Dorking the most he could find out would be that he'd been made a fool of; whereas if he followed you to Ullerton he might ferret out the nature of your business there."

Mr. Hawkehurst perceived the wisdom of this conclusion, and agreed to make Dorking the place of his relative's abode.

"It's very near London," he suggested thoughtfully; "the Captain might easily run down."

"And for that very reason he's all the less likely to do it," answered the lawyer; "a man who thinks of going to a place within an hour's ride of town knows he can go any day, and is likely to think of going to the end of the chapter without carrying out his intention. A man who resolves to go to Manchester or Liverpool has to make his arrangements accordingly, and is likely to put his idea into practice. The people who live on Tower-hill very seldom see the inside of the Tower. It's the good folks who come up for a week's holiday from Yorkshire and Cornwall who know all about the Crown jewels and John of Gaunt's armor. Take my advice, and stick to Dorking."

Acting upon this advice, Valentine Hawkehurst lay in wait for the Promoter that very evening. He went home early, and was seated by a cheery little bit of fire, such as an Englishman likes to see at the close of a dull autumn day, when that accomplished personage returned to his lodgings.

"Deuced tiresome work," said the Captain, as he smoothed the nap of his hat with that caressing tenderness of manipulation peculiar to the man who is not very clear as to the means whereby his next hat is to be obtained—"deuced slow, brain-belaboring work! How many people do you think I've called upon to-day, eh, Val? Seven-and-thirty! What do you say to that? Seven-and-thirty interviews, and some of them very tough ones. I think that's enough to take the steam out of a man."

"Do the moneyed swells bite?" asked Mr. Hawkehurst, with friendly interest.

"Rather slowly, my dear Val, rather slowly. The mercantile fisheries have been pretty well whipped of late years, and the fish are artful—they are uncommonly artful, Val. Indeed I'm not quite clear at this present moment as to the kind of fly they'll rise to most readily. I'm half inclined to be doubtful whether your gaudy pheasant-feather, your brougham and lavender-kid business, *is* the right thing for your angler. It has been overdone, Val, considerably overdone; and I shouldn't wonder if a sober little brown fly—a shabby old chap in a rusty great-coat with a cotton umbrella under his arm—wouldn't do the trick better. That sort of thing would look rich, you see, Val, rich and eccentric; and I think, on occasions—with a *very* downy bird—I'd even go so far as a halfp'orth of snuff in a screw of paper. I really think a pinch of snuff out of a bit of paper, taken at the right moment, might turn the tide of a transaction."

Impressed by the brilliancy of this idea, Captain Paget abandoned himself for the moment to profound meditation, seated in his favorite chair, and with his legs extended before the cheerful blaze. He always had a favorite chair in every caravansary wherein he rested in his manifold wanderings, and he had an unerring instinct which guided him in the selection of the most comfortable chair, and that one corner, to be found in every room, which is a sanctuary secure from the incursions of Boreas.

The day just ended had evidently not been a lucky one, and the Captain's gaze was darkly meditative as he looked into the ruddy little fire.

"I think I'll take a glass of cold water with a dash of brandy in it, Val," he said presently; and he said it with the air of a man who rarely tasted such a beverage; whereas it was as habitual with him to sit sipping brandy-and-water for an hour or so before he went to bed as it was for him to light his chamber-candle. "That fellow Sheldon knows how to take care of himself," he remarked, thoughtfully, when Valentine had procured the brandy-and-water. "Try some of that cognac, Val; it's not bad. To tell you the truth, I'm beginning to get sick of this promoting business. It pays very little better than the India-rubber agency, and it's harder work. I shall look about me for something fresh, if Sheldon doesn't treat me handsomely. And what have you been doing for the last day or two?" asked the Captain, with a searching glance at his protégé's face. "You're always hanging about Sheldon's place; but you don't seem to do much business with him. You and his brother George seem uncommonly thick."

"Yes, George suits me better than the stock-broker. I never could get on very well with your ultra-respectable men. I'm as ready to 'undertake a dirty job' as any man; but I don't like a fellow to offer me dirty work and pretend it's clean."

"Ah, he's been getting you to do a little of the bear business, I suppose," said the Captain. "I don't see that your conscience need trouble you about that. Among a commercial people money must change hands. I can't see that it much matters how the change takes place."

"No, to be sure; that's a comfortable way of putting it, at any rate. However, I'm tired of going about in the ursine guise, and I'm going to cut it. I've an old aunt settled at Dorking who has got a little bit of money to leave, and I think I'll go and look her up."

"An aunt at Dorking! I never heard of her before."

"Oh yes you have," answered Mr. Hawkehurst with supreme nonchalance; "you've heard of her often enough, only you've a happy knack of not listening to other people's affairs. But you must have been wrapped up in yourself with a vengeance if you don't remember to have heard me speak of my aunt—Sarah."

"Well, well, it may be so," murmured the Captain, almost apologetically. "Your aunt Sarah? Ah, to be sure; I have some recollection: is she your father's sister?"

"No, she's the sister of my maternal grandmother—a great-aunt, you know. She has a comfortable little place down at Dorking, and I can get free quarters there whenever I like; so as you don't particularly want me just now, I think I'll run down to her for a week or two."

The Captain had no objection to offer to this very natural desire on the part of his adopted son; nor did he concern himself as to the young man's motive for leaving London.

### CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLOTTE PROPHESIES RAIN.

Mr. Hawkehurst had no excuse for going to the Lawn before his departure; but the stately avenues between Bayswater and Kensington are free to any man; and, having nothing better to do, Valentine put a shabby little volume of Balzac in his pocket and spent his last morning in town under the shadow of the mighty elms, reading one of the great Honoré's gloomiest romances, while the autumn leaves drifted round him, dancing fairy measures on the grass, and scraping and scuffling on the gravel, and while children with hoops and children with balls scampered and screamed in the avenue by which he sat. He was not particularly absorbed by his book. He had taken it hap-hazard from the tattered collection of cheap editions which he carried about with him in his wanderings, ignominiously stuffed into the bottom of a portmanteau, among boots and clothes-brushes and disabled razors.

"I'm sick of them all," he thought; "the de Beauseants, and Rastignacs, the German Jews, and the patrician beauties, and the Israelitish Circes of the Rue Taitbout, and the sickly self-sacrificing provincial angels, and the ghastly *vieilles filles*. Had that man ever seen such a woman as Charlotte, I wonder—a bright creature, all smiles and sunshine, and sweet impulsive tenderness; an angel who can be angelic without being *poitrinaire*, and whose amiability never degenerates into debility. There is an odor of the dissecting-room pervading all my friend Balzac's novels, and I don't think he was capable of painting a fresh, healthy nature. What a mass of disease he would have made Lucy Ashton, and with what dismal relish he would have dilated upon the physical sufferings of Amy Robsart in the confinement of Cumnor Hall! No, my friend Honoré, you are the greatest and grandest of painters of the terrible school; but the time comes when a man sighs for something brighter and better than your highest type of womanhood."

Mr. Hawkehurst put his book in his pocket, and abandoned himself to meditation, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees and his face buried in his hands, unconscious of the trundling hoops and screaming children.

"She is better and fairer than the fairest heroine of a novel," he thought. "She is like Heloise. Yes, the quaint old French fits her to a nicety:

'Elle ne fu oscure ne brune,
Ains fu clere comme la lune,
Envers qui les autres estoiles
Ressemblent petites chandoiles.'

Mrs. Browning must have known such a woman:

'Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace:
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face;

and yet

'She was not as pretty as women I know.'

Was she not?" mused the lover. "Is she not? Yes," he cried suddenly, as he saw a scarlet petticoat gleaming in the distance, and a bright, young face under a little black turban hat—prettiest and most bewitching of all feminine head-gear, let fashion change as it may. "Yes," he cried, "she is the loveliest creature in the world, and I love her to distraction."

He rose, and went to meet the loveliest creature in the world, whose earthly name was Charlotte Halliday. She was walking with Diana Paget, who, to more sober judges, might have seemed the handsomer woman of the two. Alas for Diana! the day had been when Valentine Hawkehurst considered her very handsome, and had need to fight a hard battle with himself in order not to fall in love with her. He had been conqueror in that struggle of prudence and honor against nascent love, only to be vanquished utterly by Charlotte's brighter charms and Charlotte's sunnier nature.

The two girls shook hands with Mr. Hawkehurst. An indifferent observer might have perceived that the color faded from the face of one, while a blush mounted to the cheeks of the other. But Valentine did not see the sudden pallor of Diana's face—he had eyes only for Charlotte's blushes. Nor did Charlotte herself perceive the sudden change in her dearest friend's countenance. And that perhaps is the bitterest sting of all. It is not enough that some must weep while others play; the mourners must weep unnoticed, unconsoled; happiness is so apt to be selfish.

Of course the conversation was the general sort of thing under the given circumstances—just a little more inane and disjointed than the ordinary small talk of people who meet each other in their walks abroad.

"How do you do, Mr. Hawkehurst? Very well, thank you. Mamma is very well; at least no, not quite well; she has one of her headaches this morning. She is rather subject to headache, you know; and the canaries sing so loud. Don't the canaries sing abominably loud, Diana?—loudly they would have made me say at Hyde Lodge; but it is only awfully clever people who know when to use adverbs."

And Miss Halliday having said all this in a hurried and indeed almost breathless manner, stopped suddenly, blushing more deeply than at first, and painfully aware of her blushes. She looked imploringly at Diana; but Diana would not come to the rescue; and this morning Mr. Hawkehurst seemed a man struck with a sudden dumbness.

There followed presently a little discussion of the weather. Miss Halliday was possessed by the conviction that there would be rain—possibly not immediate rain, but before the afternoon inevitable rain—Valentine thought not; was indeed positively certain there would be no rain; had a vague idea that the wind was in the north; and quoted a dreary Joe-Millerism to prove the impossibility of rain while the wind came from that quarter. Miss Halliday and Mr. Hawkehurst held very firmly to their several opinions, and the argument was almost a quarrel; one of those little playful quarrels which form one of the most delicious phases of a flirtation.

"I would not mind wagering a fortune—if I had one—on the certainty of rain," cried Charlotte, with kindling eyes.

"And I would not shrink from staking my existence on the conviction that there would be no rain," exclaimed Valentine, looking with undisguised tenderness at the glowing, animated face.

Diana Paget took no part in that foolish talk about the possibilities of the weather. She walked silently by the side of her friend Charlotte, as far away from her old comrade, it seemed to her, as if the Atlantic's wild waste of waters had stretched between them. The barrier that divided them was only Charlotte; but then Miss Paget knew too well that Charlotte in this case meant all the world.

The ice had been broken by that discussion as to rain or no rain; and Miss Halliday and Mr. Hawkehurst talked pleasantly for some time, while Diana still walked silently by her friend's side, only speaking when compelled to do so. The strangeness of her manner would have been observed by any one not utterly absorbed by that sublime egotism called love; but Valentine and Charlotte were so absorbed, and had no idea that Miss Paget was any thing but the most delightful and amusing of companions.

They had taken more than one turn in the broad avenue, when Charlotte asked Mr. Hawkehurst some question about a piece which was speedily to be played at one of the theatres.

"I do so much want to see this new French actress," she said. "Do you think there is any possibility of obtaining orders, Mr. Hawkehurst? You know what a dislike Mr. Sheldon has to paying for admission to a theatre, and my pocket-money was exhausted three weeks ago, or I wouldn't think of giving you any trouble about it."

Philosophers have observed that in the life of the plainest woman there is one inspired moment in which she becomes beautiful. Perhaps it is when she is asking a favor of some masculine victim—for women have a knack of looking their prettiest on such occasions. Charlotte Halliday's pleading glance and insinuating tone were irresistible. Valentine would have given a lien on every shilling of his three thousand pounds rather than disappoint her, if gold could purchase the thing she craved. It happened fortunately that his occasional connection with news-

papers made it tolerably easy for him to obtain free admissions to theatres.

"Do not speak of the trouble; there will be no trouble. The orders shall be sent you, Miss Halliday."

"Oh, thanks; a thousand thanks! Would it be possible to get a box, and for us all to go together?" asked the fair encroacher; "mamma is so fond of the theatre. She used to go often with poor papa, at York and in London. And you are such an excellent critic, Mr. Hawkehurst, and it would be so nice to have you with us; wouldn't it, Di? You know what a good critic Mr. Hawkehurst is?"

"Yes," answered Diana; "we used to go to theatres together very often."

This was a cry of anguish wrung from a bleeding heart; but to the two absorbed egotists it seemed the simplest of casual observations.

"Do you think you could manage to get a box, Mr. Hawkehurst?" asked the irresistible enslaver, putting her head on one side, in a manner which, for the protection of weak mankind, should be made penal.

"I will try my uttermost?" answered Valentine.

"Oh, then, I'm sure you will succeed. And we shall be amused by your deliciously bitter criticisms between the acts. One would think you had studied under Douglas Jerrold."

"You do me too much honor. But before the new piece is produced I shall have left London, and shall not have the pleasure of accompanying you to the theatre."

"You are going to leave London?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"So soon!" cried Charlotte, with undisguised regret; "and for a long time, I suppose?" she added, very mournfully.

Miss Paget gave a little start, and a feverish flush lit up her face for one brief moment.

"I am glad he is going," she thought; "I am very glad he is going."

"Yes," said Valentine, in reply to Charlotte's inquiry, "I am likely to be away for a considerable time; indeed my plans are at present so vague, that I can not tell when I may come back to town."

He could not resist the temptation to speak of his absence as if it were likely to be the affair of a lifetime. He could not refrain from the delight of sounding the pure depths of that innocent young heart. But when the tender gray eyes looked at him, so sweet in their sudden sadness, his heart melted, and he could trifle with her unconscious love no longer.

"I am going away on a matter of business," he said, "which may, or may not occupy some time; but I don't suppose I shall be many weeks away from London."

Charlotte gave a little sigh of relief.

"And are you going very far?" she asked.

"Some distance; yes—a—hundred and fifty miles or so," Valentine answered very lamely. It had been an easy thing to invent an ancient aunt Sarah for the mystification of the astute Horatio; but Valentine Hawkehurst could not bring himself to tell Charlotte Halliday a deliberate falsehood. The girl looked at him wonderingly as he gave that hesitating answer to her question. She was at a loss to understand why he did not tell her the place to which he was going, and the nature of the business that took him away.

She was very sorry that he was going to disappear out of her life for a time so uncertain, that while on the one hand it might be only a few weeks, it might on the other hand be forever. The life of a young English damsel, in a prim villa at Bayswater, with a very commonplace mother and a practical stock-broking step-father, is rather a narrow kind of existence; and to such a damsel the stranger whose hand lifts the curtain that shrouds new and brighter worlds is apt to become a very important personage, especially when the stranger happens to be young and handsome, and invested with that dash of Bohemianism which to artless and sentimental girlhood has such a flavor of romance.

Charlotte was very silent as she retraced her steps along the broad gravel-walk. As they drew near the Bayswater gate she looked at her watch. It was nearly one o'clock, and she had promised Mrs. Sheldon to be home at one for luncheon, and afterward shopping.

"I'm afraid we must hurry home, Di," she said.

"I am quite ready to go," answered Miss Paget promptly. "Good-by, Valentine."

"Good-by, Diana; good-by, Miss Halliday."

Mr. Hawkehurst shook hands with both young ladies; but shaking hands with Charlotte was a very slow process compared to the same performance with Diana.

"Good-by," he repeated, in a lingering tone; and then, after standing for some moments, silent and irresolute, with his hat in his hand, he put it on suddenly and hurried away.

The two girls had walked a few steps toward the gate when Charlotte stopped before a stony-looking alcove, which happened at this nursery-dinner-hour to be empty.

"I'm so tired, Di," she said, and went into the alcove, where she sat down to rest. She had a little veil attached to her turban hat—a little veil which she now drew over her face. The tears gathered slowly in her eyes and fell through that flimsy morsel of lace with which she would fain have hidden her childish sorrow. The tears gathered and fell on her lap as she sat in silence, pretending not to cry. This much rain at least was there to justify her prediction, uttered in such foolish gayety of heart half an hour before.

Miss Halliday's eyes were undimmed by tears when she went back to the Gothic villa; but she had a feeling that some great sorrow had come upon her—a vague idea that the last lingering warmth and brightness of summer had faded all in a moment, and that chill, gray winter had closed in upon Bayswater without any autumnal interval. What was it that she had lost? Only the occasional society of a young man with a handsome, pale face, a little haggard and wan from the effect of dissipated habits and a previous acquaintance with care and difficulty—only the society of a penniless Bohemian who had a certain disreputable cleverness and a dash of gloomy sentimentality, which the school-girl mistook for genius. But then he was the first man whose eyes had ever softened with a mysterious tenderness as they looked at her—the first whose voice had grown faintly tremulous when it syllabled her name.

There was some allusion to Mr. Hawkehurst's departure in the course of dinner, and Philip Sheldon expressed some surprise.

"Going to leave town?" he said.

"Yes, papa," Charlotte answered; "he is going a long way into the country—a hundred-and-fifty miles, he said."

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"No; he seemed unwilling to mention the place. He only said something about a hundred-and-fifty miles."

## LOVE.

LOVE is like a little bee,
Bearing honey joyfully;
But the bee its honey brings
With its murmurs and its stings.
I'll complain not—let me know
Love with all its joy and woe;
If my love her honey brings,
I will bear her songs and stings.

## STONE'S LOVE AFFAIR.

IT was agreed on all hands that Ned Stone was a very practical fellow. By some this may have been said of him disparagingly; though others undoubtedly applied the words in a complimentary sense. Practicality has its eulogists; but it has also its censors. There are people who will find fault with prose because it isn't poetry; the same sort of people consistently denounce practicality because of its deficiency in speculativeness. For it is a common form of criticism to condemn a thing not so much for being what it is as for not being something else; that desiderated something else being, in most cases, something entirely antipodean and irrelevant to the original and disrelished thing.

If Ned Stone had ever heard fault found with him on the score that he *was* practical, and that he *wasn't* poetical, he might have answered with Mistress Audrey—supposing (and it's a doubtful case) that he was informed of the existence of that rustic—"I do not know what poetical is; is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?" Certainly in both word and deed he was himself honest and true. For things that were otherwise he was quite without sympathy. Indeed, he was for the most part without knowledge concerning them; being a simple, straightforward gentleman, who went his own way, lived his own life, did what it fell to his lot to do, in a curiously sober, steady, homely fashion. He never swerved to the right or to the left. It did not occur to him, apparently, to deviate from a compact plan of consistent conduct. He never seemed to say any thing he did not mean, or to mean any thing he did not say; the while his openness had not about it that element of offensiveness which characterizes the unreserve of some people, with whom "speaking their minds," as they phrase it, is rather like cracking a bad egg—an operation better pretermitted than performed.

Ned Stone's mind ran pure and clear as a brook. You were of course at liberty, if such was your humor, to deride it as being merely a water-brook after all—preferring a fount of strong claret, perhaps. Still the former, be it remembered, is available at all times, and delectable ever in its own mild way; whereas the latter is only for occasions of festivity at long intervals, never running for any protracted period, nor always quite clear, and, with all its charms, capable upon provocation of giving you a headache or of throwing you into a fever.

He was a broker in the City—nothing more nor less than that. Whether his labors and profits had to do with tea or sugar, or ships or stock, I am not certain. I found it sufficient to know that he was a broker of some kind in the City. The fact conveyed a certain idea to my mind. If I had sought to enlarge the idea by clarifying the fact, I might have found myself less enlightened than further confused about the matter; for inquiry, I notice, often bewilders as much as it instructs. He had been very poor at one time of his life, and had had to work very hard. His industry, however, had in the end met with its due reward. Arrived at middle age, he was very comfortably circumstanced: and he saw no reason to doubt that his prosperity would continue. When he announced to his friends, therefore, that he thought of taking to himself a wife, it was felt generally that the step he meditated was a prudent and proper one, and only what might, under all the circumstances of the case, have been reasonably expected. And when he further stated that he had made an offer of his hand to one Miss Georgina Warren, the daughter of a wealthy East-India merchant, and that his offer had been accepted by that lady, we of course hastened to tender him our hearty congratulations on the happy occasion. When I say "we," I must not be understood as employing the editorial first person plural by way of veiling my own individuality, but as speaking on behalf of myself and various other friends of Ned Stone's, who were also *my* friends, and who cordially agreed with me in wishing joy to our friend upon the proposed important change in his life.

Ned Stone spoke of the matter in his own simple, sober way.

"Well, you know I'm getting on," he said, "and if I am ever to marry, it's about time I should think of setting about it. A few years hence it will be too late. I shall be settled down then in a bachelor kind of life, have adopted bachelor views and habits, and bachelor ways of looking at things, which I shouldn't be able to alter or get out of at any price. A few years ago I couldn't have afforded it, to put the matter plainly, and so it was out of the question. But I always looked forward to getting married when I could afford it; and so now, when I *can* afford it, I'm going to carry out the notion. You're very kind. I think I shall be happy—in fact, I've no doubt about it—as happy as a fellow has any right to expect to be. One ought not to expect too much, of course. But I'm fond, in my way, of this Georgina Warren; and I think that she, in her way, is fond of me. She is not too young, nor too old; not too good-looking, nor too plain. She's sensible enough, and accomplished enough; and I don't see why she shouldn't make me a very good kind of wife; and, similarly, I don't see why I shouldn't make her a very good kind of husband. I know I'll do all I can to make her happy and comfortable, and I've no doubt she'll do the same on her side. What more is there to be said? Perhaps I'm not very fond of old Warren, the father, and perhaps also old Warren, the father, isn't very fond of me. But still I don't see that that need matter very much. I dare say we shall understand each other better by-and-by; meantime we must rub on as well as we can; and I must try and make the best of the old gentleman's humors, and not run counter to him more than I can avoid. We needn't be meeting so very often, you know. And it seems to me that the old fellow would be no fonder of any body else who might want to marry his daughter than he is of ——. And if Georgina likes me (and she says she does), and if I like Georgina (and I know I do), that seems to me the chief part of the business. I don't think I need trouble myself much about the old man's views on the subject. You see it's *our* affair—Georgina's and mine—and not *his*; though it's hard to make him see it in that light. But I dare say it will all come right in the end. That's what I tell Georgina when she takes up with rather gloomy views about her father's temper. She's very good sense, and I think she looks at the matter very much as I do—only, of course, she can't help feeling that he *is* her father; whereas, thank goodness, he is not mine. I'm much obliged to you all for your good wishes, I say again."

It will be seen that Ned Stone was not a lover to "sigh like a furnace." As for "writing a woeful ballad to his mistress's eyebrow," I don't fancy he could have accomplished such a feat, even if his life had depended on his doing so. His pulse beat ever steadily and punctually. The thermometer of his love stood at temperate, with no tendency toward a rise. Let Cupid do all he could it did not seem that he was able to work very vital changes in these respects. Stone, it was evident, persisted in contemplating love and marriage from the prosaic and practical point of view. Notions of poetry and sentiment on those or any other subjects were not possible to him. His constitutional serenity refused to be disturbed at all by "the quotidian of love." There was nothing about him demonstrating "a careless desolation." The "marks of love," as they are ordinarily understood, were not discernible upon him. He was indeed a great disappointment to conventional ideas in relation to the lover. Many perhaps would be inclined to think that he was not to be regarded as a lover at all; that he was simply a man going to be married, which character does not necessarily involve the former more attractive and showy *rôle*. Certainly he did not attitudinize or speechify or behave in the eccentric way which is popularly expected of a lover. He affected no particular raptures as to the proposed change in his life, though he looked forward to it with a sort of calm satisfaction. He never said a word as to the agitated state of his breast, or the excitement of his feelings. He did not regard Miss Warren as an angel or a goddess; probably he would have been the first to contradict any allegation that might have been made to the effect that she was any thing of the kind. Passion did not perplex or discompose his vision. Miss Warren seemed simply to him what she seemed to every body else—a nice-looking sensible English girl. If he was to be considered as a lover at all, why then it was as a lover with a large infusion of the man of business. At the same time it should be noted that as a man of business Ned Stone was a strictly honorable and thorough-going gentleman.

Stone's love affair might not be very interesting to a looker-on; if it could be called a romance at all, it was unquestionably a dull one. Yet there was something respectable about it too. His affection was not at all for display, but wholly for use; a solid and durable-looking article, and in that light commanding attention. It was not a wine that sparkled and effervesced, bubbling over the glass's brim in rose-tinted foam; yet it might, for all that, be of a sound, still, and potent vintage. Possibly, too, it would be found to *keep* better than its more dashing and sumptuous rival.

I liked the man. His worthiness, indeed, commanded the regard of all. Moreover he was a stanch, generous fellow, a most trusty and resolute friend. To me the progress of his love affair was a matter of curious study. I was often considering the question, Would it change him much? would his practicability ultimately succumb? was his philosophy wholly proof against passion? would he not rather, like most other men, however coolly he might enter upon the matter, find at last an unexpected fire kindling and crackling in his breast?

I called upon him one evening. He was alone. He looked a little grave, and he held in his hand a small sealed packet. We discussed various indifferent topics; then I inquired concerning Miss Georgina Warren.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" he said, quietly. "But of course you couldn't have heard. The affair's off; our engagement has come to an end."

"You don't mean that?"

"Yes; the thing's 'broken off,' as people say. It's a bad job, and I'm sorry about it; but it can't be helped."

Had the lady resented his serenity and dismissed him? I asked myself. As though he had heard the question, he went on:

"It's the old man's doing. I hope he's satisfied now. He's the most unreasonable and disagreeable old fellow I ever had the misfortune to meet with."

"But what did he do?"

"Well, we fell out about the settlements; that was where the hitch arose. I'm sure I did all I could to please him. I gave up condition after condition, quite in opposition to the advice of my solicitor. I told him to settle what money he proposed to settle upon his daughter—it wasn't much, after all—just as he pleased; I didn't want to touch a half-penny of it. He might settle it, I told him, just as strictly as ever he pleased; or he might settle nothing at all upon her, if he liked that better. It was his daughter I wanted and not his money. And for my part, I'd take care that my wife didn't come to want. I undertook to insure my life for a large amount, and to assign the policy to trustees for her benefit in case of my death, covenanting, of course, to pay the premiums regularly, and to keep up the insurance in the usual way. I thought that a fair arrangement enough; but it didn't content him. He wanted to tie my hands completely. He hadn't a ha'p'orth of confidence in me. He gave me credit for no sort of affection for his daughter. He insisted that any money I might in future become possessed of I should covenant to bring into the settlement. It was most absurd. Of course I couldn't consent to it. I had my business to consider. It may be very desirable by-and-by to invest further capital in it. Why should I be hindered from investing my own money in the way I might deem best? Of course my wife and my children—if I ever have any—will reap the benefit of it just as much as I shall. However, he wouldn't listen to me; so there was nothing more to be said. He wouldn't give in; and I wouldn't. I told Georgina exactly how the matter stood. She's of age. I asked her whether she'd marry me without the old man's consent. Poor girl! she was in a dreadful way. But she didn't dare do that. She shrunk from offending her father; so there's no help for it—the thing's broken off, and I'm not to be married, it seems—this time, at any rate."

He spoke rather sorrowfully, but still without the slightest trace of temper. I endeavored to console him in a commonplace sort of way. It was a difficult matter to know what to say upon such an occasion, and consolation at all times is apt to run into rather commonplace forms.

He opened the small packet he had been holding in his hand.

"This is pleasant," he said. "Here are all my letters to Georgina. And here's a little present I gave to her sent back to me."

There were not many letters. They were written, I could see, in my friend's usual bold, plain, legible hand. Their contents I could guess: little enough like conventional love-letters probably—very unecstatic compositions; yet simple and to the purpose, and unmistakable enough. The present was a ring, a large diamond heavily set in plain gold; just the valuable, substantial, simple present I could have fancied Ned Stone selecting for his betrothed.

"I suppose they'll expect me to send back Georgina's letters to me," he said.

"Undoubtedly."

"It's the usual way when engagements come to an end like this?"

"Certainly it's the usual way."

He rubbed his chin and seemed to reflect a little.

"Have a cigar," he said, presently, "and let's talk about something else; this is not the most agreeable subject in the world. Tell us what you've been doing with yourself lately."

So we fell to talking again about this, that, and the other. Presently I left him. As I went away he said, quietly, "I think I shall try and see Georgina once more for a particular reason."

I did not ask what the particular reason was, and he did not tell me.

A few nights afterward I saw him again. He was at no time subject much to change of mood, or at any rate seldom betrayed any variation of that kind. Yet it struck me that, if any thing, he was in rather better spirits than usual.

"You didn't mention," he said, "what I told you the other night—that my engagement was broken off?"

I explained that I had not mentioned it for a particularly good reason. I had not seen any person whom it would interest to be informed of the fact.

"It's just as well," he said, "because, as it happens, the engagement isn't broken off; or rather it's on again."

"Indeed! I'm sure I'm very glad to hear it."

"I told you I should try and see Georgina again. Well, I knew that she often went with her father and other relations and friends to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday. I couldn't call at old Warren's house, you know, because I understood that I was as good as kicked out of that. So I went to the Zoological—I've a friend who's a Fellow, who gives me a ticket for Sundays whenever I ask him—and I looked about for Georgina. I soon discovered her, with Warren and a lot of other people. She saw me, and understood by my signs that I wanted to speak to her on the quiet. Well, she lingered behind a little, and when the rest of her party went to look at the kangaroos she slipped with me into the snake-house. She looked rather frightened, and the tears stood in her eyes; so I put my arm round her—it didn't matter to me who saw me, you know—and told her there was nothing to be alarmed at, and that I only wanted to say a word or two. I then told her that I was sorry I had not sent back her letters as I ought to have; but the plain fact of the matter was, I couldn't do it. 'You love me still, then, Ned?' she said. 'Of course I do, Georgy,' I said; 'who's been telling you I don't?' Then she began crying terribly. 'Come, Georgy,' I said, 'let's be married, whether papa likes it or not; only say the word.' She didn't say the word. Poor child! I don't think she could speak for crying; but she looked at me, and she gave ever such a little nod, and then she began laughing through her tears. It was the prettiest thing you ever saw. Of course I kissed her. And then I turned, and who should be standing close at my side but old Warren! Georgy gave a little scream, and then tried to make-believe that we were only looking at the boa-constrictor. But of course that didn't do; so I said to old Warren, in a cheery sort of way, putting out my hand, 'Mr. Warren, Georgy and I are going to be married; that's quite settled. But you and I may as well be friends all the same. We'd much rather have your consent than not. Suppose you give it us.' He was so astonished that before, I think, he quite knew what he was doing, he'd taken my hand, with all his friends standing round and looking on. Of course he couldn't go back after that; and so—and so—the thing was settled."

I congratulated him heartily. Presently I said by chance, "How lucky it was you didn't send back Miss Warren's letters!"

"My dear fellow, that was what I wanted to explain to her. I couldn't send them back."

"You found them too dear to you?"

At last, then, he'd been betrayed into a feeling of romance.

"Not at all," he explained. "I couldn't send them back because—I hadn't kept them. I'd destroyed them."

"Destroyed them?"

"Yes. What was the good of them? I only keep business letters; they're all regularly docketed at my office. But for Georgy's letters, they were no use. It was no good keeping them. *I made them into pipe-lights!*"

"You didn't tell her that?"

"No; I hadn't time. I never arrived at my explanation about the letters."

"Then, my dear Stone, let me entreat you, whatever you do, *don't* give Miss Warren your explanation about the letters."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Don't you see? She thought you didn't send back her letters for a sentimental reason; because they were so dear to you that you couldn't part with them; and so, in point of fact, that little misunderstanding of hers led to the re-establishment of your love affair."

"Do you think so?" he asked, musingly. "But if Georgy's made any mistake about the matter I think I'm bound to set her right."

"My dear Stone, take my advice; for fear of accidents, set her right—if you must set her right—*after* the wedding ceremony, not before."

Whether or not he took my advice I'm not aware. He was married in due course to Miss Warren; and I know that that lady was often heard to declare subsequently she had married the best husband in the world.

His practicality had answered; and it may be a good plan to convert love-letters into pipe-lights; still I shrink from laying it down as a rule that such a course should be invariably adopted. Lovers must be left in that respect to pursue their own devices, and to do what may seem right in their own eyes. It must be owned, however, that the story of Stone's love affair shows that there is something to be said in favor of practicality.

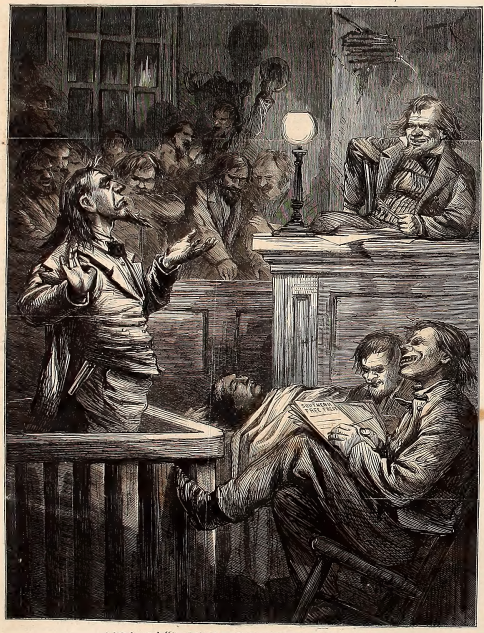
TENNESSEE.

THE MURDER OF SENATOR CASE.

VIRGINIA.

DRIVING THEM OFF THE PLANTATIONS WITHOUT WAGES AND SHOOTING THEM

IF HE IS A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN,

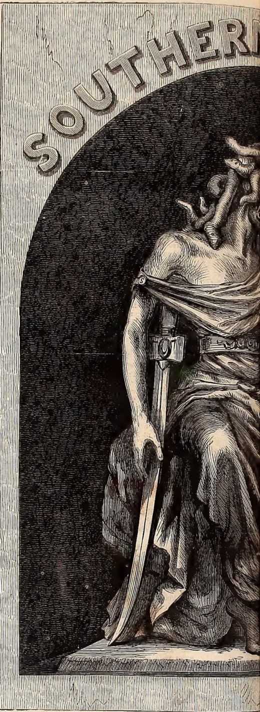



VERDICT, "A GOOD JOKE ON A NIGGER".

SOUTH CAROLINA.

THREE U.S. SOLDIERS MURDERED.

TWENTYTWO NEGRO PRISONERS BURNED TO DEATH.




And the President's Veto of t

......*Feb.* 19.—The *Journal's* special correspondence says that a mob, composed of the remains of Quantrell's guerrillas, broke open Mr. Carey's house at Parkesville, and seized and hung Mr. Carey. He had been tried for stealing a horse to escape from the rebels at the battle of Perrysville.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—Three soldiers of the army of the United States were murdered in October, 1865, in South Carolina, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty, and several persons were arrested, tried, and condemned by a military commission for said murder. Said persons, so condemned, were subsequently reprieved and transferred to Fort Delaware, from which they were taken by writ of habeas corpus and set free.

*Jan.*, 1867.—"The jail at Kingstree, South Carolina, has been destroyed by fire, and 22 colored prisoners smothered or burned to death, while the only white prisoner was permitted to escape."—MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. ROBINSON.

BELL COUNTY, TEXAS.—On the night of December 3 a mob of about thirty entered the jail, murdered old Mr. Lindley, his son, and another inmate of the jail, who was an entire stranger to the Lindleys......GRAYSON COUNTY.—Two negroes have been most brutally murdered within the last few days.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—The police, however, arrested several negroes, whom they treated in the most brutal and barbarous manner—beating them over the head so severely as to cause the blood to flow profusely. No attempts were made to arrest any of the white men, although they were the parties who inaugurated and controlled the strike from beginning to end.

"Driving them off the plantations without wages, or, as has been done in some cases, shooting them; a gentleman who commits a homicide of that kind gets his gentlemen friends together—and they are nearly all magistrates—and they examine and discharge him."—GENERAL SCHOFIELD, *Department of Virginia.*

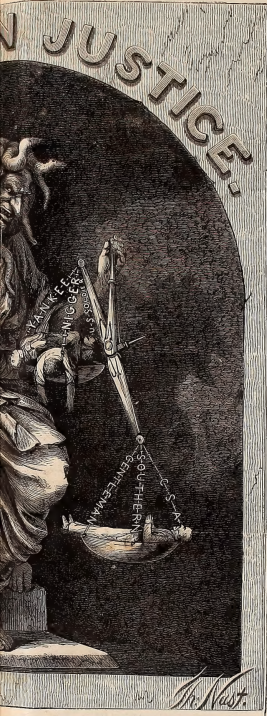
"My own opinion is that the trial of a white man for the murder of a freedman in Texas would be a farce, and in making the statement I make it because truth compels me, and for no other reason."—GENERAL SHERIDAN.

"You could not find a jury in South Carolina that would convict a man for killing a Union soldier, no matter what the testimony."—GENERAL SICKLES.

"Homicides of Union men, soldiers, and freedmen, are on the increase."—GENERAL THOMAS J. WOOD.

"If a freedman is murdered by men who had been in the rebellion, it is impossible to get the criminal arrested even; and if he is arrested, he is sure to be released on very low bail."—GENERAL BAIRD.

"I do not believe there is much chance of convicting a resident or citizen of Georgia for murder if the victim is a Union man or a negro."—GEN. THOMAS.



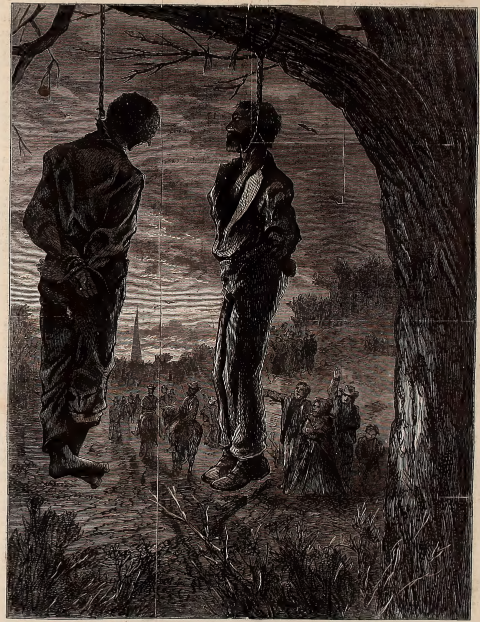

GEORGIA.

THE POLICE AND THE FREEDMEN.

KENTUCKY.

THE HANGING OF MR. CAREY.

IF HE IS A UNION MAN OR A FREEDMAN.



"VERDICT", HANG THE D— YANKEE AND NIGGER."

TEXAS

THE LINDLEY MURDER.

WHOLESALE MURDER OF FREEDMEN.

## ne Military Government Bill.

It declares that there exists in those States no legal Governments, and no adequate protection for life or property, and asserts the necessity of enforcing peace and good order within their limits......They are organized like the other States of the Union, and like them they make, administer, and execute the laws which concern their domestic affairs......The provisions which these Governments have made for the preservation of order, the suppression of crime, and the redress of private injuries, are in substance and principle the same as those which prevail in the Northern States and in other civilized countries......It is undoubtedly true that these evils have been much increased and exaggerated, North and South, by the demoralizing influences of civil war, and by the rancorous passions which the contest has engendered......The military rule which it establishes is plainly to be used not for any purpose of order, or for the prevention of crime, but solely as a means of coercing the people into the adoption of principles and measures to which it is known that they are opposed, and upon which they have an undeniable right to exercise their own judgment......The power thus given to the commanding officer over all the people of each district is that of an absolute monarch. ......Being bound by no State law, and there being no other law to regulate the subject, he may make a criminal code of his own, and he can make it as bloody as any recorded in history, or he can reserve the privilege of acting upon the impulse of his private passions in each case that arises......Instead of *mitigating* the harshness of his single rules, such a tribunal would be used much more, probably, to divide the responsibility of making it more cruel and unjust......Can it be expected that military officers will understand or follow a rule expressed in language so purely technical, and not pertaining in the least degree to their profession? If not, then each officer may define cruelty according to his own temper, and if not usual, he will make it usual. Corporal punishment—the gag, the ball and chain, and the other almost insupportable forms of torture invented for military punishment—lie within the range of choice......It is plain that the authority here given to the military officer amounts to absolute despotism......It reduces the whole population of the ten States, all persons of every color, sex, and condition, and every stranger within their limits, to the most abject and degrading slavery......It protects not only the citizens of the United States which are within the Union, but it shields every human being who comes or is brought under our jurisdiction...... Over every State comprised in the five military districts life, liberty, and property are secured by State laws and Federal laws, and the national Constitution is every where in force and every where obeyed. The Courts, State and Federal, are open and in the full exercise of their proper authority. What, then, is the ground on which this bill proceeds?......We are providing now for a time of profound peace, when there is not an armed soldier within our borders except those who are in the service of the Government......The Constitution declares that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law......The evils which spring from the unsettled state of our Government will be acknowledged by all.—A. Johnson.

## MY FRIEND'S VILLA.

"So you are determined, Signor Owen," said Count Galli to me as we returned together from a pleasant evening party at the Casa Guidi, "determined to leave Florence to-morrow, and spend a hermit's week in that dismal villa of mine on the road to Pistoia? Eh bien! tastes differ. I pity you, that's all; and in the name of all that is beautiful in the Pitti Gallery, and all that is sublime in the Duomo, let me, as an old friend, dissuade you from going."

"Count Galli," replied I, as we entered his house, not far from the Boboli Gardens, throwing down my white glove on one of the huge mosaic tables as I spoke, "don't compel me to refuse to take your advice; I must hide myself for a week. I have some literary work to do that can not be delayed. To-morrow, my good friend, I positively tear myself from the Ghiberti gates, and from pleasant walks in the Cascine, to bury myself in that quiet villa of yours among the hills, far from all the fascinations of your delightful Florence. I have been there before, Count, and I know the delicious quietude of the spot."

"Now, one cigar, then, my friend, before we part for the night," said the Count; "and the more so because you will probably start before I am up to-morrow. Francisco Luigi"—here he clapped his hands, a habit the eccentric old nobleman had contracted from a long residence in the Lebanon—"bring some cigars and a bottle of yellow Chartreuse. I must tell you one or two things that have made Carmigniano disagreeable to me."

My kind host was one of the most eccentric men in Florence. (I am speaking now of a year or two before the Austrians were chased out of Lombardy.) He was an old bachelor nobleman, living by himself in an enormous palace in the suburbs of the city, which he had crammed with second-rate pictures, old china, old books, and musical instruments. He always wore a droll spencer over a quaintly-cut tail-coat, and those obtrusive Hessian boots.

The first-floor room in which we sat was an exact model of its owner's spacious but dusty and slovenly brain. All round the wall stood stacks of unarranged pictures, that had been waiting for years, with their faces to the wainscot, to be hung. There, in the centre of the marble floor, stood an old rickety spinnet, on which the Count had practiced ever since he was a boy. It was piled with plates, tumblers, guitars, flutes, and annotated copies of "Dante." Against it leaned great dusty port-folios of the rarest etchings. Upon a side-table, propped up by a box of chessmen, lay Frisi's great treatise on Hydraulics. The room was, like the Count's mind, a series of promises, sketches, and uncompleted plans.

The Count smiled benignly at the Chartreuse, as he poured out the yellow, glutinous liquid into two liqueur glasses; then solemnly divested himself of his eye-glass, as if it had been an order of knighthood ponderous with jewels, and waiting till Francisco closed the door after him, sat back in his chair, and with two vigorous kicks sent his patent-leather Hessian boots flying to opposite corners of the room. Finally, complacently biting off the tip of the cigar, he lit a spluttering Vesuvian, and began to talk from out of a cloud of fragrant smoke.

"My friend," said he, "most men have a secret. Trees may grow over it, and flowers flourish on the turf above it, but there it remains still, deep in their souls, like the dead body in a murderer's garden. I also have mine. When I was a stripling my father and mother lived at Carmigniano. I used to amuse myself by fishing in the trout-streams between the mountains. Sometimes I ventured too far from home, lost myself, and had to seek shelter for the night at the peasants' cottages. My favorite walk was to a ruined tower, once a villa of the Medici, that was stuck, like a bull's horn, on the edge of a neighboring mountain. It was overgrown with brambles; and the quick, green lizards flashing across the stones of the ramparts were the only living things to be seen within the walls. One day I met a peasant girl watching some goats that were feeding beside the torrent that passed below the castle. She was very beautiful, with those dark eyes, that lavish wealth of black hair, and that rosy-brown complexion which distinguishes our country beauties. God help me! I was very young and passionate; I fell at once into an abyss of love; but a love pure and unselfish as it was timid and innocent. I made the contadina sit by my side and tell me the legend of the tower. Years ago, she said, with a voice that was angel's music to my ear, her violet breath playing upon my cheek—years ago a wicked marchese had lived in that castle. He was cruel; he oppressed the poor, and hated all good men. He had a special and inextinguishable hatred for the poor mendicant friars, who occasionally wandered up the valley from Florence to seek alms for their convent from peasants poorer even than themselves. When he could catch one of these holy men, he would have a deep hole dug in his olive-garden, bury the friar in it up to his chin, and then bowl stones at him till he died. At last the people of Florence heard of this; came here, attacked and burned the castle, and tying the marchese to one of their military engines, hurled him into the valley below, where he lay till the foxes and crows devoured him piecemeal. Well, I need scarcely tell you, a poet, how my love grew till its roots filled every fibre of my heart and brain; how I found excuses every day to obtain stolen interviews with Lisa; or how at last—for my love was always a pure and refined one—I swore, one Ave-Maria time, to wed Lisa and defy my kinsfolk, as soon as I returned from Paris, where I was to be sent for a year. I went to Paris. I am afraid that a wicked but secret joy filled my heart when my proud mother died; and in less than eight months my father wrote to me to return to Florence to accept a commission in the army of those accursed Austrians. I came on the third day. I made some excuse to hurry down to Carmigniano. I rushed into Lisa's cottage. O giorno maledetto! O cruel fortune! I found her sitting on the floor singing a song I had once taught her, as beautiful as before, but a maniac. Some accursed being, born of hell and doing Satan's work, had discovered our love, told my father, and persuaded him to tell Lisa that I was married in Paris. She had fallen into a fever, and finally her reason had left her. My friend, I try to be a Christian. I seldom miss confession; but I swear to you by the glory of Paradise, that even now, if I knew where that accursed villain could be found, I would never rest till I had split his heart with this knife, or till, in a death-grapple, one of us had thrown the other into the bottomless darkness."

Here the Count, overcome with agony of grief and rage, hid his face for some minutes in his hands, and rocked himself to and fro. I had never felt so strongly the difference of the Englishman and Italian as I did now, when I saw a love and rage so inextinguishable still cast up flames from the old man's heart.

"What will be will be," he continued, after a short but painful pause. "I placed Lisa with Tyecchi, a young doctor of Carmigniano, and allowed him an annual pension for her support. I never saw her again. I have never been to Carmigniano since; but even in that plausible doctor I was deceived. Five years after that our good old fattore (steward), Antonio—your favorite—came to me, and told me that I had been cheated; that Lisa was dead two years since, and that Dr. Tyecchi, worthy Tyecchi, had concealed the poor girl's death in order to steal the pension. I sent for him, and reproached him with the theft; but somehow or other the rascal got over me with his plausible ways and his lies framed to please me. Liar! I know they were to please me. He told me that Lisa before her death had recovered her reason, and died kissing my miniature. I forgave him, and sent him back to Carmigniano without a public exposure. Signor Owen, beware of that man; he is bad; there is a taint in his blood. I could bet a thousand scudi he is the man, or it is his son, who continually writes me anonymous letters about the good old fattore, heaping abuse on him, and trying to make me distrust him. The people at Carmigniano are rough and bad. Robberies are frequent there, and no one ever seems to catch the thieves. There must be connivance somewhere."

I expressed my sympathy in a few sincere words. But how hard it is to find in a moment the right plaster for the right wound!

"Dear Count," I said, "time brings roses; time to me is sorrow's best anodyne. You and Lisa will one day meet in heaven."

And here, to change the conversation, I sat down to the spinnet and played that charming old air of Gluck's, "Che farò senza Euridice?" music so full of quaint melancholy.

It soothed my friend.

"*My* Lisa," I said, "is in England. I fear no shafts from dark eyes when I think of her. In spite of all your evil omens, Count, I long for the quiet of your Carmigniano—its gray olive-trees, its cream-colored oxen, its little green wheat-fields, its flowery vines."

The Count had shaken off his brooding thoughts, and was again the volatile gay old nobleman. He displaced me at the spinnet, and dashed off the drinking-song from *Fra Diavolo*.

"Ha! heretic," he said, shaking his eye-glass at me, "give me life in the city, as one of your Anglo-Italian poets says; the blessed church-bells to waken one; the diligence rattling in with the news from Bologna; then the market-place below one's window gay with Pulcinello, the traveling doctor, or a crowd reading the last edict (curse it!); or at noon a procession, with our Lady in spangles, and seven swords in her heart, the monks and the penitents with candles, the soldiers in the rear. Oh, give me the city!"

"I am satisfied, O Mecænas!" said I, "with the olives blowing silvery in the wind, the wheat sharp and green pricking up from the clods, and in due time with the fire-flies sparkling in the twilight, and the cicalas chirping in the hot noontide. I am a poet, you know: and it is my profession to like these things better than what I think the lower delights of your artificial pleasures."

"Well," said the Count, rising and lighting his bed-room candle, "you ought to be able to decide by this time, for you spent all last May at Carmigniano; but I notice that you never require more than one month's leave. Buona sera—Bu-o-na se-ra!"

I was just shaking hands with the good mercurial old Count when Luigi entered, and, in the brisk manner of a stage servant, handed a clumsy letter to the Count.

"It is a letter from Antonio," said the servant; "it came this morning, but Francisco forgot to give it you."

"And, diable! why didn't Francisco bring it, that I might scold him?" said the Count, laughing. "Oh, these servants, these servants! When shall we be waited on by machinery?"

The Count read the letter: "Dearest master—(good old Antonio)—I and Catherine—(dear old souls—mumble-mumble)—sold two meadows of hay to Dr. Tyecchi. Third year—not paid. Tells me of a plan to rob the house; but I have hired as a watchman young Lorenzo, the miller's son."

"Tell Antonio, my dear Owen, to press the doctor for payment, and by all means to hire another watchman. Now doesn't that deter you from detestable Carmigniano? If it were not for old Antonio I'd sell that place. I tell you it is unlucky to our race."

"No," said I; "I go, and my servant goes with me, and we have each a revolver. Besides, it's only for a week. Good-night, Count—a rivederlo!"

The next morning early I started for Carmigniano with my servant, and arrived there late in the afternoon, the road from Florence to the village being steep and bad.

I found Antonio and his good old wife in a state of fear at some village gossip hinting at an intended robbery; but my coming reassured them, and the sight of my revolver, and that of Jackson's, seemed to make Antonio quite martial.

Before I went to bed that night I ordered the miller to be sent for that I might see how far I could trust our watchman. I found him a clear-eyed, frank young fellow, full of honesty and courage; from that moment I threw aside all anxiety, ordered him a glass of absinthe, and went to bed.

The next morning I was sitting at breakfast at the open window, sipping my coffee with that luxurious idleness with which a busy man prepares for a hard day's work. It was a fine May morning, and the air (as it does sometimes in spring) seemed to be laden with the scent of flowers. There was just breeze enough to vibrate the vine-branches at the window, and to stir inquiringly among the leaves of the "Guicciardini" that lay before me on the snowy table-cloth for reference. I had laid down the tedious historian for a moment to read one of Michael Angelo's finest sonnets, when the door opened, and who should come gliding in but Dr. Tyecchi! He did not seem to look me straight in the face, though there was a hard smile on his pale lips; and he advanced rubbing his hands together in the fawning manner of a low-bred parasite who tries to be grandly courteous and to assert an equality.

"Benvenuto," said he, in a harsh Italian patois. "Welcome again to little Carmigniano. Ha! how I have longed for a chess-fight once more with you, Signor Owen! And how is the dear Count, our excellent lord and master? How we wish for him here! It is a dull, monotonous life for us country doctors—no opera, no processions, nothing."

I shook the intrusive doctor's hand somewhat coldly, I fear—for I can never conceal a dislike—and offered him a chair.

"But, doctor," said I, "you have scarcely known much, except through reading, of the gay city life you lament so much." (The moment I said this, I remembered that I had heard that the doctor had been driven from the great hospital at Florence for misconduct.)

The doctor colored. It was not a blush that rose on his yellow cheek, but a fever-spot of red glowed on each cheek-bone. "Yes," said he; "I have known city life; but poverty compelled me to come and settle among these rude and turbulent village people. Ha! signor mio, how the good priest and I have been longing for your return! There is no society for us nearer than Pistoia, and even the best friends grow at times tired of each other, you know."

Now this was a falsehood; for the priest himself had told me that he would never associate with the doctor, for he cheated him at cards and had given up confession. I thought it best, however, to say nothing: for I knew the stealthy serpent-like nature of the man I had to deal with.

I am not naturally suspicious, but I could not help observing that the doctor, as he sat opposite to me, kept his snuff-box open on the table, and his hand, the forefinger and thumb of which held a pinch of what I supposed to be snuff, was extended across my books, so as almost to touch my coffee-cup.

"Delightful book!" said the doctor, gayly, as he took up a volume of Redi; "but have you read the *lussuriosi sonetti* of Aretino?"

"No!" said I, angrily; "that infamous writer is unfit to be read by any honest man."

The doctor bit his lip and replied:

"Well, well; every one has scruples; I myself am no prude; I profess to be a cosmopolitan, though I have not traveled; but look! what is that bird there over the dove-cot?"

I turned and looked round quickly at the back-window. I could see nothing. I snapped round again equally quickly, and saw the doctor's hand touch the milk-jug and draw swiftly back from it, but not swift enough to escape my notice.

He colored again.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he, laughing (a dry metallic laugh it was); "in my hurry to point out the kite that flew away just as I called out (bungler that I am!), I nearly upset the milk-jug. And now let me retire, for I see you look full of business. Be assured I should not have come in so suddenly and unannounced had not I seen good old Antonio busy nailing up a pomegranate-tree in the garden, and I would not disturb him. I hope to see you often, signor carissimo. Addio, addio, addio!"

And the odious man bowed himself out with as much ceremony as if I had been Lorenzo de' Medici come to life again.

Ten minutes afterward old Antonio entered to take away the breakfast things.

"Have you been gardening, Antonio?" I said.

"No, signor mio; I have been down in the village to buy charcoal."

I saw in a moment that the doctor had watched his opportunity to find me alone; but I did not mention my suspicions to Antonio.

"Antonio," said I, "if Dr. Tyecchi calls any day while I am here mind I am engaged."

"Si, signor." And old Antonio gave me a respectful wink, which implied a supreme knowledge of my wishes.

"Antonio," said I, as the faithful old fattore was just piloting my breakfast-tray through the door way; Antonio turned his head back over his left shoulder—"Antonio, pour out the rest of that milk into a saucer, leave it on my table, and send Zanze in to me."

"Si, signor," replied Antonio, with his usual grave bow, this time somewhat impeded by the loaded tray.

A moment after the door was opened by Antonio and in sprung Zanze, a favorite large milk-white Persian cat that I had bought at Venice: he began to arch his back and sidle to me, and pur in a low beseeching way. I put down the saucer of milk; Zanze lapped it up eagerly. A minute or two afterward I was roused from my writing by a scream and a dash at the door. It was poor Zanze. Then he came to my side, mewed as if he were in pain, lay down, shivered, and died. Three minutes afterward the body was stiff and stark. I could not doubt but that he had been poisoned; but I did not at the time suspect the doctor, or establish in my own mind any connection between his visit and Zanze's death.

Antonio, who wrung his hands when he saw dead Zanze, attributed his death to the malice of a neighbor's son. The next two days I spent head down at my task, and in writing home to my wife; but the third day, a letter from a correspondent, an antiquarian at Pistoia, determined me to take horse and visit that town, in order to see an old Lombardic church, some account of which would serve to illustrate one of my principles in an architectural work which I was then engaged upon.

I gave orders to have my carriage instantly prepared for the road.

Antonio heard the news of my intended departure with singular alarm. A presentiment of some evil seemed weighing upon him. He hoped I would soon be back, and asked me if I should object, as the house would now have fewer defenders, to have a second watchman. I laughed at the old servant's fears, but at the same time ordered the miller to hire a colleague in the village.

The carriage came round to the door, and I got in. As I passed through the corridor leading to the entrance, I had, I should mention, found Antonio praying before a statue of the Virgin, before which a lamp was kept continually burning by the Count's wish, and I distinguished my name in the prayer he uttered half to himself. Both he and his old wife came to the door to see me off, to bow, and to wish me *buon viaggio*.

Just as Antonio slammed the door a little peasant girl leaped up to the window, and offered me homage in the shape of a bunch of those little red tulips that grow among the corn. I threw her a silver bit, but I saw Antonio's shadow spit on the ground three times, as Italians do when the omens are bad, and, taking the flowers from her hand, he trod them under foot.

I had no time to stay and ask Antonio the meaning of his action; for off dashed the horses, and in a minute or two we had left Carmigniano far behind us.

All that five hours' journey I was tyrannized over—I know not why—by one thought. How is it that the mind sometimes seems to keep singing one and the same note, and will pass on to no other? The face and bearing of Dr. Tyecchi kept continually occurring to my imagination. I tried to exhaust the thought and throw it aside, but I could not.

Again and again rose to the carriage window that hard livid face, with its unchangeful mocking expression, with its small metallic eyes, and its bitter pinched mouth. The dry neutral-colored hair, the flesh unwarmed by blood, but darkened by bile and green humors, every detail of that loathsome man passed and inventoried themselves in my mind. It was not till I arrived at Pistoia that those disagreeable thoughts passed away. I finished my sketches and notes on the second day, and started again for Carmigniano.

The horses went well till we came within seven miles of the village. Then the near-horse suddenly betrayed a lameness for which no examination of the foot could account. It soon increased to such an alarming degree, and our pace became so intolerably slow, that I got out, and expressed my intention (as the road was straight and clear) of walking on to Carmigniano, followed by my servant, each of us armed with a revolver.

It was one of those nights when the moon, without being visible, seems to cast a dim light through the struggling gray clouds that environ it. Once, and once only, a clear fresh wind swept away the rolling and struggling vapors, and out slipped the moon for a moment and launched herself into the dark-blue ocean of air.

The mountain road was dry and hard; below, in the ravines, we could hear the roar of the leaping torrents, the wind surging among the sloping fir-trees. I was in high spirits with my walk, and sang one of Uhland's fine ballads as a vent to my animal spirits.

We entered the village. There was the mill, there the priest's house, there the cluster of cottages; yonder the road flying on toward Florence. We reached a by-road leading to the villa. I saw no signs of the miller or his friends patrolling. I had half-determined to fire my revolver to alarm and expose these loitering hirelings, when, to my astonishment, two men suddenly brushed past me, and ran furiously down the road in the direction of the village. They did not see us, for we were at that moment hid in shadow.

They had got about a hundred yards from us, still running violently, when the moon turned its lamp upon them for a moment. That moment's glimpse convinced me that, whoever the second fugitive might be, the first was Doctor Tyecchi.

A strange, vague alarm seized me: I hurried on. I found the villa-gate thrown open; on the doorstep lay the body of a dead man, the chopper that had killed him lying beside it. We lifted it; it was Antonio dead, but still warm. A lantern, extinguished, lay beside him. The doorstep was a pond of blood; the half-shut door and the door-posts were crimson-wet with the gore of the poor fattore.

But this was not all. Leaving Antonio's body, we ran in to see after the safety of his old wife. Alas! the wretches had been before us. We found her chopped to death on the marble staircase leading from the hall. One hand still clutched the baluster. She had been killed, I think, as she had turned to fly to her bed-room, and there bolt herself in from the murderers.

After what I had seen I could not doubt but that the murderer was the doctor and some unknown accomplice, perhaps his son. The motive—robbery, revenge, a desire to escape the payment of some debt, or all these motives combined. Poor Antonio's presentiment, though merely a vague fear, had indeed come true!

The trial of the doctor and his son was an unsatisfactory one. The Florentines have a dread of capital punishment; and by their law no man can be found guilty of murder on the evidence of one witness alone. My proof of the doctor's identity was thought insufficient. The only accepted witness was the little girl who brought me the red tulips. She was the niece of the doctor's housekeeper. She deposed that on the night of the murder, being abed, she woke up and saw the doctor and his son enter the room and change their coats, which were wet and stained with something red. But this was not sufficient for a conviction; and the doctor, on showing a receipt, said to be in Antonio's writing, for the three years' hay, escaped.

At the trial Tyecchi had looked anxious, but betrayed no emotion. He was plausible, fawning, deprecating as ever, and audibly prayed God to pardon me when I stood up to give my evidence.

The very day of his acquittal I was taken ill of a low fever, and being very weak, and now and then light-headed, my servant sent for Dr. Tyecchi, there being no other medical man to be found nearer than Pistoia.

I myself was too ill to be consulted on the subject. All I can remember is, that on feebly opening my eyes I saw Dr. Tyecchi, pale and trembling, enter the room, and look about him in a troubled way.

"Was it not here," I heard him say to the servant, "that the good old f—f—f—fattore was m—m—murdered?"

"No," replied the servant, roughly; "that was at the outer door—it was his wife that the wretches killed on the stairs outside this room."

Then the doctor advanced, lancet in hand, to bleed me; but he was so nervous that he could not strike the vein.

I could bear it no longer; perhaps he would pierce an artery, or poison my medicine in revenge. I had just strength enough to pull my arm under the clothes.

"Why, doctor," I said, in a low voice, "the last time you came to this house you let blood sooner than this."

The doctor turned ashy pale, stammered, dropped the lancet, and exclaiming, "His mind is gone!" rushed from the room.

I had just strength enough to say, "Luigi, do not let that man enter the house again. Dispatch a mounted messenger directly to Florence, to Count Galli, and ask him to send me Dr. Guarducci."

In a week I had pretty well recovered, and was able to return to Florence. Three days before Dr. Tyecchi and his son had left Carmigniano, on their way to Leghorn, to embark for Alexandria—a great resort for implicated Italians. The younger son, a farmer, remained in the village.

A month later I started for England *viâ* Paris. In the November of that year I received a letter from Count Galli; it contained the following passage:

"You remember that rascal Tyecchi, whose crime gave such a ghastly conclusion to your visit to my villa—that visit which I warned you against; but you English are so obstinate, and you call it being firm—firm: yes, so is a wild boar when it charges on a hunting-spear. Well, I think, after all, the rogue came to a bad end. He sailed in the *Carmagnuola* from Leghorn, in June last. That vessel was burned at sea. Not one passenger escaped, and only three seamen and the captain. One of these survivors, writing to a New York paper, says: 'We pulled from the wreck about 6 P.M. The passengers had all taken refuge in the main-mast, the flames being then, as it was believed, put out. At half past six, however, there was a tremendous explosion. The fire had reached the magazine. There was a roar, a fan of fire, a burst of splinters and bodies, and then we saw the smouldering wreck, looking scarcely larger on the horizon than a red-hot coal, sink down swift into the yawning darkness.' So much for Dr. Tyecchi, the Jonah of that unhappy vessel, the *Carmagnuola*, of Livorno. The family, indeed, seems a doomed one; for Orazio Tyecchi, the youngest son, is now in prison for murdering his mistress, of whom he was jealous, and a friend who tried to interpose between them. The Carnival was dull this year. I want an English barouche of the best quality; never mind price," etc., etc.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE grand theme which now absorbs the minds of our citizens, the topic which invades our breakfast-table, mingles with our dinner, and circulates through the evening socialities—which husbands and wives gravely canvass at the midnight hour and at early dawn—which children babble about at their play and servants gossip over in the kitchen—the daily torture and the nightly torment of multitudes of families is, HOUSES!

The perplexing questions nowadays are not merely "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" but the preliminary and primary question is, "*Where shall we live?*" And this important and momentous subject is agitated in many households, something like three months in every year!

Our people are versatile, and desire frequent change; but more often landlords are extortionate, and raise their rents unduly. Indeed, nothing decent, in the way of a house, can be obtained in New York except by paying an exorbitant rent, or by purchasing at an enormous price. Since the commencement of the war owners of "Houses to Let" have expended little or nothing to keep them in repair. It cost too much.

The natural result has followed. Houses are universally in "bad order." Yet landlords coolly add a few hundred dollars to the previous rent, expect their tenants to make all repairs, and to hold themselves in readiness to have a "notice to quit" served on them in about nine months, unless they will agree to pay a few hundred more for the privilege of remaining another year.

There is no doubt a larger supply of houses in the market than is generally supposed. It is for the interest of owners and brokers to give the impression that houses are scarce; and, of course, they will do so. But people in this city always have lived somewhere, and we presume they will continue to do as they have done.

It has been estimated that the number of Americans who will visit Europe this season will be not far from *eighty thousand*. A large proportion of these undoubtedly go from New York. Consequently there *must* be some vacant houses.

The purchase of St. John's Park by the Hudson River Railroad Company has at length been completed, and it will soon be covered with needful buildings and railroad tracks. Many will mourn over the desecration of this ancient landmark, while others will rejoice at what they regard as an indication of the increasing prosperity of the city, which they think demanded this sale. So long ago as 1671 this Park, with other adjacent land, was in possession of Governor Lovelace, and is supposed to have been transferred to the Duke of York. On the accession of Queen Anne it was called the "Queen's Farm," and as such was granted to Trinity Church, in 1705, by Lord Cornbury, then Governor. After the Revolution the Trustees of Trinity Church divided this land into single lots, and the square between Hudson and Varick and Beach and Laight streets was reserved as a park.

It is reported that the Rev. George T. Williams—whose recent trial in this city on the charge of picking a lady's pocket in a Broadway stage attracted so much attention—reached Annapolis, Maryland, a short time since in a condition of hopeless insanity. It is stated, also, that this result has for some time been apprehended by his friends.

At a lecture delivered a week or two since by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, on the Medical Education of Women in Europe and America, some suggestive facts were stated. Some time ago the Emperor of Russia commissioned a physician, Dr. H. De Hawrowitz, to report what part women were taking in the study of medicine in this country. As many as 25 Russian ladies had applied for admission to the medical schools in St. Petersburg. The physicians were puzzled what to do, and referred the matter to the Emperor. The Emperor was equally puzzled, and sent over to America for a solution of his difficulty. Last year the Swedish Minister of State appointed a similar commission to visit England, and see what course was being pursued there in relation to educating women in medicine—a step necessitated by the same reasons, viz.: the application of a number of ladies for admission to the medical schools of Stockholm.

In England the leading medical woman is Miss Elizabeth Garrett, who has now a legal footing in the profession, as licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, and who has been for some time established as a medical practitioner in London. This lady, with a little group of her students, did good service in the cholera epidemic of last summer. The French medical school of Algiers has also admitted a lady student to its classes, offering her the same education and the same diploma that it gives to its male students. The State Legislature has granted three distinct charters to associations in the city of New York for the medical education of women; other States have granted similar charters; yet it is the opinion of Dr. Blackwell that nowhere is there a college open to women where a really good education can be obtained.

Undoubtedly public opinion in every country is against women becoming physicians. But this is a progressive age, and the prospect now is, that before many years every woman who *chooses* to adopt the profession of medicine will be at liberty to do so.

A most incredible story is related in the Detroit papers. A little girl in Greenfield, Michigan, was bitten some time ago by a dog, but no symptoms of hydrophobia were at first shown. At length the poison, which, acting as a sub-cutaneous injection, permeated every tissue of the system, broke out in a severe form, causing the most intense suffering. A consultation was held by physicians, who decided that, as the sufferer could not possibly survive, every consideration of humanity demanded that her sufferings be ended by some means, in accordance with which, during a severe paroxysm, *the child was smothered to death.* It seems scarcely possible that this can be a correct statement of the case. Whatever may have been practiced or allowed in old and barbarous times, no such liberty is at present given by the law of our land, even in the case of the most incurable or violent disease. Any physician, or any other person, who should, under such or similar circumstances, become party to the death of another, would be liable to be tried for murder.

A fatal disease is prevailing among the cattle in some parts of New Hampshire. It usually terminates in death in three or four days from the first attack, and the town authorities are taking measures to check its spread by slaughtering the diseased animals.

If meat is high in New York, it is cheap enough in some places. Prairie chickens have been selling as low as five cents apiece at Springfield, Missouri. Our citizens would do well to emigrate.

Among the list of recent railroad accidents we notice one which indicates a novel mode of traveling in the Western States.

"A lady in Ohio, traveling in a railroad car, *with one of her feet out of the window*, had her leg torn off in crossing a bridge."

Whether this is the *stylish* method of traveling among ladies in Ohio may be questionable.

The latest style of bonnet consists simply of a postage stamp, with strings of green ribbon. The hair is carefully combed back, so as to ventilate the ears and neck and face. This style is highly recommended by physicians.

A new kind of glass, called rock-glass, is now being manufactured at Windsor, New York, from an extensive vein of ore, near the Hudson. The glass produced is of great elasticity and compactness of grain. It is said that with very little care an ordinary quart bottle can be used for driving nails! *Regular hammers* would be a trifle more convenient, and doubtless they will soon be introduced. If a few specimens were sent to the Paris Exposition they would be a novelty.

The new style of short dresses will be the innocent cause of bringing about quarrels and lawsuits, if gentlemen are not on their guard. A benevolent old gentleman, a little near-sighted, came near getting into trouble the other day for remarking familiarly, "Well, sis, are your ears cold this morning?" The party addressed turned on the old fellow fiercely, with "insolent puppy," "old villain," etc.; and he found that instead of accosting a school-miss he had addressed a lady in the full bloom of womanhood. Near-sighted gentlemen better purchase eye-glasses.

The following story affords a good commentary on common selection of books for children in many Sunday-school libraries: A gentleman was surprised, during the late frosty weather, to see his little daughter bring home from the Sunday-school library a grave treatise on "Backsliding." "My child," said he, "this is too old for you; you can't make any thing of it." "I know it, papa," was the artless reply, "but I thought I could when I took it. I thought it would teach me how to slide backward."

## WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

*Dear Weekly:*

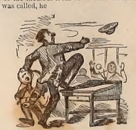
I am here to witness the Spring Opening of the Fortieth Congress, and, like a Spring Bonnet opening, I saw a very small covering for the head of a large Nation. I found the new members' heads completely turned round (except Mr. MORRISSEY'S, which was gibbous) at the newness of their situation.

Below I give a view of the

NEW MEMBERS TAKING THEIR SEATS,

which, owing to the crowded state of the House, was attended with some confusion.

The Clerk of the House of the Thirty-Ninth Congress called the roll of the new Congress. When the name of the member from the Fifth District of your State was called, he



"SHIED HIS CASTOR INTO THE RING"

amidst great applause in the galleries, and cries of "three to one on MORRISSEY!" The Clerk called the galleries to order, when the roll call was continued.

After

PRAYER BY THE CHAPLAIN,

Mr. WILSON of Iowa moved that the House proceed to the election of a Speaker.

Mr. MORRISSEY rose in his seat and suggested also a game-keeper. [Cheers.]

Mr. FARNSWORTH said he would like to make a point—

Mr. MORRISSEY. The gentleman can't do it against the hand I hold; if the House is willing I will "go it alone" against the gentleman from Illinois.

The Clerk said—The Member from New York will not introduce his professional terms in debates in this House.

Mr. MORRISSEY. I will introduce who I please. I always took that privilege in any house I went to. [Cries of "Order!"]

Mr. BROOKS hereupon rose and said: I hold in my hand a printed list of the Members, and see that there are seventeen States unrepresented.

Mr. MORRISSEY. Though the gentleman would infer that he had a full hand, I will see them seventeen and go ten better. [Cheers in the galleries.]

The Clerk said—The Member from the Fifth District must not call—

Mr. MORRISSEY. I'm not afraid to "call" any one I please. I called my friend Mr. WOOD last week, and though I had a "flush" he knocked me for "a cool thousand." [Laughter.]

Mr. KELLEY said it seemed impossible to—

Mr. MORRISSEY. No such thing. I have lost more money with good hands than when I was butting with "no pair and Jack ahead." Nothing was impossible. Not two nights ago I was knocked with "three tens" to the tune of ten thousand. [Cries of "Order, order!" and "Shame!"] Mr. MORRISSEY continued amidst much din: Mr. Speaker, am I to be crowded to the ropes in this manner? I would like to know who is referee here. This is as bad as in England. [Cheers.]

The Clerk said he would have to hand the Member from New York over into the cus—

Mr. MORRISSEY (*excitedly*). You can't hand me over to any cuss in this house. I'm not to be bluffed off that way.

Mr. DAWES wanted to know what the Member from New York wanted?

Mr. MORRISSEY. Another chance at BEN WOOD! [Laughter, and cries of "Go in, John!"]

After order had been partially restored Mr. FERNANDO WOOD went on with his protest—There are seventeen States absent, and the Representatives of the remainder are now about to proceed to the organization of this House in the midst of a crisis, and it seems to me we are blind—

Mr. MORRISSEY. I will "see" the gentleman's "blind" if nobody else will; I never "pass a blind;" I have made that a rule, and have in a majority of cases won by it.

Mr. COVODE said the Member from the Fifth District must not break—

Mr. MORRISSEY. No, Sir, I'm not going to. It will take more than this crowd to break me.

Mr. WILSON rose and said that he would have to ask the Clerk to call the gentleman from New York—

Mr. MORRISSEY. Two pair; King's ahead! No gentleman in the House can beat that. I'll go three to five on that any day.

Mr. BOUTWELL wanted to know how the gentleman from New York rates our standing? Does he think this is a gambling saloon? Does he come here flushed—

Mr. MORRISSEY. No, Sir, nor you either. I'll bet three to one there ain't a "flush" in any gentleman's hand in the room.

The Clerk here reminded the gentleman from New York that this interruption was entirely out of order, that he would allow his colleague, Mr. WOOD, to go on with a straight—

Mr. MORRISSEY. "Straights" don't count: he had never heard of a first-class place where straights counted. Sometimes by agreement they counted them, but they are too easily "put up," and he hoped, for the honor of the Democratic party, no gentleman of his acquaintance would count "straights." [Laughter.]

Mr. WOOD, amidst much confusion, continued: Any bill passed by this Congress the people will not indorse—

Mr. MORRISSEY. Neither will I; I'll never indorse any bill. I was once stuck by IZZY LAZARUS for two hundred and sixty dollars by indorsing, and I will never do it again. [Laughter.]

Mr. ASHLEY said it was useless to continue this session further. Let Mr. WOOD get his protest printed and then we could all read it. It is certain the member from the Fifth District, New York, is not acquainted with the rules of the House, and they had better go into an election for Speaker.

Mr. MORRISSEY said he did not know to what rules the gentleman from Ohio referred, but he would now send up to the Speaker's desk the last number of *Bell's Life*, that contained all the rules of the P. R. as revised by the Prize Ring Association, which he hoped the clerk would read, as also the full score of the "mill" between the Staleybridge Infant and the Brumagem Chicken. [Laughter.]

Mr. KELLEY moved that the member from New York be made Chairman of the Committee on Mills and Milling, and that the Sergeant-at-Arms conduct him to the Committee Rooms.

This motion being seconded and carried, the gentleman from the "Fifth" was conducted to the room amidst great cheering in the galleries. Mr. WOOD finished his protest, when an election for Speaker was held, which resulted in the choice of Mr. COLFAX.

Great interest is manifested here to learn what will be

MR. MORRISSEY'S POSITION

on the Impeachment Question; but the general impression seems to be that it will be something like the above—which does not, I am happy to say, strike

Your own C. O. W.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LOGICAL EXERCISE FOR LADIES—Jumping to conclusions.

A man brought a lady a chair. "Oh, you are a jewel!" said she. "Oh no," he responded, "I am a jeweler; I have just set the jewel."

The following lines were sent with a couple of ducks to a patient by the late celebrated Dr. Jenner:

I've dispatched, my dear Madam, this scrap of a letter
To say that Miss Wilson is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of *quacks*.

MR. Weevil having been out to a late *tea*-party with a few friends, upon getting into bed at 1 A.M. hoists his umbrella. Mrs. W. pleasantly desires to know "why he is making such a ridiculous ass of himself?"

Mr. W. "Well, you see, my dear, I expected a *storm*, and I came prepared."

"BUB! GIM'ME A BITE O' YER APPLE AND I'LL SHOW YOU MY SORE TOE!"

THE WRETCH!—A correspondent suggests that "mum" is used as a title for ladies on account of their well-known love of silence.

### HOW TO KEEP A HOTEL.

Call it a *House*, and name it after some great capitalist, a big Indian, or Saint—"Morton Peto House," or "Whoop-de-Doodle House," or "St. Bob-o-Link House," that sounds very well and will take the traveler's ear.

Be sure and establish an immense barber's shop on the ground-floor.

Procure a well-dressed clerk with curly black hair, if possible, to stand at the desk, and by all means insist on his wearing diamonds.

Instruct your clerk that it is not his business to know any thing about departing trains and steamboats.

It should be the duty of the head-waiter when a guest enters the dining-room, no matter how empty it may be, to take him in convoy and make him walk the entire length of it before assigning him a seat.

Also, if your House happens to be in a country town, to add $1 a day invariably to all New Yorker's bills.

It will scarcely be necessary to make any suggestions in regard to extra charges in the bill, as they will naturally occur to the feeblest of landlords.

You should always, however, charge for a fire in winter in every room that has conveniences for it, and if remonstrated with, reply that it is a "rule of the House," and the guest might have had it.

"Biddy, did you put an egg in the coffee to settle it?" "Yes, mum, I put in four; they were so bad *I* had to use the more of them." Biddy was cleared out.

"Look here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin who was munching sugar candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No, I ain't neither," said the urchin, "I'm a-gnawing this 'ere candy."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A delighted hearer observed of a very brilliant talker that the flash of his wit was followed close by the peal of applause.

### WHIMSICAL EXTRACTS OF WILLS.

*From the Will of General Blackett, Governor of Plymouth, proved* 1782.

"I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive; and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife that, as she has been troubled with *one old fool*, she will not think of marrying a *second*."

*From the Will of the Rev. Dr. Appleby, of St. Bride's, proved* 1783.

"I leave my body to be dressed in a flannel waistcoat, an old surtout coat, and breeches without lining and pockets; no shoes (*having done walking*), and a worsted wig, if one can be got, in order that I may rest comfortably."

*From the Will of a Mariner of Bristol, proved* 1795.

"My executors to pay, out of the first moneys collected, to my beloved wife, if living, *one shilling*, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy *hazel-nuts*, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is *with mending the holes in her stockings*."

How much does a fool weigh generally?—A simpleton.

When you give a piece of your mind, take care it's not the biggest piece.

A youngster perusing a chapter of Genesis turned to his mother and inquired if people in those days used to do sums on the ground. He had been reading the passage: "And the sons of men multiplied upon the face of the earth."

Could any thing be neater than the negro's reply to a young lady whom he offered to lift over a gutter, and who insisted that she was too heavy? "Lor, missus," said he, "I'm used to lifting barrels of sugar."

Men dying make their *wills*, why can not *wives*?—Because *wives have their wills* during their lives.

"I am certain, wife, that I am right, and that you are wrong: I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to such extreme lengths."

The evening before a battle an officer asked Marshal Toria for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the Marshal, who saw through his pretext, "honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land."

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

A preacher once approached a mischievous boy, and laying a hand on his shoulder, commenced to remonstrate with him. "My son," said he, "I believe the Devil has got hold of you." "I think so too," said the urchin.

As extreme poverty often tempts suicide, it is but natural that a seedy fellow should become a *felo de se*.

If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many barrels ought a horse pistol to have?

REFLECTION ON AN INSOLVENT RAILWAY.—The rolling stock gathers no moss.

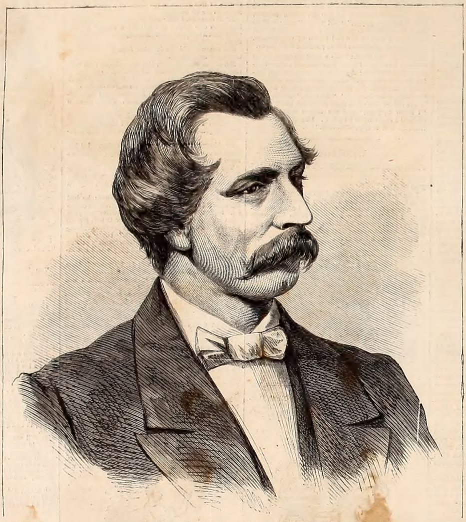
## "ARTEMUS WARD."

CHARLES F. BROWNE, the American humorist who was universally known as "ARTEMUS WARD," died at Southampton, England, on March 6. Mr. BROWNE was a remarkable instance of a suddenly and comparatively easily acquired yet well merited notoriety. It has only been about seven years since that he was a mere localizer on a Cleveland, Ohio, paper. In a happy moment he wrote a facetious communication abounding in humor and ingenious bad spelling, which he signed "Artemus Ward," the writer representing himself to be a showman of "wax figgurs." The humor was a hit; the extensive reproduction of the letter in other papers revealed to Mr. BROWNE the public appreciation and his own possession of broad humor. He continued the letters, retaining the comical *nom de plume*, and from that time forward "Artemus Ward" has been an acknowledged American humorist.

After a brief career on the Western papers he came to New York city, and with several of his friends engaged in the publication of *Vanity Fair*, a weekly publication devoted to fun and satire. His letters in that journal were widely copied in the daily press. In a short time, however, the interest of the public in the enterprise flagged, and it shared the fate of all similar adventures in this country.

After the demise of *Vanity Fair* Mr. BROWNE entered upon the lecturer's field. Going to California to lecture, he returned across the plains, and made his acquaintance with Mormon manners and Mormon people, and put his impressions into the form of a quaint lecture, illustrated by views of localities and photographs of Mormon wives, which was immensely popular and profitable. He read this lecture, or rather said it, night after night in this city, and his droll manner, rather than his matter, amused and delighted thousands of people. He followed this success by a second lecture on the same subject, and then repeated both lectures in all the leading cities in the Union. What he said was good, but his manner of saying it was irresistible, and he was one of the very few humorous lecturers of whom the public did not tire. He might have continued his lectures in this country for an unlimited time, but there were inducements for him to go abroad, and he went to London, where his success was immediate and immense. *Punch* secured him as a contributor. His exhibitions at Egyptian Hall were among the latest London lions; and his bills, his lectures, and his sayings were every where quoted. For about three months Mr. BROWNE continued to delight the London populace, and was then compelled to seek retirement. He first went to the Island of Jersey, but finding no improvement in his health, returned to Southampton, whence he had hoped to be able to sail for home. But this desire was opposed by the physicians, who declared that it would be impossible for him even to leave the harbor alive on shipboard. He lingered a while longer, conscious that his life could not be long prolonged, and finally expired on the 6th instant.

Of Mr. BROWNE's personal qualities it is impossible to speak otherwise than with gentleness. A more tender-hearted and affectionate nature could not be imagined; and the sweetness of his disposition was acknowledged by all. The country has lost in him one who has done very much to develop and characterize American humor.

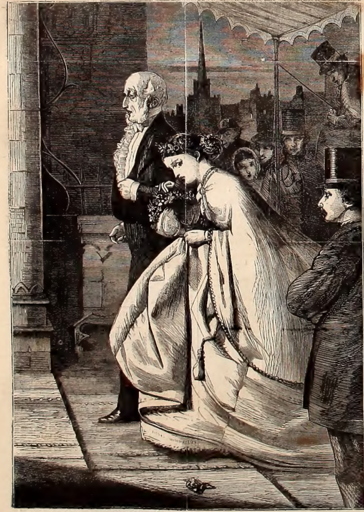


THE LATE CHARLES F. BROWNE ("ARTEMUS WARD").

## INDIAN MASSACRE.

THE Indians on our Northwestern frontier have of late been engaged in frequent depredations, and one or two massacres have been committed by them which indicates thorough preparation on their part for war, and foreshadows indeed a serious and protracted contest with them. So apparently determined are they to force a war on the Government that General SHERMAN has been led to remark officially that the only way to keep at peace with them is to exterminate them. A grand coalition of twelve tribes has been formed, the object of which is to wage war on the Dacotah and Montana settlers; and it is said their force numbers eleven thousand warriors.

The most terrible massacre lately occurring was committed by the



"MARRYING FOR MONEY."—[SEE PAGE 190.]

"IN THE WIND."—[SEE PAGE 190.]

Mennecojous, Butes, Crows, and Blackfeet Indians, near Fort Philip Kearney, Dacotah Territory, on December 21, 1866. We give a sketch of this terrible scene, and a brief account of the circumstances under which it was enacted.

The victims of the massacre were about ninety men and officers of the Eighteenth Infantry and Second Cavalry. At about 10 o'clock A.M, on Friday the 21st of December last, the "Indian alarm" was given. It was signaled from the "picket hill" that the wood train of the post was attacked by Indians. All was in a bustle over the garrison, and in five minutes Company C, Second United States Cavalry and the mounted men of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, respectively under command of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel FETTERMAN, Captain BROWN, and Lieutenant GRUMMOND were in their saddles ready for a fight. They immediately set out in support of the guard of the wood-train. The cavalry when about one mile from the post came in sight of it, held in check by the Indians. The train consisted of about 35 Government wagons, and had about 30 foot soldiers as guards, besides the teamsters, who were also armed. There were about 400 Indians who surrounded the train at this point. The mounted men and cavalry as soon as they got sight of their old foes (the Indians) gave their accustomed yell, and with a tremendous shout charged them most furiously. The Indians, not being able to withstand the charge, fled on all sides, and the train was saved.

The cavalry returning and re-forming their line kept the Indians in check while the train was stringing out to return to the post. In the mean time a body of infantry sent out in support of the cavalry met the returning forces. The officers now deemed it a fair opportunity to punish the Indians, who were at a halt about 600 yards distant, especially as they now had more men with them than at any time previous.

They waited a sufficient time for the train to get within supporting distance of the fort, and then proceeded quietly toward the Indians, who commenced retreating slowly as our men advanced. At this gait they were moving, the one party advancing, the other retreating, for about one mile, when Captain BROWN, provoked at the temerity of the Indians, dashed forward at a brisk gallop, the cavalry following. They were soon gaining on the Indians, and had just reached a little knoll, when suddenly the Indians whom they were pursuing turned and charged them with the ferocity of tigers. But "Bald Eagle" (a name the Indians had given Captain BROWN) was at the head of his brave and tried men, and immediately ordered a counter charge, in which thirty Indians fell. On turning to renew the charge, however, Captain BROWN found himself cut off and almost surrounded by about 2000 Indians, who had lain in ambuscade for him in the adjacent ravines. The detachments on foot were now also engaged by a superior body of Indians some distance behind. The brave men, seeing all hope for their lives lost, gave one terrible war-cry, and, with death staring them in the face, charged through the host of Indians, and succeeded in reaching the infantry, leaving behind them two of their comrades, who were killed in the desperate charge. Five or six of the infantry had already been killed, and several more wounded. Captain BROWN ordered his men to dismount, and fought them as infantry. The Indians charged them furiously at this place, and again about forty of their number were dropped from their horses. Exasperated at their loss, and having their deadliest enemy, "Bald Eagle," before them, they renewed their charge, sending thousands of arrows and spears into the little phalanx; but each time they were repulsed with fearful loss.

Captain BROWN, who had already been badly wounded by four or five arrows, still encouraged the brave but doomed men by word and action, but fell dead during the next charge which the Indians made. The enemy were again repulsed. This charge left only about fifteen of our men in condition to carry on the fight, the rest having been killed or wounded. The Indians again gathered together for a final charge, and this time succeeded in killing all but one man. This one, it appeared, the Indians wished to take alive, for they made signs of peace to him. But he kept firing at them with his revolvers, and when he had emptied all but one of his barrels, held the muzzle to his forehead and blew out his brains, preferring death to torture at their hands.

The Indians scalped and most dreadfully mangled the bodies of their victims. In their rage they pierced the dead bodies with arrows, cut off limbs, disemboweled many, etc. Some of the bodies had as many as 125 arrows in them when they were taken up.

The eye-witness who furnishes the details of this fearful affair was Dr. HINES, the surgeon of the post, who was within 250 yards of the fight, in the thick undergrowth. He had been out early in the morning on a botanical excursion, and was on his way to the fort, when his steps were arrested by the sudden appearance of the Indians, who had lain in a ravine fifty yards ahead of him. He was cut off from the fort and from all friends, and was thus obliged to be an unwilling spectator of the greatest massacre known on the plains. Had it not been for him we would not have known a word about the affair, as not a single participant in the fight was left to tell the tale.

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## STREET-CAR SALAD.

NEVER full! pack 'em in!
Move up, fat man, squeeze in, thin.
Trunks, Valises, Boxes, Bundles,
Fill up gaps as on she tumbles.
Market baskets without number,
Owners easy—nod in slumber.
Thirty seated, forty standing,
A dozen more on either landing.
Old man lifts the signal finger,
Car slacks up—but not a linger—
He's jerked aboard by sleeve or shoulder,
Shoved inside to sweat and moulder.
Toes are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled—hoop-skirts crashed.
Thieves are busy, bent on plunder,
Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together, unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whisky toddies;
Tobacco, garlic, cheese, and beer
Perfume the heated atmosphere.
Old boots, pipes, leather and tan,
And if in luck, a "Soap-Fat man."
Aren't this jolly? What a blessing!
A Street-Car Salad, with such a dressing.

NEW YORK STREET RAILROAD CARS—WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

## MARRIED FOR MONEY.

[*See Illustration on page* 188.]

'Twas all over between us, you thought, when we parted,
It was good-by to me and to trouble or care;
A sigh and a tear, a poor boy broken-hearted,
Mattered not, for what feelings had you then to spare?
It was nothing to you that my best hopes were shattered,
For you knew all the time that you meant we should part;
Did you think with fair words I should ever feel flattered,
From lips feigning truth with such falseness at heart?

Ah! lovely and lost one, I lurk in the gloaming,
And think of one midsummer twilight last year,
But one little year past, when we two were roaming
With hand locked in hand by the still solemn mere.
Have *you*, love, forgotten that night and those pledges,
Half whispered, half sobbed, 'neath that calm summer sky?
While still in my ear faintly shiver the sedges,
And still the low plash of the water sounds nigh.

They tell me you're happy; and yet, on reflection,
I find they talk more of your wealth than of you;
And if you have moments of thought or dejection,
It may be those moments are known but to few.
You've a boudoir in buhl, and an Erard *à queue*, love;
You breakfast off Sèvres of the real *bleu du Roi*;
While what could *I* give you, whose heart was so true, love,
Save that poor posy ring, with its "*Pensez à moi!*"

Now blame not your husband, nor think you're used badly,
For 'twas simply a matter of money and trade;
You named him your "figure," he paid it most gladly,
But your heart was no part of the bargain he made.
He wanted a wife who could well head his table,
Who would humor his whims and obey his behests,
One lovely and clever, one willing and able—
To prove his good taste and to talk to his guests.

There are times when 'midst riches and splendor you languish—
When to still your poor conscience you fruitlessly try—
While tears are fast falling in bitterest anguish,
You confess there *is* something that money can't buy.
Yes, love, there are mem'ries that will not be buried,
There's a ghost of the dead past that will not be laid;
And while in the Maelstrom of pleasure you're hurried,
Do *you* never meet the sad eyes of the shade?

## IN THE WIND.

[*See Illustration on page* 188.]

Boreas—rude, ruddy, jovial king!
Sad pranks plays he with her hair;
The old fellow has got an eye for effect,
And he knows when a picture is fair.

A gold lock strays from the prisoning hat;
And the hue of the midsummer rose
Is not one scruple more tenderly pink
Than the cheek upon which he blows.

And the bright eyes dance with a light in their blue,
As they're caught by the mischievous wind,
With the wholesome joy of a vigorous health
And the peace of an innocent mind.

There is "consciousness" 'neath that "fall" of lace—
For she knows she is fair as the day;
An arch glance is thrown upon *me*, upon *you*,
Upon *both*—upon—who can say?

The small booted feet trip over the road,
And the wayfarer's glance is caught,
Since the scarlet-corded—you know what I mean—
Is, it may be, a trifle short!

So the frigate daintily saileth on,
Right daintily picks her way,
With her trim taut sails all set in the breeze,
Her artillery all in array.

Broadsides into our hearts she pours,
And she cripples and kills with a frown,
Till our tottering mast-heads "go by the board,"
And we haul our colors down!

## COOKERY MADE EASY.

### A CHAPTER FOR HUSBANDS.

HUSBANDS whose hearts—and stomachs—are made glad by tempting dishes and a bountifully-spread table are always complaining that their wives do not devote their energies to pleasing them in this matter. The apathy of wives is the fault of the husband—*he* is to blame for his own sufferings and deprivations.

The wife, anxious of course to make her home attractive, and never so happy as when her dear man enjoys the family repast—may in the morning timidly inquire what her adored would like to have for his dinner. In a moment the husband yields to anger: in nine cases out of ten he will express himself coarsely, and instead of embracing his broken-hearted spouse before leaving for business, he will dash his hat on to his head, button up his coat savagely, and slam-to the street-door after him as if he wished the explosive noise to express the "blowing up" he had not the courage to administer.

When a wife asks her husband in a mild, sweet manner, instigated only by love, whether he has a preference for any favorite dish, instead of flying into a passion and exclaiming, as he is sure to do—"Confound the dinners, that is your business!" he should with gratitude press his attentive darling to his bosom and think of something that both of them would like. Such phrases as, "Confound it, Matilda, I have no sooner swallowed my breakfast than you attempt to force my dinner down my throat;" or such remarks as, "Now, my good Clara, what the dickens do you think I married you for if I am to be bored in this disgusting style?" ought to be made finable, and be exposed in the police reports. We have no doubt but when the vicious husband had in his morning's paper read a few cases such as—"Another disgusting dinner quarrel again;" or "Shameful behavior to a wife—the dinner grievance"—we should soon find the matrimonial disputes, and the boiled and roast battles, at an end.

Wives, if stimulated by the patient hearing and the proper advice of their lords and masters, would apply themselves diligently to the study of the cookery book, and in a very little time the humblest tenement would be able to boast of such repasts that, instead of our being forced to send to Paris for our *cuisiniers*, it would be the ambition of all nations that love good living to be able to boast that they have been fortunate enough to secure the assistance of "une cook Americaine."

A lady of remarkable originality of thought, and one of the first to promote the establishing of the "Schools for Cookery"—a lady whose "omelette aux fines herbes" captivated thousands—was of opinion that the study of the cookery book in its present dry and uninteresting form was a fatiguing labor which few women were capable of undergoing. Her idea was to make each recipe the subject of some exciting romance. The idea is an excellent one, and husbands should be grateful for it, and pledge themselves to present their wives with a copy of this projected cook-book, bound in "blue and gold." The following is a sample chapter, which the fair authoress, with the amiability which ever distinguished her behavior, has submitted to our criticism as the first effort of her pen—it is called

### APPLE FRITTERS.

It was a lovely night. The warm breezes floated by, laden with the perfume of flowers—sweet incense, rising up from Nature's kitchen.

The moon shone bright as a bride's eye, covering the earth with its chaste rays, until the landscape seemed silvered and pure as a wedding-cake.

"Let us walk in the garden," said *chère* Hortense, clasping dear Eloise to her heaving bosom.

In a few seconds the two noble and enthusiastic girls were beneath the orchard trees.

"Do you perceive those apples?" remarked Hortense, scarcely able to suppress her emotion.

"Why this grief?" sighed the gentle Eloise. Then, turning her large gray eyes in the direction of the fruit, she added, in a disappointed tone, "They are baking apples, if I mistake not!"

"They are, they are!" cried *chère* Hortense, bursting into an agony of tears.

Poor girl! they reminded her of her home.

Some moments elapsed before *chère* Hortense could resume her wonted calmness. At length, with an effort, she said, "Forgive me, dear Eloise. I was silly, very silly! but whenever I see an apple I always think of *him*."

"You must, indeed, have loved," sighed Eloise.

"Loved! ay, child, madly!" continued Hortense. "The day we parted I remember we had apple fritters for dinner. He himself prepared the dainty for me. As he peeled and sliced crossways, a quarter of an inch thick, the rosy fruit before him, he breathed in my ear his first avowal of the love he felt for me. He then placed in a basin about two ounces of flour, a little salt, two tea-spoonfuls of oil, and the yolk of an egg, moistened by degrees with water, and all the time he kept stirring up the compound with a spoon. I thought I should have fainted, for my heart was breaking."

"Dear Hortense!" exclaimed Eloise, "ah, how you must have suffered!"

"It is past now," muttered the brave girl. Then resuming her story, she said, "When the whole formed a smooth consistency of the thickness of cream, he beat up the white of an egg till firm, mixing it with batter. I could endure my agony no longer. 'Alexis,' I cried, 'beware how you trifle with me!'"

"Proceed: you interest me greatly," said Eloise. "What was his answer?"

Hortense, with an effort, continued: "When the mixture was hot he put the apple slices in, one at a time, turning them over carefully as they were doing. Suddenly he advanced toward me, his face glowing with passion—"

"Nay, say not so," interrupted the kind Eloise; "perhaps the heat of the fire, and not passion, had tinged his cheeks."

"Heaven grant your words prove true!" sobbed the loving girl. "I shall never forget the expression of his eyes. 'Hortense,' he whispered, 'the apple fritters are now cooked; let us, perhaps for the last time, eat together.'"

For a few seconds Hortense was speechless from grief. Rising from the mossy bank she gasped out, "Eloise, as you love me, let us hurry home! I shall die if I remain here."

"And the fritters?" inquired the gentle Eloise.

"They were excellent," continued Hortense, in a calmer tone. "That evening he presented me with the recipe for making them, together with a lock of his hair, which, however, formed no part of the recipe. Two hours afterward he was on his way to the city. But, to this day even, the sight of an apple makes me tremble. Alas! such is the love of poor fond woman!"

That night Eloise slept little. She was thinking over the story of the "Apple Fritters."

## THE DANGERS OF PARIS.

AMERICANS who are going to the French Exposition at Paris will be interested in learning, if not delighted to hear, that mysterious disappearances are of frequent, almost daily occurrence. A writer of much talent, and one of the best contributors to *La Presse*, M. Pierre Baragnon, urges on Government the necessity of watching somewhat more carefully over the lives and safety of its subjects, and requesting especially the Prefect of Police to bestow upon the honest and honorable part of the Paris population the same surveillance and paternal care he does upon malefactors. M. Baragnon's revelations as to what has been latterly going on in Paris read like a novel of the Middle Ages. Among the staring facts brought forward by M. Baragnon to prove that he is in no way exaggerating the state of things are the following, which occurred during the last few months: Madame X——, twenty-three years of age, arrived in Paris with an elder sister, for the education of her three children. Her husband, a wealthy New York merchant, sanctioned and approved of this. Madame X—— took an apartment in the Champs Elysées, devoted herself to the care of her little boys, attended church regularly, occasionally in company with her sister, at a convent at Auteuil, and, in fact, led a most exemplary life. One morning, at eight o'clock, she summoned her maid, dressed hurriedly, appeared unusually agitated, and explained to her servants that she had an early visit to pay. Madame X—— did not communicate with her sister before quitting the house, which she left, alas! never to return. On the sad tidings reaching her husband he instantly left New York, and has been in Paris for some weeks, during which time he has spared neither money nor efforts to discover some trace of his beloved and beautiful wife. But one thing is certain, that not the slightest blemish can be attached to her disappearance. Her life was blameless, and her attachment to her husband and children undoubted.

The director-general of the telegraphic lines lost his *chef de cabinet* three months ago in a similar mysterious manner, and although that period has elapsed, neither friends nor telegraphic wires have elucidated the mystery. M. S—— was a man of between thirty-eight and forty, belonging to an excellent family, to which he was much attached, extremely fond of the study of botany, and of all home occupations. He attained the position of inspector, and had every prospect of rising in his profession. One afternoon, at five o'clock precisely, M. S——, who appeared very much preoccupied, entered his office, and having summoned his secretary, said to him: "My dear friend, I am obliged to absent myself for the next twenty-four hours on private business." The secretary naturally replied: "Very well, Sir; what am I to do?" "Go on with the work as usual, and should the director-general send for me, say I shall return to-morrow afternoon." M. S—— had received his monthly pay of £25 that morning, and had immediately paid a bill he owed amounting to £10. On quitting his office he had walked home, desired his *concierge* to call a carriage, walked up to his room, left some money on the chimney-piece, made some slight change in his dress, and got into the cab, giving directions to the driver in a low tone of voice. From that hour to the present moment neither M. S——, cab, nor cabman has been discovered.

M. Baragnon expresses anxiety lest the great Exhibition should attract to Paris a fresh influx of pickpockets and cut-throats from all quarters of the globe. He advises every visitor to the Exhibition to conform himself to the following rules of conduct: To beware of anonymous letters, and send them at once to the *commissaire* of the quartier they inhabit; to beware of mysterious rendezvous; to walk at night in the middle of any narrow street or passage their business may lead them by; and, finally, never to go out at night without a whistle, which, of course, will at once attract the attention of the police.

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2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**Price-List.**

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St, Corner of Church St. (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Club Order.**

SANDY CREEK, OSWEGO CO., N. Y., *January* 7, 1867.

GENTS,—The Tea you sent me gives good satisfaction. Enclosed find club order from another neighborhood, the which send as per order, and collect on delivery. There is much prejudice, I find, existing in some localities in regard to your Teas, created by the merchants, who say it is a great humbug, &c., &c. But I think, after an examination and trial, the people will decide for themselves, and buy their Teas where they can buy cheapest. Yours, J. CLARK.

RICHLAND GROVE, ILLINOIS, *Jan.* 4, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

I received by express a few days since a case of your Teas, and inclosed you will find an order for more. I have disposed of them, and they gave good satisfaction. I live 18 miles from Rock Island, but that is our nearest point for railroad communication, but not our nearest P. O. address, although it is the most reliable one. I do not wait for club names. I remain, very respectfully, &c., H. C. CLEAVELAND.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 10 lbs. Young Hyson | $1 25 | $12 50 |
| 10 lbs. Gunpowder | 1 25 | 12 50 |
| Carried up | | $25 00 |
| Brought up | | $25 00 |
| 5 lbs. Imperial | 1 25 | 6 25 |
| 5 lbs. Japan | 1 10 | 5 50 |
| Total | | $36 75 |

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, NEAR CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

## DRUNKENNESS CURED

By UPHAM'S ANTIDOTE. Sent by mail for $1 by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South 8th St., Philadelphia. Circulars free.

## TRUNK ENGINES.
### ROOT'S PATENT.

**Of 5, 10, 20, and 40 Horse Power,**

(Larger sizes when ordered,)

Of the most compact and approved construction, at low prices, by the

**Root Steam Engine Company,**

SALESROOM 155 DUANE STREET, N. Y.

## THE PIANIST'S ALBUM.

A new and brilliant set of Piano Pieces suited to every capacity, and indispensable to every pianist who would become familiar with the POPULAR MUSIC OF THE DAY. A very large number of the Gems contained in this Book are not to be found in any other—a fact that will render it the leading one of its kind. Price—Plain, $2 50; Cloth, $3 00; Cloth, full gilt, $4 00. Sold by all Music Dealers, and mailed, post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

"STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."—A large 8-page illustrated paper, cheapest and funniest paper out. Full of fun, fact, and fancy. Only 50 cents for a whole year, and a gift free to *every* subscriber, worth from 50 cents to $25 00. Send 50 cents for a year, or a specimen sent for 10 cents. Address
STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—I am anxious to furnish women who are willing to persevere in an honorable occupation with means of making a splendid income. One wanted in every town and county in the United States. Address, with stamp, for particulars, J. G. ARTHUR, Hartford, Ct.

**FISHING TACKLE,**

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau St., one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

## SURE PILE CURE.

DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

**READ!**

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1866.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

*JUST PUBLISHED.*

**New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.**

## WELLS'S
## Every Man His Own Lawyer,
### And Business Form Book.

A complete guide in all matters of Law and Business Negotiations, for every State in the Union.

With Legal Forms and full Instructions for Proceeding, without Legal Assistance, in Suits and Business Transactions of every description.

Together with the different State Laws concerning the Collection of Debts, Property exempt from Execution, Lien Laws, Usury, License to sell Goods, Qualification of Voters, Limitation of Actions, &c.

Also the General Bankrupt Law, with Forms and full Instructions to enable the insolvent debtor to take full benefit of the Act without legal assistance.

Also Pension Laws, with full instructions and forms to enable the discharged Soldier or Sailor to procure Back Pay, Pensions, Bounties, and all War Claims.

Also Patent Laws, with full instructions to Inventors.

Also Excise Laws, Stamp Duties, Post-Office and Custom-House Regulations, the whole action of the Government relative to Reconstruction and the Freedmen. Constitution of the United States with amendments, State Seals, with descriptions, &c.

This work, prepared some years ago, was received with great favor by the public, attaining a larger sale, it is believed, than any work of the kind ever published. Lapse of time has wrought material changes in the statutes of many of the States; the war has not only altered the social condition of some of them, but has introduced the Internal Revenue System, National Banks, new Post-Office and Custom-House Regulations, Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, Emancipation of Slaves, General Bankrupt Law, &c.

The subject of Pensions, Bounties, and War Claims has also assumed a new and greatly increased importance.

These numerous changes have led the publisher to make a new and thoroughly revised edition, reproducing the whole work, with special reference to making the work complete and reliable, without regard to expense. So critical and thorough has been this revision that the most implicit reliance can be placed upon the work as authority on all the subjects of which it treats.

Over two hundred and fifty pages of new matter have been added to meet the requirements of the times.

The utility of such a work no one will now question. The sale of hundreds of thousands of copies of the former editions, and the constant demand for it, have settled that point. The professional man, the farmer, the mechanic, the manufacturer, the soldier, the sailor, each require a convenient, comprehensive, and reliable work, which will enable him to draw up any instrument in writing that may be required, in a legal form, which will furnish such legal information as is called for in the various avocations of life, a book that every body can understand, and that will enable every man or woman to be his or her own lawyer.

There is no class of the community, male or female, who have or expect to have any property, or who have any rights or privileges which require protection, who will not be greatly benefited and advantaged by the possession of this book. It will save them money, save them trouble, save them time, save them litigation and lawyers' fees, and give them information that nobody can afford to be without.

12mo, 650 Pages Price, handsomely Bound, $2 00.
Sent postpaid on receipt of the price.

A good, reliable Agent Wanted in every town in the United States. Also a responsible man at all prominent points as General Agent. Also a few wide-awake men to travel in establishing agencies. Address
BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, PUBLISHER,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Papers giving this advertisement a conspicuous insertion will receive a copy of the work.

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**THE DIAMOND CROSS.**

A Tale of American Society. By W. BARNET PHILLIPS. 12mo, cloth extra, beveled edges, price $1 75. For sale by all booksellers, or sent, on receipt of price, by mail, postpaid. HILTON & CO., Publishers, 128 Nassau Street, N. Y.

**$125** PER MONTH and expenses. SHAW & CLARK'S S. M. Co., Biddeford, Maine.

## Bartlett's Reversible Sewing Machines.

SOMETHING NEW.

A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, FOR USE BY HAND OR FOOT, WITH PATENT REVERSIBLE MOTION, AT $25.

Now acknowledged to be

THE CHEAPEST GOOD SEWING MACHINES.

J. W. BARTLETT, Patentee. Principal Office, 569 Broadway, New York.

☞ A Splendid Opening for Agents.

## TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS.

POUDRETTE AND DOUBLE-REFINED POUDRETTE, the cheapest, and most powerful, and best fertilizer known for corn, cotton, hops, tobacco, and garden vegetables.

Send for a pamphlet, price-list, &c., to
THE LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,
No. 66 Cortlandt St., New York.

EXTRACTS.

"It did me good service, and you are welcome to refer to me in any way."—Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

"My gardener thinks it indispensable within the garden fence."—DANIEL WEBSTER.

"I consider it the most valuable and cheapest fertilizer which I have ever used."—Rt. Rev. J. H. HOPKINS, Bishop of Vermont.

"Where the Poudrette was used it gave us half a bale of cotton more to the acre."—HENRY P. STULTS & BROTHER, N. C.

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KALDENBERG & SON, Manufacturers of genuine Meerschaum Pipes. The best Meerschaums at a fair price. All goods warranted genuine. Monograms, Portraits, &c., cut to order. Pipes repaired, boiled, mounted, &c. Send for circular. 4 and 6 John St.

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With the COTTAGE PRESS and the printing material accompanying it every man can do his own printing neatly, quickly, and cheaply. They are so simple in construction that a boy ten years old can easily manage the largest size. Printed instructions are sent with each office, enabling the purchaser to go at work without a previous knowledge of printing. A circular, containing a full description, prices, testimonials, &c., sent free to all. Our specimen sheets of type, cuts, &c., ten cents.

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| One Page | $250 00 |
| Half Page | 125 00 |
| Quarter Page | 70 00 |

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

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**Circulation nearly 100,000.**

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EXPECTATION: "From Him!!!" DISAPPOINTMENT: "A Gas Bill!"

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BANKERS,

**No. 7 Wall Street, New York,**

Buy and sell at market rates and on commission, all issues of GOVERNMENT SECURITIES; all series of SEVEN-THIRTY Notes taken in exchange for the new Consolidated FIVE-TWENTY BONDS.

MERCHANTS AND IMPORTERS supplied with GOLD for Custom Duties at Market Rates.

Deposits received and interest allowed on balances subject to check.

Collections made with quick returns.

D.D.& Co's SOFT CAPSULES.

See Advertisement Inside.

**CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.**

UPHAM'S FRESH-MEAT CURE cures CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, and all LUNG DISEASES. $1 a bottle by express. Circulars sent to any address by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists.

**At Reduced Rates.** POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 692 Broadway, near Fourth St., N.Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Pipes from $3 upward.

**MERWIN & SIMPKINS,**

Successors to MERWIN & BRAY,

**262 Broadway, New York,**

*Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds;* Shot-Guns, ENGLISH, GERMAN, and AMERICAN, of the most approved patterns.

*Sole Agents* for the well-known breech-loading BALLARD RIFLES, MILITARY and SPORTING STYLES.

EAGLE ARMS Co.'s *front-loading* cartridge Pistols—Navy and Pocket Sizes—which require but 4 motions to load and discharge: a degree of perfection *never* before attained.

Also Sole Agents for the celebrated WHITNEY REVOLVERS and Shot-Guns—*Homogeneous Barrels.*

For farther particulars, send for illustrated circulars.

MERWIN & SIMPKINS, 262 Broadway, N. Y.

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The only *Family Machine* that sets up its own work, knits all sizes, widens and narrows, knits the heel into the stocking, and narrows off the toe complete—producing all varieties of knit goods, from an infant's stocking, mitten, or glove to a lady's shawl or hood.

It is *simple, durable,* and *easily operated.* Agents wanted. Send for a circular and sample of work. Address (inclosing stamp)

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
Rochester, N. Y., or Springfield, Mass.

**50 PER-CENT SAVED BY USING**

B. T. BABBITT'S STAR YEAST POWDER. Light Biscuit or any kind of Cake may be made with this Yeast Powder in fifteen minutes. No shortening required when sweet milk is used.

I will send a samply package free by mail on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage.

Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

HALL'S PATENT RUBBER CUSHION. The only positive cure for tender-footed horses.

Price $1 per pair. Sent by mail for $1 50. Send size of inside of shoe. Address

PECK & SEYMOUR, 13 Gold St., New York.

**MERCHANTS, BANKERS,**

And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

## Thos. Russell & Son,

Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.
A. W. RUSSELL, 57 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, Sole Agent.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.
SPRING STOCK NOW READY.
ASSORTMENT LARGE, AND PRICES LOW.
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JOBBERS SUPPLIED BY THE CASE,
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For Sale at his Headquarters, No. 25 MAIDEN LANE, New York, and by every duly appointed Agent at the same prices.

A Catalogue, with full description of Sizes and Prices, sent on receipt of letter postage.

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**50 MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP PER-CENT SAVED BY**

Using B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or Ready Soap Maker, warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 6 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions, in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. [illegible] 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

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**Every Man His Own Lawyer.**

See advertisement on page 191.

GUFFROY'S COD LIVER DRAGÉES.

PILULÆ EXTRACTI JECORIS ASELLI, SUGAR-COATED PILLS OF COD-LIVER EXTRACT, NOT OIL.

Warranted without taste or smell, and not to disagree with the most delicate stomach. More economical and efficient than Cod Liver Oil.

APPROVED BY THE IMPERIAL MEDICAL ACADEMY, PARIS, and IMPERIAL MEDICAL COUNCIL, ST. PETERSBURG; USED IN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN HOSPITALS.

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**DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,**

479 Broadway and 46 Mercer Street,

Have a large stock of China, Glass, Plated Goods, Cutlery, &c., all of which are offered at low prices.

**Washes Well! Wears Well!**

TRADE

MARK.

**The Genuine Magic Ruffle!**

These Goods, having the above trade-mark on the Box and Card, are warranted to measure six full yards in each piece, and to WEAR and WASH as well as any made by hand.

The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES, still manufactured by the original inventors and patentees, on superior machinery, from the best materials, and under careful supervision, have withstood the tests of *six years'* constant use, giving invariable satisfaction.

Manufactured by THE MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY, 95 Chambers Street, New York. Also Manufacturers of RUFFLE FLUTING IRONS. HOME-MADE RUFFLES.

## Kaldenberg & Son,

The most extensive manufacturers, and only exhibitors to the PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867, of

Genuine Meerschaum Pipes,

Holders, &c., cut to order and repaired. Send Stamp for Circular. The finest Meerschaums, and *lower* than any other house.

**No. 6 John Street, near Broadway.**

**MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP**

WITH

## SAPONIFIER.

Only 2 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Be particular in asking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions are attached to every package. All that is required is an iron kettle holding one or two gallons. For sale at every grocery store.

## THE DIAPHRAGM FILTER,

Manufactured by ALEXANDER McKENZIE, No. 305 Fourth Street, is the kind of Porous Filter to which I alluded in my recent report to the Croton Board. I consider the artificial sandstone which constitutes the filtering medium to be an excellent article for the purpose. The instrument is quite durable, and only requires to be reversed occasionally to insure its action.

JAMES B. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

New York, April 25, 1862.

Sold by A. McKENZIE & CO., Practical Plumbers and Hydraulic Engineers. Particular attention paid to country residences. From the long experience of the firm they are prepared to execute and warrant all work in their line. Jobbing in Plumbing and Gas-Fitting done as usual. Orders solicited from out-of-town trade.

A. McKENZIE & CO.,
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We earnestly recommend to all of our readers and subscribers wearing Spectacles, or suffering from any failing of the Eyesight whatever—Weak Eyes, Sore Eyes, Watery Eyes, Dimness of Vision, Cataract, &c.—to read the forty-page pamphlet published by Dr. J. BALL & Co., on The Eye and Near-Sightedness. We believe any case can be cured without the least fear of injury to the eye. Sent free to any address.

Address Dr. J. BALL & Co., 128 Nassau Street, New York (Box 701 Post-Office).

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 535.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


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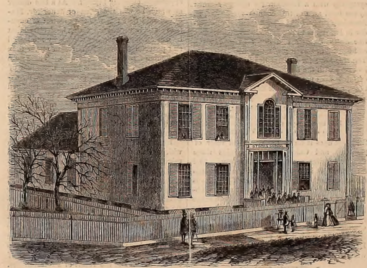


FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL-HOUSE AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

FREEDMEN'S FARM-SCHOOL, NEAR WASHINGTON, D.C.

## SCHOOLS FOR FREEDMEN.

We have had occasion heretofore to notice the earnestness with which the freedmen of the South have availed themselves of the opportunities for education offered by the fortunate result of the war. They have even contributed material aid out of their scanty means to the building of schools for the colored children, and evinced an encouraging desire to secure the benefits heretofore denied them. Very great good has already been accomplished in this way, and great results are promised by the philanthropic efforts of the men and women engaged in this labor of love. We have no means of estimating the number of colored children enjoying the privilege of attending school in all parts of the South at this moment, but information from Alabama states that General Wager Swayne, Commissioner for Freedmen in that State, reports that there are over thirty thousand colored children in attendance at school in his district alone. Great efforts are being made all over the South by Northern missionaries and philanthropists, like Peabody, Howard, Tillson, Swayne, and others, to promote education among the poorer classes of whites and freedmen; and we may assert with perfect truthfulness that there are more public schools in the South in its present disorganized and demoralized state than there were at any period under the old *régime.*

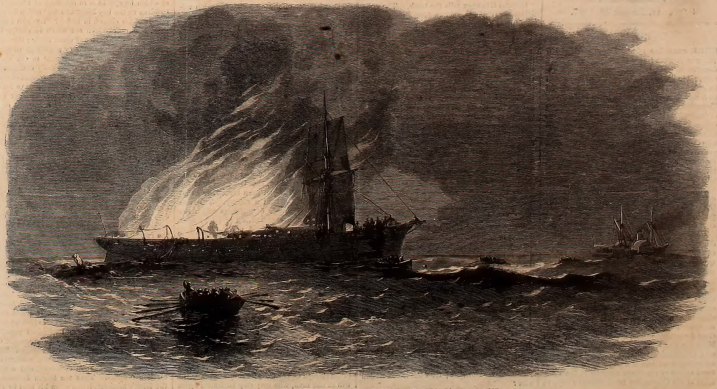
### FIRST FREEDMEN'S SCHOOL IN GEORGIA.

We give herewith a picture of the first school-house for freedmen ever built in the State of Georgia. This house, which is located in Atlanta, was completed and dedicated to Education and Religion on the 8th of December, 1866, with appropriate and impressive ceremonies, by Rev. E. M. Cravath, Secretary of the American Missionary Association, and other gentlemen friendly to impartial and universal education. It contains, in front, four rooms, each of sufficient capacity to accommodate seventy-five pupils, and an office for the Superintendent.

The projection to the rear in the left of the picture is the chapel, which is used for day and Sunday school and religious services, and seats comfortably an audience of 450 persons. The school-rooms, in finish, inside and out, are in all appointments equal to any first-class school-house either North or South. The entire cost was about $6000. Of that amount $1000 was given by Rev. Dr. Storrs's congregation in Cincinnati, and, in honor of their pastor, it is called the "*Storrs School.*" The remaining $5000 was paid jointly by the Freedmen's Bureau and the American Missionary Association, under whose direction the house was erected, and by whom the schools in it are sustained. The Association has twelve teachers in Atlanta, under whose daily tuition there are now over 1100 colored pupils.

### NATIONAL FARM-SCHOOL FOR COLORED ORPHANS.

The National Farm-School, for colored orphans and for the children of colored soldiers, near Washington, is another, and perhaps the most extensive, of the establishments founded for the benefit of the emancipated race. Founded in March, 1866, by H. de Mariel, Esq., of New



BURNING OF THE STEAMER "ANDALUSIA" AT SEA, March 3, 1867.

York, and under the patronage of President Johnson, General U. S. Grant, Major-General O. O. Howard, Attorney-General Speed, Secretary M'Culloch, Senator Doolittle, and Marquis de Montholon, Minister from France, this establishment is both a primary school and an agricultural one. It is intended to give the pupils all the necessary knowledge in the elementary branches of instruction, and, at the same time, to make of each a practical and competent farmer. With this view a farm of one hundred acres has been purchased, which was partly worked last year by the pupils, and will be this spring on a larger scale. The raising of several useful crops has been attended with encouraging success. It is believed that this Farm-School will have a most salutary influence on its pupils, by making them competent farmers by the time they leave the establishment. They will be able to act in every capacity, even as overseers on any farm or plantation. It is the ultimate intention of the persons interested in this benevolent enterprise to send pupils, as soon as they are able to take care of themselves, to various parts of the South or Southwest, where they may establish themselves on public lands, under the new Homestead Law. A flourishing village, or colony, would thus be formed in a short time. The farm has now fifty pupils, from seven to eighteen years of age. When the buildings in process of erection shall be completed, it will be possible to admit over two hundred children.

## BURNING OF THE STEAMER "ANDALUSIA."

We give this week an illustration of the burning of the steamer *Andalusia* at sea, on March 3. The vessel left this port on March 2, under command of Captain William H. West, an old and experienced officer. The fatal trip was the second one attempted by Captain West in the *Andalusia*, on both of which occasions he failed to reach his destination. On the first trip the vessel was disabled before leaving the harbor, and had to return. The fire which destroyed the vessel on the second trip was discovered while the passengers were at supper. The Captain, on being apprised of it, quietly left the passengers to finish their meals undisturbed while he repaired below; and they were only apprised of the fact that the vessel was on fire by hearing the explosions of combustible matter in the hold. In a few moments all was confusion in the cabin, but the Captain soon restored order by a few sharp commands. The fire soon broke from the hold by forcing up the hatch, and at once filled the engine-room with smoke and flames. In five minutes after the flames enveloped the whole of the after-part of the vessel, and a resort to the boats was had. Two of these, against the Captain's orders, were lowered before the vessel was stopped, and were swamped—the purser, second assistant engineer, Mr. William J. Pease, Jun., two firemen, a New York pilot, and four others being thereby thrown out and lost. The other boats were lowered safely, though the bow of that of the Captain was stove in, and she nearly filled with water. These and the boats of the steamer *Manhattan*, which hove in sight and offered every assistance, rescued the rest of the passengers and crew.

As the boats left the vessel she was enveloped in flames. Shortly after getting on board the *Manhattan* a thick fog set in, obscuring the vessel from sight, and during its continuance she went down.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 30, 1867.


## THE RESULT.

The execution of the Reconstruction bill was regarded as a test of the President's disposition. It was felt that if he promptly executed it in its own spirit, the public mind would be softened. If he evaded it, or was satisfied with a mere technical execution, the desire of his removal would greatly stimulate the friends of impeachment. It is but fair to say that his course has been wise. Upon consultation with General Grant he has appointed Military District Commanders of whose experience and sympathy with the national purpose there can be no question. It was supposed that the President might name certain officers like Generals Granger and Custer, who have been most unpleasantly identified with his policy; but the selection of Thomas, Sheridan, Schofield, Sickles, and Ord is a sincere deference to public opinion. They are men who will execute faithfully the provisions of the bill.

Congress has been engaged in removing the difficulty which we suggested upon the passage of the bill—its failure to define precisely the method of its own execution. The Senate Supplementary bill provides that before the 1st of September, 1867, the military commander shall register all voters qualified by the act. There shall then be an election to determine if a Constitutional Convention shall be held. At this election a majority of the registered electors must vote; and if a majority of those voting declare for a Convention, it shall be held agreeably to the act. The Convention, having adopted a Constitution, must submit it to the people for ratification; and if a majority of the registered voters of the State approve it, the President of the Convention must forward a copy to the President of the United States, who must immediately lay it before Congress. If Congress approves it, the State will resume its representation in Congress.

Thus the great principle is definitively settled that a State which rises in rebellion against the Union can be restored to its position in the Union only upon such conditions as the loyal people in Congress shall determine. That is the obvious common-sense of the situation, while the theory of the continuous right of States, as expounded by Alexander H. Stephens, and held by the Democratic party, is rejected as no less foolish and untenable than the old Democratic sophistries of State sovereignty and the doctrine that the Constitution was a conditional compact instead of a national bond.

The result shows the superiority of the general popular instinct to technical chicanery. It is the vindication of the spirit against the letter. Ever since the surrender of the rebel armies the country has been confronted with a sophistical syllogism, which the President has repeated in every form, and which the Secretary of State has gravely offered as a great political truth. The syllogism was this: The war was for the Union; the Union has been maintained; therefore every State is equal with every other State. Now politics are extremely practical. A nation which has spent three thousand millions of dollars and countless precious lives in a furious war of four years to maintain its existence will hardly surrender at the summons of a syllogism. The reply which the country made to the President, the Secretary of State, the Democratic party, and the late rebels, was very simple. It was this: We have fought to maintain the Union; we have succeeded; therefore we shall do what is necessary to secure the Union from a similar peril hereafter.

That was the meaning of the elections and of the Reconstruction bill. The difference between the President and his supporters on the one side, and the loyal American people upon the other, is just this: the first see in the result the destruction of the Constitution and the end of civil liberty; the second see in it the salvation of the Constitution and the beginning of civil liberty.

## ERIN-GO-BUNCOMB.

After the actual loss of life and the indescribable and vain private sorrow and desolation which the Fenian movement produces in Ireland, its most melancholy result is the degradation of American politics and politicians. Fernando Wood wishes to have the rules suspended that the House may receive a resolution of sympathy with Ireland. Mr. Nye moves a similar resolution in the Senate. Mayor Hoffman writes a letter of fine phrases to a Fenian meeting in Union Square, and Mr. Charles S. Spencer, at the same meeting, proclaims himself "as an individual an enemy to the Government of Great Britain," and announces amidst deafening applause that his mother's father was born in Dublin. The New York *Tribune* also makes the most of the Fenian occasion, and General John H. Gleeson telegraphs from Washington to the meeting that Democrats and Republicans were vying in Congress in efforts to pass a vote of sympathy for Ireland. And the dispatch is received with "enthusiastic demonstrations of joy."

General Gleeson tells the truth. The politicians are running a neck-and-neck race. The men in the gap upon whom Fernando Wood has his eye are the Mackerelville voters. They are the men to whom he said in a public speech in 1864, as we learn from a friend who heard him, that if the Republicans succeeded they would prevent Irishmen and Catholics from voting. This Irish sympathy upon the part of Congress and of the politicians of both parties is a vast piece of blarney. It is an attempt to get the Irish vote. It is the modern version of *panes et circenses*. It is the most servile flattery to the most ignorant class of the population; and is one of the gravest signs of the demoralization of our politics.

Does any body believe that if there were not so large an Irish vote in the country there would be such very loud sympathy for the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland? There is a land peopled by an historic race who have been for a year fighting against the most barbarous tyranny with a heroism which renews the noblest traditions of Greece. Their cause is hopeless except in the skill of their hands and the endurance of their hearts, and is commended to us by every generous sympathy and humane emotion. Why is not Congress asked to suspend the rules that it may sympathize with the Cretans? Why is the heroism of Fenian bands assaulting policemen so thrilling, and that of Cretans desperately defending their walls, and, when hope is at an end, lighting the train which sends them with their foes to sudden death, so commonplace? The answer is evident. Because there is no Cretan vote in the United States. When Italy a year ago was gathering her forces and nerving herself to strike the blow which should free her from the hateful Austrian yoke, where were the sympathy of Congress and the eloquence of the politicians? Nowhere; for what is the Italian vote?

Mayor Hoffman says in his letter that when we were struggling for national existence England was unfriendly, and he feels no very warm wish to defend her against her foes. And if England were unfriendly to our national cause, what was the Chicago Convention of Mayor Hoffman's party? If Mr. Gladstone said that Davis had created a nation, Mayor Hoffman's party said, in their platform, that the war for the Union was a failure. The distinction is not so plain to a patriotic mind as it is to his Honor's. If his Honor's party friends considered England unfriendly to the national cause, why did they wait upon Lord Lyons during the war and suggest that England should intervene? England did not believe in our success. Did Mayor Hoffman and his party? There were many reasons why Englishmen should be of that opinion, and the thought sprang from the wish. Was its genealogy the same in the minds of Mayor Hoffman and his party? We remind his Honor that it is not fraternal in a Chicago-platform partisan to taunt John Bull with unfriendliness in our war.

No honorable man can doubt that as British sympathy with a rebellion for slavery seemed to the loyal men of this country monstrous, so American support and encouragement of disorder in Ireland is to the Liberal English leaders like John Bright and John Stuart Mill and Goldwin Smith profoundly disheartening. The sole hope for Ireland lies in the union of its cause with the liberal cause of England. It certainly does not lie in forays upon police stations, nor in being "in the field in Tipperary," and shouting,

"Let Britain boast of British host,
About them all right little care we,
Not British seas nor British coast
Can match the men of Tipperary."

Still less does it lie in the oratorical valor of Generals and Colonels and Captains three thousand miles away from Tipperary. And least of all is it to be found in the Buncomb motions, resolutions, and speeches of politicians in and out of Congress. The most ancient objection to a Republic was its tendency to make political success depend upon flattery to the poorest prejudices and the basest passions. The conduct of our politicians in regard to Fenianism, and in general the abject servility to the Irish vote, should make thoughtful men ask whether the objection was not serious.

## FRENCH POLITICS.

The politics of France are at this moment of singular interest. The Emperor's recent concessions have been rejected by the Opposition. Jules Favres, the fiery and eloquent tribune of the people, has attacked the project in a speech which shows how radically irreconcilable the Opposition and the Empire are. For whatever the Emperor may concede he can not concede the Empire, and nothing less will satisfy the impetuous and skillful chiefs of the Opposition. The speech of Jules Favres was a brilliant and passionate attack upon the whole imperial policy. The moment was propitious, for the Imperial foreign policy during the year has not been glorious for France; and the prestige of the Emperor has seriously suffered. Then, to the restless ardor of the Celtic nature a dashing assault upon the settled order is always fascinating, and it is easy to imagine the electrical effect of the orator's peroration addressed to the Emperor's Minister: "You are content to be the Minister of a Marcus Aurelius or a Trajan; I aspire to be the citizen of a free country."

But if Jules Favres's speech was an exhilarating oration, the reply of M. Rouher, the Minister of Louis Napoleon, was, as *La France* called it, "a political event." His fence was not less brilliant than Jules Favres's. He did not evade the direct issue, and for two hours he reviewed and defended the Imperial policy from the beginning, declaring that the Emperor had always confided in him intimately, and that the late measures were intended in perfect good faith as liberal securities of the peace and welfare of France. Although, under the circumstances, M. Rouher was at a disadvantage, his defense was so ample and precise, and his tone at least so sincere, that it was evident the force of the assault had been turned, and that the Empire had gained a victory. This was shown by the number of prisoners which the Minister's speech captured. For he brought in captive the whole third party—the party upon which the Opposition counted for an alliance in its campaign. Indeed that party was probably dissolved by the speech, and leaving the Opposition without the necessity of moderation exposes it to the peril of mere factiousness, which is an advantage to the Empire.

Indeed, of the essential advance in the Imperial policy one of the clauses of the proposed bill to regulate the press is an illustration. The Government renounces the right of suppressing a paper, and gives the entire control of the press to the civil courts; while any person hereafter may establish a printing-office without special permission from the Government. These are forward steps, but they can not be satisfactory to the sincere Opposition, for they are really the will of one man, who may step backward again at any moment. Yet, on the other hand, they are a real gain, for the results of perfectly free discussion even for a short time will not be lost. It is like giving the alphabet to the freedmen. After they have once received it they can not be safely re-enslaved.

But however dextrous the defense of Louis Napoleon may be, we suppose that few persons consider his Imperial dynasty secure. He has had a long and fair opportunity, but he has not succeeded in rooting his Empire either in the affections or in the pride of the French people. The heir of a settled Government may be no wiser than many of the British monarchs have been; but the founder of a dynasty must be always sagacious, conciliatory, and successful; and in an age and country of general intelligence it is the plain perception of the practical superiority of his rule to any other attainable system that he can alone safely trust.

## Mr. JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P.

Mr. John Francis Maguire, M. P. for Cork, is making a little tour in this country, and is apparently enjoying himself. At a late dinner at which he was the guest of honor Mr. Maguire said that this was the greatest of countries; and in regard to Ireland, he declared that he was for redressing her wrongs by the lawful and peaceful warfare of the forum rather than by Fenian forays in the Provinces. These were both remarks to which his hearers, whether of Irish or American birth, probably took no exception. Indeed, if Mr. Maguire had confined his eloquence to the compliments of a dinner-table, we should have been glad to know that there had been a pleasant party, and have thought no more about Mr. John Francis Maguire.

But when this gentleman delivers a lecture in which he attacks one of the very fundamental principles upon which rests the national greatness which he so warmly commends, it is a very different matter. Mr. Maguire is dissatisfied with the perfect liberality and toleration of our public-school system. He is a Roman Catholic, and he is of opinion that the schools should be controlled by the various sects, his own included. But if Mr. Maguire understood the spirit of our whole system a little better, he would not have committed an error at once so grave and so discourteous. The character of our institutions is the result of Protestantism. Perfect religious liberty produces all other liberty. It would not be very difficult to trace the Declaration of Independence in Philadelphia back to Luther's challenge upon the church door in Wittenberg. Indeed, this whole question, which Mr. Maguire treats not very skillfully, has been thoroughly settled in the discussions and the convictions of the American people.

Seduced by his theme and the probable sympathy of his audience, Mr. Maguire proceeded "to castigate in the most severe manner the system of proselytizing children which he understood was practiced in this city," and he denounced such "foul wrongs perpetrated in the name of religion." It is, of course, amusing to hear a disciple of the Roman Catholic Church, with its beloved Inquisition—which, if now less terrible than formerly, is no less logical—denouncing proselyting; and does Mr. Maguire seriously believe that the Children's Aid Society of which he speaks is in the habit of abducting children as the boy Mortara was stolen by the priests of his church in Rome? Let him know then, that no children are taken in charge by the Society who have any other home; they are never taken from parents or guardians without their consent; and they are sent to the West with the full consent of every body concerned, that they may there have a fairer chance of success in life than they are likely to have here. But the question is never asked whether the child is a Roman Catholic, or a Baptist, or a Methodist. It is enough that he is a homeless, destitute, starving human being. Yet Mr. Maguire seems to suppose that the important question is the nominal religious faith of the forlorn child.

Mr. John Francis Maguire, M. P. for Cork, might wisely have been informed by some of his friends at dinner on the evening after his lecture, that the condition of the poor in the Roman Catholic countries is not a condition into which we wish to see the poor of our own country fall; and that, with honorable exceptions, which we are all glad to acknowledge, the recruits to our population from his native isle are not such as to heighten our admiration for the religious, political, and social influences under which they have been bred.

## THE SITUATION IN ITALY.

The Italian Ministry lately proposed terms of separation of Church and State by which certain large sums were to be paid for church property. The same Ministry prohibited popular political meetings in Venice, on the ground of the unsettled condition of national affairs. The National Assembly disapproved the ministerial acts, and was thereupon dissolved, and a new election ordered. Thus the Baron Ricasoli, the King's minister, is put upon his trial by the

country. The elections will justify or condemn his policy.

What his policy is RICASOLI has explained in a circular to the prefects. Italy, he says, now needs a government with strength and authority, and the end of sterile agitations. This is the tone of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S manifestoes after the *coup d'état*, and it excites the fears of the Liberals. It is remarked, also, that the King's envoy at Rome is upon good terms with many cardinals and with the French embassy, and is "highly appreciated by the Pontifical Government." This is thought to be a bad sign. The new radical paper in Florence called the *Vanguard* denounces those who are friends with the Empire and with the Papacy; and GARIBALDI, who came to Florence a few weeks since, is reported to have described RICASOLI and his party as accomplices of the clerical party.

If this position shall be occupied by the Italian Opposition, it will undoubtedly fall into a minority, and play the part of the Opposition in the French Chambers. In both cases the secret inspiration is the same. It is hostility to the principle of the government itself. JULES FAVRES and GARIBALDI are at heart republicans. JOHN BRIGHT is logically the same, for he can hardly believe in the perpetuity of the monarchy and aristocracy with manhood suffrage; so that the phrase, "His Majesty's Opposition," which was strictly descriptive of the old Whigs when the Tories were in power, or of the Tories when the Whigs were in place, has lost its significance in England, where it was historical, and will apparently not become historical either in France or Italy.

Indeed the results of our late great struggle will be visible in every country in the force which opposition to the monarchical principle will constantly acquire. All the great inventions, from the printing-press to the telegraph, have been democratic missionaries. The divine right of royalty is the paganism of politics. That is effectually abolished in the mind of civilized Europe, and with that sooner or later falls the whole regal system. An elective monarchy is a solecism. An hereditary executive is repugnant to modern political convictions. And the question in the advanced countries of Europe at this moment really is, whether the inevitable revolution can be peacefully accomplished.

## A FEW FACTS FOR CONNECTICUT.

WE are glad to see that the Union men in Connecticut steadily cling to the true issue before the people; and that is simply, whether the Democratic party which co-operated with the rebellion ought to be trusted with the government of the State.

The history of the Democratic party for the last quarter of a century is that of a desperate struggle for the extension and nationalization of Slavery, under the leadership of those who became the chiefs of the rebellion. To this end, during the ascendency of that party, the whole power of the national patronage was prostituted, and a system of social and commercial demoralization was unscrupulously pursued. The most abject servility to the demands of Slavery was the test of a genuine Democrat. If you found an American who held office under a Democratic administration, you found an American who sneered at liberty and equal rights. So gross and absolute had this demoralization become before the war, that, during the Presidency of BUCHANAN, a "national man" meant distinctively a supporter of Slavery; a "Union man," in the same way, was one who justified the Southern threats of secession; while a "national Union man" was the title especially claimed by JEFFERSON DAVIS and the ultra secessionists. As the crisis approached free speech at the North was denied, and the opponents of the nationalization of Slavery were mobbed by Democrats under plea of "the Union." A great meeting of the city of New York was held at the Academy of Music, and Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR, a leading Democrat, proclaimed the Christianity of Slavery. The threats of secession grew more truculent, and a Democratic ex-President, FRANKLIN PIERCE, wrote to JEFFERSON DAVIS that blood would flow at the North if resistance were offered to the conspiracy. Secession began, and private Democratic leaders such as Mr. S. M. L. BARLOW, of New York, counting upon the total demoralization of his fellow-citizens, wrote to a secession Senator that if the conspiracy would refrain from actual war, the utmost guarantees of Slavery would be conceded; while a Democratic President, BUCHANAN, whose Cabinet of Democrats had broken up to furnish leaders of the bloody war upon loyal citizens, gravely announced that the Union had no right to save itself by force.

The war began. It was officered at the South by Democratic chiefs. It was thwarted, opposed, and slandered at the North by Democratic papers and speakers. The Democratic party as a party was arrayed against it. Men like DANIEL S. DICKINSON, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, and JOHN A. LOGAN, who had been noted Democrats, and who became unconditional Union men, were instantly dropped by the party. The organized resistance to the drafts; the plots of the sons of Liberty at the West; the fearful riots in New York; the plans for the release of rebel prisoners, were the work of Democrats, and were either denied or extenuated, as seemed most discreet, by the Democratic papers. The Democracy of Ohio supported VALLANDIGHAM as their representative man for Governor. The Democracy of New York rallied around HORATIO SEYMOUR, who sneered at the war in the very hour when the Union soldiers were falling at Gettysburg and turning the tide of rebellion. The Democracy of Connecticut hailed THOMAS H. SEYMOUR as their type. The Democracy of Illinois spoke through the Chicago *Times*, which was suppressed for treason by military order. The Democratic leaders in Pennsylvania, like WILLIAM B. REED, awaited the arrival of the rebel army in Philadelphia, and said that there were plenty of what they scornfully called "loyal" men who would soon be glad to implore their protection. In the house of the chairman of the National Democratic Committee, AUGUST BELMONT, an Englishman was suffered, without rebuke, from the host, to wear a rebel badge in the presence of Union officers, one of whom did not hesitate to call the offender to account; and finally the National Democratic Convention, of which HORATIO SEYMOUR was President and VALLANDIGHAM the master spirit, declared the war for the Union a failure, and the rebellion consequently triumphant. But when, despite the predictions, the hopes, and the efforts of the Democratic party, the rebellion was subdued, the single aim of the party became the speediest renewal of the old political alliance with the defeated rebels. The Democratic papers, orators, and Congressional action insist that the rebel States without conditions, without guarantee, and with an increase of political power, shall resume their position in the Union.

Such are a few facts illustrative of the position of the Democratic party during the tremendous struggle of the nation for life. Do they inspire the men of Connecticut with respect and confidence? And if this is the patriotism of that party, has it any superiority in the justice of its principles or in the purity of its political practice—of which the city of New York furnishes a neighboring and convenient example for Connecticut—which should induce the people of that State to turn from the friends of LINCOLN and BUCKINGHAM to trust the followers of BUCHANAN and TOUCEY, the ancient allies of JEFFERSON DAVIS and JOHN B. FLOYD?

## WATER AND HEALTH.

WATER is the most abundant substance in the body. Only one-fifth of the blood is solid matter, and four-fifths of it is water. And water forms a large portion of almost every organ, however solid it may be. In the cholera, where the discharges drain off largely the watery portion of the blood, there is a great shrinking of the body, occasioning the pinching of the features and the wrinkling of the skin. The blood in this disease sometimes fails to flow in its channels, from sheer loss of its flowing quality by reason of the draining off of its water. But here the water is but partially lost from the blood, and so from the organs. The shrinking from a total loss of it would be vastly greater than what is ever witnessed in the cholera. You can have some idea of its amount by letting a bit of meat dry up in the sun.

Water distends every part of the system, rounding out the organs, giving them pliability, and lubricating every surface of all cavities, large and small. When a limb becomes dropsical it is from the undue accumulation of water in the minute cells or cavities of that universal packing material of the body called the cellular membrane.

Water never stagnates in the system. Here, as every where else, it is ever in motion. It is constantly coming into the system, and as constantly goes out. The flow from the skin which we actually see in perspiration is but a small portion of that which comes from this large organ. In the insensible perspiration which is so continually going on water is breathed out, as we may say, from the pores of the skin in large quantities. It is discharged also by the lungs and the kidneys.

The supply comes from our food and our drink. In our solid food there is much water. There is much in all our meats. It constitutes three-fourths of one of our most solid vegetables, the potato, and very nearly half of the bread we eat, even when it is stale. We do not need, therefore, to drink very largely of water to secure a due supply to the system.

As water plays so important a part, not only as a diluent and as a common carrier, but as entering into the very composition of the body, mingling every where intimately with the solid components, and incorporated with them, and yet ever changing, how essential it is to health that it should not be the medium of the introduction of poisonous materials. That it is often such a medium there occasionally appear facts to show in the most decisive manner. One of the most familiar examples is in the poisoning by lead. While the painter is poisoned by its introduction by the lungs or the skin, in the case of others it is often introduced into the stomach dissolved in water or other liquids. It is not the metallic lead itself that does the mischief, but a soluble compound of it produced by the chemical action of something in the liquid. The water in one locality may be of such a character as to produce this action, while in another it is not; so that whenever the question of using of lead pipes for the conduction of water is entertained, the decision should be based upon an actual chemical examination of the influence of the water upon lead. And if in any case there be an addition of water from any new source to that already supplied through lead pipes, there should be a new application of the chemical test. And we would farther say that the examination should be a thorough one, for a very minute amount of lead introduced daily for a long time into the system may produce disastrous results.

Some recent investigations in regard to cholera have shown a marked connection between the diffusion of this disease and the character of the water used for drinking and for cooking purposes. Facts have been collected, for example, in relation to different localities in London and its vicinity, showing that the more impure is the water the more severe is the disease, and the greater is the number of the victims.

In some localities the water always occasions a decided derangement of the digestive organs in persons newly come to them. The inference is a clear one—that such water must be somewhat injurious to those who are accustomed to its use. The fact that they experience no palpable harm by no means proves that they suffer no harm at all. Water that is really good will produce no evil effects upon any one. It needs no accommodation to be effected in relation to it on the part of the system; and where such an accommodation is required, there is need either of applying some corrective or of obtaining some other supply. A poor expedient is it to resort to alcoholic drinks for relief. It may answer a good purpose temporarily as a remedy, but to use it habitually as a substitute is only putting one poison in the place of another. The only rational mode of relief is in the alternative indicated.

The cases that we have alluded to are palpable ones, but they give us reason to infer that there is much harm done in an insensible way by impure water. Indeed this unperceived injury is undoubtedly much greater in the aggregate than that which is manifestly done. It affects a much larger number, slowly and secretly undermining the health, co-operating with other causes, and often kept from view by them. We have seen all this occasionally exemplified in lead-poisoning. Cases have every now and then appeared in which the symptoms were very equivocal in their character, but were after a while traced quite distinctly to the slow introduction of lead as their chief source. Then other cases of a less clear character have occurred, which have led to a well-founded suspicion that the evil is wide-spread, and that ailments which have been attributed to other causes have come, in part at least, from lead.

The same is true to some extent of other impurities, mineral, vegetable, and animal, that are often contained in water. And the whole subject needs to be more carefully considered than it usually is in making our arrangements for supplying our dwellings with water for drinking and for cooking purposes.

We shall recur to this subject again, in relation to the sources of impurity in water, and the proper means of guarding against them.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

A BILL appropriating $500,000 to enforce the Reconstruction Act in the Southern States was passed by the House on March 12.

A bill to provide clothing for destitute soldiers passed the same body at the same time.

The Senate resolutions appropriating $15,000 for the destitute colored people of the District of Columbia was concurred in by the House on March 12.

The Senate on March 12 rejected the nominations of Edgar Cowan as Minister to Austria, L. V. Bogy as Indian Commissioner, and John Quincy Adams as Naval officer of Boston.

The Supplementary Reconstruction bill was called up in the Senate on March 14, and after considerable efforts at amending, it was finally passed on March 16. Amendments providing that at the first election held in each State the registered voters should vote for or against a State Convention, and that it should be held or not held as the majority decided; that no State Constitution should be valid unless it provided for election by close ballot, and agreed that such mode of voting should not be changed without the assent of Congress; prescribing an explicit affirmative oath to voters, in place of the oath that they are not disqualified by the first bill; and providing that the common or public schools shall be open to all without regard to color, were rejected. Amendments providing that unless a majority of the registered voters vote for a Convention no Convention shall be held; and that the Constitution shall be adopted when voted for by a majority of not less than one half of the registered voters, were agreed to: and as thus altered the act was passed by a vote of 38 yeas to 2 nays, Reverdy Johnson with the Republicans. The House took it up on March 18, added several amendments, and passed it. The Senate on the same day considered the amendments, and one of them being disagreed to, the bill returned to the House.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

The Cross-town Railroad bill was passed by the Assembly on March 14.

The Conference Committee of the two Houses, on March 14, agreed to report a bill for the Constitutional Convention, which provides for four delegates from each Senate District, and thirty-two delegates at large, and authorizes all male citizens over twenty-one years, without regard to color or property qualification, to vote for delegates.

### THE MILITARY COMMANDERS.

General Grant, on March 13, published an order making the following assignments of officers of the army, to whom the enforcement of the Military Reconstruction bill is to be intrusted: *First District*—Virginia, General John M. Schofield. *Second District*—North and South Carolina, General Daniel E. Sickles. *Third District*—Georgia, Florida, and Alabama, General John Pope. *Fourth District*—Mississippi and Arkansas, General E. O. C. Ord. *Fifth District*—Louisiana and Texas, General Philip H. Sheridan. *Department of the Cumberland*—Kentucky and Tennessee, General George H. Thomas.

### NEWS ITEMS.

St. Patrick's day was celebrated on March 18 by the Irishmen of New York city with unusual enthusiasm, the customary procession of the civic and military societies being varied by a general and characteristic row. A truck-driver attempted to pass through Grand Street while one of the societies were forming in it, and was ordered back by the marshal in charge of the body. He could not obey, from the fact that he was opposed in front by the marshal and blockaded in rear by other trucks. The marshal and his followers thereupon attacked the driver, knocking him down and severely injuring him. A policeman who endeavored to rescue him met with the same fate. Other policemen came to the rescue, to the number of twenty or more, but several hundred rioters had by this time gathered on the scene, and the fight became general, resulting, however, in the final defeat and dispersion of the rioters. Twenty-one of the policemen were badly injured, some of them fatally, it is feared. The damage to the rioters is not known. The riot, however, did not serve to dampen the spirits of the sons of St. Patrick, and they enjoyed themselves hugely for the rest of the day, ending up with a grand banquet at Delmonico's, at which Mr. Maguire, M.P., and others made speeches which contained no reference to the disgraceful riot of the morning.

General Griffin, of the Freedmen's Bureau in Texas, on March 11, directed his assistants in Grayson County to arrest all persons charged with crimes, and detain them for trial by military commissions, and for this purpose he places troops at the orders of his assistants.

The official report of the colored schools of Memphis shows that nearly two thousand three hundred children are enjoying advantages for education. The support of these schools is derived chiefly from Northern benevolence, and as yet it is only in the cities that it has been found feasible to establish them. The protection of the Freedmen's Bureau is usually found necessary.

The Legislature of Maryland, on March 13, elected Philip F. Thomas (Democrat) United States Senator.

The lower branch of the Massachusetts Legislature ratified the Constitutional Amendment on March 14, by a vote of 120 yeas to 20 nays. Two days previous to the vote Mr. Walker, the colored member, made a long speech denouncing the Amendment.

A riot occurred in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on March 15, election day, in which the soldiers at Carlisle barracks engaged. A citizen named A. Hammil was killed, and two soldiers and several citizens were wounded.

The greatest floods known in the West for many years occurred about the middle of March, and caused great suffering, and were very destructive of property and life. The Ohio River left its usual course at several points, inundating the country on either side, and forming in some places a lake thirty miles wide. The levees at Mound City, Illinois, broke on March 13, greatly damaging property and threatening the safety of the town, as well as that of Cairo. The railroads south from Louisville, Kentucky, were broken up by the carrying away of the bridges by the flood. It is estimated that the inundation has damaged East Tennessee over $2,000,000. Over two hundred persons were washed out of their homes in Knoxville. At Chattanooga on March 11 the water was from twelve to twenty feet deep; many houses toppling over and others floating away. The Mayor, with a posse of citizens and soldiers, was foraging among the loaded cars for food. The agent of the road protested, but the Mayor said the people were starving. Twenty-five dead bodies were seen floating down the river at Bridgeport, Alabama, on the 12th. That part of Arkansas lying along the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers has been overflowed, with great loss of property and suffering among the inhabitants. Twenty-seven lives had been lost at Helena by the flood, mostly freedmen.

The colored citizens of Columbia, South Carolina, held a meeting on March 18 to celebrate the passage of the bill enfranchising them, when they were addressed by Wade Hampton, four other prominent white citizens, and two colored orators. Sentiments of affiliation with the rebel white population were expressed, and one of the colored orators stated that they would urge Congress to repeal the disfranchising clause. A similar meeting was held in Savannah on the same day, when three thousand negroes were present.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### THE IRISH UPRISING.

THE reports from Ireland regarding the late Fenian disturbances are conflicting, and, in detail, entirely unintelligible. The facts patent to all, however, are that no further attacks have been made by the Fenians: that they have disappeared from the places that lately knew them; and that the English troops are in possession in strong force. The Government authorities professed to believe that a general and formidable insurrection would take place on St. Patrick's day, but the occasion passed off with only the usual demonstrations.

### THE EASTERN QUESTION.

The Servian and Cretan questions promise an early solution. A general exchange of opinions between the European Powers and Turkey has been had; and Earl Derby announced officially on the 16th of March that the Sultan had decided to evacuate Servia, and will hereafter enforce authority only through the civil powers. This leaves Servia practically free. Concessions have been demanded by Russia and granted by the Sultan to his Christian subjects in Candia; and a general reform in their favor is promised by the Sublime Porte. All Cretan exiles had been permitted to return to the island, and a Candian Deputation had been received by the Sultan. France, Austria, and Russia have made a joint proposition to Turkey to cede Candia to Greece. Troops are still being sent into Crete, however, and while making concessions on the one hand the Sultan appears to be determined also to suppress the insurgents. Ten fresh battalions of troops under Hassan Pasha were preparing to sail on March 14. Meantime the Sultan has troubles with his other subjects. The Viceroy of Egypt has refused to pay his part of the tribute levied by the Sultan to defray the expenses of the war in Crete; and the insurrection in Thessaly continues to be very formidable. It is reported by the Greeks that the losses in the Egyptian contingent of the Turkish army in Crete have amounted to twelve thousand out of a force of twenty-four thousand men—a fact which may explain the "no more money" position of the Viceroy of Egypt.

### GENERAL NEWS.

Work on the Paris Exposition building stopped on March 12, the workmen having struck for higher wages.

A German Baron Munchausen, formerly Premier of the late Hanoverian kingdom, recently took offense at some words uttered in debate by Count Bismarck, and sent him a challenge. The result has not yet been announced.

The Reform bill of the Derby Cabinet was read in Parliament on March 18. It gives the right of suffrage to rate-paying householders after two years' residence; to men paying one pound yearly taxes, or having thirty pounds in a savings bank, or fifty pounds in the funds; and to all members of the learned professions and graduates of the universities. The bill also provides for a fifteen-pound franchise in the counties.

Garibaldi, instead of going to Candia, has entered the field of politics at home, and in the late Italian elections led the Opposition to the present Cabinet. He has also recently avowed his radicalism by writing a letter to the Paris *Siècle* in which he subscribes fifty centimes to the proposed Voltaire monument, and says that "a monument to Voltaire in France signifies the return of that noble country to its post of advanced-guard of human progress."

The Poor Law Board in London reported on December 31, 1866, that over 900,000 paupers in England and Wales received Government assistance.

President Prado, of Peru, on February 15, abandoned his dictatorship, and Congress was regularly installed. A bill was presented to Congress, in which it was declared that Peru would listen to no offer of mediation until Spain declared that the acts of her agents in the Pacific were in violation of international law.

Fort Curupaity, Paraguay, was again bombarded on January 13; and on January 18 the allied army carried one of its outer line of intrenchments.

"FATHER, DON'T GO."—[SEE PAGE 206.]

## INTOLERANT ROME.

THE present Pope has done his best to insult America. We are sure, however, that no liberal Catholic will charge us with retaliation, either on account of the illustrations given on this page, representing some peculiar features of papacy in Rome, or because of what we may have to say about some distinctive characteristics of papal worship.

As to our illustrations, we desire to direct attention to a single feature of the Roman Catholic Church more characteristic of it than any other—namely, the *dramatic* character of its worship. To the primitive church Christianity was an all-absorbing reality. With the exception of its two great sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's Supper—there was in its whole system of worship no dramatic representation; and it was the vital significance of these sacraments, and not their impressiveness as an appeal to the senses, which sustained them and gave them their importance. Hitherto the worship of all the world—including the Jewish—had, in its outward expression, consisted exclusively of dramatic representations. The pomp of temple ceremonies, of sacrifices, and of processions, and the symbolism of secret mysteries is the sum of all that is known of human religions before the Christian era. Systems of philosophy there had been, inculcating moral doctrines affecting the problem of human life; but of these doctrines not a whisper was ever heard within the temple walls of Pagandom, not a hint given either in secret symbol or within the entire circle of pontifical rites. If the gods seemed unkind they were feared and, it would appear, almost hated; but the priestly order, with sacrifices and solemn incantations, stood between the ignorant people and the divine wrath. If health prevailed and harvests were abundant, then went up the pæans of the people—their Pagan *Te Deums*. In such a state of affairs the priests, of necessity, were predominant over kings and peoples alike. To satisfy the religious cravings of men, and in answer to their cryings out after God, they flung in their faces images and doubtful oracles, and all the while kept up their unending pomp of ceremonies, orgies, and processions.

Christianity overturned all this. Through the crucified Saviour human fear and hope both found a resting-place in the doctrine of the Atonement, which, if mysterious (in the sense of being inexplicable by any merely intellectual theory), was not therefore any the less significant. The meaning of this gigantic revolution may be summed up in the fact that a system of vital doctrine displaced a system of dramatic show.

Now in the primitive church this system of Christian truth, or doctrine, maintained its original prominence. This continued to be the case until the Church began to aim at political power through the conversion of the outlying hordes of heathen upon her borders. Then it was that Christendom began to mean more than Christianity. The Church became infatuated with missionary zeal. She proselyted whole nations at once, baptizing untaught savages by tribes, and with one sweep of her mantle sought to draw within her bosom the entire world. The result was what might have been anticipated. Christian education having been discarded as a preliminary to adoption into the Christian Church, at length came to be neglected, and finally to be deprecated. Swallowing at one gulp the mass of heathen darkness which surrounded her, the Church was attacked with the terrible disease of indigestion. Her own light, wasted in all this darkness, grew dim. She descended to a lower plane of action, laid aside her brightest weapons of warfare, forgot that in the great body of Christian doctrine was her everlasting might, and resorted to those tricks of priestcraft and those hollow dramatic shows upon which the religions of the Pagan world had depended for their power over men.

Protestantism in the sixteenth century was simply a revival of primitive Christianity, a resurrection of the simple faith of the apostles, an appeal from the meaningless mummeries of the Church to the mighty doctrines which were the seal alike of her divinity and of her permanent power. From the rise of Protestantism Christian education has flourished. Room has been given to the human intellect. The largest developments of science and the mechanic arts have not been found to disturb either the purity or strength of Christian faith.

But during the four centuries in which Protestantism has been developing the real powers of Christianity for human weal and salvation the Roman Catholic Church has in her modes of working remained essentially the same as in the Dark Ages; losing, indeed, year by year, her hold upon temporal empire and her power to compel ignorance, but retaining her former spirit of intolerance. There is much that is beautiful and impressive in her worship, but spir-

RELIGION IN INTOLERANT ROME—CHILD PREACHING.

RELIGION IN INTOLERANT ROME—BLESSING OF HORSES, ASSES, AND MULES, IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH OF SAN ANTONIO.

itual significance is lost in a mere appeal to the senses. The structure of Romanism still remains what it has been for ages—a grand spectacular drama. There may be something very affecting and beautiful in the Pope's annually-repeated custom of washing the feet of a dozen men to represent Christ's memorable act of washing his disciples' feet. Judas also may be represented there with his bag. But what else is it but a play? Or is it looked upon by the spectators in any other light? The illustration which we give on page 197 is another similar case. A little child, at the festival of the Epiphany, preaches a sermon to the learned papal doctors, to represent Christ's teaching of the doctors in the Jewish temple. It is a beautiful picture, but what else? Does not every body know that child has first learned its lesson from the doctors themselves? And, if we do not mistake, there must be some among the spectators who could wish that it was *really* the child Jesus who was preaching!

We are not writing in a spirit of intolerance. The fact is, the intolerance is all on the other side. If you or I, reader, happen to be in Rome, we must consent to worship God after this spectacular fashion, or not engage in public worship at all. No other style of religion is tolerated in Rome. We would not even be allowed a Christian burial there, except after the Roman Catholic form.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

## Book III.—Heaping up Riches

### CHAPTER IX.

#### MR. SHELDON ON THE WATCH.

Mr. Sheldon had occasion to see Captain Paget early the following day, and questioned him closely about his protégé's movements. He had found Valentine a very useful tool in sundry intricate transactions of the commercial kind, and he expected his tools to be ready for his service. He was therefore considerably annoyed by Valentine's abrupt departure.

"I think young Hawkehurst might have told me he was going out of town," he said. "What the deuce has taken him off in such a hurry?"

"He is going to see some mysterious old aunt at Dorking, from whom he seems to expect money," the Captain answered, carelessly. "I dare say I can do what you want, Sheldon."

"Very likely. But how comes that young fellow to have an aunt at Dorking? I fancy I've heard him say he was without a relative or a friend in the world—always excepting yourself."

"The aunt may be another exception; some poor old soul that he's half ashamed to own, I dare say—the inmate of an alms-house, perhaps. Val's expectations may be limited to a few pounds hoarded in a china tea-pot."

"I should have thought Hawkehurst the last man in the world to care about looking after that sort of thing. I could have given him plenty to do if he had stopped in town. He and my brother George are uncommonly intimate, by-the-by," added Mr. Sheldon, meditatively. It was his habit to be rather distrustful of his brother, and of all his brother's acquaintance. "I suppose you can give me Hawkehurst's address, in case I should want to write to him?" he said.

"He told me to send my letters to the post-office, Dorking," answered the Captain, "which really looks as if the aunt's residence were something in the way of an alms-house."

No more was said about Valentine's departure. Captain Paget concluded his business with his patron and departed, leaving the stock-broker leaning forward upon his desk in a thoughtful attitude and scribbling purposeless figures upon his blotting-paper.

"There's something queer in this young man running away from town; there's some mystification *somewhere*," he thought. "He has not gone to Dorking, or he would scarcely have told Lotta that he was going a hundred-and-fifty miles from town. He would be likely to be taken off his guard by her questions, and would tell the truth. I wonder whether Paget is in the secret. His manner seemed open enough; but that sort of man can pretend any thing. I've noticed that he and George have been very confidential lately. I wonder whether there's any underhand game on the cards between those two."

The game of which Mr. Sheldon thought as he leaned over his blotting-paper was a very different kind of game from that which really occupied the attention of George and his friend.

"I'll go to his lodgings at once," he said to himself by-and-by, rising and putting on his hat quickly in his eagerness to act upon his resolution. "I'll see if he really has left town."

The stock-broker hailed the first empty hansom to be seen in the crowded thoroughfare from which his shady court diverged. In less than an hour he alighted before the door of the house in which Captain Paget lodged.

"Is Mr. Hawkehurst in?" he asked of the girl who admitted him.

"No, Sir; he's just left to go into the country. He hasn't been gone ten minutes. You might a'most have met him."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"I heard say it was Dorking, Sir."

"Humph! I should like to have seen him before he went. Did he take much luggage?"

"One portmanter, Sir."

"I suppose you didn't notice where he told the man to drive?"

"Yes, Sir; it was Euston Square."

"Ah, Euston Square. I'll go there, then, on the chance of catching him," said Mr. Sheldon.

He bestowed a donation upon the domestic, re-entered his hansom, and told the man to drive to Euston Square "like a shot."

"So! His destination is Dorking, and he goes from Euston Square!" muttered Mr. Sheldon, in sombre meditation, as the hansom rattled and rushed and jingled and jolted over the stones. "There's something under the cards here."

Arrived at the great terminus, the stock-broker made his way to the down platform. There was a lull in the day's traffic, and only a few listless wretches lounging disconsolately here and there, with eyes ever and anon lifted to the clock. Among these there was no Valentine Hawkehurst.

Mr. Sheldon peered into all the waiting-rooms, and surveyed the refreshment-counter; but there was still no sign of the man he sought. He went back to the ticket-office; but here again all was desolate, the shutters of the pigeon-holes hermetically closed, and no vestige of Valentine Hawkehurst.

The stock-broker was disappointed, but not defeated. He returned to the platform, looked about him for a few moments, and then addressed himself to a porter of intelligent aspect.

"What trains have left here within the last half hour?" he asked.

"Only one, Sir, the 2.15 down, for Manchester."

"You didn't happen to notice a dark-eyed, dark-haired young man among the passengers—second-class?" asked Mr. Sheldon.

"No, Sir. There are always a good many passengers by that train; I haven't time to notice their faces."

The stock-broker asked no further questions. He was a man who did not care to be obliged to others for information which he could obtain for himself. He walked straight to a place where the time-tables were pasted on the wall, and ran his finger along the figures till he came to those he wanted.

The 2.15 train was a fast train which stopped at only four places—Rugby, Ullerton, Murford, and Manchester.

"I dare say he has gone to Manchester," thought Mr. Sheldon—"on some racing business, most likely, which he wants to keep dark from his patron the Captain. What a fool I am to trouble myself about him, as if he couldn't stir without meaning mischief to me! But I don't understand the friendship between him and George. My brother George is not likely to take up any man without some motive."

After these reflections Mr. Sheldon left the station and went back to his office in another hansom, still extremely thoughtful and somewhat disquieted.

"What does it matter to me where they go or what they do?" he asked himself, impatient of some lurking weakness of his own; "what does it matter to me whether those two are friendly or unfriendly? They can do *me* no harm."

There happened to be a kind of lull in the stormy regions of the Stock Exchange at the time of Valentine Hawkehurst's departure. Stagnation had descended upon that commercial ocean which is such a dismal waste of waters for the professional speculator in its hours of calm. All the Bulls in the zoological creation would have failed to elevate the drooping stocks and shares and first-preference bonds and debentures, which hung their feeble heads and declined day by day, the weaker of them threatening to fade away and diminish to a vanishing-point, as it seemed to some dejected holders who read the Stock-Exchange lists and the money-article in the *Times* with a persistent hopefulness which struggled against the encroachments of despair. The Bears had been busy, but were now idle—having burned their fingers, commercial gentlemen remarked. So Bulls and Bears alike hung listlessly about a melancholy market, and conversed together dolefully in corners; and the burden of all their lamentations was to the effect that there never had been such times, and things never had been so bad, and it was a question whether they would ever right themselves. Philip Sheldon shared in the general depression. His face was gloomy, and his manner, for the time being, lost something of its brisk business-like cheerfulness. The men who envied his better fortunes watched him furtively when he showed himself among them, and wondered whether Sheldon, of Jull, Girdlestone, and Sheldon, had been hit by these bad times.

It was not entirely the pressure of that commercial stagnation which weighed on the spirits of Philip Sheldon. The stock-broker was tormented by private doubts and uncertainties which had nothing to do with the money-market.

On the day after Valentine's journey to Ullerton, Mr. Sheldon the elder presented himself at his brother's office in Gray's Inn. It was his habit to throw waifs and strays of business in the attorney's way, and to make use of him occasionally, though he had steadily refused to lend or give him money; and it was his habit, as it were, to keep an eye upon his younger brother—rather a jealous eye, which took note of all George's doings, and kept suspicious watch upon all George's associates. Going unannounced into his brother's office on this particular morning, Philip Sheldon found him bending over an outspread document—a great sheet of cartridge-paper covered with a net-work of lines, dotted about with circles, and with little patches of writing in red and black ink in the neatest possible penmanship. Mr. Sheldon the elder, whose bright black eyes were as the eyes of the hawk, took note of this paper, and had caught more than one stray word that stood out in larger and bolder characters than its neighbors, before his brother could fold it; for it is not an easy thing for a man to fold an elephantine sheet of cartridge when he is nervously anxious to fold it quickly, and is conscious that the eyes of an observant brother are upon him.

Before George had mastered the folding of the elephantine sheet, Philip had seen and taken note of two words. One of these was the word Intestate; the other the name Haygarth.

"You seem in a great hurry to get that document out of the way," said Philip, as he seated himself in the client's chair.

"Well, to tell the truth, you rather startled me," answered George. "I didn't know who it might be, you know; and I was expecting a fellow who—" And then Mr. Sheldon the younger broke off abruptly, and asked, with rather a suspicious air: "Why didn't that boy announce you?"

"Because I wouldn't let him. Why should he announce me? One would think you were carrying on some political conspiracy, George, and had a modern Thistlewood gang hidden in that cupboard yonder. How thick you and Hawkehurst are, by-the-by."

In spite of the convenient "by-the-by," this last remark of the stock-broker's sounded rather irrelevant.

"I don't know about being 'thick.' Hawkehurst seems a very decent young fellow, and he and I get on pretty well together. But I'm not as 'thick' with him as I was with Tom Halliday."

It was to be observed that Mr. Sheldon the younger was very apt to refer to that friendship with the dead Yorkshireman in the course of conversation with Philip.

"Hawkehurst has just left town," said Philip indifferently.

"Yes, I know he has."

"When did you hear it?"

"I saw him last night," answered George, taken off his guard by the carelessness of his brother's manner.

"Did you?" cried Mr. Sheldon. "You make a mistake there. He left town at two o'clock yesterday."

"How do you happen to know that?" asked George, sharply.

"Because I happened to be at the station, and saw him take his ticket. There's something underhand in that journey of his, by-the-way; for Paget told me he was going to Dorking. I suppose he and Paget have some game of their own on the cards. I was rather annoyed by the young man's departure, as I had some work for him. However, I can find plenty of fellows to do it as well as Hawkehurst could have done."

George was looking into an open drawer in his desk while his brother said this. He had a habit of opening drawers and peering into them absently during the progress of an interview, as if looking for some particular paper that was never to be found.

After this the conversation became less personal. The brothers talked a little of the events of the day, the leaders in the morning papers, the probability or improbability of a change in the rate of discount. But this conversation soon flagged, and Mr. Sheldon rose to depart.

"I suppose that sheet of cartridge-paper which you had so much trouble to fold is one of your genealogical tables," he said, as he was going. "You needn't take so much trouble to keep things dark from me, George. I'm not likely to try to steal a march upon you; my own business gives me more work than I can do. But if you have got a really good thing at last, I shouldn't mind going into it with you, and finding the money for the enterprise."

George Sheldon looked at his elder brother with a malicious glitter in his eyes.

"On condition that you got the lion's share of the profits," he said. "Oh yes; I know how generous you are, Phil. I have asked you for money before to-day, and you have refused it."

Mr. Sheldon's face darkened just a little at this point.

"Your manner of asking it was offensive," he said.

"Well, I'm sorry for that," answered George, politely. "However, you refused me money when I did want it; so you needn't offer it me now I don't want it. There are some people who think I have sacrificed my life to a senseless theory; and perhaps you are one of them. But there is one thing you may be certain of, Philip Sheldon: if ever I *do* get a good chance, I shall know how to keep it to myself."

There are men skilled in the concealment of their feelings on all ordinary occasions, who will yet betray themselves in a crisis of importance. George Sheldon would fain have kept his project hidden from his elder brother; but in this one unguarded moment he forgot himself, and allowed the sense of triumph to irradiate his face.

The stock-broker was a reader of men rather than books; and it is a notable thing what superiority in all worldly wisdom is possessed by men who eschew books. He was able to translate the meaning of George's smile—a smile of mingled triumph and malice.

"The fellow *has* got a good thing," he thought to himself; "and Hawkehurst is in it. It must be a deuced good thing too, or he wouldn't refuse my offer of money."

Mr. Sheldon was the last man in the world to reveal any mortification which he might experience from his brother's conduct.

"Well, you're quite right to stick to your chance, George," he said, with agreeable frankness. "You've waited long enough for it. As for me, I've got my fingers in a good many pies just at present; so perhaps I had better keep them out of yours, whatever plums there may be to be picked out of it by an enterprising Jack Horner. Pick out your plums for yourself, old fellow, and I'll be one of the first to call you a good boy for your pains."

With this, Mr. Sheldon slapped his brother's shoulder and departed.

"I think I've had the best of Master Phil for once," muttered George; and then he thrust his sinewy hands into the depths of his trowsers-pockets, and indulged in a silent laugh which displayed his strong square white teeth to perfection. "I flatter myself I took a rise out of Phil to-day," he muttered.

The sense of a malicious triumph over a social enemy is a very delightful kind of thing—so delightful that a man is apt to ignore the possible cost of the enjoyment. It is like the pleasure of kicking a man who is down—very delicious in its way; only one never knows how soon the man may be up again.

George Sheldon, who was tolerably skilled in the science of human nature, should have known that "taking a rise" out of his brother was likely to be a rather costly operation. Philip was not the safest man to deal with at any time; but he was most dangerous when he was "jolly."

## Book IV.—Valentine Hawkehurst's Record.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Black Swan Inn, Ullerton, *October* 2.

As the work I am now employed in is quite new to me, and I am to keep Sheldon posted up in this business day by day, I have decided on jotting down the results of my inquiries in a kind of diary. Instead of writing my principal a formal letter, I shall send a copy of the entries in the diary, revised and amended. This will insure exactitude; and there is just the possibility that the record may be useful to me hereafter. To remember all I hear and pick up about these departed Haygarths without the aid of pen and ink would be out of the question; so I mean to go in for unlimited pen-and-ink like a hero, not to say a martyr.

And I am to do all this for twenty shillings a week, and the remote possibility of three thousand pounds! Oh, genius, genius! in all the markets of this round world is there no better price for you than that?

How sweetly my Charlotte looked at me yesterday, when I told her I was going away! If I could have dared to kneel at her feet under those whispering elms—unconscious of the children, unconscious of the nurse-maids; if I could have dared to cry aloud to her, "I am a penniless reprobate, but I love you; I am a disreputable pauper, but I adore you! Have pity upon my love, and forget my worthlessness!" If I could have dared to carry her away from her prim suburban home and that terrible black-whiskered stock-broking step-father! But how is a man to carry off the woman he adores when he has not the *de quoi* for the first stage of the journey?

With three thousand pounds in my pocket I think I could dare any thing. Three thousand pounds! One year of splendor and happiness, and then—the rest is chaos!

I have seen the oldest inhabitant. *Ay de mi!* Sheldon did not exaggerate the prosiness of that intolerable man. I thought of the luckless wedding-guest in Coleridge's grim ballad as I sat listening to this modern-ancient mariner. I had to remind myself of all the bright things to be bought for three thousand pounds, every now and then, in order to endure with fortitude, if not serenity. And now the day's work is done, I begin to think it might as well have been left undone. How am I to disintegrate the mass of prosiness which I have heard this day? For three mortal hours did I listen to my ancient mariner; and how much am I the wiser for my patience? Clever as you may fancy yourself, my friend Hawkehurst, you don't seem to be the man for this business. You have not the legal mind. Your genius is not the genius of Scotland-yard, and I begin to fear that in your new line you may prove yourself a failure.

However, where all is dark to me, the astute Sheldon may see daylight, so I'll observe the letter of my bond, and check off the residuum of the ancient mariner's prosiness.

By dint of much pumping I obtained from my ancient, first, his father's recollections of Matthew Haygarth a few years before his death, and secondly, his grandfather's recollections of Matthew in his wild youth. It seems that in those last years of his life Matthew was a most sober and estimable citizen; attended the chapel of a non-conforming sect; read the works of Baxter, and followed in the footsteps of his departed father; was a kind husband to a woman who appears to me to have been rather a pragmatical and icy personage, but who was esteemed a model of womanly virtue, and who had money. Strange that these respectable and wealthy citizens should be so eager to increase their store by alliance with respectable and wealthy citizenesses!

In his later years Matthew Haygarth seems to have imitated his father in many respects. Like his father, he executed more than one will; and like his father, he died intestate. The lawyer who drew up his will on more than one occasion was a man called Brice—like his client, eminently respectable.

After his marriage, our esteemed Matthew retired to a modest mansion in the heart of the country, and some ten or fifteen miles from Ullerton. The mansion in question is at a place called Dewsdale, and was the property of the wife, and accrued to him through her.

This house and estate of some thirty acres was afterward sold by the rev. intestate, John Haygarth, shortly after his coming of age, and within a year of his mother's death.

This much and no more could I extort from

the oldest inhabitant relative to the latter days of our Matthew.

Respecting his wild youth I obtained the following crumbs of enlightenment. In the year 1741–2, being then one-and-twenty years of age, he left Ullerton. It is my ancient mariner's belief that he ran away from home, after some desperate quarrel with his father; and it is also the belief of my ancient that he staid away, without intermission, for twenty years—though on what precise fact that belief is founded is much more than I can extract from the venerable proser.

My ancient suggests—always in the haziest and most impracticable manner—the possibility that Matthew in his wild days lodged somewhere Clerkenwell way. He has a dim idea that he has heard his grandfather speak of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, in connection with Matthew Haygarth; but, as my ancient's grandfather seems to have been almost imbecile at the time he made such remarks, *this* is not much.

He has another idea—also very vague and impracticable—of having heard his grandfather say something about an adventure of Matthew Haygarth's, which was rather a heroic affair in its way—an adventure in which, in some inexplicable manner, the wild Matthew is mixed up with a dancing-girl, or player-girl, of Bartholomew Fair, and a nobleman.

This is the sum-total of the information to be extracted in three mortal hours from my ancient. Altogether the day has been very unsatisfactory; and I begin to think I'm not up to the sort of work required of me.

*Oct.* 3. Another long interview with my ancient. I dropped in directly after my breakfast, and about an hour after his dinner. I sat up late last night, occupied till nearly ten in copying my diary for Sheldon—which was just in time for the London post—and lingering over my cigar till past midnight, thinking of Charlotte. So I was late this morning.

My ancient received me graciously. I took him half a pound of mild bird's-eye tobacco, on diplomatic grounds. He is evidently the sort of person who would receive Mephistopheles graciously, if the fiend presented him with tobacco.

I returned to the charge—diplomatically, of course; talked about Ullerton and Ullerton people in general, insinuating occasional questions about the Haygarths. I was rewarded by obtaining some little information about Mrs. Matthew. That lady appears to have been a devoted disciple of John Wesley, and was fonder of traveling to divers towns and villages to hear the discourses of that preacher than her husband approved. It seems they were wont to disagree upon this subject.

For some years before her marriage Mrs. Matthew was a member of a Wesleyan confraternity, in those days newly established at Ullerton. They held meetings and heard sermons in the warehouse of a wealthy draper; and shortly before Mrs. Matthew's demise they built a chapel, still extant, in a dingy little thoroughfare known as Waterhouse Lane.

On these points my ancient mariner is tolerably clear. They belong to the period remembered by his father.

And now I believe him to be pumped dry. I gave him my benediction, and left him smoking some of my tobacco, content with himself and with the world—always excepting the authorities, or board, of the alms-houses, against whom he appears to nourish a grievance.

After leaving him, I walked about Ullerton for an hour or so before returning to my humble hostelry. The streets of Ullerton are sealed with the seal of desolation—the abomination of desolation reigns in the market-place, where the grass flourishes greenly in the interstices of the pavement. The place has known prosperity, and is prosperous no longer; but although its chief trade has left it there are still some three or four factories in full swing. I heard clanging bells, and met bare-headed women and uncouth-looking men hurrying to and fro. I went to look at the Wesleyan chapel in Waterhouse Lane. It is a queer little building, and bears some resemblance to a toy Noah's Ark in red brick. Tall warehouses have arisen about it and hemmed it in, and the slim chimney-shaft of a water-works throws a black shadow aslant its unpretending façade. I inquired the name of the present minister. He is called Jonah Goodge, began life as a carpenter, and is accounted the pink and pattern of piety.

*Oct.* 4. A letter from Sheldon awaited me in the coffee-room letter-rack when I went down stairs to breakfast.

"MY DEAR HAWKEHURST,—Don't be disheartened if the work seems slow at first. You'll soon get used to it.

"I should recommend you to adopt the following tactics:

"*1st.* Go to the house at Dewsdale, inhabited by M. H. and his wife. You may have some difficulty in obtaining admission—and full liberty to explore and examine—from the present servant or owner; but you are not the man I take you for if you can not overcome such a difficulty. I inclose a few of my cards, which you can use at your discretion. They show professional status. It would be as well to call yourself my articled clerk, and to state that you are prosecuting an inquiry on the behalf of a client of mine, who wishes to prove a certain event in the past, connected remotely with the H. family. If asked whether your business relates to the property left by the rev. intestate, you must reply decisively in the negative. But I must remind you that extreme caution is required in every move you make. Wherever you can do your work *without* any reference to the name of Haygarth, avoid such reference. Always remember that there may be other people on the same scent.

"*2d.* Examine the house in detail; look for old pictures, old furniture, old needle-work; if you are lucky enough to find the Haygarth furniture was sold with the property, which I should think probable. The rev. intestate must have been at the University when he made the sale; and a young Cantab would in all likelihood pass over his ancestral chairs and tables to the purchaser of his ancestral mansion, as so much useless lumber. It is proverbial that walls have ears. I hope the Dewsdale walls may have tongues, and favor you with a little information.

"*3d.* When you have done all that is to be done at Dewsdale, your next work must be to hunt up any scion of the lawyer Brice; if such scion be in existence at Ullerton. Or if not to be found in Ullerton, ascertain where the descendant or descendants, of Brice, is, or are, to be found. Brice, the lawyer, must have known the contents of those wills executed and afterward destroyed by Haygarth, and may have kept rough drafts, copies, or memoranda of the same. This is most important. Yours truly. G. S."

This Sheldon is a wonderful man, and a cautious!—no signature to his letter.

I started for Dewsdale immediately after my breakfast. I have made arrangements for boarding in this house, which is a second-rate commercial inn. They have agreed to give me board and lodging for twenty shillings a week—the full amount of my stipend: so all that I gain by my researches in the affairs of the departed Matthew is food and shelter. However, as this food and shelter is perhaps more honestly obtained than those little dinners which I have so often partaken with the great Horatio, I will try to fancy a sweetness in the tough steaks and greasy legs of mutton. O sheep of Midlandshire! why cultivate such ponderous calves, and why so incline to sinews? O cooks of Midlandshire! why so superficial in the treatment of your roasts, so impetuous and inconsiderate when you boil?

A railroad now penetrates the rural district in which the village of Dewsdale is situated. There is a little station, something like a wooden Dutch oven, within a mile of the village; and here I alighted. The morning savored of summer rather than autumn. The air was soft and balmy, the sunshine steeped the landscape in warm light, and the red and golden tints of the fading foliage took new splendor from that yellow sunshine. A man whose life is spent in cities must be dull of soul indeed if he does not feel a little touched by the beauty of rustic scenery when he finds himself suddenly in the heart of the country. I had seen nothing so fair as those English fields and copses since I left the pine-clad hills of Forêtdechêne. An idiotic boy directed me across some fields to Dewsdale. He sent me a mile out of the way; but I forgave and blessed him, for I think the walk did me good. I felt as if all manner of vicious vapors were being blown out of my head as the soft wind lifted my hair.

And so to Dewsdale. Strolling leisurely through those quiet meadows, I fell to thinking of many things that seldom came into my mind in London. I thought of my dead mother—a poor gentle creature, too frail to carry heroically the burden laid upon her, and so a little soured by chronic debt and difficulty. I have reason to remember her tenderly; we shared so much misery together. I believe my father married her in the Rules of the Bench; and if I am not sure upon this point, I know for a certainty that I was born within those mystic boundaries.

And then my mind wandered to those nomadic adventures in which poor Diana Paget and I were so much together. I think we were a little fond of each other in those days; but in that matter I was at least prudent; and now the transient fancy has faded, on Di's part as well as on mine.

If I could be as prudent where Charlotte H. is concerned!

But prudence and Charlotte's eyes can not hold their own in the same brain. Of two things, one, as our neighbors say: a man must cease to be prudent, or he must forget those bewitching gray eyes.

I know she was sorry when she heard of my intended departure.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A REAL BULL.—An Irishman, passing through a field of cattle the other day, said to a friend: "Whenever you see a herd of cows *all* lying down, and *one* of them only standing up, that *one* is sure to be the bull."

### MEMORANDA FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Be sure to have a "dreadful cold" when asked to "favor the company." Cry at a wedding, but don't faint. Always scream at a spider. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are "engaged" if you don't like your partner. Never faint unless it is convenient to fall into the arms of the young gentlemen you love. Remember, it's vulgar in the extreme to know what your mother is going to have for dinner. When you go shopping, be sure to take your ma along to carry the bundles.

### SPIRIT SEIZURES.

The leading iron stores have been ordered to close, on account of the complaint that they all keep bars that are readily accessible to purchasers.

The stocks of the principal opticians have been confiscated, as it is proved that people are in the habit of getting their glasses there.

A seizure was ordered of a lot of *liquor*-ice owned by Mr. Todd, but failed of being executed, as none of the officers wished the reputation of taking a Todd.

The horizontal bar and tumblers will not be permitted at the circus.

A shipmaster who takes "any port in a storm" will be compelled to tell where he gets it.

Arrests have also been made of the man who was intoxicated with success, and the individual who was staggered by the result.

THE FIRST WEED.—The practice of smoking is of older date than is generally supposed. Every schoolboy has heard of the *Bacchæ* of Euripides.

### A BACHELOR'S EPITAPH.

"At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had."

A gentleman who had built a small house in a sequestered part of his grounds for private study, showed it to a friend, remarking, "Here I sit reading from morning till night, and nobody a bit the wiser."

Diogenes was the original hero of the *Tale of a Tub.* He lived in one, and invented the hydropathic practice of "cold tubbing," for it was his constant habit to throw cold water upon every thing and every body who stood in his own light.

Horse-taming is neither a modern nor a Yankee invention. Alexander the Great Rarey-fied Bucephalus centuries ago, remarking that "horses are like men, easily managed when you can put a good bit in their mouths."

Cupid, the God of Love, was the most perverse and mischievous inhabitant of Olympus. The tales told of the tricks played by him upon the celestial beaux are enough to harrow up the most phlegmatic old bachelor that ever quivered with indignation at the noise of children.

Men may live in a crowd, but they must die alone.

### A PARCEL OF PROVERBS.

Take time by the forelock—to have his hair cut.

Follow your leader—in your daily paper.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating—a great deal of it.

Never look a gift-horse in the mouth—lest you should find false teeth.

The hare with many friends—was eaten at last.

A stitch in time saves nine—or more naughty words, when a button comes off while you are dressing in a great hurry for dinner.

One man's meat is another man's poison—when badly cooked.

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched—by the patent Incubator.

Love is blind—and unwilling to submit to an operation.

First catch your hare—then cook it with rich gravy.

LOST!—The buttons from a coat of paint.

"That Tomkins is a most absurd fool. What d'ye think he said the other night while feeding pretty little Ina Darley at that jolly party? He said: 'If I wish to represent the Assassin of Captain Cook, what delicacy will I present to Miss D.?' I walked away, but like a phantom he followed to bawl in my ear, 'A Sandwich *I'll-hand her!*' Bother Tomkins."

An old miser, who was notorious for self-denial, was one day asked why he was so thin. "I do not know," said the miser; "I have tried various means for getting fatter, but without success." "Have you tried victuals?" inquired the friend.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WILLARD'S HOTEL, D. C.

*Dear Weekly:*

I called upon the President to-day, and had a very interesting and instructive talk with him on the state of the country at large, and I am satisfied, since my conversation with him, that we know very little of his composition, as his vetoes and his other literary productions are not as good as he can do in that line.

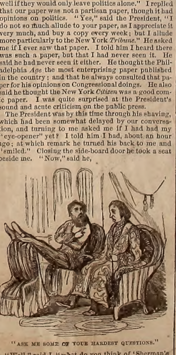
I thought I would not call upon him at a public hour, but go early and secure a good seat. I accordingly rang the front-door bell at half past seven in the morning. An intelligent freedman came to the door. Said I, "Is your MOSES in?" "Who, Sar?" said the intelligent freedman. "Mr. JOHNSON," I said this time, as I saw the freedman was not intelligent enough to appreciate my little sarcasm. "Yes, Sar; but he just a-shavin, Sar." Said I, "All right; then I'll see him, if you please." "He don't see any body now, Sar; he not hab his breakfast yet, Sar!" "Tell him," said I, with an air of BRUTUS to this CÆSAR—"tell him I am a newspaper correspondent, and I want to have a talk with him, and to ask him some questions"—at the same time handing him a card that an acquaintance had procured for me, reading thus:

> [COMPLIMENTARY.]
>
> *Admit the Bearer and his Friends.*
>
> *T. B. Florence.*

Soon the freedman returned and asked me up into the Sky Blue Room. As I entered the President laid down his razor, but still holding the brush, advanced, and gave me his hand. After an exchange of courtesies, said he: "I see you don't shave, or I would ask you to shave with me; you will therefore excuse me a minute. In the mean time you may look over some of my vetoes on late bills proposed in Congress, that I have not yet sent in, as the bills have not yet passed."

I sat down in a rocking-chair and turned over a few vetoes, when the President turned to me, and asked me what was the name of my paper. I told him I was not an editor—merely a correspondent; that I was the "Correspondent On-the-Wing" for *Harper's Weekly*. "Ah!" said the President, "those New York papers spend a great deal of money, and would do very well if they would only leave politics alone." I replied that our paper was not a partisan paper, though it had opinions on politics. "Yes," said the President, "I do not so much allude to your paper, as I appreciate it very much, and buy a copy every week; but I allude more particularly to the New York *Tribune*." He asked me if I ever saw that paper. I told him I heard there was such a paper, but that I had never seen it. He said he had never seen it either. He thought the Philadelphia *Age* the most enterprising paper published in the country; and that he always consulted that paper for his opinions on Congressional doings. He also said he thought the New York *Citizen* was a good comic paper. I was quite surprised at the President's sound and acute criticism on the public press.

The President was by this time through his shaving, which had been somewhat delayed by our conversation, and turning to me asked me if I had had my "eye-opener" yet? I told him I had, about an hour ago; at which remark he turned his back to me and "smiled." Closing the side-board door he took a seat beside me. "Now," said he,

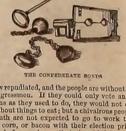


"ASK ME SOME OF YOUR HARDEST QUESTIONS."

"Well," said I, "what do you think of 'Sherman's Bill?'"

"I hate all Bills. When I was first attacked with Bills I was a small merchant in the tailoring way, and have risen, I might say, like the *goose from its ashes*, from that to what you see me, and since I have been here I have been haunted day and night with Upholsterers' Bills, Civil Rights Bills, Freedmen's Bills, and," added he, "since I know you like a joke, BILL KELLEY."

Said I, "Does your Excellency read the 'Winglets' in our paper?" "Oh yes! It is the only thing in your paper I do read; but," continued he, laying his vetoing hand on my shoulder, "young man, keep out of politics: you see to what it has brought me, and I notice with alarm a disposition on the part of young people to form political opinions. My advice is, that we all go to work: our brethern and sistern in the South are now starving on account of the political opinions of the North, and though General LEE has a couple of roosters promised him, they will not maintain him long, even if stewed; and to-day there are hundreds of families calling for chickens, and getting nothing but pork and hard-tack, which is not fare compared to fowl.



THE CONFEDERATE BONDS

are now repudiated, and the people are without money or Congressmen. If they could only vote and have elections as they used to do, they would not care so much about things to eat; but a chivalrous people like the South are not expected to go to work to raise wheat, corn, or bacon with their election privileges curtailed, for we know that the chief incentive to wealth and position in the South is to be sent to Congress. I was an Alderman, a State Representative, a Governor, a Congressman, a Vice-President, and now a President—there is nothing left for me, I don't plead for myself; but there are many in the South that have never yet been Aldermen, and I think of them, and this Military Reconstruction bill makes not only Aldermen but Governors unnecessary, and a Congressman is out of the question. We can not expect the South to submit to its administration."

"Well," said I, seeing the President had exhausted himself on that subject, "what do you think of BEN BUTLER?"

"Ah!" said he, "you have me this time—BUTLER is one of those fellows that I never allow myself to think of." Here the President laughed, and asked me what I thought of Mr. MORRISSEY. I said, your Excellency will understand that I am to do the questioning; and, furthermore, I would not like to commit myself, as I purposed publishing this interview, if he had no objections. He said he had none; but that he would like to be represented in

HIS OTHER CLOTHES,

as he generally dressed in plain black, coat of swallow-tail pattern. "Indeed," continued he, "to crack a joke, I consider a 'swallow' a great invention." At this remark

WE BOTH SMILED.

After this ceremony was gone through with, which the President, I observed, did with great punctiliousness, we rambled off into a less dignified style of conversation, and with a greater freedom and ease in the discussion of the prominent topics of the day. Said he: "Do you think MORRISSEY a better man than HEENAN? And what do you think of the Government giving a million of dollars to the poor Southerners?" I said I thought he was, and that the people in the South who have money ought to do something for their own poor, and not spend tens of thousands in establishing professorships in colleges, and voting twenty thousands to hire lawyers for JEFF's trial. He said he did not think so; he thought he was an over-rated man, but that before the adjournment of this present Congress he would like to see some of MORRISSEY's powers exercised on the Radicals: and since FERNANDO had opposed the million-dollar feed he had prepared a veto for the bill, though before that he was disposed to think well of it, although he did not think a chivalrous people like the South would take a million dollars from the present Congress.

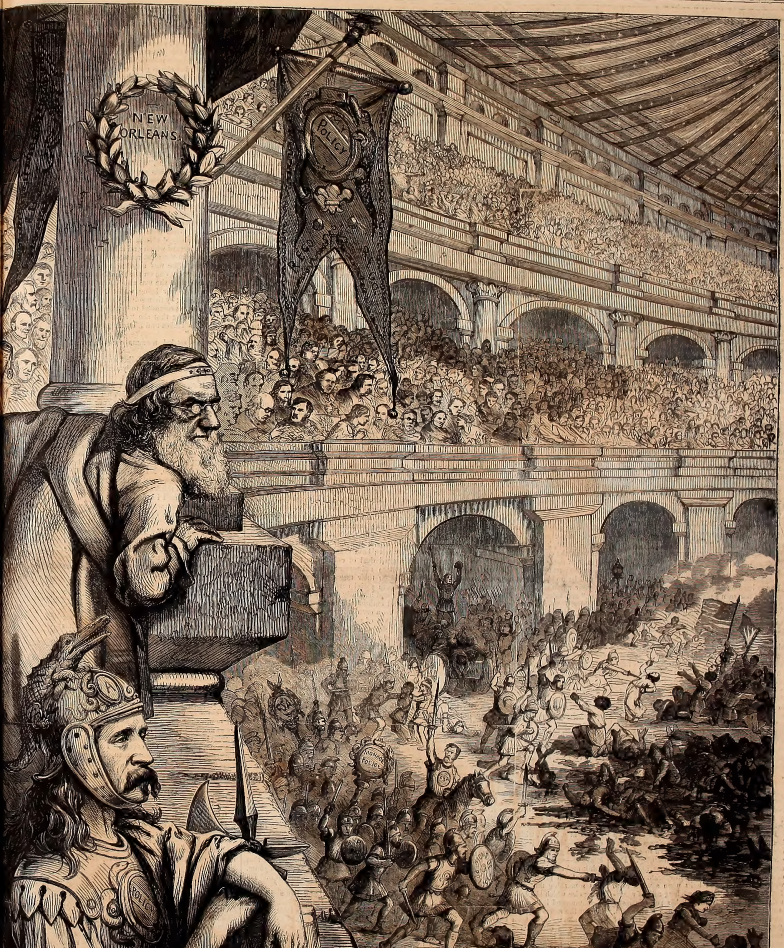
At this juncture the breakfast-bell rang, and the President, with his usual punctuality, rose and asked me if I would go down and take a cup of coffee. I excused myself, saying that I was paying four dollars a day board at my hotel, and could not conscientiously lose a meal under such circumstances. We parted at the foot of the stairs. He bid me good-morning, and requested me to tell the Messrs. HARPER that, if they published this interview, not to make any pictures with it—that, as a general thing, he did not like the *cuts* that appear in the papers.

This is the substance of my conversation with the President, as near as I can remember; and I should say that, after a careful consideration, I think he is a man whose fighting weight is about one hundred and forty pounds, middle height, and wears no whiskers and No. 10 boots, though he had none on at the time of my interview, as he prefers slippers, although he told me that he had a decided aversion to *pumps*.

I think if more was known of the President people would have a different opinion of him, as well as of

Your own C. O. W.

AMPHITHEATRUM JOHNSONIANUM—MASSACRE OF T




S INNOCENTS AT NEW ORLEANS, July 30, 1866.

## THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

THE Committee of Congress appointed to investigate the riot in New Orleans on July 30, 1866, have lately presented a report, giving a full history of the tragedy. It is shown by that record that the riotous attack upon the Republican Convention, with its terrible results of massacre and murder, was planned and executed by the Mayor of New Orleans, and that it had the countenance of President JOHNSON, without which it would never have taken place. The report shows that the number known to have been killed was 38, of whom 37 were loyal, and one disloyal; 48, all loyal, were severely wounded; 98 slightly wounded, of whom 88 were loyal, and 10 policemen. Besides these there was evidence, though not fully certain, that 10 more were killed and 20 wounded. Of those known to be killed 34 were colored, of the severely wounded 40, of the slightly wounded 79. Preparations for the massacre were made under the shield of the municipal authorities for some time before it took place. Fire-companies prepared and armed themselves; the police were withdrawn from their posts, supplied with revolvers, and kept waiting at their station-houses until the signal for the butchery was given, and then rushed to the bloody work with a raging mob of rebel soldiers. The Mayor made no effort to stop the disorder, and the military commander was misled as to the hour of the meeting, so that he could not bring up his troops in time to repress the outrages.

The spirit which dictated this terrible massacre of the Unionists of New Orleans "will not down," but continues to inspire such fury in the breasts of the returned rebels as leads them to desire and plan another similar slaughter. The rebel element in the State and city has dominated ever since the riot of July last, and its influence and insolence has so rapidly increased as to threaten a second performance of the same horrible character. An election, deemed a fitting occasion for such an exhibition, was to have been held in New Orleans on March 11 last. So determined were the returned rebels to provoke a second riot that General SHERIDAN was compelled, in order to secure quiet and give protection to the Unionists, to forbid the opening of the polls, and to order that "the day of election be postponed until a district commander under the new military law shall have been appointed." General SHERIDAN has since been appointed to this command, and the elections henceforth will be conducted by and under his direction.

## PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

### CHAPTER VII.

KIN AND KIND.

It was hard on Miss Lyon to be compelled to surrender her own judgment on a matter that was of much moment to her; but, on the whole, it was expedient that she should do so, and, since she could raise no insurmountable barrier to the going, that she should go as amiably as might be in her mother's train to Mr. Talbot's house. Her sole aversion to the scheme, indeed, was to be found in the fact of her distrust of Mrs. Sutton, and knowledge of Mrs. Sutton's dislike to herself. Mr. Talbot's hopes and fears, and doubts and sentiments generally, respecting her, were so many sealed books to this girl, who was genuinely indifferent to him. Had she not been this, there would have been another disquieting element added to her state of mind on the subject.

When once Blanche had made up her mind as to the inevitability, or at any rate the advisability, of a course, she never paused to question the superior propriety there would have been in pursuing any other. If the path she had taken proved more miry, and the briers and thorns by the way-side more prickly than she had foreseen, she did not pause to lament these facts, and to speculate on the superior advantages possibly possessed by the roads she had not followed. She only trod more carefully, and more untiringly pressed back the obstructions, without ever halting to bewail what might have been.

In this special instance she had to make up her mind without delay, being desirous of having some definite opinion of her own to advance when she met her mother in the morning. Fell experience had taught Blanche that any hopes of a calm and well-balanced discussion of a plan with Mrs. Lyon were built upon sand. Mrs. Lyon would fluently set forth long rolls of agreeable and extremely improbable possibilities—would hopefully first suggest, and then assert, and then proceed to presage a further train of fortunate events in the freshest manner. But the lightest hint to the effect that her eloquence, praiseworthy as it was in itself, had the slight drawback of being founded upon slippery and untenable grounds, was sufficient to change the joy strain into a dirge, the pæan that celebrated her hopes into a piteous protest against the fate that was always less bright than she had anticipated its being five minutes before; and the daughter, who was stoutly opposed to abiding alternately in a glittering palace of hope and a gloomy cavern of despair.

"It will be useless to talk it over with mamma," Blanche Lyon thought; "I shall never glean from her whether it will be well for me to fall in with her plans or to oppose them." So, in default of another, she talked it over with herself, and came to the conclusion that, since she could propose nothing better, and since her objections to the plan were, after all, of a puerile, personal nature, that she would agree, and make the best of it.

It must be understood that Mrs. Lyon's knowledge of the world into which she had undertaken to introduce Beatrix Talbot was of the scantiest order; that her instincts were not those keen, bright ones which save their possessors from the thousand snares laid on all sides for them in social life; that she had never been known to do the best thing by intuition; and that all these facts were painfully patent to her child. Still Blanche felt that it behooved her to be passive, and she resolved that, as she had to bow to the inevitable, she would do it becomingly.

In her own inefficient way Mrs. Lyon had armed herself for a sort of contest by breakfast time, the morning after Blanche's return. She had charged her memory with countless precedents that bore a pale resemblance to the case, and she had come to a comprehension of the propriety of keeping silence about her fondest, proudest hope in the affair. As in a glass, darkly, she saw that Edgar Talbot had that feeling which different women call by a different name for her daughter; and with greater clearness of vision she saw that, if her daughter suspected this, or even suspected that she (Mrs. Lyon) suspected it, the end would come quickly, and would be unsatisfactory to herself, and suicidal on Blanche's part.

At times it was given to this mother to have a mother's insight into her child's feelings, and this chanced to be one of these fine and rarely-occurring occasions. By reason of the little thought she gave to him, Blanche Lyon had no fear of being accused of "following him up," or of "throwing herself in his way," or, in fact, of doing any of the delicate tactics with the commission of which women are so apt to charge one another. The epidemic love had never shown itself in his case in any of the signs with which Blanche was familiar. He had been kind and considerate in a gentlemanly, distant way, that made no impression whatever on a girl whose father had theoretically impressed her with the belief that all men would be (or ought to be) these things to her, or to any other well-born beauty. And this truth got borne in upon Mrs. Lyon's mind some way or other, and was a very shield and buckler to her when the matter was mooted by Blanche, who, in accordance with her plan of putting the fairest face on what must be, asked:

"When are you thinking of going to Mr. Talbot's, mamma?"

"Well, it will be very desirable to go there as soon as possible, Blanche," Mrs. Lyon replied, with an important earnestness that would have been infinitely more amusing to Blanche if the lady who displayed it had not been her own mother. "As soon as possible; for poor Miss Talbot is quite alone—no one to see after her. I shall not be able to reconcile it to my conscience to delay unnecessarily."

Blanche checked a laugh, and hazarded a few guesses in the depths of her soul as to the present state of the one to whom Mrs. Lyon designed to play the part of guide, philosopher, and friend. "I will be no hindrance to you, mamma. Tell me your arrangements, and I will fall in with them," she said, quickly; and when she said that, Mrs. Lyon felt a little disappointed, in that she had put on such trusty armor for nothing, and proceeded to raise a little cloud of obstacles to a departure.

"It is utterly impossible that I can get away from here at a day's notice," she began, in a gentle, injured tone. "They are not like low lodgings—most respectable, and I will say most comfortable. I can not leave them all in a hurry, as if I thought them—as if they were—as if I had—"

"Certainly not," Blanche interrupted, as Mrs. Lyon floundered hopelessly into a labyrinth of the mistiest meanings—"certainly not. The longer we stay here the better, I think."

"There it is," Mrs. Lyon struck in, querulously; "you're just like your father, Blanche—never satisfied with what I do, though I always try to do for the best."

"Well, mother, shall I say that the sooner we go the better?" Blanche replied, good-temperedly.

"Ah! there you go from one extreme to the other," Mrs. Lyon resumed, looking round at the walls and fire-irons, as if she would ask them to bear witness to the justice and truth of what she was saying—"always wanting to do things in a hurry, without weighing the consequences—just like your poor dear father. 'The sooner we go the better.' It's easy to say that, Blanche—very easy to say it; but I have to think and consider—and reflect."

Mrs. Lyon pronounced the last word as if it was something that differed widely from every thing else which she had declared she had to do—pronounced it in a tone of suffering triumph, and at the same time with a conclusive air that might almost have been the offspring of deep thought and decided conviction. Blanche was not deluded into supposing it to be this though, she knew it intimately. Mrs. Lyon presently went on:

"I have to think and consider and reflect, as I hope you will have learned to do when you're my age. I am not going to have Mr. Talbot suppose that I am impatient to go there; and I am not going till I am perfectly prepared and can go there comfortably. You eat nothing, Blanche; what is the matter?"

"Nothing," Blanche replied. The matter was, that she was doubting her own capability not only of being a passive witness "of all this," as she phrased it, but of seeing others see it too; doubting her own capability of suffering this, and determining that if Miss Talbot proved in the slightest degree to be like Mrs. Sutton she (Blanche) could not stand it.

A few days after this the test commenced. Mrs. and Miss Lyon at Mr. and Miss Talbot's earnest request took up their abode in Victoria Street, and now the interest of this story commences in the meeting of Blanche and Beatrix—the two women who were born to cross each other's paths, to pain and injure one another—to whose introduction to each other all that has been written has been but a preliminary strain.

Mrs. Sutton had blandly volunteered to come herself and to bring her husband and Lionel to spend the first evening, and obviate any thing like awkwardness. She had made the offer to Beatrix in a sweet considerate way, that won Beatrix's immediate acceptance of it. Miss Talbot had her reward when the time arrived, and with it Mrs. Sutton, for Mr. Bathurst accompanied them, and Mr. Bathurst had in the course of a few meetings recommended himself largely to Trixy. The one drawback she permitted herself to feel to the pleasure of his society on this occasion was, that Edgar was palpably a touch less than pleased to see Frank Bathurst. Trixy would not permit herself to search for a reason for this almost imperceptible shade of difference; indeed, she resolutely looked away from it when it obtruded itself upon her notice. Mrs. Sutton was less scrupulous.

"Let us hope that the kinship is a well-established fact, for they certainly seem more than kind to each other," she whispered to Beatrix, while Frank Bathurst was pouring out a plaintive, low-toned reproach to Miss Lyon for not having replied to his advances toward a good understanding long ago. And Beatrix replied:

"And why should they not be more than kind, Marian? I know of no reason;" and ached to know that there was no reason, so far as she was herself concerned, and checked a little sigh at the speedy seeming defalcation of this man whom she had only known the other day, and tried to think "what a well-matched pair they would be," and could not heartily approve them nevertheless.

They were a very handsome, bright pair—a pair that took to each other joyously and suddenly, causing Mrs. Lyon to undergo most wonderful transitions of feeling as she marked them. Mr. Talbot became a mere nothing in her estimation, and Frank Bathurst stood revealed at once as the fitting and proper man, foredoomed by nature and old Mr. Lyon to marry her daughter. She almost deported herself haughtily to the Talbots under the influence of this conviction, and judiciously murmured her belief in its being a well-founded one into Trixy Talbot's ear.

So it came to pass that more than one heart ached and beat high and painfully beneath Edgar Talbot's roof that night, after they had separated on the agreement of all meeting at Frank Bathurst's studio the following day.

No attempt has been made to depict what were the prevailing sensations of Miss Talbot and Blanche Lyon on this their first meeting. The external aspect was fair and pleasant enough, for they were both gracious-mannered women, with a good deal of cultivation superadded to their innate refinement; and it would have jarred upon their tastes to show other than a very smooth social surface. But they did not conceive and instantly develop a devoted attachment and enthusiastic admiration for one another. To a certain degree Beatrix Talbot was in the place of power, and the half-consciousness that she was this may have been the cause of the shade of restraint which made itself manifest in her demeanor two or three times—a shade which she strove to dispel quickly in her sunniest way, but which remained long enough for Mrs. Sutton to remark it, and to fathom the cause of it to a certain extent.

"There is something very incongruous between Miss Lyon's position and her cousin; to which do you think her best adapted?" the married sister kindly asked Beatrix; and Beatrix replied:

"I won't indulge in vague speculations about her;" and then immediately added, "there is something incongruous in Mr. Bathurst's cousin being about in the world in this way; it must strike them both painfully."

"No, pleasurably rather; he is at once patronizing and adoring, lord and lover—King Cophetua on a small scale—and a gratified artist. Poor Trixy! your reign is over."

"It never commenced."

"Indeed it did, and was not altogether inglorious; traces of your rule are to be seen in his studio; he has sketched you in for his Venus, and I don't think Miss Lyon will succeed you there, for he would have so much trouble in idealizing her nose into proper proportion that he would weary of that type sooner than of yours. We will ask Lionel what he thinks about it. Lionel!"

Lionel came at her call, and listened to her remarks, and then declared himself incapable of throwing any light on his friend's final election either in the matter of Venus or any thing else. In reply to Mrs. Sutton's inquiry, "Should you say he is a marrying man, Lionel?" Lionel answered, "No, indeed; any more than I should say he is not a marrying man."

"Should you like him to marry Beatrix?" She whispered this eagerly, cutting Beatrix out of the conversation by the low tone she used. Lionel's reply was made in an equally low tone.

"No, certainly not."

"Then you know something about him—something against him?"

"About him, yes; against him, not a breath."

"If he does not marry Trixy he will that Miss Lyon, mark my words."

Lionel turned his head and looked at the pair mentioned. "That would be better far," he said.

"Why so? you do know something against him, Lionel?"

"I only know that he has the germs of inconstancy in him; the latest thing is apt to be the best in his eyes. If the shadow of a change fell, Miss Lyon would either arrest it or be entirely uninfluenced by it. I am not so sure of Beatrix."

"Then you'll all come to our studio to-morrow?" Mr. Bathurst exclaimed, interrupting the conversation at this juncture by coming up to them. "Miss Lyon refuses to be considered an art enthusiast, but she is good enough to be interested in my works; what time will you come?"

"Shall it be two?" Mrs. Sutton suggested.

"It shall be two, and it shall be luncheon," Mr. Bathurst replied. And then Blanche joined them, and recommenced the old game of self-assertion, which she had played down at the Grange against Mrs. Sutton, by saying:

"Until I know whether or not the plan suits my mother I can say nothing."

"Nor I, of course," Beatrix put in, hurriedly.

"You can go with me," Mrs. Sutton said, with a well-marked emphasis on the "you," which completely excluded Blanche from the proposed arrangement.

"Thanks; but Mrs. Lyon will order my goings now, Marian," Trixy replied, with a humility she would not have expressed if her sister had not offered a slight to Blanche. Then Mrs. Lyon rejoined them with some knitting which had been specially designed for this evening's employment, toward which end it had been carefully put away in the most remote corner of her largest trunk. She was acquiescent and anxious to oblige every one on the plan being mooted to her, and then she was assailed by saddening doubts as to her being wanted. "Young people liked being by themselves," she observed; and then at once proceeded to qualify that statement by declaring that she "should not think of letting Miss Talbot and Blanche go alone, not for a moment."

"Then it is settled, mamma, we go at two?" Blanche said, hastily.

"If that hour suits Mr. Talbot and Mr. Bathurst." Mrs. Lyon was painfully anxious to propitiate every one.

"That is all understood," Blanche explained; and then they parted: Mrs. Sutton whispering to her sister as she took leave, "Your duenna is a delightful person; your position will be a touch less ridiculous than her daughter's—there is consolation in that."

"Thanks for offering it," Trixy replied, wearily. Then she had to give her hand to Mr. Bathurst.

"You will see to-morrow what cause I have to be grateful to you, Miss Talbot," he said, as her great violet eyes met his rather reproachfully; and she could think of nothing more brilliant to reply than "Shall I indeed?"

"Yes, indeed you will; and I owe you another debt: you are the cause of my knowing my cousin at last."

"Ah! good-night!" Trixy evidently wanted no verbal reward for this good deed; she turned away almost impatiently from his thanks to say "good-by" to her brother.

Presently, for the first time that evening, Miss Lyon found herself near to Lionel Talbot.

"May we see your picture, too?" she asked.

"I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you."

She laughed and shook her head.

"No, no—neither pleasure nor reluctance, nor any other active feeling. You won't care a bit what we think—and you will be so right." She dropped her voice suddenly in uttering the last words; they fell upon his ears alone.

He felt that he could not conscientiously say that he should be very much interested as to what they thought of his work; therefore he did not answer her for a few moments. During those few moments a slight transition took place in his mind respecting his interlocutor, and so he told her, honestly enough, that he should care for her opinion: "and you will give it to me, and me alone, will you not?" he added, earnestly.

"So be it," she said, lightly. "I have given the same promise to my cousin. I should give the same promise to a dozen men, if they asked me—and probably break it."

She looked up questioningly into his face as she put the probability before him.

"As far as I am concerned you will keep it?"

"I think I shall."

"I know you will."

"And you will not care whether I do or not. Praise or blame, it's all alike to you, Mr. Bathurst says."

"And as a rule he is right," Lionel replied, laughing; and Blanche felt for a moment that it would be pleasant to be the exceptionally regarded one.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

MR. TALBOT had been feeling too profoundly dissatisfied with himself and the result of his schemes for his sister's social well-being to take an active part in the drawing-room entertainment which has just been sketched. Absence really had made his heart grow fonder. The months that had elapsed since that time of their being together at the Grange had ripened his admiration for Blanche Lyon into love. From the moment he looked upon her again—seeing her there in his own house, sitting by his fireside as if she were at home—knowing that she would be there to say "good-morning" to him when he went out, that her welcoming word and smile would be a thing that might be his every night, when he came back wearied with the burden and heat of the day—the moment he saw her again and realized all this he determined to win her if he could. No consideration of fortune should stay him. He would just wait for some one of his many important ventures to come to a successful issue, and then he would marry Miss Lyon, if she would have him.

Six months ago he would not have inserted

this clause in his mental declaration of intentions. But now the doubt sprang into strong and lusty being, and would not be banished as a mere creature of his disordered imagination. Six months ago he had very naturally thought of Miss Lyon as a girl living in deep and rarely broken seclusion, as an intellectual creature who would unavoidably contrast him favorably with other breakers of the same. Insensibly he had presumed on the position, and had brought all his energies to bear upon the solution of the problem of how he should gratify himself with her society, and at the same time keep himself free from all suspicion of having any intentions whatever. He had played his cards well; but he began to fear that he had played them for other people, when Frank Bathurst came in Mrs. Sutton's wake, and, on the unassailable plea of consanguinity, monopolized Blanche's attention—attention which she gave with a winning gladness that planted thorns in the pillow of the man who knew that his reputation as a grave business man had prevented his getting as near to her during long days spent together as this gay stranger had managed to get in an hour by aid of a certain calm audacity that sat upon him gracefully enough. He compelled himself to allow that it was natural, fitting, and well that Blanche should be fascinated from him by a man so much brighter than himself; yet, withal, he could not quite free her from the charge of ingratitude which his sore heart brought against her. It was grievous to him that his love should have been the direct cause of her meeting with her cousin. And now his love was nothing to her, and her cousin would be every thing.

So he told himself as he sat sulkily behind a magazine watching them, and being injured by them in every tone they used and every glance they gave. In his jealous injustice he would neither be quite one of them, nor would he quite set himself apart from them. It was not the least painful prick that he got that night when he saw that they were unfeignedly blind to his being, or having cause to be, injured. It was almost a relief to him to blame Marian for having brought Mr. Bathurst to his house; a relief he sought to the full by censuring Mrs. Sutton to her husband, who did care for it, instead of to herself, who would not have done so. "We have only Lionel's word for his being a decent fellow," he said, severely, to Mark Sutton; "and here is Marian taking him into the bosom of the family without hesitation. If I were you I would check it."

"He is related to the Lyons," Mark Sutton said, by way of extenuating Marian's last offense.

"A relation they have shunned until now, when he is thrust upon them in my house by my sister. Marian will do as she likes as long as you will let her; but I shall tell Lionel that I can have no Bohemians here while Beatrix is with me."

"He has one of the finest properties in ——shire," Mr. Sutton replied. "You can't shut him out on the score you have stated. Beatrix couldn't do better—and you want her to marry well."

"Beatrix is much too sensible a girl to care for him."

"Perhaps you don't think the same of Miss Lyon?" Mr. Sutton asked, laughingly; but Edgar Talbot only looked moody by way of a reply; so Mark deemed it prudent to turn the subject; and soon after they had all separated, as has been told.

It will be easily understood that the plan of visiting the studio was a specially obnoxious one to Edgar Talbot. He was strongly moved once or twice to set his face against Beatrix's going, and, by so doing, putting an end to the arrangement. But he remembered that if he did this it would be usurping some of the authority over his sister which he had formerly vested in Mrs. Lyon. In his heart he called that lady a weak-minded, unreasoning, injudicious simpleton, for her ready acceptance of the invitation; and the full force of his own transparent folly in having given her the reins came flooding in upon his mind. But for the time, at least, he was bound to pluck what he had planted, bitterly as it pricked him. The authority he had vested in a foolish woman must be upheld by him for his own credit's sake, until Blanche married him or marred him by marrying some one else. He was quite resolved now nothing but her own will should stand between them. So, out of consideration for his own reputation of consistency, Edgar Talbot placed no obstruction in their path to the studio the following day. Nevertheless they did not reach it until an hour after the appointed time, divers unforeseen accidents and events having occurred to delay them.

In the first place, Mrs. Lyon had been smitten with a sudden doubt as to the perfect propriety of taking two young girls to see two young men. Had she made known this doubt to Edgar Talbot he would only too gladly have strengthened it into a decision against the trip. But one of those faint instincts with which Mrs. Lyon was endowed in place of reasoning powers saved her from doing the very thing that would have been most pleasing to the man she desired to please, and most distasteful to her daughter. She argued, sagaciously enough, that if she seemed to distrust herself and her own force of discrimination, that Mr. Talbot would very probably go and do likewise. On the other hand, she told herself that "two heads were better than one," and Blanche's being the only available head for the service Mrs. Lyon went and not exactly consulted her daughter, but grew conversational about the difficulty.

"One really hardly knows what to do, when there are so many to think about," Mrs. Lyon commenced, going into Blanche's room just as that young lady had finished arraying herself for the expedition. It was half past one, and within Miss Lyon's memory her mother had never achieved the easiest toilet in less than an hour.

Blanche looked round carelessly, and saw that Mrs. Lyon had not so much as untied her cap toward getting into her bonnet, also that she had a look of being what she herself termed "flustered."

"What is your difficulty, mother?"

"Why, I am not quite sure that I see the good of our going to Mr. Bathurst's house."

"It is almost a pity that you did not say so before," Blanche replied, quietly. "Miss Talbot is in the drawing-room, dressed, and waiting for you."

"There it is," Mrs. Lyon answered, triumphantly, looking round appealingly at the corner of the room as if she were requesting it to take notice of the manifold obstacles that impeded her progress through the world—"there it is! one never can do what one feels one ought to do when one has to think for so many people."

Blanche began moving some of the scent-bottles on the dressing-table. It was a habit of hers to give her hands abundant employment whenever Mrs. Lyon launched into the illustrative style of argument and spoke of herself as "one." She was always hard to follow on such occasions; she was specially hard to follow now.

"Don't let me add to your difficulties, mother," Blanche said, patiently, after a few moments' pause. Her heart—no, but her fancy—was very much set upon this visit to the studio. Still the game was not worth the candle.

"I think you might let me speak of them, Blanche, without going off at a tangent in that way." Mrs. Lyon used the tone of oppressed rectitude—a tone that is very hard to hear when the hearer knows very well that there is neither oppression nor rectitude in the case. The scent-bottles and one or two other trifles were moved with celerity now; and Blanche sought to check her rising anger by speculating as to whether she should ever seem a wearisome, unreasoning woman, and whether she should ever come to consider life insufficiently stocked with real trials, and so fall to the manufacture of sham ones for the stupefying of herself, and the saddening of others.

While Blanche pondered on these possibilities Mrs. Lyon lapsed from the loftily injured into the familiarly curious tone.

"I was going to say when you went off at a tangent" (this last, as will be seen, was a favorite form of expression of the worthy lady's, who affected it partly because she had heard her mother use it, partly because it had always irritated her husband, and chiefly because she was hopelessly in the dark as to any meaning it might possibly have), "I was going to say when you went off at a tangent in that way, Blanche, that I think Miss Talbot is a little too anxious to go and look at the pictures. Pictures, indeed! stuff and nonsense."

"Rather premature to describe them so before you have seen them."

"Which so? What?" Mrs. Lyon asked, lazily; and then, on Blanche curtly replying, "The pictures," Mrs. Lyon proceeded to set forth a lengthy statement as to how she had not meant them, and how if she had meant them, perhaps Blanche would find when she had arrived at her (Mrs. Lyon's) age that if she had done so it would not be any thing so very foolish and ridiculous as she was sorry and grieved to see Blanche (like her poor, dear father) chose to think every thing that did not fall in with her views. When the act of accusation was read down to this point Mrs. Lyon grew a little out of breath; and Blanche (feeling very hopeless about reaching the studio now) gently protested that, as she had not given voice to any particular views, there was a shade of injustice in her mother saying that she (Blanche) was deriding that which did not meet them.

"But there, I suppose I must go," Mrs. Lyon observed, irrelevantly, and with an air of martyrdom, when Blanche ceased speaking. The well-meaning but irritating-mannered woman was in reality pleased and feebly excited at the prospect of the little expedition, which partook of the nature of dissipation. She was pleased at the prospect; she would have been disappointed with the keen, fresh disappointment of inexperience if the plan had come to nothing. Yet, withal, she could not refrain from doubting and demurring about it, in the hope of giving it additional importance.

"There! I suppose I must go," she reiterated, as Blanche maintained the dead silence which is the sole safeguard such natures as hers have against domestic broils. Then Mrs. Lyon made a little business of untying her cap, and finally conveyed herself out of the room with almost a smile on her face, and with the proud conviction at her heart that she had deported herself as became the guiding star and responsible person of the Talbot household.

The girl she had left stood motionless for a few minutes, and then lifted her head suddenly, and looked at herself in the glass. "What am I, morally or mentally wanting, that I let that sort of thing goad me into this?" she asked, as she gazed at her crimson cheeks and angry eyes; "it's only a surface ill-humor, only a habit of querulousness, only the result of long years of anxiety, care, and disappointment on an originally mild, ductile nature; but it's detestable to me."

The storm broke as she uttered the words "detestable to me," and she shivered from head to foot with the force of her own fury. For a minute she leaned back against the bed-post, putting her hand up to the eyes that were blinded by the hot feeling which she would not suffer to well away in tears. There then came to her aid the reflection that this was a burden that must be borne; that it was in reality trifling ("I'd prefer a big woe for all that," she thought), and that, after all, other people endured worse things! So the crimson ebbed away from her cheeks, and the angry light faded from her eyes; and she was presently the brilliant, beautiful, light-hearted Miss Lyon once more, as she made her way to the drawing-room, inducting herself into a pair of silver-gray gloves as she walked.

Miss Talbot was sitting there, bonneted and cloaked, trying to read, and betraying, in the nervous start she gave and tried to cover as Blanche entered, a hardly-subdued impatience, and a consciousness of its not being well to feel the same, that told its own tale to her sister-woman.

"I thought—I hoped it was Mrs. Lyon," she began, putting her book down as she spoke; and Blanche saw, or fancied she saw, which comes to the same thing—that there was ever so little of the air of conscious superiority of place in the way Miss Talbot held her head up, and seemed to demand an explanation. For an instant she hesitated as to whether or not she should give it. Then—perhaps she sympathized with the impatience in some degree—she said:

"You must win your brother's forgiveness for mamma, Miss Talbot. The position is so new to her that she was overcome by a sense of her responsibility out of all sense of punctuality."

Beatrix was softened. "My brother Edgar would forgive her readily enough if Mrs. Lyon fought off going altogether, I believe," she said, laughing. Then a half desire to make a half confidante arose, and was checked, and rose again, and finally was softly encouraged forth by Blanche.

"I didn't mean that brother. Does not Mr. Talbot—I mean I don't think Mr. Talbot cares much for art, does he?"

Beatrix shook her head. "Not much. He said last night to me that he could exist till May without seeing the pictures, and should have thought I could do the same."

"He does not care much for art or for artists, does he?" Blanche continued.

"Our own brother Lionel is one, you know," Trixy said, as if it would have been the most natural thing in the world for Blanche to have forgotten that fact, though Lionel's picture was nominally one of the principal objects of the contemplated visit.

"Yes, I know," Miss Lyon answered, hurriedly; "but I thought—"

"Of course you could not think of Lionel as such an artist as Mr. Bathurst, your cousin," Trixy interrupted, in a tone that was meant to be apologetic for Lionel. Before Blanche could retort, "I should think not," Mrs. Lyon came in, and the two girls were saved from further misunderstanding—for the time.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"PATIENCE and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth."

So says the poet; and we would not deny the truth or beauty of such a blessed theory. But there *are* times—and not a few—when mind and body recoil from this placid view, and we catch the spirit of that other poet who exclaims:

"But patience is the virtue of an ass,
That trots beneath his burden and is quiet."

What is the use of striving to cultivate the grace of patience while your squeezed and jostled body forces its way through the boxes, bales, and barrels which encumber the sidewalks in the lower part of our city? With apparent impunity every conceivable kind of merchandise is stored and packed up on the sidewalk, and pedestrians can climb over the ungainly obstacles, or go out into the street, just as they prefer. An attempt to make a passage through Beekman Street, for example, is dangerously vexatious, and our citizens should have spirit enough to demand of the authorities that those who thus openly disregard the "right of way," should be called to an account.

A short time ago there was, in one of our daily newspapers, a pithy editorial, in regard to some recent geological discoveries in this city. We regret that our space will admit of but a brief quotation, but are glad to do what little we can to place this interesting matter before the scientific world:

"The lovers of science will be interested in learning that there has recently been discovered under the tertiary formation in the lower part of Broadway a singular stratum of rock, which seems to be gneiss or very hard granite, and is evidently an artificial structure. It is laid in regular blocks, each one some six or eight inches square, and they are very closely joined, so as to resist heavy pressure. The upper surface of this singular formation is quite smooth, very likely from the friction of horses' or camels' hoofs and wheels of chariots or other vehicles of the olden time....... There is little reason to doubt that this remarkable artificial rock formation in Broadway may have been coeval with the Central American cities, the mounds of the Sciota Valley, or the Scandinavian inscription on Dighton Rock. But, whatever may be its age, the utilitarian spirit of the day has already fixed upon it, and it is currently reported that it is to be used as a substitute for the Russ pavement, which was lost some time after Whiting became contractor for cleaning the streets, and of which no vestige has been seen for more than half a year."

It is an interesting and suggestive fact that there has been recently issued a *Directory to Dogdom* in New York and vicinity. This Directory, including at least six hundred names, of course embraces only the *élite* of the canines; but it is a decided improvement on ordinary Directories, since, in addition to the usual statistics, it details various personal characteristics and peculiarities, and states what each individual is worth. For example:

"Mite" Willard, Pierrepont House: value $250. Smallest animal in America. Is carried in his master's pocket, and fights "Pharaoh's serpents" for amusement of the ladies.

"Bow-bow" Horton, Twentieth Street. A large mastiff, very fierce and very faithful. He has been known to seize an intruder by the leg, and, spite of all force and the bribe of the largest pieces of meat, to hold the stranger firmly till the morning.

"Gipsy" Hunt, Clark Street. A fine trick-slut, weighs about 11 pounds, and will sneeze at command, will lie as if dead, and perform a variety of interesting feats. This dog will never drink water except from a glass tumbler.

"Bow-bow" Leonards, Eighteenth Street. A fine Newfoundland, valued at $100. This dog is as strong as a man, and affectionate as a woman.

"Ki-ki" Worsham. Is trained to appear stupid, while in reality he is decidedly intelligent. He will follow a stranger, and seems to be easily enticed; but the moment he is touched by a strange hand his wits return. Worth $1500.

"Beauty" Henriques, Fourteenth Street. One of the handsomest black-and-tans in the city. Is a gem of its kind; $200 has been refused.

"Bow-bows" Beck, Bond Street. A pair of full-blooded Newfoundlands of extraordinary size. One thousand dollars has been refused for them.

The above will indicate some of the peculiar features of this novel document, which we commend to those who contemplate issuing a new City Directory for 1867. In connection with the above statistics it may be stated that regular dealers in dogs are accustomed to board the pets of private persons, and give them medical treatment when sick. The bills for the medical treatment of dogs often reach a high figure $200 and upward being occasionally charged. Dogs are boarded at from $2 to $4 per day.

A horrid account of the result of certain microscopic investigations upon false hair is going through the press in various parts of the country. According to the authority of a Russian professor 76 per cent. of the false hair used for *chignons* and similar purposes in Russia is infested with a parasite to which he has given the name of gregarine. They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying, and even of boiling. In the conditions of a ball-room the gregarines are said to "revive, grow, and multiply by dividing into many parts—so-called germ-globules; these fly about the ball-room in millions." Whether this new chapter in natural history is true or not, it is certain that much of the hair used for *chignons* is supplied by the poor peasantry of Europe. One class who trade in hair are the Burlakes, near the Volga. Perhaps some of our readers may not know much about this people. One brief quotation will give all the information any one can desire: "When the Burlake goes out to work in the spring he perhaps puts a clean shirt on, but he decidedly never takes it off until he returns home in autumn." Room for parasites certainly.

Whether this waterfall sensation is based on fact or fiction it is to be hoped that it will have the much-to-be-desired effect of overthrowing the absurd deformities which are lodged, tumor-like, on the heads of so many ladies.

The Boston journals mention a singular case of precocious crime. A boy of seven years old has developed a striking aptitude for theft. having already been put in prison for it seven times. His last exploit was to put on a pair of rubber boots and steal behind the counter of a tobacco-dealer, where he rifled the money-drawer of $18, and would have escaped with it but for the click of the door-latch as he went out. When caught he stoutly denied the theft, and coolly offered to be searched. The money was found under the back of his calico jacket, where he had carefully pushed it.

There is *one* righteous man left. We do not know his name—nor just at this moment do we remember where he lives; only it is within the city limits, and the following incident is true. Not long since a lady, "hunting for houses," went to see a suit of rooms which had been advertised as "To Let." She was pleased with them, and at once said she would take them, when she learned from the wife of the owner that the first refusal of the rooms had been given to another person. "But," said the disappointed applicant, "I will give a hundred dollars more than you ask for them." The offer was refused. "But do you know you can easily get more than you ask for these rooms?" "Yes," was the reply, "I told my husband he might just as well ask more; but he said his conscience would not allow him to *take* any more." We should like a photograph of that man.

Integrity, also, still exists in the legal profession, rare as it is. The other day the presiding Justice of one of our local courts had an envelope thrust into his hand by a man who instantly disappeared. The envelope was afterward found to contain $100 in greenbacks. This little circumstance did not prevent a certain liquor dealer, who was brought into court to answer for a violation of the Excise Law, from being fined and sent to the Penitentiary according to law. And the confiscated money will doubtless be devoted to benevolent purposes.

A pretty good story is related in the Mobile *Advertiser*: At one of the colored churches, after the Sunday evening services, the minister announced that a collection would be taken up for missionary purposes. The "sasser" was accordingly sent around. When it came back to the pulpit the preacher proceeded to count the amount received, and among the fractional currency he discovered a ten-dollar Confederate bill. He looked at it for some time with evident disgust, and then took a calm look at his congregation over the top of his spectacles. Then, clapping the uncurrent bill upon the open Bible, with indignant emphasis he exclaimed: "Brederin, I put dis bill right dar on de Bible and let de Lord take care of dat man!"

If the law in New York took up matters with as much firmness as it does in Paris, some of our shop windows would hesitate to offer goods at the same rates they now do. Not long ago a lady in Paris, after gazing for some time at a window where was exhibited a beautiful dress for three hundred francs, entered the store, pointed out the piece, and laying down a note for three hundred francs on the counter, directed the clerk to wrap up the dress for her. With the most cheerful courtesy he brought her a box containing quite another affair. The lady insisted upon her first choice. The clerk declined. The proprietor was called. He urged many reasons: it would damage his window, the second piece was exactly the same, etc., etc. The lady referred her claim to a lawyer, who decided in her favor, and she bore off in triumph, for three hundred francs, a dress that was worth nearly fifteen hundred.

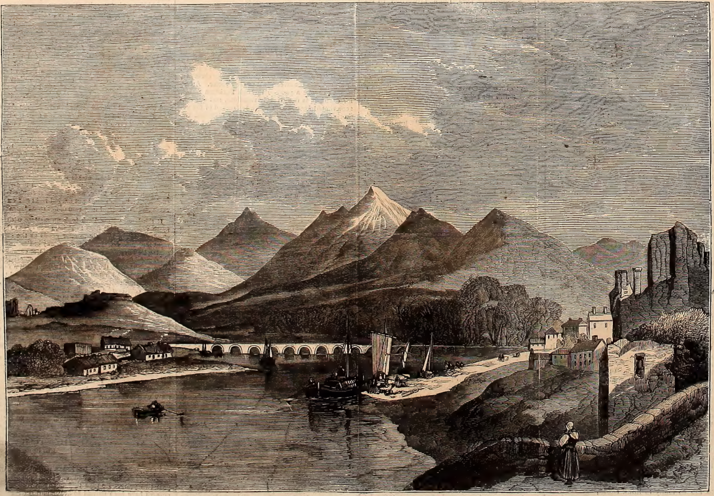
At this season doctors are looking for an increase of business; and as every trade must live, the following hints may suggest the readiest methods of gratifying the fraternity. Persons who are partial to rheumatism should wear thin boots, and be careful to keep them well soaked. A quick fever can be secured by leaving off over-coats. Neuralgic complaints are open to all who walk till they become heated, and then stop at the corner of a street and cool off by a genial chát. Coughs are free to all who will throw open their coats to catch the gentle south breeze. The ladies are such thorough experts we need only say that by abandoning their cloaks and rubbers they will reach a gruel diet by a short cut.

A Cleveland gentleman has kept a partial record of accidents from the use of kerosene lamps during the past two years. He says that nearly two hundred persons have been burned to death, and six million dollars of property destroyed.

THE FENIAN INSURRECTION IN KERRY, IRELAND—THE TOWN OF CAHIRCIVEEN.

## THE FENIAN UPRISING.

THE second Fenian war in Ireland appears, like the first, to have suddenly come to an untimely end, and all is reported "quiet on the Shannon" and in Kerry. The anticipated battle in Tipperary did not occur, and the bands who made the various attacks at Cork, Dublin, Drogheda, and Tallaght have disappeared, like the O'DONAGHUE, either into the lakes or into the stony bowels of the mountains, where the red-coats can not find them. The subject of the late efforts, however, retains its interest from the fact that other and more formidable uprisings by the "men in the gap" are confidently expected by the sympathizers in this country, and full and reliable accounts of the Kerry County and the late uprising are looked for with great interest. To satisfy in some measure this natural interest we give this week two sketches of Irish localities



THE FENIAN INSURRECTION IN KERRY, IRELAND—THE TOWN OF KILLORGLIN, NEAR KILLARNEY.

THE GAME OF KENO.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 206.]

made interesting by the late uprising in Kerry County. The town of Cahirciveen, of which one of these illustrations is a view, is situated at the head of the harbor of Valentia, the eastern terminus of the Atlantic Cable. It is a town of about two thousand inhabitants, and "a market for some of the best butter in the world." The aspect of this place, backed by the majestic range of the Iveragh Mountains, is rather imposing till one gets into it, when the squalid meanness of the streets, with the bogs and bleak hills beyond the town, produce a contrary impression. We also present a view of Killorglin, near Killarney, at the mouth of the River Larne, which flows through the Lakes of Killarney into Dingle Bay. The deep inlets of the Atlantic in this part of the coast of Ireland afford great facilities for a hostile landing. The mouth of the Larne was a favorite base of operations with the Danes, "the nearest representatives," says a spiteful English paper, "of the Fenians." They built a fort (the rampart of which is shown in our view on the left of the bridge), and constructed vaults under it to hold stores, so that their countrymen, on landing, might not be destitute of provisions till able to furnish themselves at the expense and with the co-operation of the natives.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1867.—[See Page 206.]

## "FATHER! DON'T GO!"

THAT there is a sphere of influence possessed by every one, not even excepting the child, was affectingly illustrated in the following incident:

"Some years ago," said the late BENJAMIN ROTCH, in one of his telling speeches, "I was addressing a public meeting in the neighborhood of Aylesbury; and in the course of my remarks I endeavored to enforce individual duty, and the right exercise of individual influence. There sat, on the front form, a fine-looking but weather-beaten railway 'navvie,' who paid very earnest attention to me. He had, sitting on his knee, a little girl about five years old. By way of refuting the common excuse for indolence, 'I have no influence,' I remarked that the little girl sitting on the working-man's knee, in front of me, even she, had influence. The man, as if acting under some magic spell, jumped on his legs, put the child on the floor, and then striking his hand against his thigh exclaimed, 'That's true!' This singular interruption somewhat disconcerted me. The man, evidently embarrassed at what he had done, took his seat, reinstated his little girl on his knee, and again drank in the truths delivered to the meeting. As I was leaving the room this man was waiting at the door. I said to him, 'Now, my good man, tell me what induced you to conduct yourself in the way you did?' 'Some time ago,' said he, 'I was employed on the railway, and was in the habit of going every night to a beer-shop, from which I seldom returned sober. I had,' said he (with the big tear glistening in his eye), 'at that time a daughter nineteen years of age; she was a dutiful child, with a warm and affectionate heart. She used to come after me to the beer-shop, but she would never go inside, though I sometimes pressed her to do so. She would wait outside the door, in the cold and wet, until I came out that she might conduct me home. She was afraid, if left to myself, I might fall into some pit, or down some precipice, and lose my life. By this conduct, poor thing, she caught a severe cold. It turned to consumption, and she died. I felt her death very much, though I still went to the beer-shop; but somehow or other I never, after her death, liked to go that way alone, especially in the night; and for the sake of company, I used to take with me the little girl whom you saw sitting on my knee tonight. But one night,' he continued, 'I was walking along with the little girl, she holding by my coat-tail; and when we got very near the beer-shop there was a great noise within, and my little girl shrank back and said, "*Father, don't go!*" Vexed with her I took her up in my arms and proceeded; but just as I was entering the beer-house door I felt a scalding hot tear fall from her eyes. It went to my heart. I turned my back upon the public house. It is now twelve months ago, and I have never tasted drink since. I could not help getting up and doing as I did; but I hope, Sir, you will forgive me.'"

A father bore upon his arm
  A girl of tender years;
She shiver'd sadly with the cold,
  Her eyes were full of tears.

I paused to see why she should weep—
  A girl so young and fair—
And why her father wore a look
  Of horror or despair.

I did not need to tarry long
  Her tears to understand,
For on a gin-shop's half-shut door
  The father laid his hand.

Loud was the wintry wind without,
  Loud was the noise within;
But o'er them all I heard her words,
  "Oh! father, don't go in!"

He turned him sternly from the door
  And strode along the street,
Thanking his young deliverer
  With words and kisses sweet.

Strong were the few and gentle words
  The little girl did speak;
But stronger far the silent tear
  That trickled down her cheek!

## THE SPRING FASHIONS.

THE distinctive features of the present mode may be summed up in a very brief space. The chapeau, which is still worn very small, is less extravagant in form, with a flower—generally a rose—and a few buds and leaves at the side. The chignon is worn much higher than formerly. Crinoline, where not discarded altogether, is very much reduced in circumference. The robe for the promenade continues to be worn short (and cut in points of one shape or another at the bottom of the skirt) over a jupon which reaches just to the ankle. The paletot, which usually matches the robe, is either loose and flowing or fitting close to the figure, with a band at the waist, and is generally shaped like the robe at the lower part into vandykes, curves, or leaf-shaped forms; occasionally it is en péplum, with a couple of points on each side, which, however, are never very long. The trimming consists chiefly of narrow fringe, guipure, or very narrow black lace, with ornaments formed of beads or simple braid. For evening dress the robe *à tablier* forms an elegant toilet for middle-aged ladies. It is made of gray silk, strewn all over with small gold-color flowers, or of white satin trimmed with flounces of white lace. It is worn with a chemisette of puffed tulle, with lace insertion, the corsage being made high at the back and covering the shoulders, and being hollowed out in front so that the points meet at the waist. The sleeves are long and open; the tulle under-sleeves, which are almost tight, being puffed, to match the chemisette. Other evening dresses are of taffeta; violet, mauve, or pearl-gray being the prevailing colors. They are made with trains, and have waistbands, the long ends of which are occasionally looped up. Upon the left shoulder a bow is worn, which is fastened with an *agrafe* of pearls. The chemisette will be of tulle or plaited muslin. Ball dresses are made of white crape, ornamented at times at the bottom with four biais of apple-green satin, each fastened with a rosette of fine white fringe, having a large glass ornament in the centre. Over this dress is worn a tunic of apple-green satin, trimmed with a similar fringe and with small white tassels. Other ball dresses are of white tarlatan, trimmed with green muslin and satin, or of tulle, striped or spotted with silver or gold, and having an under jupe of white satin. These dresses are generally puffed from the waist on each side of the seams, and are trimmed with beaded or plain cords or with gold fringe.

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of poult-de-soie, cut entirely on the biais, and trimmed at the bottom with a plaited flounce about 5 inches deep. The outer sleeves, which are large and open, are lined with white taffeta, and edged with a fringe of chenille covered with jet beads; a similar fringe arranged on the corsage forms a square bertha. The inner sleeves of the robe are made perfectly tight, and fit close to the wrist. Chapeau of black tulle, with a cluster of deep red carnations at the side; strings of ribbon edged with black lace, and closed together at the neck with a bow of carnation-colored velvet.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress for a Young Lady.*—Robe of blue poplin, caught up all round and fastened with rosettes of blue velvet; jupon of blue and white plaid, notched into vandykes at the edge. Paletot of black cashmere, trimmed with black beads and fringed with chenille. Chapeau of blue velvet, with pendent white glass beads round the rim, and with strings of blue taffeta, edged with white lace.

Fig. 3. *Ball Dress.*—Robe of primrose-colored satin, with a ruche of white silk edged with blonde at the lower part; upper jupe of striped silk gauze, cut on the biais and edged with a galon of white lobe-shaped drops. It is fastened up on each side by an ornament composed of white beads. The bodice, which is made very low, is of primrose-colored satin, and is ornamented at the top with a deep border of puffed white gauze; the sleeves of the bodice are very short; but there are a second pair of sleeves to the robe made of striped gauze, and trimmed with white drops, similar to the upper jupe, which tie behind and fall down over the back. The coiffure is à la Princesse de Galles, and is fastened at the top of the head with a plain coral comb. The necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets are likewise of coral.

Fig. 4. *Ball Dress.*—Robe of blue taffeta, trimmed with a deep insertion of white silk lace between a narrow lace insertion. The upper jupe is of white crape, drawn up at the various seams with a narrow gold cord, at the bottom of which are bouquets of peach-blossoms intermingled with green leaves. The waistband is of blue ribbon, ornamented with four bows with long streamers falling from them over the robe. The bodice has smaller bows of blue ribbon at the shoulders, and a bouquet of peach-blossoms in the centre. The coiffure is formed of bandelettes of blue ribbon, with a bunch of peach-blossoms worn on the right side.

## THE GAME OF KENO.

THIS game, which has of late attracted the attention of the police force in New York, is one of the most simple of the games of chance; in reality it is no more than the child's game of loto with some trivial changes to make it interesting. A hollow wooden globe, swung upon two pivots, contains a certain number of balls, each of which bears a number. Any number of players may engage in it at the same time, each player being possessed of a numbered card, for which he pays fifty cents or a dollar according to the size of the game. This card bears three rows of five numbers each. As the balls are drawn from the globe the dealer calls the number. The persons having cards with this number thereon at once place a button or marker on that number. Who ever succeeds in securing five of these marks in a row calls "keno," and receives the money paid for the different cards, minus ten per cent., which the keeper of the game retains.

## MATCH-MAKERS.

THE clumsy match-maker is a scarcely less dangerous, though a far more respectable, enemy to the gentle craft than the coarse one. She makes it ridiculous, while the latter makes it odious, and it is ridicule that kills. She is perhaps a well-meaning woman, who would be sorry to marry two people unless she thought them suited to each other; but the moment she has made up her mind that they ought to marry, she sets to work with a vigor which, unless she has a very young man to deal with, is almost sure to spoil her plans. This would not be surprising in a silly woman; but it is odd that the more energetic, and, in some respects, the more able a woman is, the more likely sometimes she is to fall into this error. A woman may be the life and soul of a dozen societies, write admirable letters, get half her male relatives into Government offices, and yet be the laughing-stock of the neighborhood for the absurd way in which she goes husband-hunting for her daughters. The very energy and ability which fit her for other pursuits disqualify her for match-making. She is too impatient and too fond of action to adopt the purely passive expectant attitude, the masterly inactivity, which is here the great secret of success. She is always feeling that something should be said or done to help on the business, and prematurely scares the shy or suspicious bird. Many a promising love-affair has been nipped in the bud simply because the too eager mother has drawn public attention to it, before it was robust enough to face publicity, by throwing the two lovers conspicuously together, or by some unguarded remark. When one thinks of all that a man has to go through in the course of a love-affair—especially in a small society where every body knows every body—of all the chaffing and grinning, and significant interchange of glances when he picks up the daughter's fan, or hands the mother to her carriage, or laughs convulsively at the old jokes of the father, one is almost inclined to wonder how he ever gets married at all. The explanation probably is, that he falls in love before he exactly knows what he is about. Once in love is, of course, gloriously blind and deaf to all obstacles between him and the adored one. But to subject a man to this trying ordeal, as the too eager match-maker does, before he is sufficiently in love to be proof against it, is like sending him into a snow-storm without a great-coat. The romantic match-maker is, in her way, as mischievous as the coarse or the clumsy one. She is usually a good sort of woman, but with decidedly more heart than head. She gets her notions of political economy from Mr. Dickens's novels, and holds that, whenever two nice young people of opposite sexes like each other it is their business then and there to marry. If Providence can not always, like Mr. Dickens, provide a rich aunt or uncle, it at least never sends mouths without hands to feed them. Let every good citizen help the young people to marry as fast as they can, and let there be lots of chubby cheeks and lots of Sunday plum-pudding to fill them. There is no arguing with a woman of this kind, and she is perhaps the most dangerous of all match-makers, inasmuch as she is usually herself a warm-hearted, pleasant woman, and there is a courage and disinterestedness about her views very captivating to young heads. There is no safety but in flight. Even a bachelor of fair prudence and knowledge of the world is not safe in her hands. We mean on the assumption that he is not in a position to marry. If he is "an eligible," he can not, of course, be considered safe any where. But otherwise he knows that match-makers of the unromantic worldly type will be only too glad to leave him alone. And having perhaps been accustomed on this account to feel that he may flirt in moderation with impunity, as a man with whom marriage is altogether out of the question, he is quite unprepared for the new and startlingly unconventional view which the romantic match-maker takes of him. He is horrified to find that, ignoring the usual considerations as to the length of his purse, she has discovered that he and the pretty girl with whom he danced three consecutive dances last night must have been made expressly for each other, and that she has somehow contrived, by the exercise of that freemasonry in love-affairs which is peculiar to women, to put the same ridiculous notion into the young lady's head. In fact, he suddenly finds to his astonishment that he must either propose—which is out of the question—or be considered a cold-blooded trifler with female hearts. And so he has nothing to do but pack up his portmanteau and beat an ignominious retreat, with an uncomfortable consciousness that his amiable hostess and pretty partner have a very poor opinion of him.

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IN THESE STATEMENTS I AM SUSTAINED BY MY PREDECESSOR, MR. LEWIS, WHOSE EXPERIENCE EXTENDED OVER A SERIES OF YEARS.

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To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

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These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

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Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Club Letters.**

NEW LONDON, *Nov.* 15, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: *Sirs*,—I herewith send you another club. We are well suited with that which we received before, and much obliged for the complimentary package. We find that it is 50 per cent. cheaper than we can get it here, and at least 50 per cent. better. Please send me two or three blanks for clubs, and circulars to go with them, as I know of some in adjoining town who would like to get up clubs.

Yours truly,
L. M. DAY.

ELK HORN, WISCONSIN, *Nov.* 10, 1866.

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: My order for tea was filled, and the tea arrived safely, *promptly*—good *weight* and good *quality*. We are all well satisfied, and others wish they had joined us. I shall doubtless send another order before long, for we have paid *large* profits to *small* traders about long enough.

Respectfully yours, &c.,
O. HAND.

FRANCONIA, N. H., *Nov.* 10, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY: *Gentlemen*,—My last order for tea of 50 pounds came to hand in due time all right, and has given entire satisfaction, and, if you continue to send us as good tea as you have sent, you are sure of a permanent trade in this place. The Imperial was the best of any thing we have had in this place. Several of the club have told me it was better than the tea they had paid $2 a pound for. I send you another order for $68 65. Please forward as before by express to Franconia, N. H., Grafton County. I thank you for the complimentary package. Address

PRIEST YOUNG, Franconia, N. H.

WILLIAM PENN WORKS, NEAR SHENANDOAH CITY, SCHUYLKILL CO., PA., *Dec.* 3, 1866.

*Gents*,—We received our orders of Tea and Coffee all right, and each package put up so nice as to give us but little trouble. They have given great satisfaction both as regards weight and quality; and so cheap that we have saved 56¼ cents per lb., beside getting a better quality; and we are all satisfied that they are as good—both Tea and Coffee—as your advertisement represented them to be.

I remain yours,
THOMAS ROGERS.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

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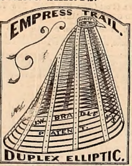


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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 536.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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## THE RIOT ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The full details of the disgraceful riot which occurred on the celebration of St. Patrick's Day on March 18, a spirited picture of which we give on page 212, prove it to have been begun by an unprovoked attack of a number of those in the procession upon an unoffending and defenseless man. The following statement is copied from the *Herald* of March 19:

About one o'clock in the afternoon, as the various divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Brooklyn were passing up Grand Street, in the vicinity of, and just previous to joining the main body of the procession, which was at that time passing through East Broadway, a truck drove up Grand Street in the same direction in which the various societies were marching. Although the driver seemed to take special care not to disturb the order of the procession, by keeping his horses close to the curb outside the line of march, he was called upon by several of the officers of the Fourth Division to cross into one of the by-streets. So soon as he had heard the orders the driver attempted to reach one of the by-streets; but to do so it was necessary for him to cross the line of march, which he attempted to do. As his intention became manifest an outcry was raised against him by the marshals and aids on horseback, and in order not to create any trouble he drew his vehicle up to the curb and stopped, venturing to ask one of the procession officials, as he did so, what they expected him to do if they would not permit him to cross Grand Street, as, without doing so, he would be unable to enter one of the by-streets. At this, without deigning to answer his question or showing any willingness to halt their march for a moment to allow the driver to pass, although his truck stood so close to the sidewalk that almost double the number of men who were in the line could have walked on without being obstructed in their march by the vehicle, several men broke from the ranks, jumped into the truck, and instantly commenced beating him with their iron-headed staves. Not content with throwing him bleeding to the bottom of the vehicle, as if rendered more furious by the sight of the blood that flowed profusely from the poor man's wounds, while he cried out piteously for them to spare his life, they kicked and stamped upon the prostrate body of their victim until it seemed that their intention indeed was to murder him. In the mean time the attention of officer Ullner, of the Thirteenth Precinct, was attracted to the truck by the confusion of voices incident to the attack upon the driver. He ran to the spot, and jumped upon the truck to protect the object of the affray, when he was felled to the floor of the vehicle and trampled under foot in the most brutal manner. This dastardly act was witnessed by officers Coleman and Kearney, who hastened to the assistance of their brother officer, but after a desperate struggle they fell in their turn beneath the blows of their assailants. But they were soon on their feet, defending themselves bravely from the top of the truck, dealing blows right and left of them as rapidly as they could wield their clubs. The rioters, finding that the officers could and were determined to make a desperate resistance as long as they were on the truck, immediately put their shoulders to the vehicle, overturning it completely upon the officers as they fell to the ground, Kearney receiving a fearful cut from the sword of one of the marshals or aids as he was falling. A rush was at once made by the rioters for the unfortunate policemen as soon as they had rolled to the ground, who kicked and trampled them under their feet like so many demons. By this time officer Heiseman, who had heard of the fight at a short distance from the scene of the disturbance, sent word of the affair to Roundsman Brown and three or four other officers who were distributed along the route of the procession, and they arrived on the "double quick," rushed into the crowd, and fought their way to where their companions lay bleeding in the street. But, notwithstanding the good stand they made for a short time, they were overpowered by numbers, and in their turn lay at the feet of their maddened assailants, bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the swords of the horsemen and the formidable spear-headed staves of the men in front.

Meanwhile several officers from various parts of the line of the procession, to whom intelligence of the disturbance had been communicated, arrived on the spot shortly after the men under Roundsman Brown, and succeeded in fighting their way to the side of their prostrate comrades, but only uselessly to contend against the overwhelming numbers which closed round them, and attacked them with stave, club, and sword, until they, too, succumbed and fell bleeding to the earth to be trampled under foot. So soon as the rioters had glutted their vengeance by cutting down all the policemen who dared to confront them—and not one officer who was in the vicinity shrunk from the contest—a party of them seized hold of officer William Barrett, who lay unconscious in the street, and after brutally stamping upon him flung him down a cellar-way, one of them remarking, as the body struck heavily at the bottom of the stone steps, "Let the d—d dog lie there; he's dead anyhow!" During the latter part of the bloody contest Captain Helme, who was standing at the corner of Clinton Street and East Broadway, was informed of what was occurring in Grand Street, and immediately, in company with Sergeant Barnett and three men, whom he had stationed in that vicinity, proceeded to the scene of the riot, where they were met by a crowd some three hundred strong, which seemed very demonstrative, but in nowise bent on mischief, and which the Captain and his men had very little trouble in scattering. To follow the Hibernians, who had already left the scene, was the Captain's first thought, but on approaching them it was found useless to make any attack without reinforcements. He then directed Captain Ullman, of the Eleventh Precinct, and a few men of the Seventh, whom he met, to follow the society, and they succeeded in annoying the stragglers considerably with their locusts. Helme afterward went to work to care for his wounded men, three of whom he found in a shanty, several lying on the street, and others in houses to which they had been carried by citizens after the rioters had left the scene. As the Hibernians proceeded up East Broadway, after leaving Grand Street, they, for some reason or another, attacked a citizen named Laskins; and two officers of the Seventh Precinct, named Hiram Cole and David Martin, who went to his rescue, were set upon and seriously injured, they receiving several stabs and cuts from swords and staves.

Up to the time at which we write no action has been taken by the courts in the matter; three or four of the ringleaders have been arrested and held to bail in insignificant sums; but nothing really positive has been attempted or is ever likely to be done toward punishing the guilty.

"APRIL FOOL"—April 1, 1867.

## WINTER MAIL SERVICE.

Prince Edward Island, the smallest as well as the most fertile of the British American provinces, is situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence between the 46th and 47th parallels of latitude. It is about 140 miles long, and lies along the north-east coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, from which it is separated by the Strait of Northumberland, which is nine miles wide in its narrowest part. The telegraph cable crosses at this point, its termini being at Capes Tormentine and Traverse, the first of which is in New Brunswick. The route of the winter mail service also lies between these two capes. There are few places more delightful or better worth a visit than Prince Edward Island in the summer season, and it has recently become the resort of many American tourists. Two lines of fine steamers connect it with the adjacent Provinces. In winter, however, the island is completely isolated from the rest of the world by the compact fields of ice or drifting floes that fill the Gulf of St. Lawrence. For four long months at least the only means of intercourse which the inhabitants have with other men is the ice-boat, which carries the mail across the Strait three times a week. It is a perilous journey, and occupies from four to ten hours, according to the condition of the ice. Nevertheless it is occasionally undertaken even by ladies. No baggage more cumbrous than a valise or carpet-bag is allowed, and but two or three persons except the boatmen can go at a time. Sometimes the surface of the ice is comparatively level and unbroken; again it is seamed by long channels of open water. In either case the journey is made with tolerable expedition. But in general the aspect is Arctic.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 6, 1867.


## SPRATS AND VETOES.

There is a very old story of which President Johnson's vetoes are sure to remind every one who ever heard it. A man and his wife quarreled at the table about a certain fish. Were they sprats or smelts? The wife vehemently declared for sprats, until in the violence of her action and gesticulation she broke down her chair and sank upon the floor. But as she fell, not knowing what fate was in reserve, she shouted triumphantly, "Sprats! sprats! if I die for it!" So, in the long debate between the President and the country, he will not make even a sign of surrender. Congress declaring that rebel States shall be restored only upon certain conditions enacts laws and submits them to the Executive. His argument is long since outworn, but for the twelfth time, on Saturday, the 23d March, he retorted that the States were in the Union and Congress was a usurper: "Sprats! sprats! if I die for it!"

As he was the first so the President seems resolved to be the last serious obstacle to a reconstruction of the Union. He came into office, metaphorically speaking, foaming at the mouth. He was so tremendous in his denunciations of treason, and smiled so savagely that "rebels must take back seats" in the work of reconstruction, that sensible men were afraid that wisdom was to be swallowed up in wrath, and revenge defy reason. But although the roaring was appalling the author of the noise soon whispered that he was only Snug the joiner, and that we need not fear that any thing would happen. Instantly the men who had supposed when they were conquered that they must yield began to hope that they might recover by craft what they had failed to retain by force. Instantly loyal men were compelled by the treatment they received from the Government and the late rebels, to ask what they had gained by their loyalty? Instantly the conquered citizens began to sneer that the Government was afraid of them, and did not understand its own victory or dare to use it. And this restless insolence rapidly poisoned the public mind in the Southern States, carefully fostered by the President and Mr. Seward, until it actually mastered, through its Northern supporters, the Doolittle Philadelphia Convention, which was, upon the whole, as ludicrous as it was lachrymose, and is by far the most utterly absurd Convention in our political history.

This hope at the South of recovering power without paying any penalty for one of the greatest crimes in history—for so mankind must always regard a bloody war to destroy a mild Government not charged with oppression, and to destroy it in order to perpetuate human Slavery—was due to the President. He declaimed, he protested, he raged against the conscience and common-sense of the country until with one vast indignant voice the country replied that it had won a victory and meant to secure it. But sprats, sprats was the reply. Veto after veto fell, until Congress passed a simple act reorganizing the rebel States upon Republican principles, and prescribing the details of the method. From that moment the future was clear. Men like Ex-Governor Brown, Wade Hampton, and General Longstreet, who did the hard work of the rebellion, and who, educated by Slavery, understand when aye means aye and no no, begin at once to counsel submission and co-operation. They understand that their cause is lost, and they act accordingly.

The President's last veto is the weakest of all the vetoes. The bill secures equal protection in life and liberty by the only power which experience has shown to be equal to the occasion, and it provides for a Government based upon all the people, excluding certain rebels, at the pleasure of Congress. Nothing simpler, more necessary, more humane, more American and Republican, could be devised. But the President throws at it the feeble remnants of his old argument. He even has the hardihood to declare in his extremity that "in all these States there are existing Constitutions formed in the accustomed way by the people." It is the last expiring shriek of "Sprats! sprats! if I die for it!"

## WHO SHALL VOTE FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION?

The resolution introduced into the New York State Union Committee denouncing those of the party in the Assembly who voted against universal suffrage in the elections for the Constitutional Convention as denying the right at home which they asserted abroad, raised an entirely false issue. The previous resolution in the series begged the whole question. The question is this: Can any body vote for a Convention which is authorized by the Constitution except those whom the Constitution itself makes voters? The resolutions declare the affirmative, and denounce those who do not agree. But surely it is a very doubtful question. Let us state the argument on each side.

Those who differ with the resolution hold that the case would be different if the Constitution did not provide for the Convention. But as it thus becomes an election designated by the fundamental law, must not the regulations of that law prescribe the electors? The election of the Convention is as much a Constitutional act as that of Governor, and must not the electoral provisions of the Constitution be held sufficient for every election under it? To put it in another way, could the Legislature order an election for Governor every year and prescribe the qualifications of voters? But if it could not alter the fundamental law in one point, how could it in another? If, indeed, the Constitution did not provide for a Convention and the Legislature were to propose one to the people, could it submit the question of calling it to other voters than those whom it represented? But in that case it might certainly propose as a part of the plan that if the voters called a Convention every body should take part in electing delegates, and then the adoption of the call by the voting class would authorize non-voters to share in the election.

This is the argument as urged by those who differ with the resolutions offered in the Committee, and it is a forcible and reasonable view. Those who hold it can not truly be denounced as renegades to equal suffrage, for they may be quite as earnest friends of it as those who vituperate them. Their argument is opposed upon the ground that it leaves both the formation and administration of the Government to the existing voting class, while the whole people whose rights are to be protected ought to say who shall protect them. If they continue the present voting class in power for a certain period or under certain conditions, their decision is final for that time. But in the absence of any express provision to the contrary the people, in adopting a Constitution which provides for a Convention whenever the voters under it shall decree, reserve to themselves a share in the election of that Convention. In no other way can the qualifications of electors in a Constitution be legitimated. It is the whole body of the people which qualifies a certain part; and when, as in our Constitution, the question of a revision must be submitted to the qualified electors at particular times, it is a decision of the people that the qualified electors shall determine when all the people shall be again consulted. The true principle is, that the whole people have the right of forming the Government, and although they may delegate its administration to a certain number, they can not delegate to that number the authority of reforming the Government.

This is the argument upon both sides. The question itself will undoubtedly be settled by the Convention, which, we presume, will establish such an equality of suffrage that the voters under the Constitution will be really the people of the State, to whom any future re-formation must be committed.

## OLIVER CHARLICK'S RAILROAD.

Upon a lovely afternoon in the month of March a traveler might have been seen struggling in the mud as he crossed South Street to the ticket office of Oliver Charlick's Long Island Railroad at James's Slip. The accommodations are a small square cell with a wooden bench around the wall. Offering a two-dollar note for a ticket which cost about seventy cents, he was told by the agent that he must wait, and perhaps there would be money enough presently taken to give him his change. So the traveler stood in the wet under the shed, holding his bag and shawl and umbrella, while another wayfarer offered another two-dollar bill for his ticket to another point, and received the same answer. Then the window was shut down, and the agent shot out of the door, leaving the travelers at perfect leisure to meditate upon Oliver Charlick as a public blessing. By-and-by the young man returned, and, after a little pause, the window was opened, and the travelers receiving their change were ushered into the inclosure, and waited for the boat in that bilge-water atmosphere which peculiarly distinguishes James's Slip; but for which Oliver Charlick, in his capacity of public benefactor, must not be held responsible.

Reaching Hunter's Point, the traveler hastened out of the boat, and turned into a spacious pig-sty, with a hog grunting and rooting, while the air was stifling with the fumes of great piles of manure; and this, he was informed, was the Railroad station. Gaining a platform, he pushed on rapidly, driven by the stench and observed a young man of the b'hoy kind issuing from a door jauntily smoking. The young man's hat had a band with "Conductor" written upon it. Smoking and gayly skipping along the airy young man said "Hurry up!" and began to trot along the platform. The hastening traveler, with a few other men and three or four old women carrying heavy baskets and bundles, instantly joined in the trot, and the whole company moved toward the cars at the double quick, the smoking conductor leading. As he reached the train he gave a brisk signal to the engineer. The locomotive whistled, and the train moved. The trotters jumped and climbed upon the train as well as they could, the baskets and bundles being handed up to them by friends who trotted beside the cars. Oliver Charlick's courteous conductor said, very simply: "Why didn't you hurry up when I told you to?" and disappeared.

The cars upon Oliver Charlick's Long Island Railroad are the worst that run out of New York. They have a dreary air of second-rate cheapness, which is strictly in harmony with the inclosure which serves as a station and the smells which pervade it. Upon no railroad in this part of the country will the traveler find such uncomfortable and shabby cars as upon Oliver Charlick's. But whether you like them or not away you go, and with such fury of speed and violent rocking and jerking of the cars that it is impossible to do any thing but submit to the shaking and tossing and wonder what will come of it. Stopping at a few stations the train reaches Jamaica, and then jerks and dashes again over the broad, placid Hempstead plains.

Long Island may groan and swear and gnash its teeth, but it is not easy to raise the money to build another railroad, and Oliver Charlick is King. If you don't like his railroad have one of your own. During the great snow-storm of the winter Oliver's road was blocked so that, for eleven days or for a very long time, a certain traveler could not use the daily passage which he had bought. He was ready to fulfill his part of the contract, but the other side was not ready; and when Oliver thought fit to open his road his agent declined to allow the traveler whose time had expired the eleven passages of which he had been deprived. One day last August two trains, going in opposite directions upon the same track, crashed into each other and Mr. William Walker was killed. He was standing upon the platform, and it was urged by the conductor—with or without a cigar in his mouth—that he might have found a seat in the rear car. The court charged that it was the conductor's business to furnish seats to passengers, and that if by reason of his neglect or refusal a passenger is injured the Company is liable. The jury returned damages against the Company.

Liberality of spirit, generosity of management, a sensitive attention to the public wishes, and extreme courtesy appear to be characteristic of the Long Island Railroad. That Mr. Oliver Charlick is a public benefactor no one can have any doubt who has tried his road. It no more admits of question than that Mr. Edwin Stevens is the most accommodating of ferry proprietors.

## THE SOUTHERN RELIEF BILL.

The Southern Relief bill passed the House by 91 yeas to 31 nays after a long and stormy debate. It provides that the Freedmen's Bureau shall use out of the unexpended money of the present appropriations whatever is necessary for the relief of all destitute and helpless persons. That eminent Constitutionalist, Fernando Wood, who thought it perfectly constitutional for him as Mayor to send rifles to the Southern States to shoot loyal men, was of opinion that it was exceedingly unconstitutional for a loyal Congress to send bread to the starving and baffled men to whom he tried to convey the arms. But Mr. Wood was conveniently absent when the vote was called. The result is sufficient reply to the stupid talk about the ferocity and vindictiveness of Congress.

General Butler's proposed amendment that the money be applied to the suffering families of soldiers starved in rebel prisons was an insinuation that such persons are allowed to suffer, which is an unjust imputation upon the people of the loyal States. His assertion that it would merely relieve sturdy, idle rebels at street corners was a wholly gratuitous assumption. The authentic accounts from the Southern States, and General Howard's own statements, reveal the real destitution existing there. Nor have we any fear that the bounty will be scorned. The generosity of a great people which has proved its power can not be misinterpreted. In the old days, when Cotton was King and the Democratic party ruled the country, and fell flat upon its face whenever the slave masters cracked the whip, the concessions of the North were justly interpreted by them as signs of abject servility. But times have changed. Generosity will not be thought weakness; and if it were, nobody will lose but those who think so.

The most painful and interesting episode of the debate was the altercation between General Butler and Mr. Bingham. Both gentlemen lost their temper. Each said what he will as certainly regret as the country already regrets it. Mr. Bingham's slur at General Butler was inexpressibly ungenerous. General Butler's reply was perfect, until its close, which gave Mr. Bingham an opportunity of successfully retorting. Does General Butler think that the other persons besides Mrs. Surratt were executed upon insufficient evidence?

This is but one instance of many occasions which have brought discredit upon Congress and the country. It is no excuse that they are quarrels which do not lead, as in the days of Democratic and slavery ascendency, to bowie-knives, bludgeons, and duels. We are happily rid in Congress of the barbarism produced by the principles of a slave-holding Democracy; but the ill-manners, the petulance, and innuendo which have been recently displayed even in the Senate are entirely unworthy the men who have been guilty of them. It may be very exciting and pleasant to win the interested attention of the House by saying sharp and bitter things. But they are heard by the country. They echo round the world. They gratify a moment's indignation, but they cause wide mortification and long alienation.

## TROUBLES OF THE STREET.

The state of the Stock and Gold markets is about as bad as it can be. It has been uncomfortable for months, but is now worse than ever. This distress is not confined to New York alone, but presses with equal weight upon Boston and other commercial centres. There is an unprecedented timidity among operators, while all efforts to galvanize the market into activity utterly fail. No inducements can persuade outsiders to take new ventures, even in the most favored securities. Those who hold stocks purchased them months ago at very high prices, and will not sell at a ruinous pecuniary loss. They are waiting for the annual "spring rise," which will never come this year. The real truth is, it is now exclusively a broker's market. All the business done by brokers at present is confined to swapping jackets among themselves—with what success is shown by the failures that occur among their fraternity from time to time. The legitimate commissions of a day's work, if distributed equally among them all, would scarcely give each one a respectable dinner. Every day, almost, "lame ducks" are seen taking to the water because they can't afford their regular brandy and sugar.

In almost every case the public loses money from the miscarriage of these "speculative transactions" of brokers; but the sagacious broker is always careful to fail for an amount sufficiently large to enable him to make an advantageous compromise with his creditors, and is soon again reinstated in the Board and in the public confidence. A victim who is "stuck" for $50,000 much prefers to compromise for one-half or two-thirds than to lose all, and is therefore easily induced to compound a felony. It is a noticeable coincidence, however, that the broker's *wife* always wears the more diamonds whichever way the case goes with him. These diamonds represent the nett profits of his business, which have come out of plucked victims. To the broker it makes little difference, then, whether he resumes his seat in the Stock and Gold Boards or goes to Paris to attend the World's Exposition.

This winking at crime by the victimized does not conduce to good morals or strict probity in financial transactions. A blame-worthy over-confidence on the part of the public encourages sharpers. Undue parsimony in employing cheap men, or men whose habits are not known, in responsible positions, offers a premium to peculation. The cupidity of bank officers, who often permit themselves to be tempted by large bribes, not only encourages dishonest speculations but endangers the stability of the bank and its customers. A bank officer who clandestinely loans the bank's money to a broker upon the guaranty of a profit on certain investments in stocks takes all such profits accruing, but the bank runs all the risk. If the broker misses his mark the bank suffers, as those have lately done in Massachusetts. Besides, this facility for borrowing money in large amounts enables the brokers to depress or raise stocks at will.

In times such as the present, when State securities of all sorts are much depreciated, and general business is dull, the temptations to swindle are much increased. There is sufficient evidence of this fact in the cases of embezzlement that occur weekly. If a broker can only establish a character for high standing as a capitalist, that is all he requires to enable him to obtain money on forged gold checks, or over-issued stocks, or bogus warehouse receipts, or any other description of paper that is as worthless as his own name which is upon it.

While we remark this universal dilapidation of the speculative markets it is noticeable and gratifying to witness a decided and healthy improvement in almost all the legitimate channels of business. The era of overtrading is past, and will not return again unless reanimated by injudicious Congressional legislation. The temper and the judgment of the public is wholly in favor of a resumption of business upon the old basis, and the sooner it occurs the better—that is, in its own natural way. Somebody will have to be sacrificed; somebody will suffer in the fall; and it had better be those whose past good fortune has enabled them to invest their surplus money in stocks and bonds than the tradesman and producer who need all their means to help them on with their business. Productive industry should not be permitted to suffer that speculation may thrive. As soon as Congress decides to adopt some definite financial plan the country will see its way out of the woods. There are two schemes which have received general approval. One is

JAY COOKE'S, and the other the MORRILL bill. Some settlement is essential to the material prosperity of the country, and the people are now prepared and willing to put up with the attendant temporary inconvenience that permanent future good may result. If we are to decide between the brokers and the producers, we say let the brokers slide.

## MR. WADE HAMPTON ON THE SITUATION.

THE meetings of the Freedmen in South Carolina, and especially that at Columbia which was addressed by Mr. WADE HAMPTON and other white persons, are very significant. They show the utmost good sense upon the part of the orators. They are, of course, attempts to gain the control of the colored vote; but that is a legitimate purpose, and they are exactly the results which we have always anticipated from the wise, Radical policy of Congress. If the freedmen had not been made voters by a power which he could not resist, when would Mr. WADE HAMPTON have asked them "to give their friends at the South a fair trial?" In a Government like ours, when you give a large disfranchised class political power, you have secured their good treatment. We do not mean to be unjust to Mr. HAMPTON in saying that he has probably as much sympathy for the colored people as Mr. BELMONT and the Manhattan Club have for the Irish. Who so courteous and fair-spoken to his fellow-citizens of Irish descent as the Fifth Avenue Democratic orator? The reason is obvious. They have votes. Does any body suppose that the Democratic High Priests would burn perpetual incense before St. PATRICK if his children had no votes? Human nature is the same in the city of Columbia as in the city of New York. The freedman without a vote is a being to be treated as the laws of Johnsonized South Carolina treated him. But a freedman *with* a vote—ah! then indeed—listen to Mr. WADE HAMPTON. "His prosperity as a citizen of the State necessarily depends upon that of the State itself; and if his friends in the State were found wanting, it would be time enough to go abroad for new friends."

This is perfectly true, and it is the most healthy sign we have seen in the Southern States. It is the practical application of the sagacious speech of Ex-Governor BROWN. It is a practical acceptance of the situation, and it leads straight to that development of free party competition to which we must look for the political regeneration of that part of the country. The Bourbons who counsel inaction, and the zanies who nominate "the white man's ticket," will be left utterly in the lurch. All that the friends of equal suffrage ask is a fair trial. They are willing to abide the result.

The stout assertion of the Democratic leaders, both at the North and South, that the freedmen would be sure to vote with their ex-masters, has never seemed to us very important; for we observed that the same Democrats always stoutly resisted their enfranchisement, and to suppose that a party which depended for success, as in New York for instance, upon the Irish vote, was squeamish about education and intelligence, was quite impossible. We are perfectly willing to trust the trial, so it be fairly made. The freedmen of Columbia probably understand Mr. WADE HAMPTON quite as well as he understands them. They certainly did not believe him to be their chief friend when he was in arms for the glorious right of enslaving them hopelessly forever, and they are probably of the opinion that it was General SHERMAN and the army of the United States which defeated Mr. HAMPTON'S plan. It instinctively they would not fight with him when the chances seemed to favor him, they will hardly vote with him now that he is defeated and they understand the case even better.

But however the new voters may vote we cordially congratulate Mr. HAMPTON upon his conduct. It is that of a citizen who thoroughly comprehends the situation, and of a soldier who concedes that his cause is lost. Such a man will either leave the country, or, if he remains, will adapt himself to its changed conditions when he perceives that they are changed. The President's policy prevented such men as Mr. HAMPTON from seeing it. They really believed that they might still save by diplomacy what they had lost by arms. But the policy of Congress, approved by the country, is an "eye-opener." The leaders like Mr. HAMPTON yield to the only argument which they acknowledge, irresistible force, and perceive that they must either sulk in sullen inaction or use the means offered them for renewed prosperity. The "bomb-proof" editors will probably continue to repeat the heroics of the war. The soldiers will follow Messrs. LONGSTREET and HAMPTON.

## THE CASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

SENATOR WILSON'S concurrent resolution ought to pass. It declares that JEFFERSON DAVIS is charged by the President with complicity in the assassination of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and is also indicted for murder: that he declares his innocence and demands a trial; and that common justice, sound policy, and the national honor unite in requiring that he should be speedily tried, or released upon bail or his own recognizances.

Nothing can be plainer than that an accused person should be tried or released. If a man were arrested upon the charge of stealing a pocket-handkerchief, what would be thought of imprisoning him for two years before undertaking his trial? The principle is not changed because of the greater enormity of the crime charged. Indeed, the more heinous the offense the greater is the necessity of speedy trial. PAYNE, ATZEROTT, and the rest, were tried and executed without delay for one of the offenses with which DAVIS is charged. Why is he excepted? If there is not sufficient evidence to try him as their accomplice, the accusation should be abandoned. As long as he is charged and not tried it is the country which suffers and not he. We prove that we do not think him guilty, yet that we are not brave enough to say so. No more ignoble position could be occupied by a truly great people. Let us try him, or renounce the charge.

As for the trial for treason, we have long since expressed our opinion of its inexpediency. No possible result could affect the great and solemn verdict of the nation which has been rendered. If DAVIS were found guilty, the decision would be merely ludicrous after the tremendous settlement of the war. If he were acquitted, the Government would be convicted, and the war which the whole nation by uncounted sacrifice has justified would be declared unjustifiable by twelve men. Would the results of the war be thereupon relinquished? Could there be any conclusion to such a trial but one which is inexpressibly absurd? JEFFERSON DAVIS is now the most insignificant of men. Why should he be made important?

## LIGHT IN NEW JERSEY.

HON. E. A. STANSBURY has introduced into the New Jersey Assembly a proposal to amend the State Constitution by striking out the word "white." Whatever may be the present fate of the suggestion, it is sure to prevail before many years. Mr. STANSBURY plants the flag, and the whole line will rapidly come up to it. Meanwhile he is sure of the heartiest sympathy of all men who understand the conditions of righteous government and permanent peace.

## IMPURE WATER.

STRICTLY speaking, water is never found pure. There are always some things dissolved in it, or intimately mingled with it. These may be mineral or vegetable or animal. As water is a solvent of so many substances, you see at once that when it has been in contact with rocks or earth it can not be free from accompaniments. But this is true even of that which falls from the clouds, for as it passes through the atmosphere it takes down with it various substances which have risen from the earth and are diffused in the air. By this cleansing shower-bath that it gives the air it brings back to the earth impurities, some of which, it is interesting to know, have considerable agency in its fertilization. It even brings down some of the air itself, for there is always air in water, not merely that which we often see gathered in bubbles, but some is so intimately mingled with it, or, we may say, dissolved in it, that it is not visible.

The water, then, that we commonly use is really quite a compound mixture, and water as a simple substance can be obtained only by subjecting the water furnished by nature to certain processes. The air in it can be expelled by boiling, and it can be freed by the chemist from the various solid substances dissolved in it. But thus purified, or rather thus simple, it would be vapid and tasteless, and it would not, furthermore, answer the purposes of life either vegetable or animal. For example, if water were deprived of its air fishes could not live in it, and if it contained in solution no salts of lime, there would be no provision for the growth of their bones.

What we mean, then, by the ordinary expression pure water is water that has not injurious substances in it, or that has not an undue proportion of those which, in ordinary quantities, are harmless. Good water differs much in different localities in the amount of solid matters contained in it. Water that runs over granitic rocks, or percolates through granitic sands, is apt to have but little of them. There are localities where the amount is as low as $\frac{1}{20}$ of a grain in the gallon, but this is uncommon. Some waters in granitic regions in Scotland have from 4 to 5 grains in the gallon. The general average in waters commonly used for domestic purposes is from 20 to 30 grains.

The gradation as to purity in water is generally this: First, rain-water in the open country, where the air is not charged with impurities as much as it is in the neighborhood of cities. Second, river water—of course that which is remote from sources of impurity. Next comes the water of lakes; and then the common spring waters, the water of the deep well being less pure than that of the superficial spring. The water of the ocean or of a lake that has no outlet is largely charged with solid matter, because evaporation does not carry this up with the water. In the ocean the saline matter amounts to from 2200 to 2800 grains in the gallon, and in some parts of the Dead Sea to 21,000 grains or 25 per cent.

Now let us notice some of the common sources of such impurities in water as are injurious.

Filth of any kind accumulated upon the ground in the neighborhood of wells may be soaked into the earth by water, and carried down so far as to percolate through into the well. If there be vegetation that can appropriate the impurities, this result is prevented. There is, therefore, no danger from thoroughly-manured, cultivated ground near wells, but the water in them must be vitiated by any continued deposit of filth near them where there is no cultivation. We see this very decidedly exemplified where wells are very near barnyards in which manure is allowed to accumulate. The evil is less where the accumulations of filth are not so large—so much less as not to be recognized, and yet slowly but surely injuring the health of those who use the water.

Wells in closely-built cities, therefore, can not furnish good wholesome water. The ground necessarily becomes impregnated with impurities which can not be fully appropriated by the scanty vegetation, and these will find their way more or less to the wells. It is not, therefore, from failure in quantity alone that cities need a supply from without, but a failure in quality also.

Sometimes wells in cities have been changed into cess-pools by some who have resorted to external means of supply. In all such cases the water in neighboring wells is injured by the lateral diffusion of the contents of the cess-pools. The deposit of earth is in layers, and impurities that are at the same time level with the water of a well will find their way there much more readily than those that are above this level. We believe that this is not an uncommon evil in places where water introduced from without is used by only a part of the citizens.

The water in wells in the neighborhood of grave-yards is adulterated by animal products of decay when the remains are recent, and by mineral when they have been deposited for some time. The water of a well close to an old churchyard in England, on being examined, was found to contain 100 grains of saline matter in a gallon, almost one-half of which was nitrate of lime and of magnesia.

If, when the supply of water comes from a lake or river, there are discharges of filth from factories and from the common sewers near or above the place of supply, the impurity of the water is undoubtedly a great source of disease. The water of the River Thames is largely polluted in this way, and is wholly unfit for drinking and cooking purposes, even though it may be taken from a distance above London; for there is so large a population all along its banks that there must necessarily be much filth discharged into it before it reaches the city. A fact in regard to the eel-trade of London shows how much the city sewerage pollutes the water of the river. Eels are brought up the Thames in small vessels constructed for the purpose, the eels being contained in apartments into which the water from without is admitted through holes so small that they can not escape through them. So destructive is the increasing impurity of the Thames to these animals that the eel-traders are obliged to stop farther and farther from the city every year to deliver their living cargoes.

In a report in relation to an epidemic of typhoid fever in the city of Pittsburg its cause is referred by one of the physicians to the water in daily use. If it be true, as stated, that "it is obtained from the Allegheny River through a supply-pipe laid in the body of the stream at a point where much refuse and offal from the upper part of the city are encountered," it will prove a constant source of ill-health and sickness to the inhabitants. In the supply of water recently effected in the city of Chicago a better plan is adopted, the opening of the supply-pipe being a long distance out in the lake.

Though it has no relation to health, there is an economical point in reference to the supply of soft water that it may be well to notice. All hard waters are expensive, because they decompose so much of the soap that is used. This is no small item in a large population. A calculation was once made in regard to the water used in the city of Liverpool to this effect: that if the causes of its hardness could be reduced from 14 grains in the gallon to 2 grains it would save fifty thousand pounds yearly, which represents a capital of one million and a quarter sterling at four per cent.

One of our readers has requested us to give our views on the curative powers of electricity. This would be going out of the range of these articles, as we confine ourselves in them strictly to the discussion of the preservation of health, and leave the cure of disease to be treated of in the medical journals.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

THE Supplementary Reconstruction bill which was introduced in the Senate on March 14 finally passed both Houses of Congress on March 23. The two Houses having disagreed on March 18 on certain amendments introduced in the House, a Committee of Conference was asked and allowed, and it reported on March 19, agreeing to the Senate proposition that the State Constitution shall be ratified by a majority of the votes cast, provided that it shall appear that a majority of the registered voters voted on the question of ratification. A clause is added that Congress must be satisfied that all the registered voters had an opportunity to vote freely and fairly without any fear or interruption, and that the constitution meets the approval of a majority of the qualified voters. Thus amended the bill passed both Houses on March 19, and went to the President, who, on March 23, returned the bill with his objections. The Senate immediately passed it over the veto by a vote of 40 yeas to 7 nays; the House doing the same by the not less decisive vote of 114 yeas to 25 nays.

The House, on March 19, passed a resolution prohibiting the issue of agricultural scrip to the States lately in rebellion, excepting Tennessee.

The joint resolution suspending the payment of loyal owners for slaves enlisted in the army passed the Senate by a vote of 32 yeas to 7 nays on March 21.

The joint resolution of relief for destitute Southern people which was amended and passed by the House on March 22, authorizes the issue of food by the Freedmen's Bureau and appropriates unexpended money in the hands of the commissioners.

The same body, on March 22, directed the Committee on Public Expenditures to prepare articles of impeachment of Collector Smythe of New York.

The Senate, on March 23, passed a bill granting the privilege of laying a cable to Europe by way of Bermuda and the Azores to the American telegraph Company of New York.

A resolution to adjourn on March 26 until the first Monday in December was adopted on March 23 by the Senate. The House, however, adopted a concurrent resolution providing for the meeting of Congress in May, June, September, and October, unless otherwise notified by the presiding officers of the two Houses; but the Senate adjourned without considering it.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

The Constitutional Convention bill still hangs in the Legislature; the two Houses being unable to agree upon its provisions. A Committee of Conference reported on March 23 a new bill, in which negro suffrage was omitted and the election ordered by Senatorial districts; but it was tabled by the Assembly.

The bill incorporating the Underground Railway Company passed the Senate on March 19. It authorizes the Company to tunnel a road from Bowling Green to the City Hall, and thence under the Bowery and Third or Fourth Avenues to the Harlem River, with permission to construct a surface railway above Eightieth Street if necessary. The Hudson and East Rivers are to be tunneled, and two tunnels across the city are authorized. A branch road from the City Hall Park is to be made under Hudson Street and Eighth Avenue.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Tammany Hall, New York, the head-quarters of the Democracy for many years, was sold on March 20 to Charles A. Dana, and will be transformed into a newspaper office.

The South Carolina politicians have awakened to the fact that power has been slipping through their hands, and they begin to accept the situation with a cordiality and energy which, to say the least, is rather suspicious. Mass meetings of white and colored citizens are being held all over the State. At one held on March 18 at Columbia Wade Hampton "advised the freedmen to give their friends at the South a fair trial, and if they were found wanting, it was then time enough to go abroad for sympathy. It was to their interest to build up the South; for as the country prospered so would they prosper. The present state of affairs was not brought about by the action of the Southern people, white or black; therefore neither was responsible for it." Wm. H. Talley, another white orator, declared that "the white man and the colored man of the South have the same interest, the same destiny;" and added that "the advice which common-sense gives to the colored population of the South in the present emergency is, to try those of the community whom you have known—those who have hitherto proved themselves worthy of confidence—those who have the same interest. Unite with those. If these deceive you, it will then be time enough to experiment on the sympathies of strangers." The two colored orators who spoke evidently agreed with the white ones, one of them declaring that "the negroes would not rest until the whites were enfranchised," while the other declared that "the question to be considered in elections was not whether a candidate was black or white, but was he honest." Other meetings were held on March 21 at Charleston and Savannah. At that at Charleston Judge Moore, a white man, presided, and a negro acted as Secretary. The meeting was decidedly radical. Resolutions claiming the suffrage and the right to hold office for the colored men, opposing large land monopolies, and calling for a revision of the State code and reorganization of the courts, were adopted.

The ex-rebel General Longstreet, expressing his opinions on the Sherman Reconstruction bill, says, "there is no humiliation attached to an acceptance of the terms proposed by Congress, and he has no reason to doubt that such an acceptance, in good faith, will secure the readmission of the Southern States."

At a meeting in Augusta, Georgia, on March 23, to nominate a candidate for Mayor, a resolution was adopted allowing colored citizens to register and vote.

The Winter Garden Theatre, New York city, was totally destroyed by fire on March 23.

The largest mass meeting which ever took place in Selma, Alabama, was held there on March 18, under the auspices of General Wager Swayne, Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. Resolutions were unanimously adopted strongly expressive of Union sentiments, and recognizing the right of Congress to prescribe the terms of reconstruction and readmission of the seceded States into the Union, and therefore urging that the people of Alabama should forthwith accept the beneficent terms of reconstruction.

General Hancock, with 1500 men and a battery of artillery, left Leavenworth, Kansas, on March 25, to punish the belligerent Indian tribes who lately massacred a portion of the garrison of Fort Philip Kearney, and committed other depredations in Dacotah.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

PRUSSIA continues to strengthen herself by important treaties, offensive and defensive. Early in March last alliances were concluded with the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wurtemburg and the Grand Duchy of Baden, by which each of these powers grants the control of their armies in time of war to Prussia. The armies of these three Powers when on a war footing amounts to 151,544 effectives. The announcement of the conclusion of these treaties naturally engendered bitter feelings in France, and evidently created some fears. So formidable did this combination appear that the subject came up for debate in the French *Corps Legislatif*, and on March 18 Messieurs Thiers and Jules Favre attacked the Emperor's foreign policy, denouncing it as tending to the unity of Germany, and a German and Italian alliance decidedly hostile to the interest of France. The Government party defended the course pursued by the Emperor, and on March 20 resolutions indorsing his policy were introduced and passed by an overwhelming majority. Two days later it was semi-officially announced that Napoleon favored a confederation of France, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland to oppose any aggressions by Prussia. Subsequently it was announced that Leopold of Belgium refused to coalesce with France; and the final result of the movement had not yet developed up to March 25.

Mr. Disraeli introduced the Reform Bill into Parliament on March 18 in a long speech supporting the policy laid down by strong arguments and a long array of figures. These latter Mr. Gladstone in a brief speech pronounced to be "absurd." Debate on the bill was postponed to March 25, when Mr. Gladstone repeated his arguments against it.

Mr. Disraeli also proposed in Parliament on March 20 a new and liberal Reform Bill for Ireland as the best weapon with which to fight the Fenians.

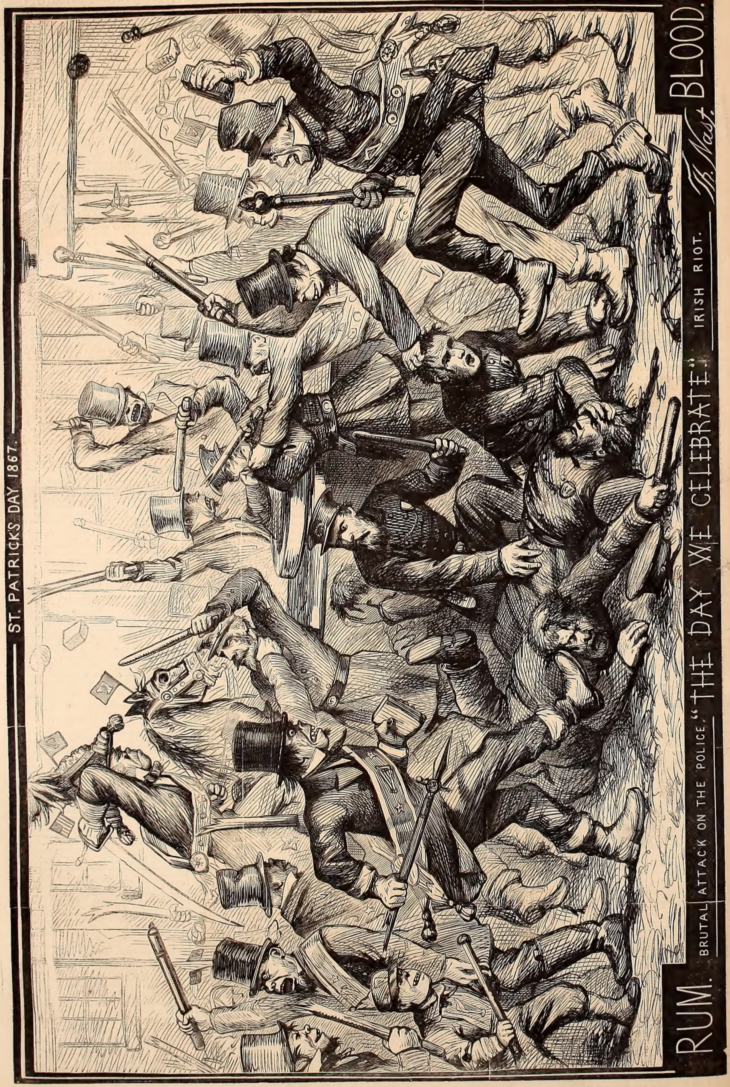
The late Fenian insurrection has ended, without bloodshed, in the arrest of about forty prominent Irishmen and their confinement, while under trial for high treason, in the jail at Tipperary.

The Italian Parliament was opened on March 22 by King Victor Emanuel. So great was the personal popularity of Garibaldi that he was returned by three different cities.

Turkey has emphatically refused to cede Candia to Greece.

The insurrection in Thessaly against the Turks has spread with great rapidity.

The last of the French troops sailed from Vera Cruz on March 12. Marshal Bazaine took his departure with them. The city was closely invested by the Liberals. Details from the interior of Mexico were to the 25th of February. The two main armies of Maximilian and Juarez confronted each other near Queratаro. Some skirmishing but no serious engagement had ensued.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1867.

RUM. "THE DAY WE CELEBRATE." BLOOD.

BRUTAL ATTACK ON THE POLICE. IRISH RIOT.

Th. Nast.

WINTER MAIL SERVICE ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—[See First Page.]

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

**Book IV.—Valentine Hawkehurst's Record.**

## CHAPTER II.

### MATTHEW HAYGARTH'S RESTING-PLACE.

I found the house at Dewsdale without difficulty. It is a stiff, square, red-brick dwelling-place, with long narrow windows, a high narrow door, and carved canopy; a house which savors of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*; a house in which the short-faced gentleman might have spent his summer holidays after Sir Roger's death. It stands behind a high iron gate, surmounted by a handsome coat of arms; and before it there lies a pleasant patch of green-sward, with a pond and a colony of cackling geese, which craned their necks and screamed at me as I passed them.

The place is the simplest and smallest of rural villages. There is a public house—the Seven Stars; a sprinkling of humble cottages; a general shop which is at once a shoemaker's, a grocer's, a linen-draper's, a stationer's, and a post-office. These habitations, a gray old church with a square tower, half-hidden by the sombre foliage of yews and cedars, and the house once inhabited by the Haygarths, comprise the whole of the village. The Haygarthian household is now the rectory. I ascertained this fact from the landlord of the Seven Stars, at which house of entertainment I took a bottle of soda-water, in order to *sonder le terrain* before commencing business.

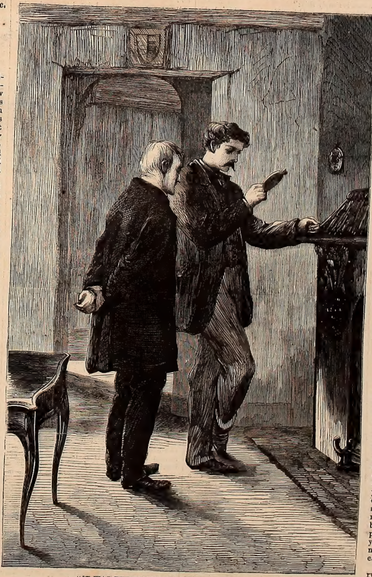
The present rector is an elderly widower with seven children; an easy, good-natured soul, who is more prone to bestow his money in charity than to punctuality in the payment of his debts.

Having discovered thus much, I rang the bell at the iron gate and boarded the Haygarthian mansion. The rector was at home, and received me in a very untidy apartment, *par excellence* a study. A boy in a holland blouse was smearing his face with his inky fingers, and wrestling with a problem in Euclid, while his father stood on a step-ladder exploring a high shelf of dusty books.

The rector, whose name is Wendover, descended from the step-ladder and shook the dust from his garments. He is a little, withered old man, with a manner so lively as to be on the verge of flightiness. I observed that he wiped his dusty palms on the skirts of his coat, and argued therefrom that he would be an easy person to deal with. I soon found that my deduction was correct.

I presented Sheldon's card and stated my business, of course acting on that worthy's advice. Could Mr. Wendover give me any information relating to the Haygarth family?

Fortune favored me throughout this Dewsdale expedition. The rector is a simple garrulous old soul, to whom to talk is bliss. He has occupied the house five-and-thirty years. He rents it of the lord of the manor, who bought it from John Haygarth. Not a stick of furniture has been removed since our friend Matthew's



"IT WAS THE PICTURE OF CHARLOTTE HALLIDAY."

time; and the rev. intestate may have wrestled with the mysteries of Euclid on the same old-fashioned mahogany table at which I saw the boy in brown holland.

Mr. Wendover left his books and manuscripts scattered on the floor of the study, and conducted me to a cool shady drawing-room, very shabbily furnished with the spindle-legged chairs and tables of the last century. Here he begged me to be seated, and here we were ever and anon interrupted by intruding juveniles, the banging of doors, and the shrill clamor of young voices in the hall and garden.

I brought all the diplomacy of which I am master to bear in my long interview with the rector; and the following is a transcript of our conversation, after a good deal of polite skirmishing.

*Myself.* You see, my dear Sir, the business I am concerned in is remotely connected with these Haygarths. Any information you will kindly afford me, however apparently trivial, may be of service in the affair I am prosecuting.

*The Rector.* To be sure, to be sure! But, you see, though I've heard a good deal of the Haygarths, it is all gossip—the merest gossip. People are so fond of gossip, you know—especially country people: I have no doubt that you have remarked that. Yes, I have heard a great deal about Matthew Haygarth. My late clerk and sexton—a very remarkable man, ninety-one when he died, and able to perform his duties very creditably within a year of his death—very creditably; but the hard winter of '56 took him off, poor fellow, and now I have a young man—old Andrew Hone—that was my late clerk's name—was employed in this house when a lad, and was very fond of talking about Matthew Haygarth and his wife. She was a rich woman, you know, a very rich woman—the daughter of a brewer at Ullerton; and this house belonged to her—inherited from her father.

*Myself.* And did you gather from your clerk that Matthew Haygarth and his wife lived happily together?

*The Rector.* Well, yes, yes; I never heard any thing to the contrary. They were not a young couple, you know. Rebecca Caulfield was forty years of age, and Matthew Haygarth was fifty-three when he married; so, you see, one could hardly call it a love-match. [*Abrupt inroad of bouncing damsel, exclaiming "Pa!"*] Don't you see I'm engaged, Sophia Louisa? Why are you not at your practice? [*Sudden retreat of bouncing damsel, followed by the scrambling performance of scale of C major in adjoining chamber, which performance abruptly ceases after five minutes.*] You see Mrs. Haygarth was *not* young, as I was about to observe when my daughter interrupted us; and she was perhaps a little more steadfast in her adherence to the newly-arisen sect of Wesleyans than her husband, as a Church-of-England man, could approve. But as their married life lasted only a year, they had little time for domestic unhappiness, even supposing them not to be adapted to each other.

*Myself.* Mrs. Matthew Haygarth did not marry again?

*The Rector.* No; she devoted herself to the

education of her son, and lived and died in this house. The room which is now my study she furnished with a small reading-desk and a couple of benches, now in my nursery, and made it into a kind of chapel, in which the keeper of the general shop—who was, I believe, considered a shining light among the Wesleyan community—was in the habit of holding forth every Sunday morning to such few members of that sect as were within reach of Dewsdale. She died when her son was nineteen years of age, and was buried in the family vault in the church-yard yonder. Her son's adherence to the Church of England was a very great trouble to her. [*Inroad of boy in holland, very dejected and inky of aspect, also exclaiming "Pa!"*] No, John; not till that problem is worked out. Take that cricket-bat back to the lobby, Sir, and return to your studies. [*Sulky withdrawal of boy.*] You see what it is to have a large family, Mr.—Sheldon. I beg pardon, Mr.—

*Myself.* Hawkehurst, clerk to Mr. Sheldon.

*The Rector.* To be sure. I have some thoughts of the Law for one of my elder sons; the Church is terribly over-crowded. However, as I was on the point of saying when my boy John disturbed us, though I have heard a great deal of gossip about the Haygarths, I fear I can give you very little substantial information. Their connection with Dewsdale lasted little more than twenty years. Matthew Haygarth was married in Dewsdale church, his son John was christened in Dewsdale church, and he himself is buried in the church-yard. That is about as much positive information as I can give you; and you will perhaps remark that the parish register would afford you as much.

After questioning the good-natured old rector rather closely, and obtaining little more than the above information, I asked permission to see the house.

"Old furniture and old pictures are apt to be suggestive," I said; "and perhaps while we are going over the house you may happen to recall some further particulars relating to the Haygarth family."

Mr. Wendover assented. He was evidently anxious to oblige me, and accepted my explanation of my business in perfect good faith. He conducted me from room to room, waiting patiently while I scrutinized the paneled walls and stared at the attenuated old furniture. I was determined to observe George Sheldon's advice to the very letter, though I had little hope of making any grand melodramatic discovery in the way of documents hidden in old cabinets, or mouldering behind sliding panels.

I asked the rector if he had ever found papers of any kind in forgotten nooks and corners of the house or the furniture. His reply was a decided negative. He had explored and investigated every inch of the old dwelling-place, and had found nothing.

So much for Sheldon's idea.

Mr. Wendover led me from basement to garret, encountering bouncing daughters and boys in brown holland wherever we went; and from basement to garret I found that all was barren. In the whole of the house there was but one object which arrested my attention, and the interest which that one object aroused in my mind had no relation to the Haygarthian fortune.

Over a high carved chimney-piece in one of the bedchambers there hung a little row of miniatures—old-fashioned oval miniatures, pale and faded—pictures of men and women with the powdered hair of the Georgian period, and the flowing full-bottomed wigs familiar to St. James's and Tunbridge Wells in the days of inoffensive Anne. There were in all seven miniatures, six of which specimens of antique portraiture were prim and starched and artificial of aspect. But the seventh was different in form and style: it was the picture of a girlish face looking out of a frame, of loose unpowdered locks; a bright, innocent face, with gray eyes and marked black eyebrows, pouting lips a little parted, and white teeth gleaming between lips of rosy red; such a face as one might fancy the inspiration of an old poet. I took the miniature gently from the little brass hook on which it hung, and stood for some time looking at the bright, frank face.

It was the picture of Charlotte Halliday. Yes; I suppose there is a fatality in these things. It was one of those marvelous accidental resemblances which every man has met with in the course of his life. Here was this dead-and-gone beauty of the days of George the Second smiling upon me with the eyes and lips of Philip Sheldon's step-daughter!

Or was it only a delusion of my own? Was my mind so steeped in the thought of that girl, was my heart so impressed by her beauty, that I could not look upon a fair woman's face without conjuring up her likeness in the pictured countenance? However this may be, I looked long and tenderly at the face which seemed to me to resemble the woman I love.

Of course I questioned the rector as to the original of this particular miniature. He could tell me nothing about it, except that he thought it was *not* one of the Caulfields or Haygarths. The man in the full-bottomed Queen-Anne wig was Jeremiah Caulfield, brewer, father of the pious Rebecca; the woman with the high powdered head was the pious Rebecca herself; the man in the George-the-Second wig was Matthew Haygarth. The other three were kindred of Rebecca's. But the wild-haired damsel was some unknown creature for whose presence Mr. Wendover was unable to account.

I examined the frame of the miniature, and found that it opened at the back. Behind the ivory on which the portrait was painted there was a lock of dark hair encased in crystal; and on the inside of the case, which was of some worthless metal gilded, there was scratched the name "Molly."

How this Molly with the loose dark locks came to be admitted among the prim and pious Caulfields is certainly more than I can understand.

My exploration of the house having resulted only in this little romantic accident of the likeness to Charlotte, I prepared to take my departure, no wiser than when I had first crossed the threshold. The rector very politely proposed to show me the church; and as I considered that it would be well to take a copy of the Haygarthian entries in the register, I availed myself of his offer. He dispatched a maid-servant to summon his clerk, in order that that functionary might assist in the investigation of the registers. The girl departed on this errand, while her master conducted me across his garden, in which there is now a gate opening into the church-yard.

It is the most picturesque of burial-grounds, darkened by the shadow of those solemn yews and spreading cedars. We walked very slowly between the crumbling old tombstones, which have almost all grown one-sided with time. Mr. Wendover led me through a little labyrinth of lowly graves to a high and ponderous iron railing surrounding a square space, in the midst of which there is a stately stone monument. In the railing there is a gate, from which a flight of stone steps leads down to the door of a vault. It is altogether rather a pretentious affair, wherein one sees the evidence of substantial wealth unelevated by artistic grace or poetic grandeur.

This is the family vault of the Caulfields and Haygarths.

"I've brought you to look at this tomb," said the rector, resting his hand upon the rusted railing, "because there is rather a romantic story connected with it—a story that concerns Matthew Haygarth, by-the-by. I did not think of it just now, when we were talking of him; but it flashed on my memory as we came through the garden. It is rather a mysterious affair; and though it is not very likely to have any bearing upon the object of your inquiry, I may as well tell you about it—as a leaf out of family history, you know, Mr. Hawkehurst, and as a new proof of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction."

I assured the rector that I should be glad to hear any thing he could tell me.

"I must premise that I only tell the story as I got it from my old clerk, and that it may therefore seem rather indistinct; but there is an entry in the register yonder to show that it is not without foundation. However, I will waste no more words in preamble, but give you the story, which is simply this:"

The rector seated himself on a dilapidated old tombstone, while I leaned against the rails of the Haygarth vault, looking down upon him.

"Within a month or two of Matthew Haygarth's death a kind of melancholy came over him," said the rector. "Whether he was unhappy with his wife, or whether he felt his health declining, is more than I can say. You must remember that my informant was but a lad at the time of which I speak, and that when he talked to me about the subject sixty years afterward he was a very old man, and his impressions were therefore more or less vague. But upon certain facts he was sufficiently positive; and among the circumstances he remembered most vividly are those of the story I am going to tell you.

"It seems that within a very few weeks of Matthew's death, his wife, Rebecca Haygarth, started on an expedition to the north, in the company of an uncle, to hear John Wesley preach on some very special occasion, and to assist at a love-feast. She was gone more than a fortnight; and during her absence Matthew Haygarth mounted his horse early one morning and rode away from Dewsdale.

"His household consisted of three maids, a man, and the lad Andrew Hone, afterward my sexton. Before departing on his journey Mr. Haygarth had said that he would not return till late the next evening, and had requested that only the man (whose name I forget) should sit up for him.

"He was punctiliously obeyed. The household, always of early habits, retired at nine, the accustomed hour; and the man-servant waited to receive his master, while the lad Andrew, who slept in the stables, sat up to keep his fellow-servant company.

"At ten o'clock Mr. Haygarth came home, gave his horse into the charge of the lad, took his candle from the man-servant, and walked straight up stairs, as if going to bed. The man-servant locked the doors, took his master the key, and then went to his own quarters. The boy remained up to feed and groom the horse, which had the appearance of having performed a hard day's work.

"He had nearly concluded this business when he was startled by the slamming of the back door opening into the court-yard, in which were the stables and outhouses. Apprehending thieves, the boy opened the door of the stable and looked out, doubtless with considerable caution.

"It was broad moonlight, and he saw at a glance that the person who had opened the door was one who had a right to open it. Matthew Haygarth was crossing the court-yard as the lad peeped out. He wore a long black cloak, and his head drooped upon his breast, as if he had been in dejection. The lad—being, I suppose, inquisitive, after the manner of country lads—made no more ado, but left his unfinished work and crept stealthily after his master, who came straight to this church-yard—indeed to this very spot on which we are now standing.

"On this spot the boy Andrew Hone became the secret witness of a strange scene. He saw an open grave close against the rails yonder, and he saw a little coffin lowered silently into that grave by the sexton of that time and a strange man, who afterward went away in a mourning coach, which was in waiting at the gate, and in which doubtless the stranger and the little coffin had come.

"Before the man departed he assisted to fill up the grave; and when it was filled Matthew Haygarth gave money to both the men—gold it seemed to the lad Andrew, and several pieces to each person. The two men then departed, but Mr. Haygarth still lingered.

"As soon as he fancied himself alone he knelt down beside the little grave, covered his face with his hands, and either wept or prayed, Andrew Hone could not tell which. If he wept, he wept silently.

"From that night, my sexton said, Matthew Haygarth faded visibly. Mistress Rebecca came home from her love-feast, and nursed and tended her husband with considerable kindness, though, so far as I can make out, she was at the best a stern woman. He died three weeks after the event which I have described, and was buried in that vault, close to the little grave."

I thanked Mr. Wendover for his succinct narrative, and apologized for the trouble I had occasioned him.

"Do not speak of the trouble," he answered, kindly; "I am used to telling that story. I have heard it a great many times from poor old Andrew, and I have told it a great many times."

"The story has rather a legendary tone," I said; "I should have scarcely thought such a thing possible."

The rector shrugged his shoulders with a deprecating gesture.

"In our own day," he replied, "such an occurrence would be almost impossible; but you must remember that we are talking of the last century—a century in which I regret to say the clergy of the Church of England were sadly lax in the performance of their duties. The followers of Wesley and Whitefield could scarcely have multiplied as they did if the flocks had not been cruelly neglected by their proper shepherds. It was a period in which benefices were bestowed constantly on men obviously unfitted for the holy office—men who were gamblers and drunkards, patrons of cockpits, and in many cases open and shameless reprobates. In such an age almost any thing was possible; and this midnight and unhallowed interment may very well have taken place either with the consent or without the knowledge of the incumbent, who, I am told, bore no high character for piety or morality."

"And you say there is an entry in the register?"

"Yes, a careless scrawl dated September 19, 1774, recording the burial of one Matthew Haygarth, aged four years, removed from the burial-ground attached to the parish church of Spotswold."

"Then it was a reinterment?"

"Evidently."

"And is Spotswold in this county?"

"Yes; it is a very small village, about fifty miles from here."

"And Matthew Haygarth died very soon after this event?"

"He did. He died very suddenly, with an awful suddenness, and died intestate. His widow was left the possessor of great wealth, which increased in the hands of her son John Haygarth, a very prudent and worthy gentleman, and a credit to the church of which he was a member. He only died very lately, I believe, and must therefore have attained a great age."

It is quite evident that Mr. Wendover had not seen the advertisement in the *Times*, and was ignorant of the fact that the accumulated wealth of the Haygarths and Caulfields is now waiting a claimant.

I asked permission to see the register containing the entry of the mysterious interment; and after the administration of a shilling to the clerk—a shilling at Dewsdale being equal to half a crown in London—the vestry cupboard was opened by that functionary, and the book I required was produced from a goodly pile of such mouldy brown leather-bound volumes.

The following is a copy of the entry:

"On Thursday last past, being y^e 19 Sep^tr, A.D. 1774, was interr'd y^e bodie off onne Matthewe Haygarthe, ag'^d foure yeres, remoov'd fromm y^e Churcheyarde off S^t. Marie, under y^e hil, Spotswolde, in this Co. Pade forr so doeing, sevven shill."

After having inspected the register I asked many further questions, but without eliciting much further information. So I expressed my thanks for the courtesy that had been shown me, and took my departure, not wishing to press the matter so closely as to render myself a nuisance to the worthy Wendover, and bearing in mind that it would be open to me to return at any future time.

And now I ask myself—and I ask the astute Sheldon—what is the meaning of this mysterious burial, and is it likely to have any bearing on the object of our search? These are questions for the consideration of the astute S.

I spent my evening in jotting down the events of the day, in the above free-and-easy fashion for my own guidance, and in a more precise and business-like style for my employer. I posted my letter before ten o'clock, the hour at which the London mail is made up, and then smoked my cigar in the empty streets, overshadowed by gaunt square stacks of building and tall black chimneys; and so back to my inn, where I took a glass of ale and another cigar, and then to bed, as the worthy Pepys might have concluded.

## FERN AND GOLDEN-HAIR.

Little Fern was nine years old, and about the size of your well-grown child of six. Her skin, originally fair, was tanned to a dull yellow, her sharp shoulder-blades and hollow chest showed to advantage in her one ragged garment, and her bleached tow-colored hair was braided behind in two very thin tails, that made a daily effort to cross the back of her head, and failing in that, hung down, or stuck out, as it might happen. You would never have kissed her, she was too aggressively dirty; ears, fingers, and bare feet and legs; all in a state that made any guess at her appearance could she once be clean an impossibility; and, besides, the restless watchfulness of the pale blue eyes, and the evident readiness of every inch of the little body to dodge was disconcerting, to say the least, in a child of nine years. She was precisely like a cat that has been often beaten, making her approaches with the same lithe stealthiness, looking at things strange, or unknown, in the same half-fierce, half-startled way, and just as plainly ready to fly, stand at bay, or scratch, as the case might require; a little Ishmaela, her hand against every man's—used to be cuffed, kicked, boxed, shoved, and knocked down, and coming on smartly in the accomplishments of cuffing, kicking, scratching, and biting in return. She had just possessed herself of a desired crust, in an interesting combat with her sister Jane. Jane hit out from the shoulder, but Fern's forte was scratching, and a well-directed claw had won her not an unmixed triumph, for in the mêlée a plate had been demolished, and though Fern made good her escape with the crust to the open air, it was through a storm of slaps and pushes at the tender hands of her enraged mother, some of which came down with emphasis on the thin shoulders, spite of the remarkable activity exhibited by the child. Fern once out at the door, however, both subsided, the mother going back to her stove, the girl proceeding leisurely to seat herself on the lower step of the dirty flight that led into the building, where she munched philosophically at the hard-won crust.

A few lines back I spoke of the open air (?); but I used the phrase simply by way of comparison. The room just deserted by little Fern, and which represented her home, was possibly twelve by thirteen feet. In it lived her father and mother, herself, sister Jane, brothers Mike and Tom, cousin, cousin's wife and child, and two lodgers. This room was ventilated by two small windows on the same side, and opening into the usual court between the front and rear buildings of a tenement house, and heated overpoweringly by a cooking-stove in full blast. There was the sensible remembrance of the breath and the bodies of these eleven unwashed people who got up surlily a little while before in the little stifling room to a new day. There was the rank offense of the old, unchanged beds, uncleansed floors, ceilings, walls, windows, and doors, and the soiled, crusted, sweaty clothing hanging about, helped on by the dirt and reek of every body else's similarly packed and ill-ventilated rooms, mouldy beds, and unwashed selves, to say nothing of the cabbage-boiling, fish-boiling, grease-cooking, suds, tobacco smoke, and liquor, every where in progress. True, that breath out of doors was burdened, and smell made hateful, by the neighborhood of stables and tanneries, rotting mounds of decayed vegetables, parings, crusts, and rinds, stagnant overflow of gutters, and slimy pools of half-liquid filth, whose odors, dissolved in the heat of the sultry morning, made the nauseous medium of disease and degradation which I still call "air," in contrast with what was inhaled within, because it yet is sometimes stirred by winds fresh from gardens and the sea. On the black and broken steps on which Fern sat women stood lazily smoking, holding dirty babies, or with arms akimbo; above, from every window stuck a head, frouzy and uncombed. In the yard children were paddling about in the mud; of all ages, down to the year-old baby creeping on the steps or laboriously dragged about by the older ones, but unanimously begrimed and incrusted, not with fresh, kindly earth, but with the black ooze of gutters and puddles, half naked, and frouzy with tangled, matted hair; and variously old, sorrowful, suffering, stolid, cunning, lying, mean, sulky—in look, any thing but childish. They played at fighting, stealing, and drunkenness; and in the event of an actual dispute, pelted each other with the filth of the yard, stones, bricks, and vile epithets with a terrible energy, fluency, and precision. The older among them miniatured the dirty men and lazy women lounging on the steps and lolling in the windows; the younger copied the older ones as faithfully: apt scholars, every day and all day long at the devil's school; and yet of the same flesh with our Susies and Charlies; and only the difference of washing, combing, feeding, loving, and teaching between our white lily buds and these pale foul-air *fungi.*

As Fern finished her crust, quietly looking on at what to her was the world's everyday's face, her curiosity was aroused by seeing a dozen of these children crowded in a corner, from whence came a sound of sobbing; and shouldering her way in among them she confronted a chubby, golden-haired girl, two years younger perhaps than herself, shrinking and crying among the lawless little imps who set upon her instinctively, seeing that she was a waif, and not one of their kind. One pulled at her curls; a second ran a pin in her dress to see, she said, of what it was made; and a third was ready with a handful of mud, when Fern, happening to find herself in a contrary humor, made a sudden onslaught on the little tormentors, all younger than herself, that sent them flying to the right about.

"I'd like to see any on 'em stan up afore me," remarked Fern, looking after them complacently. "Jes let 'em try onst; why didn't you hit 'em?

It's no good to snivel;" and she drew herself up in all the dignity of a successful champion. The little Golden-Hair stopped her crying, but eyed her queer protectress doubtfully and in silence.

"Where you come from?" continued Fern, finding that she made no answer. The child pointed toward the right. "Over there. Mammy's gone."

"Where?" interrupted Fern, quickly—"to the station? Has she got took up?"

"I don't know the name," answered her *protégée*, shrinking more and more. "She's got a day's work somewhere, and I was so hungry."

"Why didn't you hook something," cut in Fern once more, in great contempt. "There's ole 'ooman Earle; she's allers noddin."

Golden-Hair opened large blue eyes of amazement at this frank proposition.

"Why, that's stealin!"

"'Tain't; she karn't ketch ye, ef she sees ye. She's got rheumatiz, I tell ye. She karn't run."

Golden-Hair could, however, and did, in utter horror, as instantly pursued by Fern, who had no mind to let her new plaything escape. Over the rough stones, and through the mud, and down a long alley, ran both children, Golden-Hair winged by fear, and bursting in breathless at the open door of an unfurnished room, hotly followed by Fern equally breathless. A baby was crawling about the floor, while in the corner kneeled a second but older Golden-Hair, her lips moving fast, and great tears rolling down her face. Both children stopped in surprise, while the girl, whom Fern's companion called Lucy, rose from her corner, and came forward with a sweet, serene gravity curiously ill suited to that place.

"What wuz you doin' on?" demanded Fern, whose bold eyes, after taking a rapid survey of the empty room, came back to the little girl's face and fastened there.

"Saying 'Our Father' and 'Now I lay me,'" answered the child, simply. "I was fraid for Idy, she staid so, and sick; I'm so hungry, and mammy said when we're in trouble we must say a prayer."

"What's a prayer?" asked Fern.

"It's—why, don't you know? It's talking to Jesus," returned the little girl, hesitating.

"Who's Jesus?" and then without waiting for an answer, "Why don't you have a bed?" she went on, rapidly. "We've got six beds, and a stove, and a table, and two picters, and dishes, lots on 'em. Guess you're a low set, eatin' and sleepin' on the floor, and never hev no cookin', I'll bet! You ain't no company fur me!"

The little girls drew together, and looked fearfully at their lofty visitor, but after enjoying their evident wonder a moment, Fern became anxious to make them talk again, and tried them on a new tack.

"Where's your dad?"

"Dead," answered both children. "He was a soldier."

"And does yer mother lick ye when she's drunk?" went on Fern, forgetting her new fledged dignity, and drawing up confidentially.

"Mother don't drink," answered Lucy, indignantly.

"Needn't tell that," said Fern, stoutly. "Every body does. My mother, and Hannah, and dad, and Sam, and Miss Hagan, and Martha, and every body; and I mean to when I'm big. I gets a taste now sometimes, when dad ain't cross, and it's good, I tell you!"

Here the baby set up a vociferous cry, or it is uncertain what turn the conversation might have taken. Poor baby! it was hungry like the rest, and though Lucy took it in her arms he refused to be comforted; crowding little fists into tearful eyes, howling at the top of his voice, and kicking frantically under a sense of injury when no dinner answered his appeals. Under any circumstances there is no more hopeless case than your hungry baby, when in the hands of any one but his mother. He is not to be reasoned out of his appetite, or made to forget an empty stomach, by any such unsubstantial devices as "patty-cake." He has no proper sense of distinctions, and will be just as emphatic, and imperative, and get purple in the face, and alarming, just as readily, being a washer-woman's baby, as if he were swaddled in purple and fine linen. The poor little nurse of this special baby walked and patted, hushed and soothed, in vain; herself faint and trembling in every limb, as the end of a loaf, divided between the two children, had been all their breakfast, and dry bread supper, and dinner, and breakfast before that, going back in an indefinite series, variety being supplied by the times when they had none at all. Golden-Hair, equally hungry, and feeling herself hot, dirty, forlorn, and utterly tired out, sat down on the floor and began to cry also, while Fern stood in the door half inclined to be sorry and half to sneer.

There I must leave them. Doubtless the mother, having done the last jot and tittle of her day's work in a house where there is plenty to eat, chairs to sit on, and beds to lie on, will hurry home to comfort her children as well as she can, and give them as much to eat as she dare, in consideration of the fact that she is a widow without friends and money; and competition is so great in the narrow field opened for women's labor, and work in comparison so occasional and accidental, that a dollar or half a dollar must stretch as far as it can. Perhaps her day's work might have been at the house of her landlord; and in that case, if of a logical turn of mind, she will have had the satisfaction of seeing how good is brought out of evil, and wide, high, well-ventilated rooms in a brown-stone house, carriages, diamonds, and luxurious living out of the close-packing and reeking nastiness of the tenement houses, and supported on the handsome income in whose bucket every two dollars for a corner of some stifling den is one drop more; and having come to a clear comprehension of what excellent investments are houses occupied by people too ignorant and helpless, or too degraded by extreme misery, to demand that their habitations shall be painted, whitewashed, properly drained, ventilated, or even cleansed after they have been devastated by typhoid or small-pox, she will doubtless return to her humble floor thankful that she and her children can, in their poor way, suffer their evil that good may come—to the landlord.

Be that as it may, I leave the children here perforce, because they are not pen-and-ink creations, but actual children, living, not dying rather, in New York city, whose sad histories have yet to be lived out; and if there is found little to please and much to repel in such portraits as I have drawn, still they have not been searched out by a morbid fancy, and presented because unique; since, however startling, they are but samples—Golden-Hair of the reverses that have already befallen, and are possible for every woman, of no matter what respectability, under the present conditions of woman's labor; and Fern of swarming thousands of helpless victims of the avarice of a few, and the indifference of the many; who live slaves of death and the devil, within sound of the bells, I believe within sight of some of the churches erected in honor of Him who sent word to John that "the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

## IMPATIENCE.

O God, the earth is trampled down,
In sin and shame it lieth;
From every land beneath the sun
A voice accusing crieth.
The nations strive in deadly wars,
The cannon speaks in thunder:
"Arise, and break the prison bars,
And rend the chains asunder!"

The earth is worn by cries of death,
And vexed by petty tyrants;
Sad wailings rise on every breath;
Thou only keepest silence.
Where angels with the harp and song
In Heaven's courts adore Thee,
Can ever mortal grief or wrong
Or prayers come up before Thee?

Yes; the deep mystery unfolds
In light of Revelation;
Sealed for the latter times He holds
His wine of indignation.
Earth's wanderers murmur in their night:
"His chariot-wheels turn slowly;"
Angels that see Him in the light
Make answer: "Holy, holy!"

Justice sits thronèd overhead,
Beyond the highest places;
It is not for our feet to tread
Where angels veil their faces;
Before the burning of the Seven
We earthly well may falter;
We only know the answer given
The souls beneath the Altar.

In white robes stand the witnesses,
Mid incense-clouds enwreathing;
"How long?" they cry—a little space
Before the sword's unsheathing.
Daily with that accusing band
The earth's down-trodden gather;
And ministers of vengeance stand
Ever before the Father.

Faith sees His purpose shining pure
Beyond our sight's discerning.
Oh, just and equal, slow and sure
The mills of God are turning!
Even so, Great Ruler! on whose crown
Eternal years are hoary;
We lay in dust our wisdom down—
Thy patience is Thy glory.

Carl Spencer.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Found in an omnibus, by a gentleman who was seated with his back to the window, *a severe cold*. Any body desirous of having the same can have it by going to the same place, and paying the usual expenses.

MISSES.

I do not love Miss-Fortune—
To her arts I bid defiance—
And I never should importune
To a marriage Miss-Alliance.

I've hated Miss-Construction
Whenever I have seen her;
So I should not, by induction,
Much care for Miss-Demeanor.

But of all the misses various—
That are of horrid pain
The cause, like grinders carious—
The worst is "Miss A Train!"

When Hamlet spoke of making his quietus with a bare bodkin, it is evident he meant to try the *awl-opathic* mode of getting rid of the many ills his flesh was heir to.

A Traveler's Observation.—The Mormons appear to have turned their territory to good account, in one word, to have *Utah*lized it.

The Jumpers.—Old bachelors must be very happy to think that as this is not leap year they can not be compelled by the fair sex to make the fatal jump through a wedding-ring.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many closed eyes that are seen in our churches every Sunday.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon—young ladies believe in a man in the honey-moon.

THE LATEST STYLE—"THE LOVELY."

Plancus, a famous Roman Consul, was a timber-merchant, and, though thin as a lathe, he staved off the ruin of Rome by balking many of his country's enemies and forcing them to cut their sticks.

LADY CONUNDRUMS.

What lady is good to eat?—Sal Ladd.
What lady is good to eat with her?—Olive Oil.
What lady is made to carry burdens?—Ella Fant.
What lady preaches in the pulpit?—Minnie Stir.
What lady does every body desire?—Ann U. Ity.
What lady is acquainted with surgery?—Ann Atomy.
What lady lived in Noah's time?—Ann T. Diluvian.
What lady is fond of debate?—Polly Tishun.
What lady paints portraits?—Minnie Ture.
What lady paints comic ones—Carrie K. Ture.
What lady is fond of giving?—Jennie Rosity.
What lady is much talked of?—Amelia Ration.

New Dish for a Wedding Breakfast.—Curried favor.

Why is the produce of an olive like the foolish whim of a boy?—Because it is *pure oil* (puerile).

Pan was a famous potter in Thrace, and the inventor of those useful domestic utensils known as pan mugs. Being fond of rusticating on the banks of rivers, to whet his appetite, his waggish and satyrical friends used to style him the "dripping Pan."

A FABLE.

WITH A SOUND MORAL.

A butterfly sat on a lilac-tree,
And he winked his eye at a bumble-bee;
But the bee could despise his sharp attacks,
Because, as you know, he was used to wax.

"Oho," said the butterfly, "bother my wings,
What's the use of you busy things.
Look how splendidly I'm attired,
Made for naught but to be admired."

"Well," said the bee, "for the matter of that,
You're pretty well suited for staring-at;
But—your former existence I don't mean to snub—
Hang fine clothes, so I get my grub!"

Just at that moment one, I should guess a
*Savant*, caught sight of our foolish *vanessa*,
Then in an instant began to pursue him,
Caught him, and killed him, and ran a pin through him.

The bee flew off and fell in the way
Of a school-boy out for a holiday,
Who caught him at rest on a hedgeside sunny,
And killed him at once for the sake of his honey.

MORAL.

I trust the moral you can descry
Of this tale of a bee and a butterfly,
And the gist of that moral appears to me,
"What is certain to happen is likely to be."

Brutus and Cassius both speculated in the "ides of March," but they each got a good "leathering" at Philippi for doing so.

LOVE.

A complaint of the heart, growing out of an inordinate longing after something difficult to obtain.

*Symptoms.*—Absence of mind; giving things wrong names; calling tears nectar, and sighs zephyrs; gazing on the moon and stars; toothache; bleeding at the nose; loss of appetite; neglect of business; a loathing for all things—save one; blood-shot eyes; and a constant desire to sigh.

*Effects.*—A strong headache; pulse high; stupidly eloquent eyes; sleeplessness, and all that sort of thing. At times, imagination bright; bowers of roses, winged cupids, and buttered pease; and then, again, oceans of despair, racks, tortures, and hair-triggered pistols.

*Cure.*—Get married. If that don't cure you it will at least open your eyes.

We like fat people—good, jolly, laughing, broad-visaged fat people. We love fat women; fat boys; fat babies; fat purses; a fat list of subscribers; a fat job; fat advertisers; fat every thing. Fatness is a big sign of big health. Fat men are never treacherous; fat women are not sharp-tongued; fat boys are not mischievous; fat babies are always good; in fine, fat people are the kindest, and therefore the most popular. Commend us to fat people.

Why is an auger-hole, when made too deep, like a man in the water?—Because it is *over-bored*.

Aristides of Athens was more just than generous, so the natives literally "shelled" him out of the city.

GOOD TEMPER.

It really is provoking, Charles, you never are put out;
Do what I will, I never can a quarrel bring about.
I hate such pliability—'tis silly and absurd;
I like a man to have a *will* and let me have a *word*.

If all our lives could be as calm as summer sea asleep,
Do just imagine, if you can, what dullards we should keep!
A breezy day, a darling stream, an onward rolling sea
Are like the life you *ought* to lead—the sort of life for me!

I should so like to set you in a passion now and then!
I'm sure I try enough; but no, you're not like other men.
Good temper's aggravating when it's carried out so far,
And, Charles, you put me in a rage to see how calm you are.

You *know* I'm very hasty, Charles, yet never say a word;
We might have famous squabbles, and we might be *so* absurd!
But, of course, we'd keep them to ourselves, nor let the neighbors know,
And make them up delightfully as we used to long ago.

I can't think what's come over you since we were girl and boy;
We used to quarrel often then; and when had life such joy!
So let us now renew our youth, and fling our years away,
And lead again the happy lives we led in that old day.

I shouldn't *so* much mind it, Charles, if you would only speak,
And I think I'd be contented if we quarreled once a week.
'Twould be a great improvement on our stupid, quiet life;
And I think you *ought* to do it to give pleasure to your wife!

GRACELESS WORDS BEFORE MEAT.

Pious Uncle (*to nephew from the country*). "John, we're in the habit of saying something before we eat."

Hungry Nephew (*who thinks of the usual jokes they have on the canal-boat*). "Go ahead! You can't turn *my* stomach!"

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to a man who was extending his jaws frightfully, "as I intend to stand *outside* of it to draw your tooth."

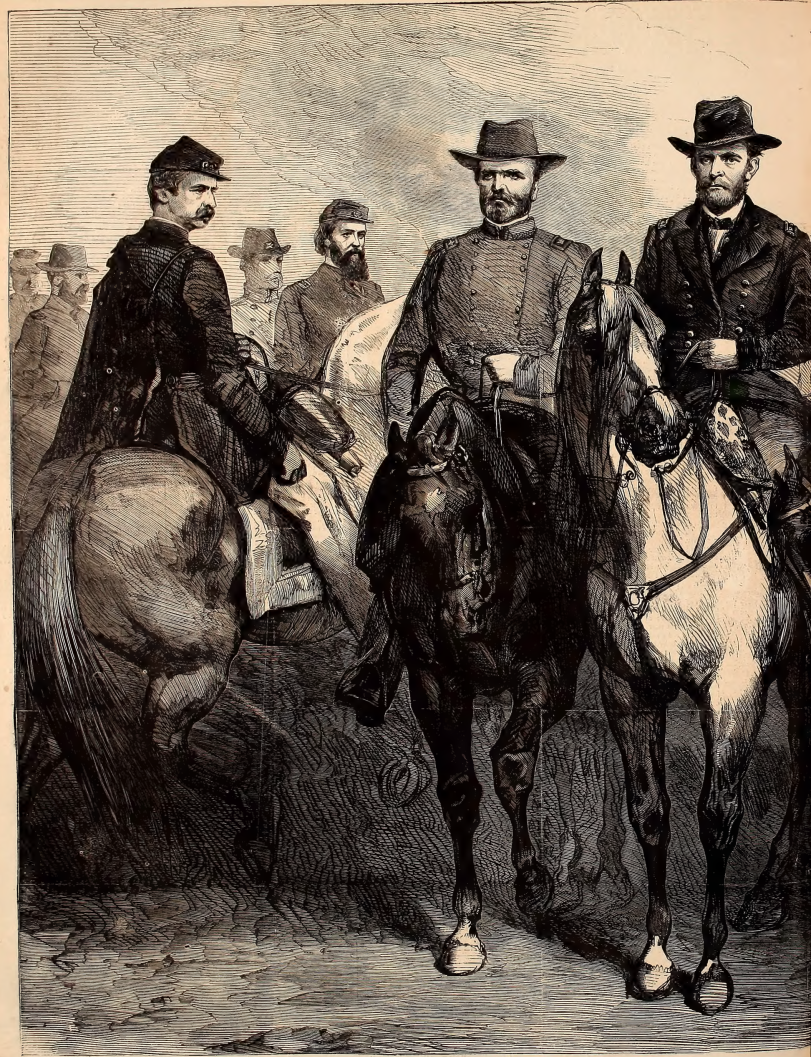
A miller had his neighbor arrested upon the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

We do not remember of ever seeing any thing in the shape of a joke of Sir Walter Scott's in print. There is one of his, however, that will be forever associated with his memory, we mean his "Jock of Hazeldean."

The common phrase of "giving a person a good hiding" is as old as the foundation of Carthage. Dido paid for as much land as could be bound by the hide of an ox. She cut the hide into thin strips, when it circumscribed the dimensions of a city. The natives, taken in by this bait, acknowledged themselves beaten—hence the phrase in question.

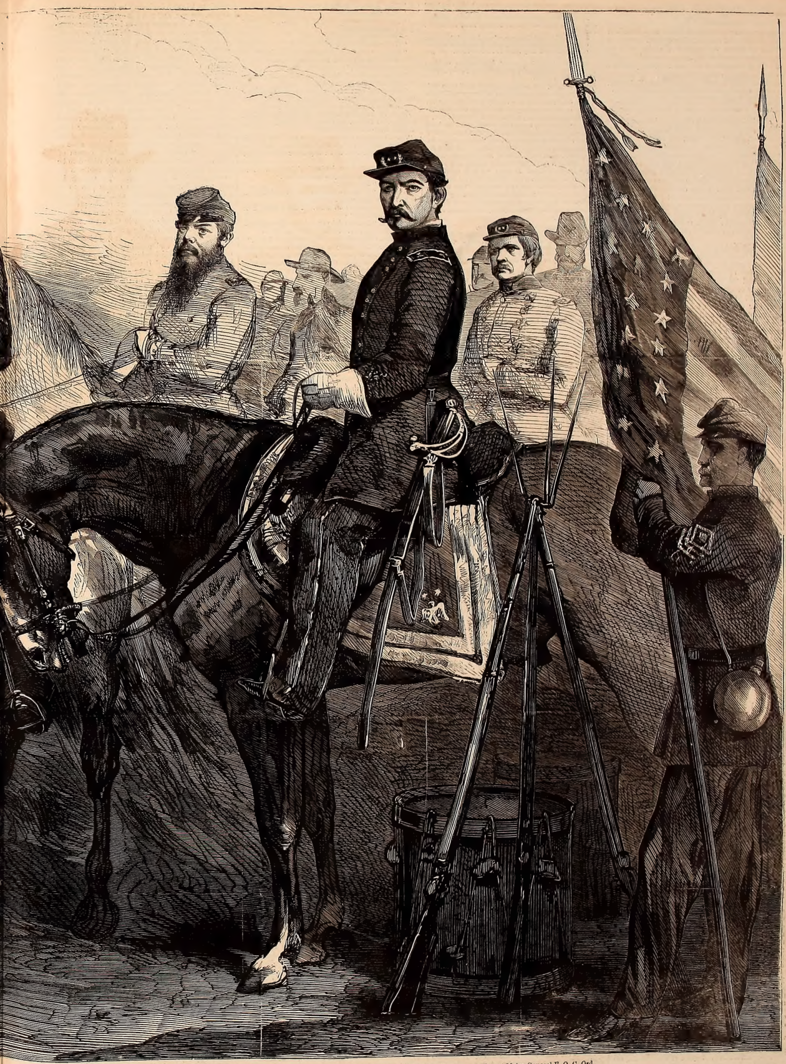
CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

*Cousin Clara.* "Now, Willie, when you are near me you really must not go on your Knees!—People are sure to make Remarks."



Major-General Daniel E. Sickles. Major-General John Pope. Major-General George H. Thomas. General Ulysses S. Grant.

THE NEW MILITARY COMMANDERS IN THE



Brevet Major-General John M. Schofield, Major-General Philip H. Sheridan. Brevet Major-General E. O. C. Ord.

INSURRECTIONARY STATES.—[See Page 218.]

## THE SOUTHERN COMMANDERS.

The President on March 13 detailed, and General Grant, in general orders, announced the appointment of the following general officers as those to whom is delegated the high and responsible duty of enforcing the new military bill for the government of the insurrectionary States:

*Virginia*—General John M. Schofield.
*North and South Carolina*—General Daniel E. Sickles.
*Georgia, Florida, and Alabama*—General John Pope.
*Mississippi and Arkansas*—General E. O. C. Ord.
*Louisiana and Texas*—General Philip H. Sheridan.
*Kentucky and Tennessee*—General George H. Thomas.

The bill under which these appointments have been made was passed on February 20, and is the most important measure adopted by the Thirty-ninth Congress. Its passage marked the abandonment of the reconstruction schemes begun by the President during the recess of 1865, and in part adopted by Congress under protest. Its passage decided that those measures had signally failed, after being deliberately and thoroughly tested; and the new bill provides another and wiser, and, it is to be hoped, a more successful plan. By it the South is again placed in the condition in which it lay on the surrender of Lee, and the work of reconstruction is begun anew.

The bill decides the duties of the new commanders to be: 1*st*, the protection of *all* persons in their rights of person and property; 2*d*, the suppression of insurrection, disorder, and violence; and 3*d*, the trial and punishment of all disturbers of the public peace, the officers being authorized to employ civil tribunals or military courts or committees for this purpose at their option. State and civil authority, when conflicting with that of the military power, is declared null and void; and martial law is virtually proclaimed, accompanied by such restrictions as leaves it to the people of the South to decide by their behavior how severe and odious, or benign and prosperous, the military reign shall be.

We give in this issue an elegant picture showing the new commanders, grouped and on horseback, with General Grant, who, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, is virtually the ruler of the Southern States of the Union, in the centre. The likenesses are accurate, and the picture is well worthy of careful preservation.

## APRIL.

I hear through all the solemn pines
 The south wind's pleasant flow,
And see the clouds, like happy things,
 O'er fields of azure go,
While all the sorrow from the earth
 Seems melting with the snow.

The robin and the bluebird sing
 O'er meadows brown and bare;
They can not know what wondrous bloom
 Is softly budding there;
But all the joy their hearts outpour
 Seems pulsing in the air.

And *we* will sing, though all our days
 Seem dark with pain and loss;
We know that Sorrow's furnace-heat
 Consumes alone our dross;
We know that one dear Father's love
 Gives both our crown and cross.

Oh, while beneath the snow-drift buds
 The flower we love the best,
And on the wind-toss'd bough the bird
 Still builds its happy nest,
Praise God for all the good we know,
 And trust Him for the rest!

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

March has been a trying month for people's tempers and for their boots. The fitful vagaries of the weather have tended to make every one who is not a paragon of goodness simply *cross*. We may be *surprised* when an unusually heavy snow-storm comes in midwinter, the huge drifts are unwelcome in our crowded streets even though in season. But when a big slice of January No. 2 is sandwiched into the middle of March it makes a novel and unpalatable dish which few are able to digest. Sleigh-rides and skating are such strange amusements in New York city for the month of March that they do not meet with an altogether cordial reception. Then it is difficult to keep one's mind in such a placid state that no ill-humor will peep out, when, after going to sleep, with the bright moonlight gleaming through the windows, we are roused at midnight by howling winds and greeted with a blinding vision of snow-drifts in the morning. Yet such has been our frequent experience during this strange March.

Moreover, this particular March, with its snow-drifts and muddy streets, has been especially vexatious to the myriads who are "*hunting for houses*." If the great "hue and cry" upon this topic is an index of the truth the most careful estimate would lead to the inference that something like one quarter of this entire community, more or less, will be obliged to roost on the side-walks May-day night, excepting such as can be accommodated in the station houses.

In view of this crisis, and as the grand object of life is, of course, to make money, we suggest to brokers and others that they might make a "good thing of it" by issuing an extra "list," something after the following fashion:

To Let—A first-class cart, pleasantly located in Thirty-fifth Street. Owner to use the same during the day. Terms $20 per month.

To Let—One settee in Central Park, when not wanted by visitors. Location first-class, $250 per year.

To Let—To a responsible party, the upper door-step of a handsome brown-stone, high-stoop house in Twenty-seventh Street. Inquire of Smith & Co., 000 Broadway.

To Let—To a strictly private family without children, part of a hall bedroom. Owner will board with tenant in part payment for rent.

To Let—One large, new flag-stone, in West Fifty-first Street. Part of the payment may remain on bond and mortgage.

To Let—Furnished, as the owner is going to Europe, a strictly private bedstead. Agents need not apply. Rent $450.

To Let—To a quiet person, of good moral character, one-third of a seat in car No. 2581, of the Sixth Avenue line. To be used only from 11 P.M. to 4 A.M. $50 per month.

To Let—A handsome and commodious rocking-chair. Will be painted throughout and put in perfect order. Terms $275.

And so forth. By availing themselves of some such style of advertising owners and brokers of real estate would doubtless find the money come pouring in; and, as a mere secondary consideration, some shelterless mortals might be provided with lodgings.

Seriously, March, as we have already said, has been a very trying time; and April is just at hand, full of tricks, which will not improve our tempers, unless we are forearmed as well as forewarned. If we dress for rain, it will most likely be fine; and if we put on any thing that will spoil, the showers will be sure to pay us for doubting them. In short, we must expect annoyances out of doors, and within also, for the *house question* will not be the only perplexity that will invade our homes. Nevertheless the harmony of the family circle may be kept unbroken if all will observe a few old-fashioned, commonplace, but valuable rules, such as these:

Take a cheerful view of every thing.
Watch for little opportunities of pleasing others.
Observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness or sympathy.
Be very gentle with the children.
Speak kindly to the servants, and praise them when you can.
Do not expect too much from others.
Remember that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

With some such simple code as the basis of family intercourse, Mrs. Smith can without fear or distress inform her husband that the last gas-bill was nearly double that of the preceding month; or that the papers announce that ice dealers are making an effort to establish rates 25 per cent. in advance of those of last summer. If, in spite of March winds and snows, and April showers—in spite of high rents, extortionate gas-bills, enormous market charges, and the numberless vexations of getting one's bread-and-butter—we will only cheerfully look about, we shall find a good deal going on in the world both amusing and interesting, without being annoying.

They certainly are very smart in Chicago, and accomplish a great deal in a very short time. Not long ago a man in that city was married, got into a quarrel with his new wife, and secured a divorce, all within four hours. This will make an interesting item for the family Bible of either party—if either party has a Bible.

A most remarkable man recently died in Toledo. His will is an extraordinary document. He left his wife half his estate during her widowhood; the other half to go to her when she married again.

A London journal tells the story of an awkward mistake made by a foreign gentleman visiting Paris, who received an invitation to a state ball at the Tuileries. Having ascertained that he must appear "*en uniform*," he ordered a splendid suit of blue and gold, which attracted his fancy. When he arrived at the Palace he was flattered by the attention which he at first received, but soon noticed that many looked at him with surprise, evidently inquiring who he was. Presently an official, in a gorgeous scarlet and gold uniform, came up to him, and, in a somewhat peremptory tone, requested him to follow him into the next room. The fact was, the unfortunate gentleman had furnished himself with a senator's dress.

A good story is told of a certain Professor H——, of Indiana, who is an original genius, and as fond of a joke as he is of fresh air. Recently he tried to raise a window in the car where he was sitting, but could not move it. He called the conductor to assist him, but with no better result, when he knocked the pane of glass out with his cane, saying—

"Now we will have a little fresh air."

"Sir," said the conductor, "you must pay for that."

"How much?" asked the Professor.

"One dollar," answered the conductor.

Professor H—— passed him a two-dollar bill. The conductor was about to hand back a dollar in change, when the cool Professor quiety said—

"Never mind: I'll take another pane."

And, with another stroke of his cane, he let God's fresh atmosphere in through a second window.

"Well," exclaimed the conductor, "you can't have any more at that price. It's not first cost."

A sensation has been produced in a small town in Indiana by an old lady nearly sixty eloping with her husband's hired boy, a young fellow aged nineteen. The boy, it appears, broke his arm a while ago, and was tenderly nursed by the old lady while disabled. The nurse, however, fell in love with her patient, and the feeling being reciprocated the oddly-matched pair made their arrangements to elope, with various goods and chattels, to Louisville, where they set up housekeeping on their own account. Their whereabouts was accidentally discovered by the bereaved husband, who, in a subsequent communication to a newspaper, speaks of his wife's conduct as a "Strange Freak of Nature."

A wealthy and eccentric Englishman recently died in Vienna. He was of extraordinary size, being seven feet tall and broad in proportion. Being—as it would seem—desirous to make the most of himself, a few days before his death he sold his body to a museum of natural history, and received the money.

They have singular ideas of matrimony at Cairo, as the following incidents recently occurring in that "moral centre of the intellectual world" will indicate: At a wedding at the fashionable hotel in Cairo the bridegroom sampled wine till he forgot he was a newly-married man, and went off to his old room to bed and to sleep. About one o'clock in the morning the landlord happened to pass the young man's room, and noticed that he was in there asleep, and approaching him, shook him violently, and asked him what he was doing there, and why he was not with his wife. He rubbed his eyes, and, on being made to understand the question, exclaimed, "Gracious! I'd forgot about being married." The young wife had waited until her patience was exhausted; and, when the truant husband made his appearance, she was dressed and ready to leave. But the matter was talked over, and at length amicably arranged.

That is the Cairo style at the hotels. In humbler circles a different tone prevails. A few weeks ago a stout darkey applied to the County Clerk for a marriage license, which was given him. A few days afterward back he came, and said:

"Massa Clerk, you 'member 'bout dem license?"

"What license?" asked the clerk.

"Why, dem what you give me for to marry."

"No; I remember nothing of the kind. Did I issue you a license to marry?"

"Dat's it, boss. Dat's it."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Why, I'se tried dat 'oman, and don't like her. I jist wants you to rub out her name in de license, and put in anudder one."

"Why, you rascal, didn't you marry the woman whose name I put in the license?"

"Of course I did; but you see I keeps de license in my pocket all de time, so's I could change dem if dat one didn't suit, and she don't suit worf a cent!"

When he was assured that nothing could be done for him, he retired, very much disgusted with "de Yankee way of marryin' folks."

These instances contrast forcibly with the prudential view presented by an English coroner in the following dialogue held at an inquest in Wiltshire the other day:

Coroner (*to old man, husband of deceased*). "Had your wife a cough when you married her?"

Witness. "Yaas, Zur."

Coroner. "Then how came you to be so foolish as to marry a woman with a cough?"

Witness (*scratching his head*). "I don't know, Zur. I s'pose I liked her."

Coroner. "But why did you not have her examined by a medical man before you married her?"

Witness. "She seemed healthy enough to I, Zur."

Coroner. "I wonder you married a woman with a cough. I think if persons contemplating matrimony were to give a surgeon a fee for a certificate certifying that the woman was of sound health, it would prevent many melancholy spectacles we are often called to witness."

A new method of skating is described in a Quebec paper. We hope it will not be of much service to New York ladies *this* season; but we recommend them to make a memorandum of it, and put it in practice about January, 1868. A young lady recently made her appearance on one of the Quebec skating rinks with a large Newfoundland dog. Attached to the collar round the animal's neck was a pair of reins; these she held in her hands, and the dog directing her course on the ice, she in this way skipped along in very swift and graceful style.

A Massachusetts minister has preached a sermon about the great snow-storm of January 17, in which he calculates that if all the snow of that one storm had fallen upon the State of Massachusetts it would have made a monument twice as high as Bunker Hill Monument, and if it had all fallen upon the city of Roxbury it would have constituted a pile ten times the height of Mount Washington.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

### CHAPTER VIII.—*Continued.*

Being already late for their appointment when they started, it was only in the order of things that they should be still more delayed on their way. Mrs. Lyon had a pet theory about short cuts. It was a theory that was not based upon measurement, or reason, or any thing tangible, but upon the slightly illogical sentence that "short cuts are often the longest." So this day, when Miss Talbot gave Mr. Bathurst's address, and added, "Through the Park and out at the Victoria Gate," Mrs. Lyon interpolated, with considerable earnestness, "*I* should say Park Lane."

"Better through the Park," Blanche said, quickly, settling herself back in her seat, and trying to catch Miss Talbot's eye, and telegraph something equivalent to "Stand to your guns" to her. But the worthy intention was defeated; Miss Talbot looked at her chaperon and repeated, hesitatingly—

"Through Park Lane did you say?"

"Yes, certainly, *I* should say." Mrs. Lyon spoke affably, as became one who was victorious, and about the beneficial effects of whose victory there could be no sane doubt. Accordingly the order was given, and they drove through Park Lane, or rather did not drive through, but got into a block, and passed an uneventful twenty minutes in looking out through the carriage-windows at one of Pickford's vans, which period of quiescence crushed Mrs. Lyon into an abject frame of mind, and rendered her specially alive to the vanity of all earthly joys and the transitory nature of all triumphs.

"Whenever one does any thing for the best, one is sure to find that one had better have let things go their own way," she remarked, by way of explanation, when at last they reached Mr. Bathurst's house, and the two young men came from the studio to meet them with laughing reproaches for their being so late. And somehow or other both girls felt the explanation to be all-sufficient, and the block in Park Lane a facetious trifle, and every thing as pleasant as possible, and incapable of improvement.

She would have sought to banish or explain away the fact, if it had been put before her in so many words; but it was a fact that Blanche Lyon had a better feeling of equality with these people with whom she had been compelled to come and live in a dependent position when she and they were in the society of Frank Bathurst, her cousin. She was grateful to the good-tempered, good-looking, educated, rich gentleman for being her relation. Down at the Grange, where she had been as kindly, conscientiously, and considerately treated as any girl (or, at any rate, any girl who is a governess) can be, she had still been aware that she was so treated by an effort—a tiny and admirably concealed one, certainly, but still an effort. Blanche Lyon was a girl to the full as practical and sensible as she was proud and sensitive; and so, though she recognized this fact, she at the same time recognized the impossibility of its being other than it was. The woman who stands alone, with no apparent relations, whose friends may be legion, but are invisible, can not, and can not expect to be treated precisely in the same way as her well-surrounded compeers. It is inevitable that there should be little distinctions; and far more injustice is awarded (in print) to the employers than to the employed. The genus "Governess" has been idealized by ill-usage, in fiction, into a very false position. The attempt has been made to teach thousands of young women, who would have accepted obscurity as their birth-right had they remained in their fathers' homes, to gird against it as a great wrong when they find it their portions in the homes of people who reward them more or less liberally for educating their (the people's) children. Blanche Lyon was not one of this order. She was too keenly alive to the perfect propriety of the mighty system of give and take to have ever weakly wished to be looked upon as other than she was and was remunerated for being. Nevertheless, though she had never felt the situation of the past to be other than perfectly natural and becoming, she did feel the superiority of that of the present. It was pleasant to be known as the cousin of a man of considerable mark in the set in which, however good their will, she still must be regarded as not quite one of them. It was pleasant to have him gladly and gallantly putting forward the fact of this relationship as a thing of which he had to be proud. It was pleasanter to know that she was not regarded any more as an isolated being, but rather as the most important link in the great chain of events which had made Frank Bathurst what he was. The old talk with her father, held on the subject of old Mr. Lyon's offer, came back vividly to her mind as she came into the house of "Bathurst's boy," and knew him for the motive-power of that meeting.

She could but rejoice in him for being what he was, and (being herself) she could but rejoice and be glad in him openly. The position can readily be realized. She liked him for being what he was, and she liked him the better for being it partly through her agency. In her rash, impulsive, chivalrous, unadvised girlishness, she had rejected the prospect which Frank had realized. More of the old conversation floated back in scraps. She had said perhaps "Bathurst's boy might take a fancy to her," and her father had said that "more improbable things occurred frequently." But, though she remembered this, no hope of its being the case now brightened the sunshine which seemed to radiate from his presence and warm her into closer relationship with him. It gladdened her to her soul's core that he should seem taken, dazzled, fond of her. He was too bright and bonnie for the bright bonnie woman who had unconsciously helped to shape his good fortune, not to be interested in his interest for her.

While as for him he was a man with a quick eye for the beautiful, with a keen appreciation for the sympathetic, with a catholicity of sentiment respecting the lovable, and, as Lionel Talbot had said, with the germs of inconstancy in him. He had had the habit of loving all that was lovely from his boyhood, and the habit had got him into more than one bitterly-lamented scrape. He was musical, poetical, artistic, æsthetic altogether. It was his fate to get very fond very often. It was his fancy to be touchingly gentle to every pair of beautiful eyes and soft hands that respectively brightened and smoothed his path. His affections were not very deep; on the contrary, they were shallow, but they were marvelously wide. His voice always took a tender tone, his eyes always had a loving look in them when he addressed a young and pretty woman. It was as natural to him that it should be so as that he should gather a rose with a careful hand, or ride a fine-mouthed horse with a light rein. He was no gay deceiver. His adoration was invariably thoroughly meant as long as it lasted. His sweet words never knew a false ring. His likings did not always die away when the object disappeared: they would lay in abeyance, and would be ready to spring up greenly again when the object returned. And, with all this fickleness about them, he still thought well of women, believed in them as in beings who were infinitely purer and better than himself. It was a great element in his love that it never turned to contempt. It waned and went to sleep, but it never woke up disgusted with that it had formerly delighted in; and this must be added in its favor, that hitherto it had never fallen upon unworthy objects.

These two young women, both beautiful, both well inclined to him, neither of whom he had known a month ago, were great sources of joy to him just now. He was not a man to make plans and lay schemes. He took things as they came, and brightened them generally by his own way of looking at them. But Trixy Talbot and Blanche Lyon needed no adventitious brightening; without it they dazzled him quite sufficiently.

It was hard to say which of the two young men was the master of the house, so each girl had the satisfaction of feeling that she was the guest of a brother or a cousin especially. There was a brief discussion—a good-humored dissension as to which should be done honor to first, the pictures or the luncheon. The first place was given to the latter eventually; and Blanche sat next to Frank Bathurst, and was made much of by him, because she made it easy for him to make much of her, by being entirely unfettered in her own manners; and Trixy's sparkling wine might have been verjuice in consequence.

For it is a fact that Miss Talbot was very much in love with the one who acted so thoroughly up to the poet's advice to young men: "Gather ye roses while ye may;" and I, as her historian, refuse to treat it as essential to the art which is placing her before you, that good and unassailable reasons for the love be given. They are not

given in real life; they are not asked for. A shallow substitute for the "reason why" is offered occasionally by well-meaning people, who like to explain natural laws without in the faintest degree comprehending their deep significance. When a marriage comes off, and all looks fair and smooth before the newly-united pair, excellent sounding solutions of the mystery of their love are freely offered. They were born in the same county; or they both had a well-marked preference for the melodrama over the burlesque of life; or they both liked the same books, or parson, or made-dishes, or some other admirable reason for wedding. But no one ever stands forth as champion for the sufficiency of the causes which brought about the love between people who make each other miserable by falling away before marriage. The event is allowed to make all the difference; and that is wisdom and discretion if the ring be won, which is forward folly if it be not.

Therefore, for a while, Trixy Talbot must stand accused of the latter offense; for, without having any excellent reasons to give, she had found Frank Bathurst's winning words and looks irresistible to the point of falling in love with him. Desperately in love—so desperately that all her sweet armor of self-possession and affected unconsciousness of his admiration failed her. She hung upon his accents in a way that made her seem absent and stupid; she thrilled to the touch of his hand in a way that made her afraid to resign hers to his clasp when others were by; she wearied for his words when he was silent, for his meaning when he spoke; she was vaguely jealous of every unknown woman upon whom his soft glances might have fallen in the past; she was painfully, pitiably alive to the fact of his having taken no greater trouble to make her these things than he took probably with every woman who pleased his taste. She was keenly conscious of having a formidable rival in Blanche, if Blanche chose to rival her; and how could Blanche "but choose, with such cause for rivalry?" she asked herself, in her impassioned infatuation. In fact, she was entirely in love, and so at a disadvantage. She felt sick under all the sudden alternations of unfounded hopes and despairs which assailed her, as Frank Bathurst was gallant and gay to herself or to his beautiful cousin. She shrank from the thought of the parting that would inevitably come when they had looked at the pictures and it would be time to go home to dinner. She was feverishly impatient for a new move to be made every moment. Her heart went up absurdly high when he bent down to lament her lack of appetite in low tones, coming round to the back of her chair to do it, and so seeming to make her comfort peculiarly his own. It (her heart) went down, equally without good cause, when he left her and returned to his place by Blanche; for Miss Lyon's hand was on the table, twirling a rose about, and the handsome young host put his own upon it gently, as he impressively offered his cousin something that she did not want. And Blanche, whose hand staid steady under the touch—Blanche, whose brilliant eyes met the very warmly admiring glance of his quite coolly—Blanche, who was so little affected by his low tones as to answer them in loud ones—became, despite her beauty, a horrible object in poor Trixy Talbot's eyes—those sweet violet eyes that ached when Mr. Frank Bathurst used little seductive tones and airs and gestures in commending the claret to the new beauty, to whom it was meet and right and his bounden duty to show such homage, since she was his cousin.

Not that he was at all off with the comparatively old love whose figure he had sketched in for "Venus" in the picture, the second subject from "Tannhäuser," which had rather put the first in the back-ground. He liked being sweet to them both; he would have been amiably charmed by their both being sweet to him in return. He was gifted with such a mighty fund of fondness that he could not resist nourishing all the attractive recipients of the quality who came in his way. It came so easy to him to love, to be very much fascinated, and be just a little thrown out of gear, and even a little sleepless about more than one woman at a time, that he gave no thought to Miss Talbot being in the least uncomfortable, or having cause to be so. There had been soft pleasure to him in feeling sure that she had found it pleasant to have him standing by her chair, anxious to tend upon her, earnest in waiting on her. There had been equally soft pleasure to him in taking Blanche's small hand in his, when the occasion scarcely called for the act; in feeling how slender and smooth it was, and how delicate it looked resting there in his clasp; and, as he never denied himself any pleasure that might be his harmlessly, he took these, and enjoyed, and was grateful for them, like the sinless sensualist he was. And Trixy Talbot saw that he did the one and was the other, and still loved him desperately.

It has been brought as a reproach against modern fiction that a good deal of the action takes place at, and a good deal of the interest is made to centre in, the dinner-table. In the face of this reproach it must be declared that no sequestered sylvan glade, no moon-lighted cathedral cloisters, no whirling waltz, no number of village rambles with "the object" in the cause of "being good to the poor," can ripen the sentiments which are the bricks and mortar of all novels more swiftly and surely than does the well-selected and carefully-furnished hospitable board. People are apt to get very near to each other's hearts and minds (when the guests and hosts are young, especially); all try to be at their best; and it stands to reason that men and women at their best are considerably more attractive to one another than at any other time. Flowers and wine, and wit and beauty—and, in the present case, the unusualness of the thing—ought to work, and do work. The little party I have been describing felt that, if they had known each other from childhood, they could not have known each other better, or liked each other more than they did under existing circumstances, when they rose at length to go and look at the pictures.

"By-the-way, I left my model when I came to meet you," Frank Bathurst said to Miss Lyon, as, with her by his side, he led the way to his studio. Then he went on to tell her what a wonderful effect Lionel had succeeded in producing with the representation of waves alone. "He's by way of being a genius: there's not a boat, or a gull, or a light-house, or any thing but water on his canvas; and still you get pulled up before it."

When he paid that tribute to his friend's talent Blanche felt that there must be an immense deal in Frank Bathurst. She rendered up her hand to him with delightful readiness, as he offered to help her over the threshold, and then down the flight of steps which came between the back and front part of his studio; and she spoke out her admiration for his "Battle of the Bards" with hearty eloquence when they paused before it.

"Now I want to show Miss Talbot something," he exclaimed, impatiently, as he saw Beatrix walking on with her brother; "I hope that fellow won't point it out to her first."

"Go and stop his doing so," Blanche said, quickly. And Mr. Bathurst took her advice; and presently Lionel Talbot came and joined Miss Lyon, leaving his sister very happy by the act.

"There is a good deal of spirit in that," Blanche said, waving her hand at large toward the huge canvas whereon "Tannhäuser" was depicted, in the midst of a well-dressed mob, giving vent to the defiance:

"Grim bards of love who nothing know,
Now ends the unequal fight between us
Dare as I dared! to Hörsel go,
And taste love on the lips of Venus."

"A great deal of spirit," she repeated, feeling at the moment utterly unable to offer any other art criticism.

"Yes," he replied, "I wish Bathurst would work at it, instead of wasting his time on the other one."

"What is the other one?"

"Come and see it."

"No, no," she said, as she glanced in the direction he would have taken, and saw her mother in mid-distance, and Miss Talbot and Mr. Bathurst further on: "I want to see yours first."

"Then come and look at it." And he led her to the other end of the long studio; and they stood alone before the waves that had steeped his mind in admiration for their wild beauty long ago on the Cornish coast.

She stood in silence for a while, not only averse to, but incapable now of offering an opinion, respecting the painting the more for his being the painter of it, and the painter the more for the painting being his. Letting her admiration for both react upon each other, in fact, with a subtlety that women often employ in like cases.

"What are you going to call it?" she asked, at length, abruptly.

"Frank Bathurst suggests as a motto for the Academy catalogue, 'What are the wild waves saying?' do you like it?"

"Yes—were you alone when you got to love those waves?"

"Quite alone," he replied; and then as she almost seemed to sigh in relief as she looked up at him, he repeated more emphatically still, "Quite alone."

If he had repeated the words a dozen times she would not have been satiated with the sound of them, but would have cried in her heart, "That strain again? it hath a dying fall." It was music to her, sweet, full, rich, sufficient. Music to her, that assurance he gave her that the wild waves said nothing to him of one whom he had loved and looked upon when he loved and looked upon them. She was quite contented with that implied assurance—quite charmed with the fitness of the motto—quite satisfied with what the "wild waves were saying," and quite oblivious of Frank Bathurst. Beatrix Talbot's impulse toward Lionel had been a true one; her brother was her best friend.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DAPHNE.

There was a conservatory at the garden end of the studio. At least it had been a conservatory, but was now cleared of its plants and occupied by a dais for the models to pose upon. From one end of this part of the studio a spiral staircase led up to an observatory on the leads, where a delightful view, consisting of a bit of Bayswater and a slice of Kensington Gardens, could be had. Up this staircase the four young people walked after a time, leaving Mrs. Lyon (who had been more engrossed by the lay figures than any thing else) to follow at her leisure.

"Story" the waves had "none to tell" to her. "Venus" on the mountain made her uncomfortable, and brought back all her doubts as to the wisdom of having come here; and the "spirited" composition of the Battle of the Bards seemed to her simply a representation of an infernal orgie. But she took a calm pleasure in examining the magnified doll, and trying how its joints worked; thus innocently destroying some folds in the drapery which Frank had spent a long time in arranging that morning.

"A nice room wasted—entirely wasted," she said to herself, as she surveyed the studio. Frank Bathurst had been at considerable trouble and expense about this studio. He had first had two rooms on the ground-floor thrown into one, and then he had put up a groined and vaulted oak ceiling, thus spoiling the rooms above it. It had a richly-colored window at one end; pomegranate-hued curtains of soft sweeping velvet fell in full folds from ceiling to floor. It was enriched with oak carvings, with ebony brackets and bronzes; with perfect casts from perfect originals, with rare old glass, with a deeply-embossed shield resting on some sort of stand of metal in which Quintin Matsys had had a hand. The sunlight, what there was of it on that winter's day, fell upon the floor in broad rich masses; the shadows laid in unbroken grand depths; there was nothing slight, nothing pale, nothing puerile about the room, and Mrs. Lyon deemed it very dull.

She had been uncertain whether to go with them when they went up on the leads or to stay behind. While revolving the uncertainty in her mind, their voices sounded faintly in what seemed the far distance to her, and at the same time a tall, curiously-carved screen, drawn across in such a way as almost to cut off a corner of the room, caught her attention. So, with an emphatically-worded observation on the folly of people taking so many unnecessary steps to see so little as could be seen from the top of a house in Bayswater, Mrs. Lyon walked toward the screen, and proceeded to curiously inspect it.

It was an elaborate piece of workmanship, modern, perfectly artistic in proportion, and delicate in detail. Titania, Oberon, and Puck wreathing themselves and each other in fanciful garlands in the centre, and wood-nymphs and satyrs doing nothing remarkable at the sides. "A nicely-grained piece of wood spoiled!" Mrs. Lyon thought, as she put her hand upon it to see whether the dimness came from dust or not (in order that she might do a good turn to the helpless gentlemen who owned it, by denouncing the dusty proclivities of their house-maid). She put her hand upon it; the screen turned easily on a swivel at the lightest touch, and it revolved, leaving the corner exposed. Mrs. Lyon uttered a little cry of mingled horror and virtuous satisfaction at having unearthed the cause of it, for there, in a large arm-chair, her head thrown back upon the "velvet violet lining," a pretty yellow-haired girl lay sleeping.

The girl and all the accessories were so pretty that most people would have been content to keep silence, and look on the scene as one of the fair sights in life which, perfect in themselves, may be suffered to pass by unquestioned. But Mrs. Lyon liked to grapple with difficulties that were not—loved to defend what was not assailed, delighted in putting things straight before they were crooked. "I can scarcely believe my eyes," she exclaimed, believing them thoroughly the while, and quite ready to do battle in the cause of their trustworthiness, should any one hint at optical delusion. "I can scarcely believe my eyes; young woman, this is shameless!"

The girl, who had opened her eyes at the first sound, sat up at the last words and suppressed a yawn. She was dressed in a costume for which Mrs. Lyon had no precedent, though Frank Bathurst had given much thought and consideration to it; and on her bright yellow-haired head she had a little cap of black velvet, bordered with seed pearls. In fact, she was the model for the "princess" for whose heart and hand the bards were singing; and she had fallen asleep after waiting a long time for Mr. Bathurst, and now she woke up, startled and rather cross.

"This is shameless," Mrs. Lyon repeated; and the girl, thinking she was being rebuked for drowsiness, being indeed guiltless of every other offense, waxed petulant with the old lady who came instead of the smiling, handsome, agreeable gentleman whom she (the model) had expected to see. She was a pretty girl, and her beauty was very much in favor that year; accordingly her time was fully occupied, and she was getting into the habit of giving herself little airs of conferring a favor when she kept an appointment. Moreover, she was a good deal admired in a certain dance in one of the pantomimes, for she joined the profession of ballet-girl to that of model. On the whole, it will readily be surmised that she was not likely to be meek under the reproof of Mrs. Lyon.

"Then he should have come back," she retorted, on the supposition that she had been wanted and missed while she had been sleeping. And she pushed her bright yellow hair out of her eyes and glanced up defiantly, instead of being crushed to the ground, as Mrs. Lyon had half anticipated seeing her.

"He should have come back!" Mrs. Lyon repeated the words in sheer amazement at their audacity. "He" was her remote relation, "he" might be good enough to marry Blanche, if no awful discoveries were made; and this "minx," as she called the popular model in her wrath, dared to speak of him thus familiarly.

"It's too late for any thing now, so I shall go," the girl said, rising up and casting a glance toward the darkening shadows that were falling over the dais where she had sat a princess in the morning; then the stream of Mrs. Lyon's virtuous eloquence burst the banks of astonishment and indignation, and she poured forth a flood of words that were utterly incomprehensible, but at the same time intensely aggravating to the model.

"Too late! lost! lost! unhappy creature!"

"Oh! it's not of such consequence as that," the girl interrupted, hastily tossing her head; then she added something relative to Mr. Bathurst missing her more than she should him—a statement which caused Mrs. Lyon to tremble and pronounce the word "abandoned" under her breath.

As the girl leisurely put off the jacket and tunic and velvet cap of royalty, and inducted herself into the bonnet and mantle of this period, Mrs. Lyon gazed at her, and made profound reflections to herself on the callousness which could be so unmoved under detection, and the frivolity which could attempt to disguise vice in fanciful splendor. Then she thought that it would be a good thing to remove this fair young rock on which he might split out of reach of temptation—at any rate out of reach of Mr. Frank Bathurst; and then she calculated the cost of the charitable act, and wondered whether she had money enough in her pocket to do it, before the young people came down from the roof of the house.

"If you would alter your mode of life I might assist you," she began, drawing out her purse; and the girl, who was adjusting the bows of her bonnet-strings with great care before she went out, stared at Mrs. Lyon, as if that lady was beyond her comprehension, as indeed she was.

"Alter my mode of life? not on any account, thank you;" then she thought of her Terpsichorean triumphs, and determined to very much dazzle the old lady. "Do you know who I am?" she asked; and Mrs. Lyon looking a horror-stricken negative at once, the girl went on glibly: "I'm Miss Rosalie St. Clair, there—good-morning," and walked out, happily unconscious of the meaningless sound that name had for Mrs. Lyon.

The skirmish had been sharp, but brief. Mrs. Lyon had almost a feeling of triumph when she reflected on how quickly she had, as she thought, routed the fair invader. Now the danger had departed, she began to make many hazy but comforting conjectures respecting it. After all, it might not be Mr. Bathurst whom the girl had spoken of as "he." Mr. Lionel Talbot was very quiet; but—ah! it looked bad—very bad. She remembered now that he had eaten no luncheon. At this juncture she remembered that the girl had used Mr. Bathurst's name, which proved him the offender. "I declare one had better be in a lion's den at once," she murmured, pathetically, "and then one would know what one was about." Then she fell to softly bewailing the combination of circumstances which had brought her into this difficulty, and wondered whether she had better tell Mr. Talbot about it, and wondered what Blanche would say *now* (Blanche being quite innocent of all former thought or speech on the subject), and "hoped Miss Talbot would listen to advice another time" (not that any had been offered to poor Trixy), and was altogether hopeless and helpless, and overcome by a sense of responsibility.

"What could they be doing up on the leads all this time?" The leads, in Mrs. Lyon's imagination, was a place of gruesome horror, slippery, flat, with no parapet. She wished that she had gone up with them. She wished she had not let them go up at all. She wished that she could put old heads on young shoulders (this last wish not being weakened by the faintest doubt as to the great superiority of her own over every other head belonging to the party). She wished that they had all staid at home, and that Mrs. Sutton had come with them, and a great many more totally irreconcilable things.

Meantime those on the house-top had been so happy, so entirely unconscious of the care and care, the tumult and the strife that was raging at the foot of the spiral staircase. There was a glass erection on the leads—an eminent photographer had lived there before Mr. Bathurst took the house—and under this glass they stood about and were happy.

Very happy, on the whole, all of them; though Beatrix Talbot went up and came down in her spirits in the sharp, sudden, unreasoning way that is specially symptomatic of the disease under which she labored. The very manner and the very looks which won her more and more, which drew her nearer, and made Frank Bathurst dearer to her, became so many sources of irritation to Trixy Talbot. She had reached the stage when a vague feeling of the loved one being unjust is born. He had it in his power to make her so supremely happy—to exalt her, she fondly believed, above all women—by telling her and all the world that he loved her, and he did not avail himself of it. She would have disavowed the feeling, had it been placed before her in the bald, cold words I have used. She would have disowned all connection with it, and probably have declared it to be unwomanly, forward, and vain; and she would have tried to believe that she meant what she professed, and taken herself sharply to task for venturing to love before "the object" had asked for her formally in holy matrimony; and all the time would have gone on fretting and loving, and being happy and miserable, as it is, and has been, and ever shall be.

But though he had it in his power to make her supremely blessed, and did not seem at all likely to do it, she took the good the gods gave, and was grateful. It was something, in default of security of passing her life in the sun of his presence, to be warmed by his smiles; and he was no niggard of these, giving them lavishly when he was pleased—and he was always pleased when pretty women were by, especially if they liked him. Their beauty and his pleasure in it reacted upon each other. The better pleased they were with him the prettier they looked; and the prettier they looked the better pleased he was with them. It was a charmed circle, and Frank Bathurst delighted in drawing it closer and in strengthening it: and generally, in gathering his roses while he might—while they grew well within reach, where he could gather them easily—there was no charm in difficulty to him.

"If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go,"

he would carol gayly, on the smallest sign of coyness—it needed not to be "coldness"—making itself manifest in the demeanor of the Cynthia of the minute. Indeed, now it was only Blanche Lyon's more openly-shown pleasure in his society that was swaying him slightly from Miss Talbot. According to his gay, bright, practical creed, life was too short to waste one hour of it in looking for any body's hidden motives.

"IF HE HAD REPEATED THE WORDS A DOZEN TIMES SHE WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SATIATED WITH THE SOUND OF THEM."

The frankly-expressed joy, the readily-vouchsafed sympathy, the open preference, were so many tributes to his vanity—and his vanity was great. It was so glancing and sunny that Blanche, who to a certain extent appreciated it already, saw in it nothing to resent or regret, and so fed it a little—"pandered to it," Trixy Talbot termed it, in her anger; for Trixy felt the vanity would be a permanent rival to her—and still would not have had the smallest change made in the man who was vain. He was a genuine "source of joy and woe" to Miss Talbot, but he was a source of joy pure and simple to Blanche Lyon, and she showed him that he was this; and so he took the turning that should eventually lead him into error.

Mrs. Sutton had been compelled to remain away, by reason of a very unforeseen and inopportune event, which will be duly chronicled. It was an event that caused her a good deal of savage sorrow, and the sole balm she could find for the wound was, that the "affair would be a failure without her." She felt quite convinced in her acute mind that Mrs. Lyon would, by some over-anxiety or misapprehension, mar the "fair form of festal day;" and she was gently pleased thereat, after the fashion of Marian. If in fancy she could have seen the quartette upon the leads, the ground would have been very much cut from under her feet.

It would be difficult to define the ingredients which went to the composition of their ecstatic satisfaction that day. It always is difficult to ascertain what makes people who are in love so superbly satisfied with each other; for they are rarely brilliant or at ease under the circumstances. But this difficulty does not do away with the fact of their being so.

Frank Bathurst, in reality the most thoughtless of the party, knew quite well why he liked it. Those two girls, with their lovely faces, good figures, and gracefully-falling draperies, alone would have been enough for him. But he had another source of pleasure. Lionel Talbot and he were attached to one another. A good deal of boyish enthusiasm mingled itself with a good deal of genuine affection. Frank respected Lionel, valued his opinion, especially when it coincided with his (Frank's) own. They had the spirit of comradeship upon them strongly, and it pleased Frank that they should be together. When it happened so, Mr. Bathurst liked to have his taste for beauty and grace and fascination indorsed by his friend. When his friend could not indorse it, it must in honesty be added that Frank was perfectly resigned. But in this case it was palpable that their tastes matched; and Frank was not at all jealous, but magnanimous, as became him—gracious in calling Trixy's attention to the graceful bearing of the other pair leaning against one of the supports of the glass walls—nobly indifferent to the fact of Blanche lowering her voice to a tenderer tone when she addressed Lionel than Mr. Bathurst had ever heard her use to himself.

"Isn't it strange that we should all have come together? I was just going to ask you how you thought you would like my cousin, Miss Talbot, forgetting that she is my cousin, and that I mustn't express curiosity about her."

"But you may—to me at least; and I think I like her very, very much," Trixy replied, with a little more earnestness than she would have employed if she had thought so. "'Won by beauty'—we are all liable to be that, you know, Mr. Bathurst."

"Yes—and she has beauty—marvelous beauty," he answered, warming to his topic at once. "Look at her hands—I think they're the sweetest little hands I ever saw."

Trixy assented. Her own hands were equally pretty; but it was scarcely her place to call his attention to this fact.—"And her head!" he went on, animatedly. "There is something wonderfully taking in the turn of her head—a way I never saw in any other woman. Do you notice it?"

He turned a questioning glance toward Trixy as he spoke. She had fixed her eyes steadfastly on the girl she believed to be her rival—her lashes were leveled, not lowered—her brow was bent painfully, and her lips were a little more compressed than was usual. Altogether there was a look of sad, yearning interest in that love-fraught face that stirred some fibres in his heart. She was as beautiful as Blanche—quite as beautiful; and she had this brief advantage, that Blanche was engaged with some one else at the moment, and she (Trixy) was not. He felt all sorts of compliments to her on the spot, and longed to pay one without seeming abrupt.

His diffidence about it served him in good stead; for Trixy marked it, and felt it to be the most graceful one he could have paid her. "Mrs. Lyon's patience will be exhausted," she exclaimed, blushing a little. "We are forgetting the time altogether. Will you ask Miss Lyon to come down?" As he moved to ask Miss Lyon "to come down," a bit of daphne he had worn in his coat fell to the ground. They all moved in close together. Blanche Lyon dropped her glove, and herself stooped to pick it up; and when Mr. Bathurst, the last of the party to descend, looked for it, the daphne was gone. The color rose even to his brow, and he turned a careless ear to the sour tones with which Mrs. Lyon met her daughter, and indirectly reproached them all for having been so long.

Presently they separated, the ladies going back in bleak silence to Victoria Street, and the two men driving up to their club. Almost for the first time in his life Frank Bathurst was glad of the excuse his spirited horses gave him of concentrating his attention on them, to the neglect of Lionel Talbot, who sat by his side. He had never seen Lionel so completely resign himself to the charm of any woman's society as he had this day resigned himself to that of Miss Lyon. He (Frank Bathurst) had been void of all active feeling on the subject at the time—all feeling save that of pleasure at seeing his friend pleased. But now!—he had seen Blanche bend down for the fallen glove; and he rejoiced more in the loss of his daphne than he had done in its possession.

## TEMPERANCE MOVEMENTS.

The advocates of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks have lately been encouraged by a revival of interest in the cause. A Congressional Temperance Society was lately started under unusually encouraging aspects at Washington. In several cities at the West and Southwest numerous new associations have lately been formed. The New York Legislature is considering the propriety and wisdom of extending the Excise Law of this city to all parts of the State; and the New Jersey Legislature has already adopted it. The New York State Temperance Society met in Convention at Albany on March 20, every county in the State being fully represented. The reports from all quarters show the rapid progress of temperance; and the new interest every where manifested in the cause leads one to reflect that, after all, the "Maine Law" is not to prove a decided failure.

We give in this connection a picture of interest to all engaged in the temperance movements, being portraits of the late Dr. J. B. Clark, Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong, Gardner Stow, and James Mott, the originators of temperance societies in this State, and a picture of the house in which they held their first temperance meeting. Additional interest is given these pictures from the fact that Dr. Clark, the principal of the movement, has lately died (February 20, 1867) at an advanced age. Dr. Clark was born in 1778 in Northampton, Massachusetts, but began his labors in the cause of temperance in 1806 in Moreau, Saratoga County, New York. He, with other physicians, procured the passage of a law incorporating the State Medical Society and authorizing county medical societies. Previous to that time medical practitioners had been licensed by the county courts. In 1808 he commenced moving to organize a temperance society, his next effort being made at a term of the county court. He finally succeeded in organizing a society in his own town composed of the leading citizens. The first meeting was held at the tavern of Mr. Peter L. Mawney, a picture of which we give. It was torn down in 1852. It was not until the 20th of April, 1808, that the first society was fully organized under the name of the "Moreau and Northumberland Temperance Society." In 1820 Dr. Clark was a member of the State Legislature, and in 1848 he was one of the Electors of President and Vice-President who cast the vote of this State for Taylor and and Fillmore.

Rev. Lebbeus Armstrong, who acted with Dr. Clark in the first meetings, and was one of the committee to draft the constitution, was born November 23, 1775, in Bedford, Westchester County, New York, and removed with his parents to Ballston, Saratoga County, in 1783. In 1804 he was installed as pastor of the Congregational Church in Northumberland, and in 1808 co-operated with Mr. Clark in organizing the first temperance society. He continued to preach until within a few years of his death, which occurred only a few years since.

Gardner Stow was a law student in the office of a Mr. Weston in Sandy Hill, across the river from Moreau, in 1808, when he joined Dr. Clark's temperance society. He afterward removed to Troy, and became one of the leading lawyers of that city, where he died in 1866.

James Mott, who still survives his early comrades, is a Quaker. He was born in Dutchess County, New York, in 1783. He removed to Moreau in 1807, and the following year assisted in organizing the Temperance Society. He is a farmer, and has held various town offices.

THE ORIGINAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES IN NEW YORK.

GRAND BALL OF THE PREFECT OF THE SEINE, HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.—[See Page 222.]

## AT TWILIGHT.

We sit in the twilight—May and I—
In the cozy old oak window-seat,
While the soft light dies in the western sky
And sounds grow faint in the village street.
'Tis the gentle close of an April day;
Through the open window strays the breeze,
Sweet with the kisses snatched at play
From the blushing buds of the apple-trees.

We are talking softly of the past—
I have been abroad a year or more—
And I tell of the spell around me cast
In all my wanderings to and fro;
That 'neath the skies of Italy,
And mid the lovely hills of Spain,
My heart was yearning ever to see
A pair of violet eyes again!

There are snow-drops clustered on her breast,
For a bunch of which I gently plead;
And I try while to my lips they're pressed
The thoughts of the donor fair to read.
E'en in the dim light I can see
On her cheek the dawning of the red,
Where mid the lilies' purity
A crimson rose uplifts its head.

"These buds are emblems of hope, fair May,
Do they bear to me this message sweet?
I have sought your side this eve to lay
All my heart's treasures at your feet.
Come, make your home in my loving heart,
Fill high life's cup with love's rich wine!
Oh, say that on earth no more we part—
That, for aye and aye, you will be mine!"

We sit in the twilight—May and I—
In the cozy old oak window-seat,
While the soft light dies in the western sky
And sounds grow faint in the village street.
'Tis dusk without, but ne'er did shine
In my heart such golden beams of rest;
Rare violet eyes look up to mine
From a fair face pillowed on my breast!

## A GHOST STORY.

What quaint weird stories about ghosts or spirits come across one every now and then, at the most unlikely times: stories so utterly dissimilar that it is quite impossible to generalize from them.

Sometimes the ghost is seen in the conventional white sheet: more often it does not appear at all, but is only heard; a ghostly footfall echoes on the stairs, a wailing cry outside the window rouses the sleeper; sometimes only part of a form appears, as when, in one well-known family, a ghastly head, white, wet, dripping with blood, is seen, or said to be seen, before a death; at other times, as in the last ghost story I heard, which I am just going to write down, the ghost sticks pertinaciously to the same room, in the same dress, and mutters the same words.

This is the story, as told to me by an old friend.

"I was staying," so he said, "at an old place called Grasgarth Hall, in the north of Yorkshire.

"We were chatting one evening after dinner, in the long summer days, just before the candles were brought in, and somehow or other the talk turned on ghosts, and I said to my host, 'Surely there must be some ghost story connected with an old place like this.'

"He said there was a story, that a ghost was said to have been seen years ago, belonging to the days of the old extinct family of Grasgarth, the former possessors of the place. It was an old Jacobite family, and at the time of the rebellion of 1745 had been reduced to two twin brothers: the eldest by half an hour, Sir Hugh, being a strong Jacobite, the younger, James, a cautious Hanoverian.

"Well, the rebellion of '45 came, and Sir Hugh was at first with great difficulty kept quiet; but then arrived the news of Prestonpans, of the march into England, the entry into Manchester.

"This last news came one evening, when the brothers were sitting over their wine, and with it came a letter from the Prince himself, reckoning on the undoubted loyalty of the Grasgarths to come at once to his help with every man they could muster.

"Sir Hugh could contain himself no longer, but swore that nothing should stop him from setting out, the very next day, to help his rightful prince, at the head of every man on his estate.

"James entreated, expostulated, all in vain; Sir Hugh was determined, and the last thing the servants saw of them that night was, Sir Hugh reeling up stairs, very drunk, trying to sing a Jacobite stave; James following, not so drunk, but much excited, expostulating loudly, and declaring that he would not allow his brother to ruin the family by committing himself to a cause which could not possibly succeed.

"The next morning there were no signs of either of the brothers; the servants waited till the afternoon, then they knocked at James's door. There was no answer. They opened the door; there was no one in the room, and there had been no one in the room during the night: they knocked at Sir Hugh's door; there was no answer, and the door was locked. They waited till evening, and then broke open the door, and there they saw Sir Hugh lying on the floor, dead and cold, with a jagged wound in the head, while James was crouching in an old arm-chair, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, mad, muttering: 'I did not do it.'

"There was blood on the floor, and congealed blood on the sharp corner of the marble chimney-piece.

"James never recovered; and no explanation of Sir Hugh's death was obtained; but it was generally supposed that the brothers, both intoxicated, came from words to blows, that Sir Hugh staggered back, tripped up, struck his head against the sharp corner of the chimney-piece, and so died.

"Whatever the real story was, the place was sold, for James died mad; and the family of the Grasgarths became extinct."

"So I suppose," I said, "that you went to bed with your head full of this horrible story, and dreamed that you saw a ghost?"

"No," said my friend, "I slept that night as well as ever I did in my life, and forgot all about the story; but a week afterward my room was changed to one in the older part of the building. I went to bed thinking of nothing less than of ghosts, and fell asleep at once, for I was very tired, having had a hard day's fishing.

"After I had slept about an hour I woke up, cold and shivering, though there was a fire in the room.

"The fire-place was an old open one; there was a high marble chimney-piece; on the side opposite to me was an old arm-chair; the fire was just going out, flickering up sometimes for a moment into a bright glare, then dying down again. I was still half asleep, and turned lazily round to the light, such as it was, as sleepy people do; something odd and new seemed there, and I woke up thoroughly.

"I looked hard across to the fire again, and rubbed my eyes to assure myself I was really awake. A man was sitting in the arm-chair; his face was white and ghastly, so much I could see; he had on a full wig, with long, formal curls; and a sudden flare up the grate showed me his embroidered coat, long-flapped waistcoat, and knee-breeches; his lips moved, and his lower jaw worked convulsively.

"I called out to him, asking what on earth he was doing there. There was no answer, and the fire suddenly went nearly out; I called again; there was no answer still; I waited a few moments, but then the fire blazed up anew, and showed me the figure, no longer sitting in the chair, but leaning against the mantle-piece, looking down into the fire.

"And now I thought I could see through the figure, but not distinctly, for he was between me and the seat of the chair; and while I could see its back plainly I could just distinguish the outline of the seat as through a thick fog.

"I summoned up all my courage, jumped out of bed, and walked up to the figure; as I did so it, or he, took no notice of me, but looked still at the fire, muttering; I thought I heard the words, 'did not do it.'

"I walked up to it, into it, through it—nothing opposed me; but the muttering ceased; a fog seemed to hang round me, and a clammy chill made my skin creep, while a faint, sickly taste and smell made me throw myself almost fainting into the chair, and close my eyes for the moment.

"I soon recovered, and looked steadily at the place where the figure had been; it had disappeared, and in its place was a thin white smoke, distinct and moving, but very slowly and gradually; before my eyes, as I gazed on it, through the varying light, it gathered itself into the figure of a man as before. I rushed through it again, breaking it up completely; again I felt the clammy chill, the sickly taste; again I saw the broken fog round me.

"I plunged into bed and buried myself in the clothes. At last I heard the clock strike three; I ventured to look up; the fire had gone out, and nothing could be seen; but while listening intently I thought I could hear a low muttering.

"I remember nothing more; I must have fallen asleep, for I was roused by a servant knocking at the door, and I found that it was bright daylight, and that there was no man to be seen.

"You may imagine that I never slept in that room again."

## BALL IN PARIS.

Among the social gatherings of Paris the balls given by the Prefect of the Seine in the splendid saloons of the Hotel de Ville, have always been held as most important and magnificent. Not to be present at these is to be in disgrace in the fashionable circles. Among the company present are many members of the nobility, senators, councilors of state, deputies, officers of the army, wealthy financiers, distinguished foreigners, and a considerable sprinkling of the literary and artistic world of Paris. On arriving within the court-yard the visitor ascends a flight of steps which conducts him to a spacious hall; leaving the temporary vestiary, on his right, and passing beneath a handsome festoon of crimson drapery, he enters an ante-chamber, where some half a dozen soldiers (the Garde de Paris) mount guard. On his left are three elegant flights of stairs, at the foot of which are two Swiss in *grande tenue*, who, every time a distinguished personage passes them, strike the ends of their halberds, with a sharp ringing sound, upon the ground. The staircase is lined on each side by shrubs and flowers; and at the upper part is a large saloon, in the centre of which stands the Prefect of the Seine and his wife, surrounded by a very few intimate friends. On passing through this room each guest, as a matter of course, makes his bow to the host and hostess of the evening.

Strolling through a series of elegantly-decorated saloons, the visitors arrive at the grand Galerie des Fêtes, the subject of our illustration on page 221. This gallery, which is the principal ball-room, is lighted by no less than eight-and-twenty chandeliers, in each of which are one hundred wax-candles. The orchestra, which occupies a gallery at the end of the apartment, numbers 125 performers. The Galerie des Fêtes is supported on each side by fourteen massive stone pillars, and contains thirteen large arched windows. It is decorated with flags and flowers; the curtains are of crimson velvet, looped up with gold tassels and trimmed with gold fringe and braid. At the upper end, in an adjoining saloon, a buffet is established. At the side opposite the windows a number of lofty doorways give access to a suit of salons, in the midst of which is a beautiful conservatory filled with numbers of rare exotic plants in full bloom. The number of guests present at the ordinary receptions is about 2400; on particular occasions, when the balls assume the character of state receptions, double this number of invitations are issued.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

"The Ladies of our household endorse it as unrivaled."—Burnett's Cocoaine for the Hair, and Flavoring Extracts for Cooking purposes.—*Home Journal.*

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Taken without *Taste* or *Smell*, by using

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Containing pure Medicines of very best quality.
Such as:

| | |
|---|---|
| Castor oil, | Citrate of iron and quinine, |
| Cod-liver oil, | Oil of turpentine, |
| Cod-liver oil with quinine, | Norwegian tar, |
| Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron, | And all other nauseous medicines. |

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

**Cupidity vs. Medical Science.**

An inordinate desire for wealth has induced some persons, strange as it may appear, to engage in the manufacture of certain poisonous preparations styled "Worm Lozenges," or "Worm Confections." It is due to those having the care of children, for whom the confections are specially manufactured, to know that, in a majority of cases, they contain a peculiar colorless, inodorous, tasteless principle, called Santonine, in which resides the virtue of the so-called worm exterminator. The liability of administering fatal overdoses of this drug is apparent when the manner of making the lozenges or confections is exposed. A given quantity of the medicine is handed to the confectioner, with instructions to incorporate it in a mass of paste, and divide it into so many lozenges—each one *supposed* to contain the proper dose for a child, according to its age. Any one can see that it can not be expected of a man entirely ignorant of the nature of medicinal agents, and, moreover, totally disqualified, to make that careful distribution of ingredients exactly uniform throughout the mass, which the nature of the case imperatively demands. Consequently the dangerous catch-pennies are turned out, not only unreliable, but absolutely hurtful and dangerous to health and life. Some one of them may contain a quadruple dose, while many of them together are without a single grain of medicine. The one is fatal, the other entirely without effect of any description. True and intelligent medical science, however, offers a uniform, reliable, safe, and certainly efficacious remedy for the expulsion of intestinal worms, in the long-established preparation known as Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. All others are, in comparison, worthless, if not positively dangerous.

None genuine without the signature of
[12.] FLEMING BROS.

**HIRAM WOODRUFF ON THE TROTTING HORSE,**

**AND HOW TO TRAIN AND DRIVE HIM.**

Notice is hereby given that WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES in its next week's number (April 2) commences a reprint of the remarkable series of articles which were written by Hiram Woodruff on the Trotting Horse, and how to Train and Drive Him, which were commenced in the SPIRIT about two years ago. These articles will be regularly continued to the end; and the work, which was not wholly finished at the time of Hiram Woodruff's death, will be completed from notes and memoranda furnished by him shortly previous to his decease.

Agents will please enlarge their orders in advance, as the great popularity of the work will require a large amount of the first number. The first chapter will be preceded by a very interesting and graphic sketch of Hiram's life.

P. S.—Owners of horses throughout the United States, whether subscribers to the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES or not, are hereby notified that the SPIRIT has a regular department established in its columns, which is placed under the charge of a distinguished veterinary professor, whose duty it is to receive questions as to the ailments or injuries of horses, and to answer in print, in connection with the question, how they should be treated for a cure. These prescriptions are given gratis, and thus every person who buys a copy of the SPIRIT, or who subscribes by the year, has at his command a Horse Doctor Free. Price of subscription, $5 a year. Address GEO. WILKES, Editor and Proprietor, 201 William Street, New York.

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Because in each one of the very numerous parts of which a watch is made up we attain, by mechanical power, nearly *absolute* mathematical precision and uniformity, making every watch of any one style a true copy of its model.

This similarity in structure reduces the cost of production; it secures uniformity in results; it *infallibly* perpetuates and diffuses any excellence that may be once achieved, and makes it easy to repair any injury sustained, or replace any part that may be lost or destroyed.

In addition to these mechanical advantages, our Watches are simpler in structure, and therefore stronger and less likely to be injured than foreign watches.

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Under the Hardest Trials Watches can have is shown by the following Letter:

PENN. RAILROAD COMPANY.

Office of the General Superintendent,
Altoona, Pa., Dec. 16, 1866.

*GENTLEMEN*,—THE WATCHES MANUFACTURED BY YOU HAVE BEEN IN USE ON THIS RAILROAD FOR SEVERAL YEARS BY OUR ENGINEMEN, TO WHOM WE FURNISH WATCHES AS PART OF OUR EQUIPMENT. THERE ARE NOW SOME THREE HUNDRED OF THEM CARRIED ON OUR LINE, AND WE CONSIDER THEM GOOD AND RELIABLE TIMEKEEPERS. INDEED, I HAVE GREAT SATISFACTION IN SAYING YOUR WATCHES GIVE US LESS TROUBLE, AND HAVE WORN AND DO WEAR MUCH LONGER WITHOUT REPAIRS, THAN ANY WATCHES WE HAVE EVER HAD IN USE ON THIS ROAD. AS YOU ARE AWARE, WE FORMERLY TRUSTED TO THOSE OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURE, OF ACKNOWLEDGED GOOD REPUTATION; BUT AS A CLASS THEY NEVER KEPT TIME AS CORRECTLY, NOR HAVE THEY DONE AS GOOD SERVICE, AS YOURS.

IN THESE STATEMENTS I AM SUSTAINED BY MY PREDECESSOR, MR. LEWIS, WHOSE EXPERIENCE EXTENDED OVER A SERIES OF YEARS.

RESPECTFULLY,
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.
AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY, *WALTHAM.*

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1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

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Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

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A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

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Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

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North Danville, Caledonia Co., Vt., *Jan.* 9, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

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Yours truly, Mrs. J. H. Sanborn, Agent.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4 lbs. Imperial Gr. Tea | H. A. Kelsey | 1 25 | 5 00 |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson, gr. | Charles Varney | 50 | 1 00 |
| 5 lbs. French Bkft. Cof. | Charles Varney | 30 | 1 50 |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson, gr. | F. W. Green | 50 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. " " " | D. P. Chase | 50 | 50 |
| 1 lb. " " " | J. W. Bickford | 50 | 50 |
| 1 lb. Imperial | J. W. Bickford | 50 | 50 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson, gr. | M. A. Stevens | 50 | 50 |
| 1 lb. " " | A. A. Finley | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial Green | J. A. Webster | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson | P. C. Sanborn | 50 | 50 |
| 2 lbs. French Bkft. Cof. | A. W. Hawkins | 30 | 60 |
| 1 lb. Imperial Green | J. W. Bickford | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. " " | M. Stevens | 50 | 50 |
| 1 lb. " " | S. W. Sprague | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| Carried up | | | $18 35 |
| Brought up | | | $18 35 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial Green | G. E. Sias | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. " " | S. N. Hubbell | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | H. Weeks | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. " " | M. Bray | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial Green | M. Bray | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. " " | John Williams | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson | John Williams | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. " " | J. P. Hill | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Imperial Green | J. P. Hill | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. French Bkft. Cof. | Mrs. J. H. Sanborn | 30 | 30 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial Green | Mr. J. H. Sanborn | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. " " | F. Blanchard | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson, gr. | F. Blanchard | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Imperial | G. H. Bickford | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Gunpowder, best | G. H. Bickford | 1 50 | 1 50 |
| Total | | | $43 15 |

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

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☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

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A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, for use by Hand or Foot, at $25.

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MODE of CREATION, Atlantic Gold Fields, Giving while Living, The Fishes in Convention, Carboniferous and Glacial Periods, Signs of Health—in April No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL; 20 cts., $2 a year. Ask your newsman for it. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

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## SURE PILE CURE.

Dr. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, Manager,
575 Broadway, New York.

**READ!**

West Winfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—Dear Sir: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, Nathaniel Tompkins.

171 Water Street, Greenpoint, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. Abraham Myers.

34 South Ninth Street, Williamsburg, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. Corwin.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., Wm. E. Chapin, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

Cincinnati, *November* 1, 1866.—Mr. J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, Griffin Taylor, M.D.

Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry, New York, *April* 20, 1866.

Dr. Gilbert,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, Benjamin Demilt, Ferry Master.

De Camp Hospital, N.Y.H., David's Island, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, Lewis Graves, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

Great advantage derived by exhausted and weak persons from the use of

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Beverage of Health.

Since the recent introduction of this celebrated HEALTH BEVERAGE, the approval of American Science, as well as of the Public, is so unanimous, that HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT begins to become as popular here as in Europe.

It is recommended to weak persons generally, and for ladies of delicate constitution especially (also to ladies nursing, or after exhausting sickness); and, as a proof of its efficacy in such cases, we publish extracts, of a few city letters to Mr. Hoff of Berlin, or to Hoff's Depot for America, No. 542 Broadway:

New York, *Jan.* 9, 1867.

Dear Mr. Hoff,—my physician has advised my wife to use your Malt Extract instead of porter or ale, and she is much benefited by it. Please to send again, &c. J. Heller, 168 Lexington Avenue.

New York, *Jan.* 26, 1867.

Dear Mr. Hoff,—The best results were produced on the suffering condition of my lady by your Malt Extract Beverage of Health. John Zettler. No. 168 East Twelfth St.

New York, *Jan.* 25, 1867.

Mr. Hoff,—I am obliged to say that my lady is greatly benefited by the use of your Malt Extract. It is not only a very pleasant beverage, but also a very efficacious one, and strengthens the stomach as well as the nerves and the whole system. [Follows order.] C. P. Wagner, 273 Ninth Avenue.

To Hoff's Depot, 542 Broadway.

New York, *Jan.* 26, 1867.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for the wonderful effects of your Malt Extract. Since six years I suffered greatly feom general weakness, but the nourishing matters of your Beverage of Health have given me new strength. Please to send, &c. Karline Schade. 106 Ludlow St.

**Price Six Dollars Per Dozen.**

One dozen and upward delivered to any part of this city and suburbs free of charge.

Sold by the principal druggists and grocers.

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HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES. A charming, perfect, natural color for the cheeks, lips, or nails. Does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years; and can not be detected. Price $1 18, by mail, secure from observation. Address HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.

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Is free from danger. It will diffuse a delicious perfume when required. Sent postpaid for $1 00 by O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau Street, New York.

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Black Crook Dancing Girls, pictures beautifully colored, 3 for $1. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

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First Premium and Improved, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863, with crimping attachment. This wonderful Sewing Machine sews with double or single thread of all kinds, making sixteen stitches to each evolution of the wheel. It is the most simple to *understand.* Swift, Easy, and Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured. Has stood the test of years, and used by thousands of families.

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## CHECKS.

PATENT COMPRESSED IVORY, 1½ inch, 300 white, 200 red, 100 blue, with Splits, Markers, and Coppers Complete, $72 per set. 1¼ inch, $10 per 100. No orders filled unless accompanied with a deposit. WM. M. WELLING (sign Golden Elephant), 571 Broadway, Opposite Metropolitan Hotel.


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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

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The Reverend Augustine Cope, our High Church Clergyman, has ordered a Set of Vestments. His pretty Cousins waylay the Parcel, and Dress themselves up in order to astonish Mr. Augustine. The Reverend young Gentleman is "Grieved to find that they have no respect for Solemn Things."

THE NEW ERA.

General Wade Hampton (*to influential colored voter*). "Of course you'll *Dine* with me on Thursday?"

Colored Voter. "Not on Phursday, Massa Hampton. On Phursday I'se promised to *Sleep* with Massa Pinckney."


## Thos. Russell & Son,

Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.
A. W. RUSSELL, 57 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, Sole Agent.

D.D.& Co's SOFT CAPSULES.
See Advertisement Inside.

**CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.**
UPHAM'S FRESH-MEAT CURE cures CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, and all LUNG DISEASES. $1 a bottle by express. Circulars sent to any address by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists.

## LAMB KNITTING MACHINE

The only *Family Machine* that sets up its own work, knits all sizes, widens and narrows, knits the heel into the stocking, and narrows off the toe complete—producing all varieties of knit goods, from an infant's stocking, mitten, or glove to a lady's shawl or hood.

It is *simple*, *durable*, and *easily operated*. Agents wanted. Send for a circular and sample of work. Address (inclosing stamp)
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## Wright's Alconated Glycerine Tablet

Supersedes the use of all lotions and enamels used for the complexion. A single trial will convince. Order of your Druggist.

THE NEW EDITION—Revised and Enlarged, of WELLS'S EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER, and Business Form Book, is now ready. It will be sent postpaid on receipt of $2. Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers Street, New York.

## MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP
WITH
## SAPONIFIER.

Only 2 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Be particular in asking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions are attached to every package. All that is required is an iron kettle holding one or two gallons. For sale at every grocery store.

## Kaldenberg & Son,

The most extensive manufacturers, and only exhibitors to the PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867, of

Genuine Meerschaum Pipes,

Holders, &c., cut to order and repaired. Send Stamp for Circular. The finest Meerschaums, and *lower* than any other house.

**No. 6 John Street, near Broadway.**

DRUNKENNESS radically cured by Dr. James Clark's Salvation Powders. Can be given unknown in wine, tea, &c. Sent any where on receipt of price, $1 per box. Depot, 433 Hudson St., New York.

## Fashions for 1867.

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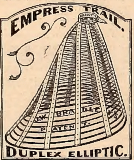
**DUPLEX ELLIPTIC**
(or double)
**SPRING SKIRTS.**

Will not BEND or BREAK like the SINGLE SPRINGS, but will PRESERVE their PERFECT and GRACEFUL SHAPE, where other SKIRTS are thrown aside as USELESS!




See the Fashion Magazines and Opinions of the Press PROCLAIMING the great Superiority of the DUPLEX ELLIPTIC (or double) SPRING SKIRTS, which have now become the STANDARD SKIRT of the FASHIONABLE WORLD.

At Wholesale by the exclusive manufacturers and sole owners of the Patent,
WESTS, BRADLEY & CARY,
97 Chambers and 79 & 81 Reade Sts., New York.
For Sale in all First Class Stores in this City and throughout the United States and Elsewhere.

At Reduced Rates.
POLLAK & SON,
Manufact'rs of Meerschaum goods, 692 Broadway, n. 4th St., N.Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular.

THE
## HOWE MACHINE
CO.'S SEWING MACHINES,
No. 699 Broadway, New York,
FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE LOCK STITCH

THESE WORLD-RENOWNED SEWING MACHINES were awarded the highest premium at the World's Fair in London, and six first premiums at the New York State Fair of 1866, and are celebrated for doing the best work, using a much smaller needle for the same thread than any other machine.

They are made under the immediate supervision of the President of the Company, ELIAS HOWE, Jr., original inventor of the Sewing Machine, *and are adapted to all kinds of sewing.*

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PECK & SEYMOUR, 18 Gold St., New York

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Successors to MERWIN & BRAY,
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*Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds;* Shot-Guns, English, German, and American, of the most approved patterns.

*Sole Agents* for the well-known breech-loading Ballard Rifles, Military and Sporting Styles.

Eagle Arms Co.'s *front-loading* cartridge Pistols—Navy and Pocket Sizes—which require but 4 motions to load and discharge: a degree of perfection *never* before attained.

Also Sole Agents for the celebrated Whitney Revolvers and Shot-Guns—*Homogeneous Barrels.*

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MERWIN & SIMPKINS, 262 Broadway, N. Y.

**MERCHANTS, BANKERS.**
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.
ASSORTMENT LARGE, AND PRICES LOW.
**DEVLIN & CO.,**
Broadway, Corner of Grand Street;
Broadway, Corner of Warren St., New York.

I. E. WALRAVEN,
686 Broadway, NEW YORK. 719 Chestnut St., PHILADELPHIA.

**$30,000.** For a Fortune, and no Deception, address HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Massachusetts.

**THE SLOCUM REVOLVER.**

Made by the Brooklyn Arms Co., Manufacturers of *Sporting Rifles, Rifle-Barrels, Percussion Nipples,* &c. Sole Agent, GEO. A. HICKCOX, No. 73 Beekman Street, New York.

OLD EYES MADE NEW *easily* and without doctor or medicines. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents.
Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

COMFORT AND CURE FOR THE RUPTURED. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, author of Medical Common Sense, &c.
No. 1130 Broadway, New York.

GUFFROY'S COD LIVER DRAGÉES.

**Sugar-Coated Pills of Cod-Liver EXTRACT, not OIL.**

PILULÆ EXTRACTI JECORIS ASELLI.
WARRANTED WITHOUT TASTE, AND NOT TO DISAGREE WITH THE MOST DELICATE STOMACH.
More economical, agreeable, and efficient than Cod-Liver Oil.

**Approved by the Imperial Medical Academy, Paris. Used in English and American Hospitals. Authorized by the Imperial Medical Council, St. Petersburg.**

M. WARD, CLOSE & CO., New York, Wholesale Agents for the U. S. For sale by Caswell & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel; J. Neergaard, Broadway, cor. Twenty-seventh St.; J. & I. Coddington, Broadway, cor. Washington Place; J. Milhau & Son, 183 Broadway; E. McIntyre, Broadway, cor. Eighteenth St.; Chas. Seidel, 64 Sixth Avenue; Wm. M. Somerville, 205 Bleecker St.; A. H. Bender, Third Avenue, near One Hundred and Twenty-seventh St., at New York; W. F. Phillips & Co., Portland; Reed, Cutler & Co., Boston; Elliott, White & Co., Philadelphia; A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore; F. E. Suire & Co., Cincinnati; Lord & Smith, Chicago; Richardson & Co., St. Louis; Jenks & Gordon, St. Pauls, Minnesota. *Send for a Circular.*

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 537.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CERES.

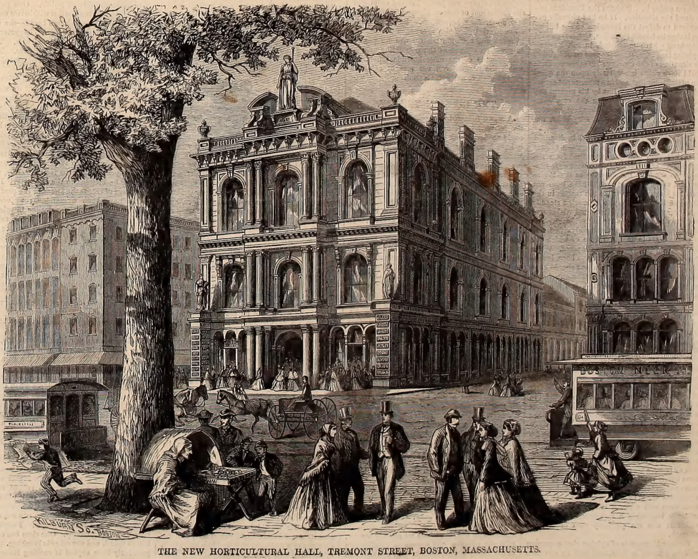
## HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society is entitled to the credit of being the pioneer association of this kind in the country. Our ancestors were very anxious to introduce English fruits and vegetables here, and at Boston they established "the Governor's Garden" in the second year of the settlement. In later times the great merchants, such as the Faneuils and Hancocks, were always importing choice trees and plants for their gardens. Still nothing was done by systematic labor until 1829, when sixteen gentlemen of Boston and vicinity held a meeting and organized the present Society. It was incorporated June 12, 1829, and was a success from its commencement. The chief originator and promoter of the scheme was the late General Henry A. S. Dearborn. At the same time the estate of Mount Auburn was purchased at the suggestion of Dr. Jacob Bigelow by the gentlemen forming the Society, and the first rural cemetery was here established. The two corporations were afterward separated; but the Horticultural Society retained an interest which has been a large source of income to it.

FLORA.

In May, 1845, the Society, having purchased the old Latin School estate in School Street, Boston, erected a hall there. It was found necessary, however, to obtain more ample accommodations as the influence and operations of the Society increased; and despite the fears of some it was decided to purchase the site on Tremont Street, now covered by the new building, of which we give an engraving in this issue. This result was due to the perseverance of the President, C. M. Hovey, Esq., aided by the exertions of Messrs. Stickney, Whitmore, and Hunnewell of the Building Committee. A plan by G. J. F. Bryant and

POMONA.



THE NEW HORTICULTURAL HALL, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

A. Gilman was adopted, the design being in accordance with that used in the modern public buildings in France. The building, which is constructed of white Concord granite, fronts on Tremont Street, and covers the lot between Bromfield Street and Montgomery Place. The lower floor is devoted to stores, the second story contains a nall 51 by 57 feet and 17 feet high, with various apartments for the use of the Society. The third story contains a grand Exhibition Hall, 50 by 77 feet, and 26 feet high. The building is justly regarded as an ornament to the city, and will probably lead not only to a more general use of the beautiful material of which it is constructed, but to a wider employment of the art of the statuary as a mode of decorating public edifices.

The exterior of the building is ornamented by three large statues cut in white granite. The subjects of these are "Ceres," "Pomona," and "Flora," and were selected by Messrs. C. O. Whitmore, H. H. Hunnewell, and B. P. Cheney, who generously presented the statues when completed to the Society. The execution was intrusted to Martin Millmore, a young pupil of Thomas Ball, and was carefully supervised by Turner Sargent, Esq., a gentleman of acknowledged taste in matters of art. The material used was white granite from Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, and it presented great difficulties in the mechanical execution. These were happily surmounted, and the figures possess a lightness and grace almost incompatible with our idea of granite. The engravings afford a very good idea of these charming productions.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 13, 1867.


## ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has adjourned until July, and unless a quorum is then present it will not again assemble until December. This short opening session has been marked by one important measure and one significant event: the Supplementary Reconstruction bill, and the virtual abandonment of the impeachment project.

The Supplementary bill was well digested, and it was passed into a law over the veto with dignity and unanimity. The President evidently means to give it a fair trial. He said to a Virginia delegation which came to ask if there were no hope of evading its operation, that while he had, as they knew, heartily opposed the bill it was now the law of the land which he must execute, and that the best thing they could do for themselves and for him was to go home and organize under it. Perhaps the President understood the situation. If he had virtually endeavored to defeat the intention of the bill by perplexing its honest operation, Congress would undoubtedly have proceeded, in Mr. Banks's imposing language, "to take into consideration the situation of the country;" in other words, it would have acted immediately upon the question of impeachment, and in a manner not agreeable to the President. But by his prompt and satisfactory action, appointing the very commanders who would probably have been selected by Congress, he showed a sagacity which nobody had a right to expect.

It was this action which, we think, disposed for the present of the impeachment—a subject which has been utterly mismanaged from the beginning. If a caucus of the House were necessary to consider the question as the House thought, every member should have been put upon his honor not to move the matter in the House until it was ready to be carried steadily to a successful result. Hopes and wishes and surmises and suspicions are not evidence. The subject should have been thoroughly sifted, and no charges made in the House of which the House was not sure that it had the proof. When they were made they should have been immediately referred. The Committee should have promptly reported. The impeachment should have been unanimously carried, and the trial have begun without delay.

Now as a matter of fact there seems to have been no evidence whatever beyond the general conduct of the President, which was fully known to the country, and upon which it has not demanded his impeachment. Technical arguments have been made, and the President has been denounced for his familiar offenses, but the orators have not been able to disturb the sensible conviction of the country that, under the circumstances, and without denying the fact of usurpation of powers, it was not expedient to impeach the President. It was felt that there was a better remedy for the difficulty, and it has been found. The President has been made practically powerless for mischief even if he designed it, and the country has been spared the angry conclusion of the debate, which must inevitably have arisen upon the point of suspension of powers during the trial. Congress has done wisely in obeying the inspiration of public feeling upon this subject, and in abstaining from a perilous work of supererogation. It would have been still wiser if it had refrained from officially beginning a movement of this kind which it was not perfectly sure of carrying through.

Senator Sumner is of opinion that a quorum will be present in July, and that he can then press his new bill establishing universal suffrage. But we doubt if the fact will justify his opinion unless some extraordinary event should happen in the mean while. The country needs rest. Every interest demands it. The chances of danger have passed; and we may now safely watch and wait the process of reconstruction.

## THE PRESIDENT AND THE ASSASSINATION.

In the shameful and angry debate between Mr. Bingham and General Butler upon the alleged mutilation of Booth's memorandum-book, General Butler very plainly insinuated a charge against the President so horrible that, unless the General can justify himself, it will recoil upon him with fatal force. Speaking of the leaves which are said to be missing, General Butler is reported to have said:

> "The point which I make, and the point which should stand made before the country, is, that all the testimony was not before that tribunal. If all the testimony had been presented we should have been able to pursue the accomplices and to find out who it was that changed Booth's purpose from capture to assassination—who it was that was to profit by the assassination, and that would not profit by the capture of Mr. Lincoln—who it was that should succeed to Mr. Lincoln in case the bullet made a vacancy."

This is an unmistakable insinuation that the President of the United States was an accomplice in the assassination of his predecessor. It is not the first time that it has been suggested, but it should be the last. If General Butler has any thing which can fairly be called evidence he should have laid it before the Judiciary Committee, and have kept his lips sealed until the Committee reported. If he has such evidence would he not have given it to the Committee, and would not the Committee have reported before Congress adjourned? If he has not such evidence, or some other reason for believing the President an assassin than the fact that he would obtain office by the murder, will not General Butler have justly earned the censure due to all men who allow party zeal to stimulate them to infamous aspersions of their opponents? We are as sincerely opposed to the policy of the President as General Butler can be. Upon proper evidence we believe his impeachment and removal would be as easy as his election was. But we do not believe that the opposition to the President and his policy is in the least strengthened—on the contrary, it is most seriously weakened—by insinuations of atrocious crime.

The dominant party in this country is founded upon immutable principles, and its general policy is humane and just. For the welfare of the nation and of human liberty it ought to retain power for a generation. But if it would do so it must admonish every man who aspires to speak and act for it that it will not pardon so grave an offense as the imputation against an opponent of the most horrible crime, for which the accuser can not present evidence enough even to authorize a trial.

## THE RUSSIAN TREATY.

A more inopportune moment than this for the territorial expansion of the United States could not have been found; and it would hardly have been suggested except by an Administration conscious that it has forfeited the approval of the country and casting about to devise some appeal to that vulgar sense of national honor which mistakes size for splendor. The sale of Russian America to the United States for seven millions of dollars would be undoubtedly a good thing for Russia; but that it would be equally desirable for us is not evident. It is a territory covering some four hundred thousand square miles, and is inhabited by sixty or a hundred thousand people, half of whom are Esquimaux; and it would be practically a remote colony, with a foreign population. The advantages to us are the control of the fisheries and the fur trade; but the continuity of our coast line would be interrupted by that of the British possessions, a territory which Great Britain would not care to relinquish, but which would necessarily expose the friendly relations of this country and England to disturbance.

The practical question is, whether it is wise at this time to enlarge our territory in any direction and at such an expense. If the advantage be decided, the sum is insignificant. If it merely secures more territory, it is extravagant. The rule which, in the present alienated condition of a part of the country, should govern the policy of extension is not hard to discover. Mere expansion is undesirable. The acquisition of a population foreign in origin and civilization is not an advantage. The annexation of Mexico, for instance, would be bad policy. The question which we should ask in all such cases is, will the proposed increase of territory tend to strengthen the national unity? The national power is already established. That is beyond question. The advantages of trade can always be secured by us upon the footing of the most favored nations; and that should be enough, except for great and decisive reasons.

Now with the area which we already occupy, with the constant and enormous immigration of the European population upon the east and of the Asiatic upon the west, and with the harsh and abnormal feeling of a large section of the country held by military power, any further expansion, any increased immigration or absorption of still another race does not seem to us to tend to strength but to weakness. We have great faith in the resources of the country, in our power of assimilation, and in the educative and elastic character of our political system. But there is no need of overloading the train nor of straining an unquestionable strength. The Union may safely increase with the advance of all methods of communication and with the growth of national feeling, but not otherwise. When the Constitution was formed, Portland or Falmouth was practically further from the seat of government than San Francisco is now. Steam, in its various applications, and the telegraph in the material world, and perfect freedom of speech and trade in the political and social world, are the agents which, by bringing every part of the country close to every other, facilitate greater actual expansion. But true statesmanship will secure what we already have before seeking for more. When these agencies, which have never been properly applied to this Union, but which will have fair play in the new epoch upon which we have entered, have welded our present territory and population firmly together, we may wisely consider the expediency of further expansion.

The advantage of obtaining a large territory with a population of Esquimaux is certainly not very striking, even with the added control of the fisheries and the fur trade. The sea line of our authority upon both oceans is now uninterrupted. To interrupt it would be to admit an opportunity of trouble. Russian America does not complete our Pacific line unless we obtain British Columbia and Vancouver's Island; and if it did, of what special value is a completed Pacific line at this time? The willingness of Russia is in harmony with her wise policy of an American alliance. Alone of all great foreign powers she pursued a sagacious course during our war, and her statesmanship wisely continues it. Undoubtedly, also, it is our "manifest destiny" ultimately to rule the continent; but that is no reason why we should immediately annex Mexico, or make war upon Canada, or buy Russian America. Before we enlarge our borders let us thoroughly organize our present possessions.

## LEADERSHIP.

It is remarkable that a man who is reputed to be so clever as General Butler should have made such a mistake in the very beginning of his Congressional career. A body like Congress has laws which can no more be defied or disregarded than the laws of the physical body. One of these is instinctive rejection of an assumption of leadership. Nothing is said about it. Nothing even may be intended. The new Member who undertakes to lead may be of superior ability, and may have the qualities of a leader; but if he openly and immediately assumes to direct—to use a homely phrase—his comb will be cut close in a moment.

General Butler came to Congress fresh from his impeachment argument before Legislatures and Lyceums. He was wholly committed to a certain policy, and to a measure which was already under consideration. He came also, we are inclined to think, under an illusion as to his real position. His services in the war are unquestioned. There is nobody who does not concede that at the time he was in New Orleans he was the right man in the right place, and that his early movements in Maryland were of incalculable importance and value to the country. But his subsequent career did not deepen public confidence in him nor enhance his own fame. Still it is always pleasant to see a man of real ability who declines to be put down, and who opposes himself positively and steadily to a current of depreciation and even of ridicule.

The General sneered a little in Congress at the press; but no man is more indebted to it—no man has taken more vigilant care that what he said and did should be promptly communicated to his countrymen. Indeed, Mr. Parton's book represents him in the brightest colors; and his name has become, by the incessant echo of the press, one of the most familiar among current celebrities. But his weight, his influence, are not proportioned to his conspicuous name. We should say that the popular feeling in regard to the General is, that he heartily believes in Butler and is "a right smart feller." We doubt if there is that general confidence in his sagacity and singleness of purpose which would make a wise counselor or a safe legislator in such times as these.

When he came to Congress, therefore, he should have remembered modesty. If he felt that he could lead, he should have waited to give the House an opportunity of discovering it also. He should have reflected that, among a hundred and fifty men of various talent and ambition, there were many who would claim a precedence of longer service, and who would not concede without a fair trial the palm of ability. He should have known that every popular assembly instinctively resents the supremacy of a stranger, and that it is only, first, by learning and then by humoring its general character and tendency that it can be won to follow. Whether, therefore, as is generally understood, General Butler, on the day that the Congressional caucus met, was one of a secret and select clique which had arranged to control the meeting of the evening, or whether he came into the caucus hoping to carry it by a *coup de main*, the result was inevitably the same. He aroused a hostility which he could not placate, and from that moment all his efforts failed. Congress adjourns, and his prestige is lessened.

Indeed every public man should attentively study the signs of the times in regard to leadership. The country is so thoroughly aroused, that the common school is at last telling distinctly upon the situation in the general intelligence with which public questions are discussed, and in the perfect independence of leadership. Let any student of politics and of this country contemplate the present position of Mr. Seward and of his friend Mr. Weed. Let him remember the last Mayoralty election, when the *Tribune* endeavored to lead the Union party to the support of Mr. Hecker; or the Doolittle Convention of last year, when the *Times* labored to show that the Union party did not understand its own principles and purposes. We might mention other illustrations, but they are familiar to every body. They all show that there is a firm and intelligent public purpose in our present politics, which can not be kept back nor forced forward; and that purpose might well strike other nations with dismay if it were not exactly what it is—namely, a resolution not to blow out the lights of experience, but to reap the harvest of the war by founding the National Union upon justice.

## THE FINANCIAL SKY.

The troublers of the Erie "pool" have stumbled into the Slough of Despond. Their discomfiture was predicted weeks ago in the financial articles of this paper. We hinted—by no means obscurely—of certain stock manipulations among the brokers which were destined to bring disaster upon those who suffered themselves to be caught in their meshes; and it will soon be discovered that other fabrics besides Erie will fall with a crash; other parties besides Huyck & Co. will be troubled with the ague. Indeed, the amount of money already lost by brokers and others since the first of January in consequence of the tumble in stocks would pay for all the improvements which New York will require for twenty years. We can mention instances that come to our personal knowledge daily, which would of themselves astonish the uninitiated public. One popular and successful author has lost within two months his entire profits upon three books—the earnings of two years of toil. A clergyman has nearly impoverished himself and wife. These are specimens of the lesser misfortunes. Those familiar with the "street" are acquainted with all these facts.

It is not our object to publish sensational articles. We wish to utter words of warning in season, counseling retrenchment and economy, so that by watchful preparation the people may avert financial disasters. If our predictions should even prove untrue, they will do no harm, if they do no good—as they say of Brandreth's Pills.

Nor are these monetary embarrassments by any means confined to Wall Street. The condition of general business is not healthy, whatever may be claimed to the contrary. In the single item of cotton the losses of the past three months have been tremendous; $6,000,000 will not cover them. The decline in price has been from 37 to 28½ for low middling, rallying for a day or two to 32, and then dropping away down to 26½. In dry goods, a few leading houses have done a large *credit* business, it is true, and there has been talk of a marked improvement; but those who have done nothing will find themselves the best off in the end. Five months ago rumors of the failure of two of our wealthiest houses filled the Street. They fortunately proved untrue; but this does not alter the fact that the trade is suffering. Who will tell how many small concerns have obtained extensions this year?

In the grain and provision business, too, there was a decided improvement a few days ago; but it was only spasmodic, and the gain bears trifling proportion to previous losses.

It is for the interest of leading merchants to grant extensions to their debtors when they become embarrassed; and equally so to conceal their debtor's position from the public, because his own credit suffers if it becomes known. By thus keeping the public in ignorance a crisis is postponed. We are inclined, however, to believe that commercial affairs are in a tolerably sound condition, and hope for the best.

No one will deny the prevailing stagnation in business. All the smaller industries are suffering. Laborers are demanding higher wages; housekeepers are clubbing to reduce the exorbitant rents. Owners of real estate are throwing their property upon the market, hoping to sell at figures which they can not expect to realize a few months hence. People have ceased spending money. One class has nothing left to spend, and the other is hoarding. Comparatively little capital is seeking investment.

What do these signs portend? Is the panic of April, 1864, to be repeated? Is there to be any serious distress at all? If not, why the present weight of anxiety that presses upon the public like an incubus?

It is comforting, however, amidst the present uncertainty, to mark one gleam of light through the gloom. It is the stability of the gold market and the confidence of the people in the Government. Gold has hardly fluctuated one per cent. for days at a time, and if its changes have been marked at all, it has only been when some senseless measure for tinkering the currency has been brought before Congress. Government securities are firm, and rule higher abroad now than ever. National bank-notes will last as long as the bonds are good, and the bonds will be good so long as the Treasury keeps itself supplied with a purse of ready cash. It is unfortunate, however, that there was not some leading spirit of eminent financial abilities in Congress to provide, before its adjournment, a panacea for all our financial ills.

## CONNECTICUT.

Our friends in Connecticut fought gallantly, and their defeat is not a disaster. Whatever their doubts and hesitations might have been hitherto they unrolled the banner of fair play for all men, the cause to which the future belongs, and they have been defeated upon a principle for which they can not be ashamed, and which will vindicate itself at the next opportunity.

Of course the result is not pleasant, although it is of no especial significance. A Democratic majority of three or four hundred does not show that the general sentiment of the people has really changed; and that a State which, two years ago refused, by three or four thousand majority, to adopt an amendment equalizing suffrage should now come within a few hundred votes of carrying the election upon a platform of equal rights is a most remarkable and cheering sign.

Connecticut is always a very close State. Of its 90,000 registered voters about 25,000 are foreigners. Its native young men emigrate to other parts of the country, and its interests are constantly becoming less agricultural and more manufacturing. The Democratic candidates did not hesitate to declare for an eight-hours' law, and every thing was done by the Democratic orators to divert the mind of the people from the great national questions and to fix it upon local and temporary issues.

It would therefore be a serious error to interpret the result as a significant break in the Union line. That is, indeed, practically impossible. The current may dally and swerve but it will never flow backward. The mind and heart of the American people are set upon the overthrow of the spirit of caste and privilege and exclusion of which the Democratic party has been for a generation the chief bulwark, and of which slavery was the great political object. Slavery is gone, and with it surely goes the Democratic party for which slavery supplied leaders and dictated a policy.

## PEACE AND VIRTUE, AND BEAUTY AND BOOTY.

Mr. G. Toutant Beauregard has written a surly letter to a New Orleans paper, in which he says that "four years of a desperate war have taught us that the argument of the sword can no longer be resorted to by us to redress our grievances. We must therefore submit, but with that calm dignity becoming our manhood and lost independence. Having been overpowered in the late struggle, we can submit to the harsh and ungenerous terms of our conquerors without dishonor, and we must adopt the least of two evils. A futile resistance would only cause our rivets to be driven closer. We must, then, acquiesce or leave the country."

Mr. Beauregard thinks that the colored vote will be an element of strength to himself and his friends, and exhorts every body to remember that "the Radicals" will disappear when "peace and virtue are restored to the country. The Conservatives will then take the reins in their own hands, and the constitutional laws of the land will once more prevail."

Peace and virtue are beautiful words. The last two which Mr. Beauregard coupled were "Beauty and Booty." Do not he and his friends think that silence would be peculiarly becoming to him at this time?

## THE REJECTION OF GENERAL SLOCUM.

The New York *Times* says that the rejection of General Slocum by the Senate "surprises some who supposed that a well-tried soldier of the field would be acceptable to the Senate for Naval Officer at New York." If what the *Times* says were the whole truth such surprise would be natural. But it forgets to remember that General Slocum resigned his military commission and hastened home at a critical moment to dissolve his old political connections and to become the leader of the party which had bitterly denounced and opposed the war. If General Slocum were willing to trust the Copperheads with the settlement of the great results of the war, which they had steadily slandered and hindered, was it a trust that the State which had paid so tremendous a price for victory ought to have shared and rewarded?

His State did not think so. General Slocum lives in a district of a heavy Union majority. Two regiments from that district were under him in the field. But when he asked his district to ratify his ratting it increased its majority, and cast against him twelve hundred more than its usual vote; while his State by thirty thousand majority against him assured him that if he had forgotten what he fought for his fellow-citizens had not.

Did not the New York *Times* co-operate with the Union party of this State in defeating him? And will it tell us why it reproves the Senate for doing what the State of New York, with the valuable assistance of the *Times*, so emphatically did? If the Senate ought to make him Naval Officer, ought not New York to have made him Secretary?

## JAMES BUCHANAN.

A few gentlemen of the Democratic party recently invited James Buchanan to a dinner, and informed him that in their judgment "no responsibility for the years of blood and sorrow we have endured rests upon him who tried, in a moment of terrible exigency, to do his duty under the Constitution."

They are not the true friends of Mr. Buchanan who thus dare the truth to be told, and they must not suppose that any consideration for him can conceal the terrible fact. Mr. Buchanan says that he hopes his correspondents "anticipate the general impression of future times." Now the general impression of future times will be derived from the fact that when the rebel chiefs were ripe for the war which they were about to begin, James Buchanan, the President, declared that if the personal liberty bills of some of the States were not repealed "the injured States, after having first used all peaceful and Constitutional means to obtain redress, would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the Government of the Union." In the same Message he said "Congress possesses many means of preserving it (the Union) by conciliation, but the sword was not placed in their hands to preserve it by force." He denied the right of coercion.

It is not possible to conceive a surer and more direct incitement to civil war. The verdict in Mr. Buchanan's case has been rendered. Why not leave him to be quietly forgotten?

## DRAINAGE AND HEALTH.

We have spoken of water in two previous articles. The free supply of it implies the necessity of free drainage. If this be not provided there will be stagnant water here and there, and the whole surface will be too damp. The decomposition of accumulated matters of various kinds will thus be promoted, and the emanating gases will render the air impure and produce ill-health and disease. It is the alternation of moisture and dryness, to which accumulations of filth are exposed, where there is a good supply of water without adequate drainage, that especially favors decomposition.

It is, then, one of the essential means of securing a healthy condition of any city or town to provide for a free washing away of its constantly accumulating filth. The appliances for doing this should be obvious and complete, so that every inhabitant may see that it is an easy matter to keep himself and his premises clean. There should not only be an abundant inflow of water, but its outflow should be amply sufficient.

That the drainage may be perfect it should be carefully systematized. Much skill is sometimes required to adapt it to the various irregularities of surface, and for want of this skill there is often such deficiency of arrangement that either the drainage is very imperfect, or much needless expense is incurred in making it adequate.

There should be no detention of filth in the sewers, for if there is there will be a generation of noxious gases. The flow of water should therefore be free. The filth should literally be washed away. The floor of the sewer should not be flat, for this will allow of accumulation at the sides.

Surface drains will answer for some localities—where the descent is rapid and the supply of water is considerable. But where these circumstances do not exist, the detention of the filth will allow of its decomposition and the consequent production of various gases. Generally underground sewers are to be decidedly preferred.

There is often great carelessness in the construction of gutters. They should be evenly made, so that the water may readily carry along all the filth. For the same reason pavements should be made even and as impervious to fluids as possible. Stone pavements should therefore be closely joined, and round boulders should never be used.

The grand point in drainage is to have no stagnation. Wherever there is filth it should be kept moving toward its destination by the flow of water.

Commonly the outlets of sewerage are at the river or the sea. This is objectionable on several accounts. In the first place it is a great loss. It has been estimated that the London sewers empty into the Thames fertilizing materials of the annual value of 443,879 pounds sterling. Here is not only a dead loss, these materials being of no use in the river or the sea, but often more or less of injury comes from them. It certainly comes if the water of a river thus polluted is used for drinking and cooking purposes. But even when this is not done, injurious emanations will arise if there be stagnation. This is seen in the foul odors that come from the canals in Venice when the tide is out, and the water is of course low in them. These come, however, not merely from the stagnation of the water, but also from the adherence of the filth to the sides of the canals, which when exposed to the air by the subsidence of the water sends forth noxious gases. The same thing must occur wherever there are wharves and slips and basins. Here the water is much of the time partially stagnant, and the filth which comes to it from sewers and other sources must pollute the air by its emanations. The slips and basins may be said to be great cess-pools, and their sides as the tide falls present large surfaces of adherent filth to or decomposed by the action of the air and the sun, and thus load the atmosphere with impurities.

This accumulation of filth in stagnant water or adherent to exposed surfaces it is important as a measure of health to prevent. This may be done in some cases by making the water to wash away the filth from the outlets. It is more easy to effect this when the sewers empty their contents into a river than when they empty them into the sea.

But can not the evil be more fully avoided, and at the same time this large waste of the richest fertilizing material be prevented? This has been done to some extent and successfully. The Metropolitan Sewerage Manure Company of London have constructed works at Fulham, where they receive by a large main pipe the liquid manure from one of the great sewers of the city, and distribute it to the numerous market gardens situated to the west of it. And we learn that there is a plan now entered upon for building an extensive system of conduits which shall gather up and carry off the contents of all the sewers of London. The enterprise is an immense one, but it promises to be profitable, and it will certainly be of vast benefit to the city in relation to its general health. How far this plan can be put in operation in other localities remains to be seen; but we can not see that the difficulties to be overcome can be generally greater than in the case of London. The subject is well worthy of earnest investigation.

Uncleanliness in persons, in dwellings, and in their surroundings, is one of the grand sources of disease, and water, abundant and freely circulating water, is one of the great means of removing uncleanliness. Indeed, the very presence of this means in abundance, with the appliances of its circulation, not only almost forces people to use it, but strongly suggests the use of the other means. It is hard, with the general disposition of mankind to filth, to make the mass of any population cleanly with a scanty supply of water; but with a full supply it is comparatively easy.

## BRADY'S HISTORICAL PORTRAITS.

The engraving upon another page of the trustees of the Peabody Southern Fund is from the photograph made by Mr. Brady, which is the latest addition to his National Gallery of Historical Portraits. For twenty years, beginning at a time when Clay, Calhoun, Webster, John Quincy Adams, and Andrew Jackson were yet living, Mr. Brady has been diligently and incessantly collecting the portraits of all the men of mark of every kind in the country.

The war was oppressively rich in materials, but nothing was lost by the indefatigable collector; and to the portraits of the Generals and soldiers of all degrees he added the most extraordinary series of war-scenes in the world. The ruined cities still smoking; the terrible battle-fields still gory and palpitating; the trenches; the bridges; the camps; the scenery of military marches and all their incidents—all are contained in this unparalleled gallery.

Many of the most illustrious of the originals of these portraits are gone, and every year obliterates the traces of the war-scenery which these pictures have perfectly preserved. Ought such a collection to be exposed to the chances of destruction and dispersion? Ought not our Historical Society, or some Historical Society, to secure for itself and for the country a gallery of such profound and unique interest, which, once scattered, is practically lost forever?

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The closing week of the first session of the Fortieth Congress proved to be very uninteresting.

On March 26 Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, in a personal altercation with Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, asserted that the latter had, as Judge Advocate of the court which tried the assassins of President Lincoln, suppressed important testimony contained in the diary of Wilkes Booth, and which, it was intimated, would have proved the innocence of Mrs. Surratt.

The House, on March 27, declared, by a vote of 68 to 38, that Henry A. Smythe ought to be removed from his position as Collector of the port of New York.

Both Houses of Congress adjourned on Saturday, March 31, to meet on the first Wednesday in July.

The President immediately convened the Senate for executive business.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

The Constitutional Convention bill was adopted in both Houses on March 27. The Negro Suffrage clause was omitted. The bill provides for the election of four delegates from each Senatorial district and thirty-two delegates at large, being sixteen from each party. The election is to take place on April 23.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The election in Connecticut on April 1, resulted in a Democratic victory. The following are the State officers for the ensuing year: Governor, James E. English; Lieutenant-Governor, Ephraim H. Hyde; Secretary of State, Leverett E. Pease; Treasurer, Edward S. Moseley; Controller, Jesse Olney. The Democrats succeeded in electing three out of the four Congressmen. Phineas T. Barnum was among the defeated.

Reconstruction meetings, in which the whites out-Herod Herod in endeavoring to affiliate with the negroes, have been the order of the past week at the South. The call for a meeting which was held at Montgomery, Alabama, on March 26, declared that "the requirements of the Military Reconstruction bill ought to be complied with," and that "all men have a cordial welcome to political equality upon the basis" established by Congress. The resolutions repeated these declarations, and eulogized the conduct of the negroes, who were declared entitled to political equality. On the same day a mass meeting was held at Charleston, South Carolina, at which four thousand blacks and whites were present, and at which four white orators (a New York *Tribune* editor among them) and several negroes spoke. The blacks held a meeting at Macon, Georgia, on March 27, in which they indorsed the views lately announced by Governor Brown, of that State. A Convention of whites and blacks, convened at Raleigh, North Carolina, on March 26, and adjourned on March 28, after declaring that they cordially accept the Congressional plan of reconstruction, declare supreme allegiance due to the Federal Government and not the States, favor impartial suffrage without property qualification or distinction of color, and demand free speech. A mass meeting of the same character as the above was also held at Savannah, Georgia, on April 1.

A treaty negotiated at Washington on March 29 between the Secretary of State and the Russian Embassador conveys to the United States, in consideration of the sum of $7,000,000, all the Russian possessions on this continent, and known as Russian America. The purchased territory covers upward of 400,000 square miles, and contains 100,000 inhabitants, one-half of whom are Esquimaux. The treaty will have to be ratified by the Senate, and both Houses of Congress must concur in appropriating the purchase money before the negotiation can be considered as binding.

Mr. Leonard W. Jerome testified on March 26 before the Investigating Committee that he had lost $800,000 in Pacific Mail and other stocks during the month of February.

A confidence man named Martin, who had for nine years deceived the merchants of the city by soliciting subscriptions for destitute members of the Insurance Patrol, was detected on March 26. He had collected during the time $10,000, which he had expended in lottery-gambling.

General Sheridan, on March 27, issued an order removing A. S. Herron, Attorney-General of Louisiana, John T. Monroe, Mayor of New Orleans, and Edmund Abell, Judge of the First District Court of New Orleans, and appointing B. L. Lynch, Edward Heath, and W. W. Howe, respectively, in their places. The latter were sworn in on March 28.

The Lindell House, in St. Louis, supposed to be the largest hotel in America, and perhaps in the world, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night. There were over four hundred guests in the house, but no lives were lost. The loss amounts to $1,600,000; only partly insured.

The late Henry W. T. Mali, for many years Consul-General of Belgium at New York, left by his will the sum of $1000 as the nucleus of a fund for erecting a monument to John Brown.

Rev. Dr. Sears has resigned the Presidency of the Brown University to accept, it is understood, the general agency of the Peabody Southern Educational movement.

The work on the Russio-American telegraph has been abandoned.

The rebel General Smith P. Bankhead of Tennessee was murdered in Memphis on March 30.

The steamer *Alabama*, with a cargo of 1200 bales of cotton, was burned near New Orleans on April 1.

A new railroad-constructing machine, which levels the road-bed, lays the cross-ties, deposits the rails and nails them in their places, and with which twenty men do the work of two hundred, has been put in successful operation at San Francisco!

Another terrible Indian massacre took place at Fort Buford on the upper Missouri River during the month of March. Colonel Rankin, wife, and child, and the whole garrison of eighty souls, were slaughtered. Colonel Rankin shot his wife to prevent her falling into the hands of the savages. Before the capture of the Fort the garrison succeeded in killing three hundred and wounding one thousand of the enemy.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The speck of war between France and Prussia, "no bigger than a man's hand," which was noticed in our last issue, has rapidly grown into formidable dimensions. The proposition said to have come from Napoleon for an alliance of Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland with France, in antagonism to Prussia and Italy, has not resulted in any treaty, but has produced some significant demonstrations and declarations. One of the latter, published in an official paper of the Russian Government, intimates that the Czar is disposed, if occasion offers, to act in conjunction with Prussia against France. Napoleon had negotiated for the purchase of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg from Holland, and it was announced on March 31 that the negotiations were likely to result in the cession of that province to France. This is an important step toward the long-coveted Rhine, but it does not fully secure that desirable frontier to France. On March 30, after the announcement that these negotiations were in progress, placards, hostile in tone to Prussia and declaring for an alliance with France, were posted in the streets of Luxembourg. The Prussian commander in the fortress considered these demonstrations as insulting to Prussia, and complained to the authorities. No reply was vouchsafed; but the action of the citizens created great excitement in both France and Germany.

The new Constitution of Germany was adopted on March 27, after very mature deliberation, nearly in the form in which it was originally submitted by Bismarck. On March 4 Count Bismarck, in alluding to the Constitution, spoke of it as securing the firm unity of Germany without infringing upon the prerogatives of the several provinces; and as repairing the errors of the past "six centuries of suffering."

Reports to March 27 from London represent that there had been no fighting in Candia between the Turks and Christians during February and March. About the same date Greece asked the leading powers of Europe to interfere in behalf of Candia.

Governor Eyre, of Jamaica notoriety, has been acquitted of the charges against him.

The Paris Universal Exposition was formerly inaugurated on April 1. The building is as yet unfinished, but is being rapidly advanced toward completion. The Emperor and Empress opened the building with not very imposing but interesting ceremonies, walking through the building, the former speaking a few words to each commission. At the American Department he stopped and bowed to the crowd, who cheered heartily. The American Department was in a very unfinished state, and the republic is said to be very poorly represented, both in the excellence of the contributions and numbers of people. The building will really not be finished until May.

Dates from Rio Janeiro to March 15 represent that an American man-of-war had ascended the Paraguay River to General Lopez's camp at Fort Humaity, bearing peace propositions from the allied powers of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine Confederation.

A revolution broke out in Port au Prince, Hayti, about March 10. The revolutionists were headed by Prospere Elie and son. One story represents them as unsuccessful, and as having been captured and killed. Another states that Geffrard, the President of the Republic, had been compelled to fly to Jamaica for safety.

William M. Evarts. George A. Riggs. William A. Graham. Charles Macalister. John H. Clifford. David G. Farragut. George N. Eaton. George Peabody. Hamilton Fish. Ulysses S. Grant. William Aiken. Robert C. Winthrop. George P. Russell. Charles P. M'Ilvaine. William C. Rives. Samuel Wetmore.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY AND THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE PEABODY EDUCATIONAL FUND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY & CO.—[SEE PAGE 238.]

SUNDAY EVENING in the "GOOD OLD TIMES".

SUNDAY EVENING in the "GOOD NEW TIMES".

## PEACEFUL SABBATHS IN THE METROPOLIS.

The picture which we give on page 229 is not the least powerful argument which has been advanced in favor of the Excise law and of temperance. It tells its own story, and any attempt at pointing its moral in words would only weaken the effect of the engraving. No matter how little good the Excise law may have otherwise produced, certain it is that it brings such peaceful Sabbaths as New York has seldom before enjoyed; and that happy result is enough to justify its strict enforcement in the metropolis, and its application, as the Legislature proposes, to all parts of the State.

## JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A jolly sort of a fellow am I,
  A trifle fond of a spree;
Yet not so bad after all that's said,
  For they tell hard tales of me;
But people, you know, will have their say;
And the world rolls on in the same old way.

Little it matters if good or bad,
  I've many a friend, I know;
And never was man or woman yet
  Who could not count a foe;
Then mine may talk till their throats get dry,
So they keep their hands off what care I?

Come sit you down here along with me,
  There's nothing like a glass,
And a jolly fellow for company
  To make the dull hours pass;
So drive all care from your thoughts away,
Why need you heed what the dunces say.

With a kindly sparkle I light the eye,
  And I flush the pallid cheek;
And with sudden flashes of wit I make
  The ready tongue to speak;
And in course of years I give to the nose
Just a trifling shade of the red, red rose.

In the rich man's palace, where gilded wealth
  Its air of splendor lends,
Hobnobbing there I am often seen
  With the master and his friends;
While my titled cousins from over the sea
Are set aside out of choice for me.

I'll tell you a joke that happened last night,
  How all in the storm and dark,
While crossing a bridge with a tipsy friend,
  By way of a little lark,
I tumbled him in when no help was nigh,
And the man was drowned or the papers lie.

Meeting another, a savage brute,
  I put it into his head
To beat his wife after reaching home,
  While she lay sick in bed;
And the woman's shrieks, as they rent the air,
Would have frozen your blood had you been there.

Here's a hopeful youth, a crony of mine,
  A widow's only son,
Who had chances plenty and friends enough,
  But he lost them every one,
And for no better reason, Sir, than that he
Was seen too often along with me.

Silly prejudice, so say I,
  But it matters not a straw,
Only a lot of blockheads framed
  A stupid excise law,
Shutting me up after twelve at night
And all day Sunday till dawn's pale light.

But forth from hovels where squalor reigns,
  On the last of every week,
Come half-starved wretches, women and men,
  My well-known haunts to seek;
And in greedy clutches they bear me away,
And house me over the Sabbath day.

So you see I'm a favorite with rich and poor,
  Though I've many a bitter foe,
And wicked stories are told of me,
  But people will talk, you know;
Then let them, I say, till their throats get dry,
So they keep their hands off what care I?

## THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Going up to-night, Frank?"

How quickly a man discovers the friendly outlines of a familiar face, even amidst the confusion and tumult of a crowded railway dépôt! I had fancied myself unrecognized, as I leaned against the arched brick doorway nearly shrouded in shadow, watching the hurried, anxious faces that came and went, under the flickering gas-lights; yet here was Carew's hand on my shoulder, and Carew's genial countenance looking into mine. We had been close friends and allies two years ago, when he had been conductor and I was engineer on the same train. Tempted by a more liberal offer, I had left my post on the "Lady Franklin" and undertaken the supervision of a large machine-shop; yet I still retained a pleasant recollection of my railway days, and to-night, as I stood on the old familiar ground, with the well-known sights and sounds around me, and the "Lady" gliding out of her place of shelter with burnished sides and flaming headlight, I almost wished myself back again in my old post.

"Yes, I thought I should. How's the old Lady? Holds her own pretty well?"

"Better than the new ones a deal!" said the Conductor, enthusiastically viewing the fiery-throated monster as she puffed and groaned, ran backward a few steps, and then darted forward, in a manner entirely enigmatical to any but our initiated selves.

"She looks as trim as a city belle."

"Yes; MacLeod keeps her well up. I say, Frank, MacLeod's wife is going through to-night."

I knew he was looking closely at me, scrutinizing my countenance; but I managed with an effort to say, quite carelessly and unconcernedly: "Is she?"

Carew had known all about the one disastrous love-affair of my youth; he knew perfectly well that pretty Isabel Martin had suddenly turned round and married John MacLeod after encouraging my suit for nearly a year; and he knew also how sensitive I still was on the subject. I had not blamed Isabel so much as some might have been disposed to do; she was very young, and entirely under the influence of her father, with whom MacLeod was a great favorite. But none the less I had received a great and enduring shock.

"Poor little Isabel," said Carew, as he reached up to turn down a long jet of gas that threatened to crack its glass globe—"I rather think she has got pretty well sick of MacLeod by this time."

"Why? Does he ill-treat her?"

"Well, I don't suppose he either locks her up on bread-and-water, or beats her; but I *do* suppose that in every other particular in which a man can neglect or ill-treat a woman she is neglected and ill-treated."

"The old brute!" I muttered, between my teeth.

"Well—I shall see you again," said Carew, vanishing into the crowd with a sinuous ease and swiftness peculiar, I believe, to the race of conductors.

It was a tempestuous night in March—the wind howling and shrieking like an infuriated demon, and the rain beating a stormy fugue on the dépôt-roof, as I advanced to help a woman in who carried a heavy basket.

"Excuse me, Madam, but that is too heavy for you to lift!"

She looked up to thank me, but the words died on her lips as her eyes met mine. It was Isabel MacLeod, the lost love whom I still cherished in my heart of hearts, and the wife of the engineer on the Night Express. I was the first to recover my composure; for this, be it remembered, was the first time we had met since her marriage, more than three years before.

"Here is a vacant seat, Isabel: do you wish to sit so near the stove?"

"It makes no difference," said Isabel, hurriedly. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Atwater."

"How does it happen that you are going through such a stormy night?" I asked, unmindful of her evident anxiety to be left alone.

"I do not know myself, except that John wishes it."

Still I lingered. Is there any thing more I can do for you, Isabel?"

There was no answer. I stooped my head a little lower.

"Isabel, you are crying! What has grieved you? Isabel, tell me what the trouble is?"

"Nothing—nothing," she sobbed behind her veil. "Only—I had not seen you in so long a time, and it was like the old days once more; and—and I am very foolish. Please leave me now, won't you?"

I obeyed her, puzzled and indignant. Carew was right. A happy wife does not burst out crying when she meets the friends of her girlhood; a happy wife's look is far, far different from that pale, frightened face. I felt strongly inclined to go straight out to John MacLeod's post on the "Lady Franklin" and administer a summary thrashing then and there!

But I checked my rising choler, and contented myself instead with a leisurely saunter through the train, now under full motion. It was very pleasant to find myself once again on the old familiar ground. The brakemen all had a word of respectful greeting for me, the baggage-master insisted on ensconcing me in the single arm-chair which graced his car, while he himself sat on a pile of trunks and asked more questions than I could have answered in a week; the Express Agent issued from his den and demanded to know "where I had been larking all this time," and even the news-boys grinned as they slid past and accosted me with "How d'ye do, Mr. Atwater?"

But all at once our train slackened its motion, moved more slowly still, and came to a dead stand-still. I knew we were an Express that stopped but twice before we reached our final destination, and this lonely pine-barren was certainly neither of our stopping-places.

"What is it, Carew?" I asked, swinging myself on to the ground where the conductor stood with his lantern in hand looking under a car.

"Only a journal box heated. Confound that Warren! what made him report "all sound" with such a worn box as that? These patent boxes are continually getting hot in the shortest runs, and ain't fit for Expresses at all."

"We can cool it in fifteen minutes, Sir," said one of the brakemen, who had his tow and water all ready for packing it anew.

"Fifteen minutes! and we just running on time with the Lightning to catch us at B——."

"It's too bad to get in behind the Lightning train," I said.

"Worse for me than MacLeod, for though Warren's to blame, I catch the curses. Well, Truefit, do the best you can!"

In spite of Truefit's sanguine prophecy it was full twenty-five minutes before we were again under way. I had gone back to Isabel MacLeod, whose dilated blue eyes were glancing from one to another in the apprehensive agony of terror that no one but a nervous woman can fully appreciate.

"Frank—Mr. Atwater! do tell me what is the matter!"

"Only a 'hot box'—there is no occasion for uneasiness."

"Upon your sacred honor?"

"Upon my sacred honor. Why, Isabel, how frightened you are! I can see you tremble even here. What is the matter, child?"

"Sit down and I will tell you," she said, hurriedly, motioning me toward a vacant seat directly back of her. "I know it is a piece of mad folly—a—a delusion; but I *must* tell somebody or I shall go mad!"

I sat down leaning forward with my elbows on the top of the seat she occupied, so that my face nearly touched her heavy black veil.

"First, promise never to tell *him*—John."

"I promise."

"Well, then," she went on, speaking in a husky, nervous whisper, "*he* is very peculiar—full of the strangest fancies. When I first married him I thought it was superstition merely—now—"

She paused.

"Well, now?" I questioned.

"Now, I do not know what to think. Oh, Mr. Atwater, I ought not to say so, I know, but I am the most miserable creature in the world!"

"Isabel!"

"I am! He threatens sometimes to shut me up in a mad-house, and perhaps I should be happier there than subject to his whims and cruelties. Why do you suppose he brought me here to-night?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"He told me," she whispered, clasping her hands tightly together as she spoke, "that we were coming to our death to-night, and we must come together! Oh, Frank, what do you suppose he means?"

"Only to terrify you," I said, soothingly. "He is a bundle of old Scotch superstitions, and always was."

"And, Frank, once when I thought I heard footsteps close behind us, and turned my head to see, he jerked my arm and told me not to look—that—oh, Frank, it makes my blood run cold now—that it was Death walking at our side!"

"But, Isabel, surely you will not allow yourself to be influenced by such folly as this."

"I told you it was folly," she answered, dejectedly; "but—"

A hand was laid on my arm at this moment—the hand of Carew, the conductor.

"Frank, look here, I want to speak to you," he said, hurriedly. "Come here—out on the platform."

I followed him out into the stormy darkness of the March night, where his lantern gleamed like a sullen, shifting eye.

"What is it? Any thing wrong?"

"Yes, and no. Of course you know we're nearly half an hour behind time, with not quite thirty minutes between us and the 'Lightning.'"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Well, that old fool MacLeod has turned crusty, and says if we don't run out on the side track at Speedsville, the next station, and wait for the 'Lightning' to pass, he'll not be answerable for the consequences."

"Who wants him to be answerable?" I demanded, with considerable acerbity, not to say disdain.

"Well, he says it's a bad night, track slippery, and all that sort of thing; and I suppose it's all very true. But you know the 'Lady Franklin' of old. She'll keep the thirty minutes between us and the 'Lightning,' won't she?"

"I should say there was no kind of doubt as to that. Ain't you going to make up that lost time?"

"That's just the trouble. That crack-brained old Scotch fool wants to stop and lose another half hour which we may just as well gain, and run into B—— on time, as to come trailing along behind the 'Lightning.' But MacLeod refuses to run her unless I consent to his conditions. Frank, why can't *you* take the old 'Lady' into B——?"

"I'll do it with all the pleasure in life."

Carew's face brightened at once.

"What a lucky thing it is you chanced to be on the train!" he said. "I should have been entirely at Mac's mercy if it hadn't been for you. Come on; there's no time to be lost."

I followed him through the long train to the engine, and entered the little inclosed compartment where MacLeod sat among his screws and valves and dials, like some magician of old surrounded by the abstruse implements of his art. How like home this tiny place appeared to me! It seemed almost as if the "Lady Franklin" shot more swiftly over the track as I stepped upon her. MacLeod inclined his head stiffly in answer to my greeting. He was a tall, spare Scotchman, with deep-set blue eyes thatched with shaggy brows, and hair already thickly sprinkled with gray, though he could scarcely have been more than forty years old. His face was cold and repulsive, and his manner forbidding in the extremest degree. Moreover, he had a way, exceedingly unpleasant to the spectator, of continually looking over his shoulder with a sort of spasmodic motion, as if he had suddenly seen or heard something close behind him. As I threw myself down beside him he suddenly pointed to the place beyond.

"Sit *there*, if you please, Mr. Atwater."

I wondered, but complied, and Carew spoke pleasantly.

"Well, MacLeod, shall we put on steam and drive her ahead?"

"No, Mr. Carew," said the Scotchman, coldly and firmly. "Either we run out on the side track three miles ahead, as I have explained, or I leave the engine."

"But why are you so determined?" I asked.

"I don't conceive it my business to answer any of *your* questions, Francis Atwater," said MacLeod, "but I have no objection to gratify your curiosity. I am 'so determined' because I see farther than you or Mr. Carew here, and I see danger—danger!"

"How? and where?"

"You a practical engineer, and ask where is the danger on such a night as this, with the 'Lightning Express' close behind, and we twenty-five minutes after our time? Boy, do you know that we are responsible not only for Atwater and Carew and John MacLeod, but for all the passengers on this train? Do you want the sin of murder on your soul?"

He spoke in a sharp voice that was almost a scream.

"That is not the question," said Carew, "and all nonsense besides. Isn't the light hung out behind, and can't you tell when we are gaining or losing time? Once for all, will you or will you not do your best to gain time and keep ahead of the 'Lightning?'"

"No; I will *not!*" he answered, sullenly.

"Very well, here is a substitute that will. Make room for Mr. Atwater!"

"He can do as he pleases," said MacLeod, stiffly, rising to yield me his place. "I wash my hands of the whole thing, now and hereafter. Bear witness, Carew and Atwater, that I protest against this rash and fool-hardy thing!"

Not a word more did he utter, but sat down silent and rigid as a galvanized corpse, watching me with his deep-set eyes until the very consciousness of that steady surveillance made me uncomfortable. Uncomfortable, but not nervous. I never, in the whole course of my life, was more entirely in possession of all my faculties, or more composed than at that moment, as I mechanically examined screws and valves and satisfied myself as to the correctness of every detail. All was right; MacLeod was a good engineer if not an agreeable companion.

"Now then, my 'Lady,'" I said to myself, "we'll see if you keep up all your old pluck!"

I turned to give some directions to the firemen, and when I was about to sit down MacLeod seized my arm.

"Not there! I tell you not there!"

"And why not there?" I demanded, with a momentary fear crossing my mind that the man was deranged.

"Because another already occupies the place," he cried in the shrill, shrieking voice he often used when much excited. "Death is a passenger on this train with us, and Death sits there ghastly and still! No, I know you don't see him; but second sight is a gift in the family I come from, and *I* see him. I would have warded off his fell errand, but you—you and that cursed Carew wouldn't let me. Now go your own mad, reckless way, and see where it will bring you. And remember, Frank Atwater, that it's not your own worthless life that hangs in the balance but the lives of all who travel on this train."

Argument with a man in this excited frame of mind would have been but folly. I sat down without a word, smiling in spite of myself, and resumed my intent supervision of the engine while MacLeod sat silently by with folded arms.

Never did the "Lady Franklin" show finer mettle than on that night. The machinery was perfect, the cranks well oiled, the heat steady and intense. The fireman worked in concert with me, fully comprehending my intentions, and the "Lady" rushed over the rails like a living, breathing thing.

"How are you getting along, Frank?" asked Carew, coming forward with his lantern as we left our first stopping-place.

"Oh, splendidly!" I answered.

"I have just telegraphed back to Seldtown; we have gained five minutes on the 'Lightning' already."

"I thought we were gaining," I replied, quietly. But I was very much excited. The idea of pressing this magnificent piece of machinery to her utmost speed; of eluding the lightning pursuit of the express which followed—pursued us; of identifying my own nerves and sinews with the iron and steel of the "Lady Franklin," was exciting in itself; nor had MacLeod's wild talk been entirely without effect on me. I was not superstitious; but we all know the mesmeric effect which the strong belief of another person, however ill-founded that belief may be, invariably exerts upon the mind. That MacLeod firmly believed that he and I were not alone in this little glazed compartment I entertained no doubt; and his horror reacted upon me, baseless though I knew it to be.

"I wish we were at B——," I thought, leaning my elbows on the wood-work and gazing out into the stormy night, athwart which our huge headlight threw a streaming banner of lurid light as it rushed along. At that instant my shoulder was touched.

"Atwater," said MacLeod, in a husky, unnatural voice, "if you have any prayers to say, say them now. Death is very, very near to you!"

A cold chill ran through me.

"I am always prepared to meet death," I answered, trying to speak composedly.

"Death? yes, but not death by suicide. *You* will be a suicide, Francis Atwater; nor do I wish longer to interfere. The hour of grace is past."

"Oh! MacLeod, don't talk nonsense. Go back in the baggage car and sleep the liquor off."

"Liquor? You think I'm drunk. You think I'm mad. You take me to be superstitious. I heard you—I heard you talking to her. You'd best keep clear of her, young man. You see this, eh?" and he drew a huge knife from his bosom.

"Yes, I see it," I answered, laying my hand on the brake, as if I could use it for defense.

"With this I could have silenced you long ago, and saved the victims you are sacrificing. But I prefer not. What is to be is to be; as well might I endeavor to stem the current of the Mississippi with a straw as to check the tide of Fate with my feeble hand! Only I would warn you to say a word or two of prayer before the fatal moment comes."

My heart seemed to stand still with deadly terror. Was I indeed shut up in this narrow spot with a maniac? Would I be murdered before I could call for help? But I remembered that in coolness and presence of mind lay my only chance of safety, and resolved to abide the result. We were now putting on brakes for our second and last stopping-place ere we reached B——. MacLeod sprang out upon the platform as we stopped, and went into a bar-room adjoining the station. I went back and spoke to one of the brakemen,

an athletic Maine man, with thews and sinews of iron, and the stature of a giant.

"Jim," I said, in a low voice—his name was Jim Torrance—"I want you to keep your eye on MacLeod and come on the locomotive with me. He talks and acts very strangely to-night; and he may attempt some violence."

"I saw him draw out that outlandish knife o' his, Sir, a minute or two ago," said Jim, shrewdly. "I could easily jerk it away from him when we're movin' again."

"No, I do not wish you to use force of any kind unless it is absolutely necessary. I think he is harmless, but it's just as well to keep a little watch over him."

"He's queer," said Jim. "I'll keep an eye on him."

Once more after a ten-minutes' stop the little signal-bell sounded "Go ahead!" the brakes moved noisily, and the wheels began to revolve. MacLeod had not returned to his place by my side, and I began heartily to hope that he designed to favor me with no more of his society. I was overjoyed to feel this, and in much lighter spirits than usual I let on the steam and was soon going at a rapid rate. Three or four hundred yards from the dépôt the road ran through a deep cut, and just beyond it was a corresponding "fill" or embankment about ten feet high. The engineers, that is the "surveyors" as we mechanical engineers insist, half-sneeringly, in calling them, had with very bad taste made a "compound curve" here, so that before entering the "cut" I could see nothing *in* it, and when I was in the "cut" I could see nothing beyond it. So, of course, we had to go through with whistle blowing and usually at a slow gait. But feeling in good spirits at MacLeod's absence, the prospect of a good run, having the "Lady" in fine condition, with the trains we were to meet reported "all right" and the track clear, I "let the dogs loose," opened valves, dashed through the cut, and—

Very, very nearly into eternity! Danger is said to be very fascinating; it is particularly so when you see it coming, have time to reflect upon it, and plan and execute a rescue or what you hope to prove so. I saw it plainly this night, the rail half removed, the figure of the madman still bent at his hellish work. I saw him as he completed it, saw him shake his fist savagely at me and jump aside to watch the slaughter he had plotted. I was not a second in sounding "down brakes," not an instant in reversing the engine, but nothing could have saved that train except the madman's "lack of method," or want of the skill of the despised surveyors. For want of this knowledge, perhaps for want of time, MacLeod had removed but one rail, and that the *inside one of the curve.* I knew if I could check the "Lady's" speed she would not leave the track, as the outside rail is the one which guides the train on a curve, and this was impact. Jim Torrance had come on the locomotive with me, and I turned to tell him to jump for his life when I saw him standing upright in the centre of the tender, grasping a huge block of wood and his eyes gleaming like coals. It was no time to look after his safety; I saw him hurl the stick of wood at MacLeod as he ran down the embankment, and the next minute we struck the ground, and plunged into the break.

My calculations had been correct. Jolting violently over several cross-ties, shattering "cow-catcher" and "headlight," mashing the baggage and first passenger car; throwing Jim Torrance with great violence from the tender onto the locomotive, leaving him senseless by the shock, and nearly throwing me onto the boiler, the "Lady" struck and stopped without leaving the track except upon the side where MacLeod had removed the rail. We were disabled for the time, with nobody but Jim seriously injured.

Except MacLeod. Jim's aim had been too true, and the block of wood hurled with all his force, gaining additional velocity from that of the train, had struck MacLeod as he ran and felled him senseless—the fact is, as we soon found, dead. The billet had struck him and killed him. Jim Torrance was never tried for it on earth; poor fellow, he's gone since, and I don't much think they recorded any verdict against him in heaven.

After Jim was taken care of, the lanterns put out ahead and behind us to warn approaching trains, and the disabled train was gone through to see after the wounded, John MacLeod's corpse was taken up and carried back to the station which he had just left.

"Frank," said Carew, when matters were slightly settled again, "who is to tell this story to Mac's wife?"

"She does not suspect any thing—that is, she don't know *how* it occurred."

"She knows there has been an accident, but she doesn't know that Mac was thrown out of the locomotive and is the only one killed."

Good! Even Carew did not suspect how MacLeod had been felled by Torrance's blow and killed.

"*I* will tell her," I said, determined that she should never know his crime, nor learn how he had been terribly and suddenly punished.

Her grief was terrible to witness. She lay on my shoulder and sobbed half the night away, but it was less from love of the man, who had always been cruel to her, than from her woman's nervousness. At the inquest next day, when she identified his body and told the story of his misanthropy and superstition to the jury, she was more collected, and surprised me by her calmness. The jury thought its course in the matter plain sailing—no suspicion of the man's crime arose; Torrance and myself were not examined; we kept our secret to ourselves, and the jury brought in its verdict of "Death by accident." They knew nothing of his chief incentive to the crime—the chief cause of his death—jealousy.

I have told the story of my midnight trip on the "Lady Franklin." Is it necessary to tell any more? Sudden transitions from death-scenes to marriage ceremonies are always as offensive in the telling as in the hearing; and therefore I think it useless as well as in bad taste to waste further words in saying that just one year and a half after the fatal accident I took Isabel home as my wife, and that ever since, by God's help, I've made her a happy wife, and repaired the wrongs of her youth by being a good and kind husband to her.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 2, 1867.

DEAR WEEKLY,—I dropped in last evening (All-Fools'-Day) to see and hear something that was advertised as a "Harmonic Coronation," conducted by Mr. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, Spiritualist. As I had never seen a "Coronation" I hoped to be greatly entertained, for I had read of them often in the European papers; but I found that ANDREW'S and my ideas were quite different on the "coronation" question, as indeed they were on all other subjects brought forward by him at that time.

Owing, perhaps, to the rain, his audience was composed almost exclusively of men; and they were very wet. I might say, indeed, what is often said of public meetings, there was not a *dry eye* in the house, on account, no doubt, of the heavy wind that accompanied the rain, which rendered umbrellas unmanageable. They opened the "coronation" with singing a song, which was done by an audience of such seedy Spiritualists that I thought at the time they ought to have been put in "bond," as they looked so very like what the Government Inspector would call

"SPIRITS UNTAXED."

The "Harmonic" philosopher delivered himself of his pent-up philosophy something as follows:

"Man is allied to all forms of life, to animal life, as that of a bird or a fish, and likewise to vegetable and floral life; hence the term of

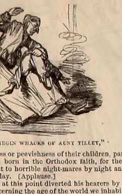
'SHADS,'

applied to the men of your own city, and 'Suckers' to others; and, as a counterpart of the vegetable, we have, as establishing these great truths, what are known and properly expressed in the terms of "Cabbage heads" and

"DEAD BEATS."

[Great applause.] This inner or spiritual life of man is made up of the elements of love and wisdom—love fifty per cent., wisdom fifty per cent. [Note.—This percentage, I think, would not hold good as regards himself, for according to my analyzation I find him to be thus: Wind, twenty-five per cent.; instinct, twenty per cent.; wisdom, five per cent.; pomatum, ten per cent.; and hair, forty per cent. This I consider a very fair average for the speaker and his audience, perhaps as regards the audience we could take out the "pomatum" and put it on the "hair."] Continued the philosopher: Love is the centremost of this inmost life, and is divided into different classes, love of self and love of the species, which includes in these times love of the seven-thirties and the ten-forties, all of which mark a high standard of man, particularly if he possessed plenty of the latter lovely objects. [Applause.] The fundamental principle of the harmonic philosophy which Spiritualists have been proclaiming for years is now being developed in one form or another in everyday life; for instance, at your hotel, if you want to call up good *spirits* you "tip" the waiters instead of the tables [Cries of "joke!" and laughter]; and if you want to have the *raps* you attack the policeman when you are going home. [Renewed laughter.] Spiritualists have had all manner of contumely heaped upon them for proclaiming doctrines similar to those now being accepted by the world. Here one of the audience asked the speaker if he meant the New York *World.* Mr. Davis said he did not, though, when the editor of that paper retired, if his mantle would fall upon the questioner, he would be honored; the questioner said if it was a *Marble* mantle he didn't want it to fall upon him. [Great laughter among the reporters.]

The speaker now proceeded into a treatise upon the relations of mind and matter. I could not learn exactly what relations they were, but suppose matter was a blood relation of mind. He could not see, he said, how any man could be so hypocritical to all the instincts of humanity as to be a cheerful Christian. He believed the consistent place for a Christian was an insane asylum. All who are sincere evangelical Christians are to be found in such places. [Immense cheering by the insaners present, as if they looked forward to the time when they would be so situated.] Whether the speaker held up an insane asylum as a prize to his hearers I could not tell. How many of you, said the harmonical philosopher, are free from curious and fantastic dreams? How many of you, even when your digestion is good, have dreams like those of angels? As no one seemed to know how many present were in the habit of having pleasant dreams, or what kind of dreams and night-mares angels have, the speaker seemed to be master of the situation. The speaker thought it was no wonder that anxious mothers resorted to the application of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Sirup, or



"THE VIRGIN WHACKS OF AUNT TILLEY,"

for the crossness or peevishness of their children, particularly those born in the Orthodox faith, for they must be subject to horrible night-mares by night and day-mares by day. [Applause.]

The speaker at this point diverted his hearers by a statement concerning the age of the world we inhabit. The World, he said, is a mere boy, a little older than Mercury, but not near as old as Mars, and, on account of its extreme youth, was forced to depend upon its parent sun for light and heat and support. But why the "parent sun" don't, on the score of economy, give the World an allowance, and let it find its own "fire and lights," the speaker did not say; but he was quite confident the time would come when the World, like the New York Custom-House, would be self-supporting. [Applause.]

He now felt he must return to the churches. The only religious society to which he accorded the privileges of growth was

THE SHAKERS;

he thought they might live; all others must go under in the advancing flood of Spiritualism. The harmonical philosopher kept on this track until a late hour, when he finally switched off, to the great relief apparently of many, and certainly of

Your own C. O. W.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A RECENT letter from Richmond, Virginia, pathetically states: "It has rained and snowed here for the past three weeks without an hour's intermission." Not quite so bad as that with us. But there is absolutely nothing new to be said upon the subject of the weather. It remains *in statu quo,* and that *status* decidedly unpromising.

*Chignons,* on the contrary, are moving. Some have actually crawled to the very crown of the head, forming, in connection with their lodging place, *a tout ensemble* unlike any thing "in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth." The little ornament which goes under the name of "hat" or "bonnet" is, of course, worn on the forehead. Those who thought to frighten the fair wearers of waterfalls by fearful stories of "gregarines," are doomed to disappointment. They wholly underrated the strength of mind and endurance which American ladies possess. As somebody truthfully remarks: "Those who can brave the rigors of winter with only a wafer on their heads are not to be frightened by a creeping thing." Notwithstanding, there really appears to be some perceptible fluctuations in the mode of dressing hair, and it is not impossible that by the 1st of May *chignons* will all move away to small country places.

An Exchange, under the heading "How to commit Murder Quietly," has the following:

"Take a young lady, and tell her she has a very pretty foot. She will then wear small, thin shoes—go out in the wet—catch a cold—the cold will become a fever—and she will die in a month."

Now, that recipe is altogether behind the times—at least ten years. Ladies don't wear thin shoes out of doors nowadays. It is not the style. A fashionable lady would no more walk down Broadway in the paper-soled shoes of a dozen years ago than she would go without her *chignon.* Whatever uncouth monstrosities Fashion decrees for her head, it equally demands that thick-soled boots, with noisy little heels, should guard her feet. These heels are often quite too high for the best good of the feet; but, on the whole, thick boots for ladies is a fashion worth perpetuating. It is estimated that the health of American women has improved twenty-five per cent. since they commenced wearing thick shoes and warm underclothing.

Some other things besides paper-soled shoes are quite "behind the times," as the following incident, which comes to us from a reliable source, indicates: It appears that a young girl, about ten years old, resident of this city, has developed an unusual aptitude in musical matters, as well as in ordinary branches of education. She was destitute of means, but friends were found for her, and she was placed at the Van Norman Institute, where she received free instruction. Her musical talents indicated that she should have special training in that art: and to defray necessary expenses her friends tendered her a benefit at Steinway Hall one evening last week. But it happened that some one of the "friends" or managers of the concert gave a ticket of admission to a colored man, an employé at the Van Norman Institute. He presented his ticket at the door of the Hall; it was received, and he quietly took a seat in the upper gallery. But in a few moments one of the *attachés* of Steinway Hall came to him, and said that he must leave the building immediately. The order was peremptory, and the intruder was summarily banished. To say nothing in regard to the moral and legal aspects of this act the managers of Steinway Hall are by no means up to the times. The days when "*Colored people allowed in this car*" was a popular motto are forever past.

Complaints have been made in some of the newspapers in regard to certain portions of Second Avenue, where the sidewalks have been occupied for months for storing paving stones. A similar nuisance exists in many parts of the city to the serious inconvenience and annoyance of pedestrians. In the Eighth Avenue, for many blocks above Fortieth Street, locomotion on the sidewalk is a perpetual vexation. It is supposed by many that those huge piles of square stones indicate that *sometime* the street will be improved. But whether that event will take place Anno Domini 1867 or 1868 is a matter too uncertain for prophecy.

A legal gentleman of this city gives us this fact: Not long ago a certain Judge of one of the Police courts in this city was absolutely *supported* on his seat while he passed sentence upon a man who was then sober, but who had committed some misdemeanor while in a state of intoxication. The Judge was not in feeble health so that he required support. He was not faint. He was simply *drunk!* Comments are unnecessary.

It is stated that the rent-roll of Trinity Building is about $180,000 a year. This building was erected some fourteen years ago, at a cost not exceeding $200,000, and was then let for about $30,000 a year.

A singular instance of long-continued and systematic swindling has recently been developed. About nine years ago a man by the name of Martin commenced applying to our leading mercantile and other business men for money, as the agent of a charitable association for the aid of the sick and destitute members of the New York Insurance Patrol. The subscription paper which he presented stated that the bearer was duly authorized to obtain subscriptions toward the proposed funds. So successful was this effort that subscriptions were liberal, and the same individuals were applied to several times. After pursuing this business for years undisturbed it was discovered that Martin was an impostor. He was arrested; and his subscription paper, a document not less than one hundred feet long, and containing over two thousand names, indicated that he had collected the pretty little sum of $20,000 during his nine years' *agency.* None of the "funds," however, remained—all had been spent in purchasing lottery tickets and similar valuables. The really benevolent can easily find genuine objects and institutions where their money will do good. Those who are *carelessly* charitable may be sure that their gift is often worse than thrown away.

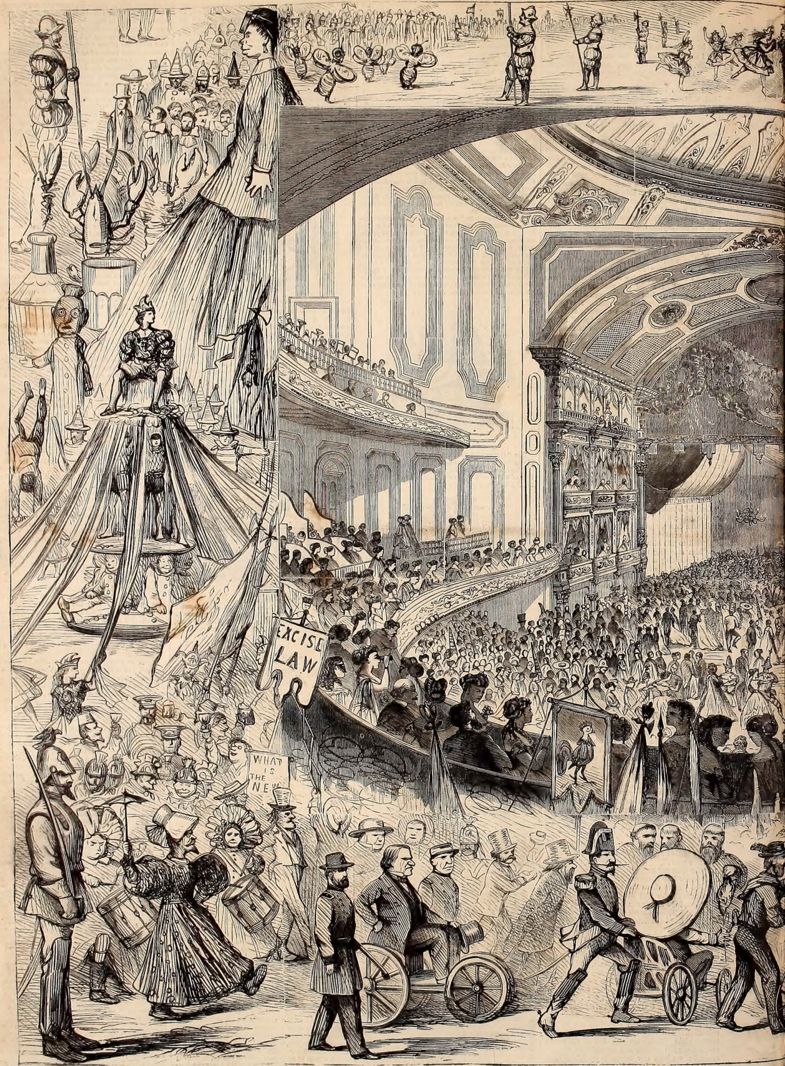
Most distressing accounts come to us of the suffering at the South from want of food. People in many places have no bread, and nothing to buy it with. It is stated that in a town in Georgia four children actually died from starvation during February. A gentleman living in Sumter district, South Carolina, says that letters to him from 366 persons state that many of them are living upon corn-husks, and others have but a bushel or two of corn, without the means of obtaining more. Our citizens have already contributed liberally for the purchase of supplies, and we are sure they will not withhold their gifts while the need is so manifest.

Novelties appear on every side. The latest in the culinary line is alphabetic soup. The appearance of these letters of paste, floating in the soup-plate, is said to be capital. Moreover it is stated that the inventor fondly hoped that, as letters are the elements of language, the consumption of a few thousands at dinner might materially aid the intellect as well as nourish the body.

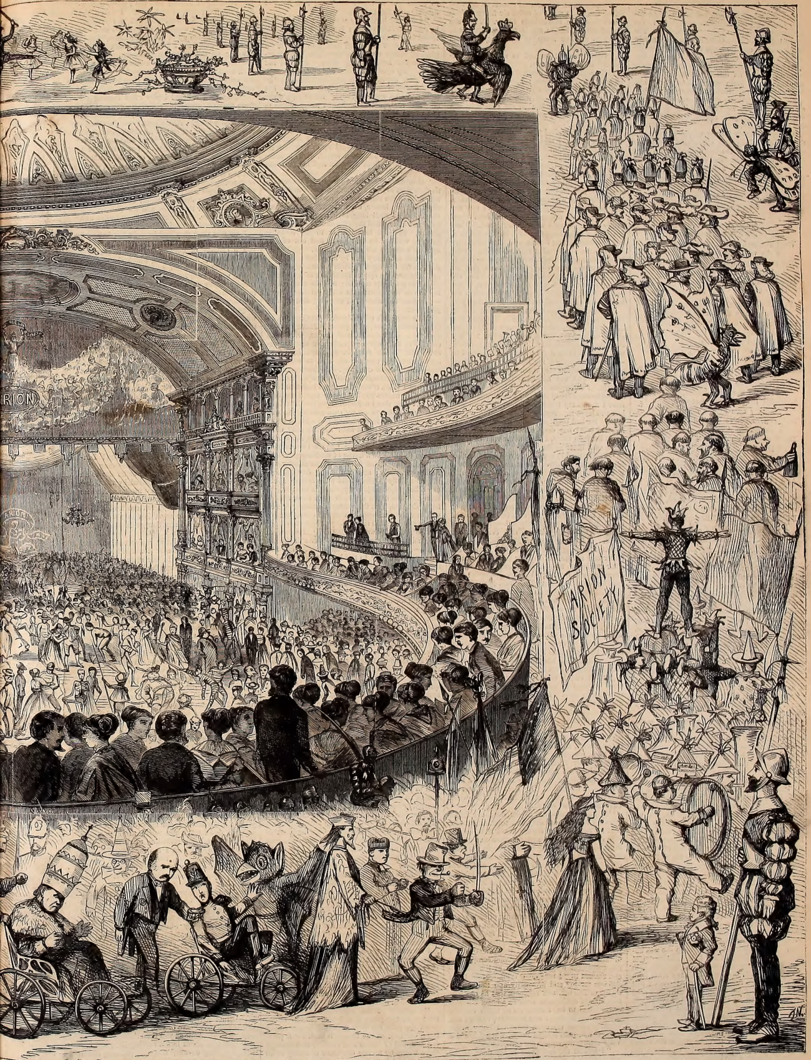
A few rules for the preservation of personal beauty may be of interest to the ladies. Gentlemen can also read and practice the same with marked advantage. In the morning use an abundance of pure water. Abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, particularly envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. Be temperate in eating and drinking if you would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are a cure. Instead of rouge use moderate exercise. Ingenuous candor and unaffected good-humor will give an agreeable openness to the countenance. A desire of pleasing will give brilliancy to the eyes; and breathing the morning air at sunrise will impart to the lips a vermilion hue. Vivacity may be happily heightened and preserved by avoiding late hours.

A clergyman of Bethnal Green—a parish in the suburbs of London, where the silk-trade is largely carried on—has made public many interesting as well as sad facts:

"A skillful workman, making costly velvets or rich silks, and laboring from twelve to sixteen hours a day, will only earn on an average about 12*s.* a week. Many do not earn above 7*s.* or 8*s.* To make a single inch of velvet the shuttle has to be thrown 180 times, 180 times the treadles have to be worked, 60 times the wire has to be inserted, 60 times to be withdrawn, 60 times the knife has to be guided along the whole breadth of the work, and 60 times the pressure of the chest has to be exerted on a heavy beam, which is used to compress the work. Six hundred distinct operations are thus required to make one single inch of velvet, the average payment for making which is 1*d.* Numerous 'children's trades' unhappily flourish in Bethnal Green. Among these trades the foremost, perhaps, is the manufacture of lucifer boxes. For this work the payment is 2¼*d.* per gross, or thirty-two boxes for ¼*d.*, out of which sum the little laborers have to find their own paste. The mother of a little girl four years old, who is employed in this manner, stated that the child had earned her own living since she was three years of age. This infant now makes several hundred boxes every day of her life, and her earnings suffice to pay the rent of the miserable room which the family inhabits. The poor little woman, as might be expected, is grave and sad beyond her years. She has none of a child's vivacity. She does not seem to know what play means. Her whole thoughts are centred in the eternal round of lucifer-box making, in which her whole life is passed. She has never been beyond the dingy street in which she was born. She has never so much as seen a tree, or a daisy, or a blade of grass."




GRAND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE ARION SOCIETY AT THE




ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, March 27, 1867.—[See Page 234.]

## THE ARION MASQUERADE.

The annual grand mask ball of the Arion Society came off with more than usual *éclat* at the Academy of Music on the 27th of March. The Arion ball is the great event among the German masqueraders, and is always numerously attended by our German citizens. The American element was largely mixed with the German in the company present on this occasion, and the unbending seemed more general than at any like festivity given here. It was an aristocratic, democratic, and automatic demonstration, in which all ranks of society were freely mingled, making one of the most singular congregations known to our municipal life.

A very attractive feature of the evening was the uniform of the floor committee, which was copied from that of the body-guard to the King of Prussia. A drum corps of old women caused intense merriment. Telegrams were received from distinguished people and sent to the guests at various periods.

## DAISIES.

'Tis a pleasant April morning,
And under the budding trees,
With Herbert, I walk and listen
To the wild-birds' melodies.
The sunbeams glint through the branches,
And make on the dewy grass
Mosaics of gold and emerald,
O'er which we softly pass.

We are walking slowly, slowly,
Down through the orchard sweet;
Now he stoops to pluck some daisies
I've crushed beneath my feet.
As tenderly he lifts them
A shade on his face I see;
And I marvel at the shadow
When all looks bright to me.

"Oh! Elsie," he sadly whispers,
"I fear in the daisy-bloom,
Trampled beneath your footsteps,
I read my own heart's doom;
And e'en as you've crushed the daisies,
So innocent and sweet,
You'll crush my red heart-blossoms
Under your dainty feet!"

"Unjust," I cry, "oh, Herbert!"
As the burning tear-drops start,
And in another moment
I'm clasped to his noble heart.
We are walking slowly homeward,
Back through the orchard sweet,
Blessing the star-eyed flowers
I crushed beneath my feet.

## MERCHIS DEANE'S TROUBLE.

Merchis Deane, with her quaint name and quiet ways, seemed to me from the first rather like some humble domestic herb than a gay flower of the garden. She was not handsome, but she had two good things about her—dark gray eyes full of expression, holding a curious light in their depths like the prophecy of dawning in a gray morning sky, and a low, soft, womanly voice, such as you would like to hear if you were sick or in trouble.

I *was* in trouble when she first came to me like a gentle sister of charity. No matter what the sorrow was. It brought some wrinkles, turned many hairs gray, and, though its worst bitterness is overpast, will shorten my life by some few years perhaps; but it was *my* trouble, and save that it drew me near to Merchis Deane has nothing to do with this story.

She had been boarding for a little while in the same house where I was—she the tired, over-burdened teacher of a country school, I at ease in worldly matters but wishing often enough that I could change places with her, as I saw her go in and out on her quiet ways with her always serene face.

I had scarcely exchanged five sentences with her before the dark days overtook me, and the dense black cloud curtained my sky from pole to pole, shutting out every ray. Then she came to me, as I said. When I hid myself away in my own room, neither caring nor hoping for any thing but death, knowing that the life and bustle of the house were going on without me just as they would if I were in my grave, she only of them all missed me, and sought me out in my still room, and soothed me by her unquestioning kindness until she grew into my heart.

When she first came I did not want her. I only bore with her presence because she was so unobtrusive, and it would seem ungrateful to send her away. After a while I grew used to her, and felt a vague sense of comfort when I saw her quiet figure seated near at hand, in the plain, smooth gown she always wore, with the plain smooth hair folded around her tranquil face. I got at last to miss her when she was absent, and to rejoice in her half holidays; and then I began to speculate about her experience in life, and found in these speculations a relief from the one subject round which my thoughts had been continually revolving. In particular I used to wonder whether she could ever have known real trouble herself—whether she could have brought that serene face out of any deep waters. If her own life had always been the smooth-flowing stream that face indicated, how had such gentle and generous thoughtfulness for others ever grown into her character? One long, still summer afternoon the knowledge came to me.

"I do not believe trouble is good for the soul," I said to her, in my hot impatience at the lesson my life was setting for me to learn. It was a Wednesday afternoon, her half holiday, and she had drawn down the latticed shades to my windows, and let in wafts of sweet air fragrant with odors from the flower-beds below. Then she seated herself beside me in the cool darkness, ready to talk, or listen, or be silent, as would serve my mood.

"Have you not learned to say, 'sister sorrow?'" she asked, gently.

"No, and I think I never shall. Sorrow may be good for some natures; I know it only brings forth in mine a noxious growth of weeds; envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness."

"That is because you do not take it by the handle. You insist on cutting yourself against its sharp edge."

"I fancy if you had tried it you would find all its edges sharp," I said, bitterly. "You would not go through what I have and bring out of it that calm face of yours."

The calm face changed, suddenly and indescribably, as if a mask had been removed. I saw in an instant of what depths of expression, what love and longing and despair it was capable. The eyes darkened, the lips trembled, a gray pallor overspread the features. I saw her clasp her hands together hard, and hold them firmly for a moment against her heart. Then the natural color began to come back to her face, and she drew a long breath, and tried to smile.

"You see I am weaker than I thought. Your words came so suddenly, and brought so vividly before me the ghosts of my old woes, that for an instant memory overmastered me. But the spasm is past now; and I will tell you, if you care to hear, in what school I have learned the lesson that sorrow may be better for us than joy.

"Seven years ago I was as merry a girl of twenty as you would care to see. We lived in a little gray cottage, in the sunniest of New England valleys, my father and mother, my gay little sister Jeanette, and I. There was another, who came so often that he was almost one of us—Arthur Blanchard, my lover. I did not expect to be married very soon. Arthur was to be a lawyer, and was not quite through with his studies. I had promised to wait for him until he should be established in his profession, and meantime I found my home too happy to be in any haste to leave it. My father was getting an old man. He had been past forty when my mother married him; but, despite the more than twenty years between them, I have never seen two who loved each other so entirely.

"Father used to say that he was drawing nigh his rest; and I think but for mother he would not have been sorry. Old people seem now and then to get so near to the unseen that its glory shines on their calm faces, its peace woos them, its brightness lures them onward. I think this was the case with him, only he had grown so used to mother that he felt as if he should not be quite sure of his own identity in heaven until she came. His death was the first break in our circle. It happened very suddenly.

"One evening after Arthur had been there father had sat for half an hour in his great arm-chair talking to me. Mother had gone to bed. Jeannette was dreaming the gay dreams of sixteen on her pillow, her golden hair fluttering on the summer wind that stole gently in at her open window. Father and I were all alone. I shall never forget the tender, tremulous touch of his hand upon my hair that night. I had a curious feeling of having gone back to the little girl days when he used to pet me so much before Jeannette came. I drew out my stool and sat down beside him, and held his long, slender fingers in my hands, feeling how good and dear he was. At last he said to me:

"'Merchis, I wonder where my eyes were when I failed to see some things which I see very clearly now. I wish you did not love Arthur so well.'

"A shiver shook me from head to foot.

"'Why, father,' I said, 'you consented freely to our engagement. I've heard you say dozens of times that he was the smartest young man in the county, and the most sure to rise.'

"'Yes, daughter, yes. He will rise, no doubt of that. Only, Heaven send he be not too smart. It is his hardness and selfishness I am afraid of. They will rasp and cut you some day if you hold on to him too tight. Don't set your heart on him so that you can't see his faults. That won't be good for either of you.'

"I smiled inwardly at the dear old father growing fanciful—so easy and tolerant himself that he never by any chance could have been a rich or a rising man, and therefore not understanding or quite liking in other people the qualities that held in themselves the elements of success. I was very proud of Arthur, and I was ready to trust him fearlessly. Yet my father's tender anxiety touched me none the less, and I know my eyes were wet when he put his hand on my head and gave me his blessing, as solemnly as some old Israelitish patriarch who called his children round him in the evening of his days to hear his last words. I did not dream then that those would be his last words for me. I went away to bed, and lay down beside Jeannette, wondering at the wonderful brightness of her beauty, transfigured into something seraphic by the moonlight which poured in at the window and flooded it. I remember thinking how fitted she was for joy and prosperity and the smooth things of this life, and rejoicing that as the wife of a man of distinction, such as I never doubted Arthur was to be, I could do so much for her. Then I went to sleep; and it seemed to me I had scarcely closed my eyes, though I knew afterward it had been several hours, when I heard a voice calling my name very softly.

"I looked up, and there in my door, in the gray dawning, with only her white night-clothes on, stood my mother, her face as pale as some spectre's who mocks the morning with a presence born of midnight.

"'Merchis,' she said, and her voice seemed to come like a spirit's from lips that did not move, 'your father is dead.'

"I did not believe it; I thought she or I was in some horrible dream; but I got up and followed her to the bed where he lay. From an eastern window the dawn looked in on him—a piece of stirless marble on the pillow, not my father or her husband any more. I could not speak. My eyes questioned her mutely.

"'Yes,' she said, with singular calmness, 'he is dead utterly—no one can help him now but God, and God was his friend. He woke a while ago, and said, just as he has so many nights in these long, long years whenever he chanced to wake, "Kiss me, wife," and I, half asleep, turned my face over to his, and he put his arms round my neck and kissed me. Then I suppose I drowsed a little, for I started up at last with an instinct of some unknown terror, and his arms had fallen away from my neck and his face was cold.'

"It touched me with a tenderness more subtle than grief to hear my mother, under this pressure, forsake the reticence of years, and reveal, as she never had before, even to me, the secret endearments of their long, loving companionship. I did not understand then the source of her composure. She felt herself near to the invisible country whither he had gone, and out of this sense of nearness her strength grew.

"I will not weary you by lingering over those days—over Jeannette's girlish passion of sorrow, or the quieter yet deeper mourning of her elders. This was grief, not trouble; and there was healing in our very pain. He had been ready to go—the dear old man—full of years, and ripe in goodness.

"We were left tolerably well provided for, as things went in that quiet place. There was the home—a comfortable little house, with land enough to keep our cow and raise our vegetables; and besides this, six thousand dollars in bank stock; so that for us, used to economy, there would be no difficulty. Arthur came often, and was kind and sympathetic, after his fashion; but I think it was then that I began to realize that his nature was less tender than I had fancied it. Not that I acknowledged this intuition, even in the depths of my own heart. He was busy—engrossed in the labors that were to make our future bright; and after all, the dear dead father was not of his kindred. So I made myself cheerful when he came, and tried not to have it seem to him like a house of mourning.

"All through that fall and winter mother was failing gradually; and one spring day she told me, as quietly as she would have spoken about any other projected journey, that she was going to father. 'He needs me more than I am needed here,' she said, with the quietest certainty. 'You will care for Jeannette as well as I could, but not all the angels could make my place good to him.'

"So she went away before the April days were over, and left Jeannette and me alone in the old home—quite alone in these days, for Arthur had just been admitted to the bar, and had gone to the shire town some twenty miles away to try and establish himself in business there. He did not even come to my mother's funeral; but then he was very busy; and he wrote me a letter full of beautiful words, in which he said that every day's delay would only put our marriage a day farther off; therefore *I* could not blame him for being miserly of time. I was determined to see only the best and noblest side of him; and I went on pouring out at his feet the incense of a blind worship.

"For the next twenty months we saw but little of him; but we heard frequent reports of his success. His shrewdness, his industry, his eloquence, were the favorite themes of his old friends and acquaintances; and if I grew vaingloriously proud as I listened, I think the chastisement which came afterward must have made me quits with destiny.

"Jeannette, meantime, was growing into superb womanhood. I wish you could have seen her at eighteen. She was of the pure Saxon type—those clear blue eyes, that fair, transparent skin with its swiftly changing color, that long golden hair; she might have sat for an ideal portrait of Editha, the swan-necked. She had begun to put off the severity of her mourning garments, as she had begun to outgrow the girlish passion of her grief, and to go again into such society as our little nest among the New England hills afforded.

"One night—I remember every incident so well—I dressed her for a sleigh-ride. A merry party were to cross the lake, skirt the base of the mountain, and take supper and a dance in the next town. I did not wish to go. Not only that grief with me was too fresh, but I never cared much for any merry-making in which Arthur bore no part. Still, I took pleasure in aiding Jeannette's preparations. Her black silk dress was exquisitely becoming to her blonde beauty. Her cheeks were pink with excitement, and her lips crimson. She sat in front of the glass while I fastened a spray of white chrysanthemums in her hair; and when I had finished she got up and kissed me, saying, gayly: 'I believe I *am* a pretty girl, Merchis; why do you never tell me so?' I scolded her a little, for propriety's sake; but I rejoiced in her glad young beauty as heartily as she did, and I know I would have laid down my life rather than any harm should have come to that golden head.

"A great sleigh that would hold fifteen stopped for her at the gate; and I watched her dance down the path, her hair glittering in the sunset light, her face, as she turned it back for a parting nod, full of smiles and blushes, and thought there would be no one else there so bonny or so bright. If I had known how she would come back to me!

"I did not expect her till nearly morning. I planned to go to bed early, but I sat there for a while after I had lit my lamp and had my supper, thinking of Arthur and the future, dreaming vague dreams, as girls will. I heard the clock strike eight, and counted the strokes. Then I thought I would go to bed. 'Jeannette will be having me up in the small hours,' I said to myself, and then I smiled to think of her, dancing, no doubt, at that moment. I could see just the airy grace of her motions, the proud little head, round which the golden hair glittered, the parted smiling lips. 'God bless her!' I said softly to myself.

"Just then I heard heavy steps coming up from the gate, crunching the crisp snow. I ran to the door. Four men were bringing something laid upon a litter. As the light from the opened door streamed out I caught a golden gleam, and I knew what burden they were fetching home. I tried to ask 'Is she dead?' but I suppose I shrieked the words, for some one said, authoritatively, 'You *must* be calm. She is not dead, but she is very near it. The horses took fright, in crossing the lake, at the fire that was kindled to warn people away from a hole where ice had been cut. The driver unwisely told his passengers to jump for their lives, and the whole fifteen started at once. Your sister fell backward and struck her head violently.'

"By this time they had brought her in and I saw her ghastly face. I am not meaning to give you a chapter of horrors, and I will not talk about the long weeks during which she wavered between life and death, and it seemed as if a breath would turn the scale. I began to understand in those days what trouble was as I hung in a passion of despairing, clinging love over her, the very last creature on earth who really belonged to me by the tie of kindred blood. It was spring again before she could sit up, and then I began vaguely to forbode the something worse than death whose shadow brooded over her. Not even the doctor had the courage to put this fear into distinct words, though he had remotely hinted at it. Arthur was the first one to approach it boldly in one of his infrequent visits. He began by speaking of his progress in his profession, and the probability that we could be married soon if only, as he added, I raised no obstacles.

"'Why should I?' I asked, with something clutching my heart like a cold, strong, iron hand.

"'You shouldn't, and of course you won't; you have too much good sense. After what Dr. Ottison tells me—'

"'And what *does* Dr. Ottison tell you?' I interrupted, my cheeks flaming with defiance.

"'He says Jeannette will never be the same again—that her brain was injured by the fall—in short, that she is hopelessly insane. And he recommends that you put her in an asylum.'

"'He does, does he? I am much obliged to Dr. Ottison. Did he say this was necessary—that there would be any danger in having her round?'

"'Why, no, I did not understand him to speak of danger. He said it would be a great relief to you, and that in her state of mind all places would be pretty much alike to her.'

"'Excuse me, then, if I decline the proposed relief. It is just possible that all places may *not* be alike to poor Jeannie. It may be something to her to hear a voice and see a face she has known and loved all her lifetime. At any rate, until there is absolute danger in keeping her out of confinement, she shall never be put into it by me.'

"'You will think better of this, Merchis, when you have thought of it longer, and be more just to me. I should go mad myself, with my overtasked brain and extreme nervousness of organization, to have that witless creature round. Her uneasy questions and those perpetual moaning sighs would drive me to despair.'

"'Thank God, then, that she is not your sister, and you can escape from them. *You* owe her no duty. *I* have mine to do, and please Heaven I will do it. I stand to her in the place of father and mother, and so far as I have strength I will be to her what they would have been. Do you think I could rest night or day and think of my poor, harmless, gentle Jeannette shut up with gibbering lunatics?'

"'They are kind to them, Dr. Ottison says, when they are not dangerous.'

"'Dr. Ottison may test that kindness if he wishes.'

"'You will be sorry afterward, Merchis, that you have been so hasty. I have worked four years for the home I am almost ready to offer you. I don't think the world at large would blame me for being unwilling to share it with a crazy woman, sorry as I am for you, Merchis; yes, and for Jeannette, too. I solemnly believe I am counseling you for the best, and I will wait a little for you to come round to my side of the question.'

"Thereupon he went away, and I went in to Jeannette. The only idea that had escaped the general wreck of her faculties was an idea of love for and trust in me—a longing to have me always in her sight. Should I snatch from her this last morsel of comfort? Heaven forbid!

"'Ah, lovely Eve,' she said, as I went into the room, for she had taken up the habit of addressing me by all sorts of fanciful titles, 'I saw Apollyon going down the walk. Has he been tempting you? Don't believe him if he tells you the apple is ever so good. He looks like an angel of light; but don't you know that he is the Prince of Darkness?'

"'Should you like to go away from me,' I asked, just to try her, 'to a place where they would take good care of you, and make you well enough to go about as you used?'

"'He goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour,' she said, pointing down the road, where we could just see Arthur Blanchard walking along. 'Don't let him devour me. Queen of the Sun, keep me within the cheering warmth of your beams.'

"'I *will* keep you. Listen, Jeannette: if you are good and patient and quiet I shall be able to keep you, and no one shall ever take you away. If you are not good I shall get sick, and then I can't take care of you.'

"She looked into my eyes with those blue eyes of hers, beautiful still in their wildness, and then said, slowly: 'I do as you tell me now. Keep me until I am bad, and when I make you sick let Apollyon come for me.'

"Sitting alone that night far into the midnight, with Jeannette sleeping uneasily in the next room, I believe I began to taste the very bitterness of death. I tried to shut my eyes to the future, but I felt its chill foreshadowing in my soul. Remember that I had loved Arthur Blanchard for six years—dreamed no dream of any coming life in which he did not shine as the great sun filling my heavens with light and warmth. I had been so proud of him, had such faith in him—was it all to end now? I remembered my father's words that last night. Had the eyes which death anointed seen with but too clear a vision? Was I indeed to be rasped by the hardness and selfishness of which he had spoken? But I would not believe it. Not so soon could I dethrone my idol. Sun, moon, and stars might fade out of heaven—but surely, through the wreck, this sun of mine would shine. I shut my eyes on the treacherous shore I was nearing, and let myself drift with the tide.

"It was three weeks before he came again. Meantime I had talked with Dr. Ottison about Jeannette. He gave me no hope of her recovery. He had had much experience in such cases, having at one time in his life been superintendent of a private asylum, and he felt sure that her malady would prove incurable. Would it be impossible for me to keep her? I asked. No, certainly not impossible. He doubted if it would be wise. It would not be good for me, and he did not see how it could help her. As for danger, probably there would be none. Her insanity seemed of a mild and harmless type. When I heard that my mind was made up, and it would have taken more than Arthur Blanchard's best eloquence to change it.

"When he came to ask for my decision I think he understood from the first moment of our meeting how it would be. I thought afterward that my resolve was exactly what he had hoped for; but at the time I gave him credit for loving me in his own fashion, and it was very hard to part with him. I would wait for him if need were ten years; but while Jeannette lived, and remained the harmless, gentle creature she now was I never would send her away from me.

"'You would wait for me ten years,' he said, with some bitterness. 'Do you reflect at all on what I should be when those ten years were over—a gray, middle-aged man, with all the romance of youth gone during these ten best years of my life which you would have condemned me to pass alone?'

"A sudden intuition of what was in his mind flashed across me, like a ray of blinding sunlight.

"'I see it all,' I said, and I think womanly pride made my voice firm. 'You would in those ten years, in which you were losing your romance, have gained too much worldly wisdom to care to marry a woman who never was wealthy or beautiful, who would then be no longer young. *I* was looking at the matter from a woman's point of view. I can see how different it must be from yours.'

"'Then you can see, can you not, that your first duty is to me, and you will put aside other claims for my sake?'

"'I have not changed in my ideas about Jeannette, if that is what you mean. But I will not hold you on any uncertainty. I will make you entirely free to seek your happiness in your own way. I am sure that this is right and best.'

"'I think,' he said, with some real emotion in his voice, 'that about what is right and best you are making the saddest of mistakes. It may be best that we should part rather than to resolve on a long, uncertain waiting, but it can not be best that you should sacrifice your young life as you have planned.'

"'For that I must answer to God.'

"'You are determined?'

"'Entirely.'

"'You have broken up my whole plan and purpose of life,' he said. 'I must build anew out of the wreck; but I shall never love any other woman as I have loved you.'

"I did not speak—I could not trust myself just then. I only took off a little plain gold ring which I had worn for four years and dropped it in his palm.

"'Is this the end, Merchis?' and I do think he suffered a little when he said that—some old memory tugged momently at his heart-strings.

"'The end,' I answered, drearily, and then he went away.

"The sun was just setting. The light of day and the light of life and hope going out together, I thought, with passionate self-pity. I could hear Jeannette singing in her own room, a wild, sad, incoherent strain. It was one of her musical days, on which she was quite independent of me, and would chant for a whole afternoon to herself. I was thankful for an hour of freedom, in which to get used to the darkness wherein I must abide. I found no consolation in the knowledge that I had been worshiping an unworthy idol. There is something in the loss of love more subtle than the loss of any lover. It was not only that he was gone, but that with him was gone from me the power of loving, the glory of faith. And then I had cared for him so very much," she added, simply, and for the first time since she began her story the features of Merchis Deane quivered with a spasm of pain. She stopped speaking a moment, and I had time to hear a drowsy bird call to her mate, and watch through the lattice a gaudy-winged butterfly sailing by on the fragrant air of the slow summer afternoon. When she spoke again her voice was calm.

"I met the bitterest trouble of my life in those days, and conquered it in the only way in which it seems to me possible to conquer any grief. I learned to believe that it was God's medicine for my soul, and to be thankful for it as one of the 'all things' which were by-and-by to work together for my good. When I heard, six months afterward, of Arthur Blanchard's marriage I had mastered myself so entirely that the news did not bring me a single fresh pang. He had married the daughter of the county Judge before whom he was accustomed to plead his cases—a good arrangement, at the worldly wisdom of which I could even smile, and which very likely he had in mind when he walked away from me in the June sunset, with the little gold ring I had worn so long in his hand.

"Life settled into dull monotony after that, varied only by the different phases of Jeannette's malady. Sometimes she was very sad and silent—a brooding misery in her face which it made one's heart ache to see. At others she would be almost like her old gay self, save that in her mirth she was full of wild and curious fantasies. Never, in the three years through which I tended her, did she try to harm me; never did I receive from her the slightest hurt, except now and then when she would wake up at night out of the torture of some horrible dream, and cling round my neck in her terror with a grasp which almost strangled me. God only knows how thankful I used to be at those times that my poor darling had no confinement harsher than my firm, loving arms—that instead of being chained in a cell or thrust into a strait-jacket she could be soothed to quiet by a familiar voice. Not once would I have changed my course if I could, or taken one step backward.

"Toward the close of the third year her health began to fail; and with this failure it seemed to me that reason began to reassert her sway. I consulted Dr. Ottison anxiously. He told me that her case was not an uncommon one. If her reason came back, it would be as her life ebbed away. When you remember that she was all I had left to love, inexpressibly dear to me, even in this wreck of herself, you will understand how my heart clung to her as she was; how I shuddered at every indication of the returning reason which was to be but a prophecy of her doom.

"Day by day through that long spring I saw her grow weaker and thinner, and I saw at the same time the wild gleam of frenzy dying out of the eyes which began to follow me wherever I moved with a look of wistful tenderness. She talked very little, and gradually left off calling me by the fanciful names she had used all through her malady. She seemed painfully trying to recall something, wearing the anxious, questioning expression of one groping vainly after the lost threads of memory. March went by so, with its mourning winds and desolate storms. At last, when a day in April thrilled the earth with a hint of summer, and for the first time a robin outside the window called to his mate, something in the air or the sound seemed to penetrate the mist which shrouded her brain, and looking up she called me, for the first time in three years, by my name:

"'Merchis, do you think I shall live to see the summer?'

"I could not speak. Something strangled my voice and blinded my eyes. She got up and came to me where I sat.

"'Sister,' she said, 'tell me all about it. I have been ill a long time, I know, and you have grown pale and thin with taking care of me. Tell me the whole truth.'

"So, believing in truth at all times with my whole soul, I told her every thing; going back and beginning at that winter afternoon when she had gone out from me such a gay, merry girl, and been brought back with the best part of her life over. While I spoke her hands held mine closely, and I watched her face to see if I could trust her to be calm. And calm she was, with the deep peace of one to whom, standing on the shore of the Infinite, the things of time and sense grow dim and fade away. When all was told she kissed me, and as her lips touched my brow they seemed to me like a symbol of consecration.

"'The good Lord will love you, Merchis, and hold you safe in his faithful keeping, you that have been so faithful to me. See how merciful he is in giving us these last days in which we can be to each other all that we used to be!'

"The time that followed was short, reckoned by hours and days; but in the richness of its experience it seemed measureless. In it I learned how fearlessly a pure soul can draw near to Heaven. It moved me to a sad wonder to see this girl glad and grateful, even for the wreck and ruin of her earthly life, because she could see in it the Father's chosen way of taking her home.

"Before April was over she left me, as my mother had done in the same month five years before. One afternoon she called me to lie down beside her, and I took her in my arms, as I had held her through so many anxious nights when she was unconscious of my love. Thinking of those times the tears would come to my eyes, but she put up her lips and kissed them away.

"'You must not be sorry for me, darling,' she said. 'I am more than content to go; and I know you will be glad in the long ages that you cared for me to the end. God bless you, sister!'

"And then she hid the blue eyes, so changed from their old gay brightness, against my breast; the hair which used to be glittering gold, but which had in it now so many threads of silver, overswept my arms, and I held her very gently that she might go to sleep. And in that sleep her soul passed, God knows how. Though I held her so near I felt no change. The flutter of no angel's wing stirred the air. But my darling never awoke any more in this world.

"That was a year ago last April. This is the second summer to grow green above her grave, and I am all alone. You tell me my face is serene, and I believe my heart is at peace with God and man. But it is not the calm of a sea which no storms have ever troubled, but rather the deeper rest after One mighty to command has spoken to the waves His own 'Peace be still!'"

"Peace be still?" The words had fallen from her lips like a benediction. When she had uttered them she went out—for the afternoon was over—into the summer twilight. I opened my shutters. A lingering sunset flushed the west. A pale moon swung in the east. Dew and silence were over all. The spell of Nature's great gentleness entered into my heart, and for the first time since the dark days came I was able to say, taking up the chorus of moon and stars and all created things: "The Lord reigns; let the earth rejoice!"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Mr. Editor,—In reading over the cases of absent-mindedness in your paper I was reminded of an incident that happened to a bachelor friend of mine. He is in the habit, when he comes to his room in the evening, of putting his tea-kettle on the stove and himself lying down on the lounge and taking a snooze until the kettle begins to sing, when he would get up and make his tea. The other evening, being a little prostrated on account of old Simpkins's daughter "cutting" him on the street, he put the kettle on the lounge and got upon the stove himself, and never discovered his mistake *until he began to sing!*

"Now, then, fust boy in 'rithmetic, how many white beans air there in ten black ones?" "Ten, Sir, of you skin 'em," was the reply.

Not much difference between the very rich and the very poor after all. The former live in fear of starvation, and the latter in dread of the gout.

A Yankee preacher discoursing in regard to Daniel in the lion's den, said: "And there he sat all night long, looking at the show for nothing, and it did not cost him a cent."

### ADVICE GRATIS.

*Chimney on Fire. Remedy and conduct.*—If your chimney should ever be on fire, wrap yourself up in a damp blanket and swallow a quarter of a pound of hot water.

*Hysterics.*—If any one goes off into hysterics, knock him down and pump on him: take off his shoes and hit him with them several times behind the ears.

In the case of a lady, prepare to throw a mixture of sweet oil and soot over her dress. This will have the desired effect.

*Butter Scotch.*—Recipe. Take an ugly Highlander. This will serve for the "Scotch." Tell him he's the handsomest man you ever saw. This will butter him. And the thing is done.

*Cure for a Cold.*—Take two quarts of any thing you like, rub in with soap and water, stir briskly and let some one stand for five minutes while you're doing it. Then to bed, if it's time.

*How to tame a Savage Mastiff who bites every one and eats children.*—Take out his teeth.

The Rising Generation.—The Fenians.

"I have gone into the silk business," said a man to his neighbor. "So I supposed, as I saw you *reeling* home last night."

Extraordinary Taste.—The London *Advertiser* relates the story of a Parisian coachman, who, having undergone amputation of the tongue for cancer, had the organ replaced by one of India-rubber. "Although he can not speak," the account goes on to say, "he tastes swallows and smokes his pipe with apparent enjoyment." How he can smoke his pipe after he has tasted and swallowed it rather puzzles us.

Old Bachelor Sneer would like to know what kind of a broom the young woman in the last new novel used when she swept back the raven ringlets from her classic brow.

Why is a choleric man like a handsaw?—Because directly he gets hot he loses his temper.

The Real Commercial Docks.—Discounts.

"Sarah," said a young man, the other day, "why don't you wear ear-rings?"

"Because I haven't had my ears pierced."

"I will bore them for you."

"Thank you, you have done that enough."

Snooks says the reason he does not get married is, that his house is not large enough to contain the consequences.

The lady wearing the largest waterfall is considered the Niagara of fashion.

He who is a tiger in his own family is generally a sheep in society.

Useful.—A lady tramped on a dog's tail, at Omaha, the other day, and the animal bit her leg. The blood did not flow, however; only saw-dust flew. He did not go deep enough for blood. This is the most useful purpose we have ever heard of a false calf serving.

The love that kills—pulmonary affection.

Mrs. Partington said she did not marry her second husband because she loved the male sex, but just because he was the size of her first protector, and could wear out his old clothes.

Elder Knapp, speaking of long prayers, once said: "When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he got through he would have been fifty feet under water."

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, Sir," roared an irate lawyer to an exasperating witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

"Isaac, my son, let the Good Book be a lamp unto thy path." "Mother," replied the thoughtful Isaac, "I should think that was making light of sacred things."

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there," said the boy; "'tain't nowhere else."

"Why is a kiss like a rumor?—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

When the day "breaks" what becomes of the fragments?

French statistics show that just ten fools drown themselves in the Seine every month.

Trouble.—Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you; for trouble rarely troubles people who never trouble themselves about trouble.

We hear a great deal about Great Britain's poor laws; but we fear there are a great many laws quite as poor in our own country.

Doctor. "Well, Madam, how's your husband to-day?"

Wife. "Why, Doctor, he seems no better."

Doctor. "Did you get the leeches?"

Wife. "Yes; but he only took three of them raw; I had to fry the rest!"

A gentleman who wanted to make a speech to a Sunday-school, thought he would adopt the colloquial style, and this is what happened:

"Now boys, what does a man want when he goes a fishing?"

A shrill voice in the crowd went directly to the point with,

"*Wants a bite!*"

The gentleman sat down without further remarks.

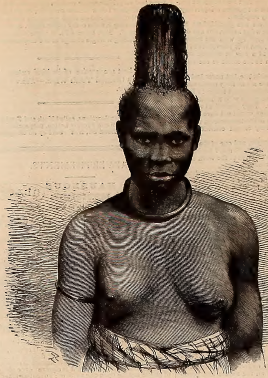
Cassius was a teller in the Roman Clearing-house. He made an enemy of Cæsar by offering him a check on the Rubicon Bank, which the author of the "Commentaries" wished to cross.

Making Extremes Meat.—Manufacturing sausages from horns and hoofs.

DRY WEATHER.

WET WEATHER.

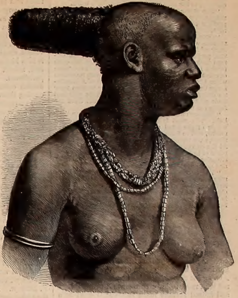
THE FENIAN UPRISING IN IRELAND—NIGHT ATTACK ON THE POLICE AT TALLAGHT, March 5, 1867.—[See Page 238.]



AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS—THE VERTICAL CHIGNON.

# CURIOUS AFRICAN FASHIONS.

It is generally believed that we get our fashions from Paris—a little late, it is true, but still of Parisian origin. The *chignon*, yclept "waterfall" by the American belles with whom the style has been the rage for a year or more, was supposed to be an inspiration of French genius located in Paris; and when, a short time ago, a crusade was started against the beloved and becoming *chignon*, the American ladies boldly expressed their intention to cling to the style as long as the Parisians did. It may possibly bring this crusade to a sudden and successful issue, and induce the ladies to abandon the style, if we show that it is, and has been for many years, in vogue among the savage women of Central Africa! We are indebted for this astounding intelligence to that enterprising man of wonderful adventures in Africa, PAUL B. DU CHAILLU, author of the fascinating work entitled "A Journey to Ashango-Land and further Penetration into Equatorial Africa," published in elegant style by Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co., of this city, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying illustrations of Mr. DU CHAILLU's new discovery. The negro people described by him in his new volume are a distinct race from those treated of in his first book, "Explorations and Adventures in Equitorial Africa," issued by HARPER & BROTHERS. The races now described are in a very primitive state, having no direct intercourse with strangers, for the Christian and Mohammedan missionaries have left them untouched, nor have they any immediate intercourse with the European slave-traders. Their condition is lower than we had imagined of any negro tribes. Their country is the most sweltering region of the equator, and consists of dense forests, interspersed here and there with open prairies, and is composed of low plains, divided by mountain ridges, abundantly supplied with rivers, but with none of magnitude. The country is scantily inhabited by man, beast, and bird, the denizens of the forest being, for the most part, confined to monkeys, reptiles, and insects, while the large quadrupeds of the grassy plains are chiefly the elephant, the hog, and a wild ox peculiar to this region.



AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS—THE HORIZONTAL CHIGNON.

From one of the chapters devoted to the description of the dress of the savages we give several extracts, reproducing also four of the illustrations of the African head-dresses in the style alluded to. Mr. DU CHAILLU writes as follows:

"The Ishogos are a fine tribe of negroes; they are strongly and well built, with well-developed limbs and broad shoulders. I consider them superior to the Ashiras in physique, and I remarked that they generally had finer heads, broader in the part where phrenologists place the organs of ideality. With some of them their general appearance reminded me of the Fans. The women have good figures; they tattoo themselves in various parts of the body—on the shoulders, arms, breast, back, and abdomen—and some of them have raised pea-like marks similar to those of the Apono women, between the eye-brows and on the cheeks. Both men and women adopt the custom of pulling out the two middle incisors of the upper jaw, but this mode of adding to their personal attraction is not so general as among the Aponos; many file their upper incisors and two or three of the lower ones to a point.

"The men and women ornament themselves with red powder, made by rubbing two pieces of bar-wood together; but their most remarkable fashions relate to the dressing of the hair. On my arrival at Igoumbié I had noticed how curious the head-dresses of the women were, being so unlike the fashions I had seen among any of the tribes I had visited. Although these modes are sometimes very grotesque, they are not devoid of what English ladies, with their present fashions, might consider good taste: in short, they cultivate a remarkable sort of chignons. I have remarked three different ways of hair-dressing as most prevalent among the Ishogo belles. The first is to train the hair into a tower-shaped mass elevated from eight to ten inches from the crown of the head; the hair from the forehead to the base of the tower, and also that of the back part up to the ears, being closely shaved off. In order to give shape to the tower, they make a frame-work, generally out of old pieces of grass-cloth, and fix the hair round it. All the chignons are worked up on a frame. Another mode is to wear the tower, with two round balls of hair, one on each side, above the ears.

"A third fashion is similar to the first, but the tower, instead of being perpendicular to the crown, is inclined obliquely from the back of the head, and the front of the head is clean shaven almost to the middle. The neck is also shorn closely up to the ears.

"The hair on these towers has a parting in the middle and on the sides, which is very neatly done. The whole structure must require years of careful training before it reaches the perfection attained by the leaders of Ishogo fashion. A really good chignon is not attained until the owner is about twenty or twenty-five years of age. It is the chief object of ambition with the young Ishogo women to possess a good well-trained

AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS—THE STYLE FOR MALES.

AFRICAN HEAD-DRESS—THE OBLIQUE CHIGNON.

ARREST OF LADRONES, MATAMORAS, MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 238.]

and well-greased tower of hair of the kind that I describe. Some women are far better dressers of hair than others, and are much sought for—the fixing and cleaning of the hair requiring a long day's work.

"The woman who desires to have her hair dressed must either pay the hair-dresser or must promise to perform the same kind office to her neighbor in return.

"Once fixed, these chignons remain for a couple of months without requiring to be rearranged, and the mass of insect life that accumulates in them during that period is truly astonishing. However, the women make use of their large iron or ivory hair-pins (which I described in 'Equatorial Africa') in the place of combs. The fashion of the '*chignon*' was unknown when I left Europe, so that to the belles of Africa belongs the credit of the invention. The women wear no ornaments in the ears, and I saw none who had their ears pierced; they are very different from the Apingi in this respect.

"The men also have fancy ways of trimming their hair. The most fashionable style is to shave the whole of the head except a circular patch on the crown, and to form this into three finely-plaited divisions, each terminating in a point and hanging down. At the end of each of these they fix a large bead or a piece of iron or brass wire, so that the effect is very singular. The Ishogo people shave their eyebrows and pull out their eyelashes.

"The native razor, with which both men and women shave themselves, is a kind of curved and pointed knife made of iron, well worked and tempered with charcoal, the cutting edge being the convex side. It is four or five inches long and has a wooden handle. Slabs of slaty stone are used as whetstones."

## THE PEABODY FUND.

GEORGE PEABODY, the American banker, has made for himself an enviable reputation and an enduring fame by judiciously giving away large portions of his goodly store of this world's goods. Among his many charitable bequests the last will redound most to his credit, since it contemplates and indeed secures more substantial good to a larger class of persons than any of his previous gifts.

On February 7, 1867, Mr. PEABODY appropriated and set aside, out of his ample fortune, over two million of dollars for the education of the more destitute young persons of the South and Southwestern States without distinction of color. In his letter of instruction to the trustees of the fund, whom he had chosen, Mr. PEABODY gives his reasons for, and purposes in, making the donation; and writes, among other things, as follows:

"With my advancing years my attachment to my native land has but become more devoted. My hope and faith in its successful and glorious future have grown brighter and stronger; and now, looking forward beyond my stay on earth, as may be permitted to one who has passed the limit of threescore-and-ten years, I see our country united and prosperous, emerging from the clouds which still surround her, taking a higher rank among the nations, and becoming richer and more powerful than ever before. But to make its prosperity more than superficial her moral and mental development should keep pace with her material growth, and in those portions of our nation to which I have referred the urgent and pressing physical needs of an almost impoverished people must, for some years, preclude them from making, by unaided effort, such advances in education, and such progress in the diffusion of knowledge among all classes, that every lover of his country must earnestly desire."

The trustees to whose direction this noble charity is committed are Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP of Massachusetts, Hon. HAMILTON FISH of New York, Rt. Rev. CHARLES P. M'ILVAINE of Ohio, Gen. U. S. GRANT of the U. S. Army, Admiral DAVID G. FARRAGUT of the U. S. Navy, Hon. WM. C. RIVES of Virginia, Hon. JOHN H. CLIFFORD of Massachusetts, Hon. WM. AIKEN of South Carolina, WM. M. EVARTS, Esq. of New York, Hon. WM. A. GRAHAM of North Carolina, CHARLES MACALISTER of Pennsylvania, GEO. A. RIGGS, Esq. of Washington, SAMUEL WETMORE of New York, EDWARD A. BRADFORD, Esq. of Louisiana, GEO. N. EATON of Maryland, and GEORGE PEABODY RUSSELL of Massachusetts. At the invitation of Mr. PEABODY the most of these gentlemen assembled in New York city on March 22, and were present at a banquet given by Mr. PEABODY at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to General GRANT and his lady. The same gentlemen and Mr. PEABODY met subsequently at BRADY'S Photographic Gallery and had their photographs taken in a group, from which we present in this number of the *Weekly* a fine engraving, giving accurate portraits of the distinguished gentlemen.

The following sonnet in honor of Mr. PEABODY, written by Mrs. BOTTA, was read at the dinner:

No Eastern tale, no annals of the past,
Of Greece or Rome, deeds such as thine relate,
Deeds kings and emperors might emulate,
That o'er thy native land new lustre cast;
The land that opens all her wide domain
To the oppressed of every name and zone,
And with a spirit generous as thine own
Pours forth the gifts her boundless stores contain;
The land that shall embalm thy memory
In love and honor, while long ages hence
The bounteous stream of thy beneficence,
Bearing along to millions yet to be
Tributes of light and love, its course shall run,
Still widening as it flows, like the broad Amazon!

## THE LADRONES OF MEXICO.

THE guerrillas who infest the rural regions of Mexico, and ply their vocation as highway robbers, have always been held in great dread by travelers in that clime; but they are not more ferocious and daring and cruel than the Ladrones or "midnight thieves" who infest the cities and towns of the same country. The Ladrones of Mexico belong to the same class as the Lazaroni of Naples, and the beggar-thieves of London and New York. They are invariably clad in the most slovenly manner, are dirty and ragged in the extreme, and are degraded in habits and vicious in their nature. All night long they prowl around the cities, generally in groups, seeking whom they may devour. They make it a rule—an inviolable custom—to steal any thing they can lay their hands upon; and when hard pressed by poverty or the police they do not hesitate to cut a throat, a single *media* being sufficient inducement to murder. When pursued and overtaken they invariably turn and fight, knowing that capture is equivalent to death; and hence terrible conflicts frequently ensue between them and the police.

The engraving on page 237 was sketched by our artist in Matamoras, and represents a scene of frequent occurrence there—the arrest of a group or band of Ladrones. The Lamplighter is seen in the advance of the escort. This individual, employed to light the lamps of the streets, is also looked upon as one of the city guardians, and, armed with a revolver, performs duty as a policeman. Behind the ferocious-looking Ladrones comes the guard of police who are escorting them to the calaboose. Here the thieves will be confined for the rest of the night. Mexican law condemns this class of culprits to a very brief imprisonment; for as soon as day breaks on the morning after a Ladrone's capture he is taken from the prison to the court-yard and shot!

## THE FENIAN UPRISING.

WE have already given full accounts of the insurrectionary efforts of the Fenians in Ireland during the months of February and March. Shrove-Tuesday, March 5, was the day fixed upon for the second uprising; and on that day and night several attempts were made to seize barracks and police stations containing arms and ammunition. We give on page 236 a picture of the fight at the police station at Tallaght. This station was at the junction of two roads from Dublin, and was considered an important strategic point. It was held by fourteen men of the Constabulary Police under Sub-Inspector DOMINICK F. BURKE. A little before midnight on March 5 the Sub-Inspector, with two constables, was coming from Rathfarnham to the Tallaght station, when he met about forty of the Fenians in charge of a cart-load of ammunition. These men were stopped by Sub-Inspector BURKE, who called on them to surrender. The leader of the band, who was armed with a sword, was disposed to fight, and made a blow with the sword at one of the policemen, who, with his sword-bayonet fixed on his rifle, warded off the blow, striking in return at his assailant, whom he stabbed in the abdomen. Thus ended the first encounter, the Fenians at once retreating, taking with them their wounded leader, but leaving behind them their large supply of ammunition. The second party which the small police force at Tallaght encountered came up by the Green Hills Road. They numbered some hundreds. Sub-Inspector BURKE, who at this time had been reinforced by the Tallaght police, called on the Fenians to surrender, and intimated that there was a large armed force at hand. The insurgents hesitated for a few moments; and that they were badly armed was proved by the fact that when they proceeded to action their instruments of offense mostly consisted of stones taken off the road. About three shots were fired, the police say, by this party of Fenians. The police returned the fire, and immediately the undisciplined band commenced a retreat. Their leader called upon them to halt; but they continued to run. At half past twelve a third party came up, and were also met by Mr. BURKE and his party of police. This was the most numerous of the several parties, and consisted of about 1000 men and boys. There were some hundreds in it who walked with such regularity that at a short distance the police were unable to say whether they were not a military force. The police had received orders to fix bayonets and load, and to be prepared for attack. They were to fire in case the party refused to surrender. The demand for surrender having been made, the leader of the band said to his command: "Now boys, now!" and immediately a discharge of about eighty guns took place, but without injury to the police, not a man of whom was touched. The police had knelt down, and the bullets flew over their heads. The return fire from the police was instantly given, and with some effect, one man having been mortally wounded and another receiving a flesh wound in the right thigh. The whole party of Fenians took to flight, and many threw away their weapons. The police caught sixty-five of the party, and made them prisoners in the station. Our illustration represents the conflict with the third party.

## EDUCATING THEOLOGIANS.

No subject can be more interesting at this time to the people at large than that of the education of the Southern people, black and white; for through the education of the masses the permanent and thorough reconstruction and unity of the country is to be finally attained. We have before had occasion to notice the commendable efforts made in this direction by the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau, the American Missionary, and other associations. Among the many interesting statements showing the progress making among the negroes we find in the *American Missionary*, published at No. 53 John Street, New York, by the society of the same name, the following account, written by Miss JULIA A. SHEARMAN, of Brooklyn, now a teacher at Augusta, Georgia, of the exercises in a colored theological school just started at the latter-named point:

A theological school is just being opened here for colored Baptist ministers. A building is to be erected by-and-by, and a professor from the North is to take charge; but at present the school is simply a voluntary organization of brethren, meeting together for study, with such help as they can get. They have asked Mr. Price to take charge, and he has proposed to me to assist him.

I made my first visit last night, my good friend Miss Burt accompanying me. The school is held in one of the churches, and being more than a mile away, one of the "ministers" called for us with his own horse and buggy. We had some interesting talk with him on the way concerning the new and wonderful prospects opening before him and his people.

I asked how he felt about *voting*, and he replied that he was very thankful and happy to have the privilege. I told him there were thousands of well-educated gentlemen in England who did not possess this privilege, at which he seemed greatly surprised.

He said that their fathers and grandfathers had looked and prayed for such a day as this, but had died without seeing it, and wound up with the remark, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Tying the horse to a tree he assisted us to alight, and we were soon in the midst of our scholars.

I had taught night-school before, but never just this kind of school. Here were about forty ministers, of different ages, from the white-headed father in Israel to the young licentiate, every one with a book in his hand, and eager to study. They greeted us warmly, and when I said I hoped they would not have any objection to being taught by ladies temporarily, they replied unanimously that they should consider it *an honor*.

School was opened by prayer, and one of the brethren called the roll, and then Miss B. and I buckled on our armor and addressed ourselves to the work of enlightening this body of divinity.

It touched me much to see a row of young ministers, every one with a *primer* in hand; licentiates, I presume, these were. Miss B. took them in hand, and afterward attended to a Third Reader class, while I took charge of a large class in the Freedmen's Second Reader. On the front seat was a venerable old man, evidently more accustomed to the spade or the hoe than to a book. He held it up to the gas, borrowed a pair of "specs" of a neighbor, and finally succeeded in reading the first two paragraphs of the opening lesson. I confess I felt some delicacy at correcting the old gentleman for the misplacing of a letter or two, or the disregard of the commas and periods. I pictured him in the pulpit giving full vent to his native eloquence, urging his unconverted brethren to come to Jesus, or going down to the river side to administer the rite of baptism; and I almost felt as if I were offering an insult to his gray hairs. Not so he, however; his face brightened up each time I corrected him, and as he evidently enjoyed it I began to enjoy it too.

But now picture, if you can, *a ministers' spelling class!* Imagine my feelings as I called on the Rev. Mr. —— to spell w-o-r-l-d, and the Rev. Mr. —— to spell b-e-a-s-t-s; a difficult word, by-the-way, both to spell and pronounce, and over which every one tripped and fell! I took occasion to enliven the spelling with various little dissertations on the nature and peculiarities of the English language, the derivation of words, etc., with which they seemed highly delighted. When every one had read and spelled, it was proposed by the Rev. Mr. —— that they should read the first chapter of Revelation, and I readily consented, advising that one should read in a distinct, audible voice, stopping at the end of each verse for the rest to criticise. My advice was followed, and proved very acceptable in its results. The pastor of the church ascended the steps of the pulpit, opened the ponderous Bible, put on the "specs," and proceeded slowly, but firmly, to read, pausing, according to agreement, for the criticisms of his brethren, and—alas for the dignity of man—of *his sister*, too! Yes, there was no way to escape the responsibility: for once it was clearly my duty to correct the preacher, standing, too, in his own pulpit! There was no hesitation on the part of his brethren. Criticisms showered down freely, and I was appealed to as umpire. You said "sanctified" for "signified," cried one, alluding to the 1st verse: you said "*the* things" instead of "*those* things," cried another, referring to the 3d. The worthy pastor stood rebuked, and submitted himself with a lowliness well worthy of imitation. We wound up our exercise by repeating, simultaneously, all the hard words in the chapter—Alpha, Omega, Ephesus, Smyrna, Thyatira, etc.

This recitation was particularly acceptable to all the students, for one of the primer licentiates had previously whispered to Miss B.: "Miss, won't you please give me a Bible lesson, for they call on me to preach sometimes, and *I'm mighty tight up on the words!*"

All the theological students seemed satisfied with their teachers, and passed a vote of thanks, with a request that they would continue their services.

The same good brother drove us home, chatting pleasantly and intelligently on the way.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S BOOK.

THE Queen of England's book, announced some time ago, has been published for private distribution only. It is entitled "Leaves from my Journal in the Highlands," consists of about forty papers descriptive of her life at Balmoral, and is illustrated by herself. In one of the papers she gives an account of the preaching of Dr. Norman McLeod, of Glasgow, and, after stating how astonished she was that any one could preach "so eloquently and touchingly without notes," she adds, "and then he prayed so kindly for me and the Prince in the after prayer that I was deeply touched; but when he invoked God's blessing on the children I felt a great lump come in my throat." She had not expected to be prayed for so kindly by a Presbyterian, and least of all did she expect him to remember the children. Since that time Dr. McLeod has been made one of her Majesty's chaplains. The books have been distributed among her special friends and favorites, with an inscription in the following form:

To dear Jeannie G——, in remembrance of many, many happy hours—gone never to return again, from
V. R.

## FUNCTION OF THE NERVES.

EVERY one speaks of nerves as though they were very familiar things. People, too, are nervous who have but a very imperfect idea of what nervousness means. There are delicate white slender cords extending from the underside of the brain, and from the sides of the spinal marrow through the whole length of the back-bone, which are distributed in such a manner throughout the body that there is not an organ, a tube, a vessel, or a fibre which has not a twig of a nerve expended upon it. Then, again, there are three kinds of nerves in each of us. *First*, those belonging to organic life—such as those distributed to the heart, liver, spleen, kidneys, stomach, and bowels, which are beyond the control of the will. *Secondly*, we have nerves of sensation—which convey sensations they have received, as, for example, the prick of a pin or pressure on the end of a finger, directly up to the brain. The *third* kind of nerves are a distinct set of cords which convey the commands of the mind to the organs of motion. Those are nerves of volition. Hence it will be seen at once that Nature established three telegraph lines in every animal body, however humble in the scale of creation, when they were called into existence. Our hands, feet, eyes, tongue, jaws, and other voluntary apparatus, are regularly telegraphed to from the soul's station in the head; and word is transmitted back if the order is obeyed. When out of order and no messages are obeyed, then there is a palsy or paralysis, which medical men attempt to cure, or, otherwise, put the wires in working condition again. Complete and surprising as the modern telegraph truly is, it falls infinitely below Nature's system, which carries dispatches quicker and on more circuitous routes, besides bestowing it upon every living being, from man to the monad. And better still, it perpetuates itself without making a single change in the disposition of the wires.

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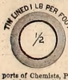

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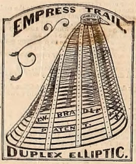

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 538.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

IGNIS—FATUUS.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1867.


## THE NEW SOUTH.

THE most significant spectacle of the hour is that of the political meetings of white and colored citizens in the Southern States. So sudden and amazing a vindication of the radical policy was scarcely to be expected. That policy declared that if you would learn to swim you must jump into the water. If the late slaves were ever to enjoy equality of rights they must have every protection which all other citizens have, and the chief protection is the vote. Until they were voters the dominant class would have no interest in treating them fairly; and if the country would have peace and acquiescence and prosperity that interest must be created. It is done, and we see the result. Instead of the slave code, the barracoons, the auction block, the paddle, the nine o'clock bell, the mounted patrol, the lurking, nameless fear which JOHN RANDOLPH described, we have equal citizens meeting upon a common ground; and WADE HAMPTON and Governor ORR, who were yesterday risking their lives and fortunes in a war to perpetuate slavery forever, are now calmly reasoning with the late slaves, and appealing to their common-sense and the ordinary motives of intelligent human beings. The words and actions of these gentlemen entirely discredit their previous assertions, and are the most startling commentary upon the system of slavery and the arguments by which it was supported. The late slaves are neither more nor less men than before. If they are capable of being influenced by such arguments as are now addressed to them, was it not an inconceivable wrong to hold them enslaved? Ought such persons to have been treated as chattels? The speeches of Messrs. HAMPTON and ORR and JOHNSON increase our respect for the colored citizens, but they are the most terrible indictments of the speakers.

These speeches, however, illustrate the qualities of the Southern politician which are not the most conspicuous but which are very characteristic—adroitness and practicality. Accepting the situation without debate, the orators use a plainness of speech and a directness of argument which show the accomplished leader. "You are now citizens like the rest of us," they say in substance; "you are Southern men; so are we, and our interests are common. You are growers of cotton. Well, Congress taxes every bale you raise, and does not tax the wheat of Ohio or the lumber of Maine. Is that fair? Shall we not wish to send men to Congress who will labor to remove that tax? So in our State governments whom shall we put in office? Our neighbors and friends whose interest is necessarily the same as our own, or the strangers who have come among us to plunder us? There are many such from the North who call themselves your friends. Yet in Philadelphia these friends of yours will not let your people ride in the street cars, and in Ohio and Michigan and New Jersey they will not let them vote at all. Such things show you that it is not love of you nor respect for your rights, but merely their own interest which dictates the action of these Northerners. As for us, judge us by our deeds. If we deceive you, then turn elsewhere. If we show that we are your friends, will it not be better for us all who live together to act together?"

Nothing could be shrewder than this kind of speech, and nothing more promising. Its object is evident; but it is legitimate. Like all other men the new citizens must learn from experience which party is really the friend of justice and humanity. We do not believe, as we have before said, that Mr. HAMPTON and Mr. ORR and the other old leaders understand the colored citizens any better than these citizens understand them. The new voters will trust and follow leaders of their own people. As one of these, JAMES SIMS, said at Savannah: "They knew enough to fight right, and they would vote right. Colored men are not fools." It is men like SIMS, who have felt the iron in their souls, who will control the colored vote. Mr. HAMPTON and Mr. ORR may speak and may feel kindly. But men whose wives have been at the mercy of masters, and whose children have been sold away, do not forget. "I trust hereafter," said Mr. WADE HAMPTON at Columbia, "there may be mutual kindness, forbearance, and co-operation between all classes of our people."

God grant it! but there are those who can not forget that there has not been such fraternity hitherto; and they will remember—how can they help it?—who are responsible. "I have not even a home here," said Mr. HAMPTON, with true pathos, "for my home and the homes of all who love my name have been laid in ashes!" It is a terrible fate; but could he not imagine among the dusky crowd some man who had never had a home because his very manhood was denied looking at him sadly, and saying: "Ah! WADE HAMPTON, you tell us that you are our friend; yet it was in the vain effort to degrade us into chattels forever that your home was laid in ashes, and those who love your name were destroyed."

But not the less do we see in the speeches of such men as HAMPTON and ORR the signs of a new era and a nobler Union.

## THE END OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE Democrats have certainly made the most of their Connecticut victory. Such a prolonged and triumphant cackling over so small an egg was never heard before. The listener might have supposed that slavery was restored, that the policy of the nation had been annulled, that the war had been finally denounced as wicked and fratricidal; that TOUCEY, the SEYMOURS, and VALLANDIGHAM had been restored to their niches as the most spotless of patriotic saints; and that the country, after six years of aberration, had now crawled to the stool of repentance, and was invoking upon its sin the scorn and curse of mankind. But the listener would have been woefully deceived. If any body supposes that the Democratic party can reverse a revolution he is at full liberty to do so, as he would be to suppose that he can scull up Niagara.

The hope and aim of the Northern wing of the Democratic party have been a renewed alliance with the Southern wing that led the rebellion. The practical moral of the Connecticut victory in the minds of the Democratic leaders was encouragement to the Southern brethren. But with a dullness beyond belief the Northern managers had not reflected that the Southern Democratic leaders naturally despise those who merely gave doctrinal and moral aid to the rebellion, and now find an alliance with the new vote of their own States much more valuable than that with the Copperheads at the North who do not control four States. This is the feeling of Mr. ORR, the former Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives, and one of the earliest and most determined of the secessionists. In his late speech at Charleston he says:

"I know there is an apprehension widespread in the North and West that, after the reconstruction of the Southern States, we shall fall into the arms of our old allies and associates of the Democratic party. I say to you, gentlemen, however, that I would give no such pledges ......I have every reason to entertain a respect and regard for that party, and I have entertained the hope for many years to see it reinstated in power. But the dream has passed. We have accounts to settle with party, gentlemen, before I at least will consent to affiliate with it. [Cries of 'Good! good!' and applause.] In my judgment it is time for us to seek new friends and a new alliance; hence I am opposed to organizing any party in South Carolina that will cement itself to the Democratic or any other party."

This speech was delivered on the evening after the Connecticut election. On the 4th of April, three days after that event, the Charlottesville (Virginia) *Chronicle* repudiates the Democratic party altogether. It says that the result in Connecticut is "a very bad thing if it leads us anew into the bog of the 'Northern Democracy.' Neither the Democratic party, nor President JOHNSON, nor the Supreme Court is going to be of any service to the South." Then, with a very just and clear perception, it says: "The Northern people have determined to secure the practical fruits of their decisive victory, and they know that the rebellion is not over so long as the Northern Democracy is undispersed." The *Chronicle* proceeds to deride "the great Democratic party" for pressing the South to go out, and then bragging that it furnished all the soldiers to the Union armies. "The Northern Democracy have use for us in peace; they have none in war," says the *Chronicle*. "They talk about the Constitution and violation of the Constitution, and usurpation and tyranny and consolidation; but they never fight except against the Constitution and for consolidation. They set us up to receive the whole fury of the storm. They have, after repealing the Missouri Compromise and sustaining the Administration of Mr. BUCHANAN, brought us to universal negro suffrage." And after forcibly and truly urging that "the Republican party can not be beaten at the North by the Democratic party," it ends by emphatically declaring "there will be no peace for the South until the Democratic party marches off the field of battle." So say you, Mr. Foreman; so say you all, gentlemen of the jury. It seems to us that this thunder from South Carolina and Virginia is quite as interesting to the "great Democratic party," "the natural governors of the country," as the poor little peep from Connecticut.

Parties are organizations for practical ends. The Democratic party was an alliance between the political sagacity and aristocratic pride of the South and the ignorance and moral cowardice of the North to save State sovereignty and slavery. The South was a political unit upon those points. It sacrificed to them every thing else; and as long as the Democratic party was wholly subservient to slavery and to State sovereignty, which was the anchor to windward, the alliance was formidable to civilization and the human race, for it prostituted the resources of one of the great powers of the world to the protection of barbarism, and it exposed the republican principle to the scornful contempt of mankind.

But with the abolition of slavery and the destruction of State sovereignty the South necessarily ceases to be a political unit. The one overpowering sectional issue has disappeared, and the intelligent leaders of that part of the country will turn their political activity and skill into new channels. They certainly will not unite themselves with those whom they believe to have betrayed them; and they will not do it, because they can not hope by means of such an alliance to regain what they have lost. They will form new combinations for new objects with new parties. They will divide among themselves, and the normal state of a free commonwealth will return, in which sectional interests have but a limited influence upon parties, and where difference of opinion secures healthful discussion and political toleration. There is no interest in any part of the country which now requires ignorance for its preservation, and which resents free speech as a deadly peril. In every slave State the fundamental conditions of this Government were incompatible with the public peace. You must not praise Liberty to slaves.

The Democratic party is not able to understand that there has been a revolution. Stupid as the Bourbons and infatuated as the Jacobites, it devotes all its energy to decorating the body and inflating the lungs of a corpse. Instead of watching the course of the revolution in public sentiment and the national condition, and sagaciously adapting itself to the change, it hopes to rescue a shred of State sovereignty and at least a single slave whip from the rushing current. It is merely the Tory party of the old revolution, without its intelligence or dignity or excuse. NASBY ridicules it amidst the roaring laughter of the country, and its Southern masters reject it as a worn-out tool.

## RIP VAN WINKLE IN THE SUPREME COURT.

UNLIKE the antediluvian worthy who thought when the deluge began that it was not going to be much of a shower after all, Messrs. SHARKEY and WALKER, counsel for the State of Mississippi, now that the deluge is over, and the new heavens and the new earth begin to appear, are of opinion that there has not been much of a shower. They insist, with the bewildered solemnity of Rip Van Winkle, that the war had but one significance and result—namely, that the loyal citizens were physically stronger than the disloyal. That point having been satisfactorily determined, every thing returns to its previous condition. In a word, say Messrs. SHARKEY and WALKER, there has been "a little unpleasantness" in the national family, but now every thing is serene.

The petition of these gentlemen to the Supreme Court sets forth, in great amplitude of phrase, that "once a State always a State;" that the United States have made an "irrevocable compact" with the State of Mississippi, that the State can not secede, and can not be expelled; that a military despotism is unconstitutional; and that the Reconstruction bill and all the proceedings under it may as well be declared unconstitutional first as last. Now, what other question than this have the people of this country been considering for two years past? What did they decide at the last autumn election but that States which have destroyed their civil government and their relation with the Union can establish a government and resume that relation only upon such conditions as the loyal citizens may determine? The petition of Messrs. SHARKEY and WALKER is a grave request to the Supreme Court to reverse the decision of the people at the polls. Do these gentlemen suppose that the national will upon such a question as reconstruction is to be set aside by a majority of nine judges?

The argument of the petition is fatal to every political measure of the last two years. It demolishes the "policy" of the President as effectually as the action of Congress, and the attempt to evade this result is as feeble as it is foolish. The petitioners say that, "in concurrence with the view of the President," conventions were held; and that "the people assembled voluntarily, and not by compulsion of the President." Now nothing is more familiar to the country than the action of the President and the grounds upon which it was justified. In the order appointing Mr. SHARKEY Provisional Governor the President recites that there is no civil government in the State of Mississippi; that the United States are bound to secure a republican government to the State, and that it shall be the duty of Mr. SHARKEY to prescribe rules for "convening a convention" which shall submit a constitution to Congress. But if the United States had made an irreversible compact with Mississippi, did it authorize the President to appoint a Governor for the State, and to designate who should be voters? If it did not, the argument of the petition is fatal to the President's action.

This Mississippi petition is merely the old fallacy which has been thoroughly exposed and exploded. It is the expiring gasp of the sophism which has been destroyed by the war, that the Constitution is a compact or treaty, and not a national bond. It is the final struggle of the rebellion, which hopes to save by legal quibbles and technicalities what it could not maintain by arms. It is the desperate effort to undo in a court the decision of a war. It is a futile plea against the right of the people of the United States to guarantee the peace of the Union. The wiser people in the Southern States see this as plainly as we. They remember that the Supreme Court has already tried to withstand the current of events, and has failed. They remember that ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS retired from Congress because the DRED SCOTT decision had secured the victory of "the South." And they have seen Mr. STEPHENS, the DRED SCOTT decision, and "the South" mingled in a common ruin. Indeed, the soldiers at the South seem to be the only statesmen. They know that the loyal people who won in the war would no more allow the Supreme Court to reverse their victory than they have allowed the President. The Southern soldiers are deserting fictions for facts. Like wise men, they leave to such gentlemen as Messrs. SHARKEY and WALKER the task of winning the Court to say that Congress has done wrong, while they themselves earnestly try to win the colored vote and to control the future.

## THE TIGHTNESS OF MONEY.

THE stringency that has beset the money market for a considerable time still continues, and borrowers find difficulty in negotiating loans except upon the best approved collaterals. All descriptions of securities other than Governments are undesirable; commercial paper is most carefully scrutinized; and few will advance on bond and mortgage more than one-half the value of the security, even on most eligible city property. The rate of interest, however, is not oppressive.

There are many of our business men who look for a decided improvement soon, just as they have been waiting these six months, patiently but in vain, for a return of the activity of previous years; but they have built their hopes upon a sand-bank. It is quite possible there may be a better feeling ere long, and the money market become gradually easier. It can not be expected, though, that the relief will be permanent, for the market is always spasmodic and susceptible to the slightest and most mysterious influences. It may at any time jump from 5 per cent. per annum to 5 per cent. a month without apparent satisfactory cause, as it did in June 1864. Moreover, it is controlled just now by the want of confidence which has so long prevailed throughout the mercantile community, by the general feeling of uncertainty, the undefined apprehensions, and the whispers that go round, but which nobody can explain. It is true that Government has sold gold, and thereby withdrawn a considerable amount of greenbacks from circulation; also that the banks, catching the prevailing apprehension of a continued stringency, are contracting, calling in their loans that they may get a higher rate of interest by-and-by. This accounts, in part, for the scarcity of money. The least favorable feature of the case, however, is that depositors are withdrawing their idle balances from the banks to a very large extent. It is estimated that the deposits were drawn down five millions last week, and the legal tenders nearly as much more. We know of one single bank that was thus depleted to the tune of $750,000.

New York city being the great financial centre of the Western world as London is of the other hemisphere, is naturally the great lending centre. While business is active immense sums of money are continually flowing here from all parts of the country, seeking remunerative investment; but when business becomes dull, from any cause whatsoever, these moneys can not be employed; the idle balances are withdrawn because they yield nothing. No matter how thriving or auspicious the state of trade may have been in other quarters, apprehension here begets apprehension there, and depositors will prefer to have their balances under their immediate control, or invest them in Governments, which are sure and profitable. This drain upon our banks and banking-houses helps very much to render money tight; but the *cause* of this drain, as we have already stated, proceeds from the want of confidence in the community. There is a conviction, well founded, among the shrewd mercantile community (apart from the financiers of Wall Street), that the inflation of the currency culminated in the spring and summer of 1866, at which time the Secretary of the Treasury, backed by an act of Congress, publicly announced the policy of contraction, authorizing a reduction of not more than 4,000,000 per month; also, the national banks had issued all of their 300 millions of currency which they were legally authorized to do. Well, then, the summit having been reached, the tendency in every thing is downward. Excepting in real estate, the prices of all descriptions of property and merchandise have very materially declined—and they have declined gradually and calmly, dis-

tressing some houses, it is true, but still creating no disastrous perturbation of trade and finance. The fact that they have done so relieves the mind of the apprehension that there is to be a general financial crash or monetary panic. It proves to the contrary. We are not at panic prices now. Commodities are reasonably low compared to what they have been for four years past.

Still, the season will not pass without trouble. Trouble may come from quarters least expected. On the 1st of June the Bankrupt Law will come into operation. Many are no doubt preparing to take advantage of that law, and the failures and suspensions which may then be announced will be startling. Many a strong house which has given extensive credits may find its debtors on the bankrupt list, and their assets, which had been considered undoubted, vanished like smoke. Then what becomes of the supposed very strong houses? One heavy failure carries many, like a row of bricks which schoolboys set up to tumble down. Shrewd and crafty men, both debtors and creditors, are shaping their course to meet the operation of this law. Such persons as have kept their accounts close, who have no overstock of goods, and who have not foolishly speculated for a rise in stocks, in spite of every possible presage against so doing, need not trouble themselves about the future. There is a very considerable portion of the business community whose position is very strong. These will weather the gale. But among borrowers and overtraders who are unable to obtain accommodation there will inevitably be trouble, as we have long predicted. The probability is that business will now gradually fizzle out, and that a dull summer will be succeeded by a revival in the fall.

## LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THIERS, the French historian, one of the men who rose with the revolution of 1830, who was Minister of LOUIS PHILIPPE, and who "defended society" in 1848 against the Socialist doctrines of PRUDHON, is now one of the most conspicuous leaders of the Opposition to the Empire, and has just made an elaborate speech which is worthy to have been spoken by the Minister of CHARLES X. It is a curious illustration of the antiquated political policy of Europe, for it is a plea for the dismemberment of other nations. It assumes that prosperity consists in the misfortunes of others; and that a truly great France is incompatible with a united Italy and a confederated Germany. The Emperor is blamed for not having foreseen the result of the war, and for being outwitted by BISMARCK. THIERS's speech is a long wail over the lost balance of power—a balance secured by the treaties of Vienna, which were made solely in the interests of kings and dukes, and with regal disregard of the people. THIERS, of course, is much too learned a scholar not to fortify his position with history; but history will be interpreted very differently by other scholars and statesmen. He ended his speech by the sharp sneer that there was no fault left for the Imperial Government to commit.

This assault of THIERS is strong not in itself but in its opportunity. It is no discredit to the Empire that it has not interfered to prevent the unity of Italy and Germany, but it is very mortifying that Europe has been reconstructed, and the treaties of Vienna destroyed without the increase of territory and with a loss of prestige to France. A united Italy and a confederated Germany do not threaten the legitimate policy of France; but it is a wound to French "glory" that France has not equally advanced with those Powers. The skill of THIERS is shown in choosing the moment for his attack, and although his explanation of the fact is unsatisfactory, the fact still remains and stings.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN has shown his superiority to THIERS as a political tactician by fastening upon the simple fact and relentlessly exposing it. He boldly declares that the Empire is a failure, and that when it talks of conceding liberties it confesses that liberties have been withheld. As for the Emperor he says that he has broken his oath, and distinctly insinuates that he overthrew the Republic when it was not in peril. This is the substance of an editorial article which has interested France quite as much as the speech of THIERS; and nothing more forcibly illustrates the truth of GIRARDIN'S assertions and the nervousness of the Government than the fact that he was tried and fined for the publication. That is a sign of real weakness in the Empire. Were the Emperor conscious of a sure hold upon the nation he would have willingly allowed the publication as an evidence of his security. But if the editor had been sure of that hold he would not have written the article.

If the effort which LOUIS NAPOLEON is making toward a league of France with Holland and Switzerland to withstand the increasing power of Germany should fail, the Empire would be in danger. The French might be content to be ruled by the cleverest man in Europe, but they will hardly remain loyal to him when they distinctly see a cleverer. BISMARCK is a dreadful rival. His game is so imposing and swift and brilliant that LOUIS NAPOLEON is as much dazzled as the rest of Europe. It will require all his energy and skill to hold his throne against the singular political combinations which are now plainly arising in Europe, and in which the United States unofficially and involuntarily, but none the less powerfully, plays so important a part.

## PROGRESS.

A HUNDRED years ago, when some of the North American Colonies of Great Britain were asking not to be taxed without representation, and gradually began to hint separation, a roar of contempt and anger arose in Parliament, and even EDMUND BURKE, our chief friend, said that he did not deny the authority to tax, but held that it was inexpedient to exercise it. Then came the war first to subdue the rebellion, and afterward to prevent the separation—a war which shook Great Britain to the heart, which was the source of innumerable disasters, and which planted the seeds of an almost inextinguishable international jealousy between America and England.

But now, when the Canadian Colonies propose to change their condition, JOHN BRIGHT speaks for the common-sense of his country in saying: "For his part he wished the population of the province to do what they felt to be the best for their own interest: he would allow them to remain connected with this country if they liked, to become an independent society if they desired it, and to start upon that career of glory and greatness which their advantages and virtues might insure them; or if they liked better to annex themselves to the United States he should not complain of that."

Had this been the sentiment of Great Britain a century ago we should have been most faithful mutual friends and allies instead of distrustful and wary rivals. But the new England which JOHN BRIGHT and his friends represent should and will produce in this respect a new America.

## THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL.

THE ocean telegraph tells us that the Liberal Party in the English Parliament, led by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, will oppose the Reform bill proposed by the Government. At present nobody can vote in the boroughs who does not pay ten pounds rent. The new bill provides that all who have occupied a dwelling house in the borough and have paid the poor rates shall have a vote. There are now in the boroughs 1,367,000 "male occupiers," of whom 644,000 are voters. The bill adds to them 237,000, making the whole number of household voters 881,000. The county qualification is to be fifteen pounds rental valuation, a year's residence, and personal payment of the rates. This will add 171,000 voters to the present number. Graduates and professional men are to vote, qualified by one year's residence. All who have had for two years a balance of fifty pounds in a savings bank or in the funds, and who have paid a pound tax within the year, are also to vote. And then comes the clause upon which we hope the bill will be and ought to be overthrown. This provides that all who vote as payers of direct taxes shall also vote as qualified householders. This gives the rich man two votes to the poor man's one vote.

The basis of the bill is property. How it will be opposed, whether upon the details, the inadequacy, or the injustice, we are yet to learn. If a man is entitled to vote in the state at all, his vote ought to count exactly as much as that of any other voter; and if a man should have an additional vote for a balance of fifty pounds, it is hard to show why he should not have another for a balance of a hundred pounds. The debate will be very interesting, for it can hardly fail, in the hands of BRIGHT, at least, to open the whole question of the suffrage.

## PARAGUAY.

WE read with surprise in a leading New York paper that during the South American war "the sympathy of most Americans has been with Paraguay." We suspect that among the very few Americans who are enough interested in the war to understand it the feeling has been exactly the reverse. They have hoped that the allies would be successful, and that the most rigorous despotism upon the American continent might be broken down.

There is nothing in the condition of Paraguay which can command the sympathy of an American, except its military efficiency. The whole region, indeed, is but the plantation and camp of LOPEZ, who is absolute dictator, even to the price of produce. If an American man-of-war has been sent to the Parana River, as is alleged, for the purpose of negotiation, we hope sincerely that the mediation may end in opening Paraguay to the light of civilization.

## SHALL WE EVER KNOW MORE ABOUT THE PLANETS?

SUCH is the immensity of space between us and the nearest planetary body, it seems almost impossible in the present state of knowledge to make much progress in regard to the exact structure or physical condition of any of the solar group. However, telescopes are constantly revealing great and unlooked for things in regions above the sky, and it is by no means improbable that astounding discoveries are destined to crown with illustrious fame some bold genius in a coming day that may entirely eclipse those which are now recorded among the grandest achievements of the human intellect.

Telescopes have not attained the perfection of which it is universally admitted by practical astronomers they are susceptible. Very huge instruments are found in the principal national observatories of Europe and America, but they fall quite below what they should be in such institutions, so long as the fact is admitted that there is no positive limit to their power.

No reflecting telescope has been made so large as should be constructed to comport with the dignity of the service in which it would be employed; nor has an object-glass exceeded about three feet. The expense of a metallic speculum twenty feet, and an object-glass three yards in diameter, would open to the human eye unexplored fields in celestial domains. We might have portions of the moon's surface brought apparently within ten miles of the earth. If there are any large artificial structures there, or even on some of the other planets, equal to those that have been reared here, they could be distinctly examined. Forests, mountains, lakes, rivers, and other objects, would be clearly defined.

But the prodigious expense of perfecting two such magnificent appendages to the two kinds of telescopes used for distant explorations, is wholly beyond the resources of any sane millionaires. If one of those favored mortals would secure to himself cyclopædial immortality, let him order the fabrication of a telescope that would show us the glories of God's creations where no philosopher has yet gazed, and it would enlarge the boundaries of science, give us higher conceptions of the illimitable and inimitable resources of creative power, while it would humble us in view of our low estate, circumscribed attainments and nothingness in the universe of such displays as a great telescope would bring to light.

## LOCATION OF THE SOUL.

FROM immemorial time in all countries the seat of intellect is universally admitted to be in the brain. Very patient and very learned anatomists have explored that organ to find the exact location of the soul, but without any degree of success. Still, all unite in the admitted fact that it is somewhere in the brain. By a blow or concussion the mental powers are deranged or suspended; and when the delicate mechanism of the cerebral mass is diseased aberrations of the mind immediately follow. Therefore all are agreed upon that one point—that the characteristic manifestations of the intellect are performed in the brain.

Now for an anomaly. In hydrocephalus water may so distend the brain from within toward the circumference as to really make it appear almost like a simple sac, and yet the operations of the mind remain apparently almost normal. All the upper surface of the brain has been repeatedly torn away, even to severing the olfactory and optic nerves, exposing their lacerated extremities without impairing the intellect for hours, till inflammation commenced. An iron bar one inch in diameter and four feet in length, was blown by powder entirely through the centre of the brain of a railroad man at Cavendish, Vermont, a few years ago, carrying away both bone above and below, besides forcing a column of the brain before the end of the bar, mutilating the interior delicate structure within, and rending arterial twigs by the dozens—and yet he recovered, with all the usual mental and moral powers intact. Where is the soul lodged, "Messieurs Philosophers?"

## "A JOY FOREVER."

PRANG's chromos have steadily won their way to a public favor which is fully deserved by their excellence. The picture of TAIT's "Chickens," which was so perfectly reproduced as to seem a fac-simile, is already familiar and his "Quails," which is recently issued, is not less attractive. But the chromos are of every kind and size. There are sets of lovely vignettes; elaborate and most brilliantly illuminated Scriptural sentences and book-marks; with the ballads and stories which tell themselves delightfully to the child's eye and imagination. Mr. PRANG and his partners might write over their doors, "Things of beauty:" and we most sincerely commend them to the attention of those who have not been aware of this brilliant and pleasing art which gratifies so cheaply and is so refining and humanizing an influence.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

THE extraordinary session of the Senate has been thus far devoted to the confirmation or rejection of the appointments of the President. None of these have been of grave importance. Lovell H. Rousseau was nominated and confirmed as Brigadier-General of the regular army *vice* Rosecrans resigned.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Schofield, on April 2, suspended all elections in Virginia until the registration of voters should be completed. He announced that he would fill all vacancies occurring in the mean time by appointments. General Sickles pursued the same policy in South Carolina.

General Wager Swayne, commanding the sub-District of Alabama, on April 2, ordered a rigid compliance with the provisions of the Civil Rights bill, and prohibited payments for services rendered the State during the war. General Sickles, commanding the District of North and South Carolina, had a conference on April 6 with the Governors of these States, and, by agreement, the latter will continue to exercise their functions; but all elections have been prohibited until the registration of the voters shall have been completed.

An injunction against Andrew Johnson and General Ord to restrain them perpetually from executing the Reconstruction and Supplementary acts, was presented in the Supreme Court by Judge Sharkey and Robert J. Walker. The State of Georgia followed this example, employing Charles O'Conor and Jeremiah S. Black as counsel to present its claims.

### NEWS ITEMS.

For several Sundays the Rev. Mr. Mattison, of Trinity M. E. Church, York Street, Jersey City, has been exposing the fallacy of some of the claims of the Romish priesthood. Last Sunday evening, as he was about beginning, a stone was forcibly thrown through a window, to the great terror of part of the congregation, and afterward another window was broken in the same manner. The police were called, but the assailants were gone. The stones were evidently thrown from the yard of the building of the Sisters of Mercy. This is the old style of argument, but the Romish clergy must be aware that it is extremely unwise to pursue it in a Protestant country.

One of the most interesting public documents lately presented to the people of the metropolis is the Report of their Board of Excise for the year from April 1, 1866, to March 31, 1867. It appears that during that period the Board has issued 6779 licenses, and received \$1,283,854 in payment. The business of the year was conducted at a total expense of only \$21,294, leaving \$1,262,560 income to the Metropolitan District Board of Police. Since the decision of the Court of Appeals declaring the constitutionality of the law, the Board has observed "a general disposition to conform to the law; rowdyism and drunkenness have largely decreased; and a fair observance of the provisions of the act diminishes scenes of violence and the number of offenses, adds to the security of life and property, and promotes at least an exterior decency in the public streets after midnight, and particularly on the Sabbath day."

A meeting of Union men was called in Marion, Smythe County, Virginia, on the 19th of March to organize a Union party; but before the members could proceed to business a body of armed rebels appeared, and, driving the Union men away, proceeded to organize a meeting of their own. They passed resolutions denouncing Congress and urging, as the sense of the meeting, that the President should use his military power to protect the people of the South against Congressional usurpation. These resolutions were presented to the publisher of a Union paper in the town. He refused to insert them, and was informed that it would not be safe for him to publish any other report of the meeting. General Schofield was informed of the affair, and a Lieutenant, without troops, was sent to investigate the matter.

General Hancock's Indian expedition, fifteen thousand strong, was at Selma, Kansas, on March 30. General Hancock proposed to go to Fort Larned, on the Santa Fé road, where he will invite the chiefs of the hostile tribes to a council to discuss terms of peace. If they fail to come to terms he will immediately commence a vigorous war against them.

The Ohio Legislature on April 3 passed a resolution for manhood suffrage in both Houses. An amendment disfranchising rebels and deserters has yet to be acted upon by the Senate.

General Joseph Bailey, the builder of the dam which served to extricate Commodore Porter's fleet from the rapids of Red River during the war, was murdered on March 26 by two brothers, while discharging his duties as Sheriff of Vernon County, Missouri.

An explosion took place in a coal-pit in Chesterfield County, Virginia, on April 3, by which seventy-five miners were killed. The bodies could not be recovered.

George W. Randolph, a grandson of Thomas Jefferson, and formerly the rebel Secretary of War, died in Richmond on April 3.

The Republican ticket for Mayor at Cincinnati, Ohio, was carried on April 3 by a majority of 4580, an actual gain of 3148 over last year's vote. A heavy gain is also recorded for the Republicans in St. Louis.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Eastern question grows more complicated as it approaches its crisis. Since our last reports Russia has been moving troops rapidly southward toward the Turkish frontier, giving as an excuse for doing that which disturbs the peace of Europe, that it requires large numbers of troops to build railroads. In the mean time Constantinople is filling with Turkish soldiers, and volunteering is going on all over the Empire, ostensibly for service in Candia, but doubtless for defense against the dreaded Russians.

The publication of the secret treaty between Prussia, Baden, and Bavaria, which produced so much commotion in France, has had an opposite effect in Austria. The terms are decided to be in accordance with those of the treaty of Prague between Prussia and Austria; and the influential papers and persons at Vienna advocate a close alliance with Prussia. Meantime France makes no progress in her efforts at forming an alliance with Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland; the former power has already repented of her sale of Luxembourg to France, and asked in vain to be released from it. It is intimated in the dispatches from London and Paris that this condition of affairs, added to the unpleasant aspect of the Eastern question, produces a general distrust in political and financial matters all over Europe. The latest dispatches, received April 9, announce that Berlin, and indeed all Germany, had been excited by warlike reports from Paris; Bismarck had been called to a war-counsel at Berlin, and a general war was imminent all over Europe.

There was some fighting, but of little consequence, near Cork and Dublin, between the British troops and Fenians on April 1 and 2.

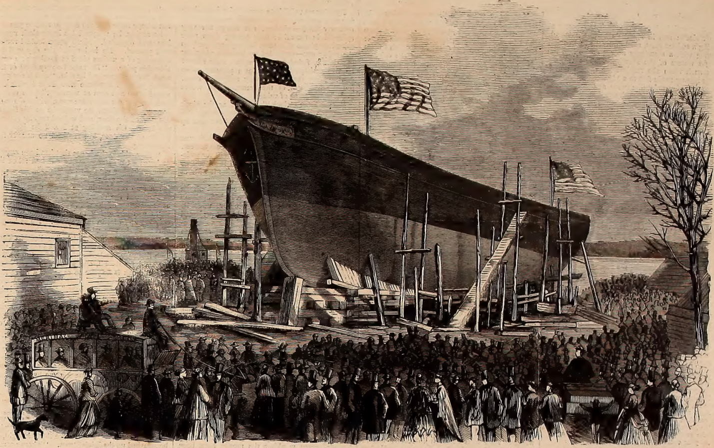
The Derby Reform Bill was to have been pushed to a vote in Parliament about April 8. Gladstone and Bright had closely canvassed both Houses, and were confident of defeating the bill. Such a result would necessitate the resignation of the Derby Cabinet, and the formation of a new one to represent the Liberal party.

The siege of Queretaro, the position taken up by Maximilian's army, was actively begun on March 4. Imperial reports of the same date say that Escobedo had been attacked in Celoya, where he had taken up a position, and completely routed by Mejia, who had sallied forth from Queretaro for the purpose. The defeat, it is further reported, was immediately followed up, and San Luis Potosi, Juarez's temporary seat of government, was occupied by the victors. The Liberal reports, on the contrary, claim that Maximilian's force was driven back after five hours' hard fighting. Both armies were being reinforced—Maximilian's, however, only by small bodies. Queretaro was not completely surrounded at the latest dates, Escobedo having drawn in his lines, leaving one road open to Mexico city. Vera Cruz was besieged by 3600 Liberals, who made little progress for want of heavy artillery. The town is defended by sixteen hundred Imperialists and fifty-six pieces of artillery. That Maximilian's position appeared critical is apparent from the fact that, on April 5, the Austrian Minister at Washington announced to Secretary Seward that he had been instructed to ask the good offices of the United States Government in securing safe treatment to Maximilian and his followers in case they fell into the hands of the Liberals at Queretaro. On the 6th inst. Mr. Seward replied that he had telegraphed to Minister Campbell to send a swift messenger to Juarez, conveying a request that all possible leniency be extended toward the expected prisoners, and also that he had placed a copy of his instructions in the hands of Minister Romero, who had promised to inform Juarez of the wishes of the United States Government.

Subsequently to the unsuccessful insurrection at Port au Prince, Hayti, on February 22, noticed in our last record, a second effort was made by the insurgents under Victor Chevalier. This was more formidable and successful, and President Geffrard was forced to abdicate and seek safety in flight to St. Domingo. General Sayet was elected President of Hayti to succeed Geffrard.

BURNING OF THE LINDELL HOTEL, AT SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI, March 30, 1867.—[See Page 254.]

"BEDTIME."—From a Water-Color Painting by John Burr.—[See Page 254.]



LAUNCH OF THE STEAMSHIP "ERIE," AT NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS, APRIL 3.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. THYNG.]

## LAUNCH OF THE STEAMSHIP "ERIE."

THE new steamship *Erie*, built for the "American and European" line of propellers, and to ply between Boston and Liverpool, was launched at Newburyport, Massachusetts, on April 3. We give a sketch of the scene by our artist, and some particulars of the vessel.

The keel of the *Erie* was laid in the summer of 1866. She is handsomely modeled and very strongly built, with an extreme length of 350 feet; breadth of beam 43 feet 9 inches, and depth of hold 29 feet. Her frame is of the best white oak, except the alternate top timbers, which are of hacmetac. She has perhaps more iron bolts and braces and other fastening material about her than any American mercantile vessel of her size afloat. Her cabins will be below decks, and accommodate fifty first-class and seventy-five second-class passengers. The *Erie* will be bark-rigged with double-topsail yards, and will spread all the canvas of a vessel of 1200 tons. The screw will be of the new pattern which forces the

"THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREAM."—[SEE PAGE 246.]

"SWEET VIOLETS."—[SEE PAGE 246.]

water directly to the rear and not diagonally outward, by which a greater velocity of speed can be attained.

The "wedging" for the launch was begun at ten o'clock; and in about an hour the vessel, giving a sudden start, sped down the incline and sprung with a seemingly ardent desire into the bright waters of the Merrimac. The velocity was such when she reached the stream that a large hawser made fast to a big tree on the shore was snapped asunder like twine, and two anchors fixed near the shore were dragged deep into the stream. These appliances, if they did not impede, checked her progress, and she topped just fifty feet from the opposite shore. The crowd grew excited, and apprehensive exclamations "She's stuck!" "She's grounding on the other bank!" attested the deep interest of every spectator in the success of the launch; but when the *Erie* veered gracefully down the stream, floating as free and lightly as a duck, with her beauteous broadside and fair proportions full before the eye, there arose a long and exultant shout from the throats of the crowd.

## THE WRONG SIDE OF THE STREAM.

[*See Illustration on page* 245.]

Once more do I feel the soft summer wind blowing,
While it tenderly rustles the trees;
Again the clear water is trilling and flowing,
As the rushes are bent 'neath the breeze.
The grand purple shadows are dreamily spreading
Their gloom o'er the sunshiny gleam;
Through tall nodding grasses I fancy I'm treading,
By the side of the murmuring stream.

Ah! don't you remember, sweet Amy, the talking
You caused down at Silverdale Hall?
How men were all wild to attend you in walking,
Or to carry your sunshade or shawl?
You laughed and you flirted, and were so provoking,
For you reigned like a despot extreme;
And issued your edicts—part earnest, part joking—
From your throne by the side of the stream.

Then you had your fav'rites, I can't help confessing,
Though you treated us all as your slaves—
One moment were angry, the next were caressing,
More capricious than wind-driven waves.
'Twas then Charlie Lincoln and I were both vying
To be first in your love and esteem,
While swiftly the rosy young hours were flying
At your court by the side of the stream.

Thus it often occurred in that bright sunny weather
That we both were ensnared by your wiles;
You gave one a flower, the other a feather,
While you gladdened us both with your smiles.
At last came a time of most exquisite rapture—
How short did the afternoon seem!—
As rosy lips pouted, I made my first capture,
When I met you alone by the stream.

Alone, did I say? Charlie Lincoln had seen us;
That he had I could tell by his look;
What matter? With osiers and hurdles between us,
With a thick tangled hedge and a brook.
'Twas all one to me, for he could not come over;
So he bowed in a manner supreme,
And envied the lot that had cast me in clover,
With himself the wrong side of the stream.

How tender and true were those words softly spoken!
How lovely the light in your eyes!
How earnest those pledges, ne'er meant to be broken,
Those whispers that melted to sighs!
No longer a fancy—my fate was decided;
No mere phantom or fairy-like dream:
I blessed the good luck that my rival had guided
Thus to walk the wrong side of the stream!

## "SWEET VIOLETS."

[*See Illustration on page* 245.]

"Violets, sweet violets! all April's in the cry."
LEIGH HUNT

My Isabel, do you remember
How, in the fitful April weather,
Through squares and terraces suburban
We, plighted lovers, walked together,
While, shrill beneath the changeful sky,
Rang out the violet-seller's cry?

Ah, Love, how bright those hastening hours!
How fair the hopes that shone before us!
For us the Earth put forth her flowers,
For us the blackbirds sang their chorus,
And Spring herself seemed only made
To glad us with her light and shade.

And still I see your sweet face soften,
With tender smile and pensive pity,
As in our path we meet a maiden—
A child waif from the seething city;
And still rings out the violet cry,
And still the changing clouds flit by.

Last week I pass'd you in the Row,
Last night I met you at a *soirée*;
I watch'd your fair head meekly bent
Above the last *chef-d'œuvre* by Doré;
But your heart's hidden mystery
'Tis not for mortal eye to see.

Enough that since that by-gone spring-time,
When we two lovers walk'd together,
Your heart has caught a trick of changing,
Capricious as that April weather;
And the lorn violet-seller's cry
Sounds like a dirge as I go by.

Your bouquets now are rare exotics,
Imported from far Southern bowers;
But who shall say those splendid blossoms
Are sweeter than my lowly flowers—
The violets that we stopp'd to buy
Beneath that sunlit April sky?

Alas! 'twas then our spring-time, dearest,
And o'er life's path there shone a glory,
While all our footfalls went to music,
Like mystic lute in fairy story:
But now youth's glamour shines no more
On the dull earth we wander o'er.

Some day perchance, for mere distraction,
You'll ransack a forgotten casket,
And light upon the faded posy
I gave you from the vagrant's basket;
And those poor wither'd flowers shall be
Almost a link 'twixt you and me.

## A STOCK IN TRADE.

Not many years ago there was (and may be still for all I know) an old-fashioned farm-house about thirty miles from New York, near a place the pen of Washington Irving has made classic ground. This house at the time of which I write was inhabited by a descendant of the original Dutch settlers, in whose family the house and farm had been for years. Hein Diedrich himself, the occupier and owner, was a fitting type of his progenitors—a thrifty, careful, and well-to-do farmer. Madam, his wife, had died in giving birth to their only child—a daughter—and the infant had been intrusted to the care of an old German nurse, who had lived nearly all her life in the family, and who reared her with almost all the affection and tender care of a mother. This little daughter became as the apple of Diedrich's eye; on her he lavished all the wealth of affection of which his cold and apathetic nature was capable. For her sake he toiled and hoarded, and fondly looked forward to the time when she, grown up, should requite him for all his toil and self-sacrifice. The years passed by unvaried by aught of excitement or interest beyond the common. Diedrich went about his daily avocations on the farm, and tranquilly smoked every night his pipe as he sat in his old chair by the fireside.

One night Diedrich woke up from a longer doze than usual to find the son of one of his neighbors sitting by the fireside, with his daughter Bettina's hand fast clasped in his; and thenceforth he was roused to the fact that Bettina was no longer the little child he had hitherto thought her, and it dawned slowly on his awakened consciousness that she would soon be looking out for a husband—a fact his dull comprehension was slow to take in, but, when once realized, never more to be uprooted. Henceforth he began to turn over in his mind all who would be most likely to come up to his idea of a fitting partner for her, and an acceptable son-in-law to himself. His choice fell on the only son of a German neighbor a few miles off—a slow, steady-going young man. He never thought of what Bettina would say or who she would like, and if he had given it a passing thought it would never have entered his head to consult or defer to her feelings; still less did he dream for one moment of her venturing to thwart or cross his wishes. And with Diedrich to resolve was to carry into effect. Bettina, however, had other admirers, and one of the most favored hitherto was the young man seated by her side. True, he was a poor one; his father was dead, and had left him naught but the remembrance of a loan of two thousand dollars which in the days of his prosperity he had loaned a poorer friend on his outstart into the world, the papers of which transaction he had lost. On his fall from independence to poverty he had made application to his now successful friend for the return of the loan, and had been told to prove the debt and it should be immediately paid. This, as I have said, he could not do; and he died, leaving an assurance to his son of having loaned the money, and hearty curses on the man who withheld it thus wrongfully. George Evans, the son, had tried more than once, but unsuccessfully, to obtain it, and was fain to do as well as he could without it.

Soon after the events above narrated another actor appeared on the scene in the person of a young gentleman, the son of a wealthy merchant in New York. He came to spend the summer with an old bachelor uncle, and to retire for a time from the gayeties of the town, where he had been living a somewhat dissipated life. He saw Bettina in all her freshness of youthful beauty, and the sight refreshed his jaded senses; and from first seeing her and visiting her, as an entire change and amusement, he grew to love her—at least to love as much as such a nature could do. Alas! poor Bettina was taken with the, to her, polished manners of the city youth, and in time gave him what he was utterly unworthy of—her whole heart. They were eventually married, secretly; and when at length it came to Diedrich's ears (as in time it did) he was so enraged he turned Bettina out of doors, and henceforward her name was never mentioned in his hearing. A sister—a stern, cross old maid—came to live with him and keep house for him. George Evans felt his loss keenly at first; but time softened his grief, and he took to the stage—for which he had always shown a predilection—for his livelihood, and he bade fair to become a clever actor. He had never, however, given up the determination to recover his father's money from the man Benson, to whom he had lent it.

The quiet little town of Sleepy Hollow was on the eve of retiring to rest; several oil-lamps had retired from public life (gas had not then been introduced), after winking in a mysterious manner to their companions to follow their example; the shops in the only street—the High Street, of course—had already let down blinds and put up shutters; the rain was falling in torrents; the wind-screens on the chimney-tops were veering in all directions, as if performing a demoniac polka with the inconstant wind; a miserable wet night, about ten o'clock, and not a soul stirring. The three policemen had gone to the station; the thieves, if there were any, were afraid of catching cold; the doctor had just returned from a country visit, and was putting up his horse in the little stable behind his house; the waiters at the big wooden hotel were busy removing the remains of supper; and far away from the sitting-room, in a low, dingy, little bedroom, which served him for parlor as well, a young man was standing with his arms folded across his breast, and looking into a trunk which he had recently opened.

"A stock in trade," he said, "from which something may be made, after all! Yes, from that small box may be evoked powers as tremendous as the Jinn's in the Arabian Nights—wealth, happiness, revenge!—and that's the best of all!"

Nothing was visible to account for these glowing anticipations. The contents seemed of the ordinary kind—clothes; not many, nor very splendid in material; only among them were mixed up pieces of apparel belonging properly to the softer sex—crumpled-up bonnets, worn-out old shawls, faded cotton gowns. Poor fellow! he was perhaps bringing down presents to an aunt. They couldn't be very expensive ones; but the kindness of the remembrance would make up for want of value.

"Hark! ten o'clock!" he said, as the clock struck the hour in the hall of the hotel. "I must be off, or the old rascal will have shut up shop!"

He buttoned his coat, threw a horse-cloth over his shoulders, and went out into the dusky street.

"I saw it," he said, "at the corner of the staircase. If the villain hasn't moved it all will go well. If he has, how can I describe it without exciting suspicion?"

One shop was open in the cross-road at the top of the main street. A great glaring lamp still flourished in front of the window; under it, and sheltered by a sort of veranda that projected over half the pavement, was standing a deal table, with two chairs on the top of it; on them were various articles of crockery-ware, useful and ornamental; a small looking-glass, marked, in chalk, "half a dollar;" and between the chairs a little pile of books, the lowest being the "Whole Duty of Man," and the highest several numbers of old periodicals. Inside of the dark recess, where second-hand furniture, etc., were piled up on both sides of a narrow passage, sat a man with a pen behind his ear; a ledger lay on the desk before him, which he might perhaps have been able to read, if he had felt so inclined, with the aid of a very thin and dirty candle, which was stuck into an ink-bottle—but his studies lay in another direction. He was absorbed in thought.

"After all," he thought, "what good has it done me? It isn't so great a sum when all's told. Two thousand dollars. It ruined George Evans though," he began again. "His father should have kept his papers better. If the man was fool enough to lend me the money, and lost my note of hand, what business is it of mine, that his son must lose the whole of it? Did I make the law? If they had brought me my acknowledgment wouldn't the money have been paid? The lad has given up pestering me with his letters. I hope never to hear of him again; besides, the Statute of Limitations makes it also safe, and the money by this time would all have been spent; for I hear he has turned a reprobate and gone on the stage. This is a wicked world, and theatres are the schools of Satan. Amen!"

This ejaculation was uttered aloud, and was considered by the utterer of it—the worthy Mr. Benson, pawn-broker and second-hand furniture dealer—the bond and seal of all religious observations. It was heard by the young man in the horse-cloth wrapper.

"I'm glad you're not shut up, Sir," he said, going through the narrow gang-way to the end of the room. "I want to do a little business with you."

"A watch?" said Mr. Benson, opening a little drawer in which lay a number of square tickets of dirty paper.

"No, I don't happen to have such a thing," replied the visitor. "I come to buy something. As I passed the shop to-day I saw a piece of furniture I require; a narrow case with drawers in it, of oak I think it was. Ah! there it is, just under the staircase!"

"Of oak, indeed! you may say of the very finest oak that ever grew. Why, that oak would fetch a large price, independent of the great convenience of the drawers. I paid a pretty sum for it at Squire Diedrich's sale when the old gentleman died ten days since; it had been in his family, they said, two hundred years—a very fine piece of furniture, and dirt cheap at six dollars."

"I'm no great judge of these things," said the young man; "but I have an aunt in the town who is in want of just such an article. I wish to make her a present of it; and I will pay for it now, on condition that if she doesn't like it you shall take it back and supply me with another article to-morrow morning."

"Very fair—that's very fair—but how can I send it to-night?"

"Nay, that must be part of the bargain," replied the purchaser, counting the money into Mr. Benson's hand; "and you must also give me a receipt for the—what shall we call it?—the wardrobe, with all it contains, for fortunes are sometimes found in very odd places," he added, with a smile. "I've heard of chair-bottoms being stuffed with notes."

"I'll run the risk of all that," said Mr. Benson, writing the receipt, "and as to carrying it home, it ain't very heavy. I'll manage that. What's the address?"

"Mrs. Truman, No. 2 Tarrytown Lane," replied the youth; "not a very elegant part of the town, but the poor must live somewhere."

"It's a very dark lane," said the furniture broker.

"Couldn't you wait till to-morrow morning? A man was robbed and murdered there twenty years ago."

"Oh, things are improved since then," said the young man with a laugh; "besides, an old chest of drawers is not so very tempting a property in spite of the soundness of the oak and the time it was in Squire Diedrich's possession."

Mr. Benson looked at his visitor with doubt at first; but he saw nothing but the fine open countenance of a young man of twenty-two, and gradually became satisfied that there was nothing to be afraid of. For one instant a thought even came into his head to invite the purchaser to take a glass of gin-and-water; but it died away like other good resolutions.

"If you arrive at my aunt's before me," said the young man, "[illegible] I sent her the wardrobe; but I hope to be [illegible]re in time to receive you."

So saying, he wrapped his horse-cloth round him, and departed. Mr. Benson looked round well pleased. He had ended the day well by disposing of a useless piece of lumber at a considerable price. "He must be very fond of his aunt, that young man," he said, "and if she's no better judge of furniture than he is I wish she would come and deal at my shop." He cast a look round to see that there was no risk from candle or lamp, hoisted the wardrobe on h[illegible] shoulder, locked the door, and walked rapidly toward the lane. On arriving at No. 2 he knocked gently at the door, but received no answer for some time.

"Why, this is the house that has been empty so long! I didn't know any one had taken it. Where did they get their furniture?"

Another louder knock produced a motion within; a step sounded in the passage, and an old lady opened the door. She seemed astonished at the lateness of the visit.

"I was just going to bed," she said, "and only sat up to let in my nephew. He is longer of coming than he said."

"He'll be here immediately," replied Mr. Benson, "and in the mean time has presented you with this very handsome piece of furniture. He has paid for it—all, except the porterage—and the solid oak is no joke to carry on a night like this."

"If my nephew was here," said the old lady, "I would ask you to come in; but I'm a lone woman, and it wouldn't be proper—there's sixpence for the carriage, and I'm greatly obliged to the dear boy. He's always so thoughtful of his poor old aunt."

"Pray, ma'am, have you been long in this cottage?" inquired Mr. Benson; "and may I ask you where the furniture came from?"

"My nephew took the house for me three days ago. Some of the furniture came by boat from New York—and the rest, we hope, will arrive in a day or two."

"If you require any additional articles you will find the best qualities and lowest prices at my shop," said Mr. Benson, putting the poor woman's sixpence into his pocket, and resuming his homeward way. "I don't like this," he said, as he splashed up the High Street. "There's something curious about that old woman. Why did she give me twelve cents?—looking so wretchedly poor too? And why did she seem so delighted to lay hands on the wardrobe? I'm sorry I let it go at six dollars. The young fool would have given double the money; but I'm always so soft-hearted. I shall never be rich, but what of that? Wealth is not happiness. Amen!"

He extinguished the flaring lamp at the front of his premises; removed the table and all that it contained within the door; turned the key on the inside, and drawing out from a secret drawer a bottle of gin, and lifting a kettle from the fire which had hitherto glowed unseen behind a set of window curtains hung over the model of a suspension bridge, he proceeded to concoct a pretty strong tumbler, which he applied to his lips with the self-satisfied air of a man who felt that he had deserved some relaxation and enjoyment after the labors of a well-spent day. A pipe, also, soon added its perfume, and he sat like a great Indian idol, inhaling the incense of his gin and tobacco, blandly smiling as the smoke curled in gay wreaths round the bowl of his long clay, and occasionally sipping the comfortable potation before him. The clocks, which had either been sent to him in pledge, or were arranged on different brackets for sale, kept up a miscellaneous concert of hours from one o'clock to twelve; for they were not by any means particular in their notions either of time or tune; but as a majority seemed to be of opinion it was getting near midnight, the contemplative proprietor lighted one more pipe, poured forth one other libation, and carefully locked away the now half-empty bottle in the sanctum devoted to its custody. He watched once more the curls of the smoke; but fancy was at work, and aided the wreaths as they rose, twisting them into excellent chests of drawers, or handsome mahogany side-boards, on which he expected enormous profits; into little cottages they expanded themselves, which he felt sure he could buy for very little money; then, as the candle began to burn less clearly, he saw one of the large puffs, which he traced with more than usual attention, convert itself into a bed in a dingy little apartment, and through the half-drawn curtains he saw the emaciated countenance of a dying man. The fire uttered a little sound at this moment, as the coals collapsed to the bottom of the grate, and he thought the noise it made formed itself into words for the old man's lips: "I lent him the money, George—two thousand dollars. I have lost the note of hand; but if he doesn't pay it he is a villain, and will repent it when the hour comes on him as it does on me now."

"Nonsense! folly! madness!" cried Mr. Benson, pushing back his chair, and hurrying the tumbler to his lips. "Would the man have me give the money to every person that chose to say that he had lent it, with nothing to show for it but a white-faced, dying old— Ha! a carriage at my door at this hour!—a knocking!—who can it be? Some one in distress—coming to pledge their—coming, coming!"

He opened the door and peeped out through the falling rain. A carriage, covered with mud and dripping with wet, was at the sidewalk. The driver let down the steps and a lady tripped lightly across the sloppy pavement and entered the shop.

"The carriage will wait," she said; "turn the key and double-lock—for I have something of importance to say to you."

Mr. Benson said nothing, but went up the narrow gangway with the flickering candle in his hand, followed by his visitor. He set down the light and looked carefully into the woman's face. It was flushed and excited; the eyes flashed with great brilliancy, and her lips quivered with agitation—a tall, masculine woman, plainly dressed, and evidently under the influence of some strong feeling.

"You are Mr. Benson the broker?" she said.

"I am; and dealer in second-hand furniture, books, statues, and miscellaneous articles, clocks, watches, wearing apparel, and double-barrel guns."

"You attended the sale at Squire Diedrich's last Wednesday?"

"I did."

"Did you buy it?"

"What?"

"I forgot. I haven't told you. I won't tell you. What did you pay for all the articles you bought there at the sale?"

"I got tolerable bargains, ma'am; I don't deny that—the family all dispersed—no near relations. I paid for all I had there a matter of $75 or perhaps $100."

"Will you make me out a list of them?—transfer them at once to me?—and I will give you a thousand across the table?"

Mr. Benson looked at the woman as she spoke.

"No, Madam," he said, "one thousand's too little. If it's worth one thousand to you, it's worth a deal more to me."

"We won't fight about that. What did you buy?—beds? sofas? drawers?—let me see the list."

He took from a wire that hung from the cross-bar of his desk the auctioneer's account. The woman gazed at it; and on coming near the end started.

"Yes," she said, "here it is. What do you ask for all? But tush! I want nothing but one small article. Keep the rest of the trash. Give me the oak wardrobe with the four drawers in it and I will give you what you demand. Come!"

"I can't," said Mr. Benson, turning pale, and trembling with agitation. "It's gone—sold—delivered—lost."

"Fool!" cried the woman. "You have ruined me and yourself. That wardrobe would have enriched us both. Why did not the villains advertise the sale? I would have come to it if I had been dying. Can you recover it? Who bought it? Will money tempt them to sell it again? Tell me the name of the purchaser and I will get possession of it yet."

"I don't remember the name of the person—it might, however, be possible—I don't say it would—to recover the furniture still."

"Give me the address—quick—I will go any where after it—any where."

"Why are you so very curious about a common chest of drawers? I examined it very carefully, I assure you; they are nothing but ordinary oak—no secret recesses—no hidden springs; there's surely some mistake about it."

"There's no mistake. Did you take out the drawers when you made your examination? Did you turn the top one upside down? Did you see that the bottom was thick and heavy—that it was double? That it might contain documents, notes, a will, receipts, acknowledgments?"

"No, I didn't turn it out. I'm an unsuspicious, innocent man, grossly imposed on—ruined. Amen!"

The pawnbroker seemed so overcome that the woman was melted.

"Hear what I tell you," she said. "If we arrange matters together we may yet be rich. Do I understand that you will share with me whatever that drawer contains?"

"What *does* it contain?" inquired Benson, in a whisper. "Does it contain any thing?"

"Why do I offer you hundreds for it?" inquired the woman. "But I will tell you all. Did you know Squire Deidrich?"

"No, I can't say I knew him. I once sold him a second-hand saddle; and he made some row about the stuffing coming out. I had to let him off for half the price agreed on."

"It's like him as he was of late—harsh, cold, selfish—so I was told. He was different long ago—very different."

"I didn't know him then," replied Mr. Benson. "What changed him so much?"

"His daughter. He had only one, and he had set his heart on her. She thwarted him in her marriage, and he never forgave it."

"Did you know her?"

"Did I know her! I ought to, seeing I was her aunt—Diedrich's only sister. I went to live with him after she had left; don't you see what's coming, old man? You must be dull as the wretched room you live in if you don't guess what followed."

"I can't," said Mr. Benson. "I'm trying; I can't."

"Not when I tell you how her father had set his heart on her marrying the only son of an old friend and neighbor—and for a time she seemed satisfied to do so—when one day there came to the town a young gentleman from New York—dashing, gay, and finely dressed. He saw Bettina, was struck with her freshness and beauty, got to speech of her, won her heart, and married her secretly, and then deserted her—the old story, the old story. Her father in anger turned her out of doors; forbade her name to be ever more mentioned. She wrote once; and he sent her letter back unopened. She never wrote again. The old house became dark and dismal. Diedrich went into the bedroom that had been hers on the day he heard of the marriage; seized the little oak wardrobe where she had kept her clothes. He emptied the drawers on the floor, and ordered me to remove the frocks and stockings and the blue silk jacket and the pink satin slippers, and all the things, and throw them into the fire. It was an old piece of furniture, and had belonged to our family for hundreds of years. It had once been the place where he kept his secret papers; his bonds and parchments were all in the front drawer; but in the top one there was a false bottom; there, in the thickness of the wood, he kept the things he cherished most—his dead wife's letters, the first copy-book of Bettina's, and the little notes she had sent him from school. Well, when he had turned all Bettina's clothes out of the bureau he opened the secret ledge, and calling me, said: 'Gretchen, I have saved all my life for Bettina, and intended this'—showing me a check for $10,000—'as her wedding dowry. I can not give it her now; but if, after I am dead and gone, that wretch of a husband of hers fails her (as I feel and know he will), you will know where to find sufficient for her and her family, as I shall put it in this secret drawer. Take care, however, her husband does not touch a cent of it. No one shall touch it till after I am dead.' So saying he pulled out the secret drawer at the top, laid the check lengthways on its back, and shut it up with a bang. He told me he had made it payable 'to bearer,' and had given instructions at the bank that whoever presented it should get the money. Soon after he died; and Bettina shortly after him. He gave me a silver pin that touches the spring, and showed me how to open it. From the hour he had placed it there until now no one has ever opened the drawer, and there the bill for ten thousand dollars lies. People wondered where all his money was when he died, and what had become of it. I alone knew."

"And I sold it for six dollars!" shrieked Mr. Benson, "to a miserable old woman. A ruined man! I've lost ten thousand dollars. The young man was too much for me. I hated him from the first—but vengeance will pursue him for his iniquity."

"But why was the sale so hurried?" continued Gretchen; "I left Diedrich six weeks ago looking strong—I could not get away when I first heard of his death; and in the mean time he was buried and his furniture sold, and now the money is lost, I fear. Go, give what sum you like, but get back the wardrobe, and we will divide the money."

"Equally!" exclaimed Mr. Benson, starting up; "where is the silver pin? Give it me—it is not too late to make the attempt to-night."

"Oh yes, it is though," said the woman. "*I'll* keep the key. What you have to do is to recover the wardrobe; or, if you will tell me the purchaser's address—"

"No, no, I'll keep that to myself," replied the broker, with a cunning look. "We'll open it in the presence of each other."

"I will be here at nine to-morrow morning," said Gretchen; "we understand the arrangements—good-night." So saying she slipped along the gangway, and got once more into the carriage.

"What a fool to think a drawer can't be opened with a hatchet in the absence of a silver pin!" said Benson.

The rain continued all the night through. Mr. Benson heard it as he lay awake flooding on roof and garret window. As soon as the dawn began to force its way through the watery air he sprang up and put on his clothes. Rapidly he pursued his way to No. 2 Tarrytown Lane, and standing before the door felt his pockets to see that the rouleaux of golden dollars were safe, for he fancied the sight of the yellow metal would have more effect than a mere promise to pay, or even a roll of notes. They were all right, four rolls of 500 dollars each. He knocked.

"Is Mr. Truman down stairs yet?" he asked, through the keyhole.

There was no answer, but in a short time he heard the rap of a small hammer. He knocked louder, and the rat, tat, tat of the hammer ceased. The door was opened. The person who opened it was Mrs. Truman's nephew.

"Hallo!" he said, "who expected to see you at such an early hour?"

"Business, my dear Sir. I find I made a little mistake last night. I sent your dear aunt the wrong article. I hope the old lady is well."

"Yes, she's very well," said the nephew; "a little tired with sitting up so late, but delighted with the wardrobe, I assure you. I was just trying to fit the drawers a little closer. The top one seems loose."

"I find the want of it destroys the set," said Mr. Benson. "Would you do me the favor to give it back to me? I will replace it with the best article in my shop."

"By no means," replied the youth. "I haven't had time to rummage it over yet. I told you fortunes were sometimes found in old family furniture."

There was a long pause. Mr. Benson was forming his calculations. He recommenced the conversation in a whisper, urged his plea with all the eloquence in his power, calling a sight of the gold to his aid; and, finally, was seen proceeding through the falling rain with the richly-endowed wardrobe on his back. Hurriedly trotting up the High Street, he dashed into his shop, set his burden on the ground, tore the top drawer out upon the floor, and saw a small piece of paper pasted on the back. Was it the ten thousand dollar note? He rubbed his eyes—he looked closer—and he read the three following words:

"Quits. George Evans."

"Not a bad stock in trade," said the same young gentleman whom we encountered at the beginning of the story, Aunt Truman and Sister Gretchen all at once, as he (for George Evans, the young actor, had played all three parts) replaced certain articles of female apparel in his trunk. "When I have paid for the hire of the cottage and the wardrobe, and the sixpence to old Benson for bringing it down, I think it will leave the old ruffian's conscience clear, for he will have repaid me the two thousand dollars he borrowed from my father."

## SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Somebody watches and waits for you—
  Thinks of you daily and dreams at night!
Well may the sky of your life be blue,
  Your hope of the future bright!
Over the land and the waters far
Somebody's wondering where you are,
Praying his love may be like a star
  Lighting you home to somebody!

Ah! I wonder if ever for me
  Somebody's heart will grow heavy or light?
Ah! I wonder if I may be
  A star to shine in somebody's night?
Will somebody ever call me "dear!"
And say, "My darling! you need not fear,
You need not tremble, for I am here—
  And you're all the world to somebody?"

Carl Spencer.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"INN SPECTRES."

If a raft of lumber contains several million feet, how many wooden legs will it produce?

Typographical.—How does a mother obtain a first impression of her baby?—By setting it up in "small caps."

Motto for Billiard Players.—"To the Rest-cue."

A sweet woman's soul sits and looks out of a bright eye like a cat out of a sunny window.

Old maids like cats because they give out "sparks" when they are rubbed.

A released convict from Auburn states that he admires glossy curls, but has lost all love for *Auburn locks.*

Mace, the London pugilist, declines to fight any more; he proposes to go to work in a spice mill.

A certain judge, who was notorious for carrying the precise and formal habits of the bench into private life, was one day entertaining some friends at his table, and asked a magistrate who was present if he would take some venison. "Thank you, my lord," was the reply, "I am going to take some boiled chicken." "That, Sir," testily answered the judge, "is no answer to my question. I ask you again if you will take some venison, Sir, and I will trouble you to say 'yes' or 'no' without further prevarication."

Printers are prominent among the Fenian insurgents in Ireland. Won't they be handy with the pike-eh (Pica)?

### PROVERBS.

Most sticks have two ends, and a muff gets hold of the wrong one.
The good boy studies his lesson; the bad boy gets it.
If sixpence were sunshine it would never be lost in the giving.
Three removes are better than a dessert.
Dinner deferred maketh the hungry man mad.
They are scarce of horse-flesh that eat saddle of mutton.
Forty winks of five million is one sleep.
What is done can not be underdone.
You can't make a pair of shoes out of a pig's tail.
Dinner hour is worth every other, except bedtime.
No hair-dresser puts grease into a wise man's head.
An upright judge for a downright rogue.
Look before you sit.
Believe twice as much as you hear of a lady's age.
Content is the conjuror that turns mock-turtle into real.
There is no one who perseveres in well-doing like a thorough humbug.
Education won't polish boots.
Experience is the mother of gumption.
Knowledge without practice makes poor Pilgarlic.
Utopia hath no law.
Care will kill a cat; carelessness a Christian.
He who lights his candle at both ends spills grease.
Keep your jokes to yourself, and repeat other people's.

It does not follow that a man who bolts his food will have the lock-jaw.

The *English Independent* tells that the late Rev. William Thorpe, of Bristol, was so stout that on one occasion, when about to take part in an ordination service, it was found that the pulpit was too narrow to admit him in the ordinary way, and he had to be assisted over the side into his seat. He then rose to deliver his address. It was on "The Importance of a Right Introduction into the Christian Ministry," and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that "he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, while he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

The Bay of Fun-dy and the Bey of All-jeers are two different things, quite.

What day in the year is an injunction to go forward?—March 4th.

Seasonable Advice.—We recommend our young friends who are anxious to begin the croquet season to wait a little longer. To venture on lawns in the present weather would be to commence an unpleasantly "croaky" season.

Orpheus was the proprietor of a wild-beast show in Greece, and, though tobacco was unknown in those days, he tamed the animals by soothing their "savage breasts" with a pipe. He was the first person who ever taught bears to dance. He even coaxed his wife out of what ladies term a "sinking" by giving her a constant change of airs; and when she eloped with a mysterious stranger, who had conceived a Plutonic affection for her, he "luted" her from the abode of the ravishing deity, and induced her to join him in the duet of "Home, sweet Home!"

All that Edgar A. Poe required to make him a poet was T.

Very Natural.—"The Pope," said Paterfamilias, reading his newspaper aloud, "disapproves of the proposed liquidation of the Church property in Italy." "To be sure he does, papa," observed his daughter Caroline; "because, of course, the liquidation would make it all run away."

What is the highest proof brandy?—The water-proof.

What is the difference between a church organist and the influenza?—One knows the stops, and the other stops the nose.

A bishop, who was fond of shooting, in one of his excursions met with a friend's game-keeper, whom he sharply reproved for inattention to his religious duties, exhorting him strenuously to "go to church and read his Bible." The keeper, in an angry mood, responded, "Why, I do read my Bible, Sir, but I don't find in it any mention of the apostles going a-shooting." "No, my good man, you are right," said the bishop; "the shooting was very bad in Palestine, so they went fishing instead."

"How sharp your toe-nails is!" said Paddy, when he caught a hornet and held it in his hand.

### THE GOOD WIFE.

It is just as you say, neighbor Green,
  A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
  I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
  As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
  She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
  Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
  Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then while I eat them she tells
  Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures—
  Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin,
  You should see how the door-handles shine,
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs
  And nicely-swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
  At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
  She is such a fidgety thing.

She doctors the neighbors—oh, yes.
  If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffrons and squills,
  Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
  To physic my blood in the spring;
And she takes the whole charge of my bile—
  Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself,
  My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new,
  Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
But then if a morsel of lint
  Or dust on my trowsers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
  She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
  So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to speak—
  Alas! I am meeker than Moses.
But then I am not reconciled
  The subordinate music to sing;
I submit to get rid of a row,
  She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
  A treasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
  To lay up my treasure in heaven.
But then every life has its cross,
  Most pleasures on earth have their sting;
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
  But she's such a fidgety thing.

When a mysterious phenomenon produced a large chasm in the Forum at Rome the priests declared that it would never close till the most valuable article in the city had been thrown into it. On this Marcus Curtius, a young swell in the Blues, immediately jumped into the yawning gulf, exclaiming that "he never saw a better opening for a spirited young man." The chasm then closed, the priests declaring that the gods were satisfied, that the most "precious spoon" in all Rome had been engulfed by it.

When is a man not a man?—when he is a-bed.

A woman named Watters has committed suicide by swallowing paraffine oil. A simple remedy this, of "pouring oil on the troubled waters."

The first person who ever took a Turkish Bath was Leander, and it quite cured his mania for hero-worship.

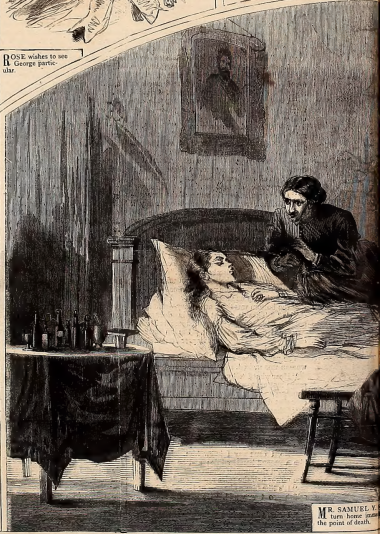
During a great storm on the Pacific Ocean a vessel was once wrecked, and a Quaker, tossing to and fro on a plank, exclaimed, over the crest of a wave, to another who was drifting by on a barrel, "Friend, dost thou call this 'Pacific?'"

JULIA—Fifteen days and nights have vainly sought a glimpse. The suspense is unbearable.

ROSE wishes to see George particular.

WAS obliged to leave before the performauce was over. Address Jno. Cleary.

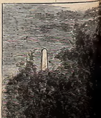
H. D. NEWTON.—Our little deaf and dumb girl is all that is left to me. For God's sake come!



MR. SAMUEL Y. turn home imme the point of death.

M. N.—I want to borrow a hundred dollars. I have much trcuble. Can you loan it?

ANY information of Truman Peters, seafaring man, will be thankfully received by a near relative. Address ——.

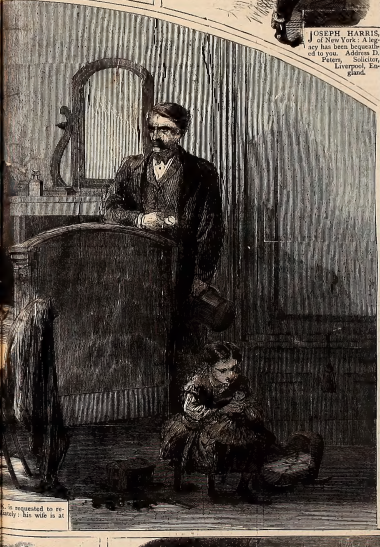


MR. THOM Come to before it is too

"PERSONALS" FROM THE COLUMNS OF A NEW YO

JOSEPH HARRIS, of New York: A legacy has been bequeathed to you. Address D. Peters, Solicitor, Liverpool, England.

IN answer to the gentleman who inquired respecting his green cotton umbrella Mrs. ——— says Yes.



K. is requested to re-
iately: his wife is at

MAUD.—Have you thought over my proposal? Is the answer to be "Yes" or "No?" For Heaven's sake let it be "Yes," and you will never repent it.

S HARDY—
e your mother
e.

ATTENTION—Officers and privates of the ——— Regiment New York Volunteers knowing the whereabouts of Lieutenant A. B., or any information which would lead to the same, would confer a favor by addressing X. Y. Z., 1800 Broadway, New York.

SUFFERING can not impair love. Yours gave courage, hope, endurance. But come, come.

K DAILY NEWSPAPER.—[ILLUSTRATED BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

## "PERSONAL ADVERTISEMENTS."

Every paper in the country has its column of "personal intelligence," but "personal advertisements," such as we illustrate on pages 248 and 249, are a peculiarity of the metropolitan press. Indeed only one or two of the New York papers publish many of this character of advertisements, though in one of the dailies and one of the Sunday papers the "personals" form a distinct department, the various items frequently making a half column of each issue. Besides its legitimate use as a medium for advertising "heirs wanted," and "persons lost," the "personal" column is daily and extensively used for viler purposes; and is made the means of communication by the various and numerous classes of criminals which infest every great city like New York. Frequently advertisements may be seen, reading innocently enough at the first glance, but which are really communications between the worst character of thieves and burglars. Quite often the "personal" column is used as a means of "negotiation" between robber and victim; and several late instances might be noted of felonies compounded through the personal columns of the *Herald*. This class of advertisements pays well, and the most immodest are never excluded from the papers which devote a space to the purpose. Very few of the advertisers venture to "hand in" their advertisements in person, but send them by mail, and almost invariably inclose more money than is enough to secure its insertion, thus paying at more than the usual rates. The daily income to the various papers from this source alone is at least one hundred dollars.

Our artist has, with a nice fancy, caught the spirit of some of the more delicate class of these advertisements or given the double meaning of others; and presents us with a picture which will engage attention, afford much food for reflection, and not a little entertainment.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

### Book IV.—Valentine Hawkehurst's Record.

### CHAPTER III.

MR. GOODGE'S WIDOW.

*October* 5. My dreams last night were haunted by the image of gray-eyed Molly, with her wild loose hair. She must needs have been a sweet creature; and how she came among those prim fishy-eyed men and women with absurd head-gear is much more than I can understand. That she should mix herself up with Diana Paget, and play *rouge-et-noir* at Forêtdechêne in a tucked-up chintz gown and a quilted satin petticoat in my dreams last night—that I should meet her afterward in the little stucco temple on the Belgian hills, and stab her to the heart, whereon she changed into Charlotte Halliday—is only in the nature of dreams, and therefore no subject for wonder.

On referring to Sheldon's letter I found that the next people to be looked up were descendants of Brice the lawyer; so I devoted my breakfast-hour to the cultivation of an intimacy with the oldest of the waiters—a very antique specimen of his brotherhood, with a white stubble upon his chin and a tendency to confusion of mind in the matter of forks and spoons.

"Do you know, or have you ever known, an attorney of the name of Brice in this town?" I asked him.

He rubbed the white stubble contemplatively with his hand, and then gave his poor old head a dejected shake. I felt at once that I should get very little good out of *him*.

"No," he murmured, despondently, "not that I can call to mind."

I should like to know what he *could* call to mind, piteous old meanderer!

"And yet you belong to Ullerton, I suppose?"

"Yes; and have belonged to it these seventy-five years, man and boy; whereby no doubt the dreary confusion of the unhappy being's mind. Figurez donc, mon cher Qui-que-ce-soit, fifty-five years or so of commercial breakfasts and dinners in such a place as Ullerton. Five-and-fifty years of steaks and chops; five-and-fifty years of ham-and-eggs, indifferently-buttered toasts, and perennial sixes of brandy-and-water! After rambling to and fro with spoons and forks, and while in progress of clearing my table, and dropping the different items of my breakfast equipage, the poor soddened faded face of this dreary wanderer became suddenly illumined with a faint glimmer that was almost the light of reason.

"There were a Brice in Ullerton when I were a lad; I've heard father tell on him," he murmured, slowly.

"An attorney?"

"Yes. He were a rare wild one, he was! It was when the Prince of Wales were Regent for his poor old mad father, as the saying is, and folks were wilder like in general in those times, and wore spencers—lawyer Brice wore a plum-colored one."

Imagine then again, my dear, an attorney in a plum-colored spencer! Who, in these enlightened days, would trust his business to such a practitioner? I perked up considerably, believing that my aged imbecile was going to be of real service to me.

"Yes, he were a rare wild one, he were," said my ancient friend, with excitement; "I can remember him as well as if it was yesterday, at Tiverford races—there was races at Tiverford in those days, and gentlemen-jocks. Lawyer Brice rode his roan mare—Queen Charlotte they called her. But after that he went wrong, folks said—speckilated with some money, you see, that he didn't ought to have touched—and went to America, and died."

"Died in America, did he? Why the deuce couldn't he die in Ullerton? I should fancy it was a pleasanter place to die in than it is to live in. And how about his sons?"

"Lawyer Brice's sons?"

"Yes, of course."

My imbecile's lips expanded into a broad grin.

"Lawyer Brice never had no sons," he exclaimed, with a tone which seemed to express a contemptuous pity for my ignorance; "he never married."

"Well, well; his brothers. He had brothers, I suppose?"

"Not as *I* ever heard tell on," answered my imbecile, relapsing into hopeless inanity.

It was clear that no further help was to be obtained from him. I went to the landlord—a brisk business-like individual of Transatlantic go-aheadism. From him I learned that there were no Brices in Ullerton, and never had been within the thirty years of his experience in that town. He gave me an Ullerton directory in confirmation of that fact—a neat little shilling volume, which I begged leave to keep for a quarter of an hour before returning it.

Brice was evidently a failure. I turned to the letter G, and looked up the name of Goodge. Goodge, Jonah, minister of Beulah Chapel, resided at No. 7 Waterhouse Lane—the lane in which I had seen the chapel.

I determined upon waiting on the worthy Goodge. He may be able to enlighten me as to the name of the pastor who preached to the Wesleyan flock in the time of Rebecca Caulfield; and from the descendants of such pastor I may glean some straws and shreds of information. The pious Rebecca would have been likely to confide much to her spiritual director. The early Wesleyans had all the exaltation of the Quietists, and something of the lunatic fervor of the Convulsionists, who kicked and screamed themselves into epilepsy under the influence of the Unigenitus Bull. The pious Rebecca was no doubt an enthusiast.

I found No. 7 Waterhouse Lane. It is a neat little six-roomed house, with preternaturally green palings inclosing about sixty square feet of bright yellow gravel, adorned by a row of whitewashed shells. Some scarlet geraniums bloomed in pots of still more vivid scarlet; and the sight of those bright red blossoms recalled Philip Sheldon's garden at Bayswater, and that sweet girl by whose side I have walked its trim pathways.

But business is business; and if I am ever to sue for my Charlotte's hand, I must present myself before her as the winner of the three thousand. Remembering this, I lifted Mr. Goodge's knocker, and presently found myself in conversation with that gentleman.

Whether unordained piety has a natural tendency to become greasy of aspect, and whether, among the many miracles vouchsafed to the amiable and really great Wesley, he received for his disciples of all time to come the gift of a miraculous straightness and lankiness of hair, I know not; but I do know that every Methodist parson I have had the honor to know has been of one pattern, and that Mr. Goodge is no exception to the rule.

I am bound to record that I found him a very civil person, quite willing to afford me any help in his power, and far more practical and business-like than the rector of Dewsdale.

It seems that the gift of tongues descended on the Goodges during the lifetime of John Wesley himself, and during the earlier part of that teacher's career. It was a Goodge who preached in the draper's warehouse, and it was the edifying discourse of a Goodge which developed the piety of Miss Rebecca Caulfield, afterward Mrs. Haygarth.

"That Goodge was my great-uncle," said the courteous Jonah, "and there was no one in Ullerton better acquainted with Rebecca Caulfield. I've heard my grandmother talk of her many a time. She used to send him poultry and garden-stuff from her house at Dewsdale, and at his instigation she contributed handsomely to the erection of the chapel in which it is my privilege to preach."

I felt that I had struck upon a vein of gold. Here was a sharp-witted, middle-aged man—not an ancient mariner, or a meandering imbecile—who could remember the talk of a grandmother who had known Matthew Haygarth's wife. And this visit to Mr. Goodge was my own idea not prompted by the far-seeing Sheldon. I felt myself advancing in the insidious arts of a private inquirer.

"I am employed in the prosecution of a business which has a *remote* relation to the Haygarth family history," I said; "and if you can afford me any information on that subject I should be extremely obliged."

I emphasized the adjective "remote," and felt myself, in my humble way, a Talleyrand.

"What kind of information do you require?" asked Mr. Goodge, thoughtfully.

"Any information respecting Matthew Haygarth or his wife."

Mr. Goodge became profoundly meditative after this.

"I am not given to act unadvisedly," he began—and I felt that I was in for a little professional discourse; "the creatures of impulse are the children of Satan, the babes of Lucifer, the infants of Beelzebub. I take counsel in the silence of the night, and wait the whispers of wisdom in the walking hours of darkness. You must allow me time to ponder this business in my heart and to be still."

I told Mr. Goodge that I would willingly await his own time for affording me any information in his power to give.

"That is pleasant," said the pastor, blandly; "the worldly are apt to rush blindly through life, as the roaring lion rushes through the forest. I am not one of those rushing worldlings. I presume, by-the-way, that such information as I may afford is likely to become a source of pecuniary profit to your employer."

I began to see that my friend Goodge and the rector of Dewsdale were very different kind of people, and that I must play my cards accordingly.

"That will depend upon the nature of your information," I replied, diplomatically; "it may be worth something to us, or it may be worthless."

"And in case it should be worth something?"

"In that case my employer would be glad to remunerate the person from whom he obtained it."

Mr. Goodge again became meditative.

"It was the habit of the sainted Wesley to take counsel from the Scriptures," he said, presently; "if you will call again to-morrow, young man, I shall have taken counsel, and may be able to entreat with you."

I did not much relish being addressed as "young man," even by such a shining light as the Rev. Jonah Goodge. But as I wanted the Rev. Jonah's aid, I submitted with a tolerable grace to his patriarchal familiarity, and bade him good-morning, after promising to call again the following day. I returned to my inn, and wrote to Sheldon in time for the afternoon mail, recounting my interview with Mr. Goodge, and asking how far I should be authorized to remunerate that gentleman, or to pledge myself to remunerate him for such information as he might have to dispose of.

*Oct.* 6. A letter from Sheldon.

"Dear Hawkehurst,—There may be something very important behind that mysterious burial at Dewsdale. Go without delay to Spotswold; examine registers, tombstones, etc.; hunt up oldest inhabitant or inhabitants, from whom you may be able to discover whether any Haygarth or Haygarths ever lived there, and all that is known respecting such Haygarth or Haygarths. You have got a clew to *something*. Follow it up till it breaks off short, as such clews often do, or till you find it is only leading you on a wild-goose chase. The Dewsdale business is worth investigation. Mem.: how about descendants of lawyer Brice?

"Yours truly, G. S.

"G.'s Inn, *Oct.* 5."

Before starting for Spotswold it was necessary for me to see Mr. Goodge. I found that gentleman in a pious and yet business-like frame of mind. He had taken counsel from the Scriptures, like the founder of his sect; but, I fancy, with rather less spiritual aspirations.

"The text upon which the lot fell was the 12th verse of the 9th chapter in the Book of Proverbs, 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself,'" he said, solemnly; "whereby I perceive that I shall not be justified in parting with that which you seek without fitting recompense. I ask you therefore, young man, what you are prepared to give."

The Rev. Jonah's tone could scarcely have been more lofty, or his manner more patronizing, if he had been Saul and I the humble David; but a man who is trying to earn three thousand pounds must put up with a great deal. Finding that the minister was prepared to play the huckster, I employed no further ceremony.

"The price must of course depend on the quality of the article you have to sell," I said; "I must know that before I can propose terms."

"Suppose my information took the form of letters?"

"Letters from whom—to whom?"

"From Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth to my great-uncle, Samson Goodge."

"How many of such letters have you to sell?"

I put it very plainly; but the Rev. Jonah's susceptibilities were not of the keenest order. He did not wince.

"Say forty odd letters."

I pricked up my ears; and it needed all my diplomacy to enable me to conceal my sense of triumph. Forty odd letters! There must be an enormous amount of information in forty odd letters; unless the woman wrote the direst twaddle ever penned by a feminine correspondent.

"Over what period do the dates of these letters extend?" I asked.

"Over about seven years; from 1769 to 1776."

Four years prior to the marriage with our friend Matthew; three years after the marriage.

"Are they tolerably long letters, or mere scrawls?"

"They were written in a period when nobody wrote short letters," answered Mr. Goodge, sententiously—"the period of Bath post and dear postage. The greater number of the epistles cover three sides of a sheet of letter-paper; and Mrs. Rebecca's caligraphy was small and neat."

"Good!" I exclaimed. "I suppose it is no use my asking you to let me see one of these letters before striking a bargain—eh, Mr. Goodge?"

"Well, I think not," answered the oily old hypocrite. "I have taken counsel, and I will abide by the light that has been shown me. 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself;' such are the words of inspiration. No, I think not."

"And what do you ask for the forty odd letters?"

"Twenty pounds."

"A stiff sum, Mr. Goodge, for forty sheets of old letter-paper!"

"But if they were not likely to be valuable, you would scarcely happen to want them," answered the minister. "I have taken counsel, young man."

"And those are your lowest terms?"

"I can not accept sixpence less. It is not in me to go from my word. As Jacob served Laban seven years, and again another seven years, having promised, so do I abide by my bond. Having said twenty pounds, young man, Heaven forbid that I should take so much as twenty pence less than those twenty pounds!"

The solemn unction with which he pronounced this twaddle is beyond description. The pretense of conscientious feeling which he contrived to infuse into his sordid bargain-driving might have done honor to Molière's Tartuffe. Seeing that he was determined to stick to his terms, I departed. I telegraphed to Sheldon for instructions as to whether I was to give Goodge the money he asked, and then went back to my inn, where I devoted myself for the next ten minutes to the study of a railway time-table, with a view to finding the best route to Spotswold.

After a close perusal of bewildering strings of proper names and dazzling columns of figures, I found a place called Black Harbor, "for Wisborough, Spotswold, and Chilton." A train left Ullerton for Black Harbor at six o'clock in the afternoon, and was due at the latter place at 8.40.

This gave me an interval of some hours in which I could do nothing, unless I received a telegram from Sheldon. The chance of a reply from him kept me a prisoner in the coffee-room of the Crown Inn, where I read almost every line in the local and London newspapers pending the arrival of the dispatch, which came at last.

"Tell Goodge he shall have the sum asked, and get the letters at once. Money by to-night's post."

This was Sheldon's message: sharp and short, and within the eighteen-penny limit. Acting upon this telegram I returned to the abode of Mr. Goodge, told him his terms were to be complied with, showed him the telegram at his request, and asked for the letters.

I ought to have known my reverend friend better than to imagine he would part with those ancient documents except for money upon the counter.

He smiled a smile which might have illuminated the visage of a Machiavelli.

"The letters have kept a long time, young man," he said, after having studied the telegram as closely as if it had been written in Punic; "and lo you, they are in nowise the worse for keeping: so they will keep yet longer. 'If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself.' You can come for the letters to-morrow, and bring the money with you. Say at 11 A.M."

I put on my hat and bade my friend good-day. I have often been tempted to throw things at people, and have withheld my hand; but I never felt Satan so strong upon me, as at that moment, and I very much fear that if I had had any thing in the way of a kitchen-poker or a carving-knife about me, I should have flung that missile at the patriarchal head of my saintly Jonah. As it was, I bade him good-day and returned to the Crown, where I took a hurried repast and started for the station, carrying a light carpet-bag with me, as I was not likely to return till the following night, at the earliest.

I arrived at the station ten minutes before the starting of the train, and had to endure ten minutes of that weariness called waiting. I exhausted the interest of all the advertisements on the station walls, found out how I could have my furniture removed with the utmost convenience—supposing myself to possess furniture; discovered where I ought to buy a dinner service, and the most agreeable kind of blind to screen my windows in sunny weather. I was still lingering over the description of this new invention in blinds, when a great bell set up a sudden clanging, and the down train from London came thundering into the station.

This was also the train for Black Harbor. There were a good many passengers going northward, a good many alighting at Ullerton; and in the hurry and confusion I had some difficulty in finding a place in a second-class carriage, the passengers therein blocking up the windows with that unamiable exclusiveness peculiar to railway travelers. I found a place at last, however; but in hurrying from carriage to carriage I was startled by an occurrence which I have since pondered very seriously.

I ran bolt against my respected friend and patron, Horatio Paget.

We had only time to recognize each other with exclamations of mutual surprise when the clanging bell rang again, and I was obliged to scuffle into my seat. A moment's delay would have caused me to be left behind. And to have remained behind would have been very awkward for me; as the Captain would undoubtedly have questioned me as to my business in Ullerton. Was I not supposed to be at Dorking, enjoying the hospitality of an aged aunt?

It would have been unlucky to lose that train. But what "makes" the gallant Captain in Ullerton? That is a question which I deliberated as the train carried me toward Black Harbor.

Sheldon warned me of the necessity for secrecy, and I have been as secret as the grave. It is therefore next to an impossibility that Horatio Paget can have any idea of the business I am engaged in. He is the very man of all others to try and supersede me if he had an inkling of my plans; but I am convinced he can have no such inkling.

And yet the advertisement of the Haygarth property in the *Times* was as open to the notice of all the world as it was open to the notice of George Sheldon. What if my patron should have been struck by the same advertisement, and should have come to Ullerton on the same business?

It is possible, but it is not likely. When I left town the Captain was engaged in Philip Sheldon's affairs. He has no doubt come to Ullerton on Philip Sheldon's business. The town, which seems an abomination of desolation to a man who is accustomed to London and Paris, is nevertheless a commercial centre, and the stockbroker's schemes may involve the simple Ullertonians as well as the more experienced children of the metropolis.

Having thought the business out thus, I gave myself no further trouble about the unexpected appearance of my friend and benefactor.

At Black Harbor I found a coach which carried me to Spotswold, whither I traveled in a cramped and painful position as regards my legs, and with a pervading sensation which was like a determination of luggage to the brain, so close to my oppressed head was the heavily laden roof of the vehicle. It was pitch-dark when I and two fellow-passengers of agricultural aspect were turned out of the coach at Spotswold, which in the gloom of night appeared to consist of half a dozen houses shut in from the road by ghastly white palings, a grim, looming church, and a low-roofed inn with a feeble light glimmering athwart a red stuff curtain.

At this inn I was fain to take up my abode for the night, and was conducted to a little whitewashed bedchamber, draperied with scanty dimity and smelling of apples—the humblest, commonest cottage-chamber, but clean and decent, and with a certain countryfied aspect which was pleasing to me. I fancied myself the host of such an inn, with Charlotte for my wife; and it seemed to me that it would be nice to live in that remote and unknown village, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." I beguiled myself by such foolish fancies—I, who have been reared amidst the clamor and riot of the Strand!

Should I be happy with that dear girl if she were mine? Alas! I doubt it. A man who has led a disreputable life up to the age of seven-and-twenty is very likely to have lost all capacity for such pure and perfect happiness as that which good men find in the tranquil haven of a home.

Should I not hear the rattle of the billiard-balls, or the voice of the *croupier* calling the main, as I sat by my quiet fireside? Should I not yearn for the glitter and confusion of West End dancing-rooms, or the mad excitement of the ring, while my innocent young wife was sitting by my side and asking me to look at the blue eyes of my first-born?

No; Charlotte is not for me. There must be always the two classes—the sheep and the goats; and my lot has been cast among the goats.

And yet there are some people who laugh to scorn the doctrines of Calvin, and says there is no such thing as predestination.

Is there not predestination? Was not I predestined to be born in a jail and reared in a gutter, educated among swindlers and scoundrels, fed upon stolen victuals, and clad in garments never to be paid for? Did no Eumenides preside over the birth of Richard Savage, so set apart for misery that the laws of nature were reversed, and even his mother hated him? Did no dismal fatality follow the footsteps of Chatterton? Has no mysterious ban been laid upon the men who have been called Dukes of Buckingham?

What foolish lamentations am I scribbling in this diary, which is intended to be only the baldest record of events! It is so natural to mankind to complain, that, having no ear in which to utter his discontent, a man is fain to resort to pen and ink.

I devoted my evening to conversation with the landlord and his wife, but found that the name of Haygarth was as strange to them as if it had been taken from an inscription in the tomb of the Pharaohs. I inquired about the few inhabitants of the village, and ascertained that the oldest man in the place is the sexton, native-born, and supposed by mine host never to have traveled twenty miles from his birth-place. His name is Peter Drabbles. What extraordinary names that class of people contrive to have! My first business to-morrow morning will be to find my friend Drabbles—another ancient mariner, no doubt—and to examine the parish registers.

*Oct.* 7. A misty morning, and a perpetual drizzle—to say nothing of a damp, penetrating cold, which creeps through the thickest over-coat, and chills one to the bone. I do not think Spotswold can have much brightness or prettiness even on the fairest summer morning that ever beautified the earth. I know that, seen as I see it today, the place is the very archetype of all that is darksome, dull, desolate, dismal, and dreary. (How odd, by-the-way, that all that family of epithets should have the same initial!) A wide stretch of moorland lies around and about the little village, which crouches in a hollow, like some poor dejected animal that seeks to shelter itself from the bitter blast. On the edge of the moorland, and above the straggling cottages and the little inn, rises the massive square tower of an old church, so far out of proportion to the pitiful cluster of houses that I imagine it must be the remnant of some monastic settlement.

Toward this church I made my way, under the dispiriting drip, drip of the rain, and accompanied by a feeble old man, who is sexton, clerk, grave-digger, and any thing or every thing of an official nature.

We went into the church after my ancient mariner No. 2 had fumbled a good deal with a bunch of ghostly-looking keys. The door opened with a dismal scroop, and shut with an appalling bang. Grim and dark as the church is without, it is grimmer and darker within, and damp and vault-like, *à faire frémir.* There are all the mysterious cupboards and corners peculiar to such edifices; an organ-loft, from which weird noises issue at every opening or closing of a door; a vaulted roof which echoes one's footsteps with a moan, as of some outraged spirit hovering in empty space, and ejaculating piteously, "Another impious intruder after the sacramental plate! another plebeian sole trampling on the brasses of the De Montacutes, lords of the manor!"

The vestry is, if any thing, more ghostly than the general run of vestries; but the business mind is compelled to waive all considerations of a supernatural character. For the moment there flashed across my brain the shadows of all the Christmas stories I had ever read or heard concerning vestries; the phantom bridal, in which the bride's beautiful white hand changed to the bony fingers of a skeleton as she signed the register; the unearthly christening, in which all at once, after the ceremony having been conducted with the utmost respectability, to the edification of the unauthorized intruder hiding behind a pillar, the godfathers and godmothers, nurse and baby, priest and clerk, became in a moment dilapidated corpses; whereon the appalled intruder fell prone at the foot of his pillar, there to be discovered the next morning by his friends and the public generally, with his hair blanched to an awful whiteness, or his noble intellect degraded to idiocy.

For a moment the memory of about a hundred Christmas stories was too much for me—so weird of aspect, and earthy of atmosphere, was the vestry at Spotswold. And then, "being gone" the shadows of the Christmas stories, I was a man and a lawyer's clerk again, and set myself assiduously to search the registers and interrogate my ancient.

I found that individual a creature of mental fogginess compared with whom my oldest inhabitant of Ullerton would have been a Pitt, Earl of Chatham. But I questioned and cross-questioned him until I had in a manner turned his poor old wits the seamy side without, and had discovered, first, that he had never known any one called Haygarth in the whole course of those seventy-five years' vegetation which politeness compelled me to speak of as his "life;" secondly, that he had never known any one who knew a Haygarth; thirdly, that he was intimately acquainted with every creature in the village, and that he knew that no one of the inhabitants could give me the smallest shred of such information as I required.

Having extorted so much as this from my ancient with unutterable expenditure of time and trouble, I next set to work upon the registers.

If the ink manufactured in the present century is of no more durable nature than that abominable fluid employed in the penmanship of a hundred years ago, I profoundly pity the generations that are to come after us. The registers of Spotswold might puzzle a Bunsen. However, bearing in mind the incontrovertible fact that three thousand pounds is a very agreeable sum of money, I stuck to my work for upward of two hours, and obtained as a result the following entries:

1. Matthew Haygarthe, aged foure yeares, berrid in this churche-yarde, over against yᵉ tombe off Mʳˢ. Marttha Stileman, a bout 10 fete fromm yᵉ olde yue tre. Febevarie 6ᵗʰ, 1753.
2. Mary Haygarthe, aged twentie sevene yeers, berrid under yᵉ yue tree, Nov. 21, 1754.

After copying these two entries, I went out into the church-yard to look for Mary Haygarth's grave.

Under a fine old yew—which had been old a hundred years ago, it seems—I found huddled among other head-stones one so incrusted with moss, that it was only after scraping the parasite verdure from the stone with my pen-knife that I was able to discover the letters that had been cut upon it.

I found at last a brief inscription:

Here lieth yᵉ body of
Mary Haygarth, aged 27. Born 1727. Died 1754.
This stone has been set up by one
who sorroweth without hope of consolation.

A strange epitaph; no scrap of Latin, no text from Scripture, no conventional testimony to the virtues and accomplishments of the departed, no word to tell whether the dead woman had been maid, wife, or widow. It was the most provoking inscription for a lawyer or a genealogist, but such as might have pleased a poet.

I fancy this Miss Haygarth must have been some quiet creature, with very few friends to sorrow for her loss. Perhaps only that one person who sorrowed without hope of consolation.

Such a tombstone might have been set above the grave of that simple maid who dwelt "beside the banks of Dove."

This is the uttermost that my patience or ingenuity can do for me at Spotswold. I have exhausted every possibility of obtaining further information. So, having written and posted my report to Sheldon, I have no more to do but to return to Ullerton. I take back with me nothing but the copy of the two entries in the register of burials. Who this Matthew Haygarth or this Mary Haygarth was, and how related to *the* Matthew, is an enigma not to be solved at Spotswold.

Here the story of the Haygarths ends with the grave under the yew-tree.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

When spring breezes begin to blow more softly—when warmer suns and gentler showers than winter gives have stirred the hidden life of tree and shrub and flower—when birds and blossoms, and all beautiful things, are radiant in their freshness—then, indeed, Nature is in her brightest, lightest, gayest mood. And she has a right to expect that men and women will sympathize with her buoyant spirits. But in the balmy spring-time quite a fraction of humanity present an odd contrast to Nature. They are dull and listless. They look at the birds, and the flowers, and the soft sunshine on the grass, without exciting a single emotion in themselves more cheerful than can be expressed by a weary sigh. You feelingly inquire what is the matter, and receive the lucid explanation that they feel "*rather springy!*" Strange misuse of terms! Further investigation reveals the fact that they are correcting this peculiar disorder, which is an annual visitor about this time, by alternate doses of Dr. Cure-all's celebrated Iron Pills, and the world-renowned Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Mingled Barks. Now undoubtedly there is a physical reason for the fall in our internal thermometer, when mercury is on the rise without—and physical remedies should be applied. Perhaps the pills and elixir are needed. But better than tonics and bitters—better than drugs and doctors, is plenty of fresh air and a cheerful temper! But you don't *feel* cheerful? Then try the experiment of *pretending* that you do! Don't go through the world with a face half a yard long! Look around for the sunshine. Forget yourself, and see what you can do for others. Frolic with the children—it will delight them and do you good. A certain amount of fun in the family is a grand thing—not only healthful for mind and body, but a genuine safeguard to the young folks, who actually require an atmosphere of cheerfulness and merriment. And if they do not find at home some sympathetic participation in their natural longing for fun they will, most likely, seek for it elsewhere, and in undesirable places. Somebody says,

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

And although it would be gross folly to make life nothing but Champagne and syllabub, he has found the true philosopher's stone who is habitually cheerful. One such person in the family, in the shop, in the office, or any where else, will frighten away a whole army of dismal blue spirits, such as are hovering around in the spring-time hunting for lodgings.

Those five officers to whom for a few years past has been assigned the special duty of looking after truant children in this city have evidently had enough to do to keep them from suffering with "the Blues." These officers are required to visit all the public schools, and obtain and report the names and residences of absentees. During one single year 5235 children were reported as absentees. The officers visited all these, excepting about 400, whose residences could not be found. By investigation it was shown that 2091 of these had been withdrawn from school, transferred to other schools, or detained at home for various causes. Of the remaining 3144, 1928 were reformed so as to attend school regularly, 410 were taken back to school, and 180 were committed to the Juvenile Asylum. There were also recovered and restored to the schools 214 sets of books.

A horrible instance of cruelty to a young girl has recently come to light. We wish for the reputation of Christendom that it had occurred in Hindostan; but it was in Pleasantville, not far from Hackensack. A girl of thirteen was taken from an asylum for orphans and destitute children in this city, nearly a year ago, to do housework in a certain Mr. Vanderbilt's family. Here, from time to time, she has been beaten in the most fearful manner, and kept under lock and key, so that she could not reveal her situation to any one. Providentially she escaped from her tormentors; but, though under medical treatment, her condition is almost hopeless in consequence of the injuries she has received. She was handsome and interesting, and bore an excellent character in the asylum, where she had been for eight years. It is to be hoped that the full penalty of the law will be visited upon those who have shown such barbarity.

The Chicago *Tribune* gives an account of a still more fearful case of a similar nature. A fiend in human shape, living in that city, beat to death his only child—a girl of ten years—a short time ago. The wretch has fled.

The following incident illustrates the present condition of Boston—in *one* respect:

Not long ago two Cincinnati merchants, who have bought goods in Boston for years, entered one of the wholesale houses on Devonshire Street, and ordered a lot of goods amounting to over a hundred thousand dollars. When the business had been accomplished they suggested to one of the firm the propriety of going out and taking a glass of ale. All hands assenting, they started, and after entering half a dozen places and walking over half a mile they were compelled to return to the store as thirsty as before. The Western men, as may be imagined, were full of wrath. The result was that they countermanded a portion of their order, accepting only such goods as they would find difficulty in purchasing elsewhere, and departed, vowing in terms more forcible than elegant that they "had spent their last dollar in fanatical, God-forsaken Massachusetts."

Quite a contrast this to those old times (some twenty years ago) when, during a competition between a railroad and stage line running out of Boston, passengers were carried free, and also were furnished with a bottle of wine at "The Half-Way House."

The hotel-keepers of Paris appear to have come to an understanding in regard to raising their prices during the Exposition. They have already given notice to lodgers. A family occupying two small bedrooms and one sitting-room in a good and known hotel have been told that they must pay £6 per day instead of £2 10*s.* A 6-francs-per-day bedroom is now, in some hotels, charged 15 francs. They are demanding something like three times the usual charges, and most hotel-keepers will not be bound down to any fixed charges for any length of time. The *tables-d'hôte* of 5 francs and 6 francs are to be raised to 8 francs and 10 francs generally, and some landlords pretend that their lodgers must pay for dinner whether they dine at home or away. It is not probable that all the proprietors of hotels in that wide city are going to squeeze travelers' purses dry, but the majority undoubtedly will. The chance of making money is too good for the Parisians to lose.

Bonnets made from the skin of the cobra di capello, and ladies' muffs made of vulture down, are among the articles sent from the Cape of Good Hope to the Paris Exhibition.

The following amusing anecdote, illustrating the difficulty which the French find in mastering a foreign language, comes from Paris:

"A young married lady, wedded to a German or a Dutchman, was making purchases in the Chaussée d'Antin. At length she desired the things purchased might be sent to her address. 'And your name, ma'am?' 'Really, Sir, I am not acquainted with my name; I was the Princess Tremouille, and I have married the Baron—Tenter—Tenter—if you will call my servant, who is at the door, I think he knows.'"

A new chemical toy, of Chinese origin, has made its appearance in the shape of "ferns growing out of burning paper." This is a neat little experiment, free from many of the disadvantages appertaining to so many toys of this nature, which may prove too inviting to children's tastes. The instructions direct us to crimp or fold the yellow papers so that when opened they may be supported upright in a zigzag form. One of these slips is then placed upright on a plate, and ignited in two or three places along the upper edge, but without being allowed to blaze. It will burn slowly down with a red glow, diffusing an agreeable perfume, while the ash of the paper assumes the most fantastic arborescent shapes, together with a green color, which, to a lively imagination, may be suggestive of the growth of ferns or lichens.

"*What is a woman?*" is the puzzling question which a literary paper in Paris proposed for discussion a while ago. An ingenious correspondent sent to the editor the following answer: "A woman is a small article of luxurious furniture, which ought not to make the journey of life without a label inscribed 'Very fragile.'" Would the world-renowned "fat woman," long an inmate of Barnum's Museum, belong to that genus?

The following brief novel will be read with breathless interest. Every one must feel the deepest sympathy for the unfortunate heroine who was thus basely deceived:

### THE LOVE OF GOLD.
### A Story of Fashionable Crime.

CHAPTER I.—The Evil Counselor.

It was in an evil moment that she listened to his suggestions. Alas! she was scarcely mistress of her actions when his evil counsels prevailed.

She sat alone in her quiet boudoir. Her hands were clasped in agony as she rocked to and fro, murmuring to herself:

"Gold! gold! Oh yes, it must be gold!"

The next day she left her home.

CHAPTER II.—A Picture of Home.

They had been very, very happy, she and her Algernon, the husband of her choice. Three darling children had blessed their union, and they had a villa at Bayswater.

Every night when he returned from the Money Market he drew her toward him, and she leaned on his shoulder until her raven tresses mingled with the tawny beard that flowed over his manly bosom and the intervening white waistcoat.

But that might never, never be again!

CHAPTER III.—A Sad Change.

She flew homeward with a guilty conscience! The domestic who opened the door started, uttering a smothered "Oh my!" She heeded not. She flew up stairs to the nursery, and clasped her children to her palpitating bosom.

The little creatures struggled to get away from her. The baby went into convulsions. They did not recognize their mother. Wringing her hands wildly she fled down stairs. Algernon had just returned. She met him in the passage, trembling, half fainting. He looked at her coldly and passed on.

She tumbled down flat on the door-mat!

Alas! her evil counselor, the hair-dresser, had prevailed on her to have her hair bleached to the fashionable yellow, and not even her own family could recognize her.

The following bit of information, clipped from an English paper, is worth remembering; and builders would do well to make a practical use of it:

"In building a chimney put a quantity of salt into the mortar with which the intercourses of bricks are to be laid. The effect will be that there will never be any accumulation of soot in that chimney. The philosophy is thus stated: The salt in the portion of mortar which is exposed absorbs moisture every damp day. The soot thus becoming damp falls down the fire-place."

A capital story is told of Sir Frederick Pollock, the late Lord Chief Baron of the English bench. It should be premised that Sir Frederick was the oldest judge who ever sat on the English bench, having discharged his judicial duties with efficiency until after he was eighty-two years old. He was somewhat proud of his age, or rather of his perfect possession of his mental powers at such an age. When he was pressed to resign, he proudly said, "Find me a man whom Westminster Hall will deem my equal, old as I am, and I'll resign to-morrow." A certain person who had private reasons for wishing him to resign waited on him, and suggested it, for his own sake, entirely with a view to the prolongation of his valued life, and so forth. The old man rose, and said with his grim, dry gravity, "Will you dance with me?" The guest stood aghast, as the Lord Chief Baron, who prided himself particularly upon his legs, began to caper about with a certain youth-like vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, he capered up to him, and said, "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" And with that he squared up to him; and half in jest, and half in earnest, fairly boxed him out of the room. The old Chief Baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health, and courteously suggesting retirement.

A French physician has composed a liquid which he calls "gazeol," and which is said to produce remarkable and certain cures in cases of whooping-cough. A tea-spoonful of it is placed in an open vial, which is put into a water-bath always kept at the same temperature. Children suffering from whooping-cough are taken into the room, and are cured by inhaling the emanations from the gazeol as it mixes with the air of the room. It evaporates very rapidly. The remedy is said to have been used with complete success in the Orphan Asylum at Paris.

## CHICAGO WATER-WORKS.

On Saturday, March 23, the famous Lake Tunnel for supplying the city of Chicago with pure Lake Michigan water was thrown open, and the undertaking, once ridiculed as an impracticable project, is already pronounced a magnificent success, and has established the reputation of its projector, E. S. Chesbrough, as one of the first engineers of the country. Chicago has been hitherto supplied with water drawn from a point about one mile north of where the Chicago River empties into Lake Michigan. The sewers of the city discharged themselves into the river, and consequently the refuse of the city found its way to the water-works, and was re-distributed through the pipes, causing much inconvenience and ill-health. This became such an intolerable evil that it was resolved to secure pure water by other means, and Mr. Chesbrough, the City Engineer, projected the plan, which has just proved successful, for obtaining the water at a point in the lake two miles from the shore, and of conveying it through a tunnel to the city.

In October, 1863, the contract was let to Messrs. Dull & Gowan, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the price being $315,137. The work was to be completed in two years, but the term was subsequently extended. Ground was broken on the 17th of March, 1864. A shaft was sunk, in the shape of a well, to the depth of 69 feet. The tunnel was then commenced. The tunnel, when bricked up, was five feet in width, and five feet two inches in height; the top and bottom arches being semicircles. Two miners worked at the excavation, and the brick work, eight inches thick, followed. The tunnel was

HON. OLIVER P. MORTON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA.
Photographed by Brady, New York.—[See Page 254.]

CHICAGO WATER-WORKS—EXPLORING THE TUNNEL UNDER LAKE MICHIGAN.

to have a slope from the lake terminus of two feet to the mile. As the work progressed, rails were laid for the cars containing the excavations, and finally two small mules were introduced to pull these cars to and from the shaft. At intervals of one thousand feet turn-outs were made for the convenience of mixing cement, etc. In this way the work progressed from the shore end.

In July, 1865, the "crib" destined for the lake terminus of the tunnel was launched and towed to its place. It is of monster construction, composed of huge timbers and iron. It is 40 feet high and 98 in diameter. It has three walls, making as many separate structures, one within the other. When finished it had fifteen water-tight compartments. In the centre was the well through which the shaft was to be sunk. When the destination was reached, the gates were opened, and the huge structure settled gracefully upon the bottom of the lake, in a depth of 30 feet of water. It was then firmly anchored and secured. It has since been covered, a fog-bell and light mounted upon it, and its appearance is faithfully shown in our picture, for which we are indebted to Messrs. Jeyne and Almini, Clark Street, Chicago, publishers of a serial called "Chicago Illustrated."

An iron cylinder was then sunk for the lake shaft; it being forced to a depth of 27 feet into the hard, blue clay. On the 1st of January, 1866, the work of tunneling from the crib commenced. At that time the tunnel from the shore had been extended 4815 feet. The work then progressed steadily from both ends, and on the 25th of November, 1866, there was but a thin wall of two feet of clay separating the workmen. On December 6 the last stone was laid, with appropriate honors, by Mayor Rice.

A new pumping engine, capable of pumping eighteen millions of gallons of water per day, has been purchased at a cost of $112,350.

Just before the water was let into the tunnel a final tour was made by Mr. Chesbrough and three newspaper reporters of Chicago. Our engraving will give the reader an idea of the manner in which the greater part of this pilgrimage was made. After reaching the "crib" out in the lake, an uncomfortable descent of 60 feet took the inquisitive explorers to the horizontal shaft, where they found a leaky flat-bottomed boat awaiting them. The only means of propelling the vessel was by pushing against the walls; and this was a very unsteady process, fraught with danger to the boat and her little crew. The water at the crib end was exactly half-way up the sides of the bore, gradually deepening, of course, as they approached the shore. For a time it was comparatively plain sailing, and they soon reached the closing-stone, a white marble tablet, suitably inscribed, and placed, as before stated, by the Mayor of Chicago. Here one of the crew attempted to write his name, and in doing so nearly filled the boat with water by tipping it, and extinguished some of the lights. The crew, however, decided to go forward, and actually penetrated so far that the boat became wedged in between the gradually deepening water and the roof of the tunnel. They were at this time a mile and a half from the mouth. The return to the "crib" then began. The voyagers had not proceeded more than half a mile when the boat, previously half full of water, gave a sudden lurch and went down, leaving the four devoted passengers up to their arm-pits in cold water. They were compelled to walk through the water, which nearly benumbed them, dragging the boat after them, and on reaching the mouth of the tunnel had to ascend the shaft to the crib by a ladder 60 feet high. When they had succeeded in this dangerous undertaking the flood-gates of the "crib" were reopened, and the waters went down with a roar like that of an infant Niagara.

CHICAGO WATER-WORKS—THE "CRIB" IN THE LAKE.

TOBACCO EXCHANGE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.]

## TOBACCO EXCHANGE, RICHMOND.

We present on this page a view of the interior of the Tobacco Exchange, corner of Cary and Virginia streets, Richmond. The building represented by our artist is the one at present in use for the want of a better, the old Exchange—which was in a fine large building close by—having been destroyed in the great fire. The mode of proceeding at the Exchange—where a daily sale occurs—is as follows: The hogsheads proposed to be sold on any day are first opened for inspection at the Warehouse. A bundle is taken from the centre of each hogshead as a sample, and a small label is attached to it, containing the initials of the owner of the tobacco, also a mark by the inspector, to indicate that it has been inspected. A list is then made out, containing the name of each commission merchant to whom the tobacco is intrusted for sale, together with the private mark of each owner. The samples are then taken to the Exchange by the commission merchants, and the list handed to the auctioneer. At the time of auction the auctioneer calls out each sample in succession; the commission merchant hands in the sample, and as the bidding goes on, it is passed from hand to hand for examination. At the conclusion the buyer takes the sample, and the next on the list is called.

Although the growth and sale of this staple in Virginia is just now but a mere mockery of what it was at the outbreak of the war, it is still of sufficient importance to be one of the leading items in the commerce of the State, if not its most important one. In 1860, out of an aggregate of 434,209,461 pounds of tobacco raised in all the States and Territories of the Union, Virginia produced 123,968,312 pounds, and Kentucky 108,126,840 pounds; these two States together producing more than half of the tobacco raised in all the States and Territories put together. During the war all the counties producing tobacco were entirely given over to corn by order of the rebel Government. Tobacco is a delicate plant, requiring the utmost care and attention from the planting of the seed to the prizing of the plant and making it ready for market, and any neglect on the part of the laborers would be most disastrous to any one embarking in its cultivation. The fear that the freedmen would not work regularly at first prevented planting, but the fear has proved unfounded.

WHY THIS RESOLUTION PASSED.

Mr. Sumner (Rep., Mass.), from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported the following joint resolution: "*Resolved,* That all persons in the Diplomatic Service of the United States are prohibited from wearing any Uniform or Official Costume not previously prescribed by Congress."

## "BEDTIME."

The water-color drawing, by Mr. John Burr, which we have engraved, is distinguished by an unaffectedness and simplicity of treatment very rare in works dealing with a similar order of subjects. For the rest we must leave the drawing to make (through our engraving) its own appeal for sympathy with the lowly, and to our sacred memories of childhood, to tell its own modest tale of a mother's holy love and filial duty; of the purest associations of home and religion; of the "daily remembered acts of kindness and of love," which yet, happily, make up so much of the round of human life. Happily the incident which forms the subject of the sketch is common enough. How many of our great and good have traced all that they have done and attained to the habit of prayer taught at "bedtime" by a mother's loving piety!

## THE LINDELL HOTEL FIRE.

We present on page 244 a picture of the burning of the Lindell Hotel at St. Louis, Missouri, on March 30. The Lindell is admitted to have been the largest building for purposes of accommodation ever erected in America. It was six stories high exclusive of attic and basement; and was divided into five hundred and thirty rooms, the largest of which was 116 by 44 feet.

The actual cost of the building was $950,000, which, with the ground (valued at $326,400), makes the whole value $1,276,400—not to speak of furniture, $500,000 worth of which was imported. There were about 400 guests in the building at the time of the fire, none of whom were injured.

The fire began about half past 8 P.M. in one of the attic chambers. The elaborate system of hose connections in the hotel was not brought into use; consequently the flames spread on all sides with great fierceness and rapidity. A little before 10 o'clock they had seized upon the cupola in the centre of the roof, and completely enveloping the sides, made it resemble a twisted column of fire. The conflagration at the moment seized upon by our artist for its portrayal presented a most unusual appearance. From the sixth story downward the hotel presented its ordinary aspect, the lights were still burning in the rooms, and there was neither flame nor smoke to be seen. But from the broad plane of the roof rose up a pyramid of flame, roaring and cracking with irresistible force and fury.

The account from which we gather some of these particulars says: "It is impossible to convey to a person who did not witness the conflagration an adequate idea of the scene as the fire reached its height—within the broad spaces between the outer walls the flames roared like a storm. So astonishing was their fierceness that it seemed as if they were burning from a sea of oil. This was doubtless occasioned by the terrific draught caused by the heat, which transformed the immense building, with its hundreds of windows, as it were, into a huge blast furnace. So strong was the upward sweep of the flames that large burning fragments were driven skyward, as if projected from the mouth of a crater. Some of these, although there was little wind, were carried away and fell on the houses of distant squares; others falling downward slowly in the vicinity were again brought within the influence of the whirling vortices of fire, and again tossed upward on the sheets of flame, smoke, and sparks that streamed aloft from between the walls of the burning building." The efforts of the firemen were not relaxed, though it was evident that they would prove futile; the full force of the Department was steadily at work until 3 o'clock on the morning of March 31, at which time all the inner work was consumed, and a considerable portion of the walls had fallen in, and the once imposing hotel was a mass of crumbling, blackened ruins.

## SENATOR OLIVER P. MORTON, OF INDIANA.

We present this week an accurate likeness of the new Senator from Indiana, Governor Oliver P. Morton, accompanied by an accurate though brief record of his public career.

Senator O. P. Morton was born in Wayne County, Indiana, in 1823, and is now 43 years of age. He was educated at the Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, and admitted to the bar in 1847. In 1852 he was elected Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit; in 1856 was nominated by the Republican party by acclamation as its candidate for Governor, and after an extensive canvass, was beaten by a small majority, his opponent being the late Governor A. P. Willard. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1860. On the resignation of Governor Henry S. Lane, January 10, 1861, he became Governor, and performed the duties of that office throughout the war. His administration was distinguished for great vigor; and the Indiana troops were put in the field with as much rapidity and in as effective condition as those of any other State. The great care which Governor Morton gave the troops of his State while in the field was remarked at the time. The first sanitary agent that went to the army with supplies for the sick and wounded carried Governor Morton's commission in his pocket, and started with the Indiana troops to Western Virginia in April, 1861. He established sanitary posts and agencies in connection with the armies, and to him more than any other person in a similar position was due the existence of the sanitary system for which the late war was distinguished; and his care and efforts to relieve the wants of the soldiers from his State endeared him to all well-wishers of the "boys in blue." He was popularly known throughout his State as the "Soldier's Friend."

In February, 1863, the rebel sympathizers in the Indiana Legislature, both Houses of which they controlled by large majorities, attempted, by a bold usurpation, to wrest the military power of the State from the hands of the Governor and bestow it upon four other State officers, three of whom were members of the treasonable organization known as the "Sons of Liberty." This desperate measure was only defeated by breaking up the Legislature, and the Union members withdrawing from it and the State Capital in a body. The Governor was thus left without opposition, but also without money and the necessary means of carrying forward the State Government. In this dilemma he boldly inaugurated a revolution by taking upon himself the duties of Auditor of State, Treasurer of State, Secretary of State, and Attorney-General. Throughout the years 1863–64 he borrowed in an irregular manner money enough to pay all the expenses of the State Government, and the interest upon the State debt in New York—in all, about $1,700,000. In 1864 he was again nominated by acclamation for Governor, and made a memorable campaign in joint discussion with his competitor, the Hon. Joseph E. M'Donald. Mr. Lincoln, after reading the report of their first joint discussion, declared "that it settled the question of the success of the Union party in the Northwest, and secured to the Union the only doubtful State in the North." Governor Morton was re-elected in October of that year by more than 20,000 majority, and the Legislature which assembled in January following, after a thorough examination of all his financial operations and without excepting his disbursement of a single dollar, adopted his vouchers, ordered them to be transferred to the office of the Auditor of State, and paid off the borrowed money.

Mr. Lincoln, not long before his death, declared "that of all the loyal governors Governor Morton had displayed the most vigor and ability, and had assumed the gravest responsibilities."

In the fall of 1865 he was stricken with paralysis, and went to Europe for his health, and returned in March, 1866, but little if any improved. In April he resumed the performance of his official duties at Indianapolis. In June he opened the political campaign for the Northwest in a speech delivered at Masonic Hall at Indianapolis. This speech exercised a wonderful influence in uniting and arousing to action the friends of the Union. It was published in all of the leading Union papers throughout the United States, and more than a million copies were published in pamphlet form and distributed as a campaign document. Its terrible arraignment of the Democratic party put the members of that party every where on the defensive, and excited, as all truths do, the most bitter indignation, which was vented upon the head of the Governor in the vilest personal abuse.

The Union members elected to the Indiana Legislature in 1866 were almost without exception instructed by their constituents to vote for Governor Morton for United States Senator; and when the Legislature assembled he was nominated without opposition, and elected by the largest legislative majority ever given in that State.

## DOMESTIC LIFE IN JAPAN.

"Nothing produced a more agreeable impression upon me," says Dr. H. Maron in his work upon Japan and China, "than the amicable relations prevailing in the family circle. In the smallest hut, as in the more opulent houses, a sincere interest and affection is manifested by the inmates toward each other, which, while it is entirely free from mawkish sensibility, is accompanied with a politeness and equality of manner that in more civilized countries is the result only of the highest cultivation.

"The social position of woman is primitive and natural. She is not a slave as among most Asiatic nations; neither is she the spoiled, pampered goddess whom we worship with such exaggerated devotion; she is the friend and adviser of her husband, from whom she invariably receives attention and respect, the sharer in his pursuits, and, while she is always protected from rudeness by the sacredness of custom, should she be ever attacked by insult from without, she is sure of being promptly and chivalrously defended. But her domain is limited to the superintendence of the household and the education of her children. The sterner calls of business and authority are answered by the man alone. The Japanese treats his wife as a useful being, equal with himself, who is created for the happiness and embellishment of his existence; and the law as well as custom has decided that the relations between them can never be reversed. There are therefore neither Xantippes nor goddesses in Japan, neither romantic dames who pine for love, nor strong-minded women; the young are careless and merry, the matrons sensible and industrious. The Japanese maiden is perfectly aware of the fate that awaits her as regards marriage, and is indifferent as to the choice between Paul and Peter. The house of the former is just as good as that of the latter, for in Japan all are alike, and in each are seen the same mats, paper door, portable hearth, food and clothing; in each prevail the same duties and rights. Her heart no doubt speaks its preference, and feels as deeply as that of her European sister, but she does not weakly sink into the despair of nameless grief if her wishes be frustrated. Her education has a solid and unchangeable foundation which permits no deviation from its rules, and prepares her methodically for her real vocation—to be loved. The end and object of all the care bestowed upon her is, the husband. Our young ladies are too proud to educate themselves merely for domestic life, too weak to render themselves competent to live alone, and thus they float lazily through life without sufficient ballast to keep them steady. They learn too little for independence, too much for real loveliness.

"The relations between parents and children, and the rational manner in which the latter are brought up, are not the least admirable features of Japanese domestic life. The rules which govern the system of education are directly opposed to the laws governing the state, which impose the penalty of death for every infraction of blind and stupid obedience. The child, on the contrary, is treated with the most inexhaustible patience; and if persuasion and kind reasoning must give place to punishment, the mildest one that can be thought of is ever that resorted to. I have never witnessed the correction of a child, nor discovered any instrument which could possibly be used for such a purpose, nor can I remember ever to have heard a little voice sobbing or crying, yet I can assert with truth that in no part of the world have I met with such thoroughly well-behaved, amiable children as those in Japan."

## THE MARCH OF PROGRESS IN CHINA.

The *Moniteur* announces that a Chinese translation of Wheaton's book upon International Law, which had been recommended to Prince Kung by the American Embassador as the most reliable source from whence to become acquainted with the opinions in Europe upon that subject, had appeared in Pekin at the cost and under the supervision of the Government. The translator is the American missionary Martin, to whom four distinguished scholars of that place were assigned as assistants.

## HOW VAN DIEMEN'S LAND RECEIVED ITS NAME.

Van Diemen's Land owes its name to a lovesick Hollander, Abel Tasman, who first discovered the island, and who was so captivated by the attractions of one of his countrywomen that, instead of cutting her name on every tree, he has made it immortal in a more worthy manner. Many newly discovered islands and promontories were called by parts of it, and the whole of it was bestowed upon the northern point of New Zealand—"Cape Maria Van Diemen." Whether the enthusiastic admirer of this name ever prevailed upon its fair owner to exchange it for his own is, alas! not known.

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| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 4 | lbs. Young Hyson | N. Hossford | at $1 25 | $5 00 | |
| 4 | lbs. " " | C. H. Lucke | at 1 25 | 5 00 | |
| 4 | lbs. " " | A. Freeman | at 1 25 | 5 00 | |
| 4 | lbs. " " | S. T. Beecher | at 1 25 | 5 00 | |
| 4 | lbs. " " | D. Parker | at 1 25 | 5 00 | |
| 10 | lbs. " " | J. Abbot | at 1 10 | 11 00 | |
| 2 | lbs. " " | W. D. Richard | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 1 | lb. " " | C. S. Swain | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| 1 | lb. " " | G. Hossie | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| 1 | lb. " " | G. Taylor | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| 10 | lbs. Imperial | J. Hunter | at 1 25 | 12 50 | |
| 4 | lbs. " | C. H. Lucke | at 1 25 | 5 00 | |
| 2 | lbs. " | F. Boman | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| | Carried up | | | $62 25 | |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Brought up | | | $62 25 | |
| 2 | lbs. Imperial | T. Herriman | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 1 | lb. " | C. S. Swain | at 1 25 | 1 25 | |
| 2 | lbs. Oolong | L. Wells | at 1 00 | 2 00 | |
| 2 | lbs. Mixed | J. C. Brown | at 1 00 | 2 00 | |
| 2 | lbs. Japan | J. G. Hotchkiss | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 5 | lbs. " | J. Hunter | at 1 25 | 6 25 | |
| 2 | lbs. " | W. D. Richard | at 1 25 | 2 50 | |
| 2 | lbs. " | T. G. Hotchkiss | at 1 00 | 2 00 | |
| 1 | lb. Gunpowder | J. Reed | at 1 50 | 1 50 | |
| 8¼ | lbs. Rio Coffee | L. Wells | at 35 | 3 00 | |
| 14¼ | lbs. " | J. Reed | at 35 | 5 00 | |
| 5 | lbs. " | G. Hossie | at 35 | 1 75 | |
| | Total | | | $94 50 | |

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34 South Ninth Street, Williamsburg, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. Corwin.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., Wm. E. Chapin, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

Cincinnati, *November* 1, 1866.—Mr. J. B. Romaine: Dear Sir,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, Griffin Taylor, M.D.

Thirty-Fourth Street Ferry, New York, *April* 20, 1866.

Dr. Gilbert,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, Benjamin Demilt, Ferry Master.

De Camp Hospital, N.Y.H., David's Island, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, Lewis Graves, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

**BELDING, KEITH & CO.,**
American Bankers and Merchants,
80 Lombard Street, London, E. C.,
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## Mr. W. Miller says:

Pittsburg, *September* 4, 1866.

*Messrs. Hostetter & Smith,*
*Pittsburg, Pennsylvania:*

Gents,—I think I am only doing the part of a good citizen when I testify to the great benefits received by me from the use of your Stomach Bitters during the last five years. Sojourning for a time in the Oil Regions in 1861, I had a severe bilious attack, which, in connection with dyspepsia, left me in a very weak condition. I was advised to try your Bitters, and, having procured a bottle, found that they worked like a charm upon me, eight pounds having been added to my weight in the space of one week, and new life seemed to have been infused into my system, so much so that I have been induced to use them every summer since that time. As a tonic, I think they are invaluable.

This summer, having had a similar attack (and, as before, much reduced), although under the treatment of an A No. 1 physician, I was again obliged to have recourse to the old Bitters, and with the same good result, having gained six pounds within a few days. I purchased half a dozen bottles a few weeks since, and purpose to use them regularly as a tonic.

Wishing you every success, I remain

Yours gratefully,
WILLIAM MILLER.

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Old Mother Seward. "I'll rub some of this on his sore spot: it may soothe him a little."

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See Advertisement Inside.

**CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.**
UPHAM'S FRESH-MEAT CURE cures CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, and all LUNG DISEASES. $1 a bottle by express. Circulars sent to any address by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists.

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Supersedes the use of all lotions and enamels used for the complexion. A single trial will convince. Order of your Druggist.

**MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP**
WITH
**SAPONIFIER.**
Only 2 cents the pound of excellent soap if you save and use your waste grease. Only 6 or 7 cents the pound of the very best of soap if you buy the grease. Be particular in asking for Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company's Saponifier. Directions are attached to every package. All that is required is an iron kettle holding one or two gallons. For sale at every grocery store.

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**GELATINE**
WILL MAKE
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Manufact'rs of Meerschaum goods, 692 Broadway, n. 4th St., N.Y. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular.

THE
**HOWE MACHINE**
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THESE WORLD-RENOWNED SEWING MACHINES were awarded the highest premium at the World's Fair in London, and six first premiums at the New York State Fair of 1866, and are celebrated for doing the best work, using a much smaller needle for the same thread than any other machine.
They are made under the immediate supervision of the President of the Company, ELIAS HOWE, Jr., original inventor of the Sewing Machine, *and are adapted to all kinds of sewing.*

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Holders, &c., cut to order and repaired. Send Stamp for Circular. The finest Meerschaums, and *lower* than any other house.
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GUFFROY'S COD LIVER DRAGÉES.
**Sugar-Coated Pills of Cod-Liver EXTRACT, not OIL.**
Pilulæ Extracti Jecoris Aselli.
WARRANTED NOT TO DISAGREE WITH THE MOST DELICATE STOMACH.
More Economical, Agreeable, and Efficient than Cod-Liver Oil.
**Approved by the Imperial Medical Academy, Paris. Used in English and American Hospitals. Authorized by the Imperial Medical Council, St. Petersburg.**
PER ME SALVAT JUCUNDE — TRADE MARK
Prices: Box of 60 Dragées, equal to 1½ pints of the best Cod-Liver Oil, 75 cent; Box of 120 Dragées, equal to 3 pints of Oil, $1 25; Box of 240 Dragées, equal to 6 pints of Oil, $2 00.
M. WARD, CLOSE & CO., 128 and 130 William Street, New York, Wholesale Agents for the United States. Send for a Circular. Sold by the prominent city retail Druggists generally; W. F. Phillips & Co., Portland; Reed, Cutler & Co., Boston; Elliott, White & Co., Philadelphia; A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore; F. E. Suire & Co., Cincinnati; Lord & Smith, Chicago; Richardson & Co., St. Louis; Jenks & Gordon, St. Pauls, Minnesota.

**IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS, FARMERS, and PLANTERS.**
We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge**
Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.
We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills**
Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,**
For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.
In offering to the Public Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.
Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

**Diseases of the Liver.**
The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

**Symptoms of a Diseased Liver**
Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites,* or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

**Fever and Ague.**
Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.
DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

**Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,**
OR
**VERMIFUGE.**
No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

**Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.**
The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.
Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE may be depended upon to effect a cure.
The universal success which has attended the administration of Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.
We pledge ourselves to the public that Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.
DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

**Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.**
The great popularity of Dr. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

PREPARED ONLY BY
**FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,**
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF
**Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS and VERMIFUGE.**
**Sold by Dealers Every Where.**
The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 539.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## DANIEL DREW, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

There is no reason why the power of genius and industry should not be recognized in the great achievements of commerce, as well as in the master-pieces of the pencil or the chisel, in the discoveries of science, or in the triumphs of the sword. The qualities needed in great commercial or financial enterprises are among the finest attributes of the human mind.

The portrait on this page is a good likeness of one of the leading financial men of the country. Mr. Drew's height is about five feet ten inches; his form is slender, but lithe and agile; his head is well shaped, with predominance in the reflective and observing organs; his eye clear and keen; his features strongly marked; his general expression mild, but firm. He was born at Carmel, Putnam County, New York, July 29, 1797. He was trained on his father's farm to industry and frugality; but his further education did not go beyond the rudiments of knowledge gathered at the winter country school. His father died in 1812, leaving little or no property, and at eighteen the lad began business on his own account. His first ventures were in driving cattle from Putnam County to New York for sale; but five years spent in this business left him no richer than when he began.

In 1829 he removed to New York, and kept at the cattle-trade there for ten years longer. He kept, during part of that time, the old "Bull's Head," in the Bowery, which was then a sort of cattle-dealers' exchange. In connection with other parties he brought to New York the first great herd of cattle that ever crossed the Alleghanies, two thousand head, in droves of one hundred each. In 1834 he accidentally got into the steamboat business. The *General Jackson* blew up at Grassy Point in that year, and the *Water Witch* was put on the river by a friend of Mr. Drew, who induced him to invest $1000 in the enterprise. It failed. The steamer was sold to Mr. Drew and others for $20,000, and put on the Hartford line. In 1836 she was exchanged for the *Westchester*. and the "old residents" well remember the exciting contests on the river of that and the following year. We can not give details, but, as our readers well know, Mr. Drew has continued to this day substantially to be king of the river traffic on the Hudson. When the Hudson River Railroad was opened in 1852 its President told Mr. Drew that he "might bid good-by to the steamboats." Yet, while thousands of passengers are now carried daily by rail, not only on the Hudson River but on the Harlem Road, the number conveyed in the steamboats is greater than ever before. When Mr. Drew took his first steamboat venture Mr. Vanderbilt told him, "You don't understand this business, and you can't succeed." Yet not only on the Hudson, but on the East River, and on Lake Champlain, Mr. Drew was for many years the leading "steamboat" man, and, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Vanderbilt, the most successful one.

But steamboats have only absorbed a small part of Mr. Drew's activities. In 1836, to give occupation to another person, he embarked a small capital in the banking business in Wall Street. In 1840 he took in Nelson Robinson and R. W. Kelly as partners, under the firm of Drew, Robinson, & Co. The success of the house was remarkable; indeed, it is said that of the large operations in which the firm engaged only one turned out to be a mistake, and that one arose from a loan made contrary to Mr. Drew's advice. In 1853, wishing to abridge his labors, Mr. Drew gave up the banking business to his son-in-law, Mr. Kelly; but in a year he was compelled, by the death of Mr. Kelly, to take up the threads of finance again, and from that day to this he has never dropped them. In 1857 he indorsed acceptances for the Erie Railroad to the amount, altogether, of a million and a half. The crash came a few months after, and in *that* panic a man of great nerve might well have trembled at such a responsibility. The story runs that Mr. Drew was asked by a friend, in the height of the panic, whether "he could sleep in these times." "I have never lost a night's rest on account of business," was the reply.

Amidst all the cares of his vast business Mr. Drew has found time and taste for practical agriculture. He has an estate of several hundred acres fifty miles from New York, on the Harlem Road. His lands are mostly grazing farms, on which Western cattle are fattened for market. In 1858, out of one hundred and twenty cattle sold from the estate, one hundred weighed a thousand pounds each "in the beef."

For many years Mr. Drew has been an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is a trustee of St. Paul's, Fourth Avenue; and his money and his time have always been at its service. Some years ago he built a neat church on his home farm, with a school-room fitted up with a library, maps, etc., under the direction of his daughter. About 1860 two other churches were built in the same neighborhood, chiefly at Mr. Drew's expense. In 1866, the year of the Centenary of American Methodism, he laid the foundations of a theological seminary at Carmel, his native place, by an endowment of $250,000, and a covenant to erect the necessary buildings and to provide a large library for the institution. The entire amount of this donation will necessarily exceed half a million of dollars. Nor have Mr. Drew's benefactions been confined to church objects. As might be expected, a man of his wealth is called upon for nearly every charity and public improvement in the city, and for many out of it. Yet we believe that few who bring a substantial claim for his assistance go empty away.

Mr. Drew is still in vigorous health, and, to all appearances, has many years of active labor before him.

DANIEL DREW, Esq.—[Photographed by Brady.]

## MR. LINCOLN AND THE DRUMMER BOY.

We present on page 244 a beautiful engraving, illustrating one of the most touching of the many incidents which have been related of the kindness of heart and affectionate nature of the late President Lincoln. The picture tells its own story, but we append the incident as told by F. B. Carpenter in his book of reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln, published in 1865:

"Among the large number of persons waiting in the room to speak with Mr. Lincoln, on a certain day in November last, was a small, pale, delicate-looking boy, about thirteen years old. The President saw him standing, looking feeble and faint, and said—'Come here, my boy, and tell me what you want.' The boy advanced, placed his hand on the arm of the President's chair, and with bowed head and timid accents said: 'Mr. President, I have been a drummer in a regiment for two years, and my colonel got angry with me and turned me off: I was taken sick, and have been a long time in hospital. This is the first time I have been out, and I came to see if you could not do something for me.' The President looked at him kindly and tenderly, and asked him where he lived. 'I have no home,' answered the boy. 'Where is your father?' 'He died in the army,' was the reply. 'Where is your mother?' continued the President. 'My mother is dead also. I have no mother, no father, no brothers, no sisters, and,' bursting into tears, 'no friends—nobody cares for me.' Mr. Lincoln's eyes filled with tears, and he said to him, 'Can't you sell newspapers?' 'No,' said the boy, 'I am too weak, and the surgeon of the hospital told me I must leave, and I have no money, and no place to go to.' The scene was wonderfully affecting. The President drew forth a card, and addressing on it certain officials to whom his request was law, gave special directions 'to care for this poor boy.' The wan face of the little drummer lit up with a happy smile as he received the paper, and he went away convinced that he had one good and true friend, at least, in the person of the President."

## BELLE OF THE BALL.

By MILES O'REILLY.

OH, Lady of Kinsa!
Dear girl of my heart,
With your teeth of cut pearl
Where the crimson lips part;
And a breast o'er whose white hills
With beauty aglow
The blue veinlets wander
Like streams through the snow—
How proud is her glance,
Yet how kindly to all,
As they halt in the dance
For my Belle of the Ball!

My Lady of Kinsa!
How royal her grace,
Yet how bright and how gentle
And winsome her face!
And her eyes, large and blue,
Are as soft as a fawn's,
And her smile is as genial
As midsummer dawns;
And her wealth of brown hair—
See its hues rise and fall,
Golden, chestnut, and fair—
In my Belle of the Ball.

My Lady of Kinsa!
In silver and green,
By the sceptre of beauty
A true Irish Queen;
As she raises her train,
For the dancers are fleet,
See how small in their white
Satin buskins her feet;
Oh, to be but caressed
By the white arms that fall
To the partner now blessed
By my Belle of the Ball!

My Lady of Kinsa!
The clover that dips
To the scythe has no perfume
To equal your lips;
And your little pink ears
Crown an ivory neck
Which the jewels of empire
Might worthily deck;
And your voice is as bland
As the murmur of streams,
And the touch of your hand
Is the thrill of my dreams;
And I glow in each pulse
As I bow to the thrall
Of my Beauty of Kinsa—
My Belle of the Ball!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1867.

## PARTY RESPONSIBILITY.

IN his late work upon the English Constitution Mr. WALTER BAGEHOT speaks of an old British Secretary of the Treasury who used to say of a doubtful measure: "This is a bad case, an indefensible case. We must apply our *majority* to this question." The Secretary was a little dizzy with power. His head swam so that he could not see distinctly or he would have perceived that the majority itself depends upon its application. Its application to corrupt or indefensible measures is simply harri-karri. It is suicide.

Parties are popularly estimated not so much by their principles as by their representative men and the measures which they adopt. Nor is this unnatural, for an observer instinctively asks whether bad men can be expected honestly to carry out good principles, or whether it is any excuse for a swindle that the perpetrators profess a love of justice. The fate of the Democratic party of this country illustrates the consequences of merely applying a majority to the settlement of grave questions. It began professing faith in the people and regard for equal rights. Gaining a controlling majority it ended in being the servile lackey of the most inhuman despotism in history. Seven years ago looking at the results it had wrought and the action which those results had made logically necessary, it said with the old Secretary: "This is a bad case, we must apply our majority to this question," and in the attempt the majority was annihilated. If the city of New York, in which the more corrupt the Democratic party becomes the larger is its majority, should be urged as an argument against the truth of what we say, the reply is that the city of New York does not satisfy any of the conditions of a political community which are assumed in all political speculation. General principles are not to be tested in abnormal but in normal circumstances; and it is in the whole country, not in an exceptional point of it, that the principle is to be proved.

The majority of the Democratic party ceased to be an "applicable" quantity because of the incredible moral and pecuniary corruption it had introduced into every department of the Government, and of the conspiracy against the national life which it had fostered. It is a lesson to be pondered. We ought to remember that we are all made responsible for corrupt practices of any part of our party. There are those who gravely fear that the venality of the present Legislature may cost the Republican party the State. If it should, the responsibility will rest with the constituencies which send men to the Legislature who can be bribed. The people in the quiet rural districts who may read these words are responsible. And, as a rule, if you know the candidate of our party to be a dishonest man, don't vote for him. Let our managers who pack the primary meetings and nominate candidates learn by experience that their majority can not be applied to bad and indefensible candidates, and they will give us good ones.

But if any body supposes that he will remedy political corruption by opposing the Republican party and supporting the Democratic, he will be grievously mistaken. If he thinks the Democratic party is more pure than its antagonist, he may refer to the days of the old Albany regency, or, more instructively, he may study the condition of the city of New York. Bad as the Capitol at Albany may be, is it quite so foul as the City Hall in New York? Is political corruption likely to be purged by carrying the City Hall to Albany? Legislative corruption is not a party question, and although whenever it is flagrant it undoubtedly endangers the dominant party, it is not necessarily remedied by the ruin of the party until the party is thoroughly identified with it.

In the present situation in this country the tendency of the Democratic party is constantly to drag down its better men, while that of the Union party is as steadily to elevate its worse men. Take the late campaign in Connecticut as an example. The argument of the Republican party was that all men should have fair play, and that the Union should be reconstructed upon that principle. The argument of the Democratic party was that men of African descent are niggers, and that the rebel States ought to reconstruct themselves as they choose. The argument of the one side was humane, generous, and inspiring; that of the other was pitiful and pettifogging. One appealed to a broad, clear principle of natural justice; the other to a mean prejudice, and to an interpretation of the Constitution which destroys the very purpose for which constitutions exist. Now since corrupt men are attached to both parties what would the State, what would any country gain by substituting the Democratic party, with such theories and arguments, for the Republican party with its just and progressive principles? Does any body who is indignant with corruption believe that Connecticut politics will be purer because Mr. ENGLISH is Governor instead of General HAWLEY?

Those who are impatient should remember that there is such a process as jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Let the press inform the party managers that the majority can not and shall not be applied to indefensible cases; let the action of the voters confirm their words, and all will be well. What our politics and political men need is a terrible public opinion—an opinion which applies to public life the moral tests with which we are familiar in private conduct; and this can be obtained only by heroic exposure of the men who succumb to base influences. The Legislature is charged with corruption. Who are the corrupters and the corrupted? Who have taken bribes of any kind? The newspapers and Mr. BEECHER, in a late sermon, speak of voters bought and sold. Let us have the cloud cleared away and know *who* have been bought. Let that fact be well published, and there will be fewer voters in the market next year.

## EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

IN the system proposed for the reconstruction of the Union the dominant party has laid down a principle which should be universally applied. The taunts of Governor ORR and of WADE HAMPTON are at least suggestive. "This Republican Union party," they say in substance to the new voters at the South, "insists that the colored population shall vote in the States where they abound and where they were yesterday slaves, but in the States which this party controls it will not allow the colored men to vote equally, and often not at all. It is from no regard for the principle of equal suffrage, but from hatred of us that the colored men are enfranchised."

The essential injustice of this argument we do not now stop to consider, for there is no doubt, and Governor ORR, if well informed, would himself doubtless admit, that while the laws of some of the Northern States do disfranchise the colored citizen, yet the vast majority of the Republican Union party favors the equality of suffrage, and the necessary tendency of that party from its fundamental principle is toward a truly popular government. It is, therefore, no argument against that party, as the friend of the disfranchised race, that it has not yet in every State equalized the suffrage. The important fact is, that all progress in that direction is due to the Republican Union party, and that the steady and sullen resistance to equal rights has proceeded from the Democratic party. Nor must it be forgotten, when Governor ORR derides the Republican party for indifference to the colored citizens, that he and the Democratic party have been just foiled in an attempt permanently to deprive them not only of political but of all civil and social rights whatsoever.

There is indeed a peculiar reason of policy for the enfranchisement of the colored citizens in the Southern States which does not exist in the Northern. The principle is of course the same, but it was necessary to apply it immediately in the Southern States to secure a vote loyal to the Union of an imposing number and character. But the time has now arrived when it is of the highest expediency that the Republican Party should universally assert the principle of equal suffrage by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It should at once declare that it requires the reorganization of the Southern States upon the principle of equal suffrage, because it believes that principle to be just and politic every where in the country.

Not only the thorough debate of the question but the experience of the results of the system have enlightened the public mind. Two years ago in Connecticut the proposal to equalize the suffrage was lost by more than six thousand majority. This year the Republican party, asserting the same principle, is defeated by less than a thousand majority. Even in New Jersey the vote last week in the Lower House to strike out the disability of color was lost only by a vote of 35 to 20, and thirteen of the thirty-five were Republicans. A little more time will bring those thirteen to the twenty. In the State of New York the Convention to select delegates at large to the Constitutional Convention unanimously requested them to use all honorable means to secure equal suffrage. There is no doubt that the Republican party in the Convention will correct the State Constitution upon that point. There is as little doubt, we suppose, that the Democratic party will oppose the correction; for if so intelligent a man as Senator HENRY C. MURPHY, who is one of the Democratic delegates at large to the Convention, could deliberately declare, as he did during the present session of the Legislature, that the colored citizen ought not to vote because of his mental and physical inferiority, what may not be expected of his fellow-partisans in the Convention? But the suffrage will without much doubt be equalized.

It is, however, much too essential a right to be left to the whim of a State. It should be established in the fundamental law as much as personal liberty. It was State interference with the latter, and its total destruction, which caused the war. We do not say that the Constitution could have been adopted without conceding the authority over this subject to the States themselves; but we do say that that concession was the seed of the great difficulty, and that it would not be made upon any consideration whatever at the present time. Let the conviction of the country upon this most important point be therefore expressed in the organic law. Let the political as well as the civil rights of every citizen of the country be defined and protected by the Constitution of the country. Let us, so far as law can do it, utterly extirpate this ancient root of bitterness and give ourselves repose.

## THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE present fundamental law of the State of New York requires certain cardinal changes, but they are of a nature to provoke long debate and partisan difference. The Convention will undoubtedly be strongly Republican, and its work is therefore very likely to be sharply opposed by the Democratic party during its progress, and bitterly attacked, upon its completion, during the canvass for its adoption. This is to be deplored, but it is almost inevitable. The present Constitution was formed in 1846, during the dominance of the Democratic party, and many of its provisions are repudiated by the present political convictions of the State as well as condemned by experience. Yet they are still in accordance with the policy of that party, and will not be resigned without a severe contest. We hope, however, that the Republican delegates will go into the Convention with as little mere party-spirit as possible; and we sincerely trust that there will be enough members who are not technically politicians to thwart at once any designs of any "Ring" whatever.

Of the subjects which will occupy the Convention the first is the equalization of the suffrage.

The second is the purification of the Judiciary.

The third is a thorough revision of the whole financial system of the State.

The fourth is the government of the city of New York, in which lives so large a proportion of the population, and which is now in so utterly an unsatisfactory condition.

The fifth is the system of elective offices.

The sixth is the purification and relief of the Legislature.

The vice of the present Constitution is that it is too complicated, and that it proceeds upon the theory that it is necessary for every officer of every kind to be elected directly by the people at constantly recurring intervals. But this is a radical error. While the people are really the source of power, the method of its distribution in detail is purely a question of expediency. Whether a Governor shall be elected for one year or for ten; whether a Judge shall be elected by general ballot or appointed by nomination and confirmation; whether the heads of the various State departments shall be chosen directly by all the voters, as in New York, or named by the chief executive, with the assent of a branch of the Legislature, as in the national system and in some of the States—are all questions of policy. How will the purposes of the executive and judicial and clerical offices be most efficiently secured? That is the question for the people to decide. There is no more principle involved in electing a Governor for twenty-four months than for twenty-three. The principle is the popular election. The time is a point of expediency to be settled by discussion and experience.

So with the Judges. It is a question of good policy merely whether they shall be appointed by the Governor only, or by the Governor and the Senate, or upon the recommendation of a majority, or of two-thirds, or of nine-tenths of the bar of a district or the bar of a State; or whether they shall be elected by the voters of the district or of the State, and whether the appointment or election shall be for a month, or eleven months, or twelve months, or for six years, or until the incumbent is fifty or sixty or seventy years old, or for his life. The expediency must be settled upon general considerations drawn from human nature and experience.

Now the settlement of this question by the present Constitution is undoubtedly wrong in regard to the Judiciary. The expedient of elective judges has failed. The dignity, the ability, and the character of the bench have declined, not every where, but in many places, and the security of the citizen and of society is consequently diminished. Shall the system of appointment by nomination and confirmation be now tried, with a tenure of good behavior; or shall the Judge be elected by general ballot with the same tenure? If, for instance, the party managers in this city, many of whom have large properties and a great stake in an efficient and honest administration of the laws, knew that the man whom they nominated for Judge, and who would be consequently elected, would be Judge for life, they would take particular care that the bench was not occupied by Judge CONNOLLYS. And, on the other hand, when the Judge did not regard the prisoner's dock as the jury box to determine his own re-election, he would sentence proved knaves without fear. Again, if the Judges were appointed upon the nomination of the Governor, the State would gain the advantage of a distinct individual accountability which no Governor could disregard, but which can not exist in a nominating Convention. Nobody will deny that Judges should be appointed for capacity and honesty, not for partisan subserviency. Will any body contend that under the system of annual or frequent elections of Judges such men have reached, or are likely to reach, the bench in the city of New York?

Yet if a proposition should be made to change the system of appointing Judges we should be told that we were about to be deprived of one of our most sacred rights. The cry would be raised that "the people" were to be defrauded of their votes, and the State would ring with the appeal of demagogues to ignorance and passion. There is all the more need, therefore, of a steady and temperate discussion of this and of all other questions with which the Convention must deal; and we hope that from this time to the close of the Convention the press of the State every where will devote itself to the most earnest consideration of the changes which ought to be made in the Constitution to secure in every department a simpler and more efficient government than is now possible.

## THE NEW NATIONAL ICE-HOUSE.

IT would seem that the Secretary of State and the United States Senate might have consulted the people of the country in the usual way before enlarging the national domain by an arctic territory and the population by some scores of thousands of Esquimaux and nondescripts. It is surely a subject in which the people are all interested and upon which they have a right to be heard, and the manner in which this Russian treaty has been hurried through the Senate before there was fair opportunity for its intelligent discussion by the country is simply discreditable. The project was first revealed to the country on Sunday, March 31, and on Tuesday, April 9, the treaty was ratified. It can not be said to have been heartily approved any where except, as is reported, in California. There was no conceivable reason for secrecy, but the whole matter was as carefully hushed up as if nothing but the immediate possession of Russian America could save us from imminent peril, and the ratification is received in entire ignorance and bewilderment, and without a spark of sincere enthusiasm or pleasure.

It is vain to attempt to compare the Russian treaty with the Louisiana purchase. A glance at the map settles the essential difference be-

tween the two. It was impossible to allow the mouth of our greatest river to be controlled by a foreign power. But Russian America is not contiguous to our territory. Under the auspices of Mr. Seward the United States are about to enter upon a colonial system. At a time when we are heavily loaded with debt we are to pay more than seven millions of dollars in gold for a remote and barbarous region, which, under ordinary human conditions, will never be largely peopled except by savages, and for the annual government of which the expenses will be enormous. The advantages are evidently so few that only two reasons can be suggested for the project. It is either a huge job, or it is a political device.

Senator Sumner is reported to have spoken for three hours and a half in favor of the ratification of the treaty. Why is his speech not allowed to be published? Why are we not permitted to know any thing whatever of this transaction? The general opinion of the country is, that it is an effort of Mr. Seward's to regain some of that public consideration which he has so recklessly squandered. No man ever so wantonly threw away so fair a fame as the Secretary of State; and it is not incredible that the engineer of the last summer's swinging around the circle to the tomb of Douglas relies for renewed reputation upon an appeal to the love of territorial expansion, which is supposed to be inextinguishable in the American people.

Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, whose word is always entitled to respect, favors the project because of the whale fishery, and of the shortest passage to Asia, and of the coal in British America. But the whale fishery can be fully protected by treaty; the coal in the Saskatchewan Valley does not belong to the Russian territory; and the value of the shortest actual passage to Asia is not apparent in view of the climate, and of the character of the country, and of the fact that a foreign territory intervenes.

In the present situation of this country, with an unbroken line upon both oceans and across the continent, territorial expansion is wholly undesirable. It is a source of weakness and not of strength; and whoever advocates it must show the advantage with irresistible force. There may be immense advantages in the acquisition of this Russian desert; but they are not suspected by the country, and they are thus far carefully concealed by the Government.

## THE MISSISSIPPI PETITION.

The opinion of the Supreme Court in the case of the Mississippi petition to prevent the execution of the Reconstruction bill by the President is trenchant and conclusive. The sole question, according to the Court, is, Can the President be restrained from carrying into effect an act of Congress alleged to be unconstitutional? The Chief-Justice, who delivered the opinion, in the first place considered the assumption that in the present case the Presidential duty was merely ministerial, and showed that it was not ministerial or mechanical, but executive or with discretion.

He proceeded to say that all precedent proved the general judgment of the profession to be that no such application as that of the State of Mississippi should be entertained. The Court certainly could not interfere to prevent the passage of an unconstitutional law even when the purpose is evident and the execution certain, and yet the principle is the same as that of interposition to prevent the execution. Again, suppose the injunction allowed, the Court can not enforce it. Suppose the President complies and declines to execute the law. The House of Representatives might then impeach him. Could the Supreme Court then dissolve the Senate sitting as a Court of Impeachment? These questions, said the Chief-Justice, answer themselves, and the motion to file the bill is denied.

There is one sentence in the opinion which tells a truth that should be perfectly familiar to every citizen of this country, but which seems to be often forgotten. "The Congress is the legislative department of the Government. The President is the executive department. Neither can be restrained in its action by the judicial department, though the acts of both when performed are, in proper cases, subject to its cognizance." That is the true theory of the function of the Court. The assumption of the Mississippi petition is, that the Supreme Court is the Government.

## PARTIES IN ENGLAND.

The ocean telegraph reports that Mr. Gladstone had offered an amendment to the Reform bill of the Tory Government which had been rejected by twenty-one majority. The telegram states merely that the proposition was to fix the rating at five pounds; but the details of the debate will soon reach us. Meanwhile it must not be supposed that the feeling upon the subject has essentially changed. The difficulty in the House of Commons we presume to be a want of harmony in the Liberal party, which no leader however skillful could overcome. Last year Mr. Lowe taunted Mr. Gladstone with the foolish sacrifice of the great majority which he inherited from Lord Palmerston. But it was impossible for the new House to continue the Palmerstonian policy of smiling and sneering and drifting. The most radical opponents of the Palmerstonian system are to be found in the Liberal ranks; and it is as impossible for Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright to agree as for Mr. Bright and Lord Derby. And this is the key of the situation.

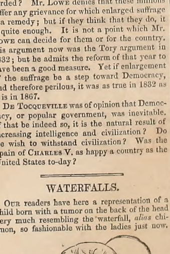
There are really four parties in the House of Commons: the Tory party proper; the Gladstone Liberals, with whom John Bright acts; the Adullamites, or the squad of Conservative Liberals who act with Mr. Robert Lowe; and the true radicals, of whom Mr. Bright is the representative. Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill both vote with Mr. Gladstone; but for reasons somewhat differing from his. The Tories will have no change whatever. To them modern times are a snare, progress is a delusion, and John Bright is John Wilkes and Guy Fawkes combined. Mr. Robert Lowe, chief of the Adullamites, is one of the most brilliant and lucid of modern Parliamentary orators. He rejects utterly the idea of any right but a legal right; he denies that "justice" and "moral rights" have any place in politics. In his opinion politics is expediency and nothing more. He insists that the Reformers are bound to show some existing grievance for which an increased suffrage will be a remedy; and he denies that the Reformers are logical in stopping at a five or seven or ten pound rating as a qualification for the suffrage, instead of pushing on to pure Democracy. The Reform asked for, he contends, would be merely a step toward Democracy; and Democracy is anarchy and chaos come again. Mr. Gladstone has never declared that suffrage was a natural right, nor has he reasoned upon *a priori* considerations, except to say that good policy requires the participation in the Government of every man who is not personally unfit, or whose participation would not be politically dangerous. He does speak, however, of moral rights in politics: such, for instance, as the right of every citizen to protection by the state, to which he gives his allegiance. Then come Mr. Bright and Mr. Mill, the clearest brain and the most eloquent tongue in England, one of whom claims manhood suffrage as a right, while the other claims the vote for women.

Mr. Lowe and his friends, combining with the Tories, last year defeated Mr. Gladstone's bill and broke up the Russell Ministry. We presume that upon the same grounds he has taken the same course now. His philosophy is peculiarly agreeable to the British mind. It is essentially that of Burke, who would not allow moral principles to be obtruded into political discussions. But as a late acute critic of Mr. Lowe remarks, if the sole proper ground of political action be expediency, may it not be expedient to consider whether even an unreasonable sense of injustice upon the part of five millions of the population ought not to be regarded? Mr. Lowe denies that these millions suffer any grievance for which enlarged suffrage is a remedy; but if they think that they do, it is quite enough. It is not a point which Mr. Lowe can decide for them or for the country. His argument now was the Tory argument in 1832; but he admits the reform of that year to have been a good measure. Yet if enlargement of the suffrage be a step toward Democracy, and therefore perilous, it was as true in 1832 as it is in 1867.

De Tocqueville was of opinion that Democracy, or popular government, was inevitable. If that be indeed so, it is the natural result of increasing intelligence and civilization? Do we wish to withstand civilization? Was the Spain of Charles V. as happy a country as the United States to-day?

## WATERFALLS.

Our readers have here a representation of a child born with a tumor on the back of the head very much resembling the waterfall, *alias* chignon, so fashionable with the ladies just now.



"What a hideous deformity!" every one will exclaim. "I hope the child did not live!" But why not consider it equally a deformity when artificially made? If this child had been born some twenty years ago, and had lived to this time, she would have been in the very height of the fashion, and would not have been obliged to construct one of those fashionable tumors, the exterior of which is generally somewhat questionable, and the interior more so. But the child lived only two weeks, and the loving parents had the opportunity for only this short period of looking with admiration upon Dame Nature's imitation of one of Dame Fashion's ingenious inventions.

The doctors, who of late have peered into things very curiously with their microscopes, have told some disagreeable stories about chignons. A Russian professor states that three-fourths of the false hair used in Russia is infested with minute animals called Gregarines, which are parasites of that famous animal, the *pediculus capitis* or common louse. He states that in the heat and agitation of the ball-room these gregarines "revive, grow, and multiply by dividing into many parts; these fly about the ball-room in millions, get inhaled, and drop on the refreshments." And besides these parasites of the louse there may be also the egg-bags of the animal itself.

There have also been found certain "nits" that resemble those which are present in the various forms of ringworm. We will state, however, for the partial comfort of the wearers of waterfalls, that the adult scalp does not afford a suitable *nidus* for these parasite germs. If the young should wear them (and why should they not if they are really ornamental?) ringworms would be a common result.

When false hair was used in moderate quantity great pains was taken in collecting and preparing it. But this has not been the case since so great a demand has been created for it by the new fashion. In Europe the collecting of hair is a large business, and is done chiefly by very filthy persons among filthy people. In Russia great quantities are gathered from the peasant women of the Mordwines and Burlakes near the Volga, and the filthiness of these people can be judged of from the statement that "when the Burlake goes out to work in the spring, he perhaps puts a clean shirt on, but he decidedly never takes it off until he returns home in autumn."

In commenting upon such facts the editor of the London *Lancet* says: "Here is a fine chance for parasites. We must leave the subject with ladies and naturalists. Half of the awful possibilities of the fashion—which it does not require a microscopist to suggest—would deter men. We can not so certainly reckon upon affecting ladies in a matter of fashion."

Some injury comes from waterfalls when they are very large, from the heat they occasion and the strain upon the natural hair when this is made to sustain them. We have known a daily headache to be thus produced, which disappeared on making the deformity smaller and contriving to sustain it without any strain upon the hair.

But after all, we do not object to chignons so much from the liability to be infested with parasitic animals and the diseases these may produce, or from the injury which they may directly inflict in some cases, as we do from the general influence which the wearing of this ridiculous deformity exerts in the maintenance of the tyranny of fashion. This tyranny often tramples alike on the laws of beauty, the laws of propriety, and the laws of health. There is certainly no beauty in big chignons or enormous crinoline, no propriety in sweeping filthy sidewalks with trailing dresses, and no promotion of health in the compression of vital organs by corsets and other kindred appliances. Indeed, aside from the direct effect of some of the inventions of fashion in injuring the health, there is an indirect influence in this respect which is by no means of small account. The constant painstaking in obeying the ever-varying behests of fashion, which so much occupies the minds of most females, inflicts, it is true, its chief injury upon the moral and intellectual character, but through this it affects also the physical condition. Whatever degrades and belittles the mind, and keeps it disturbed with cares that are unworthy of it, even frivolous in their nature, must derange the nervous system, and through this the bodily organization at large; while, on the other hand, the satisfaction attending the employment of thought and care on rational subjects exerts a genial influence upon the mind, and through that upon the body, and is therefore one of the means of securing a high condition of health.

The moral and intellectual considerations are by far the most important, but it has been our purpose now to press only those which have reference to health. The whole subject demands attention and rational action on the part of all sensible and high-minded women. It is wrong, exceedingly wrong, for them to allow themselves to be borne along in the crowd with the worldly and frivolous in following all the exactions of fashion.

## LITERARY.

"Christie's Faith," lately published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most excellent of the many standard novels issued from their press. It is the story of two boys rescued from evil ways and placed in honorable paths. The one does right from principle, the other from policy. One is sustained in his struggles and encouraged in his course by the strong love and faith of an earnest woman; the other is aided by the arts and duplicity of an evil nature like his own. Both attain wealth and distinction; and one finds happiness with the woman he loves. The story is very dramatic, the incidents gradually developing themselves with increasing interest to the end. Besides frequent scenes of great force, the story has many characters of much originality, each displaying the fine analytical power of the author. "Christie's Faith" is very superior to most modern novels.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

In the extra session of the Senate, on April 9, the treaty ceding the Russian-American possessions to the United States was ratified by only two dissenting votes. The remainder of the business transacted has been either secret or unimportant.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

At a meeting of the prominent citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, on April 2, it was unanimously agreed that the freedmen should be entitled to run some of their own color on the white man's ticket to the Convention and State Legislature. The meeting was composed in a large proportion of old Democrats and secessionists, and General Hampton sent a letter to it urging the policy of giving the negroes representation.

It has been announced that Governor Sharkey, now that he has been defeated in his Mississippi injunction case before the Supreme Court, will indict and arrest Governor Ord, military commandant in Mississippi, on a charge of treason to the State.

Governor Jenkins, of Georgia, has advised the people of that State to do nothing until the Supreme Court has decided on his measure for the "relief of Georgia."

Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, on April 13, declared the registration of voters in eight counties of Tennessee to be null and void.

A mass meeting of freedmen was held in Augusta, Georgia, on April 13, and resolutions were proposed favoring the Republican party; the support of the widows and orphans of Union soldiers; the abolition of corporeal punishment; and the right of all colors to hold office. Ex-Governor Johnson opposed these resolutions in a long speech, and said that if he had known that was the programme intended he would not have been present. Judges Starm and Hillard followed in the same strain, and were followed in turn by several colored orators, who favored the resolutions and the Republican party. The resolutions were then adopted.

A Radical mass meeting of negroes was held in Nashville on the same day, in the open air, no hall being large enough to contain the crowd. Resolutions were adopted indorsing Governor Brownlow and denouncing President Johnson.

In Jackson County, Alabama, a negro school teacher named Carter has been appointed Register of Voters under the Military Reconstruction bill. The appointment was made at the request of a number of the prominent white citizens of the county.

General Sickles issued an order for the government of his Military District, on April 11, providing that no person shall be imprisoned for debt; suspending sales of attached property for twelve months; suspending forever all legal proceedings for the recovery of money for the purchase of negroes; prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons; and abolishing capital punishment for burglary and larceny.

Several colored men of Columbia, S. C., have purchased the *South Carolinian* newspaper, and propose conducting it as a negro organ.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Ten boys, aged from eight to sixteen, were sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment on April 8, at Jamaica, Long Island, for having stoned an organ-grinder while peacefully following his vocation. On April 10 the organ-grinder died of his injuries.

The New Jersey Legislature refused on April 10 to give negroes the right of suffrage.

The Wisconsin Legislature has extended the franchise to women.

The National Academy of Design, New York City, was opened for the forty-second annual exhibition on April 15.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The French and Prussian imbroglio grows more threatening every day; and in spite of conciliatory speeches in the French *Corps Legislatif* by Marquis de Moustier, Minister of State and of Foreign Affairs, and by Count Bismarck in the North German Parliament, a financial panic is the consequence in the principal money capitals of Europe. Count Bismarck in his speech on April 1 stated the issue in regard to Luxembourg to be about as follows: On the dissolution in 1866 of the German Confederation, Luxembourg not desiring to enter the new Confederation on account of the military burdens which she would have to assume, reverted to Holland, of which she had been a part, and which power demanded the evacuation by Prussia of the Luxembourg fortresses. About the same time the King of Holland asked what position Prussia would assume in case he ceded his sovereign rights in Luxembourg to France. Prussia's reply was to the effect that Holland would be held responsible for such a transfer, and her action was the reinforcement of the Luxembourg and other frontier fortresses. Subsequently a proposition was made to quiet matters between the two great Powers by declaring Luxembourg a neutral State.

Two other but smaller specks of war disfigure the European horizon. Greece has excited the ire of Turkey by her too active sympathy with the Cretans; and on April 10 the Sultan is reported to have threatened her with war. The Spanish Government in December last refused to yield to the demands of Great Britain for restoration, with damages and apologies, of the British steamer *Tornado*, seized in 1866 by a Spanish man-of-war on suspicion of being a Chilean privateer; and the Spanish Cabinet ordered the case for adjudication before a prize court by which the vessel was lately condemned. The English Government on April 8 sent several war vessels to Cadiz to enforce its peremptory demands for instant redress, not only in the case of the *Tornado* but also of the *Victoria* seized under the same circumstances. An answer in the case of the first has been given, declining to accede to the demand: the *Victoria* has been delivered up, Spain gracefully yielding to English demands in this case.

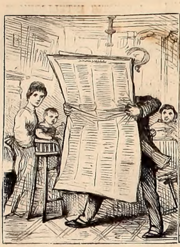
The Liberal party in the English Parliament has divided, and its first effort at amending the Derby Reform bill has resulted in its discomfiture. On April 12 Mr. Gladstone, leader of the Liberals, offered an amendment fixing the voting rate at £5, which, after a long debate, was defeated by a majority for the Government of 21. This it was claimed by the Government organs would save the Derby Cabinet from dissolution.

Patrick Condon, *alias* Massey, the General-in-Chief of the Fenian army operating in Ireland, on being captured, turned Queen's evidence, and is to be the principal witness for the Government in the forthcoming trials for treason.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat race on the Thames came off on April 13, and was won by the Oxford club after the most exciting pull ever witnessed on that stream.

Maximilian's situation in Mexico grows more desperate daily. The siege of Queretaro continues; the Imperial force was not entirely surrounded at our latest dates and was well supplied, and it was believed could subsist itself until May 1, but had no hope of extricating itself from its position. Escobedo on March 22 reported that the besieged force, about 4000 strong, had made a sortie from Queretaro on one of his supply trains, but after a sharp fight had been repulsed and forced into the town again. The siege of Vera Cruz was begun by the Liberals on March 12, on the departure of Bazaine and the French. Dates from the city to April 2 represent the siege to have become more vigorous, and the daily bombardment severer; so brisk, indeed, as to prevent steamers from landing. At that date the water supply had been cut off, and the last beef in the city had been killed and eaten.

The Emperor of Brazil has called out the National Guard, the great reserve corps of the Empire, to reinforce the army in Paraguay. Great discontent prevailed in consequence.



Now he's Got It!

To LET.—A Four-story Brown-stone House, in perfect order, first-class Neighborhood; contains all Modern Improvements. Rent moderate. Apply to ——

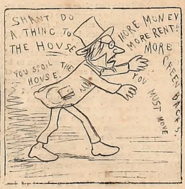
And now he Hasn't!
*No Children!*

Paterfamilias will not allow his Children to Stand in the Way.

It's *so* Pleasant to Show the House!

A Landlord's Sketch of Tenants.

Move up Town and have a Pleasant Drive.



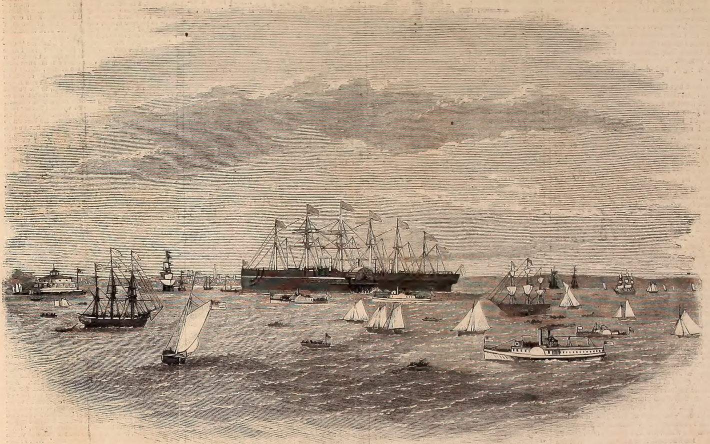

A Tenant's Sketch of his Landlord.

One of those very Stylish Narrow Houses.

Meals on the First of May.

Our first Rainy Night in the House in *Perfect Repair*

Shows the Plan of the Stylish Narrow House, or Life on the Stairs.



ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP "GREAT EASTERN" AT NEW YORK, April 8, 1867.—[See Page 270.]

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

### Book V.—Relics of the Dead.

### CHAPTER I.

BETRAYED BY A BLOTTING-PAD.

At an early hour upon the day on which Valentine Hawkehurst telegraphed to his employer, Philip Sheldon presented himself again at the dingy door of the office in Gray's Inn.

The dingy door was opened by the still more dingy boy; and Mr. Sheldon the elder—who lived in a state of chronic hurry, and had a hansom cab in attendance upon him at almost every step of his progress through life—was aggravated by the discovery that his brother was out.

"Out!" he repeated, with supreme disgust; "he always *is* out, I think. Where is he to be found?"

The boy replied that his master would be back in half an hour, if Mr. Sheldon would like to wait.

"Like to wait!" cried the stock-broker; "when will lawyers' clerks have sense enough to know that nobody on this earth ever *liked* to wait? Where's your master gone?"

"I think he's just slipped round into Holborn, Sir," the boy replied, with some slight hesitation. He was very well aware that George had secrets from his brother, and that it was not judicious to be too free in his communications to the elder gentleman. But the black eyes and white teeth of the stock-broker seemed very awful to him; and if Philip chose to question him, he must needs answer the truth, not having been provided by his master with any convenient falsehood in case of inquiry.

"What part of Holborn?" asked Philip, sharply.

"I did hear tell as it was the telegraph-office?"

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldon; and then he dashed down stairs, leaving the lad on the threshold of the door staring after him with eyes of wonder.

The telegraph-office meant business; and any business of his brother's was a matter of interest to Mr. Sheldon at this particular period. He had meditated the meaning of George's triumphant smile in the secluded calm of his own office; and the longer he had meditated the more deeply rooted had become his conviction that his brother was engaged in some very deep and very profitable scheme, the nature of which it was his bounden duty to discover.

Impressed by this idea, Mr. Sheldon returned to the hansom cab which was waiting for him at the end of Warwick Court, and made his way to the telegraph-office. The ostensible motive of his call in Gray's Inn was sufficient excuse for this following up of his brother's footsteps. It was one of those waifs and strays of rather disreputable business which the elder man sometimes threw in the way of the younger.

As the wheel of the hansom ground against the curbstone in front of the telegraph-office, the figure of George Sheldon vanished in a little court to the left of that establishment. Instead of pursuing this receding figure, Philip Sheldon walked straight into the office.

THE BLUE PARLOR.

It was empty. There was no one in any of the shaded compartments so painfully suggestive of pecuniary distress and the stealthy hypothecation of portable property. A sound of rattling and bumping in an inner office betrayed the neighborhood of a clerk; but in the office Mr. Sheldon was alone.

Upon the blotting-pad on the counter of the central partition the stock-broker perceived one great blot of ink, still moist. He laid the tip of his square forefinger upon it, to assure himself of that fact, and then set himself deliberately to scrutinize the blotting-paper. He was a man who seldom hesitated. His greatest coups on the money-market had been in a great measure the result of this faculty of prompt decision. To-day he possessed himself of the blotting-pad, and examined the half-formed syllables stamped upon it with as much coolness and self-possession as if he had been seated in his own office reading his own newspaper. A man given to hesitation would have looked to the right and the left and watched for his opportunity—and lost it. Philip Sheldon knew better than to waste his chances by needless precaution; and he made himself master of all the intelligence the blotting-pad could afford him before the clerk emerged from the inner den where the rattling and stamping was going forward.

"I thought as much," muttered the stock-broker, as he recognized traces of his brother's sprawling penmanship upon the pad. The message had been written with a heavy hand and a spongy quill pen, and had left a tolerably clear impression of its contents on the blotting-paper.

Here and there the words stood out bold and clear; here and there, again, there was only one decipherable letter among a few broken hieroglyphics. Mr. Sheldon was accustomed to the examination of very illegible documents, and he was able to master the substance of that random impression. If he could not decipher the whole he made out sufficient for his purpose. Money was to be offered to a man called Goodge for certain letters. He knew his brother's affairs well enough to know that these letters for which money was to be offered must needs be letters of importance in some search for an heir-at-law. So far all was clear and simple; but beyond this point he found himself at fault. Where was this Goodge to be found? and who was the person that was to offer him money for the letters? The names and address, which had been written first, had left no impression on the blotting-pad, or an impression so faint as to be useless for any practical purpose.

Mr. Sheldon put down the pad and lingered by the door of the office deliberating, when the rattling and hammering came to an abrupt termination, and the clerk emerged from the interior den.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "it's all right. Your message shall go directly."

The stock-broker, whose face was half averted from the clerk, and who stood between that functionary and the light from the open doorway, at once comprehended the error that had arisen. The clerk had mistaken him for his brother.

"I'm not quite clear as to whether I gave the right address," he said promptly, with his face still averted, and his attention apparently occupied by a paper in his hand. "Just see how I wrote it—there's a good fellow."

The clerk withdrew for a few minutes, and returned with the message in his hand.

"From George Sheldon to Valentine Hawkehurst, Crown Inn, Ullerton," he read aloud from the document.

"All right, and thanks!" cried the stockbroker.

He gave one momentary glance at the clerk, and had just time to see that individual's look of bewilderment as some difference in his voice and person from the voice and person of the black-whiskered man who had just left the office dawned upon his troubled senses. After that one glance Mr. Sheldon darted across the pavement, sprang into his cab, and called to the driver, "Literary Institution, Burton Street, as fast as you can go."

"I'll try my luck in the second column of the *Times*," he said to himself. "If George's scheme is what I take it to be, I shall get some clew to it there." He took a little oblong memorandum-book from his pocket and looked at his memoranda of the past week. Among those careless jottings he found one memorandum scrawled in pencil, among notes and addresses in ink, "*Haygarth—intestate. G. S.; to see after.*"

"That's it!" exclaimed he; "Haygarth—intestate; Valentine Hawkehurst *not* at Dorking, but working for my brother; Goodge—letters to be paid for. It's all like the bits of mosaic that those antiquarian fellows are always finding in the ruins of Somebody's Baths; a few handfuls of colored chips that look like rubbish, and can yet be patched into a perfect geometric design. I'll hunt up a file of the *Times* at the Burton Institution, and find out this Haygrath, if he is to be found there."

The Burton Institution was a somewhat dingy temple, devoted to the interests of science and literature, and next door to some baths that were very popular among the denizens of Bloomsbury. People in quest of the Baths were apt to ascend the classic flight of steps leading to the Institution, when they should have descended to a lowlier threshold lurking modestly by the side of that edifice. The Baths and the Institution had both been familiar to Mr. Sheldon in that period of probation which he had spent in Fitzgeorge Street. He was sufficiently acquainted with the librarian of the Institution to go in and out uninterrogated, and to make any use he pleased of the reading-room. He went in to-day, asked to see the latest bound volumes of the *Times* and the latest file of unbound papers, and began his investigation, working backward. Rapidly and dextrously as he turned the big leaves of the journals, the investigation occupied nearly three quarters of an hour; but at the expiration of that time he had alighted on the advertisement published in the preceding March.

He gave a very low whistle—a kind of phantom whistle—as he read this advertisement. "John Haygarth! a hundred thousand pounds."

The fortune for which a claimant was lacking amounted to a hundred thousand pounds! Mr. Sheldon knew commercial despots who counted their wealth by millions, and whose fiat could sway the exchanges of Europe; but a hundred thousand pounds seemed to him a very nice thing nevertheless, and he was ready to dispute the prize the anticipation whereof had rendered his brother so triumphant.

"He rejected me as a coadjutor," he thought, as he went back to his cab after having copied the advertisement; "he shall have me as an antagonist."

"Omega Street, Chelsea, next call!" he cried to the driver; and was soon beyond the confines of Bloomsbury, and rattling away toward the border-land of Belgravia. He had completed his search of the newspapers at ten minutes past twelve, and at twenty minutes to one he presented himself at the lodging-house in Omega Street, where he found Captain Paget, in whose "promoting" business there happened to be a lull just now. With this gentleman he had a long interview; and the result of that interview was the departure of the Captain by the two o'clock express for Ullerton. Thus had it happened that Valentine Hawkehurst and his patron encountered each other on the platform of Ullerton station.

## CHAPTER II.

### VALENTINE INVOKES THE PHANTOMS OF THE PAST.

*October, Midnight.* I was so fortunate as to get away from Spotswold this morning very soon after the completion of my researches in the vestry, and at five o'clock in the afternoon I found myself once more in the streets of Ullerton. Coming home in the train, I meditated seriously upon the unexpected appearance of Horatio Paget at the head-quarters of this Haygarthian investigation; and the more I considered that fact the more I felt inclined to doubt my patron's motives and to fear his interference. Can his presence in Ullerton have any relation to the business that has brought me here? That is the question which I asked myself a hundred times during my journey from Spotswold; that is the question which I ask myself still.

I have no doubt I give myself unnecessary trouble; but I know that old man's Machiavellian cleverness only too well; and I am inclined to look with suspicion upon every action of his. My first business on returning to this house was to ascertain whether any one bearing his name or answering to my description of him had arrived during my absence. I was relieved by finding that no stranger whatever had put up at the inn since the previous forenoon. Who may have used the coffee-room is another question, not to be so easily set at rest. In the evening a great many people come in and go out; and my friend and patron may have taken his favorite brandy-and-soda, skimmed his newspaper, and picked up whatever information was to be obtained as to *my* movements without attracting any particular attention.

In the words of the immortal lessee of the Globe Theatre, "Why should I fear I know not ......and yet I feel I fear!"

I found a registered letter from George Sheldon, inclosing twenty pounds in notes, and furnished therewith I went straight to my friend Jonah, whom I found engaged in the agreeable occupation of taking tea. I showed him the money; but my estimate of the reverend gentleman's honor being of a very limited nature, I took care not to give it to him till he had produced the letters. On finding that I was really prepared to give him his price, he went to an old-fashioned bureau, and opened one of those secret recesses which can not for three minutes remain a secret to any investigator possessed of a tolerably accurate eye or a three-foot rule. From this hiding-place—which he evidently considered a triumph of mechanical art worthy the cabinet of a d'Argenson or a Fouché—he produced a packet of faded yellow letters, about which there lurked a faint odor of dried rose-leaves and lavender which seemed the very perfume of the past.

When my reverend friend had laid the packet on the table within reach of my hand, and not till then, I gave him the bank-notes. His fat old fingers closed upon them greedily, and his fishy old eyes were illumined by a faint glimmer which I believe nothing but bank-notes could have kindled in them.

After having assured himself that they were genuine acknowledgments of indebtedness on the part of the old lady in Threadneedle Street, and not the base simulacra of Birmingham at five-and-twenty shillings a dozen—thirteen as twelve—Mr. Goodge obligingly consented to sign a simple form of receipt which I had drawn up for the satisfaction of my principal.

"I think you said there were forty-odd letters," I remarked, before I proceeded to count the documents in the presence of Mr. Goodge.

That gentleman looked at me with an air of astonishment, which, had I not known him to be the most consummate of hypocrites, would have seemed to me simplicity itself.

"I said from thirty to forty!" he exclaimed; "I never said there were forty-odd letters."

I looked at him and he looked at me. His face told me plainly enough that he was trying to deceive me, and my face told him plainly enough that he had no chance of succeeding in that attempt. Whether he was keeping back some of the letters with a view to extorting more money from me hereafter, or whether he was keeping them with the idea of making a better bargain with somebody else I could not tell; but of the main fact I was certain—he had cheated me.

I untied the red tape which held the letters together. Yes, there was a piece of circumstantial evidence which might have helped to convict my friend had he been on his trial in a criminal court. The red tape bore the mark of the place in which it had been tied for half a century; and a little way within this mark the trace of a very recent tying. Some of the letters had been extracted, and the tape had been tied anew.

I had no doubt that this had been done while my negotiation with Mr. Goodge had been pending. What was I to do? Refuse the letters, and demand to have my principal's money returned to me? I knew my friend well enough to know that such a proceeding would be about as useless as it would be to request the ocean to restore a cup of water that had been poured into it. The letters he had given me might or might not afford some slight link in the chain I was trying to put together; and the letters withheld from me might be more or less valuable than those given to me. In any case the transaction was altogether a speculative one; and George Sheldon's money was hazarded as completely as if it had been put upon an outsider for the Derby.

Before bidding him a polite farewell, I was determined to make Mr. Goodge thoroughly aware that he had not taken me in.

"You said there were more than forty letters," I told him; "I remember the phrase 'forty-odd,' which is a colloquialism one would scarcely look for in Tillotson, or in John Wesley, who cherished a prejudice in favor of scholarship which does not distinguish all his followers. You said there were forty-odd letters, and you have removed some of them from the packet. I am quite aware that I have no legal remedy against you, as our contract was a verbal one, made without witnesses; so I must be content with what I get; but I do not wish you to flatter yourself with the notion that you have hoodwinked a lawyer's clerk. You are not clever enough to do that, Mr. Goodge, though you are knave enough to cheat every attorney in the Law List."

"Young man, are you aware—?"

"As I have suffered by the absence of any witness to our negotiation, I may as well profit by the absence of any witness to our interview. You are a cheat and a trickster, Mr. Goodge, and I have the honor to wish you good-afternoon!"

"Go forth, young man!" cried the infuriated Jonah, whose fat round face became beet-root color with rage, and who involuntarily extended his hand to the poker—for the purpose of defense and not defiance, I believe. "Go forth, young man, I say unto you, as Abimelech said unto Jedediah, go forth."

I am not quite clear as to the two Scriptural proper names with which the Rev. Jonah embellished his discourse on this occasion; but I know that sort of man always has a leaning to the Abimelechs and Jedediahs of biblical history; solely, I believe, because the names have a sonorous roll with them that is pleasant in the mouth of the charlatan.

As I was in the act of going forth—quite at my leisure; for I had no fear of the clerical poker—my eye happened to alight on a small side-table, covered with a chessboard-patterned cloth in gaudy colors, and adorned with some of those sombre volumes which seem like an outward evidence of the sober piety of their possessor. Among the sombre volumes lay something which savored of another hemisphere than that to which those brown leather-bound books belonged. It was a glove—a gentleman's glove, of pale lavender kid; small in size for a masculine glove, and bearing upon it the evidence of the cleaner's art. Such might be the glove, of an exiled Brummel, but could never have encased the squat paw of a Jonah Goodge. It was as if the *point d'Alençon* ruffle of Chesterfield had been dropped in the study of John Wesley.

In a moment there flashed into my mind an idea which has haunted me ever since. That glove had belonged to my respected patron, Horatio Paget, and it was for his benefit the letters had been abstracted from the packet. He had been with Jonah Goodge in the course of that day, and had bought him over to cheat me.

And then I was obliged to go back to the old question, Was it possible that the Captain could have any inkling of my business? Who could have told him? Who could have betrayed a secret which was known only to George Sheldon and myself?

After all, are there not other people than Horatio Paget who wear cleaned lavender gloves? But it always has been a habit with the Captain to leave one loose glove behind him; and I dare say it was the recollection of this which suggested the idea of his interference in the Goodge business.

I devoted my evening to the perusal of Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth's letters. The pale ink, the quaint cramped hand, the old-fashioned abbreviations and very doubtful orthography, rendered the task laborious; but I stuck to my work bravely, and the old clock in the market-place struck two as I began the last letter. As I get deeper into this business I find my interest in it growing day by day; an interest *sui generis*, apart from all prospect of gain—apart even from the consideration that by means of this investigation I am obtaining a living which is earned *almost* honestly; for if I tell an occasional falsehood or act an occasional hypocrisy, I am no worse than a secretary of legation or an Old Bailey barrister.

The pleasure which I now take in the progress of this research is a pleasure that is new to me; it is the stimulus which makes a breakneck gallop across dreary fields gridironed with dykes and stone-walls so delicious to the sportsman; it is the stimulus which makes the task of the mathematician sweet to him when he devotes laborious days to the solution of an abstruse problem; it is the stimulus that sustains the Indian trapper against all the miseries of cold and hunger, foul weather, and aching limbs; it is the fever of the chase—that inextinguishable fire which, once lighted in the human breast, is not to be quenched until the hunt is ended.

I should like to earn three thousand pounds; but if I were to be none the richer for my trouble, I think, now that I am so deeply involved in this business, I should still go on. I want to fathom the mystery of that midnight interment at Dewsdale; I want to know the story of that Mary Haygarth who lies under the old yew-tree at Spotswold, and for whose loss some one sorrowed without hope of consolation.

Was that a widower's commonplace, I wonder? and did the unknown mourner console himself ultimately with a new wife? Who knows? as my Italian friends say when they discuss the future of France. Shall I ever penetrate that mystery of the past? My task seems to me almost as hopeless as if George Sheldon had sent me to hunt up the descendants of King Solomon's ninety-ninth wife. A hundred years ago seems as far away, for all practical purposes, as if it were on the other side of the flood.

The letters are worth very little. They are prim and measured epistles, and they relate much more to spiritual matters than to temporal business. Mrs. Rebecca seems to have been so much concerned for the health of her soul that she had very little leisure to think of any thing so insignificant as the bodies of other people. The letters are filled with discourse upon her own state of mind; and the tone of them reveals not a little of that pride whose character it is to simulate humility. Mrs. Rebecca is always casting ashes on her head; but she takes care to let her friend and pastor know what a saintly head it is notwithstanding.

I have laid aside three of the most secular letters, which I selected after wading through unnumbered pages of bewailings in the strain of a Wesleyan Madame Guyon. These throw some little light upon the character of Matthew Haygarth, but do not afford much information of a tangible kind.

I have transcribed the letters verbatim, adhering even to certain eccentricities of orthography, which were by no means unusual in an age when the Pretender to the crown of Great Britain wrote of his father as *Gems*.

The first letter bears the date of August 30, 1773, one week after the marriage of the lady to our friend Matthew.

"REVERED FRIEND AND PASTOR,—On Monday sennite we arriv'd in London, wich seems to me a mighty bigg citty, but of no more meritt or piety than Babylon of old. My husband, who knows the towne better than he knows those things with wich it would more become him to be familiar, was pleas'd to laugh mightily at that pious aversion wherewith I regarded some of the most notable sights in this place. We went t'other night to a great garden called by some Spring Garden, by others Vauxhall—as having been at one time the residence or estate of that Arch fiend and Papistical traitor Vaux, or Faux; but although I felt obligated to my husband for the desire to entertain me with a fine sight, I could not but look with shame upon serious Christians disporting themselves like children amongst coloured lamps, and listening as if enraptured to profane music, when, at so much less cost of money or of health, they might have been assembled to improve and edify one another.

"My obliging Mathew would have taken me to other places of the like character; but inspir'd, as I hope and believe, by the direction of the spirit, I took upon myself to tell him what vain trifling is all such kind of pleasure. He argu'd with me stoutly, saying that the King and Queen, who are both shining examples of goodness and piety, do attend Vauxhall and Ranelagh, and are to be seen there frequent, to the delight of their subjects. On which I told him that, much as I esteemed my sovereign and his respectable consort, I would compleat my existence without having seen them rather than I would seek to encounter them in a place of vain and frivolous diversion. He listen'd to my discoorse in a kind and sober temper, but he was not convinc'd; for by and by he falls of a sudden to sighing and groaning, and cries out, 'O, I went to Vauxhall once when the garden was not many years made, and O, how bright the lamps shone, like the stars of heaven fallen among bushes! and O, how sweet the music sounded, like the hymns of angels in the dewy evening! but that was nigh upon twenty years gone by, and all the world is changed since then.'

"You will conceive, Reverend Sir, that I was scandalised by such a foolish rapsodie, and in plain words admonish'd my husband of his folly. Whereupon he speedily became sober, and asked my pardon; but for all that night continued of a gloomy countenance, ever and anon falling to sighing and groning as before. Indeed, honor'd Sir, I have good need of a patient sperrit in my dealings with him; for altho' at times I think he is in a fair way to become a Christian, there are other times when I doubt Satan has still a hold upon him, and that all my prayers and admonitions have been in vaine.

"You, who know the wildness and wickedness of his past life—so far as that life was ever known to any but himself, who was ever of a secret and silent disposition concerning his own doings in this city, tho' free-spoken and frank in all common matters—you, honor'd Sir, know with how serious an intention I have taken upon myself the burden of matrimony, hoping thereby to secure the compleat conversion of this wayward soul. You are aware how it was the earnest desire of my late respected father that Mathew Haygarth and I shou'd be man and wife, his father and my father haveing bin friends and companions in the days of her most gracious majesty Queen Anne. You know how, after being lost to all decent company for many years, Mathew came back after his father's death, and lived a sober and serious life, attending amongst our community, and being seen to shed tears on more than one occasion while listening to the discourse of our rever'd and inspired founder. And you, my dear and honor'd pastor, will feel for me when I tell you how I am tormented by the fear of backsliding in this soul which I have promised to restore to the fold. It was but yesterday, when walking with him near St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell, he came to a standstill all of a sudden, and cried in that impetuous manner which is even yet natural to him, 'Look ye now, Becky, wouldst like to see the house in which the happiest years of my life was spent?' And I making no answer, as thinking it was but some sudden freak, he points out a black, dirty-looking dwelling-place, with overhanging windows and a wide gabled roof. 'Yonder it stands, Becky,' he cries; 'number seven John Street, Clerkenwell; a queer dingy box of four walls, my wench—a tumble-down kennel, with a staircase that 'twould break your neck to mount, being strange to it—and half-a-day's journey from the court-end of town. But that house was once paradise to me; and to look at it even now, though 'tis over eighteen years since I saw the inside of it, will bring the tears into these poor old eyes of mine.' And then he walk'd on so fast that I could scarce keep pace with him, till we came to Smithfield; and then he began to tell me about Bartholomew Fair and the brave sights he had seen; and must needs show me where the booth of one Fielding had stood—since infamously notorious as the writer of some trashy novels, the dulness whereof is only surpassed by their profligacy; and then he talks of Fawkes the conjurer, who made a great fortune, and of some humble person called 'Tiddy Doll,' a dealer in gingerbread and such foolish wares. But he could tell me nothing of those early preachings of our reverend founder in Moorfields, which would have been more pleasant to me than all this vain babble about drolls and jesters, gingerbread bakers and showmen.

"When we had walked the round of the place, and it was time to take coach for our lodging at Chelsea—he having brought me thus far to see St. Paul's and the prison of Newgate, the Mint and Tower—the gloomy fit came on him again, and all that evening he was dull and sorrowful, though I read aloud to him from the printed sermons of a rising member of our community. So you will see, honour'd Sir, how difficult it is for these children of Satan to withdraw themselves from that master they have once served: since at the sober age of fifty-three years my husband's weak heart yet yearns after profligate faires and foolish gardens lighted by color'd lampes.

"And now no more, reverend friend, my paper being gone and it being full time to reflect that yr patience must be gone also. Service to Mrs. Goodge. I have no more room but to assure you that the gayeties of this foolish and erring citty have no power to withdraw the heart of her whose chief privilege it is to subscribe herself

"Your humble follower and servant,
"REBECCA HAYGARTH."

To my mind there seems just a shadowy hint of some by-gone romance in this letter. Why did the dingy house in John Street bring the tears into Matthew's eyes? and why did the memory of Vauxhall and Bartholomew Fair seem so sweet to him? And then that sighing and groaning and dolefulness of visage whenever the thought of the past came back to him?

What did it all mean, I wonder? Was it only his vanished youth which poor, sobered, converted, Wesleyanized Matthew regretted? or were there pensive memories of something even sweeter than youth associated with the colored lamps of Vauxhall and the dinginess of Clerkenwell? Who shall sound the heart of a man who lived a hundred years ago? and where is the fathom-line which shall plumb its mysteries? I should need a stack of old letters before I could arrive at the secret of that man's life.

The two other letters, which I have selected after some deliberation, relate to the last few weeks of Matthew's existence; and in these again I fancy I see the trace of some domestic mystery, some sorrowful secret which this sober citizen kept hidden from his wife, but which he was on several occasions half inclined to reveal to her.

Perhaps if the lady's piety—which seems to have been thoroughly sincere and praiseworthy, by-the-by—had been a little less cold and pragmatical in its mode of expression, poor Matthew might have taken heart of grace and made a clean breast of it.

That there was a secret in the man's life I feel convinced; but that conviction goes very little way toward proving any one point of the smallest value to George Sheldon.

I transcribe an extract from each of the two important letters; the first written a month before Matthew's death, the second a fortnight after that event.

"And indeed, honour'd Sir, I have of late suffered much uneasinesse of speritt concerning my husband. Those fits of the mopes of w^h I informed you some time back have again come upon him. For awhile I did hope that these melancholic affections were the fruit put forth by a regenerate soul; but within this month last past it has been my sorrow to discover that these gloomy disorders arise rather from the promptings of the Evil One. It has pleased Mr. Haygarthe of late to declare that his life is nigh at an end; and indeed he affects a conviction that his days are number'd. This profane and impertinent notion I take to be a direct inspiration of Satan, of a like character to y^e sudden and unaccountable fitts of laughter which have seized upon many pious Christians in the midst of earnest congregations; whereby much shame and discomfiture has been brought upon our sect. Nor is there any justification for this presumptuous certainty entertained by my husband, inasmuch as his health is much as it has ordinarily been for y^e last ten years. He does acknowledge this with his own lips, and immediately after cries out that his race is run, and the hand of death is upon him; which I cannot but take as the voice of the enemy speaking through that weak mouth of the flesh.

"On Sunday night last past, the gloomy fitt being come upon him after prayers, Mr. Haygarthe began all on a sudden, as it is his habit to do:

"'There is something I would fain tell thee, wench,' he cries out, 'something about those roystering days in London which it might be well for thee to know.'

"But I answered him directly that I had no desire to hear of profane roysterings, and that it would be better for him to keep his peace, and listen reverently to the expounding of the Scriptures, which Humphrey Bagot, our worthy pastor and friend, had promised to explain and exemplify after supper. We was seated at y^e time in y^e blue parlour, the table being spread for supper, and were awaiting our friend from the village, a man of humble station, being but a poor chapman and huckster, but of exalted mind and a most holy temper, and sells me the same growth of Bohea as that drunk by our gracious queen at Windsor.

"After I had thus reproved him—in no unkind speritt—Mr. Haygarthe fell to sighing; and then cries out all at once:

"'When I am on my death-bed, wife, I will tell thee something; be sure thou askest me for it; or if death come upon me unawares, thou wouldst do well to search in the old tulip-leaf bureau for a letter, since I may tell thee that in a letter which I would not tell with these lips.'

"Before there was time to answer him in comes Mr. Bagot, and we to supper; after which he did read the sixth chapter of Hebrews and expound it at much length for our edifying; at the end whereof Satan had obtained fast hold of Mr. Haygarthe, who was fallen asleep and snoring heavily."

Here is plain allusion to some secret, which that pragmatical idiot, Mrs. Rebecca, studiously endeavored not to hear. The next extract is from a letter written when the lips that had been fain to speak were stilled forever. Ah, Mistress Rebecca, you were but mortal woman, although you were also a shining light among the followers of John Wesley: and I wonder what you would have given for poor Matthew's secret *then*.

"Some days being gone after this melancholic event, I bethought me of that which my husband had said to me before I left Dewsdale for that excursion to the love-feasts at Kemberton and Kesfield, Broppindean and Dawnfold, from which I returned but two short weeks before my poor Matthew's demise. I called to remembrance that discourse about approaching death which in my poor human judgement I did esteem a pestilent error of mind, but which I do now recognise as a spiritual premonition; and I set myself earnestly to look for that letter which Matthew told me he would leave in the tulip-leaf bureau. But though I did search with great care and pains, my trouble was wasted, inasmuch as there was no letter. Nor did I leave off to search until ev'ry nook and crevvis had been examin'd. But in one of y^e secret drawers, hidden in an old dog's-eared book of prayers, I did find a lock of fair hair, as if cut from the head of a child, entwin'd curiously with a long plait of dark hair, which by reason of y^e length thereof, must needs have been the hair of a woman, and with these the miniature of a girl's face, in a gold frame. I will not stain this paper, which is near come to an end, by the relation of such suspicions as arose in my mind on finding these curious treasures; nor will I be of so unchristian a temper as to speak ill of the dead. My husband was in his latter days exemplarily sober, and a humble acting Xtian. Y^e secrets of his earlier life will not now be showne to me on this side heaven. I have set aside y^e book, y^e picture, and y^e plaited hair in my desk for conveniency, where I will show them to you when I am next rejoic'd by y^r improving conversation. Until then, in grief or in happiness, in health and sickness, I trust I shall ever continue, with y^e same sincerity,

"Your humble and obliged servant and disciple

"REBECCA HAYGARTHE."

Thus end my excerpts from the correspondence of Mrs. Haygarth. They are very interesting to me, as containing the vague shadow of a vanished existence; but whether they will ever be worth setting forth in an affidavit is extremely uncertain. Doubtless that miniature of an unknown girl, which caused so much consternation in the mind of sober Mrs. Rebecca, was no other than the "Molly" whose gray eyes reminded me of Charlotte Halliday.

As I copied Mrs. Rebecca's quaint epistles, in the midnight stillness, the things of which I was writing arose before me like a picture. I could see the blue parlor that Sunday evening; the sober couple seated primly opposite to each other; the china monsters on the high chimney-piece; the blue-and-white Dutch tiles, with queer squat figures of Flemish citizens on foot and on horseback; the candles burning dimly on the spindle-legged-table; two poor pale flames reflected ghastly in the dark, polished panels of the wainscot; the big open Bible on an adjacent table; the old silver tankard, and buckhorn-handled knives and forks set out for supper; the solemn eight-day clock, ticking drearily in the corner; and amidst all that sombre old-fashioned comfort, gray-haired Matthew sighing and lamenting for his vanished youth.

I have grown strangely romantic since I have fallen in love with Charlotte Halliday. The time was when I should have felt nothing but a flippant ignorant contempt for poor Haygarth's feeble sighings and lamentings; but now I think of him with a sorrowful tenderness, and am more interested in his poor, commonplace life, that picture, and those two locks of hair, than in the most powerful romance that ever emanated from mortal genius. It has been truly said, that truth is stranger than fiction; may it not as justly be said that truth has a power to touch the human heart which is lacking in the most sublime flights of a Shakspeare, or the grandest imaginings of an Æschylus? One is sorry for the fate of Agamemnon; but one is infinitely more sorrowful for the cruel death of that English Richard in the dungeon at Pomfret, who was a very insignificant person as compared to the king of men and of ships.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS,
60° N BY 145° W. FROM GREENWICH.

DEAR WEEKLY,—Receiving word from Mr. SEWARD, when I was last in Washington, that there would probably be some new voters added to our population in less than sixty days—Mr. SEWARD'S usual reconstruction time—and that the said voters could be found in a neighborhood far north of "fifty-four forty or fight," I hastened up here to see how the news would be received when they heard they had been transferred from the dominion of the Autocrat of all the Russias to be free and independent subjects of the Great American Republic.

I must speak in the highest terms of the fraternizing qualities of the natives I found here. Soon after I landed from the Northwest Fur Company's steamer I was

RECEIVED WITH OPEN ARMS

by the principal native of that section, who pressed me very hard to stay with him, though I had purposed getting back to the steamer that night.

On the coast I found the climate of a nature that is called bracing, and I should think for a summer residence it is all that would be required. They have ice in abundance all the year round; the hamlets, cities, and bergs are all ice, and the Governor or Magistrate is called the Ice-berger. As far as the eye could reach the fields were *white* with the harvest, and the ice-crop was very promising. The fishing privileges seemed to be unequaled,

THE FISH BITE QUITE FREELY,

and amateurs afford them apparently a great deal of sport. I found it very difficult to keep out of their way.

THE RUSSIAN SETTLEMENT

here on the Island of Sitka is an enterprising place. The "wooded tract" Mr. SEWARD speaks of is this year very backward, and from appearances I should say the woodmen will have a poor crop; there is no occasion for any one to sing "Woodman, spare that tree!" as they are spare enough already. At this place I had some dealings with the talking natives, and I made an arrangement with the hotel-keeper of the place to feed me; the contract was not in writing, although the landlord set

THE OFFICIAL SEAL

to the agreement. I had no reason to complain of his not keeping his bargain; I only wish he had also kept his food, as his cooking and ingredients were alike rare.

A wonderful thing in this new land of ours is

THE CATTLE;

they lie all day cross-legged on cakes of ice, and I suppose they give ice-cream, on account of their peculiar cool pasturage; their horns grow down instead of up, and their tails have no provision for brushing off flies, as both flies and mosquitoes are quite unknown. Worms do not infest the foliage, neither are there continual complainings about the late frost killing the peaches, that source of such annual worriment in many of the Atlantic States.

I have attended many ward meetings in New York, but never saw such "spouting" as I have witnessed among the "big fish" in this country; and if there should come a time when a "rush to the poll" would be sounded, the North Pole offers all the advantages the natives desire.

At present, on account of the thinly clad and settled condition of the country, there is a great coolness between everybody, which is truly painful to the new-comer: and although the sites for "skating rinks" are plentiful, yet, owing to a want of congeniality among the natives, there have been none established. The chief occupation of the natives seems to be in getting something to eat, and among strangers, in keeping from being eaten. I visited all of the important points along the coast and found them covered with ice, and very slippery indeed; I don't think an enemy could ever get a foothold on these shores.

I suppose an enterprising person would have no difficulty in "striking oil" here, certainly he would not if skilled in the use of the harpoon. Oil sells here at about two cents a barrel, and blubber is still cheaper. If some of our Eastern men would come out and bring with them a few derricks and erect them over the whales, they could soon build up a Sperm City rivaling any of the Oil Cities of Pennsylvania.

In visiting the interior I saw beautiful sites for cities, towns, and villages—parks already stocked with animals of all descriptions, lakes already frozen over, mountains and valleys, and the whole landscape a pure white, as if it had just been whitewashed. I wished our New York Street Commissioners could only see of what color the earth is capable. While the folks at Washington are legislating so much for their Southern sable brethren, I hope they will not neglect their Northern

SABLE BRETHREN,

as they seem to be as helpless and as unappreciative of their new situation as any race dare be.

After spending the whole afternoon in exploring the country I returned to the steamer. I can only add, that I think we would do well in buying these possessions, for I never saw a place that was so much in need of buying as this; and as a place to emigrate from it has advantages possessed by none. And if ANDY OR BILLY should ever want to "swing the circle" again, they can have the Arctic Circle for that purpose without asking any body's leave.

Your own C. O. W.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FRUITS OF ELECTIONS.—These fruits are generally preceded by the appearance of some early Bri-beries.

"THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT."

There's no accounting for tastes! A young lady, in particular, must be permitted to have odd fancies. Here's an instance:

A YOUNG LADY is desirous of an ENGAGEMENT as Book-keeper in a butcher's business.—Apply by letter, etc.

We must own that it rather takes our breath away to read this. "A YOUNG LADY"—quite so, bless her!—"is desirous of an ENGAGEMENT"—exactly, and matrimonial, of course—but no! an engagement as book-keeper to a butcher. We should as soon expect to hear of a duchess wanting to turn dairy-maid, or of a countess who would be a cheese-monger. A butcher's business is not exactly a pleasant employment for a refined and delicate mind, and we can not conceive the reason for such a choice, unless, indeed, the young lady was on the look-out for a joint, sure.

A man is most liable to become a rake in the hey-day of his youth.

Why is the *Great Eastern* like a new-born babe?—Because she is going to Brest (breast) for the first time.

CONTRADICTORY.—It may seem strange, but it is a fact well known to those who have but a slight and superficial acquaintance with science, that if you keep a fire thoroughly coaled you will probably keep yourself thoroughly warm.

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man?—Because both *fail* to get rich.

A CAUTION TO YOUNG MEN.—To a lady *embonpoint* in figure, and not good-looking in face, you should be careful of saying any thing which she might consider "plump and plain."

How does the Irish Cupid inflict his wounds?—With his "*Arrah*, be jabers!"

"If," as the poet says, "beauty draws us with a single hair," then what—oh, tell us what!—must be the effect of a modern *chignon*?

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—Pimples on a toper's nose.

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.—The number of asses in Ireland has been ascertained to be about 140,000. This figure is exclusive of the Fenians.

It is not at all surprising that the *World* should waver in its political views, especially if it has "axes to grind," for the world is accustomed to turn round every twenty-four hours on its own axis.

Those who denounce a woman's extravagance should read this: "A London shirt-maker has just finished a dozen shirts for a gentleman, the price of which is one hundred and twenty pounds. They are, it is stated, of the finest cambric, and have fronts embroidered with gold thread."

A way to dress,
In the mode, I guess,
Picks a husband's bonds quite clean,
And poor Mr. Spratt,
Must cry, "No fat!"
And his wife will cri-no-line.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

*Water*—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.
*Dentist*—One who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.
*My Dear*—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.
*Policeman*—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.
*Doctor*—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.
*Author*—A dealer in words, who often gets paid in his own coin.
*Editor*—A poor wretch who empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.
*Jury*—Twelve prisoners in a box to try one more at the bar.
*Lawyer*—A learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

WANTED.—A girl to dwell in my family, assist my wife in doing the work and give directions generally. Wages not much object, if she will only leave me enough of my income to pay for the crockery that she breaks. If she should not be satisfied with having five evenings in a week, an effort shall be made to give her eight. A sick sister or old mother will be no objection, as we have a spare chamber, and will, if necessary, hire a "nuss" to take care of her. A piano and music supplied free of charge. The use of the parlor for company. No account taken of the tea or sugar that enters or leaves the house.

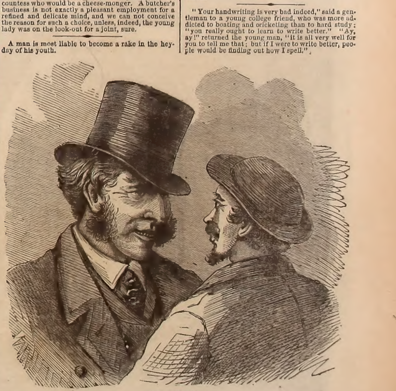
"Here's to internal improvements," as Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow! how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they keep good fires!"

If vessels are often found water-tight, why are not teetotalers liable to the same contingency?

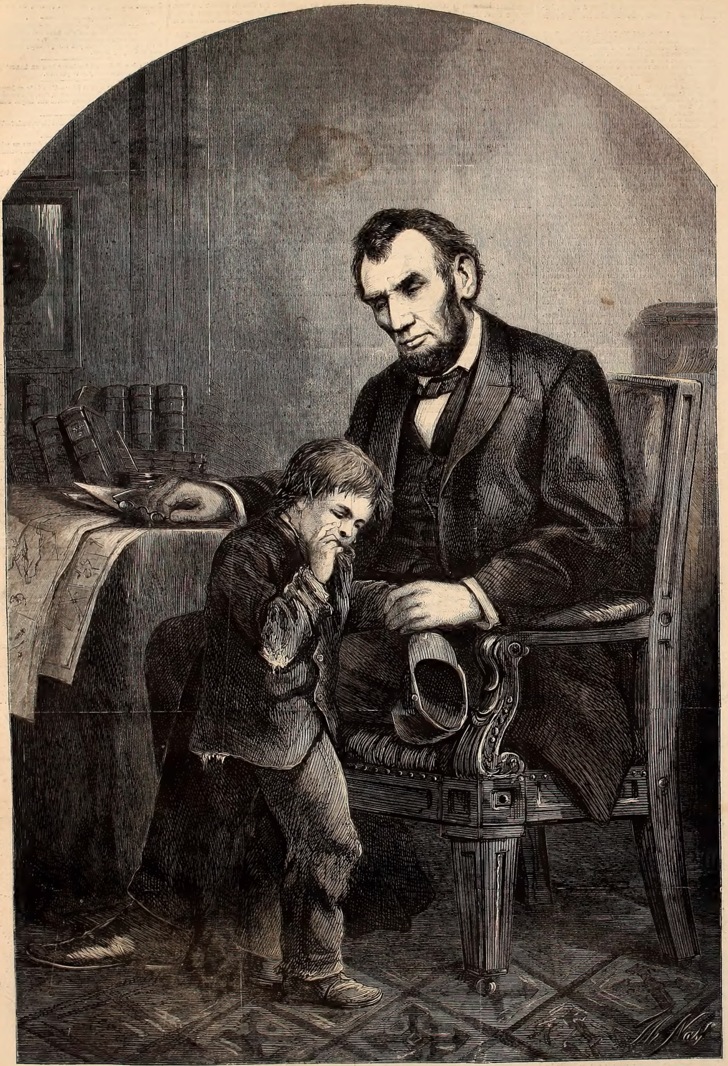
Why is an onion like a piano?—Because it smells odious.

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a young college friend, who was more addicted to boating and cricketing than to hard study; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay!" returned the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would be finding out how I spell."

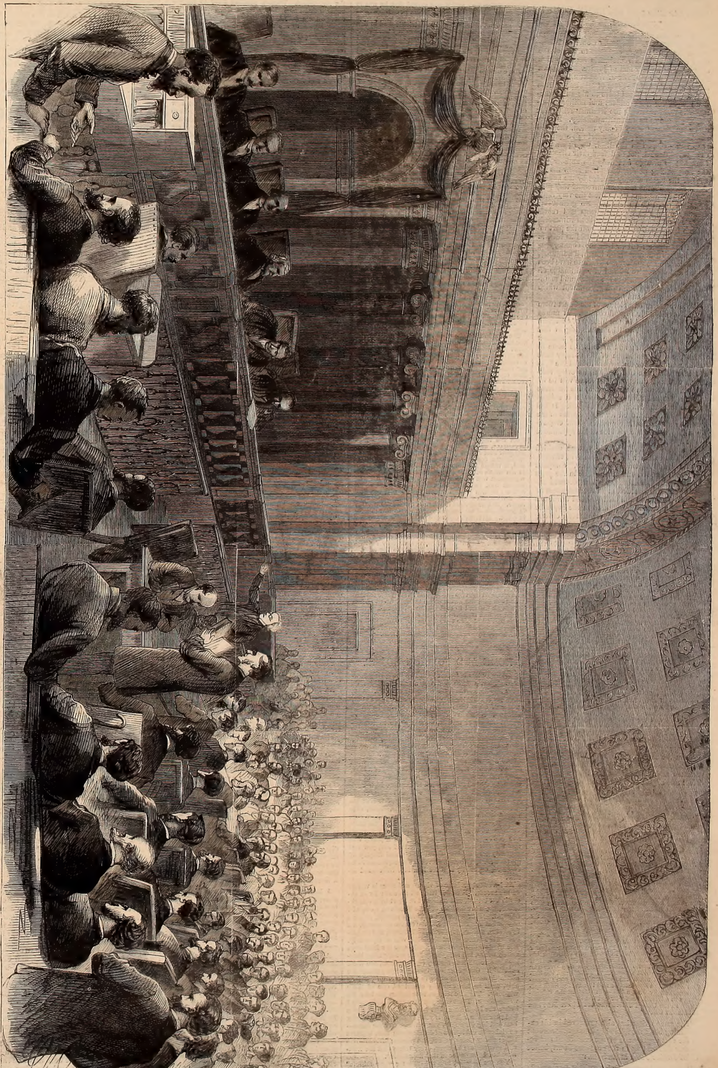


THE BRUTES!

FIRST BENEDICT. "Well, this Weather suit you?"
SECOND DITTO. "Capital, capital! And you?"
FIRST DITTO. "I believe you: my Wife has such a cold she can't speak!"
SECOND DITTO. "So has mine!"



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE DRUMMER-BOY.—[See Page 257.]



UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT ROOM, WASHINGTON CITY—CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE AND ASSOCIATES HEARING THE ARGUMENTS IN THE MISSISSIPPI INJUNCTION CASE.—Sketched by Andrew M'Callum.—[See Page 266.]

## UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT ROOM.

The persons who were attendant in the room of the United States Supreme Court at Washington on April 5 were witnesses to one of the most significant and remarkable scenes which ever occurred in any hall of justice. William L. Sharkey and Robert J. Walker, as counsel for the people of the State of Mississippi, rose in their places and asked leave to file an injunction restraining the President and military commanders from enforcing the Reconstruction Act on the ground of its unconstitutionality. For the first time in the history of any nation, the legal representatives of the participants in an organized rebellion, defeated in the field, were permitted to appear in court, not to defend their clients on trial, but to arraign and deny the authority of the law-making power, and plead anew the issues of the cause already decided by the sword. After accepting the terms of surrender they propose in the Supreme Court to test the very right admitted by their surrender. No greater effrontery on the part of insurgents and rebels against legal authority has ever been witnessed, and no instance of such leniency on the part of any other government can be quoted as this, in which the highest tribunal in the country patiently sits to hear arguments which, if admitted, would declare the war for the Union to have been unjust and oppressive instead of a justifiable effort to preserve the peace of the Union, and maintain the republican form of government which the people enjoyed and demanded.

We have presented a picture of the Court-room on this occasion for several reasons. It marks an important period in the history of Southern Reconstruction, and will be interesting in that connection. The public are not very familiar with the room itself; and as it is the same in which the great statesmen of the country have for the past thirty or forty years framed the laws and interpreted the Constitution, its every feature as well as its every reminiscence will be of interest. The room now in use by the Supreme Court is the old Senate Chamber as it existed prior to the remodeling of the Capitol. It has been somewhat improved for the purposes of the Court by alterations lately made. Our engraving will give the reader an idea of the appearance of the apartment and of the officials.

In a pleasant and readable volume entitled "Bench and Bar: a Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law," compiled by L. J. Bigelow, and at this time in the press of Harper & Brothers, we find recorded numerous pleasant anecdotes and reminiscences of many of the judges and distinguished advocates of the country who have figured in the Supreme Court room. The author gives, among others, the following description of "the Supreme Court in 1835:"

Miss Martineau, who was in Washington in the winter of 1835, speaks as follows of a session of the Supreme Court of the United States, when the venerable and accomplished Marshall was the Chief Justice: "This Court presents a singular spectacle. I have watched the assemblage while the Chief Justice was delivering a judgment; the three judges on either hand gazing on him more like learners than associates; Webster standing firm as a rock, his large deep-set eyes wide awake, his lips compressed, and his whole countenance in that intent stillness which instantly fixes the eye of the stranger; Clay leaning against the desk, in an attitude whose grace contrasts strangely with the slovenly make of his dress, his snuff-box for the moment unopened in his hand, his small gray eye and placid half-smile conveying an expression of pleasure, which redeems his face from its usual unaccountable commonness; the Attorney-General, his fingers playing among his papers, his quick black eye and thin, tremulous lips for once fixed, his small face pale with thought, contrasting remarkably with the other two: these men absorbed in what they are listening to, thinking neither of themselves nor of each other, while they are watched by the groups of idlers and listeners around them—the newspaper corps, the dark Cherokee chiefs, the stragglers from the Far West, the gay ladies in their waving plumes, and the members of either House that have stepped in to listen—all these have I seen at one moment constitute one silent assemblage, while the mild voice of the venerable Chief Justice sounded through the Court.

From the same volume we give the following reminiscence of Henry Clay, showing his nonchalance and coolness on his first appearance before this august tribunal of learned judges:

In the long dispute between the States of Virginia and Kentucky, growing out of what was termed the "Occupying Claimant Laws," Henry Clay was retained by Kentucky to maintain her rights before "that tribunal in the last resort," the Supreme Court of the United States. The then Speaker of the House of Representatives was to appear for the first time before that elevated, dignified, and venerable body; and a large concourse of spectators was attracted by a natural curiosity to determine whether the orator of the West would be able to sustain his reputation upon this new and untried theatre. When he rose it was with some slight agitation of manner, but he soon recovered his wonted composure, and held his auditors in admiring attention while he pronounced a most beautiful eulogium upon the character of the sons of Kentucky. The judges sat in their black robes of office sedate and attentive. Judge Washington, who was in the habit of indulging himself with an occasional pinch of snuff, had taken out his snuff-box for a little of that titillating restorative; and Mr. Clay, on observing it, instantly stopped, and advancing gracefully to the Bench, participated with the Judge in the refreshment of his nasal organs. As he applied the pinch he observed: "I perceive that your Honor sticks to the Scotch," and immediately resuming his stand he proceeded in his argument without the least embarrassment. So extraordinary a step over the usual barrier which separates this Court and the barristers excited not a little astonishment and admiration among the spectators; and it was afterward aptly remarked by Judge S——, in relating the circumstance to a friend, that "he did not believe there was a man in the United States who could have done that but Henry Clay."

The same writer has also preserved in his entertaining book the following interesting account of the first appearance of the celebrated and eccentric Jo Daviess in the Supreme Court, before Chief-Justice John Marshall:

It may not be generally known that Daviess was the first Western lawyer who ever appeared in the Supreme Court of the United States. He had somehow become interested in a large tract of country lying in the "Green River country," the title of which had long been in litigation; and it was agreed that he was to receive one half of the tract provided he could succeed in establishing the claim.

The fame of his genius and eccentricities had by this time become national; but this was to be his first personal appearance beyond the bounds of his own State; and he seems to have determined that it should be marked both by the most splendid exhibition of his intellectual powers and by the most glaring display of his eccentricity.

His entrance into the Federal capital, as described by an eye-witness of the spectacle, must have been worth beholding. On foot, dressed in an old pair of corduroys, ripped at the ankle for convenience of "rolling up," with a threadbare drab over-coat hanging to his heels, and furnished with innumerable capes of various sizes; with shoes dilapidated, muddy, and destitute of strings or buckles (a constant habit with him), and a hat to match. Fancy this stalwart figure, six feet high, stalking solemnly through the street, looking neither to the right nor the left; leading by the bridle a little, black, rough-haired filly, her tail matted into the likeness of a club with cockle-burrs. Over the saddle was hung a small wallet, containing, as afterward appeared, papers and a provision of *gingerbread* and cheese. Such was the trim in which Joseph Hamilton Daviess presented himself for the first time to the eyes of the denizens of Washington. Few who beheld this strange figure pass by could have imagined that the brain under that "shocking hat" was laboring with thoughts the eloquence and power of which would in a few hours astonish the most learned tribunal of the land.

Putting up his mare at an obscure tavern, the stranger relieved himself of his great-coat, when he appeared in a short gray linsey *roundabout;* into one pocket of which he transferred from his wallet a quantity of bread and cheese, while the other received a bundle of papers, tied with a blue yarn string. Thus equipped he issued forth into the street again, the observed of all negroes and idle boys. Arriving as if by chance in front of the building in which the Supreme Court was holding its sittings, he lounged into the bar and took a seat, not ceasing even in that august presence to regale himself from the store in his roundabout pocket. Unknown to all—taking, as it seemed, no particular notice of any thing (yet in reality, as soon appeared, watching every thing with the eye of a lynx), he passed, as he had done in the street, for some awkward countryman on his first visit to the city.

The case in which he was employed was soon called, and Mr. Taylor, of Virginia, the leading lawyer on the other side, arose to speak. He seemed to be advancing swimmingly in his statement of facts preparatory to beginning his argument, when all at once the stranger ceased eating, listened earnestly for a moment, then tapped him on the back, and very quietly corrected him on some point of his statement. Taylor stopped, turned round, and looked at him an instant without replying, and recommenced his remarks, taking no further notice of the interruption; Daviess resumed his eating amidst the smiles of the bar and audience. In a few minutes he again tapped the speaker, and made another correction. This was repeated a third time, when Taylor, becoming irritated at the interruption, begged the Court to protect him from the impertinences of "that person." Judge Marshall, always exceedingly lenient, and supposing now that he saw before him some Kentucky backwoodsman come to see to the progress of his case, and, if things did not exactly suit him, to take it out of the hands of his attorneys—as lawyers know backwoodsmen will sometimes do—replied that the gentleman was, he supposed, one of the parties to the action; as such he had a right to be heard, and that his corrections seemed very just, though irregularly made. But he advised the stranger to leave his cause in the hands of his counsel, one of whom was present in court. Daviess's colleague had by this time got a hint as to who his strange ally really was, and to humor the joke kept silence.

Taylor finished his argument—one of great power and ingenuity—and sat down, not, as may be supposed, in the best of humors. Then, to the amazement of all, the stranger arose, and, throwing aside all oddity of manner, began a speech so clear, so forcible in its compact logic, and so masterly in its exposure of his adversary's weak points, that that gentleman, though well accustomed to the conflicts of the forum, seemed completely paralyzed, and sat like one overwhelmed by some sudden and unavertable calamity. It is said the sweat stood in large drops on his face as he listened to that crushing reply. The man whom he had regarded only as an ignorant or crazy rustic had all at once towered up before him into the proportions of a giant; and it is no wonder if he was confounded by so startling a transformation.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Broadway has blossomed out like the spring flowers; and fair women and very good-looking men hover like bees around the tempting displays. And, indeed, it is quite worth while to spend a spare hour, on one of these balmy days, in studying the shop-windows. No matter what your taste may be—grave or gay, literary or artistic, botanic or gastronomic—whatever longings you have which may be satisfied by *vision*—you are almost certain to gratify them by gazing into our elaborately arrayed shop-windows.

Fourteenth Street is a good point at which to commence a promenade; and even half a mile's walk down Broadway unfolds a wonderful variety of things, new, strange, and beautiful. A skillful use of the eyes may make you contented to examine New York a trifle, instead of crossing the ocean to peep at the wonders of the Paris Exposition. Now, *this* is only a shoe-shop—but look a moment. Boots, shoes, slippers—black, white, blue, red, and every rainbow hue; embroidered, plain, laced, buttoned, and buckled; ornamented with beads and bows; and of every size and fabric. If you have any fancy for a pretty foot this window will prove attractive. If not, you will probably care nothing about that grand display of gloves near by; though gloves are by no means to be despised, especially if there is a nice little hand inside.

Ah! a sweet perfume of violets and roses is wafted on the breeze. It comes from all around; for at every street corner, and stationed at short intervals between, there are baskets of little bouquets, fresh and fragrant. If these are not elaborate enough, pause a moment at this florist's, and the choice rose-buds, the hyacinths, azalias, japonicas, heliotropes, and numerous other sweet-scented blossoms, will surely satisfy. The window of a Broadway book-store is a feast—not merely books, but many tasty little contrivances bearing some relation to literary employments, are there exhibited. One never imagines how many things are *absolutely necessary* in order to write a letter comfortably, until he has carefully examined one of these windows. Then he realizes how barren has been his writing-desk. Perchance you have stood undisturbed before the book-store; but now as you pass on you find yourself in a jam. If you can peep over the tiny hats and big waterfalls, you will discover the cause—an elaborate exhibition of dress goods; rich, brilliant silks; pretty plaids, prints, and piqués; tasty muslins and grenadines; in short, every thing that the feminine heart can desire in that department.

You are beguiled into Schaus's for "one minute" which proves many. But a glimpse is better than nothing, for you go away with at least one or two gems of art so photographed on your brain that not even the vision of millinery which next greets you destroys the impression. What a puzzling array of fanciful bonnets and hats! Every shape, and all diminutive enough for a baby! Tasteful undoubtedly, and certainly ingenious are these airy, fairy, feathery ornaments. But you must not linger at this window glittering with jewels and marvelous fancy goods, nor enter that enticing confectionery, nor suffer your mouth to water unduly at the sight of costly eatables. You came out to *see* and not to buy, and your time for promenading has passed.

Wise and fortunate are those who can brave the perils of Broadway sight-seeing and escape unharmed; that is, without having their pockets picked *by themselves.* Ladies should be especially careful just now how they bring home and exhibit fancy purchases to the "head of the family." In fact it is dangerous. We will whisper the reason to them. Somewhere about this time of year a sober-looking individual rings your door bell, gravely inquires for paterfamilias, and presents him with a mysterious-looking paper. If you are endowed with ordinary curiosity you will take some convenient opportunity of examining this document. On it you will find, in flaming capitals, the ominous words: "United States Internal Revenue—Annual Taxes." This so-called "National Blessing" produces extraordinary effects. Husbands and fathers at once proclaim the necessity of the "strictest domestic economy"—a pet theory which some of them are quite inclined to carry out in a fashion not unlike that alluded to in the following

### STANZAS ON THE INCOME TAX.

His wife came back from shopping down town,
With a dear little bonnet without any crown;
And when, with a kiss, she showed him the bill,
With his hands in his pockets he stood stock-still.
And he said, "*You* may buy such little gimcracks,
*I* couldn't do it with my Income Tax."

He went to Delmonico's, as usual, to dine;
He called for his truffles, and he called for his wine.
When the waiter brought the change, he didn't give him any,
And the cripple on the door-step didn't get a penny.
"'Just before you're generous,'" said he, "shall be my maxim, until I've paid the Government my Income Tax!"

They came to remind him of a promise he had made
To give a thousand dollars to the Freedmen's Aid.
"Yes, yes, I remember; 'twas some time ago;
I rather think—well, yes, perhaps I did say so.
I'd really like to help you take care of the blacks,
But that's just the amount of my Income Tax!"

He bought him a thousand-dollar thorough-bred horse,
And a light road-wagon, with yellow wheels of course;
His wife cried "Good! for ever since our marriage
I've longed for the day when we could keep a carriage."
But he said: "Ah! my dear, you must patronize the hacks;
I have this year a very heavy Income Tax!"

He said to his wife, when the summer was come,
That business required him to travel some;
"I would be very glad if I could take you;
But there are the girls, and it never would do.
With such a large party there's no satisfaction in traveling so long as there's an Income Tax!"

His wife meekly yielding to such a good reason,
Proposed to take the girls to Newport for the season.
"My dear, I'm afraid that you'll have to stay in town
Till the debt is paid off and gold comes down.
Our economies, my love, we must not relax;
You must always remember the Income Tax!"

Some extraordinary discoveries have recently been made in England in connection with magnetic batteries, which render it probable that magnetic light will eventually be used for illuminating our cities. It is stated that all that is required for the perfect illumination of a large city is a tower tall enough to project the light to every portion of it, and strong enough to stand the concussion of the powerful wheel machinery employed. The expense is trifling; and the light is said to be so intense that when brought to bear in full force on a piece of metal at a distance of fifty yards it fused it completely. We suggest that the "full force" be used only in the winter season, when this newly-discovered light will undoubtedly not only put an end to the extortionate demands of the gas companies, but bring down the price of coal in a wonderful degree.

An English writer upon the popular topic of *chignons* says: "Henceforth no right-minded young lady who follows this fashion can properly refuse to submit her chignon, before entering a ball-room, to microscopical examination. It may be painful to her feelings; but she must not be offended if a cautious partner who asks her to dance should just delicately hint a hope that there are no sanitary objections." It may, however, comfort many to know that a certain learned English investigator has declared it his conviction that the so-called "gregarines" are nothing but a sort of *fungus* produced by a mildewed condition of the hair.

A curious divorce case has attracted considerable attention in Dayton, Ohio. The parties have been married only three months. Recently the husband left home for a couple of weeks, and on his return he found his wife had taken steps for obtaining a divorce. It seems that during his absence she had opened and read a letter that was addressed to him. It was a high-flown love letter from some "friend," and written in a way that looked suspiciously like an *answer.* In vain he protested he knew nothing about it; she utterly refused to believe in or trust him again, and is determined to go on with the divorce.

A lady, residing in a certain town in New York State, recently brought an action for assault and battery against a young man for kissing her while occupying the same seat in a railroad car, she being asleep at the time with her head resting on his shoulder. The jury did not agree. Probably some of them thought that a lady who goes to sleep in that position deserves—to be kissed.

A singular story, illustrative of the characteristic Dutch stoicism, is related in an Eastern paper. A certain Mr. Irwin is the proprietor of a fine steam saw-mill, which is a place of resort for sight-seers. Not long ago a German walked into the mill and watched the progress of the big circular saw with much interest. Its rapid motion fascinated him, and stepping up, he applied the index finger of his right hand to the ill-defined periphery, when, much to his surprise, the end of the finger disappeared at the second joint. Very placidly he bound up the stump. Just then Mr. Irwin entered, and the victim of misplaced confidence accosted him thus: "Mr. Irwin, I comes to see your mills. I never comes to see your mills before. So I dakes mine finger like dis (putting the index finger of his left hand to the saw) to feel him, and mein Gott—" The unlucky German, in explaining the first mishap, touched the saw with his left forefinger, which dropped off near the knuckle. Turning to the proprietor, in almost speechless amazement, he finally stammered out: "Mr. Irwin, I comes to see your mills. I haf not seen him before; I vill go avay and I never vill vant to see him any more."

A curious incident occurred recently while a gold-digger was at work in a tunnel in Grass Valley, California. He struck down a piece of rock, when immediately there shot forth a jet of gas, which ignited and singed off half his hair and all his eye-winkers and eyebrows. He beat a precipitate retreat, while the jet spun out after him like the fiery tongue of some destroying monster.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER X.

"BLOOD IS THICKER THAN WATER."

Six years ago, when Fate had graciously bestowed that white elephant Marian upon Mr. Sutton, he had made an earnest but fruitless attempt to arouse her interest on behalf of some members of his own family. His father and mother were dead, but his brothers and a sister were alive and in high health, and any thing but corresponding circumstances. Mark had been, as has been seen, the successful one of the family. The rest had laid their respective talents up in a spirit of over-caution that had kept both excitement and wealth from their doors. They had all given vent to warning sounds, and been ready with fluent prognostications of evil things to come for him when Mark commenced the speculations that eventually floated him on to fortune. They had stood afar off from him, prophesying that he would go up like a rocket, perhaps, and down like its stick surely, and had generally been sententious and given to declaring that the paths their parents trod, and the lives their parents led, and the modest competencies their parents made, were good and great enough for them.

But when Mark succeeded—when he went up like the before-quoted rocket, and seemed very unlikely ever to come down again, they forgave him for having falsified their predictions, and affably borrowed money of him wherewith to increase their own businesses, and were altogether affectionate, and much imbued with the family mind toward him, as was fit and wise.

Mark Sutton being a plain, practical man, opposed unconsciously to vain expectations of people being nobler than they were, accepted the change in the fraternal sentiments toward himself, and seemed to consider them as the reasonable offspring of common-sense and expediency. He knew that they had all thought him wrong in by-gone days. He knew that they had been wrong in thinking this, and he knew that they knew that he knew it. But he took his triumph meekly, and never reminded them of any thing that they evidently wished to forget, and altogether conducted himself for a while quite after the pattern of the ideal rich relation of romance.

His only sister had married a farmer and grazier of the name of Bowden—a man who was rich in flocks and herds, and who commanded a good market. He had died shortly before Mark Sutton's marriage with Miss Talbot, leaving his widow and four children (all girls) amply provided for, under a will of which Mark Sutton, who was also his nieces' guardian, was sole executor. Shortly after Bowden's death Mark Sutton married, and made that earnest attempt which has been chronicled to interest Marian in his relations—principally in Mrs. Bowden and her daughters. And Marian mutely refused to be interested, and Mark tacitly accepted her decision.

Still though his sister girded against him garrulously down in her own locality in the heart of a midland county, for letting his "fine lady wife wean him from his own flesh and blood," the management of her affairs continued in his hands, and her store increased. From time to time he borrowed money of her, money which was always quickly returned with heavy interest; and at length he persuaded her to let him speculate on her account, which she did, until at the date of the opening of this story the well-to-do widow had become a very wealthy one.

When Mr. Bowden died his eldest daughter, a sharp little girl of twelve, had been removed from school "to be a comfort" to her mother. In sober truth, Mrs. Bowden stood in no special need of particular comfort at this juncture, for the deceased Mr. Bowden had never been much more than the bread-winner to her; and she was a woman blessed with a sound digestion, a good appetite, and an aptitude for finding consolation in solid comforts. But she was a decorous woman, one who never put herself up in the slightest degree against public opinion. So when the clergyman of the little country town where she lived told her "she must live for her children now," and two or three of her neighbors added that if they were in her place they "would have Elly home; none could say how much better she would feel if she kept the dear child under her own eye'—when these things had been duly said, and enforced with the sighs and shakes of the head that are ordinarily and judiciously brought to bear on the bereaved, Mrs. Bowden took Elly home, and at once ceased to think of her object in doing so.

Her uncle and guardian agreed to the plan, thinking perhaps that he could do nothing else, since his wife had made it impossible for other than mere business relations to exist between his sister and himself. So without let or hindrance Miss Bowden came home from school, and grew up in the atmosphere of a country town—grew up just what might have been expected from her parentage, her wealth, and the liberty she enjoyed.

Now it happened that though Mark Sutton was much older in years, and far more experi-

enced on the Stock Exchange than Edgar Talbot, that the latter had obtained a business ascendency over his brother-in-law — an ascendency of a marked and positive character—an ascendency which Mr. Edgar Talbot did not hesitate to employ when it suited his purpose. It had suited his purpose lately to raise heavy sums of money from Mark Sutton, and additionally to make Mark a sort of partner in his ventures. What those ventures were need not be told here. It would be easy to introduce facts connected with the Stock Exchange—easy to employ technicalities in describing them—easy to pad this story with any quantity of business matter, but I shall refrain from doing so. The high stakes for which Edgar Talbot was playing were a brilliant, unassailable social position, and a power of influencing divers governments through their treasuries. The alternations of his luck will be marked, but there is no need to describe each card as he plays it.

The last effort of this embryo Rothschild's mind over Mr. Sutton resulted in the latter attempting to negotiate a loan with his sister, Mrs. Bowden. He had every reason to suppose that she would accede willingly to his proposition. The fortune her husband had left had been more than doubled by her brother's judicious investments. But Mrs. Bowden was a cautious woman, and now that it had come to Mark wanting to borrow a very heavy sum of her, she suffered no sentiments of gratitude for the luck that had hitherto attended his speculations on her behalf to intervene, but resolved not to give him a favorable answer until she had seen him, learned his views, understood his plans, and won through his wife an introduction into society for Miss Bowden.

London life—at least the London life led by Mr. and Mrs. Sutton—loomed largely in the atmosphere of that little country town where Mrs. Bowden lived. Partly through ignorance, and partly through pride, she overrated the position of Mark and his wife. In his quiet, unobtrusive way he had put Marian before his own people as a star of great magnitude; and so Mrs. Bowden, away out of reach of the crucible where Mrs. Sutton's pretensions could be tested, fell into error respecting her sister-in-law, and pictured her as one of the most brilliant, persistent, and powerful votaries of pleasure and fashion. It may be added that Mrs. Bowden's notions as to the career run by one of these favored beings had been gathered from a diligent perusal of the novels of the silver fork school. What added pungency to the desire she had to introduce Elly to Mrs. Sutton was the belief she had that through that lady's influence Ellen would marry well—at any rate, be induced to forget an old friend who had grown up loving and loved by her.

So when Mark Sutton asked a good big favor of her, she determined to make the granting of it well worth her own while.

"Before I lend the money to you I should like to have a conversation with you. It would be idle to seek to draw Mrs. Mark and you out of the gay vortex by inviting you here, so I shall take Elly up to London for a month, starting to-morrow, when we shall have opportunities of meeting."

Then she went on to give him her London address—a good family hotel in Piccadilly, for it was no part of her plan to force herself upon him at his house until he entreated her to come.

He had received this letter (only the housemaid who lighted the fire the following morning with the torn copies of it knew what it had cost Mrs. Bowden in the inditing of it) on the day that witnessed the Lyons' advent at Edgar Talbot's house. During the evening he had communicated the contents of it to Edgar, adding that he had said nothing about it yet to Marian, as she shrank from all association with his family.

"She must get over that falsely fine folly in this case," her brother said, almost harshly; "you must make Marian civil to your sister." Then he took Mrs. Bowden's note and glanced over it again, sneering and laughing to himself at that phrase about the "gay vortex," and added, "She comes up to-day, I see; you must make Marian call on her to-morrow."

Somehow or other it hurt Mark Sutton to hear this tone used about his wife, even by her own brother. "I will ask her to do it," he answered, curtly.

"Ask her, and you know what she'll say, or at least what she will look if you 'ask' her in that tone; you must make her do it, Mark."

"That I can not."

"Then I can."

Edgar Talbot spoke abruptly and imperiously, and Mark Sutton had to fall back upon the old, ever-recurring situation of accepting what Edgar had spoken, in dread lest he should speak still worse things. It was always well within the bounds of probability that Marian might have been guilty of some act of folly with which her brother was acquainted, though her husband was not.

"If her regard for me" (Mark Sutton spoke in a very low, humble tone)—"if her regard for me prompts her to please me by calling on my sister, I shall be grateful to her; but I will not coerce her."

He spoke so decidedly that Edgar Talbot said no more to him about the matter. But the following day—long before Mrs. Lyon had got herself and her scruples under way for the studio—Mr. Talbot had called on Mrs. Sutton, and made her see the propriety not so much of calling on Mrs. Bowden without delay, as of obliging him.

"You will be prepared to meet them then, I hope, for I am sure I shall not know who else to ask," she said, scornfully. To which he replied:

"Oh, nonsense! that sort of thing is all nonsense; women's minds are always running on the necessity for organizing dreary social gatherings. You need not ask me or any one else to meet them—only be civil to them."

"How?"

"That I leave to you," he replied, rising up to go away. "I only tell you to lose no time about it."

So it came to pass that Mrs. Sutton, instead of going to the studio, went to call on her husband's sister.

It was about as distasteful an employment as could possibly have been conceived for her by her worst enemy. The widow was far from being the most terrible part of the trial to Marian. Mrs. Bowden was a happy, hearty, large, buxom woman, who made a merit of and reveled in her lack of refinement. She was honest, outspoken, healthy, and aggressively high-spirited and hilarious. There was a touch of sly humor in the way she made manifest her perfect understanding of the causes which had brought Mrs. Mark to call upon her at last; and Marian recognized this touch, and appreciated it as a species of cunning insight into other people's feelings that was twin to her own. Moreover, for herself, Mrs. Bowden wanted nothing of the fair, selfish lady, whose power of giving was gained entirely from Mrs. Bowden's brother. A course of shopping, methodical and unceasing during the week, and a course of musical services at one of the churches most celebrated for its choir on Sundays, was all Mrs. Bowden desired for herself in the way of metropolitan gayety. But she asked for more than these things for her daughter.

The girl was standing by the window when Mrs. Bowden came into the room, looking out upon the ceaseless stir and excitement in which she had no share, and half wishing herself at home again, where every spot had its interest, and every hour its occupation for her. She looked out upon a butcher's shop, a publishing office, and a cab-stand. There was nothing visible of the glory and grandeur, of the beauty and fashion of which she had heard and read. The high street of their own little country town could show them brighter and more seductive shop windows than any she could see from her post of observation in this excellent family hotel. Overladen omnibuses—they seemed overladen to her—horribly horsed cabs, and long lines of earnest, anxious-looking pedestrians! The heart of the country girl sank down as she looked out on these things, and felt despondingly that she had nothing brighter before her for a month. As this conviction smote her, "Mrs. Sutton" was announced, and she turned and acknowledged that something brighter was before her already.

Marian has been already described. Picture her now as she came in with a bright, light, rose tint on her cheeks, the effect of the winter air and of annoyance that was hardly subdued. She looked pretty, graceful, smooth. There was a promise about her appearance of those better things which Miss Bowden had vaguely expected to find in London. She welcomed them, and made manifest her sense of the relationship that existed between them in a few simple words that seemed to Elly Bowden the perfection of sound. Mrs. Sutton was neither too warm nor too cool to them. She had, in truth, made a little study of the manner it would be advisable to bring to bear upon them, and she was perfect in her part, hard as it was for her to play to such an audience.

To the girl who turned from the window to meet her, Mrs. Sutton took a contemptuous dislike at once. Theoretically she had always despised the Bowdens, and held aloof from them, as has been seen, and now at sight of them she declared to herself that her theory was justified. There was no appeal against that decision, no softening influence in the mother's evident pleasure, and the girl's evident gratitude to her for having come at all. She contrasted Miss Bowden's healthy, mottled, plump cheeks with her own little, delicate, fair face; and when the girl put a great, hearty, rather red hand out to her, Mrs. Sutton had strong need to remember all her brother's injunctions before she could bring herself to touch it with cordiality.

"I bring a message from Mark; he will give me an hour here alone to get acquainted with you, and then he will call for me," she said, turning to the beaming Mrs. Bowden, who forgave the estrangement at once, after a generous fashion that Marian would have thought utterly incompatible with her sister-in-law's manner and provincialisms, had she given herself to the consideration of such trifling causes and effects. And then Mrs. Bowden, after declaring that she "should be glad to see her brother at any time," grew affectionately communicative to his herald, until Mrs. Sutton had to strengthen herself by the reflection that an hour is only sixty minutes, and that "every thing must come to an end."

By-and-by Mrs. Bowden made an excuse for banishing her daughter for a while, in order that she might discuss some of her own hopes concerning Ellen and Ellen's character with the new relative, about whose magically refining touch Mrs. Bowden permitted herself to be very hopeful.

"Is that your eldest daughter?" Mrs. Sutton inquired, as Miss Bowden went away from the room, reluctantly, in obedience to the maternal behest, to search for something that she had grave doubts as to her mother having brought with her, and no doubt at all as to her mother not wanting. Mrs. Sutton made this inquiry in order that it might be understood that she had never pursued the subject of Mark's relations with keen interest. In fact, she was keeping the "word of promise" she had given Edgar Talbot "to the ear, and breaking it to the sense" in that there was nothing tangible in her manner, of which Mrs. Bowden, a woman who was acute enough in her feelings, could take hold and complain even to her own heart about; so she answered now in perfectly good faith:

"Yes, my eldest, and though I say it, who shouldn't say it—though why a mother shouldn't I have never been quite sure—as good a girl as ever lived; foolish, as young people will be, you know, my dear, very foolish indeed."

"Indeed," Mrs. Sutton replied, with the faintest possible accent of interest.

"Yes," Mrs. Bowden responded warmly, to even that faint tone of interest, for her heart was wholly with her children, and she grew very thoroughly in earnest the instant aught concerning them was mooted. Then she went on to tell how Elly had given her heart to the son of an old neighbor of theirs, a "young man who was deserving enough, but who came of a stock who never could do more than pay their way, and whose way was a hard one. I have nothing to say against John Wilmot," she added; and Mrs. Sutton looked serene indifference to any thing that could possibly be urged in extenuation of or in malice against him. "I have nothing to say against John Wilmot, but Elly might do better—and she will get to feel that after seeing more of you."

In a moment the indirect flattery made its mark. The insatiable, grasping vanity of the woman who listened made the commonplace words of the one who spoke dangerous, and productive of evil consequences. Mrs. Sutton liked to feel that in her more graceful presence was the power of making a true-hearted, contented girl feeble and dissatisfied. There would be a double satisfaction in doing this. She would at once revenge herself on these people for being connected with her (in itself an unpardonable audacity), and she would prove to her husband and her astute brother Edgar that they had erred in forcing this personal communication upon her. There was nothing Mrs. Sutton liked better than hurting some one else when she was offended. If she could make the offender suffer it was good; if she could not, she would in some way wound the next nearest, and be satisfied. These Bowdens were innocent of all wrong toward her (save the original one of being her husband's kin); but not the less did she mean to make them smart if she could do so with such a smiling exterior as would save her from being found out.

"When people put themselves out of their proper places it serves them right if they suffer for it," Mrs. Sutton thought placidly, as she sat and listened to Mrs. Bowden's hopeful predictions concerning the future of her daughter, if by any happy chance John Wilmot could be put out of her head. The thought that she could deftly put in a few refining touches of sorrowful experience on the canvas of Elly's life, almost reconciled the elegant aunt to the prospect of the companionship of the inelegant niece for a time. The girl had, during their short colloquy, betrayed something like a genuine love for the home and the friends she had so recently left; and this had roused a spirit of antagonism in Marian, who had not a genuine love for any thing save herself. "If they force her upon me she shall go home and find her John Wilmot tame, dull, and unprofitable," Marian thought, when Mrs. Bowden had finished her unwise revelations. "They will all bore her, and she will never be fit for any thing better, and it will serve her right for putting herself out of her proper place." It would have been malevolence on the part of an old, ugly, unattractive woman to harbor such thoughts as these. For the wording of less hurtful ones old women have struggled in horse-ponds, and been otherwise tortured by their more enlightened fellows as witches, dangerous to the community. But Marian Sutton "was fair and young and beautiful exceedingly;" moreover, she did not word her thoughts, nor did she suffer the reflection of them to appear on her face as they rippled through her mind. Both Mrs. Bowden and Ellen were delighted with her, and with the suggestive half-promises she made of future intercourse—delighted with and charmed by her long before Mark Sutton came to fetch her and welcome them.

There was rather a fuller exhibition of family feeling made when he arrived. Mrs. Bowden had restrained herself with difficulty before, but when he came she would ask what he thought of Elly? and point out in what respect that young lady resembled the Suttons more than the Bowdens. "She favors her father about the eyes, and her hands are the same shape as his; but in all else I see our mother in her, don't you, Mark?" Mrs. Bowden asked, looking with affectionate, admiring eyes on the blooming, buxom girl, who lapsed into awkward consciousness of a terribly crushing nature under the ill-advised observations. It worried Miss Bowden and nearly made her cry to see Mrs. Sutton's eyes settle upon the hands quoted, and travel slowly over their length and breadth. They grew redder and thicker while the tour of inspection lasted. The handsome ring the girl wore seemed to make the finger it was upon stand out in cruelly strong relief, in a way it had never done before, poor Elly could have vowed. Miss Bowden's sole previous experience of great ladies (in her amiable ignorance she placed Mrs. Sutton at once in her list) had been gained from the squire's wife down at Bayford, a kindly old lady, before whom Elly never trembled and distrusted her own hands. But this remembrance brought her no relief now, as she sat wondering what it was that made her so different to her uncle's wife.

## CHAPTER XI.

### SELF-DECEPTION.

The winter months wore away, speedily for some of these people whose fortunes we are following, slowly for others, surely for all. Mrs. Lyon, for instance, found the life she had undertaken to lead for Miss Talbot's benefit very different to that which she had anticipated leading. There was less variety, less excitement, less dining out and dinner giving, less dressing, less dancing, less amusements altogether, and, consequently, less occasion for her to urge faint protests against dissipation than she had confidently looked forward to being able to do. Accordingly sometimes the hours lagged, and the days seemed long, and every thing a mistake. On the other hand, Blanche, also, found it all very different to her preconceived fears. Now that Mr. Talbot had established Mrs. Lyon as Trixy's chaperon and guardian angel in society, he seemed quite contented to keep Trixy very much out of society. In short, he instituted a quiet, regular routine, which Blanche saw established with very great pleasure, and which she helped very materially to maintain in unbroken integrity.

"I have a good deal on my mind, and I do not care to go and stand about on other people's staircases just now; you must go without me, Trixy," Edgar Talbot said to his sister, when an invitation for the whole party (which Mrs. Sutton had procured for them) arrived shortly after Mrs. Lyon and her daughter had come to live with them. "Nor do I, not a bit, Edgar," Trixy had replied, eagerly. Then Miss Talbot had gone on to give her brother several excellent and unanswerable reasons against her going out for a while. And he being glad to keep his home circle intact, accepted them after a brief protest.

"But the Lyons! It's not fair to cage Miss Lyon here in solitude," he said to his sister.

Trixy moved her shoulders with a little, impatient gesture. Something had made the girl very clear-sighted about many matters, and she saw, as in a crystal ball, that Blanche Lyon was as averse, or rather as indifferent, to miscellaneous gatherings as she was herself. Miss Talbot accounted for this fact very readily and very bitterly, when she condescended to take counsel of herself concerning it. The two young painters—the genuine artist and the dashing amateur—were not about in the set to which Edgar and the Suttons had access; "and she only cares to meet her cousin," Trixy thought, indignantly, as she answered:

"Oh, a home life suits the Lyons best: they say so. Pray don't think of them."

But Edgar did think of them, or, at least, of one of them, and pleased himself harmlessly by thinking what a good thing it was that "a home life suited them best;" it suited him best too. When some of his ships came home—when some of the schemes now trembling in the balance between failure and success were assured of the latter—when, in fact, the scores of brilliant probabilities that had rather overset his judgment of late, and made him rash, resolved themselves into accomplished facts—then he would speed his his wooing, and Blanche Lyon and he would have a home life worth living.

So he thought and hoped and planned for the future, and meanwhile tried to be very well satisfied with things as they were. Blanche Lyon was evidently becoming interested in him, he felt. She showed it in the thousand delicate, minute, almost imperceptible ways in which a refined woman can show it, he assured himself. She was interested in his family, interested even in that praiseworthy but minor matter of his brother's success. In a conversation she had with him one day—a conversation in which she was quite carried out of the customary calm which marked her demeanor toward him—she spoke out some of her thoughts as to the relative merits of Mr. Bathurst's and Mr. Lionel Talbot's works in a way that nearly cured Edgar of his jealousy of the former. "You compare them! You actually compare them!" she said, in the petulant tone of one who is stung out of all power of proving the comparison odious by its having been made at all. "They are on such different levels that you must pull one up or drag the other down in doing it: it's not fair to your brother."

"The time has not arrived, in your estimation, then, for Cæsar to be praised without derogating from Pompey."

"Your quotation hardly fits the subject. If you do not feel what I do about it, Mr. Talbot, it is hopeless to try and teach you. I appreciate all Frank Bathurst has done, and is trying to do, and thinks he is trying to do. I think it is very good of him, in a way, to make the attempt to be something more than other people have made him; and I hope his picture will be well hung and well mentioned, and then he can go on painting and having something to think about; but it's absurd to compare him with your brother."

She was a woman who emphasized her words ever so slightly, often laying the stress in the wrong place. In this case she rather softly breathed upon than emphasized the last word but one of her sentence. And Edgar Talbot felt that it would be well sometimes, perhaps, for his wife to be well disposed toward Lionel, all for his (Edgar's) sake, of course. Among other things, he had lately invested Lionel's money in some dazzlingly promising shares on his own account. When the bark of fortune came sailing in, he felt that it would be agreeable to acknowledge the temporary obligation to Lionel, by giving him as large a share as he chose to take in the home life he (Edgar) contemplated. "Do you really feel this about my brother?" he asked, almost tenderly; and Blanche turned her face full upon him, covered, as it was, with a quick, hot blush, as she replied, "Indeed, I do; indeed, I do, Mr. Talbot." He was resolved to bide his time. But his dream of bliss promised very fairly, he felt.

Meantime Mr. Frank Bathurst, in blest unconsciousness of the exact nature of his cousin's sentiments toward him, went on painting in and painting out his Venuses, and enjoying his life, and cherishing his own notions regarding the daphne, and finding the quiet evenings Lionel and he frequently spent at Edgar Talbot's house better than any other form of entertainment his wealth and position procured him. For some reason or other best known to himself, Mr. Talbot had not fulfilled his threat of requesting Lionel to keep Mr. Bathurst from familiar communion with the home circle. Marking Blanche's manner to Mr. Bathurst with the naturally im-

partial and unprejudiced eyes of a man who was in love with her himself, Edgar Talbot still saw nothing and feared nothing that could by any possibility affect his peace of mind about her. She was very frank and cordial with Mr. Bathurst; indeed, she talked a great deal more to that blithe and well-satisfied gentleman than she did to any one else. But—and in this, at least, Mr. Talbot did not deceive himself—though she talked to Frank Bathurst more than to any one else, he was far from being the most interesting person to her in the room. She talked to him, and openly expressed pleasure at seeing him; and that the pleasure was unfeigned was patent to any one who chanced to glance at her when the two young men would be announced, and she let him see that the relationship he so ardently claimed was an agreeable fact to her, which, indeed, it was, for the reasons given in a former chapter. So all these circumstances combined to make the quiet domestic evenings exciting and delightful to Frank Bathurst. They were exciting enough to Trixy, too; but, perhaps, any one would have been justified in declaring them to be less than delightful to that young lady, as "her eyes on all their motions with a mute observance hung" in a way that spoke eloquently to Lionel.

They were not seeing very much of the Suttons about this time. Mrs. Sutton laughed at the "new order of things," as she termed it, and in addition to laughing at them all she had taken to opposing and irritating Edgar. Whatever hold Edgar had had upon her formerly was weakened now, evidently. She ceased to maintain the smallest appearance of respect for his opinions. She openly charged him to Beatrix with being unscrupulous about other people's feelings, fortunes, happiness, honor almost, when his own interests were at stake. Whatever his influence over her had been, she had freed herself from it; and she gloried in the freedom, and was more extravagant and vain, more frivolous and conspicuous than before; and Ellen Bowden was with her a great deal, and Mrs. Bowden began to hope that John Wilmot would soon cease to be a stumbling-block in her pretty daughter's path.

It may be mentioned here that Mrs. Bowden had been very acquiescent about that matter which had been the primary object of her journey to London. She had not only advanced money to her brother (whose own capital was farmed out under Edgar Talbot's advice), but she bought shares in her own and her children's names in more than one promising speculation. "Mark was so prudent, far-seeing, honorable, and right-thinking altogether, that there must be safety in following where he led," she argued, when some of her steady-going old country friends warned her against being led away and dazzled by the brazen images that were the reigning gods of the Stock Exchange. Her argument was unanswerable, for Mark Sutton's character for probity and caution was unassailable. Nevertheless, hints to the effect that "even he might be mistaken sometimes" were offered to, and disregarded by her. The greed of gain, the fever of gaining on a large scale, had seized Mrs. Bowden. What had been all-sufficient was now as nothing to her; and as her mental grasp was not broad, nor her brain remarkably bright and strong, she grew haggard and harassed over the ceaseless efforts she made to work out (theoretically) infallibly successful combinations. The occupations, interests, and pleasures of the present were all poor and tame to her by comparison with those that might fall to her lot in the future, if every thing went well. On the other hand, if every thing went ill, she might soon be reduced to such a position as would cause her present necessaries to loom before her regretful vision in the proportions of luxuries. Her mind was much disturbed by these opposite possibilities, yet she had not the courage and resolution to free herself from their wearing influence by "realizing," even when she might have done so at a great gain. Golden dreams always led her on. Vague fancy beguiled her into believing that the feeling of unrest would pass away

"TRY TO KEEP FIRM AND TRUE."

with the novelty. She began—being essentially a good-natured woman—to worry herself as to the way in which she should make her old country friends, with their rough manners and tones, quite at home and at their ease in the society of those new ones which her gold would gain her. Moreover, she was a good deal disturbed about Ellen. The girl had been left behind with the aunt, who seemed so anxious to efface all memory of her long-continued neglect by great kindness now—left behind with this aunt very much against her (Ellen's) will. Miss Bowden felt miserably dull and awkwardly out of place at first in the grand solitude to which Mrs. Sutton condemned her (Ellen) while she was unconsciously undergoing a process of polishing that was to render her a more useful instrument in Marian's hands. If Mrs. Sutton had possessed any principle and any honor, she would not have been a bad companion for a young, unformed country girl. As it was, Ellen Bowden insensibly caught a slight reflection of the perfect grace, the unruffled ease, the smooth refinement which leavened all that Mrs. Sutton did and said. Marian had the art of telling her pupil what it would be well for her to do without addressing her directly. It must not be understood by this statement that Mrs. Sutton was guilty of the vulgarity of talking at her guest. But she had a way of telling Ellen about other girls who had the unmistakable stamp of "gentlewomen" upon them; and she would put in the salient points of their manner with a firm, clear touch or two that was not lost upon Ellen, who grew more uniformly quiet, and at the same time less constrained.

Anxious as Mr. Sutton had been that his sister and her family should at least be known to and kindly treated by his wife, he had not gone with the latter cordially when she proposed that Ellen should stay with her for three or four months. "You mean it so kindly" (he always would think the best of any act of Marian's), "that I hardly like to throw cold water on your plan; but I can't fancy that she will be the better for the change, or much of a companion for you; besides, poor girl, she has a sweet-heart down there."

"I did mean it for the best. However, I shall say nothing more; the onus of deciding shall be left with her mother and you now, Mark; but I am sorry you should show them you think me a bad companion for the girl."

After that Mr. Sutton offered no opinion on the subject; and Mrs. Bowden decided that Ellen should remain, as "her aunt so kindly invited her."

After that little period of probation or polishing Mrs. Sutton gave her young charge plenty of change, plenty of gayety, plenty of opportunities of forgetting John Wilmot and the vows she had exchanged with him. But a counter-influence was at work, of which Mrs. Sutton saw and suspected nothing. Mark Sutton never gave his niece any ear-rings, or marvelous ball-dresses—he left all that for Marian to do, and Marian was open-handed; but he gave Ellen something that the girl could not help valuing more highly than she did any of the things Mrs. Sutton lavished upon her. His gift was a good, genuine, uncalled-for opinion.

"So you're going to marry young Wilmot, Elly?" he said to her, when he was alone with her the first evening of her stay in his house.

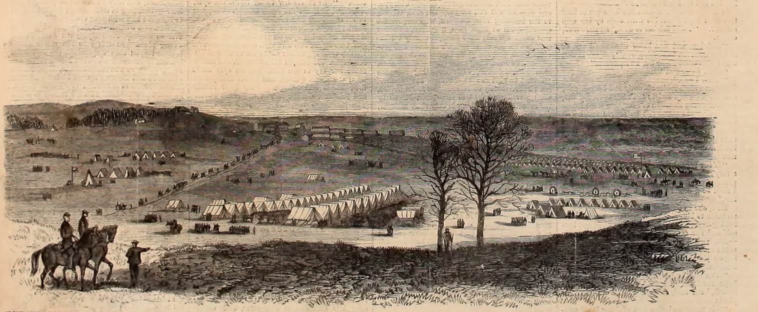
"We both mean it now, I believe, uncle," the girl replied, blushing a little.

"And you would be mightily annoyed if he was the first not to mean it, I suppose? But I would rather see you keep honest of the two. Don't make me curse the atmosphere of my home, Elly, by seeing you change in it. Try to keep firm and true; don't get false and fine in it, child."

The girl looked up wonderingly as he stopped, choked by a sob. He had his handkerchief up to his face, and was trying to cough and cover his emotion, and, by so trying, making it much more apparent to the girl, to whom it revealed many things that he would willingly have concealed.

"I don't think I shall ever disappoint you in that way, uncle," she said, feelingly. All her sympathies were aroused by that sudden rent in the veil which habitually fell over Mr. Sutton's domestic policy. All her sympathies were aroused, and yet she feared to betray that she felt any for him, or rather that she felt that there existed cause for her feeling any. It occurred to her, with painful force, that the atmosphere of his home must have been bad for some one, or why should he have warned her against growing "false and fine." The graceful lady who ruled his household and shared his name was fine in the sense that a delicately nurtured and carefully tended flower is so. It was just probable that she might be false also, Ellen thought, as she looked at the grieved, humiliated expression which came like a cloud over Mr. Sutton's honest open face.

So, though Miss Bowden's stay with the Suttons was prolonged far beyond the original term of the invitation, she was not dazzled out of her allegiance to her old love, but remained for several months, at least, as entirely without reproach as Mr. John Wilmot was without fear on her behalf. Mrs. Sutton gave her plenty of amusement, and the girl liked it, for Marian had taken her niece's measure correctly, and only piped such airs as Ellen would care to dance to. Mrs. Sutton was possessed of a fine tact, that would have made her remarkable in a worthy way if she had been a better woman. As it was, it only aided in making her contemptible, but not contemptible to her niece yet. Indeed, Ellen Bowden constructed rather a fine character for Mrs. Sutton, and described the same in warm words to Mr. John Wilmot in one of the many letters that Marian was much too judicious to remark upon. If the girl had dared to do so, if she had not feared wounding the kind heart that so evidently preferred feeding upon itself, she would liked to have given her uncle the assurance that his wife never strove in the slightest degree to turn her into any dubious path. But after that one emphatic caution to her Mark Sutton had resolutely held his peace, and had given her no excuse for touching on the topic. Accordingly Ellen nursed her notions respecting the absolute freedom of her will in secrecy, and Mrs. Sutton marked the girl's sense of security in her own integrity of purpose, and took care not to disturb it. Meanwhile Ellen was becoming an ardent student of color and form, and an untiring illustrator, on her own person, of her increase of knowledge on such matters, under the auspices of the clever dress-maker to whom Marian owed so much, in more ways than one.



THE INDIAN EXPEDITION—GENERAL HANCOCK'S ENCAMPMENT AT FORT HARKER, KANSAS, April 2, 1867.—Sketched by Philip D. Fisher.—[See Page 270.]

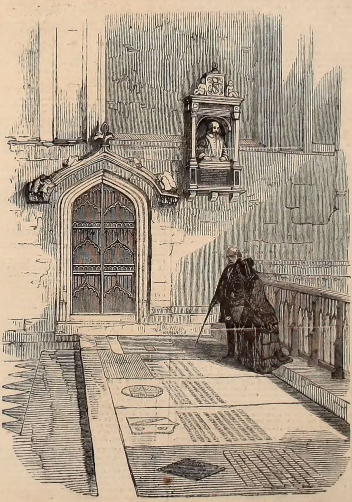
SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE IN HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

## THE SHAKSPEARE STATUE.

The twenty-third of April was the three hundred and third anniversary of the birthday of William Shakspeare—that is, according to the general acceptance of the tradition which represents him to have been born three days before the one on which it is recorded in the parish church of Stratford-upon-Avon, that he was duly baptized under the name of *Gulielmus*, and registered as *filius Johannes Shakspeare.* The third centennial of this day was celebrated in New York in 1864 by the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to the great poet in Central Park. As we write this no arrangements have been made to celebrate the present anniversary, unless it is claimed and admitted that the final award of the contract for the statue and the monument is to be considered in the light of appropriate festal ceremonies. The award has been made, and the model which has been adopted, and of which we give an engraving, is by J. Quincy A. Ward, one of the most successful sculptors of the country.

We also give, as interesting in this connection, pictures of the birth-place and tomb of the poet. The house is located in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon. It will at least enable us to form an idea of the sort of habitation usually occupied by respectable "gentleman farmers" of the time of "Good Queen Bess," of which class John Shakspeare is supposed to have been, though it is clearly in evidence that he occasionally also did a little business as a butcher; and it is even said that his divinely gifted son not infrequently indulged in poaching adventures as a deer stalker.

The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel of the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford. The bust is of the size of life, and stands fixed upon an arch between two Corinthian columns of black marble; upon the entablature are the arms of Shakspeare, surmounted by a skull and two small figures, as seen in the engraving. Originally the bust was colored to resemble life. The hands and face were of flesh color, the eyes of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. The doublet, or coat, was scarlet; over which was a loose black tabard, or gown, without sleeves.



TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

WARD'S STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE FOR THE CENTRAL PARK MONUMENT.

The upper part of the cushions, on which his hand rests, was green; the under half crimson, and the tassels gilt. Mr. John Ward, grandfather to Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, had it repaired, and the original colors preserved, in 1748; but in 1793, says Britton, "Mr. Malone caused the bust to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint, and thus at once destroyed its original character, and injured the expression of the face."

Upon the tablet beneath the bust are the following inscriptions:

Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.

Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast,
Read, if thov canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monvment, Shakspeare, with whome
Qvick Natvre dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost; sith all yt. he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his wit.
Obiit ano. doi. 1616. Ætatis 53. die 23 Ap.

Below the monument, upon the stone covering the Poet's grave, are the following extraordinary lines:

Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare,
To dig the dust encloased heare:
Blesete be ye man yt spares thes stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

The engraving which we give of the statue by Mr. Ward is from a fine photograph by Rockwood & Co. of the artist's model lately completed.

## THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The steamship *Great Eastern* paid New York another visit on April 9, steaming up the bay and coming to anchor at the foot of Hammond Street, North River; and creating a sensation only a little less general and enthusiastic than that which she occasioned in 1860, on her first visit. We gave at that time full and complete details and accurate engravings of the vessel; and made her length and breadth and every outward form and feature familiar to our readers, so that a detailed description will not be a necessary accompaniment to the engraving which we now present on page 261.

The *Great Eastern* of to-day, however, differs very materially from the Leviathan of 1860. On her return from the successful expedition to lay the Atlantic Cable it was concluded to refit her for a passenger vessel. Twelve hundred men were employed at the labors of reconstruction, working day and night for four months. The remodeling of the interior for passenger accommodation has been skillfully accomplished, affording all that would be sought for by the most fastidious residents of a first-class hotel on shore, and making her the most complete and elegant passenger ship ever afloat.

On the spar deck, which was formerly entirely clear, are a number of cabins, in which are the bar, barber shop, captain's cabin, officers' quarters, blacksmith shop, and a grand dining-saloon. Between decks almost every foot of available space has been converted into cabins and state-rooms, so that now there are accommodations for three thousand passengers. Among the improvements worthy of special notice is the mangling-room, where two tubs are driven by the engine which works the capstans; and connected with it are drying and airing rooms, heated by steam, where the linen is hung up after coming from the mangles. In supplying the three thousand berths with beds twenty-seven thousand yards of linen tick have been used, together with forty tons' weight of curled hair and wool, and for sheets, and pillow, and bolster-slips, thirty thousand yards of linen, while twenty-five hundred counterpanes have been supplied, in addition to those already in use, besides eleven thousand yards of toweling. The dining-room is about centre, or a little to aft of the ship, is gotten up very finely, and is capable of seating 900 persons at one time. The greatest novelty, however is the "patent steering apparatus," which is in the centre of the ship. It is the latest application of steam-power, and was invented by a workman in the company's employ named Gray. An engine on the after-deck is controlled by a small chain running to the wheel of the helmsman, near midships, and this engine works the immense rudders with perfect ease and accuracy.

Among the passengers on the late voyage were Messrs. Cyrus W. Field, Paul du Chaillu, Jules Derfecher, Director of the *Great Eastern* Company, and many others of lesser note. The passengers had a delightful time during the fourteen days trip, not a single case of sea-sickness occurring. M. du Chaillu delivered lectures on "Ashango Land" and "Equatorial Africa;" Sir James Anderson, the Captain of the *Great Eastern*, told the story of the laying of the cable: the crew gave a negro-minstrel entertainment; two papers—the *Ocean Times* and *Great Eastern Telegraph* were published daily; and altogether time was effectively annihilated.

## GENERAL HANCOCK'S INDIAN EXPEDITION.

The Government, aroused at last to the necessity of doing something to prevent a repetition of the massacre at Fort Philip Kearney, has sent an expedition to the Plains under Major-General Winfield S. Hancock. The command reached Fort Harker on the first of April, and went into camp on the "Smoky Bottom," just west of the post; from which camp it moved on the third of April, going to Fort Larned on the Arkansas River, distant from Harker about eighty miles. The troops are under command of General A. J. Smith. They number about two thousand men, and consist of the Seventh United States Cavalry, Colonel Custer; Thirty-seventh United States Infantry, Captain John Rziha; Battery B, Fourth United States Artillery, Captain Parsons; and an Engineer Corps commanded by Lieutenant Micah Brown. General J. W. Davidson accompanies the expedition as Inspector-General. "Wild Bill," who, since the publication of his exploits in the February Number of *Harper's Magazine*, has had greatness thrust upon him, is attached as a scout; and quite a number of Delaware Indians accompany the command in the capacity of scouts, guides, hunters, and interpreters.

As the command drags its slow length along over the plains, "horse, foot, and dragoons," artillery, pontoon, baggage, and supply trains present a most formidable appearance; and it is probable that the "moral effect" will be to awe the red men into good behavior for a time. A grand "pow-wow" will be held near Fort Larned, and arrangements will be effected, it is hoped, which will afford security and safety to those whose business compels them to either travel through or reside in the valley of the Smoky Hill. A consultation was held at Fort Dodge recently with the Kiowas, which tribe professed friendship for the whites, but said that the Blackfeet, Sioux, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, and Camanches, had formed a confederation, and were determined to wage a bloody war against the whites. They report also, that some of the more northern tribes have banded together for a similar purpose.

General Hancock has with him a little Indian boy six years of age, whom he is carrying to restore to his people, they having by a recent treaty stipulated for the return of this child. Three years since the First Colorado Volunteers, under Colonel Chivington, attacked a party of Indians at Sand Creek. Of over three hundred Indians attacked this child, then a babe of three years, is the only survivor, he having been saved and carried off by a soldier. The little boy is particularly bright and intelligent, and is heart-broken at the thought of being given over to the Indians, though he can form but a very faint conception of the hardship in store for him. The child has evidently had good care taken of him, and an incident which occurred at Fort Leavenworth has led the whole command to regard his return to the savages as an outrage. A few days since, while a party of gentlemen were dining at Fort Leavenworth, one of them, a Major-General connected with the command, felt himself touched on the arm, and looking around, saw this little *Cheyenne* standing beside him. The General had been very kind to this little fellow, and had won his affections completely.

"Don't drink that," said the child, pointing to the glass on the table.

"Why not, my boy?" said the General, laying his hand kindly on the boy's head—"why not?"

"It is bad," said the child.

"Oh no," said the soldier: "this is wine—this is not whisky.

"But it is bad," said the little *savage*; "it will make you drunk, and then you will fight, and it is bad for men to fight."

With such precocious ideas of virtue this little fellow, were he older, might be a missionary to his people; but his infancy leaves us little hope that the truths which have germinated so early in him will not be plucked up or choked by the barbarism to which the Government is about to consign him; it is more likely that the Indians will barbarize him than that "a little child shall lead *them*." General Hancock manifests a great interest in this child, keeps him at his quarters, and is very kind to him. It is to be hoped that the savages may be prevailed upon to leave the boy with his present friends, that he may be properly cared for and educated.

In the sketch on page 269 Fort Harker is seen in the distance, Custer's head-quarters and the cavalry camp is on the left, General Head-quarters in the right mid distance, and the artillery camp in front.

## VALERIAN'S HONEY-MOON.

### A Fragment.

My darling stepped out from the little inn-window on to the wooden balcony, draped with vine-leaves and heavy bunches of half-ripened purple grapes, which overhung the door of the *osteria*. It was a lapis-lazuli night, such as is only known in Italy. Below us lay a great water, calm as that bay of contentment whereinto our lives had now glided. Stars trembled there, and the moon swung her full-fed lamp on the very edge of the ripple that washed the shore. There came a heavy odor of orange-blossoms from the gardens about us, blent with the less rare odor of tobacco, from the pipes of ostlers and wayfarers seated around the door below. The murmur of their voices was all that broke the silence.

Between the *osteria* and the lake ran the dusty high-road, where the diligence half an hour ago had passed, and stopped here to change horses. But there was not much traffic, saving a cart or two, oxen-drawn and laden with maize, and a curious old vehicle, half-gig, half-chaise, bearing a notary from the neighboring town to the bedside of some village Dives, cumbered in his last hours with the disposition of his wealth (so the walter informed me). Saving for these the dust had slept undisturbed, in layers several inches thick, upon the road, during all the hours we had been here. And now the night had come, and even such infrequent traffic would cease.

But, contrary to our expectation, as we two stood there hand in hand upon the balcony, listening to a cicala in the dusty road-side grass and a frog in the water-weeds, and the hum of the smokers' voices below us, there fell on our ears the distant cracking of a post-boy's whip, with the familiar accompaniment of jingling harness. A minute more, and in the white moonlight we saw an open traveling-carriage coming rapidly toward us. There was a rush among the smokers to the front; the postillion worked up his whip into a state of frenzy as he neared his goal, and finally swung himself lightly to the ground, as he pulled up exactly under our window. The carriage was occupied by two persons—a gentleman and lady. The head of the *calèche* being thrown back I could see the man's face very distinctly in the moonlight, which was as clear as day. I thought I recognized it: so, perhaps, did my companion, for she drew yet closer to me, and I felt her little hot hand tremble in mine. The doubt, if it was one, lasted but a minute: the lady threw back her veil; the small black-lace bonnet framed—it did not shroud—that carved ivory face on which the moonlight flooded. God forgive me! I had reason to know it too well; and so had she who stood beside me. My poor little darling nestled close to me like a frightened dove, and she pulled me quickly back under the shadow of the vine-leaves, as she murmured:

"Oh, Valerian! that woman again! That woman *here!*"

"My darling, what are you afraid of? She can do us no harm. Depend on it, she is not troubling her head about *me*."

"Why does she come here? Oh, Valerian, we were so happy!"

"Hush! Let us hear what they say."

"Bring out the *livre des étrangers*. We will see who has been passing this way." It was the gentleman who spoke.

"Just the romantic spot for a love-sick couple," laughed the lady; and her fine musical laugh fell on my ear like a discordant peal of bells. "I should not wonder if there was some one staying here."

We saw the greasy strangers' book handed to them by their courier, and the lady, by the light of the moon alone, turned over the pages and read the names written there. A dear little curly head was hidden on my breast, and a small voice whispered, plaintively:

"You won't go down to her? You won't see her? Promise me. She'll try and take you from me, as she did before. I shall die if you go, Valerian!"

"Never fear, my darling. She bewitched me once; I was mad then, I believe. But have I not something better now? While I hold my treasure here in my arms, what to me are all the fairest women in the world?"

"Ah! you didn't think so once," she sobbed; "and I know nothing can resist her—nothing! Even now you can not take your eyes off her. Ah, Valerian, if she drags you away from me *this* time—"

I put my hand across her mouth, and listened with hungry eyes and ears.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the lady, clasping her hands and laughing. "Look here!—what a *rencontre!*—read this: '*Mons. Valerian, peintre, Paris, avec sa femme.*' Only think of *his* being here! I have not seen him since he threatened to blow out his brains."

"Poor devil! You treated him very badly, Cora. Who did he marry?"

"Oh, some little English model, to whom he had been engaged for years—ever since she was a child. I wish her joy of him. Have you a mind to see them? Shall we stop the night here? You wanted a sketch of the lake; he shall make me half a dozen."

"That sort of fellow's a bore!" said the gentleman, lighting his cigar. "Besides, you'll have to make the fellow believe you're in love with him again, in order to get your sketches; and it isn't worth it. How can you ever have found *any thing* worth it? Gratified vanity, eh? You twisted him round your little finger, the young fool, all the time I was in Russia. Well, I hope you found it amusing. I always think society of that second-rate sort a nuisance."

"He was really very tolerable; the whole thing rather amused me for a time—until he began to take it *au grand sérieux*. When he grew dull and taciturn, talked of nothing but death and despair, of course I was obliged to shut the door in his face. It would rather interest me to see him again, though," added the lady, carefully buttoning her glove. "Let us send for him."

And this was the woman for whom, one short year ago, I would have laid down my life—for whose sake I had cast aside the treasure which, undeserving as I was, I had found nestling in my heart once more! Blind fool that I had been! Oh, for those wasted, worse than wasted, hours! I felt, in that moment, how one burning drop of shameful memory may embitter a whole cupful of present happiness. Else were there no justice under heaven; while faithful men, whose love has never swerved, are forever severed, this side the grave, from all they have best loved on earth. Was it my darling's avenging angel who had brought this couple here to-night, that my ears might testify to the baseness of her who had seduced me from my heart's first allegiance?

This is what I heard the husband reply:

"*Ma chère*, it would be dull work for me watching you try to rehook your fish. No doubt you would succeed—you always do. But I put it to you fairly—*est-ce que cela vaut la peine?* You, who have had emperors at your feet—you may leave your poor artist in peace at last, eh, to the miserable enjoyment of his model wife. She punishes him enough for his infidelity before marriage, depend on it."

"No doubt; and I should like to have seen my friend hen-pecked," replied the lady, with a smile. "It was just because he was so different from all the men of one's own set that I amused myself with him, *mon cher*, during your absence. I knew *you* would never have tolerated him in the house—as he never plays *écarté*; but as you were in Russia, it was rather an amusing change, after all the *blasés* men of the Jockey Club, to listen to this passionate sentimental painter, with his talk about Christian art, and his enthusiasm about the color of one's hair and the turn of one's neck, and his utter absence of all conventionality. He was quite refreshing, I assure you, until he came to be a bore. By-the-by, you never saw the picture he did of me in the dress I wore at the Princesse Mathilde's *bal costumé?* If we staid here the night—"

Here the fresh horses were brought out; and in the imprecations which accompanied the tugging at the rope harness and the shoving of the beasts into their places at the pole, I lost the remainder of this sentence.

"If I have any luck, before we return to Paris I'll send to the fellow and buy his picture," said the husband; "but to-night remember that Schwartzenheim is to meet us at Como."

"And *he* plays at *écarté!* I will get the miniature from Valerian, however, without your buying it, *mon ami*."

"You shall not have long to wait," I murmured; and disengaging myself from the arms of my darling, who followed me, pale and bathed in tears, I entered our little room and ran to a case which stood near the bed. Among a number of other miniatures was one half-finished, which I had not looked at for months. I seized a sponge full of water and passed it several times across the hard, beautiful, white face that looked out at me less and less distinctly, until nothing but the faintest shadow of a face was left. Then I wrote with my pencil across it:

*Valerian's Last Gift.*

I ran into the balcony. They were just starting. The *padrone*, surrounded by his satellites, stood cringing and congéing at the door: the postillion was already in his saddle, the courier climbing deftly into his rumble. I took my aim just as the whip went "crack!" and the wheels, with a sudden jerk, began revolving: the bit of ivory dropped straight into her lap. She was startled and looked quickly up. Our eyes met. I was leaning well over the balcony this time, with my arm around my angel's neck; and it was with no feigned fervor of passion that I pressed my lips to hers. The carriage was rolling out of sight in the moonlight and the dust, but I could just catch the scornful smile on that pale sculptured face, under its black-lace bonnet, before a turn of the road hid the woman from me—forever.

Yes, forever on this side the grave; for I learn that she is now dead. It was a painful, lingering end; some internal torture eating away her life, and with it her dearly-cherished beauty. What comfort had she in those last hours, when her husband was playing *écarté* at his club, and her admirers had all deserted her, with no baby-fingers clasped about her neck, no children's voices to cheer the love-forgotten silence? Was the solitary woman haunted by the memory of lives she had ruined, of hearts she had burned up and laid desolate?

Why have I written down the story of those few moments in a balcony? Because I look back to them with thankfulness, as to the crisis when my eyes were fully opened. I know myself. I know that until then, blinded by the woman's beauty, I never really saw her as she was. But for this there have been times haply when I might have regretted that my little angel lacked the Athenian grace and brilliancy that in another exercised so fatal a spell over me. As it is, I thank God for the helpmate He has given me; for her sweet trusting nature, for the heaven of her face, which always brings me peace when I look into it. And when I see her baby curled like a rose-leaf on her bosom, and her two sturdy boys, who clean father's pallet and mimic father's pictures in chalk upon the studio-wall—ah, well, I say to myself, there is nothing the Schwartzenheim palace contains, nothing that poor dead woman's life ever compassed, that I would take in exchange for the joys my wife has given me

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1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

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3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

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5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

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Very truly yours, E. I. Ingersoll.

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| 6 lbs. Japan, Henry Shallier | at $1 00 | $6 00 | Brought up | | $32 25 |
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| 1 lb. Imperial, Mrs. Keys | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 1 lb. Imperial, M. Whitney | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Imperial, L. B. Butler | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 1 lb. Japan, M. Whitney | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Imperial, Simon Cole | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 1 lb. Oolong, Black, best, A. C. Frost | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Imperial, Nathan Brooks | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 2 lbs. Imperial, J. Baird | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Japan, Nathan Brooks | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 1 lb. Japan, C. Dean | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Imperial, John M. Bradnor | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 2 lbs. Imperial, A. T. Savage | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Japan, Eliza Bordwell | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 2 lbs. Imperial, M. Moore | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 1 lb. Imperial, J. Barns | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 2 lbs. Imperial, L. R. Hamlin | at 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial, William De Mott | at 1 25 | 2 50 | 1 lb. Imperial, W. P. Esler | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Imperial, M. H. Avery | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 1 lb. Imperial, F. Reed | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 3 lbs. Imperial, H. Herrick | at 1 25 | 3 75 | 1 lb. Imperial, E. A. Hall | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 1 lb. Imperial, W. Gilbert | at 1 25 | 1 25 | 1 lb. Japan, D. P. Reed | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
| Carried up | | $32 25 | 1 lb. Japan, J. W. Haynes | at 1 25 | 1 25 |
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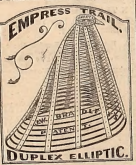


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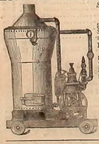

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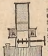

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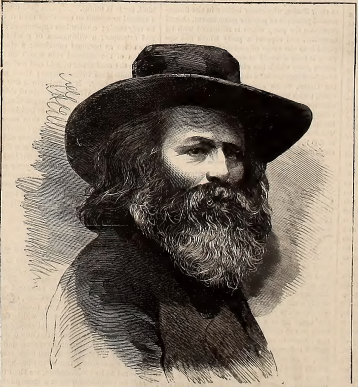

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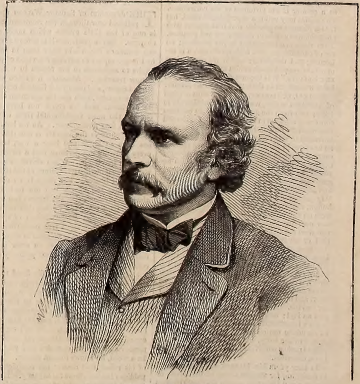


F. O. C. DARLEY, N.A.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

## AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Upon the first page of this issue we give portraits of four of the best known American artists, beginning with the President of the National Academy of Design.

Daniel Huntington was born in New York on the 14th of October, 1816, and he has always lived in the city except during his collegiate course and his visits to Europe. The tradition of the studios is that Elliott, the portrait painter, confirmed the young man's taste for the profession of painting which had been aroused in the studio of Trumbull, and borrowing Elliott's brushes Huntington began by painting the portraits of his college companions. In the year 1835 he entered the studio of S. F. B. Morse, then the President of the Academy, and for nearly thirty years Mr. Huntington's pictures have been familiar to the visitors of the annual exhibition. His versatility is remarkable. His chief talent is for portraiture, but the imposing landscape in the present exhibition shows that he does not shrink from entering the lists with Kensett, Church, and Bierstadt. In Mr. Huntington's two most celebrated pictures, "Mercy's Dream" and "The Republican Court," his best qualities are admirably exhibited. They have a sweetness and refinement, a conscience and care, which reveal the thoughtful student and the accomplished painter. His portraits sometimes lack fire and give the impression of a face reproduced by musing contemplation rather than incisive observation. Indeed all his works have a certain tranquillity as if they were the fruit of a serene maturity. President Huntington is in the prime of his powers, and no man is more honored and beloved among his fellow-artists than he.

The visitor to the annual exhibition of the National Academy is never obliged to ask which are Elliott's portraits. He looks upon the walls and Elliott's portraits assert themselves. Indeed for a generation Elliott has been recognized as our first portrait painter. There are heads upon canvas more delicate, more subtle, more refined than his; but none more vigorous, more picturesque, more life-like, and they have a rare felicity of likeness which is indescribable. He was born in Scipio, in the State of New York, in 1812. His father was an architect and not unnaturally wanted his son to be a country trader. But the son's taste for drawing was invincible, and the father, yielding, hoped to make him an architect. That did not satisfy the youth, and coming to the city of New York he studied with Trumbull and a painter named Quidor. Alas! who was Quidor? He tried portraits, but they did not succeed. He illustrated Irving and Paulding; but at last went into the interior of the State and vigorously prosecuted portrait painting for ten years. Then he returned to New York, and here he has lived and painted ever since, except when he goes to paint portraits elsewhere, for his unchallenged reputation brings him invitations from all parts of the country. Mr. Elliott has been always somewhat of a recluse, and has never traveled much except in Bohemia. Every year he paints some remarkable pictures, and we are glad to know that one of his most powerful and characteristic portraits, that of Fletcher Harper, has gone to the Paris Exposition. Elliott's portraits are dashing and brilliant. They are often roughly criticised for crudity and extravagance of color. But although like Gilbert Stuart he is fond of color, like Gilbert Stuart he is a master of color. Perhaps the secret of his great popularity as a painter is the vividness of his portraiture. The critics may call it a superficial likeness, but it is a likeness so graphic that it is saluted with an involuntary smile of recognition and pleasure. Then there is a magnetism in his portraits; an air of cheerfulness and high-spirits which is enlivening and delightful; and if his companions of other days still speak of him fondly as "Charley Elliott," it is because the boy's heart still beats unchanged in the busy and famous painter.

Felix O. C. Darley, one of the most original of American artists, was born in Philadelphia in 1822; and from the age of 15 or 16 he has been constantly engaged in that series of delightful and characteristic illustration in which he is entirely unrivaled in this country. Since the year 1848 he has lived in New York; but he has a pleasant country home in Delaware, to which he retires during part of the year. The works which revealed Mr. Darley's peculiar talent, and which gave him at once great popularity, were the outline illustrations of "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The freedom, the humor, the pensive, poetic grace of these pictures were an equal surprise and delight. No author was ever more felicitously illustrated. From that time the fertility of the artist's fancy and the skill of his hand have been constantly tested. The most important of his works is, perhaps, the book of illustrations of Judd's "Margaret." This was a novel of remote New England life many years ago, written by the Rev. Sylvester Judd, a clergyman in Maine. It is well known to the students of American literature as a quaint, racy, and undoubtedly faithful picture of character and life. It is, indeed, a romance, a tragedy, and an idyl; and appealing most strongly to the artist's imagination, he reproduced it in a series of exquisite outlines, full of the spirit and romance of the story, and touched with that indefinable pathos which is the very atmosphere of the life it describes.

In later years Mr. Darley has been engaged in designing for various issues of the novels of Cooper and Dickens, and in drawing vignettes for bank-bills. But he has also exhibited several drawings of scenes in the Revolutionary War, and in the rebellion, which have all his peculiar excellence. There is a certain mannerism in Darley's drawings, which, except that it is a mannerism, is not displeasing, while their freedom, spirit, vigor, humor, and grace, all steeped in the indefinable charm of genius, will be very sure long to preserve them in hearty admiration.

Eastman Johnson made himself famous among our artists by his picture of "The Old Kentucky Home;" and the talent which that work revealed has constantly sustained itself in the pictures which have followed it. The "Kentucky Home" was as unique among our pictures as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" among our stories. Here was the great tragedy of our national life, with countless passionate and poetic aspects, teeming with every kind of inspiring subject, and our moral pusillanimity was such that Literature and Art avoided it, and "society" made it impolite to allude to it. Even Hawthorne, the great romancer, gravely said that American life was monotonous, and afforded no fine contrasts of light and shadow such as imaginative literature required. Year after year the Academy walls were covered with "Portrait of a Lady," "Portrait of a Gentleman," "Haying," "The Chemunk Meadows at Twilight," "Cedric the Saxon and Gurth the Swineherd," "Mary," "Luther at Wittenberg," "The Sword of Bunker Hill," "Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn and Mary Queen of Scots: A Reminiscence"—every time, every country, every event, every history, every tragedy and romance except our own. Mrs. Stowe broke the spell in literature. Eastman Johnson broke it in art. He and the war have shown us the throbbing life and passion and romance among ourselves. We do not mean that Mr. Johnson is a preacher, nor an anti-slavery lecturer, nor a man with a conscious "mission." But "The Old Kentucky Home," a scene of Slave State life, not of the whipping-post nor of the auction-block, but of a quiet interior, of the edge of a slip-shod household, of a pair of young negro lovers, not caricatured, but of a kind familiar to common experience, admitted the prescribed race to the common sympathies of humanity. The moral of the picture, instinctively felt, was a man's a man for a' that. The human romance of the picture was as pure as that of Romeo and Juliet. The spectator felt it. The better he saw the picture to be as a picture, the more deeply he felt this truth; and he asked, and every man of the thousand generous and thoughtful who saw it and admired it asked, In what country are such men and such women made brutes by the law and sold like swine? The imagination and insight which the picture showed in the artist, his shrewd observation, his reliance upon truth and the common aspect of life, are qualities which appear in each of his successive works. He has always something to say in all his pictures, and he says it with delightful directness and simplicity.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 4, 1867.


☞ It is very well understood that the daughter of Charles Dickens is the author of the charming little tale, "Aunt Margaret's Troubles," which our readers will remember in these pages a few months since. We begin in this Number of the *Weekly* the publication of "Mabel's Progress," by the same author, in which the same fine feminine touch and narrative skill are evident. The opening Number launches the reader upon the full stream of interest, as he will find upon trial.

## A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

The departure of Senator Wilson upon a political tour through the Southern States is one of the little events which mark great changes. Seven years ago it is safe to say that the Senator's life would have been in danger had he attempted to express his views of public affairs to audiences in the region in which he is now traveling. Although a citizen of the United States, and one of the highest officers of the Government, such was the condition of public sentiment that he could not have safely claimed the most fundamental right of every man in a free government. As we look back upon those days the wonder is not that there has been so fierce and long a war, but that every body did not perceive that a tremendous war was inevitable. When slavery struck at the tongue it instinctively aimed at the strongest weapon of liberty. For there is no chain so strong that the tongue can not melt it; no abuse so reverend that the tongue can not unmask it; no wrong so wicked that the tongue can not right it. Perfect liberty of speech is the cardinal security of free institutions; and every man who heartily believes in them echoes Jefferson's doctrine, that no error is to be feared so long as truth is left perfectly free to combat it.

Senator Wilson is especially fitted to secure the purpose of his visit. A plain man of the people, of profound political and moral convictions, he instinctively appeals to the popular heart and sympathy. His reasoning is simple, his statements are lucid, and his tact admirable. Then he has the wisdom of long political experience. He understands the necessity of parties and how to organize and wield them. In a word, he knows human nature. The fact of his going first among the conspicuous Republican leaders shows his sagacity. He knows that all the advantages of party organization at the South lie with his opponents. He knows how skillful the Southern leaders are, and that they will not fail to turn every thing to account in order to obtain the control of the new vote in their States. He has read the speeches of Wade Hampton, Herschel V. Johnson, Governor Orr, and the rest, and he sees in them all a harmony of tone which is very suggestive. He knows that the new voters will hear nothing from such speakers which is favorable or even just to the party which controls Congress and the country. It will be represented to them as designing, avaricious, and unjust. The orators will appeal to the love of home and birth-place; to familiar associations; to community of interest. With an adroitness inconceivable in any but the most accomplished of politicians, they will say with Herschel V. Johnson at Augusta, "At any rate give to the race against whom it is sought to array you a fair trial." Can we believe that this is a Southern master speaking to the slaves of yesterday?

This is all in accordance with the theory of President Johnson and many others, that the new vote will be entirely controlled by the late masters. But Senator Wilson knows that a very few words will state the case as it really is, yet that unless those words are spoken every where and often the voters will be grievously misled. There are two parties in the country, he will tell them, and which of them is your friend? Is it the one which has always striven for equal rights, or that which has denied them? Is it the one which clung to slavery, and made war to extend and perpetuate it, or that which condemned slavery, and by the war abolished it? Now that the war is over and slavery gone, who are your wisest political allies? Those who enfranchised you, or those who acquiesce in your enfranchisement because they can not help themselves? "Governor Johnson," Mr. Wilson might say to the new voters in Augusta, "asks you to try him and his friends. Have you not already tried them? If Governor Johnson could have had his way would you have had political, or even civil, rights? If the United States force were removed, and the State were left to organize herself, would he and his friends recognize your equality as citizens? He and his friends have hitherto always had the power to emancipate you. Did you ever hear of their proposing to do it? On the other hand, when there was a remote possibility that your late descendants might somehow legally recover their lost manhood, what did Mr. Johnson and his friends? They tried to destroy that possibility by destroying the Government. They have misused their political power in the past; what security do they give you that they will not abuse it in the future? You ought not to cherish revengeful memories; still less ought you to allow yourselves to be deceived. Equal citizens with the rest of us you must know all the facts, and then decide.

Senator Wilson will also make himself acquainted with the colored leaders at the South, who will really control the new vote, and he will make no ungenerous, no unfair use of his opportunity. His opening speech at Orange Court House shows that he will not claim political sympathy for his party upon any plea less worthy than that of equal rights, and of its steady effort to secure them. We hope sincerely that some of the more conspicuous of the Southern orators who are disposed to accept the new order of things will meet him in debate, to show if they can why they themselves, or any others in their States, who really believe in the fundamental principle of popular government, should repudiate the party which is identified with its assertion, and support a party which has opposed it to the verge of national ruin. If any party is truly friendly to the Southern States it is that party which has always frankly opposed in debate the Southern theory of society and of the Union, which accepted the war when it came, which won the victory, and which will unquestionably secure the legitimate results of that victory. There is no other way of national tranquillity; and as the Republican Union party was the war party when war was unavoidable, so it is the peace party now that peace is to be confirmed.

## LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

It was a great mistake of the Union League Club to send to the State Senate its resolutions insinuating that there was corruption in the Legislature, and it was a great mistake in the Senate to lose its temper when they were sent. The whole object of the resolutions was attained by publishing them as the voice of the Club. If it were thought desirable to bring them to the notice of the Senate they should have been sent privately to each Senator. Being sent to the Senate and read in open session, what could it do? The resolutions were simply a rebuke, an insinuation, and an appeal. No action was possible except to lay them upon the table or to return them. Not to return them was to admit that they might be true. Is any Senate to be expected to convict itself by silence or acquiescence? It would have been best, it seems to us, to decide that the Club should have leave to withdraw its resolutions, but to have done it without calling the Club "notorious lobbyists," as Senator Sessions did; or the resolutions "a studied insult," as Senator Collins described them; and without demanding that they be spurned, as Senator H. C. Murphy would spurn a pestilence, which was the course recommended by that Senator.

The Senate of New York was well and worthily defended by Senator White; and a wholesale charge of corruption against a body of which such men as he are members is mere folly. But the Senate, of course, knows that every body knows that the Senate knows that the air is thick with this talk of venality in the Legislature, and that it is expected the Constitutional Convention will supply some remedy. Indeed nobody, probably, will deny that the pressure of business upon the Legislature is overwhelming; that the most important bills are rushed through at the last moment without any consideration or even knowledge of them upon the part of members; that the most outrageous jobs are constantly presented in the form of bills, and that they are passed or defeated only by the most enormous expenditure of money. These are undeniable facts.

Even the honestest men are made parties to the corruption. Let us, for instance, suppose a project, which is very common at Albany, to devastate any part of the city. Quiet gentlemen who "hate politics," and groan under the immoral practices of politicians and the horrible tyranny of the city taxes, suddenly hear rumors of a railroad making straight for their front-doors. Such a calculating and measuring of distances and probable lines takes place as was never known before. And as the menace becomes more imminent a party of them fly to Albany to save their homes from demolition. "How can we keep the railroad out of our front entries?" is their desperate inquiry. "It is very possible to do it, but there are certain necessary expenses," is the quiet answer. Let us suppose that twenty, thirty, forty, fifty thousand dollars is the necessary sum. Let us imagine this sum paid to an agent or agents, and the bill put to rest. What have these gentlemen to say for themselves? Simply that they must pay any ransom which robbers demand. It is a burning shame that such a bill can not be defeated without spending money; but the alternative is a railroad coming in at the front-door.

Now these imaginary gentlemen who are among the most upright and intelligent citizens have really corrupted the Legislature. They have paid black-mail. They have made it harder for honest men to stand their ground hereafter. Ought they not to let us know to whom the money, which we have supposed, was paid? Are we not only to be no safer but no wiser? Are we never to know any thing? The pensive public shakes its head at the crimes of its servants. Which of them? Where? How? But the public can not answer. If Senator White indignantly demands that some kind of specification be made, the New York *Times* replies with astonishment, "How can a newspaper specify? We merely echo the rumors in the air."

We must deal, then, with the fact of known general corruption. How shall it be remedied? An increase of numbers is suggested. The civil disability of any member of the Legislature who receives a bribe and of every body who offers it is proposed. The representation of the minorities is recommended. These are all ingenious devices, and they may all be of some service. But the great remedy is of another kind, for it is moral. A purer public opinion; a refusal to submit to exactions even if refusal be very costly; a relentless exposure of persons and attempts; a willingness of good men to take office at personal sacrifices; a clear perception of the national ruin which inevitably follows the mad greed of gold and reckless luxury; individual independence; these are the amulets of safety. National ruin is first moral, then material. When the people of this country or of this State seriously think that money is the sole efficient influence in legislation, and when it actually becomes so, then money will not save us. The most cunning Constitutional Convention can not devise a system which will create an honest government out of a dishonest community. Every thoughtful individual citizen of the State must set his face sternly and unswervingly against every form of corruption direct or indirect, and then we shall have a beginning of reform. Howling at the Legislature for corruption and then bribing it will not purify that body.

## DRY GOODS.

The Dry Goods business of New York has grown within the past fifteen years to proportions far in excess of what most persons outside of the trade would suspect. The annual transactions may safely be estimated to reach an aggregate, in prosperous times, of 500 millions of dollars. This sum includes freights, duties, and other expenses, which figure up nearly one-half. The capital employed in the actual business is about $100,000,000; but if we take into the account the vast amount of money invested in warehouses and other real estate, which have grown out of the business or are devoted to its requirements, we shall be better able to comprehend what a tremendous power the Dry Goods interest is.

When Alexander T. Stewart erected his extensive warehouse on Broadway and Chambers Street the enterprise was regarded as something stupendous, and far beyond the possible

requirements of the age. The building itself, architecturally considered, was palatial in comparison with its contemporaries. As late as 1852 it was, we believe, the only marble structure on Broadway. Indeed, with the exception of a few granite buildings, all the shops and stores were simply of brick and wood. To-day elegant structures of marble, stone, and iron extend for miles on both sides of the street in almost unbroken line. A great proportion of these are representatives of the Dry Goods interest. Many of them (including Stewart's new block on Tenth Street) surpass the Stewart's of the earlier period in size and magnificence. And yet the great bulk of the mammoth warehouses that adorn our city are not found on Broadway. They stand in solid and substantial masses on nearly all the cross streets from White Street to Bowling Green. Church Street and vicinity, which, five years ago, was a collection of indifferent and dilapidated houses, is now the centre of the Dry Goods interest. It is the Dry Goods business *only* which is represented in the many magnificent piles of marble and freestone that make that locality conspicuous for architectural grandeur. If Mr. Stewart was ahead of the times in 1849, he is now fairly rivaled by more than one of his competitors. It is only by taking the evidences before us that we are enabled to realize the wonderful progress and present extent of a business which exercises no small influence upon the financial world. In precarious times like the present much depends upon the soundness and stability of the Dry Goods trade. It has power to keep the financial scales in equipoise, or to permit them to vibrate violently under the pressure and alarm of a panic. We owe the comparative ease of our money market to-day in a great measure to the solvency of our leading Dry Goods houses, and the caution with which their business is managed.

The Dry Goods trade is peculiarly liable to vicissitudes of fortune. Never very profitable—realizing no more than 10 per cent. net in the most prosperous times—it has this season suffered (in common with other trades) the effects of a long period of monetary derangement. Expenses are so enormous, competitions so great, and stagnation in business every where so general, that it is very doubtful if any individual house will be able to show a profit at the end of the fiscal year. We have sufficient authority for stating that the trial balance-sheet of one of our wealthiest Dry Goods concerns, just made out, shows a profit of precisely *eighty cents* for the current year. One very extensive clothing house, whose sales in flush times used to reach $8000 or $10,000 per day, took in just $25 in one day of last week. These are specimen bricks. Even the heaviest concerns are doing only a hand-to-mouth business, which is, perhaps, a good indication—better than if business was recklessly "rushed;" but the whole result is unsatisfactory, especially to importers. Fortunately the merchants can live for a time upon past accumulations, and will thus be able to get through until better times return.

The business of the season may be summed up briefly: Desirable goods of all descriptions command a ready sale at fair prices; while past styles are in overstock, and must be sacrificed if sold. For instance, in Bleached Cottons no large lots are selling. Leading styles, like the New York Mills and Wamsuttas, are in demand at full prices, and sell close to production; medium grades, of marks less favorably known, are in larger supply; low grades are at low rates. The market for brown standard sheetings is a little soft; sales that are made in more than from one to five-bale lots are at a decline. Woolens are inactive. In fine goods of desirable styles there is a little demand for the immediate trade; goods of this grade only can be placed at current rates; low and medium are in overstock, and can not be sold at any advance above the earlier spring rates. The expectations of higher prices that were based upon the increased tariff rates have not been sustained. Manufacturers who have been holding are consequently disappointed; parties were willing to buy at early prices, especially satinets, but would not pay the extra charges. American delaines opened in the spring at 28 cents, and have declined to 23 cents. Desirable styles of prints sell freely at good prices; but past styles have been pressed on the market at a considerable decline. The same may be said of imported fancy dress goods, which were purchased in large quantities under anticipation of a large Southern demand; but expectations have not been realized. Some stocks have been closed out at auction at 13½ @ 15½, the same having been held by agents through the season at 20 cents. Silks are at some decline from early spring prices. Linen goods for men's wear are freely offered at some concessions. There have been some very large sales. At a recent offering by auction several unsuccessful efforts were made to work off the goods at reasonable prices, and the sale was postponed. In flannels nothing is doing at this season, except to replenish assortments.

It may be safely said that the business generally is in a healthy condition; although rumors of extensions still continue to float about. There is no disposition to speculate; and transactions are limited to wants for actual consumption. There is very little paper of jobbers out. There have been no failures in the city, except of small concerns. Indeed, the safety of the small fry rests upon the stability of the large houses, which enjoy unlimited confidence. In the country there have been some considerable pecuniary losses; but the general condition is favorable to future improvement. There is less anxiety among the trade than there was a fortnight ago.

## GOVERNOR EYRE.

Governor Eyre has been acquitted by a bench of Shropshire magistrates in England, and we do not doubt if an English jury will find him technically guilty of murder. But the Commissioners sent out to examine the case reported that, in their judgment, Gordon had been wrongfully put to death, and for that death Eyre was directly responsible. Of his moral guilt there will, we are very sure, be little difference of opinion hereafter.

It is well to remember the facts. "Gordon was seized in a district in which martial law did not prevail, and was carried into one where it had been proclaimed; he was denied legal assistance on his trial; nearly all the evidence against him was inadmissible on the ground that it was merely hearsay, while the rest was of the most frivolous description; the execution took place after Mr. Eyre had declared the rebellion to be crushed, and it was subsequently justified by him, not so much as an appropriate punishment for crimes which had been committed, but as a means of striking terror and of averting a danger which, by his own confession, had at the time passed away." Moreover, his own letters and dispatches reveal feelings which wholly disqualified Mr. Eyre from impartially judging the case of Gordon. This is the man of whom Thomas Carlyle writes, "He is a just, humane, and valiant man; faithful to his trusts every where, and with no ordinary faculty of executing them." But hereafter will Carlyle's praise make any man seem more praiseworthy?

We presume that the sympathy of certain distinguished persons in England has been expressed for Governor Eyre less because of any accurate knowledge of the facts than of the feeling that it was necessary to sustain authority, even if arbitrary, in the repression of rebellion, and also of a strong impression that even if he had made a mistake he had not committed murder. Something also must be allowed for admiration in a certain class of British minds of what is called pluck, and distaste in the same minds for "sentimentalism."

But the discharge of the bench of Shropshire Squires does not discharge Mr. Eyre at the bar of public opinion and history. Whether his offense was the result of animosity or terror it was none the less an act which permanently tarnishes his name, and the disgrace should remind every British Governor and every officer intrusted with powers of life and death that there is a justice which no money nor fame can bribe, and against which even honored names plead in vain.

## Mr. GLADSTONE AND THE ENGLISH LIBERALS.

The ocean telegraph is an exceedingly tantalizing institution. It brings us, for instance, a bare statement that Mr. Gladstone has resigned the leadership of the Liberal party in England, and there leaves the matter, without even an abstract of his letter. But private and public advices show the great and probably irreconcilable differences of opinion in the Liberal party which have led to this result, to which the daring and extraordinary tactics of Disraeli, the Tory leader of the House of Commons and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have so largely contributed. A year ago the Tory party scoffed and sneered at Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill. Now they are led by Disraeli to the support of one which is wider in its application and results. The objectionable points of it, however, were skillfully indicated by Mr. Gladstone. Especially he exposed the iniquity of the dual voting system—the point upon which we said, two weeks ago, that we hoped the bill would be defeated. But when Mr. Gladstone's eloquent assault was spent Mr. Disraeli rose quietly and withdrew the objectionable part of the bill. Indeed, he so modified his proposition that it wholly changed character, and as the Liberal party were not agreed upon a principle in the matter, but argued the question merely upon details and expediency, the skillful Tory leader, by disregarding the principle of his party, has been able to meet them upon their own ground and turn against them their own weapons.

It is plain that if, as John Bright says, there are five millions of unenfranchised Englishmen, and Mr. Gladstone offers to enfranchise five hundred thousand of them and Mr. Disraeli six hundred thousand, and both disclaim any other consideration than present expediency, Mr. Disraeli's bill will naturally confuse and demoralize Mr. Gladstone's Liberal followers. While, on the other hand, if the Gladstone proposition is suspected by the Tories to be a mere entering wedge, they will readily support Mr. Disraeli's, although it enfranchises more, if it will serve to keep him in power, whom they can not suspect of advancing except under a spur. If, as Mr. Gladstone insists, it be desirable to increase the franchise by five hundred thousand, it can not be dangerous to add another hundred thousand, if the government remains in conservative hands; and since we must have an increase, argue the Tories and timid Liberals, it is better to have it under Conservative auspices.

The anomaly of a more liberal Reform Bill passed by the Tories naturally demoralizes the Liberal party, composed as it is of men of such very different views as Lowe, Gladstone, Mill, and Bright. The cardinal difficulty will probably prove to be that in a debate upon the mere expediency of reform it is impossible to show that the increase of voters proposed by Mr. Gladstone would remedy any existing evil or satisfy the popular demand. Then under the pressure of the inevitable question, What then are we contending for? the unity of the Liberals has given way. If Mr. Gladstone stood upon John Bright's ground of manhood suffrage, and the Liberal party supported him, he would be as strong as ever, whatever the tactics of Disraeli might be. But the Gladstone platform is too vague. He would enfranchise every body who is personally competent, and whose enfranchisement is not politically dangerous. So would I, Mr. Lowe might reply; but to enfranchise any more is to endanger the balance of classes, and therefore it is the chief of political perils.

We await the details of the political situation in England with great eagerness. The European complications are such that the attitude of England may become very important. If there is to be war between France and Prussia, it is hardly possible that, an English princess being the wife of the next king of Prussia, a Tory government in England should not sympathize with the cause of Prussia; and in that sympathy they could count upon much of the most decided liberal sentiment of England. We do not, however, regard Mr. Gladstone's present resignation of the leadership as a virtual retirement from the ministerial succession. Certain personal traits, a fastidious refinement, an extreme sensitiveness, a quick temper, and impetuous action, disqualify him in a degree for a post which demands absolute imperturbability of temper and speech. But we must not forget that Sir Robert Peel, who seemed in this respect an ideal party chief, could not always help wincing under the terrific assaults of his opponents; and that during the corn-law debates he actually charged Mr. Cobden with inciting attempts upon his life. No party in any country is so rich in leaders that it could afford to lose so thoroughly-trained and able a man as Mr. Gladstone.

## OUR NEIGHBOR MEXICO.

A friendly offer of mediation in wars is always honorable, and at the last moment of the late extra session of the Senate Messrs. Sumner, Henderson, and Johnson proposed a friendly mediation to terminate the civil war upon terms honorable to both sides, and to procure for Maximilian and his followers, upon condition of his abdication, the treatment of civilized warfare. This mediation has been sought by Austria, for the Austrian Government, knowing probably how it would be likely to deal with foreign pretenders to the Austrian throne, has evidently suspected that there might be summary work with the Archduke if he fell into victorious Mexican hands; and therefore, through its Minister in Washington, asked our Government to interfere for mercy.

Mr. Morton is reported to have opposed the proposition, when offered in executive session, upon the ground that Maximilian was a mere filibuster in Mexico, like William Walker in Nicaragua; that he came to Mexico in defiance of our known policy, and at a time when we could not wisely protest; and that the object of his coming was the erection of an empire under auspices hostile to this Government. It was for him, therefore, to count the cost of such an enterprise; and to intercede for him would be a reflection upon the humanity and sagacity of the Mexican Republic, which must be supposed capable of dealing with pirates of every degree. If, indeed—for such is the scope of Mr. Morton's argument—we propose to ask England not to be so severe with convicted Fenians, then we may consistently ask Mexico to be gentle with Maximilian.

It is argued upon the other side that we have virtually taken Mexico under our guardianship, and that our moral resistance to the French and Austrian invasion led to its failure; that having practically destroyed the imperial government, it is our duty to establish the republic; that our diplomacy and moral aid, and even a loan and our army, should be employed to restore order and law.

But this would clearly be a departure from the celebrated Monroe doctrine, upon which our entire Mexican policy is founded. That doctrine distinctly repudiates all internal interference whatever. It consists in warning off European powers from this continent. When France came, therefore, we told her that we were displeased, and we said so more and more stringently until she retired. Then our duties under the celebrated Monroe doctrine were at an end. For thirty years Mexico has been boiling and bubbling, and we have held our peace. The celebrated Monroe doctrine does not require us to keep order in Mexico, and certainly no other international law or custom demands it.

It is very plain, therefore, that we must resolve either to manage Mexico as we choose, or to let her manage herself. To do the first is to do just what we have denounced France for doing; to do the last is to treat Mexico precisely as we treat all other independent nations. There is no middle course. Upon proper occasion, indeed, as now, we may respectfully request her Government to favor this or that policy; but if there be any menace in the request it is merely a first act of aggression. It may be very doubtful what will be the result of the present situation in Mexico. It may fall again into the anarchy with which it has been so long familiar. But if it becomes necessary that we should undertake the police of that country, it is desirable that we should do a great deal more.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The extra session of the Fortieth Congress closed on Saturday, April 20. The business transacted, outside of that of the ratification of the treaty with Russia, was of minor importance, embracing principally the confirmation of various appointees to civil and military offices.

### THE LEGISLATURE.

The New York Legislature adjourned at midnight on April 20, after a session of one hundred and ten days. The work accomplished by it has not been of the most important character.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

Ulysses S. Grant, Edwin M. Stanton, and John Pope were subpenaed on April 16 to appear before the Supreme Court at Washington on the first Monday of December next to answer to the bill of complaint of the State of Georgia.

The Tennessee State Conservative Convention was held in Nashville on April 16. The representation of negroes was very small, only six being present. Speeches of a most violent character, denouncing Congress and the Radical party and applauding the Confederacy, were delivered. Emerson Etheridge was nominated for Governor.

The Virginia State Republican Convention met in Richmond, on April 18, for the purpose of forming a Republican party in the State, the majority of the delegates consisting of colored men. A permanent organization was agreed upon, and officers were elected.

A meeting of Radical freedmen was held in Mobile, on April 17, at which resolutions were adopted demanding for the black man the right to hold office and sit on juries.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of whites and blacks took place at Petersburg, Virginia, on April 19, when resolutions of a conservative character were adopted and speeches of a similar character were made.

### THE INDIAN WAR.

Affairs on the plains were assuming an interesting phase on April 22. General Sherman had arrived at Leavenworth, Kansas. General Augur was about to move westward from Fort Phil Kearney with six thousand men. Eleven thousand Indians were encamped between Forts Kearney and Smith waiting until grass to commence hostilities, and General Hancock's expedition was in distress at Fort Larned, being unable to move for want of forage. The General held a council of war with the Cheyennes at that place on April 13, in which he plainly notified them of what they were to expect if they disturbed the trains crossing the plains. On the night following the tribe disappeared, abandoning their village. General Custer with his cavalry went in pursuit. Several days later (April 21) the Sioux Indians held a council with General Sully at "California Crossing," and promised to keep the peace. A union of the Sioux and Cheyennes for warlike purposes was anticipated.

Two young girls were carried off by Camanche Indians from the vicinity of Fredericksburg, Texas, several months ago. One of them was murdered on the road, the other, after suffering terrible privations, was only released lately on payment of a ransom.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The war rumors from Prussia and France continue; and the Luxembourg question is still the most important of Europe. Napoleon is rapidly strengthening his forts and reinforcing his forces on the Rhenish frontier of France; his artillery has been placed on a war footing; ambulances have been purchased, and it has been proclaimed that the reserve *corps* of the Empire is to be called out on the 1st of May. All that is positively known is that Napoleon continues his preparations, and that King William of Prussia on April 17, in closing the North German Parliament, made a speech which "excited distrust throughout Germany."

The new Constitution, as framed by Bismarck (erroneously reported adopted on March 27, only three clauses having been accepted), was finally adopted, after many amendments and radical changes, on April 16. One of the most serious of these amendments placed in the hands of Parliament absolute control over *all* instead of the merely *indirect* taxes, as Bismarck had proposed. Subsequently serious opposition was manifested toward the Military budget submitted by Bismarck; and it came near being defeated. It was, however, adopted with the Constitution on April 16, but so bitter had the opposition to it become that on its adoption the Polish members of Parliament protested and resigned their seats.

Mr. Gladstone, on his defeat on the amendment to the Derby Reform Bill, April 12, resigned the leadership of the Opposition or Liberal party; and John Bright, of course, succeeds him.

News from Vera Cruz, Mexico, to April 5 confirms the reports of the starving condition of the besieged troops and citizens. Puebla was captured by the Liberals under Proferio Diaz on April 2. Maximilian's offer of surrender was rejected, and he returned to the city of Mexico. Juarez had given orders that all captives should be treated with "the consideration due to unsuccessful valor."

Rumors were current at Havana, April 10, to the effect that the steamer *R. R. Cuyler*, having become a Chilean privateer, had captured the Spanish steamer *Montezuma*. The *Concepcion*, one of Admiral Nuñez's Spanish fleet at Santiago, had left that port for some purpose unknown, but presumed to be a search for the missing vessel of her captor.

Jamaica advices to April 4 state that no President of Hayti had up to that time been selected. The full-blooded negroes demanded an Executive of their own complexion, physically and politically, and had agreed upon Soulouque, the former Emperor. He was to have left Jamaica for Port au Prince on the 22d of April. The ruling party favor amendments to the Constitution involving a general amnesty, a strong national guard, and a general reduction of official salaries and war estimates.

INTELLIGENCE-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.—[See Page 286.]

SCENE IN A SUGAR BUSH, OTSEGO COUNTY, NEW YORK.—Photographed by A. S. Avery, Morris, New York.—[See Page 286.]

OUR RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS—NEW ARCHANGEL, THE PRINCIPAL TOWN OF RUSSIAN AMERICA.

## OUR RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS.

President Johnson, on March 30, communicated to the Senate, in executive session, a treaty with Russia, by the terms of which that power ceded to the United States, in consideration of the sum of seven millions of dollars, the whole of its possessions on this continent; and the Senate, on April 9, ratified the treaty.

The extent of our new possessions in the "Far Northwest," as compared with the rest of the continent, will best be seen by a glance at the Map which we herewith present to our readers; their value is another question. The area is computed at 481,276 square miles—about three times the extent of the New England and Middle States combined, ten times larger than the State of New York, and nearly twice the size of Texas. Its entire population, however, is not more than sixty or seventy-five thousand (five-sixths Esquimaux), or about the same as that of the District of Columbia, which has an area of sixty square miles. The agricultural productions, trade, etc., of the country, like its population, are ridiculously disproportionate to its area, the former comprising principally icebergs and snow-drifts, and the latter amounting annually to considerably less than the "Goshen butter" or "Queens County milk" trade. Some idea of the character and appearance of the country may be gathered from the picture which we give on this page of Mount Saint Elias. This peak is situated at the southeastern corner of the main land which has been purchased; and the whole country to the north of it is hardly less bleak, cold, and desolate in appearance. Mount Saint Elias has an elevation of 17,900 feet, and is the highest mountain in North America, so that we can now boast of possessing the highest mountain, the longest river, the largest lake, the greatest extent of coast, and the largest number of "Indians not taxed" of any country on the upper half of the continent, to say nothing of our other minor advant-

OUR RUSSIAN POSSESSIONS—MOUNT SAINT ELIAS, RUSSIAN AMERICA.

ages of the biggest debt and most expensive government in active operation on the same contracted hemisphere.

Many persons well acquainted with the Pacific coast and the newly-purchased territory have intimated that great advantages may be derived from, and a very considerable trade developed in, our new acquisitions. South of Mount Saint Elias there runs a narrow strip of coast-land which is believed to be of value as containing an inexhaustible amount of valuable timber, suitable for houses, ships, railroads, etc., and which is greatly needed in California. It is also stated that this section of the new Territory contains rich coal-fields, and that California needs the latter article as much as she does timber. This district is also valuable for its furs and fisheries. A Russian Company has carried on a small trade in seal, sea-otter, land-otter, beaver, fox, and martin skins, and in fish, since 1799; but the only markets heretofore open to the Company have been those of Russian America and a few in China. These trades therefore need development just as much as that of the Columbia River did in 1812 when Astor began his operations. The Russian Company in 1839 had thirty-six hunting and fishing stations, and exported annually about 10,000 seal skins, 1000 sea-otter, 12,000 beaver, 25,000 land-otter, fox, and martin skins, and about 20,000 sea-horse teeth.

The head-quarters of this Company, which is still in operation, are at New Archangel, the principal town of the country, situated on Baranov Island, a picture of which we give on page 277. It was founded in 1805, and is a regular military station, with a population of some 1500 persons. The fort mounts several guns, and the Fur Company likewise employ some twelve vessels, of from 300 to 400 tons, mounting each ten guns. A Greek bishop and Lutheran minister reside there, and schools for the children of Europeans and half-breeds are in operation.

We are indebted for the sketches and lithographs from which our engravings have been made to Mr. George Davidson, assistant of the United States Coast Survey.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DOWN AT HALDON.

Mr. Lionel Talbot's picture was hung in the middle room in such a situation that it could be seen even on the first of May, when a rapturous sense of art and a few other motives urges every one in London to go to the Royal Academy. "The Battle of the Bards" had been rejected; and "Venus and Hörsel" was unfinished, in consequence of the artist having tired of that type of beauty, since the day the daphne was picked up. So Mr. Bathurst was not represented at that year's exhibition—a thing he had set his heart upon being. The disappointment may seem slight to those who read of it; but in reality it was strong enough to make him take a temporary dislike to the scenes in which it had come upon him, and the haunts where it was well known. He wanted to go into the country, and he wanted Lionel to go with him. He owned a place away in a far-off county—a place that had been left to him by old Mr. Lyon; and he grew eloquent upon its delights one evening at Edgar Talbot's, interspersing his narrative concerning it with soft regrets and gentle remorses for having neglected it so long. "I have never even seen it since it has been my own," he said. "Now I want a place to hide my diminished head in, I remember that there is 'no place like home.' I have given Lionel a full month to go and study the works of his contemporaries—a euphemism for going day after day and gazing fondly at his own pictures—even his insatiable vanity must be satisfied, so I shall drag him with me."

The faces of all his auditors underwent considerable changes of expression as he spoke. They were still—though going out more than they had done at first—leading a comparatively quiet life. The presence of these two young men had come to be considered the brightest element in it.

"How we shall miss you, Lionel!" Beatrix exclaimed, quickly.

"And how we shall envy you both!" Blanche Lyon added, hastily.

"I wish some one would drag us all away for a week or ten days," Edgar Talbot put in, wearily. June came fraught to him with no breath of roses and murmur of gurgling streams, but only with much additional dust and lassitude. "I never felt any thing like the heat in the city to-day; you fellows are lucky to be able to get out of it."

"Lucky indeed, Mr. Talbot." Mrs. Lyon spoke with a sort of ill-used tone—an expression of being debarred by perverse fate from all such delights as the country in June.

"Why can you not all come and stay with us?" Frank Bathurst asked animatedly of the whole group. "Miss Talbot! do say you would like it; your roses want renovating. I speak as an artist, not as a man, you know! Get your brother to agree to it; the change would do them all good—wouldn't it, Lionel?"

"I hardly know," Lionel answered, abstractedly. He had caught Miss Lyon's eager, hopeful glance, as it rushed out to search for acquiescent looks. "It's not that she cares much for Frank's society," he thought; "perhaps she wishes to see the place of which she might have been mistress—of which she may be mistress still, if she pleases. Do you care to go, Miss Lyon?" he asked aloud, abruptly.

She had let her hands and her work fall into her lap, in the excitement that possessed her while Frank Bathurst was wording his invitation. She could not succeed in raising them and going on untremblingly; so she put her work on the table and rose up, saying:

"Care to go! yes, more than I can say—if the whole party can go. I don't care to see the circle broken—do you, Trixy?"

"Oh no, we must all go," Trixy replied, almost unconscious of what she was saying, by reason of her thinking at the same time, "She means Frank." Simultaneously Edgar Talbot was thinking, "She means me;" and Lionel was thinking her "very lovely."

"Talbot! we wait your decision," Mr. Bathurst said, anxiously. "Let us all go down and take possession of Haldon to-morrow; or Lionel and I would go to-morrow and prepare all things for the reception of the ladies and you the day after; say—shall it be so?"

"Why, we are going to the Opera the night after," Mrs. Lyon suggested, in accents in which the mingling of many feelings might be detected. The poor lady disliked packing, and liked being a martyr, and was therefore "pleased, yet sad," to find that fate had again interposed that slight obstacle the Opera. But Mr. Talbot swept it away: it was enough for him that Blanche wished for the country, and wished for his presence there. She should have both.

"We will go if the rest like the plan as well as I do," he said, cheerfully; and after that there was no mistake about it. Blanche Lyon was very charming and kind to him for the rest of the evening. Assurance as to her having no other interest than himself in the projected visit was made doubly sure by his saying to her, "What if Trixy should come away from Haldon pledged to go back as its mistress?" and her replying, "I hope she will—I should like it of all things."

"Really?" he asked, searchingly.

"Really and truly," she answered, honestly; "it is one of the dearest wishes of my heart that my cousin should marry your sister."

"Will you hold the same language when you have seen Haldon?"

"How can I tell? I shall think the same thought—whether or not I shall word it so is more than I can answer for."

"Don't you think that it's just probable that you may regret that you did not follow the plan old Mr. Lyon chalked out for you?"

She shook her head decidedly.

"Never—never a bit. If I had done so I should never have known—" She almost stopped, but seemed to think better of the weakness, and added the words "any of you," blushing warmly. It was a very unexpected move to him on her part, this frank confession that in knowing him there was full compensation for any loss of riches and power. An unexpected—a daring move. He had always heard, and always thought, that there was something unfeminine in a girl meeting a man half-way in a declaration of love. But now, though it seemed to him that she was meeting him half-way, he could not accuse her of any thing unfeminine. It made his heart beat higher with a better hope than he had ever known before, this thought, that in a few days he might be wandering through some sunlit forest glade with this lovely woman by his side, and no stern necessity for going into the city before him. He almost pitied Lionel for being the only one who would be without a special object down at Haldon.

The following morning, while they were busy in preparations for their ten days' stay in the country, Mrs. Sutton came to see Trixy, and learned the move that was to be made the following day. The two girls, Blanche and Beatrix, had, under the influence of the sudden excitement of this unexpected break in their routine, come to rather a fairer understanding than was usual with them. It had flashed upon Trixy with an almost blinding light that Blanche was truthful in the sort of affectionate indifference she professed for Frank Bathurst. They both guarded their respective secrets jealously; and so neither liked to speak openly to the other about that which was nearest to the other's heart. Still, though this reserve was maintained, Blanche had spoken of her cousin to Miss Talbot, and had, in a way, seemed to withdraw from any claim on his attention. In short, Blanche had perceived, at last, that her frank friendliness of demeanor toward her cousin was being misinterpreted by Miss Talbot into a flirtation, and that this misinterpretation was causing Miss Talbot much misery. So she had held aloof from Mr. Bathurst, and by this means had got much nearer to Beatrix, who was consequently ill-disposed toward having Miss Lyon's motives and manners underrated by Marian.

"I am not surprised at any thing Edgar does," Mrs. Sutton said, sweetly. "It may suit him to be considered eccentric—madmen never do get such hard measures dealt to them as sane ones when their schemes fail and look black; but you! what makes you anxious to adorn Miss Lyon's train when she goes husband-hunting?"

"Really, Marian, I can not agree to such things being said of Blanche—you quite misjudge her."

"Do I?" Mrs. Sutton replied, mimicking her sister's earnestness. "Perhaps I misjudged her when I found her flirting violently with my husband in the Grange garden?—asking him 'to take her part against his wife,' and fooling him because there was no one else to fool."

"I can't believe it of her."

"Well, dear," Mrs. Sutton said, pathetically, "I only hope that when you have a husband she won't quite poison his mind against you; but those frank women who express the liking they have so very openly, that 'there can be no guile in it,' innocents think—don't I know them well? are they not dangerous? Frank Bathurst is just a bit of wax in her hands, to be moulded as she pleases."

"Why take any interest in them when you think so badly of them both?" Trixy urged, bitterly. Mrs. Sutton had made the girl's heart ache again with the hardest ache the human heart can know—doubt of the one loved.

"My interest is vicarious: you are my sister, and I don't want to see you left in the lurch, either as Miss Talbot or Mrs. Bathurst, through Blanche Lyon's machinations. I shall never forget what I felt that day when I heard her talking so shamefully of me to Mark—actually traducing me to my own husband?" (Mrs. Sutton improved this episode, it may be mentioned, each time she reverted to it.) "Think what it would have been, Trixy, if I had married him for love!"

"I really can't think, Marian," Trixy said, dejectedly. "I am quite tired of thinking about it; and let her take Mr. Bathurst in Heaven's name," she added, suddenly; "I want none of them."

"Exalted sentiment that you will desert, it strikes me, if 'one of them' wants you, Trixy; if I were you I would just bear in mind what I said to you once about men with those heavenly blue eyes and their powers of falling in love with every lovable earthly creature they meet, accept the fact, marry him, and make the best of it!"

"Perhaps I should, if I were you," Trixy replied, and then Mrs. Sutton got up to go away, remarking sweetly, that, "It was no wonder Trixy got cross about it—why didn't she make a stand against that Lyon companionship at once and forever!"

"Because I have nothing to say against her," Trixy answered, plucking up a small spirit at parting; "because I really do like her very much—so much that I hate to hate her as you always succeed in making me, Marian, and—come now—because I think she likes my brother as well as he likes her."

"Then, good-by," Mrs. Sutton replied, with a shrug and a smile; "ask me to Haldon in the autumn, and get Mr. Bathurst to concentrate his energies on another picture, that it may be ready to be rejected next year, while I am there; his attentions rather bore me, good-by—come back with brighter roses in your cheeks, Trixy—pallor makes you look old."

So they kissed and parted.

Meantime, while Mrs. Sutton was kindly employed in making things pleasant by her sympathy and sisterly advice to Beatrix, Mr. Bathurst and Lionel Talbot were on their way to Haldon. It was not an eventful journey, therefore the events of it need not be chronicled. For the first hour of the journey the two men amused themselves over *Punch* and the morning papers. Then they tried to talk to each other, and failed by reason of having nothing particular to say, and each having much to think about; then they tried to sleep—a futile proceeding on a bright, clear June morning. Then they reached Swindon, and changed into a carriage where they were free to smoke and be happy for the remainder of the journey. At six o'clock in the evening they ran into the station that was the nearest to Haldon; and at half past seven a fly, procured from that station, rumbled up to the entrance-door of Haldon House.

It was a house that, at first sight, seemed wanting in comparison with the grounds through which they had driven to gain it. The broad stone-bastioned gates, surmounted by the Lyons' crest, a hand holding a hatchet, admitted them into a wide turf-bordered drive. Far back on either side thick woods undulated up and down the hills through which the drive was deftly made to turn and bend in a way that deceived the stranger as to the extent of the park in the most honorable and picturesque manner. Gradually this drive lost its open character; the woods on either side thickened and contracted themselves upon it, and presently it took a bold turn round a precipitous bank, down the slope of which an impetuous little rill gurgled, and passed under, along up to the principal front of the house, between two fine rows of beech-trees, through whose foliage the sinking sun had a hard struggle to cast even so much as the reflection of one ruddy ray upon the ground.

The chief front was not imposing. The entrance door was a small Gothic mistake in the flat, plain, gray surface of that side of the house. The windows were narrow and unornamented, and there was nothing but arid gravel immediately under them. From the right end of the house a rolling sweep of lawn led the eye away to a silver lake, whose banks were fringed heavily with a great variety of flowering shrubs and drooping trees, every graceful twig and flower of which was reflected vividly in the limpid water below. To the left a high wall, running out straight from the house to a length of about one hundred feet, inclosed the fruit and vegetables. And further away still, on the same side, a winding path, bordered with blocks of stone and huge trunks of trees, whose rugged surfaces were rendered beautiful by being covered with creeping plants, led away to the stables and out-buildings. In spite of that severely plain, sombre-looking front, there was both beauty and grandeur in this house, to which Mr. Bathurst brought his friend for the first time—the house that might have been Blanche Lyon's.

He had never been to Haldon since it had been his own, and now he was surprised to find how different an aspect it assumed to that it had ever had before. The sense of possession brought out all his powers of appreciation as he drove along the avenue and finally stopped at the door. Feeling elated, it was only natural to Frank Bathurst to give voice to his elation. "I wish I had let you come alone to prepare for them, Lionel!" he exclaimed, as he got out and turned his eyes on the lake. "I should like to have come down with them. I should like to see what they will think of it all as they come up."

"Can't you do that as it is? Go to meet them," Lionel suggested.

"No, no, that I won't do; I should have to go in a station cab—an ignominious way of going out to welcome them." Then the door was opened, and their portmanteaus and themselves taken into the hall; a small band of much-startled servants, headed by a housekeeper who would have felt more pleasure at the sight of them if she had been prepared for it, came to meet them.

"The serfs are not glad through Lara's wide domain," Frank Bathurst said, laughing, as he went with Lionel into a room that the housekeeper declared to be the only one fit for use. "It will do very well," he added, turning to that potentate. "Mr. Talbot and I want nothing better until to-morrow; to-morrow we have a large party coming down, and then I should like the house to be in order."

This expression of his hopes brought a terribly long explanation upon him; but Frank Bathurst was one of those good-natured men who can listen to an "o'er-long tale" with a smile and a certain air of interest, even satisfaction. Mrs. Kennet had few servants, as he knew; the establishment had been greatly reduced at her old master's death. "It was fortunate—she would venture to say that it was very fortunate—that she should happen to have her sister in the house just at present; her sister had lived cook in more than one place where they was that particular that she saw no fear of the dinners being satisfactory." Then another fortunate fact made itself known—her "sister's husband chanced to be there too—and (a still more providential circumstance) he chanced to be a butler out of place." In fact, luck seemed to be very much in Mr. Bathurst's path, for though he had come down without note of warning, fate was on his side; the two daughters of Mrs. Kennet's sister, both of them house-maids; both, by a strange freak of fortune, out of place, both pearls of great price, were "here in the very house, and might, no doubt, be persuaded to remain."

Indeed, the whole family were persuaded to remain, and Mr. Bathurst had every reason to take them at their relative's valuation, and be grateful for the boon of their services. Haldon was quite far enough removed from every other human habitation for an unexpected raid, such as its owner had made upon it, to be an inconvenience—more than that, a difficulty—to the one who had to cater for him. Mrs. Kennet was too replete with dignified sense of her own unspotted character as a manager to make a sign that might indicate a doubt before her young master. After putting the state of the household before him impartially, and making him feel the full force of the obligation he owed to fate and her family for the latter being there—she retired to bestir her inventive faculties about a dinner for the two tired travelers. It was all very well for her master to say "Any thing will do for us to-night, Mrs. Kennet;" but this was Wednesday, and she had nothing in the house for him, and if she sent to the village (two miles off) she could not count on getting any fresh meat. There was nothing for it but to rise to the occasion, and heroically sacrifice the supper she had designed for herself and her friends to the hungry, unwelcome, and unexpected ones. This being the case, it is small wonder that both Mrs. Kennet and her sister, who had to cook it now in another way for other lips, should have lost their tempers over the chicken and rabbit they respectively roasted and curried—or that the butler should have sighed over the vanity of earthly hopes as he was ordered away to the land-bailiff's house to fetch the key of the cellar, in order that the viands which had been designed for him might be washed down with generous draughts of wine by his master.

"They will have to work to get the place as I mean it to be by to-morrow night, won't they?" Frank Bathurst said to Lionel, as they strolled about from room to room, and marked the desolation and decay that had come over every thing. "The library's good," he continued, opening the door of a dark, finely-proportioned room that was literally lined from floor to ceiling with books; "but it's too dull to venture in to-night; there's a small attempt at an ancestral portrait gallery in the corridors; shall we go and look at it, and see if Blanche is like any of them?"

"If you like," Lionel answered, turning round sharply, and commencing the ascent of the stairs at once. Mr. Bathurst followed more slowly, still talking.

"I wonder what she will think of it all, Lal? it will be queer for her to come here and feel that she might have had it all if she hadn't been such a chivalrous little thing that she couldn't stoop to seem to fawn and flatter the poor old fellow. Not much—these pictures, are they? might be better lighted too, eh? Every one of them got in Wardour Street," he continued, lounging along in front of them with his hands in his pockets, giving a careless glance at each as he passed; "it's utterly impossible that Lely could have painted every one's great-great-grandmother, you know; no, not one of them a bit like Blanche. I shall get her to sit to me when she comes down, and give her portrait the place of honor in the gallery; in fact, I have a great mind to clear out all these and hang the Battle of the Bards here—fill the gallery with my own works. I'm not a Lyon, so I'm not bound to respect these shams; I'll hear what Blanche says about it."

"She'll weed out a few of them willingly, I fancy," Lionel replied, when Frank Bathurst ceased speaking at last; "but only transparent shams—any that are good she will give the benefit of the doubt."

"That's a good pose," Frank said, suddenly stopping before the portrait of a lady, and then stepping back to get a better light on it. "Look, Lal! there is something in that!—three blues—fillet, dress, and shawl all different shades—yet harmonizing perfectly; I should like Blanche to sit to me in such a velvet dress. Why, she has a bit of daphne in her hand!"

"And what of it?" Lionel asked, indifferently. He thought the picture superb in coloring and composition; but he was tired of hearing Mr. Bathurst's artistic plans relative to "Blanche," and the daphne said nothing to him.

"It's about the most extraordinary coincidence I ever heard of," Frank muttered, as he tore himself away from the contemplation of the picture at last. Then he went on to wonder what Blanche would think when he showed her the picture, and her bright glance fell on the flower the lady held. Would it speak touchingly, thrillingly to her, as it did to him? Then there darted through his mind a conviction that every thing was tending toward the desirable end of Miss Lyon having what would have been her own had she not been obstinate. He—the happy possessor—was magnanimously ready to love and marry the woman who pleased his taste better than any other whom he had ever seen. She, judging from the daphne incident, was equally ready to love and marry him. Even the weather seemed likely to favor the wooing—how could the latter but speed fast and favorably in such leafy glades as were around on every side, under the clear blue sky and the warm, bright sun of June?

So he thought, as he walked lightly along, whistling a waltz, to join Lionel, who was standing looking rather dull at the end window. It struck Mr. Frank Bathurst as he came up that there was something rather inconsiderate and ill-timed in Lionel looking dull or feeling dull, when he (Frank) was just realizing how very happy and prosperous he was. The view of his own pleasant lands—the prospect of his own future bliss—the thought of the rich reward he was contemplating bestowing upon worthy beauty—were one and all such enlivening considerations that he felt Lionel to be wanting, in that he remained uninfluenced by them. A friend who showed himself slow to rejoice, whether he saw cause for it or not, when Mr. Frank Bathurst rejoiced, was not a friend exactly after Mr. Frank Bathurst's heart. "What's the matter with you, Lal," he asked, languidly, as Lionel continued to gaze gloomily out of the window; "are you thinking that this part of the country will do as well as Wales for the sketching tour in August? I am."

"No," Lionel replied; "I was thinking that perhaps we all work the same mine, rich as it is, too freely; I shall leave Wales to men who have something to tie them near home, and go to Algeria."

"Has any thing gone wrong with you, Lal?" asked Mr. Bathurst, with a wistful look in his blue eyes, and a most unusual hesitation in his tones. But Lionel shook his head, and laughed so cheerily at the supposition, and met Frank's wistful eyes so dauntlessly, that Mr. Bathurst was quite reassured. "Let us go down by the lake, and smoke a cigar in the moonlight," the master of Haldon said, taking his guest by the arm and leading him back along the corridor; "you frightened me for a minute, Lal, by talking of Algeria; whatever comes to me, old boy, I can't spare you."

Then they neither of them spoke again for some time, not indeed until they had reached the border of the lake and sent up several light wreaths of smoke. Then Lionel Talbot looked back at the massive pile, the finest side of which fronted them now, and said:

"Whatever the autumn sees me doing, Frank, you ought to give up roaming; such a place as this deserves to be inhabited."

"Ye—es," Frank answered, lazily. The rippling lake at his feet, the star-studded sky, the beauty of the moon-lighted scenery around, were all shedding their soft influences upon him. His memories of by-gone days and nights under southern skies, by lovelier lakes, were dreamily reawakening. It was pleasant to him to think and remember; so he went on thinking and remembering, and paying no manner of heed to Lionel's suggestive speech. It was only one form—a harmless one—of his gay selfishness to be rather inattentive to any thing that did not interest him at the moment.

"Who was the fellow who wrote something about a lake?" he asked, presently.

"Several fellows have written something about a lake," Lionel answered, laughing; and Frank withdrew his cigar from his lips for a moment, and said, as he sent many perfect rings of smoke circling away into the air, "I meant Moore. I was thinking of—

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,"

and congratulating myself upon my lake being so much more congenial to my temperament." Then he strolled on a few yards into a broader moonbeam, and went on to remark upon the fact of its being a "small wonder that the one for whom Mariana was aweary should have kept her waiting so long, since Tennyson chose to plant her in a house where mice shrieked in mouldering wainscots, and rusted nails and broken sheds and other marks of desolation and decay abounded."

"It's just possible that Mariana might have been worth the braving all those disagreeable sights," Lionel said, pursuing the fanciful theme.

"No, no; the mistress of the Moated Grange must have been an untidy woman—a sort of Miss Havisham without the Estella; that sort of thing must have gone on for many years too, or the place couldn't have got into such a state—an old Mariana with her cheeks fallen in and her hair thin, and a general air of dowdiness about her by reason of her dress being old-fashioned; that's what it would be, if one realized the subject properly and painted it."

"Don't," Lionel replied.

"Well, I'm not likely to," Frank said; then he added, rather inconsequently, "but I was looking at that little island there, and thinking what a jolly sort of prison the Lady of Shalot had:

"Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
The Lady of Shalot."

There we have it all. That laurel rises like a tower in the island. All we want—"

"Is the lady," Lionel interrupted.

"And we shall have her to-morrow night," Frank replied: he was thinking indifferently of both the beautiful women who were coming. But Lionel fancied that his friend thought only of Blanche. Perhaps it was that his fraternal pride was jealous about Beatrix. At any rate, he made no response to Frank's remark about her being there to complete the picture to-morrow night; and so the conversation flagged, and they soon felt that it would be well to go in.

"To-morrow night she will be here." This was the text on which Lionel Talbot preached a brief, bitter little sermon to himself, as he stood at his bedroom window looking out over Frank Bathurst's lawn and lake. "To-morrow night she will be here; she, with her keen eye for the beautiful, will be glancing over glade and alley, terrace and turf, lake and island; all will be spread out before her, and she will remember that all might have been her own, and then, naturally, she being a woman, her heart will warm to the man she has benefited; and the thought will arise that it may be hers still, and by the time the thought and the wish and the love she'll soon feel for him are realized—well, I shall be in Algeria."

It wearied, worried, tantalized, and perplexed him through all the visions of the night. "To-morrow night she will be here," that bright, brave, beautiful, young gentlewoman born, who had carried on the wearing strife so gallantly, who had never flinched at poverty, and to whom it would now come pleasantly and easily to be rich and happy at one stroke! It seemed to Lionel Talbot that Frank was just the man to win any untouched heart. He had pretty well fathomed poor Trixy's feelings on the subject, but Blanche's were beyond him. Love was often born of expediency, he reflected. On the other hand, Blanche was scarcely the sort of woman to create a sentiment out of an obligation. "God bless her! however it goes," he thought, as the gray dawn chased the languid June night away; and he fell asleep from sheer weariness.

Frank had remained awake a very little time, thinking so affably and kindly of every one of whom he thought at all. He was delighted with himself, for instance, for having thought of coming down and of collecting such a pleasant party as it promised to be. He was enchanted with Haldon! Of old it had never possessed half the charm and importance it now held for him. He had often suspected that there was a rich vein of humbug in that phrase that "the poor man who walks through a beautiful park has as much pleasure in the same as the noble lord who owns it." Now his suspicions were verified, and he was very sure, from the most agreeable experience, that he preferred being the noble lord. He was satisfied with Mrs. Kennet, and with his good fortune in coming into undisputed possession of such excellent servants, and with the prospect of the companionship of the two girls who were coming the following day, and with his own intentions respecting one of them, and with every thing, indeed, save Lionel Talbot's resolve to go to Algeria.

"That won't do at all," he muttered, sleepily; "we must all talk him out of that." Here his amiable intentions grew vague and undefined, and he slept the sleep that waits on sound digestion and an untroubled conscience.

The empire of the night was peace down at Haldon, but up in Victoria Street it was tribulation and woe for one of the members of one household. Edgar Talbot had been at home the greater part of the day. It was astonishing, he said to himself, how greatly the necessity lessened for being present at the centre of business action when a man decided upon putting himself beyond the possibility of attending it for some time. He had been happy and cheerful and "young," Trixy declared, during the whole of the day. Very much to their surprise, he had attended the two girls on a little shopping expedition they made, and, still more to his own surprise, he found himself liking it, for Blanche Lyon consulted his taste several times, declaring that Mr. Lionel Talbot's brother must know better than she did which color would go well with another. It was very flattering to him, Edgar Talbot felt, that Blanche should think so highly of his brother. It made him think more kindly than ever of Lionel, and he always had thought kindly of and been affectionately disposed toward Lionel, be it remembered. He bought his sister a wonderful hat to wear down at Haldon, and exchanged significant glances with Blanche when the latter said that "it was just the shaped hat Frank liked—no feather tumbling over the brim to spoil that perfect outline." Then he had gone gayly home with them rather earlier than he wished, because they both declared that they had a great deal of packing to do, which must be done by daylight. "You don't consider what time muslins take, Mr. Talbot," Blanche said to him, with a laugh, when he pleaded that they "should go into the park now." "There's a sad want of proportion between the dresses we are going to take and the trunks we are going to put them in."

"Why not go just as you are—you couldn't look nicer—and not trouble yourselves about packing?" he said, looking at their clear, crisp muslin robes.

"Ah, you don't know what mighty efforts are requisite to obtain even such small results. I should be sorry to answer for the effect on Mr. Bathurst's nerves if we appeared before him to-morrow in the damp of the evening in these dresses that now strike you as all-sufficient for the whole time of our stay. No, we must go home."

Accordingly he went with them, and found Mr. Sutton waiting for him in a little room with a window in the roof, that was dedicated to business interviews. One glance at his brother-in-law's face showed Edgar Talbot that there was something wrong.

"You have got rid of those—?" Mr. Sutton said, interrogatively, mentioning some shares in a projected railway from one little-known corner of the earth to another even more remote and less frequented.

"Not exactly; that is"—Edgar Talbot stammered, hesitated, stopped, then cried out, "you don't mean to tell me it's too late."

"Read that," Mr. Sutton answered; and Edgar sat and read—in what words it matters not—it is sufficient to say that they told him that one of his barks of fortune was wrecked in port; one of his golden dreams had melted away, leaving him a very much poorer man, not only in reality but in the knowledge of the world that knew of his investments.

He felt himself to be considerably crippled in his resources, and when he was able to realize it he confessed to Mark Sutton that he was so crippled, and that he regretted having tied the "millstone of this establishment" about his neck. "You'll right yourself in time if you're prudent," Mark rejoined; "meantime," he added, feelingly, "it's a good thing, a very happy thing, that you're not married. Let Beatrix come to her sister; that will be a fair excuse for dispensing with Mrs. Lyon."

"Thanks; but I can't do that well," Edgar replied.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I can't do it well," Edgar repeated. He could not bear the thought of loosening any link that might be formed between Blanche and himself. In the midst of the sharp pain he felt at having lost a fortune there was alleviation in the thought of Blanche Lyon. The vision of her in her bright, bonnie beauty, as she had walked by his side that day, made him feel this life worth having, the eternal battle of it worth fighting. She was a good motive power. Other fortunes were to be won, and should be won for her. His was not by any means a nature to turn to pleasure and shirk pain. Still, now he could not help feeling that to-morrow was very near, and that then he would be on his way to flowery glades and forests green with Blanche Lyon. For a while at least he would banish his business and turn his back upon trouble; for a while June and Blanche and flowers and fresh air should have all his heart and soul. Mark Sutton marveled to see the ambitious young man bear the first bad blow—the first sharp reverse he had ever met with—so well. It touched the man, whose heart had ached sadly with sorrowful foreboding, when called upon to tell the tidings, that Edgar should receive them so steadily. It touched Mr. Sutton more to hear Edgar's parting words, "Good-by, old fellow; I'm glad I haven't crippled you, any way!"

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

"Paris, *April* 2, 1867.

Dear Weekly,—Yesterday I attended the opening of the Great Exhibition, and from the way things are thrown around you would think it had been opened with an oyster-knife. Every thing was in pieces, and the Emperor very properly called it the Great Piece Exhibition. The confusion, the jabbering, and the broken French that meets one's ears in the American department is only equaled by the broken china in the French courts. In vain I looked for some of our Ministers in their handsome Court Uniforms, which I supposed they wore on occasions of this kind; but it seems the recent action of Congress on that question has occasioned a complete reconstruction of their wardrobe, and they now appear in their native custom of striped pantaloons cut short, with straps, red and yellow spotted neck-tie, standing collar, and bell-crowned hat, and are easily distinguished from the natives of Dacotah and the red men of the Territories. The Emperor and Empress merely walked around

THE MOST PRESENTABLE PARTS

of the building, speaking a few words of encouragement to the various foreign Commissioners and the workmen, who had on their Sunday clothes in honor of the occasion. It was little more than a mere formal visit, and the horses did not "set down" with their heads or tails in any particular direction, as is usual on a visit of Nap and Eugenie to public places.

It was with great difficulty I got into the "opening," as none but Season Tickets were allowed. We have to have ourselves photographed on our tickets. I had my likeness put on, and it looked very well; for I am a little proud of my contour, so I had it in profile,

THUS;

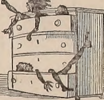
and presented it at the gate. The gendarme took it, looked at it, merely smiled, handed it back to me, at the same time waving me out of the way of the crowd. I was forced to stand back, but did not know what for. After a while I again joined the line to the gate, and again presented my illustrated season ticket. This time there was no smile on the gate-keeper's countenance, but beckoning a soldier, with a hat and boots entirely too big for him, handed me into his custody. My French being imperfect I had some difficulty in attracting attention, but by adding muscular gymnastics to my vocal ones I brought a few around me, when I showed an Englishman my ticket, who soon saw through the whole difficulty. It appeared the gate-keeper took my ticket as I handed it to him, and, without turning it around, saw

THIS,

and of course conceived that I was playing a joke upon him. After I had gone the third time, and firmly held my ticket with the right side toward him, I got in with no difficulty. I merely mention this so that any of your readers, getting a season ticket with their portraits on it, had better examine it at all points of view and see that their *carte* does not have a horse in it, for a Frenchman is the last man to appreciate a practical joke.

As before stated, not only were the Courts themselves unfinished, but even the small number of goods that had arrived were not yet unpacked. With such a state of things any thing like a ceremonial was out of the question. All day Sunday men were in the galleries and the aisles and on their knees all over the building, and a more devoted people I never saw, to business, than were these workmen. All, however, was in vain. The first of April came and found half of Russia obstructed with poles, England was not fit to be seen on account of the wool-sacks, and the United States was greatly blocked up with scaffolds.

The procession of the Emperor and Empress around the building and over the goods took but two hours, whereas the ascent of Mont Blanc takes that many days under the most favorable circumstances. They made but few stops at the different Courts. They staid longest at the United States department, which was but partially in order. The Empress was much pleased and interested in


THE FREEDMAN'S BUREAU

and the colored knobs on the drawers. The Empress said she had read a great deal about it, but had never before fairly comprehended what it was, and said she thought it was just the thing for the poor slaves.

The Empress also examined a model of

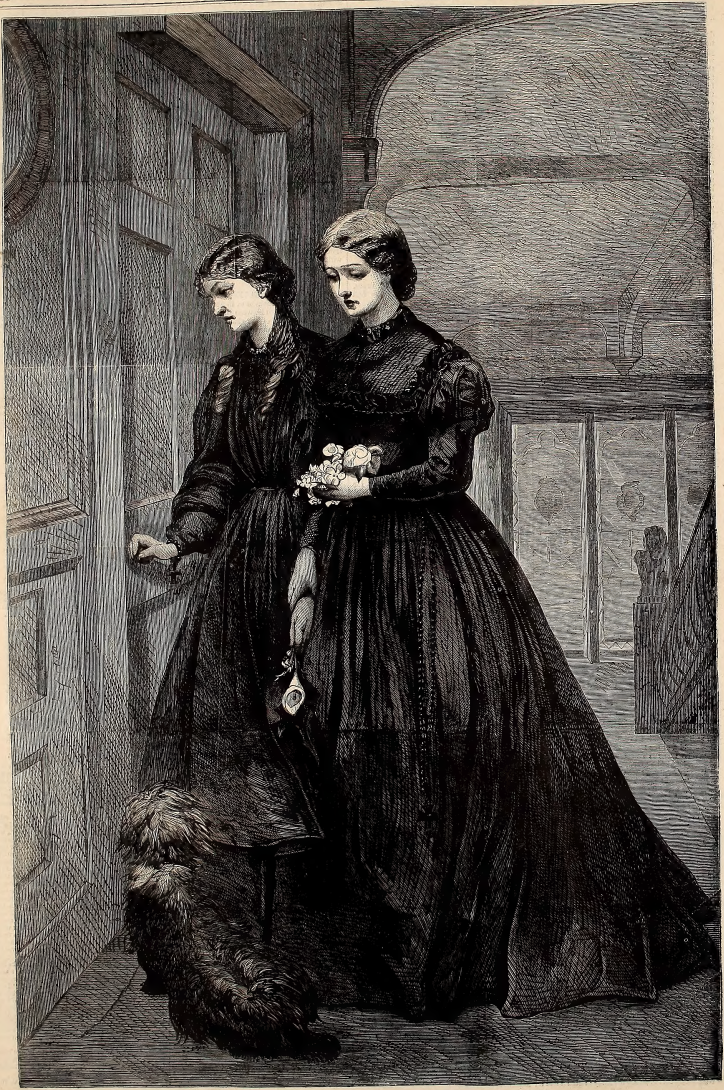
ONE OF THE NEW YORK SEVENTH REGIMENT,

and expressed herself highly pleased with the cut of his mustache and the curl of his hair. The Emperor asked if any of them were now in existence, as he supposed that they had all perished on the altar of their country. He was no more surprised than pleased to hear that they were all well, and all had situations at good salaries.

After a cursory glance at Mr. Beckwith and other specimens, their Majesties left the building for the Refreshment-room, followed by your own C. O. W., who alone, on this occasion, was so honored, Mr. Abbott being out of town. Here his Majesty called for three plates of ice-cream. Eugenie and I took "strawberry"—the Emperor took "manilla," as I am informed he always does. While we were waiting for the cream to cool the Emperor asked me many questions about America, and first asked me if I knew Mr. Maximilian who had emigrated over there about three years ago. I told him I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance. He writes, continued the Emperor, that the climate does not agree with him, and he thinks he will have to return to Europe. Eugenie asked me if I thought President Johnson and Mr. Morrissey would be to the Exhibition; for if she thought so she would send them "free passes." I replied that I thought Mr. Morrissey might, but that the President was not allowed to receive presents from Empresses. After we had finished our ice-cream I whispered to the Emperor the question, "Have we a Bourbon among us?" when Nap took the hint and Eugenie retired, and I there drank some of the best "Bourbon" I ever tasted. I could not help wishing that the President had come to *this opening*, instead of staying in Washington to nominate Federal officers, and to fight the Senate out on that line all summer. After we had staid there until the confusion of the Exhibition seemed to be the normal condition of things every where I left the Emperor asleep and wandered home to my hotel.

I am going to-morrow morning to the bridge to see them take up the night's suicides, as the season for them has now commenced. Other Parisian Fashions I am familiar with.

Your own C. O. W.



"FOR THE LAST TIME."—From a Painting by Miss E. Osborn.—[See Page 286.]

"THE FIRST OF MAY"—THE DISCOMFORTS OF MOVING.—[See Page 282.]

## THE FIRST OF MAY.

With bang and crash and clatter-clat,
With carmen bawling "Hey! hey!"
With broken china, stoven hat,
My children missing—Loo and Mat—
It comes, the dreaded May-day.

Ay! 'tis the time for "making tracks;"
The very house seems spinning—
My chairs are dancing on their backs,
My looking-glasses yawn with cracks,
My pictures all are grinning!

In noisy strife the maids engage—
With broom and tongs they brave me;
My Pug, the poodle, yelps with rage;
Down comes the parrot's jingling cage,
The parrot screaming "Save me!"

The bed-post falls, the curtain tears;
And, like the things in fables,
The beds go bounding down the stairs,
The pillows follow them in pairs,
And crashing go the tables!

When hark! what smothered wail is that?
"Oh dear!" screams frightened aunty,
"We've in the quilts rolled little Mat!"
We loose the clothes; out jumps the *cat*,
And scampers for the pantry!

A whiz, a rush, "*Ker-scat*, get out!"
The servant Nelly chases,
When from the pantry bursts a shout,
And Loo and Mat come toddling out
With sugared hands and faces!

In dinner-pot see pussy dart;
Screams Nell, "It's all from *tirror!*"
And now, it being time to start,
The poodle climbs a-top the cart,
And sits upon the mirror!

And as if that is not enough—
Oh dear, how I am goaded!—
Mat gives the horse a pinch of snuff,
And he runs off with all our stuff
Just as the cart is loaded!

With hair on end clings yelping pug
To cracking chairs and glasses;
Down rolls the broken treacle-jug,
And children run with pan and mug
To catch the sweet molasses!

Crash goes the cart—oh, fatal day!—
My furniture is shivered!
And yet the carman claims his pay,
For often on the First of May
His loads are thus delivered!"

Augustus Comstock.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

## Book I.

### CHAPTER I.

A DRIVE IN HAMMERHAM.

A bright September sun was shining over the great midland town of Hammerham. Every dingy brick and gray flag-stone reflected back an oven-like heat. The shining brass plates on the shop-fronts and office-doors dazzled the spectator's eyes like so many burning-glasses, and polished bell-handles and brazen knockers were hot enough to scorch any ungloved fingers that might be applied to them. Notwithstanding the heat and the glare, however, the streets of Hammerham had been thronged from an early hour in the morning by people of all ranks and classes; and the pavement of the principal thoroughfares was polished by the tread of innumerable feet.

Hammerham was (and is) a great working town. Its tall chimneys puffed forth their clouds of smoke into the upper air as usual; the clang and whirr of wheels had not ceased; and the long rows of factory windows (conventionally called there "shop" windows) still trembled and vibrated to the metallic pulse of machinery. But a stranger, who should have stood at the central point of the town, where several principal streets converge toward the spot on which stand some of its chief public buildings, might have fancied that the busy hives of labor had been emptied of their occupants, and that men, women, and children had unanimously taken holiday and abandoned their toils for the day. Though it was now late in the afternoon, crowds still lingered, with the inexplicable patience that belongs to an assemblage of idle people, outside the wooden barriers erected opposite to the principal entrance of a large building from the open windows of which rich waves of sound rolled forth into the still autumn air. It was the last day of the great Music Meeting at Hammerham, and the concluding chorus of Handel's Messiah was being sung in presence of a densely packed audience, which filled the spacious hall from floor to ceiling. In their appointed sequence the various instruments and voices took up the noble theme of the final fugue, succeeding each other with an irresistible force and majesty that left an impression on the mind of power and vastness, such as is made by an Atlantic tide rolling grandly in upon some western shore. Peal after peal of harmony shook the air. Higher and higher rose the soaring voices. Fuller and fuller swelled the tones of the instruments until they all met and blended in the massive final chords with an overwhelming volume of sound, through which the mighty pulse of the great organ throbbed tumultuously. There was a moment's silence, then a long-continued hurricane of applause, and the Music Meeting was over. And now the long line of carriages in waiting began to move, and the policemen on duty in the roadway waved their white-gloved hands to bewildered coachmen, and shouted hoarse injunctions to them to "move on," or to "pull up there," or to "keep the line." Behind the barriers erected to prevent the pressure of the crowd from obstructing the approaches to the hall a sudden movement took place also. The closely packed multitude, who had been standing there for several hours without any symptom of impatience, all at once appeared to be possessed with an overpowering sense of the value of time, and a unanimous desire to get away from the spot without losing an instant. They consequently hustled, pushed, and struggled; the stronger making their way through the throng by dint of ruthless elbowing and foot-crushing, while the weaker or more timid (a category which in a Hammerham crowd by no means includes a majority of women) were driven hither and thither, wavering and staggering, and uttering loud remonstrances against the roughness of their neighbors, but all equally intent on getting away with the greatest possible speed.

A sudden check to the movement of the front ranks of the crowd forced those behind back upon the barriers, at the moment when a lame man, holding by the hand a little girl of some nine or ten years old, made a dart across the roadway from the hall, and endeavored to dive under the horizontal timbers. He had succeeded in getting just within the paling, dragging the little girl after him, when he was met by the receding wave of crowd, and the child, forcibly separated from him by the pressure, was pushed back into the road, and fell under the wheels of a handsome carriage drawn by two spirited horses.

A cry of horror rose from all who saw the little creature drop. The coachman pulled up with all the force he could, nearly throwing his horses on their haunches, but he was unable to stop them before one of the front wheels had passed over the child, who lay motionless, close to the hoofs of the plunging and frightened beasts.

A young gentleman instantly sprang down from the box, but before he could reach the child she had been lifted up in the strong arms of a stalwart policeman, who held her with great gentleness, though in a sort of cool official manner, devoid of any excitement whatsoever.

"Good God!" exclaimed the young gentleman, making his way through the throng, "I hope it's nothing serious. She's—she's not killed, is she?"

For the child's face was still as marble, and almost as white. It was a pretty little face, with delicate features and a mass of thick gold-brown curls falling back from the forehead, as she lay with her head drooping over the policeman's shoulder.

"No, no, Sir," rejoined the man who held her. "Not *killed* certainly. She has fainted away. She'd best be took to the hospital at once. A doctor 'ud soon say whether there's any bones broke or not."

Meanwhile the lame man, who had been separated from the child in the crowd, and had been vainly seeking for her, perceived nothing of the accident until he heard the pitying exclamations of the by-standers, and saw the little white face raised up above the crowd. He turned and made for the spot where the child was, with frantic haste, limping along at a surprising speed, and making his way through the thickest of the throng, which opened for him to pass, as though informed by some mysterious means that the child who had been run over belonged to him. He arrived in time to hear the policeman's recommendation. "No!" he panted, speaking in a thick voice, and laboring painfully for breath. "No, never! Take her home. Give her to me. She shall not go to the hospital. Corda, Corda, my pretty one! My poor darling!"

Then turning to the late occupant of the carriage, the lame man shook his fist in his face with a frightful oath, and cried frantically that he had murdered the child, and should be brought to justice. And then he fell to moaning and whimpering over the impassive little face that lay still and piteous on the policeman's dark-blue breast.

"Come," said the constable, sternly, "none o' that. The accident's nobody's fault but yours, for leaving a little child like that in such a crowd. I seen the 'ole affair. If the coachman hadn't have pulled up when he did, she'd have been cut in two by the wheels. If you won't let her go to the hospital, you'd better take her home at once and send for a doctor, instead of blubbering and blustering here."

"I am deeply distressed," said the young gentleman, whom the lame man had assailed with such fury—"I am deeply distressed that the accident should have happened, though I can not think my man to blame. He was not driving carelessly, and the poor little thing was thrown almost under the wheels. But if you will tell me your address I will put her into the carriage and have her driven home quickly and smoothly."

"Oh yes, yes; let me go out, pray, and put the child in my place," said a sweet trembling voice. The young girl to whom the voice belonged leaned eagerly forward, and made as though she would have opened the carriage door. Two other ladies sat within the vehicle; one, a hard-featured, richly-dressed young woman, sat very quiet, and observant of the scene; the other had thrown herself back in her seat, and put up a pair of daintily gloved hands so as to conceal her face.

The lame man looked from one to another in a helpless way, seeming to be divided between anger against the occupants of the carriage and apprehension for his daughter. But the policeman, with a muttered expression of his opinion that enough time had been wasted in "jaw," settled the matter by lifting the still insensible child into the carriage, and laying her on the cushions, with her head resting on the lap of the young girl who had spoken. "Now," said he, with a highly disapproving glance at the child's father, "look sharp and tell the gentleman's coachman where to drive; and move on there, will you? You're stoppin' all the line. With those words the guardian of public security resumed his post amidst plunging horses and rolling wheels, directing the confusion with imperturbable self-possession.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the lady who had hidden her face, revealing, as she removed her hands, a countenance of striking beauty—"good Heavens, Penny, what are they doing? Jackson is positively driving off. And this unfortunate but dreadful child! Suppose she should die here! Oh, it's too terrible! Where is Clement? What *shall* we do?"

"Don't be a fool," rejoined the elder lady, dryly. "Of course Jackson must drive off. We couldn't stay there all day. I suppose they have told him where the child's home is. Some back slum, no doubt. I don't understand why they could not have put her into a cab. But it's one of Clem's ideas."

She spoke with a hard, repulsive manner, and her small steel-bright eyes and projecting chin were not pleasant to look upon. Nevertheless, she bent forward and spread her handkerchief over the little curly head that lay bare to the scorching sunshine.

The young girl on whose knees the child rested looked up with eyes full of tears. She was a very young girl, not more, apparently, than sixteen years of age, and she was trembling and pale. "Oh, poor little dear!" she said, softly. "Is she not a sweet-looking little creature, Miss Charlewood? Look at her poor pretty curls all soiled with dust. Oh, I do hope she is not seriously hurt!"

The carriage had now got clear of the crush of other vehicles, and the coachman was urging his horses on at a smart pace. Suddenly the beautiful young lady stood up in the carriage, balancing herself with difficulty, and exclaimed, imperiously, "Jackson. Stop! stop! Do you hear me? Where are you taking us to? Penny, do you see this? We're getting into a frightful neighborhood. Stop this moment, Jackson."

The man touched his hat, and glanced down over his shoulder into the carriage, but without slackening speed.

"I beg pardon, Miss Augusta," he said, "but Mr. Clement ordered me to drive as quick as possible to No. 23 New Bridge Street. Him and the lame party went round afoot the short way, to fetch Doctor Brett. We shall be there in a moment, miss."

He spoke to the handsome lady, but looked appealingly toward that other lady whom the young girl had addressed as Miss Charlewood.

"It's quite right, Jackson," said the latter, sharply. "There's my brother with the child's father and Mr. Brett at a door on the left-hand side of the way. Pull up, man. Where are your eyes? I could see the number, 23, half a mile off."

In truth, the little steel-bright eyes looked as if they had considerable seeing power. When the carriage stopped, the lame man, shaking violently, and in a state of uncontrollable excitement, came forward to lift out his little girl. But the surgeon put him gently aside, and took the light form in his own arms. The child's eyelids quivered, and she uttered a faint moan. "Merciful Heaven!" cried Miss Augusta, putting her fingers into her ears and closing her eyes tightly. "This is *too* dreadful." And she remained motionless, shutting out sight and sound as much as possible.

"I suppose we can't do any good here, Clem?" said Miss Charlewood, with an impatient shrug.

"No; none whatever. You had better drive home at once. My mother will be getting uneasy."

"Won't you come with us?"

"I will only wait to hear Brett's report. That lame man, the father, is too scared to be of much use. It is a thousand pities that he didn't let her go to the hospital. If any thing happened to myself, it is where I would beg to be taken to."

"Do you think, Mr. Charlewood, it is a very bad accident?" asked the young girl who had held the child. The tears were running down her face, and she was still trembling very much.

"I hope not. I trust not," he answered, advancing to the door of the carriage; "but I will bring you a true report presently. You are going to lunch with our people, are you not? Home, Jackson!"

"Really," said Miss Charlewood, when the carriage had quitted the stones, and was rolling smoothly along a suburban road, bordered by handsome villas, "really, I must appear a horrid monster beside you two sensitive young ladies. Mabel's sensibilities have quite overcome her, and Augusta is only just not fainting."

The young girl whom she called Mabel colored deeply, and hastily dried her wet eyes.

"I'm very sorry, Penelope, that my nerves are not made of cast iron, like yours," retorted the fair Augusta, languidly; "but I confess I *have* a horror of scenes, and I can not help it. It is far from pleasant to be so sensitive as I am, I assure you; but I should hardly suppose that *you* found it very agreeable to have to penetrate into that abominable den. Ugh! I felt quite sick."

"Abominable den? Oh, New Bridge Street. Ah! it *is* coaly."

"Coaly! And the canal full of dead cats and dogs? And the filthy people! And the foul smells! I should not be at all surprised if I were to have a fever. It was most inconsiderate of Clement to make us go to such a place in a broiling heat like this."

"Yes; and most inconsiderate and selfish in the little girl," returned Miss Charlewood, "not to choose a cool day on which to get herself run over. But here we are at home, and here is mamma flattening her nose against the dining-room window. I suppose *her* sensitiveness will take the form of scolding us all round for having caused her paroxysms of anxiety by our delay. Jump out, Mabel, my dear, I shall put you in the van."

### CHAPTER II.

THE CHARLEWOODS.

The Charlewoods were rich people. Very rich people, even in that rich town. The firm of Gandry and Charlewood, great builders and contractors, was known all over the world. Gandry had ceased to exist (at least, so far as the business was concerned) years ago, having been bought out by the junior partner; but his name had never been canceled from the firm. Since his day the tide of affairs had set steadily in favor of old Luke Charlewood, and had carried him on to fortune. He had been a very, very poor man once, his father having been an Irish laborer under a brick-layer; and there were those who professed to remember Luke himself, with a hod on his shoulder, working hard for eighteenpence a day. Fiction or fact, however, those days were long ago, and were unknown to, or forgotten by, nearly all who now came into communication with the wealthy Mr. Charlewood. Such reminiscences as I speak of were usually uttered in public-house parlors of very humble pretensions, where the poorer sort of tradesmen or artisans congregated on Saturday evenings, to smoke and drink, and discuss the state of the body politic, or the affairs of their neighbors. The distinction which unfortunately exists between theory and practice was frequently exemplified at these gatherings in a very striking manner; it being observable that those persons who had proved to be the most incompetent and unsuccessful in their own conduct of life, were ready, at a moment's notice, with infallible methods for the improvement and correction of the rest of the world, from kings and cabinet ministers downward. Certain it is that, when all accounts were balanced, no man could bring any more specific accusation against Luke Charlewood than that he had been poor and now was rich, and that from being rich he had always grown still richer. He had lived single to a much later period in life than is common in the class whence he sprang, and he was already a thriving man when he married the daughter of a prosperous timber-merchant, with whom he had business relations. His wife had borne him many children, but they lost several in early infancy, and, at the time when this story opens, their family consisted of two sons and two daughters. Penelope, aged twenty-seven, was the eldest of these; her brother, Clement, was a year and a half younger; and the remaining two, Walter and Augusta, were aged respectively seventeen and twenty.

Clement had for some time taken an active share in his father's business, and during the past year the style and title of the great firm had been changed to Charlewood and Son; though it continued to be known and spoken of as Gaudry and Charlewood. Clement Charlewood threw all the strength of a strong character into his daily pursuits. The vastness of the operations undertaken by the firm, and the wide and various portions of the civilized—nay, for that matter, and uncivilized—world, over which they extended, had to the young man's imagination an element of wonder and grandeur which redeemed them in his mind from mere hard prosaic money-grinding. He would have said to others, and even perhaps to himself, that no human being ever existed who more heartily despised the unpractical and romantic than he. Nevertheless, Clement Charlewood had his ideal. Such a standard of inflexible and spotless integrity, unwearying industry, and enlightened progress, as he carried in his mind, no business house in Hammerham or elsewhere had ever reached.

The youngest son, Walter, the spoiled idol and darling of his mother, was as frivolous, vain, and idle, as his brother was earnest, proud, and energetic. The lad was not without some lovable qualities, having, at times, impulses of generosity, and a womanish emotional kind of tenderness. But he had been humored, petted, and flattered, until nearly all that was good in him was hidden under a mass of selfishness. Of the two daughters, Penelope and Augusta, the reader has already seen somewhat.

The house this family inhabited was a handsome and luxurious one. A substantial red-brick mansion, dating from the reign of Queen Anne, and surrounded by gardens. If the house had been a little further from the road, and the lodge a little further from the house, the general effect of the approach would have been better. But the house, when first built, had been surrounded by wide meadows, stretching far beyond the garden fence. The modern increase of Hammerham, and the spread of wealth, had occasioned a mushroom growth of villa residences all around the old mansion. The soil, plentifully manured with bright new coin of the realm, had brought forth an abundant crop of fantastic dwellings. There were stucco houses, stone houses, timber houses, brick houses, iron houses. Houses built in the Italian style, the Swiss style, the French style, the Chinese style. Châlets and pagodas, campaniles and châteaus, bearing much such resemblance to the original edifices they professed to imitate as the animals in a toy Noah's Ark bear to real live beasts, birds, and fishes. One generally knew what they were meant for, as one generally can distinguish the scarlet lion from the orange tiger in the toy box. But there was a class of houses (the Hammerham people were fond of designating them as Elizabeth*ian* cottages) which proved a snare and a pitfall to the unwary stranger; so frequent was their tendency to run into the pagoda on the one hand, and the Swiss cow-house on the other. To none of these varieties, however, did the dwelling of the Charlewoods belong. It was known as Bramley Manor, and was, as has been said, a fine, substantial family mansion, boasting a long terrace-walk, shaded by noble old elm-trees, on the garden side of the house. The elms and the terrace-walk could scarcely have been had, ready-

made, for money. But, assuredly, few things were wanting within or without Bramley Manor, that money *could* purchase. The gardens were cultivated with exquisite skill and care; the hot-houses were filled with choice and rare plants; the stables with costly horses. Every latest patented improvement in the way of household comfort or luxury which Hammerham produced from its thousand dingy surrounding work-shops found a place in Bramley Manor.

Indeed, its interior brightness and splendor harmonized but little with the quaint sobriety of its outward aspect, which, save for the mellowing touch of time, and the plate-glass that glittered in the long narrow casements, was but little altered from that which it originally wore a century and a half ago. There was only one apartment that seemed properly to belong, by the antique fashion of it, to the old house. This was the dining-room, a somewhat low-pitched but spacious room, lined with a very finely carved oak wainscot. Before Mr. Charlewood's time this had been barbarously covered with a thick coating of whitewash, picked out with blue. But that had now been removed, and the dark wood was again revealed in all its sombre richness. Mrs. Charlewood, indeed, complained that no amount of wax-candles could light up her dining-room, and that, do what she would, it remained gloomy. But then Mrs. Charlewood had no sense of the picturesque, and would, in her heart, have preferred the whitewash picked out with blue—if only she might have been permitted to add plenty of gilding.

It was in this room that the good lady had been standing, flattening her nose against the window, as Penelope had remarked, and looking out anxiously for her children's return from the Music Meeting. As the carriage stopped she came hurrying and panting into the entrance hall, her gold and scarlet head-dress trembling, and the thick folds of her black satin dress sweeping over the marble floor, and raising quite a little simoom in the still sultry air. Mrs. Charlewood had once been pretty, with a pink and white face of irregular outline, and a soft though scanty crop of light hair. She had now grown immensely stout, and the blush roses on her cheeks had deepened and widened into crimson peonies. But she still affected a little languishing lachrymose manner, which, to say truth, was less suited to her present matronly appearance than it had been to the delicate prettiness and drooping curls of her maiden days.

"Where in 'Eaven's name have you been?" she cried. "What 'as detained you?"

Mrs. Charlewood could scarcely be said to *drop* her *h*'s, for she had a peculiar habit of making a determined pause before words beginning with that ill-used consonant, as though to call attention to the fact of her ignoring it altogether. In short, there was the same distinction between her omission of the aspirate and other people's, as exists between simply overlooking a friend in the street and cutting him dead. Mrs. Charlewood cut her *h*'s dead.

"The oratorio must have been over an hour ago, at least," continued the good lady, "for I saw the carriages coming up from town by dozens."

"We have been to New Bridge Street, mamma. An uncomfortable little girl tumbled under our wheels. But suppose we impart all particulars over luncheon? We have brought you Mable Earnshaw quite exhausted with excitement; and I profess myself hungry, with an utterly uninteresting and commonplace appetite."

Mrs. Charlewood kissed her young guest, and led the way into the dining-room. She would have liked to put many more questions, and to have had her curiosity gratified without delay. But in truth she stood very considerably in awe of her eldest daughter, and thought it wise to wait with outward patience until it should please Penelope to speak. Augusta had pleaded fatigue, and had retired to her own room, there to partake of a very substantial cold collation. She was averse to taking her meals with the rest of the family, always excepting dinner, which was a form and a ceremony, and admitted of a brilliant toilet.

"Well, Mabel," said Mrs. Charlewood, when they were seated at table, "I 'ope you enjoyed the concert? Penelope don't seem inclined to give me any news, so I must look to you to do it, my dear."

"It was very fine," answered Mabel, "and I am very much obliged to you all for giving me such a great pleasure. I hope you don't think me ungrateful, Mrs. Charlewood, but the accident drove away the impression of the music for a time."

Then Miss Charlewood, being restored with meat and wine, unlocked her lips, and began to relate the story of the little girl. She was in the midst of her recital, when Clement entered, having evidently hastened. Mrs. Charlewood assailed him with a torrent of questions. She had a great respect for her son, but she was not afraid of him. She had an instinctive knowledge that Clement would never permit himself the sharp speeches at his mother's expense which Penelope ruthlessly indulged in.

Mabel Earnshaw sat silent, listening earnestly to what he told them. She was not a beautiful girl, except in so far as the first fresh bloom of healthy youth is beautiful; but her face was full of intellect, and capable of a singular expression of concentration. Her forehead was wide and well developed, and her eyes of a changing gray, shaded by short, thick, dark lashes. These eyes, bright and liquid, though not especially large, made the chief charm of her face. But it was in the mouth that all its characteristic expression lay. It was a delicately cut, sensitive mouth, but with a capacity for locking itself into a fixed frozen scorn, that changed and aged the whole countenance. The soft lips, when smiling or speaking, were flexible and tender, but once shut, they conveyed in some indefinable way a strange indomitable power of silence. They were not locked now, however, but slightly parted, as she listened to Clement's news of the little girl, and the bright eyes, full of candor, were raised with an entire absence of self-consciousness to the speaker's face.

"I am heartily glad to be able to say that there is nothing serious to be apprehended," said Clement. "The collar-bone is broken, but Brett assures me that she will be as well as ever in a few weeks."

"Poor little thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood. "But, dear me, how careless to take a little girl like that out in such a crowd, and him a lame man, too! But there! Those kind of people have no more forethought than any thing."

"What *is* the kind of these people, Clem?" asked Miss Charlewood. "The child had not the usual look of a New Bridge Street aboriginal."

"No, indeed," Mabel eagerly struck in; "I have never seen a more refined little face."

"Well," said Clement, "I believe the man is a fiddler. He had been to the hall to speak to some of the musicians, he told me. He's a shiftless, scampish kind of fellow, I fancy. Altogether, he impressed me unfavorably."

"But he seemed very fond of the child," said Mabel.

"Oh yes; fond of the child, no doubt. He blew me up furiously at first, and said I had murdered her."

"New Bridge Street," said Mrs. Charlewood, musingly. "Law! Why that's a very wretched neighborhood. Down by the canal. I know just where it is, because I remember very well—

Mrs. Charlewood's reminiscences—which related to her childish days when she lived in her father's house on the canal wharf, and played see-saw on a stack of fragrant pine planks in the timber-yard—were cut short by her catching Penelope's glittering eye fixed upon her in decided disapproval. The poor lady stopped in some confusion, and added, abruptly, "I mean to say, I've always understood it was a 'orrid part of the town."

"Yes," said Miss Charlewood, "you should have seen Augusta's horror at having only to drive through it. I wonder *why* people live in New Bridge Street!"

"I scarcely think you do wonder, Penny," said her brother. "They live there because they can't afford to live in a better place."

"But then," said Mabel, timidly, "if these people are so poor, will they be able to—I mean, won't this accident be a—a terrible expense to them?"

"Oh, I don't think they are in destitution. The father—he told me his name is Trescott—has a weekly engagement to play in the orchestra of the theatre."

At the word Mrs. Charlewood raised her eyebrows and shut her eyes, shaking her head slightly from side to side, and uttering a stifled moan, under cover of which demonstration Clement added hurriedly, in a low voice, meant only for Mabel's ear, "I have begged Brett to pay her every attention, and have desired the woman with whom they lodge to see that she wants for nothing. You know I feel in a measure responsible, though really the accident was in no way Jackson's fault."

"It is very good of you," said Mabel, softly.

Mrs. Charlewood, finding that Clement had been saying something that she could not catch, stopped midway in another moan, and opened her eyes. "Ah, dear me!" she said. "What a sad thing! How dreadful for the little girl to be mixed up with such people. Think, only think, of her poor soul."

"No doubt that is the thing to do, mamma," remarked her eldest daughter; "but I think Clement has been so absurd as to think of her poor body first. Perhaps one *might* be weak enough to like that best, one's self, if one's collar-bone were broken."

She had partly heard, and wholly understood, Clement's whispered speech. Few things said or done in Penelope Charlewood's presence escaped her observation.

Mabel rose and drew the light cape of her simple muslin dress round her shoulders. "You're not going, my dear?" said Mrs. Charlewood.

"Not going, Mabel?" echoed Penelope.

Mabel was a great favorite at Bramley Manor. Even Miss Charlewood had been known on several occasions to speak with unalloyed praise of Mabel Earnshaw. None the less did she make sharp stinging speeches to her face. But these Miss Charlewood lavished on friend and foe with absolute impartiality.

"Yes, if you please, Mrs. Charlewood," said Mabel. "I promised mamma to go home directly after lunch."

"Oh, but, my dear, we'll send and tell your mamma, if you'll stay. Mr. Charlewood will be disappointed not to see you when he comes in."

"Thank you, but I don't think he will care very much," said Mabel, smiling. "Besides, I promised."

"Never mind—" Mrs. Charlewood was beginning; but Penelope interrupted her.

"Never mind, mamma? I'm astonished at you. A promise is a promise. Think of Mabel's poor soul!" Whereupon Mrs. Charlewood said no further word.

"If you don't mind walking I will see you to your own door, Miss Earnshaw," said Clement, rising too. "I have business that will take me to Fitzhenry's Road."

So Miss Earnshaw went her way accompanied by Mr. Clement Charlewood. They passed out of the hall door together on to the drive, and Penelope, watching them from the dining-room, heard through the open window Mabel's sweet voice saying, as she shyly took Clement's offered arm: "Don't you think Christian charity is a very, very rare thing, Mr. Charlewood?"

# BIRDS OF PREY.

## Book V.—Relics of the Dead.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HUNTING THE JUDSONS.

*October.* Yesterday and the day before were blank days. On Saturday I read Mrs. Rebecca's letters a second time after a late breakfast, and spent a lazy morning in the endeavor to pick up any stray crumbs of information which I might have overlooked the previous night. There was nothing to be found, however; and, estimable as I have always considered the founder of the Wesleyan fraternity, I felt just a little weary of his virtues and his discourses, his journeying from place to place, his love-feasts, and his prayer-meetings, before I had finished with Mrs. Haygarth's correspondence. In the afternoon I strolled about the town; made inquiries at several inns, with a view to discover whether Captain Paget was peradventure an inmate thereof; looked in at the railway-station, and watched the departure of a train; dawdled away half an hour at the best tobacconist's shop in the town on the chance of encountering my accomplished patron, who indulges in two of the choicest obtainable cigars per diem, and might possibly repair thither to make a purchase, if he were in the place. Whether he is still in Ullerton or not I can not tell; but he did not come to the tobacconist's; and I was fain to go back to my inn, having wasted a day. Yet I do not think that George Sheldon will have cause to complain of me, since I have worked very closely for my twenty shillings per week, and have devoted myself to the business in hand with an amount of enthusiasm which I did not think it possible for me to experience—except for—

I went to church on Sunday morning, and was more devoutly inclined than it has been my habit to feel; for although a man who lives by his wits must not necessarily be a heathen or an atheist, it is very difficult for him to be any thing like a Christian; even my devotion yesterday was not worth much, for my thoughts went vagabondizing off to Charlotte Halliday in the midst of a very sensible practical sermon.

In the afternoon I read the papers, and dozed by the fire in the coffee-room—two-thirds coke by-the-way, and alternating from the fierceness of a furnace to a dreary blackness—still thinking of Charlotte.

Late in the evening I walked the streets of the town, and thought what a lonely wretch I was. The desert of Sahara is somewhat dismal, I dare say; but in its dismality there is at least a flavor of romance, a smack of adventure. Oh, the hopeless dullness, the unutterable blankness of a provincial town late on a Sunday night, as it presents itself to the contemplation of a friendless young man without a sixpence in his pocket, or one bright hope to tempt him to forgetfulness of the past in pleasant dreaming of the future!

Complaining again! O pen, which art the voice of my discontent, your spluttering is like this outburst of unmanly fretfulness and futile rage! O paper, whose flat surface typifies the dull level of my life, your greasy unwillingness to receive the ink is emblematic of the soul's revolt against destiny!

This afternoon brought me a letter from Sheldon, and opened a new channel for my explorations in that underground territory, the past. That man has a marvelous aptitude for his work; and has what is more than aptitude, the experience of ten years of failure. Such a man must succeed sooner or later. I wonder whether his success will come while I am allied to him. I have been used to consider myself an unlucky wretch, a creature of ill-fortune to others as well as to myself. It is a foolish superstition, perhaps, to fancy one's self set apart for an evil destiny; but the Eumenides have been rather hard upon me. Those "amiable" deities, whom they of Colonna tried so patiently to conciliate with transparent flatteries, have marked me for their prey from the cradle—I don't suppose that cradle was paid for, by-the-by. I wonder whether there is an avenging deity whose special province it is to pursue the insolvent, a Nemesis of the Bankruptcy Court.

My Sheldon's epistle bears the evidence of a very subtle brain, as I think. It is longer than his previous letters. I transcribe it here, as I wish this record to be a complete brief of my proceedings in this Haygarth business.

"Gray's Inn, *Sunday night.*

"Dear Hawkehurst,—The copies of the letters came duly to hand, and I think you have made your selections with much discretion, always supposing you have overlooked nothing in the remaining mass of writing. I will thank you to send me the rest of the letters, by-the-way. You can take notes of any thing likely to be useful to yourself, and it will be as well for me to possess the originals.

"I find one very strong point in the first letter of your selection, viz.: the allusion to a house in John Street. It is clear that Matthew lived in that house, and in that neighborhood there may even yet remain some traces of his existence. I shall begin a close investigation to-morrow within a certain radius of that spot; and if I have the good luck to fall upon any clear-headed centenarians, I may pick up something.

"There are some alms-houses hard by Whitecross Street Prison, where the inmates live to ages that savor of the Pentateuch. Perhaps there I may light upon some impoverished citizen fallen from a good estate who can remember some contemporary of Matthew's. London was smaller in those days than it is now, and men lived out their lives in one spot, and had leisure to be concerned about the affairs of their neighbors. As I have now something of a clew to Matthew's roistering days, I shall set to work to follow it up closely; and your provincial researches and my metropolitan investigations proceeding simultaneously, we may hope to advance matters considerably ere long. For your own part, I should advise you forthwith to hunt up the Judson branch. You will remember that Matthew's only sister was a Mrs. Judson of Ullerton. I want to find an heir-at-law in a direct line from Matthew; and you know my theory on that point. But if we fail in that direction we must of course fall back upon the Judsons, who are a disgustingly complicated set of people, and will take half a lifetime to disentangle, to say nothing of other men who may be working the same business, and who are pretty sure to have pinned their faith on the female branch of the Haygarthian tree.

"I want you to ferret out some of the Judson descendants with a view to picking up further documentary evidence in the shape of old letters, inscriptions in old books, and so on. That Matthew had a secret is certain; and that he was very much inclined to reveal that secret in his later days is also certain. Who shall say that he did not tell it to his only sister, though he was afraid to tell it to his wife?

"You have acted with so much discretion up to this point that I do not care to trouble you with any further hints or suggestions. When money is wanted it shall be forthcoming; but I must beg you to manage things economically, as I have to borrow at a considerable sacrifice; and should this affair prove a failure my ruin is inevitable. Yours, etc., G. S."

My friend Sheldon is a man who can never have been more than "yours et cetera" to any human creature. I suppose what he calls ruin would be a quiet passage through the bankruptcy court, and a new set of chambers. I should not suppose that sort of ruin would be very terrible for a man whose sole possessions are a few weak-backed horse-hair chairs, a couple of battered old desks, half a dozen empty japanned boxes, a file of *Bell's Life*, and a Turkey carpet in which the progress of corruption is evident to the casual observer.

The hunting up of the Judsons is a very easy matter as compared to the task of groping in the dimness of the past in search of some faint traces of the footsteps of departed Haygarths. Whereas the Haygarth family seem to be an extinct race, the Judsonian branch have bred and mustered in the land; and my chief difficulty in starting has been an *embarras de richesse*, in the shape of half a page of Judsons in the Ullerton directory.

Whether to seek out Theodore Judson, the attorney in Nile Street East, or the Rev. James Judson, curate of St. Gamaliel; whether to appeal in the first instance to Judson & Co., haberdashers and silk mercers, of the Ferrygate, or to Judson of Judson and Grinder, wadding-manufacturers in Lady Lane—was the grand question. On inquiring of the landlord as to the antecedents of these Judsons, I found that they were all supposed to spring from one common stock, and to have the blood of old Jonathan Haygarth in their veins. The Judsons had been an obscure family—people of "no account," my landlord told me, until Joseph Judson, chapman and cloth-merchant in a very small way, was so fortunate as to win the heart of Ruth Haygarth, only daughter of the wealthy nonconformist grocer in the market-place. This marriage had been the starting-point of Joseph Judson's prosperity. Old Haygarth had helped his industrious and respectable son-in-law along the stony road that leads to fortune, and had no doubt given him many a lift over the stones which bestrew that toilsome highway. My landlord's information was as vague as the information of people in general; but it was easily to be made out, from his scanty shreds and scraps of information, that the well-placed Judsons of the present day had almost all profited in some measure by the hard-earned wealth of Jonathan Haygarth. "They've nearly all of them got the name of Haygarth mixed up with their other names somehow," said my landlord. "Judson of Judson & Grinder is Thomas Haygarth Judson. He's a member of our tradesman's club, and worth a hundred thousand pounds if he's worth a sixpence."

I have observed, by-the-way, that a wealthy tradesman in a country town is never accredited with less than a hundred thousand; there seems a natural hankering in the human mind for round numbers.

"There's J. H. Judson of St. Gamaliel," continued my landlord, "he's James Haygarth Judson; and young Judson the attorney's son puts 'Haygarth Judson' on his card, and gets people to call him Haygarth Judson when they will—which in a general way they won't, on account of his giving himself airs, which you may see him any summer evening walking down Ferrygate as if the place belonged to him, and he didn't set much value on it. They *do* say his father's heir-at-law to a million of money left by the last of the Haygarths, and that he and the son are trying to work up a claim to the property against the Crown. But I've heard young Judson deny it in our room when he was spoken to about it, and I don't suppose there's much ground for people's talk."

I was sorry to discover there was any ground for such talk; Mr. Judson the lawyer would be no insignificant opponent. I felt that I must give a very wide berth to Mr. Theodore Judson the attorney, and his stuck-up son, unless circumstances should so shape themselves as to oblige us to work with him. In the mean while any move I made among the other Judsons would be likely, I thought, to come to the knowledge of these particular members of the family.

"Are the Judson family very friendly with one another?" I artfully inquired.

"Well, you see some of 'em are, and some of 'em ain't. They're most of 'em third and fourth cousins, you see, and that ain't a very near relationship in a town where there's a good deal of competition and interests often clash. Young Theodore—Haygarth Judson as he calls himself—is very thick with Judson of St. Gamaliel's—they were at college together, you see—and fine airs they give themselves on the strength of a couple of years or so at Cambridge. Those two get on very well together. But Judson, of the Lady Lane Mills, don't speak to either of 'em when he meets 'em in the street, and has been known to cut 'em dead in my room. William Judson of Ferrygate is a dissenter, and keeps himself to himself very close. The other Judsons are too fast a lot for him: though what's the harm of a man taking a glass or two of brandy-and-water of an evening with his friends is more than *I* can find out," added mine host musingly.

It was to William Judson the dissenter, who kept himself to himself, that I determined to present myself in the first instance. As a dissenter, he would be likely to have more respect for the

memory of the Nonconformist and Wesleyan Haygarths, and to have preserved any traditions relating to them with more fidelity than the Anglican and frivolous members of the Judson family. As an individual who kept himself to himself, he would be unlikely to communicate my business to his kindred.

I lost no time in presenting myself at the house of business in Ferrygate, and after giving the servant George Sheldon's card, and announcing myself as concerned in a matter of business relating to the Haygarth family, I was at once ushered into a prim counting-house, where a dapper little old gentleman in spotless broadcloth, and a cambric cravat and shirtfrill which were soft and snowy as the plumage of the swan, received me with old-fashioned courtesy. I was delighted to find him seventy-five years of age at the most moderate computation, and I should have been all the better pleased if he had been older.

I very quickly discovered that in Mr. Judson the linen-draper I had to deal with a very different person from the Rev. Jonah Goodge. He questioned me closely as to my motive in seeking information on the subject of the departed Haygarth, and I had some compunction in diplomatizing with him as I had diplomatized with Mr. Goodge. To hoodwink the wary Jonah was a triumph, to deceive the confiding linen-draper was a shame. However, as I have before set down, I suppose at the falsest I am not much further from the truth than a barrister or a diplomatist. Mr. Judson accepted my account of myself in all simplicity, and seemed quite pleased to have an opportunity of talking about the Haygarths.

"You are not concerned in the endeavor to assert Theodore Judson's claim to the late John Haygarth's property, eh?" the old man asked me presently, as if struck by a sudden misgiving.

I assured him that Mr. Theodore Judson's interests and mine were in no respect identical.

"I am glad of that," answered the draper; "not that I owe Theodore Judson a grudge, you must understand, though his principles and mine differ very widely. I have been told that he and his son hope to establish a claim to that Haygarth property; but they will never succeed, Sir—they will never succeed. There was a young man who went to India in '41; a scamp and a vagabond, Sir, who was always trying to borrow money, in sums ranging from a hundred pounds, to set him up in business and render him a credit to his family, to a shilling for the payment of a night's lodging or the purchase of a dinner. But that young man was the great-grandson of Ruth Haygarth—the eldest surviving grandson of Ruth Haygarth's eldest son; and if that man is alive, he is rightful heir to John Haygarth's money. Whether he is alive or dead at this present moment is more than I can tell, since he has never been heard of in Ullerton since he left the town; but until Theodore Judson can obtain legal proof of that man's death he has no more chance of getting one sixpence of the Haygarth estate than I have of inheriting the crown of Great Britain."

The old man had worked himself into a little passion before he finished this speech, and I could see that the Theodore Judsons were as unpopular in the draper's counting-house as they were at the Swan Inn.

THE CONTRABAND.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway, from F. W. Wood's Picture.]

"What was this man's Christian name?" I asked.

"Peter. He was called Peter Judson; and was the great-grandson of my grandfather, Joseph Judson, who inhabited this very house, Sir, more than a hundred years ago. Let me see; Peter Judson must have been about five-and-twenty years of age when he left Ullerton; so he is a middle-aged man by this time if he hasn't killed himself, or if the climate hasn't killed him long ago. He went as supercargo to a merchant vessel; he was a clever fellow, and could work hard when it suited him, in spite of his dissipated life. Theodore Judson is a very good lawyer; but though he may bring all his ingenuity to bear, he will never advance a step nearer to the possession of John Haygarth's money till he obtains evidence of Peter Judson's death; and he's afraid to advertise for that evidence for fear he might arouse the attention of other claimants."

Much as I was annoyed to find that there were claimants lying in wait for the Rev. intestate's wealth, I was glad to perceive that Theodore Judson's unpopularity was calculated to render his kindred agreeably disposed to any stranger likely to push that gentleman out of the list of competitors for these great stakes, and I took my cue from this in my interview with the simple old draper.

"I regret that I am not at liberty to state the nature of my business," I said, in a tone that was at once insinuating and confidential; "but I think I may venture to go so far as to say, without breach of trust to my employer, that whoever may ultimately succeed to the Rev. John Haygarth's money, neither Mr. Judson the lawyer nor his son will ever put a finger on a penny of it."

"I am not sorry to hear it," answered Mr. Judson, enraptured; "not that I owe the young man a grudge, you must understand, but because he is particularly undeserving of good fortune. A young man who passes his own kindred in the streets of his native town without the common courtesy due to age or respectability; a young man who sneers at the fortune acquired in an honest and reputable trade; a young man who calls his cousins counter-jumpers, and his aunts and uncles 'swaddlers'—a vulgar term of contempt applied to the earlier members of the Wesleyan confraternity—such a young man is not the individual to impart moral lustre to material wealth, and I am free to confess that I had rather any one else than Theodore Judson should inherit this vast fortune. Why, are you aware, my dear Sir, that he has been seen to drive tandem through this very street, as it is; and I should like to know how many horses he would harness to that gig of his, or how openly he would insult his relatives, if he had a hundred thousand pounds to deal with!"

For a second time Mr. Judson the draper had worked himself into a little passion, and the conversation had to be discontinued for some minutes while he cooled down to his ordinary temperament.

"I'll tell you what I will do for you, Mr.—Mr. Hawkeshell," he said, making a compound of my own and my employer's names—"I will give you a line of introduction to my sister. If any one can help you in hunting up intelligence relating to the past she can. She is two years my junior—seventy-one years of age—but as bright and active as a girl. She has lived all her life in Ullerton, and is a woman who hoards every scrap of paper that comes in her way. If old letters or old newspapers can assist you, she can show you plenty among her stores."

Upon this the old man wrote a note, which he dried with sand out of a perforated bottle, as Richard Steele may have dried one of those airy tender essays which he threw off in tavern parlors for the payment of a jovial dinner.

Provided with this antique epistle, written on Bath post, and sealed with a great square seal from a bunch of carnelian monstrosities which the draper carried at his watch-chain, I departed to find Miss Hezekiah Judson, of Lochiel Villa, Lancaster Road.

## THE CONTRABAND, RECRUIT, AND VETERAN.

Among the most finished and impressive of the paintings on exhibition at the National Academy are the three which we reproduce on this page, entitled "The Contraband," "The Recruit," and "The Veteran." These admirable works, by T. Waterman Wood, were made from studies in Tennessee during the late war, and tell their own thrilling story.

THE RECRUIT.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway, from F. W. Wood's Picture.]

THE VETERAN.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway, from F. W. Wood's Picture.]

## GOVERNOR EYRE.

When the news of the massacre of negroes in Jamaica in 1865 reached England Goldwin Smith denounced the governor in charge of that island, Edward John Eyre, as having committed such atrocities that it became the duty of the English Government to vindicate its character by his punishment; or the duty of every Englishman who cared for the honor of the nation whose authority he acknowledged to look out for another home; and John Bright at the same time asserted in a public speech that Governor Eyre ought to be and would be tried for the murder of Gordon, the mulatto preacher shot by the British troops. Nevertheless, after preliminary examinations and the usual delays of the law, occupying nearly two years of time, Governor Eyre was, on March 29, discharged from further prosecution.

This individual, of whom we give this week a correct likeness, is a native of Yorkshire, England, and is about fifty years of age. He was educated with the poet Tennyson, at the Louth Grammar-School. He "left his country for his *own* good" at the age of seventeen, and became a successful sheep-farmer at Sydney, Australia. He became a "resident magistrate" of his district, and, singular to relate, made a reputation as a "protector of the aborigines," actually earning a character as a friend of the blacks. He was not only partial and humane to them as a judge, but as an author, in a published volume called "Discoveries in Central Australia," he plead eloquently for their better treatment by the English Government. He evidently changed his views on emigrating to the West Indies.

His book above alluded to was the result of an expedition, made in 1840, along the west coast of Australia, in the prosecution of which enterprise he walked more than a thousand miles along a dreary, dry, and barren coast. The only fact developed by the expedition was the uselessness and impracticability of the route for naval purposes, which he had examined in the opposite belief.

Mr. Eyre returned to England in 1845, and was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, a position which he retained six years. In 1854 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the island of St. Vincent, West Indies. In 1862 he was commissioned Governor of Jamaica. We need not here repeat the history of the events of the last few years in Jamaica, and particularly of the massacre at Morant Bay in October, 1865, or the inquiry set on foot by the English Government. With regard to all these matters the public is well acquainted, and has long since been confirmed in an opinion of Governor Eyre's criminality at variance with that of the court which lately abandoned his prosecution.

EDWARD JOHN EYRE, LATE GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

The extreme backwardness of the season in France appears to have checked any thing like a development of spring fashions, the weather being generally too cold and unsettled for warm costumes to be thrown aside. A couple of examples of the warmer styles are given in our engraving. Dresses are now no longer made without plaits; they are either gathered, or else have one very large plait at the back, or one of moderate size, with a smaller plait on each side. The front of the robe is invariably plain. Open sleeves will most likely be very generally worn. It is considered that Lyons embroidered silks are likely to be very fashionable during the coming spring. At present plain silks are much worn, trimmed with narrow biases of satin matching the color of the dress, and placed up the front breadths. The chapeaux which are likely to be worn this spring are even smaller than those of last year. They will be, however, very fully trimmed with flowers or ribbons, and fringed generally round the edges. Narrow ribbons for the trimming of bonnets appear to be coming into vogue, and are even being used for strings.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Jupon and corsage in violet cashmere, with a plaited flounce, upward of one foot deep, at the edge of the jupon. The upper jupe is of violet-colored velvet, scolloped at the edge, and trimmed with silk fringe intermixed with beads. The paletot is made straight and with long, hanging open sleeves. The almost tight-fitting sleeves of the corsage are visible under those of the paletot. Tudor-shaped violet velvet hat, encircled with a cord, and with feather on right-hand side.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—Under skirt of green satin, ornamented with three deep puffs of white tulle, through which a green satin ribbon is passed; over these, at equal distances, rose-branches are placed diagonally. The upper jupe is of white tulle, caught up in front by a bouquet of roses; and the waist is encircled with a garland of roses and leaves, one end of which falls down the front of the dress, inclining slightly to the left side. The bodice is low, the bertha being trimmed also with roses, a small bunch of which is fixed on each shoulder. Coiffure is cerise velvet, bordered with pearls, and with a bouquet of roses and leaves on the right side.

Fig. 3. *Ball Dress.*—Upper skirt in green satin, trimmed with a single row of rose-colored coral beads and a fringe of white feathers; the breadths, which are separated at the back and tied, are fastened by a bunch of white feathers, with a bird of paradise in the centre; the robe, which is slightly raised on each side, is supported in the same fashion. The sleeves, which are long, are also of green satin, trimmed with a fringe of feathers and a row of coral to correspond with the jupe. The bodice is likewise in green satin, with chemisette in white muslin. The under jupe is of white muslin, with several broad puffs at the bottom. The head-dress consists of a bird of paradise holding in its beak a garland of green leaves, which encircle the head and fall down over the left shoulder.

Fig. 4. *Walking Dress.*—Under jupe in plain black foulard, trimmed at the bottom with a plaited flounce, forming the rouleaux, and which is edged above and below with two straw-colored cords. The upper jupe

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

is in black foulard dotted over with straw-colored flowers, and cut at each side into round points, which are turned over to show a lining of straw-colored foulard, as well as the large open sleeves made to correspond, and give to this costume a striking appearance. French chapeau of black velvet, with autumn leaves, pearl drops, and straw-colored strings.

## INTELLIGENCE-OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

THE discomforts of the first of May seldom come more than once a year; the trials consequent on getting and keeping a servant housekeepers have always with them; and no inconsiderable amount of a housekeeper's really serious troubles result from these causes. Sharp and shrewd business men have endeavored to turn an honest penny by relieving housekeepers of the trouble of *hiring* servants, and have succeeded in establishing those singular institutions to be found in all large cities, and known as "Intelligence-Offices," an interior view of one of which we give on page 276.

Each of these institutions is generally presided over by a gentleman of fluent tongue and vivid imagination, who beholds in every Biddy a most refined Hebe, and who lauds her praises in the most convincing of blarney-stone rhetoric. The Hebes themselves are generally present in these offices in full force, and present an interesting if not always an elegant aspect. When a lady in search of a good servant goes to an office, has explained her mission, described the character of servant she wants, and stated the *fullest* amount of wages she is inclined to pay, and the voluble agent has introduced the "tidy and genteel girl that will exactly suit you, ma'am," the lady must go through a cross-examination at the hands of Biddy. She must explain not only the amount of the pay she gives but the number of children she is blessed with; how many of her friends there are "who stay to meals;" the style of the house, "high stoop or English basement;" the number of servants she keeps; the days the servants have "leave;" and a thousand and one inquiries which only a servant could imagine. Then nine times out of ten, having finished her inquiries, the "servant out of place" dismisses the lady with the information that she "niver stops where there are no stationary wash-tubs." Not wishing to undergo another such searching examination, the lady departs, telling the agent to send her a girl to her residence. The consequence is that for a week after she holds a levee at her house for the reception of the servants whom the agent sends "until she is satisfied" indeed, and bolts the door and ties up the knocker or bell in despair.

## "FOR THE LAST TIME."

THE picture which we give on page 280 is the most refined work of Miss OSBORN, the English artist, and will attract and interest in spite of its mournful character. A purely painful domestic tragedy or a subject calculated merely to harrow up the feelings of the spectator, or to excite feelings of horror and disgust, should be proscribed as violating æsthetic propriety. But we are not disposed, therefore, to exclude those scenes of pathos, even if founded on the sense of hopelessness, which appeal only to sentiments of the gentlest and purest pity. There are such things in this world as death and orphanage. They are the frequent themes of the poet—and why not also of the painter? There is, moreover, a certain element in this picture—the element of suspense and uncertainty—which is indubitably one of the most legitimate as well as most powerful sources of interest alike in poetry, in fiction, and in art. Question after question involuntarily arises in the mind as we look at these fair sisters, dressed in the deepest mourning, pausing before they enter the chamber-door. Of whom have they been bereaved? The drawn blinds of the house windows tell of one still unburied. The girls, whose eyes are red with weeping, have lost one near and dear. They are unattended by other members of the family in this last sad visit. They have no companion but their faithful dog. These circumstances would seem to indicate that they are left lonely orphans. We still ask the picture, whose lifeless form it is that they will deck with those flowers—the lily, the rose, the azalea; all white, save a few violets; all appropriate to scatter over the dead; all suitable emblems of mortality in their short-lived beauty and fragrance—is it a mother, or is it a sister, or who may it be? Every one who sees it will have his or her interpretation of the picture. We can not attempt to give a more explicit application to what the artist has purposely left indefinite.

## SCENE IN A SUGAR BUSH.

WE publish this week an engraving, which, with a brief explanation, will convey a very correct idea of the method of making maple-sugar, in vogue in the New England and Middle States—a process generally familiar, however, to *all* American readers, as the manufacture is carried on in all the States of the Union.

There are ten species of the maple-tree indigenous to the United States, and familiarly known to us as the "moose wood or striped maple"—a beautiful tree, but of stunted growth, and used principally for ornamental purposes; the "mountain maple," a slender shrub; the "large-leaved maple," one of the most graceful trees of our northwest coast, of which it is a native; the "round-leaved maple," of the same species and nativity; the "smooth maple," a small Rocky Mountain shrub; the "three-parted-leaved maple," of the same variety; the "white" or "silver maple," a splendid ornamental tree, abundant in the West, and largely introduced of late years into Europe, and there called "cut-leaved scarlet maple;" the "swamp maple," variously called the "soft," the "white," the "scarlet," and the "red maple;" the "black sugar maple" and the "sugar maple," both really of the same variety, and both known under the general term of the "rock maple." There are, however, thirty-four species of the maple known to exist in the world, nineteen of which are grown in England alone.

The sugar maple so common in the New England and Middle States is a tree of remarkable beauty as well as of great variety; and the wood when polished is of exquisite appearance and in very general use. The process of making maple-sugar is as follows: The trees are tapped by boring with an auger into the trunk about four feet from the ground, and inserting a "spile" or "conductor" to carry the sap into a pail suspended beneath. The fluid thus extracted without further effort is then put in barrels, and drawn to "the arch" or "fire-place," which is built of a few stones laid upon each other to hold the "pans" or "kettles," where it is boiled down to a sirup. Thence it is generally taken to the farm-house, and boiled, cleansed, and "caked" for market. A maple-tree of about three feet in diameter has been known in early spring time to yield twenty gallons of sap in the course of twenty-four hours, but the average yield of every such tree is about eighteen or twenty gallons per season. The sugar of the maple-tree, when carefully made and purified, is identical in its composition with that of the sugar-cane.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is just at present a grand display of amber ornaments in the windows of our fashionable jewelers; and a mere glance at a lady dressed in the "height of fashion" will reveal amber ear-rings, pin, and necklace, amber (colored) gloves, and if the hat and dress are, happily, of some contrasting shade, they will, at least, be trimmed with many rows of amber beads and buttons. Amber is in the ascendant now, though much that passes under its name is merely colored glass.

There are many interesting facts in regard to this peculiar mineral substance, which was anciently regarded by the Greeks and Romans with a certain superstitious veneration in consequence of the supposed obscurity of its origin, and the electrical qualities it exhibited. Now, amber is generally understood to be a fossilized vegetable gum. And in Prussia and in other European countries there are mines where amber-digging is extensively carried on. It is likewise found in some localities in this country. Amber is also fished out of the sea. It is washed out of its earthly repositories beneath the waters, and is caught by the floating sea-weed, which in turn is caught by the nets of the workmen. This sea-weed is spread on the shore, and pieces of amber of various sizes collected from it. The shores of the Baltic afford the chief supply, the yearly collection there being about six hundred weight. A highly brilliant description of amber is brought from Greenland; and on the romantic shores of the Bosphorus the amber-worker plies his trade with great skill. The uses to which amber is put are not very numerous. As a material for art carving nothing can be more beautiful. It is used almost wholly for small ornaments, and for the mouth-pieces of pipes. There are many very fine examples of carving in amber to be found in the royal collections of Europe. But elaborate works of art must always be scarce, owing to the difficulty of procuring lumps of amber of sufficient size and purity. The only purpose to which this substance is applied in the useful arts is in the manufacture of varnishes for carriage-builders and photographers. There is a medicinal oil prepared from it, and what is called *succinic acid*. The largest piece of amber known is in the royal cabinet at Berlin, and weighs 18 pounds. It is a curious fact that so much electricity is excited in the working of amber that those employed are affected with nervous tremors, and are obliged to change the pieces they handle frequently, in order that the excited electricity may be dispersed.

It is suggested that the peculiar property which amber possesses of attracting light objects may be the reason why ladies make use of it so freely. And indeed, from certain revelations recently made, it would appear that there is serious need that the fair sex should add to their attracting power. It has been thought necessary—by somebody—to issue a Directory to bachelors in New York and vicinity. This curious affair, which has been presented to the public as a serial, under the title of "The Great Unwedded," forms an imposing list, and the end is not yet reached. To our feeble understanding such invading of privacy and commenting on personalities as is manifested in this "Directory" seems little short of libelous. We will give a sample, omitting, of course, real names and residences:

William Willis, East Fourteenth Street: fine-looking, fat, fair, and forty, and loves the ladies in general, but none in particular. Worth about $100,000, and is a good mark for masked batteries.

Richard Ricker, Thirty-second Street, aged twenty-four; a good-looking young bach. A great admirer of the fair sex, dresses in the height of fashion, smokes good cigars, and patronizes the Museum; doing a large business, and worth $65,000.

Edward Ellsworth, Washington Place; a handsome young bachelor of twenty-five years. Is a great admirer of the ladies, and can not remain long in the matrimonial market. Appreciates the good things of this world, such as a dinner at Delmonico's, wines, cigars, and the circus. Worth $50,000.

Harry Herbert, tall and slim; the former in person, the latter in pocket. Is good-looking, and is a favorite with both sexes. Is huge on the dance, and is in demand in the "German." Is not descended from the Bourbon race, though often "races for Bourbon."

Philip Phelps; a young bachelor of twenty-six years. Sports a fine sandy mustache, and plays the violin splendidly. Has a country residence. Income, $7000 per year, with good expectations. Fond of the girls.

Francis Foster, South Street; a whole-souled, good-looking little fellow, aged thirty-three years. Insane on the subject of ladies. Worth $75,000.

The weather is beginning to assume a more definite and reliable character. How far this is due to the wise daily prognostications of one of our city journals to the effect that "it will either rain or snow within three and one-quarter days from two o'clock this morning" we will not pretend to say. The bright spring mornings are charming; and those who all winter have been in the habit of extending their morning nap till eight o'clock or thereabout would be amazed, if by chance they opened their eyes two or three hours earlier, to find the sun staring in at the windows.

It appears that the Grand Jury of Bergen County consider that a fine of $75 is a sufficient penalty for a crime little short of murder. At least such is the *justice* dealt out to the Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife, who were guilty of atrocious cruelty to a young girl a short time ago. The newspapers of the day are full of horrid instances of barbarity to children. Justice and humanity demand that the utmost penalty of the law be inflicted on the transgressors.

A short time ago a young girl on her way to the public school in Twelfth Street was supposed to be kidnapped by a woman near the corner of University Place and Eleventh Street. The girl was accosted by a well-dressed lady, to all appearances, who asked her if she would not like to learn a trade. While the strange woman was speaking to the girl a stage separated her from another little girl who was with her, and when the latter turned round for her companion she was nowhere to be seen. A few days later she was found in a family outside of the city, who reported her to the police. The girl stated that she left the city voluntarily; still, as no less than six cases of kidnapping have recently been reported at Police Headquarters, parents may well look carefully after their children.

The Massachusetts Senate has passed a bill which provides, among other things, "that no child under ten years of age shall be employed in any manufacturing or mechanical establishment, and that no child under fifteen shall be employed more than sixty hours a week." Ten hours a day is certainly enough for a child to work.

About the middle of next week a fearful epoch occurs. No pleasant associations cluster around the First of May, as viewed from a New York standpoint. Instead of twining garlands, fragrant blossoms, pretty May Queens, and troops of merry children, are visions of broken china, battered furniture, begrimed urchins, and dirty houses. Of course it is expected that it will rain; every body is cross; every body tries to look after Number One, and general discomfort prevails. It is a blessing that the First of May comes but once a year.

The very mention of hydrophobia sends a thrill of shuddering horror through every nerve. Physicians are uncertain how to treat the disease, and the bite of a rabid animal seems like a death warrant. If any reliable remedy exists it should be published far and wide. It is stated that a young lady living in Hamilton County, Indiana, endured for several days the most horrible sufferings from hydrophobia. Her physician employed bromide of potassium, and she gradually became more tranquil, and is now reported to be convalescent.

A singular instance recently occurred in the post-office at Virginia City, Nevada. The clerks came across a suspicious-looking box, partly open, in the mail matter, and one of them thrust his pencil into it, whereupon out jumped a huge tarantula, which ran across the distributing table and fell to the floor, where it was summarily dispatched. On inspection two tarantulas were found in the box, which suffered a like fate, regardless of post-office laws.

A California journal tells a story of a lady, noted for her beauty of complexion, who a few weeks since noticed the sudden appearance of great numbers of pimples, like groups of little volcanoes, which threatened to cover her beautiful neck and arms with pathological arabesques. A medicated bath was ordered by her physician. Scarcely, however, had the sulphurous wave enveloped her form ere, from head to foot, the delicate white of her person was changed to Ethiopian bronze. Fearful lest the sudden transformation of her person was due to attack of the cholera, she again hastily summoned her physician. "Madame," said he, with all the gravity he could summon, "be not alarmed; you are not ill; you are only a remarkable chemical product. You are no longer a woman; you are a *sulphuret*. It is not a question of medical treatment which I have in my hand, but a simple chemical reaction which I must bring about. I shall analyze you. I shall submit you to a bath of sulphuric acid, diluted with water. The acid will have the pleasure to combine with you—will take up the metal and sulphur with which you are so plentifully covered, and will produce a sulphate. We shall then find, as a precipitate, a very pretty woman." *Moral*.—Never use a powder which has a metallic base. *Moral No.* 2.—Use exercise and fresh air instead of any kind of powder—except "yeast powder," which, in a combined state, may be applied internally: and gunpowder, which, if you are "strong minded," may afford amusement.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MR. STIGGINS'S CODE.—"I am a charitable man, and think every one entitled to his opinion; and never have selfish malice against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me a sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunder-bolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed on Brother Mulberry's head."

CLEANING A BUGG-IE.

Pat went to the house of the priest to confess his sins, and passed into the kitchen to ask for the holy father, but perceiving that there was no one in the room, while a fine ham was lying on the table fresh from market, Pat lost no time in securing the prize. Hiding it as well as he could under his coat, he proceeded to the apartment of the priest, and said:

"Here, your riverence, is a fine leg of bacon which I stole and brought as a present to your holiness. Will you take it?"

"Take it!" said the confessor, "by no means. Carry it back instantly."

"Faith an' I did, Sir, and he said he wouldn't take it, by no means."

"Very well then, Patrick, you may keep it."

"An' I'll be absolved, your riverence?" demanded Pat.

"Yes, it is yours, if the owner will not take it back."

"Good-morning; God bless ye; long life to your riverence."

Why is a shirt-front like a bridge?—Because it looks best-arched.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS FOR EVERY BODY AND ALWAYS.—Cultivate acquaintance, if desirable; if not, cut them. Never sow the seeds of dissension. Weed your library. Get as much heart's-ease as you can. Attend to wall-flowers and trim coxcombs. Emulate the cucumber—be cool. Don't peach. Avoid flowers of speech. "Bedding-out" is good for plants, but not for friends. Take the advice of the sage, or you may rue the consequence.

A waggish journalist, who is often merry over his personal plainness, tells this story of himself: "I went to a drug-store early the other morning for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The night clerk objected to giving it to me without a prescription, evidently fearing that I meant to destroy myself. "Pshaw!" said I, "do I look like a man who would kill himself?" Gazing at me steadily for half a minute, he replied, 'I don't know. Seems to me if I looked like you, I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.'"

THE MILKMAN'S PARADISE.—Chalk Farm.

"Well, wasn't that a finished sermon we had this morning?" asked one person of another as they came out of church. "Finished!" was the reply; "yes, it was finished at last, although I began to think it never would be."

THE ONE THING NOT WANTED IN IRELAND.—New blood.

The English are famous betters. A French paper (the French are always poking fun at John Bull) gives the following singular bet at Brighton between Sir John —— and Lord Ch——. The first, who is a very small man, bet the other, who is a tun of a man, that he could carry him twice around the hippodrome. A large number of ladies and gentlemen attended to witness the proceeding.

When the giant and pigmy met the latter said:

"Now, my Lord, I am ready. Take off your clothes."

"What! strip myself? You don't mean it?"

"I bet to carry *you*, but not a particle of your clothes. Come, let's proceed. It won't do to disappoint these ladies and gentlemen."

But my Lord was inflexible. He blushed at the bare thought of showing himself in the thin costume of Venus emerging from the waves. So the referee decided that Sir John —— had won the bet.

A little girl of three years was saying her prayers, not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head, she paused and said: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Herby."

The young woman who was lost in thought, after wandering in her own mind, found herself at last in her lover's arms.

The greatest bet ever made—The Alphabet.

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said when he was leaving, "Tak gude care o' yoursel' when ye are awa'; for mind ye, they eat puppies in Chena!"

GOOD FOR DISLOCATED LIMBS—Bone-set tea.

"REMARKABLE for delicacy, freshness, and purity."—BURNETT'S unrivaled Cologne Water, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian*, Toronto.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Diagnosis.**

Every case of disease presents to the physician two grand problems to be solved: First, to discover its nature, and second, to devise its cure. The department of medicine which relates to the former is called Diagnosis, and implies a knowledge of differences. This knowledge lies at the very foundation of the practice of medicine, as it implies not only the ability to discriminate between diseases presenting somewhat similar symptoms, but in addition to apply the proper remedies for their effectual cure. This ability presupposes such a critical knowledge of the various offices performed by the human organs, and their diseases, as can only be obtained by making them the subjects of repeated, long-continued, and accurate observation. We claim that the title "Diagnostician," *par excellence*, is justly due to the renowned Dr. McLane, whose researches in reference to the cause, nature, symptoms, and treatment of LIVER COMPLAINT led him to present to the world an entirely safe and certainly efficacious remedy, under the name of

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Years of constant and unvarying success in every portion of the known world establishes this great specific as being eminently adapted to drive out disease, and restore the entire system to its wonted healthful action. The most scrupulous will be convinced by trial that our statements convey *only the truth*.

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# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.
## Established 1861.

### THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company se" them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**Price-List.**

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Club Order.**

OXFORD, CHENANGO COUNTY, N. Y., *February* 21, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

GENTS,—The Teas which you sent me proved perfectly satisfactory to all concerned. Please accept my thanks for the complimentary package.

Yours truly, DAVY D. McGEORGE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 lb. Young Hyson..M. C. Ward | at | $1 00 | $1 00 |
| 1½ lbs. Imperial..John Lord | at | 1 25 | 1 50 |
| 2 lbs. French Bkft. Coffee..John Lord | at | 30 | 60 |
| 3 lbs. Oolong..C. M. Hains | at | 1 00 | 3 00 |
| 3 lbs. Mixed..C. M. Hains | at | 1 00 | 3 00 |
| 1 lb. Oolong..Solomon Morey | at | 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 1 lb. Gunpowder..John Gordon | at | 1 50 | 1 50 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial..John Gordon | at | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 5 lbs. Imperial..William Doty | at | 1 25 | 6 25 |
| 1 lb. Uncol'd Japan..Lewis Ketchem | at | 1 00 | 1 00 |
| Carried up | | | $21 35 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brought up | | | $21 35 |
| 1 lb. Young Hyson..Lewis Ketchem | at | 1 25 | 1 25 |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson..F. T. Seely | at | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 3 lbs. Oolong..Samuel Kinney | at | 1 00 | 3 00 |
| 1 lb. Green..Daniel Jacobs | at | 1 00 | 1 00 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong..Chaney Hains | at | 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson..Chaney Hains | at | 1 00 | 2 00 |
| 2 lbs. Young Hyson..F. W. Comstock | at | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Imperial..Martin Bartle | at | 1 25 | 2 50 |
| 2 lbs. Oolong..D. D. McGeorge | at | 1 00 | 2 00 |
| Total | | | $40 10 |

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—*large double store.*

## SURE PILE CURE.

DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

**READ!**

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

84 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

## BLOOD'S

## NEEDLES

"IMPOSSIBLE TO SPILL."
"WILL NOT RUST."
"CONVENIENT FOR USE."
"QUALITY UNSURPASSED."

## Give Nature a Lift.

People expect too much of Nature. They trifle with their health and their constitutions, and then are surprised that they fall sick.

The pressure of constant mental or bodily labor upon the animal powers is tremendous. Very few systems and constitutions can bear up against this pressure unassisted. Add to this the unhealthy influences which lurk unseen in the air we breathe, the water we drink, the lassitude produced at this season by the change from the rigor of Winter to the warmth of Spring, and it would seem to require almost superhuman vigor to keep in perfect health without reinforcing the physical energies.

But how reinforce them? Certainly not with adulterated stimulants. There is no poison in the outer air, or in the atmosphere of furnace-heated rooms, or work-shops, or factories, so pernicious as those deadly-burning fluids.

Why use them when

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

—a vegetable tonic without alloy—are every where obtainable? Nothing has ever been offered to the feeble and debilitated so harmless in its nature, so powerful in its invigorating effects, as this celebrated

Stomachic and Alterative.

In the army and the navy, in new settlements, and in crowded cities, by old and young, rich and poor, it is used as a

Protective and Restorative MEDICINE

with most gratifying results.

CATARRH—Pain and Noises in the Head. NORTON'S New Remedy for Catarrh and mode of treatment acts like a charm. It breaks up this terrible disease at its fountain head, removes at once pain in temples, offensive discharges, tainted breath, sore throat, "cold in the head," and literally extinguishes this loathsome malady forever. Send stamp for pamphlet to GARRITT NORTON, No. 11 Ann St., N. Y.

NO ONE whose business requires extensive advertising can afford to neglect the unusual facilities offered to the public by

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., ADVERTISING AGENTS,
No. 40 Park Row, New York.
Call and see them, or send stamp for circular.

## $5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863, with CRIMPING attachment. This WONDERFUL Sewing Machine sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. It is the most simple to *understand*. SWIFT, EASY, and Cheapest and strongest machine manufactured. Has stood the TEST OF YEARS, and used by thousands of FAMILIES.

"With single or double thread, it rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Wholesale terms, *liberal*, sent free. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

Now acknowledged to be the
CHEAPEST GOOD SEWING MACHINES.
☞ Beware of *Bogus* and *Unlicensed Machines.* ☜
All *Genuine* Bartlett Machines bear the trade-mark, "Bartlett Sewing Machine Co., New York."
J. W. BARTLETT, Patentee. Only office and depot, 569 Broadway, New York.
☞ A splendid opening for Agents. ☜

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In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau St., one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

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To sell an article wanted in every house, hotel, office, store, &c., city and country. For particulars, address C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

GAMES, Billiards, Pool, &c., Illustrated and Explained, 35 cts. W. C. Wemyss, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

$25. THE GENUINE BARTLETT SEWING MACHINE. $25.

WANTED—Agents, $150 per month and all expenses paid, to sell the genuine Bartlett Sewing Machine. This machine will do all the work that can be done on any high-priced machine, and is fully patented, licensed, and warranted for five years. We pay the above wages, or a commission, from which twice that amount can be made. For circulars and terms address H. HALL & CO., 724 Chestnut St., Philada.

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HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES. A charming, perfect, natural color for the cheeks, lips, or nails. Does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years; and can not be detected. Price $1 18, by mail, secure from observation. Address HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.

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$200 PER MONTH and expenses paid Male or Female Agents, to introduce a *New and Useful Invention*, of absolute utility in every household. Agents preferring to work on commission can earn from $10 to $20 per day. For full particulars *inclose stamp*, and address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

$25 A DAY! Fifteen new articles for Agents. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine.

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A Collection of Quadrilles, Contra-Dances, Waltzes, Polkas, Polka Redowas, Schottisches, Mazourkas, and Serenade Pieces, arranged for TWO VIOLINS, CLARINET, CORNET, and BASS. In Five Books—one for each instrument. Price of the set, $6. Sent post-paid on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 563 Broadway, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK,

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LADIES will FIND the ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL most interesting. There are "SIGNS OF CHARACTER" in the talk, walk, voice, hair, eyes, ears; chin, nose, lips, teeth, hands, skin, handwriting, illustrated and explained. Is exactly adapted to the Social Circle, and all the members will enjoy it. Only 30 cents a number, or $3 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

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The RUSSIA SALVE is a *purely vegetable ointment*, made from the very best materials, and combines in itself greater healing powers than any other preparation before the public. Its timely application has been the means of saving thousands of valuable lives and of relieving a vast amount of suffering.

Fifty years' general use of the Russia Salve is a noble guarantee of its incomparable virtues as a healing ointment.

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THE NEW KNIFE. Boardman's Cast-Handled Kitchen Knife is pronounced the best thing yet. Samples sent, postage paid, for 40c. Boardman Cutlery Co., New Haven, Ct. Ag'ts wanted every where.

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"The Hon. Tookooloto Jabinkoker, Delegate from the Kodiak District of the former Russian Possessions, arrived yesterday from New Archangel. He dined at Delmonico's, and ordered the repast in the *haute cuisine* of Kodiak: train oil for two; tallow candles for one; whale blubber for one (but substituted raw pork, as the other was not to be had); asked for a seal's fin, but took India-rubber, *faute de mieux*, with a glass of spirits of turpentine; wanted a rat in an advanced state of decomposition, but had to put up with a bad egg."


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Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
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**Hair. Magnificent Brown or Black.**
No wash, trouble, or dissatisfaction like old dyes or sulphur colorings. Boswell & Warner's COLORIFIC applied in 5 minutes. Colors hair and whiskers beautifully. Ask Druggists for it. Try it. Depot, 9 Dey St.

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Address THE COLWELLS, SHAW, & WILLARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, foot of West 27th Street, New York.

STANDARD SHOE THREAD all nos. CRASH all widths and styles. BROOM, BALL, SAIL TWINES, all qualities. HOP and TOBACCO TWINES. CARPET CHAIN, LINEN YARNS, &c., &c. Manufactured by
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ARTISTICALLY COLORED PICTURES,
And the new Magnesium Light Lantern for Parlor and Public Exhibitions. Complete outfits and instructions. For illustrated Catalogues address W. Langenheim, Post Office Box 1579, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

THE
## HOWE MACHINE
CO.'S SEWING MACHINES,
No. 699 Broadway, New York,
FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE HOWE LOCK STITCH

THESE WORLD-RENOWNED SEWING MACHINES were awarded the highest premium at the World's Fair in London, and six first premiums at the New York State Fair of 1866, and are celebrated for doing the best work, using a much smaller needle for the same thread than any other machine.
They are made under the immediate supervision of the President of the Company, ELIAS HOWE, Jr., original inventor of the Sewing Machine, *and are adapted to all kinds of sewing.*

WANTED—Agents—$75 to $200 per month, every where, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States, the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for 5 years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful or elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

WANTED—CANVASSERS in all parts of the U. S. to sell "The Lives of the Presidents," by John S. C. Abbott. A splendid book for Agents.
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GELATINE
WILL MAKE
DELICIOUS JELLIES
With great ease. Also Blanc Mange, Charlotte Russe, &c. Directions for Use with the Packages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists. Depot, 17 Burling Slip, N. Y.

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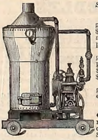

*Stationary, Portable, and Propeller.*
Stationary Trunk Engines: 10HP. $450, 20HP. $750, 40HP. $1300; larger and smaller sizes in proportion.
Portable Trunk Engine and Boiler complete: 5HP. $750, 10HP. $1100, 20HP. $1800, 40HP. $3000.
Square Hoisting Engines & Platform Hoisters, all sizes.
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DUPLEX ELLIPTIC
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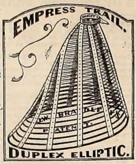


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At Wholesale by the exclusive manufacturers and sole owners of the Patent,
WESTS, BRADLEY & CARY,
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The most extensive manufacturers, and only exhibitors to the PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867, of
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**Self-Measurement for Shirts.**
Printed Directions for Self-Measurement, List of Prices, and Drawings of different Styles of Shirts and Collars, sent free every where.
The CASH can be paid to EXPRESS COMPANY.
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In Bronze, Fire Gilt, and Silver, with patent fastenings, which prevent the rod slipping from its place, and can be adjusted in an instant. Manufactured only by W. T. & J. MERSEREAU, 62 Duane St.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE PROTEST OF THE BIRDS.—DRAWN BY HARRISON WEIR.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

## THE PROTEST OF THE BIRDS.

[It has been announced in England that the barbarous and wholesale destruction of small birds by "poisoned wheat," "sparrow clubs," etc., is likely to produce the most fearful results to the growing crops. In France large crops have been ravaged by the insects which have been left free to continue their depredations in consequence of the farmers having foolishly killed and frightened away the birds. This folly is not practiced in this country, and the accompanying poem and picture will be pleasantly received by our rural readers not as a reproach but as a warning from the feathered tribes.]

THE various birds (to man's disgrace,
An unappreciated race),
Too long had suffered many a wrong
With quiet, uncomplaining tongue;
The snare, the trap, the net, the gun,
Their cruel, ruthless work had done,
Avenged but by fresh aims to please,
Sweet songs, and added services.

But times were stern, foes multiplied,
Death threatened them on every side,
And 'twas agreed, by acclamation,
To hold a solemn convocation,
Where each his troubles might relate,
And o'er their common wrongs debate.

They met—a chattering varied crowd,
With many an utterance shrill and loud.
The thrush was there, with speckled breast;
The green-finch, with her sober vest;
The bull-finch bold, of wicked eye;
The wagtail with his head awry;
The rapid swallow, the strange swift;
The magpie, with his miser thrift;
The starling, raven, and a host
Whose names our friend has somehow lost.

One told what horrid things unheard
Were used to poison the poor bird;
How strychnine was by ladies (!) spread,
Remorseless, on the garden bed;
Another, how he'd seen with pain
The fields bestrewed with poisoned grain.

"Friends," said the Blackbird, grave and stern,
"We must endure till men will learn.
'Tis strange the ample mind of man
So little grasps of nature's plan;
So ignorant—his best excuse,
Both of our mission and our use.

"We are the farmer's friends, I say,
That do his work for scantiest pay;
'Tis we the insect hordes devour,
That else would spare nor leaf nor flower;
'Tis we that kill, from earliest dawn,
The grubs that undermine the lawn;
'Tis we, 'tis we consume the seeds
Of the rank rampant hedgerow weeds.
Ah, were he wise, our eggs no more
Would hang behind the cottage door;
No more our nests on hedge and tree
By every churl would rifled be;
Of all his 'hands,' 'twould be confest
We are the cheapest and the best;
And ruddier orchards, heavier crops
Would crown his labors and his hopes!"

He ceased: the assembly bowed assent,
And 'twas agreed, before they went,
So good a speech should not be lost,
But put in print at any cost.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1867.

## THE GEORGIA PETITION.

THE argument in the Supreme Court upon the Georgia petition was very skillful upon both sides. The plea of the Attorney-General was masterly. It was clear, concise, and conclusive, and its simple reasoning is comprehensible by every body. The reply of Mr. O'CONOR was adroit and able; but it did not deny the conclusion of the Attorney-General that the power claimed for the Court is virtually the absolutely supreme power of the Government. Indeed Mr. O'CONOR, although asserting the old dogma of the three co-ordinate branches of the Government, substantially denies it by claiming power for the Supreme Court to denounce in advance of its operation a law of Congress and to order the President not to obey it. That he calls it an "act" of Congress instead of a law is of no importance unless he holds that no act of Congress is to be considered a law until the Court certifies its constitutionality.

Mr. STANSBERY's position is, that the Georgia petition claims for the Supreme Court a veto superior to that of the President; a power to stay every law of Congress before it proceeds to execution, and before any case has arisen under it; a power which may be invoked whenever nominal parties can be found to annul laws which the people consider wholesome and necessary, and which they instruct their representatives to pass. Moreover, it claims that the Supreme Court shall settle the most vital of all our political questions of the present time, whether the late rebel States are still States in an entirely undisturbed relation to the Union.

Mr. O'CONOR replied that the Attorney-General's argument conceded that Georgia is a State in the Union. But if it be such a State Congress has no more Constitutional power to regulate the suffrage in Georgia than in New York or "proud Massachusetts." Indeed, much of the argument of Mr. O'CONOR was merely a repetition of the Democratic speeches in Congress against the Military Bill. Like them he discussed the question as if there had been no war. Like them he entirely omitted to state that Congress, which is constitutionally authorized to make war, can alone determine when war is at an end, and what measures the security of the country demand. Like them he omitted to state, that as the surrender left Georgia and other States without a civil Government, Congress is constitutionally authorized to guarantee such a government to all of them. Like them he does not state that Congress is the sole judge of the measures necessary to give effect to the Emancipation Amendment. His argument, like the Democratic speeches, leaves the actual situation out.

The doctrine of Mr. O'CONOR's argument is fatal to the Constitution and to the country. It erects the Supreme Court into a political power. If the Judges may control the Legislature yet are appointed without popular election and for life, the people are defrauded of their sovereignty and the whole government is subverted. This point is conclusively treated in SIDNEY GEORGE FISHER's "Trial of the Constitution"—a remarkable work, published by LIPPINCOTT, in Philadelphia, in 1862, when the present questions were still prospective. Speaking of the very dogma advanced by Mr. O'CONOR, Mr. FISHER says: "Such a doctrine must in the end destroy the Judiciary. The people will not bear a political power which is independent of their control. If the Judiciary exercises such power, it must become *representative*, which is the nature of all political power under free institutions." If the Supreme Court may decide whether Georgia is a State; if it may pronounce any law of Congress invalid, and forbid the President to execute the laws, then JEFFERSON was correct in saying that the Court would prove to be the chief source of danger to our liberties. If Mr. O'CONOR's argument be sound the supreme power of this nation is lodged in a body of nine men who hold their office for life.

## THE STATE CONVENTION.

THE Republican party in this State ought to understand that in calling a Constitutional Convention which it will wholly control it has assumed a peculiar responsibility. The battle at the polls next autumn will be fought upon the Constitution. This may be unfortunate; but just at this time it is inevitable. There has been, indeed, much deprecation of partisan considerations in the election of delegates; but party considerations are and ought to be very prominent in the question. It is of the highest importance that the delegates to a Constitutional Convention should not be selected merely as partisans, and without regard to character and fitness. But that is always equally important in every election. Honesty and ability being conceded, it is vitally necessary that the principles of the parties that divide the State should be proportionately represented.

This is not always necessary, because parties are often determined by questions of policy and not of principle. But that is not our situation. Parties in this State and country happen at this time to be determined by fundamental differences of principle. The Republican party holds, for instance, that justice demands the recognition of the political equality of the colored citizens; while the Democratic party, by its orators, journals, resolutions, and private conversation, opposes it. We do not say that every Democrat is averse to equal suffrage, for we know Democrats who are not. But the party, as a party, resists it. Now one of the most essential parts of every fundamental law is the qualification of the voters. The qualification in the present Constitution of New York is palpably unfair and impolitic. There is no more reason why an honest, industrious man should be excepted from the general rule because his complexion is dark, or because he is of African descent, than because his nose is aquiline, and he springs from a Welshman. Yet this anomaly and absurdity would not be expelled from the Constitution merely because the delegates were honest and able men. They must also reject the theory upon which the exclusion is founded. But the Democratic party does not reject it. Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY, for instance, is both an honest and an able man. But he is a Democrat. He holds with his party. Men like Mr. MURPHY give principles to his party. Hence, if we had discarded party considerations, even a Convention of Senator MURPHYS, undoubtedly sincere and capable, would have retained this exceptional political status of the colored citizen. Those, therefore, who believe that the fundamental law, even were it in this particular only, should be changed could not wisely forget party considerations in the election, and are naturally gratified with the result.

But it must not be forgotten that, in other points as well as in that of the electoral qualification, the Constitution will be revised in the light of certain principles, and that the result will be approved and the party sustained only as those principles are acceptable to the people. The Constitution, whatever it may be, will be exposed during its consideration to the hostile ingenuity of those who wish it to be unacceptable, and who will encourage any tendency which seems to them for any reason to promise success to the Opposition. When submitted to the people the Constitution will be skillfully attacked upon some of the innumerable assailable points which such an instrument necessarily offers to adroit antagonists. Even if certain amendments are separately submitted to popular judgment, the fact that they are submitted instead of being rejected in the Convention will show the leaning of the Convention, and the responsibility must be borne accordingly.

The duty of the Convention, then, in view of the certain conflict, is to propose as simple a fundamental law as possible, founded upon the vital principles of a truly popular government. Let it bear in mind the kind of Constitution this State or any great State of free and intelligent citizens ought to have, and trust the consequences to the people. Liberty suffers less from the license of all than from the efforts of a few to regulate it. In all governments risks must be taken; and the remedy for what is anomalous and injurious in the operation of our system is not less freedom but more. If the wine works *let* it work, and it will work itself clear. If the structure of a popular government can not stand by itself, the beams and props of any kind of infidelity to it will not permanently sustain it—they will only gradually supersede it. If the Convention has first in view the ascendency of the party, it will probably lose that ascendency. But if it looks first at the true principles of popular government which the party cherishes, it will take the road to permanent party success.

## LUXEMBURG.

THE Tory Ministry in England have done another very dextrous thing. They have advised the Queen to urge the King of Prussia to agree to a general Conference of the Great Powers at London to settle the Luxemburg question; and the King has assented. In this happy and timely stroke the Tory Ministry have restored the waning influence of Great Britain in European politics by successfully intervening to keep the peace and by assembling the Congress in London.

No other solution of the difficulty was possible. A more causeless, useless, and wicked war than that which seemed imminent is not conceivable. But the difficulty, so far as France and Prussia were concerned, was passing beyond the reasonable point. It was no longer a question of Luxemburg, it was a point of national honor. In France even EMILE DE GIRARDIN, whom LOUIS NAPOLEON has sued for criticising the imperial policy, and whose paper has been seized, said, "Public meetings all over the country should make known to M. DE BISMARCK that if there is a German nation there is also a French nation: that if there is a German patriotism which is susceptible, there is a French patriotism which is sensitive; that, in a word, the German people excited, misled, and made to serve Prussian ambition will find itself opposed not only by the French army but by the French people, determined to defend their independence and to tear in pieces the treaties of 1815." "France does not desire war," said an official article in the *Constitutionnel*, "and will use all means consistent with her national honor to avoid it."

These things were said at a time when it is becoming unpleasantly evident to Frenchmen that, after all the fine talk about tearing the treaties of 1815 and remodeling the map of Europe, Italy has become free by the aid of Prussia, Germany is uniting under the vigorous leadership of the same power, while France not only had no part in the settlement but no advantage from it, not even the little slip of Rhenish territory which is the traditional desire of France. "Ah," sneers THIERS in the Assembly, "you have abandoned the old policy of keeping Germany and Italy divided, and what have you gained by the new? You have gained a compact Germany to which Italy owes its freedom, and which will not tolerate a single step in farther aggrandizement of France. The policy of the Empire has strengthened the natural enemies of France abroad, and deprived France of domestic liberty at home." The philosophy of the speech is false, because it assumes that nations are naturally hostile, but under the circumstances it must have prodigious influence in France. It was becoming a question to France whether BISMARCK did not snub LOUIS NAPOLEON as well as outwit him; whether France had not twice in the year asked of him as a favor what, if she spoke at all, she should have demanded as a right; whether, in fact, France was not sinking into a subordinate position in Europe to the parvenu Hohenzollern monarchy, and therefore it was becoming distinctly a question of war or revolution. For France to withdraw in the face of the Prussian position was impossible, and war was inevitable unless Prussia would yield.

Yet war could not be welcome to Prussia, with the sores of last summer still angry, and Austria biding her time, and France aroused from end to end; while the treaty questions were by no means clear, and the feeling of the inhabitants might be unfavorable to France. The treaties of 1815 are void by the war of last year; therefore the right of the German garrison in Luxemburg was disputable. The inhabitants are Roman Catholics, while Prussia is Protestant, and they speak French or Walloon and not German. The question was of policy rather than of right by treaty or popular consent, and Prussia is doubtless glad of the chance offered by England of discussing the question in a general Congress.

That Congress will be the most important since the Congress of Vienna, for it meets to settle many of the questions which that Congress determined. But in that assembly the people were not heard. Even England was represented by Lord CASTLEREAGH, a Tory of the Tories, and the map of Europe was modeled in the interest of rulers merely. The vast political change of the half century will appear in the different spirit of the London Congress—in which a French Emperor elected by a popular vote and a Prussian Minister who founds Germany upon general suffrage, assemble under the auspices of a British Tory Ministry which has just brought in a Reform bill.

## THE MOVEMENTS OF COTTON.

OF all our varied industries the cotton interest has suffered most from the late war, because it was the most acutely sensitive to extraordinary influences. Had the Southern rebellion been instituted for the express purpose of dethroning King Cotton the result could not have been more certain or complete. Yet, after all, his power is not destroyed; his sceptre is only temporarily transferred to another region—providentially, perhaps, to hasten the solution of the problem of cotton supply, which has so long vexed the political economists of the world.

When Englishmen saw that the United States were likely to retain that monopoly of the world's markets which they had so long enjoyed they cast about them for new sources of supply. They hoped to obtain at least a cheaper if not a better staple, and at the same time keep the price of it in their own hands. INDIA seemed to promise all that they hoped for or desired. As early as 1841, under the influences at work, the receipts in Great Britain from this single source had reached considerably more than 100,000,000 pounds. After that, during a period of twenty years, until the outbreak of the rebellion in this country, they had free scope to mature their experimental project, and put it to a practical test—to increase the production of the staple, to improve its character, and to compare it with other fibres in the test of woven fabrics. In 1857 the quantity of India cotton imported into Great Britain had increased to 250,000,000 pounds. The receipts from other sources were 65,000,000 pounds additional. These were very material contributions; but they afforded no relief, as the event proved, for it was discovered that, as the shipments of raw cotton from India increased, the demand for manufactured goods there increased to such an extent as to entirely neutralize the supply. The same facts were ascertained respecting Egypt, South America, and other markets. The increased production of cotton could not be made to keep pace with the demand for goods. Of the several sources of supply the United States alone furnished more cotton than they used; and to the United States, therefore, England still had to look to make up her deficit.

But there was another more serious difficulty: the *quality* of cotton other than American was in fault—it would seem incurably in fault. As was stated before the London Society of Arts, in 1859:

> "It is the insufficient supply, or the higher price of American cotton, that has driven our manufacturers upon the short-stapled native article of India, commonly called Surat. If the price of the two were equal, scarcely a bag of Surat would be employed. When the price of American cotton rises, owing to an inadequate supply, that of East India cotton follows it at a considerable interval—the usual ratio being two to three—and the import of the latter is greatly stimulated....Our desideratum is not simply more cotton, but more cotton of the same character and price as that now imported from the States. If India were to send us two millions of bales of Surat cotton per annum the desideratum would not be supplied. We should be almost as dependent on America as ever."

The Southern rebellion put this question to an unexpectedly severe test. With the American supply cut off, all the consequences of a cotton famine that had been predicted resulted in England. The joint product of all the known sources of supply could not alleviate the distress. Surats could not supply the desideratum. It was useless except for the coarsest fabrics. As a substitute for American it was a total failure. American cotton was demanded at any price and at any risk, and under this demand the price which, in 1860, had been but 11 cents per pound rose with tremendous bounds until it reached the fabulous figure of $1 95 per pound; some choice lots were sold at even $2. This was the maximum during the war. Following the immutable law, both the price and product of the East India staple were stimulated in like ratio, and large quantities of Surats were imported into the United States to take the place of the choicer lots exported. However, the fluctuations in price were frequent and extreme until toward the close of the war, when they finally fell off both here and in England in consequence of an increased supply of raw material and a curtailed market for goods.

Still, no one lost money on cotton then, because sales were made to fill contracts—sales were made ahead of production.

When the war closed, Southerners were enabled to ship to market such cotton as they had managed to preserve, and, selling it at 40 cents @ 45 cents per pound, realized a liberal supply of money. The Southern States being bare of goods after so many years of closed ports, Southern merchants came forward freely to lay in supplies of goods. Cotton goods were in great demand. The supply in the North was not equal to the wants of the South; prices rapidly advanced; business was active; large orders were sent to England for cotton goods. This gave impulse to the cotton market in Liverpool, and by October, 1865, prices had advanced to a high figure. Our market responded to the English advance, and suddenly raw cotton sold here up to 60 @ 62 cents; but as soon as orders for goods from this side ceased the English market drooped, and down tumbled prices in our own market. Middling cotton fell to 50, and then to 45 cents. Notwithstanding this rapid decline many believed the crop of 1866 would be very short, owing to the disorganization of labor—that it would not exceed 1,000,000 bales; instead of which there seems great probability that it will reach 2,000,000, certainly 1,800,000 bales. They looked for an improvement and held on; but, instead of recovering, cotton declined still further, and touched 28 cents. Many then thought it had surely reached its lowest notch, and bought freely. This gave a spasmodic activity to the market, which stiffened prices both here and abroad. When the market had touched 31 cents the operators hesitated, stopped buying, thought it time to get out, then sold, and the market fell heavily to 22 cents. Within the past few days it has rallied a little, and there are parties who are still sanguine of a considerable advance; but their hopes are built upon the sand. The tendency is inevitably downward, and those who attempt to resist it will be apt to suffer, as others have already done. The aggregate losses in cotton have been immense thus far. Commission houses have suffered equally with speculators in consequence of making large advances to parties who can not come to time. One house not long since wisely closed its doors with a loss of $600,000 in a year, determined to have nothing more to do with it. The recent suspension of a wealthy and long-established house in this city, whose name was a tower of strength, shows what burdens our merchants have had to bear.

There is little more that need be said in review of the cotton movements of the past six years. The cotton interest of this country is at present in a very languid state. Formerly our exports of cotton sufficed to pay for our imports, but now we are largely in debt to the other side, and must make up our deficit in gold. It becomes us to set out at once to re-establish our former high prestige. India's Surats may have sufficed to meet the wants of England in 1860, but they can not supply the world's demand to-day. That demand is vastly greater now than when we contributed our quota of 4,000,000 bales in 1860. Every year adds to the category of cotton wearers, and by 1870 the demand upon us will be for ten millions instead of four. There will be a market for every pound of it at remunerative prices, for no other country can furnish the like quality of cotton in the amount required. It may be that, by reason of disaster, indifference, or disorganization of labor, the culture of cotton at the South may be retarded for a time, but that it will eventually regain its former footing is as certain as that it has surmounted serious obstacles before. When peace followed the war of 1812, it resumed its course, and the production rose from 37,000 bales to 2,177,000 bales in 1840. History will doubtless repeat itself in our day, after we shall have perfected a judicious system of labor. Give the planters encouragement and the negroes ambition to excel, and the South will again become the mistress of the world's markets. The cotton interest is no more destined to languish long than Government bonds are to be used for waste paper.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY LAW.

One of the most extraordinary acts ever passed by a Legislature is that which requires the Governor of this State to designate one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this district to sit in chambers and to decide all *ex parte* motions. This act is supplemented by a clause, quietly hidden in the tax levy, which requires actions against the city to be brought in the Supreme Court. The reason of this clause, evidently the result of an oversight in the other act, will presently appear.

What, then, is the power which is thus taken from the supreme bench of the district, or from any one of the Justices sitting in chambers, and conferred upon one? It is a power greater than that of the Governor, and greater than that of any other individual in the State of New York. The New York *Times* clearly states the case. The Justice designated will be the only one who can grant an attachment or injunction in the Supreme Court, or set it aside. He alone of that Court can arrest, and to him only can an appeal for discharge from arrest be made. He alone will appoint referees of causes pending in the Court. He will exclusively control all allowances granted to counsel in the Court, except on the trial of causes. He will be the sole appointer of receivers, whether of insolvent estates, or of funds, or of property in litigation. He alone can appoint or remove trustees: and most of these acts of his are without appeal.

The public can thus see the scope of the power granted to one man by this bill. It can also see how such a bill might operate. Suppose that this Justice has made an order to open a street, and an attempt is made to get an injunction upon the opening. The bill provides that he alone can issue an attachment or injunction in the Supreme Court; and just at this point steps in the sly clause of the tax levy that all actions against the city shall be brought in the Supreme Court. If such a marvel upon the bench as a venal Judge could be imagined, what a boundless opportunity of loot is here revealed!

Or suppose, the Justice being designated, he should take offense at some remark of some thoughtless editor, construe it as slander, and issue an order of arrest for contempt of court. If the editor should apply for the *habeas corpus* the bill refers his case to the Justice who has committed him.

This is a bill not demanded by the bar, nor required by public convenience, and of a most dangerous character and tendency. It lessens the safeguards of justice and increases the chances of corrupt conspiracy. It is precisely such a bill as men who hoped to control a magistrate would anxiously favor. It makes the honest discharge of official duty more difficult by encouraging interested overtures. It is a law so extraordinary in its provisions, that, coupled with the cunning clause in the tax levy, totally irrelevant to such a bill, it inevitably excites suspicious attention. What does it mean? Who were interested in procuring its passage? Above all, since it is now a law, who is to be appointed under it? Is it a man whose reputation is spotless?—a man whose name has never been associated in any way with chicanery or bargaining—a man whose character and connections of all kinds raise him wholly above suspicion? Is it a man whose name is the synonym of honesty, and to whom those most familiar with him would gladly and willingly confide their interests? These are questions that are asked with painful curiosity. As we write the Justice is not designated; but if there be upon the Supreme bench one Judge who more than his associates is peculiarly of good repute, he should be the man. But whoever he may be, the press should watch him with sleepless eye, and criticise him with prompt and unfaltering tongue. If so vast a power is to be intrusted to one man, let it be exercised in the full gaze of the people.

Meanwhile it is impossible not to ask why the Governor, who vetoed a bill giving a slight increase of fare to the Central Railroad, approved a law which gives such an enormous and unchecked power to one man.

## STREET BOOTHS.

We have spoken above of one extraordinary act of the Legislature. But there is another which is equally censurable, although of less importance. This is the bill which, under pretense of incorporating a Soldiers' Messenger Company, authorized booths to be built in certain streets of this city. Broadway is excluded from the operation of the bill; but a commission may authorize them to be erected elsewhere.

It seems to us that the pressure upon the Legislature for grants of railroads in this city might have suggested to it that the streets were sufficiently crowded already and required relief. Above all the sidewalks should be kept free. It is bad enough that they are so obstructed by merchandise as they are already. In Cortlandt Street, in the lower part of Dey, along Water and Front streets, and elsewhere, the foot-passenger is evidently regarded as an impertinence and is treated as a nuisance. But the booth bill announces distinctly that pedestrians have no rights of way whatever.

We should very much like to ask any gentleman who voted for the bill what sidewalk in the city of New York, upon which it would be profitable to erect a booth, is not crowded enough already? Ah! but, says the *Tribune*, the Commissioners are such honest and intelligent men, they will see that we are not abused. The argument reveals the essential vice of the whole system. We don't want Commissioners to protect us. We want the law to defend us. Since the city of New York is not in one of the Departments of the Military Bill let us have a government of laws, not of men. So in the case of the other law to which we elsewhere allude, which confers such extraordinary powers upon one Judge of the Supreme Court, the *Tribune* and other papers extol a certain Justice whom they hope may be appointed. The argument is that with so honest a man the rights of the citizens will be secure. Yet that is but confessing that, if an unfit person be appointed, he may do infinite mischief under the law—and that is the severest condemnation of the law.

Let us have a government of laws just in principle, which consult the public convenience, and not private advantage at the public expense.

## PURE AND IMPURE WATER.

We have received some communications from some of our readers in relation to our articles on impurities of water. One speaks of a well which he had dug for a railroad that has so large a supply of water that he is much puzzled to account for it. It is but six feet in diameter, and yet he assisted in pumping six thousand gallons from it in a little over two hours. He says nothing of the surroundings; but they evidently must be such that the ground in the neighborhood is full of water in the strata that are on a level with the bottom of the well, and these strata must be of such a character that the water very readily permeates them. It is these two circumstances that must account for the very free flow of the water into the well.

Another writes from a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, situated upon a plain that slopes gently from the bank of a river back to a peat bog. The land on which the village stands is a gravelly soil, and the wells are from six to ten feet deep. Some facts are stated which show that the water flows into the wells very freely. One would suppose, therefore, that any impurities, especially if deposited any number of feet below the surface in the neighborhood of the wells, would find their way into them, and make the water unfit for use. But the writer states cases in which the cellars of stables are within a little distance from wells, in one case fifteen feet, and in another ten, and yet these wells furnish water which is considered pure. The well which is fifteen feet from a stable "has furnished for generations the best of drinking water for the stores and shops in the neighborhood." The writer asks, in relation to these facts, "How shall it be accounted for that these wells in this sandy, gravelly soil are not tainted by the surroundings?" We reply that there are only two suppositions that can account for it. One is, that the soil may be of such a character that by acting chemically upon the impurities it neutralizes them. Another is, that the distribution of the water in the soil may have such irregularities as to prevent communication between the manure cellars and the wells in their neighborhood. This is undoubtedly the explanation, at least in most cases similar to those which have been alluded to.

We have frequent illustrations of such irregularities. A spring issuing from the side of a hill is a common one. The hill may be constructed throughout of similar materials, but they are so arranged that the water makes its way in some parts more readily than in others, and most readily where the spring pours forth.

Sometimes changes take place in the distribution of water in the ground. The writer gives an example of this in his communication. A friend of his, living near the river, had a well which, after furnishing him good water for seven years, last summer became wholly unfit for use. He attributed the impurity of the water to the manure of his stable thrown out upon the ground thirty feet from the well. He had the well pumped out thoroughly two or three times to no purpose, and, giving it up, he dug a new well in the cellar of his house less than twenty feet from the old one, which gives him good water. Whether he was right or not as to the source of the impurity, the facts certainly show that there must have been some change in the distribution of the water at the end of the seven years to introduce the impurity, from whatever source it came.

In relation to the water pronounced by the writer to be so decidedly good on account of its palpable qualities, is it certain that it did not derive from the stables some deleterious ingredients that could not be detected by smell or taste? We know that when lead is present in water in sufficient quantity to undermine the health of those who drink it, it may not injure at all its agreeable character, and the same may be true of other injurious ingredients derived from different sources. Still we think that it is generally, or even, perhaps, almost always, true that water which looks good, smells good, and tastes good, is good.

Sometimes people make distinctions about the comparative excellence of water from different sources, which seem to be fanciful, and yet they may not be so—in some cases they certainly are not. Wine-drinkers talk of the bouquet of different wines, and so there may be a peculiar bouquet to waters from different wells or springs. Water would be always the same thing if it were simply water—that is, merely a compound of oxygen and hydrogen. But it contains in solution various solid substances, and in a sort of solution the gases of the atmosphere; and it is these which, in the varieties of their proportions, give variation to what may be called the bouquet of water. A friend, who was once a missionary in China, told us an anecdote which well illustrates this matter. A brother missionary, who was sick, expressed to him over and over again the strongest desire for some of the mountain water, which could only be obtained by going a distance of twelve miles. At first he thought it a foolish notion, but at length yielded to his importunity and procured some of the water, which proved so grateful to the sick man that he did not at all regret the trouble that it cost to obtain it. He was taken sick himself shortly after, and then he understood why his co-laborer had such a desire for the mountain water, for he also longed for it, and when it was obtained experienced its refreshing power. He also stated that the Governor-General of the province drank no water except this from the mountain springs twelve miles distant.

We have known ourselves some cases of special longing in sickness for water from some particular source. A lady sick with yellow-fever far away from her home, in her delirium constantly urged the nurse to get her some water from the old familiar well. This decided preference in sickness is but the heightening of one that exists in health, partly from the desire of something refreshing, and partly from the exaltation of the sensibilities by disease.

## LITERARY.

The *Diamond Editions* of poets and novelists are very pretty and compact, but they are fatal to the eyes. Nobody who values his sight will trust himself to much reading of them, although in these days of dear books they are often tempting by their low price. The Harpers have issued an edition of Thackeray's "Pendennis" which is not only cheaper than the diamond, but is perfectly legible. It is also enriched with an admirable portrait of the author, and with the original delightful illustrations by Thackeray himself, full of his racy humor. This neat and handsome volume will be one of the most delightful companions of summer travel.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Sickles has assumed control of the police forces of his district.

General Wager Swayne, commanding in Alabama, has abolished chain-gangs and the old vagrant law, which practically made a vagrant of every free negro.

A negro named Theophilus Ash was elected one of the town commissioners of Plymouth, North Carolina, on April 20.

A party of returned rebels in Kentucky, on April 19, prevented the Union candidate for Lieutenant-Governor from speaking at Germantown by threatening him with violence. They then fired some buildings and burned a portion of the town.

At an election for Mayor in Huntsville, Alabama, recently, the negro vote assisted to defeat the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau.

General Schofield has decided that rebel conscripts are not necessarily deprived of the right to vote.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The condition of East Tennessee just now is somewhat similar to that of Mississippi just after the close of the war—lawlessness overriding every thing. On April 17 Mr. George L. Yates, formerly Major of the Ninth Tennessee Cavalry, and then clerk of the Sullivan County Circuit Court, received the following letter:

(A bill of good things for Fred Douglas, who is called George L. Yates.) This instrument of writing is to notify you to leave Blountville and go to a climate where Radicalism is more congenial. You never have been notified before; but it was contemplated. I am not an enemy to you, but a friend to all such sweet pinks. You are liable to be shot down upon the streets at any time, or at least to be tarred and feathered. Now do as you are directed, and leave Blountville in twelve days, or suffer the penalty.

Many Rebels in Blountville.

As such notices had frequently been served before Major Yates paid but little attention to it, and continued at his duties. On April 24 he had occasion to visit the country, and while he was absent a party of men, under command of a man named Hobbs, came into Blountville, rode to his house, but having learned of his absence, rode back in the central portion of the town where they met Mr. Nelson Wright, an old man of seventy, and who had, during the entire war, been a Union man. Hobbs said to him, "You d—d old villain, I understand you used to help Yankees make their escape from our prisons." Mr. Wright replied that he had not, but that he had once fed a party of them, and would do it again if an opportunity presented. Hobbs immediately drew his revolver and shot him through the head, at the same time exclaiming, "Then take your pay, you d—d old thief." The party then rode through town and called out for several Union men, who very wisely did not answer, as they would undoubtedly have shared the fate of Mr. Wright; and as there appeared no more for them to do, they rode over the line into Virginia.

Rev. J. C. White, on April 24, attempted to lecture on Romanism at Quincy, Illinois, but was prevented by a mob of at least two thousand persons, eager for an opportunity of doing violence to the lecturer.

The Governor of South Carolina estimates that there are 100,000 persons in that State who have not tasted meat in a month. Several cases of starvation are reported.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

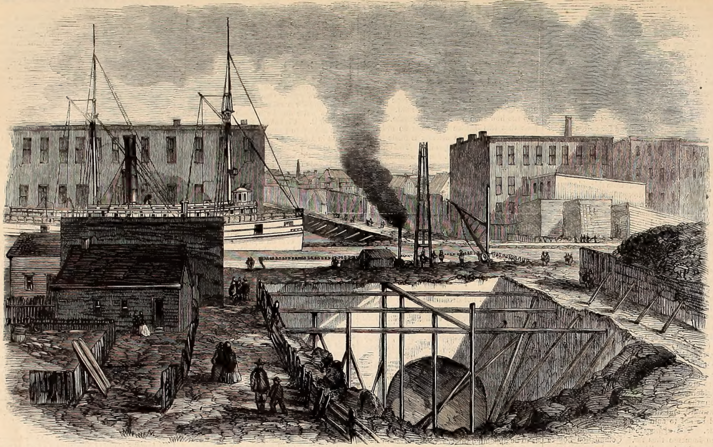
The war in Mexico by the fall of Puebla is narrowed down to the sieges of Vera Cruz and Queretaro. Puebla was captured by Porfirio Diaz on April 2 after an obstinate contest, and sixty-three of the Imperial officers were shot after their surrender. Marquez, who had escaped from Queretaro and arrived at Mexico city, appeared before Puebla soon after its capture with four thousand men, too late, however, to reinforce the garrison. Diaz immediately engaged and defeated him, capturing guns and ammunition, but not Marquez himself. The news from Queretaro is to April 6, and from Liberal sources. Maximilian had sent three Commissioners to Juarez, offering to surrender if the lives and property of the prominent chieftains were guaranteed. These conditions were refused. Maximilian then made two efforts to cut his way out and reach the city of Mexico, but failed in both. In the last effort General Miramon was shot in both legs. The condition of the besieged is represented as horrible, and the speedy capture of the town was regarded as certain. The siege of Vera Cruz was progressing with spirit on April 12. Solid shot and shell were being hurled daily into the city, and the condition of the citizens was distressing. A flag of truce had arrived announcing the fall of Puebla and the execution of Imperial officers and demanding capitulation, guaranteeing that no lives should be taken among the prisoners if the town surrendered before the 15th inst., but after that no guarantee could be expected.

On the night of April 11 a proclamation was posted in the streets of Rome calling on the people to rise in insurrection against the papal authorities, and promising the support of Garibaldi, who it was stated would respect the spiritual authority of the Pope while endeavoring to overthrow his temporal power.

The Russian Government is to take its pay for Russian America in old United States iron-clads.

General Salnave, who was driven out of Hayti over a year ago by Geffrard and the English gun-boat *Bull-dog*, has succeeded to the Presidency vacated by Geffrard, and arrived from exile at Cape Haytien on March 27.

If the present rate of emigration from Ireland is continued throughout the season the total numbers who will have left at the end of this year will exceed that of 1865, when the largest exodus ever known took place.



TUNNEL UNDER THE CHICAGO RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

## CHICAGO RIVER TUNNEL.

THE Chicago River, a narrow stream, runs through the city of the same name. A number of bridges furnish the present means of transit across this river, the width of which is not more than 250 feet. To allow the numerous craft to pass up this stream, which is really the harbor of Chicago, on their way to and from Lake Michigan, the bridges are constructed so as to swing upon a pivot arranged in a pier of masonry built in the centre of the stream. These bridges are continually open, making the crossing of them so uncertain that it seems strange that the energetic inhabitants of the Western metropolis should have endured the nuisance for so long a time. Tunnels are to be constructed to replace these bridges. The one already commenced at the foot of Washington Street, and which we illustrate on this page, it is expected will be completed before another year has passed. Our correspondent thus describes it: "A coffer-dam of piles is built half across the stream, the other half being left open for the convenience of passing vessels. Beneath this coffer-dam the tunnel is built, when that side of the river will be thrown open and the dam built on the other side. The estimated cost is $408,000."

SHAD-FISHING IN NEW YORK BAY—PICKING THE STAKE-NETS.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 302.]

Mr. THOMAS NAST.—[Photographed by Brady.]

## THOMAS NAST.

Thomas Nast, whose portrait, engraved by his friend, W. L. Thomas of London, appears in this issue, and who is most agreeably known to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, is the son of a musician in the Bavarian army, and was born in Landau, Bavaria, in the year 1840. When he was six years old his parents came to the United States, bringing their boy with them. They were very poor, but their industry presently made them comfortable. The boy showed from the beginning his fondness for drawing; and although his parents were very sure that it was folly to devote himself to any thing but a mechanical trade, he persevered in his artistic studies. Upon leaving school he drew with Kaufmann for six months, and had no further instruction from a master.

When he was fifteen years old Nast began as a draughtsman for an illustrated paper. He gave himself so ardently to his work, sparing but four hours for sleep, and diligently drawing and studying during the rest of the night, that he found he was injuring his sight and his health. Three years of diligence and success made his name known, and leaving his exclusive work upon the paper, he was so profitably employed that in February, 1860, he had money enough for a visit to Europe. He went to England with an engagement to send home pictures of the prize-fight between Heenan and Sayres. From England he pushed on to Italy, and reached Genoa in time to join Colonel Medici's expedition to Southern Italy; and crossing to Sicily, went through the island with Garibaldi, and was afterward at the sieges of Capua and Gaeta. He made sketches of all the memorable events he saw for American, English, and French illustrated papers; and after a rapid tour through Germany, Switzerland, and France, the young artist landed again at the end of a year in New York.

Nast immediately began to paint pictures suggested by his Italian experience. But the opening of a grander campaign drew his heart and mind to another theme; and in the year 1862 he began the remarkable series of illustrations which have appeared in this paper. In the year 1866 he designed a collection of grotesques for the *bal d'opera*—a gallery of semi-satirical popular portraits, unique for the purpose, and very successful, each being a palpable hit. He has recently devoted himself with his wonted diligence and ardor to painting, and his "Union Advance arriving at a Plantation," an episode of Sherman's march through Georgia, is one of the most characteristic and admirable pictures suggested by the war. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1865, but it was ingeniously hung over a door entirely out of sight. But it is one of a class of pictures which will be greatly multiplied unless our artists think that heroism and romance are incompatible with our own history and experience.

But of all Nast's works his pictures for this

paper are undoubtedly the most characteristic and important. They are of an allegorico-political character, at once poems and speeches. They argue the case to the eye, and conclusively. A few lines does the work of many words, and with a force of eloquence which no words can rival. During the great Presidential campaign of 1864 these pictures were powers. "The Chicago Platform" was irresistible. The dishonor and essential treachery of the Democratic Convention, that wretched tender to the Rebel Congress, were exposed with unsparing and overwhelming skill. The baseness, the cowardice, the insincerity, and the inhumanity of the Chicago plotters were revealed to every man and woman in the land. This drawing and "Compromise with the South" were prodigious batteries. Their influence upon the glorious result of the campaign was undeniable.

Since the surrender Nast's pictures have been of the same general character, adapted to the changed circumstances. His striking contrast of the rebel chiefs and the maimed colored soldier of the Union before Columbia, and her question—"Shall I trust these men, and not this man?" illustrated the deepest feeling of the generous American heart, against which the President has vainly struggled. So the fancy of the President as Iago, and the colored loyalist as Othello, was a terrible stripping off of disguises, and a glimpse of the tragical truth. Gilray is the only political draughtsman who can be at all named with Nast; but Gilray's work is gross, prosaic caricature compared with the subtle, suggestive, imaginative touch of Nast in his happy moments.

His recent pictures, "Southern Justice" and "Amphitheatrum Johnsonianum" are very significant. They tell their own story. They represent, not accidents, such as might happen any where, but a system of brutal crime which no other civilized people in the world would have so long tolerated; a system of persecution and destruction of loyal citizens of the United States which the United States will endure no longer. These pictures are the argument of the Reconstruction bill. The civil law of rebel States, made and administered by ex-rebels, is found to be no defense against crimes committed upon loyal men; and if those men are to be protected, it must be for the present by the national arm.

In Jarves's "Art Idea"—a work well known to artists and connoisseurs—there is the following opinion of the talents and capacity of Thomas Nast, which we hope and believe he will not fail to justify:

"The lofty character and vast issues of our civil war have thus far had but slight influences on our art. Rarely have our artists sought to give even the realistic scenes of strife. This may be in part owing to their inaptitude in treating the human figure, or the delineation of strong passions and heroic action.

"Judging from wood-cuts in *Harper's Weekly* of compositions relating to the various stages of the war, Nast is an artist of uncommon abilities. He has composed designs, or rather given hints of his ability to do so, of allegorical, symbolical, or illustrative character far more worthy to be transferred in paint to the wall spaces of our public buildings than any thing that has as yet been placed upon them. Although hastily got up for a temporary purpose, they evince originality of conception, freedom of manner, lofty appreciation of national ideas and action, and a large artistic instinct."

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

## Book I.

### CHAPTER III.

THE SAXELBYS.

Mabel Earnshaw's mother had married a second time. Her present husband, Mabel's step-father, was a Mr. Saxelby; and by him she had one child, a little boy of three years old. Mr. Saxelby was chief clerk—he said secretary—to the flourishing company which supplied Hammerham with gas. He was a very thoroughly efficient clerk, and had risen to his present position in the company's employ, through various gradations, until he had come to be a very much trusted and influential personage in nearly all their transactions. He earned a good salary, and, some people thought, had saved money; others maintained that he lived fully up to his income. He had met Mrs. Earnshaw—then a very pretty widow—at a Welsh watering-place, some five years before the date of my story. She was living as companion to a very cross and disagreeable old lady, who combined those attributes with remarkably strong and uncompromising low-church views on religion. She tortured poor, meek, weak, pretty Mrs. Earnshaw with her temper, and frightened her with her doctrine. So when Mr. Saxelby—then a staid bachelor of two-and-forty—fell in love with and proposed to her, the poor woman was grateful to him in proportion to the joy she felt at the idea of escaping from her present lot, and accepted him without hesitation. Her little girl was staying with some relatives of her late father. Very little was ever said about these relatives after Mrs. Earnshaw's second marriage; but Mr. Saxelby at once sent for the child, and had her to live in his own house. He behaved well to Mabel on the whole, and was a kind husband to her mother. But between him and his step-daughter much sympathy was impossible. Benjamin Saxelby's character was rigid, his intellect narrow, his education very limited. His was the intolerant ignorance which is so hopeless to deal with, because it can conceive nothing beyond the circumscribed range within its ken, and takes its own horizon for the boundary of the universe. He had a standard of duty, to which—in justice it must be said—he conscientiously endeavored to adhere. But unfortunately this included very few qualities that are calculated to call forth strong attachment. And it was beyond Mr. Saxelby's mental possibilities to perceive that when Mabel's moral measurement failed to coincide accurately with his standard, it was occasionally because she was above and not below it. His wife's weaker and more plastic nature accommodated itself more easily to his opinions and prejudices. Besides, all the love of which he was capable was given to her and to her boy. And if there exist any natures in which real love does not awaken an answering affection, Mrs. Saxelby's was not one of them. She was very grateful, very gentle, very humble, and a little selfish, with the soft selfishness that springs from weakness and indolence. Mabel was tenderly attached to her mother, toward whom she assumed at times a sort of protecting air; but she cherished a secret worship for her dead father's memory: crediting him with many more high and noble qualities than he had ever possessed, and clinging passionately to those who belonged to his blood. Mabel had been too young to form any real estimate of her father's character, for he died when she was but six years old. But she had thought of him, and spoken of him, until she persuaded herself that she retained a vivid remembrance of her dead parent.

The Saxelby household was by no means an unhappy one. Mabel had too much sweetness of nature, and clearness of mind to grudge her mother the happiness and comfort she derived from her second marriage. And when the baby-brother arrived she took the little fellow into her warm young heart and loved him with a rich abundance of sisterly affection. There was one point, and one only, on which Mabel felt any bitterness or resentment toward her step-father, and this point they both tacitly agreed to avoid. The grievance which rankled in Mabel's mind arose from the mode in which she had been withdrawn from the protection of her father's relatives; and the absolute prohibition which Mr. Saxelby commanded his wife to lay on her holding any communication with them from the time she left their roof for his. Mabel had been a little girl of eleven at the period of her mother's second marriage, and the five years that had since passed had served to obliterate from her mind in a great degree the impressions of the time spent in her aunt's family. Still she preserved an affectionate remembrance of those tabooed relatives, and had made many high, though rather vague, resolves to seek them out and renew her old loving intercourse with them at that distant and constantly receding epoch, which I presume we have all of us pictured to ourselves once upon a time, and which Mabel naïvely characterized as "the time when I shall be able to do as I like."

The Saxelbys' social position in Hammerham was immensely inferior to that of the Charlewoods; and yet the two families were on very intimate terms. Benjamin Saxelby and Luke Charlewood had known each other as men of business for years; Mr. Charlewood being, in fact, one of the principal directors of the gas company, whose shareholders had collectively a right to call Mr. Saxelby their servant. But it was not until after his marriage that the latter had crossed the threshold of Bramley Manor. Augusta Charlewood was just completing her education at the school to which Mabel's step-father sent her when the little girl arrived there as a new pupil. And Augusta Charlewood had taken a fit of romantic affection for her school-fellow. (Augusta Charlewood was rather prone to take fits of romantic affection. But it is only fair to add that they did not last long.) However, an invitation given and accepted for Mabel to pass some holiday weeks at Bramley Manor led to an acquaintance between the Charlewoods and Mabel's mother and step-father. And the Hammerham millionaires were not long in discovering that, whatever might be said of Mr. Saxelby, his wife bore the unmistakable stamp of gentle breeding; and that the gloss of their spick-and-span gentility ran no risk of being tarnished by her society. Augusta's short-lived enthusiasm for that "dear, sweet, clever Mabel," had cooled very considerably long ago, but the young girl had ingratiated herself thoroughly with all the other members of the family, and was treated almost like a pet child of the house.

"Don't you think Christian charity is a very, very rare thing, Mr. Charlewood? I don't mean charity in giving. *That* is not uncommon. But charity in speaking and thinking?"

She always felt a little shy with Clement Charlewood, of whose judgment and sense she had formed a very high opinion. And then he was habitually so grave and reserved that she had never been able to become on the same terms of easy intimacy with him as with the rest of the family. She even had an idea that he did not particularly like her, although he was invariably kind and courteous. "I know he looks upon me as a silly little school-girl," said Mabel to herself.

"Without going further into your definition of charity, Miss Earnshaw, would you mind telling me, in plain words, what unkind speaking you so resent?"

She colored deeply, but answered with firmness, "I think it was uncharitable to say that the little girl's soul was in peril only because her father plays in the orchestra of the theatre. I believe very good people may belong to theatres."

The young man glanced down at the flushed girlish face by his side in undisguised astonishment.

"They *may*, certainly, I suppose," he said, slowly. "But forgive me for remarking that you are too young and too in—inexperienced to know much about it."

"Of course I'm young," said Mabel, making the damaging admission in all humility, "but, for all that, I do believe—I do know, that there are good people in theatres."

They had arrived at her home as she said the words, and without waiting for a reply she pushed open the garden gate and ran lightly up the path to the house.

The Saxelbys lived in what the agent, who let it, called a "cottage horny." It was a square low house built of light yellow bricks, with long French windows opening to the ground; and it had a pretty bright space of flower-garden in front, separated from the road by one of the thick neatly clipped box hedges for which the suburbs of Hammerham are famous. There was a wooden veranda, painted a very bright green, running round the house; and a very beautiful jessamine twined round the slender pillars that supported the veranda, and filled the air with the delicate perfume of its creamy star-shaped flowers. At the back there was a long narrow stretch of velvet grass, inclosed between walls covered with fruit trees. Altogether, Jessamine Cottage, Fitzhenry's Road, was a very pleasant peaceful English-looking residence. And Mrs. Saxelby had contrived to give to its interior arrangements an air of elegance which was wanting to the gaudy splendor of Bramley Manor.

Mabel stopped on the threshold of the glass door that gave access to the little entrance hall, and said with her hand on the bell,

"You'll come in and see mamma, Mr. Charlewood?"

He hesitated. But she seemed to take his compliance for granted; for as soon as the neat maid-servant had opened the door, she passed in, saying without turning her head, "This way, please, Mr. Charlewood. Mamma will be in the morning-room, I know."

So Clement followed her, and found himself unannounced in Mrs. Saxelby's presence. That lady was sitting in a small room looking on to the lawn; and the light chintz-patterned muslin dress she wore harmonized perfectly with the freshness and simplicity of her surroundings. The walls of the little sitting-room were covered with a pale brown paper, touched sparingly with gold. The carpet was also light brown; and the window-curtains were of spotless white muslin. There was not an article in the room that could, strictly speaking, be called ornamental, except an abundance of flowers. And yet, as Clement Charlewood paused for an instant at the door, and looked at the sober-tinted room, with its green back-ground seen through the open window, and the delicate feminine figure that rose quietly to welcome him, he was struck by the beauty and harmony of the picture, and made an involuntary comparison in his mind between it and his mother's drawing-room at Bramley Manor, which was by no means favorable to the latter.

Mrs. Saxelby was a still pretty woman, with a fair smooth skin, and aquiline profile. She held out her hand with a gracious smile in greeting to Clement.

Mabel threw off her bonnet, and, kneeling at her mother's side, began to tell of the accident, and how frightened they had all been at first, and how kindly Mr. Charlewood had given orders for the poor child's comfort. "Oh, mamma," she cried, winding up her somewhat confused recital, "she was such a sweet-looking little creature. I should so like—if I might—to call and ask if I could do any thing for her."

"Really," said Clement, quickly, "you mustn't think of it. It wouldn't do at all." Then, checking himself, he turned to Mrs. Saxelby with a half-apologetic manner. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Saxelby," he said; "but I assure you the place is not the sort of place for Miss Earnshaw to visit, nor are the people the sort of people for Miss Earnshaw to come in contact with. She could do them no good. I will answer for every necessary care being taken of the little girl."

"Dear Mabel is apt to be a little impulsive," said Mrs. Saxelby, stroking her daughter's hair.

"Mamma, the child's father, Mr. Trescott, is a musician who plays in the orchestra of the theatre," said Mabel, in a low, distinct tone.

There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Saxelby's netting had fallen from her hand on to the floor, and had apparently become entangled, for she stooped over it for some seconds without speaking. "How can you persist, Mabel?" she said, still busy with her netting. "You know Mr. Saxelby wouldn't hear of it."

Mabel rose from her knees. "I think it would be right to go and see if I could do the little girl any good," she said, "and I don't suppose, mamma, that *you* think her father must be wicked because he plays in a theatre." With that she locked her lips into a peculiarly scornful curve, which they had a natural capacity for quickly assuming, and walked out of the open French window into the garden without a glance at Clement.

"I'm afraid," he said, following with his eyes the flutter of Mabel's dress as she slowly paced down the long narrow grass-plat—"I'm afraid Miss Earnshaw is a little displeased with me for venturing to oppose her philanthropic intentions."

"Oh, you must not take offense at her manner, Mr. Charlewood. She is but a child. I shall give her a lecture by-and-by."

"Offense! No indeed. I admire the generous feeling that prompts her. But do you know, Mrs. Saxelby, she seems to me to have some particular tenderness for these theatre people."

How singularly unmanageable Mrs. Saxelby's netting was this afternoon! It had again got itself into a condition which necessitated her stooping over it.

Clement lingered a little, hat in hand. "I must be going," he said, with a glance toward the garden. "Will you say good-by for me to Miss Earnshaw? and," he added, with a smile, "beg her not to think me altogether wanting in Christian charity."

But as he spoke Mabel returned, and, going up to him, quietly held out her hand. "Good-by," she said, "and thank you once more."

"Don't thank me, please, but tell me you forgive me."

"I forgive you," she said, with naïve gravity, "because you do not know any better."

"You are tremendously uncompromising, Miss Earnshaw, "but I am glad to be forgiven by you on any terms. Good-by. And trust me the pretty little girl shall be well looked after."

"Mamma," said Mabel, when the sound of Clement Charlewood's footsteps had died away along the quiet road, "don't be angry with me. But I can not bear to hear those things said without protest. It seems like—like bearing false witness."

Her mother drew the girl's head down and kissed her silently. The autumn twilight seemed to have filled the room all at once, and she could not see Mabel's face distinctly, but as she pressed her lips against her child's soft cheek she felt that it was wet with tears.

### CHAPTER IV.

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE NEW BRIDGE STREET.

"I'm *so* thirsty."

Poor little Corda Trescott had said these words in a weak, plaintive voice four or five times one night before a tall bony woman, who was sitting at the head of the child's bed, roused herself. The woman's gown was dirty, and her sandy hair was rough and unkempt, and she wore it twisted into a meagre wisp, and fastened with a big imitation tortoise-shell comb at the back of her head. She had a glaring red glass brooch at her throat, but no collar; gilt ear-rings in her ears; and held in her unwashed hands a soiled number of some red-hot romance which was then in course of publication for the sum of one half-penny weekly.

This was Mrs. Hutchins, the landlady of the house in which the Trescotts lodged, and to whose care the child was necessarily confided during her father's nightly absence at the theatre.

Mr. Hutchins was a hard-working carpenter who earned decent wages. And as they were a childless couple, and as Mrs. Hutchins's domestic duties were consequently not of a nature to absorb her whole time and attention, she was in the habit of letting the two rooms on her first floor and a garret at the top of the house.

More than a week had passed since the accident, and little Corda Trescott was mending rapidly, though she was still weak and helpless. True to his promise to Mabel, and prompted, besides, by a kindly interest in the child, Clement Charlewood had sent to the house such comforts and delicacies as might reasonably be supposed to be beyond the culinary skill of Mrs. Hutchins, and he had called himself at No. 23 New Bridge Street, when business brought him into the neighborhood. This was not seldom, for there were busy wharves and counting-houses in close proximity to its squalid dwellings, and not a little of the gold that glittered profusely in the suburban villas of Hammerham was dug out of these dingy mines.

On one or two occasions when Clement paid a hasty visit to the little invalid he had heard from an upper chamber the sound of a violin played with remarkable skill and power. Clement had a great love of music, and some knowledge of it. Hammerham people, indeed, mostly pride themselves on their musical knowledge. He was struck by the unexpected finish of style of the unseen player, and asked Corda if it were her father? But the child had answered, "No. Papa can't play like that, though it was papa who first taught Alfred." Alfred, she explained, was her brother. Alfred was a very clever brother, and she was very fond of Alfred. He had a fine tone; didn't Mr. Charlewood think so? Papa said Alfred had a fine tone. Papa said Alfred ought to make a great player. Only—and here Corda's voice was lowered confidentially, and she looked very serious—only he *wouldn't* practice. Not regularly, that was to say. Sometimes he would take a fit of industry, and practice ten hours a day for a week. But he had promised *her* that he would work steadily, and she was in daily expectation of his beginning to do so in earnest. Did he, then, do nothing for his living? Oh yes; Alfred was engaged sometimes in the orchestra of the theatre when any extra help was required. He was engaged just now, for an opera company was performing at the theatre, and Alfred could take a first violin, while papa could only play second. But papa was very clever too. Mr. Charlewood mustn't suppose it was not very difficult indeed to play a good second.

"I'm *so* thirsty, Mrs. Hutchins!"

The little voice came faintly once more out of the poor bed, and the bright feverish eyes looked wistfully at a great earthen-ware pitcher standing on the mantle-piece.

"Goodness sake, Cordelia!" ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins, petulantly, "I hear you. You've said so ten times in a minute." Then glancing at the patient face on the pillow her heart was softened, and she got up and poured out a mugful of barley-water from the great pitcher. Approaching the bed, she held the mug to the child's lips while she swallowed a deep draught.

"Ah-h-h! That's good, ain't it?" said Mrs. Hutchins, sympathetically drawing a long breath. Then she smoothed the child's hair back from her heated forehead with a not ungentle hand. But Corda shrank from its touch; for her senses, always delicate in their perceptions, even to fastidiousness, were far from being blunted by illness. And it must be confessed that, without being extraordinarily dainty, one might have taken exception to Mrs. Hutchins's hand. But, fortunately, the good lady perceived nothing of the child's shrinking, by reason of her having plunged again into the perils which encompassed "Rosalba of Naples; or, the Priest, the Page, and the Penitent"

"I wonder," said little Corda, after a pause,

restlessly turning her hot head on the pillow, "I wonder what o'clock it is?"

Mrs. Hutchins followed Rosalba of Naples into the "deepest dungeon below the castle-keep," and heard the massive doors locked on her with a "fatal clash," before she answered shortly, "Dunno, I'm sure."

"Because papa said he would come straight home after he had done. It's 'Lucia' to-night. 'Lucia' isn't a long opera. I should think he'd be back by eleven; shouldn't you, Mrs. Hutchins?"

Rosalba having by this time got her body half-way through the narrow loop-hole looking on to the moat (preparatory to escaping by means of a rope-ladder supplied by the page), the situation was too critical to admit of Mrs. Hutchins's having a scrap of attention to spare. So she vaguely murmured, "All right, my dear."

Down in the kitchen a clock was ticking loudly, and some shrill crickets kept up a piercing chorus on the hearth. Black beetles, fortunately, are silent creatures, or they might have contributed a formidable addition to the noises that fretted the sick child's nerves. Waiting, waiting, waiting! How long the time seemed! Would her father never come home? Suddenly it occurred to her to turn the importunate ticking of the kitchen-clock to account. She knew that there were sixty seconds in a minute, and sixty minutes in an hour. She would count the time by the beats of the clock, and that would make it pass quicker. Her father must be home by eleven. She guessed it to be about ten now. So she would count for an hour, and at the end of it papa would be here. Tick-tack, tick-tack, one, two, three, four—two, three—one, two—and the small slight fingers that had been tapping on the coverlet relaxed, and were still. The eyelids quivered, drooped, and closed over the lustrous hazel eyes. The breath came regularly from between the parted lips—little Corda was fast asleep.

Almost at the same moment Rosalba succeeded, after various desperate struggles, in wriggling through the loop-hole, and getting a fair hold of the rope-ladder. While she was still "poised with one fairy foot upon its topmost round," the number came to an abrupt termination.

"Lord bless us!" cried Mrs. Hutchins, impatiently, "to think of its leaving off at that there interestin' pint! It's like as if they done it a' purpose."

Laying down the story she refreshed herself with a copious draught from the earthen pitcher.

"Very good barley-water," said Mrs. Hutchins, "though it might ha' been better for a sup o' sherry in it. I s'pose they dussn't put it, 'cos of fever. Uncommon kind of young Charlewood to be so attentive to Cordelia, and send things a'most every day. I never knowed the fam'ly was renounced"—Mrs. Hutchins probably meant renowned—"for troubling theirselves too much about other folk's wants. Old Luke's a hard old file. That's about what *he* is."

Mrs. Hutchins pursued her meditations half aloud before an oval looking-glass hanging over the chimney-piece, which so defied all the recognized laws of gravity and perspective in the reflected image of the room which it presented as to cause an instant sensation of sea-sickness in any unaccustomed beholder.

"Ah! she's a nice little creetur," Mrs. Hutchins went on, "but spiled. Trescott's too uppish by half. I can't think why them sort of people should give theirselves airs. But they mostly do. Young Alfred's the flower of the flock, for *my* money. He do so remind me of Sir Leonardo Gonzaga of the Sable Plume. Just the pictur of Leonardo he is, accordin' to my fancy. Only he's younger, and his hair ain't quite coal-black; and he don't flash so continual with his eyes as Leonardo do."

Mrs. Hutchins was beginning to doze, with her arms folded on the table, and her hair in dangerous proximity to the flame of the candle, when the turning of a latch-key in the house-door and the sound of voices roused her. She jumped up with a start and hurried down stairs, arriving in the kitchen as Mr. Trescott and his son, a lad of eighteen, entered it. Each carried in his hand one of those queer coffin-shaped boxes known as violin-cases. The dress of both was poor. But while the father's attire made no pretense of smartness, but expressed a sort of resigned and conscious shabbiness, the son's was indicative in twenty ways of an attempt at fashion and rakishness. Alfred Trescott was a remarkably handsome young fellow. His hair was allowed to grow long, and was put carelessly behind his ears, in foreign fashion. His pale face and regular features were illumined by a pair of magnificent dark eyes, shaded by long lashes that many a reigning belle might have envied. These eyelashes gave a look of almost feminine softness to the eyes beneath them. But when you met their gaze full—which was not often, for they shifted restlessly from moment to moment—you perceived that there was nothing soft in the expression of the eyes themselves, but, on the contrary, a sinister watchful look, that seemed to hint at mingled ferocity and deceit.

"How's Corda?" asked Mr. Trescott, limping into the kitchen.

"Ah, how's the poor little kid?" said Alfred.

"Well, she's asleep now, Mr. Trescott. I've a' been with her all the blessed evening," said Mrs. Hutchins, assuming (somewhat unnecessarily) an air of fatigue and exhaustion. "And Hutchins, he's been in bed these two hours. So be so good as not to make no more noise than you can help on going up stairs, Mr. Alfred; for Hutchins he has to be up at his work by five to-morrow, and if he don't get his rest reg'lar he's good for nothing."

"All serene, Mrs. H.," rejoined Alfred, carelessly; and he proceeded to strike a match wherewith to light a short, scientifically blackened pipe, which he drew from his pocket.

"Alf," said his father, speaking in jerks, and with a nervous, twitching manner, "I wish you wouldn't smoke now; your tobacco is fearfully strong, and the smell of it penetrates all through the house. I know Corda doesn't like it, and I don't believe it's good for her."

"Does she say so?" asked Alf, poking out, with the unburned end of his lucifer-match, a straggling black beetle left behind by its retreating comrades in a chink of the hearth-stone.

"Say so? Of course not. What does she ever say, with herself for its subject? But you might have a little consideration for her in her feverish state, without her entreating it."

"Ah!" returned the young man, coolly taking a long slow pull at the black pipe, "just so. Only, you have heard from Mrs. H. that Corda is fast asleep; consequently, Sir, this baccy will please me and do her no harm."

While Mrs. Hutchins spread the supper-table in the untidy kitchen, setting forth cold meat, bread, and beer, Mr. Trescott took a candle and stole softly up stairs to the room where Corda lay still sleeping. Shading the light with his hand, he stood by the bedside, and watched for a minute or two the sweet, delicate face flushed with slumber, and the gold-brown curls tossed in disorder over the coarse pillow. Some sense of her father's silent presence must have awakened the child, for though he neither spoke nor moved, she opened her eyes and held out her arms to embrace him with a little gasp of pleasure.

"Papa!"

"My pet," said Mr. Trescott, "I have disturbed you."

"No, papa. I haven't been asleep a single minute. I was counting the clock, and that made me drowsy."

"Counting the clock, Corda?"

Mr. Trescott's face twitched as with some painful thought, and he limped uneasily once or twice up and down the room. "I'm afraid, my little one," he said, coming back to the bed, "I am terribly afraid that you are unhappy while I am out. What can I do, Corda? I *must* go."

"I know, papa."

"Isn't that woman kind and attentive to you when I am away?"

"Quite kind, papa. She gives me a drink and moves me in bed whenever I ask her. I don't want her to talk to me. It don't amuse me, papa. I would rather lie and think."

"Well, don't think, but sleep now, Corda. You'll soon be strong again, and able to go out with me."

"Does—does Alf know I'm awake?" asked the child, wistfully.

"I think not, my darling. Mrs. Hutchins said you were asleep when we came in."

"Do you think he would mind coming to kiss me and say 'good-night,' if he did know I was awake, papa?"

Mr. Trescott went to the head of the stairs and called to his son. "Your sister wants to say good-night to you."

After a minute's pause, Alfred, muttering something, which perhaps it was as well that the pipe between his teeth rendered unintelligible, came slowly up the stairs.

"Well, young 'un," he said, bending over his sister, "what's the latest intelligence? How are the breakages progressing?"

"Oh, my bone's coming all mended, Alf. Mr. Brett said so," answered Corda, smiling up into his face. Then, as he stooped to kiss her, the strong odor of the tobacco made her turn her head away with a little choking cough.

"What the deuce is up now?" asked Alfred, dropping the hand she had put into his.

"I couldn't help coughing a little, Alf dear. You smell of smoke so."

"It's a way I have, child, when I've been smoking. That's not a very brilliant discovery of yours."

He spoke in a dry, sullen tone, and was turning to go, when his sister caught his sleeve and drew him to her.

"I know you can't help it, dear. And I don't mind it a bit generally. Not a bit," she added, with a quiet, old-fashioned air of experienced wisdom, "except when you do it too much for your health. Excess-si-sive" (Corda found the long word a little unmanagable, but surmounted the difficulty with dignity), "excessive smoking is very injurious indeed to young people, Mr. Brett says."

Alfred's ill-humor was not proof against the child's caressing touch, nor the earnest, loving look in the clear eyes she raised to his.

"Mr. Brett's an old woman," he replied, with a laugh. "You may tell him I say so. There, there! Never mind. Don't look shocked! As to you, you're an old woman too—the most respectably venerable party going—and I'll turn over your words of wisdom in my mind. Good-night, pussy-cat!"

"Thank you, Alf dear!" returned Corda. For pussy-cat was her brother's highest term of endearment. She listened to the retreating footsteps of her father and brother as they resounded on the uncarpeted stairs, and turned her head on her pillow to sleep, with a grateful smile on her face.

"The young 'un's getting on like a house a-fire," said Alfred, when he and his father were seated at their supper, and Mrs. Hutchins had retired to bed. "It won't be long now before she's all right again."

"I don't know," returned his father. "I don't know. She's delicate, and will need care for a long time to come. Still, she is much better, certainly."

"It's been a jolly expensive game this," remarked Alfred. "I hope she don't mean to get run over often."

"Good God, Alfred!" ejaculated Mr. Trescott. "Why do you talk in that way? I suppose you do, in your heart, care for your sister!"

"Care for her! You know I care for her. She's a first-rate little article is poor pussy-cat. All the same, I take the liberty of repeating that this accident has been a jolly expensive game."

"Mr. Charlewood has made himself responsible for the doctor's bill," said Trescott, contemplating the dirty table-cloth, and crumbling a piece of bread in his fingers.

"Damn Mr. Charlewood!" said Alfred, fiercely. "What the devil should we take his charity for? A purse-proud upstart! I'm sick of Mr. Charlewood!"

"Charity! Who spoke of charity? He says he considers himself responsible, and so do I. If any serious injury had happened to Corda, I'd have made him smart for it."

"Bosh!" responded the son, briefly.

"What I say may or may not be bosh; but I'll tell you what *is* bosh, and that is your giving yourself airs to Charlewood whenever you come across him. I know as well as you do that he's like all these Hammerham people; that he thinks money is the be-all and the end-all of creation; and that he has no more notion of the respect due to art and artists than one of his father's navvies. But he has been kind—yes, he *has* been kind—to Corda, and why quarrel with him?"

"*I* don't want to quarrel with him," said the young man, rising and taking up a tin candlestick wherein about an inch of attenuated tallow-candle was embedded in a thick roll of newspaper. "I don't want to, and I don't mean to quarrel with him, if he keeps a civil tongue in his head. But let him beware of such impertinent nonsense as inquiring if I'm industrious—faugh!—and if I mean to follow music as a profession, and if I wouldn't like some regular employment. He shall not come the high and mighty over me, a confounded hodman!"

Forgetful or unmindful of Mrs. Hutchins's caution, Alfred Trescott tramped noisily up to his bedchamber at the top of the house, where the deep snores of Mr. Hutchins in the adjoining room would have sufficed to assure him (had he felt any anxiety on the subject) that his landlord was enjoying that repose which awaits the just man, especially after twelve hours' hard work.

Mr. Trescott sat for nearly an hour brooding by himself in the dreary kitchen. He did not utter his cogitations aloud; but the latter portion of them, put into words, might have run somewhat after this fashion: "I can not think who it is that young girl reminds me of. Her face was familiar to me when I first saw her in the carriage; and to-day, when she saw me in the street, and stopped me to ask how Corda was, I could not get rid of the impression that I had known her long ago. Well, it don't much matter. It's pretty clear I never *have* seen her. As to long ago, why, she wasn't born long ago."

And then Mr. Trescott also betook himself to his rest, and Number Twenty-three New Bridge Street, Hammerham, was wrapped in slumber.

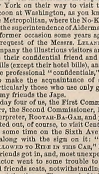
## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

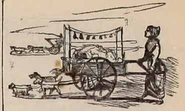
DEAR WEEKLY,—On the arrival of the Japanese Embassy at New York on their way to visit the Great American Tycoon at Washington, as you know, they stopped at the Metropolitan, where the NO-KAMIS and TOMMY, under the superintendence of Alderman BOOLE, stopped on a former occasion some years ago. This time, by the request of the Messrs. LELANDS, I was asked to accompany the illustrious visitors around the city, to act as their confidential friend and guide, to *visé* all their bills (except their hotel bills), and to keep them from the professional "confidentials," who are so anxious to make the acquaintance of strangers among us, particularly those who use only gold, as is the case with my friends the Japs.

On the first day four of us, the First Commissioner, UNG-ONIONSETT, the Second Commissioner, FAT-TOM-MATO, the Interpreter, ROOTAH-BA-GAH, and your own C. O. W., started out, of course, to visit Central Park. After waiting some time on the Sixth Avenue for a car to come along with the sign on it: "COLORED PEOPLE ARE ALLOWED TO RIDE IN THIS CAR," I and my burnt-umber friends got in, and, most unexpectedly to me, the conductor went to some trouble to give my copper-colored friends seats, notwithstanding the car was well filled at the time. The sequel of it I learned afterward—the conductor himself was both a foreigner and a Copperhead. On arriving at the Park UNG-ONIONSETT walked toward the policeman at the entrance to pay an admission fee. I immediately stopped him, telling him I would settle that for the whole party and they could pay me. I made the same arrangements for the crossing of the bridges in the Park. Walking down the Mall ROOTAH-BA-GAH asked me if there was a praying-machine down the steps, where he saw a number going down after ham sandwiches and porter. I explained away the devotion of the people to their manufactured appetites; but I had the greatest difficulty in keeping the whole company from falling down before a little rustic seat in the Ramble, in which was sitting a young man in an odd position eying some ladies through an opera-glass, they mistaking it for a sacred shrine with its idol,



THE PRESIDING DIVINITY

of the place. I assured them it was an idle image, that New York abounded with them, but nobody worshiped them but silly girls. After walking around we turned our steps outward. Near the entrance were some vehicles



GOING DOWN FIFTH AVENUE,

at the sight of which FAT-TOM-MATO asked if they were drovers taking their cattle to the slaughter-house, as he could see no other use for such teams.

On our return to the hotel we found that some of the embassy had been to an auction store down Broadway and had purchased some half a dozen gold watches apiece, and SUM-PUNK-KIN, the Treasurer, had bought a bottle of Spalding's Liquid Glue, which he supposed was to dress the hair with, and with that belief he saturated his pig-tail to its utmost capacity. But on retiring to rest for the night it was found that the supposed hair-oil had "set," as the cabinet-makers say, and SUM-PUNK-KIN could neither set nor lay in any comfortable posture; and going to sleep in a position like this was

THE BEST HE COULD DO,

for the glue was good, and, like the American Tycoon, would stick to its point, and refuse to bend even to the heads of Japan.

The next day we bid the proprietors of the hotel

FAREWELL,

and left for Washington. On the ferry-boat a little boy wanted to sell the members of the Embassy the celebrated Japanese puzzle, which consisted of two pieces of wire linked together, and was quite a new invention to these modern Japs. When the boat neared the slip at Jersey City most of the passengers ran and jumped over the chains before it landed. My friends, who were all practiced gymnasts in their own country, seeing the natives thus act, began

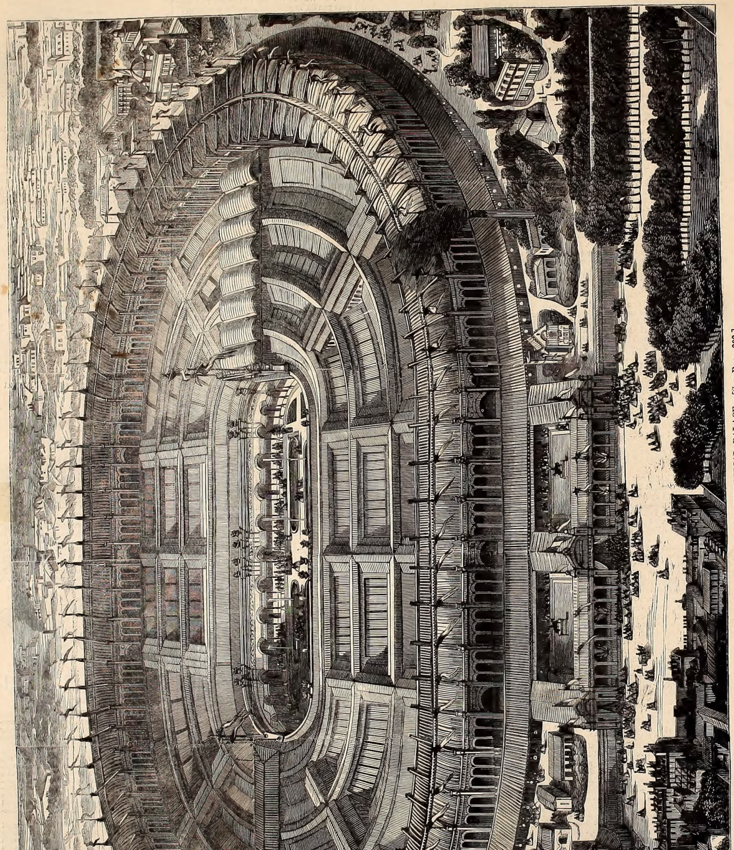
LEAVING THE BOAT

in this style, as showing greater proficiency in acrobatic attainments than that practiced by the majority of the passengers. I explained to them afterward that the hurry in getting off the boat was not to show their gymnastic abilities, but merely a custom, originating in the fact that most of those who practiced this speedy way of doing were hungry artisans and store-keepers on their way home to supper. Now and then one was drowned, or had his head mashed, but as a general thing the jumping was done with safety. FAT-TOM-MATO thought a spring-board on the end of the boat would be an improvement, as the experienced traveler could then leave the boat with a double somersault.

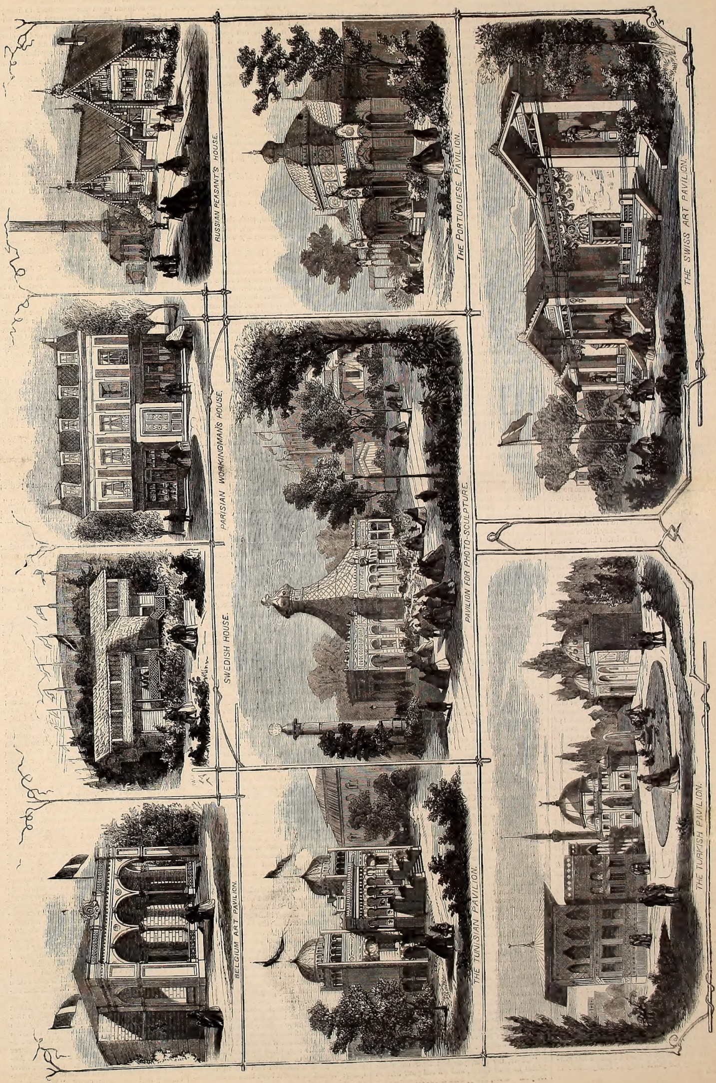
After we were seated in the cars the various small peddlers began coming through. The "Maple-Candy Man" brought his box and handed it around, when each of my charge took a piece of candy and put it in his mouth; but when the candy man signified to ROOTAH-BA-GAH that he wanted money, it was with the greatest difficulty that I prevented the whole Royal Embassy from performing the hari-kari on the spot—ripping themselves up in a first-class car in first-class style, so mortified were they at eating the man's sample pieces of candy. I magnanimously paid the whole bill, forty-five cents, and thus saved nine valuable Japanese lives, and by doing so the object of their visit to our shores yet remains a secret; and from their indisposition to speak of their business it is shrewdly suspected that nothing but a hari-kari will reveal what is locked up in their own bosoms. Along the whole route the illustrious visitors were delighted with the sandwiches, vegetable ivory toys, and illustrated jokers that were thrown into their laps; and of the pictorial specimens of American literature UNG-ONIONSETT bought a copy of every thing that contained a likeness of the Great American Tycoon in any shape. It was not long before the whole Embassy got sound asleep. At Philadelphia the Mayor read his speech to them while the locomotive was taking in water; but I did not waken them for the occasion; and we were soon in Washington. I then wakened them up, and took them to their hotel to finish their nap before being presented to the Tycoon of the White House and to Mr. SEWARD, who is also a "coon," whom, to be seen at an advantage, one must be wide awake.

Of our interview with the notables here I must speak in another paper. SUM-PUNK-KIN'S queue is not yet softened, neither is his wrath toward Mr. SPALDING the inventor of the Liquid Glue; but it is hoped that time will mellow both, as well as

Your own _ C. O. W.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL PALACE.—[See Page 302.]




THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL PALACE—BUILDINGS IN THE PARK.—[See Page 302.]

## CHRISTINE.

It was certainly one of the most disagreeable days of the season. Rain and sleet and snow and a dense driving fog vied with each other for ascendency.

The three girls sitting together in Mrs. Weymouth's room in Mrs. Haig's boarding-house would lift their crimped and curled and banded heads every five minutes or so to proclaim that they never saw such weather.

"Was there ever any thing like it? Isn't it horrid?" asked Alice Weymouth, by way of variety.

"Yes, very horrid; but I know another day just like it. Don't you remember that last matinée on Saturday, Alice?" said Christine Vanderlyn.

"Sure enough, Chris. And don't you remember the little libretto boy?" Whereupon Alice Weymouth went off in a gust of gay laughter at her own recollections.

"What was it about the libretto boy? Tell us, Al!" cried Milly Davis, the third of the party.

"Tell *us!* Well, I don't think Chris needs to be told. Ask Chris to tell *you*. I believe he addressed his remarks to her."

Christine laughed. "Well, there isn't much to be told, Milly," she said. "It isn't much of a story. It was funny to us; perhaps it won't be funny to you. It was the way we took it. We went down to the music-hall that afternoon in our water-proofs, you must know, and the hoods over our bonnets. Underneath I had a pretty little fanchon and a very presentable sack. But we stopped in the vestibule, enveloped in our cloaks, and were just about removing them when Alice spied a libretto boy and beckoned him. While she was buying the libretto I happened to think we had no opera-glass, and so asked the youngster where we should go to hire one. He looked at us both from head to foot, as if he were measuring us; then, with the most patronizing air, he answered, nodding his head at us confidentially:

"'In the lobby, mum; and ye'll have to pay ten dollars security,' with another glance at our forlorn old water-proofs, as much as to say, 'Guess that's beyond *your* means.'

"And it was; Alice and I didn't have three dollars between us. But we weren't such forlorn things as our water-proofs indicated; and after we had shed them we concluded the boy, if he could have seen us, would have supposed it possible that we might have been worth ten dollars. Think, Milly, of not looking ten dollars' worth!" And Christine laughed again as the humor of the whole thing struck her.

But Milly didn't laugh. She could see no fun in the story, as Christine thought she might not. The only remark it evoked from her was:

"I should have thought you would have felt so mean, girls. *I* should have felt humiliated."

"Should you? Well, I must say it didn't strike me in that light." And Christine laughed with more zest than before.

"Humiliated! What a dunce you are, Milly!" cried Alice Weymouth. "Can't you see that it was just as funny as it could be. The idea of that youngster's—why he wasn't more than a dozen years old—taking such a shrewd outside estimate of us. We *did* look forlorn, you know. And then—but it's of no use; you never did see the humor of any thing."

This was very true. Milly Davis was one of those persons who never see such humor as this—never see the fun of any thing. She was one of those countless people whose *amour propre* is wounded by occurrences like these. Christine Vanderlyn, on the contrary, had so keen a sense of humor that she could see the ludicrous side, even of her own defeats and discomforts, and she sometimes dramatized her own woes in so arch a manner that many persons half suspected her of lack of feeling. And this little scene that I have depicted gives a true indication of her, this side of her character—this gay and humorous side which was so often misunderstood, or at least supposed to be the whole of her. But underneath this, far out of sight to those who did not know her well, there was another Christine Vanderlyn whose story I propose to tell. Another Christine Vanderlyn, whose heart was aching and hungry and sorrowful, mourning over the past and the present and the possible future, which she thought had been marred by this very misunderstanding of her double nature.

As Milly Davis went up to her room for a knot of worsted she had left behind her, Christine said in a low voice to her friend Alice:

"Ah, I wish sometimes I was like Milly! She never gets into such scrapes as I do; never laughs when she ought to be sentimental or serious, and gets generally mistaken, and blamed, and called names."

"My conscience don't wish to be like Milly Davis, Christine. She never can hold but one idea at a time, and that's a mighty limited one."

"Well, I don't know but your one-idea people turn out the happiest. I believe I have too many ideas. If I had had but one idea perhaps my story might have been a different one, Alice."

"Yes, if you had been Polly Jones your story would have been Polly Jones's story, that's the only conclusion. If you had been somebody else, of course your story would have been different. But as it is, you are Christine Vanderlyn, and as for your story I don't consider that all told by any means yet."

"One chapter is finished at any rate, Al."

"Nonsense, Chris, the chapter is only begun. Why, there never was any thing more palpably unfinished. Nothing ever ends like that—in silence and mystery."

"Hush, there comes Milly."

And when Milly entered Christine was gayly humming the jewel song of Marguerite's in Faust.

"That recalls the matinée," said Alice. "What a good time we had that afternoon, though we did make guys of ourselves with those water-proofs, and sat in the family circle, and altogether didn't look worth ten dollars!"

"You *didn't* sit in the family circle!" cried the little aristocratic—no, the snobbish—Milly.

"We *did;* and better people than we are sat there, Miss Milly," Alice retorted, spiritedly.

"Well, you and Christine are the queerest girls! Now I never have a good time unless I go in as good style as any body, and have as good a seat."

"By that you mean the costliest, Milly," broke in Christine, stopping her jewel song. "That's *your* way, Milly; and you are not very singular in it. A great many persons here in America have that way. The costliest but not always the most comfortable, take it all round. The seat may be the most fashionable and the most expensive, but it may pinch the purse so, you are very uncomfortable in another direction; and then you are a slave to follow such a lead. Foreigners laugh at us for this. They say we don't dare do as we would like to do—as is most convenient for us—because our richer neighbor may possibly laugh at us. Alice and I couldn't afford to pay two dollars for a seat, so we paid our one dollar, and found ourselves in the best of company."

Milly tossed her head a little; but she was more than a little impressed by Christine's unwonted gravity in handling her subject; for Christine was usually so fond of her joke, so funnily satirical, that such auditors as Milly Davis could never make her out. Consequently, though she succeeded in making them some way uncomfortable, she did not impress them with her truth. This afternoon, however, that other Christine, that earnest and tender Christine, she kept shyly under lock and key most of the time, had crept up to the surface, and tempered her tones and her words. Milly thought she had never liked Christine so well as this afternoon. Specially when she sang in a soft, low voice those lovely songs of Marguerite's, and went into raptures in a girlish manner, Milly could quite understand over the way Miss Kellogg did it.

"Oh! *do* you remember, Alice, how exquisitely she sang there with Mazzoleni in the duo? *Do* you remember that

"'Ti voglio amar idolatrer
Parlar ancora!
Io tua sarò si t'adoro
Per te vogl'io morir!'"

In her enthusiasm of recollection Christine had arisen from her chair and dramatically rendered the scene in look and gesture as she sang.

Milly was very much surprised to find that Christine, who had always laughed a little at sentiment before in her presence, could be so impassioned. But for once Christine was revealing her deepest and most earnest self before her, because she was forgetful for the time of Milly's shallower nature.

"Why, Christine!" exclaimed Milly, as she ended, you sang that last 'Per te vogl'io morir!' as if you were really dying for somebody!"

A bright color sprang into Christine's cheek, and for a moment there was a gleam of conviction in her eyes. Then it all faded, and the old, gay, laughing, deriding Christine, whom Milly knew much better, had come back. And while she laughed there in this fashion there was a ring at the door-bell, which perked their girl-ears into silent attention for some possible caller, only Christine was careless. She had no interest in any possible caller. That had gone by—that hope and that interest, with the dead year, and one who had dropped out of her life as utterly as the year itself.

But it was no caller. "Only a little girl with holders—flat-iron holders, or to take off the blower, Miss," communicated Katrine, the good-natured German maid. "A little spec of a girl; and she seemed so anxious to sell, and was so poor-looking, I told her I'd ask the ladies for her." And Katrine looked round quite anxiously herself upon the three girls, remembering her protégée, with the anxious face outside. "They are very cheap, too—only ten cents a piece, and nicely made;" and Katrine held out a specimen she had brought up with her.

Christine came forward and took it in her hand.

"How *can* you, Chris!" cried Milly, in a disgusted tone. "*I* wouldn't touch the things—just as likely as not they are full of small-pox."

"Oh, Miss, the child is as tidy a child as you could find any wheres," protested the servant-girl.

"Bring her up here," said Christine, suddenly.

"Now, Christine—" began Milly. Which plaint Christine cut short with: "Have you any objections, Alice?"

And Alice Weymouth, who had faced worse diseases than the small-pox in that ten months' service of hers in a Baltimore hospital, answered readily, "Not the slightest objection." So up she came, this "spec of a girl" with her basket filled with holders. Red, blue, green, and yellow—all the colors of the rainbow, in patch and piece and every odd bit one sees in a scrap-bag, were displayed in that basket. And the owner thereof was, as Katrine had said, "as tidy a child as you could find any wheres."

"Ten cents apiece did you say? Well, I'm sure that's cheap enough," said Christine, taking up first one and then another, to Milly's evident disgust. "And did your mother make them?" Christine went on; and hearing a little hoarse affirmative, she dropped the holders to pounce upon the small blue hand; and declaring it was like a lump of ice, to lead the rest of the small, blue bit of humanity to the great blazing fire in the grate.

"There, my dear, you just thaw out those icicles in your throat, and I'll sell your holders for you. Here, Milly, here is one for you—pink and blue, your favorite combination." And before Milly could protest whiff went the pink and blue combination through the air and lodged on Milly's waterfall.

"Christine, I don't want a holder, I have no earthly use for it. How *can* you?" and Milly shook off the little article as if it had been a reptile.

"No use for it? Well, give it away then. Buy it for Katrine. But *I* want one for myself. I'm not so grand as you are, Miss Milly. I do up all my laces and nice pocket handkerchiefs, and so does Alice; so Alice wants one. There's three already, and now if—oh!" and with this exclamation, and with her eyes fixed upon something or somebody on the street, Christine jumped up and ran to the window. There, it was very evident it was a "Somebody," for with a smiling face she was giving her head sundry little beckoning nods, which were answered by a returning nod from this "Somebody" and a laughing lift of a masculine hat.

"What are you doing, Chris? Who is it?" asked Alice.

"Wait and see. Katrine, go down and open the door please, and send the gentleman up to Mrs. Weymouth's parlor."

"My goodness, Chris, push that table back, and pick up those papers—do, before any body comes in. And there are my boots, and those hair-pins!"

"Oh, fiddle-sticks! Don't fuss, Alice! The room looks well enough. Besides—"

But there was no time for further words. Katrine had opened the door, and there stood the "Somebody" Christine had invoked.

"Oh, Major Alison! how do you do? I couldn't think who it was that Chris was inviting in so vehemently," exclaimed Alice, with a new color in her cheeks, and a welcome in her eyes.

"Dick, I invited you in to increase the list of my customers. I am selling holders—flat-iron holders, grate-blower holders. I know you need one, perhaps two. I dare say you burn all your newspapers up handling your office stove." And Christine, with a funny air of gravity, brought forward the little basket with its parti-colored contents, and set it before Major Alison that he might make his choice.

The gentleman laughed. He was an old acquaintance, an old friend of Christine's, and he knew her ways. Sitting down upon the sofa with the basket between them, he entered into a gay discussion of the various colors and textures of the holders.

"Oh no, don't take that pink-and-blue, Dick. Milly has chosen that. They are her colors," cried Christine, mischievously, as he lifted the pink and blue combination.

"Christine!" exclaimed Milly, warningly. But Christine was off in another strain—a light, mocking strain, that drowned Milly's attempt at denial.

"There, buy this, Dick," she was urging, "and this, and this—nice dark colors that won't show dirt. Alice looked across at Christine and remembered the impassioned voice that had sung

"Per te vogl'io morir!"

Could this be the same Christine?

"No, none of your dirt-colors for me, Christine," said Major Alison. "Here, what's this?

'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'

Here we have the M'Pherson plaid. The real article too. Why this reminds me of the Captain. He had Scotch blood in his veins, and, by Jove! it was the M'Pherson line, and he used to wear just such a plaid as this. Well, this is rather jolly. I'll take this one sure, Christine."

Christine couldn't speak. It was so seldom she heard even this allusion to one who was so involved in her life that for a moment or so she was spell-bound, and all her pulses seemed beating an audible tune, and her very breath seemed dying within her. But Alice, quick as a flash, took in the situation, and covered her unwonted stillness with a voluble chatter.

Major Alison, keen-eyed and intuitive, *felt* that he had struck a minor key somewhere in Christine's gay chords, but he made no sign. Only Milly Davis saw nothing, felt nothing, so there was no harm done, and no danger, for Milly was the only one of the party who neither knew how to respect or keep a secret.

And presently Christine had got her breath back again, and her speech, and was recommending one and another of her wares in apparently the same spirit as before. But Major Alison couldn't forget that sudden minor note he had struck, though he kept up his external gayety, and followed her suit, and her desires, by becoming quite an extensive purchaser of the parti-colored holders, and thus sending the "speck of a girl" away with a lighter basket as well as a lighter heart.

"Thank you, miss," said the little hoarse voice in grateful tones as she went out. And Christine patted the small red hand, and smiled out of her sad heart a cheery smile into the upturned face, and remembered in the hall that her own hand was not so very large, and that the mittens she happened to have in her pocket might not be very far from fitting this "speck of a girl." So it happened that there was another "Thank you" from the hoarse little voice, and somehow Christine went back into the parlor after it with a softer sense of her pain.

There she heard Milly just saying, "I believe Christine is really fond of that low class."

"Yes, I am. I appreciate low society better than high," Christine remarked, demurely; and then she sparkled away again, a little frothy foam of talk about the kind of people she liked, until Major Alison wondered if he hadn't been fanciful a little while ago, when he thought he had struck a minor note. And thinking thus he rose to go. Christine followed him out with a request: Would he take a book back to the library for her? and would he please just step into their parlor while she brought it? He went across into the parlor, while Christine ran up to her bedroom upon the next floor to bring the book. In a moment she came back, with the volume in her hand, and with a new expression on her face—an expression of proud resolution. She came straight up to him, and in an instant he knew she had something to say that was hard, very hard, for her to say. He involuntarily helped her by asking,

"What is it, Christine? don't hesitate."

She drew in her breath quickly. "Dick, I want the little holder of Scotch plaid; give it me, please."

A great light broke over Major Alison. It couldn't help shining in his face and through the eyes with which he looked into hers. And Christine, meeting it, saw that her secret was discovered to him. He had known Christine for the last six years. He had known Captain Anstruther for twice six years. He had seen them daily together for the long summer when he and Anstruther were on sick-furlough at Bretton Beach, and had never suspected what was now revealed to him in this one sentence; for in this one sentence there was all the love and despair, the bitter heart-break of Christine's deep impassioned nature. His sympathy was wonderfully stirred.

"What can I do for you, Christine?" he asked.

"Give me the little Scotch plaid holder, Dick," she answered, with a faint smile.

"Yes; but is that all? Can I do nothing else?" The tender kindness of his tone broke through her defenses. The color rushed to her cheek, a light came into her eyes "that was never on sea or land."

"Yes, give me news of him; tell me where he is, what he is doing, and what he is thinking. Tell him, too, I was never any thing but true and earnest! Tell him to end this dreadful silence, to write to me, to come to me, for I am breaking my heart for him! Oh Dick! Dick!" and her voice ended in a little gasping cry, with this impotent, despairing call upon his name.

Dick Alison was a good fellow. And that this proud, reserved Christine could so trust him with such unwonted impulse was proof of his mental and moral fibre. As she cried out to him at the last he laid his hand over hers in a tender, pitiful way, as if he would show her how gladly he would serve her if he could.

"I wish I could tell you what you want to know, Christine," he said. "But I lost sight of Anstruther when we went to Europe; that was a year ago."

"Yes, yes, I know;" and Christine shivered at this "year." There was a moment's pause; then:

"Dick, you knew Captain Anstruther well."

"Well? Yes, I had known him for years; but Anstruther was a very reserved fellow, and he was some years my senior."

"You liked him?"

"'Liked him' is a weak phrase. Anstruther was always my admiration. I think in some sort I loved Anstruther, Christine, he had such a charm for me. Most men felt this way toward him."

Christine's face glowed. "Yes, I can well believe that. But, Dick, did you ever think he was hard, or hasty, or unforgiving? Tell me truly."

"I never did, Christine. He might have possessed these qualities; but I was never brought into any relation with him where they were discovered to me. But let me say this: He had so strong a nature in all ways that I can well conceive that if his will became fixed through his opinions that, for the time, he might seem, and actually *be*, hard, or hasty, or unforgiving."

"He has been all these to me, Dick. Oh, Dick, Dick, it's all so strange and unexplained; and I loved him so, I loved him so!"

"Tell me about it, Christine." And Christine, moved more and more by that kind interest, that gentle sympathetic tone, told the story of that summer. It was a brief story. She said in relation to the first chapter of it but little more than "we loved each other;" but Major Alison felt what depth had been in this love, what life and reality and vigor, at least on the part of Christine. "We loved each other"—she said it in a low hushed voice, with a far look in her eyes, and a sort of remembered rapture on her face. And then came a relation of misunderstandings, and an accusation of coquetry. And then an account of a reconciliation, an apparent renewal of confidence, and a parting kind and tender, whose fond hopes were dashed to the earth in a few days by the receipt of a letter containing such grave and yet mysterious charges of deceit and treachery that even the great love of Christine could not so far overlook, in that bitter hour, the wound to her pride as to return one word of denial. But the "long, long weary days" of a twelvemonth had burned out the bitterness and left only the love. A love ready to extenuate, to overlook, to apologize for every injustice.

"I am sure that he had his mind poisoned by another," she said to Major Alison. "He never quite understood my gay way with every body, and I don't doubt but some foolish nonsense of mine was somehow misrepresented to him."

"I dare say, Christine; and I wish I could set it all right for you. And I will, if ever I have the opportunity. Trust me for that," Alison answered, earnestly.

Christine did not realize how much was meant by this assurance. She did not imagine that Dick Alison would seek this opportunity with untiring activity. But such was his intention when he listened to her story; and that he carried this intention out to the extent of his power any one need not be told who knew Major Alison. It was very quiet action. Christine never knew that to the repeated letters of inquiry, containing that invariable query, "Where's Anstruther now?" there never come any satisfactory

answer. Letters to Dick's numerous friends—North, South, East, and West, and away across the Atlantic to the Indies and to the Greek Isles—to crowded London, and to Paris. And yet not one returning letter brought news of Captain Anstruther. Why should they? for while Major Alison sought North, South, East, and West, where do you suppose Captain Anstruther was?—where people always are when you look in far places for them. And that was so near that the wonder was they did not meet every day of their lives. But there is a fate in these things; and our own great metropolis can sometimes hide people from each other in the most singular manner. It was not destined that Major Alison should bring these two together. While he planned and sought, the threads of their lives were held in a hand they little thought of. A small hand Christine Vanderlyn had once taken pityingly in hers, and sent away protected from further frosts by her charity. Christine perhaps forgot the object of this charity in a week's time. But not so soon was she forgotten herself. Never any day went by that the child did not think of that gay, laughing lady as she drew on the pretty white mittens that had been given to her. At the wrists of these mittens there was knitted in a blue thread forming the initials C. V. The little wearer remembered the often-called Christine, but she wondered many a time over that V. You see the circumstance was an event in this poor starved young life. It was a whole romance to speculate about and dream over. They were magic mittens to Janey Wilson; for at sight of them there came trooping before her a beautiful bright room, gay faces, and soft voices, and altogether a scene that was like fairy-land to her poverty-stricken eyes. But one day Janey met with a great misfortune, she thought. She had lost one of these mittens. It was a sunny day in March, the air so warm that the little fingers were not pinched into remembrance of a covering.

"Perhaps you left it somewhere," her mother said, comfortingly, to Janey's bewailing.

Then Janey began to count over where she had been; and she was sure that she had entered no door but one, and that was the gentleman's at No. 10. This was a gentleman for whom her mother washed. He lived in a great boarding-house on the next street, and Janey only knew him as the gentleman at No. 10.

Straightway then she sped back for her lost treasure.

The door of No. 10 was standing open, and Janey paused shyly on the threshold. What did she see? A man in the prime of his days, with a haughty, handsome face, and an abstracted air, humming in a fine baritone voice an old Scottish melody, while he sorted and filed a desk of papers. It was a difficult presence to break in upon uninvited, as older persons than Janey might have testified. But suddenly he became aware of her somehow and raised his head. As his eyes rested upon the shy hesitating figure he smiled. There was never a kinder smile than this. It dispelled all the hauteur at once, and invited entrance and confidence. Such persons rarely smile often. They have that facial control which may convey friendliness by an expression of serious tranquillity, without breaking on every occasion into a smile. They are always persons of powerful natures, and resolute, decisive wills. Their seldom smiles, then, have a peculiar charm. Janey did not stop to analyze this one; she only obeyed it, smiling in return, and going fearlessly forward.

"Did I leave my mitten here, Sir?" she asked.

"I really don't know, my little girl. There are the clothes as you left them. Look over them and see for yourself." And then the voice went on mechanically back to its old Scottish melody, and the eyes and the hands to their work. He was recalled again to his little guest by a small sigh. Janey had failed to discover her mitten.

"What—can't you find it?" he inquired, in kind tones. "Well, never mind; go buy some new ones with this." And he held out to her the price of two pairs of mittens, in his masculine ignorance. "Well, what is it? Isn't that enough?" he went on, as Janey hesitated.

"Oh yes, Sir; but—but I want my mitten the lady gave me."

"Oh, that's it. But as you don't seem to find that, hadn't you better take this and buy another pair?"

"And if *you* find it, Sir, after I'm gone, will you keep it for me?" Janey asked, with sudden eager thought.

The seldom smile broke into an amused laugh as he assured her that he would.

"It had two letters on it in blue—C. V.," communicated Janey as she turned to the door.

He looked up quickly. "C. V.—are those the letters of your name, child?"

Janey started at the sharp tone of inquiry.

"No, Sir; they were the lady's."

"What lady's? What was her name?"

There was that in his voice which the child did not understand. She thought it was sternness, displeasure, when it was only intense earnestness. And, frightened, she forgot the "Christine," and stammered out:

"I don't know, Sir."

A shade passed over the gentleman's face. "Tell me, then, how she looked. Was she light or dark? Had she hair like yours or like mine?" he questioned.

"Like mine, Sir." Janey's hair was a reddish brown; the gentleman's was nearly, if not quite, black. "And she was not very big, Sir; her mittens just fitted me."

"Well?" The softer tone of this syllable encouraged Janey to go on.

"And she had blue eyes, and was pale; and—"

"Pale?"

"Yes, Sir; like mother is, with a little red spot coming into her cheeks when she talked."

The shade deepened on the gentleman's face.

"Do you see her often?"

"Oh no, Sir; never but the once." And then Janey told the story of the holders. She was only eight years old, this little girl; but she had in her way a fluent tongue, and really described that morning with more pith and accuracy than many an older person. Her listener's gravity relaxed as she spoke, and a soft glimmer of a smile crept round his lips; and into his eyes a tender light shone, as if memory had lit her smouldering fires anew. Long after Janey had left him he sat there with this look in his eyes. Then he rose up, shaking his great shoulders impatiently. "I'm the veriest fool alive!" he said to himself. "I am feeding a dream that will never be more than a dream, and out of the shallowest material. C. V. There are, no doubt, a hundred names whose initials are like these. And if it were she—what then? I gave her up deliberately a year ago. If she deceived me and was false to me then, she is no less so to-day." But as he said this, as he allowed his will to bend even to this thought of her, a suggestion of a possibility of doubt crossed his mind. What if he had been too hasty, too hard? Somebody has written: "Invisible truth is stronger than indisputable appearances." Perhaps this invisible truth was now forcing its way to his recognition. Perhaps, as in Christine's case, the bitterness had burned out in a measure. At all events his mind could not dismiss the images this child had called up. And further than this, it led him on to follow a more active impulse—an impulse which he pronounced upon at the same time, out of his severe self-judgment, as a weakness. This was nothing less than wending his footsteps that very day past that corner-house Janey had described to him as where her lady lived. But not that day, nor the next, nor for many days, would he see Janey's lady issuing from that door. Up stairs in a south room, where the sunshine came, Janey's lady was lying ill. A cold, and then a cough, and then a wearing weakness which sent those red spots Janey had spoken of into the thin cheeks, had brought the gay little lady to a sorry pass. But she had not ceased to be a gay little lady for all this. There in the sunny south room she lay upon her couch and made merry with Alice Weymouth and Milly Davis and Dick Alison. One day, out of this merriment, she suddenly spoke sadly and softly to Alice, who knew her pitiful story.

"Alice, do you suppose I must die without seeing him?"

"Oh, Christine!" was all that Alice could answer. Then at another time she said:

"Alice, I shall see him—I shall see him. I feel it!" After this she seemed to rally, and as the milder days came she went out again. But all the time she appeared to be waiting for something. Was it a clairvoyant sense that possessed her? What else could it have been that one morning sent her out when fever was wasting her, when a sleepless night had left her feebler than usual?

"I wouldn't go this morning, Christine," her mother urged.

"I am so restless, mother, I can't stay in, I don't know what ails me; but when I lie down and try to rest my pulses beat like mad. It will do me less harm to go out than to stay in with this feeling."

So she went out. It was a soft, serene day. The sky was veiled with a golden mist, and the sun shone hazily through this veil. Christine sighed as she looked up at the beautiful sky, as she heard the birds twittering in the squares. "Life is at its fullness of youth with them, and with me—only I have lost what they are finding," she said to herself. And with this thought for company she sauntered slowly down the quiet street. Very slowly it was, for Christine's strength was at a low ebb. Down the street and through a little park, where she stopped to watch the play of a group of children.

"Fling it higher, Jimmy—fling it higher!" cried out one of the group to his fellow, as he caught the ball they were tossing. Jimmy flung it higher, and it lodged at Christine's feet. She laughed and flung it back to them, and back it came again, and this time beyond her. But it did not fall to the ground; a stronger hand received it, and sent it whirring through the air with a will. Christine had not heeded the passing footsteps, had not seen the owner of this stronger hand, for she stood facing the green, her back to the path. She had seen and heard nothing until a deep-toned voice called out, "Aim higher, boys, and don't hit the lady!"

She turned like one in a dream. *Was* it all a dream, or had she met him face to face as she had prayed and prayed she might every night and every day for a twelvemonth?

"Ralph! Ralph!" she cried, eagerly.

It must have been a harder man than Ralph Anstruther to have answered otherwise than warmly to that call.

"Christine!" Only her name, but there was a warmth to his voice and in the involuntary movement that took her two outstretched hands in both of his. He never thought of judging or condemning then. I think in that moment he had forgotten that he had disbelieved her. The invisible truth was making itself triumphant. The suddenness of this meeting—the great surprise made them both natural, and thus they stood for the time confessed to each other.

Christine was the first to speak again. It wasn't much she said—a half-inarticulate question in a weary, wistful voice. Captain Anstruther's face changed as he heard her, as he looked at her.

"Christine, you are ill—you ought not to be here. Come, let me take you home;" and the next moment he had drawn her hand over his arm.

And in that walk there was little said but of Christine's health. It was so simple and serious a subject that it saved them both from any sense of awkwardness. But once home—alone together in that sunny south parlor—Christine could contain herself no longer:

"What is it, Ralph, what is it that has kept us apart—what *did* you mean by that dreadful letter?"

Captain Anstruther's face paled—the old shadow had come back.

"Christine, do you remember the night we parted?"

"Oh yes, yes, I have remembered little else in these long months," she answered, in a tearful, tender voice.

The man's cheek flushed, and his pulses quickened. He looked away from her a moment and then went on:

"Do you remember after we parted a conversation you had with Major Alison?"

"No, I do not now, I am sure." Her face was as open as the day as she answered this.

"I was an unintentional listener to part of that conversation. I had come back to find Alison. Somebody said he was in the drawing-room. I stepped in over the green-sward upon the piazza—there I heard you say:

"'I do not—I do not—I never loved him, Dick! If you only knew—if I could only tell you every thing, you would know what I meant?' As you said this your hands were clasped over Major Alison's, and you were leaning against his arm. I did not stop to hear, to see more. I thought I had heard—had seen enough. I thought I had heard enough to never hear any more! And that was why I sent that letter!"

"Oh, Ralph, Ralph! if you had stopped to hear more you would not have made this dreadful mistake! It was not you—oh, how could you think it was! It was not you of whom I spoke, but—but—Ralph, I never told you; but Chauncey Erle fancied he was in love with me once; and worse than that, he fancied a great deal more that he had no right to—that I had given him encouragement, that I had led him on, and all that. But I never had; it was all my gay, careless manner of laughing and jesting, that is so misunderstood one way and another. He was bright and pleasant, and fond of music, and so I sang with him, and laughed and talked with him without the slightest idea of how his mind was going until he told me. And then when I confessed to him how innocent, how ignorant I had been, and how I felt toward him, he was very unreasonable, very unkind. I should never have spoken of the matter to any one if he had not. But he went to Dick Alison and poured his weak one-sided story into his ears. Dick had known me for years—he had always been like a brother to me, and so he came to me with this. I was explaining how it was to him when you overheard me there; and when I said, 'If I could tell you every thing you would know what I meant,' it was of my love for you that I was thinking. You know you thought it best that we should not speak of our engagement until you came back. That was the 'every thing' that was in my mind. And if I seemed to treat Dick too—too much like a brother, you must remember that he was almost my brother once; for he was engaged to my sister Mary who died, and—"

"Christine, there is no need of any thing more. I see I have been a—"

"No, no!" She sprang forward with that quick motion of hers, and laid her hand over his lips. "No, no, Ralph! don't call yourself names. It was only natural that you should feel as you did, hearing what you did."

Again Captain Anstruther's cheek flushed, and his pulse quickened as he caught glimpse of this unexacting, generous love; and he marveled at himself now that his intuitions had not served him better a year ago.

He put the little hand away from his lips and took her in his arms.

"Christine, I've been a fool!"

"Oh no, no, Ralph!" And this time a seal was set upon his lips he did not care to put away.

Later he told her of the link that had led him to her—Janey's lost mitten—and of his daily walk through the little park and past the house she had described.

"She shall have the prettiest pair of mittens that I can knit for her, for she has been our good angel," said Christine, smiling; "and I mean this more seriously than I say it. I believe there is a meaning in every thing, and that this little child was not only sent to help us, but for us to help her; for see, Ralph, how singularly involved she is with us!" And Christine produced the bit of plaid she had so carefully treasured.

Captain Anstruther examined it curiously.

"It is like what you used to wear, Ralph."

"Yes, I know, Christine. It is not only like what I used to wear—it is the very plaid itself. It is an old scarf I gave to the child one night last winter. She wore it until there was little left of it, I suppose, and then the mother transforms the remnants into these holders. And so the web weaves a link for us at last, Christine."

"At last, Ralph. How little I thought that day I told Katrine to send the child up that her hand would lead me to you. I 'cast bread upon the waters' truly, and it has returned to me after many days."

"After many days," repeated Captain Anstruther, thinking of the year that had parted them.

But Christine thought only of the present now. The year of pain had gone by. Through dark ways she had been led to this light; but, flower-like, she turned only to the sunshine. Life was new and fresh again, and health and strength would spring up to greet it beneath the touch of the great enchanter, Happiness.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### EASY LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY.

We have several reasons for writing upon the earth, the principal one being the imperfect facilities afforded for getting upon any other planet to write. Nothing prevents our writing upon the sun or the moon except the difficulty of getting there.

It is estimated that about two-thirds of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Although millions of living creatures slake their thirst daily, the quantity of water has not been materially diminished for centuries past, at least not since the introduction of whisky-shops, which prove a great saving of water, and are therefore of immense benefit to navigation.

The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is 96,000,000 of miles, and the least distance something over 94,000,000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two by taking the least distance. This would shorten the time consumed in running, and reduce the expense very materially.

The earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day.

It ain't every fool of a planet that can get *around* the sun. The earth does it, however. She would get around most any thing.

The earth is not such a dismal place to live upon as many try to make it out. So far as our knowledge extends—and we probably know as much about it as any body—it is far preferable to any of her sister planets as a permanent residence. At least, we are satisfied with it, and intend to remain here as long as we are "on earth."

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Setting Bonnets at Bachelors.—*Le Follet* enumerates among the trimmings for bonnets now in vogue "bachelors' buttons." Are these ornaments to be considered emblems of conquest achieved, or symbols of expected victory? Bachelors' buttons decorating the bonnets of spinsters may be thought, perhaps, to express, in the language of flowers, a desire to get married. When the wearers of bachelors' buttons in their bonnets shall have obtained the bachelors for whom they advertise by the exhibition of those tokens, may those whose buttons will have ceased to be bachelors' buttons ever find their buttons all right!

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Marry young, and, if circumstances require it, often.

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It is said of an eccentric lady of penurious habits that she was so affected by a charity sermon on a certain occasion as to borrow a dollar from her neighbor and put it into—her own pocket.

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The winds blow so strong in some places in the West that they have to build a brick wall on each side of a fence to keep it from blowing down.

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A cripple is always lame, but a native animal of Peru is a little Llama.

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Not every one who goes about on wheels belongs to the Wheeler family.

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"The greatest organ in the world," some wicked old bachelor says, "is the organ of speech in women, because it is an organ without stops."

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A modest young lady, who was a passenger on board a packet ship, it is said, sprang out of her berth and jumped overboard on hearing the captain, during a storm, order the mate to haul down the sheets.

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"Hans," said the Judge to a Dutchman who was a witness in the case of a stolen pig, "had the animal any ear-marks?" "Vel, de only ears-mark vat I see vas mit his tail cut off."

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Douglas Jerrold calls woman's arms "the serpents that wind about a man's neck, killing his best resolution." The "oldest inhabitant" says he don't object to them kind o' serpents.

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The last case of jealousy is that of a lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because he hugged the shore.

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There is a man out West whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees, consequently he pays nothing for his boots.

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All Play and no Work.—What wonder the French "*Exposition de l'Industrie*" is so behindhand, when its Conductor is Monsieur Le Play?

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When is a literary work like smoke?—When it comes in volumes.

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A prosy lay member of the church rose in meeting and said: "My friends, the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes. He told me not to speak to-night; but I determined that I would. He said that some of the rest could speak better than I; but still I felt that I could not keep silent. He even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way; and now I have gained the victory I must tell you all that is in my heart." Then followed a tedious harangue.

Coming out of the session room the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered: "Brother, I think the devil was right!"

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Spell the Grecian Archipelago in three letters! You can't? Why E. G. and C., of course.

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The commonest bird in the world is a goose—he is so uncommon common on a common.

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### CHARACTERISTIC MODES OF "POPPING THE QUESTION."

YANKEE.

Jonathan. "Sall, der yer love dough-nuts?"

Sall. "Yes, Jonathan; why?"

Jonathan. "Oh, nothin'; only just consider me one o' them dough-nuts."

WESTERN.

Loquacious Individual. "Hallo, old gal—see here! I've scaterlofistercated all over the equanimity of this 'ere country looking for just such a critter as you. What say—will yer hitch?"

Western Gal. "Oh shucks—I calkerlate; so let's git up and git."

IRISH.

Patrick. "Biddy, darlint, would yeez like a new house, a cow, a pig, and meself in the bargain?"

Bridget. "Och, Paddy, don't be tazing me! 'Tis the praste we're after wanting."

DUTCH.

Hans. "Ich will haben you, Johannas. I loves you more better than I does mien lager bier."

Johannas. "Oh ya, Hans; das ist good."

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Never chase your own hat when it blows off in a gale of wind; just stand still, and you will presently see half a dozen persons in pursuit of it. When one has captured it, walk leisurely toward him, receive it with a graceful acknowledgment and replace it on your head; he will invariably act as if you had done *him* a favor. Try it.

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"Miss," said a fop to a young lady, "what a pity you wasn't a mirror!" "Why so?" said the blushing lady. "Because you would be such a good looking lass."

TOWN AND FORT OF LUXEMBURG—VIEW OF FORT DU MOULIN FROM THE NORTH.—[See Page 302.]

TOWN AND FORT OF LUXEMBURG—VIEW FROM THE FORT DU MOULIN.—[See Page 302.]

LODGES OF THE CHIEFS IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE CAPTURED BY GENERAL HANCOCK.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

## THE INDIAN WAR.

The war on the plains has begun in earnest. Our previous reports of operations to April 15 announced the conference of General Hancock with the Cheyennes at Fort Larned, and the subsequent abandonment by the Indians of their village near the fort, and their flight westward. The village was occupied, and General Custer was sent in pursuit of the flying savages. Shortly after leaving the vicinity of Fort Larned the Cheyennes made their appearance at "Lookout" and two other stations on the "Smoky Hill Route," burning the buildings and killing three men. The settlers in the vicinity had been apprised of the murderous designs of the Indians, and General Custer's command continued in hot pursuit of the savages. A large force of Indians was at last accounts concentrating in the vicinity of Fort Benton, and a regiment of troops had been sent from Helena, Montana Territory, to oppose them. At Fort Mitchell a party of soldiers crossed the river, surprised an Indian camp, and succeeded in killing seven of the sav-

OLD SIOUX INDIAN CAPTURED BY GENERAL HANCOCK.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

COLONEL EDWARD WYNKOOP AND HIS INTERPRETER.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

ages. The Indians, however, eventually forced the soldiers to retire within the fort. From all these indications it would seem that we are to have a long and bloody war with the savages.

Our correspondence and illustrations relate to the capture of the Indian village near Fort Larned, of which we had previous accounts. Our artist writes:

"The Indian camp was deserted on the night of April 15. The lodges of the chiefs, which are made of dressed skins with the hairy side within, were almost the only perfect ones in the camp, large pieces having been cut from most of the others, evidently for the purpose of securing a covering that would shelter the Indians in their flight. In the lodges were skins, head-mats, and utensils of different kinds. The head-mats are made of small willows strung together with buffalo sinew. The bowls and spoons are made of wood; drums, shaped more like tambourines than any thing else, were strewn about plentifully; an occasional tomahawk, and bags of kinekenic and roots, paint, dried meat, etc., piles of robes—some dressed and ready for market—were found; but the greater number of the skins were undressed.

"In one of the lodges an old Sioux was found. Curtis, the interpreter, learned from him that he had been left by his band, who told him that they would come back for him as soon as the troops left. The old man was extremely emaciated, and almost unable to move. He stated that the Cheyennes desired to fight; but the Sioux would not accede to the proposition, and left. The Cheyennes soon after became frightened, and also left.

"This old Indian was placed under the kindly care of Colonel EDWARD WYNKOOP, the Indian agent, who accompanies the Expedition, and whose portrait as well as that of his interpreter, DICK CURTIS, I herewith forward. Colonel WYNKOOP left Pennsylvania with Governor GEARY and came to Kansas during the early troubles. During the war he served with marked distinction in the West. He was the officer selected to arrange with the Indians for the presents given to them to make good their loss at Sand Creek. Since that time Colonel WYNKOOP has been appointed agent for the Cheyennes, Arapahoe, and Apache tribes. His management of these tribes has been satisfactory in the highest degree. His knowledge of Indians and their habits is probably more extensive than that possessed by any person that has occupied the position of agent for a long time. His interpreter, DICK CURTIS, is a native of Onandagua county, New York; but scarcely remembers when he left the eastern country. He is a shrewd, plain man, up to all the tricks of the Indian, and thoroughly conversant with their dialect. He is one of the features of the expedition."

## THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

UNDOUBTEDLY the French Industrial Palace is not an extraordinarily beautiful one; a glance at our engraving on page 296, giving a general view of it, will clearly indicate that much. PARKE GODWIN, writing to the *Evening Post*, calls it "the grand gasometer," and compares it to "a stupendous Strasburg pie or a Dutchess County cheese frightfully magnified and decorated with ribbons and little flags." But this unimposing and inelegant pile, which every body ridicules, and which the French artists have endeavored in vain to present in an agreeable light, is the natural result of the complete subordination of the symmetrical ideas of the architect to the utilitarian views of the projectors. Every thing about the building has been constructed with an eye to the general adaptability of the whole to its special purpose; and the heavy and ugly-looking structure is the most perfect exhibition building which has ever been planned. The architect was really the Prince NAPOLEON, who, when the exhibition was first talked of, suggested that a form ought to be adopted which would allow of a perfect classification of materials and objects exhibited, and admit at the same time of the products of different countries being grouped together. It having been decided that the objects should, in accordance with the Prince's suggestion, be classed among categories of similar productions on the one hand and according to their nationality on the other, it was settled that this classification of objects should be attained by means of concentric galleries, and that the displays of different countries should be confined within transversal divisions of the building. It was this which necessitated the adoption of the elliptical form, the want of elegance of which has been so much commented upon; but it also produced the convenient arrangement of the interior. The interior consists of a series of eight concentric ovals, which form so many round galleries or corridors, traversed at intervals and from side to side by broad covered streets. In the centre is a tastefully arranged little garden, with its flower beds and statues and fountains and shaded walks and seats. From this garden open out the streets or passages, which are named after the various countries whose particular section of the palace they traverse, as the Rue de Russe, Rue de Prusse, Rue d'Amerique, etc.; so that to find the peculiar products of any people one has only to walk to this garden, from whatever point he may happen to be, look for the name over the entrance, and enter. He is at once where he wants to be, without confusion and without trouble. At the same time the circular corridors that run around the whole of the immense building are each appropriated to a specific department of the arts or of industry. There are sixteen of these radiating or transversal ways, and seven of the circular, with a broad external portico and garden embracing the whole. The gallery nearest to the central garden is styled indifferently the Archæological Gallery, or the Gallery of the History of Labor. The gallery immediately outside this is appropriated to modern works of art; the next gallery is devoted to the exhibition of materials used in, and the productions of, the liberal arts; the following gallery is appropriated to articles of clothing and other objects worn on the person; the gallery outside this again is reserved for raw materials and articles of different degrees of elaboration manufactured from them. The sixth is devoted to the raw or primaterials of industry, such as ores, grains, earths, woolens, metals, woods, etc. The next—the Machinery Gallery, as it is commonly called—is appropriated to the display of machines at rest and in motion, showing the various processes of the industrial arts, with their results. The exterior gallery is devoted to the exhibition of aliments in their natural and preserved states, and consists of a number of restaurants, cafés, buffets, refreshment-counters, and beer-shops, where any style of dishes may be obtained.

While beauty in the building has thus been sacrificed to utility the grounds or park surrounding the building have been decorated in the most superb style, and yet with an eye to usefulness. The Champ de Mars, which was selected as the site for the building, has an area of 500,000 square yards—a space about equal to that portion of Central Park lying between the Lake and Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth and Seventh avenues. When it was discovered that the Palace would not occupy more than 160,000 square yards of this space—the Mall at Central Park would just hold it with a little crowding—it was decided to transform the remaining 340,000 square yards into a park. This vast space, some feet lower than the surface of the surrounding neighborhood, was nothing more than a flat and naked sandy plain when the work was begun. Now the surface has been raised, and hillocks and little valleys formed; rivulets too run through it, and either empty themselves into tiny lakes, or, tumbling over masses of rock, form miniature waterfalls. Buildings for almost every purpose, and in every conceivable style of architecture, with innumerable groups of sculpture and ornamental fountains, stud the park from one end to the other, intermingled with which are plantations of trees and shrubs, green lawns, and parterres of flowers. A garden has been planted with almost every known plant and shrub. Horticultural establishments of every description and marine and fresh-water aquaria have been constructed. Other parts of the park are allotted to the exhibition of objects specially adapted to improving the physical and moral condition of the people generally, and comprises such matters as model cottages for working men and infant nurseries. Our engraving on page 297 will give the reader an idea of the appearance of the various pavilions and houses of all nations which decorate the park.

## THE LUXEMBURG QUESTION.

BY the treaties of 1815, dictated by the Holy Alliance and forced upon France—and which the present Emperor of the French declared a year ago, much to the consternation of Europe, he cordially detested—the Fortress of Luxemburg was placed under the military control of the German States and the civil authority was given to the King of Holland. This duplex arrangement was insisted upon by the Powers for a very grave reason. The title of the town and province of Luxemburg was legally vested in the King of Holland, and no purpose was entertained to deprive him of the revenues derived from them; but the Fortress of Luxemburg possessed an importance to all Europe. Its possession by the German Confederation was considered a guarantee of future peace, a curb on French ambition, a barrier to French extension eastward; and because it really proved so is why NAPOLEON III. detests the treaty which established this "barrier to the Rhine." The treaties of 1815 were violently annulled nearly a year ago at Sadowa; the German Confederation was obliterated at a blow; and it was believed that, by a previous understanding with Prussia, arranged between NAPOLEON and BISMARCK at Biarritz, the domains of France would be quietly extended to the Rhine, and that Luxemburg would be delivered to the French. But this scheme for gaining the long-coveted Rhenish frontier has proved one of NAPOLEON'S many late failures or mistakes. For him "the detested treaties" still exist. The weak German Confederation has been reorganized into the strong, consolidated empire of North Germany, and the Fortress of Luxemburg remains a still stronger barrier to the Rhine. To NAPOLEON'S request for its possession as the reward of his neutrality in 1866, Prussia, remembering that but for his intervention as a peace-maker in Venice her armies would have entered Vienna, replied with a mild "No." Disappointed in his anticipations of a cheap and peaceful extension to the Rhine, NAPOLEON lately offered to buy it. Prussia replied by publishing the secret treaties giving her military control over the one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers of Baden, Wurtemburg, and Bavaria; and still later added a clearly emphatic message to the effect that the province of Luxemburg shall not be sold, and the Fortress should not be evacuated.

Prussia is fully aware of the great importance of the post she holds. General CARNOT, the engineer, he of whom it was said, "This is the man who has organized victory," declared Luxemburg to be "the strongest fortress in Europe, next to Gibraltar." It had another not less important advantage in CARNOT'S eyes, and one not lost upon Napoleon. "It is the *only* point of attack upon France from the direction of the Moselle"—that is, from Germany. It is at once the gate to Paris or to Berlin; and this is the reason why Napoleon covets it, and why Prussia, on the first sign of danger, reinforces her permanent garrison of several thousand troops, and adds to its armament and stores. The situation of Luxemburg is very singular, the extent and peculiar character of its fortifications deserve to be remarked; and we therefore accompany this article and description by the engravings to be found on page 300. The upper town occupies a table-shaped plot of ground level with the adjoining country on the west side; but on the north, east, and south sides the rock descends in a precipice 200 feet deep; and opposite to it rise other lofty rocks equally precipitous, connected with it by drawbridges in the narrowest part, while between them lies the lower town, nestling in the gorge or ravine, watered by two streams, the Petersburn and the Alzette, with an isolated rock in the middle which is called the *Bock* or Goat, and which is covered with ramparts of masonry, having loopholes and embrasures for the garrison to fire through, while they are provided with ample shelter in the casemates, excavated in the solid rock. There is a stone bridge of several arches which crosses the valley, affording communication between the town and the Bock, but it is completely commanded by the guns of the fortress. The town itself contains few buildings of much architectural interest. The cathedral was built in the sixteenth century. The population of the town is about 11,000, not including the 6000 Prussian soldiers, who form the garrison. Our engravings show the character of the town, and indicate the great strength and extent of the fortifications.

The dispute over the possession of this fortress and province was rapidly leading to a war, when Queen VICTORIA proposed to NAPOLEON and the King of Prussia a compromise on the basis of the neutralization of the disputed territory by a conference of the great Powers of Europe. This was accepted by both parties, and it was announced at London on April 28 that the Conference would be held in that city on May 15, and that in the mean time the Fortress of Luxemburg should be dismantled.

## SHAD-FISHING.

THE emigration of the shad from the south begins with the year; they appear in the waters of the Hudson about the first of March, and it is moving day with them about the first of May; they are gone by the middle of that month, and the sport of shad-fishing is over by the first of June. At the time our sketch on page 292 was made the sport was at its highest, and was being enjoyed by multitudes from the metropolis.

The shad is one of the most mysterious, as well as one of the most savory of fish. It is of the herring family, and the "American shad" is about 20 inches in length. They come north in the spring to deposit their spawn in the rivers. They ascend the Hudson for 150 miles for this purpose, and return to the ocean about the first of May, and then go still further north. It is very seldom that they are caught going southward after reaching the ocean, and they either die or go to more Arctic regions. The common belief is that the life of a shad is limited to one year, and that they die soon after the young are hatched, though where they go to when they die, or how the young ones get to the south, is one of the chief of the shad mysteries. Simultaneous with the appearance of the shad in the waters is that of the shad-fly on land.

American shad are sometimes caught with a hook. "Frank Forrester" says "they will rise to a gaudy fly in fresh water and afford very exciting sport;" but the mode most in vogue is, of course, with nets. Our illustration will explain the operation of picking a stake-net. The stake-nets are each about 100 fathoms long, set on stakes or poles about fifteen feet apart on the mud flats, and are dry at low water. The shad-fish come to these flats at high tide for their food, which consists principally of worms like the slug-worm and shrimps, and are caught at the ebbing of the tide in the stake-nets. The New York city demand for shad, which is very considerable, is principally supplied in this manner from the Hudson and Delaware rivers.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Her tresses, loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind."

"Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth."

"With lightsome brow, and beaming eyes, and bright,
Long, glorious locks, which drop upon thy cheek,
Like gold-hued cloud-flakes on the rosy morn."

No such lines as the above can be written nowadays. Poets of the present day have no chance to receive any ideas of beauty from the observation of the fashionably arrayed head and face of a lady. We say *face*, because it is disagreeably common for ladies to *dress* certain features of the countenance. There are two grand, general styles of out-of-door ornaments designed for the heads of ladies living in the year 1867—the bonnet and the hat. The former may be distinguished from the latter by its being a little more crooked in form, a good deal smaller in size, and by its occupying any little spot on the top of the head which is not piled with hair. But the *hat* is worn on the forehead, concealing that feature and the eyebrows, if not the eyes themselves, while the brim rests affectionately upon the bridge of the nose. A most fortunate fashion this for those who have no frontal development, or to whom Nature has cruelly denied eyebrows—but positively hideous for any who have a fine, fair, open forehead—one of the purest and most beautiful of all the features.

The apparent phrenological development of ladies, as they sit, fashionably dressed, in the church, in the concert-room, at the opera, or the theatre, or as they promenade Broadway, is, to a nice observer, fearful. The entire absence (to the sight) of any intellectual development, and the enormous preponderance of the animal faculties certainly is suggestive—we beg pardon, but really one can not help what comes uncalled into his mind—of apes, monkeys, and baboons. Did any phrenologist ever have the curiosity to ascertain the distance from the tip of a lady's chin, diagonally, to the top of her *chignon?* We verily believe that it would come little short of eighteen inches in many cases. Of course the slant from the top of the hair tower to the tip of the nose gives a very peculiar and exceedingly ugly shape to the—head, if we may so call it.

It is a thousand pities that ladies will blindly follow fashion instead of exercising common-sense and good taste. Some fashions are ridiculous and unbecoming for *any* one to adopt—others are pretty and charming in themselves, but are not appropriate for *every* one. Common-sense should lead to the decided rejection of the first class; and good taste will enable each individual to discriminate and decide what style of dress and material, what particular colors, and what ornamentations will be in harmony with her figure, complexion, station in life, her age—and her *purse.* A refined taste in dress is something which American ladies need to cultivate. Incongruities in the attire, and the blind adoption of repulsive fashions, offend the eye of taste every day. A rich garment does not cover all defects, nor do gaudy trappings enhance beauty. Always a woman of taste is known by her dress—if that is rich, it may also be simple—if it is plain and inexpensive, it may also be elegant.

In a lecture—of the sensational order—recently delivered in this city, it was stated, with not a little truth, that our modern marriage service should read thus: "Will you take this brown-stone front, this carriage and span, these diamonds, for thy wedded husband?" "Yes." "Will you take this unpaid milliner's bill, this high waterfall of foreign hair, these affectation accomplishments and feeble constitution, for thy wedded wife?" "Yes." "Then what Mammon has joined together let the next best man run away with, so that the first divorce court may tear them asunder."

Paris is a curious place. Queer sensations and strange occurrences happen there, such as would happen nowhere else. The following is related as the "latest event in fashionable life:" A young couple went to church to be married. While the ecclesiastic who presided at the ceremony was addressing them, the bride fell into a deep sleep, which lasted till the moment came at which the young husband was to put the nuptial ring on the finger of his drowsy partner. On perceiving her state of unconsciousness he was, as may readily be believed, shocked and angry at such a flagrant disregard of decency. At the conclusion of the ceremony he informed his bride's friends that he would not live with her; and, giving two thousand francs, as stipulated in the contract, he left her.

Another story of a different stamp: The manager and proprietor of a certain café was one day informed by one of his waiters that a well-dressed personage had just been observed to pocket a silver spoon and fork. The waiter was desired to make no remark; but when the bill was handed to this strange customer its last entry ran thus: "To a silver spoon and fork which Monsieur has in his pocket, 50 francs." The latter paid without making the slightest remark, but naturally never reappeared.

One other incident illustrates how they manage matters in Paris: Gavarni, recently deceased in Paris, at one time owed a great deal of money to *Le Charivari.* A lithographic stone was sent to him, and he was requested to illustrate it "on account." At the end of six months *Le Charivari* had not received any thing from Gavarni. A constable was sent after him, who, suspecting the character of his visitor, opened the door himself. The constable inquired, "M. Gavarni?" "He is dead and buried, Monsieur." "But where is the stone the manager of *Le Charivari* sent him months ago?" "At the head of his grave, Monsieur."

A religious luxury, in the shape of a splendid edition of the Bible, has been announced by a Glasgow publisher. Only twelve copies are to be printed, and the price is six hundred dollars per copy.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

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## Established 1861.

### THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

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YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
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COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Club Order.**

CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO, *February* 18, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, New York:*

Gents: The Box of Teas and Coffees I ordered of you I received on the 7th inst. The Club are well pleased: so much so that some ten that sent for small supplies wish to send for more. I have taken some pains to add to our numbers: therefore I have been enabled to send you another order somewhat larger than the first. I hope to be enabled to establish a monthly club. Accept my thanks for complimentary package.

Please fill the following order, and send by express to Chagrin Falls, Ohio, to be paid on delivery.

Yours, truly, WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ℔. | Uncolored Japan..R. Barrows | at | $1 25.. | $1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..A. H. Rose | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..A. H. Rose | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Coffee..A. H. Rose | at | 40.. | 40 |
| 4 | Coffee..P. Wallace | at | 20.. | 80 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...Chas. Wilson | at | 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 2 | Imperial..Charles Wilson | at | 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Imperial..Thomas Sanders | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Thos. Sanders | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Best Gunpowder..H. Robinson | at | 1 50.. | 3 00 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..G. King | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..M. Mills | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...M. Mills | at | 30.. | 60 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...E. C. P. King | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Henry Church | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..E. F. Douglas | at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | English Breakfast Tea..E. Frost | at | 1 20.. | 1 20 |
| 2 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...E. Frost | at | 30.. | 60 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...J. Walworth | at | 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Ann Ward | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..Henry Bailey | at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..J. Bailey | at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..J. Schuyler | at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..William Austin | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...J. Williams | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| | Carried up | | | $34 90 |

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | Brought up | | | $34 90 |
| 1 ℔. | Young Hyson, Green..L. Gates | at | $1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 3 | Young Hyson, Green..D. Noonan | at | 1 25.. | 3 75 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..M. Ward | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..H. Hubbell | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 4 | Coffee..Mary A. Cole | at | 20.. | 80 |
| 1 | Fr. Bkft. & Din. Cof..S. G. Antisdale | at | 30.. | 30 |
| 4 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...J. Hubbel | at | 30.. | 1 20 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..N. Shippey | at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...R. W. Gorton | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...P. Mock | at | 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Y. Hyson, Gr...J. R. Hackathorn | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...D. A. White | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Oolong..R. Walters | at | 1 00.. | 1 00 |
| 1 | Mixed Gr. and Black..R. Walters | at | 1 00.. | 1 00 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..R. Walters | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..John S. Bullard | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..O. C. Bullard | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..A. Grinnell | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..E. C. Bullard | at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..John Stillwell | at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..John Stillwell | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..A. Savage | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..Henry Vincent | at | 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..Julia Fish | at | 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| | Total | | | $67 90 |

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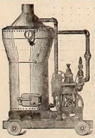

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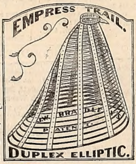


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## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 542.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"A BROTHER'S HELP."—From a Painting by F. Boser.—[See next Page.]

## "A BROTHER'S HELP."

THE interesting picture of German domestic life, which we give on our first page, is by F. BOSER of Dusseldorf. The group consists of a boy and girl sitting beside each other in their parents' comfortable home. The little girl has been puzzled by a difficult sum; and we should judge, from the redness of her eyelids and from the melting softness of her eye, that she has been shedding a few tears of self-pity or vexation over the impracticable figures on her slate. But see what it is to have a kind and clever brother! He puts down a half-pared apple, which he leaves beside the big yellow pan on the high-backed chair; he takes his seat with tender patience next the perplexed arithmetician, and takes the slate out of her hands. A steady glance at the figures, and then a moment's steady thought, which is nobly expressed in his face, have achieved the solution of the problem; and he is now briefly explaining to his sister—who does not yet seem to pay any too much attention—the method of working out for herself a similar sum in future.

## GREEN THINGS GROWING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Oh! the green things growing! the green things growing!
The fresh sweet smell of the green things growing!
I would like to live, whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life of the green things growing.

Oh! the fluttering and pattering of the green things growing!
Talking each to each when no man's knowing:
In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the gray dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

I love, I love them so, the green things growing!
And I think that they love me without false showing;
For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
With the mute, mute comfort of green things growing.

And in the full wealth of their blossoms' glowing,
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing;
Ah! I should like to see, if God's will it might be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

But if I must be gathered for the angels' sowing—
Sleep out of sight a while—like the green things growing;
Though earth to earth return, I think I shall not mourn,
If I may change into green things growing.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1867.


## AN ERROR IN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE late arguments in the Supreme Court show some of the mistakes which the country has made upon the question of reconstruction. Yet they are natural errors, and are such as reveal the prudent and wise habit of the popular mind which declines to act until it perceives the reason of action. The problems with which the fall of the rebellion confronted the country were wholly new and of the most vital importance. There was a technical, summary, superficial solution of them, very easy to understand, and also very sure to make the war ridiculous. This solution was merely the policy of treating the rebellion as a riot. Certain citizens have resisted the authority of the Government, it was urged; they would not disperse upon reading the riot act, and it was necessary to call out the military force. That has succeeded in quelling the disturbance, and now every thing will resume its ordinary course. This was a view which was very possible in the year 1861. It had become sheer folly in the year 1865.

The rebellion was a death-struggle between the two principles which disputed the mastery of the Government. The dispute was maintained under the form of interpretation of the Constitution. The principle known as the South claimed that the Constitution was a treaty between sovereign States, which might be annulled in its own case by the will of any one of the States. This was the claim. The object was the perpetuity of human slavery as the corner-stone of a Southern empire. The principle known as the North held that the Constitution was a national bond under which the Union had become a nation, and that secession was national dissolution, which was consequently opposed by every patriotic instinct. This was the theory. The conviction was that by the laws of society and human nature slavery would be peacefully ended and a great, free, and happy republic established.

The controversy became at last too radical and intense for a peaceful solution. There was no tribunal which could settle it, and war was invoked to decide what the Constitution meant. Thus it was not upon the side of the North a war merely for the Constitution, but the Constitution as the North understood it; while the South in seceding was attempting to interpret the Constitution as the South understood it. Of course the side which was victorious won its interpretation of the Constitution. The North, not merely as a section but as an explanation of the Constitution, triumphed. Its first duty, therefore, was to make the Constitution say what the last irreversible appeal had declared it to mean. That was what the South expected. It looked to see the North remove the disputed point from future controversy by dispelling the obscurity of the Constitution upon the question. And this, clearly, was what should have been done. We should have distinctly forbidden secession by the fundamental law, and we should have provided in the Constitution that any State which attempted secession should resume its relations in the Union only upon such conditions as Congress might require.

This we should have done while the surrendered States still remained under the military authority of the Government. And when it was done we should have proceeded to settle the conditions upon which they might return. Then there would have been no Georgia or Mississippi petitions; and the Supreme Court would have had no voice in the question unless it had undertaken to declare that the Constitution had been unconstitutionally amended—a declaration which we doubt if even the eloquence of a ROBERT J. WALKER could have won from it. The present difficulty is, that the war has distinctly decided the Constitution to mean what we have not made it distinctly express. The old verbal obscurity therefore remains, and the lawyers in the Supreme Court are repeating the speeches of WEBSTER and HAYNE in the Senate. The framers of the Constitution intentionally left the question of State rights and sovereignty obscure. They feared that Union would be impossible if they did not. From that cloud came the war. The war has dispelled the obscurity in fact, but we have not yet stricken it out of the instrument; and as courts and lawyers deal with verbal interpretations, we are actually witnessing the absurd spectacle of a nice technical dispute in a court-room of an issue which has been decided by the most tremendous war.

Every written Constitution is a perilous folly and snare if it is not most liberally interpreted and amended just as fast and fully as the growing public sentiment demands. The reverence for the Constitution as a complete and inspired instrument needing no change, which has been so sedulously inculcated in this country, is an incredible stupidity. It has discouraged independence of political thought, so that since the days of the Revolution and of the Federalist we have added nothing whatever of importance to political philosophy but the speculations of Mr. CALHOUN and a few essays like SIDNEY FISHER'S. CALHOUN was the most fearless political thinker in our history except the men of '76 and '89 and a few of the living radicals. His political theories were purely medieval, indeed, but his mind was sincere and independent. He at least saw what his followers do not, that to make the Supreme Court a political tribunal of the last appeal is to subvert the Government.

In the Military bill Congress has acted in the spirit of the great decision of arms. It has acted according to the Constitution as the final resort has decided the Constitution to mean. But it has made the necessary verbal amendment of the Constitution more difficult. For when, under the conditions of the Military bill, the States which tried to secede are once more restored to their functions in the Union, one of which is voting upon amendments to the Constitution—they will necessarily have a vote upon any clause forbidding secession, and prescribing the penalty of the attempt.

## MR. THADDEUS STEVENS AND CONFISCATION.

MR. THADDEUS STEVENS rather tartly asserts that Senator WILSON is giving the impression that if the Southern States honestly comply with the terms of the Military bill they will be restored to representation in Congress. Mr. STEVENS asks by what authority this is said, and declares that for himself he would not admit the unrepresented States, or Territories, as he prefers to call them, without "a mild confiscation."

The authority upon which Senator WILSON probably relies for what he says is the general understanding of the country. The Military bill does not in terms provide that States which sincerely accept it and act under it shall be restored to representation, but the country does not doubt that they will be, and is very sure that such was the intention of the bill. Like the Constitutional Amendment, the Military bill is a tentative offer. The philosophy of the Amendment, as a preliminary condition to restoration, was simply that its adoption by the States would show that they were in such a condition that they might safely be restored. Its rejection was of itself evidence that other measures were necessary. So with the Military bill: if the States proceed in good faith to organize under it, that fact will be sufficient proof of the safety of their full return to the Union. If they treat it as they treated the Amendment the consequences will be similar. It is the offer of the Sybil's books.

But the case is apparently no longer doubtful. The States are organizing under the Military bill. Their late leaders in rebellion, without entering into the hopeless question of right or authority, accept the situation because they feel it. Their views about slavery and the intention of the Constitution may or may not be changed, but they are now speculations as practical as surmises about the song the sirens sang. They acknowledge the late slaves as fellow-citizens. They are as complaisant to them as the habitués of the Manhattan Club to the Irish. They solicit their votes as politely as the representative of Mackerelville the sweet voices of his constituents. And if the conventions which shall thus be elected shall frame constitutions embodying what Congress has suggested, and those constitutions are duly presented, does Mr. STEVENS think that Congress will reject them? If the present aspect of affairs in the Southern States remains unchanged and a constitution adopted by general suffrage of all the citizens of any one of them is offered to Congress, does Mr. STEVENS think that any party which rejected it upon the ground that, although all that was demanded had been done by the State in good faith, yet that enough had not been demanded, could survive or ought to survive such action?

We have no fear that, if the process of reconstruction continues as it has begun, Congress will still increase its demands. For Congress very faithfully represents public opinion, and there is no present public opinion which would not regard such a course as dishonorable in itself and politically disastrous.

But it is very foolish to speak of Mr. STEVENS'S desire of confiscation as a frantic act of vengeance. His philosophy is very far from ridiculous. Mr. STEVENS, of course, does not suppose that the late rebels, as a rule, are friendly to the freedmen. He sees them soliciting the freedmen's votes because they are essential to their political success. He knows that the white leaders who are hostile to the Union party will use every means to obtain control of the colored vote. He also sees that no provision whatever has been made for giving the freedmen land; and he knows, as every reflecting man knows, that without land they lack a vital element of substantial citizenship. Now voters who must work upon the land every day to live are immediately dependent for bread upon the landholders; and where, as in the South, the late masters are the landholders and the late slaves are the laborers it is easy to see what an influence can be exerted.

The late masters at the South yield exactly as much as they are forced to, and no more. They could not prevent emancipation and they could not prevent enfranchisement. But they certainly never would have willingly consented to either, and they are very careful not to suffer the freedmen to become landholders. Yet land is essential to their proper status as citizens, and how shall they obtain it? In Georgia, for instance, all the public lands which are of value are occupied; and even were they to be bought the late masters, in settling their labor accounts, take good care not to leave money in the hands of the laborers. Mr. STEVENS proposes "a mild confiscation," both to punish the disloyal who have robbed the loyal citizens, and to enable the citizens newly created to obtain land. It may be an inexpedient measure under the circumstances, but to call it vindictive or to suppose that it has no defensible reason is absurd.

## SPECIAL LEGISLATION.

THE vital defect of the present Constitution of this State is, that it treats the whole State as a town which should manage all its affairs in one town-meeting. This is the false application of a true principle. The State, like the nation, is undoubtedly a political community; but it is an aggregation of smaller political communities, and each is competent to the management of its own peculiar affairs. Losing sight of this fundamental principle of free, popular Government the Convention of 1846 framed a fundamental law which makes the consent of the whole State necessary to the most minute local enterprises.

Thus, if the County of Suffolk wants some little local improvement it must go to Albany and ask Chautauqua what it thinks about it. Chautauqua knows, of course, nothing about it, and cares nothing. But JONES, of Suffolk, thinks that his interest demands the change, while JENKINS, of Suffolk, is positive that his interest is opposed to it. JONES and JENKINS therefore hurry to Albany. Each states his case, and argues it to the members from Chautauqua and the members from Essex. Time, patience, and money are all squandered upon this ridiculous dispute. At last JOHNSON, of Chautauqua, who is not so disinterested as legislators should be, moves his fingers as if his palms itched. JENKINS, of Suffolk, is very quick, and, seeing the motion, applies a green-backed plaster. Then JOHNSON begins to comprehend the question, and Suffolk is not allowed to have her little improvement.

This is the absurd system of private bills. Its result is twofold: the lobby as it appears to-day in Albany, and such a pressure of business upon the Legislature that many of the members are in hopeless bewilderment from the first day of the session to the last as to what is going on, and what they are voting for and why. Toward the close of the session the desks of the members are buried under huge piles of these bills. Each member has some pet project. He is anxious for its success. "Very well," says HOBBS of Broome to DOBBS of St. Lawrence, "if you can see your way to vote for mine I think there will be no difficulty in my voting for yours." One bill is traded for another. There is a universal truck and dicker. Men vote without the least knowledge of the merits or bearing of a measure in order to secure a vote for their own bill or to gratify a friend; and in the general confusion and eagerness and ignorance venality readily creeps in. Forced to decide upon subjects which he does not understand, and for which he does not care, many a member easily sophisticates himself into choosing that which gives him an immediate and tangible advantage. Add to such members those who never had any doubt that all is fair in politics, and you very rapidly reach a sufficient explanation of the corruption of the Legislature.

By returning to the fundamental principle, that every political community must be held competent to manage its own affairs, the enormous pressure of business upon the Legislature would be removed, three-quarters of the temptation and opportunity of corruption would go with it, and that vitality of a free government, the practical interest of every citizen in politics, would be stimulated. Let us have general laws under which each local community can act for itself. If the State of New York wishes to build a railroad, it is not forced to go to Washington to ask leave; and if ANN M'INTOSH breaks through a canal bridge in the city of Buffalo, let her complaint be heard and redressed without bringing it to Albany. New York is not a town nor a village; it is an empire in extent and in variety of State interests. Those interests, and not Mrs. ANN M'INTOSH'S broken legs, are the proper subjects of her State legislation.

## THE STOCK MARKET.

DURING the past few days the Stock Market has shown a marked improvement in most descriptions of securities, with something like the activity of former times. The long period of depression, occasioned by fears of an injudicious or too hasty contraction of the currency, or what was worse, perhaps, an undue inflation thereof, has given place to a healthy increase of business, supported by a general feeling of confidence. Trade and finance are adjusting themselves satisfactorily without the aid of Congressional legislation. The tightness of the money market has disappeared; a general ease has returned, with abundance of capital seeking investment, and a daily increasing influx of currency from the interior. Tradesmen, merchants, importers, and jobbers are letting themselves down easily to the present level of affairs, and without serious risk to life or limb. All they ask now is to be "let alone" for the future, and business will adjust itself. Uncertainty is the bane that ever works positive mischief.

Wall Street always discounts apprehensions of political or commercial trouble, and consequently stocks depreciate. This fact has been instanced in the trying period of the past few months. But the "Bears" are no longer masters of the situation. The evils which they prophesied have not come, and the reed upon which they leaned is broken. The tendency of prices is inevitably upward, and is assisted by various causes. First the ease of the money market, the favorable bank statement, and the fine crop prospects favor a rise. Then the old Stock Board, which have been "Bears" for a considerable time, are now resuming their old status and becoming "Bulls." Besides, there is a large "short interest." Always when the market is depressed there is a certain class of shrewd speculators who buy up the best stocks for cash and hold them, waiting for the tendency of the market to be developed. Hence parties who have sold to deliver at a certain low figure are unable to procure the requisite amount of stock for delivery, and are bought in "under the rule." This produces discomfiture among them and some failures, and the knowledge of such fact stimulates the rise still more. Another thing which especially helps the leading railway shares, is the increase in their intrinsic value, as shown by their increased earnings and diminished expenses, which compare favorably with those of last year.

During the past fortnight Erie has displayed the greatest activity of any, and sustained its reputation as a favorite speculative stock. Under shrewd manipulation it has advanced from 52 to 66, and many operators have realized handsome profits. The transactions have been very large. Many of the original stockholders who sold out at low prices are now buying again for permanent investment. Since its culmination at 66, fluctuations have been rapid between that figure and 63, but the prevailing tendency is toward a still further advance, and many persons are sanguine enough to predict that it will reach the high figure to which it was carried by the combination of last year. The struggle between the "Bulls" and "Bears" is very severe, but the large "short" interest favors the former. Other leading railway shares, like Rock Island, Fort Wayne, Reading, etc., show an advance of several per cent. from the earlier spring rates. Governments are also very firm, and the demand for them is increasing with an

advance in price. These are sought for chiefly by persons who wish to make permanent investments at the satisfactory rate of interest which they yield; and large amounts are now taken by men who, early in the war, professed no faith in them, and declined to purchase. Being exempt from taxation they are the more eagerly taken up—but the Government loses a large revenue thereby.

But while railway and other stocks have thus decidedly improved of late, and the disposition to purchase on the part of the public daily increase, the Mining share market has been completely demoralized. Mining stocks have been weak and treacherous enough for a long time, and have been steadily following the course of petroleum stocks. Many of them are utterly valueless, representing nothing. Some mines are not being worked at all, while the best, with scarcely an exception, are any thing but remunerative at present. Those who manipulated speculative mining stocks in past days, and sent them up to a high figure, were not generally men of means; they found themselves unable to hold them, owing to the scarcity of money and the influences brought to bear upon the market. Depression was the consequence.

The distress which late failures have brought upon many creditors should warn brokers of the danger of dealing in stocks not of real value. Oftentimes a stock is introduced into the Board with a high character for value. Certain cliques press it up, and after it has reached its highest point a broker gets orders to buy, with a fair margin put up. The purchase is made, say at $8 per share; the next day there is a break, and the stock sells at $1—loss $7, with a $3 margin all gone. The principal dealer is bankrupt, but the broker has to bear the loss. This enormous decline, so suddenly made, causes many failures; these often extend to the most prudent.

The effect of all such operations is to disgust the public and make them suspicious of all kindred enterprises. They will shun them as if they were pitfalls. Those who have already been victimized will wonder how they could have been gulled so easily. The best stocks are dangerous to deal in, but a bogus stock is a worm that gnaweth and consumeth.

## THE PUBLIC DEBT.

THE statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, made on the 1st of May, shows that the amount of the funded and unfunded debt of the United States has increased about five millions during the month of April; but deducting the cash in the Treasury, there is a decrease of $2,641,974 in the total aggregate. We can hardly look for as rapid a diminution of the public debt to take place within the present fiscal year as in the last, for several reasons. In the first place, owing to stagnation in business and a falling off in imports, there will be a considerable decrease in customs receipts. In the item of revenue from incomes, which last year amounted to a very large sum, it is estimated that there will be a diminution of nearly fifty per cent. Perhaps this figure is too large, but it is well known that many of our heaviest merchants, who returned incomes last year of hundreds of thousands of dollars, will this year be unable to return any thing but nominal incomes, while some will feel themselves fortunate if their balance-sheets do not show considerable losses. The same is true of the merchants of other cities and the country at large. Another source of revenue which the Government has hitherto been able to avail itself of will presently be lost—namely, the proceeds of auction sales of vessels, scrap-iron, stores, and nondescript property remaining on hand after the war closed. These have now nearly all been disposed of. It need not be doubted, however, that the Government will find means to provide fully in the future for its current expenses and payments of interest. Several schemes have already been devised to meet any possible contingency, some one of which, or at least one equally suitable, is likely to be adopted when required. Thus far the debt has been liquidated with a rapidity beyond precedent in the history of national finance.

## MR. GLADSTONE'S LETTER.

MR. GLADSTONE'S letter, which was reported by the ocean telegraph as a resignation of the leadership of the Liberal party, is a little obscure, but it is not so serious as the report. He says merely that it is plain that those Liberals who will act steadily together for reform are not a majority, and that it would therefore be foolish to attempt any further positive effort until there is a formal or virtual reversal of the Liberal defeat. He means, of course, that such a reversal as it could be achieved only by the votes of those who deserted him would be a sign of their return and willingness to co-operate with him.

The letter has given occasion to a very thorough criticism of Mr. GLADSTONE by the London press. The Liberals regard him as a moral hero; as a man who has unexpectedly illuminated British politics with the light of the highest principle and the most modest and spotless personal character; as a leader whose deference to difference of opinion is so delicate and sincere that it leads him to mistrust himself and paralyzes his purpose. As men the Liberal critics can not but admire the qualities which produce the results that as partisans they deprecate. The Tory opposition, on the contrary, decries him as acrid and arrogant; of a petulant temper, and half preacher half prig.

But JOHN BRIGHT, in a speech at Birmingham, tells us what he thinks of Mr. GLADSTONE:

"What shall I say of that leader? It is not, as you know, my practice to speak of the official politicians and the statesmen of this country with exaggerated eulogy; but I will venture to say this of Mr. GLADSTONE—and there is no man in either House who undertakes to deny it—that since 1832 there has been no man of the official class or rank, and no statesman, who has imparted into this question of reform so much of conviction, so much of earnestness, so much of zeal as has been imparted during the last two years by the present leader of the Liberal party. Who is there in the House of Commons who equals him in knowledge of all political questions? who equals him in earnestness? who equals him in eloquence? who equals him in courage and fidelity to his convictions? If those gentlemen who say they will not follow him have any one who is equal, let them show him. If they can point out any statesman who can add dignity and grandeur to the stature of Mr. GLADSTONE let them produce him."

This is great praise. It shows, at least, what the man whom the people of England trust most thinks of the leader whom the Tories most heartily dislike. Indeed Mr. GLADSTONE can not truly abdicate his leadership. Even if he should formally withdraw, he must still really lead. It is actual superiority which makes men leaders; and BRIGHT and GLADSTONE can not speak nor act without carrying a multitude with them.

Those of our readers who are interested in this political battle of the giants in England will find a most racy and admirable paper upon DISRAELI, the rival and opponent of GLADSTONE, in *Harper's Monthly* for May. It is from the same hand which gave the fine description of GLADSTONE in the same Magazine last year.

## THE SOUTHERN STATES AND THE "IRON HEEL."

IN his late speech at Augusta, Georgia, Ex-Governor BROWN put very pointedly the dilemma in which the petition of Governor JENKINS and the argument of Mr. O'CONOR leave the State of Georgia. If, he says, as Governor JENKINS and the rest have constantly claimed, Georgia is a foreign State conquered by the Union, what claim has she to any privilege in the Union except what may be conceded? If, on the other hand, Georgia is and always has been a State in the Union, all of us who rebelled are guilty of treason and liable to be hanged, and our property to be confiscated. "We either did go out, and the Government has the right to deal with us as a conquered people; or else we did not secede, and we were rebels and liable to be dealt with as rebels."

If the loyal people of the country insisted upon being literally logical, and upon treating a great national crisis in the spirit of a Tombs pettifogger, which is the policy of the Democratic party, this would be the inevitable dilemma in which the Southern States would be plunged. But because the Government will neither treat the late rebels exclusively as foreigners nor traitors, but regards them as citizens who may resume their national relations upon certain moderate and just conditions, it is amusingly described as "the blood-hound party," and its policy of restoration, which neither hangs nor confiscates nor exiles nor imprisons, but merely gives a vote to those who never rebelled, is nothing less than "the iron heel." The New York *World*, whose political allies before their rebellion used to chase with actual blood-hounds the loyal men whom the Government has enfranchised, and who had a pleasing and summary way of stamping the iron heel of the stake, the halter, or the mob upon American citizens who asserted the plainest principle of the Government, is peculiarly glib in the use of this kind of rhetoric. It is the same excellent "conservative" sheet that felicitously called the murderous mob which in the summer of 1863 hunted and massacred the defenseless colored population of New York, and tried to inaugurate the rebellion in this city, "the laboring population." Of course a party which enfranchises instead of enslaving colored Americans is in its view a "blood-hound party," and the policy which would protect them from Mayor MONROE'S lambs, who, we suppose, are "the laboring population" of New Orleans, is "the iron heel."

## THE CASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

IT is reported that a writ of *habeas corpus* has been granted in the case of JEFFERSON DAVIS, and that the United States Government have ordered the commanding General at Fortress Monroe to deliver him to the civil officers. It will appear upon the investigation that he is held by the military authority of the United States upon a charge of complicity in the assassination of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, preferred by the President. If the Court decides not to release him he will, of course, be imprisoned, and in quarters less agreeable than Fortress Monroe. If it inclines to a different decision, how can it release upon bail a man so accused and of such a crime? The charge must be established or withdrawn.

As for treason, is it necessary again to invoke a court to decide a question which the war has settled? Suppose JEFFERSON DAVIS were tried for treason and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. What is the consequence? Simply that if he were not guilty the United States Government was. Is it not exquisitely absurd to run the risk of such a result?

The moment it was clear that he could not wisely be tried, DAVIS, like STEPHENS, should have been released upon his parole.

## DEAF MUTES.

THE education of deaf mutes is always a question of pathetic interest and importance, and it is just now peculiarly so from a warm difference of opinion as to methods which has recently arisen.

The Massachusetts Board of Charities, in its second Annual Report a year or two since, considered the whole subject of deaf mute instruction, and suggested that it might be desirable to improve in some points upon the system hitherto practiced in this country. Now, as that system springs from the original institution founded in Hartford by Mr. GALLAUDET and Mr. LECLERC sixty years ago, and has been faithfully followed ever since both there and at all the other chief deaf mute schools in the country, including that in New York under the charge for many years of the honored philanthropist H. P. PEET, it was natural that the suggestions of the Massachusetts Report should be very carefully criticised. Indeed a controversy has arisen which will end, like all such agitations, in good results for the deaf mute.

The main point at issue is the advantage of mingling teaching by articulation with the sign-language. The Massachusetts Report claims that it is desirable upon general principles, and has been tried with the best results. The Hartford and New York Reports deny it, and declare the system to be an utter failure. Yet the evidence as to the advantage in the case of those who are not born deaf seems to be conclusive; while the immense advantage of a system which teaches the mute to express himself in a language at once intelligible to all around him, is incontestible.

Meanwhile Mr. GARDINER GREENE HUBBARD of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has contributed his experience to the discussion. At the age of five his little daughter became deaf, and in the earnest effort to retain articulate communication with her, Mr. HUBBARD carefully investigated the whole subject, and is satisfied that nearly half of the deaf mutes in the State have once spoken, and that the articulating system is both practicable and desirable. Indeed, at Chelmsford, in Massachusetts, there is already a successful articulating school under the charge of Miss ROGERS.

Dr. PEET, of the New York school, in his Forty-eighth Report for the year 1866, strenuously opposes the articulating system. But he does not show that it might not be safely combined with that of signs. His strongest point is, that for the congenital deaf mute articulation is unnatural. But that, although it may be true, is by no means conclusive. The object of the instruction is general communication; and if, as Dr. PEET says, it requires two or three years to fit a teacher of the sign-language, it is very clear that the language when taught is accessible only to the initiated. It is certainly not impossible that the system brought by Mr. GALLAUDET from Europe, sixty years ago, not as the best, but as the best he could obtain, is susceptible of additions and improvement. This is all that is claimed by the Massachusetts Report, to which the name of Dr. HOWE, an undoubted authority, is signed; and a lucid and interesting sketch of the whole subject may be found in the April *North American Review*.

## THE COMMON SCHOOL.

THE annual Report of the School Committee of the city of Boston for the year 1866 is a pamphlet which we should gladly see in the hands of every reflecting man in the country. It is understood to be the work of the Rev. R. C. WATERSTON, and is one of the most valuable documents of the kind ever published. It gives a brief survey of the present condition of the public school system in the countries of Europe and in the Western States of this country, besides a very thorough account of the schools under the immediate supervision of the Committee. In Boston there are nearly 200,000 inhabitants, and the city provides 280 public schools, taught by 613 teachers and attended by 27,723 scholars. The expenses during the year, including school-houses and lots, were nearly $1,000,000. Within the last twelve years Boston has spent $3,668,000 in salaries to teachers, $1,600,000 upon school-houses, $1,357,000 in incidental expenses, making in all more than $6,620,358.

No money was ever more wisely spent, for education and liberty go hand in hand. The public school system is what BANCROFT, quoted by Mr. WATERSTON, calls it, "the secret of the success and character of New England." It will be the regeneration of the Southern States. Political liberty will lead in education there as it did in New England. The earnestness and thoroughness, the good sense and felicity with which this Report of Mr. WATERSTON'S is prepared will give it a very much longer date than such documents generally enjoy. Indeed it is by the noiseless and incessant labors of such men as he, accomplished and energetic, trained and devoted, that the common school system of New England has passed from glory to glory, and from strength to strength.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL ORD, commanding in Arkansas, has notified the Legislature of that State not to assemble. A new Legislature is to be elected by the whole people, including the newly-made citizens.

Ex-Governor Perry vehemently denounces the holding of a Convention in South Carolina and the granting of suffrage to the negroes.

The United States Circuit Court of Virginia was opened in Richmond on May 6. John Minor Botts was foreman of the jury; among the other members were three freedmen.

Robert Toombs of Georgia has written a letter advising his friends to accept the situation, expressing his desire to return home from exile and renew his allegiance as a "true patriot."

Senator Wilson of Massachusetts was cordially received in Charleston, South Carolina, on May 3, and spoke to an audience of five thousand freedmen. Congressman Kelley of Pennsylvania departed from Philadelphia, May 4, on a similar Southern tour.

The Charleston street-railroad cars were thrown open on May 3 to whites and blacks alike.

On May 2 H. R. Pollard was prohibited from delivering in Lynchburg a lecture on the "Chivalry of the South" laudatory of rebel soldiers.

### THE INDIAN WAR.

All efforts at arranging a permanent peace with the Indian tribes living along the Platte and Arkansas rivers appear to have failed, and Generals Hancock and Sibley meet with considerable opposition. The former, who is pushing west along the Arkansas River, had reached Fort Dodge on April 24; and held a council on that day with the Kiowas. They promised to remain at peace; but the General placed little reliance in their promises, and advised the various station-guards to keep on the look-out. He was also strongly guarding the Sante Fe road, while he prepared to push southward into Colorado and New Mexico and the country of the Comanches and Arapahoes. After concluding or enforcing a peace with these it was his intention to return to Fort Dodge and invade the territory of the Sioux and Cheyennes, which lies north of the Arkansas River; and where the principal preparations for war have been made by the Indians.

General Sibley reached Fort Laramie on April 21, and held a council with about one hundred and fifty Indians. They were very dictatorial in their demands, and promised, if the Government would set aside three hundred thousand square miles of land as a reservation, provide them with arms, ammunition, and provisions, protect them from other tribes, and keep the white men from trespassing on their reservation, they would keep the peace. While one party was offering these terms at Laramie, another force of Indians surrounded and attacked Horse-Shoe Station, which is about seventy miles further west; and also attacked a supply train in the same vicinity. Other depredations are reported, showing the hostile intentions of the Indians, and compelling the abandonment of the work on the telegraph.

Meantime, west of the mountains, in Arizona, a war of extermination has commenced against the Indians. General Gregg lately issued an order declaring the Indians as hostile; and on April 27, our latest dates, the work had begun with great rigor.

### NEWS ITEMS.

It seems that "Lynch law" is more powerful in Kentucky than the military power. On April 24 a negro boy in Jessamine County shot and killed a white boy of his own age. He and an accomplice were arrested and taken to the county jail at Nicholasville. A mob soon after gathered, and taking them from the jail hung them in a neighboring garden. On May 3 Lieutenant Rice, with a detachment of the Second United States Infantry attempted, under orders, to arrest the murderers of the negroes. He was resisted by the mob, shot at, and wounded in three places, and finally prevented from making the arrest.

The Commissioners of Quarantine on April 30 selected Coney Island as a quarantine station.

A Mr. White was recently prevented from lecturing on "Romanism" by a mob at Quincy, Illinois. The citizens of that town have since vindicated the right to free speech, and protected him while he delivered his lecture.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE King of Prussia, in closing the North German Parliament, on April 17, congratulated the members on the secured unity of Germany by the adoption of the constitution introduced by Bismarck. In his speech, which created much interest all over Europe as foreshadowing his intention to revive the "German Empire," King William said the Government had "succeeded in establishing, upon a secure basis, a constitution whose development the people might confidently leave to the future. The Federal authority was furnished with all the attributes indispensable to it, but not with so much power as to endanger the prosperity and the power of the individual States of the Confederation. The individual States, while the future is guaranteed by the totality of the Bund, have retained their freedom of action in all departments wherein variety and development are admissible and salutary." In concluding the King added: "The time has arrived when our German Fatherland is able to uphold its peace, its rights, and its dignity by its own collective strength. The national self-consciousness has met with a powerful echo from all quarters of Germany: none the less, however, are all the governments and people of Germany unanimous that the regained power of the nation has above all to uphold its significance by rendering secure its blessings of peace."

Napoleon, on April 30, stopped all military preparations throughout France.

The Reform agitation continues in England. On May 2 an amendment to the Reform bill was carried in Parliament by the Liberals by a majority of 81. The Derby Cabinet on the same day had persisted in prohibiting a contemplated Reform demonstration in Hyde Park. On May 3, however, the Cabinet simultaneously accepted the amendment to the bill and withdrew the objections to the meeting. Fears of a riot were so strong, however, that the Cabinet ordered out a guard to preserve the peace, and the stock markets became much depressed in consequence. The demonstration took place on May 6, and was unusually quiet and orderly.

The Fenian colonels Burke and Doran were convicted in Dublin, May 2, of high treason and sentenced to be hung on May 29.

The Emperor of Brazil, on May 4, issued a decree abolishing slavery in the Empire. By its terms all children born after April 8, 1867, are free, and all living slaves are emancipated on April, 1887.

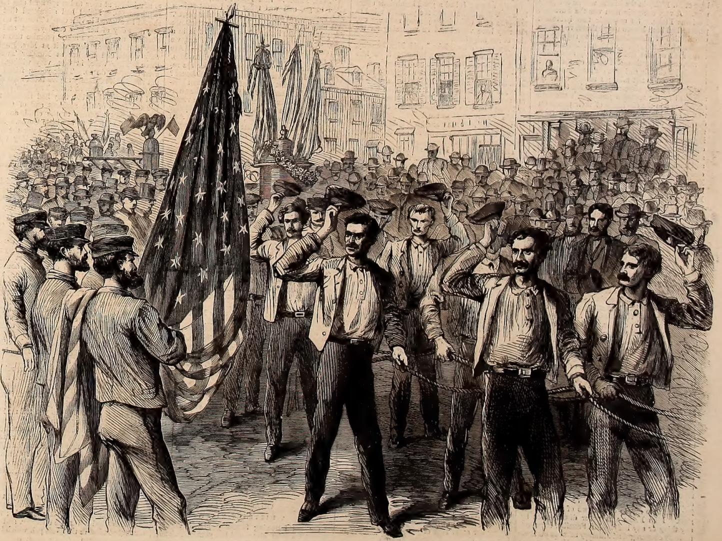
The Revolution in Hayti continued on April 14, the succession of Salnave to the Presidency being opposed by General Victorine.

THE MODERN MEDEA—THE STORY OF MARGARET GARNER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, FROM A PAINTING BY THOMAS NOBLE.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

THE MARTYRS OF THE RACE-COURSE—UNION PRISONERS' CEMETERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 318.]

## SALUTING THE FLAG.

At the annual parade of the *Charleston Fire Department* on April 27 it was observed that, notwithstanding the presence of a great many of all other kinds of banners, there was not displayed a single United States flag. General Sickles noted the same significant fact last year; but being assured by the Chief of the Fire Department that it was an inadvertence, he did not punish the offenders. But when the offense was repeated this year he took very summary and commendable action, and, halting the procession in the streets, compelled the Chief to procure a United States flag and place it opposite the reviewing officers, and ordered every person in the column to salute it by lifting his hat or cap in passing. The order was as promptly obeyed by the firemen as it had been issued by General Sickles.



THE CHARLESTON FIREMEN SALUTING THE OLD FLAG.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book I.

## CHAPTER V.

### MABEL "JOINS."

It will have been surmised that Mr. Trescott's cogitations, recorded in the preceding chapter, related partly to Mabel Earnshaw. She had seen him that morning near Jessamine Cottage, on his way to give a lesson in the neighborhood—for Mr. Trescott eked out his scanty salary by teaching the violin, whenever he could find a pupil—and had accosted him to ask after his little girl. Mabel had learned from Clement Charlewood that the child was motherless, and more than ever had she set her heart on visiting the little creature, to whose patient sweetness and bright intelligence Clement bore warm testimony.

Mabel had a very strong will of her own, and rarely set her heart on any object without compassing its attainment. Nevertheless, for a young lady of sixteen to walk to New Bridge Street unattended, and without the consent of her parents, was not to be thought of. But chance came to her aid from an unexpected quarter.

Mr. Saxelby was a strong adherent and devout admirer of a certain evangelical clergyman, whose preaching (of a very hot and strong quality) was popular with a large section of the Hammerham public. Three times every Sunday, wet or dry, did Mr. Saxelby, his wife, and step-daughter, trudge down to the church of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, there to be edified by the eloquent discourses of the Reverend Decimus Fluke. As St. Philip's lay at least a mile and a half from Jessamine Cottage, and in a low squalid part of the town, the walk thither was exceedingly disagreeable, and even laborious. But Mr. Saxelby would have considered himself a backslider, indeed, if any thing short of serious illness had availed to keep him or his family away from one of the three Sunday services. Equally, he would have thought himself disgraced had he been induced by inclement weather to avail himself of the shelter of a vehicle on these occasions. "Shall I not do so much for my Master?" he would exclaim, when any unconverted friend suggested that cabs were to be had in Hammerham. And Mr. Saxelby really considered that in splashing to church, under his dripping glistening umbrella, he was doing a good deal for his Master; and his manner seemed to express a hope that the sacrifice would be duly appreciated, and entered to his credit in the celestial registers.

Now, the Reverend Decimus Fluke, incumbent of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, was an energetic man. A very energetic man was the Reverend Decimus Fluke. So energetic that irreverent persons had been known to say that it required a constitution of exceptional vigor to support existence within the sphere of his activity, and that three mild curates had successively succumbed to nervous exhaustion, and given up their positions in his church, owing to the incessant harrying—the word is not mine; I merely quote the irreverent persons aforesaid—to which they were subjected by the reverend gentleman's energetic surveillance in the discharge of their parish duties. Mr. Fluke was a widower, with seven daughters, whose ages ranged from two-and-thirty to sixteen; all unmarried, and all inheriting more or less their father's unflagging vigor of constitution. These young ladies threw themselves into the business of doctoring the souls and bodies of their father's parishioners with characteristic and unwearying activity. Miss Fluke, the eldest, was especially indefatigable in her attention to Sunday-schools, class meetings, Bible readings, the practice of congregational psalmody—of so severe a character that the most censorious worldling could not accuse Miss Fluke of getting up her bi-weekly singing class for the vain purpose of giving pleasure to any created being—and last, and most important of all, district visiting. This was an occupation dear to Miss Fluke's heart; and as the parish of St. Philip-in-the-Fields was large, poor, and populous, she had an extended sphere for the labor which she performed entirely con amore. Her curiosity about the affairs of the parishioners (dictated, no doubt, by interest in their spiritual welfare) was insatiable. The stoutest Hammerham housewives—and Hammerham housewives are not remarkable, as a class, for sensitiveness or over-refinement—sometimes found themselves no match for the well-directed unflinching fire of questions with which Miss Fluke plied them, in the course of her evangelical investigations. You could not shame Miss Fluke out of any thing; and in this superiority to the weaknesses of her unconverted fellow-creatures lay, perhaps, at once her weapon and her shield.

Mr. Saxelby having been known for many years previous to his marriage as a constant and attentive member of the congregation of St. Philip's, it was natural that he should be held in high favor by the Flukes, and that the ladies of that family should have endeavored to cultivate the acquaintance of Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel. They had not prospered very well in this endeavor; finding Mrs. Saxelby far below their standard of zeal—"lukewarm," Miss Fluke pronounced, briefly—and Mabel given to disconcerting repartee and argument when pushed too hard on points of low-church doctrine or practice. Disconcerting, that is to say, to one or two of the younger girls. Miss Fluke was never disconcerted by any thing or any body. Mr. Saxelby, however, strongly encouraged an intimacy between his family and the Misses Fluke; and his wife, in her usual spirit of conformity, endeavored to make herself as agreeable to those ladies as the imperfect state of her spiritual development would permit.

On the day following the evening spoken of in the last chapter Miss Fluke and her third sister, Jane, made an afternoon visit to the inmates of Jessamine Cottage. Afternoon visits were not much in Miss Fluke's way generally; she looked on such formalities as vanity and waste of time; saying, in her trenchant manner, "That *she* had no leisure for such observances; but that all Christian friends who had would find her at home on Friday afternoons with her sewing-basket, when they could listen to her conversation, and satisfy themselves of her perfect health, without taking up valuable hours which should be devoted to the "Lord's work." The work which Miss Fluke thus designated was, on Fridays, the construction of very coarse and very scanty garments—chiefly of flannel—for the poor. But on this especial afternoon Miss Fluke and Miss Jane Fluke did make a call at Jessamine Cottage, and finding the Saxelbys at their early dinner, sat down very willingly to partake of it with them.

"The laborer," said Miss Fluke, holding her plate for another slice of beef, "is worthy of his hire."

"True, indeed," returned Mr. Saxelby; "and you, my dear Miss Fluke, are indefatigable in the vineyard. Mabel, help Miss Fluke to potatoes."

Mr. Saxelby was a short, spare man, so upright as to give the idea that his back was supported by artificial means; and he walked and moved and spoke with a sort of metallic snap.

"It's a stubborn soil, Mr. Saxelby," said Miss Fluke, "and requires the plow-share to go deep, deep, deep."

Miss Jane sighed, and murmured: "Deep, deep, deep." She had a way of repeating her sister's last word; this being, indeed, her only chance of joining in the conversation at all, when Miss Fluke was fairly launched on one of her favorite topics.

"Now, this very day," resumed the latter, "I've been district-visiting for Eliza. Her beat is quite separate from mine, and really I have *not* time to take any extra duty. Only Eliza is laid up with a cold, and the other girls' lists are all full. So, of course, I wouldn't withdraw my neck from the yoke, nor turn back from the narrow path, however thorny."

"Thorny," said Miss Jane, pouring some cream over her fruit tart.

"Now, Mrs. Saxelby," said Miss Fluke, turning on her hostess with such suddenness as to make that lady drop her fork with a clash, "why don't *you* come back to us? We want recruits. You had half a district with Loui last summer. *Why* abandon the good work? Remember, you will have to give an account of your talent, even though you bury it in a napkin."

Miss Fluke shook her head so emphatically that the jet flowers in her bonnet quivered again. She usually wore black. No one quite knew why. Possibly because it had a good lugubrious effect by a sick-bed, and attuned the patient's mind to thoughts of a becomingly gloomy nature. Or, she may have worn black as mourning for the sins of her neighbors.

"My dear Miss Fluke," said Mrs. Saxelby, smiling faintly, and looking helplessly at her husband, "I assure you I have no talent—"

"We *all* have talents in the Scripture sense, Mrs. Saxelby," interrupted Miss Fluke.

"Yes, of course. But I mean that I really am not fit for the work. My health is not strong; and then I have no influence whatsoever over the people. They frighten me."

"I think," said Mr. Saxelby, "I do think that my wife is not quite adapted for district-visiting. It requires stamina."

The Misses Fluke looked at each other with a significant smile, and nodded their heads. It had been found, indeed, on several occasions, that considerable stamina was required on the part of the visited as well as the visitors: Miss Fluke's religious exercises being of a fatiguing, not to say exhausting kind.

"Be it so," said Miss Fluke, with the air of making a great concession, and scorning to take any credit for it. "But there are other branches. Dorcas meetings, Bible class, catechism class, hymn class, missionary collections, clothing committees, tract distribution. Come, Mrs. Saxelby, you can not plead incompetency for all."

"Really, I—I don't know," stammered the poor little woman, coloring painfully, and feeling very much inclined to cry. "I'm so afraid to interfere with people, and have so little confidence in my own power to comfort them or do them any good."

"Comfort them!" cried Miss Fluke.

"Comfort them!" echoed her sister.

"You—must—awake—them—to—a—sense—of *sin*. That's the one thing needful, Mrs. Saxelby. Comfort's of no use to them until they've got a sense of sin. It's a snare and a delusion—a folding of the hands to slumber."

Mabel, who had been sitting silently attentive, turned upon Miss Fluke, who was quite red in the face from the strength of her emphasis, and was about to make some rejoinder; but she caught her mother's imploring glance, and refrained. Miss Fluke, however, had perceived the movement of Mabel's head, and took the opportunity of addressing her to ask why *she* at least, who was young and strong, should not put her shoulder to the wheel, and assist in the awakening process?

"Now, I assure you," said that strenuous spinster, "that there is an *immense* field to labor in. Eliza's district, where I've been this morning, is full of interesting cases. There is a woman, an electro-plater's wife, in New Bridge Street, who has had some of the most remarkable experiences."

Mabel started at the words, and Miss Fluke, taking her eager look of interest as a tribute to her own eloquence, proceeded with redoubled vigor: "Experiences, Mabel, of a thoroughly evangelical and spiritual character. That woman's mind was in outer darkness—literally outer darkness. She was weltering—to use her own words—weltering in worldliness and self-seeking. I have strong reason to believe she drank. And I *know*," added Miss Fluke, nodding her head, and speaking in a loud triumphant tone, "that she habitually used the most *awfully* bad language! Well, now, what is the result of three months'—only three months'—diligent district visiting, tract distributing, and attendance at Sabbath evening lecture? Why, that woman—Pugley her name is—is so awakened to the truth, has got such a real sense of sin, that she looks upon the spiritual state of all her friends and relations with absolute loathing."

"Lo-o-o-athing!" repeated Miss Jane, unctuously.

"And she said, I particularly remember, that she considered her husband's mother to be clothed in filthy rags, as with a garment—spiritually speaking, of course; for the old woman is a very decent, clean old creature, in a worldly sense, and looks after her grandchildren when Mrs. Pugley is at lecture or Bible class."

Miss Fluke stopping the torrent of her discourse here to take breath, and apply a very large pocket-handkerchief to her nose, with a strong wrenching action, Mabel took occasion to ask whether Eliza had any other houses, besides the admirable Mrs. Pugley's, that she visited in New Bridge Street?

"Let me see," said Miss Jane, availing herself of her sister's temporary retirement behind the pocket-handkerchief to assert *her* knowledge of the subject, and advertise her share of the family energy. "Well, I'm not sure, but there's a great deal to be done in the neighborhood, I know. Will you join, Mabel? Do say yes. It would be a real help, now that Eliza is ill. You could take the lighter duties to begin with. Just a little Scripture reading, and so on, unless—unless—you'd prefer to have Eliza's catechism class, or to make a subscription-book for the Infant Bosjesman Mission."

"May I accompany Jane and Miss Fluke in their district visits?" asked Mabel, addressing Mr. Saxelby.

Her step-father was much surprised by the demand. Mabel had never before shown any desire to associate herself with her friend's parochial labors. But he answered at once: "Certainly, Mabel. I am rejoiced to think that you care about these things. Under Miss Fluke's guidance I can have no objection to your going."

"I must tell you, Sir," said Mabel, flushing deeply, "and tell you, too, Miss Fluke, that I have asked to join you because I particularly wish to have an opportunity of seeing a poor sick little girl in whom I am interested, and who lives in the part of the town you have been speaking of. If you don't think it right to admit me with that motive I shall be sorry. But that is the true one. I have no other."

"Join, Mabel!" said Miss Fluke, who had risen to go, and was tying her bonnet-strings with superfluous application of muscular power. "It may be a useful and a blessed experience for you. If the little girl you speak of is in a state of grace so much the better. If not, we will endeavor to bring her into the way of— Are you ready, Jane? And have you given Mrs. Saxelby the penny subscription card for the rebuilding of Duckrell Chapel and school-house? And the last report of the Infant Bosjesman Mission Ladies' Committee? And lent her the number of the Christian Reminder, with those verses about justification by faith, adapted to a popular melody? Very well, then, come along. And Mabel, be your motive what it may, I say again to you, join! Remember the beautiful hymn we had last Sunday, beginning:

Come dirty, come filthy,
Come just as you are!

That's my advice to *you*. Come just as *you* are; only join!"

Miss Fluke took leave briefly with her sister, and was heard to march with a quick firm tread down the front garden path, and to shut the gate behind her with a loud jarring clang.

"An excellent woman, Miss Fluke," said Mr. Saxelby. "One of those who may be truly said to be unwearied in well-doing."

"I wish," said Mrs. Saxelby, "that she wouldn't shut the garden gate in that dreadfully violent way. It jars every nerve in my body."

To this Mr. Saxelby made no reply, but took his hat and set forth to return to the office: having first kissed his wife's forehead with more gentleness than his ordinary manner would have led one to suppose him capable of.

"Mabel," said her mother, when Mr. Saxelby had gone, "I'm afraid this won't do."

"Won't do, mamma?"

"No; you'll hate the whole thing, and then you'll say so. And that will make a quarrel, and be worse than not joining at all. Besides, I—I—don't think Mr. Saxelby will like your going to these Trescotts. And his wishes should be respected."

"But, mamma, I told him. I made no false pretenses."

"Dear me, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, pettishly—her temper, usually gentle, had been ruffled by Miss Fluke; Miss Fluke *was* trying to the nervous system; "I wish to Heaven you wouldn't be so entêtée. The child is cared for. Why not be quiet, and let her alone?"

"Mamma," answered Mabel, softly, bending her head down and shading her eyes with her hand, "suppose every one had been quiet and let *us* alone when we were desolate!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A DISTRICT VISIT.

On the following Saturday Mabel, accompanied by Miss Fluke and her youngest sister, a girl of about Mabel's own age, set forth on her first experience as a district visitor. Not without many misgivings and much inward trembling did she commence her round. But she put a brave front on the matter and resolved to be as little intrusive as possible, and to embrace every opportunity, should any be afforded her, of being helpful, and showing sympathy as far as might be.

It is not necessary to follow her and her companion through all the scenes of the morning. Mabel soon discovered that, except in cases where physical aid was rendered in the shape of food, medicine, or clothing, Miss Fluke's appearance was generally the signal for a sturdy tacit sullen resistance on the part of the poor people whom she visited. Sometimes it flamed out into open warfare. Sometimes it only smouldered with a dull, latent heat. But almost always it seemed to be an accepted fact that Miss Fluke came like an invader into an enemy's country, and that she meant fighting and had braced herself for the combat. There were exceptions to this, of course. There were whining, canting hypocrites of the Pugley school, who related their "experiences," and abused their neighbors in true Mawworm fashion. There were also several instances—and these among the most sorely afflicted—of real unaffected piety, which all Miss Fluke's coarse handling was powerless to dim. Mabel was particularly touched by the cheerful serenity of one old blind, bed-ridden man, who listened eagerly to a chapter of the Bible, read aloud in Miss Fluke's hardest and most controversial tone, and who thanked her with unmistakable heartiness when she had finished. Mabel, to whom the chapter selected had appeared singularly ill-chosen for purposes of soothing or consolation, could not resist asking the old man privately if he had really liked that, and why?

"Liked it? Ah, sure, miss," said he, in a tone of surprise. "Why, don't ye see that if my fellow-creeturs thinks of me, and cares for me enough for to come and spend their time a-reading and a-talking to a poor ignorant old man such as me, how sure and satisfied it makes me feel as our Father in Heaven—Him as is all love and mercy—won't forget me neither? Now, I dessay, I seems very lonely to you, lyin' here dark all day; but I ain't—not a bit lonely. I've allus lots to think about and blessed thoughts too."

There were few such pleasant gleams of light on the dreary, disheartening round of visits; but Miss Fluke seemed to accept the sullen looks and scant courtesy with which she was mostly received as part of the day's routine, and indeed enjoyed any opportunity of displaying her pugnacity and tenacity in the good cause.

When they came, in the course of their duty, to New Bridge Street, Mabel left her friends at the door of Mrs. Pugley's dwelling, that interesting subject being laid up with sore-throat, and Miss Fluke having brought in her pocket a large tract and a small pot of black-currant jam so as to administer at once to her spiritual and bodily requirements. Mabel had stipulated that she should be allowed to visit Corda Trescott on this very first day of her new employment, and had obtained the Misses Flukes' promise that when they had finished their visit at Mrs. Pugley's they would call for her at Number Twenty-three. They were, in fact, very willing, and even eager to do so. Their young friend had not thought it necessary to give them what slight particulars she knew as to the Trescotts' position and circumstances, but they had learned from her the story of the accident and of Clement Charlewood's kindness to the child, and were excessively curious to see little Corda. Mabel Earnshaw saw her companions enter the abode of Mrs. Pugley, and then ran swiftly up the dirty street to Number Twenty-three. She paused as if irresolute, and then knocked lightly at the door, feeling that her heart was beating a trifle more quickly than usual.

Mrs. Hutchins opened the door—which led directly into the front kitchen without any intermediate passage—and stood staring at Mabel, with a mop in one hand and a pail of very dirty hot water on the ground behind her. Mrs. Hutchins was washing the brick floor of the kitchen. It was Saturday, the day usually devoted to a general "cleaning up" by the ladies of New Bridge Street and its vicinity; and Mabel had already experienced that morning the wrathful indignation of several housewives at being interrupted in that avocation. Consequently when she saw Mrs. Hutchins throw the door wide open and stand before her arrayed in full "cleaning up" costume—canvas apron and bib, iron clogs, sleeves tucked up, and a general tone of black-lead over her dress and complexion—she was prepared to be not very civilly received.

Mrs. Hutchins stood and looked at Mabel; Mabel stood and looked at Mrs. Hutchins. At length that lady said, slowly:

"*Who* might you be inquiring for, miss?"

"Does a gentleman named Trescott live here, if you please?" said Mabel.

"Trescotts occkypies my first-floor," returned Mrs. Hutchins, majestically.

"Is his little girl in, can you tell me?"

"Yes, and ever likely to be so."

Mabel was sufficiently well acquainted with the phraseology of the lower orders in Hammerham to understand that Mrs. Hutchins did not by any means intend to imply that Corda was a prisoner to the house thenceforth for evermore, but simply that, under the present circumstances, it was natural that she should be in.

"Can I see her?" asked Mabel.

"I suppose so. I don't know as you can't."

"Be good enough to allow me to pass, then, if you please," said Mabel, resolutely; for Mrs. Hutchins stood full in the doorway, and made no attempt to remove the great pail which helped to block the passage. The woman drew aside at once. Mabel's tone of command was the best she could have adopted for attaining her pur-

pose: Mrs. Hutchins being one of those persons whom it is necessary to treat firmly, as one grasps a nettle. She had a secret contempt for people who showed her much gentleness or consideration; perhaps from a modest consciousness of not being specially entitled to either; perhaps because her weak and frivolous character found it agreeable to be compelled by a superior will, and so to avoid responsibility. At all events, Mrs. Hutchins did not resent Mabel's tone, but made way for her to pass, even with some show of moving the pail of water.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mabel, lifting her dress and stepping neatly over the impediment. In so doing she displayed a very pretty little foot, which Mrs. Hutchins did not fail to notice, and to compare mentally with the "fairy foot" ascribed to Rosalba of Naples.

"I don't believe her'n could ha' been littler," thought Mrs. Hutchins.

"May I go up stairs? Is it the front-room?"

"I'm sorry, miss, as I can't show you the way; but I happen to be particular engaged cleaning up, and if I was to wait to take off my pattins—"

But before she could finish Mabel had thanked her and was half-way up the steep, narrow staircase.

"Now, it beats me," muttered the landlady, plunging her mop into the dirty water, and vigorously besprinkling the floor with that fluid—"it beats me how them Trescotts gets hold of people. There's young Charlewood, belongin' to one of the first families in Hammerham; and now this here young girl, quite the lady. Her clothes is plain, but thorough good, every stitch on 'em. A 'gentleman of the name of Trescott.' Lord, if they should turn out to be somebody, them Trescotts! Alf, he certainly do bear the stamp of aristockercy imprinted legible. What a young rip he is! But Trescott's common enough; no heighth about *him*."

Meanwhile, Mabel had reached the door of the front-room on the first-floor, and tapped at it with her fingers.

"Come in," said a silvery childish treble, and Mabel entered.

On a mean bed, covered with a patchwork quilt, lay the pretty little girl whose pale, death-like face, as she had seen it on the day of the accident, had many times haunted Mabel's memory. The pretty face was still pale, but no longer death-like, and it beamed brightly from among the soft curling tresses scattered over the pillow. Before her, so as to be within range of her eyes, was a pile of oblong books, evidently music-books, supporting a smaller volume in which the child had been reading. One hand and arm were still nearly useless; but she kept the other on her book, holding a page between her finger and thumb, so as to be able to turn over without pausing. The room, though poor, was orderly and decent—more so than Mabel had expected from the appearance of Mrs. Hutchins and the comfortless look of the house. The child herself looked neither squalid nor neglected.

Little Corda looked up wonderingly at the unexpected apparition standing in the doorway.

"How do you do, dear?" said Mabel, smiling, though something undefinably pathetic in the lonely little figure made the tears brim up into her eyes at the same time.

"Quite well, thank you, ma'am," returned Corda, with grave politeness.

"Not quite, quite, well yet, I'm afraid," said Mabel. "You don't know me. I am a friend of Mr. Charlewood, who is so kind to you. I was in that dreadful carriage that ran over you. May I come and talk to you a while?"

Mr. Charlewood's name was evidently a passport to Corda's favor; but, besides that, with the unerring instinct of an affectionate child, she felt that the gray eyes looking at her so kindly were full of real honest sympathy. Her fair delicate skin flushed a bright rose color, and she smiled back at Mabel; but she was too shy to be at all demonstrative to a stranger. So she merely answered, "Yes, if you please;" and took her thumb and finger from between the leaves of her book, as a courteous intimation that she was ready to be talked to.

Mabel sat down by the head of the bed, placing herself so that the child could see her easily, and without the necessity of moving.

"You are called Corda, are you not?" began Mabel, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, I'm always called Corda. But my real name is Cordelia. Cordelia Alice Mary Trescott."

"And my name is Mabel Earnshaw. Just Mabel, and nothing else."

"It's a funny name," said Corda; then added, hastily, as if fearful of wounding her new friend's feelings, "but I think it's very pretty, too."

"I am glad you like it, Corda. And are you really getting strong? Have you any pain?"

"Not now. Scarcely at all. It used to be bad at first, because, you know, one of my bones was broken in two. I forget what they call it, but Mr. Brett knows."

"Mr. Brett is the doctor, isn't he, Corda?"

"Yes; he's a very good doctor indeed. He mended my bone beautifully, papa says. And he brings me oranges, and talks to me when he has time."

Mabel, finding the child grow less shy as she became accustomed to her visitor's presence, endeavored to find out whether there were any way in which she could be useful to the little creature. But Corda seemed to have no selfish wants. Her papa was so good to her, and fond of her! she said. And Alfred was a very dear clever brother. And even Mrs. Hutchins was very kind. Of course Mrs. Hutchins was not a lady—and Corda was evidently quite capable of appreciating the refinement and charm conveyed in that word—but then she had a great many things to do, and was obliged to work very hard, and so she couldn't always be quite nice and clean, could she? Corda's face involuntarily wrinkled itself up into a queer little pucker, as sundry reminiscences of Mrs. Hutchins's personal peculiarities came vividly to her mind.

By degrees the child, feeling at her ease with Mabel, and being a trusting, artless little creature, proceeded to chat very confidentially about her family, as she was in the habit of doing with Clement Charlewood. Her papa was a very excellent musician, but he couldn't play so beautifully as Alfred, because papa was subject to a nervous twitching of one side, which was apt to come on when he got excited. Hadn't Mabel noticed it? *She*, Corda, meant to be a singer when she grew up. She liked singing better than any thing. Except reading. She thought she almost liked reading best, especially fairy stories. The book she had there was a fairy-book. It had been given to her by a very kind lady. She had written Corda's name in the book. There it was: "To Cordelia Alice Mary Trescott, with M. W.'s kind love."

"M. W.!" said Mabel, eagerly taking up the book. "I know some one whose name begins with those letters. Tell me, Corda—" But at this moment the door was flung wide open, and Miss Fluke, followed by her sister Louisa, marched into the room. Miss Fluke's ordinary gait was a march. She was very upright, very broad in the chest, very stiff in the neck, and had a habit of staring straight before her like a soldier on drill. She stopped short, in some surprise, seeing the little patient whom she had been told was so ill, flushed and smiling, and leaning with one small hand on Mabel's shoulder as she bespoke her attention to the writing in the book. Corda started, and moved as well as she could yet nearer to Mabel, who took the hand that had been resting on her shoulder between hers and held it encouragingly.

"So this is the little girl that was run over," said Miss Fluke. "I hope you are thankful to Providence for your escape, little girl, and that it'll be a warning to you."

Corda looked at Miss Fluke with wide eyes, like a frightened hare, and whispered, timidly, "Yes, ma'am."

"These ladies are friends of mine, Corda, who have kindly called to see you," said Mabel. "I meant to have told you about them before, so that you might not be alar—surprised. But we have been chatting so much about other things."

"I am a district visitor, my dear," said Miss Fluke.

Corda looked a little puzzled, but, seeing that Miss Fluke expected her to speak, answered, meekly, "Thank you, ma'am."

"Don't thank *me*, child," said Miss Fluke, with great vehemence. "Thank a bounteous Providence who has allowed you to be born in a land where there *are* district visitors."

It is to be feared that Corda scarcely realized the blessing with any rapturous joy, for Miss Fluke had seated herself on the edge of the patchwork quilt, and, in the energy of her emphasis, communicated a quivering movement to the rickety bed, which jarred the slight form within it painfully. Mabel observed the child's face change, and rose to go, in the hope of drawing Miss Fluke away. But the latter was not going yet a while. Number Twenty-three New Bridge Street was fresh ground for her—virgin forest, untrodden pasture—and she set herself to explore it with great keenness and zest. Miss Fluke's method of procedure on these occasions was simple, direct, and vigorous. It consisted in asking a series of point-blank questions, so couched as to make evasion impossible, short of refusing to answer altogether.

"Now, little girl, what is your name? Cordelia? Absurd name for a child of your class! Now, Cordelia, tell me who are your father and mother, and why isn't one of them at home to look after you?"

"I haven't got a mother, ma'am," said Corda, timidly; "she died when I was a baby. And papa is gone to treasury."

"Gone to *what?*"

"To treasury, ma'am. It's Saturday, you know."

"I don't understand you, Cordelia," said Miss Fluke, severely. It was a case for severity, doubtless. When Miss Fluke did not understand something said there was surely implied some strange and reprehensible shortcoming on the part of the speaker.

"She means," said Mabel, hurriedly coming to the rescue, "that her father has gone to receive his weekly salary."

"I never heard such an expression in all my life. Treasury! Well, Cordelia"—it is impossible to express how hard and ugly Miss Fluke contrived to make her utterance of poor Corda's name; and she seemed, too, to lengthen it out mysteriously into some six syllables—"and is your father a Christian?"

Great astonishment in Corda's hazel eyes. "Oh yes, of course, ma'am."

"Not at all of course, I grieve to say, Cordelia. Very far from of course. However, I hope and trust he may be. Does he attend to your spiritual health?"

The hazel eyes yet more bewildered, and turning from Miss Fluke to Mabel, and back again.

"Does he look after your soul, Cordelia? Has he taught you to know that you're a wretched, lost, sinful little girl, full of iniquity and hardness of heart?"

A look of terror in the bright eyes fixed on Miss Fluke, and a self-accusing blush on Corda's cheek.

"I know I'm naughty sometimes, ma'am, but papa always forgives me."

"Oh dear me!" said Miss Fluke, turning to her sister. "Dear, dear, dear me! There it is: No sense of sin. None whatever."

Corda, though considerably puzzled, understood very well that blame was being cast, not only on herself but on her father; and the tears she had been struggling to keep down overflowed her eyes, and began to trickle piteously down her face and drop on the coverlet of the bed.

Mabel could bear it no longer. "I really must go, Miss Fluke," said she. "Mr. Saxelby and mamma will be displeased if I am late for dinner. Besides, I think Corda is not strong enough yet to bear much talking to. I had tired her already before you came."

Miss Fluke was very reluctant to quit the scene of action; but she acknowledged to herself that it was getting late in the afternoon, and she had other duties to attend to. So she yielded to Mabel's suggestion, and arose from the bedside with another jerk.

"I shall come again next Saturday, please God," said she to Corda. "Meanwhile, read this, and this, and this," thrusting a packet of penny tracts on the child. "I see you *can* read. Now, good-by, and try to profit by those blessed words."

"I will try to come again," whispered Mabel, bending over the sweet, plaintive face. "Don't cry, darling! The lady did not mean to be unkind to you. I will send you some story-books, Corda. Fairy tales. And you must tell me about M. W., who gave you that book."

Mabel hastily arranged the child's head more comfortably on the pillow, put her story-book within reach of her hand again, and ran down stairs after the Misses Fluke.

On their way out of the house they encountered a strikingly-handsome young man entering it, who touched his hat somewhat sulkily, and stood to stare long and fixedly after them as they walked down the street.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR WEEKLY,—To-day I accompanied those illustrious colored folks, the Japanese, to the State Department for the purpose of having an interview with Mr. SEWARD, who thinks of buying some building lots in Japan. Chief Commissioner UNG-ONIONSETT, accompanied by FAT-TOM-MATO, with their secretaries and their interpreter, arrived at the Department about half past 12 o'clock. Mr. SEWARD and his son FREDERICK had just been to lunch, and the Secretary therefore felt in good condition; which I was glad to see, as I was desirous that my friends should have a good opinion of our Tycoon "tender."

During the short and pleasant interview that ensued the following conversation took place:

THE SECRETARY OF STATE. "I am happy to see you here. Did you come by way of Camden and Amboy?"

UNG-ONIONSETT. "We came the way men come."

The question was evidently not understood.

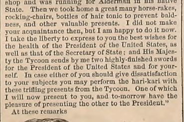
The Secretary then turned to me and said: "How long have your friends been in this country, and how do they express themselves about it?"

I replied in Japanese, through the interpreter: "About two months, and by the Adams Express Company." At this remark the two servants laughed, to show that they understood my Japanese.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE TO UNG-ONIONSETT. "Is this your first visit to America?"

UNG-ONIONSETT. "No, Sir. I came here some years since with the embassy sent at that time by His Majesty the Tycoon. Then your President was called the Old Public Functionary, and, if I am rightly informed, your present President had just sold out his tailor shop and was running for Alderman in his native State. Then we took home a great many horse-rakes, rocking-chairs, bottles of hair tonic to prevent baldness, and other valuable presents. I did not make your acquaintance then, but I am happy to do it now. I take the liberty to express to you the best wishes for the health of the President of the United States, as well as that of the Secretary of State; and His Majesty the Tycoon sends by me two highly-finished swords for the President of the United States and for yourself. In case either of you should give dissatisfaction to your subjects you may perform the hari-kari with these trifling presents from the Tycoon. One of which I will now present to you, and to-morrow have the pleasure of presenting the other to the President."

At these remarks



THE SECRETARY LOOKED A LITTLE WILD,

and calling me aside, asked me if I could dissuade the Commissioner from making that proposition to the President, as he had no doubt his high-toned chivalry would prompt him on the first provocation from Congress to let things rip.

I told the Secretary that I would try. I then addressed the Commissioners as follows: "The custom of the hari-kari is now unknown in this country, but once introduced among our public men the most disastrous consequences would follow. Custom-house officers, Government printers, and others, not knowing how long their superiors would be in office, consequently themselves, would commence their stealings from the word Go. The appointing power would have no bowels of mercy (nor indeed any other kind long), for as no one is appointed to office without grossly displeasing, not to say insulting, ninety-nine disappointed applicants for the same office, a deaf ear must be turned to all appeals, or else appoint your friend, and then, in the language of our eminent Secretary, 'let things rip.' So that, all things considered, the presentation service of the hari-kari short swords had better be omitted, at least during the term of the present President and his amiable Secretary." [Long and continued applause.]

Mr. SEWARD now stepped forward toward the Commissioners and said: "It has always been our endeavor to make the relations between the two countries mutually beneficial, and that is the wish of the President of the United States."

This remark of the Secretary was not understood by the Commissioners, for FAT-TOM-MATO asked if the President had any relations in Japan that he wished looked after, as he would be most happy to hunt them up.

The Secretary explained his meaning, and continued: "I suppose the Commissioners will have some time to spend in Washington."

UNG-ONIONSETT. "Yes; and when we get our gold changed into paper we will have some money to spend also."

At this remark of the First Commissioner the whole embassy laughed heartily.

MR. SEWARD. "One of the first and most pleasant duties that I shall have to perform will be to introduce you to the President of the United States.

HE IS NOW LAYING BACK ON HIS DIGNITY,

but to-morrow by half past eleven he will be through with it, and he will then be most glad to see the Commissioners."

UNG-ONIONSETT. "We will be most happy, indeed, to be presented to him. We would like to see some of his tricks. We hear that he can ride on two horses at once, and carry water on both shoulders. Also, we will be glad to hear some of the music by his

CELEBRATED CONTRA BAND,

as we have heard all about these things in the newspapers in Japan."

The Chief Commissioner then read, in the original, the credentials of the Commission, to which the Assistant Secretary, Mr. F. W. SEWARD, replied in Pennsylvania Dutch.

THE SECRETARY. "You know General VAN VALKENBURG our Minister at Yeddo?"

UNG-ONIONSETT. "I know him very well; we both buy our rats of the same dealer."

MR. SEWARD. "How many people are there in Yeddo?"

UNG-ONIONSETT. "About two millions of men. We have never counted the women, but there are a great number of them, and of cats."

Mr. SEWARD then turned to a large geographical globe standing near, and inquired if they understood the use of globes—that the New York papers had said they were more intelligent than the former Commission, and he was glad to hear it.

UNG-ONIONSETT. "Yes, Sir, we study the globes, but they are different from this. Japan is very much larger, and there is more water shown. My friends who accompany me in this commission are all smart men. SUM-PUNK-KIN, the Treasurer, is the inventor of an improved praying-machine, which he made out of a clock and two sewing-machines brought over by the previous embassy; and KRAKED-KORN, my Secretary, has a ninety-nine-year lease in two of the best wrestlers in the kingdom."

SECRETARY SEWARD. "We have been buying territory not far from Japan."

UNG-ONIONSETT. "Yes, Sir, so I've heard. Are you going to move there?"

THE SECRETARY. "Oh no! We only bought it to be nearer Japan."

At this touch of diplomacy on the part of the Secretary UNG-ONIONSETT asked the price of Washington.

Being asked how they liked their quarters in Washington, the Chief Commissioner replied that they were well pleased, but that they had trouble in getting all of their clothes back from the wash, never getting more than one-third of them. The Secretary promised to look after that matter.

The Secretary asked if there was any thing more he could do for them. The Commissioners replied there was nothing.

The Secretary, after introducing the Commissioners to the few officials present, suggested that they might be pleased to look through the Department, and see the matters of interest that it contained. Your own C. O. W. was deputed by the Secretary to show the strangers around. They seemed to take great interest in every thing around them. In one of the rooms containing several specimens of natural history, preserved in spirits, FAT-TOM-MATO was observed to slip a couple of Brazilian horned frogs

DOWN HIS THROAT

that had been presented to the Department not more than a week before by Professor AGASSIZ, and were not yet sealed up, as they were left open to change the liquor. With the exception of this little breach they demeaned themselves very creditably.

Bidding farewell to the Secretary and his Assistant we left the building, the Secretary exacting a promise from me that I should accompany the Commissioners on their interview with the President to-morrow, as the President expressed himself much delighted with our previous meeting, and that he had a very funny subject he wanted to give me for a "Winglet."

Your own C. O. W.

THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE, NEW Y

K—Sketched by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 318.]

## MAY DELIGHTS.

Through groves of feath'ry pine
The blessed May sunshine
Falls in warm kisses on the sleeping flowers;
Waking from mossy beds,
They lift their drooping heads,
And incense floats through all the woodland bowers.

The happy robin sings,
And plumes his shining wings
Where crocus buds are glist'ning, gold and white;
A tender voice replies,
And to his mate he flies
To sing his love and all his life's delight.

Sweet, timid, violet eyes,
Through tears look to the skies,
In meadows, and by many a purling brook;
While frail anemones
Tremble beneath the trees,
And houstonias nod in every nook.

But fairer than these flowers
(First-born of sun and showers)
Is the arbutus—jewel of the spring!
With cheek of wondrous bloom,
And breath of rare perfume,
Under the shelt'ring leaves its tendrils cling.

No orange blossom holds
Within its waxen folds
A sweetness so entrancing—so divine!
Nor doth it dwell in bells
Of lilies, nor in cells
Of tuberose, or starry jessamine.

No fragrant brier rose
On velvet petal shows
A hue so rare as the arbutus-blush!
It tints no other flower;
Yet in some golden hour
Aurora's cloudlets wear the rosy flush.

O blossoms of the spring!
O gleeful birds that sing!
Ye 'mind me of the treasures of *our* May!
When childhood's lisped words,
Sweeter than singing-birds,
Cheered our home-garden all the happy day.

Our lily—pure as snows—
Our snow-drops, and our rose,
Drooped in the joy and sunlight of these skies;
But they all bloom to-day,
Never to fade away,
In heavenly fields, with flowers of Paradise.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

### Book V.—Relics of the Dead.

### CHAPTER IV.

GLIMPSES OF A BY-GONE LIFE.

*October* 10. I found the villa inhabited by Miss Hezekiah Judson very easily, and found it one of those stiff square dwelling-houses with brass curtain-rods, prim flower-beds, and vivid green palings, only to be discovered in full perfection in the choicer suburb of a country town.

I had heard enough during my brief residence in Ullerton to understand that to live in the Lancaster Road was to possess a diploma of respectability not easily vitiated by individual conduct. No disreputable persons had ever yet set up their unholy Lares and Penates in one of those new slack-baked villas; and that person must have been very bold who, conscious of moral unfitness or pecuniary shortcoming, should have ventured to pitch his tent in that sacred locality.

Miss Hezekiah Judson was one of the individuals whose shining sanctity of life and comfortable income lent a reflected brightness to the irreproachable suburb. I was admitted to her abode by an elderly woman of starched demeanor but agreeable visage, who ushered me into a spotless parlor whereof the atmosphere was of that vault-like coldness peculiar to a room which is only inhabited on state occasions. Here the starched domestic left me while she carried my letter of introduction to her mistress. In her absence I had leisure to form some idea of Miss Judson's character on the mute evidence of Miss Judson's surroundings. From the fact that there were books of a sentimental and poetical tenor among the religious works ranged at mathematically-correct distances upon the dark-green table-cover—from the presence of three twittering canaries in a large brass cage—from the evidence of a stuffed Blenheim spaniel, with intensely brown eyes, reclining on a crimson-velvet cushion under a glass shade, I opined that Miss Judson's piety was pleasantly leavened by sentiment, and that her Wesleyanism was agreeably tempered by that womanly tenderness which, failing more legitimate outlets, will waste itself upon twittering canaries and plethoric spaniels.

I was not mistaken. Miss Judson appeared presently, followed by the servant bearing a tray of cake and wine. This was the first occasion on which I had been offered refreshment by any person to whom I had presented myself. I argued, therefore, that Miss Judson was the weakest person with whom I had yet had to deal; and I flattered myself with the hope that from Miss Judson's amiable weakness, sentimentality, and womanly tenderness, I should obtain better aid than from more business-like and practical people.

I fancied that with this lady it would be necessary to adopt a certain air of candor. I therefore did not conceal from her the fact that my business had something to do with that Haygarthian fortune awaiting a claimant.

"The person for whom you are concerned is not Mr. Theodore Judson?" she asked, with some asperity.

I assured her that I had never seen Theodore Judson, and that I was in no manner interested in his success.

"In that case I shall be happy to assist you as far as lies in my power; but I can do nothing to advance the interests of Theodore Judson junior. I venture to hope that I am a Christian; and if Theodore Judson junior were to come here to me and ask my forgiveness, I should accord that forgiveness as a Christian; but I can not and will not lend myself to the furtherance of Theodore Judson's avaricious designs. I can not lend myself to the suppression of truth or the assertion of falsehood. Theodore Judson senior is not the rightful heir to the late John Haygarth's fortune, though I am bound to acknowledge that his claim would be prior to my brother's. There is a man who stands before the Theodore Judsons, and the Theodore Judsons know it. But were they the rightful claimants I should still consider them most unfitted to enjoy superior fortune. If that dog could speak, he would be able to testify to ill-usage received from Theodore Judson junior at his own garden-gate which would bespeak the character of the man to every thoughtful mind. A young man who could indulge his spiteful feelings against an elderly kinswoman at the expense of an unoffending animal is not the man to make a worthy use of fortune."

I expressed my acquiescence with this view of the subject; and I was glad to perceive that with Miss Judson, as with her brother, the obnoxious Theodores would stand me in good stead. The lady was only two years younger than her brother, and even more inclined to be communicative. I made the most of my opportunity, and sat in the vault-like parlor listening respectfully to her discourse, and from time to time hazarding a leading question, so long as it pleased her to converse; although it seemed to me as if a perennial spring of cold water were trickling slowly down my back and pervading my system during the entire period.

As the reward of my fortitude I obtained Miss Judson's promise to send me any letters or papers she might find among her store of old documents relating to the personal history of Matthew Haygarth.

"I know I have a whole packet of letters in Matthew's own hand among my grandmother's papers," said Miss Judson. "I was a great favorite with my grandmother, and used to spend a good deal of my time with her before she died, which she did while I was in pinafores; but young people wore pinafores much longer in my time than they do now; and I was getting on for fourteen years of age when my grandmother departed this life. I've often heard her talk of her brother Matthew, who had been dead some years when I was born. She was very fond of him, and he of her, I've heard her say; and she used often to tell me how handsome he was in his youth, and how well he used to look in a chocolate and gold-laced riding-coat just after the victory of Culloden, when he came to Ullerton in secret to pay her a visit, not being on friendly terms with his father."

I asked Miss Judson if she had ever read Matthew Haygarth's letters.

"No," she said; "I look at them sometimes when I'm tidying the drawer in which I keep them; and I have sometimes stopped to read a word here and there, but no more. I keep them out of respect to the dead; but I think it would make me unhappy to read them. The thoughts and the feelings in old letters seem so fresh that it brings our poor mortality too closely home to us when we remember how little except those faded letters remains of those who wrote them. It is well for us to remember that we are only travelers and wayfarers on this earth; but sometimes it seems just a little hard to think how few traces of our footsteps we leave behind us when the journey is finished."

The canaries seemed to answer Miss Judson with a feeble twitter of assent: and I took my leave, with a feeling of compassion in my heart. I, the scamp—I, Robert Macaire the younger—had pity upon the caged canaries, and the lonely old woman whose narrow life was drawing to its close, and who began to feel how very poor a thing it had been after all.

*October* 11. I have paid the penalty of my temerity in enduring the vault-like chilliness of Miss Hezekiah Judson's parlor, and am suffering to-day from a sharp attack of influenza; that complaint which of all others tends to render a man a burden to himself and a nuisance to his fellow-creatures. Under these circumstances I have ordered a fire in my own room—a personal indulgence scarcely warranted by Sheldon's stipend—and I sit by my own fire pondering over the story of Matthew Haygarth's life.

On the table by my side are scattered more than a hundred letters, all in Matthew's bold hand; but even yet, after a most careful study of those letters, the story of the man's existence is far from clear to me. The letters are full of hints and indications; but they tell so little plainly. They deal in enigmas, and disguise names under the mask of initials.

There is much in these letters which relates to the secret history of Matthew's life. They were written to the only creature among his kindred in whom he fully confided. This fact transpires more than once, as will be seen anon by the extracts I shall proceed to make; if my influenza—which causes me to shed involuntary tears that give me the appearance of a driveling idiot, and which jerks me nearly out of my chair every now and then with a convulsive sneeze—will permit me to do any thing rational or useful.

I have sorted and classified the letters, first upon one plan, then upon another, until I have classified and sorted them into chaos. Having done this, my only chance is to abandon all idea of classification, and go quietly through them in consecutive order according to their dates, jotting down whatever strikes me as significant. George Sheldon's acumen must do the rest.

Thus I begin my notes, with an extract from the fourth letter in the series. Mem. I preserve Matthew's own orthography, which is the most eccentric it was ever my lot to contemplate:

"*December* 14, '42. Indeed, my dear Ruth, I am ventursom wear you are concurn'd, and w$^{d}$ tell you that I w'$^{d}$ taik panes to kepe fromm another. I saw y$^{e}$ same girl w$^{h}$ it was my good fortun to saive from y$^{e}$ molestashun of raketters and mohoks at Smithfelde in September last past. She is y$^{e}$ derest prittiest creture you ever saw, and as elegant and genteel in her speche and maner as a Corte lady, or as y$^{e}$ best bredd person in Ullerton. I mett her in y$^{e}$ nayborhood of y$^{e}$ Marchalsee prison wear her father is at this pressent time a prisener, and had som pleassant talke with her. She rememberr'd me at once, and seme'd mitily gladd to see me. Mem. Her pritty blu eyes wear fill'd with teares wen she thank'd me for having studd up to be her champyun at y$^{e}$ Fare. So you see, Mrs. Ruth, y$^{r}$ brotherr is more thort off in London than with them which hav y$^{e}$ rite to regard him bestt. If you had seen y$^{e}$ pore simpel childeish creetur and heeard her tell her arteless tale, I thinke y$^{r}$ kinde hart w$^{d}$ have bin sore to considder so much unmiritted misfortun; y$^{e}$ father is in pore helth, a captiv, y$^{e}$ mother has binn dedd thre yeres, and y$^{e}$ pore orfann girl, Mollie, has to mentane y$^{e}$ burden of y$^{e}$ sick father, and a yung helples sister. Think of this, kinde Mrs. Ruth, in y$^{r}$ welthy home. Mem. Pore Mrs. Mollie is prittier than y$^{e}$ fineist ladies that wear to be sene at y$^{e}$ opening of y$^{e}$ grand new roome at Ranellar this spring last past, wear I sor y$^{e}$ too Miss Gunings and Lady Harvey, wich is alsoe accounted a grate buty."

I think this extract goes very far to prove that my friend Matthew was considerably smitten by the pretty young woman whose champion he had been in some row at Bartholomew Fair. This fits into one of the scraps of information afforded by my ancient inhabitant in Ullerton Alms-houses, who remembers having heard his grandfather talk of Mat Haygarth's part in some fight or disturbance at the great Smithfield festival.

My next extract treats again of Mollie, after an interval of four months. It seems as if Matthew had confided in his sister so far as to betray his tenderness for the poor player girl of the London booths; but I can find no such letter among those in my hands. Such an epistle may have been considered by Mrs. Ruth too dangerous to be kept where the parental eye might in some evil hour discover it. Matthew's sister was unmarried at this date, and lived within the range of that stern paternal eye. Matthew's letter appears to me to have been written in reply to some solemn warning from Ruth.

"*April* 12, 1743. Sure, my dear sister canot think me so baise a retch as to injoore a pore simpel girl hoo confides in me as y$^{e}$ best and trooest of mortals, wich for her dere saik I will strive to be. If so be my sister cou'$^{d}$ think so ill of me it wou'$^{d}$ amost temt me to think amiss of her, wich cou'$^{d}$ imagen so vile a thort. You tel me that Mrs. Rebecka Caulfeld is mor than ever estemed by my father; but, Ruth, I am bounde to say, my father's esteme is nott to be y$^{e}$ rule of my ackshuns thro' life, for it semes to me their is no worser tyrrannie than y$^{t}$ wich fathers do striv to impose on there children, and I do acount that a kind of barbarity wich wou'$^{d}$ compel y$^{e}$ hart of youth to sute y$^{e}$ proodense of age. I do not dout but Mrs. Rebecka is a mitey proper and well natur'd person, tho' taken upp with this new sekt of methodys, or as sum do call them in derission swaddlers and jumpers, set afoot by y$^{e}$ mad-brain'd young man, Wesley, and one that is still madder, Witfelde. Thear ar I dare sware many men in Ullerton wich wou'$^{d}$ be gladd to obtane Mrs. Rebecka's hand and fortun; but if y$^{e}$ fortun wear ten times more, I wou'd not preetend to oferr my harte to herr w$^{h}$ can never be its misteress. Now, my deare sister, having gone as farr towards satisficing all y$^{r}$ queerys as my paper wou'd welle permitt, I will say no more but to begg you to send me all y$^{e}$ knews, and to believe that none can be more affectionately y$^{r}$ humble servant then your brother.

"Mathew Haygarth."

In this extract we have strong ground for supposing that our Matthew truly loved the player-girl, and meant honestly by his sweet-heart. There is a noble indignation in his repudiation of his sister's doubts, and a manly determination not to marry Mrs. Rebecca's comfortable fortune. I begin to think Sheldon's theory of an early and secret marriage will turn up a trump card; but Heaven only knows how slow or how difficult may be the labor of proving such a marriage. And then if we can find documentary evidence of such an event, we shall have but advanced one step in our obscure path, and should have yet to discover the issue of that union, and to trace the footsteps of Matthew's unknown descendants during the period of a century.

I wonder how Sisyphus felt when the stone kept rolling back upon him. Did he ever look up to the top of the mountain and calculate the distance he must needs traverse before his task should be done?

The next letter in which I find a passage worth transcribing is of much later date, and abounds in initials. The post-mark is illegible; but I can just make out the letters P.O. and L. The two first close together, the third after an interval; and there is internal evidence to show that the letter was written from some dull country place. Might not that place have been Spotswold? the P.O. and the L. of the post-mark would fit very well into the name of that village. Again I leave this question to the astute Sheldon.

The date is March 1749.

"M. is but porely. Sumtimes I am pain'd to believe this quiett life is not well suted to herr disposishun, having bin acustumed to so much livlinesse and nois. I hav reproched her with this, but she tolde me with teres in her eys, to be neare mee and M. and C. was to be happie, and y$^{t}$ it is il helth onlie wich is y$^{e}$ cawse of y$^{e}$ sadnesse. I pray heaven M.'s helth may be on y$^{e}$ mending hand soone. Little M. grows more butifull everry day; and indede, my dear sisterr, if you cou'd stele another visitt this waye, and oblidge y$^{r}$ affectionat brother, you won'd considerr him y$^{e}$ moste butifull creetur ever scene. So much enteligence with sich ingaging temper endeares him to all hartes. Mrs. J. says she adors him, and is amost afraide to be thort a Paygann for bestoeing so much affection on a erthly creetur, and this to oure good parson who cou'd find no reproche for her plesant folly.

"We hav had heavy ranes all y$^{e}$ week last past. Sech wether can but serve to hinderr M.'s recovery. The fysichion at G., wear I tooke her, saies she shou'd hav much fresh aire everry day—if not afoot, to be carrid in a chaire or cotche; but in this wether, and in a plaice wear neeither chaire nor cotche can be had, she must needs stop in doors. I hav begg'd her to lett me carry her to G., but she will not, and says in y$^{e}$ summerr she will be as strong as everr. I pray God she may be so. Butt theire are times whenn my harte is sore and heavy; and the rane beeting agenst the winder semes lik dropps of cold worter falling uponn my pore aking harte. If you cou'd stele a visitt you wou'd see wether she semes worse than whenn you sor her last ortumm; she is trieing y$^{e}$ tansy tea; and beggs her service to you, and greatfull thanks for y$^{r}$ rememberence of her. I dare to say you here splended acounts of my doins in London—at cok fites and theaters, dansing at Vorxhall, and beeting y$^{e}$ wotch in Covin Garden. Does my F. stil use to speke harsh agenst me, or has he ni forgott their is sech a creetur living? If he has so, I hope you wil kepe him in sech forgetfullnesse—and obliage

"y$^{r}$ loving brother and obediant servent,

"Mathew Haygarth."

To me this letter is almost conclusive evidence of a marriage. Who can this little M. be, of whom he writes so tenderly, except a child? Who can this woman be, whose ill-health causes him such anxiety, unless a wife? Of no one *but* a wife could he write so freely to his sister. The place to which he asks her to "steal a visit" must needs be a home to which a man could invite his sister. I fancy it is thus made very clear that at this period Matthew Haygarth was secretly married and living at Spotswold, where his wife and son were afterward buried, and whence the body of the son was ultimately removed to Dewsdale to be laid in that grave which the father felt would soon be his own resting-place. That allusion to the Ullerton talk of London roysterings indicates that Matthew's father believed him to be squandering the paternal substance in the metropolis at the very time when the young man was leading a simple domestic life within fifty miles of the paternal abode. No man could do such a thing in these days of rapid locomotion, when every creature is more or less peripatetic; but in that benighted century the distance from Ullerton to Spotswold constituted a day's journey. That Matthew was living in one place while he was supposed to be in another, is made sufficiently clear by several passages in his letters, all more or less in the strain of the following:

"I was yesterday—markett-day—at G., wear I ran suddennly agenst Peter Browne's eldest ladd. Y$^{e}$ boy openn'd his eyes wide, stearing like an owle; butt I gaive him bakk his looke with interrest, and tolde him if he was curiouse to know my name, I was Simon Lubchick, farmer, at his servise. Y$^{e}$ pore simpel ladd arsk'd my pardonn humbly for having mistook me for a gentelman of Ullerton—a frend of his father; on wich I gaive him a shillin, and we parted, vastly plesed with eche other; and this is nott the fust time the site of Ullerton fokes has putt me into a swett."

Among later letters are very sad ones. The little M. is dead. The father's poor aching heart proclaims its anguish in very simple words.

"*Nov.* 1751. I thank my dear sister kindly for her frendlinesse and compashin; butt, ah, he is gone, and their semes to be no plesure or comforte on this erth without him! onlie a littel childe of 6 yeres, and yett so dere a creetur to this harte that the worlde is emty and lonely without him. M. droopes sadly, and is more ailing everry day. Indede, my dere Ruth, I see nothing butt sorrow before me, and I wou'd be right gladd to lay down at peece in my littel M.'s grave."

## MY FRIEND THE MAJOR.

The evening shadows had risen out of valley and river, the light in the west had changed from yellow to red and from red to gray, and the stars had come out bravely; but still two girls sat by the window of the darkening parlor of a house at Broomsgrove talking about love. And as the twitter of the swallows and the hoarse scream of the blackbird and the rustling of the evening breezes were hushed one by one, the voices of the two became lower, until at last in whispers only each painted "the bright ideal of her dreams." I suppose that in this they but followed the example of very many young girls from the earliest ages until now. It is true that in the present instance the said bright ideal seemed of remote realization. Both had many times mounted into the tower of hope, and looking afar off had cried, like poor unlucky Fatima: "Sister, sister, do you see any body coming?" but only to be told that she who looked saw but a cloud of dust.

And yet their Cousin Charley was coming home. He was nobody, however. Years before, a mere curly-headed boy had left them for the army. "He was less than nobody," said Clara, the eldest of the girls, "for he was just at the age when boys are only fit to be put under a tub. The sword that he was so proud of, why, he seemed to be fastened to it rather than it to him; now was not it so, Julia?" And Julia rather absently answered that it was.

The door opened. "Girls, tea is on the table," said mamma, a very stately old lady, with a world of mystery in her spectacles and a forest of frilling in her cap. The two started up and hurried down stairs. Mr. Powers, their father, was already there; and as he was excessively fond of the company of military men the sisters were not in the least surprised to find two gentlemen seated; nor did they think more than a nonchalant bow necessary when the gentlemen rose.

"Colonel Montague, my daughter Julia; Major, my daughter Clara; young ladies, let me introduce to you the Colonel and his friend the Major." And then the celebration of the mysterious rites of the urn began.

"As I was saying, Major," said Mr. Powers, resuming a conversation broken off by the entrance of his daughters, "I always thought that flank movement of yours the very best thing I ever heard of. No doubt the Colonel is of the same opinion, hey, Colonel? It does me good to find that our days are not so degenerate as some would have thought they were."

"It saved the day," said the Colonel, coolly sipping his tea.

"And then that final charge of the whole brigade—by Heavens, it was glorious!"

"It was pretty well done," replied the Major, as he declined more toast with a grave bow.

"Well, the loss was rather heavy, was it not?" continued the host.

"Yes, about fifteen hundred; but the enemy suffered far more, besides being dislodged from a position of great importance," replied the Major, who added, rather hastily: "These military details can hardly be interesting to these young ladies, my dear Sir."

Interesting! The Major did not know how the vivid imaginations of "these young ladies" pictured what these two sedate gentlemen would

look like amidst all the turmoil and struggle of the battle-field, and how that aspect of latent power which soldiers who have seen service wear impressed them both, quite apart from the fact that both were strong and handsome men. The Colonel and his friend the Major were contrasts of manly beauty, however. The first was tall and dark—dark as to his skin, jet black as to hair and beard; the second very fair, with blue, searching eyes, a silky mustache, and with hair as soft as his mother used to say hers was when she was a little girl.

But in spite of these advantages the young ladies began, when the conversation flowed into new channels and the party adjourned to the drawing-room, to think them not quite so "nice" as they seemed when they talked of dangers they had passed. It was provoking to see the self-possession which both maintained. The almost indifference with which the Colonel handed Julia to the piano, and the almost languor with which the Major spoke of his experiences during a short European tour—of the Opera at Paris, or London, or the Carnival at Rome, or the glaciers of Switzerland—were positively tiresome, though the ladies, who felt provoked, would not have acknowledged it for the world. The gentlemen ought to have paid more attention to the beauties present rather than talk of the beauties of Spain or Italy. They ought to have reverently turned over and enthusiastically admired the sisters' sketches, nor breathed a doubt of their perfection, whereas with a calm "Am I permitted?" the Colonel took a pencil from Julia's hand, and with a rapid touch added to the drawing just that artistic, truthful line which her rebellious fingers had refused to trace. Music, too! what business had two men to turn the conversation from the last imported operatic celebrity, and talk of wild airs sung away out in Western forests with no listeners but the stars. Worse than all, the Major actually sang a camp song, and played an accompaniment in a style that was a little beyond the powers of either girl as yet.

In fact, Clara and Julia felt "kind o' vexed" when they retired for the night. They called the men insufferable, and both professed great fatigue and a desire for sleep rather than gossiping—and both lay awake until the first faint light of morning began to tinge the far east sky with pearly gray.

Of course these two pretty ones looked pale at breakfast-time; and I would add, if I dared, that they seemed just the least bit in the world cross. That was bad enough; but to find the Colonel and his friend the Major down before them and bright and blooming was worse. So the latter and the old folks had most of the talk to themselves. "Your farm, Mr. Powers? Should like to see it immensely, very much interested in all that sort of thing. Horses? oh certainly! we always ride a good deal—old campaigner's habit, my dear Sir. We shall be delighted. My friend the Major shall show you a few of his flying leaps if there is an opportunity." Thus the Colonel, who added, "But, my dear young ladies, how do you spend your time this fair morning? Your excellent father insists upon exercise, of course, and if we are favored with your company—"

"We follow our own inclinations generally, Colonel, I believe," said Julia, with a saucy look. Clara said nothing, but glanced down, and became much interested in a crumb upon the table-cloth.

"Colonel, my daughters are very tolerable horsewomen, and often distance their old father. Of course they will come with us."

Oh, Clara! why did you look away and say you should prefer not to ride to-day? Oh, Julia! why didn't you say just one pleasant word? You both knew that the acquaintance of the Colonel and his friend the Major with you was too short to admit of their pressing you to reverse your ungracious decision. Most of all, how came you both, just as the Colonel and the Major and your excellent papa were mounted at the gate, to come cantering out of the stable-yard, having put on your habits more quickly than ever before. However, you said you meant a surprise, and shall not be teased if I know it. Away, away, along the lane, where you have to bend beneath the arching trees; a merry canter across the meadow, where the old cow looks up with a sort of contented wonder as we fly along; across the stubble, where the crows fly up in a crowd and make the distant trees heavy as with black fruit; past the old mill—"aha! miller, how grind the stones to-day?"—through the village of one gray church, three stores, and half a dozen cottages, and a dozen flaxen-haired children; now across the old bridge built in Colonial days; away, away, along the road that winds round the hill's foot. "Slowly, Julia, my dear, let us walk our horses a little; you are in good spirits, girl, but must be merciful." "Major, d'ye see that old ruin among the trees? A hundred men lie buried there—just wait till we get home, and I'll show you the pair of colors my grandfather took from the heart of a British regiment that was in yonder field—ay, they lie there whose good swords are rust, whose bodies are dust, but whose souls are with the saints, we trust." Now then, off we go again—a gallop this time; a turn round the little wood, and then, hurrah! a race for home.

Where was Julia's hauteur now? Blowing away with her curls, I suppose; at all events, if ever two girls had more glowing cheeks, or merrier laugh, or kinder smiles, I should like to see them. They rode gallantly too, leaving papa often far behind, good rider though he was. Whether the Colonel pressed Clara's hand when he helped her to alight I do not know, but the roses in her face blushed a deeper blush than all the kisses of the saucy wind had called up, and it was with a silent embarrassment that she went up stairs. As for Julia, she is invisible already; but the Major is standing looking in the direction she has gone, and with a quiet smile upon his face. At dinner there was a something odd in the manner of the four. At tea the same, and so all the evening. But evenings do not last forever, and the good-night must be spoken—I am sorry to say that Clara altogether forgot to include papa in the benediction. We will only violate young ladies' confidence by mentioning that when the two were alone they became silent and distraught—each wrapped in a maze of thought. At last Clara declared with a flushed face that she wished the Colonel had never come into the house.

"But why," said Julia, "does he call him only my friend the Major?"

"Him—who?"

"Why the Major, of course."

"Oh, him! I don't know; it is of little consequence; both will be gone soon."

"Of course—but I was thinking—but good-night, sister dear."

Next day came as next days will. Shooting this time. Yet another day, and fishing was the sport. And again no word of "good-by." Then a wet day. Nobody could stir out. "How delightful—my girls play billiards as well as any champion in the States," says papa. "A very healthy exercise for wet weather," says mamma. Of course the military men are in raptures—they have played a little too; but what a prosaic affair when their opponents have only been Jack this and Tom that, and how glorious to see two handsome girls bending their graceful forms over the field of green, and pocketing heartquakes as fast as they pocketed the rolling ivories! And so from day to day pleasure after pleasure lights up a happy time until at last the wonder is how long these pleasant men intend to stay. Mamma says she does not know, papa declares he can not part with them for ever so long. "What do you say, young people; don't you think we could endure them a little while longer? I think them very gentlemanly, agreeable fellows, don't you?"

"What nonsense, papa!"

Just so. What nonsense for both to run out of the room, and what dreadful nonsense for papa and mamma to look at each other and smile, and then for papa to get up and kiss the old lady without any just cause or pretext. But if this was nonsense, what an immense kind was it for those two soldier fellows to be walking with those young women that very evening when, of course, the August climate was so difficult to stand, especially by moonlight! Then to sit down upon garden seats regardless of colds in the head, and keep on talking, talking till they must have been perfectly sick of one another, especially as they were too lazy to speak above a whisper. Besides, why can't people be content with keeping in-doors.

Don't imagine that they are making love—at least they were not at just forty minutes after they had stepped out of the drawing-room windows for exactly five minutes' stroll; for by that time the Major was silent, and the Colonel was having all the say to himself. In fact, the Colonel was telling a story, often promised before, of an affair in which his friend the Major had saved his life.

"Do you see this scar?" said he, removing a thick curl from his temple—"I got it on that night."

"Yes, yes," said the sisters, with a shudder, as the pale moon showed them the blue seam where some cruel blow had fallen, "oh, go on!"

"Well, it happened—but would you really like the story?"

"How cruel you are, Colonel, to trifle with us!" And by a sort of instinct the four drew closer together, and the Colonel spoke:

"Lawrence had been sacked; old men, women, and children had been slaughtered without mercy, their homes leveled with the ground. Need I say how every man who, not being a fiend, heard the news ground his teeth with rage and longed for vengeance? Need I say with what stern joy I learned that my regiment of gallant *sabreurs* were ordered in pursuit of the guerrilla devil and his blood-stained crew? We took little time for preparation—'Boots and Saddles' rang out cheerily, and we were soon upon the road. We traveled with great rapidity, and along the route had no need to ask our way, for the yet smoking ashes of cottages, and the gashed form of many an aged or feeble noncombatant dotted the way. We had been clattering along for about eight hours when we heard that the guerrillas had divided into two parties, each moving toward one of two little villages about thirty miles from each other, and each about ten miles ahead. Our own force was therefore at once also divided—I took about a hundred and fifty men, the Major about the same number—all the rest, in fact. Striking off a little to the right I left him, the plan being to meet at the point of separation after the work was done. By this time it was evening. The month was August, as you may remember. The weather was oppressively hot, and the command were pretty well used up; so that after riding, as we thought, at least ten miles more, and seeing no rebels, a halt was called, and a short rest ordered. Then we went a little further; again halted, it being night, and prepared to picket the horses where we were and make the best of it till daybreak. Sentries were posted, rations unpacked, and a long time had not elapsed before our little force was all asleep, except those whose dusky forms could be seen peering into the darkness for hidden foes, or listening for distant sounds that might betoken an enemy's approach.

"I do not know how it was, for I am generally wakeful before going into action, as to-morrow I supposed inevitable; but certain it is that I had no sooner lain down, with my saddle for a pillow and the mossy grass for my bed, than I fell fast asleep. Dreaming, ladies—dreaming of home, of faces hundreds of miles away. I thought I was returning to those I had left years before, and as I glided along, as dreamers do, I saw well-remembered scenes—lands and meadows and gardens where I had played while yet a boy, and many a cottage whose inmates I knew well. How long I thus slept I know not, nor what awoke me, but my waking was sudden, and my faculties on the alert as if by an instantaneous shock. I gazed all around—all was quiet. A little distance from me were the recumbent forms of the troopers stretched in all sorts of attitudes upon the turf, and all slumbering. The only sound was the occasional clinking of steel bits, or the buzz of insects that seemed to fill the air. I tried to return to my dreaming, but could not. There was something which kept me awake. A 'stillness which was not repose' weighed upon me with a strange heaviness, and inspired me, not exactly with dread, but with a sense of mystery. I instinctively felt for my revolver. It was all right; and finally, soundly rating myself for my folly, I tried yet once more to court the drowsy god—this time with a kind of doze for my reward. But I did not doze long, for once more I awoke, this time with a violent start. Well was it that I did awake; for close to me—as close as either of you, ladies—crept a dark form, nearer, nearer, until I could see in its hand a long knife which it held lifted for a blow. I never could tell why I did not at once spring from the ground, but only lie there until the figure stood motionless before me, gazing down on my face with savage, glittering eyes. For a minute, which seemed an age of suspense, he thus looked at me and I at him. Soon a slight movement as if to turn the sleeve of a coat far back aroused me, and I was collecting my strength for a bound to my feet, when a hand grasped mine with a slow, stealthy motion that made my flesh creep and my blood stand still. But the grasp was a friendly one, and of a kind, ladies, that you can not know unless you meet with a certain kind of brother. Of course, in obedience to the evident wish of the second unknown, I lay perfectly still, hearing, as I did so, a low breathing at my side. I declare that the interest of the scene did not prevent even the annoyance produced by the said breathing which tickled my ear. At length the man before me stepped one pace nearer, then turned and looked cautiously around as he raised his arm to strike. That look was his last, for that instant a pistol-shot woke up all the echoes and almost stunned me, fired, as it was, close over me, and the midnight prowler fell down headlong, burying his knife to the hilt in the ground close to my head.

"In an instant the whole camp was in an uproar, and the men, rushing to their horses, began to mount like lightning. There was no need for further alarm, however, and quiet was soon restored, and the Major, for it was he, was left with me to tell me all he knew. It was this: That he had had a skirmish with a few guerrillas, who made off without injury; that he concluded to move toward me, and had in fact arrived within a quarter of a mile of my command, and there encamped as I had done; that he had communicated with and passed through my pickets, leaving a captain in charge of his own force; that all this had been done without my knowledge; that he had lain down near me; that he had seen the guerrilla assassin approach, and had shot him dead just in time. We afterward found one of our pickets stone-dead, having been done to death by the same knife that had sought my heart. He was an Indian, ladies—none of Quantrell's white blackguards would have ventured, as he did, into that sleeping camp, to strike at its chief, but he was of Quantrell's gang nevertheless. Next day we had some fighting, but not much, for as we came upon about fifty of the fellows we were after their flight was as quick as the words 'wheel about, charge!'"

"And the wound?" asked Clara, with her whole face quivering with emotion.

"Oh, that was nothing! The gentleman who paid me this midnight visit was in such a hurry to fall flat on his face when his brain was perforated by a bullet that he was careless with that knife of his. As he fell, down it came firmly gripped in his fist, and just cut my temple open and a lock of my hair off as it planted itself. It soon got well—the wound, not the knife, of course—and as Charley Davenport took care of me—"

"Charley Davenport!" cried both sisters in a breath.

"'Cousin Charley' you used to call me," said the Major, with a profound bow.

"My dear cousin; why did you not tell us—you have grown so and are so much changed," said Julia, tremulously.

"Not much in one respect," said he, in a low voice.

Then the two fell a-talking, which was rude, as the Colonel and Clara evidently thought, for they went away together, but they were not missed.

Neither of those couples came into the house again for a full hour, and when they did come looked so comically flustered that once more papa and mamma glanced at each other in a knowing, loving way. However, the business was all settled next day, and in a month Charley, or "his friend the Major," and Colonel Montague had entered upon the "second epoch of the life of man."

Alas that two such lasses must go away from such a home; but the Service, gentle reader, the Service! There was a farewell feast, in preparing which mamma's spectacles looked more formidable than ever, although she had to take them off and wipe them very often. It was a merry party, and all the village came to it. In spite of the parting to come, "birds were singing, bells were ringing, and all the world was gay;" while the girls cried and smiled by turns, and the two soldiers felt almost like brigands, as standing by each was one who he

"Strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her leaving that dear home she may not see again."

"But tell me, Julia," said papa, when the last farewell had nearly been spoken, "did not you really know Charley at first?"

"No, papa. I was very fond of him a long time ago, but that was in a different way, you see. You know they say that Love is blind, and I suppose I was too."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE ARTIST WHO TAKES PAINS WITH HIS DRAWING.

BY ORDER.—In Paris they have a phrase for things which are not necessaries—things which people need not have, and sometimes would be better without: they call them *articles de luxe.* Henceforth the expression is to be changed to *articles de Luxemburg.*

A certain old lady of our acquaintance who had never traveled in the cars resolved last year to visit Boston. She had no sooner alighted from a car than a man took hold of her arm with the usual "Take a cab?" Looking him full in the face she drawled out, hesitatingly: "Wa'al, I donno. Be they good tu eat?"

THE SOUND SLEEPER'S PARADISE.—Snoring.

NOT A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.—It is now doubtful whether the French Emperor will make the contribution to the Paris Exhibition that was expected from him—a piece of Holland.

AWFUL EFFECTS OF GROWING OLD.—In an obituary notice of an old citizen an Ohio paper says, "He was honest and industrious until enfeebled by disease and age."

What part of a ship is good for youngsters?—The spanker.

"AN ABRIDGMENT OF ALL THAT IS PLEASANT."—We read that a Mr. Dancer has succeeded in taking photographic portraits in collodion so small that they are wholly invisible to the naked eye. How delightful if one could only have some of one's friends done in this way—we mean, of course, those friends one likes the better the less one sees of them.

When is a new boot like foliage in autumn?—When it leaves the tree.

Wanted—A nut-cracker suitable for cracking jokes.

Rabelais, the facetious divine, laid a wager that he would make a declaration of love in the pulpit; accordingly he took these words for his text from the Canticles: "It is for you, woman, that I die."

Why is a laundress like an insult?—Because she gets up your collar.

The grain that is up earliest—Sun-ryes.

A Scriptural student, who has just heard of the Russian treaty, says Uncle Sam is like the prodigal son, because he is wasting his substance in a fur country.

Half a dozen superb sharks were on sale in the Paris fish market during one day only, lately. The shark is an article of diet now in that gay city.

### TRUE AND FAST.

What every one knows is
That some one supposes
That Florida's roses
Are nothing but paint.
Such suspicions would grieve her,
So let it be known,
They're so truly her own
That they won't even leave her,
When she's in a faint.

A genuine "pahdee," quite aged, living some miles out of town, came into a telegraph office one day to sell some "praties," and seeing the instruments, battery, etc., wondered if *that* was the *telligraft.* After gazing steadily for several minutes, he said he had always wanted to ask *one* question; and this is it, "*Is the wire hollow on the outside or on the inside?*"

An Irishman remarked of a lady who had been very kind to him—"Bedad she's a perfect gintleman."

Many a wretch has ridden on a hurdle who has done much less mischief than utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Euripides was one of very few men who have been choked to death by the seed of a grape, but a great many die every day from swallowing the juice.

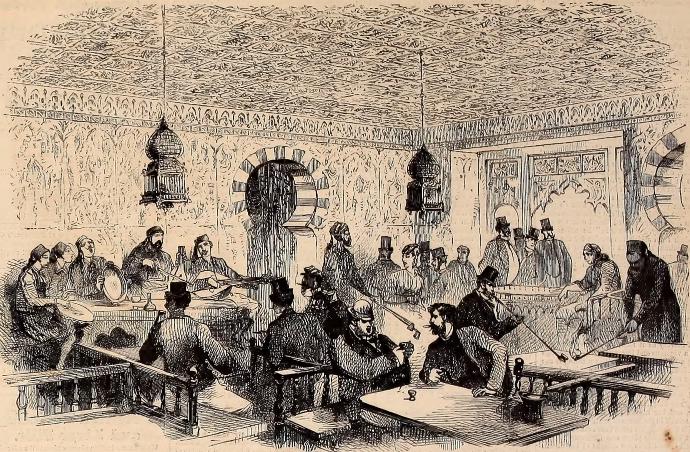
THE BURGLAR'S COMPANION.—How to bone any thing locked up. Use a skeleton key.

### MOTTOES FOR ALL.

A vain man's motto is, "Win gold and wear it"—a generous man's, "Win gold and share it"—a miser's, "Win gold and spare it"—a profligate's, "Win gold and spend it"—a broker's, "Win gold and lend it"—a fool's, "Win gold and end it"—a gambler's, "Win gold and lose it"—a wise man's, "Win gold and use it."

Newton invited a friend to dinner and forgot it. The friend arrived and found the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner was brought up for *one.* The friend, without disturbing Newton, sat down and dispatched it. Newton recovered from his reverie, looked at the empty dishes, and said, "Well, really, if it wasn't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn that I had not yet dined."

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—THE BOATS PASSING CHISWICK.—[See next Page.]



THE TUNISIAN CAFÉ IN THE PARK OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Boat-race is considered by the English as the "Derby on the water;" on the day of its annual recurrence all London recognizes for once in the year the existence of the Universities; and Dons of the colleges, merchants of Cornhill, loungers at the clubs, and pot-boys and chimney-sweeps of the street are present along the river to "back their colors." On the occasion of the late race, which came off on April 13, and a spirited engraving of which will be found on page 316, four and a half miles of river shore were lined with people and carriages. Our engraving represents the scene at the moment the boats passed Chiswick. The race was one of the fastest ever made, the distance of $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles being rowed in 22 minutes 39 seconds. The ablest amateurs and the best professional watermen were alike surprised at the speed with which the race from first to last was rowed. The lightest weight among the crews was 120 pounds; the heaviest 187 pounds; and the victors carried just 14 pounds more in flesh than did the defeated. The boats led alternately in the first mile and a half, sometimes by a yard or two, sometimes by half a length, which was Cambridge's advantage 8 minutes 15 seconds after the start; but toward the end of the race Oxford gained half a length, and, in spite of the most desperate efforts of the Cambridge crew, maintained it until the flag was reached, and the race won.

## THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Among the curious features of the Paris Industrial Palace is the department for aliments; it consists of a number of restaurants fitted and furnished in the various styles of all nations. Besides these apartments in the main building, there are also numerous *cafés* in the Park. We give this week pictures of the interior of two of the most elegant of these. The Tunisian *café* is located under the white marble palace built in the Park, a picture of which we gave in the *Weekly* for May 11. The correspondent of the *Tribune* describes it as "a cellar in aspect, with a floor of tiles, and texts of the Koran written in its cornice. It is open to the public, and a waiter in white turban and bare legs serves a mixture of chocolate and coffee in gilt half-globes of porcelain. At the side, sitting cross-legged in their stocking-feet, with red caps upon them, and bright-colored jackets, a troupe of Arabs make

THE RUSSIAN CAFÉ IN THE PARK OF THE PARIS INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

strange music to the accompaniment of a song. At the end of the apartment a Tunisian woman sits by the money counter—such a one as might have made bow-strings of her coal-black hair for the defense of Carthage. Her dreamy eyes are painted above and below; a string of pearls encompasses her neck; she is ripe-lipped, ripe-bodied, and bound with costly silks, while her limbs wear only tight-fitting woven hose of fleshy zephyr." In the Russian *café*, according to the same writer, pure-blooded Georgian women serve the viands, and oils, and other *delicacies* of the Northmen. The views which we give will fully illustrate the elegance and attractiveness of these places of resort.

## MARTYRS OF THE RACE-COURSE.

The principal prison-pen at Charleston, South Carolina, during the war was on the former race-course in the suburbs of that city. Adjoining the pen was an open field in which those of our captive soldiers who died in prison were buried. Our artist gives a picture of this field on page 309. The singular title of the picture was taken by him from a rough board placed over the gate to the cemetery. "There is," he writes, "a rude desk from which the service for the dead was sometimes read. At this time a mass of tangled grass and herbage nearly hides from sight the little head-boards which mark the graves."

## THE MODERN MEDEA.

Among the most interesting of the pictures at the Academy of Design is that which we reproduce on page 308. The artist, Thomas Noble, has illustrated one of the horrors of the institution of Slavery as it formerly existed, and produced a vigorous and interesting work, although it is on a repulsive subject. The painting is not a mere fancy sketch; it is really historical, being the true story of a slave woman named Margaret Garner, who, with her children, escaped several years ago from Slavery in Kentucky to Ohio. The Fugitive Slave Law was then in existence, and her master pursued her. She secreted herself in the house of some of her people, and with their help for some time evaded pursuit. At last her hiding-place was discovered. She defended herself from the attacks of her master and the officers of the law, but was driven from one room of the house to another and finally hemmed in and surrounded. The door of the apartment in which she had taken refuge was broken open, and the pursuers entered to behold the horrible scene which the artist has so powerfully depicted. Margaret Garner, with a far nobler jealousy than that which actuated the mythical Medea, finding her children were about to be given up to the slavery she had endured, seized a knife and took the lives of two of them. Before she could slay the others she was seized by her horror-stricken but heartless pursuers. After her capture she sank into speechless stupor, and while being returned to slavery eluded the watchfulness of her guard and plunged into the Ohio River and found freedom there.

## THE NEWS-BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

Among the most successful and effective of the practical charities of New York is the Newsboys' Lodging-House over the *Sun* office in Fulton Street. It was established by the Children's Aid Society of New York in 1854, and the present plain but neat and well-ventilated rooms were rented. The object of the institution is to reach homeless and friendless boys, who would otherwise continue to be street-vagrants, and to rescue them from the perils of vice and sufferings of poverty. Our engraving on pages 312 and 313 illustrate at once the features of this noble charity and the career of the news-boys. Through the attractions of the home thus provided for them they are led from the vicious haunts at places of amusement, and rescued from exposed places where they wait for the papers which they sell to more agreeable and useful amusements and warmer and healthier beds. On entering the lodging-house the boys—news-boys, boot-blacks, baggage-carriers, and all such are admitted—are required to wash themselves and have their hair cut, if it requires trimming. The meal to which each is then conducted costs four cents, and his bed five cents more. Admission to the gymnasium, evening school, Sunday evening religious meeting, and the library is free. The gymnasium has proved a most valuable competitor with the places low and vile amusement, and is greatly enjoyed by the boys. The Superintendent, Mr. C. O'Connor, says that "the best influence in the institution is that exerted by the Sunday evening religious meeting—a voluntary gathering of orphans and street children to listen to simple religious truth." The same officer tells us that the library books are read and reread by the boys, and the lecture-room is filled four nights of each week with a good number intent upon gaining knowledge in the elementary branches of a common-school education. The library, being composed of odd volumes contributed by various friends, is naturally much mixed in character, embracing every variety of books from Holy Writ to Patent-Office Reports. The boys are evidently very fond of books of adventure, for dozens of copies of "Robinson Crusoe" and similar works of adventure have been literally "thumbed" to pieces. All persons having an excess of books of narrative and adventure suitable for juvenile readers can make wise disposal of them by sending them to the News-boys' Library, at No. 128 Fulton Street.

Among other curious features of the institution is the "Savings Bank," in which the boys deposit their pence for safe-keeping. Many of the statistics of the House are very curious and interesting. Last year 8192 boys were lodged; about one-half were natives of this country, the remainder were born abroad—3009 of them in Ireland. Nearly one-fifth were under eleven years of age; the greatest proportion of the rest were aged from twelve to fifteen. Out of the total number over four-fifths could read and write. Five-sevenths of them were orphans or half-orphans. Of these 8192 children 707 were without employment, and were provided by the society with homes in the West. Of the 1362 having parents living 719 were truant or lost children who were returned to their relatives. The "Savings Bank" resulted in saving for 542 boys the nice sum of $2,121 76. The 8192 boys thus lodged contributed $2,718 79, in the shape of payments for meals and lodgings, to the support of the institution. In 1862 $10 was given by Mr. Benjamin J. Howland, one of the trustees of the Children's Aid Society, as a fund from which to loan small sums to needy boys; additions were made to it from time to time, and in 1866 the "Howland Fund" amounted to $30. From this sum loans were made that year to the amount of $156 35, from which the borrowers realized $368 51. The police records for the same year state the encouraging fact that only eight of the boys of this Lodging-house were arrested for crime or disorderly conduct. The Lodging-house has been in operation for thirteen years. During that time 48,910 boys have been cared for, and 3751 have been returned to their friends, at a total cost of $53,815 64, of which the boys paid $14,739 74, making the net cost just *eighty cents per year for each boy*. During those years the boys saved in their Savings Bank $14,501 70. Renewed efforts are making to extend the operations of this charity, and render the House even more attractive than it now is to the boys whom it receives; and hopes are yet entertained of building a larger and more complete Lodging-house adequate to the accommodation of thousands instead of hundreds only of these "waifs of the Metropolis."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Details of crimes of every name and nature crowd the columns of our newspapers. It is heart-sickening to read the record which a single day sends forth to the public. Take up any daily paper, run your eye over a single page, and the mere headings of the paragraphs reveal the fearful prevalence of tragic crime and base wrong-doing. Child-stealing, child-starving, and child-killing; suicides and murders; elopements, mock-marriages, and divorces; wrongs of the basest type and darkest dye—these are the topics which meet the eye, and tell their sad tale of guilt and consequent wretchedness.

Among the numerous cases which have attracted special attention and excited general indignation is that of a monster in Connecticut, who attempted to kill his little daughter, aged thirteen, by a process of deliberate torture and slow starvation. On the trial the usual plea of insanity was brought forward without avail. Since then it is said that the man appears to be in a wild frame of mind—at times almost a raving maniac. We should suppose he would be, and it would be a relief to the public to be assured that he was insane when he was slowly killing his helpless child.

A few weeks ago two young girls in Hoboken resolved to die. The father of one forbade her to associate with the other, and rather than be separated they swallowed poison. The foolish children were, however, found before it was too late and saved. More recently two other young girls of this city became disgusted with the world, and took some laudanum—an overdose, however; so it proved ineffectual. A second time they swallowed Paris green. Afterward they informed some one of the circumstance, antidotes were administered, and the romantic girls still live.

The city of Richmond has been in a ferment in regard to the "car question," which has, at length, been settled by the arrangement that four cars should be open to the general public, whites and blacks alike, and two other cars (making the entire number on the line) be appropriated exclusively for ladies and children—the company reserving the right to say who are ladies.

The Broadway bridge at the intersection of Fulton Street is still a topic of great interest for tongue and pen. It is likely to cost $25,000, although it was originally contracted to be built for $15,000.

The early days of so-called "merry May" brought a variety in weather. On "May-day" proper it, of course, alternately poured in torrents and drizzled a fine mist throughout the live-long day, to the intense disgust and immense inconvenience of the thousands of movers. The next day was as bright and charming as heart could wish; while the surprised eyes of early risers on the 3d of May looked out on snow-covered roofs and whitened yards. Only the early birds saw this unusual sight, for old Sol soon devoured the snow-flakes.

An exchange says: "Already the annual croakers are out, crying, 'No peaches,' 'Wheat winter killed,' 'Hog cholera,' 'Dead grape-vines,' 'Poor prospect for apples,' etc., etc. That's their avocation. We know two dozen professionals who croak on a salary."

The latest fashion reported from the South is one adopted by the ladies of Alabama; viz., a new style of waterfall consisting of a cocoa-nut fastened to the region of the cerebellum by ribbons. The nut being itself covered with a natural growth of brown hair artificial covering is unnecessary. A little door is made in the nut, wherein brushes, combs, scent bottles, and other little necessaries of the toilet can be conveniently carried.

It is stated that there is now on exhibition in Paris a fine picture which was purchased, before it was painted, by Mr. A. T. Stewart of this city, at the price of $12,000 in gold. The artist is Edward Dubufe, and the subject of the painting is the Parable of the Prodigal Son. The canvas is ten feet by thirty. At the left is the prodigal son feeding swine, ragged, desolate, and full of remorse. To the right is the return to his home. These are side pieces, tall and narrow. Between them, for the body of the painting, is depicted in the richest color the riotous years of the prodigal, when in a far country he wasted his substance.

The pianos sent from America to the Paris Exposition attract great attention, and their superiority over those of foreign make is not questioned. All our great firms are represented, and eminent performers make perpetual music in the American department. One writer says that the "'Overstrung' harp, as it is called in the Steinway piano, has attracted the greatest interest here from its novelty and the sweetness and power which its superior vibration gives. The best piano makers in Europe have sought the privilege of sending their workmen to examine it; and professional artists compete to play upon it."

The chief drawback to the pleasure of visiting the Exposition is, that no seats have yet been provided. One has to trudge from place to place with little chance of rest. Ladies toil about, too much interested to go away from the thousands of rare and beautiful objects to be seen, and yet too weary to look at them with the attention they deserve. In their exhaustion, perhaps, one of them rests her elbow for a moment on the case or on the pedestal where the objects are shown. Up comes an attendant and tells her that this is "forbidden." She looks wistfully round for a seat, but in vain. Even the great French picture-galleries, crowded with visitors, have not a single seat. The lady goes off in despair to some benevolent exhibitor and asks for leave to sit for a minute on an empty packing-case.

According to the matrimonial record in the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the Board of Health, there were 1018 marriages in this city during the months of January, February, and March. The youngest couple recorded were aged twenty and fifteen—bridegroom and bride respectively. The marriage in which there was the greatest disproportion in the ages of the couple was that of John Christian Kehrweider, aged seventy-three, and Eliza Sasse, aged twenty-two. The oldest couple joined in the holy bonds were aged sixty-two and seventy.

Circulating libraries are quite common in our city, but we believe that a circulating library for the benefit of a particular church and congregation is a novelty. Indeed, although there may be others, we do not know of but two in this vicinity. One is in connection with the church under the pastoral charge of Rev. Dr. Holmes of Jersey City. The other has been recently opened by the New England Congregational Church of this city. A friend having placed his private library at the disposal of the church for the time being, and additions having been made to the previously existing Sabbath-school library, there is now what is called a "Church Library" in three departments—Sabbath-school, Pastoral, and Congregational. The latter, comprising about a thousand volumes of general standard literature, constitutes a free circulating library for the benefit of the members of the church and congregation.

Married men are usually somewhat chary of having their better halves receive affectionate salutations from other gentlemen. But tastes differ in this respect, as will be inferred from the case of a newly-wedded Benedict: The bridegroom in question was a stalwart young rustic, who was known as a formidable operator in a "free fight." His bride was a beautiful young country girl, only sixteen years of age, and the twain were at a party, where a number of young folks were enjoying themselves in the good old-fashioned pawn-playing style. Every girl in the room was called on and kissed except the beautiful young bride aforesaid, and no youngster present dared to kiss her in the presence of her herculean husband, who stood regarding the party with a sullen look of dissatisfaction. Suddenly, however, rolling up his sleeves, he stepped into the middle of the room, and burst forth:

"Gentlemen, I have been noticing how things have been working here for some time, and I ain't half satisfied. I don't want to raise a fuss; but—"

"What's the matter, John?" inquired a dozen voices. "What do you mean? Have we done any thing to hurt your feelings?"

"Yes, you have; all of you have hurt my feelings, and I've just got this to say about it: Here's every girl in the room has been kissed near a dozen times apiece, and there's my wife, who I consider as likely as any of them, has not had one to-night; and I just tell you now, if she does not get as many kisses the balance of the night as any gal in the room, the man that slights her has got me to fight—that's all. Now go ahead with your plays." The young wife was not slighted during the remainder of the evening.

The Emperor of China is a sensible man. It is said that he employs physicians only to keep him in health. He is guided by them in regard to his diet and general mode of living, and as long as his health is preserved he pays them well for their services; but if he is taken sick, woe betide his physicians! Then they must attend for nothing, and perhaps receive punishment besides.

The *Illustrated Literary Album*, No. 77, will give away a splendid picture, entitled The First Lesson, by Thomas Nast. See Advertisement in another column.

We inform our readers that Messrs. Pollak & Son, who were the first to introduce the *manufacture of meerschaum goods* into this country, have opened a *new store at 27 John St., near Nassau.* Their store at 692 *Broadway, near Fourth St.,* will be retained as heretofore; and at both stores the largest selection of only warranted genuine meerschaum goods is kept. They cut pipes and cigar-holders of any shape to order, do repairing, and charge moderate prices.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOW TO DO IT. Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, can read character and give advice as to pursuits, health, &c., from likenesses. Send a prepaid envelope, and ask for the "Mirror of the Mind," which will tell how likenesses should be taken, the required measurements, terms, &c.

**6000 Agents** wanted to sell *six* new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15c. and get 80 pages, or 25c. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

**A Great Gift Picture**

WITH THE

**Literary Album,**

NUMBER 77.

Will be given away, a BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL PICTURE, bearing the title of

**"The First Lesson."**

This beautiful work of art is designed by the popular artist,

**THOMAS NAST,**

and will be engraved in the first style of art.

**No. 77,**

with which the picture will be given away, will be ready on the 18th of May.

**LOOK OUT FOR IT.**

For Sale by every News Agent.

Price 10 cents per copy.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN and BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION follows the use of Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla.

It removes black spots, pimples, and all eruptions of the skin.

WHISKERS.—Dr. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent on receipt of 10c. Address
REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is the *Great Blood Purifier.*

TENNESSEE Swamp Shrub Balsam, for improving the Beard and Mustache. For history, testimonials, and *Sample*, address John Rawlins, Box 5274, N.Y.

IN THE SPRING MONTHS the system naturally undergoes a change, and Helmbold's Highly Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla is an assistant of the greatest value.

Dr. McLANE'S

**Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.**

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

These justly celebrated remedies have been before the public for the past thirty years, during which time they have been thoroughly tested in every way, and in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have given universal satisfaction.

McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the Tape-Worm. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

Twenty-five cents expended in this way may obviate the necessity of paying many Dollars for Doctors' Bills.

**YOUNG LADIES BEWARE!**

OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy, and youthful appearance, use Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla.

**AGENTS WANTED**

To sell an article wanted in every house, hotel, office, store, &c., city and country. For particulars, address C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

NOT A FEW of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla is a remedy of the utmost value.

**FISHING TACKLE,**

In all its varieties, for sale by A. DRAPER, No. 53 Nassau St., one door from Maiden Lane, New York.

HELMBOLD'S Extract SARSAPARILLA cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

**WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.**

Grand, Square, and Upright; Melodeons: Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs—the best manufactured—to let, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.

QUANTITY *vs.* QUALITY. Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla. The dose is small. Those who desire a large quantity and large doses of medicine ERR.

BOOK OF MYSTERIOUS DISCLOSURES, 25 cts.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF COMPLEXION must purify and enrich the blood, which Helmbold's Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla invariably does. Ask for *Helmbold's.* Take *no* other.

# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

## Established 1861.

### THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**Price-List.**

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens, English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.
COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Club Order.**

Gents: The Box of Teas and Coffees I ordered of you I received on the 7th inst. The Club are well pleased: so much so that some ten that sent for small supplies wish to send for more. I have taken some pains to add to our numbers; therefore I have been enabled to send you another order somewhat larger than the first. I hope to be enabled to establish a monthly club. Accept my thanks for complimentary package.

Please fill the following order, and send by express to Chagrin Falls, Ohio, to be paid on delivery.

Yours, truly, WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 lb. | Uncolored Japan..R. Barrows | at $1 25.. | $1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..A. H. Rose | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..A. H. Rose | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Coffee..A. H. Rose | at 40.. | 40 |
| 4 | Coffee..P. Wallace | at 20.. | 80 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...Chas. Wilson | at 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 2 | Imperial..Charles Wilson | at 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Imperial..Thomas Sanders | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Thos. Sanders | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Best Gunpowder..H. Robinson | at 1 50.. | 3 00 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..G. King | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..M. Mills | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...M. Mills | at 30.. | 60 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...E. C. P. King | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Henry Church | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..E. F. Douglas | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | English Breakfast Tea..E. Frost | at 1 20.. | 1 20 |
| 2 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...E. Frost | at 30.. | 60 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...J. Walworth | at 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...Ann Ward | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..Henry Bailey | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..J. Bailey | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..J. Schuyler | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..William Austin | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...J. Williams | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| | Carried up | | $34 90 |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Brought up | | $34 90 |
| 1 lb. | Young Hyson, Green..L. Gates | at $1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 3 | Young Hyson, Green..D. Noonan | at 1 25.. | 3 75 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..M. Ward | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..H. Hubbell | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 4 | Coffee..Mary A. Cole | at 20.. | 80 |
| 1 | Fr. Bkft. & Din. Cof..S. G. Antisdale | at 30.. | 30 |
| 4 | Fr. Bkft. and Din. Cof...J. Hubbel | at 30.. | 1 20 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..N. Shippey | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...R. W. Gorton | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 2 | Young Hyson, Gr...P. Mock | at 1 25.. | 2 50 |
| 1 | Y. Hyson, Gr...J. R. Hackathorn | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Gr...D. A. White | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Oolong..R. Walters | at 1 00.. | 1 00 |
| 1 | Mixed Gr. and Black..R. Walters | at 1 00.. | 1 00 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..R. Walters | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..John S. Bullard | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..O. C. Bullard | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Uncolored Japan..A. Grinnell | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..E. C. Bullard | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..John Stillwell | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..John Stillwell | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Young Hyson, Green..A. Savage | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Imperial Green..Henry Vincent | at 1 25.. | 1 25 |
| 1 | Best Gunpowder..Julia Fish | at 1 50.. | 1 50 |
| | Total | | $67 90 |

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—*large double store.*

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**WARREN WARD & CO.,**
MANUFACTURERS OF COTTAGE FURNITURE,
HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR
**NEW WAREHOUSE,**

Nos. 75 and 77 Spring Street, corner of Crosby, one block east of Broadway, between the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan Hotels, where they are prepared to furnish every variety of CHAMBER, PARLOR, LIBRARY, and DINING-ROOM FURNITURE, BEDDING, &c., &c., UNSURPASSED IN QUALITY, and at their USUAL REASONABLE PRICES.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent postpaid for 25c.; 50 Photographs of Rebel Officers for 25c.; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties for 25c.; 100 Actors for 25c. Address C. SEYMOUR, Holland, N. Y.

$25. THE GENUINE BARTLETT SEWING MACHINE. $25.

WANTED—Agents, $150 per month and all expenses paid, to sell the genuine Bartlett Sewing Machine. This machine will do all the work that can be done on any high-priced machine, and is fully patented, licensed, and warranted for five years. We pay the above wages, or a commission, from which twice that amount can be made. For circulars and terms address H. HALL & CO., 724 Chestnut St., Philada.

$1000. AGENTS WANTED in every city and town to sell the knives of the BOARDMAN CUTLERY CO., the handiest, best and cheapest. Sample sent for 40 cents, postpaid. Address BOARDMAN & CO., New Haven, Conn.

**$25** A DAY! Fifteen new articles for Agents. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine.

**500** AGENTS WANTED in a new business. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Maine.

## SURE PILE CURE.

DR. GILBERT'S PILE INSTRUMENT, for the radical cure of Piles, Prolapsus, &c., without an operation or medicine, relieves the worst case in Five Minutes, and has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Send for a circular. Sold by Druggists generally. Discount to Dealers. Agents wanted every where. Sent by mail on receipt of $4 00.

J. B. ROMAINE, MANAGER,
575 Broadway, New York.

**READ!**

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

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"Ellis is a hero, and his life a romance. He had taken through in all more than four thousand persons. He had probably seen more adventures, in fights and races with the rebels, in long journeys, sometimes barefooted and through the snow, or swimming rivers full of floating ice, than any other person living."

☞ AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

Send for Circulars, giving full particulars, terms, &c.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

## Who is Responsible?

Victim of debility, who is responsible for your feebleness? Not yourself, you will say, for you've done all you could to cure it. That's a mistake on your part.

You haven't tried HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Gloomy dyspeptic, with an uneasy stomach and a world-weary face, of course you don't think yourself responsible for your own torments. But you are. It is easy to see from your condition that

You haven't tried HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Bilious sufferer, it is not your fault, you think, that your symptoms grow worse day by day. Blue Pill doesn't do you any good. Very likely. But you can be brought round for all that.

Why haven't you tried HOSTETTER'S BITTERS?

Friend, on whom Fever and Ague alternately blows hot and cold, and whose brain seems to be bursting with the effects of some powerful drug, do you assume the responsibility? Oh no! You've taken piles of quinine, and all the regulation medicines. What could you do more? One thing more—the very thing that would have exempted you from all the pangs that now rack you.

You have never tried HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.

Nervous invalid, what have you to say? You plead that you have taken all the nervines of the pharmacopæia. If they have done you no good, it is not your fault. You are not responsible. Wrong, all wrong. You have, in reality, nobody to blame but yourself.

Why haven't you tried HOSTETTER'S BITTERS?

For all the above-named complaints the Bitters are absolute specifics.

IMPERIAL ORGANS AND MELODEONS sent by express to any part of the country. Send for catalogue. SMITH, COLE & CO., 181 Broadway, N. Y.

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REVERSIBLE
SEWING MACHINES.

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CHEAPEST GOOD SEWING MACHINES.
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HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES. A charming, perfect, natural color for the cheeks, lips, or nails. Does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years; and can not be detected. Price $1 18, by mail, secure from observation. Address HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia.

## HELMBOLD'S
CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT
SARSAPARILLA
ERADICATES
ERUPTIVE AND ULCERATIVE DISEASES
OF THE
*THROAT, NOSE, EYES, EYELIDS, SCALP, AND SKIN,*

Which so disfigure the appearance, PURGING the evil effects of mercury, and removing all taints, the remnants of DISEASES, hereditary or otherwise, and is taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with perfect SAFETY.

TWO TABLE-SPOONFULS of the Extract of Sarsaparilla, added to a pint of water, is equal to the Lisbon Diet Drink, and one bottle is equal to a gallon of the Syrup of Sarsaparilla, or the decoctions as usually made.

AN INTERESTING LETTER is published in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review* on the subject of the Extract of Sarsaparilla in certain affections, by Benjamin Travers, F.R.S., &c. Speaking of those diseases, and diseases arising from the excess of mercury, he states *that no remedy is equal to the Extract of Sarsaparilla; its power is extraordinary, more so than any other drug I am acquainted with. It is, in the strictest sense, a tonic with this invaluable attribute, that it is applicable to a state of the system so sunken and yet so irritable as renders other substances of the tonic class unavailable or injurious.*

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CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA,
Established upward of 18 years.

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H. T. HELMBOLD,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,
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Sold by all Druggists.

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Half Morocco . . . . . 10 50 "

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

YOUNG HIBERNIA. "Jolly day we had last week at O'DONOHUE'S Wedding. Capital Champagne he gave us, and faith it was justice we did it, I can tell you."
ANCIENT HIBERNIAN (*who prefers a drop of Whisky*). "Widdings is well enough at yer time o' life, but give me a good Ould Wake."


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Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
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UPHAM'S FRESH-MEAT CURE cures CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, and all LUNG DISEASES. $1 a bottle by express. Circulars sent to any address by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists.

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FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.
Made under the immediate supervision of
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Original inventor of the Sewing Machine, whose invention is the foundation of and covers all Sewing Machines.

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*Stationary, Portable, and Propeller.*
Stationary Trunk Engines: 10HP. $450, 20HP. $750, 40HP. $1300; larger and smaller sizes in proportion.
Portable Trunk Engine and Boiler complete: 5HP. $750, 10HP. $1100, 20HP. $1500, 40HP. $3000.
Square Hoisting Engines & Platform Hoisters, all sizes.
Catalogues mailed.
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WILL MAKE
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AGENTS wanted for Russ's patent scissors sharpener, and Russ's patent knife sharpener—articles wanted in every family. Samples sent by mail for 50 cents each. Address
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WANTED—Agents—$75 to $200 per month, every where, male and female, to introduce throughout the United States, the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON-SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, bind, braid, and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for 5 years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful or elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth can not be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.
CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured.

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**MERCHANTS, BANKERS,**
And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

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## CEDAR CAMPHOR

Should be packed away with Furs and Woolens to avoid injury by MOTHS. Sold by druggists every where. HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN

PATENTED FEBRUARY 12, 1867.
The strongest and most durable hook ever made; can not get out of order. Saves the tackle, and keeps the bait on the point. Sold by Fishing Tackle Dealers. Wholesale Depot, 424 Broadway. ALFRED WOODHAM. Sample Hook and Descriptive List sent on receipt of 15 cents. Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods of all kinds.

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## IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS, FARMERS, and PLANTERS.

We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

### Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

### Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills

Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

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## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,

For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

### Diseases of the Liver.

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of CONSUMPTION have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

### Symptoms of a Diseased Liver

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites*, or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

### Fever and Ague.

DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

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## Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,

OR

## VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE MAY BE DEPENDED UPON TO EFFECT A CURE.

The universal success which has attended the administration of DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of DR. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

PREPARED ONLY BY
**FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,**
SOLE PROPRIETORS OF
**Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS and VERMIFUGE.**

**Sold by Dealers Every Where.**

The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 543.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

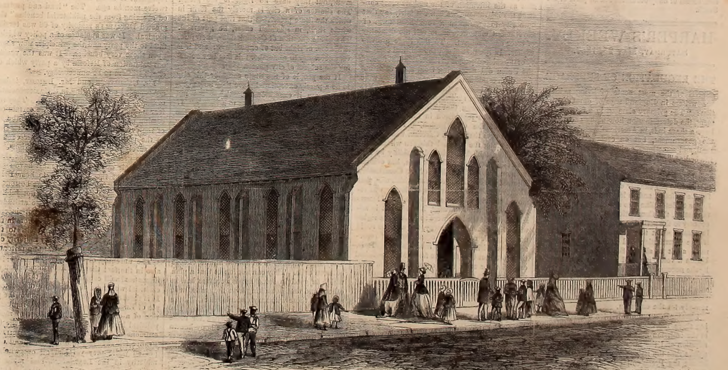
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

COLORED SCHOLARS LEARNING THEIR LESSONS ON THE STREET.

COLORED SCHOLARS ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL.

## EDUCATING THE FREEDMEN.

The army of missionaries and teachers who "followed the flag" into the South, and who have commenced a vigorous crusade against the ignorance which for so many years kept the poorer whites and negroes in slavery, is rapidly advancing upon and driving the enemy. The schools are firmly established and successful, are now seldom interrupted by the rebels, and the scoffing papers have been forced into silence. Many are the interesting facts and incidents which reach us of the progress making in breaking down the barrier of prejudice between the "poor whites" and blacks, which has been the chief obstacle to their education, and which will result in bringing the two classes into better understanding, and into a very general acceptance by both of the means of education offered by the Northern benevolent associations. These teachers are rapidly paving the way for the effective application of the great Peabody Fund, which, it will be remembered, is intended for the benefit of whites and blacks alike. Before the war there was one public school in Chattanooga, then a town of about 1500 souls; but for thirty miles in every direction around it not another school was to be found. The same region had, in 1860, a voting population of 2800 persons, of whom only 300 could read and write. Now there are five schools in Chattanooga for colored persons alone, old and young, and over 300 pupils are in daily attendance. We might enumerate other highly encouraging statements. One of the most interesting facts we have received represents the famous Andersonville prison pen, in Georgia, as a school for children, with a young lady presiding in the place of the monster Wirz! This young lady, Miss Mary S. Battey, formerly of Barrington, Rhode Island, is one of 451 teachers in the



ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—SCHOOL FOR COLORED CHILDREN.

service, at the South, of the American Missionary Association of New York. She accompanies the above interesting statement with the following effective and affecting incident, which we extract from a letter from her which we find in one of the numerous publications of the Association:

"At the close of the Sabbath-school recitations it is our practice to select and read something from the little papers which we think will benefit them. A few weeks since I read from the *Child at Home*, for July, 1866, an article entitled, 'No more Slaves in America,' which closes with Whittier's 'Laus Deo!' As I announced the title every eye was fixed on me with a look of eager interest, and as the reading continued tears began to flow—tears of joy and gladness—and from several directions we heard, 'Thank God! Thank God!'

"As I concluded the poem, poor, old, sick 'Uncle Charley' slid from his seat to his knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes, looking toward heaven, cried, 'Oh! glory, glory to God for what he has done for us wretched people! Praise to God!' And so our school closed.

"Thinking that the tribute to the spirit of the poem might do good to the heart of the author, I wrote at once the simple story to John G. Whittier, and after a few days received an autograph letter from him, thanking me for the facts, and saying, 'Uncle Charley's prayer is worth more to me than the praise of all the oppressors of his race,' and inclosing a sum of money for Uncle Charley, 'if he needs it.'"

Another teacher, writing from Raleigh, North Carolina, gives the following as the experience of a slave-woman during the war, and her rejoicings at the freedom gained thereby:

"At one of my calls the spirit of freedom moved two 'aunties' to talk freely of their former life. 'Oh, how different to what it used to be! On our plantation, when the war was going on, there was a great revival, and mistress called the colored people together and told them to pray—to pray mighty that the enemy may be driven back. So we prayed and prayed all over the plantation. But 'peared like de more de darkeys prayed de more nearer de Yankees come. Then the missus said, "Stop all this praying; I won't have it. I believe they are praying for the enemies to come." So there was no more praying where mistress could hear it for long time. By-and-by it began again, but then the Yankees were at the very doors, and the rebels hadn't time to pay 'tention to our prayers. One day my mistress came out to me, "Maria, Maria," said she, "what *does* you pray for?" "I prays, missus, that de Lord's will may be done." "But you mustn't pray that way. You must pray that our enemies may be driven back." "But, missus, if it's de Lord's will dat de Yankees come, all our praying won't halt 'em; and if it is de Lord's will to drive 'em back, den they will go back." "Oh, Maria, you mustn't talk so. Don't you know you could be shot for talking so? You don't s'pose, Maria, that any white folks will care enough about you to make you free? They are white folks, and we are white folks, and what will they care for you? They want to send you to Havany and Cuby." But I didn't believe any such foolishness. And now I'se free,' said Aunt Ellen, straightening up; 'I'se free! It 'pears like it couldn't be. When we used to think about it it 'peared like de Judgment—sure to come, but a powerful step off. But now it has come—bress God! bress God!'"

On our first page will be found three engravings of interest in this connection. "St. Philip's Protestant Episcopal Church" at Richmond, Virginia, has been occupied for two years past, under the care of the Freedmen's Bureau, as a school for colored children. This church was built a few years before the rebellion began, and was familiarly known as "The African Church." It will be remembered that it was the scene of the last desperate effort of the rebel leaders to "fire the Southern heart." After the failure of the STEPHENS and HUNTER peace-mission, in February, 1865, a grand mass meeting of Richmond rebels was held at St. Philip's Church, at which JEFF DAVIS, HUNTER, and other fire-eaters spoke; and it was on this occasion that DAVIS first announced his intention of arming the negroes. They have since been armed, but in a very different manner from that proposed by him. The sketches of the negro children on their way to school and studying in the street were drawn by our artist from life, and represent scenes of daily occurrence in all parts of the South.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1867.

## THE REGULATION OF SUFFRAGE.

ONE of the most acute of living political writers in England says of our Constitution: "The primary element in a free government, the determination how many people shall have a share in it, in America depends not upon the government, but on certain subordinate local, and sometimes, as in the South now, hostile bodies." And the writer easily shows the danger of such a system. There is no doubt that it is a cardinal defect in the Constitution that it does not exactly define the qualification for the suffrage, and in leaving it to the various States to determine who should be the voters in the nation, the Convention of 1789 exposed the country to the peril through which it has recently passed. Yet there can be little doubt that if the Constitution had made every innocent male adult in all the States of the proposed Union a voter, it would not have been ratified by the necessary number of States. This, however, does not disturb the fact that the omission was a radical error; nor the other fact, that the Constitution may contain in other clauses a remedy for the omission.

Senator SUMNER has written a letter suggesting three methods by which the consequences of the omission may be obviated under the Constitution and the laws as they now exist. He thinks that the necessity of equalizing suffrage before the Presidential election is so pressing that it is impossible to wait for the usual method of amendment by the State Legislatures, which, in this instance, also, he thinks is too uncertain to be trusted. His propositions are: *First*, That Congress is bound to secure to every State a republican form of government, and the war has settled that political disability by reason of color is unrepublican. *Second*, The Amendment abolishing slavery gives Congress power to enforce emancipation by proper legislation. It has, consequently, passed the Civil Rights Bill for the whole country, and it can equally pass a Political Rights Bill. *Third*, The amendment proposed by the Reconstruction Committee and adopted by three-fourths of the loyal States defines citizenship and forbids any State to abridge the privileges of citizens.

The second of these propositions seems to us untenable. The Amendment abolishes chattel slavery, and authorizes Congress to enforce emancipation with proper legislation. But it can not be fairly asserted, in the ordinary meaning of words, except by a rule of interpretation which is wholly inadmissible, that equality of suffrage in the State of New York is necessary to maintain emancipation in Florida.

The third proposition is equally untenable. The Amendment was indeed adopted by three-fourths of the loyal States; and that should, of course, under the circumstances, be sufficient. But Congress has not made it so. It is the opinion of Mr. SUMNER, it is our opinion, it is the opinion of many others, that the States which maintained their interpretation of the Constitution and were competent to legislate through the war, were equally and of necessity competent to amend the Constitution. But they did not decide that they were. They have not proclaimed the amendment adopted by three-fourths of them as part of the Constitution; and until that is done nobody is entitled to act upon it as if it *were* a part of the Constitution.

But the first of these propositions is unquestionably correct. Congress must be the judge of the republicanism of the State government which it is Constitutionally bound to guarantee, just as it must determine in a conflict between two claiming governments—as in Rhode Island in 1842—which is the lawful government. But how and when it shall exercise this power are purely questions of expediency. Insisting even upon an undoubted authority is often the extremest folly. BURKE never denied that Great Britain had the right to tax the Colonies, but he declared that it was wrong, under the circumstances, to exercise the right. So it would be very inexpedient for Congress, merely because it has the right, to assert that republicanism required the voting of all girls between the ages of ten and fifteen, and then call upon all the States to make their Constitutions conform. Yet Congress is the undoubted and final judge of what constitutes a Republican Government. The Constitution does not require it to ask the Supreme Court or any other authority to define such a government. In the nature of the case it must decide for itself, and from its decision there is no appeal except to the people at the polls. Therefore Congress must decide to exercise the power discreetly, or the party which controls it will be thrust from power.

It will be said that the framers of the Constitution, by leaving the suffrage to be settled by various States in which the electoral qualification differed, and in many of which slavery existed, conceded that slavery and political exclusion by reason of color were compatible with a Republican Government; and it will be urged that as the intention of the makers must construe the instrument, we can not fairly say that authority to guarantee a republican form of government empowers us to call the disability of color unrepublican. To this there are two replies. In the first place, the political disability of the colored people in the States that formed the Union did not spring from their color but from their condition. In other words, they were not freemen because they were slaves. But when slavery was abolished in any State, it can not be fairly shown that political exclusion for color only was republican in the sense of the framers of the Constitution. Indeed, Mr. SUMNER says that South Carolina was the only State among the original thirteen whose Constitution established political disability by reason of color. Slaves did not vote, but colored freemen did. The fathers of the Constitution followed the English precedent, which was, that whenever the disqualification of slavery was removed the slave became a subject. So HAMILTON says in the *Federalist*, No. 54, "It is admitted that if the laws were to restore the rights which have been taken away, the negroes could no longer be refused an equal share of representation with the other inhabitants." It is, therefore, not true that the fathers held political exclusion for color to be compatible with a republican form of government. And when New York imposed a political disability by reason of color upon a part of her citizens, the United States in Congress had a right, however impolitic and impracticable it may have been to exercise it, to protest and interfere.

But even were this not so—if it were indisputable that the fathers did think exclusion for color republican—it is both unwise and perilous, upon proper occasion, not to use every opportunity afforded by a written Constitution to adapt it to the changing fundamental opinion of the country. This is to be done in two ways: by express amendment, and by interpretation. If fairly, and without wresting plain words from their meaning, authority can be found in the Constitution even for objects not specifically contemplated by the framers, but which, in the course of time, and by radical changes of opinion, have become of the most obvious necessity for the attainment of those objects, Congress, the immediate representative of the people, may justly exercise it. It was this which justified many of the measures of Congress and the Government during the war. It was upon what is called "strict construction" that the rebellion relied for success, and it was in the school of strict construction that treason was nurtured. The fundamental law must be as flexible as possible to the conviction of the nation. When it is written like ours, and when the method of amendment is so cumbrous as in ours, the most liberal and elastic interpretation is essential to the national welfare.

It is in this spirit that Senator FRELINGHUYSEN, of New Jersey, said in a late speech: "The States may regulate suffrage; but can the States destroy the elective franchise so far as a million of native-born citizens are concerned on account of their ancestry? And if they can not, can Congress by a law forbid the exclusion of citizens from voting on account of their race? That is a question that I am not now prepared to answer."

## CITY GOVERNMENT.

IN his speech to the German delegation of protest against the Excise law, Mayor HOFFMAN very pointedly and forcibly urged the complainants to keep the peace, and to oppose the law by lawful means only. He said, "I most solemnly warn all people against the use of force. My views of riots and rioters are well known, and to the extent of my power I should deal with them in the future precisely as I have in the past." He continued by telling them that if they tried force thousands of good citizens who now supported them would oppose them. It was well and timely said.

But the Mayor, in beginning his speech, spoke of the right of the city to regulate its own affairs, which had been taken away from it. What "right" does he mean? What right have the inhabitants of the city of New York to manage any part of their local affairs which is not derived from the people of the State and of the United States? If the office of Mayor should be abolished by the Legislature, are the inhabitants of the city deprived of a right? It may be highly expedient and convenient that that part of the people of this State who live upon Manhattan Island should regulate some of their local concerns. Experience may show, as we think it generally has shown, that it is wiser to regulate local affairs by the action of the neighborhood; but when a writer speaks of local government as a principle, as we did last week, he means merely a rule derived from experience and not founded in right. For there may be very conspicuous exceptions to a rule founded upon such experience; and in no proper sense can that part of the population plead that they have a right to regulate those concerns to the injury of the whole population of the State. The local authority, which the inhabitants of the city as a corporate body now have or ever have had, is a grant from the whole people. Those inhabitants have legal rights under the grant, but they have no right *to* the grant. The charter of a city is merely the form in which the State prescribes that that part of the whole shall, in specified cases, be governed. The whole question of Commissions, therefore, is not one of right but of expediency; and it is very necessary to remember this fact in discussing the subject of city government.

If the people of the State consider this city to be a purely exceptional place they may properly govern it exceptionally. They are not obliged to sacrifice themselves to a theory. If they believe that the personal safety or the health or the property of the citizens of New York living in the city can be better secured by agencies appointed directly by the Legislature or by the Governor than by the Mayor or Common Council, they ought so to appoint them—taking the risk, of course. If some of the inhabitants of the city should ask why the Mayor is not permitted to appoint the police, for instance, let the people of the State reply, "For the same reason that you are not permitted to elect them."

Naturally, in devising methods of government for the State of New York, its people will be guided by the wisdom of experience, and by the circumstances in which they are placed. They must often, as in all human affairs, choose between evils. They can not forget that a plan which is good in some hands becomes bad in others, and that in making laws they must have regard to those who may execute them. Take the case, for instance, of the Metropolitan Police. It has been now established for more than ten years. It succeeded the body known as FERNANDO WOOD'S police, whose character is described by its name. It arose from the conviction that the good order of the city required a fundamental change in that department of the municipal government. Now what was the philosophy of this conviction? Simply this—that, as the people of the city elected a Mayor, and he appointed the police, and the police were untrusty men, the people of the city were not competent to preserve the peace and security of the State upon Manhattan Island so fully as the State wished. Therefore the whole people of the State took the matter in hand, and authorized the Governor whom they elected to name Commissioners who should appoint the police. And so excellent is that police that not only did it preserve the city from ravage in the midst of the war, but it has served as a model to other cities in the Union. No body of men in the country has a more honorable record than the Metropolitan Police of New York.

It would seem, then, that the Police Commission was of the highest expediency. But let us look again. We say that the whole people of the State appointed the Commission, for it was the act of the Legislature. That is indeed the theory, but the truth is that it was the act of the Republican party. It was resisted, and is still opposed, by the Democratic party. That party controls by a vast majority the city of New York. Now the philosophy of the appointment was, that the people of the city were incompetent to secure adequate order and safety in the city. That means merely that the party which controls the city was unable to do so. Yet that party is a unit through the State; and if it should come into power not only would the government of the whole State be in its hands, but the same reasoning which induced the Republicans to establish a police in a city which the Democrats locally controlled, the Democrats could apply to the cities and towns and villages in which the Republicans were in the majority. The result would be, that the Republicans would have established a system by which those whom they did not consider capable of regulating order in one city could control its regulation every where in the State. It is true that the Republicans would have furnished a good police, and that the inhabitants of New York would have had the education of comparing a good with a bad, but that would be no consolation to the rural districts upon which the new order would be imposed, while so long as the character of the European emigrants who pour into New York remains unchanged, that city could not benefit by its education.

We cite one illustration only; but it is enough to show that while there can be no question of the authority of the State over the city, the method of its exercise demands very thoughtful consideration. And as that method should be determined in the Constitution of the State, the more ample and thorough the discussion the better.

## AN UNREAL TRIUMPH.

THE British Tories are triumphant. They have settled the peace of Europe for the present, and they have defeated the Liberals by increasing majorities. These would be very important successes if they indicated the spread of Tory principles. But the Congress would have been suggested by a clever ministry of any party, while the majority in Parliament is merely upon a detail of the measure which the Liberal strength has forced upon the Tories. The latter are fighting under false colors. They are succeeding by undertaking a work which is repugnant to them, and at which they sneered twelve months ago. The "loud and protracted cheering from the ministerial benches" that greeted DISRAELI'S majority of 66 was terribly illogical. It was applause of a policy which is fatal to the party and the principles now seated upon those very benches. It was the vociferous salutation of Reform by a party which declares Reform to be unnecessary.

Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, indeed, are reported as unsparing in their denunciation of the particular measure proposed. They may fear that, as a question of policy, a certain concession of the principle may moderate the zeal of the demand for what they consider essential to the peace and prosperity of their country. But surely the defeat had its consolations. As the two great Liberal leaders heard the shouting of their opponents they must have smiled to think that they had lived to hear British Tories jubilant over Reform. At bottom, indeed, the Tories, of course, are not jubilant. They have been forced into a false attitude by the tactics of a temporary and not-sincerely-trusted leader. The Roman emperors in their triumphs chained captive monarchs to their chariot-wheels. So in this Tory majority of 66 GLADSTONE really leads DISRAELI a prisoner.

The unreality of the Tory triumph appears also in the fact that the Reform agitation continues and will continue. And this shows the essential weakness of the House of Commons. It is theoretically the representation of the people of England. Actually it is the representation of a class only. The student of modern political history does not forget that the Government and dynasty of LOUIS PHILIPPE in France fell suddenly into total ruin and disappeared while they yet had an overwhelming majority in the Legislature, and more than 800,000 placemen or office-holders. On the other hand, he has seen this country, as during the last summer, troubled by the menace of civil commotion, perfectly pacified the moment

it saw a majority in Congress. The reason is that in this country Congress *does* represent the people. A large majority indicates both the conviction and the power of the nation. But it did not in France, and it does not in England. MACAULAY saw this plainly, and he suspected the peril, and therefore he said, with excellent insight, that the next great struggle in England would be between the Parliament and the people.

Mr. ROBERT LOWE and the clever British Conservatives perpetually demand to be shown the specific advantage which would be gained by an increase of the number of voters. What abuse can you name which would be corrected by it? they ask: what difficulty is there for which this reform is the evident remedy? The reply to these very practical gentlemen is wholly practical. In a country like England if twelve hundred thousand people have the exclusive management of the government, and five millions who have no share think that it would be better if they had a share, it *is* better. The plain fact is, that they will take it if you do not give it. There is no need of arguing delicate distinctions of moral right, of the theoretical origin of government, or of greater or less probability. The moment a statesman perceives that it is the settled wish of the popular heart the question becomes in his mind merely one of method. If, therefore, instead of sixty-six majority for a limited reform there had been six hundred majority for no reform whatever, the situation would not be in the least changed. The demand would only become more imperative; and a wise minister would advise the voters to heed the people rather than the Parliament.

## JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WHEN JEFFERSON DAVIS was caught running away in his wife's petticoats, if he had been summarily tried, convicted, and executed as a rebel in arms against the Government, the public opinion of the country and of mankind would probably have justified the act. We are glad that such was not his fate, although it very soon became clear that nothing remained but to allow him to go at large untouched.

That result is now reached. After the most undignified delay upon the part of the Government he has been surrendered to the civil authorities, and by them arrested for high treason and bailed in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, precisely the amount of the reward offered by the President for his capture as an accessory in the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN. Maintaining a consistency of folly the Government not only has not formally withdrawn the charge of assassination, but after two years of preparation announces that it is not ready to proceed to the trial for treason; and the prisoner is released with the most perfect understanding upon all sides that he is not to be tried at all. When the Government saw that it could not sustain the charge of complicity in the assassination, and had decided that DAVIS could not wisely be tried for treason, it should have released him upon his parole, as it had released ALEXANDER STEPHENS.

Before these lines are read JEFFERSON DAVIS will probably have arrived in New York, and the same feeling which lifted the hats of many in the crowd at Richmond will offer him respectful homage here. But while we rejoice in the strength and nobility of a popular government which can properly do an act so unprecedented as the virtually unconditional release of such an offender, let no American citizen forget for a moment, or fail to teach his children, how wicked the crime was, and how enormous the moral guilt of the criminal. It was a crime measured by which the offenses for which every day men are sent to prison and hung are trivial and unimportant; a causeless and cruel crime, for which hundreds of thousands of hearths are desolate and countless hearts are broken.

JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associates, to gratify a fierce political ambition, sought to destroy a mild government which they had always controlled, not because it threatened their liberty or property, but because they feared it might prevent their destroying the liberty and stealing the property of other men. They attempted this work by fire and sword and untold and unimaginable tortures. For four years they waged bloody war against a government which they did not allege had ever injured or was then trying to injure them. The flower of brave and noble youth was cut down. Like RACHEL the land mourned her darlings because they were not, because they lay dead upon the field or starving and mad in the pens of Andersonville and Salisbury.

For these crimes—which in their nature and by the means necessary to subdue them transcend the forms of human law—for these crimes, committed not in the hope that justice might be done, but with the purpose of perpetuating the most revolting injustice forever, God himself will be the Judge. And so long as Americans love liberty, and respect law, and honor manhood—so long as truth and justice are sweeter to them than cruelty and wrong, their good sense will pierce the sophisms of DAVIS and his associates to their foul and ghastly purpose, which was not only the overthrow of the Government but the degradation of human nature, and to accomplish which they slew our dearest and our best.

## MINES AND MINING SHARES.

ALTHOUGH the employment of the precious metals in the useful arts and as standards of value dates back almost to the earliest history of man, yet until within a recent period the known deposits have been comparatively few and the production limited. It is true that modern research has discovered evidences of most extensive mining operations once carried on in Peru and Mexico, and in the Superior copper regions by a race of men who are now extinct. Quite possibly those mines engaged the attention and exclusive labor of densely populated districts; but so far as positive knowledge goes, it was not until the discovery of the California gold fields that whole communities and mankind in general became infected with the mining fever. The year 1846 was the beginning of the mining epoch—in truth, of another "golden era."

Since then the discovery of mineral wealth has been constant, universal, and utterly beyond all precedent. It has been astounding. Hardly a year has passed that has not realized some golden dream. It would seem as though the earth had suddenly poured out all her hidden treasures into the lap of man at once. From the northern limits of North America to its southern confines mineral deposits of the richest character have been revealed—of gold, silver, copper, iron, antimony, lead, and coal. These beds and veins are traced through all the British provinces and possessions; they are found in the distant Territories of Colorado, Idaho, Oregon, New Mexico, Montana, and Arizona; in British Columbia, and in many of the Mexican States. In Australia there are inexhaustible mines of gold; they exist in New Zealand, South America, and even in the islands of the great oceans. What vast sums are annually being added to the world's wealth from these many tributaries! More than one hundred millions are yearly poured into the coffers of the United States from its own resources alone, constituting an everlasting guaranty against repudiation and breach of plighted faith. In like manner, and with constantly increasing richness, the gold fields of Canada and Nova Scotia are contributing their share to the world's wealth. Evenly and impartially has Fortune allotted these mineral deposits all over the globe. Ophir is no longer the favored region to freight the treasure-ships of far-off peoples. Gold is laid down at every man's door—on the Equator and at the Antipodes.

In America the stimulus of a redundant currency and the uncertainties of the earlier years of the war, which drove men to seek unwonted investments for their money, gave to mining operations an impetus before unheard of. The discovery of such vast mineral deposits at the time seemed most opportune. For a while every one seemed wild with the prevailing mania. Rural districts were drained of their populations, which abandoned their farms to seek for gold. Capital poured into the great commercial centres without stint; innumerable stock companies were formed; the Mining Boards could not do all the business brought before them; speculators multiplied like locusts; all kinds of mining shares were at par or far above par. Thousands of those credulous persons who are wont to think all gold that glitters were found to embark in every venture. Few paused to inquire into the real value of the innumerable inducements held forth to tempt investment. None doubted.

The harvest was long, and most abundant to those who reaped where they had not sown; but the unfortunate dupes finally began to discover that the larger portion of these dazzling lures were the fungous growths of scheming speculation—that some mines were purely fictitious; that others, represented as being worked with large prospective profits, had barely received a superficial examination by some professional geologist; and that most were likely to sink their capital subscribed deeper than they sunk their shafts. Then suddenly there was a rush to get out; but it was too late—the trap was sprung! The whole glittering fabric came down with a squelch, amidst dust and rubbish. Victims were counted by hundreds. That was the end of the speculative fever at the Mining Board. Scores of mining shares that had been favorites unaccountably disappeared from the call lists; and the tendency of all the rest has since been downward. The best stocks now seldom appear in the market at all. Every day the moderator of the Mining Board calls off a score or so of indifferent or worthless samples by way of form, and thumps with his mallet to give emphasis to spiritless bids; but the whole aspect of the Board is funereal. Once, a few weeks ago, the market was galvanized into a show of activity by parties who attempted to bolster up Corydon and Gregory; but the sequel has since been seen, and, despite their efforts, few persons have any greater faith in mining shares to-day than they had six months or two years ago. The quotations may now be said to be merely nominal. That man would be a curiosity indeed who could be found willing to go into any new mining enterprise whatever. The speculators overdid the business, and thereby killed their profitable goose.

Nevertheless the field for legitimate enterprise is abundantly large. The harvest of precious metals that is even now gathered every year is marvelously rich. A few years more will develop facts and resources still more startling; for as yet the history of mining in America has but just begun.

## MAJOR-GENERAL SICKLES AND THE FLAG.

THE action of General SICKLES in ordering the National flag to be carried and respected by the Firemen's procession in Charleston has been severely criticised by the Copperheads as the "iron heel," and by some Union papers as an unnecessary and therefore impolitic stretch of authority. Now it is precisely such details of conduct which can not be judged at a distance. The wisdom or impolicy of such an order depends entirely upon the information of the commander upon the spot. Of course it seemed at first sight harsh that the General should have ordered the flag to be borne in a procession which, as it was reported, never carried any flag. It appeared to be as arbitrary as an order to any private person or corporation to display the flag upon his dwelling-house or office. But if the General had issued such an order as that, have we not had experience enough to know that probably it would not have been without reason?

So it proves in the present case. It appears that at the Firemen's parade of last year the American flag was not seen; the General expressed his regrets, and the omission was reported to him by the authorities and citizens as an inadvertence. When the column was assembling upon this occasion, instead of appearing without flags or emblems, which was stated to be the rule, the companies carried various emblems, but the American flag was omitted. The Stonewall Fire Engine Company appeared in the rebel gray uniform, and with a full-sized portrait of STONEWALL JACKSON suspended over their engine. It was plain that the parade was to be a covert ovation in memory of the rebellion, and the Major-General of the United States commanding the district therefore said to the proper authorities: "I shall not forbid the honor you wish to show in this way to a man whom you respect, but it certainly shall not be done at the expense of the honor of the United States; you will also carry and respect the National flag."

Such an act of firmness shows to the mourners of the "lost cause" that the United States are in earnest. When a State is under military rule it is so because the State is in a condition in which words and forms are deeds. The commanding General, who understands exactly what public demonstrations mean, is the best judge what shall be allowed to be said and done.

## LIGHT WANTED.

WE lately called attention to a most extraordinary law which was passed by the late Legislature and approved by the Governor, conferring unlimited and virtually irresponsible powers upon either one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this district who should be selected by the Governor. The time within which the designation of the Justice was to be made has expired, and it is announced that the Governor will make no appointment. Why not? If there were reason for the law there is reason for executing it. The action of the Governor makes it a dead letter. Why then was the law passed? Was the power intended for a particular Judge? If so, who is he, and why was it intended for him? What was the influence and who were the persons that procured the passage of this bill? There is some mystery, and about such a law conferring such vast powers and involving the charge of so many millions of dollars every thing should be perfectly intelligible. Who were known to be at Albany urging the passage of this bill? and is it known whether, if any persons were urging it, they also recommended any one of the Justices for appointment?

## THE EIGHT-HOUR LAW.

THERE is now an eight-hour law in the State of New York as well as in Illinois, and in both cases it can only be regarded as a bid for the favor of the ignorant. It is one of the propositions which, like a resolution of sympathy with "oppressed nationalities," it is considered a party necessity for every body of all parties to support. But what is this law? Governor ENGLISH, of Connecticut, highly commends the eight-hour system in his Message. His commendation is ludicrously unmeaning. He says, in substance, that when the employer and the workman agree that eight hours shall be a working-day, he shall be perfectly satisfied. His Excellency is very careful not to say that he thinks the workman ought to ask or the employer to give nine hours' wages for eight hours' work. But if the cloth merchant and the customer can agree that two feet shall make a yard, Governor ENGLISH will interpose no objection.

The Illinois bill declares that in all mechanical trades and branches of day-labor, except farm employments, eight hours shall be a legal day's work when there is no contract to the contrary. But the act is not to affect labor by the year, month, or week; nor shall any body be prevented from working as much as he chooses; and if any body shall interfere in any way whatever with another's working he shall be held guilty of a misdemeanor. What was the immediate result of such a law? Merely that large employers proposed to hire by the hour. No law of a Legislature can outwit the law of nature and of society. Suppose the Illinois or the New York Legislature should pass a bill making two hours a legal day's labor, and requiring every employer to continue to pay for two hours' work the same price that he is now paying for ten, what would be the result? The result would be no employment, for no employer could afford to buy labor at that price. Now a workman has labor to sell. His commodity must obey the law of trade like all other commodities. If there is no demand he can not sell. If, therefore, the law destroys the demand for labor, the law destroys the laborer.

Why not pass a law equalizing wealth? Because it would annihilate wealth. It would make every man work just enough to supply his own necessities, and the world would relapse into barbarism. But there would be no shorter cut for any body to an easier livelihood. These are simple truths which Governor ENGLISH and the legislative orators forget to mention, but which nobody should forget to ponder.

## MARSHALL'S LINCOLN.

MR. W. E. MARSHALL'S portrait of ABRAHAM LINCOLN is a wonderful reproduction of that profoundly sad, quaint, powerful, rugged, and tender face, which is so familiar and so precious to the American people. The artist has not been afraid of its homeliness; and in the noble head he has drawn, bent as if with the heavy weight of care—in the deep, weary eyes, full of truth and sweetness—in the firmness of the jaw, which knows not how to yield, it is easy to see that unquailing faith and unconquerable will which made LINCOLN the characteristic representative of this country at its most critical hour. It is a wholly American, wholly Western face; typical of the spirit which prevailed in the struggle and which will mould the future. Mr. MARSHALL, the painter and engraver of this picture, is still a young man, born in New York. He lived a few years in Chicago, and after engraving watch-cases and bank-notes, made himself first generally known by his engraving in line of ELLIOTT'S portrait of COOPER. This was followed by that of STUART'S WASHINGTON, of which the LINCOLN is the worthy companion. The diligence and devotion and infinite patience which are essential to every great engraving are well rewarded in this case, not only by a wide recognition of its excellence, but by a feeling of gratitude for a kind of national service.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE South Carolina Republican State Convention met at Charleston on May 7. Only one white man was present.

The Republican party appears to be more successful in disseminating its doctrines in North Carolina than in any other of the ten unreconstructed States. Union Republican meetings are being held throughout that State by the freedmen, at which resolutions indorsing the party are generally passed. One of these meetings, in Pasquetank County, resolved to accept the platform of the Republican party of North Carolina, adopted at Raleigh on the 27th of April. In Pearson County over one thousand colored persons recently assembled and indorsed the Republican party. The colored men of Gates County assembled in mass meeting adopted resolutions to "co-operate with the Union Leagues of the loyal States in completing the great moral and political reforms which the suppression of the rebellion has rendered necessary and practicable."

Governor Orr, of South Carolina, interests himself in the emigration of New Hampshire people to his dominions.

The Georgia injunction case was finally dismissed by the Supreme Court, on May 13, on the ground of want of jurisdiction.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Joseph A. Wright, United States Minister to the Court of Prussia, died in Berlin on May 11.

The Commissioners of Charities and Correction report that there are in New York 30,000 children under twelve and over five years of age, whose guardianship is such that they are utterly deprived of the advantages of Common School education.

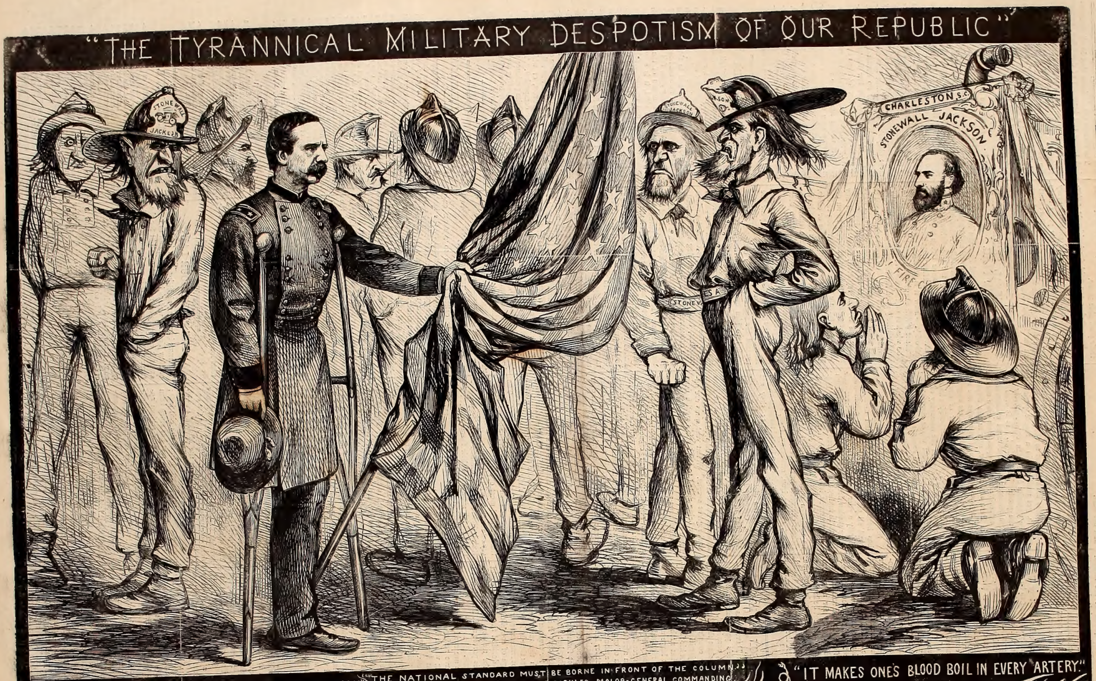
The friends of William Lloyd Garrison have presented him with $50,000 as a tribute to his life-long labors in the anti-slavery cause.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Peace Congress convened to settle the Luxemburg question met in London on May 7, and concluded its labors on May 9. By the terms of the treaty agreed upon and duly ratified the leading Powers guarantee the neutrality of Luxemburg; Prussia agrees to evacuate the province in one month; the great fortress is to be razed to the ground, and the province is to continue subject to the king of Holland.

A division of the House of Commons on an amendment to the Derby Reform bill occurred on May 10. The amendment was a slight concession to the Liberal party, and had the anticipated effect of dividing the Liberal members, so that the vote was in favor of the Ministry by sixty-six majority. John Bright and Gladstone denounced the measures of the bill as most unjust and offensive.

Earl Derby declared in the House of Lords, on May 11, that the real history of the late Irish rebellion would not be made public, because foreign governments would be implicated thereby.



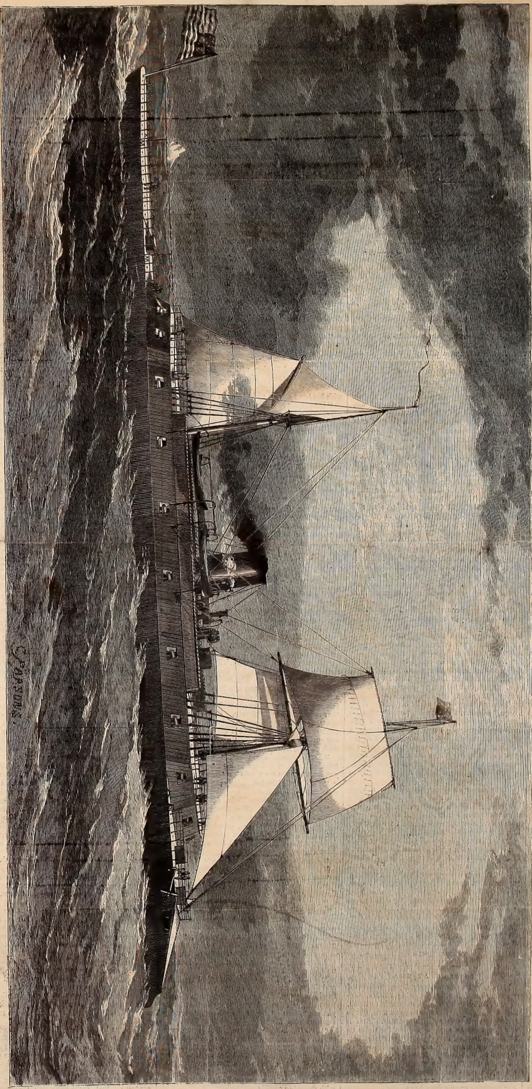

"FATAL TO THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION"
"O MY CONSTITUTION!"
"DOES THE CONSTITUTION SAY THAT WE MUST CARRY A UNION FLAG?"

"THE NATIONAL STANDARD MUST BE BORNE IN FRONT OF THE COLUMN."
D. E. SICKLES. MAJOR-GENERAL COMMANDING.

"IT MAKES ONE'S BLOOD BOIL IN EVERY ARTERY."
"WHAT COULD BE MORE DEGRADING THAN TO CARRY THE AMERICAN FLAG?"

Th. Nast.

"Charleston, S. C., *April 29, 1867.*—. . . . By some the order was therefore looked upon as an intrusion unjustifiable, if not tyrannical. These were in favor of an abandonment of the parade. Some of the more violent left the ranks and went home. . . . . No objection, they thought, ought to be made, particularly as the Stonewall Fire Engine Company appeared on the ground in Confederate gray, and with a full-sized portrait of Stonewall Jackson suspended over their engine."—*Special Correspondent of the New York Herald.*



THE STEAM RAM "DUNDERBERG."—Built by William H. Webb.—[From a Picture published by Endicott & Co., New York.]

## THE STEAM RAM "DUNDERBERG."

We present on this page an engraving of the steam ram *Dunderberg* as she appeared on her late trial trip in New York Bay. It was clearly demonstrated on that occasion that this formidable vessel is the largest, stanchest, and most easily-handled engine of naval warfare which has yet been built in this or any other country. Her motive power is ample, her sea-going qualities admirable, and her speed such that she can be managed with equal facility in an ordinary harbor and upon the broad ocean. The public will therefore regret to know that she has lately passed into the hands of a foreign power. The contract between the Government and Mr. William H. Webb, the builder, called for the furnishing of the vessel at a cost of $1,250,000, whereas the cost of her construction was over $2,000,000. Mr. Webb was offered by the Russian Government $3,000,000 for the *Dunderberg* as she now stands, and applied to the President and the Secretary of the Navy for permission to sell her. The late trip was ordered by Secretary Welles to decide whether the ram should be accepted by the Government at the cost price or left on Mr. Webb's hands. Congress, on March 4, decided to release Mr Webb from his contract, and it is now understood that the vessel has been sold to the Emperor of the French for $3,000,000.

The following description of the vessel, in connection with our engraving, will give the reader a clear idea of her immense proportions and strength: Extreme length, 387 feet 4 inches; extreme beam, 70 feet 10 inches; depth of main hold, 21 feet 7 inches; height of casemate, 7 feet 9 inches; length of ram, 50 feet; draught of water when ready for sea, 21 feet; tonnage, 5090 tons; weight of iron armor, 1000 tons. This immense frigate displaces 7000 tons of water. Her engines are two in number, each of the following capacity: cylinders (two), each 100 inches; stroke of piston, 45 inches. The diameter of her propeller is 21 feet, and its weight is 84,580 pounds. She has capacity in her coal-bunkers for carrying 1000 tons of coal, and her actual horse-power is 5000—nominally 1500 horse. Taking in this huge naval monster at a glance, she presents to the eye the appearance of a large fortification set afloat upon an enormous vessel; and yet, so symmetrically is she formed, that the angular armor of her casemate presents no indication of ungainliness whatever.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

### Book I.

### CHAPTER VII.

A FAMILY DINNER AT BRAMLEY MANOR.

Mrs. Charlewood was a member of the Reverend Decimus Fluke's congregation. So was Miss Augusta. The latter, indeed, was very much given to professions of piety of a somewhat melancholy and soul-depressing character. Miss Augusta, though a beauty and an heiress, eschewed the worldly amusements which might have appeared most calculated to tempt a young lady of her age and attractions. She went to balls occasionally; but she never waltzed. She sometimes attended the performance of an oratorio; but she seldom went to a secular concert. And as for the play! Miss Augusta would not have entered the doors of a theatre on any pretext or persuasion whatsoever. Stay, I must record one exception to this rule. When the Misses Charlewood once passed a season in London, Augusta, radiant in a rich and elegant toilet, had been seen several times in a box at the Italian Opera. But then, it *was* the Italian Opera. And the *élite* of London society were there to be seen—and to see. And it cost a great deal of money. So Miss Augusta had been to the Italian Opera.

Her sister Penelope, independent in this matter as in most others, declined to attend the Reverend Mr. Fluke's church; but was in the habit of going to a chapel in the neighborhood of Bramley Manor, where very high-church services were performed with much elaboration, and where the sermon never exceeded fifteen minutes in length. The chapel was a bran-new construction, of a very florid style of architecture, with cast-iron crosses stuck on each of its many pinnacles, and bits of colored glass inserted in all the windows. Penelope complained that Mr. Fluke's sermons made her bilious. "Sitting still to be bullied three times every Sunday disagrees with my constitution," said she. "When there's any bullying going, I like to do my share of it," she added, frankly.

However, though the seven Misses Fluke groaned in concert over the Puseyism—in their mouths the word was almost synonymous with perdition—of the eldest Miss Charlewood, they were very willing to go to Bramley Manor whenever they had a chance of doing so. And the Charlewood family were, to use Mr. Fluke's own phrase, "some of the brightest jewels in his congregation." Thus it came to pass that from the Misses Fluke the Charlewoods heard of Mabel's visit to Corda Trescott. Clement had learned the fact from Corda herself, but had said nothing about it, feeling possibly some little pique at Mabel's disregard of his advice, and feeling also, in a half unconscious way, very reluctant to canvas the subject at home. But his sisters were not so reticent.

One evening when the whole family was assembled round the dinner-table, and after the servants had left the room, Augusta opened fire after this fashion:

"What a queer girl Mabel Earnshaw is!"

Her father looked up from his walnuts. He was a very handsome old man; it was from him that Augusta inherited her beauty. He was

dressed in a somewhat peculiar fashion, his attire being, in fact, a close imitation of the costume of a well-known nobleman in the neighboring county, to whom he bore a strong resemblance. Mr. Charlewood had occasionally been mistaken for this nobleman by strangers; and had once been addressed by a fellow-traveler in a railway carriage as "my lord"—a circumstance which, strange to say, afforded him very great gratification.

"Queer? Mabel Earnshaw queer?" said he, addressing his daughter Augusta. "Well; hers is a very pleasant kind of queerness, at all events. I thought she was your dearest friend."

"Oh!" exclaimed Walter, a good-looking, light-haired lad, who was giving himself mighty airs of connoisseurship over his port-wine, "don't you know, Sir, that Miss Earnshaw has been thanked and dismissed the service? Jane Fluke is promoted to the post of dearest friend, vice Mabel Earnshaw, superseded."

"I'm sorry, dear Watty," retorted Augusta, with placid sweetness, "that Jane Fluke is not pretty. For I know *you* can't be expected to like her merely because she's good."

Walter laughed, and held his peace.

"Well, but what *is* Mabel's special queerness?" asked Mr. Charlewood.

"Oh, I don't know, papa," replied Augusta; "but she is queer. I think she's—she's strong-minded."

"Gussy," remonstrated Mrs. Charlewood, looking quite shocked, "don't, my dear. You shouldn't say such things of people, my love."

"Never mind, mamma," said Penelope, "thank Heaven, nobody can say of us that *we're* strong-minded. That's a great blessing. But if papa really wants to know what particular oddity Mabel has been guilty of, I think I can tell him what Augusta means. You know the little girl that Jackson managed to drive over on the last day of the festival, papa? We told you all about it. Well, Mabel Earnshaw has taken a craze about the child, and has been to see her."

"Nothing very queer in that, is there?" asked Mr. Charlewood, dipping a walnut into his wine.

"Oh, but the child belongs to such dreadful people," replied Augusta, "and lives in such a low neighborhood. New Bridge Street, papa!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Charlewood, shortly. He had reminiscences of still lower neighborhoods than New Bridge Street, but he kept them to himself.

"The Flukes told us about it, my dear," said Mrs. Charlewood to her husband. "Mabel has joined them in district visiting for a time while Eliza is ill. But Miss Fluke says she fears—she greatly fears—that Mabel 'asn't yet got real conversion. Well, we can't but 'ope and pray for her. Miss Fluke says she's only joined to have an opportunity of visiting this little girl."

"Miss Fluke is the most intolerable fool," said Clement, breaking silence for the first time, and angrily pushing his plate away from him; "and I wonder at Miss Earnshaw having any thing to do with her."

"Dear old Fluke!" cried Walter, with a mischievous glance at his sister Augusta. "I think she's charming. Here's her health, with three times three. By jingo, she's a clipper, is Miss Fluke!"

"Really, Watty," observed Augusta, with dignity, "you take more of that old port than is good for you, my dear boy."

"As to being a fool, Clem," said Penelope, rising to follow Mrs. Charlewood out of the room, and speaking into Clement's ear, as he held the door open for his mother and sisters to pass, "Miss Fluke *is* a fool, of course. But you can't expect her to be as devoted to Mabel Earnshaw's beaux yeux as some people are."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Clement, shutting the door sharply after the ladies, and walking back to his place.

"What was that Penny said?" asked Mr. Charlewood.

"Only nonsense, Sir," rejoined Clement, shortly.

"Penny don't often talk nonsense either," replied his father.

"How modest you are, Clem!" said Walter. "I declare you're positively blushing! 'Pon my soul you are! I couldn't do that to save my life." Walter contemplated his smooth young face in the bowl of a dessert-spoon with much self-satisfaction.

"Where are you off to, Watty?" asked Mr. Charlewood, as his youngest son lounged toward the door.

"I'm going down to Plumtree's, Sir," replied the lad, after an instant's hesitation.

"To Plumtree's? Don't overdo Plumtree's, Watty. I don't like so much billiards. When I was your age I didn't know one end of a cue from the other."

"All right, Sir!"

"No, I don't know that it *is* all right, Sir," returned his father, irritated by Walter's nonchalant tone. "You get through a precious sight of money as it is, young gentleman, without helping it off by billiards. Do you ever consider what an expense you've been to me? And what a still greater expense you will be if I buy you a commission, as you are always plaguing me to do?"

"I suppose you can afford it, Sir," said Walter, sulkily. His manly dignity was giving place to a very naughty-boy air, as he stood with his hand on the fastening of the door, turning it backward and forward with a clicking noise.

"*I* don't suppose so, though. Giving you money is like pouring water into a sieve. I won't have you hanging about Plumtree's. So that's flat."

"It's very hard," muttered Walter, almost whimpering, "to be kept in like a school-boy. They'll think me a blessed muff, when I'd promised particularly to go there to-night to see the match between Lord Higsworth's son and Tiffin of the Carbineers. There's a whole lot of fellows going from the barracks."

"Lord Higsworth's son?" said Mr. Charlewood.

"Yes, young Skidley," said Walter, eagerly pursuing his advantage, as he saw his father's face soften. "And there'll be Captain De Vaux, and Fitzmaurice, and Plowden, and no end of tip-top fellows."

"If you promised, Walter," said Mr. Charlewood, with a moral air, "of course you are bound to go. I didn't know you had given your word. The Honorable Arthur Skidley, you said?"

"Yes, Sir. He and I are as thick as thieves. He's no end of a brick."

"He may be no end of a brick, but he is not even the beginning of a gentleman," said Clement.

Next moment the fragrance of a cigar was blown across the hall, as the boy opened the house door, and set off gayly down the avenue.

"Surprising what high friends Watty makes!" said Mr. Charlewood, when he and his elder son were alone together.

"I don't like Watty's getting into that set, Sir," said Clement. "He is a mere boy, and his head is always turned by his newest acquaintances."

"Men of family, Clem," said his father, moving uneasily in his chair. "Men of family, and—and—fashion."

"There are blackguards to be found in all classes, unfortunately; and, I assure you, that Arthur Skidley is looked upon very coolly by the best men in his own rank."

"I didn't think you had so much class prejudice, Clem."

"I hope I have no class prejudice, father. But I know that Skidley and his associates are no more to be accepted as specimens of English gentlemen than drunken Dicky Dawson the mason is to be taken as a fair type of an English artisan."

Mr. Charlewood emptied his glass in silence, and then rose and walked to the fire, where he stood with his back against the chimney-piece. The autumn evenings were beginning to get chilly, and there was a touch of frost in the air, which made the fire blaze briskly.

"Well, Clem," said he, with a sharp glance that recalled his daughter Penelope's glittering eyes and shrewd expression: "since we seem to be in the lecturing line to-night, let me say that I hope and suppose it *is* all nonsense what Penny said about you and little Earnshaw."

"Oh, you did hear it then, Sir?"

"Why, I heard something. Penny used some French word or other, but I believe I made out the meaning."

"Well, Sir?" said Clement, rising also, and standing opposite to his father on the hearth-rug.

"Well, that's all, Clement. I hope and suppose it *is* all nonsense."

"I don't quite understand why you should hope it, father; but I can truly say that I never thought of Miss Earnshaw in that way. She is almost a child compared to me. The idea is absurd. At the same time, I beg you to understand that I am not binding myself in the least degree to any prescribed course of conduct in the matter."

"Of course, of course, Clem. I'm not meaning to dictate to you, my boy."

"I can not understand what objection you could have to Miss Earnshaw, supposing—but it's altogether preposterous. Chattering girl's folly of my sister's."

"No objection in the world to Mabel Earnshaw—as Mabel Earnshaw, Clem. She's a nice, bright, well-behaved little girl, and as good as gold. But it isn't the sort of connection I dream of for you, my boy. Money is not to be despised, but I waive money—we are not beggars. What I hope," said Mr. Charlewood, pausing with his hand on the door—"what I hope you'll look for is family, Clem. You know my history. I have raised myself a good many degrees in the world, and I should like to set my son after me a few rounds higher on the ladder." With those words Mr. Charlewood walked out of the dining-room without giving Clement an opportunity to reply.

The young man threw himself into a large arm-chair by the fire, and shading his eyes with his hand, fell into a deep meditation until the servant came to ask if he would go up stairs to take coffee, or whether it should be brought to him in the dining-room?

"I'll go up to the ladies," said Clement, rousing himself with a start. "I've nearly sat the fire out here." Then when the man had left the room again he passed his hand over his forehead with a half laugh: "Tut," he muttered, "what a fool I am! It's preposterous, and out of the question. Confound all silly chattering tongues! By Jove, if such a thing *were* to happen they might thank themselves for it. I swear it never entered my head before. But it's altogether absurd. Quite absurd." And Clement walked up stairs, humming an air with somewhat defiant cheerfulness.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### DOOLEY AT TEA.

Mabel had no opportunity for some time of repeating her visit to little Corda; for Mr. Saxelby fell ill, and was obliged to remain at home. Enforced idleness is irksome to most men, but to Mr. Saxelby it was positive torment. And it was by no means a pleasant time for those on whom the duty of nursing him devolved. Mr. Saxelby could scarcely endure to lose sight of his wife for an instant. If she quitted his room he would ask where she was, and why she did not return, eight or ten times in the course of as many minutes. And he would take neither food nor medicine except from her hands.

On Mabel, therefore, fell the government of the house, and the care of her little brother. This last was no tax on her patience or good-will, for she loved the little fellow dearly. The child was a fair, pretty boy of nearly four years old. Somewhat delicate and frail in body, but with an active intelligence that was ever eager to learn. He looked upon "sister Tibby"—so he called her—as an inexhaustible encyclopedia of information. He was christened Julian, but had translated that appellation in his baby fashion into "Dooley," by which name he was habitually called at home.

Mabel was sitting at tea one evening with the child (having sent up a tray to the sick-room), when some one rang the house-bell, and after a few minutes the door of the sitting-room was gently opened, and a figure stood on the threshold. It was already dusk, though not late, and the fire-light did not suffice to show the visitor's face distinctly.

"Who is it?" asked Mabel. But almost as she spoke she recognized Clement Charlewood, and rose to greet him. "I am having tea," observed Dooley, for the benefit of all whom it might concern, "b'own tea."

"Good-evening, Miss Earnshaw. Our people sent yesterday to ask for Mr. Saxelby; and as I was coming into the neighborhood of Fitzhenry Road, I said I would call myself and inquire." This was true in the letter, but not in the spirit; since it was to no member of his family that Clement had announced his intention of visiting Jessamine Cottage, but only to the servant charged with making the daily inquiries. "I'm going myself, James," he said, briefly. And James, though glad enough to be relieved of his duty, had doubtless canvassed his young master's decision in the servants' hall with judicial impartiality.

"It's very good of you. Papa is better." It was characteristic of Mabel that she invariably called Mr. Saxelby "papa" as soon as he was ill and suffering.

"I," repeated Dooley, with increased emphasis, "are having tea. B'own tea."

"Why, that's famous, Dooley," said Clement, with his hand on the child's flaxen curls.

"What's dat?" asked Dooley, pausing in the act of conveying a spoonful of the pale cinnamon-colored liquid into his mouth, and thereby inundating his pinafore.

"What's famous? Capital, first-rate, very good. You know what that means?"

Dooley nodded. "Tibby's firs' yate," said he, clutching his spoon after the fashion of a dagger, and thoughtfully rubbing his forehead with the bowl of it.

"Don't do that, darling," urged the subject of his panegyric. "I am so much obliged to you for coming, Mr. Charlewood. I believe papa will be quite well in a day or two."

"And Mrs. Saxelby?"

"She is a little worn, but it is nothing. I would send to tell her you are here, but papa can't bear her out of his sight. And I have just sent her a cup of tea into his room."

"B'owner tea dan mine," announced Dooley, in an explanatory manner. "But dis ain't white, is it?"

"No indeed; quite brown."

"Sometimes my tea *is* white," said Dooley, as though impelled by a sense of candor to state the whole case, though it was evidently a sore point with him.

"Pray, Miss Earnshaw," said Clement, "don't think of disturbing your mother. I have not many minutes to stay."

"He can 'top till I go to bed, Tibby, can't he?" said Dooley. Mabel laughed frankly, and took the child on her knee. The maid had come to remove the tea-things, and had brought with her a lamp whose light was shed full on the brother and sister. Clement thought within himself that they made a charming picture. Mabel in a neatly-fitting gray dress, whose subdued tone brought out the girlish freshness of her face, and the yellow curls of the child nestling against his sister's dark shining hair.

"I understand," said Clement, with the least possible touch of stiffness in his manner, "that you have been to see Corda Trescott."

"Yes," replied Mabel, quietly; "I told you I should go, if possible."

"You went with Miss Fluke, did you not?"

"No; not exactly. Miss Fluke and Louisa called for me at Mr. Trescott's. But I could not have gone without their aid, certainly."

"Miss Fook," murmured Dooley, sleepily, jerking his leg backward and forward; "Miss Fook's hugly."

"Hush, Dooley. You must go to bed."

"Oo're pitty," said Dooley, critically. "So's mamma, so's papa."

"And what do you think of little Corda, Miss Earnshaw?"

"I think her the most engaging little creature I have ever seen. So sensitive and gentle, and yet so full of vivacity. I want you very much to do me a favor, Mr. Charlewood."

"If I can," said Clement. He had not quite got over Mabel's cool disregard of his advice. And yet he liked her none the less for it. Somewhat the more, perhaps. But he gave himself no account of his feeling.

"It is this. Little Corda is fond of reading; and I have some children's books that were given to me long ago. I should like so much to lend her some of them. Would you mind—I know you are in the neighborhood sometimes—leaving them with her for me?"

"I will do so with pleasure. But let me, even at the risk of offending you, say once more that I do not think you are acting wisely in mixing yourself up personally with these people."

"Surely Miss Fluke is a tower of strength, Mr. Charlewood?"

"Miss Fook is a towow," observed Dooley, with drooping eyelids.

"Dear child, you *must* go to bed," said his sister, kissing him.

"I may 'top till he goes?" urged Dooley, waving a very diminutive thumb, which was not at all under command, in an endeavor to point at Clement Charlewood.

"Well, one little minute, then. I really can't see, Mr. Charlewood, why you, who seem to have a liking for, and appreciation of, Corda, should be so urgent against my going to see her."

"Miss Earnshaw, if I may venture to say so, I have also a liking for, and appreciation of, *you.*"

Mabel looked straight at him with clear eyes in which there was no trace of affectation or embarrassment. "Thank you," she said, smiling very slightly. "Well?"

"Well, believe me, it is not good for you to seek these people. If it were only the little girl, poor baby, I should say no word against it. Even her father, weak and shiftless as I take him to be, might not be utterly objectionable. But there is a brother—"

"Yes, but I have never seen him. Stay! Is he not singularly handsome, with the air of a foreigner? Ah, yes; I met him coming into the house as I left it. I should never be likely to come into contact with him."

"God forbid! I am not speaking at hazard, Miss Earnshaw, when I assure you that that young man is a thoroughly worthless fellow. I might be justified in using a stronger word. Watty, who I am sorry and ashamed to say has got into a set I very much disapprove of, has lately met young Trescott at billiard-rooms, and in much lower haunts. He is a thorough-paced young vagabond. Keen and cunning as an old experienced gambler. Vain and boastful as a boy."

He continued to speak of Walter and of the Trescotts, feeling it very sweet to have the warm ready sympathy and quick intelligence with which Mabel received his confidence. In the midst of his talk Mrs. Saxelby came in. She was pale and worn, and bore the look of one who has been blanching in a close dark room, away from free light and air.

"How is Mr. Saxelby?" asked Clement.

"He has fallen into a doze, and I have come down for a little change. I believe he is better. There is no serious evil. But you lords of the creation are terribly bad patients. I think he might have been well a week ago if he had not increased his fever and irritation by fretting. Why is this dear boy not in bed? Dooley, you are fast asleep, my pet."

"I ain't s'eepy, mamma," said Dooley, struggling into a sitting posture, with his hair all over his eyes, and one cheek flushed a deep burning red from his having pressed it against his sister's shoulder. Mrs. Saxelby rang the bell for the maid. "Go with Sarah, my boy. It is bed-time."

"Ain't *he* doin'?" asked Dooley, making one desperate effort to stand on his legs, and sliding down against his sister's dress on to the hearth-rug.

"Yes, Dooley, I am going too," said Clement. Dooley looked down at him doubtfully from the elevation of Sarah's arms.

"*Is* he doin', Tibby?" Dooley asked, with evident confidence in the truth of the reply he should get from his sister.

"I think he is, Dooley. But even if he doesn't go, you must. Because he's a grown-up man, you know, and you're only a tiny boy."

"Dood-night," said Dooley, resignedly. The view of the subject that Mabel had presented to him was one with which he was not prepared to deal in his drowsy condition.

"I *must* not stay after that," said Clement, when the child had been carried away.

"I will go and get the books I spoke of," murmured Mabel, gliding quietly out of the room. Her mother threw herself into an easy-chair with an air of weariness. She was tired in body and harassed in mind by the monotonous attendance in the sick-room; and Clement's presence was a welcome change.

"Miss Earnshaw has become a disciple of Miss Fluke's, I understand," said Clement.

"Not altogether a disciple," answered Mrs. Saxelby, "but she has consented to assist her in district visiting for a time. I don't mind telling *you* frankly that I do not like it. Mabel is not adapted for that kind of thing. She is the best, the most unselfish, the dearest child in the world. Helpful and unwearied in serving those she loves. But she is not quite—what shall I say?—not quite amenable."

"Not quite amenable to Miss Fluke, that is," said Clement, smiling.

"Exactly. You see, poor dear Miss Fluke, though actuated by the most charming motives, and—and—evangelical things of all sorts," said Mrs. Saxelby, breaking down somewhat in her eulogium, "is not clever. In a worldly sense, Miss Fluke is not clever. Now Mabel is clever. You know that it is not mere mother's partiality which makes me say so, Mr. Charlewood, but Mabel has really remarkable talent and intellect for her age."

"I know it," said Clement. But though he did not speak insincerely, it may be doubted whether he had ever looked upon Mabel in the light of a very intellectual person before. Many of our latent judgments, which might otherwise have lain dormant as the spark lies in the flint, are thus elicited by sudden contact with another mind.

"I have been taking the liberty, Mrs. Saxelby," pursued Clement, "of again speaking to your daughter about those Trescotts. You will think me very audacious to return to the charge after the severe snubbing I got from Miss Earnshaw on the subject the other day."

"Not at all audacious. Very friendly, on the contrary. But, entre nous, Mr. Charlewood, I don't see any such very strong objection to her seeing the child occasionally under the auspices

of Miss Fluke. Mabel's sympathies were strongly excited by the circumstances under which she first saw this little girl. As the child grows stronger, and does not call for her pity, Mabel's enthusiasm will cool. Though," added Mrs. Saxelby, after an instant's pause, "Mabel is not apt to be fickle; I must own that."

"Mrs. Saxelby, I have been telling Miss Earnshaw something of which you will better appreciate the weight and bearing than she can. The brother, of whom I have chanced to hear a good deal lately, is a worthless young vagabond. I suppose most people of his class and profession are dissipated and careless. But this lad is worse than that. He is a frequenter of billiard-rooms and taverns. The Trescotts are very poor. The money with which he gratifies his self-indulgence must be got in, to say the least, a disreputable way by gambling. It is a bad case. Think, Mrs. Saxelby, of the possibility of Miss Earnshaw's name being bandied about in low public houses by this young fellow and his associates." Clement's hand clenched itself involuntarily as he spoke.

"I will talk to Mabel myself," said Mrs. Saxelby, nervously; "she will hear reason. Hush, she's coming. Say no more at present, I beg of you."

Mabel came into the room with a little packet of books under her arm. "Mr. Charlewood has promised to take these to Corda Trescott for me, mamma."

"He is very kind."

"There is the White Cat, with illustrations, colored in a very high style of art by myself. Poor white cat! The common paint with which I bedaubed her has grown discolored, and made her into a brown cat by this time. Never mind; there is the story. Then I have Robinson Crusoe, Edgeworth's Rosamond, and a volume of Hans Christian Andersen's tales. It is quite a library for Corda."

"Good-night, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, taking charge of the books. "Good-night, Miss Earnshaw. I hope Mr. Saxelby will be quite well and at work again in a day or two. He is not fond of idleness, I know."

Then Clement took his leave and went away. He looked up at the starlight autumn sky as he walked along the suburban road, with its trim hedges on either hand, and all sorts of unpractical and vague fancies danced through his brain.

If another Asmodeus, instead of lifting the house-tops and showing the scenes that are being enacted within, could unroof the mysterious dome wherein our thoughts and imaginations are busy, and could make palpable to the senses their goings and comings—the unlikely guests lodged in one brain, and the unsuspected vacuity of another, the odd corners full of romance and fantasy in some minds that pass for mere unvarying machines, and the hard practical calculation of intellects which an admiring world supposes to be "of imagination all compact"—could such a familiar demon be found, I believe we should witness a far more strange and wonderful spectacle than any of those which greeted the astonished eyes of the Spanish student.

## A SEALED PROPOSAL.

"Do I believe in special providences?" Look yonder at my wife, and tell me how a bashful, blundering man, as I was in my younger days, ever became possessed of such a treasure! I won her by mistake, Sir!

Listen, and then say if it isn't true, as Shakspeare has it:

"Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well."

I was teaching school in Pillicoddy one winter. I think I may have been endowed with the average allowance of brains, but I had withal an unfortunate weakness for falling in love. My Lord Cupid is certainly capable of wounding in two places—viz., the head as well as the heart—and it is my opinion that in those days there was a flaw, not to say a crack, in my intellect, all due to the innumerable arrows which had hit me at random. But in looking back upon my past life I have one thing to be thankful for: I was as unattractive and harmless a swain as ever fell in love with a high-topped comb. I made nobody wretched for me, and I even have a suspicion that my fair friends sometimes laughed at my expense.

Mary Ann and Martha Puffin were my favorite pupils that winter. Mary Ann's hair was spun gold, and she had dove's eyes. Martha, dubbed "Patty," was a gipsy aged fifteen, and I think it was her saucy black eyes which wrought the mischief.

Bless me, how I did stutter over that girl's slate, vibrating between poetry and Decimal Fractions, and only recovering myself by running a pin under my thumb-nail! She, little innocent, looked up in wonder at my insane explanations; but it mattered little to her, she having no head for figures.

Sensible, clear-headed Mary Ann never mistrusted my infatuation for her little sister. She was sorry Patty was so very dull, and rated the child for her heedlessness as one might upbraid a frolicsome kitten.

I had little solid ground for hope. The only comment I had heard of Patty's making upon me was to ask "if Mr. Whippowill felt as bad as he looked." But "love can hope where reason would despair;" and when, one day, she drew on her slate a ridiculous figure of me tweaking my nose, as was my wont, I really felt flattered.

"She finds I might look worse, or I could not be caricatured; besides, she takes notice of my slight eccentricities, which is encouraging," I said.

I decided to call at Mr. Puffin's. It was a desperate undertaking for a bashful man, and a dangerous one, considering my comparative aberration of intellect. But I fastened a Free Mason pin into my glossy shirt-bosom, ran my fingers through my bushy hair, and remarked to myself, "Pshaw! What do women care for masculine beauty? For those who regard it," giving a contemptuous look at the glass, "it must be confessed my roughly-cut features and pictorial freckles may not be captivating. But," continued I, scowling defiantly, "here's farewell to the girl who prefers beauty to merit!"

So waving my hand with an imperial gesture I set out for an evening visit at the Puffins'. The bell went ting-a-ling, and my heart pit-a-pat. Which sound was loudest I don't know, but one of them brought Mary Ann; and she was so self-possessed that I rallied my forces and walked into the sitting-room as bravely as I ever entered a dentist's office in my life.

There sat Papa and Mamma Puffin, and little Patty between them on the rug, holding a vivacious dog named Pickle. The picture was so bewitching that my wits disappeared at once. I forgot my own name, and was only reminded of it by being introduced with due solemnity to Mr. Puffin.

"Happy to make your acquaintance," murmured my father-in-law elect, with an upward glance of curiosity. "Whippowill, Whippowill," added he, reflectively, "I used to know a fellow of that name—went round peddling tin. I sold him my gray horse, but he never paid me a cent. Any relation of yours?"

You will perceive, Sir, that this mode of speech was not calculated to inspire confidence in a young man already suffering from extreme humility; however, I was stung by it to answer meekly but firmly that, to the best of my knowledge, none of my family were tin-peddlers by profession. This naturally suggested the desire to know what trade my friends did follow if they didn't follow peddling? Where they lived? How many they were all told? Their state of health? And their views of politics?

Patty chased Pickle across the floor and made him bark at my boots; that was the extent of her hospitality toward me. Mary Ann sat knitting, and made now and then some pertinent remark; but was always interrupted by a sharp interjection from Pickle or a genealogical question from good Mrs. Puffin, who was as desirous as her husband to set me climbing my family tree.

At last I found my tongue and grew eloquent upon general topics. I believe I outdid myself, and Mary Ann's face glowed with animation; but just as I began to take observations of my impression upon Patty I saw she was dead asleep on the rug!

Deeply mortified I took a hurried leave; but the ice was broken and I called again. In short, I fell into the habit of calling. Mr. Puffin and Madam, becoming exhausted by their researches into my pedigree, gradually withdrew from the room, leaving me conversing with Mary Ann, who was always charming, and gazing at her sister who was usually asleep on the rug.

I began to find it was impossible to get speech with the child except at school an occasional broken sentence concerning Fractions. (I remember she began with Decimals and worked backward into Reduction Descending.) So I resolved to write her a letter. I suppose it contained enough "aching voids" and "dreary deserts" to render it genuine; at any rate it must have been intelligible to any one who could read lover's English. Accordingly I was greatly surprised when a week passed and I had received no answer. I must call at the house and discover the cause of this mysterious silence.

Now listen, Sir, and say if I was not Fate's foot-ball. For the events which had been occurring during the last seven days, and for the consequences which would follow, I was no more responsible than a summer zephyr.

Mary Ann was absent, and Patty met me at the door with an air of childish importance. Would I walk into the parlor? There was something she would like to say to me, and papa and mamma were in the sitting-room. She seemed to tremble.

"Dear Miss Patty," said I, seizing her hand rapturously; "so you did receive my letter after all?"

"Yes, oh yes! There, I thought it was yours, I knew it was yours!"

"Certainly, dear girl, it was mine. Could you doubt it?"

For answer she thrust into my hand the fragments of a written document so torn as to be beyond recognition. I peered at it and detected the isolated words "affection," "reciprocal," "Whippowill." Did she mean to insult me?

"Patty, oh, Patty!" I murmured, as I gazed at the mouse-nest which had once been my elaborately written letter.

"That's all there was left of it," whispered the child. "Don't scold, for 'twas Pickle did it! You see Tommy took it out of the office, 'twas such a shame! And Tommy hasn't any more sense than to let Pickle carry things, though he always chews them up, and I've told him time and again that Pickle—"

"Never mind Pickle," said I, for I saw she was starting off on her favorite topic. "So you don't know yet what was in that letter?"

"Oh, don't you tell!" gasped she. "I'm not inquisitive a bit, I don't wish to know."

"Oh, Patty, Patty Puffin!" I was mortified, you may suppose.

"You think me a baby. You laugh at me," said she, ready to cry; "but I know it was a love-letter just as well as if I had read it."

"Of course you do," stammered I, and was on the point of running away ingloriously, but remembered the words of the son of Sirach, "Woe to him that is faint-hearted."

"And what answer would you give, in case you *had* read the letter, Miss Patty? Would you say 'Yes, Mr. Whippowill?'"

"Oh no, no!" laughed she, dancing across the floor. "I'd a great deal rather not!"

I pursued her into a corner.

"And why not, Miss Patty?"

"Because I'm not Mary Ann."

"To be sure you are not!"

"And don't like homely people."

"Does she?"

Patty pursed her little lips.

"You thought so, didn't you, Sir, or you wouldn't have written her a letter?"

"Written Mary Ann a letter?"

"There now, don't go and deny it! You look as you do when you explain the arithmetic, this way"—making a grimace intended as a striking copy of my facial expression.

"Why didn't you say it to her right out?" pursued the little hoyden. "I'm sure she's been ready in the sitting-room with her best delaine dress on. I've gone to sleep on purpose, and twice I went out."

"Now, Patty, don't," said I, blushing violently.

"Well, I know it isn't polite, Mr. Whippowill; but every body lets me say what I please."

"Go on," murmured I, half choked. "I can bear any thing after this."

"I was only going to say, if I were you and were tongue-tied," continued the little Miss, tossing her head, "I'd have given her the letter at school."

(Ah, indeed!)

"You knew she'd gone to Uncle Cyrus's. Why didn't you wait for her to come back?"

No answer.

"It was very dangerous to drop it in the post-office, Mr. Whippowill. Father opens Mary Ann's letters; yes, he does! It was real cute of Pickle to tear it up; he's a blessed dog."

I believe I groaned.

"Wasn't it nice, Mr. Whippowill, that it happened 'twas *me* pulled it out of that dog's mouth? I never told a single living soul. Say I can't keep a secret! What think now, Sir?"

"Patty Puffin, my thoughts are unutterable!"

"Yes, I presume so. You're longing for me to tell you what Mary Ann will say; and I have my opinion to be sure, but you can't tease it out of me, and you needn't try. Come, Mr. Whippowill, let's go into the sitting-room; I'm all of a shiver."

The proverb affirms that "a fool has his heart on his tongue, but the wise man keeps his tongue in his heart." I had discretion enough to hold my peace. The die wasn't cast yet. I would go home and reflect.

It is my impression that on this memorable evening my mind started up from a sound sleep. I began to see what an idiot I had been to fancy myself in love with this child, who was as far from reciprocating my feelings as she was from understanding Compound Fractions.

I must say I was conscious of a thrill of satisfaction from the assurance that she believed my witless letter had been addressed to her sister; otherwise how the minx would have laughed at me! Now she would tell Mary Ann the whole story, or her version of it, the moment she came home. Well, what if she did? Why, I should stand committed, that was all. I had a little private conversation with myself, and decided that I didn't care. If my heart was broken I was unconscious of the fact.

I lay awake all night, counting up, point by point, the perfections in Mary Ann's character, and was astonished that I had not appreciated her before. She was the true Cynosura, Patty only a will-o'-the-wisp. So much for my habit of being dazzled by a pair of bright eyes.

But would she accept Sam Whippowill, the feather-brained fellow? I mean, would Mary Ann? Ah, if she only would, I would engage it should make a man of him!

I awaited her arrival with intense anxiety. Bless her unsuspicious, tender little heart! She did not say No! Perhaps she fancied, woman-like, that there was more in me to admire than met the eye; how was it, Mary Ann?

She does not hear me across the room, or I wouldn't venture the remark. She never knew these particulars of my "sealed proposal," and can not imagine why I name all my dogs Pickle.

Don't you say,

"Our indiscretions sometimes serve us well?"

Here's a health to my beloved companion of forty years; "Whom God loves, to him gives He such a wife."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Graphic Description of China.—A country where the roses have no fragrance, and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath, and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the roads bear no vehicles, and the ships no keels; where old men fly kites; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes on the heel; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach; where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself in mourning; which has a literature without an alphabet, and a language without a grammar.

### TO THE MAID WITH THE GOLDEN HAIR.

Yes! thou art lovely—thy figure and face
Were formed in the models of beauty and grace,
And gold are those ringlets of thine;
But, talking of gold, few would love thee the worse,
Instead of the hair, were the gold in thy purse,
And I should declare thee divine.

Teach a child that there is harm in every thing, however innocent, and as soon as it discovers the cheat it won't see no sin in any thing. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window.

Literary.—A paragraph just now going the rounds, states that "Night, a poem, in nine books," is to be shortly published. We hope—indeed we think it probable—that such a very long night will lead to a good deal of somnolence.

Logical Exercise for Ladies.—Jumping to conclusions.

### THE MOURNER A LA MODE.

I saw her last night at a party
(The elegant party at Mead's),
And looking remarkably hearty
For a widow so young in her weeds;
Yet I know she was suffering sorrow
Too deep for the tongue to express—
Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels—that flashed in the light—
Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest
(How nicely it fitted her shape!),
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe,
That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony lace!
While even her fan, in its play,
Had quite a lugubrious scope,
And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen
Was the sombre apparel she wore,
I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;
And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion
Performed at so vast an expense
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That was really something immense;
And yet, as I viewed at my leisure
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought: It is scarce without measure—
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;
And yours—I am sorely afraid—
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade:
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night,
Half tints will betoken relief,
Till joy shall be symboled in white!

Ah! well—it were idle to quarrel
With Fashion or aught she may do;
And so I conclude with a moral
And metaphor—warranted new:
When *measles* come handsomely out,
The patient is safest, they say;
And the *sorrow* is mildest, no doubt,
That works in a similar way!

Notice.—The following curious notice recently appeared on Ludford Church door, Herts, and was previously read in the church: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this church-yard but those living in the parish; and those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

Curved is the line of Beauty;
Straight is the line of Duty;
Walk by the last, and thou wilt see
The other ever follow thee.

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.

At a recent railroad celebration the following sentiment was given: "Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at the mouth she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips into the most violent contraction. Impatient at such designing artifice, he at length said to her, "Don't hurt yourself, Madam, in trying to make your mouth smaller; because, if you choose, I will make none at all."

A little three-year old was considerably excited the other day by seeing the cat kill a mouse. The next day she asked her mother, suddenly, "Who made the birdies?" "God made them, my child." "Who feeds the birdies, mamma?" "God feeds them." "Mamma, who made the mices?" she continued. "God made them." The little one was thoughtful a moment, and then asked, energetically, "Does God keep a *cat?*" The mother told her she would tell her all about it when she got older, but for the present she had better go play with her new India-rubber doll.

### TO A BOTTLE.

'Tis very strange that you and I
Together can not pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full.

At one of the schools in Chicago the inspector asked the children if they could give any text of the Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

How to make a Hole in your Income—Pay a large rent.

An old bachelor geologist was boasting that every rock was as familiar to him as the alphabet. A lady who was present declared that she knew of a rock of which he was wholly ignorant. "Name it, Madam," cried Cœlebs, in a rage. "It is rock the cradle, Sir," replied the lady. Cœlebs vanished.

Just Like Him.—Old Singleton says that he only knows of one thing better than a Wedding Present—a Wedding Absent.

### TO LYDIA.

*Impromptu on seeing her New India-Rubber Ear.*

Lydia hath a mimic ear.
Truth to tell, 'tis very tiny:
Cast in caoutchouc so queer,
But pink as shell of Ocean briny.
Envy pale may frowning chide,
Lydia, whom th' elastic pleases,
In comfort takes her morning ride,
With lobes that feel no nipping breezes.
Lydia hath a mimic ear, etc.

Lydia's lisping lover burns
To kiss her crimson cheek so sweet—he
Marvels deeply when she turns
A cold, deaf ear to his entreaty.
But let none scorn Lydia's taste
Who whisper nonsense ev'ry minute,
An auricle composed of paste
Is worth a thousand vows breathed in it.
Lydia hath a mimic ear, etc.

A Standing Dish at Utah.—A spare rib.

It was once mentioned to Mr. Smith that a lady kept her books in detached shelves, the male authors in one, and the female in another, when the poet replied, "I suppose the lady's reasons were that she did not wish to increase her library."

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation: they do not take in any thing for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

ALTELA, CHIEF OF THE KIOWAS.

SET-IM-GA-ER, OR "STUMBLING BEAR."

TEN-E-AU-COOP, OR "KICKING BIRD."

## THE INDIAN WAR.

The news from the Hancock and Sully expeditions against the hostile Indians is to May 10. The councils which have been held have not resulted in a permanent peace; but, on the contrary, war has become general throughout the Territories occupied by the Cheyennes, Sioux, Kiowas, Pinal, and Apaches. General Hancock held councils with the Kiowas on April 24 at Fort Dodge, and on May 1 near Fort Larned. The Indians promised to remain at peace, but on May 4 they declared "war to the knife." General Hancock's answer was, "You shall have war until every warrior cries enough;" and he immediately began active operations against them. The effect of his first movement from Fort Larned was the driving of the Cheyennes, who had been threatening the "Arkansas" and "Smoky Hill" routes to the northward. They moved in four large war-parties, and appeared on the "Platte River" or "Northern Route" on May 7. They burned two ranches and committed other depredations. Meantime General Sully, at Fort Laramie, was engaged in holding councils with the Indians from the Territories north of the Platte River, all of whom professed a desire for peace. Lieutenant-General Sherman, commanding in the West, repaired to Fort Harker on May 11, for the purpose of holding a final talk with the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, in the hope of patching up a peace.

Our illustrations in this connection are of more than usual interest. The "Council at Fort Dodge," on April 24, was held in a Sibley tent, and Generals Hancock and A. J. Smith, Colonels Wyncoop, Leavenworth, and Mitchell, and Major Douglass, and Dick Curtis, the interpreter, were present. The Indians were represented by Ten-e-au-coop, or "Kicking Bird," a portrait of whom we give, and who is described by our artist as "the shrewdest scoundrel of the Kiowas." He affects the costume of

INDIAN COUNCIL AT FORT DODGE, KANSAS, BETWEEN GENERAL HANCOCK AND THE KIOWA CHIEFS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

INTERIOR OF FORT DODGE, KANSAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

the whites, and wears a soldier's uniform if he can get it. Set-im-ga-er, or "Stumbling Bear," who was also present, appears to be a rival of "Kicking Bird," as our artist calls him "the *greatest* scoundrel of the Kiowa tribe." Probably the only mode of describing individuals of the race is to give their relative degrees in villainy. Altela is looked upon by the army officers as a true friend of peace, but in the council, on this occasion, his opinion appears to have had little weight with his red brethren. The council near Fort Larned on May 1 was held with Sa-tau-ti, one of the Kiowa chiefs; but it resulted like the rest—only in promises of peace.

We also give a view of the "Interior of Fort Dodge," a post on the "Smoky Hill Route," which was established about three years ago. Its garrison consists of about one hundred soldiers of all arms. The quarters of the officers are sunk in the ground to the depth of three or four feet. The rest of the structure is of sod, plastered inside and out. The roofs are composed of small saplings, on which bushes are thrown and covered with earth.

The "Sutler's Store at Fort Dodge" shows the interior of the lounging-place for all the idlers about the station—it is, in fact, the grand hotel, restaurant, and club-house of the post. After the 1st of July next the act of Congress abolishing the post of sutler goes into operation, and those very convenient pests of an army, the sutlers, go out.

SUTLER'S STORE AT FORT DODGE, KANSAS.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

## UNDER THE MOON.

Lingering late in the orchard—
Afraid where I most was fain—
I heard the sound of their laughter
Come ringing down the lane.

Never a lamp in the window,
But the night was more like noon;
And Jennie I knew was watching,
With Alice, the May-tide moon.

Jennie, whose mouth of mischief
Would sooner smile than sigh;
Ready to mock at a lover—
None knew better than I.

Whether for liking or loathing
I would not trouble her more:
Only, perhaps, in the moonlight—
Such things have happened before—

Perhaps in the clear May moonlight,
Chancing to meet her there,
I might walk with her homeward,
To show her I did not care.

A sudden lull in the laughter,
A shade on the green-sward thrown,
And a little hurrying figure
Came down the path alone.

And close to me, where I was hidden
Behind an apple-tree,
On the broad, flat stone in the orchard,
With clasping hands knelt she.

I pressed my heart to muffle
Its throb from her startled ear;
Shrinking into my shadow,
Holding my breath to hear.

For, through the showery blossoms,
Up at the round May moon
She gazed, and softly chanted
A charm to a quaint old tune.

"All hail to thee, Moon! I pray thee,
Good Moon, now show to me
The face of my future husband,
Wherever he chance to be!"

The shifting light and shadow
Played over her wavy hair,
And only a low leaf-murmur
Stirred in the sleepy air.

Thrice she spoke, while I listened,
Silently biding my time;
Then moving out of the darkness
I answered the fateful rhyme.

Pink through the white May moonlight
The loosened petals fell,
But sweeter than all their sweetness—
If one but cared to tell!

Two loitered on together
Where one had hurried alone.
Little I recked of laughter,
Of mocking glance or tone:

Wiles that, however coquettish,
Could never, I knew, unsay
The spell that wrought our fortunes
Under the moon of May.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

New York, *May* 14, 1867.

Dear Weekly,—This being Anniversary Week I have made it the occasion of a visit to the artists, before they leave their city haunts for their country rambles, and acquaint, not only our citizens, but the strangers among us, with what our artists are doing. Longfellow says, "Art is long!" If he referred to the rage for Panoramas which existed about the time he penned the sentence he was right; if he alludes to it being "long-winded," financially, he is right; if he means any thing at all, I have no doubt he is right, for art is a curious thing.

So I visited some of the artists I know around the city, and threw my penetrating vision over the classic gems that swarm their studios. To begin as the other art-critics do, I say, "We now pass to the room of Smith." Smith has

HIS STUDIO

in Chatham Street. You have to go down six steps to get to it. Smith says that he prefers a cellar; there is a melancholy gloom about it that inspires him with tragic sentiments. As I entered the studio of Smith there was a half-finished painting upon the easel. Smith was busy at it. It was a group of game. The sirloin of beef was very fine, the clustering fat was well done, and had not that raw appearance so often seen in nature. I particularly admired the way the bone was treated, it was sawed so square off.

There was a leg of lamb, also, covered with admirable white fat, while a pair of dead chickens were true to life. There was rock-fish and a glass of celery carelessly flung into the back-ground, and the whole was surmounted with a beautiful curve of handsome shaded letters reading "Bloater's Great Dinners."

There was also hanging up in the studio a beautiful

MARINE SKETCH.

The prominent objects were a couple of shell-fish, with appropriate surroundings. This little sketch, Smith told me, was not quite finished, and was not painted to order, as there was room left for the owner's name on it. I understand there is ready sale for paintings of this kind.

Smith has just finished a Windsor Chair, which alone would suffice to give him a reputation as a great artist. Upon a green back-ground there are painted delicate black stripes, that run up and down the legs and across the seat. The whole is crowned by a bouquet of superb exotic flowers, painted upon the back. Among these a sunflower is prominent from the rare delicacy with which it is treated. Smith has thrown into this beautiful composition the reflection of his own mighty genius, and we can almost snuff the fragrance of the hollyhocks that twine in graceful convolutions around the edge of the back. Smith has many smaller compositions here, thrown off in his odd moments. They are all admirable, but I can only notice one. It is of

AN ALLEGORICAL NATURE,

and as such will certainly cause Nast to look to his laurels. The pose of the principal figure is faultless, and the feeling, or, more properly speaking, the want of feeling, thrown into the composition (which consists of only eight words), is beyond all praise. This, Smith tells me, was made for a gentleman whose residence faces the Battery, and who intends having it put up in his principal reception-room.

Leaving Smith smoking one of my five-cent cigars, which he always gets for nothing when he meets me, I turned my footsteps toward the studio of my friend M'Gilligan. M'Gilligan is a great artist. His pictures excel in breadth. Perhaps your readers are familiar with that great work of art that attracted so much attention from art-lovers some years since, "The Side of a House," by M'Gilligan. It was bright red, interspersed with white lines, and is decidedly the most admirable imitation of brick-work extant. It is to be seen yet in Canal Street, three doors east of Broadway. He is now engaged upon a front door, which he is painting in imitation of walnut. This stupendous undertaking has engaged Mack's attention for some days past. He has thrown his whole soul into it, and has produced a wonderful effect. The way in which the grain runs crossways in some places and up and down in others is marvelous. The knots, too, are very natural. M'Gilligan's little son, four years old, who inherits his father's genius, was found trying to knock one of them through with a hammer the other morning, but was restrained by his agonized parent. He has other commissions. In his studio reposes a couple of window-blinds painted a beautiful green, with hinges and bolt picked out in black, forming a handsome contrast. But the finest of M'Gilligan's efforts was a barber's pole. This was masterly in design and superb in execution. The red and white emblems of our glorious nationality, twined gracefully around the pole, which was crowned with a gorgeous gilt ball. M'Gilligan may well rest his fame upon this. Mack wears overalls

AT HIS WORK,

and parts his glossy black hair on the back of his head. He looks every inch an artist!

Dropping in at Sloper's, I surprised him at work upon a fine picture. Sloper is the fellow who gets up the drawings for the menagerie posters. Sloper is a great artist. He was getting off a thing in which two feline animals were playing with a man in red tights. I stopped and gazed at it in admiration. "Why, Sloper, these are the most superb tom-cats I ever saw," I remarked.

"What?" said he; "tom-cats! Young man, don't trifle with my feelings in that rough manner: I don't like it."

"My boy," said I, "far be it from me to offend you, but they *are* the best-drawn Thomas-cats I ever viewed."

"They're tigers, you thick-headed lunk," said he.

Assuming all my natural dignity, I then said that if he repeated that offensive expression my natural self-respect would compel me to poke him on the nose. With that he flew at me like one of his own tom-cats, and I had to leave him. I felt sorry for him. He has a great deal yet to learn.

Wittles's studio being next in my way I turned in. I was warmly welcomed by Wittles, who asked me to ask him out and take something. We took it, and came back. Wittles is a great artist. His room is filled with the productions of his prolific brush. Among the noble works of art that hang upon his walls may be mentioned the following: "To Let, Inquire Within." This is done in handsome black letters finely shaded with green on a white ground; "No Smoking," a noble work of art; "Syrups of all Flavors," faultless in design and beautiful in execution; also "Cove Plants" and "Lager Beer." But the most touching and ingenious composition, one that tells the whole story, more impressive than words could do it, was this:

where the figure of the top was so natural that you could almost hear it hum. This is superior to any thing I saw at Sloper's; and I believe if Wittles keeps on improving he will surely make his mark some day without the aid of a stencil.

I am a friend of Art (except the manly art of self-defense), because it elevates the soul and encourages the canvas manufacturers. I love to see an artist hard at work at his easel, throwing off with the same ease, and treating alike the sunshine and the storm. Indeed, of all persons that "dabble in oil," so to speak, he is the most to be envied, excepting

Your own C. O. W.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Many facts of general interest are contained in the recent Annual Report of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Corrections. All the prisons, alms-houses, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of the county are under the supervision of these Commissioners. During the past year, by careful personal investigation in regard to the internal management of these institutions, the expense for each individual has been reduced, and the comfort of the sick materially increased, and this, notwithstanding the high price of food and clothing. The medical accommodations of the hospitals have been enlarged and perfected. A department for the treatment of the sick at their own houses has also been established. The city has been divided into districts, and a visitor to the poor in each district has been appointed. A school for the education of idiots has been opened in charge of a competent teacher, and the progress which the scholars have made proves that even their wretched condition may be alleviated. Bellevue Hospital contains 1000 beds, and is open at all hours of the day and night for the reception of patients. During the past year 7725 patients were treated, of whom 6112 were discharged and cured, 823 died, and there are 790 now under treatment. No charge is made except for patients abundantly able to pay, and the maximum charge for them is fifty cents a day. The medical organization of the Hospital consists of twenty physicians and surgeons, eminent for their professional ability and experience. Since the "Morgue" was opened, on the 21st of last June, seventy-two bodies have been received. Of these, twenty-eight were identified by friends. A hospital for such as are not prevented by their ailments from following their ordinary occupations was opened last October, and meets the needs of many. Of the charitable institutions in charge of the Commissioners, the Bellevue Hospital and Out-door Poor Hospital are in New York City; the others are located on Blackwell's and Randall's Islands.

It is suggested that if shop-keepers would make a more limited display of goods *outside* of their shops there would be fewer thieves. Moreover, hanging dry-goods above and across the sidewalks not only spoils the goods, and tempts the weak-minded, but gives our city a second-class, bazar appearance, which is any thing but pleasing to a really refined taste.

In a recent lecture upon Africa, delivered by Monsieur Du Chaillu before the Travelers' Club in this city, the lecturer stated that many of the tribes of Equatorial Africa esteemed the flesh of the gorilla a great delicacy. In his explorations he had suffered more from hunger than from any other cause. He generally took a monkey along with him, and would first let the monkey taste the berries he found by the way-side, and if he would eat them he considered them safe food for himself. Thus he had lived for days and weeks, and, looking at his monkey companion, would exclaim: "Am not I a man and a brother?" Sometimes the monkey's taste in berries differed from his own; but he was obliged to put up with what he could get, and eat what the monkey set before him. He had also not unfrequently been compelled to eat the monkey himself, and found him equal to the finest venison.

Most persons can be coaxed—very few will be driven. "*Will you?*"—is received in a friendly spirit, while "*You must*" rouses "old Adam," and "*I won't*" is often the mental if not the verbal response. The other day a gentleman was riding up town, standing on the platform of a crowded car. His attention was drawn to a commotion within the car. A young German boy had given the conductor a 2½-dollar gold piece, from which to take his fare. The conductor pocketed the gold, and making no allowance for premium, gave the boy change for two and a half in currency. The unsuspecting boy made no complaint; but a chivalrous Frenchman, who sat beside him, espoused his cause with national impetuosity, and indignantly remonstrated with the conductor. A battle of words ensued: "You *shall* give him the right change," insisted the Frenchman. "I sha'n't," was the stolid reply. "You *must*." "I won't." And so on until every body was watching the contest, and the conductor retreated to the platform, followed by a threatening gesture, and a "*You shall*" from the excited champion of youthful rights. "What is the trouble?" inquired the gentleman who had watched the proceedings from the platform; "does he want you to give the boy the change?" "Yes," responded the angry conductor, "and I ain't bound to give him change." "No," replied the gentleman, quietly, "you are not bound to give him change; but if you give him *any* change, are you not bound to give him the *right* change?" The man stood silent and thoughtful—then, taking the gold from his pocket, went toward the young German, apparently to make the matter right. But the Frenchman caught sight of him, and half rising, sung out, "You *shall* give him the change!" "I won't," declared the conductor. "You keep quiet," interposed a better student of human nature to the fiery Frenchman, "and he will do it." And so it proved. The Frenchman subsided and the German got his dues.

Lay figures in dry-goods and millinery establishments are common enough. But a horrible story is afloat of a fashionable Boston undertaker, who exposed in his broad plate-glass window "a coffin containing a full-length corpse, the grave-clothes neatly arranged around the dead and ghastly form, as an example of the excellent taste of the funeral upholsterer." Undoubtedly the story is a fabrication. But while it goes the rounds of the papers, we suggest that it will be sensational enough if "lay figure" be substituted for the word "corpse."

An attempt is being made to introduce the fashion of wearing the hair unrestrained and flowing, in what has been called the "mane" style. Two ladies recently appeared at an evening party in Paris with their hair simply held by a small gold bandeau of antique form, set with precious stones. Another made her appearance with her hair flowing loosely over her shoulders, but with this difference—it was divided into two portions, and fastened together with strings of pearls.

Perhaps nothing puzzles an author more than to decide on a title for his book. A "taking" title is certainly a great desideratum in these days of advertisements; but the matter might be more easily settled than most writers suppose. Some years ago a work was issued in London entitled "*It.*" The name was a good one to advertise, and for days before publication the dead walls of the city and the columns of the newspapers were filled with such laconic sentences as "Buy *It!*" "Read *It!*" "Order *It!*"

Matrimonial alliances are consummated in very different ways, and in very curious circumstances. For example, a Missouri gentleman became engaged to a young lady, the wedding-day was fixed, and the guests invited. But when the time arrived, and the wedding guests assembled, the faithless bridegroom did not appear. Of course the bride and her friends were overwhelmed with embarrassment and mortification. But a young gentleman of the party, captivated by the beauty of the bride, and perhaps sympathizing in her chagrin, proposed to become a substitute. He was accepted, and the couple were accordingly married, to the astonishment and delight of the assembled company.

A Texas newspaper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by a clergyman, who was to marry them. The lady's father pursued, and it becoming doubtful who would win the race, the maiden called out to her clerical friend, "Can't you marry us as we run?" Accordingly he commenced the ritual, and just as the bride's father clutched her bridle-rein the clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashing action that, as the story goes, he gave them his blessing.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### WEAVING THE SPELL.

Pastoral pleasures have been sung in every key, and when circumstances render it desirable that we should leave London, it is wise and well to remember that "God made the country, and man the town." The greenwood glade, and the rippling river, the dark purple moor, and the sky undefiled by smoke, the peace, the purity, and the other privileges of the rural districts, have a good deal in them for which we ought to be grateful. But there is a reverse to the shield. It may do intelligent human beings good to be socially "desolate" at times. It does do them good indeed, for it throws them back upon themselves, and obliges them to assiduously cultivate their own best for distraction's sake. But it does not improve them to be "dumb" because they can not without intermission "speak in the congregation of fools."

Haldon Hall stood well in the midst of what was generally designated a "very good neighborhood." A fair number of county families had centuries ago been planted in the soil surrounding the Haldon acres—had taken root in the same, and in some instances had flourished exceedingly. Additionally there were scattered about several more or less favorable specimens of "new men" who had in some way or other set their mark upon the times in a remunerative way. Moreover, in several instances the clerical office was filled by scholarly divines—men who had an apt Greek quotation to utter on every subject that was mentioned before them, but who for all that were only one shade less dull than devout.

Notwithstanding all these advantages, it may as well be acknowledged at once that it was a dull neighborhood—a neighborhood that was by no means wax to receive new impressions, however much it might resemble marble in its power of retaining them. It had never cordially approved of Mr. Bathurst's long-continued unbroken absence. It could not cordially approve of his presence now "under the circumstances."

The "circumstances" which were a stumbling-block in Mr. Bathurst's path to instantaneous popularity were Blanche Lyon and Beatrix Talbot, and his open devotion to the pair—devotion that was shown so gladly, frankly, and impartially, that Blanche quickly came to take it as much for granted as she did the sunshine, and Trixy to feel alternately gladdened and saddened by it as she had never been before by any thing.

From the hour of Edgar Talbot's first appearance at Haldon it had been apparent to some of them that all was not well with him. He could not concentrate himself upon the present, casting all business cares behind him, as entirely as was to be expected, considering he had been the mainspring of the move they had made into the country. The holiday for which he had so wearily sighed was evidently little more than an empty period in which he had a freer opportunity for the indulgence of undisturbed anxious thought than was his portion to have in London. Those who thought of him at all in the first days of the Arcadian intoxication which made them find the

mere act of living all-sufficient, felt that "a vague unrest, and a nameless longing filled his breast." But even they did not stay to question the cause of it. Beatrix was sorry for him, but was not sufficiently intimate with her eldest brother to tell him that she was so. She was sorry that he alone of the party should be drawn in by some stern secret necessity from the lawn and the river and the wreathing roses of June, to answer letters which had arrived during breakfast and spoiled the same for him. "For all the good Talbot gets out of all this he might as well be listening to the last quotations in the City," Frank Bathurst said one morning, as, together with Lionel and the two girls, he sat on the bank of the lake. They had left Mr. Talbot in the library writing quickly and nervously, and there had been that in his manner of replying to their solicitations that he would "come out and do nothing with them all the morning," which showed that his correspondence was of very genuine interest and importance to him.

"For my part, I believe that Mr. Talbot enjoys it quite as much as we do," Blanche Lyon said, smiling. "The sun and the scent of the roses both manage to get in at the window, so he can enjoy them, and make money, and despise us for wasting time simultaneously."

"And they are three pure and undeniable sources of pleasure; let us all count up our joys, and see if we are in a position to pity him for not being 'one of us,'" Frank Bathurst replied.

"There shall be no reserves; we must set down each item of pleasure fairly. I wonder if we can do it!" Blanche said, with a blush beginning to rise on her face. "You commence, Miss Talbot."

Trixy shook her head. "No! what moral is there in being fair? What is the use of trying to analyze happiness? We can't do it—no one can do it; can we, Lionel?"

"Any how we can try," Frank Bathurst interrupted, before Lionel could reply, and Blanche encouraged him by saying:

"Hear the laughing philosopher! I believe you do know, Frank! I believe that you are the exceptional being who is neither above being happy nor saying what makes him so. You don't vainly sigh after perfect elements that are never attained. We will hear your list first; it will nerve the rest. Now begin. You are happy because—"

"That sounds like the answer to a conundrum, or the commencement of a game, 'I love my love with an "S," because he is stupid and not psychological.' My list of joys do you want? It is a short but all-sufficient one. I am with you in idleness and June!"

"The reasons we have assigned for Mr. Talbot's content are sounder," Blanche Lyon replied, coolly. "Now for yours, Miss Talbot!"

Trixy had grown pale as Mr. Bathurst spoke—pale with the pained consciousness that the man she loved was speaking words of flattery that were still words of truth to the careless winner of all his kindest thoughts. "I am with you in idleness and June," he had said, writing himself down by the utterance as much his own lover as Blanche's. "He was a selfish Sybarite," Trixy told herself as she looked at him lying there on the sward that was warmed by the sun—the sun that followed the fashion of sublunary things, and, as it seemed, touched Frank Bathurst more tenderly than it did aught else. Far more tenderly than it did the girl who was gazing on him with the yearning gaze of genuine affection—it dazzled, bewildered, scorched her; for when the heart is hot and restless externals are potent, then pleasure is a pain. Those words that he had said to Blanche Lyon were soft and sweet, gallant and gentle in themselves, and so only were what a man's utterance ought to be to a woman, but they sounded harshly and horribly in Trixy's ears. "I am with you in idleness and June." His list of the joys that made his life so pleasant a thing at this juncture began and ended in that one sentence. Trixy's heart ached as she took this truth home to it—but she went on loving him just as well as before.

"Now for your list, Miss Talbot," Blanche repeated; and Trixy replied, "I have none to give," impatiently. She was not at all well inclined to make a study of her own sensations, for she more than suspected that when too curiously inspected there would be seen the "little rift" which should by-and-by "make all music mute" in her soul. The request that she would name the causes which conduced to her happiness made her think, and when she came to think she knew that she was not altogether happy. She became conscious of being jealous, fearful, and hopeful at the same time—all about a man who told another woman that it was sufficient joy to him to be "with her in idleness and June." "When sorrow sleepeth wake it not" is a sound piece of good advice. Trixy resolved that she would not more thoroughly arouse the three passions that were tormenting her by investigating them, so she answered, "I have none to give," rather more decidedly than suited the nature of the conversation; and Blanche flushed rather painfully under the consciousness of being thought frivolous by Lionel Talbot's sister.

"Have you none to give either, Lal?" Frank Bathurst asked, getting a half inch further away from Beatrix and nearer to Blanche and a broader sunbeam as he spoke. Miss Talbot's tone had chilled him a little. His ear was very finely attuned, and Trixy's voice seemed steady unto sternness. The poor girl was in such terrible earnest that she could not seize each point and make the most of the cards she held, as a cooler headed and hearted woman might have done. Frank Bathurst liked to hear a sweet voice falter; it told him a tale usually of feeling suppressed with difficulty and called into being by him. But Beatrix, who was faltering inwardly, made an effort out of that partly inherent, partly taught "self-respect" which makes women hide the dart that wounds them the deepest—she made this effort, and her tone seemed stern, "utterly devoid of that soft sympathetic inflection which marked Blanche's," he said to himself, when Miss Lyon backed his appeal to Lionel by saying:

"Will you say you have none to give, Mr. Talbot?" And Lionel's eyes fixed themselves on hers as they had never done before, as he replied:

"Will you say that I am merely plagiarizing Frank's happy thought, when I give as my reasons for happiness the facts that 'I am—and am here?'"

"And they are enough—for the present," Blanche said, quickly. "At any rate they are the very ones I should have given if I had been clever enough to say exactly what I meant and no more; but you would soon want more than 'idleness and June.'"

"You are not quoting me fairly," Frank Bathurst exclaimed. "You say Lionel would soon want more, as if he were very superior in his requirements to me. I also should soon want more than you have mentioned—you have left out the chief ingredient I named."

"Does he not utter false coin neatly?" Blanche asked, turning her head gayly toward Miss Talbot. In a moment the quick, kindly, womanly instinct made her glance away again, for Trixy, though she got out her "Yes, very," gallantly, had the tell-tale look of terrible earnestness upon her, and superadded to that earnestness was the dread that the coin might be real in which the flattery was paid.

"I have another source of joy," Frank Bathurst resumed. "The aborigines have not been down upon us overwhelmingly yet; I am beginning to hope that I have found the spot of earth where civilization is far enough advanced for a man to be credited with the sensible preference for dining in comfort in his own house rather than for going in discomfort to his neighbor's."

"We have only been here one week," Miss Lyon remarked.

"And how we might have suffered in that time—not from dinners, but from the anticipation of them! Women are never properly grateful for being neglected. For my part, 'Time's sands may cease to flow, false pleasures to delude,' ere I forget the claims of gratitude this neighborhood has established on me for letting me alone to enjoy myself in the way I like best."

"I am quite as alive to the negative favor shown as you can be, but I can not forget that we have only been here a week; this is Saturday. I prophesy that after our second appearance in church to-morrow we may as well go back to London for all the peace we shall know."

"Do you mean that the native hordes will pour themselves into our Haldon? Cease to exercise your prophetic gift, sibyl, if you can foreshadow nothing pleasanter concerning our future. 'Trained to the chase, my eagle eye' discerns unmanageable bodies of bores in the distance. You have made me very miserable, Miss Lyon: cast a further spell around me, and soothe me back to bliss again."

Mr. Bathurst gathered himself up from his recumbent position at his cousin's side as he spoke, and went into a half-kneeling posture at her feet; and she, falling into his humor for the moment, said, as she plucked a gorgeous crimson poppy from the bank at her side:

"Yours shall be 'the Childe's destiny.' I will bind this flower (it induces oblivion, you know) on your brow.

> "'I'll sign you with a sign:
> No woman's love shall light on thee,
> No woman's heart be thine.'"

"How can you say such things, even in what you call fun?" Trixy asked, in a low tone.

"I defy such spells," Mr. Bathurst said, as he bent his head lower before the lady who was fixing the poppy in his glengarry. And Lionel Talbot chanted:

> "'No mistress of the hidden skill,
> No wizard gaunt and grim,
> Went up by night to heath or hill,
> To read the stars for him.'"

"What are you talking about?" Frank asked, impatiently.

"Showing Miss Lyon that I knew the source from whence she is drawing her spell; or the words of it rather," Lionel replied. "Are you going to promise him the 'brightest smiles that ever beauty wore, and the friendship which is only not love,' Miss Lyon?"

"No," she said, throwing her head back a little, and holding her hand up to command attention still. "No, the last verse fits him best. Be grateful to me, Frank, for

> "'I charm thee from the agony
> Which others feel or feign,
> From anger and from jealousy,
> From doubt and from disdain.
>
> "'I bid thee wear the scorn of years
> Upon the cheek of youth,
> And curl the lip at passion's tears,
> And shake the head at truth.
>
> "'While there is bliss in revelry,
> Forgetfulness in wine,
> Be thou from woman's love as free
> As woman is from thine!'"

"Good!" he cried, jumping up, "while there is, and 'only' while there is bliss in those things. Now you shall see me defy my bright fate. I will take weapons from the same armory and tell you that the web of indifference you have woven for me shall be rent;

> "'For I have learnt to watch and wake,
> And swear by earth and sky,
> And I am very bold to take—'

Do you believe me?"

"Yes, thoroughly; but you must alter before you will be able to take any thing worth having. 'The lips are lightly begged or bought; the heart may not be thine,' unless you alter and grow earnest," Blanche replied.

"We shall see. It would be against your own interest, as successful prophetess, to teach me to be earnest, I suppose?"

"I never could be in earnest with you," she said, distinctly; and as she said so a doubt as to the real destiny of the Daphne crossed his mind for the first time. Circumstantial evidence was strongly in favor of Blanche having gathered in the bloom he had wasted; but circumstantial evidence is false frequently, and "women are rum animals," he reflected, as he remembered all Blanche's past sweetness to him, and all her present cool assumption of the possibility of his never really loving or being loved.

He did incline to this brilliant-plumaged bird very kindly indeed. Perhaps his reasons for doing so were not altogether above reproach; but at any rate, as reasons go, they are all-sufficient for the purposes of this story. It was quite upon the cards that he should surrender his own judgment to her, if she would accept the charge, and feel no shame, but rather a conscientious satisfaction in so doing. He felt intuitively, without working out the problem "why it was so," that she was as good as she was fair: not an angel—far removed from any thing of that sort, but a very woman, good and graceful too, and perhaps ever so little disposed to show that she was both things without effort.

"Good," and "graceful," and gifted with the power of putting herself in a good light before all men. Frank Bathurst prided himself much on the perfect tact which led the woman he was admiring (and who was doubtless admiring him) to make herself "charming" to Lionel Talbot as they walked up to the house. It may be that, if he had heard what the pair under consideration were saying, his appreciation of Blanche's tact might have been less perfect that it was.

"You seem to be well acquainted with Praed, Miss Lyon; what characteristic is it that has so won your approval?"

"I think it's his generosity," she answered, quickly; "I never thought about why I liked him until you asked me: his rhymes all fall in in beautiful order, and that pleases my ear, of course; but he's always kindly and generous toward us women, even when he lilts the lay of the jilted. He 'never will upbraid,' and that is so nice, because he had it in him to upbraid so bitterly. Do you know that poem of his, 'The Last?'"

"I know it," he said. They were some way ahead of Frank and Trixy now, and Blanche's beaming face was held toward him eagerly, inspired by the interest she felt in the discussion of the moral merits of Praed's poems. He knew a great deal about the girl in a minute. He fathomed much that she had felt and was feeling. He realized that life is short; and the truth of the aphorism that "the devil takes the hindmost" in most races came home to him. He was thrown off his balance, in fact, and so he spoke too soon, and he said too little.

"Yes, I know 'The Last;' my favorite verse at this moment is the fourth:

> "'I think that you will love me still,
> Though far our fates may be,
> And that your heart will fondly thrill
> When strangers ask of me.
>
> "'My praise will be your proudest theme
> When these bright days are past;
> If this be all an idle dream,
> It is my last?'"

There was interrogation—meaning deep and intense in the tone in which he uttered the words. For a few minutes the woman's weakness conquered the woman's will, and Blanche Lyon, desperate in love, was feeble in action and insincere in word.

"If I dared, if I dared," she stuttered; and while he was thinking that she dared not "love him still," and "proudly thrill" to his praise, because of some prior claim on her—while he was thinking still, and she was hesitating only because he did not bid her not to hesitate, the others came up, and the opportunity was gone.

He had spoken too soon. He felt that he had spoken too soon as he looked at the home they were nearing, and knew that it might be Blanche Lyon's if no one intervened between her and Frank. And she felt bitterly that he had said too little, and thought hard things of the social bonds which prevented her inciting him to say a little more, and found Frank Bathurst's animation oppressive, and was altogether indisposed to believe in the silver lining to this temporary cloud.

"'Misfortunes rarely come singly:' listen," she quoted, irrelevantly (forgetting that the others were ignorant of what she deemed a misfortune); then they all followed her example, and paused to listen to the sound of wheels, and presently a ponderous carriage swept round the curve of the drive, and they knew that the flood-gates of society were opened, and that their happy lotus-eating days were over.

"Let us be grateful for that it has been but a brief infliction," Frank said, when the visitor—a lady who had come in kindliness to ask them to an archery meeting—had departed again, feeling very dissatisfied with Mrs. Lyon's fitness for the part of chaperon, and very much staggered at the perfect propriety which marked the demeanor of the daring Miss Lyon, who "had refused her father's request, and her uncle's fortune, and after all had now come down to try and catch Mr. Bathurst, so people said."

"I think her most pleasant," Mrs. Lyon interposed, hastily; "most pleasant and agreeable," she repeated, emphatically. And Frank replied:

"So did I; but you will understand that

> 'It was frightful here to see
> A lady richly clad as she'

when I came in, conscious of grass-seeds in my mustache, and dead leaves on the back of my coat, and an all-pervading sensation of disinclination to speak to uninteresting people. Miss Lyon shared my sentiments. I could see by her face that she was bored—that we were sympathetic again, in fact."

He spoke half laughingly, half tenderly, looking at her the while with a clear, full gaze, that seemed to make sure of being kindly met and answered. He had often looked at her so of late, and Blanche had accepted the frank offering frankly. But to-day another had gone deeper into her soul than Frank, with all his bright-heartedness and easy satisfaction with himself, could ever go. She moved impatiently under his observation; she resented his declaration as to the sympathy between them. "Miss Lyon did nothing of the sort; she was bored about something else," she said, wearily. "Sympathetic! You are far away from knowing the meaning of the word if you think I was that with you just now."

"You are growing quite earnest in your denial. And don't I know the meaning of the word?" He was a vain young fellow, but there was something winning in his vanity, at most times, to most women—something specially winning in it to Blanche. But to-day she lacked patience for it among other things. She had known him for a butterfly all along, she told herself; and she had thought that a butterfly must ever be a pleasing and welcome object about one's path, whatever the weather. Now she found that sunshine was a chief condition: the butterfly was out of place now a cloud had arisen on her horizon. It irritated her that he should seek to put her in the position of understanding him more clearly than the others did, when she did not desire to understand him better. It roused her *esprit de corps* when he repeated, in his merry, vaunting, successful manner, "Don't I know the meaning of the word? More women have been sympathetic with me than I would care to count." Affectionately fond as she was of him, she could not resist replying when he said that—

"Leporello sings the list of names. A genuine Don Juan would scorn to proclaim his own doughty deeds."

"I was not boasting," he exclaimed, quickly. And his fair face colored like a girl's as he spoke.

"Were you not?" Blanche replied, carelessly. "There was a tone about the speech that we may be forgiven for having mistaken for boasting—may we not, Miss Talbot?"

"A tone you have never been hard upon before," Trixy replied. She saw his faults too; but she would have touched them so tenderly herself that it almost pained her to see them roughly torn into the light by another: especially did she dislike seeing them torn into the light by Blanche Lyon. It was hard, woefully hard, to Trixy to see the man she loved laying himself open to the feminine sarcasms of her rival; to see him accepting rebukes, rather than nothing, at Miss Lyon's hands; hard to mark him as so willing to put himself at Miss Lyon's feet; and perhaps harder still to mark that Miss Lyon did not deem it a priceless boon that he should be there. To be rivaled at all is horrible; to be rivaled by one who does not even deign to seem to care to rival is humiliating. So Trixy Talbot said that Blanche "had never been hard upon that tone before;" and Frank's blue eyes sought his cousin's, and seemed to implore her to indorse the statement.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

### Book V.—Relics of the Dead.

### CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

I CAN find no actual announcements of death: only sad allusions here and there. I fancy the majority of Matthew's letters must have been lost, for the dates of those confided to my hands are very far apart, and there is evidence in all of them of other correspondence. After the letter alluding to little M.'s death there is a hiatus of eight years. Then comes a letter with the postmark London very clear, from which I transcribe an extract.

"*October 4th*, 1759. The tonn is very sadd; everry body, high and low, rich and pore, in morning for Gennerel Wolf: wot a nobel deth to die, and how much happier than to live, when one considers the cairs and miseries of this life; and sech has bin the oppinion of wiser fokes than $y^r$ humble servent. Being in companie on Thersday sennite with that distingwish'd riter, Dr. Johnson,—whose admir'd story of *Raselass* I sent you new from $y^e$ press, but who I am bound to confesse is less admirable as a fine gentlemann than as an orther, his linning siled and his kravatt twisted ary, and his manners wot in a more obskure personn won'd be thort ungenteel,—he made a remark wich impress'd me much. Some one present, being almost all gentelmenn of parts and learning except $y^r$ pore untuter'd brother, observed that it was a saying with the ainchents that $y^e$ happiest of men was him wich was never born; $y^e$ next happy him wich died the soonest. On wich Doctor Johnson cried out verry loud and angry, 'That was a Paggann sentyment, sir, and I am asham'd that a Xtian gentelmann shou'd repete it as a subject for admerashun. Betwene these heathen men and $y^e$ followers of Christ their is all $y^e$ differenc betwene a slave and a servent of a kind Master. Echo bears the same burden; butt $y^e$ servent knows he will recieve just wages for his work, wile $y^e$ slave hopes for nothing, and so conkludes that to escape work is to be happy!' I could but aknowlege the wisdomm and pyety of this speche; yett whenn I see $y^e$ peopel going bye in there black rayment, I envy the young Gennerel his gloreous deth, and wish I was laying amongst the slane on the hites of Quebeck. I went to look at $y^e$ old house in J. St., but I wou'd not go in to see Mr. F. or $y^e$ old roomes: for I think I shou'd see the aparisions of those that once liv'd in them. C. thrivs at Higate, wear the aire is fresh and pewer. I go to see her offen. She is nerely as high as you. Give my servis to Mrs. Rebecka, sinse you say it will plese my father to do so, and he is now dispos'd to think more kindly of me. Butt if he thinks I shal everr arske her to be my wife he is mityly mistaken. You know wear my harte lies—in $y^e$ grave with all that made life dere. Thank my father for the Bill, and tell him I pass my time in good companie, and neether drink nor play: and will come to Ullerton to pay him my respeckts when he pleses to bid me. Butt I hav no desire to leeve London, as I am gladd to be neare C."

Who was C., whom Matthew visited at Highgate, and who was nearly as tall as Ruth Judson? Was she not most likely the same C. men-

tioned in conjunction with the little M. in the earlier letters? and if so, can there be any doubt that she was the daughter of Matthew Haygarth? Of whom but of a daughter would he write as in this letter? She was at Highgate, at school most likely, and he goes to see her. She is nearly as tall as Mrs. Judson. This height must have been a new thing, or he would scarcely impart it as a piece of news to his sister. And then he has no desire to leave London, as he is glad to be near C.

My life upon it, C. is a daughter.

Acting upon this conviction, I have transcribed all passages relating to C., at whatever distance of time they occur.

Thus, in 1763, I find:

"C. has grone verry hansome, and Mrs. N. tells me is much admir'd by a brother of her frend Tabitha. She never stirs abrorde but with Tabitha, and if a dutchess, cou'd be scarce wated on more cairfully. Mrs. N. loves her verry tenderly, and considers her the sweetest and most wel bredd of young women. I hav given her the new edishun of Sir Charls Grandisson, wich they read alowde in y$^{e}$ evenings, turn and turn about, to Mrs. N. at her spining. C. has given me a wool comforter of her owne worke, and sum stockings wich are two thick to ware, but I hav not told her so."

Again, in 1764:

"Tabitha Meynell's brother goes more than ever to Higate. He is a clark in his father's wearhouse; very sober and estimabel, and if it be for y$^{e}$ hapiness of C. to mary him, I wou'd be y$^{e}$ laste of men to sett my orthoritty agenst her enclinashun. She is yett but ayteen yeres of age, wich is young to make a change; so I tell Mrs. N. we will waite. Meanwhile y$^{e}$ young peapel see eche other offen."

Again, in 1765:

"Young Meynell is still constant, expressing much love and admirashun for C. in his discorse with Mrs. N., butt sattisfide to wait my plesure before spekeing oppenly to C. He semes a most exempelry young man; his father a cittizen of some repewt in Aldersgalt Street, ware I have din'd since last riting to you, and at hoose tabel I was paid much considerashun. He, Tomas Meynell y$^{e}$ father, will give his son five hundred pound, and I prommis a thousand pound with C. and to furnish a house at Chelsee, a verry plesent and countriefide vilage; so I make no doubt there will soon be a wedding.

"I am sorrie to here my father is aleing: give him my love and servise, and will come to Ullerton immediate on receiving his commands. I am plesed to think Mrs. Rebecka Caulfeld is so dutifull and kind to him, and has comfortedd him with prairs and discorses. I thank her for this more than for any frendshipp for my undeserving self. Pray tell her that I am much at her servise.

"Our new king is lov'd and admir'd by all. His ministers not so; and wise peopel do entertain themselfs with what I think foolish jokes a-bout a *Skotch boote*. Perhapps I am not cleverr enuff to see the funn in this joke."

In this letter I detect a certain softening of feeling toward Mrs. Rebecca Caulfield. In the next year—'66—according to my notes, Matthew's father died, and I have no letters bearing the date of that year, which our Matthew no doubt spent at home. Nor have I any letters from this time until the year of Matthew's marriage with Rebecca Caulfield. In the one year of his union with Mrs. Rebecca, and the last year of his life, there are many letters, a few from London and the rest from the manor-house at Dewsdale. But in these epistles, affectionate and confidential as they are, there is little positive information.

These are the letters of the regenerate and Wesleyanized Matthew; and, like the more elaborate epistles of his wife Rebecca, deal chiefly with matters spiritual. In these letters I can perceive the workings of a weak mind, which in its decline has become a prey to religious terrors; and though I fully recognize the reforming influence which John Wesley exercised upon the people of England, I fancy poor Matthew would have been better in the hands of a woman whose piety was of a less severe type than that of Wesleyan Rebecca. There is an all-pervading tone of fear in these letters: a depression which is almost despair. In the same breath he laments and regrets the lost happiness of his youth, and regrets and laments his own iniquity in having been so ignorantly and unthinkingly happy.

Thus in one letter he says:

"When I think of that inconsideratt foolish time with M., and how to be nere her semed the highest blisse erth cou'd bistowe or Heven prommis, I trimbel to think of my pore unawaken'd sole, and of her dome on wich the tru light never shown. If I cou'd believe she was happy my owne sorow won'd be lesse; but I canot, sence all y$^{e}$ worthyest memberrs of our seck agree that to die thinking onely of erthly frends, and cllngeng with a passhunate regrett to them we luv on erth is to be lesse than a tru Xtian, and for sech their is but one dome."

And again, in a still later epistle, he writes:

"On Toosday seunite an awakning discorse fromm a verry young man, until lately a carppenter, but now imploid piusly in going from toun to toun and vilage to vilage, preching. He says that a life of cairlesse happyness, finding plesure in y$^{e}$ things of this worlde, is—not being repentied of—irretrevable damnation. This is a maloncally thort! I fell to mewsing on M., with hoom I injoy'd such compleat happyness, tel Deth came like a spekter to bannish all comforte. And now I knowe that our lives wear vainity. I ashure you, dear sister, I am prodidjusly sadd when I reflleckt upon this truth—ashuredly it is a harde saying."

Anon comes that strange foreknowledge of death—that instinctive sense of the shadowy hand so soon to lay him at rest; and with that mystic prescience comes a yearning for the little child M. to be laid where his father may lie down beside him. There are many passages in the latter letters which afford a clew to that mysterious midnight burial at Dewsdale.

"Last nite I drem't of the cherchyarde at S. I satte under the olde yewe tree, as it semed in my dreme, and hurd a childes voice crying in a very pitious mannerr. The thort of this dreme has oppress'd my sperrits all day, and Rebecka has enquier'd more than wunce wot ales me. If little M. but lay nere at hande, in y$^{e}$ graive to wich I fele I must soone be carrid, I beleive I shou'd be happyer. Reproove me for this folley if you plese. I am getting olde, and Sattan temts me with seche fooleish thorts. Wot dose it matter to my sole wear my vile bodie is laid? and yet I have a fonde fooleish desier to be berrid with littel M."

And in these latest letters there is ample evidence of that yearning on Matthew's part to reveal a secret which Rebecca's own correspondence betrays.

"We tawked of manny things, and she was more than ordinnary kind and gentel. I had a mind to tell her about M., and aske her frendship for C.; but she seemed not to cair to here my sekrets, and I think wou'd be offended if she new the trooth. So I cou'd not finde courrage to tell her. Before I die I shal speek planely for the saik of C. and M. and y$^{e}$ littel one. I shal cum to U. erly nex weak to make my Wille, and this time shal chainge my umour no more. I have burnt y$^{e}$ laste, not likeing it."

This passage occurs in the last letter, among the packet confided to me. The letter is dated September 5, 1774. On the fourteenth of the following month Matthew died, and in all probability the will here alluded to was never executed. Certain it is that Matthew, whose end was awfully sudden at the last, died intestate, whereby his son John inherited the bulk, and ultimately the whole, of his fortune. There are many allusions to this infant son in the last few letters; but I do not think the little creature obtained any great hold on the father's heart. No doubt he was bound and swaddled out of even such small semblance to humanity as one may reasonably expect in a child of six or seven weeks old, and by no means an agreeable being.

THE MISSING LETTER.

And poor weak-minded Matthew's heart was with that player-girl wife whom he never acknowledged, and the little M.

And thus ends the story of Matthew Haygarth, so far as I have been able to trace it in the unfathomable gloom of the past.

It seems to me that what I have next to do will be to hunt up information respecting that young man Meynell, whose father lived in Aldersgate Street, and was a respectable and solid citizen of that ilk; able to give a substantial dinner to the father of his son's sweet-heart, and altogether a person considerable enough, I should imagine, to have left footprints of some kind or other on the sands of Time. The inscrutable Sheldon will be able to decide in what manner the hunt of the Meynells must begin. I doubt if there is any thing more to be done in Ullerton.

I have sent Sheldon a fair copy of my extracts from Matthew's correspondence, and have returned the letters to Miss Judson, carefully packed, in accordance with her request. I now await my Sheldon's next communication and the abatement of my influenza before making my next move in the great game of chess called Life.

What is the meaning of Horatio Paget's lengthened abode in this town? He is still here. He went past this house to-day while I was standing at my window in that abject state of mind known only to influenza and despair. I think I was suffering from a touch of both diseases, by-the-by. What is that man doing here? The idea of his presence fills me with all manner of vague apprehensions. I can not rid myself of the absurd notion that the lavender-glove I saw lying in Goodge's parlor had been left there by the Captain. I know the idea *is* an absurd one, and I tell myself again and again that Paget *can not* have any inkling of my business here, and therefore *can not* attempt to forestall me or steal my hard-won information. But often as I reiterate this—in that silent argument which a man is always elaborating in his own mind—I am still tormented by a nervous apprehension of treachery from that man. I suppose the boundary-line between influenza and idiocy is a very narrow one. And then Horatio Paget is such a thorough-paced scoundrel. He is *lié* with Philip Sheldon too—another thorough-paced scoundrel in a quiet gentlemanly way, unless my instinct deceives me.

*October* 12. There is treachery somewhere. Again the Haygarthian epistles have been tampered with. Early this morning comes an indignant note from Miss Judson, reminding me that I promised the packet of letters should be restored to her yesterday at noon, and informing me that they were not returned until last night at eleven o'clock, when they were left at her back garden gate by a dirty boy, who rang the bell as loudly as if he had been giving the alarm of fire, and who thrust the packet rudely into the hand of the servant and vanished immediately. So much for the messenger. The packet itself, Miss Judson informed me, was of a dirty and disgraceful appearance, unworthy the hands of a gentlewoman, and one of the letters was missing.

Heedless of my influenza I rushed at once to the lower regions of the inn, saw the waiter into whose hands I had confided my packet at half past ten o'clock yesterday morning, and asked what messenger had been charged with it. The waiter could not tell me. He did not remember. I told him plainly that I considered this want of memory very extraordinary. The waiter laughed me to scorn, with that quiet insolence which a well-fed waiter feels for a customer who pays twenty shillings a week for his board and lodging. The packet had been given to a very respectable messenger, the waiter made no doubt. As to whether it was the hostler, or one of the boys, or the Boots, or a young woman in the kitchen who went on errands sometimes, the waiter wouldn't take upon himself to swear, being a man who would perish rather than inadvertently perjure himself. As to my packet having been tampered with, that was ridiculous. What on earth was there in a lump of letter-paper for any one to steal? Was there money in the parcel? I was fain to confess there was no money; on which the waiter laughed aloud.

Failing the waiter, I applied myself severally to the hostler, the boys, the Boots, and the young woman in the kitchen; and then transpired the curious fact that no one had carried my packet. The hostler was sure he had not; the Boots could take his Bible oath to the same effect; the young woman in the kitchen could not call to mind any thing respecting a packet, though she was able to give me a painfully circumstantial account of the events of the morning—where she went and what she did, down to the purchase of three-pennyworth of pearl-ash and a pound of Glenfield starch for the head chamber-maid, on which she dwelt with a persistent fondness.

I now felt assured that there had been treachery here as in the Goodge business; and I asked myself to whom could I impute that treachery?

My instinctive suspicion was of Horatio Paget. And yet was it not more probable that Theodore Judson senior and Theodore Judson junior were involved in this business, and were watching and counter-checking my actions with a view to frustrating the plans of my principal? This was one question which I asked myself as I deliberated upon this mysterious business. Had the Theodore Judsons some knowledge of a secret marriage on the part of Matthew Haygarth? and did they suspect the existence of an heir in the descendant of the issue of that marriage? These were further questions which I asked myself, and which I found it much more easy to ask than to answer.

After having considered these questions I went to the Lancaster Road, saw Miss Judson—assured her, on my word as a gentleman, that the packet had been delivered by my hands into those of the waiter at eleven o'clock on the previous day, and asked to see the envelope. There it was—my large blue wire-wove office-envelope, addressed in my own writing. But in these days of adhesive envelopes there is nothing easier than to tamper with the fastening of a letter. I registered a mental vow never again to trust any important document to the protection of a morsel of gummed paper. I counted the letters, convinced myself that there was a deficiency, and then set to work to discover which of the letters had been abstracted. Here I failed utterly. For my own convenience in copying my extracts, I had numbered the letters from which I intended to transcribe passages before beginning my work. My penciled figures in consecutive order were visible in the corner of the superscription of every document I had used. Those numbered covers I now found intact, and I could thus assure myself that the missing document was one from which I had taken no extract.

This inspired me with a new alarm. Could it be possible that I had overlooked some scrap of information more important than all that I had transcribed?

I racked my brains in the endeavor to recall the contents of that one missing letter; but although I sat in that social tomb, Miss Judson's best parlor, until I felt my blood becoming of an arctic quality, I could remember nothing that seemed worth remembering in the letters I had laid aside as valueless.

I asked Miss Judson if she had any suspicion of the person who had tampered with the packet. She looked at me with an icy smile, and answered in ironical accents, which were even more chilling than the atmosphere of her parlor:

"Do not ask if *I* know who has tampered with those letters, Mr. Hawkehurst. Your affectation of surprise has been remarkably well put on; but I am not to be deceived a second time. When you came to me in the first instance I had my suspicions; but you came furnished with a note from my brother, and as a Christian I repressed those suspicions. I know now that I have been the dupe of an impostor, and that in intrusting those letters to you I intrusted them to an emissary and tool of THEODORE JUDSON."

I protested that I had never to my knowledge set eyes upon either of the Theodore Judsons; but the prejudiced kinswoman of those gentlemen shook her head with a smile whose icy blandness was eminently exasperating.

"I am not to be deceived a second time," she said. "Who else but Theodore Judson should have employed you? Who else but Theodore Judson is interested in the Haygarth fortune? Oh, it was like him to employ a stranger where he knew his own efforts would be unavailing; it was like him to hoodwink me by the agency of a hireling tool."

I had been addressed as a "young man" by the reverend Jonah, and now I was spoken of as a "hireling tool" by Miss Judson. I scarcely knew which was most disagreeable, and I began to think that board and lodging in the present, and a visionary three thousand pounds in the future, would scarcely compensate me for such an amount of ignominy.

I went back to my inn utterly crest-fallen—a creature so abject that even the degrading influence of influenza could scarcely sink me any lower in the social scale. I wrote a brief and succinct account of my proceedings, and dispatched the same to George Sheldon, and then I sat down in my sickness and despair, as deeply humiliated as Ajax when he found that he had been pitching into sheep instead of Greeks, as miserable as Job among his dust and ashes, but I am happy to say untormented by the chorus of one or the friends of the other. In that respect at least I had some advantage over both.

*October* 13. This morning's post brought me a brief scrawl from Sheldon.

"Come back to town directly. I have found the registry of Matthew Haygarth's marriage."

And so I turned my back on Ullerton; with what rejoicing of spirit it is not in language to express.

HOW THE EXCISE LAW IS EVADED—DISPENSING LIQUOR IN PUBLIC-HOUSE PARLORS ON SUNDAY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 334.]

INDIGNATION MEETING IN A NEW YORK BAR-ROOM ON SUNDAY.—Sketched by W. H. Davenport.—[See Page 334.]

## EVADING THE EXCISE LAW.

When the Excise Law first went into operation in 1866 it was evaded by serving injunctions restraining the Commissioners from enforcing it. When its constitutionality was finally decided upon, and the Commissioners began to strictly enforce it, various devices were originated to enable the liquor-dealers to disobey it and yet avoid its penalties. The last and most formidable resort contemplated by them is "an appeal to mob law." The Superintendent of Police, John P. Kennedy, reports that a riot has been regularly organized: meetings have been held, associations formed, and plans for the projected riot carefully matured. He caused to be published in the daily papers of May 9 a statement of the facts in his possession, and a notice to all concerned that full and ample preparations had been made to suppress any riot and punish the rioters.

Our illustration on page 333 shows one of the favorite modes of evading the law at present. It is customary on the part of many unlicensed dealers to close their bars on the Sabbath, and dispense their liquors in their parlors, but only to well-known customers and friends, acquainted with "the private entrance." Large parties thus gather in these apartments and spend the day in drinking. The other picture on the same page shows how the liquor men influence public opinion. They occasionally lock up their *bar*, but not their bar-room, and the thirsty customers who gather hold an "indignation meeting," at which they vent their spite against the Commissioners and Police in curses both loud and deep.

## THE POULTRY QUESTION.

This is the season when the farm and barnyard engage the special attention of all who happen to possess farms and barn-yards. Being included in this category, we have found ourselves much edified by the perusal of an interesting paper upon Poultry Culture, which was read before the American Institute Club some three years ago by a Mr. Henry Carpenter. Mr. C. seems thoroughly conversant with the subject. One would infer that his lifetime had been devoted to fowl subjects. He states, for instance, that the people of the United States eat one hundred millions of fowls every year, valued at $20,000,000 in gold. [A fearful wringing of necks indeed, though it seems to have given out the ring of the true metal.] Of the immense egg-regate annually raised he says that fifty millions of hens are preserved for layers; these produce eggs at an average value of 75 cents to each hen, and a grand total of $37,500,000. [Not an inconsiderable item in the cackle-ation.] One would suppose that Mr. C. would be satisfied with this result; but he is not. He pursues his investigations farther, and shows how hens can be made to do far better than this. They ought to lay, he maintains, at least two hundred eggs a year, at a cent and a half each, which would come to three dollars. [They don't lay them nowadays at that price; it would not pay for wear and tear.] He obtains the following statistics from a friend who kept an [eggs-act] account: 45 hens produced 6036 eggs, which sold for $96 44, besides raising 80 chickens. [Good "layers" are the best raisin's.] These hens consumed 56 bushels [not stated how many pecks to a bushel] of mixed grain, with scraps of meat and vegetables, at a total cost of $54 30, which, deducted from the gross receipts, leaves the very hen-some profit of $35 74. Large companies of fowls do not do as well as small ones; which goes to prove that the tendency of "birds of a feather to flock together" is quite injurious to habits of industry, if not to good morals. Fifty is about the right number, and will produce more eggs, it is claimed, than twice that number when allowed to remain together. A good hen will produce six times her weight in eggs in one year. What is most singular, however, is, that she lays fewer eggs the second year; and by the close of the third her last lay is ended. Therefore the argument is, that hens should not be kept more than one year for profit. Mr. Carpenter seems to understand the subject thoroughly, and ought to be able to make a capital hennery—for Henry.

## LOCUSTS.

Many examples of the rapidity with which locusts commit their ravages are given by George Hartwig in his interesting work—"God in Nature," from which we select the following: An Englishman, who had settled at Conohos in South America, possessed a large plantation; and as he had heard that a swarm of these insects had been seen hovering about the vicinity, he concentrated his tobacco-plants, forty thousand heads in all, near his house, in order the better to protect them, and had the satisfaction of seeing them flourish until they had reached the height of twelve inches. But, one day at noon, the cry was heard: "The locusts!" and hastily running from the house, he saw them coming like a thick black cloud. The swarm condensed itself directly over the tobacco field, descended suddenly, and covered it as completely as if a brown sheet had been thrown over it. In less than half a minute they rose as rapidly as they had fallen, and continued their flight, leaving no vestige of the forty thousand plants. The ground was as bare as if it had been swept with a broom.

## A HORSE'S FOOT.

When the limbs of a horse are examined with anatomical scrutiny, the philosopher, like the physiologist, is really constrained to acknowledge the positive evidence of an adaptation of means to ends. For example, take the fore-foot; and that is enough for a long dissertation on the wise provisions exhibited in its structure. The hind-legs bear a certain relationship to the hind-feet of any quadruped. But the construction of the gambrel joint, in point of strength, security, and efficiency, is very marvelous. Each foot represents a single toe or finger, given off from the metacarpel bone in the palm of the hand, and the metatarsal bone of the other, which is a toe. The hoof is a curiously formed box, which is so connected with the skin that it is all the while growing just as fast as it is worn off in wild horses, or shaved off in shoeing when domesticated. Thus the weight of the animal is actually transmitted to the extremities of two fingers and two toes, as shown on dissection. But the elastic cushion which receives the pressure, together with the manner in which nature has attached the shoulder-blade so as to have it slide up or down to take off a part of the jar in trotting, cantering, or running, is another beautiful mechanical adjustment of muscles and bones, so admirable as to compel an infidel to confess that the adjustment of means to specific purposes shows nature to have the attributes of a God.

## THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY.

What pretty things are butterflies, and how pleasant to see them flitting about in the bright sunshine, and among the flowers! What a variety of colors they present! One is white; another white and black; a third brown and red; a fourth blue; a fifth copper-colored; in short, they present such an endless variety of colors, and so harmoniously blended, that it would be a difficult task to find words to describe some of them. If their exceeding loveliness were all, butterflies would still be deserving of our admiring notice; but besides this, the history of every butterfly is replete with wonder and instruction.

Let us trace the development of a butterfly from the egg to the perfect fly.

The first stage in the history is the egg, for all butterflies are hatched from eggs, which are laid by these beautiful insects upon the plants best suited for the food of the caterpillar, in which form its career of active life begins.

When the egg is hatched a caterpillar comes out. It is soft, wingless, and in shape like a worm (Fig. 1). In this state it eats greedily, and during this period of its life often does much serious mischief. Gardeners, and all who have gardens, know by experience what destruction the butterfly-grub makes among vegetables; and for the last four or five years the caterpillars of the gooseberry-moth have been so numerous in some localities, that every gooseberry-tree in the district has been stripped of its leaves. During this stage of their existence the caterpillars frequently change their skins, and they grow with amazing rapidity. The quantity of food they destroy may be judged of from the fact, that the maggot of the blow-fly, perhaps better known as the blue-bottle and flesh-fly, at the end of twenty-four hours after its birth has increased in weight 155 times; and the full-grown caterpillar of the goat-moth is 72,000 times heavier than when it issued from the egg.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

When a caterpillar is full-grown it changes into a *pupa*, so called because it is thought to resemble a young child wrapped in swaddling clothes (Fig. 2). If any one had never seen a caterpillar and a pupa before, and had no knowledge of their relationship to one another, it would be a difficult task to make him believe that the motionless form before him had ever been an agile and voracious caterpillar; or, again, would ever become one of those light and beautiful butterflies that gladden our eyes, and add a charm to our country rambles. When the caterpillar is about to pass into the pupa stage it seeks a fitting place for the transformation, then casts its skin, and gradually loses all appearance of the caterpillar. Some, as those of the swallow-tailed butterfly, are suspended by the middle to a branch, the tail-end also being fastened to it; the pupa of the Brimstone Butterfly, the Black-veined White, and the Orange Tip, are also suspended in like manner; others are suspended by the tail alone, and others are buried in the earth. The time that the insect continues in this stage of its existence differs very much—in the summer months it may be two or three weeks; in the winter it may extend to six months.

Fig. 3.

From the pupa comes the imago, or full-grown butterfly (Fig. 3), which eats little, and only of honey, drawn from the nectary of flowers; and which lives but a short time, at the longest only a few days, during which happy period it sports from flower to flower, lays its eggs upon the plants best suited for the support of its progeny, and then dies.

The different stages in the development of a butterfly are: 1st, the Egg; 2d, the Caterpillar; 3d, the Pupa; and 4th, the Imago, or perfect insect. In each stage the insect differs so greatly from the preceding, as to have arrested the attention of men in early ages; and the resemblance of a pupa to a corpse wrapped up for burial, motionless, and to all appearance dead, from which it suddenly awakens a beautiful winged insect, caused it to be recognized by the ancient Greeks, and also by the early Christians, as an emblem of the resurrection of man after death.

## GOOD TASTE IN DRESS.

Taste, especially in the dress of ladies, is accessible to the influence of certain fixed principles which no one who desires to present a becoming appearance can afford to neglect; it is shown in such a conformity to the laws of nature as will suit the form and features, the station, the occupation, and the age of each individual. It is astonishing how constantly good taste is violated in the details of dress. A few words on the subject may not be amiss. There is nothing with which fashion has played wilder vagaries than the bonnet or hat; it would be hopeless to trace its whimsical course in the past. No one can visit a gallery of old portraits, or turn over a book of costumes, without being struck with the monstrous oddities which women have set upon their heads. In our own time, within the memory of many who now follow the fashions, they have changed enough to show that there seems no fixed rule for a covering to a woman's head. The bewildered imagination has found language inadequate to express the impressions created by successive phases of head-gear. Adjectives fail in defining most bonnet-fabrics, and we have tried to convey an idea by calling them coal-scuttles, spoons, and pork-pies. Men have stuck to "chimney-pots;" a word which is doubly significant when applied to their hats, inasmuch as they not only resemble them in shape, but form the topmost items of the structure. A "tile" is also an appropriate nickname, as it is set upon the roof; but what fitness of association can be seen in the crowning of a woman with a "coal-scuttle" or a "pie?" Depend upon it, ladies, that when your head-dresses get such incongruous names you are not true to the principles of good taste; you don't do justice to your faces when you play such tricks with them. "Coal-scuttles" have long been discarded, though they will "come in" again some day; and "spoons" have but very lately been laid aside. What the nickname of the present bonnet is I do not know; it is too small, perhaps, to carry a name at all; it is not a bonnet, but the germ of one; it does nothing to fulfill any conditions of a covering to the head. Indeed you have to look twice to know whether a lady has a bonnet on or not. If it were not for the ribbons and ornaments attached to it, you would not know that it was there. A lady of fashion, full dressed, looks as if she had forgotten to finish her toilet, and come out, carelessly, without any thing on her head. While she wears an abundance of superfluous fabric which exaggerates the other proportions of her figure, she makes this exaggeration more conspicuous by reducing her head to a minimum. She is like a capital A with the dot of a little *i*, or a large church bell with a cannon ball on the top of it; and this is good taste!

Caprice is shown in regard to hair as much as in head-dresses. The departure of the powder and pomatum age is no doubt a sign of sensible progress in this matter; but what can be the charm of those great blobs which are worn at the back of the neck? Why do ladies wish to appear double-headed? These excrescences represent no possible form of nature, except it may be some hideous swelling analogous to the Swiss goitre, only behind instead of before. Why not let the hair follow either its own natural way, or at least some way which hair is known to follow in some living creature in the animal kingdom? There is the less excuse for these great lumps at the back of the head, inasmuch as there is a good deal of liberty allowed in the arrangement of the rest of it. Indeed, there are signs of "crops," as they are somewhat curtly termed, becoming common, if not fashionable. At any rate, they have the advantage of following one natural disposition of the hair, and suit many faces remarkably well. But there never was a head yet which looked the better for a lump as big as a cocoa-nut attached to it.

A word about dyeing hair. If old people knew how much older it made them look, when black or brown tresses accompany a withered face, they would accept the natural silver as the best preservative of their good looks. Why will they adopt a process which above all others intensifies the change which years have made in them? They have no idea how fresh and pleasant they might look if they would let Nature have her own tasteful and appropriate way.

No one can be graceful in movement who is permanently throttled. The neck was surely meant to be free; if stiffened by wraps that flexibility of gesture is lost which is essential to an agreeable form. One word of warning about the shoulders. No dress which makes them high or square is tolerable, and yet they are evidently intended by nature to support the dress. It is a defiance of the laws of mechanics, to say nothing of taste, to see the ledge on which a structure should rest, unused. The shape of the shoulders should be preserved by the dress which rests upon them; but they should be partly covered in order that the true principle of good taste may be observed. Curiously enough Nature avenges herself for the neglect of this her obvious support of the dress, by inducing children, whose shoulders are bare, to hitch themselves about until often one shoulder becomes higher than the other, or both are permanently shrugged up. Half the upper malformations which sometimes detract from a woman's grace are caused by the natural unconscious protest which they made, when children, against the slipping off of the frocks from the ledge intended to support them.

Good taste is continually outraged by sleeves. Where any are worn, they should, more or less, fit. Could any thing have been conceived more monstrous than the shoulder-of-mutton structures which women once wore on their arms, and which, when covered with a cloak, make the wearer assume the figure of a bee-hive? There have been some indications lately of lumps and swellings on the upper part of the sleeve, which, it is to be hoped, will subside. A deep and sweeping cuff should be avoided, not only for the trick it has of scooping up gravy and upsetting tea-cups, but for its defiance of that natural law which decrees that a limb shall taper toward its extremity.

Happily, though the poor feet are often pinched up, Nature asserts her own way with the hands; and fashion gives the same order as good taste—*i.e.*, if not engaged in rough work, keep them delicate and soft; and that is done by nothing better than by a soft leather glove. Thin kid is obviously the best material to clothe them with, inasmuch as it most resembles the natural skin.

The waist is notoriously under the influence of fashion. Nature is not to be trusted. We laugh at Chinese ladies for pinching up their feet; but this is nothing to the pinching up of the waist. A thin waist is a deformity, except in a thin person, for it destroys the proportion of the figure. If ladies desire well-proportioned waists let them take plenty of exercise, and then the rest of the figure will be naturally developed, and the waist as small as it is ever intended to be. Singing, especially, which works the muscles of the chest, tends to make the waist well-proportioned. And all healthy use of the arms and shoulders has this effect. If you will exceed Chinese ladies in folly, and squeeze up that part of the frame which incloses the heart and lungs, remember that one not unfrequent result of tight lacing is to give a *red nose;* and when once this red nose has made its appearance you can not get rid of it: Nature decrees this punishment for life. When you look some day into the glass and see the hateful tint, it will be too late to give up the squeezing which has produced it. Your noses, as well as your waists, will be spoiled for good.

Crinoline is very convenient in many respects. It keeps off the flapping, dragging effect of the dress in walking, at least on level ground. But no one thinks of wearing it on horseback. Here, then, we have an article of dress which is, under some circumstances, a great assistant to natural movement, and under others wholly dispensed with. Why not, therefore, accept this liberty of disuse, and wear crinoline with some respect to the inconvenience of others as well as to the convenience of the wearer? It is positively uncomfortable to walk arm in arm with a woman encircled by steel; and in assemblies of any kind, where the room is limited, hoops cease to impart any additional grace to their wearers. Moreover, let those of my fair readers whose pin-money is limited remember that the graceful outlines of a dress built up with metal are impossible, unless the hoops are covered with such an abundance of material as to conceal their transverse ribs.

At present the feet are threatened with the distortion which must accompany very high heels. Nature never intended us to walk on tip-toe. Let alone the risk of being tripped up, the joints of the toes are in danger of swelling into bunions and other tasteless excrescences if they have double work put upon them. The walk is the most graceful form of motion when it is possible. But I defy any one to call the gait of a very high-heeled woman a walk at all, in the natural sense of the word. Her whole body is thrown off its balance, and she goes along with that ticklish gesture which is associated with stilts or wooden legs. Moreover, when the body is thus artificially elevated the proportion of the figure is destroyed.

A few words on color. A good natural figure, and taste in the shape of dress, may be wholly spoiled by inappropriate or ill-harmonized colors. Remember that white increases the apparent size of the wearer, while black diminishes it; stripes add to height, while cross-bars lessen it. Large checks are invariably in bad taste, unless a person's figure is so bad that it is sought to be concealed. Never wear a dress of many colors; and when you have more than one take care that they are what is called complementary. Thus green and red are complementary. They harmonize well; so do yellow and purple, orange and blue. Blue and green are utterly inadmissible together by any principles of good taste, though Fashion sometimes advocates their union. Thus, too, these strong colors ought to be chosen with respect to the color of the complexion. Green gives a rosiness to the face of the wearer, while red tones down the redness of the skin. Blue assists the beauty of a blonde, yellow that of a brunette. White vivifies a bright complexion, black subdues it.

Ladies would exercise good taste by using ornament sparingly, and, when possible, let it fasten or support something. In any case it loses its power to increase charms when excessive. Much artificial decoration makes a man think that the wearer is conscious of wanting natural beauty, or that she is trying to set off some superficial charms with unbecoming eagerness. And so it is; obtrusive ornament generally marks an absence of the best graces; and a woman who seeks to draw attention by her trinkets is too often without that which gives the true charm to her sex.

The Cabinet Organ.—The single house of Mason & Hamlin has succeeded in so far outstripping its rivals that the question, "Who makes the best reed organs?" is no longer an open one. Of the excellence of these instruments we have, for our own part, become perfectly satisfied by frequent personal trials of the Mason & Hamlin instruments, and of various others. It is patent and undeniable.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

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WANTED—A GOOD MAN in every Town and County in the Union, to engage in the sale of a Patented Article, used in every Household, Shop, Office, Hotel, Store, and Railroad Car, Steamboat, &c. Persons already engaged are making immense incomes, and the demand for the article never ceases. Your customers once obtained, your income is great and perpetual. Full and satisfactory particulars sent to all who may apply. Address C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York, with stamp.

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ERUPTIVE AND ULCERATIVE DISEASES

OF THE

*THROAT, NOSE, EYES, EYELIDS, SCALP, AND SKIN,*

Which so disfigure the appearance, PURGING the evil effects of mercury, and removing all taints, the remnants of DISEASES, hereditary or otherwise, and is taken by ADULTS and CHILDREN with perfect SAFETY.

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in the course of careful study of the offices and functions of that most important organ, the Liver, observed that a derangement of any of its functions led to peculiar evidences of disease, the exact nature of which was not fully understood, and hence received improper or unsuccessful treatment by his professional brethren. By a continued system of close and methodical observations, and by numberless cases, analyzed with mathematical rigor, Dr. McLane triumphantly discriminated between maladies which were once confounded, to the great injury of medical science, and properly located the seat of various disorders in the liver.

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**6000 Agents** wanted to sell *six* new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15c. and get 80 pages, or 25c. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent on receipt of 10c. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.

# Established 1861.

## THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

### Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

### Complimentary Letters from Clubs.

BOXLEY, INDIANA, *April* 1. 1867.

*Proprietors of the Great American Tea Co.*, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York:

SIRS,—Your box of Tea came through in excellent condition. The club were all much pleased with the Tea. We saved $1 30 per pound by getting our Tea of you. We have therefore made a second order, and very likely a third will be sent by summer. Please send a number of blank orders, as others would like to form clubs. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. GEORGE TATES.

LE ROY, *April* 29, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company*, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTS,—I now send you my 8th order for Teas, which I hope will be as good as heretofore. It is just six months since I sent my first order; in that time I have sent you over $600. The Teas have given good satisfaction. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Yours truly, JOHN N. BENEDICT.

IONIA, MICHIGAN, *April* 16, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company*, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

SIRS,—Owing to my advanced age (nearly seventy-six) and to increasing infirmities, I have concluded to relinquish the business of getting up any more Clubs for your Teas and Coffees. I have requested my neighbor, Curtis Merrifield, to act in my place, who will take hold of it cheerfully. Mr. Merrifield is one of our best citizens, whose integrity and responsibility may be relied on. There seems to be an increasing desire to obtain your Teas, and I think he possesses such energy and perseverance as will warrant success. My dealings with you, during one entire year, for Teas and Coffees, has been highly gratifying, exhibiting accuracy, promptness, and liberality, for which you will please accept my thanks. May prosperity accompany your laudable efforts in reducing the prices of Teas to the vast army of consumers. Yours truly, ERASTUS YEOMANS.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

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In the UNITED STATES and BRITISH AMERICA it has become a household word. As a protective against malaria, epidemic fevers, Fever and Ague, and other diseases produced by miasmatic influences, it stands far ahead of all other preparations, and is so considered by the most eminent physicians of the day.

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In AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, NEW ZEALAND, and adjacent islands its progress has been marvelous. Merchants, Miners, Farmers, Manufacturers, and Squatters, all indorse it. Thousands already has it saved from the pernicious effects of miasma arising from the low swampy grounds so prevalent in those countries.

In CHINA and the EAST INDIES it is working its way with rapid strides, and is extensively used in the hospitals.

In conservative EUROPE, even, its influence is being felt; and the day is not far distant when

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will become in the Old World what it now is in the New—a never-failing joy to the afflicted.

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## HIRAM WOODRUFF

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With detailed Instructions HOW TO TRAIN AND DRIVE.

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IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, EACH OF WHICH IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

P.S.—Owners of Horses, whether subscribers to the SPIRIT or not, are hereby informed that the paper employs a distinguished Veterinary Professor, whose duty it is to answer (through its columns) all questions in regard to the DISEASES or INJURIES OF HORSES, with directions how to treat them for a cure. These directions are given at the end of the question, GRATIS; so that every person who buys a copy of the SPIRIT, or who subscribes for it by the year, has a HORSE-DOCTOR FREE.

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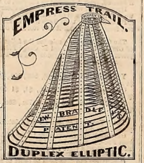


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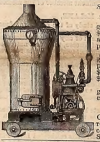

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 544.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

JEFF DAVIS LEAVING THE COURT-HOUSE AT RICHMOND.—DEMONSTRATION OF THE REBEL CITIZENS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

## TRIAL OF JEFF DAVIS.

Chief-Justice Chase issued a writ of *habeas corpus* on May 8, requiring the person of Jefferson Davis to be brought before the United States Circuit Court for the District of Virginia. The writ was served on General Burton, the commandant at Fortress Monroe, on May 11, and the same day the prisoner was taken to Richmond, where a mounted guard received him and held him in custody at the Spottswood Hotel until May 13. During Sunday he held a levee, to which his friends were admitted without any restriction. On May 13 he was brought by General Burton before Judge Underwood and delivered up to the civil authorities, thus finally releasing him from military custody. Judge Underwood ordered his arrest on the indictment found against him in his court a year ago, and the prisoner was at once taken in charge. The attorneys of the Government having announced that they were not prepared to prosecute at this term of the court, a motion was made to release the prisoner on bail. The motion was granted, and the bail fixed at one hundred thousand dollars. Horace Greeley, Augustus Schell, John Minor Botts, and thirteen others were accepted as securities. Our engraving on page 340 represents the appearance of the court and audience at the moment Mr. Charles O'Conor made his speech asking that the prisoner be released on bail. The spirited picture on the preceding page represents the prisoner leaving the court-room.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 1, 1867.


## IS VOTING A NATURAL RIGHT?

The demand for equal suffrage is often founded upon the assertion that voting is a natural right, and this claim, on the other hand, is as often and contemptuously denied. If it be a natural right, it is urged, by what authority are children and unnaturalized aliens deprived of it? If it be a natural right, by what process do you prove that people are not to enjoy their rights until they are twenty-one years old? And clearly, if it be a natural right, the exclusion of women from the polls is an outrage. This last point was conclusively put in the debates at the late meeting of the Equal Rights Association, and by no one more admirably than by Mrs. Stanton. Indeed, it is ludicrous and shameful to turn from her trenchant and eloquent argument, the work of an intelligent, accomplished, and experienced woman to the political performances of an ordinary male stump orator, and reflect that, as a matter of course, without argument and without reason, such women are politically disabled by such men.

Those who sneer at the idea of suffrage as a natural right do not seem to understand the ground of the claim. That there are some kinds of natural rights we are all agreed, at least in this country. A man has a right, for instance, to his life, to his liberty, and to the fruits of his honest labor. These rights, we are also agreed, may be forfeited by crime; that is to say, by invasions of the equal rights of others. To these natural rights the habit of modern society adds certain social functions which spring from the natural rights, are essential to their completion, and which are called in a general way civil rights. These are such rights as to sue, to give evidence, to inherit, buy, lease, sell, convey, and hold property, and others. Few intelligent persons in this country would now deny or forbid equality of natural and civil rights. But a distinction is made between these and political rights. Upon what ground? We put the advocates of the distinction upon the defensive. If men have equal natural and civil rights, whence in reason do you derive political inequality?

These natural and civil rights are equally precious to every man. They are given to each man, we say, by God. Now, what is government? Merely a system for the defense of those individual rights; an arrangement to prevent any man or any body of men from harming the rights of others. But has God given to John Smith a right which he has also given to John Jones, and for which he has given Smith a defense which he has not given Jones? Or has he empowered Smith to take care both of his own rights and of Jones's? In other words, has he arranged that Smith shall defend himself against Jones and Jones against Smith? If he has, where are Smith's credentials? How does he prove that Jones is to look to him for security? The point can be settled only by asserting his own will by force or by the consent of Jones. The first method is pure despotism, the second concedes the natural political right of Jones. As for the theory that the most intelligent ought to govern, the difficulty is the selection. Goldsmith naïvely sang:

> "For just experience shows in every soil
> That those who think should govern those who toil."

But neither Goldsmith nor any poet or philosopher ever showed how we are to determine who does think and who toils.

The truth is, that if God has given a right to any man he has also given all the means necessary to secure that right. Whatever functions a man is born with he has a right to exercise freely without injuring others. The argument in the abstract is with those who assert natural political equality as the complement of civil equality; and they must fail who undertake to deny it. It is not there that they should plant their argument, but on the secondary ground of expediency. If they can make a successful struggle it will be upon that.

But we doubt if they can do any better even upon that ground. Whatever the abstract original right may be, whatever speculations we may indulge about "man anterior to society" and "man entering into society," the practical truth is, that we find him in society and must deal with him there. A certain part of one of the sexes exercises political power every where. Where they are the large majority they will share that power with the minority and the weak only because they see that it will be for their advantage to do so. Hence the duty of those who would lead public opinion to favor the extension of power is to show that it is always good policy to conform to natural right. For men are so made that they will think the deprivation of a natural right is an evil, whether in any specific instance it may or may not be so. Thus in England, at this moment, whether the general welfare of the country would be advanced by an enlarged suffrage or not the people think it would be, and therefore the general welfare is endangered by refusing it.

The fear of the majority is idle. A majority has always the brute force to execute its will, and if it chooses to be tyrannical there is no remedy. No ingenious device, no check and balance dependent upon good faith could curb its will. Even where a minority seems to prevail, as in some of the Southern States at the outbreak of the rebellion, it is an illusion. It is because the majority is passive; and if it does not choose to assert its will, the case merely shows that a majority as such is not to be feared. Indeed, reflection and experience agree in showing that a majority is not usually a monster.

The tendency of modern society is to simpler political thought and action. The theories of the last century are passing away, and the advantage of a government which exists in truth by the consent of the governed is rapidly vindicating itself. The current is swift and sure; and it bears us to the time when the word male will be regarded as no less a barbarous disfigurement of the fundamental law than the word white. The argument against both is long since exhausted, and only a prejudice remains, which is so much the thinner as "natural antipathy" and the formidable argument of the table and the marriage relation can not be urged.

> "'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
> 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'"

## DISCUSSION AT THE SOUTH.

The deprecation of political debate in the late rebel States is simply silly. Those States are to be organized by equal suffrage. A large part of the voters are newly enfranchised and were lately slaves. The old master class can not see with patience the sudden elevation of the slaves, which is coincident with its own humiliation and defeat in the field. The freedmen can not at once have all the moderation and wisdom of a highly-civilized people accustomed to self-government. But the situation is nevertheless simple. The whole population of the South is to be educated to political power by possessing it. They are to become accustomed as soon as practicable to all the processes of a free popular government. They are not to be arbitrarily trained or moulded or whittled into shape. People can never learn to swim until they jump into the water. There is no political education like political practice.

Now the first condition of political education is perfect freedom of speech. Every citizen is to say what he thinks, and why he thinks it, whenever he can get any body to hear him. If he says it foolishly, so much the worse for his opinion. He will make no converts; he will repel them. But other people have no right to be brutal because he is angry or extravagant. They may go out of hearing, but they must not close his mouth. If he knows his audience to be peculiarly sensitive or excited, a judicious speaker will govern himself accordingly. But if he be injudicious his rights are precisely the same, and the duty of the Government to protect him is imperative. Our popular system does not suppose every man to be wise.

The Southern States are as wholly unused to the spirit and the forms of a free government as Du Chaillu's Ashango Land. There has never been any freedom of speech in that part of the country or any toleration of differing opinions upon the most vital questions. The word liberty in its simple, broad sense has been utterly unmeaning. Free speech, and thereby a popular government, can be established there only by a force whose mere presence will keep the peace. And with such a force at hand the true course is to encourage men of every opinion to stump the whole region and advocate their views. We hope they may be discreet men, but that we can not bargain for. If we ask them not to go, in the hope that at some indefinite future time there may be a more pacific moment and a greater willingness to hear, we forget that the peaceable time is the result of this very frank discussion, and that in postponing the debate we postpone the peace. It is by education, by enlightenment of every kind that the temper of the disturbed section is to be moderated. We can no more escape the agitation than the disturbed electrical condition of the atmosphere and the earth can adjust itself without a thunder-storm.

It would, indeed, be extremely unfair if one side only were allowed to speak; and it is alleged that the Republicans alone are allowed to say what they will in any manner they choose. The charge is totally untrue. Wade Hampton has exactly the same freedom that Henry Wilson has, and Governor Orr may speak as plainly as Judge Kelley. Probably while the States are under military rule none of these speakers would be allowed to urge resistance to the Government. But the restriction would be impartial. It would silence Mr. Wilson as well as Mr. Hampton.

For ourselves we confess that the true plan seems to be to have a force which secures order, and then to let every tongue wag at its will. Every body feels better when he has expressed himself, and a great many listeners smile to discover what a small matter it was. In no other way than by absolute freedom of speech will the people of the disturbed States ever be politically educated, or the region become sufficiently tranquil to allow the withdrawal of the troops.

## THE AGITATION IN ENGLAND.

The great Reform meeting in London was perfectly orderly. The Government had the good sense not to oppose it, as it had threatened. The authorities had ten thousand troops under arms hidden away in convenient yards, and as many special policemen with five thousand of the regular force; but there was no occasion to use them, nor was it their presence which kept the peace, but the good sense of the people. Indeed, as John Bright said in Parliament, a great meeting of the people has never led to a breach of the peace; and when riots and bloodshed have followed it has been in consequence of the interference of the Government. The great Birmingham meeting of 1832 was the most enormous popular assembly ever known in England to that time, but it was solemn and not stormy; and the earlier catastrophe of Peterloo was due to the stupidity of the country militia.

It is understood that Mr. Gladstone and some other leaders were opposed to the meeting when the Government declared firmly and persistently that it should not be permitted. But it appeared that the Tory Government, as usual, was using words in a Pickwickian sense. It was resolved that the people should not meet until it saw that the people were resolved to meet, and then it withdrew its opposition. So, in the House, Mr. Disraeli insists upon a measure until he is defeated, then he smilingly acquiesces. Such a course may keep a Minister in office, but it fearfully demoralizes his party.

The Reform meeting was not a monster meeting. It was not especially enthusiastic, but it was none the less a significant triumph of the people over the Government. It was a decisive battle gained. Not only the question of meeting in the parks was settled, but the point was achieved that a firm popular purpose, irrespective of voting, can control so aristocratic a Government as that of England. The present Reform agitation, like that of 1832, is a peaceful war, which, if not forcibly withstood, will reconstruct or revolutionize the British political system without a blow. A year ago Mr. Lowe sneered at the Reform. He said that it was not only unnecessary, but it was not wanted. From that moment the people of England have declared in constantly louder chorus, "It is wanted;" and so persuasive is the music that the Tory Ministry leads the way to Reform, and levels all barriers that impede the popular will.

This is done at a sad cost of consistency and dignity. The British Tory party as a reforming party is as absurd as the American Democratic party in the same rôle. It sacrifices its essential spirit, its antecedents, and its traditions. The reactionary feeling that distrusts men and derides progress, which is the essence of English Toryism as it is of American Democracy, so that you find every man who distrusts our system voting the Democratic ticket and praising England, recoils from an organization which deliberately promotes reform. This spirit can hear nothing so bitter to it as John Bright's contemptuous praise of Disraeli. "What the honorable gentleman sneers at in my opinions one year," says Mr. Bright, in substance, "I observe that he enacts into law the next. Let him continue, and he will yet do the country good service." Mr. Disraeli knows, but probably does not care, that his success is the moral ruin of his party. With all his sardonic cleverness the author of "Vivian Grey" is remarkably like the agent with whose assistance the cat pulled the chestnuts out of the hot ashes.

The Reform meeting had this other importance that it was the public alliance of the Liberal English and Irish parties. Last winter John Bright went to Dublin and gave his hand to Ireland. Now the O'Donoghue comes to London and gives his hand to Reform. This is the dawn of a reasonable hope for Ireland. The Liberal party of both countries joins in the agitation because, as the O'Donoghue wisely says, "It aims at a reconstruction of the machinery which is to work out the settlement of all other questions."

## REFORMATORIES FOR STOCK GAMBLERS.

It is startling to note how the army of small speculators and impecunious brokers has multiplied since legitimate business has been depressed. Hundreds have abandoned their honest callings and gone to the Stock Market to try their luck. They scrape together what money they can, select their brokers, deposit their 10 per cent. margins on Erie or some other stock, and then sit down like a cat at a hole to watch for game. From this instant their nature undergoes a change. They become inveterate idlers, vagrants, and tipplers. From nine o'clock in the morning to six in the evening their time is divided between "watching the market" and guzzling at Delmonico's. Day after day the same familiar faces are seen filling the streets and the lobbies of the Long Room and Open Board. They wander like troubled spirits from pillar to post, waiting for fortune to smile on them, and hoping to get rich without labor. It is useless to warn them of the tricks of the trade and the dangers that beset them. Ruin is certain to overtake them speedily. There are enough genteelly-dressed, able-bodied vagrants hanging about the Stock Boards, to raise garden truck for all the markets of New York, if systematically set to work in the country. It is disgusting to see how idleness and vice take hold on them. There is no better nursery for gamblers and topers in this city than the purlieus of Wall and Broad streets.

The number of brokers and members of the Stock Boards has increased no less rapidly than the army of outsiders and hangers-on. There are far too many trying to get a living out of stock manipulations. No doubt a certain degree of speculation is favorable to the appreciation of railway shares. It stimulates traffic and attracts attention to these important public works. Brokers are useful to the mercantile community so long as they confine themselves strictly to commission business in legitimate transactions; but when the operations of the market are reduced to a brute struggle between "Bulls" and "Bears," to see which shall wipe out the other, it becomes advantageous not only to the public, but to the brokers themselves, to have their ranks thinned out by the exterminating process, just as wars often exercise a purifying effect upon demoralized peoples and communities. For two weeks and more there has been a dead lock between the two rival factions. Stocks have fluctuated somewhat, but the range has been scarcely more than two per cent. in that time, and those who have been expecting a rich harvest of profits by a sudden advance, begin to feel discouraged. The market languishes. Oftentimes during the day it is absolutely dead, and brokers fill up the intervals by singing "John Brown" in the Long Room, or by shouting and caterwauling. There is scarcely any thing done by outsiders, excepting by those habitués already referred to, and their pockets are for the most part very indifferently lined. However, a change must take place eventually, and opinion is about equally divided as to whether stocks are to advance or decline.

Every trade has its tricks. Wall Street operators, whose wealth and experience enable them to control the market, have two principal sources of profit—one through carrying stocks, and the other by forming "pools." It is noticeable that the public almost invariably buy stocks when they are high and sell them when they are low. The broker is not slow to take advantage of this frailty of human nature. He is happy to purchase for a customer 1000 shares of Erie at 90, receiving from him $10,000 in cash as margin in case of depreciation. In course of time the broker, believing that the stock is too high, sells it, without, however, informing his customer of the sale. As the stock declines, fresh margin is called for and paid in. At last a panic takes place, and the stock falls to 60; the broker is ordered to sell, and is supposed to do so at that figure. At all events, it is so charged to the customer upon the broker's books, and of course the broker pockets the 30 per cent. profit.

As to "pools:" before a pool is formed, and when stocks are low and dull, some firm will often buy 10,000 shares of stock. When it has risen 10 or 15 per cent. they propose to some of their customers to form a pool of 10,000 shares at the market-price. The stock previously bought is put into the pool at 65—in other words, the firm who conduct the pool have sold their 10,000 shares of stock to the pool at a profit of 15 per cent., calculating that, in the course of the fluctuations of the market, they can replace it at a lower figure. When, under the manipulations of the operators, the stock has risen to 80, another pool is formed, to which the firm again generously sell the stock which

they own. Now the pear is ripe, and it is time to look for a crash. The market breaks, and the credulous find themselves bankrupt. It does not signify that they have been caught in the same trap before. The temptation is too strong to resist, and the hope of success lures them to fresh disasters.

It is to counteract recent combinations of the "Bulls" that the "Bears" are now bending all their energies, and hundreds of interested outsiders are anxiously awaiting the result. Perhaps, when the market breaks, a more healthy state of things will follow. It would be a blessing if disaster would have the effect to show unsophisticated stock gamblers their folly, and turn them from their present habits of idleness to paths of industry, where they would be of some service to their fellow-mortals; but nothing but poverty will keep them from speculating, and when their bones are picked clean, they will still hang like spectres around the fatal precincts of the Stock Boards. They seem to become totally unfitted for business or any honorable or useful sphere of life. What they need is some compulsory course of discipline, like that prescribed in the Asylum for Inebriates. We do not know why one institution is less desirable or necessary than the other. If the Bible and Missionary Societies would send a few apostles and colporteurs to the Stock Exchange and Gold Room, as well as to Africa and the Hindoos, they might peradventure accomplish a good work there in reclaiming youth from the demoralizing paths which they are treading.

## AN ITALIAN INTRIGUE.

Those of our readers who are interested in Italian politics have naturally shared the feeling of those in Europe who could not explain the sudden resignation of Ricasoli and the accession to power of Rattazzi and an unknown ministry. The usual explanation is, that it was the result of an intrigue of Louis Napoleon, who wished to detach Italy from the Prussian alliance; and this theory was favored by the fact that the promotion of Rattazzi, who is known to favor the French, was coincident with the late movement of France toward Luxemburg.

But we incline to believe that the reason of the change is domestic and not foreign. We read in the London *Chronicle* that in 1848 Signor Castellani came to Rome from Venice as representative of the Manin Republic, and was noted in Rome for liberal opinions and clerical, or extremely reactionary, friendships. He was wrapped in some mystery, and finally disappeared about the year 1850, then turned up in China upon a mission to obtain silk-worms. He returned to Italy without them, but obtained from Egypt, through French mediation, a million of francs damages for the loss of his worms in the Egyptian Custom-house. He was elected to the Italian Parliament from a small Tuscany constituency, and again professing extreme liberalism he was again the friend of the Church and mysteriously intimate with the King. Castellani was one of the authors of the project of separating the Church from the State by a part sale and part sacrifice of the ecclesiastical landed property. Ricasoli, a true Italian, politically speaking, favored the policy as a reconciliation with Rome. Then Castellani introduced Langrand Dumonceau, a Belgian banker, whom he represented as so intimate with the Court of Rome, and so capable an agent that his services should command any price. A contract was made with him by which he was to receive sixty millions of francs. This seemed to the Chambers enormous. They knew that Castellani was the confidant of Dumonceau and of the King. They knew that he had whispered something of a suspension of the Constitution. They felt that to vote the contract might be in some way to vote means for a *coup d'état*, so they rejected the bargain, and the Parliament was dissolved.

Meanwhile one of the most intense Tories in Italy, Alberi, who had until very recently refused to recognize Victor Emanuel as King, appeared in Rome as an advocate of the Dumonceau negotiation, and gave a detailed plan of a *coup d'état* in Italy for which every thing was ready. Ricasoli would be forced to give way, and the King with a General and Castellani would purge the Legislature. Whatever be the truth of this story the ascendency of Castellani over the King seems to be unquestionable. The King believes that Castellani can fill the Treasury and propitiate the Jesuits. But the condition of peace imposed by the Church is understood to be the King's previous confirmation of all religious corporations and communities, and his previous abolition of the Italian Constitution. There are rumors that Alberi has been called in vain to account for money used in "subsidizing the press," and that Castellani has been bribing members of the Court; while Dumonceau's agent has legally summoned the Minister of Finance to fulfill his contract. It also appears that, while dunning the Italian Treasury, Dumonceau has promised to assist the insolvent Roman Bank with money.

Had the plans of Ricasoli's administration een fulfilled, the designs of those who plot in the very Court of the King would have been defeated. So he was dismissed. General Menabrea, who was first called as his successor, declined, and Cialdini, the brave soldier, warned the King not to betray the Constitution. Rattazzi was summoned, but his administration is without any definite programme. It does not inspire confidence, and it is now hardly doubted that he is the agent of the French Emperor. Meanwhile the deficit in the revenue is rapidly approaching four hundred millions of francs. "Every thing drags," writes the correspondent of the New York *Times*; "and if this was not the most patient people in the world one would not be able to answer for the consequences."

## ALARMING.

We find the following atrocious sentiments in the speech delivered at Montgomery a day or two after the Mobile riot by that fanatical incendiary and radical disorganizer, Judge Kelley. We quote from the report in the New York *Herald*:

"He urged them to build rolling-mills, erect furnaces, employ the water-power at Wetumpka and up in the other cotton districts, and to rotate their crops as we do in the North. The day will come when Alabama will not confine herself to cotton as her sole crop, but she will send her railroad iron to the Gulf. The wives and daughters of men as dusky as those around him would spin the cotton. They need not tell him they can't do it; for he had visited the colored schools and found enough of talent and intelligence there to convince him that they had the laborers at hand if they only trained them. Addressing the white people, Mr. Kelley said he failed to find any other reason for the difference between the North and South than their contempt for the rights of man as man. He urged them to set aside their prejudices and reconstruct the South promptly and willingly. It that were done he would declare, in behalf of the whole country, that the present laws of Congress would be a finality unless it was driven to enact harsher measures, and before many years the South would be more liberal and as prosperous as the North. He then addressed the freedmen, reminding them that their freedom meant the right to toil for their living and get paid for it, but in doing so they must be just to all. Freedom means that a good man is better than a bad man, and the smart man wins the race. They were at liberty to protect their wives, and they should take care of them, and send their children to school, that they might have a lighter task to endure than their fathers. They must live in peace with the people of Alabama. They will have to pay taxes and study the politics of their country. Let those who were mechanics try to start for themselves, and those who were farm-laborers should avail themselves of the homestead law; or, if the government lands were too far away, Congress would see that land-offices should be brought nearer to the people. He was not the agent of a party, but he loved the party he belonged to because of its great principles. Devotion to the Union and belief in the rights of man were its two bases."

## EMANCIPATION IN BRAZIL.

The emancipation of the slaves by the Emperor of Brazil is one of the remote ripples of our late revolution. It leaves Spain the only power among the so-called Christian nations which continues that system of unimaginable wrong to the justification and maintenance of which the "Conservative" party in this country was devoted for the last generation. Happier than the United States, Brazil peacefully emancipates; and although the edict is prospective and conditional, the necessity of the case will change it, and freedom will soon be the law of labor in the Empire. Released from an exceptional condition, the African race must make its own way. But we have no right to judge it as we judge ourselves or any race which has not been so long and fearfully oppressed. We tell it to get upon its feet and walk; but we have bound its feet so cruelly that it would not be strange if they were withered.

## RISTORI.

The amiable Ristori has left us after a most successful engagement. She has played quite constantly since last September, and has visited every part of the country. Every where there was the same recognition of her carefully-cultivated talent and the same sincere respect for the woman. Like Jenny Lind, she has shown that the stage does not necessarily slope toward the pit, and that dramatic excellence is not synonymous with depravity. Such a lesson is needed in a country where clergymen are often denounced as irreligious because they favor recreation and do not believe that amusement is perilous to the soul.

Of Ristori's position as an actress there are probably not two opinions. She is not a woman of marked genius, but she has a sensitive sympathy with certain grandiose parts, and a facility of talent elaborately trained which enables her to hold the highest rank in the second range of her art. Her most popular part in this country was Queen Elizabeth, in a play which was merely a series of dramatic tableaux. Upon the effect of this performance all the resources of wardrobe and study of detail were lavished, and they undoubtedly greatly increased the impression. In certain tragic attitudes and tones Ristori was excellent. But she aroused no true enthusiasm with all the kindly admiration which she justly excited.

She has made the mistake of promising to return. But we doubt if it was a success which can be repeated. We hope for her sake that it may be, and that her words may be a prophecy —"When an artist has Mr. Grau for manager the battle is more than half won."

## SLEEPING INNOCENCE.

Jenkins loses no opportunity. Wishing to say in the most perfect manner that Jeff Davis took a nap, he writes that he "availed himself of the recuperative advantages of a quiet slumber."

## A NEAT VIEW OF FREE SPEECH.

The New York *World* says, with tranquil and exquisite absurdity which is wholly characteristic, that upon a calm review of the facts it is evident that Judge Kelley was responsible for the Mobile riot, because if he had been a man of ready humor he could have managed the turbulent crowd as Mr. Beecher controlled his Liverpool audience. So if a man has not a ready wit to amuse an assassin he must expect to be murdered for expressing his opinions.

## LITERARY.

One of the most important standard publications of the time is the "Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature," prepared by the Rev. John M'Clintock, D.D., and James Strong, S.T.D., of which the first volume (A—B) is just issued by the Harpers. The title of this comprehensive work well describes it. It is a manual of universal knowledge in its department, which will be tested by every student according to his especial interest or study; and to the clerical profession particularly the work is invaluable. It is, of course, a monument of the learning and the skill of many accomplished scholars who work under the direction of the editors; and a cursory examination reveals the worth of the book. Every object mentioned in the Bible—every proper name—every important topic of Biblical literature—church history—religious biography—detailed descriptions of rites and rituals in every method of worship—church creeds—Christian doctrines—sectarian differences—heresies and controversies—Christian art in every department—are all treated with learning, research, and care, and with a copiousness of that illustration upon wood which is now so attractive to the general reader. The chief merit of such a work is its comprehensiveness and accuracy, and in these respects the Cyclopedia will not disappoint the student. Its publication will proceed steadily to its completion.

"The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century," by Francis Parkman, is the second in the series of historical narratives of which "Pioneers of France in the New World" was the first. This volume is the fearful romance of missionary life. The Jesuit fathers who came to this country and settled among the savages were heroes as devoted and martyrs as exalted as any in human annals. That their whole work was a misconception; that the faith they taught was in its essence necessarily incomprehensible to their pupils, does not affect the earnestness of their characters and the wild interest of their story. They were accomplished scholars; they were often gently nurtured; they had the will of conquerors and the tenacity of fanatics; and they kept the most faithful record of the perilous life they led. The collection of Jesuit *relations* is known to historical scholars as curiously copious and complete. But they are very scarce, and exist in many forms; some still in manuscript. Upon a careful study of these Mr. Parkman bases his history, and brings to the narration the sympathy with the primitive life and landscape with which it deals, and the nervous and suggestive style with which the readers of the "Pioneers of France in the New World" are already familiar. Nowhere else do we learn so much of the various aspects of Indian life in its bare details. It is not in itself romantic; it is repulsive. But there is no sharper and clearer contrast any where than that in these pages of the European scholar and the American savage. The lesson is significant and profound. Mr. Parkman's history is essential to a proper knowledge of the influences which have affected the life of this continent. Its interest is at once absorbing and painful.

The Harpers have just issued "An Elementary Treatise on American Grape Culture and Wine-Making," by Peter B. Mead, which has all the freshness and charm of every work of an enthusiast and a master. Mr. Mead is one of the long recognized authorities of the vineyard and the garden, and this work is the fruit of the most varied experience and special accomplishment. With a simplicity and lucidity which leave nothing to be desired, he tells the grape-grower, whether amateur or professional, all that he wishes or needs to know, from the selection of his site to the choice of his vines and their treatment. But he writes not as a gardener but as a man, and one who fully appreciates the value of the grape in the economy of the world. Indeed he writes with the vividness and energy of the reformer. His motto is, "Good grapes for all." He will not have the public poisoned with unripe, sour, tough, fibrous fruit if he can help it. Grapes, he holds, are food, and must therefore be good, ripe, and digestible. Therefore the reader must observe the chapters upon *Taste, When Grapes are Ripe*, and others, in which the mystery of knowing what good fruit is is luminously expounded. Mr. Mead also believes in good wine—not the wine of the shops, but the wine of the vines; the juice of the grape undoctored, unGallized, untouched except by the maternal finger of Nature herself. His chapter upon this subject has a peculiar interest and value at this time. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are drawn from life and by the most skillful hand, and they are not misnamed, for they actually illustrate the text. Mr. Mead's work is sure to become an indispensable companion of every body who likes grapes and grows vines.

"The Constitutional Convention; its History, Powers, and Modes of Proceeding," by John Alexander Jameson, Judge of the Superior Court of Chicago, issued by Scribner & Co., is an elaborate and exhaustive treatise, which discusses with great precision and clearness many political topics of vital importance, upon which it is easier to find rhetoric than right thinking. The questions of sovereignty and of State rights, of the powers of the people and of Conventions, are considered in a candid and thoughtful spirit; and these discussions, with the interesting historical details, make a volume of permanent interest and value to every American.

"E Pluribus Unum; the Articles of Confederation against the Constitution," is a small neat volume by L. Bradford Prince, LL.B., published by Putnam & Son. It was the prize essay of 1866 in the Department of Political Science in the Columbia College Law School; and, after careful examination, we can heartily commend it as a timely, accurate, and admirable statement of "the origin, reason of adoption, and general effect of the distinguishing provisions of our Constitution."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

A riot occurred in Brownsville, Tennessee, on May 13, during the holding of a white and black convention of radicals, in which three negroes and two whites were shot.

A case is before the Supreme Court of the United States which involves the question whether Texas is a State in the Union or not. A motion is made by the State to have an injunction issue from the court restraining certain parties forming the rebel Military Board of the State during the war from paying certain State bonds to parties who claim them as consideration for certain articles contraband of war.

Judge Marvin, of Florida, late Provisional Governor, and the present Senator elect, is of opinion that the majority of the old citizens of the South would prefer always to live under military rule, and without representation in Congress, rather than to come back into the Union with the disabilities imposed and with universal suffrage; and he thinks the peace of society there is better preserved by authority of military commanders than it ever will be by the civil authorities.

The Mississippi Injunction case was finally dismissed by the Supreme Court on May 16.

Judge Kelley addressed a large crowd composed about equally of whites and blacks, at Montgomery, Alabama, on Saturday—his remarks being confined almost exclusively to a contrast between the two sections in favor of the North, from which he inferred that the institution of slavery and the prejudices of the Southern whites had been the incubus upon the Southern section. He was listened to attentively and frequently cheered.

### NEWS ITEMS.

President Johnson took a walk through the streets of Washington on May 15 unaccompanied by a guard, for the first time since that practice was inaugurated by President Lincoln.

Hon. George Bancroft was appointed Minister to Prussia, *vice* Wright deceased, on May 17.

The Atlantic cable of 1866 was lately parted by an iceberg off the Newfoundland banks. The break is less than three miles from the Heart's Content Station, and can be easily repaired. The cable of 1865 is still working.

John Wilkes Booth's diary has been published. It is composed almost entirely of expressions glorifying his crime above that of Brutus, and complaining of the ingratitude of the people for whom he had turned assassin.

The census of the United States in 1866, taken by actual count by the Revenue officers, shows an aggregate population in States and Territories of 34,505,882, a gain of 3,062,561 since 1860.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### THE CANDIAN WAR.

Recent military operations in the Island of Crete have resulted in favor of the Candians. Several engagements have taken place since our previous dates, and early in May Omar Pasha's army was disastrously defeated in two pitched battles, in which he lost three thousand men. On the announcement of these successes of the Candians the great powers of Europe again united in a diplomatic request to the Sultan to cede Crete to Greece. The Turk refused, assuring the powers of his ability to suppress the rebellion.

### THE WAR IN MEXICO.

The news from Mexico is to April 29. The city was closely besieged by Porfirio Diaz; the water and food supply had been cut off. Maximilian was still at Queretaro, which had not been taken as previously reported. The wife of an aid on Maximilian's staff entered the Liberal camp on April 20 and proposed terms of capitulation, which were refused. On April 27 Maximilian made an attack on General Michoacan and defeated him, but Escobedo's reserves coming up the Imperialists were driven in confusion. The fight lasted six hours. On the receipt of Secretary Seward's message requesting that the life of Maximilian be spared President Juarez gave orders to that effect; but fears were entertained that Escobedo might have the Emperor privately assassinated, and he was therefore relieved, and Corona appointed in his place.

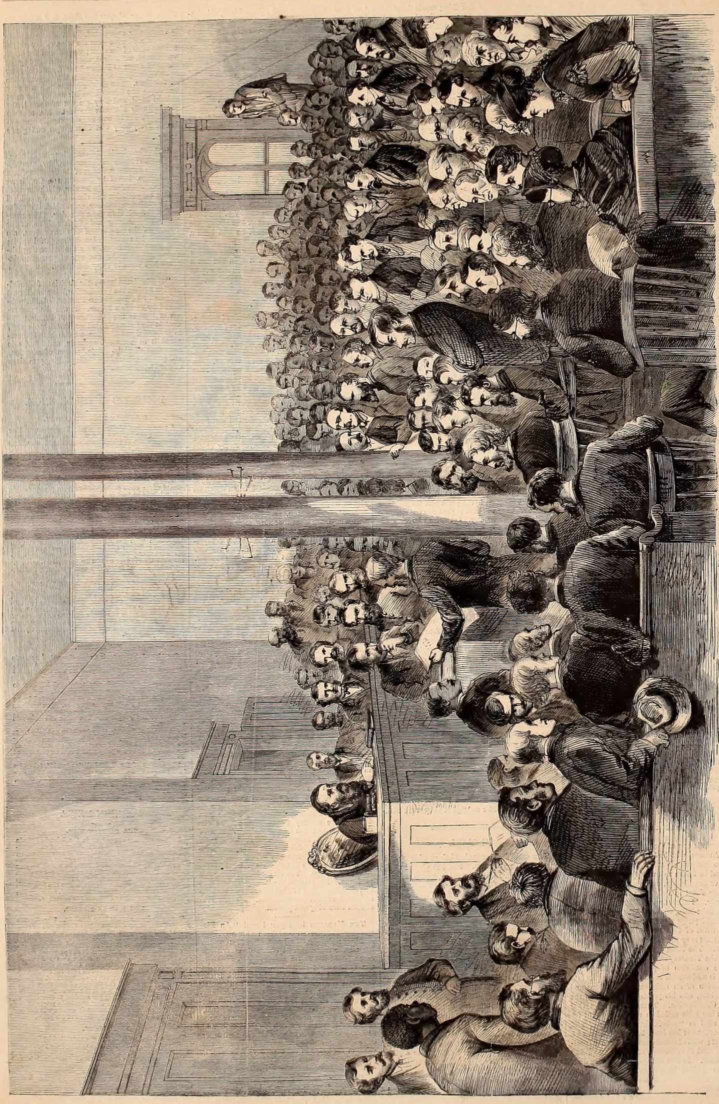
### NEWS ITEMS.

The Russian-American treaty was ratified by Russia on May 15, and it now goes into effect on the payment of the money. Russian America is ours!

A most important decree has been promulgated by Austria in favor of the Protestant inhabitants of Hungary.

The city of London has voted $2500 for a statue to George Peabody.

The Derby Government was defeated in the House of Commons, on May 20, on a division on the amendment to the Reform Bill granting a "copyhold franchise."



TRIAL OF JEFF DAVIS, May 13, 1867—Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR MOVING FOR HIS RELEASE ON BAIL.—[See Page 338.]

**PEACE.**

MEETING OF HORACE GREELEY AND JEFF DAVIS AT RICHMOND.

**WAR.**

REBEL RECEPTION OF JUDGE KELLY IN MOBILE.

## PEACE AND WAR.

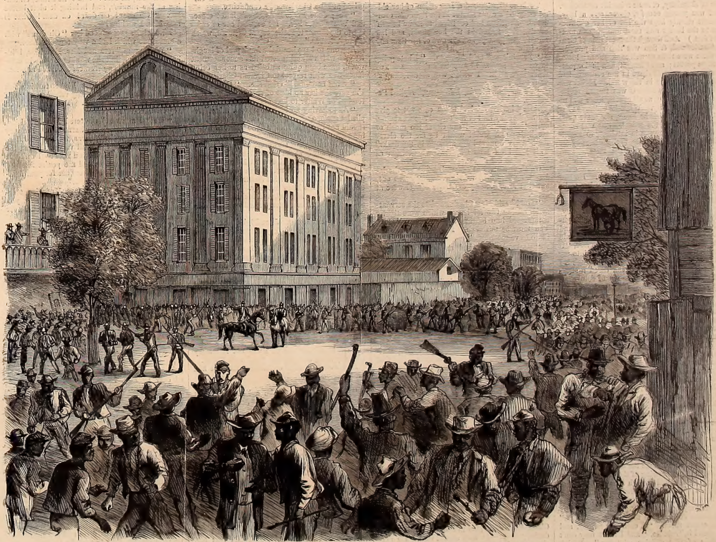
Two more significant or suggestive pictures could hardly have been presented to our readers than those given above, from sketches by our artists in the South. "Peace" is well represented by the engraving of the scene between Jeff Davis and Horace Greeley in the court-room at Richmond on the occasion of the signing of the bail bond by the latter for the release of the former. "War" is delineated by the picture showing the reception of Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, in the city of Mobile, Alabama, where, at the moment Davis was being released from imprisonment by the Government, Judge Kelley was mobbed and *imprisoned* in his hotel by the unreconstructed rebels. Davis was permitted to pass unmolested from prison through the chief city of the North; Senator Wilson has met with frequent interruptions, and his more luckless friend, Judge Kelley, has been mobbed.

## RIOT AT RICHMOND.

A severe fight took place between the police and negroes of Richmond, Virginia, on May 11. The origin of the affray is not known. Four policemen were badly beaten and one severely injured. Mounted soldiers subsequently cleared the streets of all rioters and arrested eighteen of the negroes. Our engraving represents the scene at the corner of Broad and Seventh streets at the time the soldiers dispersed the crowd. The negro citizens were much excited during the night after these occurrences and on the following day; a bitter feeling prevailing against the police, who are former rebel soldiers appointed by the Mayor, who is also an unreconstructed rebel. Judge Underwood and Horace Greeley made speeches to the negroes at the African Church, on the night of May 12, counseling them not to engage in a riot, and thus the peace was restored, and quiet again prevailed.

## ANOTHER OCEAN EXPERIMENT.

There appears to be prevalent at this time a monomania for sea voyages in small vessels. The experiments of the "Red, White, and Blue" and the ocean yachts are to be followed up by that of an adventurous seaman of Baltimore, who proposes to sail from that port to Havre, France, in a wooden boat of *two tons burden*, twenty-four and a half feet long, with two feet four inches depth of hold, and seven feet beam. Of this, the smallest vessel ever built for sea service, we give a picture on page 349, and also portraits of the Captain, Charles W. Gold, and his crew—the latter consisting of Edmund Murphy, a lad of



RIOT IN RICHMOND, May 11, 1867.—THE SOLDIERS DISPERSING THE MOB.

16 years, who goes as coxswain, cabin-boy, cook, and crew generally. One gentleman accompanies the adventurers as a passenger. The vessel, if she ever arrives at Havre, is to be taken to Paris and presented to the Prince Imperial of France if he will accept.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book I.

## CHAPTER IX.

### MISS CHARLEWOOD IS DIPLOMATIC.

THERE are various ways of attaining that condition of mind and feeling which is, by common consent, described as "being in love." But for all these various methods one phrase serves—also by common consent. Men and women are said to "fall in love," and that is all; but is the process usually by any means so sudden as that expression would seem to imply? The modern sense of mankind, among men of European blood, makes the right to govern dependent, at least theoretically, upon the consent of the governed; and perhaps we have unconsciously introduced the principle into other spheres. At all events, I can not but think that the blind god, whose "thrasonical brag of I came, saw, and overcame," our forefathers submitted to with an absolute obedience, has in these latter days lost somewhat of the halo of tyranny by divine right, and is often compelled to submit his credentials to the scrutiny of his subjects, like other and mortal monarchs. I think people can help being in love more often than is generally supposed, n'en déplaise à messieurs les amoureux, and that men may not only fall, but walk, trot, amble, gallop, and even lounge, into love. That they can be contradicted into it, I take to be beyond controversy. Nor can the spirit which protests against a prohibition it deems unjust be considered an unreasonably rebellious one. The more Clement Charlewood pondered on his father's words respecting Mabel Earnshaw, the less his heart and conscience could agree with them or accept them as justly binding on his conduct. Supposing (he always put the case mentally as being a most improbable hypothesis)—supposing he *had* been inclined to admire and to—to—well, for the sake of argument say, to love—Miss Earnshaw. Was there any thing in their respective positions which should reasomably make such a love improper or unwise? In every particular save money, Mabel, it seemed to him, had the best of it. The Hammerham world knew, or might know, that his grandfather was an Irish bricklayer. Mabel came of people in the upper half of the middle class—Mrs. Saxelby's father having been a country clergyman, and Mabel's own father a professor of chemistry, of some scientific reputation. Mabel was young, comely, clever, and a lady. (Clement sternly kept the list of her qualities down to the barest and most indisputable matters of fact.) And though the great firm of Gandry, Charlewood, & Son was rich and prosperous, there were risks as well as successes; losses as well as profits; and Clement, as a junior partner with a very small share in the concern, had yet his way to make in the world. Mabel was nearly seventeen; Clement was turned seven-and-twenty. In age, at all events, there was no inconvenient disparity. When he compared her mentally with the girls he knew, she came quite triumphantly out of the ordeal. She was superior to his sister Augusta in intellect, to Penelope in beauty and sweetness, to the Misses Fluke in every thing. Not one of the Hammerham young ladies who frequented Bramley Manor had, Clement assured himself, Mabel's quiet grace and unobtrusive self-possession. He had seen her in her own home, and knew her to be affectionate and unselfish. What reasonable objection could his parents have to make against their son marrying such a girl as this? Surely, surely, Mabel would be the very pearl of daughters-in-law—one to be sought for diligently, and rejoiced over when found! "But as it is," said Clement, bringing his meditations to a close, "it is just as well that I have never taken it into my head to think of making love to her, though if I had the least suspicion that she cared a straw about me—but that's all nonsense, of course; it is the *principle* of the thing that I am contending for."

Mabel, on her side, was innocent of such day-dreams, either on principle or otherwise. I do not mean to say that she had no ideal hero floating in her brain whom she was one day to love and marry. But it was all very vague and distant. Mabel was free from coquetry, and had none of that morbid craving for admiration no matter from whom, which makes some girls so ready to fall in love, and to be fallen in love with, on the smallest provocation. Certain it is that she had never thought of Clement Charlewood in the light of a possible suitor, and that she would have been immensely surprised to learn that his marrying or not marrying her had formed a subject of discussion between him and his father. Her pride would have instantly taken alarm at any suggestion of the kind.

Now it was a shrewd knowledge of this feature in Mabel's character that led Miss Penelope Charlewood to undertake the diplomatic mission referred to in the heading of the present chapter. Mr. Charlewood had a high idea of his eldest daughter's good sense and practical abilities, and was in the habit of discussing family matters with her very confidentially. On business Mr. Charlewood never spoke to his "women folk," as he called them. "I earn the money, and they spend it," said he, "and I think they can't complain of *that* division of labor." Which sounded very magnanimous in Mr. Charlewood's opinion; but he forgot the consideration that absence of responsibility implies absence of power. Mr. Charlewood himself was fond of power, and jealous of it.

A few mornings after the conversation he had held with Clement in the dining-room, Mr. Charlewood was walking up and down the terrace at Bramley Manor, enjoying the sunshine and a cigar after breakfast. Penelope was his usual companion in these morning strolls, Mrs. Charlewood being averse to walking under any circumstances, and Augusta eschewing any tête-à-tête with her father as much as possible. "For I never know what to say to papa," professed Miss Augusta.

"You don't really think there's any thing in it, Penny, do you?" said Mr. Charlewood. His meaning, literally rendered, would have been, "You don't suppose your brother Clement is such an egregious fool as to contemplate making a girl his wife who has not a penny in the world?"

"No, papa—nothing serious, that is to say; but I scarcely think I would have said any thing to Clement about it if I had been you."

"Why?"

"Why, papa, Clem won't bear too tight a hand, you know; you can't ride him with a curb."

"There was no talk of curbs, Penny; I simply expressed my opinion." Mr. Charlewood, having reached the end of the terrace, turned and paced to its opposite extremity in silence; then he said, slowly, "Do you think the girl has any notion of the sort in her head?"

"Oh, she'd be willing enough, no doubt," returned Penelope; but it may be doubted whether there was not more spite than sincerity in the speech.

"It won't do, Penny," said Mr. Charlewood.

"Papa, I think I can manage Mabel. She's as proud as Lucifer, and—"

"Proud, is she?" said Mr. Charlewood, raising his eyebrows.

"Preposterously proud. Mind, I like Mabel. She has salt and savor, and is worth a thousand everyday misses; but I don't want her for a sister-in-law. Now, if she had a hint neatly given her that Clement's family did not covet the honor of her alliance, she would fly off instantly into some exalted region, and treat Clem coldly the very next time she saw him.

"Do you think so, Penny?" said her father, doubtfully. To him it appeared incredible that any girl should willingly relinquish such a chance.

"Yes, papa; I really do think so." And then it was agreed between father and daughter, before they parted, that Penelope should act in the matter as she thought best.

Accordingly, next day Miss Charlewood told her mother that she thought it would be kind to make a personal visit of inquiry at Jessamine Cottage, and suggested that their afternoon drive should be taken in that direction.

To Mrs. Charlewood a suggestion of her eldest daughter's came almost in the light of a command. Penelope had contrived to make herself considerably feared in the household, and her mother was perhaps more in awe of her than any one else.

"I sha'n't go," said Augusta. "I hate going to people's houses when there's sickness. You don't care a bit. I wish I was as unfeeling as you, Penny."

"So do your friends, I dare say," replied Penelope.

Miss Charlewood had taken care not to give her mother any hint of the errand she was bound on. "Mamma would say either too much or too little; and Mabel would be far too clever for her. We must keep mamma in the dark." This had been Miss Charlewood's decision as expressed to her father.

On their arrival at Jessamine Cottage the ladies were informed that Mr. Saxelby was out, but that Mrs. Saxelby and Miss Mabel were at home.

"Out?" said Mrs. Charlewood to the servant-maid, raising two fat hands which were tightly compressed into bright yellow gloves: "Out? You must be mistaken. I thought he was too ill to leave the 'ouse."

"Master has been bad, ma'am, but he's been mending rapid these last two or three days; and to-day he is gone to the office for an hour or so."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Miss Charlewood; "we will see the ladies, if we may."

The visitors were ushered into the morning-room, and found Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel at work there. The former rose somewhat in a flutter to greet her guests. She knew herself to be a better bred, better educated, and more intelligent woman than the rich contractor's wife, and yet she could never repress a feeling of timidity in Mrs. Charlewood's presence. Not that the latter intended to be arrogant or insolent, neither was she loud in talk or captious in temper; but Mrs. Saxelby was meek and weak, and Mrs. Charlewood's rustling satins and sweeping velvets—nay, even her very size, and the way in which her garments seemed to overflow the little sitting-room—oppressed Mrs. Saxelby with a sense of her own comparative insignificance.

Mabel, however, took the satins and velvets with perfect composure, and welcomed Mrs. Charlewood and Penelope in a thoroughly unembarrassed manner.

"What is this I 'ear, my dear? Your 'usband is out? We came expecting to find him ill in bed," said Mrs. Charlewood, panting into the room with a languishing air that five-and-twenty years ago had seemed to indicate fragile delicacy, but which now rather suggested apoplexy.

"Thank you very much for coming, dear Mrs. Charlewood. I'm glad to say Benjamin is wonderfully better—in fact, almost well. He persisted that he would take a cab and drive down to the office to-day. I'm afraid it's rather soon; but he was well wrapped up. Do take the sofa; and, Mabel, give Mrs. Charlewood that footstool."

Dooley, who had been standing with his small fist as far inside his mouth as circumstances would permit, and his brow drawn into a contemplative frown closely observing the visitors, now appeared to think it time that the general attention should be diverted in his direction, and, advancing to Penelope, said, gravely, "Do 'oo want to know how I do?"

"Very much indeed, Dooley. It's the thing I want to know more particularly than any thing else."

Dooley surveyed her thoughtfully for a moment, and then asked, "Why?"

"Because I'm uncommonly fond of you, Dooley. You're my little sweet-heart, ain't you?"

"No. I ain't fond of 'oo," returned Dooley, with uncompromising frankness.

"You rude little boy!" said his mother. "I'm ashamed of you."

"For goodness' sake don't scold him, Mrs. Saxelby," returned Penelope, who was no whit offended by Dooley's candor. "It is so wonderfully refreshing to hear any thing one can thoroughly believe. Mabel, would you mind letting me look at your ferns? I'm so stupid or so impatient that mine all die, and I won't hear of letting the gardener touch them."

"You can see what I have; but they are poor enough. Why not let the gardener attend to them, Miss Charlewood?"

"Why not? You're as bad as Dooley. Because, if you must know, they'd begin to thrive under his auspices, and thereby prove my treatment to have been wrong; and I never allow any one to prove me to be wrong."

Mabel and Miss Charlewood walked together to a little glass house at the bottom of the garden, where Mabel had a few plants; the stiff silk cord round the hem of Miss Charlewood's dress swept over the daisies ruthlessly.

"What a lucky creature you are not to have grown-up brothers!" said Penelope, suddenly, when the ferns had been examined.

"Am I? I hope I shall have a grown-up brother some day, bless him!"

"Oh yes; but by that time you'll be out of his reach. He won't be able to bully you. Your husband will have taken that department."

Mabel laughed. "Well," she said, with an arch glance, "I don't think you have much reason to talk of grown-up brothers bullying you."

"I? No; because I don't let any one bully me. I do that myself. But then, you know, I am a Tartar. Now, short of making up their minds to be Tartars, which is not altogether an easy line in life, girls do get bullied by their grown-up brothers. Watty and Augusta had quite a pitched battle the other day about Jane Fluke: papa took Watty's side, and Augusta was reduced to tears—always her last resort."

"About Jane Fluke?" said Mabel, rather surprised at Miss Charlewood's confidence.

"Yes; Jane Fluke is Augusta's latest craze, and Watty hates her. He accused her of coming to the Manor to set her cap at Clement, which is preposterous."

Any one to have heard the frank peal of laughter with which Mabel greeted this announcement would have been quite satisfied as to her being fancy-free with respect to Clement Charlewood.

"What nonsense!" cried she. "Poor Jane! I'm sure she has no idea of such a thing. It is too bad of Walter to be so censorious."

"As to having no idea of such a thing," replied Penelope, dryly, "one can never tell. I should not be apt to accuse Jane Fluke of ideas, in a general way, myself. But, really, girls who are husband-hunting— However, papa made himself a little angry at the suggestion. You know papa is naturally ambitious for Clement."

"I don't suppose he need alarm himself in this case," said Mabel. She felt constrained and uncomfortable; she knew not why. Miss Charlewood's tone was unusual, and Mable had a dim consciousness of some unexpressed meaning lurking under her words.

"No, of course not. Jane Fluke is out of the question. But Clem is a good parti, and there are prettier and brighter girls than Jane Fluke in the world, who might think it worth while to try for him. And then men are such fools! If a woman tickles their vanity she may do almost any thing with them."

"Mr. Charlewood should have some means taken of warning off the young ladies from his son, as they warn off poachers," said Mabel, with quiet disdain. And then the two girls walked side by side silently into the house.

"Why, I thought you had run away with Penelope, Mabel!" said Mrs. Charlewood, when they re-entered the sitting-room.

"No, Mrs. Charlewood, I will not run away with any thing belonging to you," said Mabel.

And Penelope then understood that she had succeeded in her mission.

"I thought Mabel spoke a little short just now, Penny," said Mrs. Charlewood, when they were seated in the carriage on their homeward way.

"Upon my word she is a first-rate girl, is Mabel Earnshaw," was Miss Charlewood's very unexpected reply. "I like her spirit."

Miss Charlewood, having been successful, could afford to admire.

## CHAPTER X.

### "TANTÆNE ANIMIS CÆLESTIBUS IRÆ."

MISS FLUKE did not fail on the following Saturday to pay another visit to Corda Trescott, according to her promise; and having in the mean while learned from the Charlewoods that Mr. Trescott was employed in the orchestra of the theatre—which fact, it may be remembered, Mabel had not deemed it necessary to communicate to Miss Fluke—had gone to Number Twenty-three New Bridge Street for the second time, full of zeal for the conversion of the whole Trescott family from the error of their ways, and likewise with a very keen curiosity touching the terra incognita of a theatrical life; which curiosity she was determined to appease by a severe cross-examination of the unconscious Corda. On this occasion, however, she was doomed to disappointment on both points; for on reaching Corda's home she found that the child had been taken out by her father for a drive in a cab, supplied—Mrs. Hutchins volunteered to explain—by the liberality of Mr. Clement Charlewood.

"And I must say it credits him greatly," said Mrs. Hutchins.

Miss Fluke had found Mrs. Hutchins and her husband at dinner, but not being troubled with any vain scruples of delicacy, had bade them not disturb themselves, as *she* didn't mind, and would talk to them while they finished their meal. To this polite encouragement Mr. Hutchins, a tall, round-shouldered, dark-visaged man, with a melancholy and saturnine expression of countenance, had responded by carrying his plate, knife, and fork into the wash-house behind the kitchen, and there finished his dinner in solitude without uttering one syllable.

Miss Fluke's self-possession being quite invulnerable as to any such slight hint, she improved the occasion by energetically applying herself to draw what information she could from Mrs. Hutchins. Now that good lady had no cause of complaint against her lodgers, nor any real feeling of dislike toward them. Yet, had it not been for two restraining circumstances, she would have been willing enough to join Miss Fluke in lamentations over their lost condition: Mrs. Hutchins having that cast of mind that delights in gossiping animadversion without necessarily believing it in the least, and having a disposition (compounded of vanity and cowardice) to put herself in a favorable light with any interlocutor by falling in with the prevailing tone of the moment. But I have said that two restraining circumstances prevented Mrs. Hutchins from giving way to the natural bent of her disposition. Of these the first was, that her husband was still within ear-shot; the second was, that Miss Fluke's eyes, making their accustomed tour of inspection round the kitchen, had unfortunately happened to light upon number ninety-seven of Rosalba of Naples, or the Priest, the Page, and the Penitent.

Miss Fluke instantly pounced upon the romance, and dragged it from beneath a dirty tea-tray, whence it had protruded sufficiently to reveal the title and the upper half of a coarse wood-cut representing Rosalba poised upon the topmost round of the rope-ladder, with her curls streaming in a high wind, and three ostrich feathers, mysteriously unruffled by the elements, stuck at the back of her head.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Miss Fluke, clutching at the number, and holding it aloft before her. "Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! what is this, Mrs. Hutchins?"

Miss Fluke pronounced her "Oh dears" with a crescendo which had a very terrible effect.

"Well, mum," returned Mrs. Hutchins, bridling, and feeling that she would probably be driven to bay, "that is a *perodical* novel as I'm a-taking in in numbers."

"Ah! But," said Miss Fluke, turning full on the landlady with startling vehemence, "you *shouldn't!* Certainly not. You shouldn't on any account whatever!"

"Well, I'm sure!" muttered Mrs. Hutchins, "I don't see as there's any harm in it. I'm very fond of readin', and allus was, from a child."

"My good soul, that's all very well; but the great question is, *what* do you read? Don't you see? It's of no use to tell me you're fond of reading, because that is no excuse for your feeding on the words of the Devil."

"Laws bless me!" cried Mrs. Hutchins, tossing her head contemptuously; "I'm sure you wouldn't say such nonsense as that if you'd ever read it."

"If I had ever read it!" said Miss Fluke, with a spasmodic movement of her shoulders, and her eyes very wide open. I've no time to read any thing but my Bible. And I find my Bible sufficient."

Miss Fluke in speaking of the Scriptures always said "my Bible," and laid a strong stress on the possessive pronoun.

At this point a smothered voice, issuing from the wash-house, demanded to know "Where the jack-tow'l had got to?"

"My master's a cleanin' of hisself, an' I don't believe as there's a towel there at all," said Mrs. Hutchins, glad of the diversion, and hurrying out of the kitchen.

"Ah! There it is!" murmured Miss Fluke, mentally making Rosalba responsible for the want of cleanliness and order in the household presided over by Mrs. Hutchins. "No jack-towel! That's what drives the laboring man to the public house."

Mr. Hutchins, however, emerging redolent of yellow soap from the wash-house, was apparently only driven on this occasion as far as the work-shop of his employer; for he left the house with his basket of tools over his shoulder, and a square paper cap on the top of his black, matted locks.

His better-half was by this time in no mood to receive Miss Fluke's lecture on the sinfulness of novel reading with a good grace. She made several remarks of a biting and ironical character to the effect that she had always supposed an Englishman's house to be his castle, wherein he might reasonably expect to be safe from the harrying of people who had nothing to do but to mind other people's business and pry into other people's affairs; that this might be styled a religious line of conduct by some persons, but that she, for her part, could find no warrant for it in

the instructions she had received in her youth from pious parents and guardians, whose orthodoxy she would defy the most malicious to call in question. She further added that she knew a lady when she saw one, having lived house-maid in good families before taking up with Hutchins. And she more than insinuated that she did *not* see a lady when she saw Miss Fluke.

All these remarks were pointed and emphasized by much clashing and banging of the dinner-things: which Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to wash up in a manner so expressive of indignation as to put the crockery in considerable danger of being dashed to pieces.

Then was Miss Fluke a spectacle to be seen as, standing erect and rigid in the middle of the kitchen, she launched upon Mrs. Hutchins all the thunders of her practiced eloquence.

Miss Fluke braced herself for the combat with positive enjoyment. Totally without one sensitive fibre in her moral composition, and rendered confident by long habit and by the arsenal of Scripture texts from which she could draw at will, and which she flung with pitiless volubility at the head of her adversary—after the fashion of those modern cannon which fire off so many balls per minute—Miss Fluke was a wonderful and overwhelming spectacle as she stood there, square and upright, her face crimson, her eyes staring, and her head shaking with the energy of her emphasis.

Mrs. Hutchins had entirely miscalculated her strength when she ventured to cope with such an enemy as this. She was thoroughly cowed and frightened, and proclaimed her complete discomfiture by subsiding into a whimpering fit of tears.

Miss Fluke looked at her triumphantly. "I will come and talk to you again, Mrs. Hutchins," said she, seizing Mrs. Hutchins's reluctant hand and shaking it violently. "We must be instant, you know, in season and out of season. It would never do for me to look on quietly and see my fellow-creatures go headlong to perdition, Mrs. Hutchins."

The way in which Miss Fluke pronounced the word perdition made Mrs. Hutchins shake in her shoes.

"I'm sure I should never ha' thought nothink of reading a novel," sobbed Mrs. Hutchins. "I've knowed lots of good people do it and think it no sin."

"Ah-h-h! The old Adam, Mrs. Hutchins, the old Adam!"

"Who, mum?" said Mrs. Hutchins, looking up forlornly.

The poor woman presented a very wobegone appearance by this time, having rubbed her eyes with a not over-clean apron, and ruffled her untidy hair until it stood up all over her head like tangled tow, with one scrubby tress sticking out behind at right angles with her comb.

"The sinfulness of our corrupt and fallen nature," explained Miss Fluke. "You should read instead of imbibing that *poison*"—with a terrible glance at Rosalba—"you should read some of those blessed and improving tracts that I left with the child Cordelia. Where are they, Mrs. Hutchins?"

It chanced that Mrs. Hutchins, having been attracted by the prints in Robinson Crusoe, had borrowed the book unknown to Corda, and brought it down to the kitchen, together with several of the penny tracts which had been placed between its pages. She rose meekly to get the tracts from the dresser on which they were lying; but Miss Fluke anticipated her and seized the volume and the tracts together.

"There!" she said, rapidly enumerating their titles. "The Reformed Convict. Sally Smith, the Scullery-maid. The Sinner's Fire-Engine. Have you Taken your own Measure yet? Or the Complete Spiritual Tailor. *There's* reading for you, Mrs. Hutchins!"

Then, opening the volume of Robinson Crusoe, she examined the name written on the title-page.

"What's this?" she exclaimed, with the suddenness which was one of her most marked peculiarities. "'To Mabel, from her affectionate—' Where did you get this, Mrs. Hutchins?"

"A young lady lent it to little Cordelia the other day. Mr. Clement Charlewood, he brought it for her along with two or three more."

"Oh!" said Miss Fluke, intent on the writing on the title-page. "Indeed! The child had far better have read the tracts I left her. I shall scold my young friend," added Miss Fluke, with a grim smile.

Then she violently shook hands again with Mrs. Hutchins and took her leave, with a promise to return as speedily as might be to carry on the good work she had begun that morning. "And," said she to herself, as she stalked, flushed with victory, down New Bridge Street, "it's a special providence for all that household that Mabel Earnshaw took it into her head to visit Cordelia. For, otherwise, *I* might never have gone there."

The account Mrs. Hutchins gave to the Trescotts of her interview with Miss Fluke was inaccurate in several important particulars; but it sufficed to excite a burning indignation in the breast of Alfred. The inaccuracies of which I am obliged to accuse Mrs. Hutchins were mainly the suppression of her own signal defeat and abject submission, and an exaggeration of Miss Fluke's pious horror of the Trescotts' calling in life. These were not only powerful in their action upon Alfred, but Mr. Trescott, too, chafed and fumed, and moved about the kitchen in a state of excitement. Little Corda, who had returned, tired and sleepy, from her drive, was lying on her bed up stairs and had fallen asleep.

"Who the devil do they take us for?" said Alfred, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets and turning to his father.

"What can I do? Can I help it? Is it my fault?" returned Mr. Trescott, irritably.

"Well, yes; it is, partly. You sing so precious small to that snob Mr. Clement Charlewood. Ay, I could put Mr. Clement Charlewood up to a thing or two, high as he holds his head. He ain't the only member of his family with whom I have the honor to be acquainted."

"Law!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutchins, with greedy curiosity; "ain't he? Now which o' th' others do you know, Mr. Alfred?"

The young fellow looked at her cunningly from under his long, handsome eyelashes. "Bless your soul, Mrs. H.," said he, with a grimace compounded of a sneer and a smile, "I know all sorts of people. I tell you what, governor," he added, "I wish you'd take an opportunity of telling Miss Armshaw—Hamshaw—or whatever her name is—that we don't particularly relish or appreciate the society of the amiable lady she brought here to bully poor pussy cat. By George! if I had been at home on the occasion of her first visit I don't think she'd have favored us with a second."

"I don't suppose it was Miss Earnshaw's fault," returned his father, laying a slight stress on the name. "I think she is a lady, every inch of her, from what Corda says."

"She's a remarkably good-looking girl, at all events," said Alfred, with magnificent approval. "And we know *she* can't come the Sunday-school-and-penny-tract style of virtuous horror over us. *That* wouldn't quite do."

Here, catching Mrs. Hutchins's eager gaze fastened on his face, Alfred broke off rather abruptly, and stooped to pick up the volume of Robinson Crusoe which he had thrown on the floor. "There," said he, smoothing the leaves with his hand, "pussy cat has read that, I know. Couldn't you take it back this afternoon when you go to give your lesson in Fitzhenry Road? You might see Miss What's-her-name and say a word to her."

This Mr. Trescott agreed to do, and after dinner set forth with the book in his pocket.

Mr. Trescott's pupil was a young clerk, who had a passion for the violin; and, as his duties occupied him nearly all day, he could only receive his lesson late in the afternoon. It was therefore growing dusk when Mr. Trescott—after enduring with what patience he might an hour of ascending scales played sharp, and descending scales played flat, and the rasping of a very unsteady bow over the tortured strings—arrived at Jessamine Cottage. To his surprise there was no light burning in the hall behind the little glass door. He often passed the house, and knew the punctual shining of the hall lamp well. He rang softly without obtaining any answer, and then again, and then a third time, before any one came. At last a dim light was seen approaching, and the nurse-maid cautiously unfastened the door and peered out. "Who is it?" she said, in a whisper. "What do you want?"

"Could I see the young lady—Miss Earnshaw?" asked Trescott, surprised and uneasy at the girl's manner.

"Oh dear no," returned the servant. "Please to go away. They can't see nobody. We're in sad trouble here."

"Trouble! What's the matter?"

"Why, master died this morning, and missis she's like a lunatic a'most with grief."

"Good God!" cried Trescott, falling back a step or two; "I had no idea of this. I thought he was better."

"Ah! so he were; but he went out too soon, and caught a cold, and got inflammation, and that carried him off in four-and-twenty hours. But I mustn't stay and talk. Missis heerd the bell, and it put her in an awful twitter. I must go."

"Will you take this," said Trescott, handing to the girl the book he had brought, "and give it to the young lady when you have an opportunity, and say I am dreadfully distressed, and wouldn't have intruded for the world if I had known?"

Before he could finish his speech the little servant had taken the volume from his hand and closed the door. He heard her put up the chain, and then the glimmer of her candle disappeared up the staircase.

"Bless me!" said Mr. Trescott, passing his hand over his forehead as he limped away; "it has given me quite a shock. I didn't know any thing of the man; but it's so sudden. Dear me, it's so awfully sudden!"

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The "Tenement-house bill," passed by the last Legislature, goes into operation on the 1st of July. If properly enforced, the health and comfort of our citizens will be greatly increased. By the requirements of this bill every tenement or lodging-house must have in every room a proper ventilating passage, communicating with the outer air. Arrangements must be made to prevent the rain from dampening the walls; and proper connection must be maintained between every building and the sewers of the street. The occupation of underground lodging-places is forbidden unless the room is at least seven feet high, thoroughly drained, and properly ventilated. One section of the bill requires the owner or lessee of every tenement-house to whitewash the walls and ceilings at least twice a year, and to have the building thoroughly cleaned as often as may be required by the Board of Health. Various other requirements are made, which will tend to diminish mortality among the more than 500,000 dwellers in tenement-houses which our city contains.

Close bedrooms are perilous to life. The recent tragedy in the Moravian Seminary at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, should be a solemn warning to all, especially to those who, as employers, assume a certain responsibility in regard to their servants. In the case alluded to, eight servant girls occupied one bedroom, 25 feet by 12, with but a single window and door. A flue led from this room to one overhead; but this was usually shut up, or opened only through a stove-pipe connecting with the chimney. The stove was removed a short time ago, but the pipe remained; and through it the poisonous coal-gas was driven down, until one night it killed two of the girls, and seriously injured others. In how many houses in New York city—even among the "brown-stone fronts"—is any proper care taken to provide for the servant-girls a ventilated bedroom?

In the new theatre and museum on Broadway, near Thirtieth Street, particular attention has been given to providing ample arrangements for the safe exit of the audience in case of fire. There are six doors which can be used besides the large double doors at the rear of the stage (twenty-five feet wide) which roll back on castors, and by means of which the house can be emptied in less than five minutes.

The price of certain articles of provisions seems to be increasing every day. Somebody says that beef has never been so high since "the cow jumped over the moon!"

There is certainly some *foul* play in staid old Massachusetts. An exchange says: "A roast chicken which was sent last week to a woman in jail at Boston for liquor-selling was examined by the warden, and a flask of Bourbon was found hidden away in the dressing." We think this is the first case on record—under the new law at least—of a chicken being convicted of selling liquor, and being punished therefor.

A performing monkey, however, was recently brought before the Mayor of Natchez, Mississippi, for violating an ordinance prohibiting the firing of small-arms on the streets. The magistrate compromised the matter by exacting that the performer should restrict himself to snapping caps.

We notice near a respectable-looking shop in Broadway sundry dubious looking objects partially encased in straw, and labeled "*Sunday Comforters.*" They are doubtless *spiritual* comforters, though of the baser sort.

Robberies in the cars continue to be of frequent occurrence. The other evening a gentleman and his wife entered a Broadway car near Twenty-third Street. At the same moment three men hastily crowded on the platform; but after riding half a block all jumped off. The gentleman, after taking his seat, put his hand in his pocket for money to pay his fare, but immediately exclaimed, "My pocket-book is gone!" Yes, and forty dollars with it. The conductor consoled him by saying, "I guess those fellows who jumped off have got it."

We should not allow ourselves to be surprised at any new arrangement which may transpire in this wonderful city of New York. Yet it is convenient for people to *understand* about things. One evening last week a gentleman, intending to leave the city the next morning, called at an express office near Broadway and Twenty-second Street and requested that his trunk should be taken from his house to the cars in the morning. The clerk, or whoever it might be who was in attendance, declined to take the order. "Isn't this an express office?" inquired the gentleman. "Oh yes," replied the clerk, with the utmost *nonchalance*, "but if you want to give an order you must go around to the stables in Thirty-first Street and leave it there!" Handy, very! The gentleman retired, and found near by a less complicated express office.

A person employed in the manufacture of buttons recently stated that upon certain kinds of buttons the *wholesale* dealers made two hundred and fifty per cent.! What retail dealers realize it would be hazardous to say. There must, however, be immense loss in some departments of this business from the constant changes in the style of buttons.

A Massachusetts merchant recently received a telegram from Calcutta, which had been but two days and five hours on its passage. The dispatch cost $500, and had traveled over 13,000 miles.

Not long since a worthy clergyman while waiting at a railroad station received the unexpected gift of $3000, which was quietly handed to him by some unknown person.

A clergyman of New Holstein, Wisconsin, has presented a petition to President Johnson on behalf of a German farmer of that town, who was recently blessed with the addition of a seventh boy to his family. It was stated in the petition that in Germany it is a time-honored custom for the sovereign ruler of the country to allow his name to be entered on the baptismal register as sponsor to the seventh boy born in uninterrupted succession in the same family. Therefore the father desired the President to allow his name to be entered upon the register as one of the sponsors of the newly-born baby. The President has consented.

A certain Miss Lloyd, a lady who has considerable property in Wales, has given her tenants "notice to quit," unless the women abandon their crinolines and adopt a more primitive style of dress. Probably she has in her eye some community of farmers whose wives and daughters are guiltless of crinoline, and who are ready to take the places which may be made vacant. Will a clause be inserted in the leases of future tenants to the effect that they must hold themselves ready to be dismissed if their dress does not harmonize with Miss Lloyd's taste?

The following recipe for early rising is given by an aged man who, during a long life, has been in the habit of rising with the lark: "Place a basin of cold water by the side of your bed; when you first awake in the morning dip your hands in the basin and wet your brow, and sleep will not again seal you in its treacherous embrace." A more simple method is to retire early, and at a regular hour, and then to leave your bed the moment you awake of yourself, after daylight. Nature will soon regulate the amount of sleep necessary for the system.

The sewing-machine is likely to have a rival in an invention recently perfected, by which wearing apparel of all kinds—shirts, pantaloons, vests, skirts, ladies' mantles, jackets, coats, etc., etc.—are both woven and sewed at the same time. The sewing of the seams is stronger even than hand sewing and perfectly smooth and even, and the articles are woven and sewed of any pattern, of wool, silk, cotton, or any other material.

The following problem, though nothing new in principle, is nevertheless a mathematical wonder: Deposit a cent in a bank, two cents the next week, four the third, eight the fourth, and so on for fifty-two weeks, and see where you will come out. This is a pretty problem for a few moments' curious figuring, for of course no man in the country can pursue the process indicated for a year. The tenth week would call for $5 12; the twentieth for $5230 08; the thirtieth for $5,355,633 92; the fortieth for $2,824,169,193 28; the fiftieth for $5,784,227,517,838 44; the fifty-second for $23,128,910,071,257 76.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Teacher. "Tommy, what does h-a-i-r spell?"
Apt Pupil. "Dunno, Sir."
Teacher. "Why, you numskull, what have you got on your head?"
Apt Pupil. "I dunno, Sir, but I think it bees a flea!"

A passenger by a Lake Superior boat lately sat down at the dinner-table. A waiter thrust a bill of fare into his plate.

"What's that bit ov paper?" said he.

"A bill of fare," responded the darkey.

"A what is it?" said he, getting up and leaving the table. "I've paid me fare, and confound it, if I don't lave the boat before ye git a rid cent more out o' me for the grub."

The genial captain explained the matter, and the passenger went back and "cleaned out" the table.

"Where was John Rogers burned to death?" said the teacher in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell." "In the fire," said Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

A lady fainted a few days since in the cars. A medical gentleman present, who went to her relief, exclaimed, "Has any gentleman a flask of whisky or brandy?" Over thirty pocket-pistols flashed in the air at once.

### ECHOES.

Of what has Heaven given us an equal share?—*Air.*
What does a rumor often do when it flies?—*Lies.*
Which is the loveliest flower that grows?—*Rose.*
Whose children are we apt to think the sweetest flowers?—*Ours.*
What in manners is sure to please?—*Ease.*
What will frequently overcome the most austere?—*Tear.*
What loses its flavor when we borrow it?—*Wit.*
What is it that wealth seldom extinguishes?—*Wishes.*
What traits are difficult to exterminate?—*Innate.*
What did Cleopatra to her bosom clasp?—*Asp.*
What enabled Newton the law of the universe to grapple?—*Apple.*
Which letter do we often chew?—*U.*
Which one resembles a tress?—*S.*
Which one is never wry?—*I.*
Which one does a child first know?—*O.*
Which one is embraced in Cæsar?—*E, Sir.*

A cattle-dealer residing out West received pay for a steer which had been sold to a butcher, and, rolling the greenbacks into a small wad, put them into his tobacco-box. Shortly after he extricated, as he thought, a portion of the tobacco, but, with all his mastication, could expectorate none of the savory juices, and finally took his quid out of his mouth to look at it, when he found he had been chewing his roll of greenbacks. He stood aghast for a moment and then burst out: "Cuss the luck! a whole steer at one chaw!"

An old lady, reading an account of a distinguished old lawyer, who was said to be the father of the New York bar, exclaimed: "Poor man! he had a dreadful set of children."

### THE BIRD AND THE BELLE.

The fair Pauline went forth one day,
One balmy day in Spring,
When trees with early bloom were gay,
And birds conspired to sing.

A fleecy flock did pasture find
Within a neighboring field,
And, to a flock of feathered kind,
Themselves a pasture yield.

A starling rose from off an ewe,
Perched on the fair Pauline,
And from her chignon, nice and new,
Picked out a gregarine.

A man in this city has got so deep in to debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

A clergyman at family devotions was explaining the nature of prayer. His little son, four years of age, eagerly inquired, "Can we ask God for any thing we want?" "Certainly," was the answer. Chancing soon after to pass the child's sleeping-room the father saw him on his knees. Drawing near he was taken aback by hearing the youngster close his petitions thus: "And please, God, make my mother fry me some dough-nuts."

### A B C.

Lady. "What are you teaching her, Nurse?"
Nurse. "Letter A, Mum."
Lady. "Then let-her be."
Nurse. "If she doesn't learn it I'll let-her see."

A land speculator, in describing a lake in Cumberland County, Virginia, says it is so clear and so deep that, by looking into it, you can see them making tea in China.

An Old Joe and a New One.—The shoemaker's last.

### THORNS AND CORNS.

Thorns are to the rose protective,
Corns but render toes defective;
Thorns defend by outward sticking,
Corns offend by inward pricking;
Thorns make beauty so disdainful,
Corns make toes so very painful;
For thorns and corns I see no use,
I wish they both were at the deuce.

An Appropriate Epitaph.—"His *pill*-grimage is over," as the druggist's widow said when she ordered an epitaph for his tombstone.

The Cheese.—English cheese is good sometimes from age, and sometimes from lack of age; French cheese, if good, is always good *fromage*.

A short time since two young ladies, well known, were holding high converse over the virtues of a certain new dress. "And does it fit well?" asked one. "Fit? as if I'd been melted and poured in."

St. Peter's. Vatican. Castle of St. Angelo. Piazza del Popolo.

THE CITY OF ROM

St. John in Lateran. Pantheon. Capitol. Coliseum.

AS IT IS.—[See Page 350.]

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

## Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

### CHAPTER I.

#### DISAPPOINTMENT.

Of all places upon this earth, perhaps, there is none more obnoxious to the civilized mind than London in October; and yet to Valentine Hawkehurst, newly arrived from Ullerton per Northwestern Railway, that city seemed as an enchanted and paradisaical region. Were not the western suburbs of that murky metropolis inhabited by Charlotte Halliday, and might he not hope to see her?

He did hope for that enjoyment. He had felt something more than hope while speeding Londonward by that delightful combination of a liberal railway management, a fast and yet cheap train. He had beguiled himself with a delicious certainty. Early the next morning—or at any rate as early as civilization permitted—he would hie him to Bayswater, and present himself at the neat iron gate of Philip Sheldon's Gothic villa. *She* would be there, in the garden most likely, his divine Charlotte, so bright and radiant a creature that the dull October morning would be made glorious by her presence—she would be there, and she would welcome him with that smile which made her the most enchanting of women.

Such thoughts as these had engaged him during his homeward journey; and compared with the delight of such visions, the perusal of daily papers, and the consumption of sandwiches, whereby other passengers beguiled their transit, seemed a poor amusement. But, arrived in the dingy streets, and walking toward Chelsea under a drizzling rain, the bright picture began to grow dim. Was it not more than likely that Charlotte would be absent from London at this dismal season? Was it not very probable that Philip Sheldon would give him the cold shoulder?

With these gloomy contingencies before him Mr. Hawkehurst tried to shut Miss Halliday's image altogether out of his mind, and to contemplate the more practical aspect of his affairs.

"I wonder whether that scoundrel Paget has come back to London?" he thought. "What am I to say to him if he has? If I own to having seen him in Ullerton, I shall lay myself open to being questioned by him as to my own business in that locality. Perhaps my wisest plan would be to say nothing, and hear his own account of himself. I fully believe he saw me on the platform that night when we passed each other without speaking."

Horatio Paget was at home when his protégé arrived. He was seated by his fireside in all the domestic respectability of a dressing-gown and slippers, with an evening paper on his knee, a slim smoke-colored bottle at his elbow, and the mildest of cigars between his lips, when the traveler, weary and weather-stained, entered the lodging-house drawing-room.

Captain Paget received his friend very graciously, only murmuring some faint deprecation of the young man's reeking over-coat, with just such a look of gentlemanly alarm as the lamented Brummel may have felt when ushered into the presence of a "damp stranger."

"And so you've come back at last," said the Captain, "from Dorking?" He made a little pause here, and looked at his friend with a malicious sparkle in his eyes. "And how was the old aunt? Likely to cut up for any considerable amount, eh? It could only be with a view to that cutting-up process that you could consent to isolate yourself in such a place as Dorking. How did you find things?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure, Mr. Hawkehurst answered, rather impatiently, for his worst suspicions were confirmed by his patron's manner; "I only know I found it tiresome work enough."

"Ah, to be sure! elderly people always are tiresome, especially when they are unacquainted with the world. There is a perennial youth about men and women of the world. The sentimental twaddle people talk of the freshness and purity of a mind unsullied by communion with the world is the shallowest nonsense. Your Madame du Deffand at eighty and your Horace Walpole at sixty are as lively as a girl and boy. Your octogenarian Voltaire is the most agreeable creature in existence. But take Cymon and Daphne from their flocks and herds and pastoral valleys in their old age, and see what senile bores and quavering imbeciles you would find them. Yes, I have no doubt you found your Dorking aunt a nuisance. Take off your wet over-coat and put it out of the room, and then ring for some hot water. You'll find that cognac very fine. Won't you have a cigar?"

The Captain extended his russia-leather case with the blandest smile. It was a very handsome case. Captain Paget was a man who could descend into some unknown depths of the social ocean in the last stage of shabbiness, and who, while his acquaintance were congratulating themselves upon the fact of his permanent disappearance, would start up suddenly in an unexpected place, provided with every necessity and luxury of civilized life, from a wardrobe by Poole to the last fashionable absurdity in the shape of a cigar-case.

Never had Valentine Hawkehurst found his patron more agreeably disposed than he seemed to be this evening, and never had he felt more inclined to suspect him.

"And what have you been doing while I have been away?" the young man asked presently. "Any more promoting work?"

"Well, yes, a little bit of provincial business; a life-and-fire on a novel principle; a really good thing, if we can only find men with perception enough to see its merits, and pluck enough to hazard their capital. But promoting in the provinces is very dull work. I've been to two or three towns in the midland districts—Beauport, Mudborough, and Ullerton—and have found the same stagnation every where."

Nothing could be more perfect than the semblance of unconscious innocence with which the Captain gave this account of himself: whether he was playing a part, or whether he was telling the entire truth, was a question which even a cleverer man than Valentine Hawkehurst might have found himself unable to answer.

The two men sat till late, smoking and talking; but to-night Valentine found the conversation of his "guide, philosopher, and friend" strangely distasteful to him. That cynical manner of looking at life, which not long ago had seemed to him the only manner compatible with wisdom and experience, now grated harshly upon those finer senses which had been awakened in the quiet contemplative existence he had of late been leading. He had been wont to enjoy Captain Paget's savage bitterness against a world which had not provided him with a house in Carlton Gardens, and a seat in the Cabinet; but to-night he was revolted by the noble Horatio's tone and manner. Those malicious sneers against respectable people and respectable prejudices, with which the Captain interlarded all his talk, seemed to have a ghastly grimness in their mirth. It was like the talk of some devil who had once been an angel, and had lost all hope of ever being restored to his angelic status.

"To believe in nothing, to respect nothing, to hope for nothing, to fear nothing, to consider life as so many years in which to scheme and lie for the sake of good dinners and well-made coats—surely there can be no state of misery more complete, no degradation more consummate," thought the young man, as he sat by the fireside smoking and listening dreamily to his companion. "Better to be Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth, narrow-minded and egotistical, but always looking beyond her narrow life to some dimly-comprehended future."

He was glad to escape at last from the Captain's society, to retire to his own small chamber, where he slept soundly enough after the day's fatigues, and dreamed of the Haygarths and Charlotte Halliday.

He was up early the next morning; but, on descending to the sitting-room, he found his patron toasting his *Times* before a cheerful fire; while his gold hunting-watch stood open on the breakfast-table, and a couple of new-laid eggs made a pleasant wabbling noise in a small sauce-pan upon the hob.

"You don't care for eggs, I know, Val," said the Captain, as he took the sauce-pan from the hob.

He had heard the young man object to an egg of French extraction too long severed from its native land; but he knew very well that for rural delicacies from a reliable dairyman, at two-pence apiece, Mr. Hawkehurst had no particular antipathy. Even in so small a matter as a new-laid egg the Captain knew how to protect his own interest.

"There's some of that Italian sausage you're so fond of, dear boy," he said, politely, pointing to a heel of some grayish horny-looking compound. "Thanks; I'll pour out the coffee; there's a knack in these things; half the clearness of the coffee depends on the way in which it's poured out, you see."

And with this assurance Captain Paget filled his own large breakfast cup with a careful hand and a tender solemnity of countenance. If he was a trifle less considerate in pouring out the second cup, and if some "grounds" mingled with the second portion, Valentine Hawkehurst was unconscious of the fact.

"Do try that Italian sausage," said the Captain, as he discussed his second egg, after peeling the most attractive crusts from the French rolls, and pushing the crumb to his protégé.

"No, thank you; it looks rather like what your shop-people call an old housekeeper; besides, there's a little too much garlic in those compositions for my taste."

"Your taste has grown fastidious," said the Captain; "one would think you were going to call upon some ladies this morning."

"There are not many ladies on my visiting list. Oh, by-the-way, how's Diana? Have you seen her lately?"

"No," answered the Captain, promptly. "I only returned from my provincial tour a day or two ago, and have had no time to waste dancing attendance upon her. She's well enough, I've no doubt; and she's uncommonly well off in Sheldon's house, and ought to think herself so."

Having skimmed his newspaper, Captain Paget rose and invested himself in his over-coat. He put on his hat before the glass over the mantle-piece, adjusting the brim above his brows with the thoughtful care that distinguished his performance of all those small duties which he owed to himself.

"And what may *you* be going to do with yourself to-day, Val?" he asked of the young man, who sat nursing his own knee and staring absently at the fire.

"Well, I don't quite know," Mr. Hawkehurst answered, hypocritically; "I think I may go as far as Gray's Inn, and look in upon George Sheldon."

"You'll dine out of doors, I suppose?"

This was a polite way of telling Mr. Hawkehurst that there would be no dinner for him at home.

"I suppose I shall. You know I'm not punctilious on the subject of dinner. Any thing you please—from a banquet at the London Tavern to a ham-sandwich and a glass of ale at four-pence."

"Ah, to be sure; youth is reckless of its gastric juices. I shall find you at home when I come in to-night, I dare say. I think I may dine in the city. *Au plaisir.*"

"I don't know about the pleasure," muttered Mr. Hawkehurst. "You're a very delightful person, my friend Horatio; but there comes a crisis in a man's existence when he begins to feel that he has had enough of you. Poor Diana! what a father!"

He did not waste much time on further consideration of his patron, but set off at once on his way to Gray's Inn. It was too early to call at the Lawn, or he would fain have gone there before seeking George Sheldon's dingy offices. Nor could he very well present himself at the Gothic villa without some excuse for so doing. He went to Gray's Inn therefore; but on his way thither called at a tavern near the Strand, which was the head-quarters of a literary association known as the Ragamuffins. Here he was fortunate enough to meet with an acquaintance in the person of a Ragamuffin in the dramatic-author line, who was reading the morning's criticisms on a rival's piece produced the night before, with a keen enjoyment of every condemnatory sentence. From this gentleman Mr. Hawkehurst obtained a box-ticket for a West-End theatre; and, armed with this mystic document, he felt himself able to present a bold countenance at Mr. Sheldon's door.

"Will she be glad to see me again?" he asked himself. "Pshaw! I dare say she has forgotten me by this time. A fortnight is an age with some women; and I should fancy Charlotte Halliday just one of those bright impressionable beings who forget easily. I wonder whether she is *really* like that 'Molly' whose miniature was found by Mrs. Haygarth in the tulip-leaf escritoire; or was the resemblance between those two faces only a silly fancy of mine?"

Mr. Hawkehurst walked the whole distance from Chelsea to Gray's Inn; and it was mid-day when he presented himself before George Sheldon, whom he found seated at his desk with the elephantine pedigree of the Haygarths open before him, and profoundly absorbed in the contents of a note-book. He looked up from this note-book as Valentine entered, but did not leave off chewing the end of his pencil as he mumbled a welcome to the returning wanderer. It has been seen that neither of the Sheldon brothers were demonstrative men.

After that unceremonious greeting the lawyer continued his perusal of the note-book for some minutes, while Valentine seated himself in a clumsy leather-covered arm-chair by the fireplace.

"Well, young gentleman," Mr. Sheldon exclaimed, as he closed his book with a triumphant snap, "I think *you're* in for a good thing; and you may thank your lucky stars for having thrown you into my path."

"My stars are not remarkable for their luckiness in a general way," answered Mr. Hawkehurst, coolly, for the man had not yet been born from whom he would accept patronage. "I suppose if I'm in for a good thing, you're in for a better thing, my dear George; so you needn't come the benefactor quite so strong for my edification. How did you ferret out the certificate of gray-eyed Molly's espousals?"

George Sheldon contemplated his coadjutor with an admiring stare.

"It has been my privilege to enjoy the society of cool hands, Mr. Hawkehurst; and certainly you are about the coolest of the lot—bar one, as they say in the ring. But that is *ni ci ni là*. I have found the certificate of Matthew Haygarth's marriage, and to my mind the Haygarth succession is as good as ours."

"Ah, those birds in the bush have such splendid plumage! but I'd rather have the modest sparrow in my hand. However, I'm very glad our affairs are marching. How did you discover the marriage-lines?"

"Not without hard labor, I can tell you. Of course my idea of a secret marriage was at the best only a plausible hypothesis; and I hardly dared to hug myself with the hope that it might turn up trumps. My idea was based upon two or three facts, namely, the character of the young man, his long residence in London away from the ken of respectable relatives and friends, and the extraordinary state of the marriage-laws at the period in which our man lived."

"Ah, to be sure! That was a strong point."

"I should rather think it was. I took the trouble to look up the history of Mayfair marriages and Fleet marriages before you started for Ullerton, and I examined all the evidence I could get on that subject. I made myself familiar with the Rev. Alexander Keith of Mayfair, who helped to bring clandestine marriages into vogue among the swells, and with Dr. Gaynham—agreeably nicknamed Bishop of Hell—and more of the same calibre; and the result of my investigations convinced me that in those days a hare-brained young reprobate must have found it rather more difficult to avoid matrimony than to achieve it. He might be married when he was tipsy; he might be married when he was comatose from the effects of a stand-up fight with Mohawks; his name might be assumed by some sportive Benedict of his acquaintance given to practical joking, and he might find himself saddled with a wife he never saw; or if, on the other hand, of an artful and deceptive turn, he might procure a certificate of a marriage that had never taken place—for there were very few friendly offices which the Fleet parsons refused to perform for their clients—for a consideration."

"But how about the legality of a Fleet marriage?"

"There's the rub. Before the New Marriage Act passed in 1753 a Fleet marriage was indissoluble. It was an illegal act, and the parties were punishable; but the Gordian knot was quite as secure as if it had been tied in the most orthodox manner. The great difficulty to my mind was the *onus probandi*. The marriage might have taken place; the marriage might be to all intents and purposes a good marriage; but how produce undeniable proof of such a ceremony, when all ceremonies of the kind were performed with a manifest recklessness and disregard of law? Even if I found an apparently good certificate, how was I to prove that it was not one of those lying certificates of marriages that had never taken place? Again, what kind of registers could posterity expect from these parson-adventurers, very few of whom could spell, and most of whom lived in a chronic state of drunkenness? They married people sometimes by their Christian names alone—very often under assumed names. What consideration had they for heirs-at-law in the future, when under the soothing influence of a gin-bottle in the present? I thought of all these circumstances, and I was half inclined to despair of realizing my idea of an early marriage. I took it for granted that such a secret business would be more likely to have taken place in the precincts of the Fleet than any where else; and having no particular clew, I set to work, in the first place, to examine all available documents relating to such marriages."

"It must have been slow work."

"It *was* slow work," answered Mr. Sheldon with a suppressed groan, that was evoked by the memory of a by-gone martyrdom. "I needn't enter into all the details of the business—the people I had to apply to for permission to see this set of papers, and the signing and counter-signing I had to go through before I could see that set of papers, and the extent of circumlocution and idiocy I had to encounter in a general way before I could complete my investigation. The result was *nil;* and after working like a galley-slave I found myself no better off than before I began my search. Your extracts from Matthew's letters put me on a new track. I concluded therefrom that there had been a marriage, and that the said marriage had been a deliberate act on the part of the young man. I therefore set to work to do what I ought to have done at starting—I hunted in all the parish registers to be found within a certain radius of such and such localities. I began with Clerkenwell, in which neighborhood our friend spent such happy years, according to that pragmatical epistle of Mrs. Rebecca's; but after hunting in all the mouldy old churches within a mile of St. John's Gate, I was no nearer arriving at any record of Matthew Haygarth's existence. So I turned my back upon Clerkenwell, and went southward to the neighborhood of the Marshalsea, where Mistress Molly's father was at one time immured, and whence I thought it very probable Mistress Molly had started on her career as a matron. This time my guess was a lucky one. After hunting the registers of St. Olave's, St. Saviour's, and St. George's, and after the expenditure of more shillings in donations to sextons than I care to remember, I at last lighted on a document which I consider worth three thousand pounds to you—and—a very decent sum of money to me."

"I wonder what color our hair will be when we touch that money?" said Valentine, meditatively. "These sort of cases generally find their way into Chancery Lane, don't they?—that lane which, for some unhappy travelers, has no turning except the one dismal *via* which leads to dusty death. You seem in very good spirits; and I suppose I ought to be elated too. Three thousand pounds would give me a start in life, and enable me to set up in the new character of a respectable rate-paying citizen. But I've a kind of presentiment that this hand of mine will never touch the prize of the victor; or, in plainer English, that no good will ever arise to me or mine out of the reverend intestate's hundred thousand pounds."

"Why, what a dismal-minded croaker you are this morning!" exclaimed George Sheldon with unmitigated disgust; "a regular raven, by Jove! You come to a fellow's office just as matters are beginning to look like success—after ten years' plodding and ten years' disappointment—and you treat him to maudlin howls about the Court of Chancery. This is a new line you've struck out, Hawkehurst, and I can tell you it isn't a pleasant one."

"Well, no, I suppose I oughtn't to say that sort of thing," answered Valentine, in an apologetic tone; "but there are some days in a man's life when there seems to be a black cloud between him and every thing he looks at. I feel like that to-day. There's a tightening sensation about something under my waistcoat—my heart, perhaps—a sense of depression that may be either physical or mental, that I can't get rid of. If a man had walked by my side from Chelsea to Holborn whispering forebodings of evil into my ear at every step, I couldn't have felt more down-hearted than I do."

"What did you eat for breakfast?" asked Mr. Sheldon, impatiently. "A tough beef-steak fried by a lodging-house cook, I dare say—they *will* fry their steaks. Don't inflict the consequences of your indigestible diet upon me. To tell me that there's a black cloud between you and every thing you look at, is only a sentimental way of telling me that you're bilious. Pray be practical, and let us look at things from a business point of view. Here is Appendix A.—a copy of the registry of the marriage of Matthew Haygarth, bachelor, of Clerkenwell, in the county of Middlesex, to Mary Murchison, spinster, of Southwark, in the county of Surrey. And here is Appendix B.—a copy of the registry of the marriage between William Meynell, bachelor, of Smithfield, in the county of Middlesex, to Caroline Mary Haygarth, spinster, of Highgate, in the same county."

"You have found the entry of a second Haygarthian marriage?"

"I have. The C. of Matthew's letters is the

Caroline Mary here indicated, the daughter and heiress of Matthew Haygarth—doubtless christened Caroline after her gracious majesty the consort of George II., and Mary after the Molly whose picture was found in the tulip-leaf bureau. The Meynell certificate was easy enough to find, since the letters told me that Miss C.'s suitor had a father who lived in Aldersgate Street, and a father who approved his son's choice. The Aldersgate citizen had a house of his own, and a more secure social status altogether than that poor, weak, surreptitious Matthew. It was therefore only natural that the marriage should be celebrated in the Meynell mansion. Having considered this, I had only to ransack the registers of a certain number of churches round and about Aldersgate Street in order to find what I wanted; and after about a day and a half of hard labor I did find the invaluable document which places me one generation nearer the present, and on the high-road to the discovery of my heir-at-law. I searched the same registry for children of the aforesaid William and Caroline Mary Meynell, but could find no record of such children, nor any further entry of the name of Meynell. But we must search other registries within access of Aldersgate Street before we give up the idea of finding such entries in that neighborhood."

"And what is to be the next move?"

"The hunting-up of all descendants of this William and Caroline Mary Meynell, wheresoever such descendants are to be found. We are now altogether off the Haygarth and Judson scent, and have to beat a new covert."

"Good!" exclaimed Valentine, more cheerfully. "How is the new covert to be beaten?"

"We must start from Aldersgate Street. Meynell of Aldersgate Street must have been a responsible man, and it will be hard if there is no record of him extant in all the old topographical histories of wards, without and within, which cumber the shelves of your dryasdust libraries. We must hunt up all available books; and when we've got all the information that books can give us, we can go in upon hearsay evidence, which is always the most valuable in these cases."

"That means another encounter with ancient mariners—I beg your pardon—oldest inhabitants," said Valentine, with a despondent yawn. "Well, I suppose that sort of individual is a little less obtuse when he lives within the roar of the great city's thunder than when he vegetates in the dismal outskirts of a manufacturing town. Where am I to find my octogenarian prosers? and when am I to begin my operations upon them?"

"The sooner you begin the better," replied Mr. Sheldon. "I've taken all preliminary steps for you already, and you'll find the business tolerably smooth sailing. I've made a list of certain people who may be worth seeing."

Mr. Sheldon selected a paper from the numerous documents upon the table.

"Here they are," he said: "John Grewter, wholesale stationer, Aldersgate Street; Anthony Sparsfield, carver and gilder, in Barbican. These are, so far as I can ascertain, the two oldest men now trading in Aldersgate Street; and from these men you ought to be able to find out something about old Meynell. I don't anticipate any difficulty about the Meynells, except the possibility that we may find more of them than we want, and have some trouble in shaking them into their places."

"I'll tackle my friend the stationer to-morrow morning," said Valentine.

"You'd better drop in upon him in the afternoon, when the day's business may be pretty well over," returned the prudent Sheldon. "And now all you've got to do, Hawkehurst, is to work with a will, and work on patiently. If you do as well in London as you did at Ullerton, neither you nor I will have any cause to complain. Of course I needn't impress upon you the importance of secrecy."

"No," replied Valentine; "I'm quite alive to that."

He then proceeded to inform George Sheldon of that encounter with Captain Paget on the platform at Ullerton, and of the suspicion that had been awakened in his mind by the sight of the glove in Goodge's parlor.

The lawyer shook his head.

"That idea about the glove was rather far-fetched," he said, thoughtfully; "but I don't like the look of that meeting at the station. My brother Philip is capable of any thing in the way of manœuvring; and I'm not ashamed to confess that I'm no match for him. He was in here one day when I had the Haygarth pedigree spread out on the table, and I know he smelt a rat. We must beware of him, Hawkehurst, and we must work against time if we don't want him to anticipate us."

"I sha'n't let the grass grow under my feet," replied Valentine. "I was really interested in that Haygarthian history: there was a dash of romance about it, you see. I don't feel the same gusto in the Meynell chase, but I dare say I shall begin to get up an interest in it as my investigation proceeds. Shall I call the day after to-morrow and tell you my adventures?"

"I think you had better stick to the old plan, and let me have the result of your work in the form of a diary," answered Sheldon. And with this the two men parted.

It was now half past two o'clock: it would be half past three before Valentine could present himself at the Lawn—a very seasonable hour at which to call upon Mrs. Sheldon with his offering of a box for the new play.

An omnibus conveyed him to Bayswater at a snail's pace, and with more stoppages than ever mortal omnibus was subject to before, as it seemed to that one eager passenger. At last the leafless trees of the Park appeared between the hats and bonnets of Valentine's opposite neighbors. Even those brown leafless trees reminded him of Charlotte. Beneath such umbrage had he parted from her. And now he was going to see the bright young face once more. He had been away from town about a fortnight; but, taken in relation with Miss Halliday, that fortnight seemed half a century.

Chrysanthemums and china asters beautified Mr. Sheldon's neat little garden, and the plate-glass windows of his house shone with all their wonted radiance. It was like the houses one sees framed and glazed in an auctioneer's office—the greenest imaginable grass, the bluest windows, the reddest bricks, the whitest stone. "It is a house that would set my teeth on edge, but for the one sweet creature who lives in it," Valentine thought to himself as he waited at the florid iron gate, which was painted a vivid ultramarine and picked out with gold.

He tried in vain to catch a glimpse of some feminine figure in the small suburban garden. No fluttering scarlet petticoat or coquettish feather revealed the presence of the divinity.

The prim maid-servant informed him that Mrs. Sheldon was at home, and asked if he would please to walk into the drawing-room.

Would he please? Would he not have been pleased to walk into a raging furnace if there had been a chance of meeting Charlotte Halliday amidst the flames? He followed the maid-servant into Mrs. Sheldon's irreproachable apartment, where the show books upon the show table were ranged at the usual mathematically correct distances from one another, and where the speckless looking-glasses and all-pervading French polish imparted a chilly aspect to the chamber. A newly-lighted fire was smouldering in the shining steel grate, and a solitary female figure was seated by the broad Tudor window bending over some needle-work.

It was the figure of Diana Paget, and she was quite alone in the room. Valentine's heart sank a little as he saw this solitary figure, and perceived that it was not the woman he loved.

Diana looked up from her work and recognized the visitor. Her face flushed, but the flush faded very quickly, and Valentine was not conscious of that flattering indication.

"How do you do, Diana?" he said. "Here I am again, you see, like the proverbial bad shilling. I have brought Mrs. Sheldon an order for the Princess's."

"You're very kind; but I don't think she'll care to go. She was complaining of a headache this afternoon."

"Oh, she'll forget all about her headache if she wants to go to the play. She's the sort of little woman who is always ready for a theatre or a concert. Besides, Miss Halliday may like to go, and will easily persuade her mamma.—Whom could she not persuade?" added Mr. Hawkehurst, within himself.

"Miss Halliday is out of town," Diana replied, coldly.

The young man felt as if his heart were suddenly transformed into so much lead, so heavy did it seem to grow. What a foolish thing it seemed that he should be the victim of this fair enslaver!—he, who until lately had fancied himself incapable of any earnest feeling or deep emotion.

"Out of town!" he repeated, with unconcealed disappointment.

"Yes; she has gone on a visit to some relations in Yorkshire. She actually has relations: doesn't that sound strange to you and me?"

Valentine did not notice this rather cynical remark.

"She'll be away ever so long, I suppose?" he said.

"I have no idea how long she may stay there. The people idolize her, I understand. You know it is her privilege to be idolized; and of course they will persuade her to stay as long as they can. You seem disappointed at not seeing her."

"I am very much disappointed," Valentine answered, frankly; "she is a sweet girl."

There was a silence after this. Miss Paget resumed her work with skillful, rapid fingers. She was picking up shining little beads, one by one, on the point of her needle, and transferring them to the canvas stretched upon an embroidery frame before her. It was a kind of work exacting extreme care and precision, and the girl's hand never faltered, though a tempest of passionate feeling agitated her as she worked.

"I am very sorry not to see her," Valentine said presently, "for the sight of her is very dear to me. Why should I try to hide my feelings from you, Diana? We have endured so much misery together that there must be some bond of union between us. To me you have always seemed like a sister, and I have no wish to keep any secret from you, though you receive me so coldly that one would think I had offended you."

"You have not offended me. I thank you for being so frank with me. You would have gained little by an opposite course. I have long known your affection for Charlotte."

"You guessed my secret?"

"I saw what any one could have seen who had taken the trouble to watch you for ten minutes during your visits to this house."

"Was my unhappy state so very conspicuous?" exclaimed Valentine, laughing. "Was I so obviously spooney?—*I* who have so ridiculed any thing in the way of sentiment? You make me blush for my folly, Diana. What is that you are dotting with all those beads?—something very elaborate."

"It is a prie-dieu chair I am working for Mrs. Sheldon. Of course I am bound to do something for my living."

"And so you wear out your eyesight in the working of chairs! Poor girl! it seems hard that your beauty and accomplishments don't find a better market than that. I dare say you will marry some millionaire friend of Mr. Sheldon's one of these days, and I shall hear of your house in Park Lane and three-hundred guinea barouche."

"You are very kind to promise me a millionaire. The circumstances of my existence hitherto have been so peculiarly fortunate that I am justified in expecting such a suitor. My millionaire shall ask you to dinner at my house in Park Lane; and you shall play *écarté* with him, if you like—papa's kind of *écarté*."

"Don't talk of those things, Di," said Mr. Hawkehurst, with something that was almost a shudder; "let us forget that we ever led that kind of life."

"Yes," replied Diana, "let us forget it—if we can."

The bitterness of her tone struck him painfully. He sat for some minutes watching her silently, and pitying her fate. What a sad fate it seemed, and how hopeless! For him there was always some chance of redemption. He could go out into the world and cut his way through the forest of difficulty with the axe of the conqueror. But what could a woman do who found herself in the midst of that dismal forest? She could only sit at the door of her lonesome hut, looking out with weary eyes for the prince who was to come and rescue her. And Valentine remembered how many women there are to whom the prince never comes, and who must needs die and be buried beneath that gloomy umbrage.

"Oh, let us have women doctors, women lawyers, women parsons, women stone-breakers—any thing rather than these dependent creatures who sit in other people's houses working prie-dieu chairs and pining for freedom!" he thought to himself, as he watched the pale, stern face in the chill afternoon light.

"Do leave off working for a few minutes, and talk to me, Di," he said, rather impatiently. "You don't know how painful it is to a man to see a woman absorbed in some piece of needle-work at the very moment when he wants all her sympathy. I am afraid you are not quite happy. Do confide in me, dear, as frankly as I confide in you. Are these people kind to you? Charlotte is, of course. But the elder birds, Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, are they kind?"

"They are very kind. Mr. Sheldon is not a demonstrative man, as you know; but I am not accustomed to have people in a rapturous state of mind about me or my affairs. He is kinder to me than my father ever was; and I don't see how I can expect more than that. Mrs. Sheldon is extremely kind, in her way—which is rather a feeble way, as you know."

"And Charlotte—?"

"You answered for Charlotte yourself just now. Yes, she is very, very, very good to me; much better than I deserve. I was almost going to quote the collect, and say, 'desire or deserve.'"

"Why should you not desire or deserve her goodness?" asked Valentine.

"Because I am not a lovable kind of person. I am not sympathetic. I know that Charlotte is very fascinating, very charming; but sometimes her very fascination repels me. I think the atmosphere of that horrible swampy district between Lambeth and Battersea, where my childhood was spent, must have soured my disposition."

"No, Diana; you have only learned a bitter way of talking. I know your heart is noble and true. I have seen your suppressed indignation many a time when your father's meannesses have revolted you. Our lives have been very hard, dear; but let us hope for brighter days. I think they must come to us."

"They will never come to me," said Diana.

"You say that with an air of conviction. But why should they not come to you—brighter and better days?"

"I can not tell you that. I can only tell you that they will not come. And do you hope that any good will ever come of your love for Charlotte Halliday—you, who know Mr. Sheldon?"

"I am ready to hope any thing."

"You think that Mr. Sheldon would let his step-daughter marry a penniless man?"

"I may not always be penniless. Besides, Mr. Sheldon has no actual authority over Charlotte."

"But he has moral influence over her. She is very easily influenced."

"I am ready to hope even in spite of Mr. Sheldon's opposing influence. You must not try to crush this one little floweret that has grown up in a barren waste, Diana. It is my prison-flower."

Mrs. Sheldon came into the room as he said this. She was very cordial, very eloquent upon the subject of her headache, and very much inclined to go to the theatre, notwithstanding that ailment, when she heard that Mr. Hawkehurst had been kind enough to bring her a box.

"Diana and I could go," she said, "if we can manage to be in time after our six-o'clock dinner. Mr. Sheldon does not care about theatres. All the pieces tire him. He declares they are all stupid. But then, you see, if one's mind is continually wandering, the cleverest piece must seem stupid," Mrs. Sheldon added, thoughtfully; "and my husband is so very absent-minded."

After some further discussion about the theatre Valentine bade the ladies good-afternoon.

"Won't you stop to see Mr. Sheldon?" asked Georgina; "he is in the library with Captain Paget. You did not know that your papa was here, did you, Diana, my dear? He came in with Mr. Sheldon an hour ago."

"I won't disturb Mr. Sheldon," said Valentine. "I will call again in a few days."

He took leave of the two ladies, and went out into the hall. As he emerged from the drawing-room the door of the library was opened, and he heard Philip Sheldon's voice within, saying:

"—your accuracy with regard to the name of Meynell."

It was the close of a sentence; but the name struck immediately upon Valentine's ear. Meynell—the name which had for him so peculiar an interest.

"Is it only a coincidence," he thought to himself, "or is Horatio Paget on our track?"

And then he argued with himself that his ears might have deceived him, and that the name he had heard might not have been Meynell, but only a name of somewhat similar sound.

It was Captain Paget who had opened the door. He came out into the passage and recognized his protégé. They left the house together; and the Captain was especially gracious.

"We will dine together, Val," he said; but, to his surprise, Mr. Hawkehurst declined the proffered entertainment.

"I'm tired out with a hard day's work," he said, "and should be very bad company; so, if you'll excuse me, I'll go back to Omega Street, and get a chop."

The Captain stared at him in amazement. He could not comprehend the man who could refuse to dine luxuriously at the expense of his fellow-man.

Valentine had of late acquired new prejudices. He no longer cared to enjoy the hospitality of Horatio Paget. In Omega Street the household expenses were shared by the two men. It was a kind of club upon a small scale: and there was no degradation in breaking bread with the elegant Horatio.

To Omega Street Valentine returned this afternoon, there to eat a frugal meal and spend a meditative evening, uncheered by one glimmer of that radiance which more fortunate men know as the light of home.

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# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AN HOUR OF BLISS.

THEY had all—she, the woman he loved, among the number—spoken of him and his possible occupation so lightly and carelessly down by the lake; and in very truth he had been knowing much bitterness. The shadow of the blow that had fallen was upon him, even when he came down to Haldon; but the blow itself had not descended until this morning, when he read at the breakfast-table that the one company in which he had been well warranted, by most exemplary example, to have trust, had engulfed itself, and all who had faith, or at least money, in it, in unqualified ruin.

Edgar Talbot was not endowed with the *physique* that enables a man to rise up buoyantly under a sense of utter commercial discomfiture. Perhaps the men who can do this are about in the world somewhere. but it has never been my lot to meet them out of print; and as I seek to paint from the life I will tell of that I have seen alone. While his sister and his friends, and, above all, the woman he loved, were down by the lake, "gathering" the odorous roses of love and youth, of idleness and June—while they were doing this, according to their different degrees, Edgar Talbot was going through several phases of well-developed agony and despair.

From the date at which he commenced thinking about life, and the responsibilities of life at all, he had set himself the congenial task of amassing such a fortune as should make his family (that is, himself) important and considerable. In the fulfillment of this resolve he had exercised self-restraint and denial of no mean order for many years. He had rigorously ordered his course, abstaining from much that was harmless because it was not profitable, and from a little that was profitable because it was not harmless, it may be added to his credit. He had held aloof from society, women, wine, and other expensive things; and he had his reward for this abstinence in being well reputed and rich at an age when many of his compeers were being repudiated for being such reprobates as to be compelled to retrench. It had been very well with him, in fact, when he first saw Blanche Lyon. Then he commenced perpetrating a series of mistakes. First, he fell in love with a "tocherless" lass with a long pedigree; then he made resolutions concerning her which he had not the power to keep; and, finally, he played higher than ever for fortune's favors, in order that he might afford such a luxury as Miss Lyon for a wife without cost to his own conscience. And now the end had come!

The end! Such a black, bitter, hard, ruinous end as it was too! He had lost all that was his own, and much that was not his own, and he knew that all would call him a fool, and some might call him a swindler. He had advised others to act as he had done, and the others would not now be slow to remember that he had so advised them. He had impoverished one sister, and left another penniless. He had no hope, reasonable or the reverse, of ever entering upon that exciting career which had been as the breath of life to him. His life, as it would and must be, stretched itself out before him in vivid colors and clearly-cut lines; and he looked at it, and saw it as it was—a life of toil and obscurity—and knew that he must live it. His career—that which is to a man what love is to a woman—was dead, and he stood at its bier knowing that there would be no resuscitation. As this knowledge was driven deeper and deeper into his mind he went through some of the hardest pains of the most horrible Inferno. There was no compensation to him in any probable combination of circumstances that might befall him. Had he been able to realize it at once he would not have accepted the love of the woman for whom he had a passion as part payment for what he had lost.

In one way it was all over with him, and he laid no flattering false unction to his soul on the subject.

Still, devoid as he was of that sort of half-poetic, half-weakly sensibility which makes some gentle-natured people turn tearfully to friendship and love in all troubles that assail them—devoid as he was of this, he did think once or twice, as he wrote responses to the notes of ruin which had sounded in his ears this morning, of Blanche Lyon. He did not tell himself that he should turn from ambition to love—find consolation in her caresses, and an incentive to ignominiously obscure industry in her wifely smiles and womanly satisfaction, with the poor lot he could offer her instead of the rich one he might have offered her. But he told himself that come what would she should be his wife if he could get her. He was a practical man, barren of all poetical feeling to a degree that may or may not be rare, but that at any rate was great. He was also a passionate man, and his passion for Blanche was of the sort that made him feel that any fate which could be endured by him could be endured by her. She came into the consideration of his plans, which may be accepted as a proof that he loved her. Whether that love was selfish or not is a hard question for a third person to answer.

"Talbot looks as if he had had a tight time of it," Frank Bathurst muttered to Lionel when Mr. Talbot came and joined them at the luncheon-table at last; and Lionel, looking at his brother's face, read there that it was even so as Frank said, for the signs of the warfare in which he had been worsted were about him still, visibly about him; even the ladies saw the signs, and were more subdued than the day deserved they should be.

"We're almost by way of being strangers some way or other," Frank Bathurst said, in continuation of the subject, later in the day, when he and Lionel were alone together; "otherwise if any thing is a little off the line it might be righted again; but a fellow doesn't care to broach the business with a reserved man like Talbot."

"I am afraid something is more than a little off the line," Lionel replied. "Edgar is not a man to be beaten by a trifle, and he is beaten now. I'll give him a chance of telling me if he likes by-and-by; but I will not press him."

"Give him to understand that if I can help him, and he does not take my help, it will be a slight on your feeling for and interest in him, for you'll advise him to, Lal, won't you?"

"Advise him what?"

"To let me help him."

"If he is beaten, as I fear, it would be snatching at a straw simply to take such help as you could give him, Frank; however, I shall hear."

He did hear in time, but not that day; there could be no good gained, Edgar Talbot argued, by talking about things before he was compelled to talk about them. Lionel would know quite soon enough that his own £5000 had gone the way of the bulk of his father's property. Trixy would play the cards she held in her hand better while her mind was undisturbed by the knowledge of the utter ruin in which her guardian brother was steeped. As Mr. Talbot thought this he seemed to see light in the darkness. His sister did hold good cards in her hand if she only played them properly. With Frank Bathurst for a brother-in-law he might even yet—

"Do you know what Bathurst has a year?" he asked abruptly of Lionel; and Lionel replied:

"About twelve thousand, I believe," and fell into a reverie on the subject of whether or not it would be shared by Blanche Lyon.

They never sat long over their wine after the ladies had left them in this arcadian Bohemia of Haldon. The daylight was but just dying off the sky when Lionel, followed by Frank Bathurst, came to the two girls in the drawing-room and asked "Which was to reign to-night, moonlight or melody?"

"Put the alternatives more clearly before us, Mr. Talbot," Blanche answered, moving a little nearer to the window, which was open, as she spoke.

"Well, shall we go out on the lawn, or shall we sit by the piano, and hear Trixy and you sing?"

"You won't hear Trixy sing to-night, Lionel," that young lady put in, hurriedly.

"What does Miss Lyon say?"

"The lawn is so much sweeter than my own voice that I am going out to enjoy it," Blanche replied, walking through the window as she spoke. Lionel followed her willingly enough, and so it came to pass that Beatrix found herself alone with Frank Bathurst, or as good as alone, Mrs. Lyon being at the far end of the room fast asleep.

She was very fond of him—so fond of him that she forgave him all his little attentions to Blanche and all his little inattentions to herself, though both were very patent to her—so fond of him that she was ready, ay, ready, to hear the faint sound of encouragement which her own heart offered to herself as she marked that he did not seem very anxious to leave her and follow Blanche. Certainly he did say, "Do you not care for the lawn to-night?" but when she shook her head in the negative, and seated herself on the window-sill, he drew a low chair close opposite to her, and placed himself upon it, and looked quite ready to resume his old fervent admiration for her hair and eyes.

"Why will you not sing to-night?" he began.

"I am not in tune."

"Nor was I quite till I sat down here and looked at you. I am sympathetic, whatever Blanche may say to the contrary. Your low spirits acted on me; and now that you have brightened, I have done the same."

Beatrix felt her brow burning. She was conscious that she had brightened at heart when he planted himself opposite to her, and now it was made manifest by the manner of his gaze at her—a gaze in which there was a little appeal and a good deal of admiring audacity—that she had brightened in the face also. Feeling herself thrown off her guard, it was but natural that she should endeavor to disarm him, as it were. So she spoke of her rival, and spoke injudiciously.

"Miss Lyon cast a spell over you. Have you forgotten it?" she asked, significantly; and he accepted the double meaning, and disappointed poor Trixy by saying, laughingly, with the fresh, frank, outspoken vanity which so eminently characterized him,

"Forgotten it—no, indeed; I have set myself a glorious task, Miss Talbot, to make the prophetess prove the falsity of her own prophecy."

"Glorious, indeed," Trixy answered.

"Shall I find it 'love's labor lost' do you think?" he asked, leaning forward and lowering his voice, and intensely appreciating the graceful bend of Miss Talbot's head as she sat with her cheek resting on her hand before him. It so pleased his taste to have the friendship and companionship and interest of lovely women that he almost felt inclined to take Miss Talbot into his confidence concerning his feelings for Blanche. But he forgot this inclination, or, at any rate, forbore to gratify it, when for answer to his last question Trixy gave a little angry sigh, and covered her eyes with her hand.

He loved beauty, softness, sentiment with all his heart and soul. If Blanche had been before him there would have been a counteracting

A PASTORAL EPISODE.

influence in her brilliant presence; but as it was, the seductive softness of that sweet, reproachful sigh made him forget every thing in the world but Trixy for a time. It was so very much a habit of his to get all he could out of life, to gather every flower, to listen to every sweet sound, to push every pleasant feeling to the verge, and at all times to let his fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love; it was so very much a habit of his to do all these things, that it never occurred to him that he might be playing with fire. So now, in accordance with the dictates of this gay second nature of his, he bent toward Beatrix, and asked her very tenderly if he had annoyed her.

"No," she said, "not annoyed me."

"What is it then?" he whispered. "Look up at me and tell me that I have not unwittingly said something that pains you." And then she obeyed him; dropped her hands down, and glanced up at him with her great loving violet eyes. And the beauty worshiper could but look lovingly and earnestly into hers in return, and feel very sorry that the lamp and tea would come in presently, and dispel the soft light and softer sensations—looked at her so lovingly and earnestly, indeed, that she trembled at being so near (as she believed) to the bliss she craved, and so said she would "go and look for Edgar," and made as though she would rise as she spoke.

But he stopped her by putting his hand down on hers, and saying,

"'No, no, stay with me lady while you may,
For life's so sad—this hour's so sweet.'"

Then silence reigned, and as his clasp grew closer she forgot that "life is sad" in the sweetness of that hour.

"What a howling wilderness this will be to Lal and me when you all go!" he said at length, and his speech slackened the spell, and Trixy felt herself able to command her feelings and release her hand.

"Oh, you will get on very well without us," she said, uttering a commonplace truth because it was the easiest thing to utter at the moment. Then the lamp and tea did come in, and Frank sprang up and offered her his arm, and proposed "that they should go and call the others in."

She accepted his proposal with a shy delight that was born of the hope she had that when once he got her into the garden he would forget the nominal object of their being there, and think of her alone. But as soon as they were outside he proved himself to be very much in earnest in the search by giving a series of call whistles, which were soon answered by Lionel. Then they all met, and the two young men sang a German student's song with an hilarious refrain, and romance was over for that night as far as Beatrix and Mr. Bathurst were concerned.

## CHAPTER XV.

### MISUNDERSTANDING.

There had been nothing definite said either by Lionel Talbot or Miss Lyon during that stroll they had taken about on the lawn. But somehow or other it came to them both to have a great feeling of satisfaction and security about each other and the future before they came in to tea. The strain of the morning was not resumed; nevertheless Blanche could not make any complaint of there being a lack of harmony. For the first time Lionel Talbot spoke to her of his future, assumed that she felt an interest in his hopes and prospects, and "for the first time also," he said, he "began to take an interest in these latter himself."

"I shall never sacrifice the means to the end, or practice my art less worthily for being animated by the hope of mere commercial success attending it," he had said to her, and she had replied,

"I thoroughly believe you. I feel that it will always be impossible for you to seek any reward for the mere sake of the reward; but what has come to you that you should even think of 'success,' Mr. Talbot? I 'don't own you,' as old women say, when you utter such sentiments."

"Do they seem ignoble to you?"

"No, indeed, no; but the others, the ones I heard from you, or rather heard attributed to you, at first were so very different. I thought you were the sort of man to go on working forever, and to be very careless as to whether the work was ever known, or seen, or valued, or paid for, so long as you yourself had the satisfaction of knowing it to be good and true work."

"You must have thought me an unpractical idiot," Lionel said, laughing, "yet, to a certain degree, you judged rightly. I did love my art, with a perfect love that cast out every other consideration than its honor from my mind; now I know another love, and it shall ennoble my art, and my art shall exalt it. Do I still seem inconsistent? do you still refuse 'to own me?' or do you understand me?"

"I think I do—I hope I do," she had answered, hurriedly: and then Frank Bathurst's whistle sounded in their ears, and the talk about the translation of some of Lionel's theories came to an end. But Blanche had heard enough to make her feel sisterly and sympathetic toward Beatrix and Edgar. "Poor Mr. Talbot, he has been by himself, writing letters, all day," she said; "one of us ought to take him a cup of tea, and beguile him back among us. You look tired, Miss Talbot; shall I go?"

She looked for an answer from Lionel, but he gave it quickly, remembering, with a pang, that it was the second time this day that Blanche had remarked on his brother's absence. Was his (Lionel's) claim upon her a vicarious one, after all? Was the interest she expressed for him but the offspring of the regard she felt for Edgar?

"It would be very kind of you to do it—very kind, indeed." Then he held the door open for her, and Blanche sailed away to the library, with a cup of tea in her hand, and the comforting thought in her heart that she was on the way to show a graceful, womanly attention to a man who was much to be pitied here where others were so full of the joy of loving and being loved, in that he seemed to stand outside it all.

It was a specialty of hers to sweep about softly, however fast and freely she walked. Her garments never rustled, nor did her silk dresses go off in crisp cracks as she swiftly moved about. Her step was so light and true, her progress so noiseless, that Edgar Talbot remained unconscious of his solitude being broken in upon until she gained his side and spoke.

"Mr. Talbot, I have brought you some tea, and I am charged with a special commission from the rest to take you back with me."

Then he got up from the chair in which he had been seated with his face bent down toward the ground in intense absorbing thought—got up, and took the cup from her, and then took both her wrists in his hands, and made her face him, which she did, wonderingly.

"You have come to me—will you stay with me?"

"Here? in this room? Oh yes, if I can help you at all."

"You can't help me," he replied, impatiently. The idea of any woman's assistance would have seemed against conceit at the brightest time; at present it seemed a suggestion fraught with the most contemptible folly. Still he was in love with the woman who had made it, so he contented himself with saying, "You can't help me at all:" and then adding, "except by staying with me, and hearing what I have to say. I have bad news for you—very bad news." Then he released one of her hands, and picked up a paper-knife, which he balanced cleverly on his finger, as an aid to eloquence, apparently, for when he had got it into perfect swing he went on, "I have bad news for you. I am not wrong in thinking that the tale of my ruin—of the ruin of all connected with me—will sound harshly in your ears?"

"Harshly! Oh! Mr. Talbot, horribly, horribly!" There was no aversion manifested in the horror she expressed, no falling away from him. Her face grew pale, and her eyes softened, but not unto tears, as she moved back a step under the blow he dealt. Then she gave his hand a good hearty grip—a sort of promissory note of friendship, should he ever need it—and went on. "It would sound so feeble if I told you that I am sorry, and the words would not tell you half that I am; women's words, and ways, and wills are so weak when it comes to the point." Then she paused, out of breath, with sympathy, and the reflection that he had said "all connected with him" shared his misery; and she remembered that it might be hers to have to comfort Lionel; and her heart rose freely to the task.

"Your words are not weak; I shall soon know whether your will is equally strong or not. Many a man situated as I am would try to work on your tenderness by telling you he was a beggar. I do not tell you this, for I never could be a beggar, and I don't like the figure of speech; but the lot I have to offer a woman will be little better than a beggar's in reality—will you share it?"

In very truth, versed as she was in all the signs of men's love, this came upon her as a surprise—a surprise that wounded, shamed, hurt her in some way apparently, for she bowed her head under it in no coquettish fashion.

"I would not have had you say such words for the world," she whispered, presently; "forget them—forget that I have heard them. Oh! Mr. Talbot, you have made me so miserable!—and I have liked you so."

She spoke as one who was bitterly disappointed—as one who had steeled herself to bear ill news, but not such news as this. Edgar Talbot had never realized before that it is possible to put a woman to very painful confusion by proposing to her. He told himself that her cousin, Frank Bathurst, had been in the field before him, and he did, for a minute or two, hate his host very heartily.

"You have seemed to like me," he said.

"And I have liked you, and I do like you so much—so very, very much—but not in that way."

"If I had said these words to you down at the Grange, when I knew you first—when I first loved you—your answer would have been different?"

"Yes, it would," she answered, frankly, "for I hadn't the feeling, the liking for you had not come then to give me pain."

"And I was a rich man then."

"You do not believe what you imply," she said, indignantly. "Ah! my words are weak, indeed, for I feel that if I spoke forever you would not understand me: you do wrong me when you

CHARLES W. GOLD,
Captain of the Smallest Ocean Vessel ever Built.

never intended by Longfellow. In this case, though Blanche Lyon was honestly sorry "that it should be so," her sorrow was qualified by a certain pleasurable feeling of increased appreciation for the man who caused it. A woman is always sure to discover a few more commendable or admirable touches in the character of a man who avows that he loves her. So now Blanche remembered all that she knew of Mr. Talbot's best, and looked up and longed to comfort him.

He was standing, still carefully balancing the paper-cutter on his finger, still resolutely making it keep from falling a hair's breadth too much on either side. His present occupation contrasted forcibly with the experiences he had but lately gone through—this was so little, and they were so large. Yet she knew that he was not frivolous. It must be that what he willed to do he would do. And he had willed to love and marry her.

A sudden, irrepressible, intense belief in the magnitude of a man's mind and the strength of a man's will swept across her soul, and her desire to comfort him was merged in a desire that he would not oppose or quell her in any way, or, as she worded it to herself, that "he should let her alone." She felt very nervous before this man, who had offered her marriage and accused her of mercenary motives. If he held to his course, and assumed her past interest in him to have been a sentiment which would have ripened into love had his fortune not changed, where should she be with Lionel when he came to hear of it? She would be regarded as a commonplace, flirting, false, vain, interested creature by Lionel—as one who had angled in every stream for any kind of fish. The dread of being so made her miserable and brave at the same time, and she spoke earnestly and well.

"Mr. Talbot, will you be very merciful in your strength? will you forget what you have said, and let me forget it too, and be a friend to me?"

"That is the trashy cant of school-girls and virtuous heroines in novels," he interrupted, impatiently. And she felt that if she would have her appeal heard she must make it very short.

"Well, then, will you keep this secret, because, if it were known, it would prevent the man I love loving me?"

EDMUND MURPHY,
Seaman of the Smallest Ocean Vessel ever Built.

THE SMALLEST VESSEL EVER BUILT FOR OCEAN SERVICE.

Photographed by Wm. H. Weaver, Baltimore.—[See Page 341.]

"By Jove! you're candid."

"I'm more than candid, I'm audacious; and I know it. But I ask it of you; will you keep my secret?"

"Most men would call it theirs."

"Most men would be wrong, then. It's mine, inasmuch as the betrayal of it would harm me more than it would hurt you; some of my friends would find it impossible to believe that I had not been to blame for more than blindness in the matter."

"You are great at making mistakes," he said, quietly; "now you are attributing all manner of fine feeling, which he does not possess, to the man you fancy you love. I know him better."

"You ought to know him better, but you know nothing of him if you can say that."

"He will always seek what other men seek, and strive to win what other men want," Edgar Talbot went on, disregarding her; "his love is not worth the name; it will always flow in the courses other men open up to his vision; he's hint at your change of fortune influencing my feelings about you—you do, but you will never believe it."

She spoke seriously, standing before him with her fingers interlaced and her hands held down low before her. She had been humiliated at first by the feeling of self-reproach which assailed her for not having seen and stopped this before the words were spoken. But now she asked herself why should she suffer delicate scruples on behalf of a man who could misjudge her so meanly as Edgar Talbot was doing? His brother would not have done so; and at the thought of his brother she softened toward him again, and looked up to see if she might obey the womanly instinct to comfort him without being misunderstood.

It is a fact that a woman can not for long think hardly of a man who either tells or shows her that he loves her, however lowly she may rate his regard. "Affection never is wasted," for if it enrich not the giver, it decidedly elevates the recipient in her own estimation, which is a reading of his verse

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.—[See Page 350.]

acting an unworthy part now toward you and toward—" He paused, and Blanche cried:

"Toward whom?"

"Toward another woman. I will not mention her name; you will know it in time. He's weak, vain, and impressionable—and you prefer him to me?"

"I have staid here too long," she said, turning to go; and then he followed her, and stood so that he barred her egress from the door.

"I have more to say, Miss Lyon, and you must hear it."

She bowed her head acquiescently, and then stood, resting her chin in her left hand, and holding the supporting elbow in her right hand, in that attitude of mingled resignation and impatience which is familiar to women.

"You shall hear it, and you shall not forget it. You will follow your own path now; mine seems too dreary for you to tread. You will marry; you will be happy for a time; then he will neglect you, and you will remember my love, and—turn to it."

"Heaven forgive you these words!" She shuddered, and looked as though she could not be kind, as she prayed Heaven might be.

"Whether or not, they are spoken, and you will think of them by-and-by; you will realize then that there is a difference between the man who feigns a passion for every woman and the man who feels it for one; and you will feel then that you have not been guiltless in this matter."

He spoke as if he were very much in earnest. She was woman enough to feel sorry for the sorrow that would be worded; she was also woman enough to feel sorry for herself. "Love turned to gall" in the bosom of Lionel Talbot's brother might prove a bitter element in her life.

"At least believe that I have not been guilty in design," she pleaded; "it never seemed to me to be possible that you could be thinking of me in the way you have done me the honor to think of me."

He shook his head in disbelief.

"What reason had you for thinking me so blind or so cold as not to see your beauty and be touched by your sympathy? You have seemed to like me; you have shown so marked a preference for my society, and so unmistakable an interest in my prospects, that I am justified to myself in having expected a different answer from you. I had discovered nothing in your character or manner to lead me to suppose you a weak, vain, or false woman—"

"And you are not justified in judging me to be either of these things now."

"I will not judge you—at least I will not word my judgment of you, but I will ask you to judge yourself when I have put your conduct before you plainly."

"Mr. Talbot—not even the honor you have done me entitles you to take up the position of my accuser in this way; conscience free as I am, I am still bitterly sorry that I should have been the means of leading you to make a mistake: that is all I can say—I am bitterly sorry."

"Not so bitterly sorry as I am, not that I should have 'made a mistake,' as that it should 'be a mistake;' you are the first woman on whom I have set my heart—you will be the last, yet you can calmly tell me 'I have made a mistake, and that you are conscience free.' Miss Lyon, men do not 'make mistakes' nor are women 'conscience free' in such cases; we call acts criminal that do not carry such a train of evil consequences with them as this of yours."

He looked so quelled, so miserable, so hopeless, and reckless as he said this that she longed to soothe him back to better feeling, both for his own sake and another's. But she dared not do it. The man had charged her plainly with having before this shown signs of love for him which she had not felt, and she could not tell him that the love had been not for him but for his brother. She must be content to be reviled and rebuked, maligned and misunderstood for a time. So she accepted his last harsh words in silence, and when he ceased speaking she tried to pass by him quietly once more.

"Don't go yet," he entreated, in softer tones than he had used heretofore; "from this night mine will be a black, barren road; bear with me patiently now."

The altered tone broke down her hardly-sustained resolution. She turned to him with all a woman's tender pitifulness in her blushing face and tear-filled eyes.

"Mr. Talbot, you will break my heart unless you tell me you forgive me for having added to your troubles. I shall never be happy again if you do not promise me to go out to meet your altered fortune brightly and bravely as a man should?"

"Such going out is easy in theory."

"And in practice too! Ah! you smile; but I am not speaking as a fool entirely without experience."

"You speak as a woman."

"I grant that—as a woman should speak who has fought a long monotonous fight without hope of glory, and who feels that she can fight it over again on the same, or even harder terms, without repining or regret."

"Fight it with me; the terms will be harder, but you have the heart to fulfill them gallantly."

"It can not be now. I wish it could. I think it would if I had known you as I know you now before I had got to love some one else better than my life. 'Hard terms!' I'd fulfill the hardest willingly with the man I loved who had the courage to say the hard truths to me that you have said."

"Do you mean that for consolation? because if you do, I must tell you that it falls short of your intention."

"I scarcely know what I intend it for—yes I do; I intend you to understand through it that I understand and sympathize, and, to a certain degree, regard you very warmly—hard as you have been on me—cuttingly as you have tried to make me feel that I have been weak, and vain, and false." Then she paused, came down from her impassionate height, and added, "What will they think of us in the drawing-room?"

"They will 'think'—naturally enough—that the one who came to seek staid to comfort me; they will 'know' nothing more, unless you tell them."

"You do think very poorly of me."

"No; but I think it more than possible that in some unguarded moment you may utter the truth concerning me; not in the spirit of a vaunt; you will not boast, but the day will come, surely, when you will feel proud of having gained my love, and then you will tell that you rejected it."

"Never!" she exclaimed, earnestly. "It is much to be proud of, I know that; but my pride in it makes me proud for you." Then the present difficulty beset her again, and she asked, "Had I not better go back to the others?"

"And gratify any curiosity they may be feeling by looking agitated; no, go up to your own room if you wish to be spared question and remark." Then he stood slightly on one side, and she knew that she was free to pass him, and then the will to do so immediately left her, and she hesitated. This was a crisis in their lives; she felt sure of that; things would not go on after it as they had gone on before it; and she remembered only what had been pleasant in the lately past period, she sighed and regretted, and wondered what would be altered.

"May I feel sure that we part in kindness?" she asked.

"If I told you 'Yes,' the telling would give your mind, or conscience, or heart, or whatever chances to be vexed on my account, no ease when you came to reflect on it; kindness does not overflow the heart of a man when he finds himself balked at every turn; it is being given a stone when one has asked for bread to be offered kindness instead of the love I wanted—the love I looked for from you."

When he said that in just the same tone in which he had previously said that she "had seemed to like him," she lingered no longer, but went away as he had suggested, to her own room, where she speedily became absorbed in the perplexing question of whether or not the love of one brother would militate against her interests with the other? The result of the debate between hope and fear was, that pity for Mr. Talbot became submerged in anxiety about her own love; and then she suddenly cast all selfish considerations aside as the remembrance struck her that the fortunes of the Talbot family were at a low ebb—that Edgar, the head of the house, was a ruined man.

## THE CITY OF ROME.

We present on pages 344 and 345 a striking picture of the City of Rome as it appears to-day. The engraving is so complete and perfect a panorama of the "Eternal City" that any description other than the explanatory foot-notes which we give would be unnecessary. The careful student of its history and architecture can readily point out the famous scenes and localities on the engraving, which will thus furnish hours of pleasant and profitable study.

## PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. 1. Under jupe of plain green foulard, with five rows of narrow black and white cord placed about two inches from the bottom. Upper jupe rather lighter in color than the under one, and covered with spots of a deeper shade. This jupe is edged with a black and white fringe, above which is an insertion, and has large black and white buttons, extending from the waist to the lower part of the skirt. The corsage, which is high, is of white foulard, with very deep gauntlets of the same material as the jupe, and is trimmed with bands of green, embroidered with black and white silk. The coiffure consists of two bands of plaited green ribbon, which are passed over the top of the head and terminate in bows with long ends, tied beneath the chignon.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress.*—Jupon of blue cashmere, with plaited flounce. Robe of dark brown taffeta cut into sharp points and trimmed at the edges with a narrow band with a row of beads up the centre; a similar trimming is arranged higher up the skirt. The paletot, which is of the same material as the robe, is ornamented at the lower part in the same style, and has pointed ornaments hanging from the shoulders. The chapeau, which is turban-shaped, is of black velvet, surmounted with a border of peacock's feathers. The chignon is small, with very long plaits falling down on each side.

Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of sultane, with gold-colored stripes, made en fourreau. The corsage, which is very low, is trimmed at the upper part with plaited gold-colored satin ribbon and festoons of pearls. The sleeves, which hang low down, are trimmed in the same fashion. The chemisette, of puffed white muslin with gimp down each seam, is made high, and with long straight sleeves; round the neck is a trimming which corresponds with that on the corsage. The robe à queue, which is without any trimming further than that already described, is perfectly plain in front and at the sides, and has merely some few plaits at the back. The coiffure is composed of a long curl falling on the left side, with smaller curls on the right, and two bands of yellow satin ribbon passed over the front of the hair.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress.*—Robe Princesse, in silver-gray taffeta, with low bodice; the lower part of the skirt is trimmed with a flounce of puffed muslin about three inches deep behind, and increasing to ten or twelve inches in front, relieved by branches of red coral; the corsage and ends of the short sleeves are bordered with a similar trimming. Long sleeves fall over the shoulders and are fastened behind by a branch of red coral. The comb, necklace, and bracelets are also of coral.


For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

NAVAL COURT-MARTIALS.

The Law and Practice of the United States. Naval Court-Martials. By A. A. Harwood, U.S.N. 1 vol., 8vo, law binding, $4. This day published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway, New York.

*** Copies sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

**The U. S. Frigate Congress,**

Before her destruction in Hampton Roads, furnished, in the persons of Samuel Anderson and one of his messmates, still further proof of the superiority of Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE in dislodging Tape Worm. We quote from Mr. Anderson's letter: "The Surgeon on board our frigate, the *Congress*, says that *he can do nothing for me.* He has prescribed a number of remedies for the expulsion of the worm, *but all to no effect.* I have seen a notice of Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, and wish to try it. Please send me a bottle." After the receipt of the remedy Mr. Anderson writes again: "There passed from me a great number of joints of the worms; the gnawing sensation in the stomach is gone, and I am convinced that by a further use of Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE I will be restored to perfect health. One of my messmates, also troubled with tape worm, seeing how much benefit I have derived from the use of Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, wishes to try the same remedy."

Again, in a third letter to FLEMING BROS., Mr. Anderson says: "The package of Vermifuge is received per Adams's Express. My messmate took one dose, and I was astonished at the large number of joints that were expelled. We are convinced that by the use of the celebrated Vermifuge we will be restored to our former health and vigor."

Truthful testimony of a similar nature can be furnished indefinitely.

☞ Purchasers will be careful to ask for Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. All other vermifuges are, in comparison, worthless. Dr. McLANE'S genuine VERMIFUGE, also his celebrated LIVER PILLS, can now be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of

[18.] FLEMING BROS.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN and BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION follows the use of Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla.

It removes black spots, pimples, and all eruptions of the skin.

**FURNITURE.**

REMOVAL.

**WARREN WARD & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF COTTAGE FURNITURE,

HAVE REMOVED TO THEIR

**NEW WAREHOUSE,**

Nos. 75 and 77 Spring Street, corner of Crosby, one block east of Broadway, between the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan Hotels, where they are prepared to furnish every variety of CHAMBER, PARLOR, LIBRARY, and DINING-ROOM FURNITURE, BEDDING, &c., &c., UNSURPASSED IN QUALITY, and at their USUAL REASONABLE PRICES.

HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA is the *Great Blood Purifier.*

HOW TO DO IT. Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, can read character and give advice as to pursuits, health, &c., from likenesses. Send a prepaid envelope, and ask for the "Mirror of the Mind," which will tell how likenesses should be taken, the required measurements, terms, &c.

IN THE SPRING MONTHS the system naturally undergoes a change, and Helmbold's Highly Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla is an assistant of the greatest value.

**WATERS' PIANO-FORTES.**

Grand, Square, and Upright; Melodeons: Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs—the best manufactured—to let, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.

**YOUNG LADIES BEWARE!**

OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy, and youthful appearance, use Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla.

WATCHES SENT BY EXPRESS FOR $4. On receipt of $4 will send to any address, C.O.D., $4, one solid Gold Com. Hunting-Case Watch, with vest chain. G. THISTLETON, 181 Broadway, 2d floor, rooms 3 and 4.

NOT A FEW of the worst disorders that afflict mankind arise from corruption of the blood. Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla is a remedy of the utmost value.

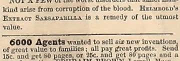
**6000 Agents** wanted to sell *six* new inventions, of great value to families; all pay great profits. Send 15c. and get 80 pages, or 25c. and get 80 pages and a sample gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

HELMBOLD'S Extract SARSAPARILLA cleanses and renovates the blood, instills the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

BOOK OF MYSTERIOUS DISCLOSURES, 25 cts. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

QUANTITY vs. QUALITY. Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla. The dose is small. Those who desire a large quantity and large doses of medicine ERR.

**THE MERRY AND WISE.**




A first-class Empire Sewing-Machine, price $60, and 100 other valuable prizes, given for the solution of this puzzle. For conditions and particulars, see "MERRY AND WISE," Nos. 12 and 13—an admirable Family Illustrated Weekly Paper. To be had at all news stands. Price of subscription: 3 months, $1; 6 months, $2; one year, $4. Address F. BELLEW & CO., 133 Nassau St., New York.

THOSE WHO DESIRE BRILLIANCY OF COMPLEXION must purify and enrich the blood, which Helmbold's Concentrated Extract of Sarsaparilla invariably does. Ask for *Helmbold's.* Take *no* other.

**Brandreth's Pills.**

The Best Patronized Medicine of the Age.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC SINCE 1751.

In the last forty years they have been used by many millions of human beings.

They cleanse the stomach, the liver, the spleen, the kidneys, and restore regularity to the bowels, thus curing Dyspepsia, Headache, Dizziness, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Rheumatism, Gout, Heart Disease, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Worms, Colic, the Plague, and Cholera; and in Fever and Ague and all fevers,

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

never disappoint when the directions are adhered to.

But the body is a unit, and disease is a unit. Each part of the body must not be considered longer

AN INSULATED REPUBLIC,

but as a distinct portion of the general commonwealth. If one part is out of health, do not all the other parts soon suffer?

Let us then away with these names of diseases.

If you are sick, Brandreth's Pills will act upon the local disease and upon the general system, cleansing the bowels and purifying the blood.

TO DOCTORS.

I am ready to prove that Brandreth's Pills are superior as curatives to the regular and all other modes of treatment in any ward of any hospital.

THE MERITS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS constantly increase the area of their usefulness. They are recommended from man to man, from family to family.

I append the following voluntary evidence.

B. BRANDRETH.

CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Sing Sing, *Jan.* 25, 1867.

*Dr. Brandreth:*

For some years I have been subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, which usually come on every three or four months. My physicians were of the highest reputation. By their advice I took colchicum, citric acid, and other celebrated remedies; but none relieved me, or shortened the attacks, which lasted for weeks at a time. In my last attack I concluded to try your famous Pills. I was lying upon my bed at the time, suffering the severest pains in my feet and ankles, which no pen can describe.

The first dose of six pills was so effective that in a few hours the pains and swelling sensibly abated, and in forty-eight hours were all gone, and I was cured and have had no return.

I send you this testimonial for the benefit of others who, suffering in a similar manner, may know how they can find certain relief.

I am respectfully yours, J. D. DUDLEY.

Brooklyn, *October* 5, 1866.

*To Dr. Brandreth:*

It gives me pleasure to state the good I have experienced from your pills. Since I commenced their use I have felt in all respects like a new man, and the rheumatism I took them to relieve has entirely disappeared. At first I was prejudiced against them, because their operation was attended with severe griping; but on a further experience I am convinced such pains were only caused by the medicine struggling with and removing certain obstructions in the bowels. I commenced with taking five pills every night on going to bed, and by an increase of one pill every evening ran the quantity up to twelve pills, which number I continued to take for ten days, and then gradually reduced to five pills at a dose. With the exception of the first three doses I have experienced no pain or griping, but the operation was both easy and pleasant. I took the pills for twenty-four days, and noticed that I passed a great quantity of black, bilious-looking offensive matter, which I am glad to have got clear of. The Brandreth Pills take right hold of all that is deleterious in the bowels; and, as I said before, I now feel like a new man, and deem it my duty to express my gratitude to you.

Sincerely your friend,

FRANKLIN L. HAWLEY, 238 Classon Av.

LUNGS AND KIDNEY AFFECTIONS.

Isaac W. Briggs, of 145 Suffolk Street, New York, says he has used Brandreth's Pills for thirty years, having commenced to use them in February, 1836, for dyspepsia, affection of the lungs and kidneys. He took Brandreth's Pills every day for thirteen months, and in March, 1837, became a perfectly sound, healthy man, though before he commenced with this great medicine he was on the verge of the grave.

In Liver affections the Brandreth Pills have seldom failed.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

Hammonton, N. J., *May* 7, 1866.

*Dr. Brandreth:*

Dear Sir,—I have long wanted to write to you and express my gratitude for the beneficial effects that have been experienced in my own family, and in hundreds, aye, thousands of others, by the use of Brandreth's Pills. The first year my lamented friend Brockway sold your Pills in Boston (1838), I called at his office. I was then in a declining state of health, and my friends, as well as myself, supposed my earthly voyage would soon terminate. Mr. Brockway urged me to take the Brandreth Pills; but having used so much medicine, with no good effect, I was more inclined to let nature take its course, and calmly submit to my fate. Mr. B. offered to give me one dozen boxes if I would try them as prescribed. By this I saw he had great faith in them, and I finally consented to take them, but not as a gift. I went home and went at it, almost hopelessly. After taking one box I began to feel better. Well, Sir, when I had used up my twelve boxes I was apparently a well, healthy man, my weight having gone from 131 pounds up to 152 pounds. I then ordered a supply; and between that time and the present I have retailed $3000 worth of these invaluable Pills, and am quite sure that I have thereby been instrumental in saving not hundreds but thousands of lives. I have given them to my oxen, horses, pigs, fowls, cats, dogs, and always with the desired effect. I have a wife and nine children, most of them born since I have used the Pills. A more healthy family can not be found. We are frequently asked how it is our children look so healthy. My wife replies that "we raise them on Brandreth's Pills." Now my children overload their stomachs, get cold and out of order, like others; but they have been taught the remedy, and go and take the Pills of their own accord. This I consider an important branch of their education, and feel assured, as they shove off upon the voyage of life, that they know how to take care of themselves. I was in trade at my last residence, North Lincoln, Maine, for twenty-nine years. I have been here about seven years. I am therefore well known, and my statements can be verified by hundreds. Yours,

C. J. FAY, P.M.

Brandreth's Pills are sold by all Druggists, and at the principal office, Brandreth House, New York.

Observe B. BRANDRETH in white letters on the Government Stamp on each box.

# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.
## Established 1861.

### THE IMMENSE PROFITS OF THE TEA TRADE.

The Proprietors of The Great American Tea Company became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized the Great American Tea Company to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by Post-Office Money Orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceeds thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the goods by express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

**Price-List.**

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

These Teas are chosen for their intrinsic worth, keeping in mind health, economy, and a high degree of pleasure in drinking them.

Our Black and Green Mixed Teas will give universal satisfaction and suit all tastes, being composed of the best Foo-Chow Blacks and Moyune Greens. English Breakfast is not recommended, excepting to those who have acquired a taste for that kind of Tea, although it is the finest imported.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St., (Post-Office Box 5643), New York City.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c, best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Our Coffee Department is very extensive—the largest perhaps in the country. We run three engines constantly, and sometimes four or five, in roasting and grinding our Coffee. Our Coffee buyers are experts, who examine most of the Coffees imported, and select the best and finest flavors for our trade. We employ the most experienced and skillful roasters, who exercise the greatest care that it shall be cooked in a perfect manner. It is always fresh, for our orders crowd our facilities to their utmost capacity.

A considerable portion of the Coffee put upon the market of late years is picked while the pods are green, and subjected to artificial heat to open the pods. This is not so good as that which ripens in the natural way upon the plant. Our Coffee buyer thoroughly understands this business, and can readily distinguish the naturally ripened from the artificially cured; and he only buys the Coffee which is naturally ripened. We examine the cargoes as they arrive, and our trade is so large that it takes all the best lots. This is what gives our Coffee a superior flavor to many others, and the same flavor it used to have in days long gone by. It is a common saying that most Coffee does not taste as well as it formerly did. The reason for it is that a considerable proportion of it is picked before it is fully ripe. We sell none but the fully ripe, rich-flavored Coffee.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

**Complimentary Letters from Clubs.**

Bear Grove P.O., Minn., *April* 27, 1867.

*The Great American Tea Company*, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York:

Gents,—During the past year I have filled out the list for four clubs, and I am able to say that all are well satisfied. Your last arrived yesterday in good order. It costs us 10 cents per pound express charges, therefore $1 25 Tea costs $1 35. Our storekeepers sell Tea which they call good, but we all see quite a difference, for $2 25 and $2 50. At $2 50 we save 90 cents per pound, and get a better quality of Teas. It is universally conceded by all that the Great American Tea Company is the place to buy Teas. People have confidence in your establishment, and I can insure you a liberal patronage from this part of the Northwest. You may expect to hear from me soon again.

Thanking you for past favors received, I am Yours truly, Samuel C. Nichols.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, *March* 19, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company*, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Gentlemen,—I have received my first box of Tea, $44 25, and with pleasure inform you that it has given the purchasers a feeling of old times, as they have experienced in drinking Tea before the war, satisfying them that the Company is not a "Humbug." I send to-day my second order of $121 40. Please forward to me with bill for collection. A. C. Messenger.

Woonsocket, R. I., *Feb.* 4, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company*, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

Gentlemen,—I now send you my fifth order for Teas, which I hope will be as good as heretofore; it is just one year since I sent my first order of $20, which I think was the first order you got from here as a club. During the year I have sent you upward of $400, and I have not heard a complaint yet from any one, but all speaking well of your Teas, and are well satisfied. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Inclosed you will find $134 35 for this order. Hoping you will forward as soon as possible, I remain,

Yours respectfully, James Woodhouse.

Stoughton, Dane Co., Wis., *Feb.* 25, 1867.

*To the Great American Tea Company*, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York:

Gentlemen,—The Tea I ordered came to hand all right, and gives general satisfaction. Please accept my thanks for the complimentary package.

Some of my neighbors who appeared to be afraid of being humbugged when I got up the club, are now forming a club, and you will probably hear from them soon. The ball is now started in this vicinity, and will probably turn the Tea Trade into a new channel. I expect to send another Club Order before the Tea that we now have is all consumed. Yours truly, E. E. Roberts.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

## Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 Vesey Street. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street—*large double store.*

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WANTED—Agents, $150 per month and all expenses paid, to sell the genuine Bartlett Sewing Machine. This machine will do all the work that can be done on any high-priced machine, and is fully patented, licensed, and warranted for five years. We pay the above wages, or a commission, from which twice that amount can be made. For circulars and terms address H. HALL & CO., 724 Chestnut St., Philada.

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This certifies that I have used and recommended in my practice, during the last four years, HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS with perfect satisfaction, and take great pleasure in recommending them to the public. E. H. PRICE, M.D.

Tuscola, Ill., *Aug.* 3, 1866.

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*Dr. Hostetter:*

Dear Sir,—With pleasure I can testify that your BITTERS, from my knowledge of their use in my family, and from what is said by purchasers, are far superior to any other. Yours, &c.,

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COMMENCEMENT OF VOLUME XXXV.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE, 1867.

Contents:



OVER THE PLAINS TO COLORADO.
Illustrations.—The Course of Empire.—Omaha City.—Platte River Valley.—The Vice-President viewing the Work.—Laying the Rails.—Construction Train.—Denver City.—Black Hawk City.—Central City.—Empire City.—The Mineral Belt of Colorado.—Entrance of Upper Canon of South Platte River.—View on South Platte River.
THE DODGE CLUB; OR, ITALY IN MDCCCLIX.
Illustrations.—The Bandits Captured.—Sold.—Two Piasters.—The Brave Soldier.—Buying a Whale.—The long-lost Son.—To Rome.—"Gracious me!"—Old Virginny.—The Shrug.
VANITY.
MY SECOND CHILDHOOD.
Illustrations.—"Keeping House."—The Spirit of Common Sense.—Seeking Knowledge under Difficulties.—Torture.—An Object of Compassion.—"Funnin', are yer?"—Lost.—"Don't! oh Don't!"—"Miserable little Creatures."
ESCORIAZA.
JANE MORRISON.
THE GENERAL'S STORY.
MRS. F.'S WAITING-MAID.
TOM CORWIN OF OHIO.
DAY DREAMS.
THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS.—(*Concluded.*)
Chapter XX. Two Years after.
Chapter XXI. The End at Last.
Chapter XXII. In which our Story comes to an End.
INDOLENCE.
THE MARSHES.
A MAIDEN LADY'S HEART ROMANCE.
ART AND AUCTIONS.
A PHILOSOPHER'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION.
AMERICAN WOMEN AND FRENCH FASHIONS.
THE GATHERING ON THE PLAINS.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
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P.S.—Owners of Horses, whether subscribers to the SPIRIT or not, are hereby informed that the paper employs a distinguished Veterinary Professor, whose duty it is to answer (through its columns) all questions in regard to the DISEASES or INJURIES OF HORSES, with directions how to treat them for a cure. These directions are given at the end of the question, GRATIS; so that every person who buys a copy of the SPIRIT, or who subscribes for it by the year, has a HORSE-DOCTOR FREE.

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| 1st Award, $10,000 in Greenbacks, | 6th Award, $500 in Greenbacks, | 500, $20 each, $10,000 in Greenb'ks, |
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| 3d " 3,000 " | 8th " 300 " | 400, $5 each, $2000 in Greenbacks, |
| 4th " 2,000 " | 5 of $100 each, $500 in Greenb'ks, | 250, $3 each, $750 in Greenbacks, |
| 5th " 1,000 " | 100 of $50 each, $5000 in Greenb'ks, | 4550, $1 each, $4550 in Greenbacks. |

6313 Awards. Total, $50,000.

To every purchaser of "THE PEN AND PENCIL," now ready, price 10 cents, by post 13 cents, instead of giving a picture, we shall present a Ticket, duly numbered, and bearing our signature. This Ticket will entitle the holder to participate in the lawful distribution of the funds returnable to our patrons, amounting to

## $50,000 in Cash.

Now the reader may smile—indeed, he may exclaim, "Bah! all humbug—or the scheme may look smoky, or it may seem impossible, or quite improbable, that the publishers can afford to return in cash such a large amount to their patrons. Nevertheless they can not only do it, but they can afford to, and make money by the operation.

## Why it can be Done.

**Figures Never Lie. Look at the Profits, $100,000.**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Number of Papers sold at 10 cents, 5,000,000: total receipts | | $500,000 |
| Discount to Agents and News Dealers | $100,000 | |
| Expenses of Advertising the Paper | 75,000 | |
| Cost of Paper, Printing, &c. | 225,000 | |
| Cash returned to our Patrons | 50,000 | |
| Net Expenses | | $450,000 |
| Balance in Cash to us as Profit | | $50,000 |

By the above figures it will be readily seen how we can not only afford to return $50,000 to our patrons, make money by the operation, but put $50,000 in cash into our own pockets, besides establishing a paying business that will be worth at least to us $50,000. Now, then, the matter will stand thus: We give to our patrons a good paper for 10 cents, and return $50,000 in cash, and secure to ourselves a good business and a cash surplus of $50,000.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, HOW IT IS DONE, WHY IT IS DONE, WHEN IT IS DONE, AND WHERE IT IS DONE, see "THE PEN AND PENCIL," price 10 cents, with free ticket (by mail 13 cents), sold by all News Dealers. T. R. DAWLEY & CO., Publishers, Nos. 21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.
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## Fashions for 1867.

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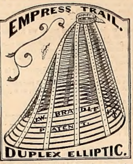


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UNRIVALED LOCK-STITCH
**SEWING MACHINES.**
Incomparably the best for family use. Its superiority will be appreciated upon examination.
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Printed Directions for Self-Measurement, List of Prices, and Drawings of different Styles of Shirts and Collars, sent free every where.
THE CASH CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS COMPANY.
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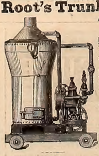

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Stationary Trunk Engines: 10HP. $450, 20HP. $750, 40HP. $1300; larger and smaller sizes in proportion.
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Catalogues mailed.
ROOT STEAM ENGINE Co., Works and Salesroom, Second Avenue, corner of Twenty-eighth Street, New York.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY. A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 545.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## LOSS OF THE "SANTIAGO DE CUBA."

The steamship *Santiago de Cuba*, of the North American Steamship Company, Captain Behm in command, stranded on Absecom Beach, near Atlantic City, New Jersey, on the night of May 21. The weather was foggy, but the moon was shining at the time the vessel stranded. Efforts were made, by reversing the engine, to get her off; but it was found that the vessel was firmly imbedded in the sand. The sea ran high, and fears were entertained that if the wind increased to a gale the vessel would go to pieces: arrangements were therefore made to lower the boats and get the passengers ashore. The first two boats with lady passengers reached the shore in safety, but the third was capsized, and four women, one child, and a seaman were lost. The life-raft was launched bottom up, and had to be drawn on deck and righted; it was sent to the shore with a load of passengers, landing them in safety. In hauling back the raft it was capsized, and the quarter-master of the *Santiago de Cuba*, Martin M'Nulty, who had distinguished himself in saving persons from the capsized boat, was drowned. At this time the wreckers of Absecom coast came up, and the remainder of the passengers were removed from the vessel in safety.

Our illustration was taken from the beach by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, and shows the wreckers on the shore, the life-boats in the surf, and the stranded vessel in the distance.

## THE BROADWAY BRIDGE.

The Leow Bridge across Broadway at Fulton Street was thrown open to the public on May 16. We give this week an illustration of the structure, by which the reader will obtain a clearer idea of its proportions and appearance than could be conveyed by mere description.

Our engraving also gives a view of the new *Herald* Building, just finished and lately occupied as the publication office of that journal. This is one of the most elegant structures on Broadway, its peculiar position, and the happy combination in its design of the ornate Italian and Ionic styles of architecture, give it a picturesque appearance, it has been specially adapted to the necessities of daily newspaper publication, and, consequently, not only fully answers the requirements of its owner, but is an ornament to the city. The *Herald* Building is thoroughly fire-proof, being built almost entirely of stone and iron, and is a remarkable illustration of the adaptability of stone and iron to delicate forms of ornamentation, and to the construction of buildings combining beauty and elegance with strength and durability. The attention of the public is, we are happy to say, being daily more and more directed to the necessity of erecting fire-proof buildings, and the superiority and comparative cheapness of iron work is being daily developed.

The progress of the use of iron in building may be gathered from the fact that twenty years ago there was hardly a building in the United States in which more than $10,000 worth of iron was employed, while to-day edifices are numbered by the dozen in the construction of which from $200,000 to $300,000 have been expended upon the iron work alone. For examples of fire-proof buildings before the iron-age, one needs but to look at the building at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, once used for the Custom-house, and now used as the Sub-Treasury, and the Old Merchants' Exchange, now the Custom-house, on Wall Street. The architect of the former building gave up a third of the space to utterly useless porticoes; and in the latter case, besides giving up much space to the great portico, constructed the walls and windows in such a manner that nearly half of the rooms must be artificially lighted during a great part of the day.

Among the first buildings erected after the inauguration of the "Iron-age" was the present Printing and Publishing Establishment of Harper & Brothers; and it is doubtful if a more perfect or more durable building has since been constructed. It is by far the largest building for its purposes in the world. It occupies a somewhat irregular plot of ground extending through from Franklin Square in Pearl Street to Cliff Street, with a front on each of about 120 feet, and a depth from street to street of about 170, covering in all ten "city lots," equal to about half an acre. Upon this are erected two buildings, one fronting on each street, with a court-yard between, which, besides other purposes, serves to give light and air to the rear of each building. The Cliff Street building is the manufactory; the Franklin Square building contains the offices and ware-rooms. The main front on Franklin Square is built wholly of iron. It consists of five stories, above-ground, each having 21 handsome columns, the interspaces wholly of iron. The side and rear walls are of stone and iron. To gain a firm foundation for this heavy structure it was necessary to go down nearly thirty feet below the surface of the street. This space was utilized by throwing it into two subterranean stories—a cellar and sub-cellar. The Cliff Street building is of brick, rising six stories above-ground, with a basement below. The essential features of both buildings are to be found in the interior construction; especially in the adaptation of iron to the support of the floors of the different stories. The whole interior struc-

STRANDING OF THE STEAMSHIP "SANTIAGO DE CUBA" ON ABSECOM BEACH—LANDING THE PASSENGERS IN THE SURF.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

ture of both buildings is supported upon a series of iron columns, rising from story to story. From column to column in each story extends a girder composed of a cast-iron arch, and a *wrought*-iron tension-rod. This rod, about the size of a man's arm at the elbow, is dove-tailed at each end into the head of a column; the arch, of which it forms a part, can only be broken down by a weight at the top sufficient to pull this rod asunder. The iron which composes this arch is cast into shapes which not only economize material by putting it just where wanted, but present an ornamental appearance. Across the top of these arches are placed a series of beams of rolled iron to support the floors. These beams, shaped much like the ⊥ rail of a railroad, lie four feet apart. The floors consist of a series of low brick arches turned from beam to beam. These are laid dry, grouted, and then filled up level with cement on the upper side, making a solid floor of brick and cement. Over this, for comfort, is laid a covering of wood, which is really only a carpet.

Every thing, it will be seen, rests not upon the walls, but upon the pillars. These are so framed together by girders and beams as to be self-supporting. It is believed that if all the exterior walls were taken away the interior structure would sustain itself, with all its contents. The structure is able to sustain ten times the weight likely to be placed within it. Nothing short of an earthquake or a bombardment, it is believed, for the generations during which the solid iron, stone, and brick will retain their strength, can impair the security of these edifices. United States engineers surveyed the buildings when finished, and said but one mistake was made—there was twice the strength required.

There is no connection between the different stories within the buildings. The only way of access to the upper stories is by a circular iron staircase contained in a round tower in the centre of the court-yard. Iron bridges reach from this tower to the different floors. Each floor is in effect an isolated fire-proof apartment, containing nothing combustible except the furniture and stock. All packages are raised and lowered through a hoistway containing a movable platform carried up and down by the steam-engine. It is the absence of interior staircases, belt-holes, and hoistways that renders these buildings nearer fire-proof than any previously erected; and notwithstanding the absence of these necessities in most buildings, no inconvenience has ever arisen, the tower staircase and the iron bridges affording ample means of transit.

We may almost say that fire-proof buildings *only* are now being erected in the lower part of the city; and great numbers of these are in course of construction. The Park Bank is soon to build one next to the Herald Building; an insurance company is engaged in constructing one on the site of the old Appleton Buildings; ALEXANDER T. STEWART is about to enlarge his fire-proof building on Broadway and Tenth Street; ROBERT BONNER is to build a fire-proof office for the publication of the *Ledger*; the new Post-Office in City Hall Park is to be exclusively of stone and iron; and, in fact, all large buildings for purposes of wholesale business and manufacture will henceforth be constructed in such a manner as to defy the arch-fiend—Fire.

## MY FIRESIDE.

AT home again I softly stand,
Watching my wife by the fireside there—
Her fair head resting on her hand—
Fast asleep in the easy-chair.
Poor little bird! did she weary grow
Watching so long my coming to greet?
Watching the shadows come and go,
And listening for footsteps in the street?

I've no Fifth Avenue mansion fine,
With costly mirrors and pictures rare;
There's but one picture I can call mine,
'Tis by the fireside there.
Surely a fairer ne'er was seen!
Ah, Raphael never painted a face
So gentle and pure and sweet I ween,
Nor a form so full of grace!

My cheerful home, so cozy and neat,
Is an Eden made by my little wife;
The last, best gift, most wondrous sweet,
With which God crowns my life!
Our little table is set for tea,
With simple china gilt and white,
But 'tis better far than Sèvres to me,
As it gleams in the fire-light.

I am only a clerk with a salary small,
But Mable and I ne'er wish for more:
We never go to concert or ball,
Nor care a whit for fashion and show.
But I have music—Mabel sings
Low to me at the eventide,
When like a bird with weary wings
I rest me here at my darling's side.

"Come back, come back from dream-land now,
Mabel darling!" I softly call,
While on cheek and lip and snowy brow
Tenderly my warm kisses fall.
I draw the head, with its curls of gold,
Down to this loving heart of mine;
Oh, never did monarch a treasure hold
Like that round which my arms entwine!


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1867


## "PURITANISM."

THE papers which habitually abuse what they call Puritanism are very fond of seizing upon every unusual and atrocious crime which is committed in New England, and declaring that such is Puritan morality. The implication is, that the moral influences and efforts which proceed from that quarter are hypocritical. Indeed, nothing is more comical than to read the objurgations poured out upon a New England sinner by those who contemplated the plantation life of slavery and the daily history of Andersonville with perfect complacency. We have been ourselves often favored by the zealous with a list of "Yankee enormities," which they informed us, with burning sarcasm, that it would be well to illustrate; and we remember to have seen a list of some dozen offenses, which was diligently published in the rebel and Copperhead newspapers, as peculiarly fit subjects for the artists of *Harper's Weekly*. Among these suggestive subjects, however, we do not recall that the sale of one's children by another man's wife, or the hiring out of other men's labor, or the whipping of women, or a hundred not exceptional but constant and characteristic incidents of a region and system which denied human rights, were included.

When, for instance, we published a representation of the scarred and welted back of a freedman, it was not the story of a single crime but of a criminal system, of horrors which are inevitable in any society in which men and women are abandoned to the passions of others. Now the test of the moral condition of a community is not crime which is common to all communities, but the feeling with which it is regarded. If there be no especial abhorrence of the worst offenses, it is fair to assume a general demoralization. Applying this test to a "Puritan" and a "Cavalier" community, what do we find? A few months since the sarcastic critics published the story of the savage or insane clergyman who beat his child to death as if it were an illustration of a certain state of society. If he were not insane it was an unspeakable crime, and it was so denounced every where. Or take the late case in Massachusetts of SERENO HOWE, a clergyman always of good reputation, a man of ability, and a member of the Legislature. The Copperhead papers cried out as if they had at last discovered the real tendency of Massachusetts civilization. But the truth was that public indignation was so aroused and universal that HOWE was obliged to fly on the very night of his exposure; the next day he sent in his resignation to the astounded Legislature, then disappeared, and has not since been heard of.

HOWE's offenses were indescribable; but bad as they were, can any thing be worse than to seduce other men's wives and sell their children? Massachusetts instinctively sprewed out HOWE. When did public opinion in any slave State ever exile a man who sold other men's children? The reason is, that the Puritan civilization does not generate criminals like HOWE, while those of the other kind were the natural and necessary product of the Southern social system. Under New England influences the pangs of Andersonville are absolutely impossible. In the region where they occurred they were merely natural. When, therefore, you find a paper which gloats over the fierce punishment of a pupil by a New England teacher, or the poisoning of the family coffee by a New England servant, or the overwhelming shame of a New England clergyman, events wholly exceptional, ask yourself what that paper used to say of the daily and necessary crimes of the slave system; what it said of Andersonville, what it said of the treatment of the Southern negroes after the war. Such critics expose every blot in the civilization of liberty that the foulness of the social spirit they defend may seem less hideous.

## THE REAL REASON.

THE feeling of indignation with MR. GREELEY for offering bail for JEFFERSON DAVIS has a very different source from that which he and the New York *World* ascribe to it. It does not spring from any mean hate. It is not the result of any desire of vengeance upon a man whose differences of political opinion led to so frightful a war. But its deepest source is the universal conviction that DAVIS was privy to the devilish conspiracy which doomed the prisoners at Andersonville and Salisbury and Belle Isle; and that he knew, as indeed he could not help knowing, for they were published to the world, the hideous tortures which were there deliberately inflicted upon Union soldiers. He is not only a technical traitor, he not only led the attempt at secession, which an honest and mistaken man might have done, but he attempted it for the foulest of purposes and by the most inhuman means. His guilt is as much greater than BOOTH's as a crime against a race, and idiocy, madness, and the most agonizing death inflicted upon a multitude are worse than the sudden and painless murder of a single man.

It is because MR. GREELEY was so forward to take such a man by the hand that the public sense of decency is outraged. DAVIS is not indeed indicted for the Andersonville crimes—it may not be possible to show a single written order of his in regard to that frightful pen, but no ingenuity of sophistry can persuade intelligent men that he did not know what every body else knew, that Union prisoners were most cruelly slaughtered by men who were his subordinates. Because this crime can not be technically proved it is no less a crime; and because it is wrong to keep a man in prison without a trial, it does not follow that the man is not the worst of offenders.

It is because MR. GREELEY lent himself to the foolish farce of the bail, because he, identified with Liberty, rushed to grasp the unrepenting hand which had slain and tortured thousands for Slavery, that his friends and political allies are so pained and amazed. When he says, contemptuously, that three years hence they will applaud the act, he merely shows that his judgment is still fatally disturbed. Have those friends and allies ever applauded the articles which he wrote six years ago to justify the secession of a State upon the principles of the Revolution, if a majority of its people assented? Have they ever approved the Niagara negotiations, in which he placed MR. LINCOLN in the wholly false position of seeming to decline overtures of peace from the rebels? Have they ever applauded his letter urging MR. LINCOLN to buy terms of the rebels?

We certainly do not attribute dishonorable motives to MR. GREELEY. He undoubtedly became bail for DAVIS because he thought it would help the Republican party, and himself as a conspicuous Republican. We think that he was mistaken, but we are very sure that he never made a greater mistake than in supposing that indignation with him for embracing an offender against human nature is to "base a great and enduring party upon hate and vengeance."

## POPULAR MISTRUST OF 1867.

THE figure 7 has so often proved itself a numeral of ill omen that it is no wonder commercial enterprise is apprehensive of its periodical recurrence. At three regular intervals, in 1837, 1847, and 1857, the country was swept by financial panics; hence the popular mind naturally argues that the fatal decade lies somehow within the influence of the law of panics; and those persons especially who have been singed in the flame are cautious how they allow business projects to tempt them into positions where they would be exposed to disaster. They prefer to do no business at all rather than run risks. Merchants buy from hand to mouth; manufacturers work only to fill orders; capitalists invest only where the security is unquestionable. Because the people ascertained, last fall, that over-expansion was not the highway to prosperity which they had imagined, but was attended with positive dangers, they wisely determined to avoid that rock, but ran into the opposite extreme. When Congress so far indorsed the policy of contraction as to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to reduce the volume of currency four millions per month, the people cried out in fear of the dangers that threatened on that side also. Whichever way they turned, they saw nothing but difficulties. So they strengthened themselves against the anticipated disaster in every way possible.

It is the same superstitious anxiety that makes the public start with alarm at every whisper of a business failure, and throws it into convulsions when some heavy house actually falls—for is not this the year 1867, and has not each decade for forty years been fatal with failures? So, as month after month lapses quietly, we persistently predict that a revulsion is nevertheless certain to come before the year closes; we exhibit the folly of a seaman refusing to embark on a voyage for fear he may be drowned. We permit all our industries to languish and ourselves to run in debt through a puerile fear that if we prosecute business we shall become bankrupt.

The fact is, that so far from being anxious respecting the future months of the present year, we should have much cause for encouragement if these over-cautious laggards could only be stimulated into reasonable activity. Instead of our revenue falling off largely, and the monthly exhibit of the Secretary of the Treasury showing a constantly increasing addition to the public debt (as it promises to do for a considerable time to come), we should be able to meet all the requirements of the Government through our industrial activity and accumulation. The constant stream of immigration from Europe lends additional aid to our efforts, while our mines add $100,000,000 in gold annually to our resources. The people can do much if they take courage.

But every thing does not depend upon the people. The people are willing to meet heavy taxation squarely, but they do not wish to see the expenditures of the Government "temporarily increase," right in the face of their efforts. They can not comprehend why, for instance, a year's expenses of the War Department should reach $284,649,701 in time of peace, or why they should be $268,000,000 larger in 1866 than they were in 1860. They would prefer to have fewer taxes and less tax-collectors. A more faithful stewardship is required of those who manage the people's money, and a more judicious financial policy. Industry alone will accomplish nothing more decisive or beneficial than legislation alone, but both together, under proper economy, might work wonders.

## INTEMPERANCE.

THE ferocity with which Governor ANDREW has been assailed by some persons as a reprobate and a lost leader because he differed with them as to the best method of promoting temperance is very amusing. It is the comical side of what was so tragical in the Southern States in the good old times when slavery, which MR. CHARLES O'CONOR described as so blessed and beautiful, had full swing, and any man who questioned its divinity was mobbed, ridden on a rail, hung or burned amidst the applause of "the great Democratic party," which has so wholesome a contempt for "moral ideas." But this intolerance, which is natural in a barbarous state of society and under the auspices of a party depending like the Democratic party upon ignorance and passion, is ridiculous in any enlightened community. If men may not differ upon the methods of restraining or diminishing vice, upon what may they differ? If a man may not object to a method of dealing with intemperance, which in his judgment merely increases its evils and produces countless others, to what is it proper for him to object?

There are certain general statements made in regard to the nature of ardent spirits, and their effect upon the human system, which are constantly repeated and undoubtedly honestly believed. Some of these Governor ANDREW questions, and sustains his doubts by ample authorities. Are such points not matters of discussion? Must a man think at his soul's peril that every kind of stimulant under all circumstances is pernicious? The question of stimulants is one of which not one in five hundred of the most pugnacious teetotalers has any knowledge whatever, and those who have no knowledge have no right to an opinion.

The Temperance reform can no more leave common-sense behind than any other. When good men are agreed upon a great object their business is to agree upon the best method of attaining it, and that is to be done by ascertaining the facts and comparing views—not by cursing those who think differently. It is said with great vehemence that Governor ANDREW's argument cheers every groggery in the country. What then? The abolition of the death penalty for many offenses cheered every rogue in England. Was the reform therefore unwise? That which the rogues approved has resulted in the surer punishment of roguery. The advocates of hanging for stealing a joint of meat denounced SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY as opening the jails and giving up England to thieves. So the opponents of Governor ANDREW insist that he favors drunkenness and misery. Governor ANDREW replies, "I mean to diminish drunkenness and misery." Is the loud sneer which answers him an argument? "My Lords, we shall be ruined," croaked the old Tory leaders when the Reform was imminent. The Reform was carried, and England will stand a great deal of such ruining.

The Court of Appeals in this State, when deciding the constitutionality of the Excise law, said truly that the regulation of the liquor traffic is an undoubted right of society. But how it shall be regulated, whether by partial or total prohibition, is purely a question of expediency. All the foul names in the world do not change that fact. The majority of the Massachusetts Legislature disagree with Governor ANDREW, and have retained the prohibitory law. Let us hope that they would smile if they were called a body of Torquemadas; precisely as Governor ANDREW and his friends smile when he is denounced as a lost leader.

## KENTUCKY POLITICS.

THE Democratic majority in Kentucky is about forty-two thousand against about thirty-eight thousand in 1866. Those who are anxious to intrust the Government of the country or of any State to the same party are referred to Kentucky. In that State, as in the municipal Government of the city of New York, the blessings of Democratic ascendency are manifested, as they were in the administrations of PIERCE and BUCHANAN, in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the attempt to force slavery upon Kansas, the Dred Scott decision, and, finally, in the rebellion plotted by Democratic Senators and a Democratic Cabinet with the imbecile connivance of a Democratic President. These are advantages of Democratic rule still quite fresh in the popular mind.

In Kentucky the Democratic majority means simply a majority of those who sympathized with the rebellion. It was a Democratic Governor of that State who returned an insulting re-

ply to President LINCOLN'S summons for troops, and the Democratic ascendency kept the State from ever being truly loyal. Had the Democratic loyalty of Kentucky been that of the whole land, JEFF DAVIS and his friends would have overthrown the Government and ruined the country within the first six months of the rebellion. The fiercest of the unreconstructed rebels in the Southern States hailed the result of the Connecticut election, because they thought that it showed a tendency in other States to join Kentucky, and they knew that when the politics of Kentucky are those of the country the political work of the war will be undone as far as possible, and repudiation, compensation for slaves, the invalidity of the emancipation amendment, and unconditional restoration to Congress, will not be as dimly distant as they now are.

Kentucky is Democratic. It was the only State not openly in rebellion which was thoroughly Democratic through the war; and there was no State not in insurrection in which secession had such sincere sympathy. We do not forget the brave men of Kentucky who volunteered for the cause, and who nobly fought at home and abroad, and whose patriotic devotion was all the greater because they were greatly outnumbered. But true as they were they did not speak for the State. They were the political minority. They are the minority still. But they are now coming to see that they might be the majority if all loyal men, black or white, were voters. The Democracy, which instinctively hates equal rights and loves caste and privilege, will of course resist such a result. But it is this very resistance, this steady hostility to human rights and consequent national peace and prosperity, which has fully revealed the real character of the reactionary faction which is known as the Democratic party.

The dominance of that party makes Kentucky what it is. Those who wish other States to resemble Kentucky will naturally work and pray for Democratic rule.

## THE TOMBS.

IF the jail at Richmond was not a fit place in which to imprison a man accused of the enormous crime with which JEFFERSON DAVIS is charged, certainly the presentation of the Grand Jury shows that the Tombs in this city is a totally unfit prison for mere murderers and thieves. The space is altogether too small for the number of prisoners, and the cells are damp and infested with vermin. Indeed, the Report of the Grand Jury upon the chief prison in the city of New York reads like a description of the London jails of more than a century ago. The Marshalsea, which DICKENS describes in "Little Dorrit," was a pleasant palace compared with the well-named Tombs.

Now we should like to know what follows such a report. A Grand Jury, composed of intelligent and responsible men, personally inspects and denounces a prison. What happens? Does any thing happen? Is any thing done? Whose business is it to see that something is done? We observe that the judge thanked the jury sincerely for their interest and investigation; but we did not observe that he intimated that any thing would be done. Every body's business is nobody's business. We are informed that the prison is a disgrace to humanity and civilization. A judge vicariously announces that we are much obliged for the information, and proceeds to call the case next in order. We do not accuse the judge. It is possible that owing to his strenuous representations a reform is already begun. It is possible that proposals are already issued for a prison large enough, and for adequate care of the prisoners. But we know nothing of it. So far as appears we and every body have heard the last of the matter, until it occurs to another Grand Jury to go and grabble in the same filth. Indeed somebody, with an air of injury, complained that a Grand Jury had visited the prison a year ago—as if that were quite enough. A biennial exposure is apparently sufficient. A reform is superfluous.

The Grand Jury have presented the Tombs as a totally inadequate city prison. Is that the end of the matter?

## MORE FENIAN RUMORS.

IT is openly announced that another Fenian movement is organized for invading Canada, and one of the leaders has the kindness to announce that the Fenian bullets are aimed at the red-coats; so that if a Canadian, happening to think that the red-coats are only the agents of his Government, should support them and be shot for his pains, his end is to be soothed by the reflection that "Irishmen bear no hate to Canadians personally."

As long as the war is confined to the Boston Music Hall or a room in Buffalo it is only ludicrous and contemptible. But the detailed accounts of warlike preparation and the known recklessness of many of the Fenian partisans justify an apprehension of some outbreak like that of last year, and the duty of the United States Government is plain. Forewarned is forearmed. The authorities know what was done last year; they understand the chances now, and they should be very sure to take such steps as will make any body of men rue the day when they attempt to make this country what England was made by governmental collusion during the rebellion—the base of hostile operations against a friendly power.

There is not a single point in this Fenian agitation which appeals to the respect or sympathy of any generous or humane man. No one who frankly acknowledges the sufferings of Ireland and its misgovernment by England believes that an insurrection upon Irish soil is now practicable, or that it would relieve the difficulty; while every such man must heartily despise the methods by which some of the Irish population of this country have been fleeced to support men who made the foray into Canada, and the result of whose efforts for the liberation of Ireland has thus far been an enormous subscription of which somebody has had the benefit, a few innocent people murdered in Canada, and a few enthusiasts imprisoned for life in Ireland.

The O'DONOGHUE and JOHN BRIGHT with all the Irish and English Liberal leaders have exposed the folly and futility of the armed demonstrations. The troubles of Ireland, like those of England, are to be redressed by peaceful agitation. It begins to be very evident that the Tories will not resist to the utmost the pressure of the people. But whether they will or will not—whether the best friends of Ireland are or are not mistaken, the simple duty of our Government is to defend its honor against evil men who would most basely abuse the hospitality they receive. The one shining act of President JOHNSON'S Administration is his prompt vindication of the national honor at the time of the Fenian foray. We trust that a similar occasion would find him equally vigorous and ready.

## THE PARTY OF VENGEANCE.

How far "Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance" is the animating principle of the Republican party may be seen in the address which the Union Congressional Committee has issued to the people of the Southern States. This vindictive document declares that the party wishes such a restoration of the Union as will save us from future wars. It revengefully announces that the party will encourage free speech, a free press, and free schools. It wickedly asserts that the recognition of equal rights throughout the whole country secures peace, progress, and prosperity, and that it does not imply any hostility of races. It atrociously avers that the laboring man, whether white or black, needs the protection of law and the ballot, by which he secures equal laws and a just administration of them. This incendiary manifesto urges that there must be a co-operation of races to obtain the fair fruit of freedom for the Southern States, and actually proclaims that the exhausted and backward condition of those States is due to the slave-holding aristocracy which has controlled it for two hundred years.

Not content with this, the address proceeds to fulfill the party policy of "Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance" by earnestly inviting and imploring the people of the Southern States to accept universal suffrage, to establish public schools, and to enable the poor to become landholders as fast as possible. Then with bitter mockery the address announces that Congress will exercise its authority of restoring the States "fairly and generously" when they give the only evidence which can be given that they are true to the Union—namely, trust-worthy majorities. This furious address, which, as will be seen, breathes the very soul of hate and wrath, concludes by saying that "if the people of the States lately in rebellion shall cheerfully and in good faith reorganize their Governments upon the principles of the laws passed by Congress, there will then remain no causes of difference between various sections of the country."

If this does not show that the party which conducted the war successfully, which emancipated and enfranchised the slaves, and which would rebuild the Union upon justice and common-sense, is a party of vengeance and hate, we do not believe it can be proved

## THE ENGLISH LIBERAL VIEW OF THE RELEASE OF DAVIS.

THE London *Star*, the organ of JOHN BRIGHT, was one of our stanchest friends in the English press during the war. It speaks thus of the release of DAVIS:

"JEFFERSON DAVIS is again a free man. After a detention of just two years the authorities of the United States have restored to liberty one of the most unscrupulous and implacable enemies, one of the least excusable rebels, who ever helped to plunge a country into civil war. Nominally, DAVIS is released on bail, to come up for trial next November; but in reality it may, we presume, be taken that the ex-President of the Southern Confederation is relieved of all further responsibility for his political offenses. The United States have here once again given an example of magnanimity and mercy by which the Old World may well profit. They have given an example of political wisdom too. JEFFERSON DAVIS, executed on the scaffold as a traitor, might have left a bitter and even a dangerous memory behind him. JEFFERSON DAVIS contemptuously dismissed to the obscurity of private life, will soon fade out of memory altogether. ......We do not write thus from any wish to throw additional odium on a fallen man. But it is a duty we owe to a great cause and to truth to remind England that this is the man who was the idol of what are called our governing classes three years ago—the man in answer to whose appeal journals and speakers in this country clamored for war against our own kindred, and against the principles of human liberty and the Christian doctrine of human rights. While men in England, too, are crying out even now for the life-blood of some petty and powerless Irish rebels, it is right to show how grievous were the crimes of DAVIS against the United States, and how the United States have punished them. We are glad that DAVIS is set free. *His life has been, happily for mankind, a failure*; and the best thing that can be hoped for him is, that the world may soon forget him, and history only give a few passing lines to his name."

## MAXIMILIAN.

THE French-Austrian empire in Mexico is now wholly at an end, and any moment may bring us news of the end of the Emperor also. Should he be executed by the victorious Republicans, although he will but suffer the fate to which he had doomed JUAREZ, yet the feeling of the world would hold LOUIS NAPOLEON indirectly responsible. Nothing in his career has so injured him as his great Mexican mistake.

As for the future of Mexico, speculation is useless. It is idle to suppose that there are the men or the conditions there which will found a firm and permanent popular government; nor has JUAREZ yet shown the qualities which will educe order from national chaos. The great moral of the fall of the toy empire is, however, significant. It is that America emphatically belongs to Americans, and that Europe must not expect successfully to interfere in American affairs.

We hope for the honor of the American Republican name that the victors will spare useless vengeance, and that the Mexicans will show a capacity and purpose which the world has no right to expect.

## ANIMAL SUGAR-MILLS.

A LOVE of sweet things is almost universal. Who ever saw a child that did not want more than the mother is willing to give it? It is something akin to absolute necessity to be always in readiness for saccharine food; and it is the language of the organs of digestion, demanding it; and that is a reason why the appetite craves sugar in childhood and age.

Our farinaceous food, as bread, yields starch, without which the system suffers immensely. Soon after passing from the stomach it is mixed with secretions from the liver and some other neighboring glands, which change the mass into a sweet paste. The liver manufactures a large amount of sugar daily in every human being. If, therefore, the child importunes for sugar and candy, it is because their never cloyed appetency for sweets shows it is needed; and if it is not given to them the sugar-mill inside, the liver, is called upon to make up the deficiency.

Chemistry shows what the sugar yields to the body, and modern chemistry, too, demonstrates why that article is so essential to the maintenance of vitality and health. Give children sugar, then, as it is all appropriated, and furnishes elements essential to their growth and sanitary status. They obtain it while nursing from the maternal fountain; but when weaned they require it from some other source. Denying children sugar on their bread and butter, molasses on their pudding, or a stick of candy when they importune for it, is withholding from them the very material which must be elaborated within their bodies by a vital process at the expense of all the muscles and tissues of the body. Give it to them, and the other fluids and materials are appropriated for the general development and well-being of the whole organic structure.

Most of the grain-eating and grass-consuming animals have their food to some extent converted into sugar in the process of digestion. From the foregoing facts important suggestions follow. One is this, viz.: that it is not injurious to children to be indulged in sweet things. Such is the deficiency in the quantity of sugar manufactured in some aged people that physicians prescribe it in large doses, and advise it to be carried in the pocket habitually, as a remedy.

## LITERARY.

THE HARPERS have just published Mr. DE FOREST'S novel, "Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession to Loyalty," which is a story of the war, written with remarkable vividness and force. The plot is natural and simple, and the characters few and admirably drawn. They are mainly Dr. Ravenel, a sagacious and delightful Louisiana Unionist; his daughter, the heroine, who begins a rebel and ends a loyal woman; her two lovers, who are both Union officers—Carter, a Virginian and West Pointer, and Colborne, a Yankee volunteer; and Mrs. Larue, a New Orleans Creole. The action of events upon these characters and of the characters upon each other is described with great skill, and nothing is more remarkable than the total freedom from exaggeration in the portraiture. A man or a woman may be weak or wrong in some ways without being wholly devilish, and it is in the subtle play of good and bad influences, of emotion and passion, that the real interest of the book is found. The shrewd and humane wisdom of Dr. Ravenel, the earnestness and candor of Colborne, the dangerous coquetry of Mrs. Larue, the man-of-the-worldliness of Carter, and the maidenly and womanly character of Miss Ravenel, compose a drama of curious and delightful interest. But the characteristic scenes and events of the war are not forgotten. Some of the shames of the Louisiana campaign are plainly touched, and the air of reality through the whole story is so pronounced that it is hard not to feel, as you close the book, that it is a tale of actual incidents and persons.

## THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

FIERCE and gaunt is the hungry wolf,
  And he utters a savage growl,
When forth from his secret lair he starts
  Through the forest wilds to prowl;
And the echoes answer the dreary sound
From the lonely rocks and caves around.

Sharp and white are his gleaming teeth,
  And his yellow eyeballs glow
Like coals of fire through the darkness round,
  And his step is soft and low—
A stealthy step that you scarce can hear
Hath the hungry wolf when he draweth near.

In the silent hours of the night he comes
  To the fold where are gathered the sheep:
A famished flock from their hidden lairs,
  When the shepherd is fast asleep;
And his faithful dogs are overpowered,
The meek ewes slain, and their lambs devoured.

Afar where the settler's cabin stands,
  On the edge of the forest drear,
When hunger hath made the gaunt wolf bold,
  He will oftentimes draw near,
And howl through the long and dismal night
For the settler's babes that cry with fright.

Yet not in his distant forest haunts
  May the wolf alone be found,
But abroad in the city's crowded streets,
  Where fashion and wealth abound.
In the hollow visage, half starved and lean,
A startling likeness to him is seen.

And the work-girl, high in her garret room,
  As she toils with bended head,
On weary gusset and band and seam,
  Plies faster her needle and thread,
Lest the hungry wolf should come once more
With his stealthy tread to her chamber door.

And the beggar-child in her squalid rags,
  And naked, shoeless feet,
Hears the cry of wolf in the sound of wheels
  And the clamor of the street;
And at night lies down in her narrow place
In the grim old monster's lean embrace.

Fierce and gaunt is the hungry wolf,
  And he utters a savage growl,
When forth from his secret lair he starts
  Through the forest wilds to prowl;
But the other that lurks outside the door
Is the gaunt wolf Hunger that haunts the poor.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE recent decision in the New Orleans courts that debts incurred for the purchase of slaves before the war are null involves nearly one hundred million dollars in Louisiana alone.

The report that the Mobile riot was participated in by negroes is positively denied by persons who were in uncomfortable prominent positions on the speakers' platform at the time, and able to see what was going on among the crowd below them.

General Wager Swayne, commanding in Alabama, officially reports that the Mobile riot "was not apprehended or deliberately planned," that the shots "were fired apparently without vindictive purpose;" but adds that "at the same time freedom of speech and public order have been greatly outraged in that city by an element which is active in the spirit of the rebellion, and presumes upon the sympathy of the police in this regard. This is supported by the antecedents of the police, and by the fact that a single arrest was effected on the night of the disturbance."

A Bill of Rights, drafted by a Committee in the Maryland Constitutional Convention, declares that negro testimony shall be admissible in the courts in all cases, that no law of attainder for treason or felony ought to be made, and that no extraordinary test oath should be required on admission to office.

A petition for Jeff Davis's pardon was circulated by Southern men in Washington on May 22, and it was said that the head rebel himself was no longer averse to suing for clemency.

General Pope, on May 24, issued an order redistricting the States in his department, placing a freedman on each Board of Registration, and requiring all Registers to take the Test Oath.

A Texas judge has recently decided that negro testimony is inadmissible on the trial of white men; a Texas sheriff has lately refused to take greenbacks as a legal tender; and the Texas tax-collectors were lately taking Confederate currency for taxes, when General Griffin put a stop to that nonsense.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The First National Bank of New Orleans failed on May 21. The principal debtors of the bank proved to be prominent rebel leaders. Beauregard owed $112,000; Dick Taylor, $37,500; Harry Hays, $20,000; and J. O. Nixson, $80,000. General Wade Hampton and others were also heavily indebted.

The iron-clad *Dunderberg*, lately purchased by Napoleon, was ordered on May 24 to proceed to France.

The trial of John H. Surratt, indicted for murder and conspiracy, was begun in the Criminal Court of the District of Columbia on May 27. After some discussion on the part of the counsel the further consideration of the case was postponed until June 10.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE new Dominion of Canada was declared to exist from July 1, 1867, by proclamation of Queen Victoria of England. This is the sealing of the long-contemplated union of the bulk of the British Provinces of North America under one Government.

Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, died on May 24.

The United States gun-boat *Ashuelot* bombarded a town in the Island of Formosa in retaliation for the murder by the natives of the crew of the American bark *Rover*, shipwrecked on that coast.

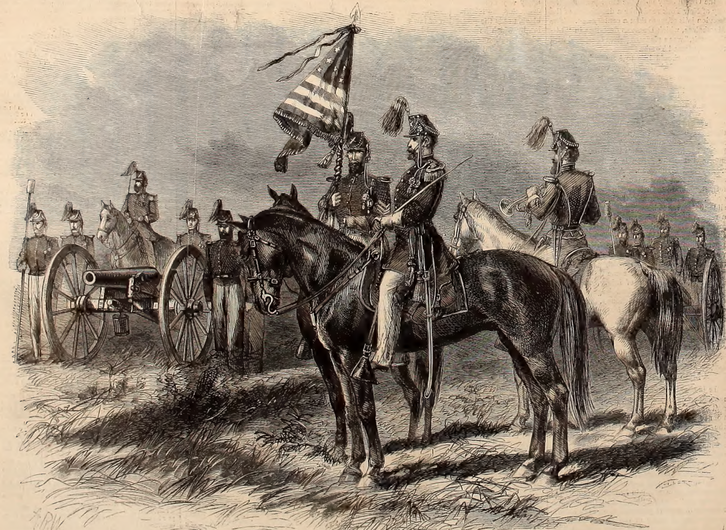
It was officially announced in London on May 21 by Earl Derby that the proposition to arbitrate the *Alabama* and other claims of the United States against England had been refused, but he added that the American question would be amicably adjusted.

A plot to assassinate King William and Count Bismarck of Prussia was detected on May 21, and the plan frustrated by the arrest of several of the conspirators.

The Czar of Russia, King William of Prussia, his son, the Crown Prince, the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and the Sultan of Turkey are to be at the Paris Exposition during this month.

Garibaldi in a recent letter to the English Minister at Florence formally sets forth his title to the Governorship of Rome, to which office he states himself to have been elected by the Roman people in 1848-49, and from which he denies that he has ever been legally deposed. In the eyes of Garibaldi the Pope is a mere usurper, and his position as a temporal sovereign logically untenable.

NEW UNIFORM OF THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 364.]



NEW REGULATION UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 358.]

FORT LARNED, KANSAS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

SA-TAN-TI, CHIEF OF THE KIOWAS.

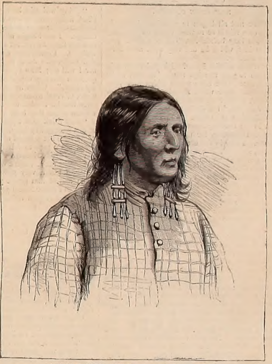
## THE INDIAN WAR.

WE continue this week our illustrations of the war in Kansas and Colorado, showing the operations of the troops under General W. S. HANCOCK.

It will be remembered that, on the conclusion of the interview of April 15 between General HANCOCK and the Cheyennes at their village near Fort Larned, Kansas, the Indians abandoned their camp and fled westward. General HANCOCK occupied the village next day, declaring his intention to return it to them if they committed no depredation: otherwise to destroy it. General CUSTER was sent in pursuit of the Indians with orders to endeavor to induce them to return, or, failing in this, to prevent them from committing depredations on the "Smoky Hill Route." The Indians reached the road before the cavalry, killed some of the guards and station masters, and burned the bodies. Upon the receipt of these facts General HANCOCK ordered General SMITH to burn the village. The Lodges were taken down and thrown in piles, and the saddles and various minor articles found in an Indian village were thrown on top of these. The great quantity of fur and skins that were on the piles caused a great smoke that the Indians must have seen for many miles. Our engraving is a faithful delineation of the scene.

Fort Larned has been built for some years. Like most of the posts in the Indian country it consists of a number of mud-houses with badly-constructed defenses, consisting simply of breast-works. General HANCOCK has advised the removal of the post to a preferable location on the Bluffs, about a mile distant. The sketch is made from a point near the sutler's store.

SA-TAN-TI, the principal chief of the Kiowa Indians, and the most important character whom General HANCOCK has yet encountered, wears a Major-General's coat presented to him by General HANCOCK, a sash given him by General



LITTLE RAVEN, CHIEF OF THE ARAPAHOES.

BURNING THE CHEYENNE VILLAGE NEAR FORT LARNED, KANSAS, APRIL 19, 1867.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

Davidson, and a blue army blanket about his loins.

Little Raven is said to be a good friend of the white man, and very peacefully disposed. He clothes himself more after the manner of a white man, and appears comfortable in his garments, which consist of a plaid shirt, an army blanket thrown about his loins, and elk skin leggings. He is portly in appearance, and has rather a commanding manner.

## REGULATION ARTILLERY UNIFORM.

Our engraving on page 356 represents the uniform adopted by the Government for the artillery arm of the service. The sketch was made at Richmond, Virginia, while one of the batteries of the Fifth United States Artillery was on dress-parade. The coat of the officers and jacket of the privates are a dark blue in color; the horse-hair plume of the hat is scarlet, as are also the ornaments and aiguillettes upon the jacket of the privates (the same decorations on the officer's uniform being of gold); and the trowsers, as in present regulation, are of light-blue cloth.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

### CHAPTER XVI.

BROTHERLY COUNSEL.

They had all begun to speculate silently in their own minds as to what could be detaining Blanche long before Mr. Talbot walked into their midst, which he did very soon after Miss Lyon left him.

"Where is Miss Lyon? I hoped she would be here to give us some music," he said as he came near to the table round which they were gathered. And when Beatrix had answered, "Why, Edgar! we thought she went to the library to you," the difficulty which Miss Lyon had foreseen as to what "would be thought of her in the drawing-room," was got over to all outward seeming, for no further remark was made. Later in the evening she came back to them, and then Mrs. Lyon insisted on their all being struck with the fact of Blanche looking as though she had a headache, and Mr. Talbot quoted Schiller to himself to the effect that "against stupidity even the gods fight in battle."

Mr. Talbot had gone through a hard task this night. He had pleaded earnestly—ardently for him—for the love of a woman in the face of fortune and her avowed preference for somebody else. The task had been very hard to him, but as he entered upon it after much deliberation, so now he had no self-reproachful thoughts about the manner in which he had performed it. Whatever there was of mistake or mortification in the matter ought to be and was with her. He had not been led away by his own feelings more than by her manner. "She had seemed to like him," and in such seeming there was shame for her, not for him, since it had ended in this. On the whole, deeply as he loved her, and desperately as he desired to win her even yet for his wife, there was more justice than mercy in his judgment of her. He used no shallow euphemisms in naming what he conceived to have been her conduct to himself. She had been guilty of the despicable guile of "tender artifice, and flattering lure, and feigned interest," so he thought, and she had used these despicable means for the more despicable end of luring him into a false position. As she sat before him trying to be as she had been hitherto to him and to them all, and he thought these things, he felt pitiless toward her, and toward that lax modern code which suffers a woman to pursue such a course, and still considers her pure.

It was a heavy secret for her to be weighted with, this knowledge which he had imparted to her that commercially his career had come to a close. It made her feel most pitifully tender toward the rest, and specially pitiful toward him, the luckless head of the house who had wrought its ruin. Her heart ached as she glanced furtively at him, and guessed what some of his hopes had been, and fathomed a good deal of the hopelessness that was his portion now. But she dared make no sign of such tenderness and pity, for she knew that did she do so the others would fall to wondering about the reason why she came to be better informed than they were, and he would misconstrue her again. So she sat and glanced furtively at him now and again, and wondered when he would be frank with the rest, and she would be free to speak some of the sympathy she felt.

The following day, long before he intended being led into it, the discussion of the subject was forced upon Edgar Talbot by circumstances. Contrary to his usual custom, he went away to the stable with the other two young men immediately after breakfast, instead of, as usual, shutting himself in the library, when Mr. Bathurst occupied himself, and strove to interest his guests, by enlarging on, and showing off, the beauties and excellences of three new riding horses. Soon Mr. Bathurst was away on one which was reputed to be a famous fencer, along a slip of turf whereon a few hurdles were put up for practice, and the two brothers, as they sauntered after him nominally to watch his progress, suddenly found themselves on the topic which had a fatal fascination for them both.

"That mare is too light for Bathurst," Edgar observed, as she visibly flagged on a space of marshy turf, and Lionel replied:

"He has an idea of giving her to Miss Lyon."

"Has he that? Then Trixy's chance is over, for Miss Lyon will accept the mare first, and then the man. She has played with a most shameful cleverness; until last night she did not know which of us stood to win; then I frankly put myself before her as a ruined man, and she enacted surprise and confusion, and made the usual plea of misconception of my intentions." Then he grew more bitter under the sting of being so soon superseded, as he imagined, by a man whom he regarded as something infinitely lighter and less worthy than himself, and added, "Blanche Lyon is a clever woman, but her tactics are transparent to me and she will repent them."

"God bless and prosper her, whatever they are!" Lionel interposed, heartily. "But you, Edgar! What do you mean by placing yourself before Miss Lyon as a ruined man?"

"That I did it—that I am one;" and then Lionel uttered an interjection, and then the whole story, at least as much of it as could be told, and was necessary to be known, was narrated by Mr. Talbot.

The elder brother did not put himself in the position of one who has erred, and repented before Lionel, "I did what I thought was best for the family, and my judgment has been proved faulty." He said when he had finished, "If I succeeded, you would all have benefited as largely as myself by my success; as I have failed, I shall be the greatest sufferer. I wish I could be the only one."

"Don't feel that I am a sufferer in the affair at all," Lionel said, feeling that he was called upon to say something. "Such plans as I have made will carry themselves out without let or hindrance from this business, save so far as Trixy is concerned."

"Trixy will still be my charge," Edgar replied, firmly, and he was very much the head of the house still as he spoke. "Trixy will be my charge. I shall begin at the foot of the ladder, and she must be content to take her stand there with me. I could have wished that she had married Bathurst. As it is, the best I can do for her I will do; Miss Lyon has put it out of the question that any wife of mine can interfere with my sister." When he said that he smiled with a sort of cruel triumph over himself, and Lionel knew that his brother was sorely wounded by this woman whom they both loved.

"You think Miss Lyon has given you reason to feel wronged by her decision?" he asked.

"I have not a doubt of it—not a doubt of it. I am not a man to falsely construe every little feminine artifice into a special flattery for myself; she meant me to believe what I did believe."

"She has a very gracious manner," Lionel said; and at that gentle protest against further censure of either Miss Lyon's motives or manner Edgar Talbot grew irritable.

"I tell you," he said, "that she meant me to believe what I did believe—that she would marry me if I asked her; she spurns the notion of being considered mercenary: but now—after seeming to like me as no other woman has suffered herself to seem within my experience—after this she has refused me, pleading her love for a richer man as a reason why she can not marry me. 'Gracious!' Such graciousness is devil-born."

"She did give you that reason?"

"She did—gave it out with what she herself rightly called more audacity than candor."

When his brother said that, Lionel Talbot once more determined that Algeria should be his sketching-ground during the ensuing autumn. For himself, it was not his habit to consider that any thing was owed to him on account of that "graciousness" of Blanche's. But for his brother! He was fain to acknowledge that if Edgar nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice, he had been wronged by this woman, whom Lionel could still only pray might know many blessings and much prosperity.

### CHAPTER XVII.

A DAY-DREAM.

"Sooner or later they must know it all; so the sooner we come to an understanding with the women about all this the better," Edgar Talbot said to his brother when they found themselves at the extreme end of the slip, with Mr. Bathurst so far in advance of them as to justify them in no longer feigning an interest in his performances with the bay mare he designed for his cousin. Mr. Talbot, as it will be seen, did in no way seek to involve any other than himself in the tangle of wrecked fortune and strained responsibility in which he was caught. Still he did find it a slight "something to lean upon," that knowledge he had that in the coming explanation Lionel would be near to aid him verbally, at any rate.

"Sooner or later they must know it all, therefore the sooner the better," Lionel answered, and in that answer there was a touch more of poetical feeling than of sound common-sense. For a time—say only for a few days—matters might with safety have stood where they were. No one could be benefited by any immediate and absolute declaration of the necessity for a complete change, and it was well within the bounds of possibility that some might be worsted by it. "Trixy will be my charge still—that, of course; but she must rough it. When she came to me I hoped to give her a good establishment until she gained one for herself. Now all that is at an end; still she is my charge, and I shall fulfill it."

"You will let me help you?" the younger brother asked.

"No. As things have turned out, I can take no man's help with regard to Trixy. I, who have done her the injury through my over-zeal, must be the one to make her amends; besides, she would still be within sound and sight of that fellow, if she cast in her lot with you, and she, like me, will be better away from them altogether."

Then the brothers spoke of Trixy's too evident love for the man who loved Blanche Lyon better than their sister—spoke of it delicately and with reserve, and in a way that proved to each that the other felt the common family honor to be his very tender care, and finally came to the conclusion that, since nothing better could be devised, it would be well to leave Haldon without delay.

But not to go back to London. The man who had lived in luxury there shrank from taking his sister back to some draughty suburb to live in cheap obscurity. "If it were not for this about Blanche, I could desire nothing safer and better for Trixy than to live on with Mrs. Lyon; but that will hardly do now—Trixy could not stand it."

"Neither of the girls could stand it, if Blanche marries Bathurst," Lionel suggested. "Miss Lyon is a quick-sighted woman, and a tender-hearted woman; she would never agree to testing poor Trixy cruelly; but we are, after all, arguing on insufficient grounds; we do not know that Blanche cares for Frank; that gracious manner of hers is shown to us all alike."

"She made no secret of caring for him," Edgar replied, emphatically; "she spoke as plainly as a woman can speak; far more plainly than a woman ought to speak." Then he bent his head down and brooded over the words she had uttered, and was as sick at heart in his angry outspoken love and wrath as was Lionel, whose hopes had been raised with far more cause. There was no unselfish consolation to Mr. Talbot in the thought that the woman he loved was escaping a black, barren-looking fate by refusing to marry him. He had a theory that such love as was his to give was all-sufficient to brighten the darkest road to any woman. Therefore now he girded against Blanche for leaving him to travel it alone.

"She made no secret of caring for him—she spoke more plainly than a woman ought to speak." Lionel listened to these words with a deep conviction that they were ringing the knell of happiness for him. Last night that sweet graciousness of hers made his future seem so bright, his work so noble, his aim so lofty, his prospects so many! Now he knew that it had been shown to him because he was Frank Bathurst's friend. Many women being imbued with the amiable, though weak notion, that it recommends them to Damon to be agreeable to Pythias.

"Have you thought of letting Trixy go to Marian for a time?" Lionel asked.

"Not while I'm alive and in authority; moreover, Marian will not be too likely to stretch out a helping hand just now, for this last business has dipped Sutton considerably, and she will be sure to attribute his reverses to me; no! until her daughter's altered prospects causes Mrs. Lyon to take a gorgeous tone I shall take it for granted that she remains Trixy's chaperon. I shall get into harness at once myself, and then I shall know what arrangements I can make for them."

Then Lionel urged once more that they should stand or fall together, bringing forward, in support of his claim to help, that the mistress he served rewarded her honest votaries in a right royal way; and still the head of the house refused the cadet's claim, and declared his intention manfully of sufficing to himself and his sister.

But although Mr. Talbot would share this actual practical responsibility with no man, so long as it could be considered his property, he still did shrink from the more puerile duty of telling his sister that he had been short-sighted or luckless rather. To Blanche Lyon he had told it out boldly—not being altogether unconscious that there was something inspiring and touching in the manner of his telling it. Blanche Lyon was very much endowed with the love of all that is chivalric and daring, and there was something very daring in Mr. Talbot's tale and the tone in which he had told it. As she had said to him, if she had not already loved another man better she could have found it in her heart to love him very well indeed. She was sympathetic to that power he possessed of bearing the worst, and bearing it buoyantly not stolidly; and he knew that she was thus sympathetic, and so he was able to speak out to her as became a man.

But with Trixy he felt very differently. Truth to tell, he knew little more of his sister than that she had lovely violet eyes, and a large luxurious figure, and a lady-like bearing that entitled him to hope that she would marry very well. He was proud of her, to a certain degree he was fond of her, but he was not at all acquainted with the tone of her character or the turn of her mind. She had been a delightful sister to him while he had been well off, and hoping to be still better off. But whether or not she had it in her to hear of such a reverse as he had to tell her of without looking crushed and reproachful he did not know.

So it was borne in upon him, partly by reason of his selfishness, and partly out of that natural dislike to the sight of tears which most men have, that it would be well for him to so far avail himself of that offer of fraternal service which Lionel had made, as to make the latter the messenger of evil to Trixy. "As you were saying, the sooner they all know it now the better," he remarked. "I don't mind your telling Trixy this morning; we shall not go back to Victoria Street; if she has a preference for any particular part of the country it will be as well that I should know it before we leave here, and then I may manage it for her."

"The telling will come better from you, I fancy," Lionel replied, in all simplicity, not because he shirked the unpleasant duty, but because he really thought that it would be better for Edgar to receive the solace of Trixy's sorrow and sympathy with him at first hand. Then Mr. Talbot, being too proud and stubborn to ask a second time directly for what he had indirectly attempted to bring about, said, "Perhaps you are right," and went back to Haldon in no pleasant mood.

He left Lionel still leaning against the hurdle at one end of the slip, dreaming a day-dream—a dream that was incongruous in such a place at such a time. For the glories of summer were over the land now. The odors of wild thyme and roses, of mignonnette from many a sheltered garden, of clover from many a shelving field, of meadow-sweet from the banks of the purling stream, the ever-sounding ripples of which permeated every thing; all these fragrances mingled and intensified themselves in the golden sun-fraught air, and were wafted around and about him by a sighing western wind. And the grass under his feet was green, thick, and springy; and the sky above him was bright and decked graciously for the eyes with fleecy clouds of silver gray; and the bee hummed an accompaniment to the air the stream sang; and the world was as full of beauty as the man's heart was full of care.

So in the bosom of that gorgeous mother, at the shrine of the god whom all artists adore, at the feet of that royal mistress who never spurns a loving slave, so here alone with Nature, Lionel Talbot dreamt his day-dream, and it was something after this wise:

"The spell she wove in idleness for Frank she has wrought in reality and bitterness for me.

"'No woman's love shall light on me,
No woman's heart be mine.'"

The sun shone on still, and the lark sang, and the bee hummed, and the river rippled just as though God's grandest creation, man, had not been making man's most unnatural vow. In the utterance of those two lines Lionel was binding himself to celibacy in the event of Blanche Lyon marrying any other than himself. Meanwhile Blanche Lyon and Frank Bathurst were coming to an understanding.

## LET TO THE MINISTER.

Four years before Mr. Summerbell had died and left his widow with a pleasant house just in the edge of the village, a comfortable income, and three small boys. Here she had lived ever since, missing her husband with every breath she drew, but patient and cheerful, and even happy in a calm way.

"I wonder what his father would think about my sending Will to school this season?" said the widow to her own heart; for her dead husband was still a person and a presence to her. "He was never in favor of sending a child *too* young; but then Will is going on five, and he does miss Fred and Frank *so* much all the day long," reasoned the anxious mother.

Then there came a tap on the open door of the wide sitting-room, and immediately a friendly foot sounded on the threshold introducing a large, comfortable-looking man.

"Oh, Deacon Folsom! Good-afternoon," said Mrs. Summerbell. So you may know she lived in that part of the world where it takes something more than morning and evening to make the day.

"Good-afternoon, Madam—Mrs. Summerbell, good-afternoon! How do you find yourself to-day, and how are the little fellows?" returned Deacon Folsom, impressively.

He was a man who could not so much as sneeze or take a drink of water without a due amount of ceremony and emphasis. So now he came forward to shake hands, and then went over all the appropriate comments upon the weather, the appearance of Mrs. Summerbell's garden, the state of public health, the news of the parish. and the prospect of war in Europe, before he came by regular sequence to the point where he felt he could properly introduce his errand. At last it came out, measured and precise, and this was it:

"If Mr. Bloomfield decides to consider our call favorably, as appears likely, how would it be, Mrs. Summerbell, about your giving up a part of your house to him?"

Mrs. Summerbell hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Let my rooms to the minister? No, I could not think of it. My husband never spoke of such a thing, and I am certain he would not have wished it."

And then, mild and meek as her nature seemed, it was as though the matter had been answered, and signed and sealed with the King's signet.

"It is not likely your late worthy husband foresaw precisely this exigency," resumed Deacon Folsom. "Our success in procuring the able services of Mr. Bloomfield seems, humanly speaking, to depend on your renting these rooms, which you will certainly admit you can spare as well as not in your large house with your small family. There is really no other house at a convenient distance where Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield can be comfortably accommodated, considering Mrs. Bloomfield is such an invalid."

But it was as though the good Deacon had tried to turn back Niagara with a canoe paddle. Mrs. Summerbell, who was clinging and yielding and easily entreated as any woman under the stars, had dug up from the store-house of her memory a chance remark of her dead husband to the effect that "no roof was wide enough to cover two families," and upon this she pitched her tent. So the Deacon was obliged to leave, frustrated, disappointed, and sadly put out in his dignified way. But the next mail made it all right—if two wrongs ever did make a right—for there came a letter from the Rev. Mr. Bloomfield, saying the health of his beloved wife, for whose sake he was purposing to leave his parish by the sea, had so suddenly and sadly declined that leaving would be of no use and only give unnecessary fatigue to the invalid.

Then Mrs. Summerbell had rest, and the Meadows pulpit was supplied, as it had been before, by the Deacon, and occasionally by migratory ministers, with now and then an unsatisfactory candidate. So the summer bloomed itself on; and while the roses were in their prime news came that Mrs. Bloomfield had passed away

from the earth. At hearing of his boundless loss kind-hearted Mrs. Summerbell gave the desolate husband a few thoughts and tears of sympathy, and then went on washing little faces and sewing little jackets, with her peaceful smile and her sad content.

At last summer lost itself in autumn, and autumn, sighing for winter, brought in its train, along with late pears and early frosts, a rumor that Mr. Bloomfield had, worn out by the loneliness and loss which he could not forget on the spot where his wife sickened and died, resigned his pastorate at Leeds, and was ready to accept any suitable invitation from some other parish.

"So it appears we are likely to hear what kind of a preacher Mr. Bloomfield is after all," said Miss Pim, leaning over Mrs. Summerbell's garden-fence, with a new calico gown on and a clean starched sun-bonnet.

Miss Pim, who went out at day's-work, and felt she conferred a great favor by doing so on whoever she assisted (I dare say she *did* too), acted the part of village newspaper in absence of any other; and what she said could generally be literally depended on, for she was distinguished for crystal truth, although she sometimes related facts a little before they happened, as now, when Deacon Folsom, as chairman of the society's committee, had hardly made up his mind whether to send a letter of invitation or not. But Miss Pim knew well enough how his uncertainty would end, and, as ever, she was quite correct. The letter *was* sent, and Mr. Bloomfield, having been foreordained to go to Meadows, went, although the deluded man sincerely believed that the decision between there and Haddam hung in the balance for a night and a day, and the weight of a snip of thread might have turned it either way. But finally it was decreed that he should go to Meadows, and that he should finally go to board with the family of Dr. Dangler, who lived only next door, across two gardens, from Mrs. Summerbell.

Then oh how discreet was the widow! And how melancholy was the minister in spite of his Christian faith and hope!

Winter passed, and

"Spring came loitering up that way."

The dandelions popped open their bright eyes, and the meadows grew yellow with butter-cups. And now every morning before the sun had fairly waked the new day Fred and Frank, and so, of course, Will Summerbell, went to take Dr. Dangler's cow to pasture half a mile beyond the village along with their own. And very often the minister, who always took a walk before breakfast, joined them. So at last they came to expect him, and becan e the best friends in town. Then the little inno ents went home and talked about him.

"Mother, the minister knows about making kites, and he said he would help me fix mine. Isn't he kind?" said Fred.

"He is going to make me a little boat some time; he told me so," cried Frank.

"And me a whistle, mother—me a whistle," added Will.

"I hope you don't make yourselves troublesome to the minister, my dears," replied the mother.

"Oh no, ma'am, we don't! He says he would be very glad if he had three such boys of his own; and he says the hour with us is the happiest time in his whole day," answered Fred.

"He would be real lonesome if it weren't for us; he really said so, mother," added Frank.

"And there is nobody in this world he loves better than me and Frank and Fred! He said that too," cried Will.

The Summerbell boys always did the same things, and if one spoke they all spoke. Indeed, the neighbors always named them collectively, saying, "Fred and Frank and Will" in speaking either of one or of the three.

And now the tender heart of the sympathetic widow was brimming with pity for the lonely man who had not even the comfort and company of children in his bereavement.

"Surely his sorrow is greater than mine," thought she, with tears in her gentle eyes.

One morning very early, as she was thinning out her lettuce without hearing or seeing any one, she suddenly felt some human presence near so consciously that she raised her head; and behold there was the minister leaning against the wooden fence in Miss Pim's old place.

"Good-morning!" said he. And as he lifted his hat and smiled she noticed for the first time what handsome eyes he had.

"There is something about them which remind me of my husband's. It must be in expression, for Mr. Bloomfield's are gray and Edward's were black," she mused. And she mused all day.

In the evening he passed again with his handsome gray eyes; and seeing Mrs. Summerbell transplanting strawberry plants, her three boys about her with their feet on her dress and under her trowel in their eagerness to help, stopped again with the same cordial half-sad smile, and this time he said:

"Do you know, Mrs. Summerbell, it would be a real kindness to allow me to help your little boys about your garden work? I am accustomed to such exercise, and miss it exceedingly now."

Of course the discreet widow, living in a world of tongues, did not allow it; but this showed his kindness of heart, now did it not?

At last currants were ripe, then strawberries and cherries, and, finally, early apples—red-coated Astrachans and great yellow-boughs.

"I don't know whether any body has got eyes but myself, but I have seen how the thing was going for some time. Between their pity for each other, and their fondness for those boys, the minister and the widow Summerbell are falling in love with each other just as though they weren't out of their teens," said Miss Pim at Deacon Folsom's, where she had gone to help can fruit.

"Is *that so*, Miss Pim?" ejaculated the Deacon, astonished for once out of form and ceremony.

"You may rely upon it, and it will be a match too, and a good one besides, as sure as my name is Betsey Pim," replied the spinster, with three little nods, each one a great deal wiser than its predecessor.

Now as it happened Mrs. Deacon Folsom had a sister with a withered hand, a lame foot, and as much brain as you could buy for a dime, whose chief occupation was to hear, to see, and to tell. Therefore, on catching this choice bit, she at once put on her green calash, and, taking her hooked-handled umbrella for a staff, started off, like the meddling old parrot she was, to tell of it. And first of all she hobbled into Mrs. Summerbell's, where the widow herself sat with a clove-pink fastened in the bow at her throat, which brightened up the lilac ribbons amazingly. She was singing in a soft, happy voice—

"The Lord into His garden comes;
The spices breathe a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive—"

but broke off the hymn to rise and put a chair for her visitor, with a smile of neighborly welcome. Not that she was pleased particularly, for nobody was or ever could be to see Polly Blake; but her heart was soft and warm with pity for all the Lord's unfortunates.

"Are you pretty well to-day, Miss Blake?" she asked, cordially.

"Well enough, far's I know," returned Miss Blake, snuffing fiercely, according to a delicate habit she had. Then she went on, hardly stopping long enough to count four.

"So you are thinking of changing your situation, Mrs. Summerbell? Well, I s'pose it is nobody's business so't you and the minister are suited; but it's never struck me, somehow, as though I could bring my mind to be married to more than *one* man."

Mrs. Summerbell opened her eyes and dropped her work in horror and dismay. When she had thought of avoiding gossip and scandal it had never been such as *this*. Her innocent brain, which was full of thoughts of and love for her dead husband, had never consciously taken in the suggestion of even the *rumor* of a successor. And now the idea being sprung upon her so suddenly and vulgarly, she felt fairly faint with the shock and affright. But before she had time to open her mouth for a word of reply three small hurricanes burst into the room, named respectively Fred, Frank, and Will. As they made her aware of their existence by cries and whoops and prancings the involuntary thought rushed into her mind that the boys, at their time of life, *did* need a father. Then she blushed to think she had the thought; and before her face was fairly cool and she had quieted the children, just home hungry from school, Miss Blake started up.

"Buffum's come and I must go!" she cried, pointing through the window at a baker's cart which was passing. "Buffum promised to bring along some of those little wine biscuits next time he came, and Folsom's folks won't never think of them if I am not there to see to it."

So, thus broken up from any further news-mongery, Miss Polly hurried off home as fast as her two feet and her umbrella would carry her, leaving a thorn of the first magnitude among Mrs. Summerbell's roses.

"Can it be possible such a foolish story is afloat?" queried Mrs. Summerbell of her wedding-ring.

Of course it was; for Polly Blake had not imagination enough to invent it.

"Ah well, I must see to it that the minister's usefulness among the people is not impaired by any such idle talk."

So the curtain was dropped, and she was not to be seen any where up stairs, down stairs, or in the lady's chamber, when Mr. Bloomfield passed in his usual evening walk. And the very next day, leaving Miss Pim in charge of the house and children, Mrs. Summerbell went off in the stage to visit her brother at Slate, determined to stay away until the idle rumor had time to die the death of neglect. Then she would go back and be, oh! so circumspect.

But what do you think? She had not been gone three days when a letter followed her from Mr. Bloomfield, who was beginning to find out for himself, having "come to forty year," that there is not for any man, necessarily, during his whole life, a *one* and an *only*. He was finding also Meadows even more lonely than Leeds, and if she did not forbid him he should follow the letter in two days.

Worse and worse! That would never do! Just think of the effect on "the cause!" A visit would be more positive and conspicuous than staying at home and bowing across the fence now and then. Besides, there was no time to send a letter forbidding him to come, and if there was, what a talk the sight of it would make at the Meadows post-office! Yes, she must go home at once, and live down the scandal as fast as possible.

So she took the stage for home, a little glad in the depths of her treacherous heart to go—glad to see her boys, you know. She arrived at her own door just in the early twilight, and found the house empty. Miss Pim had run across the gardens to sit an hour with old Mrs. Dangler, the Doctor's mother, who was very deaf, and insisted on having all the news and small-talk of the town dropped word by word into the mouth-piece of her ear-trumpet. So Miss Pim, being thus charitably engaged, did not see the stage stop; and Mrs. Summerbell, after glancing with the eye of a householder around the rooms, was sitting and rocking in her low sewing-chair full of the gladness and content of being at home once more, when there came a patter and a clatter across the porch and in at the half-open door. Then there was a triumphant cry: "Mother has got home! mother has got home! Mr. Bloomfield, come and see mother! She is here! she is here!" And immediately he came, and there he was right before her.

Of course Mrs. Summerbell could not open conversation by telling him with what formal respect she meant to treat him thenceforth, but, fortified by a son at each side and one in her lap, she felt she might and must continue for that once her usual gentle cordiality: postponing for a little the mortifying of the flesh, which she feared might come to be her duty, by telling him that his usefulness, which was beginning to be so sensibly felt, must not be injured by any suspicion of partiality for one parishioner over another. She had even prepared a little speech in her mind to say; but before there had seemed to come a good time to say it the conversation somehow drifted out their dead, and Mr. Bloomfield was telling her all about the last days of Mrs. Bloomfield's life and the first days of his great loss. There were many circumstances quite alike in the particulars of the bereavement of each; and when Miss Pim fluttered in, more by moonlight than daylight, it was to find them "sorrowing together in company," with tears in their four eyes, and the little boys asleep, their heads leaned against their mother.

The very next day Mrs. Summerbell went into Squire Slosson's store to pay for a barrel of flour, and there she saw Dr. Dangler, Deacon Folsom, and Deacon Proudfoot, in earnest discussion with the Squire. They looked so conscious on seeing her that she at once grew conscious also; and it seemed quite in keeping with what she might have expected, when, after one or two whispers and a decided nod, Deacon Folsom, mindful as ever of the importance of his position as chairman of the society's committee, said, in his most business tone:

"Mrs. Summerbell, may we trouble you to step into the back-store a moment, where we shall not be liable to interruption, while we speak to you respecting a matter of much importance to us as a church and society?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Summerbell, feeling as though she was Lady Jane Grey on her Way to the Scaffold.

The back-store, filled with barrels of flour, molasses, and kerosene, with dried codfish and kits of pickled salmon and mackerel, butter boxes, eggs, nails, and onions, wasn't much of a bower of roses.

"Be seated, Mrs. Summerbell—be seated!" said Deacon Folsom, bringing forward a broken-backed chair, with an air worthy the master of the ceremonies at Bath.

But Mrs. Summerbell refused to sit, only leaned against a sack of paper rags, and Deacon Proudfoot, who was an abrupt, outspoken man, began, plunging into the heart of the subject, while Deacon Folsom would have been making an introductory bow:

"There has been a good deal of talk about you and the minister, and we thought we, as Church Committee, would just ask you if there is any thing in it or likely to be," he said.

Mrs. Summerbell felt like a chicken picked out of its shell by well-meaning fingers before its time had come; but bracing herself by putting one hand on a chest of the strongest kind of green tea, she replied:

"No, indeed! I would be as far as either of you from wishing to do any thing to weaken the present interesting state of feeling in our society toward the minister and his work. Besides, I have never had any proposals from him."

You wouldn't have supposed Mrs. Summerbell could have looked so much like Joan of Arc as she did at that moment, her face fairly sublime with self-sacrifice and heroic courage.

"Nevertheless, because you never *have* had is no security you never *will* have," replied Dr. Dangler, who knew something of the anatomy of the heart in the way of his profession.

Mrs. Summerbell was fast growing indignant. It was rude of the Doctor—positively an unjustifiable interference in what was none of his business. He had no right to talk to her in that manner if he was a committeeman, and she told him so.

"If you fear that Mr. Bloomfield is about to do any thing so foolish—" she said.

"So foolish?" exclaimed the trio.

"You had better speak to him. I am not responsible for what he *may* do. He has never spoken of marriage to me, nor have I ever encouraged him to do so."

"But you will hereafter?" queried the blunt Doctor, abruptly.

"Doctor Dangler!" exclaimed the widow, blushing with excitement, "you—you—you are cruel, Sir. You are insulting—"

"No, no, my dear Madam—I—I—" apologetically began the Doctor, wiping his forehead with a red and yellow bandanna, and actually blushing at the predicament in which his bluntness had involved the Committee.

The methodical Deacon Folsom came to the rescue.

"We had thought, Mrs. Summerbell," he began—"we had thought that Mr. Bloomfield *might* conclude to make, if he had not already made, such a proposal to you; and we thought it well to say, if you will permit us and not misconstrue our motives—perhaps we have not been overdelicate—but in case such a proposal *is* made you, the people generally as well as the Church Committee will be particularly pleased and gratified if you will—accept it."

This was the time when the old back-store turned into a bower—when lilies blossomed out of coils of rope and coal-oil turned into atter of roses. Mrs. Summerbell went home in a car drawn by white doves and was met at the gate by three little Cupids, whom she kissed dozens of times and loved with all her heart, they looked so sweet.

And when the minister came in that evening she looked so sweet herself that the consequence was they were engaged in fifteen minutes.

So the chairman of the Church Committee had his way, and Mrs. Summerbell let her house to the minister after all.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Young Idea (*trying to shoot at the favorite mark of the sex*). "Grandma, do they make men like they do stockings?"

Grandmamma. "Why no, child! What absurd questions you ask!"

Young Idea. "Well, what made you say this morning that Major Skittles was such a well-knit man?"

A Full Stop.—Dr. Cumming has just published a book called *The Last Woe*. After this *woh* we hope he will pull up.

Con.—By an April Fool.—Why is wet weather more pleasant than dry?—Because it is more in-door-able.

### "ANY ONE WILL DO."

A maiden once, of certain age,
To catch a husband did engage;
But, having passed the prime of life
In striving to become a wife,
Without success, she thought it time
To mend the follies of her prime.

Departing from the usual course
Of paint, and such like, for resource,
With all her might, this ancient maid,
Beneath an oak-tree knelt, and prayed;
Unconscious that a grave old owl
Was per.ned above—the mousing fowl!

"Oh, give! a husband give!" she cried,
"While yet I may become a bride.
Soon will my day of grace be o'er,
And then, like many maids before,
I'll die without an early love,
And none to meet me there above!

"Oh! 'tis a fate too hard to bear!
Then answer this, my humble prayer,
And, oh! a husband give to me!"
Just then the owl, from out the tree,
In deep bass tones, cried, "Who—who—who?"
"Who, Lord? And dost thou ask me who?
Why, any one, good Lord, will do!"

### HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

As Mrs. Glass said of the hare, you must first catch him. Having done so, proceed as follows: Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good wives have on hand), place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; cover him over with affection, kindness, and subjection; garnish with modest, becoming familiarity; and let kisses and other confectioneries be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. I would advise all good wives to try this receipt, and realize how admirable a husband is when properly cooked. I have found it answer with mine, who is now a duck of a husband.

### NECK AND OTHER TIES.

Prettiest neck-tie for a lady—the arms of her baby.

| | |
|---|---|
| For the Melancholy, | Jolli—tie. |
| For the Poor, | Plen—tie. |
| For the Dull, | Varie—tie. |
| For the Solitary, | Socie—tie. |
| For the Mean, | Liberali—tie. |
| For the Inebriate, | Sobrie—tie. |
| And for the Sinful, | Pie—tie. |

Wanted to Know—The color of the mind's eye? The flavor of the cup of bitterness? The size of a piece of chalk? The weight of a load of sorrow? Is it murder to drown your sorrows, or to kill time? Is it bigamy for a married man to become wedded to his opinions? Is it desertion of family for a man to forsake his evil ways? Is it suicide if you bury yourself in thought, or smother yourself in grief?

A young lady of Montgomery, who was recently caught smoking a cigar, gave it as her reason for the act, "that it made it smell as though there was a man around."

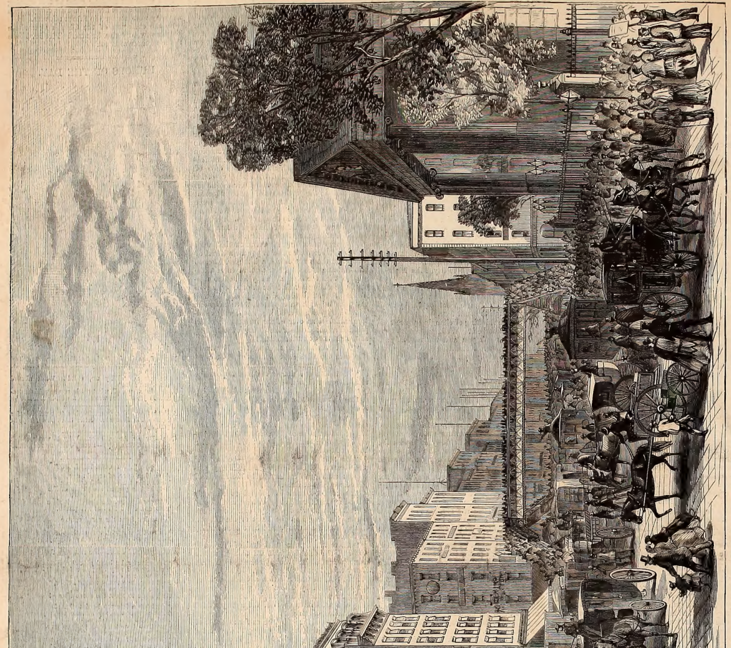
### ON LADIES' LETTERS.

A great many loves, and a great many dears;
A great many hopes, and a great many fears;
A great many tender, *most* tender adieus,
Mixed up with a great deal of nonsense and news;
A great many postscripts, some long and some short,
To prove that the writer is fruitful in thought.

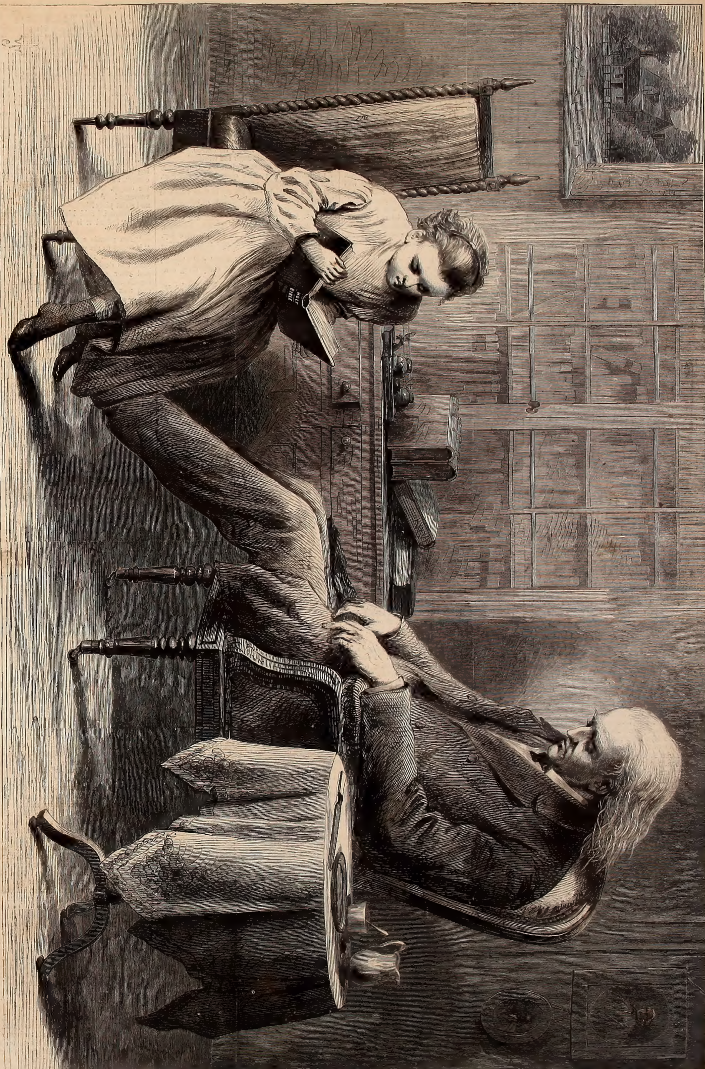
Socrates used to say to his friends that his wife was his greatest blessing, since she was a never-ceasing monitor of patience, from whom he learned so much within his own doors that the crosses he met elsewhere were light to him.

Another New Fashion.—We see it stated that "a new fashion in ladies' bonnets has made its appearance—the long ribbons which depend from them down the back being fitted at the ends with little gold bells." This is a tolerably broad hint on the part of the ladies. They wish those who are after them to know that they have no settled objection to a ring.

Arithmetical.—If two apples make one pair, how many pears will eight apples make?




THE LEOW BRIDGE ACROSS BROADWAY, AT FULTON STREET, AND THE NEW HERALD BUILDING.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE BLINDMAN'S DARLING.—Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 362.]

## THE BLINDMAN'S DARLING.

We present our readers this week with another of the happy conceptions of Mr. W. S. L. Jewett, drawn and executed in his admirable manner. The picture needs no legend to explain it; the artistic reader will discover its many excellences, while the thoughtful reader will find much food for thought.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

### Book I.

### CHAPTER XI.

PROJECTS.

Trouble, indeed, had come to Jessamine Cottage, and the suddenness of the blow had nearly overwhelmed the newly bereaved widow.

It is true that Mrs. Saxelby had felt no passionate love for her husband; but she had clung to him with confidence; and hers was a nature that suffered acutely from the wrenching away of any support. She had been grateful to Mr. Saxelby for his love for her, for his protection, and for the release he had afforded her from a dull, oppressive tyranny in taking her away from the old woman whose humble companion she had been when he married her. Then, too, she felt that her worldly position would now be a very precarious one, and that the comfortable ease in which she had been living for these five years past must give place to care and poverty. It was in a dumb, unacknowledged way that this thought lay in her mind; and she would have repudiated with anger the idea that such considerations weighed with her at such a moment. Nevertheless the considerations were there.

All Mabel's care at present was to soothe and comfort her mother as much as possible. Friendly services were not wanting to them. The family at Bramley Manor were kind in word and deed. So were several directors of the company in whose employ Mr. Saxelby had been so long. Mr. Charlewood himself relieved the widow from all the sad and depressing details of the last ceremony that mortality can claim from its fellow-creatures. But then came the time—perhaps the hardest to bear—when blind grief could no longer be indulged and excused; when the shutters must be unbolted and the windows opened wide, and light and air let in once more upon the dark, desolate rooms; and the noises of the outside world must come jarring in upon the silence; and when the hushed speech and noiseless tread of friends and servants must give place to the ordinary busy sounding traffic of life. If God's world would only mourn with her, thought Mrs. Saxelby; if the sun would cease from shining, and the birds from chirping, and the dry autumn leaves from dancing in the eddying dust; if a soft, perpetual twilight would reign in the sky, and a soft perpetual hush upon the earth; then her grief would not be so hard to bear, nor her desolation seem so out of tune with the importunate life around her. But this could not be. Gradually, as was inevitable, she was roused from the lethargy of sorrow, and began to feel that the blood still ran in her veins, and that for her, as for the rest of humanity, Time's touch could heal as well as wound.

Mr. Saxelby had saved in his bachelor days, but not so much as many of his acquaintances had expected and believed. It is hard to say why they should have imagined him to have laid by any considerable sum of money, seeing that his salary was not large, and that its amount was pretty well known to all his acquaintances. Since his marriage he had lived up to his income; but he had insured his life for a sum which, judiciously invested, would realize about forty pounds a year. Besides this, there was the long lease of a little cottage and garden a mile or two out of Hammerham; and there were a few shares in the gas company whose clerk he had been.

Mr. Saxelby left a will bequeathing every thing of which he died possessed absolutely to his widow. His executors were Mr. Charlewood and the Reverend Decimus Fluke.

These gentlemen were sitting one evening about a week after the funeral in the little room which Mrs. Saxelby had been accustomed to consider her own especial domain. It was quite dark. The shutters were closed, and the muslin curtains were drawn across them. A bright fire blazed in the grate, and the lamp, carefully shaded—for Mrs. Saxelby's eyes were weak with weeping and could not endure a glare of light—stood on a little table behind her arm-chair. Mr. Charlewood had taken his place on the sofa opposite to the widow, and sat there with his legs crossed, and his hands spread out on the centre-table before him, as he explained to her the position of her worldly affairs, and emphasized each paragraph of his discourse by gently raising his outspread palms and letting them fall again.

Mr. Fluke, whose vivacious energy seldom permitted him to be still for two minutes together, stood with his back to the fire, and his hands beneath his coat-tails: a position which he constantly varied by sticking his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets, playing with his heavy gold watch-chain, or rubbing his fingers through his hair until it stood upright from his forehead. Mr. Fluke was a large, squarely-built man, rather over the middle height, with thick features, a ruddy face, and light, widely-opened blue eyes, which recalled his eldest daughter's eyes in the intensity and directness of their stare. He was loud of voice, dictatorial and absolute in manner, but a conscientious, earnest man withal; not without kindness of heart, though a little dull in intellect. He was a man who might even have been gentle on occasions, if he could by any possibility have conceived the existence in any body of a nervous system less robust than his own.

"It is, of course, a bare subsistence, Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. Charlewood; "but I think we have done the best that could be done under the circumstances."

"Quite the best we could do, according to our lights, Mrs. Saxelby," Mr. Fluke put in, shifting his balance from one leg to the other, and bumping his shoulder violently two or three times against the marble mantle-piece. "We have meted with a just measure, as far as it was given unto us so to do."

"I'm quite sure," said Mrs. Saxelby, with her handkerchief to her eyes, "that you have both been wise and kind; and I am very grateful to you both for all the trouble you have taken."

"Nay," said Mr. Charlewood, "I assure you the trouble has been small in itself, although the occasion of it has been a sad one. Saxelby's accounts were in perfect order. I don't think he owed five shillings in the world, and his will was one of the clearest I have ever read in my life. He was an admirable man of business."

"He—was," said Mr. Fluke, with deliberate emphasis, "a—convinced—Christian; a practical, evangelical Christian; his earthly register, as well as his Heavenly one, was kept with faithful exactitude. By their fruits, Mrs. Saxelby, ye shall know them."

"Quite so," said Mrs. Saxelby, meekly. "It is most soothing to my feelings to have him truly appreciated. Indeed, indeed, he was very kind and good to me; always, always, always!" The widow added this with a burst of genuine emotion.

"You'll consider of my plan for your living at Hazlehurst, Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. Charlewood, after a pause. "I do believe it to be the best plan for you. You see, if you let the cottage, the rent wouldn't bring you in more than sixteen or eighteen pounds a year; and you couldn't find a place in Hammerham fit for you to live in at any thing like that price. Then you'd have the garden. That's a saving, when you don't employ a fashionable, scientific gardener to eat up the profits. The man who attended to it before (when your late husband let it) would grow your potatoes and cabbages for the privilege of taking what he could consume himself. There are fruit trees, too, and a paddock where you might keep a cow. In the country there are fifty ways of eking out a small income."

"It would be very dull," sobbed Mrs. Saxelby, "for the children. Think of Mabel. And however is Dooley to get an education? Oh dear, oh dear, I don't know what to do!"

"Mamma," said Mabel, gliding quietly into the room, "pray, pray do not fret and distress yourself about me."

Mabel had heard her mother's last words, and now knelt by her side, pressing her young soft cheek against Mrs. Saxelby's black dress.

"Remember, my dear friend," said Mr. Fluke, in a loud, clear voice, which made a glass vase on the mantle-piece ring again, and with a queer, sudden movement of his leg, that seemed like a kick strangled in its birth—"remember the young ravens! An all-bounteous Providence watches over His creatures."

Mabel merely observed: "Mamma knows, Mr. Fluke, that I mean to earn my own living. I am young and strong, and willing to work hard. We have talked it over."

Mr. Charlewood said, with an approving look, "I respect your resolution, my dear. Penny—my daughter Penny," he added, turning to Mr. Fluke, "always says that Miss Earnshaw is worth a thousand everyday misses. And she is right."

"And what do you mean to do, Mabel?" asked Mr. Fluke, knocking down the fire-irons with a crash that made Mrs. Saxelby start completely off her chair, as he turned to address Mabel.

Mrs. Saxelby pressed her daughter's hand nervously, and answered before the latter could speak: "Oh, we shall think. We shall see. I can not give my mind to the idea of parting with Mabel yet. I shall be left desolate when she leaves me."

"Darling mother," said Mabel, in a caressing tone, and resolutely driving back her own tears: "Remember all we have said. Think of Dooley, dear little fellow. For a time we must bear to be separated for his sake. Then, when I have earned money enough to send him to a good school, how proud and happy we shall be! And, after all, you know, it won't be quite a separation. I shall be able to see you very often, I hope. You ask what I shall try for, Sir," she said, turning her head toward Mr. Fluke, but keeping her arms round her mother. "I have promised mamma to endeavor to get a situation as governess, and I shall do as I have promised."

Mrs. Saxelby kissed her daughter's forehead.

"But," pursued Mabel, "I know that I am not very likely to succeed all at once. I would do almost any thing to make a beginning. I believe that in schools they sometimes take a pupil teacher, giving a small salary, with board and finishing lessons, in return for her services. I have a good stock of clothes. I could do with very little money for the first year; especially if the hope were held out to me that it might lead to better things."

"Well said, Mabel!" cried Mr. Charlewood. "That's the way to get on in the world. Look things in the face, and begin at the beginning."

"I think," said Mr. Fluke, after a moment's consideration, "that it may be possible for me to help you in this matter. I do not speak positively, mind; but I know that Hannah (Hannah was Miss Fluke's Christian name) is occasionally applied to, to recommend young persons in that capacity. I will speak with Hannah. She will do her best for you, I know, my dear young friend."

Poor Mabel felt her heart sink within her, and yet at the same moment she reproached herself for it. She reminded herself that she desired employment, and ought to be grateful to any one who would aid her to get it. The recollection of that Saturday's district-visiting rose up in her mind. But she thanked Mr. Fluke as cordially as she could; and when the two gentlemen were gone she set herself to cheer and support her mother, and to put before her all the bright side and none of the dark of their future life.

"It will be a terrible change, Mabel," moaned Mrs. Saxelby—"a terrible change. For you, of course, it will be bad enough; but for me! Think of me, left in a wretched cottage in the country with barely food to eat and fire to warm me, and no one to look after Dooley! I think it will be the death of me; I do indeed. I don't suppose I shall live through the winter."

"The cottage is not wretched, dear mamma. I remember going there once in the summer, and it was a bright, pretty little place. I know there are some glorious old apple-trees that will be quite heavy with pink blossoms in the spring; and then it is only two miles and a half by the foot-path from Hammerham. You are able to walk that distance without fatigue, mamma. You will see your friends as often, I dare say, as you do now; and Dooley will grow strong in the pure country air."

"Ah! It's easy to be hopeful and cheerful at your age, Mabel. You see every thing couleur de rose."

This was somewhat hard on Mabel, who assuredly was indulging in no roseate visions as to the fate that awaited herself.

"If you really dread this country life so much, mamma," she said, after a pause, "why do you not make up your mind to let the cottage, and try to find a home here among the people who know you?"

"Now, Mabel," returned her mother, in a tone of plaintive remonstrance, "how can you talk so? You know very well that I must do as Mr. Fluke and Mr. Charlewood say. No doubt they settle all for the best. I am sure they mean very kindly, and I can't decide for myself. I never could."

"Perhaps," said Mabel, slowly, and as if speaking to herself—"perhaps if I were allowed to try that other plan I might earn money enough in time to give you a home such as you have been accustomed to lately."

"For goodness' sake, Mabel," urged Mrs. Saxelby, rising and putting her hand on her daughter's lips, "let me hear no more of that! What would our friends say?"

"That, mamma, appears to me to depend on the amount of their sense and good feeling. And I do not know that I am bound to make what they would say my first consideration."

"Mabel, Mabel, you terrify me. Remember your promise. You gave me your word."

"Yes, mamma. I do remember. I gave you my word to try this school plan; and I will try it fairly."

Then Mabel went to rest, after giving Dooley a kiss as the child lay sleeping in a little crib by the side of his mother's bed, and after repeating to herself with disdainful wonder:

"What they would say! What they would say! If I tried that other plan!"

### CHAPTER XII.

CONSIDER THE ADVANTAGES!

For some three weeks after her husband's funeral Mrs. Saxelby continued to reside at Jessamine Cottage. A tenant was found for it, who would take the lease off her hands, and purchase the greater part of the furniture at a valuation. Mrs. Saxelby submitted to all the arrangements with a mild resignation that seemed to utter a constant protest—against what, or whom, it was impossible to discover. Yet she was not ungrateful. But she always supposed that people did not form an adequate idea of what *she* had to endure; of the hardship to *her* in all these changes. And though she was not angry at this fancied want of appreciation for her sorrows, she cherished a soft and submissive sense of injury.

Miss Fluke was very busy and stirring in these days, appearing at all sorts of unexpected hours in Jessamine Cottage, "Snatching," as she said, "an occasional minute from the heat and burden of the day," to visit the widow and her children.

Miss Fluke's "occasional minutes" fell out in a strangely erratic manner. Several times she came to Jessamine Cottage before Mrs. Saxelby was down in the morning, and even before the little servant-maid had opened the shutters. And once she startled the whole household, just as they were retiring to rest, by a violent peal at the bell at about half past ten o'clock on a very wet night, when she stalked into the parlor with her umbrella glistening with rain, and her black gown tucked up under a water-proof cloak of some crackling material that diffused a pungent odor all over the house.

"I came up part of the way by the 'bus," said Miss Fluke, "and shall catch the last one to take me back to town at eleven."

"Is any thing the matter, dear Miss Fluke?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"Thanks be to God, nothing whatsoever," returned Miss Fluke, in an impressive manner. "No; there is nothing the matter. I have brought Mabel good news. Most excellent news. Here is a letter I received by the evening post from a Christian friend of mine to whom I wrote about Mabel. He has a cure of souls in Eastfield, and he tells me that he thinks he can place Miss Earnshaw in a school there. But here is the letter; you can see it."

Miss Fluke turned herself askew to pull from her pocket—as if she were drawing a cork—a note which ran as follows:

"My dear Friend,—In reference to the matter you have been urgent about, I am glad to say that I think I can place the young lady, Miss Earnshaw, in a school here as a pupil teacher. The establishment is conducted on principles of the strictest piety, and Mrs. Hatchett is a person enjoying the confidence of many highly respectable families in the neighborhood. Miss Earnshaw would be required to instruct seven junior pupils in music: to hear them read; to superintend the condition of their wardrobes; and to assist the French governess in her conversation class (you tell me Miss Earnshaw is well acquainted with the French language). In return, she would be allowed to profit in her leisure moments by the instruction of the masters who attend the school. And Mrs. Hatchett would consent to give a salary of ten pounds *per annum* to begin with. Let me know your friend's decision as soon as possible; for if she accepts she would be required to enter on her duties without delay. Remember me to your father and sisters, and believe me always, my dear friend, Yours faithfully,

"B. Lubbock."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby's face grew very long. "Dear me," she said, dolefully, "it's a miserable sum to offer."

"Mrs. Saxelby!" exclaimed Miss Fluke, making the water-proof cloak crackle loudly in her energy, and shaking a little shower of rain over the carpet. "My *good* soul, consider the advantages! All the different professors' lessons, and strict piety!"

"Mamma," said Mabel, taking her mother's hand, "indeed it is quite as good as I looked for."

"Ten pounds a year!" urged Mrs. Saxelby. "It seems to me worse than nothing at all."

But Mabel thought that even ten pounds a year was decidedly better than nothing at all; and after some further conversation it was agreed that she should at least make the trial, and that Miss Fluke should write to thank her friend and say that Mabel would be ready to go to Eastfield by that day week.

"That will give me a few days at Hazlehurst, mamma, to see you and Dooley comfortably installed in the cottage."

In spite of her courage her heart sank within her; but she spoke cheerfully and hopefully. Then Miss Fluke said "Good-night," and went to the front garden-gate to wait for the omnibus. As soon as its wheels were heard in the distance, and long before it came within sight, looming through the wet murky night, Miss Fluke planted herself at the edge of the foot-path, and hailed the driver by calling out "Stop!" in a loud threatening voice, suggestive of highway robbery. So she got in, and was driven away back to Hammerham, leaving Mabel and her mother to rest with what peace of mind they could under their altered circumstances.

The week passed away very quickly, unbroken in its busy monotony by any incident. The family at Bramley Manor, though not so active in their manifestations of friendship as Miss Fluke, had yet been kind. Mrs. Charlewood had written a note—or rather Augusta had written it at her mother's request—to say that she would abstain from intruding on the widow for a while, until she should be settled in her new home, but that she would drive out and see her in a few days, and that they all sent love to Mabel, and best wishes for her prosperity.

"I wonder, though," said Mrs. Saxelby, "that none of the family should have come over to say good-by to you."

Mabel said no word; but the recollection of Penelope Charlewood's insinuation made the hot blood rush into her face. The sudden calamity had naturally diverted Mabel's mind from dwelling on Miss Charlewood's words; but now her thoughts reverted to them with much unpleasant feeling, and she began to debate with herself whether it were possible that she could have been mistaken as to their purport?

"It does seem so utterly absurd," said Mabel, using almost the self-same words as those in which Clement had characterized a similar accusation. "And yet Penny must have had some meaning. Had it been Augusta I should have thought nothing of it; but Penny is not apt to talk at random. Can they, any of them, seriously suppose that I—" And the thought which she would not even mentally put into words made her heart beat, and brought tears of anger and mortification into her eyes.

As Miss Charlewood's keen observation had taught her, Mable Earnshaw was intensely proud. Hers was no aggressive haughty arrogance that strove to override or trample upon others; but it was a silent, self-sufficing pride, the existence of which was little suspected by many who knew her. And the thought of being subjected to such a suspicion as Penelope had hinted at was intolerable to her. Fortunately, occupations for the present and plans for the future prevented her mind from dwelling morbidly upon it.

The family from Jessamine Cottage removed to Hazlehurst with such modest store of furniture as was absolutely necessary. Mrs. Saxelby was installed with a small servant-girl from the village, as her only attendant, and Dooley had already plunged with delight into all the muddiest places within reach. He had been told that his sister must go away for a time, and had appeared to take the information quietly; holding his mother's hand clasped tightly in his small fingers, and looking steadfastly into her face with compressed lips. But that same night—the first of their sojourn at Hazlehurst—when Mabel was putting him into his little bed in his mother's room, he flung his arms around her neck, and burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

"Darling Dooley, my pet, my dear, dear boy," said his sister, holding him to her breast, "what is the matter, my own little brother?"

"Oo—oo is doin' away," sobbed Dooley. "Mamma said so. And papa is gone. Oh, Tibby, Tibby!" The little soft arms clasped themselves convulsively round his sister's neck.

"My sweet little one," said Mabel, with streaming eyes, "hush your sobs, you will fret poor mamma. Don't grieve mamma, Dooley. Remember, she has been so sorry for papa."

"Es," returned the child, struggling against his emotion with an intelligent resolution sur-

prising in such a baby. "I w—won't k'y, Tibby; not out loud, I won't. But will 'oo ever tum back again? Papa won't ever tum back again. Nurse said so."

"Yes, my pet, my darling; I will come back to you and to dear mamma. And I will write you letters, Dooley; such beautiful letters! And mamma will read them to you till you are big enough to read them yourself."

Dooley smiled through his tears and made a nestling movement of his head on the pillow, expressive of satisfaction. "But," said he, with a catching of his breath—the ground-swell of the subsiding storm of weeping; "but will de postman *know* dey is for me?"

Being assured on this important point Dooley gradually dropped into a slumber: holding the forefinger of his sister's right hand against his tear-stained cheek, and probably seeing in his dreams bright visions of the postman coming up the road with a large letter in his hand, which he (the postman) would know was for Master Dooley Saxelby.

"Oh, Dooley," thought Mabel, looking down at the sleeping child—"oh, Dooley, Dooley! Perhaps all our pains and sorrows seem as small and transient to the powers above as yours are to me!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ADIEU AND AU REVOIR.

SUNDAY came—the last Sunday that Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter were to pass together for some time. Mabel's departure was fixed for Monday morning, all preliminary arrangements having been dispatched by the combined help of Mabel's good-will to disregard obstacles which affected only her own comfort, and of Miss Fluke's prodigious energy. That remarkable lady appeared to have annihilated time and space during the three days which intervened between Mrs. Saxelby's removal to Hazlehurst and the Monday on which Mabel was to go to Eastfield. It seemed as if Miss Fluke's water-proof cloak and thick boots were seen and heard in the little cottage at all hours. She walked the two miles and a half that separated Hazlehurst from Hammerham four times a day, splashing through the November mud with as much indifference as if she were a troop of cavalry. She reduced the village servant to a state approaching petrifaction by the rapidity of her investigations in kitchen, wash-house, and coal-shed. She charged at every body and every thing. As to Dooley, after a slow and conscientious examination of her water-proof cloak, and after the candid expression of his opinion that it had a very nasty smell, he took the habit of retreating into his mother's chamber whenever Miss Fluke's voice was heard, and lying there perdu until her departure. On one occasion he was found secreted under the bed with the kitten in his arms, and was with difficulty induced by his sister to come out.

"Me and pussy," he confided to her, "doesn't want to peak to Miss Fook. Pussy '*tests* her."

"Dooley!" said his sister. "Why does pussy detest Miss Fluke? I am sure she wouldn't hurt pussy."

"N—no," returned Dooley, reflectively, "not *hurt* her; but she—she 'trokes her so wery hard."

Miss Fluke, in fact, was stroking the whole household very hard.

The Sunday was clear and cold, and mother and daughter walked together to the little old parish church, where, in presence of a scanty and humble congregation, the morning service was mildly performed, and a mild sermon was mildly preached by a mild old gentleman in silver-rimmed spectacles. Dooley was taken to church on this occasion for the first time in his life, so very successfully, that he came home in a high state of enjoyment, announcing his intention of always going to church with mamma when Mabel should be away.

As they approached the cottage, which was separated from the high-road by a very narrow strip of garden inclosed within a wooden fence, they saw the little servant standing at the front door with her arms wrapped in her apron—for it was now late in November, and the day was cold—and looking out for their return.

"Missis, there's two young gents comed to see ye."

"Two what?" said Mrs. Saxelby.

"Two young gents. And I telled 'un you was at church, and they said as they'd bide till you com'd home; and they're a-smokin' in the paddock; and I asked 'un into the parlor and they said how they 'oodn't like to make it smell of baccy. But I telled 'un they was welcome to," added Betty, with a commendable sense of hospitality.

Clement Charlewood and his brother Walter appeared at the back-door leading from the paddock.

Mabel felt angry with herself as she became conscious of coloring violently. When it came to her turn to greet Clement Charlewood, she gave him the tips of her fingers and the coldest of salutations.

"I'm so glad to see you!" said Mrs. Saxelby. "You are very good to walk over in time to say a farewell word to Mabel." Mrs. Saxelby preceded the two young men into the parlor.

"I'll go up stairs with Dooley and take his things off, mamma," said Mabel.

Mrs. Saxelby was always popular with the younger men of her acquaintance; for she combined with a motherly manner, which put them at their ease, a soft feminine helplessness which is usually gracious in the eyes of most men, young or old. In answer to her inquiries Clement said that his mother and sisters were very well, and were very sorry not to see Miss Earnshaw before she went, and sent much love to her.

Clement had announced his intention of walking over to Hazlehurst that morning at breakfast at Bramley Manor, and Walter—who always found his time rather more difficult to get rid of on Sunday than on any other day—had volunteered to accompany him. So the two young men had come together, enjoying by the way a brotherly chat: the most intimate and friendly they had had for a long time.

"And what are you doing, Walter?" said Mrs. Saxelby. "It is an age since I saw you, and, if I didn't fear to affront you, I should almost make bold to say you had grown."

Walter laughed and colored.

"Oh, I sha'n't be a bit affronted at that, Mrs. Saxelby. But as to what I am doing, the fact is, I am doing nothing. Just waiting for my commission. It's a deuce of a bore, hanging on like this."

"Then you have really made up your mind to go into the army, Walter?"

"Oh yes; fixed as fate. It's the only profession for a gentle— I mean, it's about the only thing to suit *me*."

"Drill, dress, and dinner, Watty. That's what I tell him an officer's life consists of, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement. "So I dare say he is right in his estimate of his fitness for it."

"All but the drill," returned Watty, good-humoredly. "Confound that part of the business!"

Here Betty appeared at the parlor-door, holding a clean table-cloth under her arm, and asked, in a loud, hoarse tone, which possibly was meant for a whisper: "The mate's done. Be they a-goin' to stop dinner?"

The young men rose.

"Nay, you must stay and eat something with us," said Mrs. Saxelby. "Call it lunch if you like. Lay two more plates, and knives, and forks, Betty. And call Miss Mabel and Master Dooley. Give me the cloth; I will spread it."

Clement and Walter were willing enough to remain, but feared they should be "in the way."

"In the way? Nonsense! I won't let you be in the way; never fear."

Mabel, though not able quite to banish the recollection of Penelope's words, was yet glad, on the whole, that they remained; for her mother brightened under the influence of their presence.

After the meal was over Dooley urgently entreated his friend Walter to "tum and 'ook at de pig."

"He lives in a ty," said Dooley, eagerly, "an' he knows me. I durst div him apples. I ain't frightened, because Tibby says he's a dood pig. Tum an' see him." Dooley seized Walter's hand, and pulled him without more ado into the paddock, at one corner of which stood the pig-sty.

"May I not see this interesting animal too?" asked Clement.

"Oh, certainly," returned Mrs. Saxelby. "Pray look at him, and give me your candid opinion of his beauties. As I am quite ignorant of the subject, you will be safe in pronouncing your judgment. Mabel, my darling, I won't go out. It is too cold for me. Take Mr. Charlewood over the extensive domain; and I will have a cup of coffee ready by the time you come back."

Mabel put on an old garden-hat of very determined ugliness, and tucked up her gown so as to show a pair of hideous galoshes which effectually disfigured the pretty feet that Mrs. Hutchins had mentally compared to Rosalba's of Naples.

"The paddock is damp," she said, curtly, and without another word preceded Clement. They had not gone many paces when Clement stopped. "Miss Earnshaw, I have a message for you which I must not forget to deliver."

Mabel stopped also, and, without turning completely round, looked over her shoulder at him.

"A message for me?"

"Yes. I think you can guess from whom. Little Corda Trescott sends you—I must be exact, for the words were confided to me with many solicitous injunctions to repeat them literally—sends you her dearest love and thanks, and is grieved to hear of your sorrow, and will never, never forget you, and hopes some day to see you again. That is my message."

Mabel's face softened into a girlish, tender smile that had a lurking sadness in it. "Ah, poor little Corda! Thank you, Mr. Charlewood. Then you have seen her again? That is very good of you!"

"I saw her yesterday. She is getting quite strong, if one may apply the term to any thing so fragile. She still has some books of yours, she tells me. I have promised to bring them to Hazlehurst when she has read them, and after you— Miss Earnshaw, I am an older friend than Corda. Don't refuse me the privilege of saying, as she says, that I shall never, never forget you, and that I hope to see you again."

"You are very kind," said Mabel, in so low a tone as to be almost inaudible.

"Not kind in that hope; rather say selfish; but it is more than a hope with me. It is a resolution."

"We are near the pig," said Mabel, ruthlessly.

If she were cold, Clement was earnest. He would not suffer his words to be so put aside.

"I not only hope, but I intend to see you again. I shall say au revoir when we part."

"No, Mr. Charlewood. I fear you had best say adieu."

"Adieu? No! You will at least come to Hazlehurst for your holidays. And it is possible" (Clement blushed a little here), "nay, very probable, that I may be running over to Eastfield on business."

"I think it very likely that I shall not return to Hazlehurst for any length of time. I have a feeling that my career at Eastfield will be but a brief one. However, I have promised to try it. But here is the pig, and here is Dooley, over his ankles in mud. Dooley, you must come in with me directly and change your wet shoes and stockings."

When the time came for the brothers to take their leave and walk back toward Hammerham Mrs. Saxelby's spirits sank. It was a foretaste of the parting with Mabel.

"Come and see mamma sometimes when you can, Watty," said Mabel, taking his hand. She made no similar request to Clement; but her mother added: "Oh, do come, both of you! I am, and shall be, so thankful to see you."

"Will you please, Mr. Charlewood," Mabel added, softening at the last moment, "to give my kind love to little Corda? And will you tell her, from me, to keep those other books I lent her, and to take care of them for my sake? They were given to me by some one whom I loved very dearly. God bless you, Mr. Charlewood! Adieu!"

"Au revoir, Mabel," said the young man, holding both her hands, and looking gravely into her eyes. "Au revoir!"

Thus Mabel Earnshaw and Clement Charlewood parted.

END OF BOOK I.

## COMING PLEASURES.

SHADOW-LEAVES of rugged elms,
  Thrown on cool green meadow-plants;
Light beyond, and flowered realms,
  Passing bees' deep organ-chants.

Plumes of air that touch the cheek
  Like a rose, as soft and brief;
Happy thoughts that need not speak,
  Lapped in rest and love's belief.

Rippling stream by sun and shade,
  Golden-meshed, or amber-deep;
Song of bird, and tinkling blade,
  Where the distant corn they reap

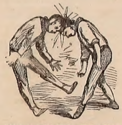
Such an hour is coming, sweet,
  Banishing the anxious frown—
Fanning ache and trouble's heat—
  Bringing heavenly angels down.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

PITTSBURG, *May* 24, 1867

DEAR WEEKLY,—I came on here to see the great sculling match between my two muscularian friends, Mr. BROWN and Mr. HAMILL, and to witness the



TRIAL OF SKILL WITH THEIR SCULLS,

in this smoky village. I was told that it would probably end in a "bottle of smoke;" and indeed, as soon as I arrived at my hotel I thought I had ended the same way. The fog that envelops the High Court of Chancery is no comparison, in its darkening qualities, to the atmosphere of this bituminous city; nothing is plain here except the general obscurity, and that is clear to every body.

After depositing my carpet bag in my room at the "Jolly Flat Boat" I called upon the two squats, and found them both in fine spirits, and each of them

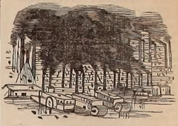
TAKING A PULL ON THE "MONONGAHELA,"

by way of practice for their contest on the morrow. I observed carefully the "pulls" of each one, and I thought at the time that the quick manner of HAMILL's, if long continued, must eventually defeat him. This rapid method is apt to render a person unsteady in his *pulls*, and the first thing you know he will be away from any *signs of water* and high and dry on the shore.

I had a little conversation with the gentlemen, and spent some time in examining their sculls, as well as their clavicular and scapular muscles, and felt convinced that either of them would win—if I was their opponent in the match. As I have never succeeded in "feathering my nest," I am satisfied by analogy that I couldn't succeed in "feathering" my oar, which my friends say is one of the first things to learn.

BROWN gave me some insight into the course of training he has been going through with the past week. He says he travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours daily; and I believe him. The way he does it is this: he has leased a route on one of the morning "Dailies," and undertakes to serve the subscribers with their paper on the cash principle. He first goes to the office and gets as many papers as he can carry (for the purpose of developing the muscles of the arms), and leaves them at the houses of the respective subscribers; he then gets more, and does the same with other subscribers until they are all served. He then starts to collect the money for the papers, and here is where his severest training begins; he walks up and down the streets and door-steps of every subscriber, and generally finds the party who pays the "paper bills" is either in bed or gone to his store. After ascertaining that information from five hundred and forty—about seven-eighths of his list—he goes to their places of business, when they are generally out, will be in soon, and he is asked to call for his two cents again in about half an hour. Of course he is unable to repeat all of the calls in that time, so he goes over the course throughout the whole day, and at night takes some fried ham and a cup of coffee, and lies down any where and goes to sleep. He told me he believed if any body would pursue this course of training for a short time they would be able to "paddle their own canoe" with success under any circumstances.

On the morning of the race, as I took



A VIEW OF THE CITY

through the smoked glass of my bedroom window, I discovered by the streaked appearance of things (daylight here streaks the east with black instead of gold, as in other places) that it had been, and still was, raining. I thought this would postpone the performances; for although water was very essential for the sport, yet it must be on the outside of their boats, not inside. I, however, found the crowd at the river, and at their head-quarters found the "boys."

BROWN's boat is one of the most perfect things of the kind ever constructed. It is made from a long elder stick one hundred and twenty feet long and thirteen sixteenths of an inch in diameter, with the pith neatly blowed out; a needle is placed in each end to keep her sharp. He handles forty-eight foot oars with twenty-one foot outriggers. She weighs 14℥. 8ʒ. 7℈. apothecaries weight. The prescription for her weight was carefully compounded by ELLIOTT, of Greenpoint, Long Island. HAMILL's shell, I am told, is also a perfect beauty and is made out of bark. He cracks up his shell-bark very high.

THE START

was most startling; the boats fairly jumped out of the water, and the people who lined the shore fairly jumped into it. There must have been forty thousand people lining the shores; but the rain shrunk the lining so that there seemed to be abundance of room on the shores for more.

They soon left the city in the distance, where I think it ought to be left, though it *soots* a great many people, and they pulled away for the buoy. On their attempting to round the buoy they signally failed, as the buoy was of such irregular form that it could not be rounded, so they rowed away from it as fast as possible. Occasionally a piece of advice was given the rowers by the judges; but the boats being so frail and already overloaded, it was feared by their occupants that too much advice would swamp them.

BROWN and HAMILL now began a "polkaing" on the river; first BROWN and then HAMILL would "cross sides and up the middle" with wonderful skill. This coquetry was carried on until HAMILL's judges said BROWN was "fouling" him. This disgusted HAMILL, and made him so sick of the thing that he threw up every thing, including his oars, saying that, though he was a sportsman and fond of sport, his boat was not a fouling-piece, neither did he win his game by running it down. BROWN kept on pulling until he arrived at the place of starting, with HAMILL nowhere in sight. The impression among the Pittsburgers was, that HAMILL had not noticed the stake-boat and was still rowing down the river, and was now somewhere near Cairo, as when last seen he was going very fast in that direction. In about twenty minutes, however, HAMILL was seen coming in slowly under double-reefed out-riggers, and his oars that he had been "feathering" with their feathers considerably drooping. Cheer after cheer greeted him as he drew near the bridge by his friends, so overjoyed were they to think that he had arrived safe. The Portlander landed a little below, and went immediately up to the referee's house to get the "stakes," as he felt hungry for them, his exercise on the river having wetted his appetite as well as his clothes. While waiting there HAMILL came in, looking a little hungry and exhausted, and

CLAIMED A "FOUL" OF THE REFEREE,

which claim was resisted by BROWN, who thought it was not fair, considering he had worked as hard as HAMILL; but the referee, like a wise man, concluded to settle the difference between these two roosters by keeping it himself.

Though it had stormed in the morning, it was nothing compared to the storm now raised, accompanied with indications of a heavy blow; but the clouds of wrath were dispelled by the shining countenance of your own C. O. W. breaking in upon their council, and who agreed to hold the stakes himself without charge, even if it should never be settled. This benevolent offer caused a burst of good feeling among all hands; and BROWN started for the East, while HAMILL and the rest of us remained to examine into the merits of his claim, and to discuss the question of employing some experienced Claim Agents who have experience in sailors' claims to lend their hands toward securing a settlement.

My impression from my experience here is, that the hardest and most precarious way of making a living is by "scull" exercise. Your own C. O. W.

## FREDERIC EDWIN CHURCH.

FREDERIC E. CHURCH, N. A.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.]

In the exhibition of 1854 there was a landscape which seemed a quivering haze upon the wall. It was a picture of heat itself. So, thought the spectator, must the land of the equator look. The mountains tossed wildly together and melting in the torrid air must be the heart of the tropics. Every body stopped and looked long and full of wonder and delight at the picture, and were not surprised when they read in the catalogue that the title was "The Andes of the Ecuador." They were the mountains of the American equatorial region—the loftiest upon the continent; Chimborazo and Cotopaxi among them. But the object of the picture was not to depict individual mountains; it was a vision of the landscape of the equator. Those who had seen faithful New England scenes and brilliant sunrises and sunsets over northern waters painted by Mr. Church were not prepared for so sudden and masterly a grasp of the secrets of his art, and this picture at once gave the painter the place among our artists which he has never lost.

Mr. Church is a Yankee of the Yankees, born in Hartford, Connecticut, forty-one years ago. He studied with Cole, and his earliest works had the germ of all the qualities which the later have so fully developed. The same accuracy of drawing, the same marvelous patience of detail, the same brilliant color and cumulative excellence, the same felicity of subject. From the beginning he has devoted himself to his art with the same tireless devotion with which Agassiz or Owen pursue science. His life has been divided between his incessant work at home in New York and excursions to Maine, Labrador, the West Indies, and the Gulf country of South America. One other excursion at least he has made, that to Niagara, of which he has made so memorable a record. His famous picture of the Falls was painted in 1837, and gave him immense popularity. He himself received one of the most involuntary testimonials of its general approval. After it was exhibited he was making some later sketches at the Cataract, in which some loiterers of the neighborhood evidently took the greatest interest. They watched him closely, and one ventured to inspect the sketch narrowly; then, with an air of mingled contempt and commiseration as if the poor artist might as well abandon his attempt, "Pshaw! you ought to see Church's Niagara." "I painted it," was the smiling reply which almost hurled the critic into the abyss. The European critics declared that the "Niagara" gave them an entirely new and higher view both of American nature and art.

This work was followed by "The Heart of the Andes"—a picture of the utmost elaboration and splendor, in which the marvelous finish of the detail does not destroy the general impression. It is a landscape composition of South American mountain scenery, which may be studied as carefully through an opera-glass as the actual scene itself. Nor will the closest examination reveal any negligence in the extraordinary manipulation. There is an infinite variety of form, of light, of color, and the spectator who contemplates it carefully will find that it remains afterward in his imagination like a wonderful portrait. Upon its public exhibition this picture was more than a fashion; it was a rage; and we are confident that nothing did more to excite the unprecedented interest in art which has been shown during the last few years, and especially in this city, than the exhibition of Church's "Niagara" and "Heart of the Andes."

The "Icebergs" was his next great picture. Dr. Hayes attests its wonderful fidelity to the exact form and color, and the delicacy and beauty of the huge translucent masses needed no witness. The picture was less popular than the others, but the same remarkable skill in the artist was fully acknowledged. The other chief works of Mr. Church are "Cotopaxi" and a new "Niagara," which was finished just in time to be sent to Paris for the Exposition, and which has not been seen in this country but by a very few persons. The Committee upon the Fine Arts immediately recognized and acknowledged the power of Mr. Church and the superiority of his works, and awarded to him a medal of the second class, the first, as we understand, being reserved for historical works of art. It is an honor which Mr. Church's countrymen will heartily approve.

Mr. Church's home is upon the Hudson River just below the city of Hudson.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

The Twenty-second Regiment, whose uniform is shown in our sketch on page 356, was organized by the business men of New York on the breaking out of the war in 1861, and placed under the command of Colonel James Monroe, U.S.A. Having volunteered its services during the disasters of 1862 it was sent to Baltimore, and from thence to Harper's Ferry, then threatened by Jackson. Here the regiment served three months, losing its Colonel. Under the command of his successor, Colonel Lloyd Aspinwall, the Twenty-second went through the Pennsylvania campaign of 1863, participating in the skirmish of Sporting Hill and the defense of Carlisle at the time of its bombardment by J. E. B. Stuart, and seeing considerable hard service and marching; and after its return performed duty during the riots in the metropolis. Colonel Aspinwall having been made a Brigadier, Colonel J. F. Cox assumed command of the Twenty-second, and was succeeded by Colonel George B. Post, its present commander.

The uniform of the Twenty-second, originally gray with red facings, was subsequently changed to blue, and has been recently converted into a full chasseur dress by the addition of white gaiters, blue and white epaulets, and dress hat with white horse-hair plume.

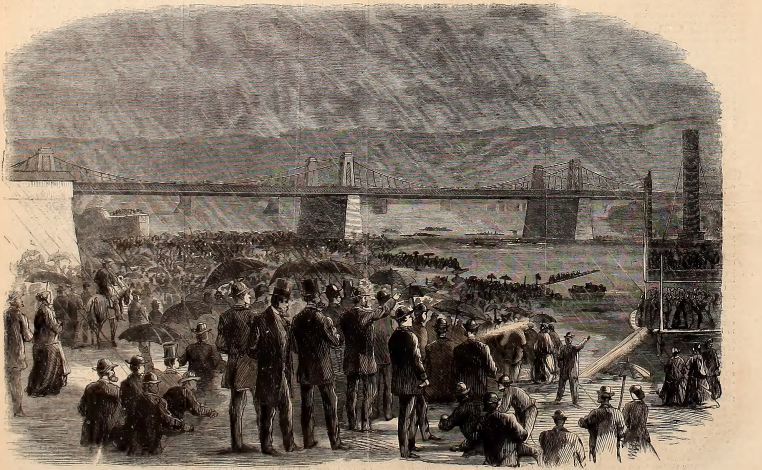
## SCULL-RACE AT PITTSBURG.

Our illustration on this page shows the start in the great five-mile single-scull race at Pittsburg, May 21, between James Hamill, of that city, and Walter Brown, of Portland. The race was for $1000 and the Championship of America. For three-quarters of an hour previous to the race a drenching rain delayed the contest. At least 15,000 persons viewed it from the surrounding buildings, hills, and bridge. At a quarter to four o'clock the contestants took their places, Hamill having the choice of positions. At the signal for starting both left the judge's boat in elegant style. Brown's long sweep sent him ahead, and he maintained the lead to the buoy-boat, two miles and a half distant, and turned it neatly; but on the return stretch Brown is alleged to have fouled Hamill, the latter's judge claiming that Brown crossed Hamill's course three times during the race. Hamill, after being fouled by Brown, spurted across the river, and left Brown to pull home alone. Brown made the distance in forty-seven minutes. Brown insisted that Hamill fouled him, and put in a claim to that effect. The judges and referee met the next day, and, after a careful examination of all the facts in regard to Hamill's claim that Brown fouled him, decided that Brown won the race and the stakes; and the Championship of the United States is now transferred to him.

## END OF THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

The siege of Queretaro finally culminated on May 15 in the surrender of the Imperial army. A dispatch from President Juarez of that date says the place was carried by assault at 8 o'clock of that morning, and Maximilian, Mejia, Castello, and Miramon were made prisoners.

Our previous dates from Queretaro (May 7) led us to anticipate this result. Maximilian was desirous then of surrendering, but Mejia and Miramon refused to permit him to do so, and virtually held him a prisoner. A sally was made by the Imperialists on May 6, but they



THE SCULL-RACE AT PITTSBURG—THE START FROM THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—[Sketched by C. S. Reinhart.]

GENERAL ESCOBEDO,
Commander of the Mexican Army of the North.

GENERAL TREVINIO,
Commander of the Mexican Cavalry Corps.

were beaten back with heavy loss. The besieged troops were then subsisting on horse-flesh. Of course this surrender puts an end to the Empire of Maximilian. Mexico city and Vera Cruz, both closely besieged, will doubtless be surrendered without further effort.

Naturally this success will redound to the credit of the Liberal leaders of the Republican army under whom the siege has been conducted. We give this week the portraits of the two most prominent of these. General Escobedo is the Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican Army of the North, and the first officer in rank and doubtless in ability in the Republic. He has been the Commander of the Liberal forces for two years past, and under him the Liberals met with their various successes at Matamoras, Monterey, and San Luis Potosi as well as the last triumph at Queretaro. General Trevinio is the Commander of the cavalry corps of Escobedo's army, and has been with him in all his late campaigns.

## RELIGION IN HONOLULU.

It is just 47 years since the first preachers of the Gospel landed on the shores of Hawaii. They were sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from Boston. They were well received, and labored with much success. Later followed a French Roman, and four years ago a Protestant Episcopal Mission. The latter is controlled by an English bishop, with seven clergy, of whom three are of the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country. On March 5 last King Kamehameha V. laid the corner-stone of a new Bishop's Church, in course of erection on a site in Honolulu granted by His late Majesty when the missionaries arrived. The ceremony took place in presence of the Chiefs and authorities of the kingdom, the Dowager Queen Emma, the representatives of Great Britain and the United States, and the royal troops. Much interest was excited in Honolulu by the occasion. We herewith give an engraving of the scene taken on the spot, as well as a plan of the proposed church. The latter is intended as a memorial church for the late King, the founder of the Episcopal Mission.

## VISION OF INSECTS.

While there is a free rotatory movement of the eyes of animals those of insects are motionless, although they enjoy a wide range of vision. If the two halves of an apple cut through the middle were applied on the sides of the head, the convex surface outwardly, they would very well represent the two eyes of a fly, a grasshopper, beetle, honey-bee, wasp, or almost any other insect.

Transfixed and motionless as they are, the field of vision takes in an entire circle; whereas movable eyes, as man's for example, are limited by the muscles to half a circle. Those large protuberant eyes of insects have a multitude of facets or receiving surfaces, instead of a single cornea. The crystalline lens bears some resemblance to those kind of watch-seals of a single stone ground with very many reflecting faces. Those facets receive the rays of light from every possible direction, which are directed to one common central retina, the seat of vision.

BISHOP'S CHURCH, HONOLULU.—[Sketched by G. H. Burgess.]

Insects have both telescopic as well as microscopic organs. They see the minutest needle distinctly within a line of their eyes, and avoid it; and they see, too, bushes, trees, buildings, etc., and vary their course accordingly in their flights. How the optic axis is altered for near or distant objects is quite beyond the ken of learned physiologists. They have not yet determined how this is accomplished.

More curious still, many families of insects perform extraordinary wonders in the dark. Bees construct their beautiful comb, and wasps build their light paper houses in profound darkness.

It is therefore morally certain the visual apparatus of such insects is anatomically adjusted upon the principle of the night-seeing birds, moles, cats, bats, etc., whose eyes are reflecting mirrors. They reflect back the few feeble rays of light diffused in the darkest places so as to illuminate the interior of the globe and throw them upon the object they wish to see. Locomotive engines which drag night trains carry a large reflector in front, which throws the reflected light of a small lamp a long way in advance, giving the engineer a perfect and distinct view of the rails in the direction he is running, so as to give him an opportunity of slackening the speed should he discover danger ahead.

All such inventions and appliances in the use of reflectors are but very humble imitations of Nature's mechanism in the eyes of apparently useless insects.

There is one other point in reference to the eye that is quite overlooked in its construction, which

KING KAMEHAMEHA V. LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE BISHOP'S CHURCH AT HONOLULU.—[Sketched by G. H. Burgess.]

practical opticians have been trying to copy, but thus far, with limited success, viz.: the chromatic aberration of the light in passing through artificial lenses. The three fluids which distend the globe, being of different densities, correct any such contingency as the deviation of a ray in its direct course to the retina or exact seat of vision. Telescopic and other optical instruments are never so completely transparent as not to have places in them harder or rougher than they should be, which turn the ray out of its course. Nature has no such incidental imperfection in her optical apparatus.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every fashionable lady who can afford the expense—and many a one who can not—considers a Cashmere, or camel's-hair shawl (the names being somewhat indiscriminately used), a very desirable and important part of her wardrobe. And a single walk down Broadway on a fine afternoon will convince the careful observer that a good proportion of the fair promenaders have obtained—or think they have—this object of their ambition. The uninitiated should be informed that a "*real camel's shawl*" is to be distinguished—first, by the "*hump*" which is worn gracefully between the shoulders; and, second, by the queer little cabalistic mark, which, however disfiguring in itself, is beautiful to the cultivated eye, since it proves the *genuine article*, and which is always worn conspicuously in sight. The "*hump*," however, is not positive evidence, since very respectable counterfeits are made with other kinds of shawls. The spider-like mark is usually regarded as indisputable evidence; but we think an ingenious artist might devise a pattern which would easily deceive a casual observer at the distance of fifteen feet!

These much-desired camel's-hair, or Cashmere shawls, are made from the fine wool of the Thibet goat. In Cashmere, where the genuine ones are chiefly made, there are no less than 16,000 looms. The weavers, who are employed by merchants, receive the wool after it is spun and dyed, and in their shops, or at their own houses, weave the patterns ordered. Each loom is estimated to make, on the average, five shawls yearly. But sometimes a single fine shawl keeps from two to four persons engaged on it an entire year. The weaving is a very slow process, as each colored yarn of the woof is worked upon the warp with a separate needle. Consequently it is customary to divide the pattern of a shawl among several looms, and then join the pieces together, which is very skillfully done. To work a single long shawl of finest thread and elaborate pattern without seam would require about three years, and, from the difficulties attendant on the work, is seldom attempted.

In France a very exact imitation is made of the real Cashmere shawls, in which the pattern is alike on both sides. The article more commonly made, however, is not alike on the two sides, but on one side has the exact appearance of the real Cashmere. Many of this class of Paris-made goods are woven from wool which rivals in softness and fineness that of the Cashmere goat. No imitations, however, equal the real India Cashmere shawls in beauty or durability. The finest and most elaborately-wrought ones often are sold for two or three thousand dollars.

Warm weather is tardy in its coming this year; but some other things, which are the frequent accompaniments of summer, have not been slow in making their appearance. We have in mind certain bone-boiling or fat-melting establishments in the upper and western portions of the city, which have already begun to pollute the pure air with their noxious vapors. Is there no power which can root out this and similar evils from our midst? Would such nuisances be tolerated for a single day in the heart of Paris?

A certain member of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod was recently expelled from his seat in that assembly because he asserted boldly that he was in the habit of singing hymns of human composition. The offender is to be dealt with for a "gross violation of the established order of that Church in the use of human psalmody, according to the order and discipline of the Church in such cases." Pretty strict rules those which regard the singing of "human hymns" as a "gross" offense.

Boston still continues to be in a hubbub about the liquor law. Various devices are contrived to "get a drink" and yet avoid the penalty. Club-houses have been opened on a peculiar principle. Each member has a kind of post-office-like box, of which he keeps the key. But semi-occasionally he leaves a little card inside, and when he wants something refreshing he walks into the club-room, unlocks his box, and lo, it is there!

Bread is now one of the luxuries of life. For the best flour from $20 to $23 a barrel is demanded. Nor is there any thing really cheap enough to be made the "staff of life" in its place. We are now, with our heavy taxes and high prices, really paying the expenses of that war which was incited and carried on by Jefferson Davis.

A remarkable instance of sudden blindness occurred a few weeks ago in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. A young girl, about ten years old, while at school complained of pain in her eyes and asked permission to go home. Her request was granted, but before she reached her home, which was only about 500 yards from the school, she became totally blind. Up to this time all efforts to restore her sight have proved fruitless.

A very singular incident occurred a short time ago in Marysville, California. A gentleman, wishing to have a photograph taken of his two boys, went with them to a photograph gallery. While "fixing up" the children a little, preparatory to the operation, he asked for a basin of water to wash their faces. He was directed to another room, and on returning the boys sat for their pictures. But the operator presently noticed that the lads were growing very black in the face, and on investigation found that instead of water they had used a basin of chemicals prepared for pictures. It was too late to remedy the accident. This suggests a novel and perhaps efficacious method of "reconstruction!" It would be permanent enough to make a good beginning.

Fashion is an imperious mistress. Many fashionable ladies think it no hardship to have their dark locks bleached to a golden (?) hue. Not long ago a brown-haired beauty resolutely submitted to the process of having her head entirely shaved, and now contentedly sports a *fashionable* wig. Another young lady to whom beauty must have been a pearl of great price, with wonderful fortitude had all her own teeth—which were, to be sure, uneven and not so white as might be—extracted, that she might have a handsomer set put in her mouth. A short time since the papers recorded the death of a lady who had been accustomed to draw her corsets together by the aid of a rope, fastened to the ceiling of her room. One day she drew herself a little too close, and burst a blood-vessel. The death of such a foolish creature can be no great loss to the world; but it does seem hard that she should have sacrificed herself ignorantly. Could not somebody have told her that tight-lacing was *old style* since gymnastics, skating, croquet, and similar athletic sports have come into vogue?

In Louisville, Kentucky, a young lady of piety, refinement, and culture was refused permission to unite with a Baptist church of that city, in accordance with the advice of the pastor, solely because she had been a teacher in a freedman's school. They evidently need missionaries in Louisville.

A novel kind of breast-pin has been invented, from which, by touching a little spring, one can extract a succession of choice airs from favorite operas.

The following incident, coming to us from a private source, is good enough to repeat. Not long since a certain gentleman—Mr. C—— by name—was traveling in the cars from Eutaw, Alabama, to this city. During one part of the route an inquisitive Yankee occupied a seat near him. Not content with curiously scanning his fellow-traveler the Yankee levied at him a volley of questions, which Mr. C—— contrived to ward off for a while by devoting himself assiduously to the perusal of a book. But the Yankee was terribly restless and pertinacious; and at length, in sheer self-defense, closed his book and turned toward his persecutor, who instantly renewed the attack with:

"Be you going to New York?" "I be," replied Mr. C——. "Where be you from?" "From Eutaw." "Utah!" ejaculated the Yankee, starting back; but recovering himself, he resumed, cautiously, "Be you married?" "I be," solemnly responded Mr. C——. "How many wives have you got?" "Six," was the prompt reply. "Six!" gasped the horrified questioner. "Yes, and I am now going to New York to get the *trousseau* of the seventh." "*Trousseau!* What's that?" "Oh! horses and carriages. My six wives will meet me at the dépôt on my return, with their horses and carriages, and all go with me to the wedding." The Yankee sank back and stared at Mr. C—— as if he were a wild beast. With quiet nonchalance Mr. C—— took from the rack above his sachel, and extracting therefrom a neat little luncheon-box, invited his questioner to share with him some delicacies which it contained. The Yankee eyed them longingly, but doggedly shook his head. "I don't eat with unbelievers," said he. Mr. C—— deliberately disposed of his dainty lunch, closely watched by his companion. As he reopened his sachel to replace the lunch-box, the keen eyes of the Yankee caught sight of something printed plainly on the inside, "*Mr. C——, Eutaw, Alabama.*" "Is *that* where you live?" demanded the startled man, pointing to the words. "Yes," was the quiet reply, "I live in Eutaw." A moment more and the Yankee had vanished.

Artemus Ward bequeathed his library to the best boy in the schools of his native town of Waterford. His faithful valet is to be put two years to the best printer in America "to learn the value of learning," and then sent to college.

At a recent meeting of the California Academy of Natural Sciences there was exhibited a sheet of chemically pure silver, three feet in diameter, three ounces in weight, and as thin as fine paper. The color was beautifully white, and the texture like fine lace. This sheet was made by mixing solutions of protosulphate of iron and sulphate of silver in a large dish, and the silver rose to the surface, and there formed into a sheet. Successive sheets will rise with each stripping.

A sad accident—one more added to the long list of similar ones—recently occurred in St. Louis. A party of young people were amusing themselves on the pleasure grounds of a friend. In the sport a young lady threw a missile of some kind at a young gentleman, who had a double-barreled shot-gun in his hand, not dreaming that it was loaded. When she threw at him he playfully pointed the gun at her, saying, "I'll shoot you," and, to his utter astonishment, the gun went off, and the whole charge was lodged in her face. The young lady died in a few moments.

A short time ago a New Jersey farmer of fifty or thereabouts took a fancy to his neighbor's wife. So he left his own family and came to New York in company with the lady and her husband; and a bargain was made, by which he agreed to pay to the original husband $6000 for the wife. The couple sailed for California. The woman brought more than she was worth.

Something new in the way of pins is announced. There is a newly patented article in this line which will remain in position when once placed, and will not injure the fabric. The improvement consists in forming the shank with one or more swells or enlargements, beginning at or near the point, and terminating in square or beveled shoulders; or if designed to be permanently placed, as in fastening papers together, the expanded portion is provided with barbed points, so that if once inserted it can not be withdrawn. By using this pin no anxiety need be felt by the ladies lest some article of apparel should become unpinned.

Among the singular reasons assigned by suicides for cutting short their lives is the following, given by a man who recently hung himself in Paris. In a pocket of his coat was a written paper to the following effect: "I have lived 38 years entirely unknown in the world; my life has always been for me a problem, the solution of which disquiets me. I am going to try and solve it in another world, which is just as unknown to me as the one I quit, but where I shall find, as I have been told, what I have vainly sought for in this—the realization of my dreams."

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

Among the many charming pavilions in the park surrounding the Exposition building at Paris, the beautiful edifice erected by the *Compagnie des Indes* is most conspicuous. This Indian pavilion, although small, cost this Company nearly 100,000 francs, and this expense merely for the purpose of exhibiting a few of their exquisite Indian shawls. Our lady readers who intend going to Paris should visit this world-renowned establishment, No. 80 Rue Richelieu.

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It removes black spots, pimples, and all eruptions of the skin.

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OF THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS of Face Powders and Washes. All such remedies close up the pores of the skin, and in a short time destroy the complexion. If you would have a fresh, healthy, and youthful appearance, use Helmbold's Extract Sarsaparilla.

**Grapple with the Enemy at the Threshold.**

The evils of procrastination are never more fully exemplified than in delaying attention to incipient diseases. A congested liver, for instance, consists in a preternatural fullness of the blood-vessels, and a consequent partial distension of that organ. This condition may be attended with a sense of fullness, tension, weight, or oppression in the region of the liver; loss of appetite, furred tongue, and deficiency or excess of biliary secretion. There is also a feeling of general uneasiness, drowsiness, or depression of spirits; the patient being conscious of something wrong in himself, and disposed to see nothing right about him, yet wholly unable to explain the cause of his sensations. Now if the liver be not unloaded and relieved by increased secretion, this congested state of the portal circulation will lead to an attack of true hepatitis, or inflammation of the organ, with its entire train of accompanying ills.

It is conceded that nothing has yet been discovered to remove congestion of the liver, so uniformly effectual, as DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. By the action of this great specific, depletion of the congested and distended organ is effected directly, both from its own vessels and those of the bowels, and immediate relief from pain and a return to the fulfillment of its proper functions, is the invariable result. The action of the pills is the same whether congestion arises from irritation or torpor of the liver.

☞ Do not fail to procure DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. They can now be had at all respectable drug stores.

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HOW TO DO IT. Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, New York, can read character and give advice as to pursuits, health, &c., from likenesses. Send a prepaid envelope, and ask for the "Mirror of the Mind," which will tell how likenesses should be taken, the required measurements, terms, &c.

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The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *N. Y. Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The Trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY—the ship Golden State, from Japan, with 22,000 half chests, and the ship George Shotton, from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black and 22,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

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Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

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Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

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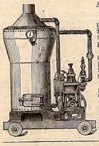

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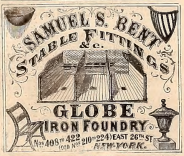


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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 546.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS.
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## "BLESSED ARE THE PEACE MAKERS."

THE spirited and interesting picture which we give on this page under the above title is from a photograph of the original painting by J. G. BROWN, one of the most careful, vigorous, and versatile of our young artists, and who has already achieved a reputation in this department of art. We do not know by what title Mr. BROWN calls his work: it at once suggests the above in spite of a certain half-concealed expression of belligerency in the peace-maker's face, as if she were more than half disposed to engage the fierce antagonist of her timid-looking brother. Of course he is her brother, for young girls, like all the rest of humanity, having a sneaking admiration for bold natures, only interfere to protect brothers—except when they grow older and develop into young ladies; then they frequently take the part of lovers. The charm of the picture lies in the varied expressions of the three faces, illustrating the emotions of anger, fear, and resolution.

## THE JAPANESE JUGGLERS.

THE last excitement which amusement-seekers in New York have indulged in has been attendant upon the performances of MAGUIRE and RISLEY's Imperial Japanese troupe. The entertainment which is given by these saffron-faced Orientals is altogether unique. The genuineness of their nativity can scarcely be doubted, inasmuch as their testimonials are plainly inscribed upon their faces. The troupe numbers seventeen, three of them being females — the first of the sex, we are assured, that were ever permitted to leave Japan. These singular people, who realize in their exhibitions of skill, endurance, and ingenuity most of the stories we have heard of Eastern Jugglers, were only obtained for this country, as a particular and exclusive compliment from the Government of the Tycoon, by Professor RICHARD RISLEY, after a four-years' residence in that isolated section of the globe, and was the reward of unceasing diplomacy. The Imperial leave was then obtained through the intercession of our Minister to Japan, General VAN VALKENBERG, the United States Consul, and Mr. EDWARD BANKS, late an United States official to that country, who was a particular friend of the Professor's, and who proved his interest and attachment in this instance. Mr. BANKS, who is an accomplished Japanese scholar, accompanies the troupe as interpreter. After a very large security had been deposited for the return of the artists within a given time the little party was allowed to depart from Yokahama, and it landed in San Francisco seven months ago. In that city the jugglers appeared at the Opera-house and gave forty performances. The success which they thus won at the outset induced Mr. MAGUIRE, the leading manager of the Occidental City, to purchase a large interest in the enterprise. From California the Imperial Japanese came East, and several weeks ago made their début in New York, at the Academy of Music, to the largest audience that had ever crowded the new Opera-house.

The performance which is given by these Japanese Jugglers (who were attached to the Imperial household, just as actors in England used to be "servants of His Majesty") is both unique and defiant. One dusky acrobat balances a slender bamboo pole, thirty feet high, on his shoulder, while a youngster — who has earned the sobriquet of "All Right" from shouting that expression at all possible moments—mounts to the summit of the pole and goes through a number of apish tricks with marvelous indifference to his own peril and the enthusiasm of beholders. These same parties perform with a ladder, which appears to the eye safe and entire, but which falls apart the instant the youngster reaches the top step, leaving him isolated in mid-air. From this the little fellow takes a terrific flight from the proscenium arch of the Academy to the balcony—a swing of nearly 150 feet. There is another juggler who walks on a slack rope without a balance-pole, and with a nonchalance that leads us to think he might walk the air as easily. The top-spinning tricks are also most incredible. A little feminine Japanese spins a top on a table, and then makes it traverse a slender thread to a box thirty feet off. Another Jap spins an ordinary top in the air, flings it ten yards over his head, and then catches it on the edge of a sword. There is also a fascinating little trick called "The Butterfly." The juggler tears a piece of paper into small fragments, out of two of which he makes a pair of artificial butterflies about the size of life. By the aid of fans he not only keeps these swimming in the air, but makes them settle on a bouquet, dart in and out of a vase, and float any where at his will. We illustrate several of these feats on page 376. We do not mention the mere acrobatic feats, nor those of Japanese magic. But they are all really unique. If there is any deception in the tricks they are still most ingenious; if there is none they are marvelous. During the entertainment music is produced from the musical instruments of Japan, which are of the most primitive order of guitar and drum.

Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, English Minister in Japan, in his entertaining book on the customs and people of that country, alludes to the skill of the Japanese jugglers, and describes many of the scenes to be nightly witnessed in the performances of MAGUIRE and RISLEY's troupe. He says that "top-spinning," as practiced by this troupe, "is followed as a profession in Japan, and very clever and wonderful are the performances of the professors. One of the most frequent, as well as the most curious, was their mode of throwing very large tops, so that while it appears to be going straight at the head of one of the spectators it is inevitably brought back to the hand of the thrower. When caught they take it by the spindle, apparently stop it, set it down, and it immediately recommences; they will balance it on any kind of surface—along a thin cord, and even on the edge of a Japanese sword. One of the most delicate of the performances consisted in making a top spin on the left hand, run up the arm, round the edge of the robe at the back of the neck, and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand, still spinning." In fact, the MAGUIRE and RISLEY troupe accomplish all and many more of the feats described by Sir R. ALCOCK, and reveal to us a phase of the interior life of Japan which can not be otherwise gained in this country, and which no one should miss seeing.

A branch of this troupe is now performing to large audiences at the Crosby Opera-house, in Chicago. The portion of the troupe now in this city will soon visit Europe.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACE-MAKERS."—PAINTED BY J. G. BROWN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

## THE JEROME PARK RACES.

THE spring meeting of the American Jockey Club at Jerome Park, which was begun on May 23 and concluded on May 25, was the most successful yet held, and the last day's racing was the most spirited yet seen on that course. Our illustration on page 380 is of the Handicap Hurdle-Race, which occurred on May 25, and which is thus described by the *Herald:*

"The race was for a distance of one and three-quarter miles over six hurdles. There were five entries, but three only came to the post when they were called on — Mr. M'DANIELS's black horse Blackbird, Mr. CAMERON's bay gelding Birague, and Mr. GATES's black mare Black Bess. Blackbird was the favorite against the field at two to one, his fine running at Secaucus a week before warranting that odds over horses that had never been tried here. The race was started on the inside track, the first hurdle being immediately under the Club-house at the point of the bluff, the second hurdle about midway around the lower turn, and the third about half-way up the homestretch. The start was a very good one, Birague getting off first, Blackbird second, and Black Bess last. Blackbird soon rushed to the front, and as he went over the first hurdle, about two lengths ahead of Birague, giving it a rap, however, by way of a reminder, as he passed over it, he was two lengths in front of the bay gelding, the latter being four or five lengths ahead of Black Bess. The two last named displayed superior jumping qualities, passing clean over the hurdles in fine style. The horses then wound round the bluff to the right,

past the half-mile pole, Blackbird leading Birague one length, well in hand, Black Bess six lengths behind, and, coming round to the second hurdle, Blackbird cleared it prettily, and was down and running before the English horse made his leap. The black mare seemed to have no speed, she was falling behind, and the attention of the multitude was attracted entirely toward the other two. Coming up the homestretch to the third hurdle, Blackbird, in jumping, knocked off the top rail, clearing the way for Birague; but the latter seemed to want no favors of this kind, as he was a jumper of the first order. Blackbird led up and passed the stand three or four lengths in advance, under a hard pull, and it was palpable to an experienced eye that nothing but a mishap could prevent his winning the race. He ran very easily around the upper turn, passed the quarter, and came around, down under the bluff, to the next hurdle, which he cleared gracefully, three lengths ahead of the gelding, much to the delight of the spectators at the Club-house. Birague was then urged by whip and spur, and closed up well on the little black, and was within a length and a half of him when he jumped the hurdle at the lower turn, Black Bess at this time being over two hundred yards behind. As Blackbird came on the homestretch, with the English horse close at his heels, some doubts began to be felt by his backers, particularly when it was observed that his jockey was putting on the whip; and it was not until he had cleared the last hurdle, two lengths in front of Birague, that the minds of his friends were perfectly at ease. A lash of the whip, after he had taken his last flight, sent him ahead on a rush, and he came in a winner by four lengths. At this time Black Bess was just coming on the homestretch. Time, 3.35¼."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1867.

## MORAL AND POLITICAL GUILT.

IN the discussion consequent upon the bailing of JEFFERSON DAVIS there is great danger of forgetting the important point, and of regarding him merely as a political offender, a hero invested with the dignity of misfortune. It is in the motive that we must look for the moral character of actions. Rebellion, or armed resistance to a government, is a capital legal offense. But the prosecution and punishment of any particular offender is, as in other cases, purely a question of expediency. It may often be impolitic either to try him or to execute him upon conviction. But whatever the legal guilt or fate of a rebel may be, his moral guilt and the moral haracter of his rebellion are entirely another matter. It is often said that success justifies a revolution. But nothing can be more false. That is merely to say that might makes right. If the American Revolution had failed, its principle would still have been perfectly just. If DAVIS's rebellion had succeeded, it w uld none the less have been the most colossal crime in history.

The moral judgment is always the really important verdict upon human affairs, and now that it has been deemed inexpedient to attempt to establish the legal guilt of DAVIS there is all the more reason for every one of us to remember the immeasurable guilt of the rebellion of which he was the official chief. When the rebellion began the leaders themselves, and their English and Northern sympathizers, declared that it was justified upon American principles, and that the most worshiped of Americans, GEORGE WASHINGTON, was only a rebel. But this was wholly untrue. The American principle of the right of revolution was not that any persons who for any reason were dissatisfied with a government might rightfully undertake to overthrow it by force; but that when peaceful and legal redress for undeniable injuries and oppressions was clearly hopeless, when the consequences of further endurance were plainly worse than those of redress by force, then, after solemnly reciting those oppressions to the world, and appealing to God and man for the purity of their motives, a people might rightfully invoke the decision of the sword. But just in the degree that this was justifiable a resort to force to subvert a just and wise and moderate government, lest it might become still more just and humane, was inconceivably infamous. And this was precisely the character of the rebellion. Whatever the mass of the Southern population thought, JEFFERSON DAVIS and his companions knew perfectly well what ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was not ashamed to avow, that they tried to destroy a government not because it enslaved them but because they feared that it might prevent them from enslaving others. They invoked no peaceful redress of wrongs, for there were no wrongs to remedy. They pleaded no oppression, for they were themselves the rulers. Their object was the degradation of humanity, and their rebellion was therefore a crime against human nature. Considering its object, its methods, and its ghastly consequences of death, ruin, desolation, and debt, its moral enormity transcends all similar crimes. Its success would have been disastrous to civilization.

Under the forms of law, with a jury selected at random among those who had supported him, the legal guilt of JEFFERSON DAVIS would have been difficult to establish. Had he been acquitted the Government would have been convicted. Had he been convicted a pardon would have been farcical, and an execution utterly futile for any purpose but individual revenge. Since, therefore, his trial was inexpedient, he should have been exiled or released without the lamentable scene at Richmond. But whatever his fate may be it is of the utmost importance that there should be no misconception because of his escaping personally unharmed. He can never escape the tribunal which judges BENEDICT ARNOLD. He will never be ranked with those who nobly dared and failed. Romance and poetry will never decorate themselves with his name. The heart and conscience of mankind will always class him among the chief moral malefactors of the world. He is not to be considered as a man whose view of the Constitution differed from ours, and who braved the gallows in order to maintain his convictions, but as one who willingly led a rebellion which slew hundreds of thousands, and overwhelmed a nation with unimaginable calamity, for no other purpose than to secure the power of absolutely enslaving other men.

## CAREY AND BASTIAT.

SOME weeks ago the Philadelphia *Press* warmly praised Mr. HENRY C. CAREY, and asserted that FREDERIC BASTIAT, the French political economist, had "seized, diluted, and passed off as his own" certain ideas of Mr. CAREY's. To this article the New York *World* replied in its usual strain, sneering at the writer in the *Press*, and declaring that a part of the article appeared to be inspired by Mr. CAREY himself, who, if such were the fact, thereby countenanced a false and injurious statement. The *World* quoted a note of the editor of BASTIAT's works, which states that after the death of that author it was easy for his friends to satisfy Mr. CAREY of his perfect loyalty; and the *World* added that it would be very easy to show the difference between the authors in minor matters, while the main truths in dispute were all foreshadowed in letters written before Mr. CAREY published his treatises; but it refrained in the expectation that Mr. CAREY himself would cause the offensive stigma to be withdrawn.

Mr. CAREY replied to the *World*, with great dignity and good-humor, that he had no connection whatever with the article in the *Press*, and that there *was* a very friendly correspondence between the literary executors of M. BASTIAT and himself, "commenced by them with a full and entire admission of my priority of claim to the ideas upon which the 'Harmonies Economiques' were based." But they were very anxious that Mr. CAREY should understand that M. BASTIAT had arrived independently at the same conclusions, and furnished him for that purpose with many extracts from BASTIAT's earlier works. How far they convinced Mr. CAREY will be known, he says, when the correspondence is published. Mr. CAREY quotes also from a review by FERRARA, an eminent Italian economist, of an Italian translation of BASTIAT, in which FERRARA, speaking of the conflict of claims, says that he is very loth to sully the name of BASTIAT with the charge of plagiarism, but that there can be no doubt of CAREY's first publication, and that it seems to him impossible that two such men could have arrived independently at results so nearly identical. In Germany, where the publication both of CAREY's and BASTIAT's works had revealed the identity of certain ideas, the question of priority of publication was also examined carefully, and the result, according to Mr. CAREY, is, that, within the four years before the appearance of BASTIAT's "Harmonies," his opinions upon questions of the highest importance in the science had been "entirely revolutionized;" that during the same time he had become acquainted with CAREY's works; and that, while giving to the world CAREY's ideas, he had wholly suppressed CAREY's name.

In reply to this letter of Mr. CAREY's the *World* demanded that the correspondence and specification of the charges should be published. Mr. CAREY replied that the correspondence was begun by BASTIAT's friends, and that he had always considered it subject to their control. To them, therefore, the *World* should apply; and that nothing might be wanting, he joined in the application. Meanwhile as the *World* had demanded facts Mr. CAREY proceeded to state a certain theory of value in land, with the mode of proof, which he had published. This theory, with the mode of proof, he asserts, is reproduced in the most important chapter of BASTIAT's "Harmonies." It is accompanied with the statement that the question had been entirely neglected by BASTIAT's predecessors, and that wholly opposite doctrines were to be found "in SMITH, in RICARDO, in SENIOR, and in all economists, without exception." Yet in the same book in which M. BASTIAT makes this assertion he quotes two passages from an Australian work upon the authority of Mr. CAREY; and Mr. CAREY refers to the passages, which are quoted by him in the midst of an elaborate discussion of this point of the value of land, in which he states and defends the very theory which thirteen years afterward BASTIAT says is not to be found in the works of any economist, without exception. Could BASTIAT, who had CAREY's book in his possession, have been ignorant of the chapter of that book in which the quoted Australian passages occur?

This is the question which Mr. CAREY asks, and which he declares his willingness to refer to any three intelligent and disinterested men. He says that the same thing can be shown with regard to "a large majority of the chapters of the *Harmonies Economiques*." That he has not done so is due to his want of desire to war upon the dead, and his wish to respect the feelings of certain attached friends that BASTIAT left behind him. We do not assume to decide the question. But it is plain that BASTIAT's friends felt that there was a necessity of explanation.

## THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND.

THE Electoral Reform movement in England must not be regarded as an isolated measure. It is one of the steps of a great revolution in the character of the British Government. It is a sign of a tendency to making that Government conform to its principle. Essentially the British system is one of the freest possible. In its idea it is in many important points superior to our own. England, for instance, has the advantage which no other nation can acquire, of an unwritten, yet an exact, Constitution. The government responds more flexibly to the will of the electoral body than ours. Both the system and its theory, however, are very inadequately understood by the mass of Englishmen, who probably regard as essential the most useless and cumbrous parts of the whole. But such works as the Essays on Reform, lately published, and the speeches of BRIGHT, GLADSTONE, MILL, and other Liberal leaders, show unequivocally that the most intelligent and trained minds in England perceive the drift of the current.

It is very often but very erroneously said that governments are usually destroyed by an excess of their own tendency. The truth is precisely the other way. Governments are destroyed by the effort to withstand their natural development. Thus in England, a free constitutional country, affected by all the influences of an expanding civilization, by the most liberal, sound, and progressive thought, the inevitable tendency is toward an actual not a theoretical participation of all the people in the government. Now this is a perfectly reasonable and irresistible tendency, as much as that of a growing boy to larger bounds and greater freedom. To oppose it upon the ground that the old method has worked very well, or that it can not be conclusively shown in detail how the new will work any better, is the height of folly. The old method worked well in the old time, and so did the shoes of ten years ago; while the general dissatisfaction with the old method and the universal demand for improvement is, politically speaking, a conclusive reason for the reform.

Mr. ROBERT LOWE is the brilliant representative of those who think that governments are destroyed by their own logic. In witty and admirable declamation he warns the English people that they are—moving. With solemn and startling appeals he begs them to consider whether they are really ready to believe that to-day is not yesterday. He challenges the naming of any abuse which the Reform will correct. If you mention the abuse of allowing twelve hundred thousand people to govern twenty millions he denies that it is an abuse, and begs you not to mix abstract moral theories with practical politics. If you say that where a million of people think that they are oppressed in not being voters they are, for all practical political purposes, oppressed—he asks, with dignity, whether Parliament or the mob is the government of England. The unreason of Conservatism was never more strikingly illustrated than by the extremely clever Mr. LOWE.

But the Revolution steadily proceeds. A Tory ministry is advocating a Reform bill which will make half a million of new voters, and by a most surprising and significant majority of 127 the rotten borough system is abolished. Old Sarum, which was a jest even with BURKE, used to return two members for a cornfield. That was remedied in 1832; but a rule has not until now been made. The amendment provides that a borough must have a population of not less than ten thousand to be entitled to a seat in the House of Commons. The next step will be that sufficient reason must be shown for excluding from the polls any considerable part of the adults among the ten thousand. And these are not measures to be dreaded. Political stagnation alone in a country like England is to be feared. The ruin of that country does not lie in the progress of Reform, but in resistance to it.

## PERSONAL.

THE papers are discussing the law of libel. They naturally do so with feeling, for a daily paper containing articles and correspondence from scores of writers upon all public topics and persons may very easily utter a libel which will escape the vigilance of the managing editor. The *Tribune* claims that a libelous *intent* must be shown, and complains that it was once made to pay heavily for libeling somebody of whom it knew nothing whatever. But if a correspondent sends to the *Tribune* a statement that JOHN SMITH senior, of Smithville, has been detected in offenses compared with which SERENO HOWE's are mild, and the story, which is utterly false, is published all over the country, is the *Tribune* to be held innocent of libel because it knows nothing of JOHN SMITH senior, of Smithville, and could have had no malicious intention? JOHN SMITH is as much injured as he could be by the worst libel, and he is surely entitled to all the reparation which he could justly claim if there had been an injurious intention. Unless there can be a law authorizing men to sue for unintentional falsehoods published to the injury of their character and business, they are surely entitled to damages under the law of libel.

In a country of universal free discussion every newspaper and public speaker should gladly hail whatever tends to curb the curvetings of the tongue and pen. It is so easy to believe in the turpitude of those whose principles seem to us atrocious that a reporter is in great danger of telling the most amazing falsehoods. What stories do we not daily have from Washington during the session! Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS is a gambler, a drunkard, a fraudulent manufacturer, a hundred villains in one, if we may believe what we have seen stated or insinuated by those enterprising purveyors of personal gossip, the Washington reporters. A distinguished Senator remarked that almost every personal incident about himself which he had seen in the Washington correspondence was untrue. We remember hearing N. P. WILLIS say that the public was interested in nothing so much as in personalities, and his paper showed that his faith was sincere. A "spicy" treatment in the "personal items" is supposed to be peculiarly advantageous to the paper in which they appear. One of the weekly papers publishes a list of the names of unmarried men in the city with brief comments; another began its career with critical attacks upon various authors and orators, evidently bearing in mind the wild oats of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*.

Where there is so eager an appetite it will be satisfied, and as the food is personal reputation, habit, manner, and life in general, there must be some protection against defamation, although the intention of the writer is merely the amusement of the public and the sale of his paper. If, to entertain the spectators, a jovial fellow drops bricks out of his upper window, and one chances to fall upon a laborer and breaks his arm, upon whose daily toil a family depends for support, the jovial offender can hardly be allowed to say, "God bless my soul, I don't know the man; I never saw him in my life; I didn't know there was such a man living." The other day, at the Gold Board, one of the high-toned, gentlemanly brokers was compelled to draw a pistol to reply to a friend of the same kind, and in blazing away at him incidentally shot another person. When he was arrested the shooter good-naturedly offered to pay the expenses of nursing his victim, and was amazed to find that he was to pass the night at the station-house. "Why, you can't really be in earnest," he remarked, in effect, to the officer. "I hadn't the least intention of shooting Mr. B. I don't know him. I never saw him. I expected to kill Mr. A."

We were reminded of this naïve reply by the complaint of the *Tribune* that it was "once made to pay $750 and costs for libeling one of whose very name and every item of whose history we were utterly and absolutely unconscious until waited on by the sheriff in his behalf." The *Tribune's* amazement was as great as that of the broker, and as reasonable. If a newspaper circulates a gross and damaging falsehood about any man it certainly should be held responsible.

## SOUTHERN POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE opinion of the Attorney-General upon registration under the Reconstruction act will probably be accepted by the commanding Generals of the Districts as an official instruction. He interprets the bill generously for the districts concerned, and this will doubtless be found to be sagacious. Extensive disfranchisement is not desirable. If it were necessary, it would be better that nothing should be done toward the reorganization of the States until the great mass of the population could share in the work. The Attorney-General holds that the mere fact of participating in the rebellion does not disfranchise. It must be ascertained by the judgment of a court or by competent legislative action. Neither does he think that forced service to the rebellion, or the discharge of official duties not incident to the war, nor disloyal expressions, nor the payment of taxes, or forced contributions, can be held to disqualify.

A competent friend has made a careful computation by which it appears that of the million of white males over twenty-one in the military districts about three hundred thousand will be disfranchised, leaving about seven hundred thousand white and as many colored voters. It is this which makes the great importance of the colored vote, and each party will spare no effort to secure it. We have little doubt that the new voters will unite with their old and not with their new friends. There is a great deal of human nature in man, and those who made war to enslave their colored fellow-citizens hopelessly and forever will need all their eloquence to prove to those fellow-citizens that they have always been the best friends of the colored man. The colored man understood the war, and he has not lost his wits since it ended. There will be remote districts in which by various persuasions a part of the new vote

will be cast against the Republican party; but a general and hearty union of the truly loyal white and colored vote against the party which still reveres "the lost cause" will reorganize the States upon the best basis. In this union we count many who were sincere secessionists.

It is not impossible that where this union is strong enough to control the Conventions it may propose a much more stringent disfranchisement than that of the military bill. But we trust that our friends will see that where they have the power such a disfranchisement is unnecessary, and where they have not the power it would not, of course, be ratified by the voters. Meanwhile the tendency of the new vote will be indicated by the election in Washington, where the white registry is only eleven hundred more than the colored. The whole vote is more than seventeen thousand, nearly three times as many as have ever voted before.

## THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

The recently published letter of Secretary M'Culloch, stating that a decline in the revenue and an increase of the public debt are this year unavoidable, attracts general attention, as well it may. No doubt the exhibit has taken many by surprise, even of those who felt that the national finances were not at present in the most desirable condition. The few sanguine patriots who imagined that our public debt was undergoing such rapid contraction as to enable us presently to resume specie payments, will be disappointed beyond measure; they will be pained to know that there is even a probability of an increase in the currency circulation. It is not to be supposed, however, that thinking men imagined that the country was moving on as prosperously as in times past, when the various known causes that the Secretary of the Treasury enumerates have combined to retard its progress for many months—the stagnation in business, the mistrust and forebodings of evil that pervaded commercial circles, the unequal and onerous taxation, the intolerable outlay of the Government to support tax-gatherers and non-producers of every stripe, the continued disorganization of the South, the unconscionable appropriations of Congress, and lavish expenditure in general. The evidences were all to the contrary.

We have repeatedly called the attention of the readers of the *Weekly* to these facts and circumstances. There is scarcely a revelation made or a remedy suggested in Mr. M'Culloch's letter, that has not received our especial attention from time to time. Indeed, this paper has kept a little in advance of public conviction. But while we have not ignored the dangers and difficulties that beset or threaten us, but have rather inclined to hold them plainly to view, our object has been, not to create useless alarm, but to counteract those influences which were manifestly operating upon the public mind, and which, if allowed to get control, would inevitably produce a panic. We have endeavored to stimulate industry, knowing that apathy and idleness impoverish, but that "prosperity is the result of labor." The long-continued stagnation in trade and manufactures has resulted less from any necessity of the case than from men's apprehensions. The solid confidence is not shaken. Abroad it is continually strengthening, as is indicated by the appreciation of our bonds. We have feared the effects of contraction; but we have now already passed through all the pitfalls and difficulties that necessarily attend such a measure, although no contraction has taken place. We have stopped importations, ceased to manufacture in excess, reduced our stocks of goods, and in so doing made such sacrifices as the nature of the case demanded; but we are neither bankrupt nor ruined. Having relieved ourselves of the pressure occasioned by the speculation and over-trading of past years, we can now commence business on the present low-pressure basis. Let us endeavor, as the Secretary suggests, to "earn more and spend less." The laws of supply and demand regulate values; with the prices of food and the necessaries of life reduced, as they are likely to be under the promise of full crops, wages would naturally fall. Then industry will be encouraged when expenses are not so high as to consume all profits, and when taxation is so equalized as to enable us to compete in the markets of the world with other nations enjoying a more judicious tax system. With immigration flowing into the country at an unexampled rate, with the increasing products of our mines and other resources, with the promise of a crop such as we have not gathered for years, one impediment only exists to a decline in prices, and that is the burden of injudiciously imposed taxes which we must bear.

So susceptible is our market that prices here droop under the slightest influences. Gold and the necessaries of life decline, and stocks and securities advance, under the news of a slight appreciation of our securities in England. But European confidence will not be strengthened by such an exposé as that of Mr. M'Culloch's. Americans themselves are not content to go backward, after two years of remarkable progress. They will be restive under a taxation which goes to pay disbursing clerks five millions of dollars annually for paying salaries, or adds thirty-three per cent. to the pay of Members of Congress, or makes the expenditure of the War Department $250,000,000 in time of peace. The press is already clamoring loudly for some radical reform. It is when coupled with this temper of the people, that exhibits like that of Secretary M'Culloch's excite apprehension. The American people will patiently bear the heaviest burdens while there is any visible advantage to accrue, but they will not submit to be overladen that others may promote their self-aggrandizement.

The Secretary tells us that he is hopeful of the future, that good may flow from evil, and that the present check to our progress may result, in the course of another year, "in a large increase of industry, of enterprise, and of revenue, decided progress toward a resumption of specie payments, and a steady reduction of the public debt." These are pleasing prospects to contemplate, but how are they to be realized unless we "earn more and spend less?"

## THE CLOUD IN ITALY.

The English papers now generally concede the truth of the story which we published some time since that Victor Emanuel has been, and perhaps is, seriously contemplating a *coup d'état*. The King is anxious for reunion with Rome, and it is understood that the Pope has actually been consulted upon the character of the propositions to be submitted to the Italian Parliament in regard to the sale of the ecclesiastical property. A congregation of cardinals has decided that it is not desirable for the Church to hold land any longer, and therefore that it may in a lofty manner and as a benevolence merely pay six hundred million of francs to the treasury of the state. The King is said to have given his written pledge that, if the Parliament refuses to pass a bill which, in consideration of this benevolence, will release the priesthood from the control of the state, he will suspend parliamentary government, assume absolute power, and reconcile himself with Rome.

Such a *coup d'état* would hardly succeed. The King, as the London *Spectator* says, is liked but not respected. He has alienated the love of Piedmont, and that of Tuscany has had no time to grow. The army admires him, but he has led it to defeat only, and his hold upon the soldiers is, therefore, not sure. The priests are hated by the towns, and the army is national and patriotic. An army of Italians enthusiastically educated to free Italy from Austria will not easily fire upon Italians to protect a Pope who has been the symbol of reaction. Garibaldi and Cialdini are names graven upon the Italian heart—the one a volunteer chief, the other a General of the regular army—and they are both bitterly hostile to the new policy. Garibaldi's manifesto before the election, which seemed extravagant, is now explained. He knew the intrigue. His reluctant confidence in Victor Emanuel is now justified. He knew his want of radical conviction.

If the King should attempt a *coup d'état* there could scarcely fail to be a serious civil war, which would end in his overthrow and a terrible distrust of the royal house. The convulsion would probably lead to a general war, for the Pope and the King would appeal for aid. But the Liberals are, of course, prepared for every emergency, and we therefore doubt if there will be any. An advertised *coup d'état* is a foregone failure.

## THE INDIAN WAR.

General Sherman returning, on May 19, from an examination of the movements of General Hancock's forces into the Indian Territories, very sagely remarked that "We can have an Indian war or not, as we choose." In view of the fact that we have had one on hand for three years past, it takes no military commander come direct by Butterfield's fastest express coach from the seat of disturbance to tell us this. For several years past the settlers of Colorado and Kansas have been desirous of driving their Indian neighbors from their reservations in these Territories; they sought and made opportunities for war, and have persistently forced that issue on the Indians in a manner and attended by circumstances of cruelty not at all creditable to the whites. The settlers are less to blame, perhaps, than others. The Indians were unfortunately located on the Great Highway of the West, and Commerce, not less than Emigration, demanded their removal from its immediate vicinity. We give herewith a brief history of the rise and progress of the war up to the present time, to accompany, as explanatory, the splendid Map which we give on page 372, showing the seat of war, the forts of the West, the Territorial and departmental boundaries, the great and rich valleys, the wide plains, the overland routes, and the Pacific railroad lines of the country. The Map is made from an official one issued by the Engineers' Bureau of the War Department, and will be found to be correct in almost every particular.

The difficulties between the settlers of Colorado and Kansas and the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, to which we have before alluded, have been going on for over three years. The first breach of the peace occurred on April 11, 1864, and was precipitated by the whites. Peace had previously existed between the Indians and whites since 1857, in which year a peace had been made with them, and a reservation in the southeast corner of Colorado assigned them, with certain annuities and the right to fish and hunt on the Smoky Hill and Arkansas rivers. The Indians were very weak after the war which closed in 1857, and were glad to accept and observe peace. Colorado and Kansas were rapidly settled during this era of peace, railroads were extended toward the plains, and telegraph and express lines were established across them. At last, having two or three regiments of Territorial troops organized and in the service of the Government, doing garrison duty at the various forts in the Territory, the people of Colorado, anxious to possess the land on which the Indians were located, began hostilities against them. On April 11, 1864, a band of friendly Cheyennes were accused of stealing cattle, and though they denied the charge and explained that the Kiowas had committed the outrage, the Colorado troops attempted, in obedience to orders from their Captain, to disarm the Indians. The latter resisted, and in the fight which ensued the Colorado men were worsted. Colonel Chivington, then commanding, as an officer of United States Volunteers, the District of Colorado, gave orders to his various subordinates to commence a regular series of operations against the Indians. In obedience to these orders Major Downing attacked and destroyed an Indian camp near Fort Dodge, killing forty men, women, and children. The Indians at once attempted to bring about an understanding, expressing themselves anxious for peace, and making efforts to secure it. Left-Hand, a chief of the Cheyennes, and Little Raven, a chief of the Arapahoes, with their bands, made their appearance simultaneously before Fort Larned and Fort Lyon, and made overtures of peace. Little Raven was kindly received at Fort Lyon by Major Wynkoop, commanding at that point, who told him that Colonel Chivington was at Fort Dodge, and would settle the terms of peace with Left-Hand. But that chief, on approaching Fort Larned, was fired upon by orders of Colonel Chivington and compelled to fly for safety. When Little Raven heard of this affair he abandoned his camp in front of Fort Lyon, and moving north on the Smoky Hill Overland Route began to depredate on the trains and committed several outrages, in which the rest of the Arapahoe and all the Cheyenne tribes refused to engage, and which all condemned. Subsequently Lieutenant Ayres encountered a band of peaceful Indians near Fort Larned; invited their chief into his camp, shot him, and then attacked the band, killing many. The Indians did not abandon their attempts at securing a peace, though they seemed to have lost all hope of success. They had confidence in Major Wynkoop and Colonel Colley, their agent; these officers had been steadfastly friendly to them, and two thousand of the two tribes under the principal chief of the Cheyennes, Black Kettle, made application on September 10, 1864, to them to bring about a council at which peace might be concluded. Major Wynkoop met the Indians near Fort Lyon; told them he had no power to conclude a peace; but promised the tribe the protection of the United States while the principal chiefs went with him to Denver City and conferred with Governor Evans. This protection the tribes finally accepted; they pitched their camp near Fort Lyon, while Black Kettle and other chiefs called on the Governor. They were referred by him to Colonel Chivington, who decided that he could not make peace without consulting his superiors. He advised the Indians to return to Fort Lyon, remain there under Major Wynkoop's protection, while he consulted with the Commander of the Department. Accepting his assurances of safety they returned to Fort Lyon, and remained in camp under the care of Major Wynkoop. This officer was soon relieved by Major Anthony, under orders from Colonel Chivington, and he repeated every assurance of protection. Here the Indians remained in camp for two months, protected and fed by Major Anthony. In the mean time Colonel Chivington had collected about a thousand men from various forts in the territory, and on November 28, 1864, made his appearance at Fort Lyon. At daylight on the next morning, against the entreaties and protests of Major Anthony, he marched out of Fort Lyon, attacked the Indian camp, and put (as he claims) over five hundred men, women, and children to the sword under circumstances of great cruelty. From this time forward all efforts at conciliation were abandoned. The Indians began their depredations in earnest; an alliance of the five principal tribes of the Plains, the Comanches and Kiowas of Arkansas, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes of Colorado, and the Sioux and their numerous adherents of Nebraska and Dakota, was formed; and the war began in earnest. The routes to the west were continually interrupted, and hundreds of emigrants fell victims to the vengeance of the Indians. At last the "Chivington massacre" was avenged by the slaughter, on December 21, 1866, of a portion of the garrison of Fort Philip Kearney. Then the Government began to take steps for the protection of its troops and the Overland routes and railroads; and the present expeditions of Generals Hancock and Sully were planned. General Hancock has, with apparent indecision, been engaged in holding councils with the Indians, but while doing so has gradually placed his forces on the upper Arkansas River, and thus interposed between and separated the Comanches and Kiowas from their allies, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. The forces moving along the Platte River have succeeded in interposing in the same manner between the Sioux and Cheyennes and Arapahoes; and thus the allied Indians are debarred from concentration, and indeed from co-operative action. The Sioux and Crows and the other tribes of the north have actively engaged the whites of Montana, Dakota, and Nebraska, and have committed many depredations on the Platte River Route and Union Pacific Railroad; but the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches appear to be subjugated into inactivity.

What disposition to make of these tribes is a question which has long troubled the Government. They will of necessity be required to remove to a considerable distance from the overland routes and railroads. Commerce imperatively demands this; and it appears to us that the sooner this is done in a peaceable manner the better for all parties concerned.

## NOTHING LOST.

Science demonstrates the great fact that nothing is lost. We may pulverize, liquefy, evaporate, volatilize, or burn, but instead of destroying the constituents of which the material is composed, subjected to any trial with a view to its utter destruction, only liberates them from their cohesion to be re-collected in some other form.

In this age of practical economy it is instructive, for example, to notice how an ox is picked to pieces, showing that in some of the arts nothing is wasted. On being slaughtered the blood is used for clarifying sugar; the eyes are sought for by anatomists; the tubes of the horns are made into combs; the solid tips are converted into a paste and moulded into knife and embossed razor handles; the long hair on the forehead and tail is twisted into ropes for the upholsterer's cushions; the short, for mixing with mortar to plaster rooms; all the flesh is eaten for food; the hoofs are made into buttons; the stomach is cured for tripe; the large intestine is called gold-beater's skin, without which gold-leaf could not be manufactured with facility. The small intestines are seen encasing Bologna sausages; the tongue is salted as a special luxury. The ears and portions of the hide near the feet are boiled into glue. All the long bones are sold for making tooth-brushes; all others are boiled for the grease, then sold and ground into dust to be put upon farming lands as a valuable fertilizer. The skin is tanned into sole-leather; the marrow is put up in nice forms under the name of pomatum; and lastly, the tallow is a cash article over the commercial world.

As we advance in science and the arts the essential point to be gained is to discover how to economize in the use of the bountiful supplies which nature provides for the service of man.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Sheridan, on June 3, issued an order removing Governor Wells, of Louisiana, from office and appointing Thomas J. Durant in his stead. Some time ago the General deposed two rival Boards of levee commissioners, one of which had been appointed by Governor Wells and the other by a secession Legislature, and the Governor has since manœuvred in such a manner as to obtain from the President and Secretary of War an order requiring General Sheridan to withhold the execution of his order regarding the commissioners. On the strength of this interference with the workings of the Reconstruction Law, the instructions having reached him yesterday, General Sheridan immediately issued his order removing the Governor. After giving his reasons for removing the Governor, General Sheridan adds:

"I say now unequivocally that Governor Wells is a political trickster and a disunionist. I have seen him myself, when I first came to this command, turn out all the Union men who had supported the Government, and put in their stead rebel soldiers, some of whom had not doffed the gray uniform. I have seen him again, during the July riot of 1866, skulk away where I could not find him to give him a guard, instead of coming out as a manly representative of the State and joining those who were desirous of preserving the peace. I have watched him since, and his conduct has been as sinuous as the mark left in the dust by the movement of a snake. I say again that he is dishonest, and dishonesty is more than must be expected of me."

The Impeachment Committee of Congress adjourned on June 3 until the 20th, the question of impeachment being lost by a vote of four to five, and a resolution of censure against the President being adopted.

George W. Gayle, who in 1863 offered a heavy reward for the murder of President Lincoln, has been pardoned by President Johnson, and the charges against him abandoned.

Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, in advocating his confiscation policy, declared, May 28, that nothing but the proceeds of the confiscation of a small portion of rebel property will pay for the damage inflicted by them in their raids into loyal States, unless the money comes from the United States Treasury.

The Maryland Constitutional Convention on May 20 resolved that slavery should not be re-established in that State; but it having been abolished under the policy and authority of the United States, compensation in consideration thereof is held to be due from the United States.

The President began a Southern tour on June 1.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The Secretary of the Treasury lately remarked that the bounties to soldiers, preparations for the Indian war, the intended large issue of bonds to the Pacific Railroad, and other appropriations for miscellaneous purposes, together with the partial failure of the wheat and corn crops, the tardiness of reconstruction in the South, the reduced taxes, and the general dullness of trade, will prevent a reduction and probably produce an increase in the national debt for some time.

The Massachusetts Legislature on May 29 passed a bill annexing Roxbury to Boston. Governor Bullock vetoed the bill.

One hundred and fifty acres of ground on Hampton Creek, in Virginia, have been purchased by the American Missionary Association, on which they propose to erect a training school for colored teachers.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The death sentence of the Fenian convicts was commuted on May 27 to imprisonment for life.

The Czar of Russia arrived at Paris on June 1.

Dispatches from Constantinople of June 2 report that the Sultan of Turkey has consented to intrust the solution of the Cretan question to a commission of the European Powers.

General Mosquera on May 1 proclaimed himself Dictator of New Grenada, dissolved Congress, arrested many of the opposition members, and ordered a new election.

Maximilian surrendered in person to General Escobedo, and was humanely treated by that officer. He remained in Escobedo's camp until May 15, when he was taken ill, and was attended by Escobedo's surgeon. On his recovery he was sent to San Luis.

MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF GENERAL HANCOCK'S OPERATIONS IN THE INDIAN COUNTRY, THE FORTS, MILITARY STATIONS, PACIFIC RAILROADS, ETC.

VALLEY OF SPRING CREEK, KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

CAVE ON MULBERRY CREEK, KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

## THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Our Map on the opposite page, besides showing the forts, military stations, etc., in the seat of the Indian war in the West, also locates the lines of the projected Pacific railroads. The cars on the Union Pacific Railroad, from Omaha by way of Fort Kearney to Great Salt Lake City, are running at this time to the vicinity of Fort Gratton, and on September 1, 1867, will run to the base of the Rocky Mountains a little west of Fort Laramie, or 517 miles from Omaha. It is expected that the road across the mountain, necessarily a very heavy work, will be finished and the whole road be completed in 1870. The Central Pacific road is building from San Francisco, California, eastward, and is to meet the Union Pacific on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. It is already completed for 100 miles, and the tunnel through the Sierra Nevada is being rapidly finished.

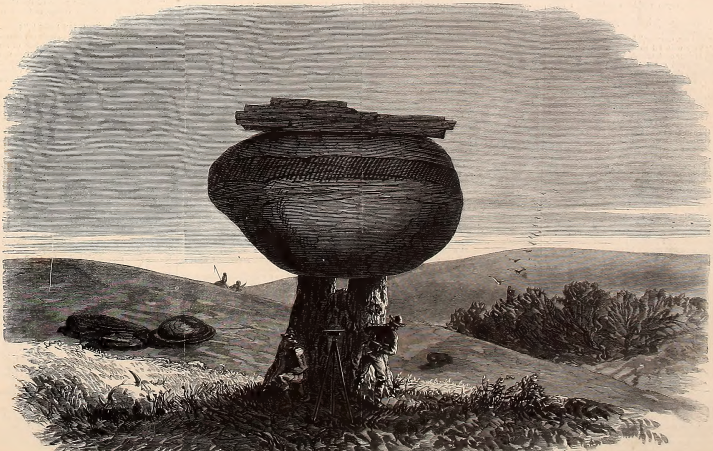
Our views on this page are on the Kansas Branch of the Union Pacific Railway, running from Fort Leavenworth along the Kansas and Smoky Hill rivers to Denver, and through the heart of the rich prairies between the Platte and Arkansas rivers, and are from the pencil of Philip D. Fisher, Civil Engineer on that road. This road is being rapidly constructed, and will probably reach the mountains as soon as its rival on the Platte.

"The valley of Spring Creek," illustrated in our first sketch, is twenty miles long and varies in width from one to five miles. The bottom is a rich, sandy alluvium, a fringe of willow and wild plum bushes marking the course of the stream. The bluffs rise about a hundred feet above the valley, and are composed mainly of a dark ferruginous sand rock tumbled about in wild disorder, and bearing marks of having been at some remote period subjected to a fervent heat. On the highest points, overlooking the country for miles, the Indians have built cairns or statues of rough stones, which at a short distance bear a wonderful resemblance to a warrior wrapped in his blanket. Whether these were intended for beacons or breast-works, decoys or monuments, the Indians themselves best know.

The "cave on Mulberry Creek" is about six miles north from Look's Ranche. It has been formed by some means, natural or artificial, in a high, bold bluff of soft sandstone; it is about 75 feet deep, and sufficiently high to admit a person standing erect. At the foot of the bluff, in a fine walnut grove, a magnificent spring wells up, and, forming a brook, flows off through the trees. This has been a favorite place of resort with the Indians. The entire face of the cliff and the sides of the cave are covered with their picture-writing. Some of it evidently has reference to an aboriginal old gentleman buried near, who, if he resembled his effigy as it is carved upon his monument, must have been "one of the most remarkable men of the country."

"Look's Ranche" on Spring Creek is a "home station" for the overland mail—a mixture of "hotel," "grocery," and farm-house, famous for serving "square meals;" and here the returning

LOOK'S RANCHE, KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.



PULPIT ROCK ON ALUM CREEK, KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

plainsman gets his first glimpse of home and civilization.

"Pulpit Rock on Alum Creek" is about half a mile south of the railway. It is a sandstone of different degrees of induration, the neck or pedestal being very soft has disintegrated more rapidly than the top. The spheroid is about eighteen feet in diameter, and is surmounted by a cornice of hard, sandy shale. Scattered about near this stone are others, almost as curious, piled in fantastic heaps or lying in unique monoliths, so unlike the ordinary workings of nature, it is difficult to believe them other than artificial structures, or to realize that the ground upon which they stand has never been hitherto trodden excepting by moccasins.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

### Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

## CHAPTER II.

VALENTINE'S RECORD CONTINUED.

*October* 15. I left Omega Street for the city before noon, after a hasty breakfast with my friend Horatio, who was somewhat under the dominion of his black dog this morning, and far from pleasant company. I was not to present myself to the worthy John Grewter, wholesale stationer, before the afternoon; but I had no particular reason for staying at home, and I had a fancy for strolling about the old city quarter in which Matthew Haygarth's youth had been spent. I went to look at John Street, Clerkenwell, and dawdled about the immediate neighborhood of Smithfield, thinking of the old fair-time, and of all the rioters and merry-makers, who now were so much or so little dust and ashes in city church-yards, until the great bell of St. Paul's boomed three, and I felt that it might be a leisure time with Mr. Grewter.

I found the stationer's shop as darksome and dreary as city shops usually are, but redolent of that subtle odor of wealth which has a mystical charm for the nostrils of the penniless one. Stacks of ledgers, mountains of account-books, filled the dimly-lighted warehouse. Some clerks were at work behind a glass partition, and already the gas flared high in the green-shaded lamps above the desk at which they worked. I wondered whether it was a pleasant way of life theirs, and whether one would come to feel an interest in the barter of day-books and ledgers if they were one's daily bread. Alas for me! the only ledger I have ever known is the sainted patron of the northern race-course. One young man came forward and asked my business, with a look that plainly told me that unless I wanted two or three gross of account-books I had no right to be there. I told him that I wished to see Mr. Grewter, and asked if that gentleman was to be seen.

The clerk said he didn't know; but his tone implied that, in his opinion, I could *not* see Mr. Grewter.

"Perhaps you could go and ask?" I suggested.

"Well, yes. Is it old or young Mr. Grewter you want to see?"

"Old Mr. Grewter," I replied.

"Very well, I'll go and see. You'd better send in your card, though."

I produced one of George Sheldon's cards, which the clerk looked at. He made a little start as if an adder had stung him.

"You're not Mr. Sheldon?" he said.

"No; Mr. Sheldon is my employer."

"What do you go about giving people Sheldon's card for?" asked the clerk, with quite an aggrieved air. "I know Sheldon of Gray's Inn."

"Then I'm sure you've found him a very accommodating gentleman," I replied, politely.

"Deuce take his accommodation! He nearly accommodated me into the Bankruptcy Court. And so you're Sheldon's clerk, and you want the governor. But you don't mean to say that Grewter and Grewter are—"

This was said in an awe-stricken under-tone. I hastened to reassure the stationer's clerk.

"I don't think Mr. Sheldon ever saw Mr. Grewter in his life," I said.

After this the clerk condescended to retire into the unknown antres behind the shop to deliver my message. I began to think that George Sheldon's card was not the best possible letter of introduction.

The clerk returned presently, followed by a tall, white-bearded man, with a bent figure and a pair of penetrating gray eyes—a very promising specimen of the octogenarian.

He asked me my business in a sharp, suspicious way, that obliged me to state the nature of my errand without circumlocution. As I got farther away from the Rev. John Haygarth intestate I was less fettered by the necessity of secrecy. I informed my octogenarian that I was prosecuting a legal investigation connected with a late inhabitant of that street, and that I had taken the liberty to apply to him, in the hope that he might be able to afford me some information.

He looked at me all the time I spoke as if he thought I was going to entreat pecuniary relief—and I dare say I have something the air of a begging-letter writer. But when he found that I only wanted information, his hard gray eyes softened ever so little, and he asked me to walk into his parlor.

His parlor was scarcely less gruesome than his shop. The furniture looked as if its manufacture had been coeval with the time of the Meynells, and the ghastly glare of the gas seemed a kind of anachronism. After a few preliminary observations, which were not encouraged by Mr. Grewter's manner, I inquired whether he had ever heard the name of Meynell?

"Yes," he said; "there was a Meynell in this street when I was a young man—Christian Meynell, a carpet-maker by trade. The business is still carried on—and a very old business it is, for it was an old business in Meynell's time—but Meynell died before I married, and his name is pretty well forgotten in Aldersgate Street by this time."

"Had he no sons?" I asked.

"Well, yes; he had one son, Samuel, a kind of companion of mine. But he didn't take to the business, and when his father died he let things go any how, as you may say. He was rather wild, and he died two or three years after his father."

"Did he die unmarried?"

"Yes. There was some talk of his marrying a Miss Dobberly, whose father was a cabinet-maker in Jewin Street; but Samuel was too wild for the Dobberlys, who were steady-going people, and he went abroad, where he was taken with some kind of fever and died."

"Was this son the only child?"

"No; there were two daughters. The younger of them married; the elder went to live with her—and died unmarried, I've heard say."

"Do you know whom the younger sister married?" I asked.

"No. She didn't marry in London. She went into the country to visit some friends, and she married and settled down in those parts—wherever it might be—and I never heard of her coming back to London again. The carpet business was sold directly after Samuel Meynell's death. The new people kept up the name for a good twenty years; 'Taylor, late Meynell, established 1693,' that's what was painted on the board above the window; but they've dropped the name of Meynell now. People forget old names, you see, and it's no use keeping to them after they're forgotten."

Yes, the old names are forgotten, the old people fade off the face of the earth. The romance of Matthew Haygarth seemed to come to a lame and impotent conclusion in this dull record of dealers in carpeting.

"You can't remember what part of England it was that Christian Meynell's daughter went to when she married?"

"No. It wasn't a matter I took much interest in. I don't think I ever spoke to the young woman above three times in my life, though she lived in the same street, and though her brother and I often met each other at the Cat and Salutation, where there used to be a great deal of talk about the war and Napoleon Bonaparte in those days."

"Have you any idea of the time at which she married?" I inquired.

"Not as to the exact year. I know it was after I was married; for I remember my wife and I sitting at our window up stairs one summer Sunday evening and seeing Samuel Meynell's sister go by to church. I can remember it as well as if it was yesterday. She was dressed in a white gown and a green silk spencer. Yes, and I didn't marry my first wife till 1814. But as to telling you exactly when Miss Meynell left Aldersgate Street, I can't."

These reminiscences of the past seemed to exercise rather a mollifying influence upon the old man's mind, commonplace as they were. He ceased to look at me with sharp, suspicious glances, and he seemed anxious to afford me all the help he could.

"Was Christian Meynell's father called William?" I asked, after having paused to make some notes in my pocket-book.

"That I can't tell you; though, if Christian Meynell was living to-day, he wouldn't be ten years older than me. His father died when I was quite a boy; but there must be old books at the warehouse with his name in them, if they haven't been destroyed."

I determined to make inquiries at the carpet warehouse; but I had little hope of finding the books of nearly a century gone by. I tried another question.

"Do you know whether Christian Meynell was an only son, or the only son who attained manhood?" I asked.

My elderly friend shook his head.

"Christian Meynell never had any brothers that I heard of," he said; "but the parish register will tell you all about that, supposing that his father before him lived all his life in Aldersgate Street, as I've every reason to believe that he did."

After this I asked a few questions about the neighboring churches, thanked Mr. Grewter for his civility, and departed.

I went back to Omega Street, dined upon nothing particular, and devoted the rest of my evening to the scrawling of this journal, and a tender reverie, in which Charlotte Halliday was the central figure.

How bitter poverty and dependence have made Diana Paget! She used to be a nice girl too.

*Oct.* 16. To-day's work has been confined to the investigation of parish registers—a most wearisome business at the best. My labors were happily not without result. In the fine old church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, I found registries of the baptism of Oliver Meynell, son of William and Caroline Mary Meynell, 1768; and of the burial of the same Oliver in the following year. I found the record of the baptism of a daughter to the same William and Caroline Mary Meynell; and further on the burial of the said daughter, at five years of age. I also found the records of the baptism of Christian Meynell, son of the same William and Caroline Mary Meynell, in the year 1772, and of William Meynell's decease in the year 1793. Later appeared the entry of the burial of Sarah, widow of Christian Meynell. Later still the baptism of Samuel Meynell; then the baptism of Susan Meynell; and finally that of Charlotte Meynell.

These were all the entries respecting the Meynell family to be found in the registry. There was no record of the burial of Caroline Mary, wife of William Meynell, nor of Christian Meynell, nor of Samuel Meynell, his son; and I knew that all these entries would be necessary to my astute Sheldon before his case would be complete. After my search of the registries I went out into the church-yard to grope for the family vault of the Meynells, and found a grim square monument, inclosed by a railing that was almost eaten away by rust, and inscribed with the names and virtues of that departed house. The burial-ground is interesting by reason of more distinguished company than the Meynells. John Milton, John Fox, author of the martyrology, and John Speed, the chronologer, rest in this City church-yard.

In the hope of getting some clew to the missing data I ventured to make a second call upon Mr. Grewter, whom I found rather inclined to be snappish, as considering the Meynell business unlikely to result in any profit to himself, and objecting on principle to take any trouble not likely to result in profit. I believe this is the mercantile manner of looking at things in a general way.

I asked him if he could tell me where Samuel Meynell was buried.

"I suppose he was buried in foreign parts," replied the old gentleman, with considerable grumpiness, "since he died in foreign parts."

Oh, he died abroad, did he? Can you tell me where?"

"No, Sir, I can't," replied Mr. Grewter, with increasing grumpiness; "I didn't trouble myself about other people's affairs then, and I don't trouble myself about them now, and I don't particularly care to be troubled about them by strangers."

I made the meekest possible apology for my intrusion, but the outraged Grewter was not appeased.

"Your best apology will be not doing it again," he replied. "Those that know my habits know that I take half an hour's nap after dinner. My constitution requires it, or I shouldn't take it. If I didn't happen to have a strange warehouse-man on the premises you wouldn't have been allowed to disturb me two afternoons running."

Finding Mr. Grewter unappeasable I left him, and went to seek a more placable spirit in the shape of Anthony Sparsfield, carver and gilder, of Barbican.

I found the establishment of Sparsfield and Son, carvers and gilders. It was a low, dark shop, in the window of which were exhibited two or three handsomely-carved frames, very much the worse for flies, and one oil-painting, of a mysterious and Rembrandtish character. The old-established air that pervaded almost all the shops in this neighborhood was peculiarly apparent in the Sparsfield establishment.

In the shop I found a mild-faced man of about forty engaged in conversation with a customer. I waited patiently while the customer finished a minute description of the kind of frame he wanted made for a set of proof engravings after Landseer; and when the customer had departed I asked the mild-faced man if I could see Mr. Sparsfield.

"I am Mr. Sparsfield," he replied politely.

"Not Mr. Anthony Sparsfield."

"Yes, my name is Anthony."

"I was given to understand that Mr. Anthony Sparsfield was a much older person."

"Oh, I suppose you mean my father," replied the mild-faced man. "My father is advanced in years, and does very little in the business nowadays; not but what his head is as clear as ever it was, and there are some of our old customers like to see him when they give an order."

This sounded hopeful. I told Mr. Sparsfield the younger that I was not a customer; and then proceeded to state the nature of my business. I found him as courteous as Mr. Grewter had been disobliging.

"Me and father are old-fashioned people," he said, "and we are not above living over our place of business, which most of the Barbican tradespeople are nowadays. The old gentleman is taking tea in the parlor up stairs at this present moment, and if you don't mind stepping up to him, I'm sure he'll be proud to give you any information he can. He likes talking of old times."

This was the sort of oldest inhabitant I wanted to meet with—a very different kind of individual from Mr. Grewter, who doled out every answer to my questions as grudgingly as if it had been a five-pound note.

I was conducted to a snug little sitting-room on the first-floor, where there was a cheerful fire and a comfortable odor of tea and toast. I was invited to take a cup of tea; and as I perceived that my acceptance of the invitation would be accounted a kind of favor, I said yes. The tea was very weak, and very warm, and very sweet; but Mr. Sparsfield and his son sipped it with as great an air of enjoyment as if it had been the most inspiring of beverages.

Mr. Sparsfield the elder was more or less rheumatic and asthmatic, but a cheerful old man withal, and quite ready to prate of old times, when Barbican and Aldersgate Street were pleasanter places than they are to-day, or had seemed so to this elderly citizen.

"Meynell!" he exclaimed; "I knew Sam Meynell as well as I knew my own brother, and I knew old Christian Meynell almost as well as I knew my own father. There was more sociability in those days, you see, Sir. The world seems to have grown too full to leave any room for friendship. It's all push and struggle, and struggle and push, as you may say; and a man will make you a frame for five-and-twenty shillings that will look more imposing like than what I could turn out for five pound. Only the gold-leaf will all drop off after a twelve-month's wear; and that's the way of the world nowadays. There's a deal of gilding, and things are made to look uncommon bright; but the gold all drops off 'em before long."

After allowing the old man to moralize to his heart's content, I brought him back politely to the subject in which I was interested.

"Samuel Meynell was as good a fellow as ever breathed," he said; "but he was too fond of the tavern. There were some very nice taverns round about Aldersgate Street in those days; and you see, Sir, the times were stirring times, and folks liked to get together and talk over the day's news, with a pipe of tobacco and a glass of their favorite liquor, all in a sociable way. Poor Sam Meynell took a little too much of his favorite liquor; and when the young woman that he had been keeping company with—Miss Dobberly of Jewin Street—jilted him and married a wholesale butcher in Newgate Market, who was old enough to be her father, Sam took to drinking and neglected his business. One day he came to me and said, 'I've sold the business, Tony'—for it was Sam and Tony with us, you see, Sir—'and I'm off to France.' This was soon after the battle of Waterloo; and many folks had a fancy for going over to France now that they'd seen the back of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was generally alluded to in those days by the name of monster or tiger, and was understood to make his chief diet off frogs. Well, Sir, we were all of us very much surprised at Sam's going to foreign parts; but as he'd always been wild, it was only looked upon as a part of his wildness, and we weren't so much surprised to hear, a year or two afterward, that he'd drunk himself to death upon cheap brandy—odyvee as *they* call it, poor ignorant creatures!—at Calais."

"He died at Calais?"

"Yes," replied the old man; "I forget who brought the news home, but I remember hearing it. Poor Sam Meynell died and was buried among the Mossoos."

"You are sure he was buried at Calais?"

"Yes, as sure as I can be of any thing. Traveling was no easy matter in those days, and in foreign parts there was nothing but diligences, which I've heard say were the laziest-going vehicles ever invented. There was no one to bring poor Sam's remains back to England, for his mother was dead, and his two sisters were settled somewhere down in Yorkshire."

In Yorkshire! I am afraid I looked rather sheepish when Mr. Sparsfield senior mentioned this particular county, for my thoughts took wing and were with Charlotte Halliday before the word had well escaped his lips.

"Miss Meynell settled in Yorkshire, did she?" I asked.

"Yes, she married some one in the farming way down there. Her mother was a Yorkshire woman, and she and her sister went visiting among her mother's relations, and never came back to London. One of them married, the other died a spinster."

"Do you remember the name of the man she married?"

"No," replied Mr. Sparsfield, "I can't say that I do."

"Do you remember the name of the place she went to—the town, or village, or whatever it was?"

"I might remember it if I heard it," he responded, thoughtfully; "and I ought to remember it, for I've heard Sam Meynell talk of his sister Charlotte's home many a time. She was christened Charlotte, you see, after the Queen. I've a sort of notion that the name of the village was something ending in cross, as it might be Charing Cross or Waltham Cross."

This was vague, but it was a great deal more than I had been able to extort from Mr. Grewter. I took a second cup of the sweet warm liquid which my new friends called tea, in order to have an excuse for loitering, while I tried to obtain more light from the reminiscences of the old frame-maker.

No more light came, however. So I was fain to take my leave, reserving to myself the privilege of calling again on a future occasion.

*Oct.* 18. I sent Sheldon a statement of my Aldersgate Street researches the day before yesterday, and had a long interview with him yesterday morning.

He went carefully through the information I had collected, and approved my labors.

"You've done uncommonly well, considering the short time you've been at the work," he said; "and you've reason to congratulate yourself upon having your ground all laid out for you, as my ground has never been laid out for me. The Meynell branch seems to be narrowing itself into the person of Christian Meynell's daughter and her descendants, and our most important business now will be to find out when, where, and whom she married, and what issue arose from such marriage. This I think you ought to be able to do."

I shook my head rather despondingly.

"I don't see any hope of finding out the name of the young woman's husband," I said, "unless I can come across another oldest inhabitant, gifted with a better memory for names and places than my obliging Sparsfield, or my surly Grewter."

"There are the alms-houses," said Sheldon; "you haven't tried them yet."

"No; I suppose I must go in for the alms-houses," I replied, with the sublime resignation of the pauper, whose poverty must consent to any thing; "though I confess that the prosiness of the alms-house intellect is almost more than I can endure."

"And how do you know that you mayn't get the name of the place out of your friend the carver and gilder?" said George Sheldon; "he has given you some kind of clew in telling you that

the name ends in cross. He said he should know the name if he heard it; why not try him with it?"

"But in order to do that, I must know the name myself," replied I, "and in that case I shouldn't want the aid of my Sparsfield."

"You are not great in expedients," said Sheldon, tilting back his chair, and taking a shabby folio from a shelf of other shabby folios. "This is a British gazetteer," he said, turning to the index of the work before him. "We'll test the ancient Sparsfield's memory with every cross in the three Ridings, and if the faintest echo of the name we want still lingers in his feeble old brain, we'll awaken it." My patron ran his finger-nail along one of the columns of the index.

"Just take your pencil and write down the names as I call them," he said. "Here we are—Aylsey Cross; and here we are again—Bowford Cross, Callindale Cross, Huxter's Cross, Jarnam Cross, Kingsborough Cross." Then, after a careful examination of the column, he exclaimed: "Those are all the crosses in the county of York; and it will go hard with us if you or I can't find the descendants of Christian Meynell's daughter at one of them. The daughter herself may be alive for any thing we know."

"And how about the Samuel Meynell who died at Calais? You'll have to find some record of his death, won't you? I suppose in these cases one must prove every thing."

"Yes, I must prove the demise of Samuel," replied the sanguine genealogist; "that part of the business I'll see to myself, while you hunt out the female branch of the Meynells. I want an outing after a long spell of hard work; so I'll run across to Calais and search for the register of Samuel's interment. I suppose somebody took the trouble to bury him, though he was a stranger in the land."

"And if I extort the name we want from poor old Sparsfield's recollection?"

"In that case you can start at once for the place, and begin your search on the spot. It can't be above fifty years since this woman married, and there must be some inhabitant of the place old enough to remember her.—Oh, by-the-by, I suppose you'll be wanting more cash for expenses," added Mr. Sheldon, with a sigh.

He took a five-pound note from his pocket-book, and gave it to me with a piteous air of self-sacrifice. I know that he is poor, and that whatever money he does contrive to earn is extorted from the necessities of his needier brethren. Some of this money he speculates upon the chances of the Haygarthian succession, as he has speculated his money on worse chances in the past. "Three thousand pounds!" he said to me, as he handed me the poor little five-pound note; "think what a prize you are working for, and work your hardest. The nearer we get to the end the slower our progress seems to me; and yet it has been very rapid progress, considering all things."

So sentimental have I become that I thought less of that possible three thousand pounds than of the fact that I was likely to go to Yorkshire, the county of Charlotte's birth, the county where she was now staying. I reminded myself that it was the largest shire in England, and that of all possible coincidences of time and place there could be none more unlikely than the coincidence that would bring about a meeting between Charlotte Halliday and me.

"I know that for all practical purposes I shall be no nearer to her in Yorkshire than in London," I said to myself; "but I shall have the pleasure of fancying myself nearer to her."

Before leaving George Sheldon I told him of the fragmentary sentences I had heard uttered by Captain Paget and Philip Sheldon at the Lawn; but he pooh-poohed my suspicions.

"I'll tell you what it is, Valentine Hawkehurst," he said, fixing those hard, black eyes of his upon me as if he would fain have pierced the bony covering of my skull to discover the innermost workings of my brain, "neither Captain Paget nor my brother Phil can know any thing of this business unless you have turned traitor and sold them my secrets. And mark me, if you have, you've sold yourself and them into the bargain: my hand holds the documentary evidence, without which all your knowledge is worthless."

"I am not a traitor," I told him quietly, for I despise him far too heartily to put myself into a passion about any thing he might please to say of me, "and I have never uttered a word about this business either to Captain Paget or to your brother. If you begin to distrust me, it is high time you should look out for a new coadjutor."

I had my Sheldon, morally speaking, at my feet in a moment.

"Don't be melodramatic, Hawkehurst," he said; "people sell each other every day of the week, and no one blames the seller provided he makes a good bargain. But this is a case in which the bargain would be a very bad one."

After this I took my leave of Mr. Sheldon. He was to start for Calais by that night's mail, and return to town directly his investigation was completed. If he found me absent on his return he would conclude that I had obtained the information I required and started for Yorkshire. In this event he would patiently await the receipt of tidings from that county.

I went straight from Gray's Inn to Jewin Street. I had spent the greater part of the day in Sheldon's office, and when I presented myself before my complacent Sparsfield junior, Sparsfield senior's tea and toast were already in process of preparation; and I was again invited to step up stairs to the family sitting-room, and again treated with that Arcadian simplicity of confidence and friendliness which it has been my fate to encounter quite as often in the heart of this sophisticated city as in the most pastoral of villages. With people who were so frank and cordial I could but be equally frank.

"I am afraid I am making myself a nuisance to you, Mr. Sparsfield," I said; "but I know you'll forgive me when I tell you that the affair I'm engaged in is a matter of vital importance to me, and that your help may do a great deal toward bringing matters to a crisis."

Mr. Sparsfield senior declared himself always ready to assist his fellow-creatures; and was good enough further to declare that he had taken a liking to me. So weak had I of late become upon all matters of sentiment, I thanked Mr. Sparsfield for his good opinion, and then went on to tell him that I was about to test his memory.

"And it ain't a bad 'un," he cried, cheerily, clapping his hand upon his knee by way of emphasis. "It ain't a bad memory, is it, Tony?"

"Few better, father," answered the dutiful Anthony junior. "Your memory's better than mine, a long way."

"Ah," said the old man with a chuckle, "folks lived different in my day. There weren't no gas and there weren't no railroads, and London tradespeople was content to live in the same house from year's end to year's end. But now your tradesman must go on his foreign tours like a prince of the royal family, and he must go here and go there; and when he's been every where, he caps it all by going through the Gazette. Folks staid at home in my day; but they made their fortunes, and they kept their health, and their eyesight, and their memory, and their hearing, and a many of 'em have lived to see the next generation making fools of themselves."

"Why, father," cried Anthony junior, aghast at this flood of eloquence, "what an oration!"

"And it ain't often I make an oration, is it, Tony?" said the old man, laughing. "I only mean to say that if my memory's pretty bright, it may be partly because I haven't frittered it away upon nonsense, as some folks have. I've staid at home and minded my own business, and left other people to mind theirs. And now, Sir, if you want the help of my memory, I'm ready to give it."

"You told me the other day that you could not recall the name of the place where Christopher Meynell's daughter married, but you said you should remember it if you heard it, and you also said that the name ended in cross."

"I'll stick to that," replied my ancient friend, "I'll stick to that."

"Very well then. It is a settled thing that the place was in Yorkshire?"

"Yes, I'm sure of that too."

"And that the name ended in cross?"

"It did, as sure as my name is Sparsfield."

"Then in that case, as there are only six towns or villages in the county of York the names of which end in cross, it stands to reason that the place we want must be one of those six."

Having thus premised, I took my list from my pocket and read aloud the names of the six places very slowly for Mr. Sparsfield's edification.

"Aylsey Cross—Bowford Cross—Callindale Cross—Huxter's Cross—Jarnam Cross—Kingsborough Cross."

"That's him!" cried my old friend, suddenly.

"Which?" I asked, eagerly.

"Huxter's Cross; I remember thinking at the time that it must be a place where they sold things, because of the name Huxter, you see, pronounced just the same as if it was spelt with a ck instead of an x. And I heard afterward that there'd once been a market held at the place, but it had been done away with before our time. Huxter's Cross; yes, that's the name of the place where Christopher Meynell's daughter married and settled. I've heard it many a time from poor Sam, and it comes back to me as plain as if I'd never forgotten it."

There was an air of conviction about the old man which satisfied me that he was not deceived. I thanked him heartily for his aid as I took my leave.

"You may have helped to put a good lump of money in my pocket, Mr. Sparsfield," I said; "and if you have, I'll get my picture taken, if it's only for the pleasure of bringing it here to be framed."

With this benedictory address I left my simple citizens of Barbican. My heart was very light as I wended my way across those metropolitan wilds that lay between Barbican and Omega Street. I am ashamed of myself when I remember the foolish cause of this elation of mind. I was going to Yorkshire, the county of which my Charlotte was now an inhabitant. My Charlotte! It is a pleasure even to write that delicious possessive pronoun—the pleasure of poor Alnascher, the crockery-seller, dreaming his day-dream in the eastern market-place.

Can any one know better than I that I shall be no nearer Charlotte Halliday in Yorkshire than I am in London? No one. And yet I am glad my Sheldon's business takes me to the woods and wolds of that wide northern shire.

Huxter's Cross—some heaven-forgotten spot, no doubt. I bought a railway time-table on my way home to-night, and have carefully studied the bearings of the place among whose mouldy records I am to discover the history of Christopher Meynell's daughter and heiress.

I find that Huxter's Cross lies off the railroad, and is to be approached by an obscure little station—as I divine from the ignominious type in which its name appears—about sixty miles northward of Hull. The station is called Hidling; and at Hidling there seems to be a coach which plies between the station and Huxter's Cross.

Figure to yourself again, my dear, the heir-at-law to a hundred thousand pounds vegetating in the unknown regions of Huxter's Cross-cum-Hidling, unconscious of his heritage!

Shall I find him at the plow-tail, I wonder, this mute, inglorious heir-at-law? or shall I find an heiress with brawny arms meekly churning butter? or shall I discover the last of the Meynells taking his rest in some lonely church-yard, not to be awakened by earthly voice proclaiming the tidings of earthly good fortune?

I am going to Yorkshire—that is enough for me. I languish for the starting of the train which shall convey me thither. I begin to understand the nostalgia of the mountain herdsman; I pine for that northern air, those fresh, pure breezes blowing over moor and wold—though I am not quite clear, by-the-by, as to the exact nature of a wold. I pant, I yearn for Yorkshire. I, the cockney, the child of Temple Bar, whose cradle-song was boomed by the bells of St. Dunstan's and St. Clement's Danes.

Is not Yorkshire my Charlotte's birth-place? I want to see the land whose daughters are so lovely.

## COMING O'ER THE SEA.

ON the shore I linger  
  Looking o'er the waves,  
Where the idle ripple  
  Rock and shingle laves,  
Color'd shells and sea-weed  
  Bearing unto me,  
Waiting for my true love  
  Coming o'er the sea.

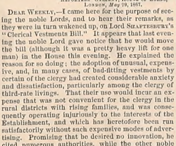
All the pearls of ocean,  
  All the hoards that lie  
In the stately vessels  
  Black against the sky;  
All the waves' wild beauty—  
  What are these to me,  
Waiting for my true love  
  Coming o'er the sea?

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

REPORTERS' GALLERY, HOUSE OF LORDS,  
LONDON, *May* 29, 1867.

DEAR WEEKLY,—I came here for the purpose of seeing the noble Lords, and to hear their remarks, as they were in turn wakened up, on Lord SHAFTESBURY'S "Clerical Vestments Bill." It appears that last evening the noble Lord gave notice that he would move the bill (although it was a pretty heavy lift for one man) in the House this evening. He explained the reason for so doing; the adoption of unusual, expensive, and, in many cases, of bad-fitting vestments by certain of the clergy had created considerable anxiety and dissatisfaction, particularly among the clergy of third-rate livings. That their use would incur an expense that was not convenient for the clergy in the rural districts with rising families, and was consequently operating injuriously to the interests of the Establishment, and which has heretofore been run satisfactorily without such expensive modes of advertising. Promising that he desired no innovation, he cited numerous authorities, while the other noble Lords were asleep, to show that for the last three centuries the surplice was the only clerical vestment that had been sanctioned, that more than that was an objectionable surplus. [Hear! hear! among the reporters, which demonstration was so loud as to waken up the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.] He also said he would read the bill if the noble Lords were willing, and as



THEY SEEMED ALL TO NOD ASSENT

to that (as they had been doing to all other propositions), the noble Lord read the bill. For the benefit of your readers on your side of the Atlantic I herewith give a copy of

### THE CLERICAL VESTMENTS BILL.

LONDON CHURCH FURNISHING CO. (*Limited.*)

*Rev. Awlis Vanitie, D.D.*  
*Church of St. Prydoff-Life* } *Dr.*

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| To eight embroidered caps (choristers) ........ | 4 | 6 | 0 |
| " " surplices " ........ | 11 | 17 | 8 |
| " four bouquet-holders .................... | | 8 | 0 |
| " artificial and natural flowers .............. | 3 | 9 | 2 |
| " four censer pots, chains and bells, complete. | 5 | 14 | 0 |
| " twelve candlesticks (plated) ............... | 8 | 2 | 0 |
| " one box wax candles (32 inch) ............. | 1 | 6 | 0 |
| Total ........................ | 35 | 2 | 10 |

Received payment for the Company, ——— ———  
[STAMP]

The noble Lord said that this bill of thirty-five pounds and over was not only onerous to small parishes, but in violation of the canons of the Church, particularly the Canon of 1604.

Sir ROBERT PEEL rose and said: "It wath time that th-th-thome of the canonth of the Ch-Ch-Church wath altered. The Empewow of Wussia wath do-do-doing that with hith cannonths at all the arthnels."

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY said it was in the hands of a Commission, and he would like to hear a report before any of the canons were altered, that perhaps action in certain circumstances would not be allowed.

Sir ROBERT said: "I d-d-don't think the ef-ef-efficiency of aw-aw cannon conthists in a loud wepowt and Thir JWAMES AWMSTWANG ith of my op-op-opinion."

Lord SHAFTESBURY said he anticipated some objections might be offered to the bill, but he asserted the necessity of immediate action, as the churches that were running ritualistic pieces were drawing full houses to the great injury of the smaller churches; he wanted immediate action, for if the matter got into the hands of a Royal Commission it would be extended over two or three years, and in the mean time close up the non-ritualistic churches in the metropolis. We must not put the ritualistic muzzle on the ox that treadeth out the grain.

Sir ROBERT PEEL rose and said: "I w-w-would wemove the muzzle fwom the c-c-cannonth of the Chuwch if it bindeth their ef-ef-ficiency, I w-w-would, by Jove!" [Suppressed tittering in the Reporters' Gallery.]

Lord SHAFTESBURY, after quoting from various publications of the Ritualists to show the rapid strides they were making toward a Romish ceremonial doctrine, expressed his conviction that, unless they interfered with it, the body of the Church would be highly incensed, particularly if the censers were given full swing. [Hear! hear!]

Sir ROBERT said that was "vewy good for the no-no-noble Lord."

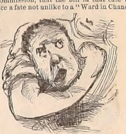
The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, having wakened up at this little sensation, said he thought the bill that had just been read was not objectionable, indeed it was very moderate. In his Cathedral they used twelve bouquet-holders and twelve censers. He therefore moved that the whole thing be referred to a Royal Commission with power to curtail the ritual, or to adopt

A CANON OF THE CHURCH

to the new order of things.

Sir ROBERT PEEL moved that they be "bweech-loaders, for the doctwins of Thaint Peter mutht give w-w-way to th-th-thwalpetre, by Jove!"

Lord SHAFTESBURY, who was awake during the whole of the debate as well as Sir ROBERT, declined to agree to the amendment referring the matter to a Royal Commission, that the bill in that case would experience a fate not unlike to a "Ward in Chancery."



Sir ROBERT said that "a f-f-fellowth's head in Chancwy ith the motht inef-ef-efficient place to have a f-f-fellowth's head."

Lord NELSON observed that, if the use of the vestments complained of was illegal, there was no use of their action, and if they were not illegal, action was highly out of place.

The BISHOP OF LONDON, who was now awake, admitted that a great evil did exist, but they must have charity. He remembered when, at the Covent Garden Theatre, the legitimate drama would not "draw," and the manager told him that it became necessary occasionally to resort to the spectacular drama to attract the masses. A show-piece has saved the fortunes of many an establishment besides Covent Garden. [Hear! hear!] So with your ritualism—it is the show-piece brought on by the managers to save a dwindling congregation. [Hear! hear!]

Sir ROBERT PEEL moved that "we diwect the services wather than pwohibit them; that the line should fowm at the d-d-dow and move up the m-m-middle aisle at half patht ten pwethithely, and that they be well dwilled. It mutht 'dwaw,' b-b-by Jove!" [Loud sensation.]

Lord DEVON warned the House against adopting apparently harsh legislation. He had observed once in the streets of London a cruel drayman beating a balky horse, but the animal was stubborn and refused to move. A gentleman stepped from the sidewalk, and taking some mud out of the gutter rubbed the horse's nose with it, when he started right off with his load at a brisk pace. The astonished drayman asked the stranger what virtue there was in the mud. He replied, "Nothing; it only gave the horse a new idea." Now perhaps this mud of ritualism rubbed on the nose of balky workers in the Establishment may give them a new idea, and start them right on anew. He would approve waiting and see if they would pull better before he condemned it.

Below, dear *Weekly*, I give a pictorial sketch of what I conceive to be

THE NOBLE LORD'S IDEA.

Lord HARROWBY thought the feelings of congregations ought not to be harrowed by distasteful innovations, and would therefore support the bill.

The Bishops of DURHAM and CARLISLE supported one another in the reading of the bill.

Sir ROBERT PEEL said he "wath not in a pwo-pwo-pwosition to ef-ef-efficiently thuppowt any vewy large bill jus-jus-just now, but he would thuppowt the B-B-BISHOP OF CANTERBEWWEY if the B-B-Bishop needed any ef-ef-efficient thuppowt.

Lord DERBY regretted the debate till this late hour; but, as Lord SHAFTESBURY was now asleep, he would move, without waking the noble Lord, the referring of the bill to a Royal Commission, and an adjournment without delay.

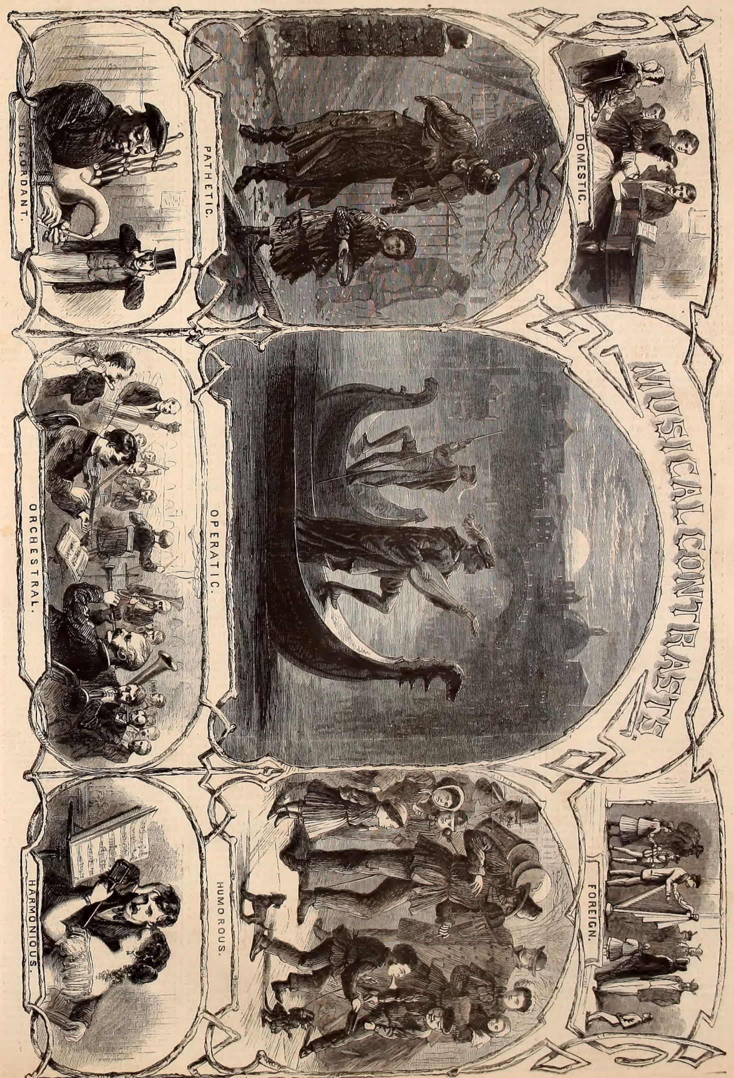
Upon a division the motion for adjourning was carried by a vote of 13 to 1—Sir ROBERT PEEL voting to stay there till "bwoad daylight, b-b-by Jove!"

Thus closed the exciting debate in the House of Lords on the Clerical Vestments Bill. I left all of the noble Lords asleep and Sir ROBERT hunting around for a place to settle down to nap, but most of them will be wakened up in time to revise their speeches for the city edition of the *Times*, so the Reporters informed me.

I see none of the press correspondents here as reliable in their reports as

Your own C. O. W.

MAGUIRE & RISLEY'S JAPANESE TROUPE IN THEIR MARVELOUS FEATS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]


MUSICAL CONTRASTS.
DISCORDANT.
PATHETIC.
DOMESTIC.
OPERATIC.
ORCHESTRAL.
HARMONIOUS.
HUMOROUS.
FOREIGN.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE month of May seems to have slipped out of the calendar this year. One day last week summer made a sudden descent upon us, and found almost every body still wrapped in flannels and over-coats. These were doffed with most unphysiological haste; and no one regrets their banishment to the cedar-wood and camphor-scented trunks of the store-room. But where went the long "spell" of delicious weather—days neither too hot nor too cold, but "just right"—which usually blesses us during the balmy month of May? A few bright days gave promise of others fresh and spring-like, when suddenly we stepped, as it were, from April weather into June days.

During these early summer days let no one neglect to make a tour of the Central Park. Indeed, one ought to visit the Park at least once a week all the year round in order to appreciate its ever-changing beauty. The eye is charmed by the wonderful variety of flowers which, tastefully arranged, successively blossom in their own appropriate season. A month ago the Park was gorgeous with its soft green and yellow carpet. Now the dandelion is not a *rare* flower certainly, and to many not beautiful; but never was there any thing gayer, fresher, and more sparkling than the rich grass of a month ago, dotted with myriads of golden blossoms. Little ones clapped their hands in delight at the sight, and children of older growth, leaning back in cushioned carriages, gazed with dreamy eyes upon the restful luxuriance. A week ago the white and purple lilacs were a feature of the Park; and presently the primroses will be in their glory. These are common flowers, it is true, but none the less lovely; and there is no lack of rare ones, with puzzling names. Count the different kinds of flowers you see in a single drive through the Central Park, and you will be surprised at the number. Better than medicine to invigorate mind and body is an hour daily in the fresh air and amidst the delightful scenery of our beautiful Park.

Speaking of flowers brings to mind a recent account given by the British Vice-Consul at Adrianople of the rose-fields in that vicinity. They extend over 12,000 or 14,000 acres, and supply the most important source of wealth in the district. The season for picking the roses is from the latter part of April to the early part of June; and when hundreds of boys and girls are gathering the sweet-scented blossoms into their baskets and sacks the vast gardens present a charming picture. It is estimated that the rose districts of Adrianople produced in the season of 1866 about 700,000 miscals of attar of roses (the miscal being 1½ drachm), the price averaging about $1 per miscal. The oil is extracted by ordinary distillation, and is usually adulterated before it is offered for sale.

The new "Horticultural Hall" which Philadelphia has built is said to be the largest in the United States. It measures 75 by 200 feet, and covers 15,000 square feet. The Hall is, of course, to be used for musical purposes.

The proprietor of a large five-story tenement house in Pearl Street has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for one month, and fined fifty dollars, for positively refusing to furnish his premises with a proper fire escape, which is required by law.

Some time ago an enterprising baker in Paris announced that he should put a gold coin into one of his loaves of bread every morning. The gold was really found, purchasers grew plenty, and the baker grew rich. Thereupon a sausage-maker enveloped some gold in one of his sausages daily, and soon made his fortune. This novel style of advertising has more recently been adopted by certain well-known tobacconists of this city. A hundred dollar greenback is daily placed in a ten cent package of tobacco; and by throwing out this tempting bait plenty of fish will bite.

The Broadway shops are filled with summer dress-goods of every shade and fabric. The styles are very pretty, and ladies hover like bees about the delicate silks, muslins, grenadines, poplins, etc., etc., which they are longing to buy. Those ladies who need to replenish their wardrobes can not fail to suit themselves. But if they do not require new dresses, or do not know with some definiteness *what* they want in the way of material, it is dangerous to venture among the pretty things, they will be certain to lose their money unawares. The following rules may be useful to many.

Go shopping only when it is actually necessary.

Dress appropriately for the occasion.

Never take a man shopping with you.

Treat clerks like ladies and gentlemen, until they themselves give you sufficient reason to consider them otherwise.

Buy only what you need for present use.

Avoid bargains and "cheap stores" as you would avoid the plague.

Never buy an article without considering how it is going to correspond with the rest of your wardrobe.

Don't "cheapen!"

The Catholic Fair in Union Square attracts considerable attention. Those who do not have curiosity enough to seek admittance mentally wonder what induced the city authorities to allow the Square to be thus occupied to the manifest inconvenience of the public. Waiving that question, however, the Fair seems to be well patronized. Among the curiosities offered for sale to the highest bidders are a piece of wood of General Washington's coffin, in which his body reposed 38 years, and a ring, over 100 years old, made from a piece of the ferrule of his cane. Also, if any one desires to possess a piece of an embroidered silk dress once worn by Martha Washington, it can be obtained for $100.

The Dubuque *Times* gives an account of a terrific hail-storm in that vicinity, which seriously injured the crops, killed poultry of all kinds, and even knocked down a pair of horses! The hail fell—so the report is—to the depth of four inches; and hailstones "as large as a man's fist" and "as large as hen's eggs" were plenty.

Burglary is an every-night occurrence in our city; and no measures are taken to prevent it, which are as efficient and successful as New York ought to institute. It has been very justly remarked by a correspondent of one of our daily papers, that a "policeman should not plod along upon his beat at particular hours. He should appear at unexpected places, and at unexpected times—pouncing like a terrier upon thieves before they have any suspicion of his presence." Of course, if a burglar meditates an attack upon a particular house he will inform himself previously, in regard to the habits of the policemen in that vicinity; and if those habits are uniform, and he ascertains, for example, that a policeman passes that house about two o'clock every morning, he will postpone his operations until after that crisis. Yet in many, perhaps in most parts of the city, the police have a regular beat, which they regularly perform.

As a few "dog-days" made their appearance before June came in, one or two facts in regard to hydrophobia may be of interest. It is said that this disease, which is due to the existence of a special form of poison in the blood, and is contagious, has also been epidemic in various parts of the world within recent times. Many instances are given by an English physician in proof of this statement. But whenever hydrophobia has spread epidemically it has always been noticed that dogs running about free, and entering without supervision into towns, were the first cause of the extension of the disease. There has been a good deal of apprehension that hydrophobia would be more than usually prevalent during the coming summer. Whether there are sufficient grounds for such apprehension or not may be a question. But there can be no doubt that unowned and uncared-for dogs should be taken into the keeping of the proper authorities.

There are many ways of getting out of a corner if people will only have their wits about them. Perhaps it is seldom more neatly and promptly done than it was once by a gentleman of fortune and celebrity, who was spending a few days at the residence of a noble family. There were several accomplished young ladies in the family, to whom the gentleman, as in duty bound, showed every attention. Just as he was about to take his leave, the nobleman's wife proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, was causing her no little distress. "It is reported," said the lady, "that you are to marry my daughter Laura. What shall we do? What shall we say about it?" "Oh," quietly responded the considerate gentleman, "just say she refused me."

A very superior glue may be made, remarks the *Mechanics' Magazine*, by dissolving three parts of India-rubber in thirty-four parts of naphtha. When the rubber is completely dissolved add sixty-four parts of finely-powdered shellac. This mixture may be obtained in sheets like glue by pouring it, when hot, upon plates of metal, where it will harden. When required for use it may be simply heated until soft. Two pieces of wood or leather joined together with this glue can scarcely be sundered without a fracture or tearing of the parts.

A man who had been a grinder at the axe-works in East Douglas, Massachusetts, for fourteen years, recently died. The disease from which he had been suffering seemed peculiar, and on a *post-mortem* examination it was found that his lungs were full of dust from the grindstone. This fact indicates one of the dangers to which those who are engaged in certain departments of mechanical labor are exposed. In this connection it may be of interest to mention that the market value of skilled and educated labor in mechanics is often enormous. In the window-glass factories of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the "blowers" and "flatters" receive as much as $250 a month, and some who are specially skillful as high as $20 per day. "Melters" in steel-works earn from $20 to $25 a day. Glass silverers, who work on expensive mirrors, receive very high wages. There are few proficients in these departments of labor, consequently the really skillful can command almost any price for their services.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book II.

## CHAPTER I.

### A BACKWARD GLANCE.

PHILIP EARNSHAW, Mabel's father, a scientific chemist of some standing, had worked his way to a good position in the scientific world, by dint of enormous industry and considerable talent. He had a younger brother, who was also a chemist, and for whom his influence procured an engagement as superintendent of some large chemical works in the north.

This brother, John Earnshaw, was a lively well-looking young man, fonder of play than of work; but on the whole fairly steady, and generally considered by his intimates a "very good fellow." One day he astonished and shocked his family, who were rigid Presbyterians, by bringing home as his wife a young lady who had been performing for a couple of seasons at the theatre of the little provincial town in which he lived. Marry an actress! No words can describe the horror of his relatives; curiously enough, it was the most distant of his kinsfolk who appeared to find the enormity of John's proceeding the most intolerable. It seemed as if the acuteness of their suffering on the occasion were in exact proportion to the unlikelihood of their ever being brought into personal contact with the young couple. One old lady, who had resided for five-and-thirty years in one of the Orkney Islands, and who had never manifested the slightest intention of quitting them, took the trouble to write a long letter to her third cousin, John Earnshaw, for the express purpose of informing him that, after the way in which he had disgraced the family, she felt reluctantly compelled to cast him off forever.

And it must be confessed that over this letter her cousin and his bride enjoyed a very hearty and innocent laugh.

Mary Earnshaw was no beauty. She was scarcely even pretty. But she was sweet, modest, sensible, and as simple-minded and unsophisticated a girl as one would be likely to find in —well, say in Belgravia—perhaps even a trifle more so.

She loved her husband with a very devoted and unselfish affection, and set herself earnestly to become a good notable housewife, and to make his home happy. In both endeavors she thoroughly succeeded. They lived for ten years in peace and contentment, and during that time three fine children were born to them. John Earnshaw continued in his position at the chemical works, and, as neither he nor Mary was ambitious, nor greedy after riches, he found his salary sufficient for their wants.

But a heavy shadow of misfortune darkened their lives. Literally a shadow that blotted out the external sunshine from John Earnshaw, and for a season quenched the rays of hope and cheerfulness within him. He became blind.

The affliction fell upon him gradually, and at first its dreadful extent was not suspected. But a time of agonizing suspense followed, when husband and wife went through alternations of hope and despair that racked them almost beyond endurance. At last the final sentence was pronounced. Total and hopeless blindness for life.

And now John Earnshaw, even in the first fullness of his affliction, perceived how great a blessing God had given him in the brave, faithful, loving woman whom he had taken to his bosom. Of all John Earnshaw's relations his brother Philip alone had abstained from expressing any violent disapprobation of his marriage. He acknowledged John's right to choose for himself, and, having made acquaintance with his pleasant sister-in-law during a flying visit on business to the north, became evermore her stanch friend. Mary Earnshaw's simple heart overflowed with gratitude to her husband's brother. She had looked forward to his visit with awe and trepidation. Philip was a very great personage in the estimation of his brother's household; and when he came, and, instead of a dry, stern, pedantic man of science, such as she had pictured to herself, she found a handsome, genial, courteous gentleman, who behaved to her with a mixture of tenderness and deference such as one might show to a younger sister, her delight and gratitude knew no bounds, and she enshrined Philip in her heart from that time forth as one to be only less beloved and honored than her husband.

When the calamity of blindness fell upon John Earnshaw Philip was newly married. He had made a love-match after living a bachelor until middle life, and had taken to wife a charmingly pretty young creature, the portionless daughter of a country curate. His scientific reputation had not been productive of much pecuniary gain, and he was not without money-troubles. He felt his brother's great affliction very sorely; the more so that he himself was powerless to give him any substantial help. John was, of course, obliged to resign his situation at the chemical works. His employers were kind in words, and, for a time, in deeds. They sent him to London at their own expense to consult a famous oculist, and they continued to pay his salary for some time after he had ceased to earn it. But at last all that came to an end, and it seemed as though absolute beggary stared him and his family in the face.

Mary Earnshaw then rose up with a brave undaunted heart, to help her husband and her children.

"She was determined," she said, "to return to her old profession."

No opposition would have availed to dissuade her from this step, and, indeed, what better prospect had the helpless family? So Mary Earnshaw resumed her maiden name—out of deference to the highly sensitive feelings of her husband's family in the Orkney Islands and elsewhere—and, calling herself Mrs. Walton, returned to the stage.

For years her struggle was a very hard one: but, as she said, God was good to her, and she preserved her health and strength through all the fatigues and vicissitudes of a very laborious life.

By-and-by her children began to contribute something to the weekly earnings. Her eldest girl—about eight years older than Mabel—adopted her mother's calling, and they generally succeeded in getting an engagement together in the same theatre. When this could not be managed, Polly's salary had to be relinquished; for neither father nor mother could bear the thought of parting with their child. And indeed "let us keep together" was the device of the family, and the object of their constant endeavors. The only son, Polly's junior by a year or two, showed some ability as an artist, and was able to turn his talent to account and to contribute to the weekly income by scene-painting. In short, the worst times of poverty and struggle were over for Mrs. Walton (as she was now always called) before the death of Mabel's father. This took place when Mabel was nearly six years old, and she and her mother were left totally unprovided for.

The reader knows that Mrs. Earnshaw became the humble companion and dependent of an old lady residing at the Welsh watering-place where she met her second husband. In this position her child was a burden on her, and the difficulties of placing her in any suitable home, within reach of the widow's slender means, were almost insuperable.

But Mary Walton, mindful of her old affection for Philip, held out her honest, helpful hand to her widowed sister-in-law, and took the little fatherless Mabel to her own home.

"What keeps five of us will keep six," said the little woman to her husband, cheerfully: "and I do believe your brother would have done as much for any of our children."

With her aunt's family, therefore, Mabel continued to live, up to the time of her mother's second marriage. She went with them whithersoever the vicissitudes or necessities of their profession carried them. And whatever else she learned in her aunt's household, this lesson, at least, was taught her by hourly example: that family affection and confidence, unselfish care for others, and cheerful industry, can rob poverty of its grimness, and cast a ray of bright enchantment over the most prosaic details of a hard and precarious life. When Mrs. Earnshaw accepted Benjamin Saxelby, she was obliged to confide to him, with much nervous terror and many tears (for she knew his opinions and modes of thought well enough to dread the disclosure), what manner of people the relatives were with whom her little girl had been and was living. Mr. Saxelby was duly and conscientiously shocked by the confession.

"Of course, my dear," he said, "we must have your daughter—our daughter—away at once. And if it be possible to make this person whom she is with, and who seems to have behaved very kindly to the child, any pecuniary remuneration, I will do what I can. But it must be a sine qua non that Mabel shall hold no further communication with these people. I feel it to be my imperative duty to insist upon this."

So Mabel was taken away from the warm-hearted family who had learned to love her very dearly, and was forbidden to speak of them more.

Her aunt, unselfish as ever, encouraged Mabel in all good feeling toward Mr. Saxelby, telling her that it was a good thing for her mother and herself to find an honest kind protector who would do his duty by them. She uttered no word of complaint to the child of the harsh cold letter in which money-payment was offered her in exchange for her motherly care and affection, and in which she was civilly informed that, according to Mr. Saxelby's most conscientious judgment, she and her family had entered very far on the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Nevertheless, she shed some of the bitterest tears over that letter that she had shed for years.

"I think," she said to her husband, whose indignation knew no bounds, and who was for sending an angry and cutting reply: "I think Mrs. Philip might have spared me this. But perhaps Mrs. Philip can not help it. She never was famous for having a will of her own; and, after all, the man is to be her husband, and I suppose he thinks he is doing right. But, John dear, isn't it very strange that he *should* think so?"

During a year or two after Mabel's removal from her aunt and uncle, letters arrived for her at intervals from one or other of the family; but she was not allowed to answer them. Her mother now and then sent a brief note to the effect that Mabel was well; which brief note was always submitted to Mr. Saxelby's inspection before being dispatched. At last came a letter to Mrs. Saxelby, signed Mary Walton Earnshaw, saying that she and her husband had felt for some time that Mr. and Mrs. Saxelby desired to put an end to communication between the two families, and that, though they should never cease to love their dear brother Philip's daughter, they would send her no more unwelcome letters.

From that time forward no mention was ever made to Mabel of her father's relatives, and they dropped completely out of her life. But she cherished a loving memory of them in her faithful heart.

## CHAPTER II.

### A JULIET UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

SOME six weeks after Mabel had left Hazlehurst her mother received from her the following letter:

"EASTFIELD, *December* 30, 18—.

"DEAREST MAMMA,—My last letter told you so much of my life here that I have little more to say on that score. The work is irksome and incessant; but, for the present, I am well, though when I saw my pale face in the glass last night I thought I looked quite *old*. What I am chiefly writing about now is a discovery I made yesterday. You know that I lent Corda Trescott my Robinson Crusoe. Well, her father, it seems, brought it back himself; but it was in the first moments of our great sorrow, and I did not think of mentioning the circumstance to you, nor did I open the book. I don't know why I put it in my trunk to bring away, but there I found it when I unpacked my clothes. Last night I came upon the book, which had been lying beside my little desk ever since my arrival at this place, and I opened it mechanically. Between the fly-leaf and the title-page I found the inclosed little note from Corda. Now, dear mamma, I mean to write to the Trescotts to ask for Aunt Mary's address, and then I shall send her a letter, which I will first forward for your perusal. I hope, dear mamma, that you will not oppose my doing so. My life here is wretched; that is the truth. I would keep it from you if there were any hope of an improvement in the state of things, but there is none. As to my profiting by the masters' lessons that is a farce. I am wasting my life; and for your sake and Dooley's, as well as my own, I feel that I must make an effort in another direction. I promised you to give this school-plan a six months' trial, and I will keep my promise; but I am convinced that it will never afford a decent livelihood for myself. How, then, can I hope to do any thing for Dooley or for you? Let me have your consent to attempt the career that has been my dream for so long. I think—I believe—I could achieve success; at all events, take my most solemn assurance that I can not be more miserable in mind than I am here. I grieve—oh how I grieve!—to distress you, darling mother, but I *know* it is right. Love me, and forgive me, dearest mamma, and kiss my own sweet Dooley's soft cheeks for your ever loving MABEL."

The following was Corda's little note inclosed in the letter, and written in a large, round, childish hand:

"DEAR MISS MABEL,—I am very obliged to you for lending me this book, and I am very glad to find that Missis Walton is your aunt, for she is a very kind lady, like you, and she gave me the fairy stories, and she was very kind to me, and papa knew her in Yorkshur, and please accept my best love from your grateful little friend, CORDELIA ALICE MARY TRESCOTT."

Mabel had indeed passed a weary time at Eastfield. The school was by no means a first-class one. A kind of odor of poverty exhaled from the house. Every necessary comfort was pinched and pared down to the narrowest possible dimensions. Mrs. Hatchett, the schoolmistress, passed her life in that most depressing of human occupations, a struggle to keep up appearances. Gentility was her Moloch, to whom she offered up such little children as came within her clutches. Perhaps, however, the parents who sent their children to Mrs. Hatchett's school were more to blame than that lady herself. Second-rate trades-people in a small way of business chiefly composed her clientèle; and these people expected that their daughters should receive a "genteel" education, at a yearly rate of payment which would scarcely have sufficed to board and lodge them in a thoroughly good and wholesome manner. So the little girls were crammed four into one small sleeping-room; and had their stomachs filled with heavy suet-pudding instead of eating nourishing food, and breathing pure air. But

they learned to torture a piano-forte, and they had a foreign governess who taught them lady's-maid's French with a Swiss accent (though this was of less consequence, as none of the girls were ever able to speak a syllable of the language thus imparted), and their parents flattered themselves that they were doing their duty by them, and giving them a "genteel" education.

The contemplation of this state of things was painful to Mabel's clear sense and upright conscience. But she had little leisure to consider the abstract evils of the case, for the pains and penalties inseparable from a system of hollowness and falsehood pressed very closely upon her.

As she had told her mother, the promise that she should have opportunities of profiting by the lessons of the masters was a mere farce. The literal words of her engagement were, that she should be allowed to devote her "leisure hours" to her own studies. She had no leisure hours. Her days were occupied in an incessant round of drudgery of an almost menial kind. Having arrived at Eastfield so late in the year, it was arranged that she should not return to Hazlehurst for the Christmas holidays. They were not of very long duration in Mrs. Hatchett's establishment, and Mabel did not think herself justified in draining her slender purse by a journey to her home and back again for only a short stay. So she made up her mind to wait until Easter for a sight of her mother and Dooley.

Mrs. Hatchett was not cruel, or malicious, or arrogant, unless driven to those vices by the Moloch whom she worshiped, and to whom she sacrificed herself quite as much as others. But she was covetous, and immeasurably dull.

Mabel passed the Christmas holidays in utter dreariness and desolation; and still that phrase can only, strictly speaking, be applied to the first few days of that period. After a little while, though all the outward circumstances of her life remained unaltered, she discovered a new interest and occupation.

Her discovery of the note in her copy of Robinson Crusoe had confirmed a vague impression she had previously entertained, that Corda's kind friend and her Aunt Mary might be one and the same person. It had, moreover, opened a possible channel of communication with her uncle's family. The more she tried to peer into the chances of her future life the stronger grew her desire to attempt the stage as a profession. The daily pressure of her present existence was squeezing all the buoyancy out of her heart, and, she feared, would crush her bodily health. The atmosphere of Mrs. Hatchett's house was slow poison to her.

She had a great enjoyment in dramatic expression. She had a large share of that idiosyncrasy which delights in the portrayal of strong emotion under the sheltering mask of an assumed individuality. Of her own feelings Mabel was reticent. But she thought she could abandon herself freely in the utterance of Imogen's wifely love, Cordelia's sorrows, or the witty witcheries of Beatrice. She knew something of the seamy side of a player's life, and was not dazzled by that seductive brilliancy of the footlights which has enchanted so many young eyes. She was devotedly fond of her little brother, and ambitious to obtain for him the education of a gentleman. This motive strengthened her resolution. She would lie awake for hours painfully considering how it would be possible for her to make a beginning as an actress. It was naturally toward her Aunt Mary that her main hopes and expectations turned. But in her ignorance of Mrs. Walton's present place of abode she cast about in her mind to find some practical and immediate object on which to expend her energy. She had the very useful habit of doing first the duty that lay nearest to her.

All Mrs. Hatchett's pupils went home for the Christmas holidays with the exception of two little South Americans from Rio Janeiro, who remained at the school. These children were intrusted almost entirely to Mabel's care.

Among the two or three books she had put into her trunk on leaving home was a pocket Shakspeare—a little old, well-worn edition, in terribly small print, that had belonged to her father. During the holidays, when all the sleeping-rooms were not needed for the children, Mabel enjoyed the luxury of a chamber to herself. On many and many a cold winter's night did the lonely girl sit on the side of her little bed, wrapped in a shawl, and straining her eyes over her Shakspeare by the dim light of a miserable candle. She was studying the principal female characters in Shakspeare's plays.

Poor Mabel! As she committed to memory line after line of that noble music whose cadence has so special a charm for the ear, and as she declaimed aloud whole speeches of Portia, Imogen, Cordelia, Rosalind, Juliet, the sordid cares, the monotonous drudgery, the uncongenial associations of her life, were all forgotten. The mean room, with its bare, scanty furniture, faded away, and Mabel roamed, in doublet and hose, through the sun-flecked forest of Arden, seeing the mottled deer glance by under the great oaks, and hearing the stream that "brawled along the wood" babble a murmurous accompaniment to the deep voice of the melancholy Jaques, or Touchstone's dry, satiric laughter. Or, she walked through the quaint mazes of a garden in Messina, and sitting hidden in the

> pleached bower,
> Where honey-suckles ripened by the sun
> Forbid the sun to enter,

listened with a "fire in her ears" to Ursula and Hero discoursing of the Signior Benedick and her disdainful self.

Or, she paced the stately halls of Belmont; or, stood before the choleric old King to speak Cordelia's simple truths and lose her dower. Or, she leaned forth from a balcony amidst the soft beauty of a southern summer night, and drank in the passionate vows of Romeo, as he stood with upturned face whereon the moonlight shone beneath her window.

O youth, O poetry, O mighty wizards, ruling boundless realms of fancy and of beauty, how at the touch of your enchanted wands this "muddy vesture of decay" grows clear and light, and we hear all the quiring of the spheres!

She would wake to the realities around her at the closing of her book as one wakes from a dream. And having no one to whom to confide her hopes and plans, or from whom she could look for sympathy with her wonder at, and admiration of, the genius whose creations were, for her mind, living, breathing, immortal realities, she grew to look forward to the solitary hours spent in her own room as the only hours worth her living for.

With her dreams, too, mingled at times bright prospects. Visions of fame, and of the sweet incense of praise, and the triumphant music of applause. She was but seventeen, and in spite of all her practical sense and severe repression of too sanguine hopes, there were moments when her youth asserted its rich privilege of building fairy castles in the air. But the castles, however stately, were always peopled by those she loved.

As the last days of the holidays drew nigh Mabel studied hard—making the most of the few precious hours of freedom that remained to her before the weary round of school-life should recommence. She had studied herself nearly perfect in Juliet, and was in the habit of reciting long passages from the play aloud at night, until, in her enthusiasm, she would be startled by the sound of her own voice raised in passionate entreaty or vehement grief, and ringing through the desolate house.

One night—the last before the girls came back—she began, while undressing, to repeat the long soliloquy that precedes Juliet's drinking of the sleeping potion. As she spoke the thrilling words in which the love-sick girl breathes out the terrors that crowd upon her fancy, she seemed to see the lofty antique chamber into which darted one blue streak of bright Italian moonlight, the dark shadow-haunted recesses of the spacious room, the dagger with rich handle and sharp blade, the little vial on whose mysterious aid her fate depended. And then she conjured up the appalling picture of the silent stone-cold sepulchre,

> The horrible conceit of death and night,
> Together with the terror of the place,

and all the ghastly remnants of mortality. The unquiet spirit of the murdered Tybalt glided by, seeking Romeo with an awful frown upon its death-pale face; and with a stifled shriek she raised the potion to her lips, and dashing herself down, fell—not on Juliet's couch, but, from the enchanted realms of poetry, down to Mrs. Hatchett's establishment for young ladies at Eastfield. With a heart yet beating fast, and nerves all quivering with emotion, Juliet Transformed crept shivering into bed.

## CHAPTER III.

### MRS. SAXELBY TAKES COUNSEL.

The receipt of Mabel's letter threw Mrs. Saxelby into a state of considerable agitation. It did not come upon her with the shock of a surprise. She had known, from the tone of the very first letters from Eastfield, that her child was unhappy in Mrs. Hatchett's house, and that the school could not be of such a class as to give any credentials worth having to a teacher coming out of it. Mrs. Saxelby was weak and selfish, but she had her share of maternal love—of that love which is inseparable from self-sacrifice in some shape. Had it been merely her desire set against Mabel's she might have yielded without a struggle. But she was a woman whose opinions (if not her tastes) were absolutely the echo of the opinions of those around her. During the past five years she had relied on Benjamin Saxelby's judgment, and had adopted his views. And how unhesitatingly he would have condemned such a scheme as Mabel's she well knew.

Oh for some one to advise her! By this Mrs. Saxelby meant some one to say: "I command you to do this thing;" or, "I tell you to abstain from doing that." She read and reread her daughter's letter. "How nice it would be," she thought, "if dear Mabel could be rich and happy and prosperous. Dear me, I've been told that some actresses hold quite a position in society. But of course, if the thing be wrong in itself, *that* ought not to weigh with me. Yet I can't feel sure that it is so very wicked. Philip did not think so, and Mary Walton made his brother an excellent wife. But then Benjamin thought it most dangerous and improper for Mabel to remain in her home; not that I believe she ever learned any thing but good there. Oh dear, oh dear! I wish I knew what to do. I suppose I can not forbid her writing to her aunt in any case. And perhaps, after all, something may happen to prevent her attempting this scheme."

It is no disparagement to Mrs. Saxelby to admit that she certainly did feel the chance of a comfortable home for herself and education for Dooley twitching at her as a strong temptation. Her life at Hazlehurst was utterly dull and colorless, and she missed Mabel every hour.

The one day in the week that brought her a glimpse of cheerfulness was Sunday. When the weather did not make it absolutely impossible, there was the morning walk to church with Dooley (who had become quite a regular attendant there, and had made the personal acquaintance of the mild old clergyman in the silver-rimmed spectacles). Then on Sunday afternoons Clement Charlewood was a frequent visitor. He walked or rode over to Hazlehurst nearly every week, and Dooley never failed to find in a certain outside pocket of his coat a packet of sweetmeats, the discovery of which occasioned ever-new delight and surprise. Did Mrs. Saxelby ever entertain any idea that Clement's frequent visits were not made *quite* disinterestedly? She used to maintain afterward that she had always suspected that he came as much to hear of Mabel as to see herself. But I am inclined to think that she was mistaken there.

On the Sunday afternoon after the receipt of Mabel's letter inclosing little Corda's note the hoofs of Clement's horse were heard clattering sharply on the hard-frosty road. Dooley, stationed at the parlor window with a big illustrated Bible, the pictures in which formed his Sunday diversion, announced that "Mr. Tarlewood was tummin'," and ran to the door to meet him.

"I am riding on to leave Duchess at the inn, Mrs. Saxelby," called Clement, lifting his hat as he saw her at the window. "May I take Dooley so far with me? I undertake to bring him back safely."

Dooley, having received permission to go, rushed into the house again, and had his hat stuck on his head all askew by Betty, whose eyes were occupied in staring at Mr. Charlewood and his steed; then she wrapped the child in a warm shawl of his mother's, and lifted him on to the saddle before Clement. Dooley's little pink legs protruded from his bundle of wraps, and stuck out horizontally on either side of the horse. As his hat was all awry, so his flaxen curls were disheveled and waving. But he looked supremely happy as he grasped the bridle with little frost-reddened fingers, and incited Duchess to put forth her mettle by many imperious gees and shouts of "Tum up! Do along, Dutsess!" and several strenuous though unsuccessful efforts to make a clicking noise with his tongue.

As Mrs. Saxelby watched this from the window, and marked the kind smile on Clement's face as he held the little fellow in his protecting arm, a sudden impulse came into her heart to take counsel with Clement touching Mabel's letter. "He is a very clever man of business, and he is fond of Mabel and of all of us, and he will be able to advise me," thought the poor weak little woman.

When Clement and Dooley returned on foot, having left Duchess in a warm stable at the inn, Mrs. Saxelby received them in the little parlor. She had a bright fire in the grate, and the aspect of the room was pleasant and cozy. Clement wondered to himself, as he sat down beside the clean hearth-stone, *what* it was that gave to that poor meanly-furnished little room an atmosphere of peace and comfort such as he never found in any of the rich rooms at Bramley Manor. The cottage at Hazlehurst he felt to be a home, whereas Bramley Manor was only a very handsome house. The difference, though undefinably subtle, was quite appreciable.

"And how is Miss Earnshaw?" said Clement, stroking Dooley's curls. "I hope you continue to have good news of her?"

"Thank you, she is not ill."

There was a tremor in Mrs. Saxelby's voice, and a stress on the last word, that caused Clement to look up quickly.

"You have heard nothing disagreeable, I trust?"

"N—no; that is to say—I wonder if you would mind my reposing a great confidence in you, Mr. Charlewood? I have no right to ask it, but I should be so grateful for your advice."

"A great confidence implies a great responsibility," returned Clement, gravely. It was his character to be earnest and to take things seriously; and the bound his heart gave at Mrs. Saxelby's words—suggestive of some revelation regarding Mabel—made him change color for the moment.

"I repeat, I have no right to burden you with any responsibility," said Mrs. Saxelby, meekly. "But I—I—feel toward you almost as to a son."

Clement flushed, and pressed Dooley's curly head so hard that the child winced.

"Dooley, my boy, I beg your pardon. Did I hurt you?" asked Clement, somewhat confused.

"'Oo did hurt me, but 'oo is very sorry," returned Dooley, endeavoring to combine candor with courtesy.

"Dear Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement, earnestly, "pray do not suppose that I have any selfish dread of responsibility. I am very sensible of your kindness and confidence. Only I doubted whether you might not have found a more competent counselor. One who has a higher regard for you and yours I do not think you would find easily. Was it something concerning Miss Earnshaw that you wished to say to me?"

"Yes. I received a letter from her on Friday morning. I am afraid she is very far from contented in Eastfield."

"*I* dot a letter from Tibby, too!" said Dooley, triumphantly.

"Yes, my darling. Go and tell Betty to wash your hands and face and brush your hair, and then you may bring your letter to show to Mr. Charlewood. I don't like," added Mrs. Saxelby, as the child left the room, "to speak before him. He is very quick, and his attachment to his sister is so strong, that I really believe, baby though he is, it would break his heart to think she was unhappy."

"But I hope, Mrs. Saxelby, that there is nothing serious."

"Ah, but there is, though. Something very serious. There! Read that letter, and tell me your opinion."

Mrs. Saxelby experienced a little trepidation as she gave Mabel's letter into the young man's hand, and felt that she had taken an irrevocable step. Clement read the letter steadily through, and the long sigh of relief that he drew at its close came upon him almost as a revelation. The news was very annoying, very distressing, but—it was not hopeless, not irremediable. What revelation regarding Mabel had he feared, which would have seemed to him so much harder to bear? He did not answer the question even to himself, but he knew in the moment when he laid the letter down that he loved her with all the strength of his heart, and that he would henceforth bend the powers of his will and energy to the endeavor of winning her to be his wife.

"You don't speak, Mr. Charlewood."

"I am not sure that I thoroughly understand the contents of this letter. But I suppose I have guessed their meaning pretty accurately. I presume that the career to which Miss Earnshaw alludes as having been her dream for so long is—is—the stage?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Saxelby. "Now the truth is out. The Aunt Mary she speaks of in her letter is an actress. We never mentioned that part of the family during Mr. Saxelby's lifetime, for he had a very strong objection to—" Mrs. Saxelby finished the sentence in her pockethandkerchief.

"Not an unreasonable objection, I think," said Clement, almost sternly.

"You think so? You really think so? But you ought to understand, Mr. Charlewood, that my sister-in-law has been an excellent wife and mother. Quite exemplary, and"—Mrs. Saxelby blushed a little—"and she was very kind and good to me, and to my fatherless little girl. Mabel was almost brought up in her uncle's family."

"Do I understand," said Clement, "that you are asking my advice as to your answer to Miss Earnshaw's letter?"

"Yes, indeed I am. *What* do you think I ought to do?" Mrs. Saxelby crossed her hands, and raised her soft blue eyes imploringly.

Perhaps no more subtle flattery can be addressed to a man than through an appeal made to his superior wisdom and experience, by a woman who asks his advice, and appears to lean helplessly and reliantly on his strength. When the appeal is made in the shape of a great confidence, which he supposes to be intrusted to himself alone, and when the appealer is a still graceful and pretty woman the incense is so intoxicating as to be well-nigh irresistible.

Clement—far from being a vain man—was not insensible to this flattery. And though Mrs. Saxelby had just confessed her utter inability to form a judgment for the guidance of her own conduct, he had a confused impression at that moment that she was a very sensible person, and that he had never hitherto done full justice to her discernment.

"Dear Mrs. Saxelby, I appreciate your confidence very highly indeed, and I feel diffident in offering advice on so delicate and important a matter. But since you ask me, I will frankly tell you, that if Miss Earnshaw were my sister, or my—my cousin—I would not hesitate to put a decided veto upon her scheme."

"I thought so," returned Mrs. Saxelby. "I fancied that would be your opinion. But what am I to do with her? You see what she writes. And after all, you know, Mr. Charlewood, her chief anxiety is for me and Dooley."

"Miss Earnshaw is the most excellent young lady I know. Believe me, I have the highest admiration and—and—respect for her. But it is the duty of her true friends to shield her from the consequences of her own generosity and inexperience. Of course, as her mother, you feel that strongly."

"Mabel is not easily turned from what she thinks right, Mr. Charlewood."

"Undoubtedly. But if this course could be shown her to be *not* right?"

"Ah, how is one to do that? I may have my own convictions" (Mrs. Saxelby never did have her own convictions, being always willing to cling to other people's); "but to persuade Mabel of their correctness—that is not so easy."

"She would not disobey your commands?"

"No. She would not do that. She has always been a loving and dutiful child. But how can I have the heart to condemn her to the hopeless drudgery she is now engaged in? You see, she fears that her health may absolutely give way."

"But, Mrs. Saxelby, it does not follow that all her life need be sacrificed to this drudgery. Surely a better position might be found for her. And besides, would you not like, Mrs. Saxelby, to see your daughter, and talk to her yourself?"

"Oh, so much! But that is out of the question until Easter. The Christmas holidays are just over."

"I mean, could you not run over to Eastfield for a day? I have long been intending to ask my friend Dooley to a bachelor dinner. If you would come too, Mrs. Saxelby, I should esteem it a great honor."

"To dinner?"

"Yes; at Eastfield. I have business that will oblige me to go there, at the end of the week. We could dine at the hotel, and I would convey you and Dooley home in the evening. You might thus have an opportunity at once of speaking to Miss Earnshaw, and conferring an obligation on me."

"You are very good; but—"

"Pray don't raise any difficulties, dear Mrs. Saxelby. If it were summer-time, I would bring a carriage and drive you over. But in this weather I fear I must ask you to come by the train. You will be warmer. And the journey will be so much shorter for Dooley at night."

Mrs. Saxelby hesitated only at the idea of going to Eastfield as Clement Charlewood's guest, for she had an uneasy sense that Mabel would disapprove of her doing so. However, Clement's strong purpose prevailed; as almost any strong purpose, strongly urged, was sure to prevail with Mrs. Saxelby. She at last consented to accept the invitation; meanwhile, she would write to Mabel to prepare her for the visit, without returning any decisive answer to her letter.

"Of course you will hold my confidence sacred, and mention what I have said to no one,"

said Mrs. Saxelby, as Clement was about to take his leave.

"I shall certainly mention it to no one without your express permission. I did think at one time of asking one of my sisters to play hostess for us at our little dinner; but, under the circumstances of our visit to Eastfield, you will prefer that no other person should be asked?"

"Oh, please no. I don't want *any body* to know a word. If Miss Fluke were to hear—"

"Miss Fluke!" exclaimed Clement, with a start. "The last person on this earth to be thought of! If she were to speak to your daughter on this subject—which she would not refrain from doing—would be certain to do if confided in—she would drive Miss Earnshaw to extremity, and offend her beyond forgiveness. Miss Fluke! In Heaven's name do not think of Miss Fluke!"

"Benjamin thought very highly of her," said Mrs. Saxelby, in a deprecating manner.

"Good-by till Saturday, and no Miss Fluke! I will send a fly for you at twelve o'clock, if that will suit your convenience, and will meet you myself at the station at Hammerham."

"Good-by; and thank you very, very much, dear Mr. Charlewood."

Dooley had been standing wistfully for some minutes by Clement's side, holding a letter in his hand; finding himself unnoticed he had crept away to the window, where he climbed upon a chair and knelt with his forehead against the glass.

"Good-by, Dooley!" said Clement, coming behind him.

"Dood-by," said the little fellow, in a low voice, but he neither moved nor looked round.

"Won't you shake hands?"

"No," returned Dooley, dryly.

"Dooley, I'm ashamed of you," cried his mother. "Not shake hands with Mr. Charlewood?"

Dooley turned round slowly and held out his tiny hand; then they saw that the child's eyes were full of tears.

"Why, Dooley, my boy, what's the matter?" asked Clement.

No reply.

"And there's your sister's letter that you never showed me after all. Mayn't I see it now?"

"No."

"No?"

"'Oo don't want to tee it," said Dooley, checking a sob, and turning resolutely toward the window again, with the letter pressed against his breast.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Saxelby aside to Clement, "I see what it is. He is so sensitive about any slight to Tibby. Her letters are his great joy and pride, and he fancied you did not sufficiently appreciate the privilege of seeing one."

Clement took the child in his arms and kissed his forehead with almost a woman's tenderness. "Dooley," said he, "I will be so grateful to you if you will let me see Mabel's letter. I will indeed. I love her, Dooley," he whispered, pressing his cheek against the child's. Dooley looked at him with a solemn, searching gaze, and then gave the letter into his hand without a word.

A ROSE OF JUNE.

Clement read it and duly admired it, and was careful to remark that it was addressed to "Dooley Saxelby, Esq., Hazlehurst, near Hammerham;" upon his reading which direction aloud Dooley chuckled with irrepressible glee, and stuffed a corner of his pinafore, still wet with tears, into his mouth.

Clement walked to the village inn for his horse, mounted, and rode briskly toward Hammerham. His head was full of whirling thoughts, and the beat of his horse's hoofs seemed to be keeping time to the rhythmic repetition of a name.

What name?

MABEL, MABEL, MABEL EARNSHAW.

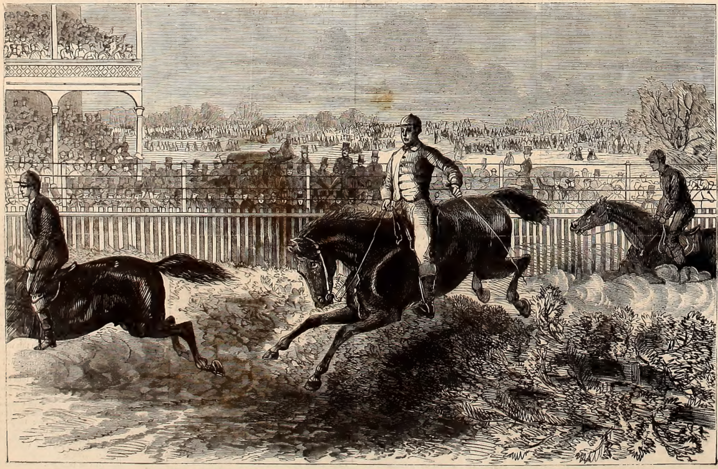
## A ROSE OF JUNE.

THERE never was a fairer May,
  A sweeter month of flowers,
For well I marked it every day,
  Its sunshine and its showers.
I saw the wind-flowers speck with white
  The woodlands and the hills,
I saw the garden-plots grow bright
  With golden daffodils;
And round the bloomy apple-trees
  That brushed my lattice-pane
I heard the humming honey-bees
  Sing many a soft refrain.

Yet—"wax and wane with speed," I cried,
  "Oh, mellow moon of May,
And usher in the summer-tide
  I long for every day!
For when the honey-suckles shed
  Their sweetness through the air,
And when the roses white and red
  Go climbing every where—
A bud of hope will bloom at last,
  And you shall see, O Moon,
Upon my happy, happy breast
  The fairest rose of June!"

And so the young May-moon grew old,
  For seasons wax and wane,
And heed the happiness they hold
  As little as the pain.
One morning when the east was red
  With promise of the day,
I looked, and lo! upon my bed
  The dainty blossom lay.
A rose of June beyond compare—
  For ah! what roses blow
With dimpled cheeks, and golden hair,
  And violet eyes below?

And never yet was rose of June
  That blossomed all the year;
But mine (ah, you shall see it, Moon!)
  As lovely will appear
When winter wraps the frozen fields
  In burial robes of white
As when the radiant summer yields
  Her treasures of delight.
Nay more—when all the flowers are dead,
  And all the seasons o'er,
My rose will lift a fearless head,
In amaranthine bloom arrayed,
  Beyond the shining shore!



THE HANDICAP HURDLE-RACE AT JEROME PARK, MAY 25, 1867.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

Suffer Little Children To Come Unto Me
INFANTICIDE.
INFANT FOUND DEAD IN AN ALLEY ITS THROAT CUT BY ITS MOTHER
REV. LINDSAY WHIPPED HIS SON
A LITTLE GIRL MURDERED BY HER GRANDFATHER
Th. Nast

## SMALL FAMILIES.

SOME startling statistics have been gathered by Dr. ALLEN, of Lowell, Massachusetts, and others, going to show that in this country there has been of late years a remarkable diminution in the size of families among the native inhabitants. "From a careful examination," says Dr. ALLEN, "of the history of many towns in this State (Massachusetts), it has been found that the average number of children to each family has been gradually diminishing through several succeeding generations; commencing in some places with eight or nine to each family, and now numbering less than three." And he goes so far as to say that "it is very doubtful whether the strictly native inhabitants of the State are increasing." The same condition which has thus been observed in *Puritan* New England has also been found in *infidel* France. It is stated, as the result of statistical observations, that while the average number of offspring from each marriage at the beginning of this century was for the provinces five, and for Paris three, it has sunk now to three and two respectively, and that the population of that empire is, therefore, at the present time, almost stationary.

The facts are undoubted. Any one's observation that extends back over fifty, or even thirty years testifies to them. The question is then not only interesting, but very important, what is the cause, or, if there be more than one, what are the causes?

This subject has been written upon quite freely of late, not only in medical and scientific journals, but in the secular and religious newspapers, and very properly, for no mawkish delicacy should hinder the exposure of evils that so threaten both the physical and moral well-being of society. Most of the writers attribute the result to the very prevalent disposition of mothers to limit the size of their families, from motives of fashion, convenience, etc.; and some even narrow it down to one mode of limitation—the procuring of abortion—as almost the sole cause. We have no doubt that there is a considerable error here. We believe that there is an influence from the very habits of life among women of late years, in contrast with the past, which has induced a deterioration that is calculated, more or less, to prevent child-bearing, or to render it abortive. And this cause operates not merely among the higher classes, but even down to the lowest, for fashionable customs that are prejudicial to health prevail through all grades of society.

But however much we may attribute to the influence just alluded to, the procuring of abortion in one way and another is fearfully prevalent. And it is far from being confined to those who are thoroughly devoted to the world and fashion, or those who have low ideas of propriety, honor, and the aims of life. If it were proper for physicians to divulge their secrets some astonishing revelations could be made of the commonness of this disposition to destroy life in its beginning. There seems to be no thought that the guilt of murder is attached to the act. If a mother deliberately strangles her child after its birth she [illegible] less if she as deliberately destroys that same life [illegible] months before. In either case she destroys life [illegible] that in the one case she sees the child that she kills, and in the other she does not. But perhaps she will say that one is a perfect being, and the other is little more than a germ. Nay, but it is what will be a perfect child, and she knows it. As well might she say that, while homicide is murder, infanticide is guiltless, because the infant is but the germ of a man, knowing almost nothing, and in this respect pretty much on a level with the brutes.

It is a very common notion that before quickening takes place there is no real life, and therefore no guilt is incurred in destroying the child previous to this. But there is life before this as really as after, and it is *the life of a human being*. The child not only lives but moves before this; and what is termed quickening occurs simply because the motion is now so strong that it is perceptible to the mother. There is then at this time no special change in it which makes it any more a human being than it was before.

There is not only murder in the act, but there is no small danger of loss of life to the mother who commits it. Generally, it is true, this is escaped, but death is by no means an infrequent result—it occurs more often by far than in those who reach their full term.

But besides the immediate danger to life there is the liability to confirmed ill-health. Quite a large proportion of those who suffer abortion, and especially of those who procure it for themselves, become invalids.

Considering, then, the physical penalties, but especially the moral ones that attend this high crime. all honest and high-minded physicians utterly refuse to have any participation in it, although they are often solicited, and with the offer of fees of large amount. They do indeed sometimes consent to destroy life, but it is only when it is clear beyond all doubt that this is the only way to save the more valuable life of the mother. Very seldom does this necessity arise, and when it does the responsibility is felt to be fearful, and not to be assumed without the gravest consideration. In strong contrast with this conscientious carefulness, recognizing the value of human life, is that recklessness which for the sake of money is willing to incur even the guilt of murder. This guilt rests upon many a quack, and, we fear, upon some that hold the position of reputable physicians. The business is a large one, and the victims are numerous. Now and then a glaring case obtrudes itself upon the community, and people are aroused for the moment to think of the enormity of the crime; but it is soon forgotten, and the evil is as wide-spread as ever, even more so, for it is constantly increasing. The abundant advertising which the business supports shows somewhat its extensiveness; but, after all, there is so much that is necessarily secret in its operations that no external indications give us any adequate idea of the prevalence of a crime which is sapping the foundations of society, both physical and moral. It is time that the press and the pulpit should both speak out, as they have done to some extent already, against this secret child-murder, for that is its only appropriate title. Especially is there need of this now that the evil has become so common as to come out somewhat from its secrecy, and assume even a bold attitude, as it seems to have done in some quarters. "Ladies boast to each other," says the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "of the impunity with which they have aborted, as they do of their expenditures, of their dress, of their success in society. There is a fashion in this, as in all other female customs, good or bad. The wretch whose account with the Almighty is heaviest with guilt too often becomes a heroine."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OLD MASTER (*affectionately*). "Good-by, Pompey; my eyes are getting dim, Pompey; I've got a long, long journey before me."

CONTRABAND (*suggestively*). "Well, never mind, Massa Robert—him all de way down hill."

Lawyers not unfrequently come to ride in their own carriages from the clever way in which they have managed the conveyances of their clients.

CONTRADICTORY.—How can a man be at once fast, loose, and tight?

A bill, posted on the walls of an English country village, announced that "a lecture will be delivered in the open air, and a collection made at the door to defray expenses."

A CASE OF LUNA-SEE.—Before matri-moon-y we love moonbeams; for a short time after we revel in the sweets of the honey-moon; a little later we complain of its moon-otony; and, last of all, we see clearly that it is all moonshine.

Dubbs, the speculator, met Stubbs, the real estate broker, in the street one windy, dusty March day, and, hailing Stubbs, [illegible] "Well," said Stubbs, taking off his spectacles and wiping the dust out of his eyes, [illegible] every one I meet has a [illegible] to-day, Mr. Dubbs [illegible]

COMFORT FOR THE BLANCH-HAIRED LADIES.—Whom the gods love dye young.

A hard-working, eminently pious woman once said: "I don't want to go to heaven as soon as I die, but rather to sleep in the grave a thousand years or so to get rested."

A gentleman in a suburban town buried his sixth wife last week. Shortly after the funeral he met the minister who officiated, and offered him a three-dollar greenback. The minister declined to take it, saying he was not accustomed to accept pay for such services. The gentleman coolly replied, "Just as you say; but that's what I've been in the habit of paying."

CROSS PURPOSES.

I love my charming Polly, and
My charming Polly, she
Is fond of Dick, who'd give his hand
For Fan, who doats on—*me.*

Each day I try my Poll to meet,
My Polly pines to see
Young Dick, who lounges every street
For Fan, who hunts up—*me.*

I frown when Fanny's path I cross,
Fan pouts young Dick to see,
Dick swears, the rogue! at Poll, who'll toss
Her head at sight of—*me.*

Oh, would some kindly fate transfer
Fan's love to Dick, and he
Not love my Poll, and she not care
For Dick, but sigh for *me!*

But no! it is the lot of man:
'Twas ever so, you see,
That Poll loves Dick, while Dick loves Fan,
And Fan is sweet on—somebody else.

A Yankee gentleman, escorting a British friend to view the different objects of attraction in the vicinity of Boston, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood looking at the splendid monument, when the Yankee said, "This is the place where Warren fell." "Ah!" replied the Englishman, evidently not posted up in local historical matters; "did it hurt him much?" The native looked at him. "Hurt him!" said he; "he was killed, Sir." "Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, still eying the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

A dissipated young man, who ran away from home and spent his substance in riotous living, resolved at last to return to the paternal roof. His father was kind enough to forgive the young rascal for his wickedness, and rushing into the house, overcome with joy that the boy had returned, cried out to his wife, "Let us kill the prodigal; the calf has returned!"

Who is the smallest lady?—Minnie Mum.

An exquisite divine put the finishing touch to a marriage ceremony when he concluded by saying, "I now pronounce you husband and lady."

One of the lay speakers in a Methodist Conference down East illustrated his readiness to fraternize with the Southern brethren, and his feelings toward them, by the story of the two men that would not speak to each other; but one having been converted at a camp-meeting, on seeing his former enemy, held out his hand, saying, "How d'ye do, Kemp? I am humble enough to shake hands with a dog."

A throng of youth and beauty glide
Amid the festive scene,
The dancers close, and side by side
Upon each other lean.
But one fair maid, the queen of all,
Hath on her brow a frown,
She feels her pride will have a fall,
Her—back hair's coming down.

A Yankee youth and a pretty girl sat facing each other at a husking-party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the maiden, only ventured a shy look, and now and then touched Patty's feet under the table. The girl, determined to make the youth express what he so warmly felt, bore with these advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here! if you love me, say so, but don't dirty my stockings."

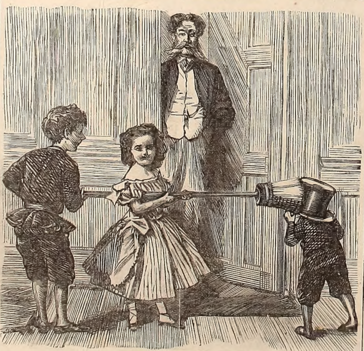
What lady is the surest cure for love?—Sue I. Sighed.

A venerable lady of a celebrated physician, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed: "I do wish my husband [illegible] keep away from such processions—it appears too much like a [illegible]

SEEN IN A NEW LIGHT.—The prisoners of Clichy illuminated the prison on learning that the Legislative body had passed a resolution abolishing imprisonment for debt. Of course, they could make light of a jail under such circumstances.

The late well-known Daniel O'Connell once met a conceited literary friend and exclaimed, "I saw a capital thing in your last pamphlet." "Did you?" eagerly replied his delighted listener, "what was it?" "A pound of butter?"

A lady renowned for repartee and a gentleman noted for tenacity to his own opinion were overheard in deep and earnest conversation. Says the gentleman, waxing rather warm, "Facts are stubborn things." "Then what a fact you must be!" rejoined the lady, to the gentleman's discomfort.



BRUSHING PA'S NEW HAT.

*Edith.* "NOW, TOMMY, YOU KEEP TURNING SLOWLY, TILL WE'VE DONE IT ALL ROUND."

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

DR. McLANE'S
**Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.**

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

These justly celebrated remedies have been before the public for the past thirty years, during which time they have been thoroughly tested in every way, and in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have given universal satisfaction.

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Twenty-five cents expended in this way may obviate the necessity of paying many Dollars for Doctors' Bills.

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A NEW ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. Every purchaser will be presented with a ticket giving an equal chance of getting a *Cash* present varying from $10,000 to $1. Price 10c., by post 13c.. Sold by Newsdealers.
T. R. DAWLEY & CO., Publishers, New York.

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PREPARED
**GLUE.**

Cheap, Convenient, and Useful for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Paper, &c. Takes the place of ordinary Mucilage, more Economical, and more Adhesive.

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND STATIONERS.

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W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

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THRILLING ADVENTURES OF DANIEL ELLIS, the great Union Guide of East Tennessee for a Period of nearly Four Years during the great Southern Rebellion. Written by Himself. Containing a Short Biography of the Author. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 50.

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To receive money from individuals and corporations, and allow such interest as may be agreed upon.

The Company is constituted by its Charter a Legal Depository of Money paid into Court.

To accept and execute all Trusts, in reference to both real and personal estate, committed to the Company by any person or corporation, or transferred to the Company by order of any of the Courts of Record, or by any Surrogate, &c., &c.

To act as Financial Agent of State and City Governments and of Counties, in the management of their business at the financial centre of the country.

To act as Agent for foreign Banks, Bankers, Business Men, and Corporations, having business transactions in the City of New York.

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Among the Guarantees afforded by the Charter of this Company, are the following:

Every Director or Trustee must be a citizen of this State, and be a stockholder in the Company to the amount of five thousand dollars, at least.

No loan shall be made, directly or indirectly, to any trustee, officer, or employee of said Corporation.

It is not permitted to discount or deal in Commercial or Business Paper.

ON WHAT SECURITY MAY THIS COMPANY LOAN ITS DEPOSITS?

The National Trust Company can only invest the funds entrusted to it in United States Stocks, or Stocks of the State of New York or other States, or of any City incorporated by the State of New York.

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COUPON Government Bonds, the Secretary of the Treasury says, he will pay to any holder, whether stolen or not; therefore, is it not wise to sell those COUPON Bonds and take the Stock in the National Trust Company, which will have its permanent investments in REGISTERED United States Bonds, State Stocks, and Bonds of Incorporated Cities of this State?

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It is believed that the Stock of this Company is more desirable than that of most other moneyed corporations, and as safe as Government Securities; that the increase in the value of the Stock will be more rapid than Government Bonds, and the dividends quite EQUAL to, if they do not EXCEED the interest of such Bonds.

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OFFICERS FOR FIRST YEAR:

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Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

These Teas by the ship Golden State were purchased direct from the Japanese factor, and, in consequence of the magnitude of the transaction, were transferred at about half the usual commissions. This is the largest cargo ever imported from Japan by about seven thousand packages. By this operation, the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY put these Teas into the hands of the consumers with but one very small profit—an achievement in commercial enterprise seldom if ever before attained. These Teas are acknowledged, both here and in Japan, as being the finest full cargo ever exported from that country.

ALSO,

# THE SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON

HAS ARRIVED WITH

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The cargo of the ship George Shotton is the second in size that has ever come to this port from Foochow (which is the finest Black Tea district in China). These are the "*finest first-picking contract Teas*"—rich, fresh, and full-flavored.

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The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *N. Y. Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The Trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY—the ship Golden State, from Japan, with 22,000 half chests, and the ship George Shotton, from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black and 22,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

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By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

### Price-List of Teas.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

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OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

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Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

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Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., (Post-Office Box No. 5643), New York City.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY (established 1861) is recommended by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

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We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business, as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club Lists.

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BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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Silver Hunting Lever Watches, $12 and $18.
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It stands pre-eminent among the health-restoring preparations of the age, and every year adds to its fame, not only in this country, but throughout the civilized world.

## ALSBERG'S GALAKTINE.

A

### Perfect Substitute for MOTHER'S MILK,

And Food for Invalids.

The great safeguard against all SUMMER COMPLAINTS. 50 cent cans. Sold by all Druggists.

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HEIRS WANTED. A complete list of heirs to Estates in Europe furnished for $1 by REDDEN BROS., P.O. Box 530, Washington, D.C. Refer to ALLEN COPP & NISBET, Bankers, St. Louis, Mo.

Watches sent by Express for $4. On receipt of $4 will send to any address, C.O.D., $4, one solid Gold Com. Hunting-Case Watch, with vest chain. G. Thistleton, 181 Broadway, 2d floor, rooms 3 and 4.

### FISHING TACKLE,

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LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will will force Whiskers on the smoothest face. Price by mail, 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York.

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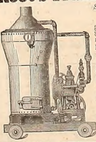

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We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge**

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

**Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills**

Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

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For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

**Diseases of the Liver.**

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of CONSUMPTION have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

**Symptoms of a Diseased Liver**

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites*, or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

**Fever and Ague.**

DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quin ne, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cat artic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with t is disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If ey do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should variably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilio purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick heada also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

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# Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,

OR

# VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

**Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.**

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE MAY BE DEPENDED UPON TO EFFECT A CURE.

The universal success which has attended the administration of DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

**Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.**

The great popularity of DR. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 547.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S PORTRAIT.

When Mr. George Peabody declined to accept the honor of knighthood at the hands of Queen Victoria of England as a reward for his generous gift to the poor of London, the illustrious lady determined to offer him such a token of regard as he could not so gracefully decline. The gift which she finally decided upon was a portrait of herself, and this was given and accepted more as a token of friendship than in recognition of the American merchant's liberality.

This Portrait, of which we give an engraving, is now in this country, and on exhibition at Philadelphia. It is a painting on enamel, of a size exceeding that of any enamel painting ever attempted, being 14 by 10 inches, set in a gorgeous frame of gold and blue, very beautifully wrought. It represents Queen Victoria seated, in a black robe, wearing also the blue ribbon of the Garter, a Marie Stuart widow's cap, with long white veil, a tiara of diamonds, and a splendid necklace of brilliants, in which is set the portrait of the late Prince Consort. The picture is a most remarkable work, having taken much care and toil for a twelvemonth to bring it to a complete success. Indeed, it is surprising that the enamel should have borne all the trials of white furnace heat to which it was frequently subjected, and that the original purity of the colors should have been so well and perfectly maintained. The picture rests on a cushion of maroon velvet, in a frame decorated with golden devices combining the rose, shamrock, and thistle. Below it is the Royal monogram, V. R., and the inscription, shown in our engraving.

PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA OF ENGLAND, PRESENTED BY HER TO MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 22, 1867.


## "DESPOTIC UKASES."

If a man read the Democratic papers only he would suppose that the people of this country were inventing new forms of despotic oppression for the Southern States. The orders of the commanding Generals are "despotic ukases;" and it is declared to be foolish for a Constitutional Convention to meet in this State when in ten States every vestige of Constitutional freedom, and even the dearest rights of men, are ruthlessly trampled under foot. Why the American Government has thus suddenly become the cruelest of tyrants, what purpose it proposes to effect by this wholesale crushing and pulverizing, the papers omit to mention. They are content to attribute it to the Robespierres, Dantons, and Marats who control the Radical party, gloat over human suffering, and are never happy but when dancing upon the ruins of States and amidst the ashes of liberty. And these authorities generously inform us that these orgies of wickedness and wrong can be brought to an end in one way only, and that is by the return to power of the pure and peaceable Democratic party. "The inconsolable widow," says the fond epitaph upon the husband's grave-stone, "continues the business at the old stand."

An unsophisticated student of our history might ask in some surprise why these alarms and solicitations about liberty and rights were never uttered by the Democratic papers when nearly four millions of the population were deprived of every right whatever; and why, when those who were guilty of this deprivation rose to destroy the Government, the same Democratic papers could see danger to liberty and rights only in the defensive action of the Government. That would be enough to show the utter insincerity of the complaint of the present situation. But its unreasonability is not less apparent. For what is the situation? Simply that certain States have lost their civil governments in the effort to destroy the authority of the United States, and the United States have directed them how to reorganize their governments. Pending that reorganization they are necessarily subjected to the national authority, which, from the necessity of the case, is vested in military commanders, who recognize the existing civil authorities just so far only as their official conduct does not clash with the measures prescribed by Congress.

When, in accordance with those measures and by the consent of Congress, the civil reorganization of those States is perfected and they are again represented in Congress, then, and not till then, they will resume all their relations in the Union as equal States with the others. They are now States recovered to the Union and held in it by force until such political changes as the war has wrought are organized and developed. It is merely puerile to speak of them as we should speak of New York or Wisconsin. The supreme authority in them is military and not civil. It should be exercised indeed with sagacity and prudence, and in such a way as not to alienate the people from their normal habits of civil government. But it is perfectly legitimate, although it may be very unwise for the military authority to suspend a newspaper, to forbid a meeting, or to remove the highest civil officer in the State. To insist that, if this be done in Mississippi or Louisiana, it may as properly be done in Iowa or Maine, is wholly to forget the war and the necessities it has imposed.

The real grief of the Democratic papers is not that liberty and rights are denied, but that the late rebels are not allowed at their pleasure to deny the liberty and rights of loyal men. They see that the intention of Congress and of the commanders under the Military bill is that a fair register of all citizens shall be made, and, with the exception of those disfranchised, that all citizens shall vote. But as only the chief of the late rebels are disfranchised and all loyal men of every color are enfranchised, the Democratic papers and orators fear a party defeat. It is natural. For if every man who rebelled or sympathized with rebellion were to lose his vote, what would become of the Democratic party?

It is very clear that the Military Governor must control the civil authorities or they must control him; and we presume there is very little doubt of the intention of the Military bill upon this point.

## THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

The public movements of the President of the United States must always excite attention and remark. Those of the present President have especially done this because of the peculiar character of his speeches in reply to the greetings he receives. His journey of last year to Chicago to the grave of Stephen A. Douglas was the most nationally humiliating and politically disastrous pilgrimage ever made by a public man. This year he has been to North Carolina upon the pious errand of seeing a monument erected to his father. Could he have abstained altogether from speech-making it would have been better for him and more agreeable to the country. To say nothing gracefully is an unusual accomplishment. Many great orators have not that gift. The President is perhaps remarkable for the want of it, and he should therefore confine himself to thanking his fellow-citizens except when he really wishes to say something. Had he followed this rule he would not have delivered the little speech at Raleigh, which was not, indeed, offensive, but made the speaker rather ridiculous.

When that was ended Mr. Seward made a speech, saying: "Like my great chief who preceded me it is not my purpose to make a speech." Does Mr. Seward think the President a "great" chief? Does he forget that the words he speaks upon such occasions as this are carefully reported and read every where—read by those who once thought *him* their great chief, as well as by those who always opposed and now sneer at him? That the Secretary of State should be perfectly respectful of the President is but becoming. But shall he not also be respectful of the country? Shall words lose their meaning because spoken of the Chief Magistrate?

Then in due order came Dr. Swain, who delivered an oration at the monument. At its conclusion he spoke of the President and of his early companion, "Lieutenant-General" Leonidas Polk, who took arms against the cause which the President favored, and who, if less fortunate, was not less "pure and patriotic!" This does not seem to us a speech which should have been delivered in the presence of the President of the United States. He is the commander of a victorious army in which there is but one Lieutenant-General; and it was an insult to that General, to the Commander-in-Chief, and to the country, to describe a man who died in arms against that country as "Lieutenant-General." So, also, it is an insulting as well as false and foolish use of words to speak of a man's devotion to his State as patriotic. The pride of a man in his county or city or ward is just as much patriotism as the preference of a State to the country.

We do not quarrel with the natural respect felt by the late rebels for their trusted leaders, nor with the expression of it at appropriate times and places. But the presence of the President of the United States is not a place to celebrate the praises of men who were conspicuous only for their fierce and sanguinary attempt to destroy the Government. The speech of Dr. Swain deliberately declared to the President that the rebel cause was just as honorable, pure, and patriotic as that of the Government, while it has the added dignity of misfortune. This is the perilous falsehood which we have more than once exposed. The rebellion was not an honorable and unfortunate cause—it was a crime; and this shall not be forgotten if we can help the country to remember it. It is the plain duty of the President to require that no speech of ceremony shall be made to him which assumes that it was otherwise. Let us have as much conciliation and silence upon this subject as may be; but let us have nothing *said* which is not true.

## THE END OF IMPEACHMENT.

The impeachment project has resulted as every thoughtful man must have supposed it would, and it is to be regretted that the resolution of censure was not also omitted. As the people last autumn, at the polls, so unequivocally expressed themselves upon the policy and conduct of the President, we can see no good reason for fighting the battle over again. The President has yielded, and has kept silence until the journey to Raleigh. He vetoed the Military bill, of course; but having satisfied his convictions in that manner he has not evaded but has executed the law in its own spirit. It can not be denied that he has lost the confidence and respect of the American people, and is therefore powerless. But now that their opinion is formed and their judgment rendered it is superfluous to repeat it solemnly in Congress.

That Mr. Johnson is a man of a very obtuse mind, and that he has been floundering in a desperate muddle from the beginning of the reconstruction movement, is very evident. That he must bear the heavy responsibility of the slaughter at New Orleans, which by a word he could have avoided, seemed to us, until this decision of the Committee, indisputable. It is not that he has not deserved censure, but because he has received it in the most impressive manner, that the intended action of the Judiciary Committee is untimely. Charles Second wreaked his vengeance upon the bones of Cromwell. But the President is much more harmless to the country than Cromwell could have been to Charles. Congress has wholly conquered in the political struggle with the Executive, and it is ungenerous to spurn the conquered.

The history of this impeachment project should show every representative the necessity of the utmost care in beginning so grave a movement. It must now be considered settled that Mr. Ashley charged what he hoped to be able to find the evidence to prove rather than what he knew. He has weakened instead of strengthened his cause. If after so prolonged and searching investigation by a committee not unwilling to impeach, and after a renewed scrutiny of the evidence, it is decided that no further action should be taken, it is also decided that the President was accused upon wholly insufficient grounds. And this decision is of very great importance; for it implies that the President's official conduct at the time of the New Orleans riot was less reprehensible than the country supposed.

From his letter to the Washington meeting General Butler seems to think that the impeachment should have been kept as a rod in pickle to encourage the President in well-doing. The General looks for the removal of Sheridan as a logical sequence of the failure to impeach. He need have no fear. If the President undertakes seriously to withstand the will of the people, lawfully expressed, he will be brought to account without delay.

## DECLINED WITH THANKS.

If a man sees two men fighting and asks if he can not help them to a reconciliation, and is politely told that he can not, he would be a very foolish fellow if he lost his temper and vowed to take a hand in the fight upon his own account. Yet many persons seem to think we ought to feel very much offended when our interference in the quarrels of other governments is courteously declined. The Secretary of State has been bowing around the circle of fighting American republics, and offering his little balm of Gilead. They all courteously prefer to do what we have just done—fight to a conclusion. Paraguay, for instance, the most absolute despotism upon the Western continent, which is a mere farm of Lopez the Dictator, whose will is law, replies, in the most approved rhetoric, that "the Republic is determined to save itself, with its institutions, its government, and its mode of being, or to perish gloriously at the foot of the flag that has loudly proclaimed the liberty of its people, and sustained with ardent enthusiasm its motto of peace and justice." The Argentine Republic, Brazil, Chili, Peru, all answer in the same lofty strain. Nevertheless, we certainly need not be ashamed of making a noble and humane offer, nor be chagrined that it is not accepted.

So in Mexico: we requested Juarez to be generous to Maximilian if he were taken. We had a peculiar right to do so, because, if we had favored the Austrian Archduke, he would have been still Emperor of Mexico. But upon what ground did we oppose him? Because he was not the choice of the Mexican people, and because our principle is to respect the government of that choice. Do we respect the government of that choice enough to let it decide for itself in a capital case? If the Mexican Republic thinks that it ought to shoot Maximilian, we may regret it as a matter of state policy, but is that Republic not to be independent because we are its friend? Is the price of our friendship absolute subservience to our dictation? If the Government of the United States should descend to hector and bully smaller and weaker powers it would lose the respect of its own best citizens. If ever a nation had a right to deal with a foreign usurper, certainly Mexico has the right to judge Maximilian. We hope his treatment may be generous, but we can not be surprised if it be severe. Our duty is done in earnestly requesting that, for the sake of humanity and of popular government, the Republic be merciful.

## OUR RAILROADS.

To those who contemplate to-day the comprehensive net-work of railways that traverse the length and breadth of our great country, the fact seems marvelous that in the year 1828 but three miles of iron rail had been laid in the United States. From its beginning, the progress of construction has more than kept pace with the rapid growth of the nation. In 1860 there were completed and in operation 27,909 miles of railroad, built at a cost of $1,068,841,638; and it is a coincidence worthy of remark that this aggregate of length was distributed almost equally among the North, West, and South—that is to say, the North had 9665 miles of railroad, the West 9191 miles, and the South 9053. At the commencement of the present year, 36,896 miles of road had been finished, and their total valuation, including real estate and construction account, will reach fully $1,400,000,000, at old prices—no inconsiderable sum of money to be invested in a single description of internal improvement in the short space of thirty-eight years. The progress of construction since 1860 has been in about the same ratio as for the six preceding years, notwithstanding the interference of war.

But, comprehensive as our system is, and rapid as its development has been, it is nevertheless far from perfection. A railroad system which has been in existence less than forty years, must be admitted to be still in its infancy. A vast deal remains to be done by way of practical experiment before it can meet the real necessities of trade, before it can suffice to develop the local resources of the various sections to any thing like their full extent, and, indeed, before that system can be made, as a whole, self-sustaining. Besides, the requirements of trade are not the same to-day that they were years ago. They change constantly and enlarge with every new ramification of settlement, as population spreads over unoccupied territory, and as sparsely-settled districts become densely peopled.

The reason why most American railroads have hitherto been barely able to pay expenses, and the revenues of many have been largely deficient, is shown in the fact that they have been built in advance of the requirements of the country and in anticipation of the future. Moreover, their annual earnings have been necessarily spent in improvements. Lines of railroad reaching far out into sparsely-settled districts, or connecting distant commercial centres, with a large extent of thinly-occupied country intervening, can not be self-sustaining at the outset; but they invite population to locate along their routes, develop the latent resources of the contiguous country, and stimulate production. They give birth and nourishment to industry and population. When, in the course of time, business has measurably increased and the district has become densely inhabited, then the railroads become remunerative; then industry and population in their turn become the nurture and sustenance of the roads. Thus, by the universal compensating principle, they aid and promote each other. Hence we observe that the earnings of nearly all our railroads are now annually increasing, and that many roads which have long struggled through a precarious existence begin to pay good dividends. Consequently their shares are rapidly appreciating. They are assuming firmer place in the public confidence. It is a good omen of future success when we see one of our largest capitalists transferring his money from the steamboat business, where it has been long employed, and investing it in railroads, buying up the greater portion of Harlem and Hudson River at a swoop. The cheapness of coal and the protection given to the iron interest swell the railroad revenues largely. With the revivification of the South, the largely increased production of cotton, and bountiful grain harvests, the railroads are likely to have their means of transportation soon taxed beyond their abilities. Indeed, some are already in this dilemma, and a new system must be devised to remedy the difficulty.

When the Pacific Railroad is completed to San Francisco a new era will be inaugurated. The road will then be the grand artery of the country. All other lines of railway will become, to a certain extent, its feeders. Along its entire route over the great Plains lateral branches will be constructed to tap it, which will pour into it their way-side contributions to an extent that can not to-day be approximately estimated. The "through" freight business will be comparatively light. The road will not supersede the California ships in carrying bulky freight to New York, but the "way" traffic will undoubtedly be something marvelous. Already, with less than one-third of its length complete, it is earning four times its operating expenses, as officially stated. Such success is without precedent. When it reaches the already populous gold regions of Montana, Idaho, and Nevada, the freight to and from those points alone is likely to be something almost fabulous. And population follows the road as it extends. A town or village marks each stage of its progress. Who can calculate the quantity of way freight that the road is destined to carry for these mushroom communities, in view of the published statement that a fleet of forty steamboats from Montana is now coming down the Missouri River with 120,000 tons of freight on board? Who, indeed, can estimate the passenger traffic alone? When hundreds of thousands of persons, with their faces toward the West, have tramped over the Plains at the risk of their scalps, how many peradventure will ride when they can make the journey with safety in a few days? Then comes the natural inquiry whether a single track, with its infrequent sidings and turnouts, will be able to accommodate more than the mere passenger traffic of the road, or whether travelers to the Pacific will be content to abide a time-schedule adapted to slow-moving freight-trains as well as passenger express cars. Certainly but a short time will elapse before the demands of trade will call for a second track to be used exclusively as a freight road, over which an endless line of slowly-moving vans shall continuously pass, leaving the other track for the use of impatient passengers only. And in due course the entire railway business of the country will be remodeled under this system, adding largely to the receipts of the several lines, and materially reducing their running expenses. At all events the present system can not long continue with profit and advantage to the companies or the public; for not only will additional facilities for transportation be required by the roads already built, but new lines will be called for (as they already are, not only at the North, but in vari-

ous parts of the rapidly-developing South). These thoughts are engaging the serious attention of prominent railroad men who see the difficulties that threaten, while at the same time they discern for the railroad interest of the United States a more prosperous future than it has ever yet enjoyed.

## THE MURDER AT ALBANY.

PUBLIC opinion is generally held to justify a man who shoots the paramour of his wife. But certainly if it is an offense deserving death by an outrage of the law, it deserves the same penalty in due course of law. Are then those who are so very positive that "honor, Sir, honor!" requires a husband to put such an adulterer to death ready to make adultery a capital crime? And if so, shall both the offenders be punished? If not, how will you measure the mutual guilt? If HISCOCK had injured COLE'S honor, COLE'S wife had injured it still more. If it is to be assumed that public opinion justifies the shooting of the one it must have equally approved the murder of the other; or if the man ought to be legally punished for adultery the woman ought not to escape.

The truth is, that it is an utterly false sense of honor which drives a man to murder even the known paramour of his wife. If there has been an offense it is by mutual consent. That knowledge can not sully the honor of a true soul. It may break a faithful heart, but it will not inspire in a really generous man the desire of revenge. And how upon the other side? If a husband may take such summary vengeance upon his wife's paramour, so may she upon his; and if the punishment of adultery is to be left to the suspicion, the rage, the jealousy of individuals, to what condition will society come? Any man or woman may be denounced as an offender by some husband or some wife and assassination be justified.

Whoever deliberately takes the law into his own hands, and upon suspicion, or what he supposes to be knowledge of a grave offense, assassinates another, ought not to hope to escape punishment. If, overpowered by passion and no longer his own master, he commits the crime, that fact will be fairly considered as in all other cases. But it is high time that this ready shooting of those whom the murderers declare to have injured their "honor" should stop; and to that end the crime of adultery should be punished as severely as public opinion and the certainty of the penalty will justify. There is no crime more fatal to human happiness. It is denounced in the commandments from Sinai. Its consequences near and remote are appalling. But if it be an offense which ought not to be punished by law, it certainly should not be suffered to be corrected by a fearful outrage of the law. If you will remit it to moral condemnation, very well. But if it may be properly punished with death it should be by the hangman, not by the husband or the wife.

## LITERARY.

MR. G. P. PUTNAM, who has resumed his old business of publishing in company with his son, has issued several charming volumes in the most tasteful and convenient form, and under the general title of "Railway Classics" publishes every month a neat and capital little work. Three of them are selections from *Putnam's Monthly*, a magazine still kindly remembered by many readers, and comprise "'Maga' Stories," "'Maga' Social Papers," and "'Maga' Excursion Papers." Another of the same series is "Tuckerman's Papers about Paris," a convenient handbook of entertaining and thoughtful remark upon the suggestions of life and art in the great capital. It is a most timely and delightful friend for every visitor to the Great Exhibition, and vividly refreshes the pleasantest memories for those Americans who, although neither good nor dead, have yet been to Paris.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

*Going into the country* is becoming the interesting topic of conversation in social circles. However advantageous this rural summering might be if properly managed, it is certain that, as practiced by the masses, it is an absurd farce. Paying enormous bills at a crowded hotel or a miserable boarding-house, where you do not obtain half the ordinary comforts of home, is regarded as "country life," because the said hotel or boarding-house happens to be outside city limits. Half the people who go into *such* country life actually pine for the luxuries of their city homes—the airy rooms, the convenient gas, the iced water, the abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables, etc. Many have the idea that if they are only in the *country* they will never feel too hot; and that they can revel in every green thing that is good for eating, and in every kind of berry and fruit; and all so pure and fresh. The truth is, that, as a general thing, those who stay in the city have abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables, and those who go into the country don't! The farmers of every country town within a radius of twenty miles from a railroad station pack up their green pease and new potatoes, their fresh butter and eggs, their strawberries, blueberries, and blackberries, their pears, plums, and peaches, and send them to the city; and people who live within a stone's-throw long in vain for these things: they are all sent off in a lump, because it is so much less trouble to dispose of them wholesale.

The best way to manage is to go into some section of the country where the engine's whistle never breaks the stillness of the air; where the honest farmer asks only a fair price for your board, and his good wife with liberal hand supplies the table, with simple dishes to be sure, but with such bread, butter, cream, and berries that you desire nothing else; where the fresh air, the trout brook, the mountain peak, or the shady wood tempt you to spend almost every hour out of doors; where freedom from business will allow you to go to bed early and to sleep long and restfully. The grand object of going into the country should be to recuperate the whole system—brain and body. This is partially accomplished by change of scene, but mainly by light, agreeable occupations in the open air and plenty of sleep, two things which city people have a short allowance of, but which they greatly need. Dwellers in New York, and in large cities generally, live too fast. A summer spent in breathing fresh air, and in making up lost sleep, will be a good investment for many of our hurried, busy, bustling people.

The laying of a new pavement in Broadway from Bowling Green to Fourteenth Street is in progress. It is to be what is generally known as "Belgian." The material of the new pavement is New England granite, obtained principally from the region around Cape Ann, although some is also brought from Maine and Rhode Island. The blocks are about four inches wide, one foot long, and six or seven inches deep. They will be laid with wide interstices between them, thus affording a much better foothold for the horses. This work will cost $500,000, and is to be completed in five months. Meanwhile travel will be seriously interrupted.

The musical festival at Steinway Hall was the principal topic of conversation among lovers of music last week. Seven evening concerts and two matinées in one week gives a chance to the most fastidious of being suited. And a great multitude were willing to run the risk of being pleased by most of the performances if the crowded Hall was any criterion.

Mr. Edwin Booth is said to have been offered $10,000 for an engagement of two weeks at St. Louis. Pretty good wages that! Five thousand dollars a week, over eight hundred an evening; and supposing each performance to be three hours long, more than two hundred and seventy-five dollars an hour!

It is stated that the nominal price of board at the Saratoga hotels is $4 50 per day. This statement will enable one to make some estimate of the cost of a visit to a fashionable watering-place this summer.

A good deal is said about the new Belvidere in the Central Park, and yet many have very little idea what it is to be. There is a rocky elevation near the Old Reservoir which overlooks the whole Park and a large portion of the city. This has been graded and planted with grass and shrubs, and here there is to be erected an open summer-house—the Belvidere—where one may enjoy a comfortable seat and a charming landscape at the same time. The building, which is to be of stone, and will cover considerable space, will soon be commenced.

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Booth, of the 1st U. S. Infantry, and late of the Fourth Army Corps, who has recently been on duty at Governor's Island, sailed on the 8th inst., in the steamer *Rapidan*, for New Orleans, to join his regiment there under General Sheridan.

Every little while we hear a curious story of some foolish person who hid his greenbacks in an old stove, and then sold the stove, forgetting the money—or who tucked the bills into the rag-bag for security, and accidentally sold the rags (and bills) for six cents a pound—or who concealed a fortune under a carpet, and forgot where it was. The following story is another of the "same sort:"

"A gentleman of Lansing, Michigan, a few days since, put $350 in greenbacks in a pint-bottle, which he placed upon the top shelf of the pantry. The bottle was subsequently taken one night to a drug-store and filled with alcohol, and the position of things was not discovered till the next day, when the bottle was emptied quickly. The bills were nearly destroyed, but will probably be made good at the Treasury Department."

It is extremely disagreeable to the lovers of Champagne to be told that not less than 5,000,000 bottles of that refreshing beverage are yearly consumed, which have nothing genuine about them except their labels and corks! Nevertheless, some authority says so. Between April 1, 1866, and April 1, 1867, there were sold in France 3,218,343 bottles of sparkling Champagne, and 10,283,886 bottles were exported.

From a Philadelphia journal we clip the following, which, if based on sufficient trial, will be a great help to housekeepers in selecting flour:

"Place a thimbleful of flour in the palm of the hand, and rub it gently with the finger of the other hand. If the flour smooths down under the finger, feeling silky and slippery, it is of inferior quality, though of fancy brand, high priced, and white as the virgin snow-drift. It has been either too low ground or made from damaged wheat, or perhaps, having an unusual per centum of gluten, murdered with dull burs, and will never make good, light, wholesome bread. But if the flour rubs rough in the palm, feeling like fine sand, and has an orange tint, purchase confidently. It will not disappoint you. Such flour, whatever may be its branded reputation, though its price be at the lowest figure, will make good, light, nutritious bread."

A very wrong estimate is usually made by those who, for the first time, travel in Europe, in regard to the amount of baggage needful. Not only are trunks a great inconvenience, but a great expense. In France each passenger is allowed fifty-six pounds, but on most of the roads every ten pounds excess is taxed thirty-five cents. It costs about one-half a fare to take a common-sized trunk through Italy, in addition to numerous secondary expenses; for every man who touches your trunk, or has any thing to do with it, charges a fee. Those who make a rapid tour require but very little baggage. Thin clothing will not be wanted. For a gentleman one good business suit is sufficient. A lady needs a stout, serviceable traveling dress, and a good black alpaca or silk—perhaps one other dress. A cloth sacque, a blanket shawl, and good walking shoes are necessary. Ready-made clothing of every description can be easily obtained at cheap rates in Europe.

The English cars are not warmed by stoves in winter; but flat metal boxes, filled with hot water, and covered with carpeting, are placed in each compartment, and these keep the feet warm. Plenty of wrappings are needful; but by this plan the head is kept cool, which is an improvement on our American system. The cost of living at European hotels has greatly increased within a few years past, and is especially high just at present. From a dollar and a half to three dollars a day will pay hotel expenses. Some one has estimated the sum necessary for a very shrewd, careful, economical, single gentleman to expend in traveling this year in Europe, at four dollars a day—for one moderately economical, six dollars. And the monthly expense of the same persons, if residing in Germany, Italy, or Switzerland would be respectively about thirty and fifty dollars.

The characteristic salutations of different nations are very curious. The Poles bow to the ground with extreme deference to friends they meet, with the significant inquiry, "Art thou gay?" The Chinese are most particular in their personal civilities, even calculating the number of their reverences. Of equals they inquire, "Have you eaten your rice?" "Is your stomach in order?" Egyptians kiss the back of a superior's hand, and as an extra civility, the palm also. Their fevered country is strikingly portrayed by asking, "How goes the perspiration?" "Is it well with thee?" and "God preserve thee." The Hollander, with his proverbial love of good living, salutes his friends by asking, "Have you had a good dinner?"

In the Paris Exposition a cork and cork-screw are exhibited by means of which a glass of Champagne can be taken from a bottle without injuring the remaining contents. Thus this perishable wine can henceforth be enjoyed in a small quantity without the waste of a whole bottle.

It is a well-known rule of etiquette that a marriage fee is to be given and received quietly without examination. This practice, however, sometimes causes odd and uncomfortable mistakes. Not long ago a gentleman, just before the marriage of his daughter, made out a couple of checks, one of a few thousand, which he designed to give his child as he bade her good-by, and another of seventy-five dollars, to hand to the clergyman after the ceremony. In some way the checks were misplaced and got into the wrong hands. The daughter was no less surprised than the good minister; but the latter happened to be an honest man and the mistake was rectified. At a recent wedding in Detroit, the bridegroom was called on for a song. He cheerfully promised to comply, and said he would give his friends a new version of "Hunkadori." On taking the paper from his vest pocket, it proved to be—not a slip from a newspaper, as he had calculated—but a greenback which he had intended for the clergyman's fee. Imagine the bridegroom's consternation, and also the indignant surprise of the clergyman when he found only a new version of "Hunkadori," instead of some money for marketing.

In connection with these anecdotes we are reminded of a certain young gentleman of this city who gave to his groomsman a check for $100, to be given by him to the clergyman who united him to the lady of his choice. The clergyman was somewhat surprised that he received no fee; and that, as weeks passed on, no allusion was made to the omission. At length, in some way, the young gentleman heard that the check was never received. Investigation proved that a check drawn to the "bearer" proved too strong a temptation to the groomsman.

A recent writer, in speaking of Martin Luther, says that his relations with his children were singularly beautiful. He was especially gentle with them, and their fancies and imaginations delighted him. "Children," said Luther, "imagine heaven a place where rivers run with cream, and trees are hung with cakes and plums. Do not blame them. They are but showing their simple, natural, unquestioning, all-believing faith." One day, after dinner, when the fruit was on the table, the children were watching it with longing eyes. "That is the way," said he, "in which we grown Christians ought to look for the Judgment Day."

A singular duel recently took place at Berlin between a silversmith and another artisan. The arms selected were a bottle of sulphuric acid. The arrangement was that whichever of the two adversaries threw the lowest with dice should swallow the contents of the fatal vial. Chance favored the silversmith, who immediately poured out a glass of liquor and handed it to his adversary, who unhesitatingly drank off the liquid, but, to the astonishment of his antagonist, instead of falling senseless, smacked his lips and asked for another glass. The seconds had acted on the sensible idea of substituting arrack for the corrosive fluid. The affair terminated in a reconciliation.

A late French paper is responsible for the following good story: One day, after a horrible catastrophe on the Dijon Railroad, an old man presented himself at the place of disaster. A workman who was collecting the débris and clearing the track inquired what he wanted.

"Monsieur, I am one of the victims."

The workman looked up, and seeing a man without injury, inquired, "Whom have you lost, then—your wife, your child, and friend?"

"No, monsieur, I have lost my umbrella."

The workman searched among the broken cars and by a singular chance found the umbrella.

"There," said he, giving it to the peasant, "you are lucky to get out of the scrape that way."

"You call that lucky," returned the man; "look here, they have broken two whalebones."

At one of the jewelry stalls of the Paris Exhibition there is a glass case of jewelry which serves as a counter, and upon which there seem to be carelessly strown about some diamonds and other precious stones. They really adhere to the under surface of the glass. They are so finely cut that by mere pressure the air is excluded from the surface of the stones in contact with the glass, and in this way they adhere. But they seem to be lying outside. A very gayly-dressed Frenchwoman, seeing that nobody was watching them, covered them with her handkerchief and attempted to sweep them away, while at the same moment she directed her inquiries to another part of the stand. Her unsuccessful attempt caused much merriment among those who chanced to witness it.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE removal of Governor Wells of Louisiana by General Sheridan was resisted by the Governor, and he had to be forcibly ejected from his office.

The rebel officials in the South are generally acting in opposition to the wishes of the military commanders. The Tax Collector, City Treasurer, and the members of the City Council of Mobile were removed from office by General Pope on June 4. Subsequently their positions were again tendered them, but they declined, when General Wager Swayne ordered the vacancies to be filled "from that large class of citizens who have heretofore been denied the right of suffrage and a participation in municipal affairs, and whose patriotism will prevent them from following this disloyal example." The Mayor and Commissioners of Fayetteville, North Carolina, were also removed from office by General Sickles on the same day, and their places supplied by others. General Griffin, in command at Galveston, Texas, has removed the city police and appointed a new force, several members of which are colored men.

A Union Republican Convention, composed of delegates of both colors, assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, on June 4. Two hundred and fifty delegates were in attendance, about one hundred and thirty of whom were blacks, who participated equally in the deliberations. A resolution, inviting Judge Richard Busteed to address the Convention, was violently opposed and defeated.

General Longstreet has declared in a card that the Republican party should be sustained by all parties, and that no politician can affiliate with the Democratic party until it recognized the right of negroes to suffrage.

The Texas Legislature in October, 1866 abolished two judicial districts, the judges of which were strong Union men, for the purpose of getting rid of them on account of their political opinions. General Sheridan, on June 10, issued an order nullifying the act, and reinstating the two judges in their places.

### THE INDIAN WAR.

Operations on the Smoky Hill and Arkansas routes have ceased for the present, and the attention of General Sherman has been devoted to the Platte River route. At Omaha, on June 8, he issued general orders stating that the Union Pacific Railroad shall be so well guarded in future that no Indians will dare to interfere with it. All passengers and freight must be forwarded to the end of the track, and from there will be guarded by sufficient escorts specially provided for that purpose. He expressed himself as sanguine that he will clear the Platte Valley of Indians within two weeks. He has also, with the concurrence of Secretary Stanton, agreed to allow Governor Hunt, of Colorado, to equip five hundred volunteers for Indian service.

### NEWS ITEMS.

C. W. Stauffer, the radical candidate in Natchitoches parish for the Louisiana State Convention, was murdered on June 3 by John Jones, a rebel citizen. The murderer deliberately shot him, and then rode to Stauffer's house, called for his wife, and told her he had killed her husband. He then rode out of town. The Sheriff attempted to arrest Jones and his brother who had aided him, and was shot in the head and severely injured, and an assistant was shot in the arm. The Joneses are nephews of Governor Wells, and R. B. Jones was appointed to the Supreme bench of the State during Wells's administration.

The trial of John H. Surratt was begun in Washington on June 10.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

AN attempt was made in Paris on June 6 to assassinate the Czar Alexander of Russia while riding with Napoleon III. The pistol fired exploded in the hands of the would-be assassin, and the Czar escaped injury.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria were crowned King and Queen of Hungary at Pesth on June 8.

The fall of Queretaro is fully confirmed. The lives of Maximilian and his principal Generals were spared.

The Queen of Spain has established the valuation of slaves in Cuba at $400 or less each. This is considered as a decided step toward the abolition of slavery.

Lord Monck has been appointed Viceroy of the new Dominion of Canada.

A plan for the absorption of the states of South Germany in the new Empire of Germany has been promulgated at Berlin.

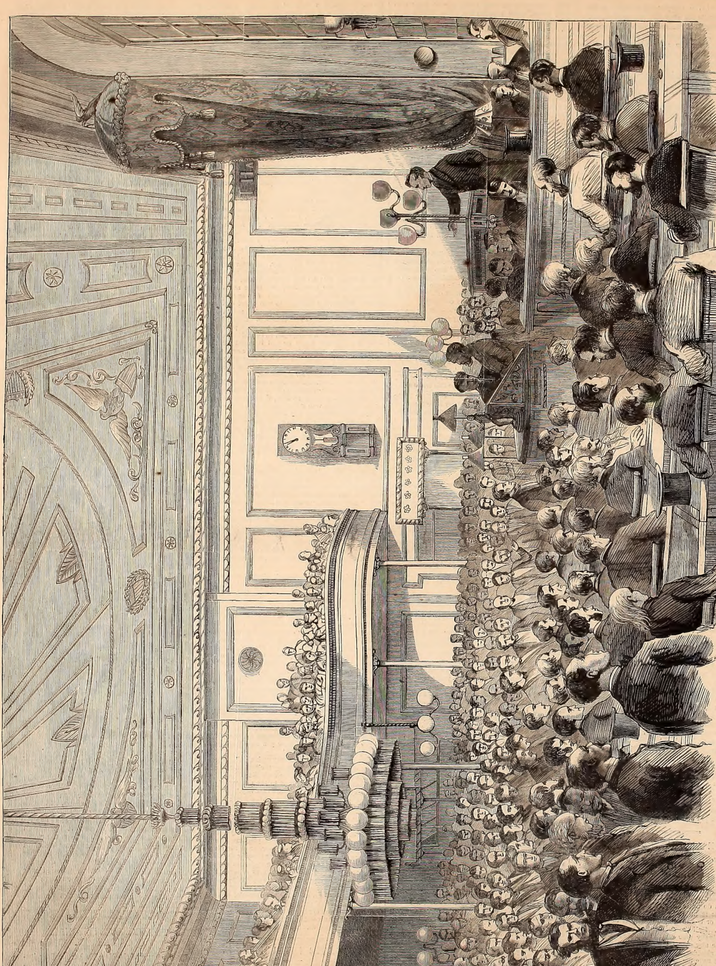
## EXPLOSION AT PHILADELPHIA.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred at Philadelphia on June 6, about the hour of sunset. A steam-boiler in a manufacturing establishment exploded, demolishing the entire building, which was five stories high, and burying, it is believed, at least forty persons in the ruins. The report of the explosion was like that of a battery of artillery, and was heard for a great distance. At once the air was filled with bricks, beams, etc. Surrounding property was shaken as by an earthquake, and nearly every pane of glass in the vicinity was shattered. As soon as the terror excited by the report had partially subsided persons ran to the spot, and discovered that nothing remained of the building except a portion of the eastern wall and the chimney-stack. The site of the structure was one mass of ruins, almost level with the pavement. Every assistance was rendered. The piercing shrieks of the unfortunate men buried near the surface of the ruins, the stifled groans of others still further down, were truly heart-rending and appalling, and fairly paralyzing in their effects. By 8 o'clock the first body was found, and up to midnight ten bodies had been recovered. Most of the remains were past all recognition. Headless trunks; bodies without head or limbs; bodies with legs, but no arms, or with arms, but no legs; and masses of flesh without the slightest resemblance to humanity were drawn forth from the ruins. The intense heat to which the remains had been subjected had destroyed all vestiges of clothing, as well as disfiguring the face and limbs.

As we write the full particulars of the horrible catastrophe have not reached us. Seventeen bodies have thus far been taken from the ruins. One man named ADAM STEWART was buried in the ruins, but was protected by beams forming a sort of bridge over him, and dug his own way out almost uninjured, after being buried over twelve hours. Our illustrations on page 389 show the site of the accident and appearance of the ruins, and the removal of bodies from the demolished building.

## THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

BY the terms of the New York State Constitution a Convention of delegates chosen by the people may meet every twenty years for the purpose of revising and remodeling the Constitution. A Convention for this purpose was called by the last Legislature, and the delegates elected met in the Assembly Chamber of the Capitol at Albany on June 4. The present Convention numbers 160 delegates, of whom 97 were elected as Republicans, and 63 as Democrats. The Convention was organized without difficulty, on June 4, by the election of WILLIAM A. WHEELER as President. Our view of the Assembly Chamber on page 388, with the delegates present, is a faithful reproduction of the scene at the time of the delivery of the President's speech, immediately after the organization.



THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION AT ALBANY—PRESIDENT WHEELER DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 387.]

HON. L. H. HISCOCK.

GENERAL GEORGE W. COLE.

## THE ASSASSINATION AT ALBANY.

The community was much shocked on June 5 last to hear of the murder of Hon. L. H. Hiscock, formerly a member of the Legislature, and at the time of his death a delegate to the Constitutional Convention at Albany. The murder was committed by Brigadier-General George W. Cole, of Syracuse, New York, in the reception room of Stanwix Hall at Albany. Mr. Hiscock was standing near the clerk's desk, when he was approached by General Cole, who deliberately spoke a few words in a low tone, and then placing a pistol at his head fired the fatal shot. The ball entered near the right eye. Hiscock fell back senseless, and the wound bleeding profusely, he expired within 30 minutes. Cole remarked to a friend who approached him, that Hiscock had been his best friend, but that while he (Cole) was in the army Hiscock had betrayed his wife; and added, "I have the evidence now in my pocket." He quietly awaited the coming of the police, and was conveyed to the station-house. The examination of General Cole was begun at Albany on June 6, and he was committed to answer the crime of murder in the first degree.

Mr. Hiscock, the murdered man, was born the 2d of May, 1824, in the town of Pompey, Onondaga County, New York. He was a farmer's son, and at the age of seventeen commenced teaching common school in his town. In the interim he had given much time to the study of law, and finally completing his studies with Hon. Daniel Gott, of Pompey, was admitted to the bar in 1840. In the same year he opened a law office in Tully, Onondaga County, and in February 1849 was elected Justice of the Peace of the town, which office he held for four years. In 1850 he was elected Supervisor, and was almost unanimously re-elected in 1851. During the rebellion Mr. Hiscock contributed of his means freely, and used his influence to promote enlistments, and to aid the Government generally in its struggle for liberty. In the fall of 1865 he was, by acclamation, nominated by the Republicans for Member of Assembly in the Third District of Onondaga County, and was elected by a majority of over 1300. In the Fall of 1865 he was re-elected to the Legislature. He was chosen delegate to the Constitutional Convention while acting as a member of the Assembly. Mr. Hiscock leaves two very promising children—a daughter of fourteen, and a son of eleven. Their mother died eight years ago. He leaves a property of about $40,000.

General George W. Cole, the prisoner, is a physician by profession. He served in the army, holding a commission as Colonel, and was brevetted Brigadier-General for meritorious services. He was Inspector of Cavalry on the staff of General Benjamin F. Butler. At that time he was a Major in the Third New York Volunteers. Subsequently he raised a regiment of colored cavalry (the Third), of which he was made Colonel. He stood high in the army, was of quick disposition, brave and generous, and of the most temperate habits. He has two daugh-

BOILER EXPLOSION AT PHILADELPHIA.—RECOVERING THE BODIES.—[Sketched by E. Frazier.]

BOILER EXPLOSION AT PHILADELPHIA—THE RUINS.—Sketched by E. Frazier.—[See Page 387.]

ters, one of fourteen, and the other of eleven. His family connections are of the highest respectability. Senator COLE, of California, is a brother, and another brother is Consul at Acapulco. Mr. COLE had recently been appointed a detective in the revenue service in New York. The friends of Mr. HISCOCK speak well of the previous personal character of General COLE, and his reputation in the army is unimpeachable. The prisoner's attachment to his wife amounts to an infatuation, and he is very loth to attach any blame to her.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

## Book II.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE TRESCOTTS AT HOME.

"I'M blowed if this ain't a rum game!" exclaimed Mr. Alfred Trescott to his father, enunciating the words with some difficulty, by reason of the cigar which he held between his teeth.

The Trescott family was assembled in Mrs. Hutchins's front kitchen on the Sunday evening on which Mrs. Saxelby had taken counsel of Clement Charlewood. The mistress of the house was from home, and the master had retired to the attic in which he slept. Mr. Hutchins, poor hard-working man, always went to rest at about seven o'clock on Sunday evenings, and usually enjoyed a long and uninterrupted slumber, to judge by the sonorous snores that made the lath and plaster of Number 23 New Bridge Street tremble.

Mrs. Hutchins had become an ardent disciple of Miss Fluke; and was, at that moment, listening to the supererogatory sermon which Miss Fluke denominated "Sabbath evening lecture." Mrs. Hutchins found, to her pleased surprise, that she got nearly as much excitement out of Miss Fluke's spiritual exercises as from Rosalba herself; and she found, too, that whereas she must frankly own to seeking Rosalba for her own personal amusement and delectation, it was possible to lay claim to great merit and virtue on the score of her frequent attendance at the religious meetings held under the patronage of the Reverend Decimus Fluke and his family. In short, the profession and practice of the Flukian school of piety combined the usually incompatible advantages of eating one's cake and having it too. So Mrs. Hutchins was at present a model parishioner, and had—to use the jargon in vogue among the congregation of St. Philip-in-the-Fields—"got conversion."

Little Corda, still pale and delicate, but quite recovered from her accident, was sitting on a wooden stool before the hearth, with her head leaning against her father's knee, and her musing eyes fixed on the glowing caverns in the coal fire. Mr. Trescott was copying music at the deal table, which was strewn with loose sheets of manuscript orchestral parts, gritty with the sand that had been thrown upon the wet ink to dry it quickly and save time. Alfred took his cheap cigar from between his teeth, and repeated, with more emphasis and distinctness than before, that he was blowed if this wasn't a rum game.

"Alf," said Corda, looking up very seriously, "I wish you wouldn't talk like that. I wish you wouldn't say 'blowed' and 'rum.' They're quite vulgar words, and you ought not to use them. People might think it was because you didn't know any better. But you do know better, don't you?"

"Pussy-cat. I haven't time for your nonsense," was her brother's gracious reply; "I was talking to the governor."

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Trescott, irritably, "what is it? What do you want? One, two, three, four—tut! you've made me write a bar twice over."

"Don't be crusty, governor," returned his son, coolly. Alfred was of an irascible and violent temper himself, but his father's nervous irritability usually made him assume a stoically calm demeanor. He felt his own advantage in being cool, and besides he had an innate and cruel love of teasing, which was gratified by the spectacle of powerless anger. "You needn't flare up; it'll only make you bilious, and I sha'n't be frightened into speaking pretty. I was saying that this letter of Miss Earnshaw's is a rum game."

Mr. Trescott finished the page of manuscript on which he was engaged, sprinkled some pounce over it, piled the loose sheets one upon the other in a neat packet, and then, gently moving Corda's head from its resting-place, turned his chair round from the table, and stared at the fire with hands buried deep in his pockets, and a thoughtful frown on his face.

"It's very natural," he said, after a long silence, "that if Mrs. Walton is her aunt she should want to get her aunt's address. I was sure from the first moment I saw that girl's face she was very like some one I know. And it's Mrs. Walton's blind husband, of course. There's a likeness between her and Polly, too; but Polly isn't so handsome."

"But ain't it a little odd, don't you think, that Miss Earnshaw shouldn't know her own people's address, but should have to write to us for it? Or is that very natural too?"

"Well," said Mr. Trescott, "I will send her the last address I heard of their being at. That's all I can do. I suppose Mrs. Walton is still in the York circuit."

"Umph!" said Alfred, with a dry, mocking laugh, "I wonder what my high, polite friend Mr. Clement Charlewood would say if he knew. His folks all go to old Fluke's shop, and fall into sky-blue convulsions at the very mention of a theatre. I pick up a lot about them from that young ass, Walter."

"What *should* Mr. Clement Charlewood say if he knew? What is it to him?" asked Mr. Trescott.

"Why, I should think it wouldn't suit his stuck-up airs to have a wife whose relations went cadging about the country, as the Waltons did when we first knew them."

"A wife?"

Alfred nodded emphatically. "I ain't going to spin a yarn as long as my arm to explain it, governor; but I have good reason to believe that it's a case of unmitigated spoons with my friend the hodman."

Corda was listening attentively. She asked, with flushed cheeks and eager eyes: "Is Mr. Charlewood going to marry Miss Mabel, Alf?"

"*I* don't know, pussy-cat," rejoined her brother, carelessly. "But look here, young 'un, just you keep your little tongue between your little teeth. Don't chatter to the fair Mrs. H., or to any one, about what I may say before you."

"I never talk to Mrs. Hutchins," said Corda, with a mortified expression of countenance; and I'm sure I would never chatter about what you say to any body. But I *should* like Mr. Charlewood and Miss Earnshaw to be married! They're both so nice and kind. Wouldn't it be beautiful, papa?"

"Perhaps it might, darling. But we know nothing about the matter."

Alfred laughed provokingly, and nodded again.

"Well," said he, "I don't care a rap for the whole boiling. They may all go to the devil, head-foremost, for me!"

"I do care," said Mr. Trescott, nursing his lame leg, and beating the sound foot upon the ground rapidly, "I *do* care!"

"That's a blessing for all parties," said Alfred; "but if you take that family under your patronage you'll have your hands full. Walter is playing a nice little game with Skidley. Those chaps at the barracks are settling his business as clean as a whistle. Ha! ha! ha! 'Pon my soul, it was as good as a play to see 'em the other night at Plumtree's! That fool Wat Charlewood thinks he can play billiards. Lord, how they gammoned him! Old Charlewood will have to stump up to some tune if Master Wat goes on much longer. Skidley's got lots of his I.O.U.s. So's Fitzmaurice."

"Set of scoundrels!" muttered Mr. Trescott, between his teeth.

"Well, pretty well for that," said Alfred, "but they can't do *me*."

"Ah, Alf, Alf," said his father, with a sigh, "I wish to Heaven you would give up that sort of thing altogether!"

Alfred shrugged his shoulders impatiently, but made no reply. Then there was a long silence among the three—a silence broken only by the loud ticking of that clock which Corda had listened to so many nights in her sick-bed.

"I spoke to Copestake yesterday morning about the close of the season," said Mr. Trescott, at length. Copestake was the manager of the Hammerham theatre.

"Well?" said Alfred.

"Well, he don't see any chance of going on much after Easter; and it falls early this year. He wouldn't reopen till September. I don't quite know what to do."

"What to do? Why, we can't afford a six months' vacation. We must cut it as soon as we get a chance."

"I was thinking, Alf, whether we mightn't manage to hang on about the neighborhood without going quite away. In a musical place like this there are always chances of something to do. And I have a few pupils already. And there are people's concerts round about. And perhaps I could get a little copying to do, and so eke it out till next season. I think it's so much better to take root in a place if possible. So much better for *her*," he added, glancing down at Corda. (His face always softened when he looked at his little girl, but now it grew sad as well.)

"Ah, you'll find that won't pay, governor. No; better cut it. I would write to old Moffat at once, if I was you, and go to Ireland, bag and baggage."

He had no strong desire to "take root," as his father phrased it. Alfred Trescott never cared to remain long in one place. He was conscious of possessing very considerable musical powers; and many of those who heard the lad play in his early youth still maintain that he had gifts which might have gained him an European reputation; but they perished for want of the one talisman that alone can insure success—industry. It was strange to listen to the tones breathing exquisite tenderness and feeling which his bow produced, and then to hear himself the next moment uttering hard, insolent cynicisms that chilled the heart. He could make his violin discourse eloquently and pathetically, carrying one's very soul aloft, as it seemed, on the soaring sounds. But the music ceased, and the musician remained cold, selfish, cruel, and cunning; sneering at sentiment, and denying goodness. Nevertheless he was possessed at times by a feverish ambition, and indulged in wild dreams of brilliant success, and of all the sweets that such success can bring. Then he would delude himself into thinking that in a new place, among strangers, and surrounded by other scenes, he could, as he phrased it, "make a fresh start," and work his way upward. But the fresh start must have been within him; and no outward circumstances or surroundings could avail him any thing.

It was true that he did really know a good many particulars about the Charlewood family through Walter. That poor boy's friend, the Honorable Arthur Skidley, was a thoroughly black sheep. He was the younger son of a very worthy nobleman, whose limited means were quite inadequate to supply his extravagances. Already his sister's portion had been pinched to pay his debts, and his father had made some personal sacrifices to the same end. Mr. Arthur Skidley held a commission in a regiment of foot, and was stationed in Hammerham. Walter's weakness for "swells," and "tip-top family," and such like dreary delusions had led him to hover round Arthur Skidley as a moth flutters round the flame of a candle. And Walter had singed his wings severely. In fact, he was deeply in debt to his dear friend Arthur, even his very liberal allowance not having nearly sufficed to pay his gambling losses. Instead of having the courage to speak to his father and face his anger at once, he went on in the hope of retrieving himself, and, of course, sank deeper and deeper in that slough of despond. Young Trescott, wary as a fox and keen as a hawk, had read the whole history at a glance. He could present an agreeable exterior when he chose. Then, too, his singular beauty of face and figure prepossessed most people in his favor. Altogether, he was not unpopular at such places as Plumtree's, though Skidley had at first tried to stare him down; but that attempt had proved a signal failure—he might as well have tried to stare down a rattlesnake.

Alfred Trescott had taken a bitter aversion to Clement Charlewood. There was between them an antagonism of character almost similar in its nature to the chemical repulsion which certain substances exercise toward each other. With Walter the case was different. Alfred sneered at him behind his back for his weakness and gullibility, but he rather liked him on the whole, and would, perhaps, have been even capable of doing him a kindness, had such kindness been possible without the least self-sacrifice on his own part.

The Trescotts had got back to the subject of Miss Earnshaw's letter, when Mrs. Hutchins returned from her evening lecture, and entered the kitchen laden with good books, and bringing a gust of freezing outer air with her as she opened the door. The expression of Mrs. Hutchins's face was not such as to counteract the chill of the cold air that accompanied her entrance. She looked solemnly, sternly, at the heap of manuscript music still lying on the table, and, raising her eyes to the ceiling, sighed. Her presence put a stop to the discussion, and soon after her return Corda was sent to bed. Mr. Trescott carried his music paper to his own room, saying he must sit up to finish some band parts that were wanted for the next evening; and Alfred put the latch-key into his pocket, and betook himself to some congenial society.

"What's up now, I wonder!" mentally ejaculated Mrs. Hutchins when she was left alone. "We're mighty close all of a sudden. The very minute I come in they was all as mum as any think."

And then Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to make a careful search in every corner of the kitchen; turning over the books that lay on the dresser, examining every scrap of paper, even peeping into a leathern tobacco-pouch of Mr. Trescott's, which had been left on the chimney-piece. As she put it down again her eye was caught by an envelope lying singed among the ashes underneath the grate. She pounced on it, and holding it close to the candle examined it carefully. It was directed to —— Trescott, Esq., 23 New Bridge Street, Hammerham. The post-mark was much defaced, that corner of the letter having been scorched a good deal. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hutchins succeeded in reading E, and the final letters, L D.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a cunning smile; "Eastfield, eh? It's that there Miss Hernshaw, I'll lay any think! What can she be writing to Trescott about? I've a good mind to mention it to Miss Fluke, and see if I can't get summat out of her."

Strengthened by this virtuous resolution, Mrs. Hutchins partook, with a good appetite, of a hearty supper of bread and cheese, and went to rest.

### CHAPTER V.

A DAY AT EASTFIELD.

"ONE, two, three, four, five, six; one, two, three, four, five, six. Third finger on C. Two, three—thumb under—four, five, six—six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin."

The wretched, ill-used, jingling old pianoforte was giving forth spasmodic discords under the unskillful fingers of a pale, fat little girl, and Mabel sat beside her, with burning head and quivering nerves, engaged in that most wearing of drudgeries—an attempt to convey an idea of tune and rhythm to an utterly dull and obtuse ear.

Surely, of all kinds of teaching, giving music-lessons is the most exhausting to the nervous system. The horrible apprehension and anticipation of the wrong note before it is played, and then the more horrible jar when it does come, must be torment to a delicate ear. And then, in a school, the distracting monotony of repetition, the grinding out of the same dreary tune, over and over again, by one dull child after another!

"Six is the octave above, Miss Dobbin," said Mabel, wearily. "But that will do. Your half-hour is over."

As Miss Dobbin rolled heavily off the music-stool the parlor door was thrown open, and the servant-girl held out two letters between her outstretched finger and thumb, which she had carefully covered with her checked apron.

"Miss Hernshaw. Arternoon deliv'ry. This here's from your mother, miss; I dunno th' other," said the girl, examining the direction.

"Thank you, Susan," said Mabel, taking the letters quietly.

When she had got them in her hand her fingers closed tightly over her mother's letter; but she put it into her pocket with the other, and waited with outward patience until all the children had finished their afternoon practice. Then she ran up to her sleeping-room, and opened her mother's letter first. Her mother and Dooley coming to Eastfield next day. What could it mean? As she read on her astonishment increased. Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood! And no word of reply as to the subject on which she had written to her mother! It was incomprehensible. She read the letter again:

"You will come and dine with us, dearest Mabel. Saturday being a half-holiday, I know you will not be very busy. Ask Mrs. Hatchett, with my best compliments, to spare you. We shall arrive in Eastfield by the 2.15 train from Hammerham, and will send for you at once. All explanations when we meet. Dooley is mad with delight."

Coming to Eastfield with Mr. Clement Charlewood!

Mrs. Saxelby had mentioned from time to time in her letters that young Mr. Charlewood called frequently; that he was very kind and friendly; that he and Dooley got on capitally together; and so forth. But all this had not conveyed to Mabel the confidential terms on which he now was with her mother. Indeed, if Clement Charlewood could have known how seldom Mabel's thoughts had dwelt on him at all during the time of her sojourn in Eastfield, he would have been much grieved and a little mortified. He had thought so much of her.

Mabel sat pondering on the side of her bed, with her mother's letter in her hand, until a pattering footstep on the stairs disturbed her, and a breathless little girl came running up to say that Miss Earnshaw was wanted to read dictation to the French class, and was to please to come directly.

"I will follow you immediately," said Mabel, rising. "Run down and prepare your books."

As soon as the child was gone Mabel pulled the other letter out of her pocket and read it hastily. It was a very brief note from Mr. Trescott, written in a cramped thin little hand, and ran thus:

"23 NEW BRIDGE STREET, HAMMERHAM,
*Jan.* 12.

"DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your favor of the 7th inst., I beg to say that the last time I heard of Mrs. Walton she was engaged, with her family, in the York circuit. I do not know whether she is still there; but I have little doubt that a letter addressed to her, care of R. Price, Esq., Theatre Royal, York, would find her. Mr. Price is the lessee.

"I am, dear Madam,
"Your obedient servant,
"J. TRESCOTT.

"P.S.—My little girl sends you her best love, and often speaks of your kindness to her.—J. T."

Mabel's day came to an end at last, and, at about nine o'clock, when all the pupils were in bed, she tapped at the door of Mrs. Hatchett's sitting-room, and went in to ask permission to accept her mother's invitation. Mrs. Hatchett was sitting near a starved and wretched little fire, and a small table beside her was covered with bills and letters. Mrs. Hatchett was making up her accounts. She was a thin, white woman, with a long face. Mabel could never help associating her countenance with that of an old gray pony which drew the baker's cart, and came daily to the door. There was a length of upper lip and a heavy, ruminating stolidity in Mrs. Hatchett's face, highly suggestive of the comparison.

"Be seated, Miss Earnshaw," said the schoolmistress, waving her hand, encased in a black woolen mitten; "I will attend to you immediately."

Mabel sat down, and Mrs. Hatchett's pointed pen scratched audibly over the paper for a few minutes; then she collected her bills and papers, tied them into bundles with miscellaneous scraps of faded ribbon, and signified, by a majestic bend of the head, that she was ready to give audience. Mabel duly presented her mother's compliments, and requested permission to be absent on the following afternoon. Mrs. Hatchett accorded the desired permission, and Mabel went to bed.

When, at three o'clock next day, a fly arrived at Mrs. Hatchett's to take Mabel to the hotel, she stepped into it, almost angry with herself at the apprehensive dread she felt. When the fly drew up at the door of the hotel, there stood Clement Charlewood waiting to receive her, and in another minute she had run up stairs and was clasped in her mother's arms, with Dooley clinging round her.

"Dearest mamma! Darling Dooley! Why, what foolish people we are, all of us!" exclaimed Mabel. "Any one would suppose we were quite sorry to see each other!" For the tears were standing in her own eyes, and Mrs. Saxelby was wiping hers away. By-and-by, when the first flush had died from Mabel's cheek, her mother noticed that she was pale and hollow-eyed, and that she had grown very thin.

Then Mrs. Saxelby explained that Mr. Charlewood had said he would go and attend to the business which had called him to Eastfield, and would leave her free to speak with her daughter.

"Oh, he is here on business?" said Mabel.

"Well, yes, partly. But it is business that I dare say will all be done in half an hour; he wished to invite Dooley to dinner, and took this opportunity of having us all together."

"Then this is Mr. Julian Saxelby's dinner, is it?" said Mabel, kissing her little brother's curly head.

"'Es," replied Dooley, "but it ain't all for me. 'Oo, an' mamma, and Mr. Tarlewood is to have dinner too. I love 'oo, Tibby," added the child, pressing his fair forehead against his sister's breast, and clasping her waist with his arms.

"My own little Dooley! And I love you so, so much. Now sit still there, darling, while I talk to mamma."

Dooley was very willing to sit still with Mabel's arms round him, and his head on her breast, and he nestled close up to her.

"Dearest mamma, you did not answer the main point in my letter. I suppose you meant to reply to it by word of mouth?"

Mrs. Saxelby held one of Mabel's hands in her own, and was clasping and unclasping her fingers round it nervously.

"Dear Mabel," she said, "I do hope you'll think better of it. I think it is an altogether mistaken idea. And mind, Mabel! I do not speak on my own unaided judgment."

"On whose, then, mamma?" asked Mabel, with a flushed cheek.

"Ah, there, there, there! If you get angry, Mabel, I can not speak. I shall lose myself directly."

"Not angry, mamma—not angry, but sorry. Why should you not trust your own unaided judgment? And who is there in the world whose opinion I am bound to prefer to yours?"

"Mabel, you know that I can not rely on my own unaided judgment—I never could. And this, besides, is a matter that requires knowledge of the world and experience."

"Knowledge of what world? The world that I wish to enter you and I have already some knowledge of. In this matter advisers would probably be more ignorant and inexperienced than we are. Mamma, are we to set aside what we *know*—what we have proved—in deference to the vague prejudices of other people? Is it reasonable? Is it honest?"

Mabel pushed her hair back from her brow with one hand as she spoke and looked at her mother with kindling eyes. The action had been an habitual one with Mabel's father, and for the moment Mrs. Saxelby seemed to see her first husband's face before her.

"Mabel," she said, with an effort, "listen to me. Don't suppose that I am insensible to the dreariness of your present life. You remember that I never wished you to accept this engagement. The pay seemed to me too miserable, and the work too trying. But it does not follow that you should be tied to this drudgery for life." Mrs. Saxelby recalled Clement's words and quoted them as accurately as she could.

"To this drudgery, or to another drudgery like to this. It matters very little," answered Mabel. "It's not all for myself, mamma—not even *chiefly* for myself—that I want to embrace another career. But after all I am *I*. I can not be another person. This life is misery to me."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby was terribly puzzled. Her recipe had failed. She had taken advice, and had administered the prescribed remedy to the patient. But the patient tossed it on one side and would not be persuaded of its virtues. Mrs. Saxelby began to feel rather angry with Clement Charlewood. What was his advice worth? She had followed it, and it had produced no effect.

"My dearest mother, you say you have been taking counsel with some one. With whom?"

"Well, Mabel, Mr. Clement Charlewood has been speaking about your prospects and—"

"Mr. Clement Charlewood! Surely you have not been taking counsel with *him* on this matter!"

"Now, Mabel, Mabel, if you are violent it is all over. Yes, I have been taking counsel—in a measure—with Clement Charlewood. Why should I not? He is very clever and very kind."

"Mamma, I am very sorry that you thought fit to speak to him as to my future. However, as it is done, it can not be undone. But how should Mr. Clement Charlewood be a more competent judge than yourself of the course I propose to follow? You can not assert that you have any real conviction that a theatrical career implies a vile or a wicked life!"

"Oh, Mabel!"

"I know, dear mother, that such words must sound horribly false in your ears. But yet that and no other is the plain unvarnished meaning of the people who would dissuade you from allowing me to try it."

"No, no, no, Mabel; not necessarily that. But there are risks, temptations—"

"Temptations! There may be temptations any where, every where. Here in Eastfield, in Mrs. Hatchett's house, do you know what *temptations* assail me? No; happily you do not; I would not harass you and humiliate myself by writing them. But there is no kind of petty meannesses, of small miserable cheatery, which is not practiced by Mrs. Hatchett. There are temptations held out to me to be false in fifty ways. To connive at overcharges in her accounts, to lie, to cheat."

Mabel walked up and down the room with her hands pressed tightly on her burning temples and the salt tears trembling in her eyes.

Mrs. Saxelby remained rocking herself to and fro on the sofa in a state of doubt and bewilderment. With her the latest speaker was almost always right. And her daughter's influence was fast obliterating the memory of Clement's words of counsel. Suddenly Mabel stopped.

"Do you forbid me," said she, "to write to my aunt?"

Mrs. Saxelby felt relieved. Here was at least a concession that she felt herself at liberty to make. Here was a respite—a putting off of any final decision.

"Certainly you may write to your aunt, Mabel. I never intended to forbid your doing that. I am sure no one can have a higher regard and respect for your aunt than I have. You will see what *she* says. I believe she will try to dissuade you from your scheme."

"Thanks, mamma. I will write to her. You are not angry with me, my own mother?"

Mrs. Saxelby clasped her daughter in her arms and kissed her broad open brow again and again.

"I wish I could see you happy, my child," said the poor mother, wistfully.

"I shall be happy—we shall all be happy—as long as we continue to love one another. Only let no one come between us. Let us take our own path, and cling together."

## CHAPTER VI.

### MRS. SAXELBY DOZES.

When Clement returned to the hotel at five o'clock to dinner, he found the mother and daughter listening smilingly to Dooley's elaborate account of all the interesting personages in Hazlehurst. He had already related how the kind old clergyman always spoke to him, and called him a good boy; had sketched vividly several thrilling adventures, in which his "pussy kitten" and a big dog, belonging to one of the neighbors, played the chief part, and was now deep in the private memoirs of the pig. So they all sat down to dinner in a merrier mood than might have been anticipated.

Clement did not venture to put any questions as to the result of Mrs. Saxelby's interview with her daughter. Mabel's manner to him was still reserved, but kinder than when they had parted. She felt his goodness to her mother, and Dooley's evident fondness for "Mr. Tarlewood," inclined her heart toward him. Mabel had always liked Clement Charlewood, and felt that he was to be relied upon. But her over-sensitive pride had received a wound from Penelope's sharp tongue that made her still wince when she thought of it, and caused her to guard herself carefully from any thing like softness of manner toward Clement.

After dinner Dooley's health was drunk with all solemnity: Dooley himself standing up in his chair to do honor to the toast, and quaffing a brimming beaker of very weak sherry-and-water—say, water-and-sherry.

There was a cheerful fire on the hearth; the curtains were drawn, the lamp was shaded, and the room looked snug and home-like. Mrs. Saxelby was installed in a large easy-chair, with her feet on a cushion; and Dooley, beginning to show symptoms of sleepiness, curled himself up on the hearth-rug at Mabel's feet, and hid his face in the folds of her dress.

"At what hour does our train start?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"I purposed returning by the 8.20 train, if you have no objection," answered Clement. "The next after that is at midnight, and would be too late."

"Ah! And then we can set down Mabel on our way to the station. There is more than an hour before we need start. How delicious the warmth of the fire is! It makes one quite drowsy."

In fact, after a few desultory attempts at polite conversation, Mrs. Saxelby leaned back in her chair and slumbered peacefully. Mabel held a slight screen in her hand to shield her eyes from the glare of the fire, so that her face was partly in shadow, and Clement, sitting on the opposite side of the table, watched her furtively, and admired the delicate turn of the throat, the round, graceful head, and the shining gloss of the dark hair lighted up fitfully by red gleams of fire-light. But he, too, had noticed that Mabel had grown thin and pale, and that there were dark hollows under her eyes, betokening suffering and weariness.

His heart yearned within him to take the slight girlish creature in his arms, and bid her lay down her load of care and trouble on his breast.

"You see I was right in saying au revoir when we parted, Miss Earnshaw," he said, in a subdued tone.

"Oh, I did not mean by my adieu that I should never see you again, Mr. Charlewood. I simply meant to express that thenceforward our paths in life would be so very different. In that sense our parting was a final one."

"If I believed that, it would be very painful to me. But you would not care?"

Mabel was silent.

"You will perhaps be angry with me, but I can not help saying how grieved I am to learn from Mrs. Saxelby that you are not happy here at Eastfield."

"Thank you. I did not expect to be happy here."

"You think, perhaps, that I have no right to enter into such topics with you; but Mrs. Saxelby has thought it well to confide in me. I did not seek her confidence, but I appreciate and respect it. I have not been meddlesome or importunate, believe me, Miss Earnshaw."

"I acquit you of any thing of the kind," said Mabel, earnestly. "I am incapable of doing you so much injustice as to suspect you of being meddlesome, Mr. Charlewood."

"Miss Earnshaw!" There was something in his voice, subdued as it was almost to a whisper, that startled Mabel, and made her cheek flush deeply. "Miss Earnshaw, I—I wish—I am painfully conscious of being at a disadvantage with you; but I wish I could persuade you to trust me as—as—a brother."

"To trust you, Mr. Charlewood? I do trust you."

"No, not as I would have you trust me. Mrs. Saxelby has told you that she confided to me your project of going on the stage?"

"Mamma did tell me so."

"I strongly urged her to dissuade you from that project."

"She also told me that."

"And have you allowed yourself to be convinced?"

"Convinced! Mr. Charlewood, on most questions I would defer to your judgment, but not on this. I have a vivid recollection of my life in my uncle's family, and I say that they were good people—good, true, honest people, living a much higher and nobler life than this Mrs. Hatchett, for example, who scarcely ever speaks a true word, or smiles a true smile, or looks a true look, from morning to night."

"You speak harshly," said Clement, with a pained manner.

"I speak quite truly. I can not judge the woman's heart. There may be motives, excuses—what do I know? But it is vain to frighten me with a bugbear represented by such a woman as my Aunt Mary, and then bid me turn and admire Mrs. Hatchett."

"Your aunt, I have been led to understand, is an exceptional person."

"She is so; and so, I trust, is Mrs. Hatchett. But I do not believe that the profession people follow makes them either good or bad."

"Dear Miss Earnshaw, you can not know all the considerations that weigh against your scheme. A woman should shun publicity. At least, that is my idea."

"A woman should shun dishonesty, evil-speaking, lying, and slandering. All these things are very rife in the privacy of my school life. But we will cease this discussion, if you please. I appreciate your good motive, Mr. Charlewood; and, if you will let me say so, I am very grateful to you for your friendship toward mamma. As to me, I suppose I have put myself out of the pale of your good graces. But I am not cold-hearted or ungrateful. Perhaps some day you may think better of me."

The moment's softening of the candid brow, the unlocking of the haughty lips from their scornful curve, the half-timid, half-playful look of appeal in her face as she uttered these words, had an irresistible charm for Clement. He leaned his folded arms upon the table, and bending across it until his hair nearly brushed the hand she held up to screen her face, whispered tremulously: "Mabel, I love you."

She turned upon him for a moment in the full blaze of the lamp a countenance so white, and lighted by such astonished eyes, that he was startled. Then the tide of crimson rushed over neck, cheek, and brow, and she dropped her head upon her outspread hands without a word.

"Mabel, Mabel," he said, "won't you speak to me? Have I offended? have I hurt you?"

Here Mrs. Saxelby, turning in her chair, opened her eyes for a moment, and said, with great suavity: "I hope you are entertaining Mr. Charlewood, Mabel. Don't mind my closing my eyes; I can hear every word you say." And the next moment she gave utterance to the gentlest and most lady-like of snores.

"Mabel," said Clement, in a voice that trembled from the strong effort he was making to command himself, "I beseech you to speak to me, or I shall think I have pained you beyond forgiveness."

Mabel slowly raised her face, which was now quite pale again, and looked at him; but she said no word, and her mouth seemed fixed into a frozen silence.

Clement rose from his chair, and coming round to where she sat, knelt on the ground beside her, close to the child who lay nestling at her feet.

"Mabel," he said, "I did not intend to speak to you so, and now. But the words I have said, however poorly uttered, are the truth. I love you with all my heart, so help me Heaven!"

She clasped her hands so tightly together as to press a slight plain ring she wore deep into the soft flesh.

"I am very sorry," she said at last, with an effort.

"Very sorry! Oh, Mabel!"

He rose and covered his eyes with his hand for a moment.

"Very sorry! And I would give the world to make you happy."

"Pray, pray do not speak to me any more now. I can not bear it."

"No, no. I will not distress you. I will be patient. I will wait. I have taken you by surprise, and have been brusque and awkward. Do not give me your answer now. You will let me write to you—see you again. Only this one word more. Believe that I shall always, always be your friend—your dearest and closest friend on earth, if you will let me—but, come what may, a faithful and devoted friend."

She had hidden her face in her hands once more, but he could see by the heaving of her breast that she was weeping.

"I do not ask you to speak to me, Mabel. But if you believe that I will be true to that promise, and if you trust me, give me your hand. I shall understand and shall be grateful. You won't refuse me so much, for old friendship's sake."

For the space of a minute she sat motionless, save for the sobs which shook her frame. Then, without raising her head or looking up, she held out to him her little hand, all marked and dented by the pressure of her ring.

He took it very gently between both of his, and, bending over her, whispered, "God bless you, Mabel!" And then there was silence between them.

When Mrs. Saxelby awoke at the jingling entrance of the tea-tray she found that Clement had partially withdrawn the heavy curtains from the window, and was gazing out into the blackness of the night.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Saxelby, apologetically; "I beg a thousand pardons, Mr. Charlewood. I'm afraid I've been dozing." The good lady had been wrapped in a profound slumber. "I'm so sorry, for I fear that dear Mabel has not been the liveliest companion in the world. Poor darling! She is tired and worn. I shall be so thankful when Easter comes, that she may get away from this place."

Then they had tea, and Dooley had to be aroused and wrapped up for his journey, and then it was time to go. They drove first to Mrs. Hatchett's, and set down Mabel.

Very little was said on the journey back to Hammerham. Mrs. Saxelby merely told Clement that she had given Mabel leave to write to her aunt, but nothing was decided on. Clement leaned back against the cushions of the railway carriage and mused. The day had been a disappointment. That was his predominant feeling. He had hoped, he scarcely knew what, from this little expedition; and now every thing looked very blank, very dreary.

Mabel stole quietly into the garret, already occupied by three tired little girls, and, lying down in her poor bed, cried herself to sleep in the darkness.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Humorous Master (*patronizingly*). "Patrick, you have done so well that I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."

Witty Servant. "Thank your Honor; and may all *your* friends and acquaintance trate *you* as liberally!"

A sharp old gentleman traveling out West got a seat beside his wife in a crowded car, by requesting the young man who sat by her to "please watch that woman while he went into another car, as she had fits."

### THE RETORT.

Old Birch, who taught the village school,
  Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
  And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
  Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
  And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
  And simple Katie sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
  She slyly stole and fondly kissed him.
The husband's anger rose; and red
  And white his face alternate grew;
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
  "Oh dear! I didn't know 'twas you."

Elegant and Consequential Lady. "I won't go, except in a ladies' car; the regulations oblige you to have one, and you *shall*."

Accommodating Superintendent. "Certainly, ma'am, certainly. I'll order one immediately; but that baby in your arms can't go in it, ma'am. It must stay in the gentleman's car; it is a *male*."

An Irish gentleman hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, an' that's a good idea! Shure an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime!"

Our Better Halves.—Why do ladies prefer to lay wagers in gloves.—Because they like to have a hand in the betting.

A little girl in one of the public schools being asked, in the course of her geography lesson, what a waterfall was, replied, that it was "hair wrapped around her dad's old stocking."

In what circumstances is a woman that wears stays?—Straitened circumstances.

A young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were to happen, what would become of the women?" We think a more pertinent inquiry is, what would become of the poor *man*?

### PEN-SIVE THOUGHTS.

Poet-laureates are royal *pen*sioners.
Great essayists claim to be stu*pen*dous.
Poor poets are apt to be *pen*urious.
Thoughtful authors write in *pen*sive strains.
Composers of stump orations aim at inde*pen*dence.
Witty and sarcastic writers are often pungently *pen*etrating.

Why should fish always be the last course of a dinner?—Because they are the finnish by nature.

A genuine Fenian damsel, fresh from the green soil of her native land, seeing an advertisement to the effect that a chamber-maid was wanted at 72 —— Street, quickly donned her best bib and tucker, and made application at No. 27 of the same street, when the following dialogue occurred:

Lady of the House. "What's wanted?"
Girl. "You advertised for a chamber-maid."
Lady. "You must be mistaken; I do my own work."
Girl. "No, I am not; it was in the morning paper."
Lady. "Where did it say inquire?"
Girl. "At No. 72 —— Street."
Lady. "This is No. 27. No. 72 is further up the street."
Girl. "This may be 27 coming down the street; but I came up as I came here, and that makes it No. 72. You can't fool me, if I have just landed."

A clergyman gave the following toast, that was not very gallant, at a late firemen's celebration: "Our fire-engines—may they be like old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

"It is well to leave something to those who come after us," as the gentleman said who threw a barrel in the way of a policeman who was chasing him.

"Charlie, my dear," said a loving mother to a hopeful son, just budded into breeches—"Charlie, my dear, come and get some candy." "I guess I won't mind it now, mother," replied Charlie; "I've got in some tobacco."

A gentleman being asked by a clergyman why he did not attend the evening prayer-meetings, said he could not leave the children. "Why! have you no servants?" "Yes," he replied, "we have two servants who keep the house and board us, but we are allowed few privileges."

A gentleman who had by a fall broken one of his ribs was mentioning the circumstance and describing the pain he felt. A surgeon who was present asked him if the injury he sustained was near the vertebræ. "No, Sir," replied he; "it was within a few yards of the court-house!"

THE LIFE OF A CONVICT AT SING SING PRISON,

W YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 394.]

## LIFE OF A CONVICT.

OUR interesting sketches, by Mr. STANLEY FOX, on pages 392 and 393, are intended to illustrate the hard way of the transgressor who is compelled to take Sing Sing State Prison in his route. The central picture of the group is a fine view of the Prison, with the Hudson River in the back-ground. The Warden's Office is the reception-room for visitors and prisoners alike. From that room the prisoner is removed to be clothed in the prison garb, weighed and measured, washed, shaved, and registered. He or she is then assigned to a cell, and at once begins the routine life of the prison. The other sketches illustrate some of the features of this life, showing the way the convicts sleep and eat, how they spend the Sabbath, how they are punished, the meetings with their friends, and the final departure. Each sketch has a title which will fully explain its meaning.

## IN STRAWBERRY TIME.

THE garden-gate, as we two passed through,
Swung slowly backward, then closed again;
Over our heads the sky's deep blue
Purer shone for the last night's rain
And the milk-white clouds through the azure sailed,
And over the landscape cool shadows trailed.

Through checkered sunlight and shadow we went,
Nettie and I, that sweet June day,
When the odor of clover-blooms was blent
With the fragrant scent of the new-mown hay;
And the voice of the bobolink sounded clear,
As he called to his mate from the meadows near.

Half shy, half wanton, the light wind played,
On the breezy uplands, with Hettie's curls,
That over her shoulders idly strayed,
And kissed the cheek of this queen of girls,
As we sauntered on by the path that led
To the meadow where grew the strawberries red.

Together we stooped in the tall green grass
That day when the June sun shone so fair;
But my thoughts were all of this village lass,
And not of the strawberries growing there:
Of her cheeks where the rose its blushes shed,
And her lips like the berries so ripe and red.

Soon her basket was filled to the brim,
When turning on me her great brown eyes,
From under her straw-hat's shadowy rim
She darted a look of quick surprise;
For you might have counted the berries that lay
In the basket I carried that sweet June day.

"Hettie," I said, as I rose—and she
Withdrew her gaze in a gentle alarm—
"One basket's enough for you and me;"
And lifting hers, laden, across my arm,
We sauntered back by the path that led
From the meadow where grew the strawberries red.

But long ere we reached the garden-gate,
She and I, on our homeward way,
From her own sweet lips I had learned my fate.
Oh, happy the hour, and happy the day!
And happy my heart in its new-found bliss,
As I sealed each vow with a lover's kiss.

Ah! many a year since then has gone by;
But whenever the month of June draws near,
And the clouds grow whiter that cross the sky,
Or whenever the bobolink's voice I hear,
As the summer approaches her golden prime,
Comes the thought to me of that strawberry time.

## RETALIATION.

"APRIL snow and mud have conspired to baffle the attempts of spring, and the sunshine that from a pleasant window looks so genial is only an emphatic sneer at our credulity, I find," soliloquized a tall, angular man, who was marching over and through the mud and snow of the horrible road toward Camillus. "Not so bad as Virginia mud after all," he continued, pushing on with great strides; "and these traps," giving his traveling bag a swing, "are not so heavy as the luggage we 'toated' there. It is time though that I improved my style a little; I felt almost ashamed when the old gentleman urged me to let him send down his horse and carriage with me. I ought to have taken a buggy and gone out and back in a civilized manner, instead of taking this tramp; but the mud was hard this morning, and I felt like stirring instead of being coddled with a fur robe and cushioned seat. I suppose it was bred in the bone to take the roughest way in life, and that I shall never wear my fine coat gracefully. Here we are," he said, as he reached the first stretch of sidewalk; "and now let's see," passing his satchel to the other hand and pulling out his watch, "nearly an hour yet before train time. I'll go to that loafing institution and read the paper until the omnibus goes over. Pretty well covered with mud," he said, looking down to his rubbers, that were just visible through their brown exterior. "Never mind, it is free soil," giving his feet a heavy stamp that sent the sand flying over his light-colored pantaloons; "mighty free too, I take it," with a scowl at the result. "There's a gentleman for you! but I should have felt awkward to have been so nice much longer; I'm in fine trim now."

The men who were lounging in the bar-room when he entered, looking lazily up to observe the stranger, saw a man that might be in the "thirties" any where; his face was not wrinkled nor his brown hair streaked with age, but his sharp look read "experience" as plainly as "energy" and "vitality." His rapid walk had kept his blood in violent circulation, and the hot air of the room stifled him, so passing over to the unoccupied side he threw off his over-coat and opened a window, and drawing up a chair stretched out his length lazily, and was soon so absorbed in his paper that he took no notice of the other occupants of the room, nor of a new-comer whom they called "Bill," who joined the group shortly afterward, until Bill, glancing at him as he crossed the room for a chair, recognized him and exclaimed,

"Beardsley! by all that's true! How are you, Captain?"

"How are you, Dane? How are you?" returned Beardsley, springing to his feet and shaking heartily the hand held out to him. "I'm glad to see you. I had not thought of meeting you here, though."

"No, when I wrote you last I was West with my brother studying; but that all fell through, and I came home before you left the army, I guess."

"Why didn't you write to me? I've often wondered where you were."

"The fact is, Captain," replied Dane, with an embarrassed laugh, "I was ashamed to. Every thing I've undertaken to do since I left the army has been a failure; and I knew you always went through with every thing you undertook, and wouldn't appreciate my luck at all; and I hated to disappoint your expectations of me."

Beardsley smiled a little at the youth's consideration, but said,

"So your home is here? I believe I have heard before that it was, but I had forgotten."

"Yes, it is only a few miles out, and now you will go home with me. Yes," he pleaded, "I know you'll say 'urgent business,' but you are so near, and I want very especially that you should go."

"No. I have not any urgent business now," said the other, thoughtfully. "I've only been out to buy fruit trees and shrubs of a nursery-man near here, and my business being done I was going back to the city; but I *should* like to stop over a train with you."

"A train! It will take that time to get out through this mud. You'll stay a week."

Beardsley shook his head. "I never made so long a visit in my life."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, confidently. "Are you going to take your trees West?"

"Oh no. I have only got a few, with shrubs and plants, to set on my farm."

"Your farm! What now?"

"Oh, I've always calculated to be a farmer when I could get at it. I have ten very pretty acres near the city, and I intend to make a home on them, whether I live there or not."

"Are you married?"

"Unfortunately, no," smiled Beardsley.

"I didn't know what indiscretion you might have been guilty of since I left you," said Dane, with boyish gayety.

An hour passed, and the two sat chatting busily. Meantime the omnibus had driven away, and now returned from the dépôt nearly a mile distant.

"Is that the 'bus?" said Dane, starting up. "Whew! I had forgotten all about it. I ought to have gone over."

"What is it?" asked Beardsley.

"I promised to meet my sister at the dépôt this train. She's been to the city; but maybe she has come over in the 'bus." Beardsley followed him to the door. "No, she has not come, and it is of no use to go over now; she'd never wait until this time if the mud was twice as deep, and if I go one way she'll be sure to come the other. But here's the buggy," he added, moving forward with a limp to untie the horse; "you get in, and we'll make a show of going."

Beardsley sprang in and reached out his hand to his friend, saying, "Wooden legs are a little clumsy sometimes, aren't they? You get along with yours remarkably well, though. How long have you worn it?"

"Two years almost. There comes Ellen now, as I told you. It's her own fault, she ought to have come in the 'bus."

"She waited for you, probably."

"Yes, I suppose so. It always happens so, but it's no use to fret—she'll be vexed, I know; but she never scolds, especially at me; and when I tell her that you are the man that saved my life she'll forget to ask what made me late."

"You always had a happy faculty of disposing of troublesome questions," said the amused Captain.

Here they met Miss Dane, and Beardsley, saying, "Sit still, Dane," sprang out. He scanned the lady's face closely as she was introduced and very cordially expressed her pleasure at meeting her brother's friend. He saw only lady-like self-possession; no look of embarrassment on her part; but he looked a little perplexed as he handed her into the buggy. He gave another sharp look at her face as he resumed his seat. It was an older face than her brother's by some years; and different, though there was a resemblance. The same short, curved lip, showing a gleam of white teeth when she smiled—the same willful wave in the hair; but William Dane's face should have been the girl's, with its changing, varying expression, and hers the man's, from the quiet resolution in it.

"My brother says he owes all his good fortune to you, Captain Beardsley. I believe you have saved him a lecture on carelessness this time," said Miss Dane, interrupting his meditations with a lively smile.

"I am the offender this time; I made him forget you."

"Oh! his neglect is quite justifiable, and I have forgotten my indignation now, I assure you."

It was a two-story house, with faded blinds and paint worn gray, at which they stopped. A few rods distant was the pond and mill.

"Father is in the mill, Willie," said a pale-looking woman at the door. "You can leave the horse tied until he comes."

"Ceremony is quite unnecessary with Captain Beardsley. Father will be tired. So put the horse away yourself, Willie," said Ellen, as she turned to lead the way to the house.

"Mother, this is Captain Beardsley. Willie found him as he was about to leave town, and persuaded him to visit us."

"He did right; nobody could be more welcome. Willie has talked to us of you a great deal, Captain Beardsley."

"Your son and I were so long in the same company that we could not easily forget each other, Madam."

"No, indeed—I hope not," said Mrs. Dane, fussily arranging the pillows in her chair and leaning back with a look of exhaustion.

"You are an invalid, Madam?"

"I have been for nearly ten years. I might say I never was well," replied the lady, with the most approved of invalid smiles.

It was growing dark, and presently Willie, and very soon his father, came in. Mr. Dane was quite deaf; but Willie bawled in his ear, "Captain Beardsley, that knocked Harding down when he was going to shoot me." And Mr. Dane, not so old as his deafness made him seem, expressed, in rather a blunt, awkward way, his welcome.

That evening Mrs. Dane bade Willie and the Captain bring their chairs near her and talk about their army life. She was sure she should have a better idea of it if they talked of it together. So the evening was spent in reminiscences of camp and field, the two men forgetting that their elder, who sat watching their faces so eagerly, could not hear; but Ellen did not forget it—sitting by his side she occasionally repeated in his ear the substance of the story the others were laughing at.

"When ten o'clock came, and they were saying 'Good-night,' the old man put his hand on Beardsley's arm and said, "I shall want you to visit me in the mill to-morrow."

"I will. I should like to," replied Beardsley, a great deal louder than was necessary, and with gestures enough to make the words unnecessary.

"Father doesn't think of the flour-dust—he is so accustomed to it," said Ellen, apologetically.

Beardsley smiled grimly, and wondered what she thought of the mud on his clothes. "I can't make out what it means," he said, sitting down on the edge of his bed when he was in his room. "She can not have forgotten me. People don't forget ordinary acquaintances in ten years—ten? it is eleven—twelve years to be sure. I was a beardless youth then," passing his hand over the lower part of his face. "But my name—she must think of me. I never saw nor heard of a 'Dane' without thinking of her; besides," he said, commencing to prepare for bed—"besides, thinking of her numerous and sundry other times. There is one thing certain," he continued as he sank into the depths of the bed, "that I don't care how much or how little she remembers—only she ought to know who it was that kept Will from losing his promotion and out of the guard-house. I'll warrant now that the young scamp has never told that part of the story."

"I'm going to divide you into parts and parcels for the day, Captain," said Will, as Beardsley appeared the next morning.

"You might make subdivision, linear measure," was the reply, with a downward glance at his proportions.

"It is a matter of time. I have got to be gone this morning, and leave you to be distributed among the rest. After that you'll be under my orders," said Willie, linking his arm into his friend's, and passing out on the piazza. As Beardsley stood looking at Mr. Dane's work that morning the miller said:

"I wanted you out here because I can hear better in the mill. You wouldn't believe it may-be, but here people don't have to speak any louder to me than I do to them. Queer, isn't it?"

"Very strange, I should think."

"It was this constant noise that hurt my hearing first, and now it rather helps it. On the principle, I suppose, that 'the hair of the same dog cures the bite,'" said the old man, laughing.

Beardsley smiled at this conceit, saying,

"You have been a miller a great while?"

"Almost always, Sir. I gave it up and left the mill a few years once, but I had to come back. It is the best place for me. I used to think my boys would help me with it; but I guess they never will. Alwin, my oldest son, Sir, is in Minnesota, a practicing physician, and doing well too; but I'm afraid William never'll amount to much. We've tried hard to make something of him, but it doesn't seem of any use."

"Perhaps you've made too much of him," suggested Beardsley.

"Very likely—ver-y like-ly," nodding his head; "he was the baby, you know, and is only a grown-up baby now. I watched you talking last night, and wondered how the child ever attached himself to you. I should not judge that you was fond of pets."

"I am not usually, but Willie had a way of making us his friends in spite of ourselves."

"That's just it—just it," said the miller, with a gratified smile. "Now there isn't any need of my telling a man like you that has seen so much of him what his faults are; I know he has faults; his mother don't, but I do and so does Ellen. I think if any body could manage him it would be Ellen. She's the one Alwin has to thank for being what he is; Alwin and Ellen are twins, you know. They were always together, in play and study, only I think she was a little the quickest, brightest scholar. When they were away to school in the central part of the State, they met with a fellow by the name of Lantry, a mighty smart, smooth little fellow, and Ellen engaged to marry him. I believe Alwin said there had been an engagement between Ellen and another student there, at first, but Lantry had Alwin's heart, and cut the other out.

"What was the other one's name?" asked Beardsley, giving the old man a sharp look.

"I don't know; if I ever heard I've forgotten. He was a bookish Yankee, an awkward two-fisted fellow, so Alwin said. Well, Lantry came here, and finally went into a law office here in town, and for a time cut a great figure; but he nearly poisoned my boy's life, Sir. Ellen very soon saw through the fellow, however, and dismissed him, though Alwin clung to him until she finally led him to see the web Lantry was weaving around her brother, and tore it off. I never worried much about my children, for I had considerable faith in the stock they came of; but afterward, when Lantry committed a crime (nobody doubts now that he did it) and swore it on to his best friend, John Forsyth, we realized that Ellen had saved Alwin from a great danger, for he was getting pretty wild—pretty wild, and might have shared poor John's fate. I've always thought Ellen would bring Will through all right by-and-by, but I don't know. One would think that losing his leg might be enough. He ran away and enlisted as a recruit when he was seventeen, and was shifted about, and if he hadn't got in with you—"

"If I hadn't got in with him, father, I should have gone to destruction, sure," said Will, coming up just then. "I see you are grinding me over here. By-the-way, Captain, it *was* a special providence that brought you away from Missouri to take care of me, wasn't it? Or rather that consolidated me into your company?"

In the afternoon Will took his guest into the parlor. It was his turn now, he told his mother, who had been entertaining Beardsley with a synopsis of her physical and mental afflictions.

"I don't know what to do, Captain," whined Willie, speaking of business. "You know there are not many things a cripple can do; and I haven't education to fit me for business."

"I don't think it depends so much upon education as determination, Dane."

"Maybe it does not. I'm not like you, I know, but I *have* tried. Alwin thought I had better come out there; and I went and tried to stick to study until he got out of all patience because I couldn't keep my mind on it, and declared that I was a nuisance, and offered to pay my expenses home if I would leave. I don't think he meant to have me go, but I would not stay there after that, and came home; but not at *his* expense, mind you. Here I went into the printing-office and did their drudgery two weeks; then I went into a grocery and tried to do their running; then I took a horse and went about the country as book agent; but I'll beg for old clothes before I'll try that again. Mother says it's a judgment on me for disobeying her, and father thinks I might work in the mill, and Ell' only says, 'Now do try, Willie,' but I know she thinks I might do something if I would; she talks a great deal about 'perseverance.' She went up to the city to see about my going to commercial college, but she had the kindness to say that she was afraid it would be a waste of time and money for *me* to go. Father and Ellen have no sympathy with me; they think I might do any sort of work, whether I have any taste for it or not. Mother knows better; she knows that I am not—" he colored a little as he met Beardsley's inquiring look. "Well, I think there is a difference in people," he persisted. "I could not endure some ways of living, and mother knows I could not; but then *she's* always wanted me to study for the ministry. Just to think of it!"

Beardsley laughed. An amused smile had been lurking in the corners of his blue eyes and hidden under his brown mustache, as he listened to Willie's pathetic story. Now it came forth, a clear ringing laugh, in which Willie gayly joined.

"You can imagine me as chaplain, holding forth, to a sleepy extent, on the sin of profanity."

Just then Ellen came in to the room with a bit of fine embroidery in her hand. As Beardsley drew a chair to the window for her his eye fell on a picture near the door, and he turned to examine it. It was an oil-painting of blue water, and rocks, and sky; a school-girl daub, the worst of three hanging there. A sidelong glance toward Ellen detected a look, a scarlet blush, and told him a story. She knew him then, and remembered what associations the picture recalled, and thus learning that all this time knowing him she had treated him with undue coldness, his features assumed a frown and stern gaze.

"Your work, Miss Dane," he said, with a deferential smile, resuming his seat.

"Nothing that I am proud of. I prize it because it was my first work at painting."

"Her best pictures she sent to Al, when he went to housekeeping," explained Will.

Evidently Captain Beardsley had little taste for art; he made no reply, and Willie returned to his own unfortunate position. Beardsley, apparently listening, was observing Ellen's face. Her look of annoyance caused him to notice what the young man was saying.

"You are the only person that ever could understand and help me any, and now I want to ask your advice."

"Mine? I am afraid you had better not. You have forgotten the scoldings I used to give you."

"No. I remember their salutary effect, though. You was a little rough on a fellow sometimes."

"Well, then, will you be arbitrator if we quarrel, Miss Dane?"

"I will try," she said, with a smile.

"Then, Dane, I shall commence by asserting that if a man succeeds in life he has himself to thank; if he fails, he has himself to blame. Mind, I don't call a legacy from a defunct relative, nor a prize-ticket in oil stock, success. Neither do I think a very moderate income is a sign of failure always; but this is true, as we are just to ourselves the world will be just to us."

"It has been with you, Captain, I know."

"It has been to *you*, Dane. So long as you considered it a bore to be up to time in drill, and let your health excuse you from guard duty, the boys called you 'cosset.' But when, as I always believed you would, you turned out as brave a fighter as there was in the company, they all voted for your promotion. I am not discouraged with you; when you have really made up your mind that you *will* do something I shall expect to see you do it; you will not lack ability nor opportunity."

"But, Captain, you never had every thing go against you—"

"I can remember when I *thought* I had."

"What, you? How was it?"

Beardsley shook his head. "Don't flatter me into telling tedious stories. Have compassion on your sister; she isn't inured to camp yarns."

"I hope Captain Beardsley will not exempt me now. I desire some experience of them."

Beardsley hesitated a moment. Willie's face was turned eagerly toward him. He looked at Ellen; her eyes had met his so coolly as she spoke now, she seemed, he thought, industriously unconscious of him; and the thought produced a curl of contempt of his lip.

"It is not any thing startling," he began, hurriedly, moving his chair so as to look directly in Ellen's face, "and I'll try not to make it long. I will omit the first chapter, relating to the hero's childhood, merely saying, poetically, that if the sky over those mountains was bluer than his eyes, their snow was scarcely whiter than his hair. Chapter second is an elaborate introduction to an overgrown Yankee, painfully conscious of himself as he emerges from his native State in search of education, employment—something to consume his surcharge of vitality. I will only give you chapter third, which finds me at school—a new institution, whose inducement to poor boys was, that it offered work as well as instruction. At the end of the first term, in spite of my big fists and ungainly length, I had acquired considerable popularity—the popularity of an intensely 'one-idead man' where that idea is inculcated. After one term I left school, to work and teach, with my text-book in my pocket. In the winter I returned to my own classes. I told you that the school was a modern affair, advocating all the discoveries of the nineteenth century; there were lady students there, and consequently I met with a misfortune—I fell in love. Perhaps that could not technically be termed a misfortune. No, I'll call it the climax of prosperity, which, you know, is quite as much to be feared.

"You would not consider me sentimental; but I can assure you that auburn curls and hazel eyes were constantly coming between me and my book. It was only by sheer force that I chained my mind to groveling lessons, so easy it was to soar away to sublime heights." Willie laughed. "Am I making it ridiculous? I did not mean to. I was dreadfully in earnest then. It was no infant sprinkling, but a genuine immersion that washed away all thoughts not dedicated to my idol. Do not think I was dolt enough to tender my heart gratuitously; I felt that it was a beggerly return for the one I obtained. I believe now that I had a lease of that province. You might have wondered at it, for I was not extremely fascinating in appearance; but I was a good scholar, and had made me a place to stand in—a fair position. She came there a stranger. I was her first friend; and for a great deal of what she called kindness—I termed it pleasure—she was grateful to me.

"That term seems yet an island in my life—an island of exotics. The next term was not quite so felicitous. A new student came and interposed his pretty face; and—I won't call names—he came between us. Otherwise fortune was kind to me. An under-teacher had gone away, and I was given his classes; but this rasping jealousy spoiled every thing. I did not let it make me unjust to her. Half a dozen of her mates were contesting for the hero's notice; no wonder that the fairest should win.

"So as long as occasionally we sat together, or I walked by her side, and could touch the little hand on my arm, I never, by word or act, betrayed my uneasiness. Even when I knew what rumor said, that she had jilted me, I accepted her reproachful denial as my troth.

"If you had known us all you would have understood why I could not contend with a rival like—suppose we call him Lawson. It would have been as easy for him to affect a knowledge of the sciences as for me to assume his arts. The whole term passed before my sentence was read. It was a holiday, devoted to festooning the chapel for Commencement exercises. I had grown used to indifference and neglect, but that day her slights became open rudeness; that day I saw the ring I had given her, in token of promises exchanged, jingling with the trifles on his watch-chain, while another, a gewgaw he had worn, was in its place on her finger. If I had intruded my claims or imposed my society upon her I might have felt that the treatment was deserved; but I had not. It would not have been easy for me to have loosened myself from a promise, I would not suspect her capable of it.

"That day's experience, however, illuminated my vision. I repaired to my room in a highly tragical state of mind, and after enacting the *rôle* of the desperate, with all the variations of clenched hands, disheveled hair, curses, groans, and rapid strides, I sat down and wrote what I now believe was a very sensible note, expressing a desire to understand my position in relation to her, and requesting an interview. Toward the last I think sentiment predominated, and I protested my unaltered, undying—all that sort of thing.

"I was waited upon soon after by a gentleman, a relative of hers, commissioned to say, that Miss—call her Alice, though that wasn't her name—released me from all promises given her. He was accompanied by—by who did I say?—oh! yes, by Lawson, who with an attempt at polite insolence informed me that, as Miss Alice was now engaged to him, she had no further use for my ring. Then, in my anger, I only felt the sting; but after Commencement exercises were over, and I had noted her averted face for the last time, and we had gone our separate ways, I felt the hurt. Necessity compelled me to go to work again, but that did not occur to me as a hardship, for the place was hateful to me then. Just then I considered my trial a peculiar, an exceptional one; by no means an ordinary affliction. I took my calamity with me when I went West, and nursed and fed it until winter, when it was encouraged to a lively growth by another event; the house containing my trunk, books, and nearly all my clothes, was burned, making me still poorer. I think I contemplated myself, as the victim of the world's abuse, with surly satisfaction. I don't know but I might have become as misanthropic as a cheap-novel hero, if I had had leisure to cultivate my talent for it, but passing through Chicago in the spring I had my pockets picked of my remaining wealth, and found myself obliged to expend my force in a more practical way. I have never resumed my stilts since then. I know they make one loom up frightfully, and take desperate strides, but I consider them an impediment to locomotion after all."

"Go on, Captain; don't stop there, I want to hear the rest," said Will.

"That's about all; I went to work with a company of civil engineers on a railroad route. I carried the chain at first, but I deserved a better place and soon got it. Afterward I took the engineering of another route, and finally invested in stock and lands there, so that when I went to the war I employed an agent instead of a substitute. But the moral of my story is—"

"Oh never mind the moral; what became of the girl? Did you ever pay her off?"

"No. It was years before I saw her again. When I really went to work I found the oil and wine of conceit very soothing to my lacerated affections. I began to think of her with commiseration, satisfied that the result of her choice would be retaliation enough. Of course I did not apprehend any good of Lawson. After a time I could afford to smile at my own weakness, and hope that she was as happy as people average. I never happened to hear from them until I went into the army; there I accidentally learned that they had never married. In the spring of 1864 I went to Chicago on furlough, and had the pleasure—it was hardly a pleasure, though—of riding in the next seat to Lawson half the night. He came on with a body-guard of two or three soldiers. I was not told his new rank, but I guess it was 'deserter.'

"Since then I have happened almost as unexpectedly to meet Alice. These years that have changed us all have probably brought her trials too, but looking into her face again I could not think they had been unkind to her."

"Aha, Captain!" exclaimed Will, "I begin to understand at last. Quite romantic, to be sure!"

"Understand what?" said Beardsley, sharply, with a surprised look, while Ellen, who, but for her varying color, during the recital might have been a stitching automaton, gave a quick start and sprang up.

"I understand what this *farming* means. I'll finish the story. Lovers meet, mutual confessions and explanations, they kiss and make up, and arrange; he builds a cottage to spend the honey-moon in. Good!" shaking Beardsley's hand violently. "Good!"

Beardsley involuntarily looked toward Ellen and met her look—it might have been of anger, or a despairing appeal, it was only a flash, that her quivering lip made emphatic.

"No, no, Dane. I am sorry to say that you are not right; so far from it, we met as strangers, and I confess, would you believe it, Miss Ellen, I was at a loss to know whether it was dislike or caprice that made her so entirely ignore our former acquaintance. But I was piqued, and for the first time entertained an idea of a little revenge. Exactly what it will be I can not tell; so now my story is really done."

Ellen had listened with curious emotions; at first her cheeks had flushed with shame, remembering the wrong she had not half realized then, but had so bitterly repented since. Then she thought of her letter, written in humiliation and thankfulness; it would have cost a great deal of pride, only pride had no place in her heart; and he, after scorning to notice her acknowledgment, was "at loss" because she did not again refer to their former acquaintance, and talked of "revenge." A sense of the injustice of this made her voice steady as she said, "'Confession and remission of sins' is not incorporated in Captain Beardsley's creed."

Beardsley hesitated with a puzzled expression. Ellen's eyes had the same electric power in them still, for he felt his blood thrill as in years agone.

"You think 'forget and forgive' more Christian than revenge?"

That was not what Ellen meant at all, as her quick gesture protested.

"I wouldn't give much for *your* revenge, Captain," yawned Will. "Don't you want to be beaten at a game of chess?"

In the evening the chess-board was put by, and the father and mother joined the circle, and Beardsley said to them:

"We have been talking of it, Willie and I, and have this proposition to submit for his parents' and sister's approval. Willie tells me that Wilbur, who owns the news-room near the central dépôt, offers to sell. I should like to buy it, if I can have a partner to do most of the work, and Willie is the man to do. What do you all say?"

He received Mrs. Dane's languid approval, and Mr. Dane's hearty approbation, and looked toward Ellen. She spoke very earnestly, but with an effort.

"Willie has always called you his good genius, and has imparted his faith to us, I believe."

Her earnestness had an undue effect, for it brought to his mind the uneasy reflection that *she* might have mistaken the motives which prompted him to the act.

"As usual," he said, scowling at himself in the glass that night. "I have canceled my good intentions by allowing myself to be provoked to that miserable rehearsal. I knew I should be ashamed of it. I'll do the best I can for the boy, on his own account, but I'll keep away from his folks after this."

This resolution made him resist the invitations to prolong his visit, and the next morning he bade them good-by; hardly knowing, as he took Ellen's proffered hand, whether he was glad or sorry that they had met.

A little management and a great deal of plain practical advice helped Willie to persevere until he had reason to be proud of his success; but neither his urgent entreaties nor the messages brought from home could induce Beardsley to make another visit. At last October came, bringing Beardsley a call from the West. He should be gone several months. Willie would have found that he could succeed alone; there would be less obligation and more friendship when he came back, he thought. So one morning he sent his adieus to Ellen, and bade Willie "good-by," saying he was to take the steamboat at Buffalo, but didn't.

When Will bolted into the parlor, on his return home that evening, he was surprised to find his friend sitting on the sofa with Ellen. His entrance, and their sudden unclasping of hands, was a little confusing, until Will, with a very shocked expression, demanded what it meant, enlarging somewhat upon his own pain at such a discovery. Ellen told him to sit down and hear her explanation:

"Several years ago," she began, "I was a schoolmate of Captain Beardsley's. He not knowing how trifling, how unworthy I was, loved me a great deal better than I deserved or realized. With my best thoughts and feelings I returned his affection, and never meant to wrong him; but by vanity and flattery and the rivalry of others as giddy as myself, I became entangled in another engagement—one that I made with no idea of keeping it; but finally, because it was stronger than my courage or truth, I broke my promise to Mr. Beardsley. This act and its punishment were long past when you, Willie, incurred a debt of gratitude. When I knew it was the Mr. Beardsley I had known, I sent, inclosed to you, a letter to him; not of apology, of confession rather, but more of gratitude. I don't know what I expected, but when no letter or word came I was disappointed, for I had written very earnestly, and felt that my letter had been an intrusion. Yesterday I cleared your desk by accident and found the lamented letter, with the seal yet unbroken, among my letters to you."

"As true as I live!" said Will, starting to his feet. "Now, Ellen— You see, Captain, it came when you was gone, and I put it back in the letter, thinking that our folks had been sufficiently thankful, but I'd hand it to you when you came; and I hadn't thought of it since. I sent my letters home when we marched, and if Ellen had looked them over she'd have found it before."

"I found it in time to send it with explanations to Captain Beardsley, *by mail*, but only after he had wreaked his threatened revenge."

"Revenge?" said Will, "I can't see how he has been revenged."

"Nor I," said Beardsley, clasping again the little hand; "but I shall be yet."

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

## Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

### CHAPTER III.

ARCADIA.

*Nov.* 1. This is Huxter's Cross, and I live here. I have lived here a week. I should like to live here forever. Oh, let me be rational for a few hours, while I write the record of this last blissful week; let me be reasonable, and business-like, and Sheldon-like for this one wet afternoon, and then I may be happy and foolish again. Be still, beating heart! as the heroines of Minerva-press romances were accustomed to say to themselves on the smallest provocation. Be still, foolish, fluttering, school-boy heart, which has taken a new lease of youth and folly from a fair landlord called Charlotte Halliday.

Drip, drip, drip, O rain! "The day is dark and cold and dreary, and the vine still clings to the mouldering wall; and with every gust the dead leaves fall:" but thy sweet sad verse wakes no responsive echo in my heart, O tender Transatlantic poet, for my heart is light and glad—recklessly glad—heedless of to-morrow—forgetful of yesterday—full to the very brim with the dear delight of to-day.

And now to business. I descend from the supernal realms of fancy to the dry record of commonplace fact. This day week I arrived at Hidling, after a tedious journey, which, with stoppages at Derby and Normanton, and small delays at obscurer stations, had occupied the greater part of the day. It was dusk when I took my place in the hybrid vehicle, half coach half omnibus, which was to convey me from Hidling to Huxter's Cross. A transient glimpse at Hidling showed me one long straggling street and a square church-tower. Our road branched off from the straggling street, and in the autumn dusk I could just discover the dim outlines of distant hills encircling a broad waste of moor.

I have been so steeped in London that this wild barren scene had a charm for me which it could scarcely possess for others. Even the gloom of that dark waste of common land was pleasant to me. I shared the public vehicle with one old woman, who snored peacefully in the remotest corner, while I looked out at the little open window and watched the darkening landscape.

Our drive occupied some hours. We passed two or three little clusters of cottages and homesteads, where the geese screamed and the cocks crowed at our approach, and where a few twinkling tapers in upper windows proclaimed the hour of bedtime. At one of these clusters of habitation, a little island of humanity in the waste of wold and moor, we changed horses, with more yo-oh-ing and come-up-ing than would have attended the operation in a civilized country. At this village I heard the native tongue for the first time in all its purity; and for any meaning which it conveyed to my ear I might as well have been listening to the patois of agricultural Carthage.

After changing horses we went up hill, with perpetual groanings, and grumblings, and grindings, and whip-smacking, and come-up-ing, for an indefinite period; and then we came to a cluster of cottages, suspended high up in the sharp autumn atmosphere as it seemed to me; and the driver of the vehicle came to my little peep-hole of a window, and told me with some slight modification of the Carthaginian patois that I was "there."

I alighted and found myself at the door of a village inn, with the red light from within shining out upon me where I stood, and a battered old sign groaning and creaking above my head. For me, who in all my life had been accustomed to find my warmest welcome at an inn, this was to be at home. I paid my fare, took up my carpet-bag, and entered the hostelry.

I found a rosy-faced landlady, clean and trim, though a trifle floury as to the arms and apron. She had emerged from a kitchen, an old-fashioned chamber with a floor of red brick; a chamber which was all in a rosy glow with the fire-light, and looked like a Dutch picture, as I peeped at it through the open doorway. There were the most picturesque of cakes and loaves heaped on a wooden bench by the hearth, and the whole aspect of the place was delicious in its homely comfort.

"Oh," I said to myself, "how much better the northern winds blowing over these untrodden hills, and the odor of home-made loaves, than the booming bells of St. Dunstan's, and the greasy steam of tavern chops and steaks!"

My heart warmed to this Yorkshire and these Yorkshire people. Was it for Charlotte's sake, I wonder, that I was so ready to open my heart to every body and every thing in this unknown land?

A very brief parley set me quite at ease with my landlady. Even the Carthaginian patois became intelligible to me after a little experience. I found that I could have a cozy, cleanly chamber, and be fed and cared for upon terms that seemed absurdly small, even to a person of my limited means. My cordial hostess brought me a meal which was positively luxurious: broiled ham and poached eggs, such as one scarcely hopes to see out of a picture of still-life; crisp brown cakes fresh from that wonderful oven whose door I had seen yawning open in the Flemish interior below; strong tea and cream—the cream that one reads of in pastoral stories.

I enjoyed my banquet, and then opened my window and looked out at the still landscape, dimly visible in the faint starlight.

I was at the top of a hill—the topmost of an ascending range of hills—and to some minds that alone is rapture; to inhale the fresh night air was to drink deeply of an ethereal beverage. I had never experienced so delicious a sensation since I had stood on the grassy battlements of the Chateau d'Argues, with the orchards and gardens of sunny Normandy spread like a carpet below my feet.

But this hill was loftier than that on which the feudal castle rears its crumbling towers, and the landscape below me was wilder than that verdant Norman *paysage*.

No words can tell how I rejoiced in this untrodden region—this severance from the Strand and Temple Bar. I felt as if my old life was falling away from me—like the scales of the lepers that were cleansed by the Divine Healer. I felt myself worthier to love, or even to be loved by, the bright, true-hearted girl whose image fills my heart. Ah, if Heaven gave me that dear angel, I think my old life, my old recklessness, my old want of principle, would drop away from me altogether, and the leper would stand forth cleansed and whole. Could I not be happy with her here, among these forgotten hills, these widely scattered homesteads? Could I not be happy dissevered eternally from billiard-room and kursaal, race-ground and dancing-rooms? Yes, completely and unreservedly happy—happy as a village curate with seventy pounds a year and a cast-off coat, supplied by the charity of a land too poor to pay its pastors the wage of a decent butler—happy as a struggling farmer, though the clay soil of my scanty acres were never so sour and stubborn, my landlord never so hard about his rent—happy as a peddler, with my pack of cheap tawdry wares slung behind me, and my Charlotte tramping gayly by my side.

I breakfasted next morning in a snug little parlor behind the bar, where I overheard two carters conversing in the Carthaginian patois, to which I became hourly more accustomed. My brisk, cheery landlady came in and out while I took my meal; and whenever I could detain her long enough I tried to engage her in conversation.

I asked her if she had ever heard the name of Meynell; and after profound consideration she replied in the negative.

"I don't mind hearing aught of folks called Meynell," she said, with more or less of the patois, which I was beginning to understand; "but I haven't mooch memory for nee-ams. I might have heard o' such folks, and not minded t' nee-am."

This was rather dispiriting; but I knew that if any record of Christian Meynell's daughter existed at Huxter's Cross, it was in my power to discover it.

I asked if there was any official in the way of a registrar to be found in the village; and found that there was no one more important than an old man who kept the keys of the church. The registers were kept in the vestry, my landlady believed, and the old man was called Jonas Gorles, and lived half a mile off, at the homestead of his son-in-law. But my landlady said she would send for him immediately, and pledged herself to produce him in the course of an hour.

I told her that I would find my way to the church-yard in the mean time, whither Mr. Gorles could follow me as soon as convenient.

The autumnal morning was fresh and bright as spring, and Huxter's Cross seemed the most delightful place on earth to me, though it is only a cluster of cottages, relieved by one farm-house of moderate pretensions, my hostelry of the Magpie, a general shop, which is also the post-office, and a fine old Norman church, which lies away from the village, and bears upon it the traces of better days. Near the church is an old granite cross, around which the wild flowers and grasses grow rank and high. It marks the spot where there was once a flourishing market-place; but all mortal habitations have vanished, and the Huxter's Cross of the past has now no other memorial than this crumbling stone.

The church-yard was unutterably still and solitary. A robin was perched on the topmost bar of the old wooden gate, singing his joyous carol. As I approached he hopped from the gate to the low moss-grown wall, and went on singing as I passed him. I was in the humor to apostrophize sky-lark or donkey, or to be sentimental about any thing in creation, just then; so I told my robin what a pretty creature he was, and that I would sooner perish than hurt him by so much as the tip of a feather.

Being bound to remember my Sheldon even when most sentimental, I endeavored to combine the meditative mood of a Hervey with the business-like sharpness of a lawyer's-clerk; and while musing on the common lot of man in general, I did not omit to search the mouldering tombstones for some record of the Meynells in particular.

I found none; and yet, if the daughter of Christian Meynell had been buried in that church-yard, the name of her father would surely have been inscribed upon her tombstone. I had read all the epitaphs, when the wooden gate creaked on its hinges, and admitted a wizen little old man—one of those ancient meanderers who seem to have been created on purpose to fill the post of sexton.

With this elderly individual I entered the church of Huxter's Cross, which had the same mouldy atmosphere as the church at Spotswold. The vestry was an icy little chamber, which had once been a family vault; but it was not much colder than Miss Judson's best parlor; and I endured the cold bravely while I searched the registries of the last sixty years.

I searched in vain. After groping among the names of all the nonentities who had been married at Huxter's Cross since the beginning of the century, I found myself no nearer the secret of Charlotte Meynell's marriage. And then I reflected upon all the uncertainties surrounding that marriage. Miss Meynell had gone to Yorkshire to visit her mother's relations, and had married in Yorkshire; and the place which Anthony Sparsfield remembered having heard of in connection with that marriage was Huxter's Cross. But it did not by any means follow that the marriage had taken place at that obscure village. Miss Meynell might have been married at Hull, or York, or Leeds, or at any of the principal places of the country. With that citizen class of people marriage was a grand event, a solemn festivity; and Miss Meynell and her friends would have been likely to prefer that so festive an occasion should be celebrated any where rather than at that forgotten old church among the hills.

"I shall have to search every register in Yorkshire till I light upon the record I want," I thought to myself, "unless Sheldon will consent to advertise for the Meynell marriage certificate. There could scarcely be danger in such an advertisement, as the connection between the name of Meynell and the Haygarth estate is only known to ourselves."

Acting upon this idea I wrote to George Sheldon by that afternoon's post, urging him to advertise for descendants of Miss Charlotte Meynell.

Charlotte! dear name, which is a kind of music for me. It was almost a pleasure to write that letter, because of the repetition of that delightful noun.

The next day I devoted to a drive round the neighborhood in a smart little dogcart, hired on very moderate terms from mine host. I had acquainted myself with the geography of the surrounding country; and I contrived to visit every village church within a certain radius of Huxter's Cross. But my inspection of mildewed old books, and my heroic endurance of cold and damp in mouldy old churches, resulted in nothing but disappointment.

I returned to my "Magpie" after dark, a little disheartened and thoroughly tired, but still very well pleased with my rustic quarters and my adopted county. My landlord's horse had shown himself a very model of equine perfection.

Candles were lighted and curtains drawn in my cozy little chamber, and the table creaked beneath one of those luxurious Yorkshire teas which might wean an alderman from the coarser delights of turtle or conger-eel soup and venison.

At noon the following day a very primitive kind of postman brought me a letter from Sheldon. That astute individual told me that he declined to advertise, or to give any kind of publicity to his requirements.

"If I were not afraid of publicity I should not be obliged to pay you a pound a week"—he remarked, with pleasing candor—"since advertisements would get me more information in a week than you may scrape together in a twelvemonth. But I happen to know the danger of publicity, and that many a good thing has been snatched out of a man's hands just as he was working it into shape. I don't say that this could be done in my case; and you know very well that it could not be done, as I hold papers which are essential to the very first move in the business."

I perfectly understand the meaning of these remarks, and I am inclined to doubt the existence of those important papers. Suspicion is a fundamental principle in the Sheldon mind. My friend George trusts me because he is obliged to trust me—and only so far as he is obliged—and is tormented more or less by the idea that I may at any moment attempt to steal a march upon him.

But to return to his letter.

"I should recommend you to examine the registries of every town or village within, say, thirty miles of Huxter's Cross. If you find nothing in such registries we must fall back upon the larger towns, beginning with Hull, as being nearest to our starting-point. The work will, I fear, be slow, and very expensive for me. I need scarcely again urge upon you the necessity of confining your outlay to the minimum, as you know that my affairs are desperate. It couldn't well be lower water than it is with me, in a pecuniary sense; and I expect every day to find myself aground.

"And now for my news. I have discovered the burial-place of Samuel Meynell, after no end of trouble, the details of which I needn't bore you with, since you are now pretty well up in that sort of work. I am thankful to say I have secured the evidence that settles for Samuel, and ascertained by tradition that he died unmarried. The *onus probandi* would fall upon any one purporting to be descended from the said Samuel, and we know how uncommonly difficult said person would find it to prove any thing.

"So, having disposed of Samuel, I came back to London by the next mail; Calais in the month of November not being one of those wildly gay watering-places which tempt the idler. I arrived just in time to catch this afternoon's post; and now I look impatiently to your Miss Charlotte Meynell of Huxter's Cross.—Yours, etc. G. S."

I obeyed my employer to the letter; hired my landlord's dogcart for another day's exploration; and went further afield in search of Miss Charlotte's marriage-lines. I came home late at night—this time thoroughly worn out—studied a railway-guide with a view to my departure, and decided on starting for Hull by a train that would leave Hidling station at four o'clock on the following afternoon.

I went to bed tired in body and depressed in spirit. Why was I so sorry to leave Huxter's Cross? What subtle instinct of the brain or heart made me aware that the desert region among the hills held earth's highest felicity for me?

The next morning was bright and clear. I heard the guns of sportsmen popping merrily in the still air as I breakfasted before an open window, while a noble sea-coal fire blazed on the hearth opposite me. There is no stint of fuel at the Magpie. Every thing in Yorkshire seems to be done with a lavish hand. I have heard Yorkshiremen called mean. As if meanness could exist in the hearts of my Charlotte's countrymen! My own experience of the county is brief; but I can only say that my friends of the Magpie are liberality itself, and that a Yorkshire tea is the very acme of unsophisticated bliss in the way of eating and drinking. I have dined at Philippe's; I know every dish in the *menu* of the Maison Dorée; but if I am to make my life a burden beneath the dark sway of the demon dyspepsia, let my destruction arrive in the shape of the ham and eggs, the crisp golden brown cakes and undefiled honey, of this northern Arcadia.

I told my friendly hostess that I was going to leave her, and she was sorry. She was sorry for me, the wanderer. I can picture to myself the countenance of a London landlady if informed thus suddenly of her lodger's departure, and her suppressed mutterings about the ill-convenience of such a proceeding.

After breakfast I went out to take my own pleasure. I had done my duty in the matter of mouldy churches and mildewed registries; and I considered myself entitled to a holiday during the few hours that must elapse before the starting of the hybrid vehicle for Hidling.

I sauntered past the little cluster of cottages, admiring their primitive aspect, the stone-crop on the red-tiled roofs, that had sunk under the weight of years. All was unspeakably fresh and bright; the tiny panes of the casements twinkled in the autumn sunlight, birds sang, and hardy red geraniums bloomed in the cottage windows. What pleasure or distraction had the good housewives of Huxter's Cross to lure them from the domestic delights of scrubbing and polishing? I saw young faces peeping at me from between snow-white muslin curtains, and felt that I was a personage for once in my life; and it was pleasant to feel one's self of some importance even in the eyes of Huxter's Cross.

Beyond the cottages and the post-office there were three roads stretching far away over hill and moorland. With two of those roads I had made myself thoroughly familiar; but the third remained to be explored.

"So now for 'fresh fields and pastures new,'" I said to myself as I quickened my pace, and walked briskly along my unknown road.

Ah, surely there is some meaning in the fluctuations of the mental barometer! What but an instinctive consciousness of approaching happiness could have made me so light-hearted that morning? I sang as I hastened along that undiscovered road. Fragments of old Italian serenades and barcarolles came back to me as if I had heard them yesterday for the first time. The perfume of the few lingering wild flowers, the odor of burning weeds in the distance, the fresh autumn breeze, the clear cold blue sky—all were intensely delicious to me; and I felt as if this one lovely walk were a kind of renovating process, from which my soul would emerge cleansed of all its stains.

"I have to thank George Sheldon for a great deal," I said to myself, "since through him I have been obliged to educate myself in the school of man's best schoolmaster, Solitude. I do not think I can ever be a thorough Bohemian again. These lonely wanderings have led me to discover a vein of seriousness in my nature which I was ignorant of until now. How thoroughly some men are the creatures of their surroundings! With Paget I have been a Paget. But a few hours' *tête-à-tête* with Nature renders one averse from the society of Pagets, be they never so brilliant."

From moralizing thus I fell into a delicious day-dream. All my dreams of late had moved to the same music. How happy I could be if Fate gave me Charlotte and three hundred a year! In sober moods I asked for this much of worldly wealth, just to furnish a nest for my bird. In my wilder moments I asked Fate for nothing but Charlotte.

"Give me the bird without the nest," I cried to Fortune; "and we will take wing to some trackless forest where there are shelter and berries for nestless birds. We will imitate that delightful bride and bridegroom of Parisian Bohemia, who married and settled in an attic, and when their stock of fuel was gone fell foul of the staircase that led to their bower, and so supplied themselves merrily enough till the staircase was all consumed, and the poor little bride, peeping out of her door one morning, found herself upon the verge of an abyss.

And then came the furious landlord, demanding restitution. But close behind the landlord came the good fairy of all love-stories, with all the sands of Pactolus in her pockets. Ah, yes, there is always a providence for true lovers!

I had passed away by this time from the barren moor to the regions of cultivation. The trimly-cut hedges on each side of the way showed me that my road now lay between farm lands. I was outside the boundary of some upland farm. I saw sheep cropping trefoil in a wide field on the other side of the neat brown hedgerow, and at a distance I saw the red-tiled roof of a farm-house.

I looked at my watch and found that I had still half an hour to spare; so I went on toward the farm-house, bent upon seeing what sort of a habitation it was. In a solitary landscape like this every dwelling-place has a kind of attraction to the wayfarer.

I went on till I came to a white gate, upon the upper rail of which a girlish figure was leaning.

It was a graceful figure, dressed in that semi-picturesque costume which has been adopted by women of late years. The vivid blue of a bodice was tempered by the sober gray of a skirt, and a bright-hued ribbon gleamed among rich tresses of brown hair.

The damsel's face was turned away from me, but there was something in the carriage of the head, something in the modeling of the firm full throat, which reminded me of—

But then, when a man is over head and ears in love, every thing in creation reminds him more or less of his idol. Your pious Catholic gives all his goods for the adornment of a church; your true lover devotes his every thought to the dressing up of one dear image.

The damsel turned as my steps drew near, loud on the crisp gravel. She turned, and showed me the face of Charlotte Halliday.

I must entreat posterity to forgive me, if I leave a blank at this stage of my story. "There are chords in the human heart which had better not be wibrated," said Sim Tappertit. There are emotions which can only be described by the pen of a poet. I am not a poet; and if my diary is so happy as to be of some use to posterity as a picture of the manners of a repentant Bohemian, posterity must not quarrel with my shortcomings in the way of sentimental description.

THE ART CRITIC.

## THE ART CRITIC.

A hundred critics lie in wait,
  With ruthless pens my fame to slay;
But one fair critic held my fate
  In her small hand that happy day,
When, chaperoned by "dearest aunt,"
She came to see a painter's haunt.

She came, she saw, she conquered; yet
  The victory so sweetly won
Her willing slave will ne'er regret;
  While the dull room she looked upon
Henceforward must forever be
  Illumined by her memory.

She talked of Gifford and of Titian;
  She skipped from Kensett to Van Eyck;
But vowed, 'midst all the Exhibition,
  My picture most each eye would strike:
"Yes, you'll bear off the palm!" she cried.
"*This* be the palm, then," I replied—

"This rosy palm within my grasp,
  So soft and coy; this little hand
Give me the right through life to clasp,
  And it shall lead me to the land
Where Fame with laurel-wreath awaits
The victor at her temple-gates."

GENERAL SALNAVE, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.—[DRAWN BY J. W. HERRICK.]

## PRESIDENT SALNAVE, OF HAYTI.

THE several rebellions against the authority of President GEFFRARD, of Hayti, have at length culminated in his overthrow and expulsion from the island and the elevation of his old enemy, SALNAVE, to the Presidency. The rebellion which was headed by SALNAVE was begun in 1865. The rebels seized and held the town of Cape Haytien for several months, and were only finally driven out on its bombardment by the English man-of-war *Bull Dog*, commanded by Captain WAKE. SALNAVE was forced to leave Hayti and take refuge in St. Domingo. Captain WAKE was recalled by the British Government and cashiered for his attack on Cape Haytien.

In his exile SALNAVE continued his efforts to revolutionize the country, and found many adherents, but few opportunities for an uprising. An attempt was made by his friends at Port au Prince on February 1, 1867; but GEFFRARD had been forewarned, and this attempt failed, and the ringleaders were captured and shot. The revolutionists did not despair, however, and on the night of February 22 a more successful effort was made; GEFFRARD was driven to seek safety in flight, and, abdicating the Presidency, went into exile in Jamaica. A Provisional Government was appointed, and SALNAVE, whom the people hailed as the "GARIBALDI of Hayti" and the "Deliverer of the People," was appointed President on April 26, 1867. He, however, insisted that he would not accept the Presidency except at the hands of the people. An election was therefore ordered and held. There were no rival candidates in the field, the other most distinguished participants in the revolution, Generals NISSAGE and CHEVALLIER, conceding the Presidential chair to SALNAVE with great good-will. He was unanimously elected, and on Sunday, May 12, was sworn into office.

President SALNAVE is a native of Cape Haytien, and is now 41 years of age. He is the son of French and negro parents. He entered the army of Hayti in early youth, and was a Major under GEFFRARD when the Empire was overthrown. While holding the same commission under the Republic SALNAVE projected the rebellion of 1865, and seized Cape Haytien, from which he was driven as we have described. He is said to be a man of unusual intelligence, of progressive and liberal ideas, and great energy of character, and brilliant results are confidently expected from his administration. It speaks well, at all events, for the estimation in which he is held by his countrymen that the revolution which has placed him in power has been attended with so little violence, and that since his acceptance of the office Hayti has been more tranquil than ever before.

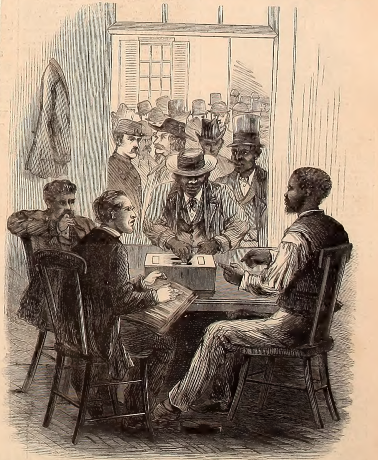
## THE HENRY CLAY STATUE.

THE unveiling of the CLAY statue at Louisville, Kentucky, on May 30, was the occasion of a grand procession of civic societies, marshaled under General LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, U.S.A. Business generally was suspended, and the houses were covered with flags. No military joined in the procession except one local Militia Cavalry Company. The statue, which is by JOEL T. HART, is life-size, and an excellent portrait of Mr. CLAY, representing him in the act of making his great Compromise speech. The engraving on this page is an excellent representation of the original.

## THE WASHINGTON ELECTION.

WASHINGTON CITY witnessed, on June 3, another curious scene illustrative of the progressive spirit of the times. For the second time in its history the colored citizens assisted in the municipal election. We give on this page a view at one of the polling-places at which a negro man was one of the Judges, and from all accounts a smart one he proved. In fact the whole colored race in Washington appears to have appreciated its privilege on this occasion. The colored men gathered in long lines before the polls as early as two o'clock on the morning of the election, and waited patiently for an opportunity to vote. Many who entered the line before sunrise did

STATUE OF HENRY CLAY AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.



SIGNIFICANT ELECTION SCENE AT WASHINGTON, JUNE 3, 1867.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. M'CALLUM.]

not get their vote deposited until a short time before the polls closed. Very few whites voted, and the Republican ticket was elected by a large majority.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Paris, June 1, 1867.

Dear Weekly,—You will observe by the date of my letter that I am in France. I am a daily visitant here to the Great Exposition, and although all of the exhibits are not yet in their places I am. I will consequently take a few moments to scratch off a little account for you.

The shape of the building is, as you are aware, round; except the square part, which is oblong. For fear some of your readers may not fully understand its construction I will be more explicit. Thus: take an ordinary link of sausage and lay it flat on a table, then take another link large enough to inclose the first link, then take another still larger, and keep on taking them until you have sausages enough, and there it is, simple enough. The space between each of the links as they are laid in a nest, one inside of the other, is the aisles, and all the curious things and stuff you see in walking through the aisles is your sausage. The avenues cut the sausage up into pieces, the inside ones into mouthfuls, so to speak, and, of course, they get larger as you go out to the circumference. Napoleon's cousin is the inventor of this plan, and is himself a native of Bologna, consequently it is no new thing to him. You enter at one of the doorways—that is, after you get your ticket, and then a most bewildering sight, and a hundred direction signs, meet your eyes. Like the Light Brigade at Balaklava,

Things to the right of you,
Things to the left of you,
Things in front of you,
Labeled and numbered,

knock you all aback and rivet you there, until you are compelled to cry "Enough! enough!" My *valet* (who is not what Wordsworth would call "a peaceful valley," as he gets both himself and me in all sorts of squabbles, for I don't believe the fellow understands a word of French) told me that "the architect laid himself out" on the main entrance. What was his object in immolating himself thus I did not learn; there are no traces now of any body in particular having been laid out there, although, at the Nôtre Dame, such French actions are quite the fashion.

The interior decorations of the various avenues are gorgeous. They all look like the "avenues to wealth" the newspapers talk about; but, like these mystical avenues, you have to have some little wealth to get into them. Animate and inanimate objects of beauty continually flit across your vision, and the beauties of Nature and Art perpetually intrude themselves upon your notice. Here, on one hand, are natural

VERDANT PLAINS AND TOWERING WATERFALLS

to lend their beauties to the ever-shifting and shiftless scene, and, on the other hand, splendid artificial fountains have been erected, and so very easy and graceful is their motion when at work that people generally think they are only a-playing.

Traveling up the "United States Avenue" (which sounds like a description of Atlantic City, but isn't), you will see

A COLLECTION OF EVERGREENS

extending the whole length of it, and reaching in their freshness and greenness from floor to roof. They are profusely replenished by every steamer. An American can not but have a feeling of regret to see how meanly his country is represented here, from our Minister down to Mr. T. J. Markland's coal-scuttle in the Philadelphia Department. One looks in vain for a display of the Atlantic Cable of 1858 and other jewelry from Tiffany & Co., or for those beautiful "Soldiers' Packets" for twenty-five cents, that contain within their envelopes so many gold and silver watches, pencils, and other articles. In vain we look for models of the "big organ," or of a head of Emerson, with its organs numbered, from Boston! Where are the specimens of bookbinding from the American News Company, which incloses literature so light that it necessarily illuminates the covers? And among the side-arms where are our New York Alderman's inkstands? In the Natural History Department there is not a specimen insect, even from our

PLAGUE OF THE "LOCUSTS"

so prevalent in our cities at all seasons.

In the Scientific Department, why are there not a few bottles of "Jersey lightning," which make and break more "jars" than ever Leyden could turn out, working up to its full capacity? I feel ashamed of my nation, more particularly as I am engaged to-morrow to take around the Czar of Russia, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Viceroy of Egypt. I will have to explain to each one of them—in their own languages, in all probability—all about the Department and Mr. Seward, which would be no easy job in any language, particularly as to the latter object.

Most of the departments from America have a special superintendent to take care of the articles on exhibition. This is omitted, however, in the contributions from the Southern States, as they were reckoned by the French Committee of Arrangement as

ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES,

consequently no overseer has been appointed. It will devolve upon me to exhibit these products of the Lower Mississippi to the aforesaid Crowned Heads, and if they want to keep their crowns on their heads they will give them the same latitude they would a "European Workman's League."

I see by the illustrated papers here that one of my countrymen yesterday took advantage of the numerous steamboats on the Seine to make a trial of his submarine torpedoes for blowing up vessels. I understand it was a perfect success—not less than three of the steamers having been completely destroyed, and two others irreparably damaged. All of the excursionists on the boats were more or less fatally injured. The Emperor has given the lucky inventor an order for three hundred thousand of them. He said at the time he would have made the order larger, but that "the Empire is peace."

As an evidence of the reckless way in which our countrymen spend their money I may mention of one who, at the Chamber of Deputies, gave the *garde* fifty dollars to hire M. Thiers to make a speech, in order, I suppose, that he might compare it to one of Judge Kelley's. The colored visitors from the United States, too, are spending their money lavishly, continually insisting on having their boots blacked by the French bootblacks in the most public places, until they are not able to tell whether they are standing on their head or their heels, both ends of them are so alike, black and shiny.

All sorts of mean expedients are resorted to here to see the exhibition. Persons know that the admission fee to see it is one franc, yet they impose on the turnstile keeper, and get in at half price by wearing a green patch over one eye. The "Code Napoleon" is so strict that it would not allow the clerk to charge the same for a sight with one eye as it would for two. Thus, by closing one of their eyes, they "shut up" both of the clerk's, as we say in America.

The great attraction of the Exposition, as I suppose most of your readers know, and which draws all the Heads of Empires, Principalities, Powers, and Duchies to Paris, crowned and uncrowned, is

THE GREAT EUROPEAN SPHINX,

now on exhibition, as a kind of side show, at the Palace of the Tuileries. This wonderful work of *Art* was raised out of the sands of St. Helena, and was placed in its present position on the night of December 2, 1851, after three years of hard labor, day and night. The resurrection of this image, which was reckoned to have been buried in 1815 deeper than was ever Egypt's Sphinx, by the Crowned Heads of Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, is regarded as very wonderful by the "crowners" of to-day. A Jew, by the name of Daniel, about twenty-five hundred years ago, wrote that this Sphinx would be on exhibition about this time; but as his House has no standing on the "Bourse," of course his *notes of hand*, being of the kind denominated "slow," have not much value with the friends of the Rothschilds and other more modern and better known Israelites.

I see my letter now is already too long. I must close. I shall not come home until the rest of the crowned heads leave.

Your own C. O. W.

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The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the American Watch Company on the last page of this paper.

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*From the N. Y. Times, June 10.*

We feel bound to add our protest to that of other journals against the "Diamond" editions of popular authors, which are becoming so abundant. Apart from the facts that they are portable and cheap, they have nothing whatever to recommend them. They can be read only with difficulty and absolute danger to the eyesight, and if read (as they are quite sure to be) by travellers, they will do more for oculists and blind asylums than all other agencies put together. The Harpers issued "Vanity Fair," in three volumes —by far the finest and best edition of this great work ever published.

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| September 2, 1867, 10 per cent. | 100,000 |
| October 1, 1867, 10 per cent. | 100,000 |
| January 10, 1868, 15 per cent. | 150,000 |
| February 10, 1868, 15 per cent. | 150,000 |

The average date of the above payments is September 12th, 1867.

After the 22d of May, inst., Subscribers may pay in the whole amount unpaid, and be allowed interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum from the day of payment to September 12th, 1867, that being the average day of the payment of the calls.

ELISHA A. PACKER,
THOMAS W. SHANNON,
THOMAS B. READ,
JOSEPH U. ORVIS,
HENRY C. CARTER,
} Commissioners.

☞ Applications for Circulars or Stock, by mail, promptly attended to.

WHAT IS A TRUST COMPANY?

A Trust Company is the Safest and Most Conservative of Financial Institutions. A careful perusal of the following paragraphs will amply substantiate this proposition.

TRUST POWERS.

To receive money from individuals and corporations, and allow such interest as may be agreed upon.

The Company is constituted by its Charter a Legal Depository of Money paid into Court.

To accept and execute all Trusts, in reference to both real and personal estate, committed to the Company by any person or corporation, or transferred to the Company by order of any of the Courts of Record, or by any Surrogate, &c., &c.

To act as Financial Agent of State and City Governments and of Counties, in the management of their business at the financial centre of the country.

To act as Agent for foreign Banks, Bankers, Business Men, and Corporations, having business transactions in the City of New York.

GUARANTEES.

Among the Guarantees afforded by the Charter of this Company, are the following:

Every Director or Trustee must be a citizen of this State, and be a stockholder in the Company to the amount of five thousand dollars, at least.

No loan shall be made, directly or indirectly, to any trustee, officer, or employee of said Corporation.

It is not permitted to discount or deal in Commercial or Business Paper.

ON WHAT SECURITY MAY THIS COMPANY LOAN ITS DEPOSITS?

The National Trust Company can only invest the funds entrusted to it in United States Stocks, or Stocks of the State of New York or other States, or of any City incorporated by the State of New York.

Therefore, it is adapted for the investment of funds which the public desire very safe investments for. Its Stock will probably pay dividends equal to, or greater than the interest on Government securities, and deposits made in this Company will earn as liberal a rate of Interest as is possible, taking into consideration the great security.

COUPON Government Bonds, the Secretary of the Treasury says, he will pay to any holder, whether stolen or not; therefore, is it not wise to sell those COUPON Bonds and take the Stock in the National Trust Company, which will have its permanent investments in REGISTERED United States Bonds, State Stocks, and Bonds of Incorporated Cities of this State?

GENERAL REMARKS.

The success of other Trust Companies and the high prices of their stocks in the market, are sufficient evidence of the profitable character of the business, and the Trustees feel justified in recommending the Stock of this Company to capitalists and others seeking a safe investment.

It is believed that the Stock of this Company is more desirable than that of most other moneyed corporations, and as safe as Government Securities; that the increase in the value of the Stock will be more rapid than Government Bonds, and the dividends quite equal to, if they do not exceed the interest of such Bonds.

The decision of the Secretary of the Treasury that he will pay COUPON Government Bonds to the holders whenever presented, without reference to any disputed ownership, will lead, in many cases, to the sale of such Bonds; this Company will take in exchange for its Stock any United States Bonds, 7-30 Treasury Notes, or Compound Interest Notes, at the market price, on the day of transfer.

OFFICERS FOR FIRST YEAR:

JOSEPH U. ORVIS, President.
HENRY C. CARTER, First Vice-President.
BARNET L. SOLOMON, Second Vice-President.
JAMES MERRELL, Secretary.
GEORGE STEVENSON, Attorney and Counsel.

## Superior Imitation Gold Watches.

*Oroide cases*, a newly discovered composition, precisely like gold in appearance and keeping its color for a number of years. The cases are *finished* equal to the best gold ones, the watches are of *superior quality*, excellent time-keepers, and are each one warranted, by special certificate, to run accurately. Lady and Gentlemen's sizes. Price $10. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold watch costing $150. Sent by express, to be paid for on delivery. Also a large assortment of gold and silver American and Swiss watches.

C. E. COLLINS & CO.,
42 and 44 Nassau Street, New York.

WANTED—A good man in every town and county in the Union to engage in the sale of a patented article, used in every household, shop, office, hotel, store, and public building, railroad cars, steamboats, &c. Persons already engaged are making immense incomes, and the demand for the article never ceases. Your customers once obtained, your income is great and perpetual. Full and satisfactory particulars sent to all who may apply. Address, with stamp, C. M. BROWN, 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

# THE SHIP GOLDEN STATE

HAS ARRIVED WITH

22,000 HALF CHESTS

OF THE

## FINEST JAPAN TEAS

TO THE

## Great American Tea Company.

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

These Teas by the ship Golden State were purchased direct from the Japanese factor, and, in consequence of the magnitude of the transaction, were transferred at about half the usual commissions. This is the largest cargo ever imported from Japan by about seven thousand packages. By this operation, the Great American Tea Company put these Teas into the hands of the consumers with but one very small profit—an achievement in commercial enterprise seldom if ever before attained. These Teas are acknowledged, both here and in Japan, as being the finest full cargo ever exported from that country.

ALSO,

# THE SHIP GEORGE SHOTTON

HAS ARRIVED WITH

12,000 HALF CHESTS

OF THE

## FINEST FOOCHOW OOLONG TEAS.

The cargo of the ship George Shotton is the second in size that has ever come to this port from Foochow (which is the finest Black Tea district in China). These are the "*finest first-picking contract Teas*"—rich, fresh, and full-flavored.

The receiving of these two large cargoes by the Great American Tea Company for their own trade is acknowledged by the mercantile community as the largest transactions ever made in this country. They were deemed of so much importance, that the fact was telegraphed to all the principal commercial papers in the country by their correspondents here, and thus appeared as an important news item throughout the United States at the same time.

The importance of these transactions in this market is thus noticed by the oldest and most respectable commercial paper in this city—the *N. Y. Shipping and Commercial List*—which says: "The Trade have again been startled by the arrival of two large cargoes of Teas to the Great American Tea Company—the ship Golden State, from Japan, with 22,000 half chests, and the ship George Shotton, from Foochow, with 12,000 packages." And in another place it says: "The recent large operations of the Great American Tea Company have taken the Trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black and 22,849 packages Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands."

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor.

By our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a Club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so that there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the Club can divide equitably among themselves.

Country Clubs, Hand and Wagon Peddlers, and small stores (of which class we are supplying many thousands, all of which are doing well), can have their orders promptly and faithfully filled; and in case of Clubs can have each party's name marked on their package and directed by sending their orders to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-Office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collecting by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

**Price-List of Teas.**

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers and Families, who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., (Post-Office Box No. 5643), New York City.

The Great American Tea Company (established 1861) is recommended by the leading newspapers, religious and secular, in this and other cities, viz.:

American Agriculturist, N. Y. City, Orange Judd, Editor; Christian Advocate, N. Y. City, Daniel Curry, D.D., Editor; Christian Advocate, Cincinnati, Ohio, J. M. Reid, D.D., Editor; Christian Advocate, Chicago, Ill., Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., Editor; Evangelist, N. Y. City, Dr. H. M. Field and J. G. Craighead, Editors; Examiner and Chronicle, N. Y. City, Edward Bright, Editor; Christian Intelligencer, E. S. Porter, D.D., Editor; Independent, N. Y. City, Wm. C. Bowen, Publisher; The Methodist, Geo. R. Crooks, D.D., Editor; Moore's Rural New Yorker, Rochester, N. Y., D. D. T. Moore, Editor and Proprietor; Tribune, N. Y. City, Horace Greeley, Editor.

We call attention to the above list as a positive guaranty of our manner of doing business, as well as the hundreds of thousands of persons in our published Club Lists.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of "The Great American Tea Company." Direct letters and orders to

## The Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., Post-Office Box, 5643 New York City.

INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS, 25 cents each; five for $1, assorted. KANSAS VIEWS, 25 cents; $2 per dozen, assorted, by mail.
W. P. BLISS, Photographer, Topeka, Kansas.

## ALSBERG'S GALAKTINE.

A

Perfect Substitute for MOTHER'S MILK,

And Food for Invalids.

The great safeguard against all Summer Complaints. 50 cent cans. Sold by all Druggists.
HALL & RUCKEL, 218 Greenwich St., N. Y.

## AGENTS WANTED.

EXPERIENCED BOOK AGENTS wanted for a new standard religious publication. Liberal terms. Exclusive territory allotted. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

AGENTS WANTED, also, for a popular work, "The Thrilling Adventures of Daniel Ellis, the Great Union Guide of East Tennessee during the Rebellion." Send for circulars and terms. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York.

## WATCHES,

AT TRADE PRICES.

Silver Hunting Lever Watches, $12 and $18.
Silver Hunting Extra Duplex Watches, $18.
Ladies' 18 carat Gold Hunting Lever Watches, $43.
Ladies' 18 carat Gold Hunting Lepine Watches, $35.
Ladies' 10 carat Gold Hunting Lepine Watches, $28.
Gents' 18 carat Gold Hunting Lever Watches, $67.

Watches of every description equally low. Watches sent by express C. O. D., with privilege of examination before payment. Address all orders to
HAZARD, MOORE & CO., Importers,
120 Broadway, New York.

THE greatest success of the age.—35,000 copies of the new edition of WELLS'S EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER and business form book sold in six weeks. Agents are making from $10 to $25 a day. The work embraces 650 large 12mo pages of information indispensable to every business man and woman, and is sold at the low price of $2. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. For full particulars and terms to agents address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Watches sent by Express for $4. On receipt of $4 will send to any address, C.O.D., $4, one solid Gold Com. Hunting-Case Watch, with vest chain. G. Thistleton, 181 Broadway, 2d floor, rooms 3 and 4.

THE BOOK OF WONDERS tells how to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made and sold at large profits. Sent postpaid for 25 cts. by O. A. ROORBACH, No. 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE GREAT RADICAL NEWSPAPER.

## Forney's Weekly Press.

The most valuable Weekly Newspaper in the World.

GREAT REDUCTION.

READ THE TERMS.

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| One Copy, | $2 00 per annum. |
| Five Copies, | 9 00 " " |
| Ten Copies, | 17 50 " " |
| Twenty Copies, | 23 00 " " |

To the getter up of a club of ten or more copies an extra copy will be given. All orders should be addressed to
JOHN W. FORNEY,
Editor and Proprietor,
S.W. cor. Seventh and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

## A NATIONAL MEDICINE.

One can hardly pick up a newspaper or turn a street-corner now-a-days that he does not find, staring him in the face, the announcement that Professor So-and-so has just discovered a medicine which is a panacea for all the ills that flesh is, or may be, heir to. These "wonderful" discoveries usually have an existence of a few months, then disappear from public notice. The reason of their sudden extinguishment is apparent. They were humbugs. At the outset all medicinal preparations have an equal chance for success, as all are equally unknown: but the chaff is soon winnowed from the grain by the practical test which an unprejudiced public applies to all things. There are but few preparations of medicine which have withstood the impartial judgment of the people for any length of time. One of the few which we have now in mind, and which has been a long time familiar to nearly every household in the land, is the celebrated

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

Their almost universal sale and use, and their emphatic indorsement from all portions of the country, compel the admission that they must be a specific for the ailments for which they are recommended. Letters before us attest their efficacy in diseases of the throat, bowels, and liver. In that truly terrible complaint, dyspepsia, they are regarded as a sure cure. In Pittsburg, where these Bitters are manufactured, their sale for home use is immense. This fact alone speaks volumes in their favor.—*Extracts from the Muscatine Courier, Iowa, Feb. 7, 1867.*

## Olive Tar

THOUSANDS ARE SAVED ANNUALLY FROM AN UNTIMELY GRAVE BY USING

STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR.

CURES EFFECTUALLY

All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs,

COUGHS, COLDS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, BLEEDING OF THE LUNGS, AND

Consumption.

Indorsed, used, and recommended by many of the leading men of America.

SOLD EVERY WHERE.

50 Cents per Bottle.

## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1867.

**Terms for 1867.**

One Copy for One Year . . . . . $4 00

*An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

**Circulation 112,000.**

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

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| One Page . . . . . . . . . | $250 00 |
| Half Page . . . . . . . . . | 125 00 |
| Quarter Page . . . . . . . | 70 00 |

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

**Circulation nearly 100,000.**

## HARPER'S WEEKLY.

**Terms for 1867:**

One Copy for One Year . . . . . $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

*And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of* Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 50 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

THE LATEST CUT OF THE FASHION.

[LILY, *being called in to be sent on an errand, is discovered in the above condition as to her Hair.*]

MISTRESS. "Why, LILY, what in the name of sense *has* become of your Hair?"
LILY. "Mammy cut half off to put it in her Waterfall, Miss!"

**Thos. Russell & Son,**
Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.
A. W. RUSSELL, 57 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, Sole Agent.

**JULY 4th. FIRE-WORKS.**
We will throw our large wholesale stock open to the public after June 15. Orders must be early. Lists furnished. FUNSTON & SCOFIELD, 9 Dey St., New York.

**Chickering & Sons,**
MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
**PIANO-FORTES.**
WAREROOM 652 BROADWAY.

**RHEUMATISM CURED**
Upon a new principle. The "INDUTO MEDICARI," discovered by J. A. Campbell, M.D., acts upon the absorbents, and its success in the cure of this painful disease is without a parallel. Price $2 per package. Sent free by mail. DIXON, CLARKS & HALLETT, No. 149 Chambers St., New York.

PAT. ERASER
Burnisher, Pencil-Sharpener, and Pen-Holder combined. *Sells at sight.* Agents wanted. Sample by mail, 25c. Address Morse Eraser Co., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Weed Sewing Machine Co.'s**
UNRIVALED LOCK-STITCH
**SEWING MACHINES.**
Incomparably the best for family use. Its superiority will be appreciated upon examination. Send for descriptive circular of this latest invention.
613 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, male and female, to sell the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. Address SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

SURE PILE CURE.—Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. J. B. ROMAINE, 575 Broadway, New York.

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.'S
**Sewing Machines,**
699 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
FOR FAMILIES AND MANUFACTURERS.
Made under the immediate supervision of
ELIAS HOWE, JR.,
President, and Original inventor of the Sewing Machine, whose inention is the foundation of and covers all Sewing Machines.

STENCIL TOOLS AND STOCK, cheapest and best. M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union Street, Boston, Mass.

**£150,000,000**
Sterling in money and estates remain unclaimed in Great Britain and Ireland in many cases as far back as 1600. Fee to search for any name $2 00. Genealogies traced, Wills searched for. All letters must be prepaid. GUN & CO., Unclaimed Money and Estates Registry, 6 Prince of Wales Road, London, England.

**MERCHANTS, BANKERS.**
And others should send to all parts of the United tates by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

**PETER COOPER'S**
**GELATINE**
WILL MAKE
DELICIOUS JELLIES
With great ease. Also Blanc Mange, Charlotte Russe, &c. Directions for Use with the Packages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists. Depot, 17 BURLING SLIP, N. Y.

A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.
*Its Effects are Magical.*
Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package, $1.00, postage 6 cents; six do., $5.00, postage 27 cts.; twelve do., $9.00, postage 48 cts. Sold by all druggists.
TURNER & CO., 120 Tremont St., Boston.

**ALL WANTING FARMS.**
Good soil, mild climate, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only $25 per acre. Best of grain and grass land. Also improved farms. Hundreds are settling. Information sent free. Address
C. K. LANDIS, Proprietor, Vineland, New Jersey.

**$20.00 Agents** Wanted—$100.00.—Male and female, to introduce our *New Patent Star Shuttle Sewing Machine.* It is adapted for family use and Tailoring. It makes a stitch alike on both sides. Price only $20. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. For full particulars, address W. G. Wilson & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

**$18 a Day.** Agents wanted, male and female, to introduce a new article of household utility. Only Five Dollars capital required. Particulars free. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

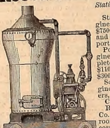
**Shirts to Order**
BY
**Union Adams,**
**637 Broadway.**

**TO LADIES AND JEWELERS.**

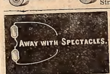
M. CAMPBELL'S SELF-INSTRUCTOR
IN THE ART OF
**HAIR WORK.**
The only Book of the Kind ever Published.
A new, large, and elegantly bound work, containing
OVER ONE THOUSAND DRAWINGS, DEVICES, AND DIA-
GRAMS of the different styles of HAIR BRAIDING, SWITCH-
ES, CURLS, PUFFS, WATERFALLS, CHIGNONS, FRIZETTES,
&c., together with elaborate patterns of HAIR JEWEL-
RY, such as CHAINS, BRACELETS, PINS, NECKLACES, ARM-
LETS, CHARMS, &c. Its elegant plates enable ladies to
dress hair in the latest PARISIAN or AMERICAN STYLES,
without the services of a Hair Dresser. The DESIGNS
and INSTRUCTIONS embodied in this work give a knowl-
edge of Hair Work heretofore kept a profound secret
by professionals in the art, and are so simple that pur-
chasers can easily make any ornamental article de-
sired from human hair. JEWELERS having a copy can
manufacture any article above mentioned, and thus
add a profitable branch to their business.
Ladies desirous of a lucrative and pleasant employ-
ment can, by the purchase, secure both.
On receipt of price ($5 00) by mail, a copy will be
sent, FREE of expense, to any address.
Address M. CAMPBELL, 737 Broadway, New York, or 81 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill., IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF HAIR GOODS.

**TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT**
The great Remedy for all Bilious Complaints.

**Root's Trunk Engines,**
*Stationary, Portable, and Propeller.*



Stationary Trunk Engines: 10HP. $450, 20HP. $750, 40HP. $1300; larger and smaller sizes in proportion.
Portable Trunk Engine and Boiler complete: 5HP. $750, 10HP. $1100, 20HP. $1800, 40HP. $3000.
Square Hoisting Engines & Platform Hoisters, all sizes.
Catalogues mailed.
ROOT STEAM ENGINE Co., Works and Salesroom, Second Avenue, corner of Twenty-eighth Street, New York.




AWAY WITH SPECTACLES. OLD EYES MADE NEW, *easily, without doctor or medicines.* Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 110 Lexington Ave., cor. E. 28th St., N. Y.

AWAY WITH UNCOMFORTABLE TRUSSES. Comfort and Cure for the RUPTURED. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE (author of Medical Common Sense.—Book 400 pages, $1 50, sent by Mail), 110 Lexington Ave., cor. East 28th St., N. Y.

POLLAK & SON,
Manufact'rs of Meerschaum goods, 27 John St., n. Nassau, and 692 Broadway, n. 4th St. *Pipes* and *Holders* cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send for wholesale or retail circular. Letter-Box 5846.

WANTED *Male and Female Agents* every where. You can make from $5 to $15 a day at your homes without interfering with other business; extraordinary inducements. For sample and circular address A. ALBERTUS & CO., Box 563 Lowell, Mass.

KELLEY'S FIRST GRAND
**North American Gift Concert**
IS NOW POSITIVELY FIXED TO TAKE PLACE AT
**Cooper Institute,**
NEW YORK CITY,
**ON SATURDAY, JULY 13th, 1867.**

A CARD.—The proprietors of the North American Gift Concert, advertised to take place at the Wabash Avenue Rink, Chicago, Ill., and postponed, have the pleasure to announce that it will take place at Cooper Institute, New York, by the earnest request of thousands of subscribers in the Middle and Eastern States, where a large share of our tickets have been sold; and that a series of Concerts will be given, to be followed in rapid succession. The delay in its completion has been unavoidable, notwithstanding the sale of tickets has been immense and without a parallel on this Continent. Under any circumstances the Concert will now be given as above stated.

500,000 VALUABLE GIFTS, valued at Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, will be presented to ticket-holders, including $100,000 in Greenbacks.

The extraordinary patronage bestowed upon this enterprise has prompted the proprietors to announce that a gift will be presented to every concert ticket-holder.

*Tickets Issued, $500,000. Price $1 each. A Present given with every Concert Ticket.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | $30,000 | 20 Gifts in Greenbacks, 500 each | $10,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 10,000 | 1840 Gifts in Greenbacks, amounting to | 10,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 5,000 | 1 Gift Residence in Chicago | 5,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 4,000 | 400 Gold Watches, amounting to | 50,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 3,000 | 400 Silver Watches, amounting to | 21,000 |
| 1 Gift in Greenbacks | 2,000 | And the balance comprising Pianos, Melodeons, and other Gifts, amounting to | 324,000 |
| 20 Gifts in Greenbacks, $1000 each | 20,000 | | |

Making 500,000 Gifts.

*A Present Given with every Concert Ticket.*

A Committee, to be chosen by ticket-holders at the first concert will promptly distribute the presents, one to every concert ticket holder, and their report will be published in Kelley's Weekly, and be sent to all ticket-holders at once. The tickets from our numerous agents having been gathered in, persons disappointed in being unable, at our principal office, to obtain tickets, can now be supplied, as long as they last, by addressing us at No. 691 Broadway, New York. Tickets will be sent promptly by mail, on receipt of price and stamp for return postage.

We will send five tickets for $4 50; ten for $9; and twenty for $17 50. Send the name of each suscriber and their post-office address, and town and State. Money by draft, post-office order, express, or in registered letters, may be sent at our risk. Address all communications to
A. A. KELLEY & CO., No. 691 Broadway, New York.

**American Watches.**

The true value of Machinery applied to Watch-making is not that by its use Watches are made rapidly, but that they are made correctly. Very few people know why a Waltham Watch should be superior to any other. In the first place, at Waltham the Watch is regarded as only a machine, to be constructed, like any other machine, on mechanical principles. The Factory is indeed little else but a vast machine-shop, the principal work in which is not more upon Watches than upon machinery to make Watches with. If the Watches are good, it is because the machinery is good. Of course there must be no defect in the principle or plan of the movement, no mistake in the sizes or shapes of the pieces of which it is composed, nothing wanting in their properties, and no error in their positions. These points once thoroughly settled in regard to each part of every variety of Watch, it rests wholly with the machinery, constructed, with infinite diversity of form and function, expressly for the purpose, to produce the finished pieces. The method established in every department is the reduplication of parts by mechanical means, and this is carried out on the system of the most thorough subdivision of labor.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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"THE FIRST PEAL FOR LIBERTY."—Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 421.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 6, 1867.


## RECONSTRUCTION AND OBSTRUCTION.

The letters of General Sheridan and of General Sickles upon the opinions of the Attorney-General show very conclusively the result of his interpretation of the reconstruction law. His view of the military power of removal under the law, and his criticism of General Sickles's action, has occasioned the request of that officer to be relieved. The General says: "Congress having declared these so-called State governments illegal the declaration of the Attorney-General that military authority has not superseded them prevents the execution of the Reconstruction Acts, *disarms me of means to protect life, property, or the rights of citizens, and menaces all interests in these States with ruin.*"

So in regard to the first opinion upon the registry, General Sheridan says: "The registration will be completed in Louisiana at the time specified, unless I am ordered to carry out the law under Mr. Stanbery's interpretation, *which practically in registration is opening a broad Macadamized road for perjury and fraud to travel on.*"

Now inasmuch as the plain intention of the law was to arm every military commander with the power of protecting life, property, and the rights of citizens; and in registration to avoid perjury and fraud, the Attorney-General's interpretation directly defeats its purpose. The President in adopting this view intervenes to baffle the national intention. Does he expect to gain any political advantage from such a step? And in what way? He will not be able to persuade the country that the Radicals are merely anxious to exclude the late rebel States until after the Presidential election, because such representative Radicals as Wade, Wilson, and Kelley have all declared that nothing was desired but conformity to the Act as it was universally understood before the Attorney-General gave his opinion; and because the whole Radical press, almost without exception, has taken the same ground. Every body knows that reconstruction was favorably proceeding under the Act until these opinions. They were given, indeed, in reply to a request for information, but they are none the less, as the letters of the two Generals show, directly subversive of the intention of the Act. Take the subject of registration, for instance. The registry is the foundation of the future State governments. If that is vitiated the election, the Convention, the Constitution are all made doubtful. Yet General Sheridan, who necessarily knows the practical operation of the interpretation of the Attorney-General infinitely better than that officer himself, says that it directly encourages fraud and perjury.

Does the President think that he can induce the country to believe that General Sheridan is a Radical partisan? When the question is asked, "What delays reconstruction?" there can be but one reply. It must be either the Reconstruction Act or the President. Yet what is more evident than that the work was going on most smoothly until the President, who, as General Sheridan says, "has been in bitter antagonism" to the law, undertook to explain it from his point of view? The people are just as logical this year as they were last year. They knew then that the difficulty was the determination of the President and his advisers to intrust the work of reconstruction to the late rebels, excluding the new and always loyal citizens. They know now that the intention of the President and his advisers is to come as near as possible to the same result. Now we suppose if the people are resolved upon any thing, it is that the whole body of loyal citizens in the Southern States shall unite in this work, and that a certain class of the late rebels shall be excluded from it. Does the President really suppose that he can defeat that purpose? Could any thing be more preposterously foolish after the experience of the last two years than such an expectation?

By his whole administration the President shows that he utterly misconceives the duty of his office. If he is called upon to approve a law which he considers to be absolutely unconstitutional and destructive of civil and religious liberty, he will, of course, refuse his assent. But if it becomes a law despite his opposition his duty is either to resign his office or to execute the law. It is certainly not his duty to obtrude his objections and deprecations at every stage, and to seek in every way to annul a law which the people of the United States have constitutionally enacted. Yet it is to this task that he constantly inclines, and he will continue in the same way to the end of his term. A balking horse is very inconvenient upon a journey; but he is less trying to the patience when his habits are understood. The fat boy in Pickwick was perpetually dropping asleep; but his infirmity at last excited no other remark than, "Confound that boy! he is asleep again." So with the President. During the next two years he will undoubtedly compel the country to exclaim more than once, "Drat that Andy! he's obstructing again."

## THE SUMMER SESSION.

Whether the President communicate the Attorney-General's latest opinion to the commanding Generals as an order or as "information" it is equally necessary for Congress to assemble. The meaning of the Reconstruction Act must be defined by the Legislature. If it were ill-considered and hastily passed there is all the more reason for repairing its defects. The members may be blamed as much as any body may desire for not discovering the weaknesses of the bill; but now that they are discovered Congress alone can apply the remedy.

Nor is there any probability that either the President or the commanders will regard the Attorney-General's opinion merely as information. When Congress passes a law which the President is to execute, if he is in doubt of its meaning he applies to his law counselor. That officer explains the intention of the law. If his view differ from that of the President the latter may undoubtedly disregard it, and enforce the law as he understands it. But when, as in this case, he has constantly expressed an opinion adverse to the manifest object of the law, when he has denounced it as tyrannical and unconstitutional, the assumption is unavoidable that when he asks the opinion of his law officer, who is also notoriously opposed to the law, it is with the intention of receiving an interpretation of it by which, if he chooses, he may defeat its operation. If he means to execute it as Congress intended, his own judgment is as valuable as that of the Attorney-General. If the commanders ask for information the President is first to consider what Congress meant to effect by the law, and then to interpret it accordingly. That he has not done this is evident. It is a mere quibble to urge that if the commanders asked for information he was obliged to ask an opponent of the law what it meant, and then furnish the opinion as information. When he transmits the opinion he declares his interpretation of the law. Whatever has been done by the commanders which is inconsonant with that view is unlawful; and if men have been illegally and forcibly deprived of their offices the President is morally bound to reinstate them. When the President sends the Attorney-General's opinion to General Sheridan for his "information" he informs him that he has illegally turned Mayor Monroe, and Judge Abell, and Governor Wells out of their offices. And when these persons demand, therefore, to be restored, what has the President to say? Does he intend to become a party to a deprivation which he declares to be illegal?

This is evidently the understanding of General Sickles, and he therefore asks to be relieved and demands a court of inquiry. It is the natural result of the folly of the administration. It was well known that in the department of General Sickles the progress of reconstruction was rapid and promising. He was fully in sympathy with Congress and the country, and exercised his great powers with a strict regard to the early and peaceful solution of the difficulty. His decided action shows the interpretation which at least one intelligent commander puts upon the necessary intention of the government. The President, through the Attorney-General's opinion, recognizes the validity of authorities which Congress has declared illegal, but which it tolerates temporarily, and so long as they do not interfere with the national authority. At any moment, therefore, the President may paralyze every District Commander; and Congress should immediately take care that the Executive understands its intention beyond the possibility of misinterpretation.

## THE TENNESSEE ELECTION.

No good citizen should forget the vital importance of the pending election in Tennessee, nor suffer himself to be diverted from its significance by any distaste for Governor Brownlow's rhetoric, or by Copperhead and rebel slanders about the loyal State militia. The question in Tennessee is simply whether the State shall remain under the control of those of its people who are unswervingly loyal to the Union and the Government, or fall into the hands of those who are as hostile to the Union as they ever were. In the remoter country districts of the State the rebel terrorism is as great as it was during the war. If a Union man informs a freedman of his rights he is in constant peril of his life. Men of the late slaveholding class openly threaten to shoot any colored man who votes the Radical ticket; and we understand that Emerson Etheridge, the rebel and Copperhead candidate for Governor, does not hesitate to declare that slavery is not abolished, and that any man deserves to be shot who says that it is.

The Union men are literally working in this political campaign for home and property. Their opponents are called rebels because their spirit and conduct are precisely what they were during the rebellion. They apparently dominate public opinion as they did then. To be suspected of sympathy with Yankees is to be avoided and insulted. If a man would trade he must hang a picture of Lee in his counting-room. The feeling is intense and bitter; and if the rebels carry the State in the election of the 1st of August it will be too hot for loyal men, and there will be a vast emigration of them to States where they can live in peace. Tennessee will then be as "democratic" as Kentucky; and any intelligent man who knows what civil liberty is, may imagine what its security would be in a Union composed of such States. We can conceive of no misfortune so signal for this country and for mankind as that the Union should fall into the power of the "Conservatism" which has lately carried Kentucky by twenty-six thousand majority, and which now disputes Tennessee with its loyal citizens.

To avert this calamity the utmost diligence and the most prompt and generous assistance are essential. Money, speakers, documents, and the expression of sympathy are the need of Tennessee. The Union men there are still the men at the front. It is not merely a political contest as with us, it involves almost as much as an actual battle. If the loyal men win, the State remains under the control of the party which is in sympathy with the conviction and the purpose of the country. If the loyal men are defeated, it is a victory of the lingering spirit of rebellion, and a blow under which the State must stagger, and from which it can but very, very slowly recover. Instead of throwing off its old prejudices and letting the dead past bury its dead, it will itself be buried under the ruins of its own folly. Instead of adapting its resources of every kind to the new and quickening forces of free labor it will cherish a hopeless hostility of race and sullenly strive against the plain tendency of civilization. There is no conceivable advantage to the State, to the country, to liberty, and to good government to be gained by the success of the "Conservatives" in Tennessee; while upon that of the Union men depend the prosperity and progress of the State and its harmonious relation with the Union.

## Mr. WADE'S SPEECH.

Senator and acting Vice-President Wade has made a speech in Lawrence, Kansas, which has attracted much attention. The reports of it are not very satisfactory. They indicate a rough and ready talk in which the speaker said things which might very readily be misunderstood, but which by no means imply foolishness. That he declared himself in favor of equal suffrage for women as well as men is not surprising in so sturdy and logical a Radical, and least of all in a State whose Legislature is very likely, as the Senator said, "to set the matter straight" at its next session. Nor does his prediction that "female suffrage will be general in less than twenty years" startle us. We imagine it is a subject which has a much closer hold of the popular mind than politicians imagine; and its importance must not be measured by the occasional extravagance but by the steady and earnest enthusiasm of its advocates.

But the special dissatisfaction with Mr. Wade's speech arises from his remarks upon property. "We have disposed of the question of slavery," he said, according to the report, "and now that of labor and capital must pass through the ordeal. The shadow of the approaching struggle between these two great interests is already upon us, and it will do no good to turn our backs upon the question. It must be met. Property is not equally divided, and a more equal distribution of capital must be wrought out." Had Mr. Pitt and his party, at the beginning of the century, heard these words spoken in England we fear that not the finest strain of Erskine's eloquence could have saved Mr. Wade from condemnation as a French incendiary and revolutionist. And indeed he has not escaped the shrieks of the worthy descendants of Mr. Pitt's country party upon this side of the sea. At last, they inform us, Radicalism is fully revealed in all its monstrous deformity. At last it has proclaimed its intention of abolishing property and converting this lovely continent into a vast poor-house.

We sincerely hope nobody has lost sleep by reason of this awful prospect. As the Emperor of Austria at his Hungarian coronation rode to the top of a pile of dirt, and valiantly brandished his sword toward the four quarters of the heaven, so it seems, according to our "Conservative" friends, that Mr. Wade repairs to the very centre of the continent, and there proclaims his crusade against every man's wages, and in favor of the sudden and hopeless lapse of civilization into anarchy. Or did he, perhaps, do nothing of the kind? Did he merely say what every student and observer of modern civilization very well knows, that the capital and labor question is one of the most vital of all subjects, and that any political community in which the population is steadily increasing, while the land passes into fewer hands, and the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, is drifting in the most perilous direction? We do not believe that Mr. Wade left his wits in Omaha, if he went so far; and therefore we do not suppose that he proposed to divide property by law, or that he imagines any law could secure equal riches. He meant what Carlyle means when he sneers at the *laissez faire* and *laissez aller* policy. He means that pure selfishness can not safely be the sole rule of human intercourse; that sympathy and thought must intervene to control and modify it; and that it is just as practically necessary to remember the brotherhood of man as that twice two make four.

In such a doctrine we see nothing portentous, nothing which is not peculiarly becoming a Vice-President of the United States. We really do not think it necessary to apprehend that Mr. Wade will introduce a bill at the impending session of Congress for the distribution of Mr. Astor's real estate among the denizens of Mackerelville, or of the silks and satins of Mr. Stewart among the residents of Cherry Street. It is not necessary to suppose that he wishes to destroy society because he thinks that some of the most beneficent, social, and industrial laws are yet to be discovered, and that there is a safer policy for mankind than that of "the devil take the hindmost!"

## UNTAXING EDUCATION IN ALABAMA.

One of the first acts of Alabama, South Carolina, and other Southern States, at the close of the war, was to pass laws intended to prohibit the circulation of Northern newspapers, periodicals, etc. The old slaveholders, who had obtained much of their political power through the ignorance of the "poor whites" and negroes, feared nothing so much as the invasion of the sacred soil by Northern schoolteachers and the wholesale distribution of the Northern periodicals which had before the war been openly prohibited. In the State of Alabama a law was adopted and approved on February 22, 1866, requiring all news vendors to procure, at the cost of fifty dollars per year, a license "to sell or expose for sale at any one place any pictorial or illustrated weekly or monthly paper, periodical, or magazine, *published outside the limits of the State, and not in a foreign country*, and to vend the same on the streets or in boats or railroad cars." An additional charge of fifty per cent. upon such fee was subsequently imposed by the several courts of the county commissioners of Alabama.

One of the first acts of General Wager Swayne, on assuming command in Alabama under the Military bill adopted by Congress, was the total abolition of this tax on education. General Swayne has by several judicious acts shown that he clearly comprehends the issue between the two classes in the South, and is earnestly endeavoring to educate the "poor whites" and negroes into a proper comprehension and appreciation of the advantages which the success of the Union army has given them. Nothing is more important to them and the country at this time than free schools and cheap *free* literature.

## SANTA ANNA'S HAPS AND MISHAPS.

Poor old Santa Anna has apparently come to grief. For some months he has been living upon Staten Island, changing his abode from time to time, and under some kind of surveillance. The inference from the various stories published is that he was the object of a conspiracy of sharpers, one party trying to secure him from the claws of another. What is tolerably evident is that he left New York toward the end of May, in the steamer *Virginia*, and, landing for a night at Vera Cruz, he conferred with friends, and the garrison was ready next morning to proclaim the republic, and Santa Anna General-in-Chief. Thereupon Captain Rowe, of the American navy, with an English naval captain, boarding the *Virginia*, in which Santa Anna was a passenger, ordered him to the United States steamer *Tacony*, and threatened force if he refused. Santa Anna, protesting, obeyed. Captain Rowe told Captain Deaken, of the *Virginia*, that he was merely removing Santa Anna to prevent bloodshed, and that he might have him again if he would call next day at Sacrificios, and take the old gentleman either to Havana or New York. This Captain Deaken punctually did. He received Santa Anna, and, sailing for Havana, stopped at Sisal, when, lo! a deputation from the Mexican republican gunboats came on board and urgently demanded the passenger. Captain Deaken replied that Santa Anna had been intrusted to him by Captain Rowe, of the United States steamer *Tacony*, to be carried to Havana, and that he should not surrender him except to force; upon which the gun-boat commander sent a file of men on board the *Virginia*, and despite the protests of Captain Deaken that they were insulting the flag of the United States, they seized Santa Anna and carried him away. The next day the *Virginia* left Sisal, and arrived at Havana on the 15th of June.

This is an extraordinary story. Yet it is apparently true; and there is no government in Mexico at present to which the United States can look for redress if it shall appear that they

wish to demand it. First of all, however, Captain ROWE will have to explain his interference with a peaceful passenger sailing under the flag of the United States, thereby exposing him possibly to mortal peril. If he can show his authority perhaps the gun-boats can show theirs. But whether they can or not it is very necessary for us that there be some kind of authority in Mexico to which we can appeal; for if the conduct of Mexicans shows that they are banditti who rush out like Algerine pirates upon quiet foreign ships, they must be treated like pirates, and their lairs be broken up. Of course, however, in the present situation of the country the utmost allowance will be made. SANTA ANNA was undoubtedly an unwelcome if not dangerous passenger. But that does not justify the conduct of Captain ROWE, or of the British Captain, or of the Republicans of Sisal. Every thing from Mexico, however, is so romantic and obscure that we must wait patiently to know the facts.

## CROPS AND THE FINANCES.

WHAT a people we are! what a country we have! Only a few weeks ago the inhabitants of the South were *starving*, and the North, out of its abundance, sent them shiploads of food and hundreds of thousands of dollars. Such a wail of absolute and extreme necessity was never heard before in our land; yet there was no deception. The distress was real, and nobly was it relieved. To-day every one of those Southern States is teeming with food, either harvested or ripening in the fields! There are exceptional localities where indolence and ignorance shall reap as they have sown, and whose poverty-pinched inhabitants will continue to appeal for aid. But the universal testimony is in favor of overwhelming crops.

From Texas to Virginia it is the same. The two thousand barns which were destroyed in the Shenandoah Valley two years ago are rebuilt and waiting for the products of ten thousand fields. Cotton is growing with excellent promise where the floods inundated the bottoms of Louisiana. The famed Sea Islands of the Georgia and Carolina coasts, long abandoned, are ready to contribute their precious long-staple to the hungry markets of the world. Texas, always thrifty, thrives as she has never done before. The negroes, shiftless by nature, are rapidly acquiring habits of industry, and the old planters whose former occupation was indolence, are taking their sons into the fields with their hoes. This is the beginning of prosperity. The South has taken a new lease of life, and henceforth will press forward in the race of improvement to the development of wealth. One letter from Louisiana says, "With successful cotton this year, the planters will be independent." Another remarks: "Corn constitutes three-fourths of a living at the South. We shall only have to make up the other fourth." The Raleigh (North Carolina) *Standard* says: "From what we can learn, a larger breadth will be planted in cotton in this State than in any former year. Cotton will pay well at fifteen cents." For the first time in many years, before the war as well as since, there is a ready acknowledgment that the prospect for a *large* crop of cotton is good. Croakers about short crops, rust, worms, etc., are nowhere heard. The season is backward, but this makes an abundant harvest the more certain.

But Fortune has poured its plenty into the lap of the North as well as the South, and blessed it beyond precedent. All the accounts from every State agree that such crops have not been promised for ten and twenty years. It is remarkable that we hear nothing of weevil, rust, and midges. The eyes of the whole country—we might say, of the world—are intently fixed upon the maturing fields. To them there is a confiding and hopeful looking for relief from present distresses. They are the potent means to set in active motion the sluggish machinery of trade. All kinds of business wait on their development. A successful harvest from Maine to California would add at least $1,500,000,000 to the wealth of the country. The wheat crop last year was valued at $333,773,646, and the corn crop at $591,666,295. An estimate of this year's crops gives thirty million tons of grain against twenty-two millions last year, and nineteen millions in 1860.

With such an influx of wealth the South will provide for its present needs, which are distressing, and have a large surplus to begin business with once more. It will have this advantage, too, that it can commence with a clean ledger. In former years, before the war, the South was always in arrears; it anticipated its income at least a year. Now, both the necessity and the temptation to live beyond its means are gone. No longer burdened by a huge family of slaves to provide for, and oblivious to the craving desires which idleness begets, the planter joins his efforts with those of the freedmen and works out the more abundant reward. Cheered by his good fortune, his heart will enlarge with kindly feelings toward his flag and his countrymen, and the good work of reconstruction will be hastened.

In the West the present stringency in the money market and the scarcity of currency, which is attributed to poverty of resources due to former crop failures, will disappear, and an impetus be given to all departments of trade. The earnings of railroads and steamboats will multiply fourfold.

At the North, capital, now idle, will seek investment in numberless enterprises which now receive only a shrug and suspicious shake of the head. Stocks and securities of all kinds will improve, and we shall go on prosperously as we have done—only business will be transacted on a somewhat different basis. Speculation has had its day and will have to stand aside. There is to be no more fattening on the exorbitant profits extorted from consumers. The dry-goods men, the manufacturers, and the cotton dealers, have all had their day of high living and their day of discomfiture and distress, and now the grain and provision dealers must take their turn. The laborer will no longer be obliged to starve because his scanty purse will not purchase flour at $22 per barrel and pork at $35; but prices will come down to nearly what they were before the war. In like manner an abundant cotton crop will lower the price of dry goods. With food and clothing cheap, wages must either fall and the employer be the gainer, or the workman will be permitted to put aside a large portion of his earnings which now go for actual necessaries. In either case, the revenue of the Government is increased, and the country relieved of a proportionate amount of its indebtedness.

The value of an overflowing harvest is beyond estimate at this critical time. We will not say that the solvency of the country hangs upon it, although it has been so affirmed. We do not go to that length, notwithstanding the stagnation of business, the pecuniary distress, and Secretary M'CULLOCH's ominous letter. What we see now is only a patient waiting for the rising of the tide, which when taken at the flood will lead on to fortune. Our cotton crop in its quantity and quality, and the grain crop in its abundance, will bring us larger returns than we have ever enjoyed before.

## THE TRUE EUROPEAN POLICY.

JEAN MACÉ, the popular author of the Fairy Book which has achieved such an unexampled success in France, and a translation of which is about to be issued by HARPER & BROTHERS, writes to a New York correspondent as follows: "You will perhaps take pleasure in being one of the first to be informed of a new work in which I find myself engaged. We signed yesterday, at Kehl, some fifty of us, Germans and Frenchmen together, the following protest, which we intend to circulate through our respective countries. Have the kindness to make it known also in America, where we both have so many fellow-countrymen, especially the Germans. The signatures which may come to us from across the ocean will give additional strength to those who have undertaken to set their faces against rifled cannon and needle guns, and national hatreds, which are still worse:"

"We, the undersigned, dwellers on both banks of the Rhine, do hereby declare that we emphatically repudiate all idea of the encroachment of one nation upon another, and all preaching of war and hatred between them, from whatever side it may come. We think that there is progress enough to be made within the bosom of each country; new citizens enough to gain without going outside its own boundaries; and courage and patriotism enough to expend on the spot in behalf of the national welfare, to enable us to employ the national honor, and the rivalry for the superiority of race elsewhere than on the field of battle.

"We invite all of our fellow-citizens who share our sentiments to join us for the purpose of forming in both countries a great party of peace—the only peace which can be honorable and lasting—that which is based on the mutual respect and fraternal aid mutually due to each other from civilized nations."

M. MACÉ resides at Beblenheim, in the department of the Upper Rhine, the borderland of France and Germany. It is evident from the tone of this protest that the inhabitants of this debatable territory deprecate the encroaching projects of their ambitious neighbors, and desire nothing so earnestly as repose and peace.

## MARRIAGE AND HEALTH.

THE subject of our last article on health—small families—is very properly followed by a consideration of health as influenced by marriage.

*Marriage is the natural condition of adult life.* No man who fails to enter this condition at this period can be considered as compassing all the relations for which his Creator designed him—in other words, he is not a complete man. There is defect—radical defect. He was designed to be the head of a family, and as the family state is the very basis of society, his failure is in a vital point, and we do him no wrong in pronouncing him to be incomplete as a man. We once heard a learned divine, in preaching on the family state on a Thanksgiving-day, assert this incompleteness of the bachelor; and he, among other illustrations, said, that we might as well call a man destitute of some limb a whole and perfect man as to pronounce the bachelor to be such.

At the risk of being deemed ungallant, we must say that the same view applies to the female sex.

The single state being then the abnormal and unnatural condition, it is, as a general rule, unfavorable to health and longevity. That this is true of longevity is demonstrated by the fact stated by HUFELAND, that in the lists of individuals who have lived to a great age there are no unmarried persons. That it is true in regard to health can not be so definitely proved, and yet the fact just stated and the observations of physicians quite satisfactorily establish its truth.

The reasons that marriage is favorable to health and longevity are very readily seen. We will notice some of them.

Of adults the married alone experience to the full all those genial and satisfying influences which are properly included in the idea of home. The unmarried may, when fortunately situated, experience them in part, but it is only in part, even under the most favorable circumstances. They may endeavor to enter into the feelings of parents in helping to care for their children both in health and in sickness, and in doing so they partake of some of the elevated and sweet joys of home; but still they fail to get at the very penetralia where cluster the most sacred and deep affections that belong to the married state. It is but few even of the gentler sex among the unmarried that really do enter in this limited degree into a knowledge of the sweetest ministries included in the full idea of home, and fewer still of the other sex have this knowledge and its consequent enjoyments.

This leads us to say that the ties which bind those joined in wedlock together are alike stronger, closer, and more multiform than those of any other relation, not even excepting that of parent and child. The expression of our Saviour on this point—"they twain shall be one flesh"—is very significant. It betokens something more than a mutual contract which can be broken for slight reasons, as our legislators will have it, in opposition to the express teachings of the Bible. It is a union which should be dissolved for only one offense—the trampling under foot at once of both its physical and moral bonds. Plainly a union so close, and binding both body and soul, should neither be lightly entered upon nor lightly set aside.

The mutual attraction existing between the sexes, which is the basis of this union, is of a compound character. What is termed sometimes physical love enters largely into it. The abuse of this, degrading it to mere sensuality, is the source of some of the worst of both moral and physical evils; while, on the other hand, its proper indulgence has connected with it some of the highest and most ennobling virtues of which human nature is capable—those which belong to the home and the family state.

There is in that which draws the sexes together in true connubial love something undefinable and not easily understood. No correspondence, no description of qualities of person and character, however satisfactory all may seem to be, can insure real mutual attraction when the parties come to meet. There may be actual repulsion, and yet neither may be able to define the reasons for it. This can not be set down to a freak of fancy. There is something deeper than that; it is among the occult things of nature. When connections are formed from mercenary motives, or on grounds of mere expediency, the element of attachment of which we speak may possibly afterward be evolved, but if it does not the happiness which belongs alone to true love will not be realized.

In the complex bond which unites the married pair the physical and the spiritual are most intimately blended, and for the proper development of the domestic virtues the spiritual, let it ever be remembered, must predominate over and control the physical. When this is done the union is promotive of health and longevity. It is so by all those genial influences which are involved in it. These withdraw from the selfishness which is apt to attach itself to an insulated condition, furnish continual incitements to the affections, and invite to a life of cheerful activity. Especially do these results come when the union is blessed with fruitfulness, the ties of affection being thus both strengthened and multiplied.

Perhaps it will be said that very many are rendered feeble and unhealthy in bearing and rearing children. True; but the cause of this is to be found in either the faulty management of the individual or bad training on the part of her parents, especially in the physical portion of her education. With suitable training in early life, and good hygienic management afterward, the duties of maternity will usually be promotive of health. That they are less apt to be so now than formerly is owing to a deterioration of female health and vigor, as the result of modes of education and customs of society. And this deterioration, as we said in another article, is one of the causes of the smallness of families at the present time.

## HOW PIGEONS FEED THEIR YOUNG.

PIGEON'S milk was referred to by Shakspeare, which shows that in his day the peculiar manner in which doves nurse their young was well known. While the hatching process is going on the esophagus or tube leading from the mouth to the crop appears to shorten in both parents. As soon as the little ones leave the shell the father and mother fly abroad and pick up grain, which distends the crop. A fluid is secreted in that receiving organ that softens it, and which is so nearly dissolved that the contents appears like thickened milk. They then perch on the edge of the nest, open their bills, and the young, helpless doves run their bills quite down into the crop and suck up the delicious food. In that way they are fed several times a day till they become very fat. Under the name of *squabs* they are sold in the market as particularly appropriate aliment for invalids.

When fully fledged the parents refuse to forage any longer for their indolent family. They even push them from the lighting-stool if they reside in a dove-cote, or from the limb if in their wild woodland haunts. By little and little they try their heretofore unused wings, and finally form a family establishment entirely independent of the old homestead. The parents, having been relieved from their extra labor by weaning the brood, begin very soon again, *de novo*, to rear up another family, and so on for several successive years. They multiply very rapidly.

## BEAUTY IS VAIN.

WHILE roses are so red,
  While lilies are so white,
Shall a woman exalt her face
  Because it gives delight?
She's not so sweet as a rose,
  A lily's straighter than she,
And if she were as red or white
  She'd be but one of three.

Whether she flush in love's summer
  Or in its winter grow pale,
Whether she flaunt her beauty
  Or hide it away in a veil,
Be she red or white,
  And stand she erect or bowed,
Time will win the race he runs with her
  And hide her away in a shroud.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE opinions of Attorney-General Stanbery on the duties of the Southern military commanders reflected severely on the conduct of General Sickles in removing civil officers in his department. General Sickles on June 19 forwarded his resignation, and asked a court of inquiry into his official action.

Prominent Unionists of Kentucky declare that the rebel element is so strong that the Conservatives will certainly carry every district in the State, and among the loyal the hope is generally expressed that Congress will extend the Reconstruction act to embrace Kentucky.

General Sickles has written a letter to Senator Wilson informing him that the appropriation for the expense of reconstruction is wholly inadequate, and the funds devoted to his district are already absorbed. He says the Navy and Treasury Departments have declined to assist him with funds. The full sum appropriated was $500,000, and that amount is required for the Carolinas alone.

It is a significant fact that when the Military bill passed Congress there were fifteen Republican journals published in the non-reconstructed States, only four of which were dailies. There are now thirty-six, of which fourteen are dailies, several tri-weeklies, and the remainder are published weekly.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The evidence for the prosecution in the Surratt case, as taken up to June 25, goes to show most conclusively that Surratt was in Washington on the night of President Lincoln's assassination, and that it was he who so mysteriously and melodramatically called the hours in the theatre, and clearly connects Mrs. Surratt with the assassins.

The Atlantic cable lately broken by an iceberg has been grappled and repaired and is at work again.

President Johnson left Washington on June 21, and was received in New York on the same day on board Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the *Franklin*. He left for Boston on June 22, and remained until June 26. He made few speeches. In the greetings given the representative men alluded to in the various reception speeches and replies, the military commanders at the South, particularly Sheridan, were loudly cheered.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

SUBSEQUENT to the Reform riot in London, on June 17, as announced last week, another occurred at Birmingham, England. It took place on the day following that in London, and was characterized by great violence and excitement. The riot was announced as arising from an anti-Popery feeling, but it proved in the end to have been an outbreak of the Reformers.

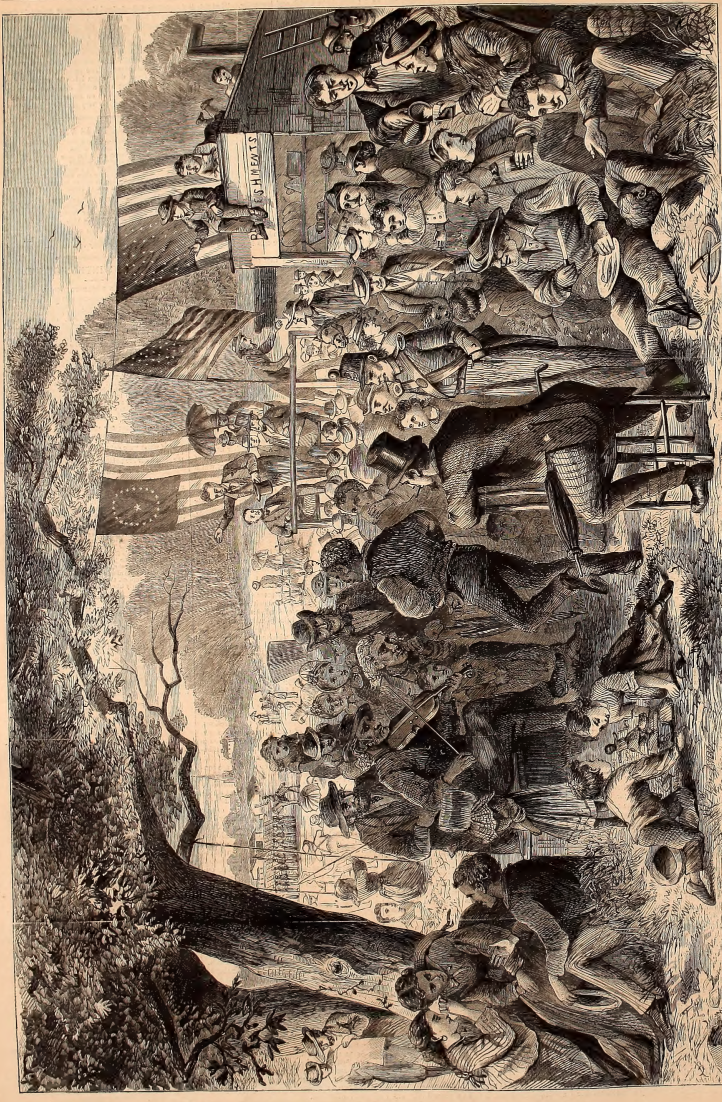
A decree has been promulgated in Cuba declaring free all children born of slave parents after July 1, 1867, and permitting any slave to obtain his or her liberty on the payment of $250.

## THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON.

THE new Masonic Temple built by the Fraternity at Boston, Massachusetts, was dedicated on June 24 (St. John the Baptist's Day), President JOHNSON, General L. H. ROUSSEAU, Postmaster-General RANDALL, and other distinguished Masons assisting in the ceremonies. An imposing procession of the Fraternity and the citizens of Boston passed through the principal streets to the Hall where the ceremonies were performed.

The Temple, of which we give on page 421 an accurate engraving from a photograph by WHIPPLE of Boston, is an imposing edifice, seven stories in height, with an octagon tower in the south corner, rising 121 feet, and a smaller and less lofty tower at the north corner. The front of the Temple, facing Tremont Street, has a width of 85 feet; another side of the building is on Boylston Street. In the second story, reached through the main entrance on Tremont Street by a staircase 10 feet wide, is the spacious Grand Lodge Hall, finished in the Corinthian style, and entitled Corinthian Hall. It is beautifully frescoed, and the blue ceiling is ornamented with stars and emblems of the craft. Portraits of WASHINGTON, WARREN, LAFAYETTE, and FRANKLIN fill the corner niches. A fine organ, built by JOHNSON of Westfield, occupies the west side of the hall. The grand hall for the Knights Templars in the sixth story is elaborately finished in Gothic style. In the upper story are the banqueting halls, three in number, so arranged that they can be thrown into one. The other stories are devoted to offices for the Grand Master, Grand Secretary, etc., ante-rooms for lodges, chapters, and encampments, committee-rooms, etc. The entire building is heated by steam.

After the conclusion of the dedicatory ceremonies a banquet was given in the Temple, at which President JOHNSON was present and made a speech, in which no allusion was made to political matters.



THE FOURTH OF JULY IN THE COUNTRY.—Drawn by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 421.]

## THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

When this issue of the *Weekly* shall have reached its readers they will be engaged in manifold preparations for celebrating in all the varied styles the anniversary of our National Independence. We therefore give as of timely interest one or two suggestive pictures appropriate to the occasion.

The "First Peal for Liberty," as illustrated on our first page, was rung on the bell of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on the occasion of the passage by the First Congress of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776. Congress had been in secret session on the Declaration for four days, and the opposition was so strong as to threaten its defeat. A great crowd of eager citizens had surrounded the Hall, anxious to hear an early announcement of the passage of the important bill upon which Congress had been so long engaged; and the old bell-man, who had been in charge of the building for many years, had ascended to the tower and stood ready to announce the intelligence of the passage of the act to the citizens of Philadelphia by ringing the "Liberty Bell." The final decision of Congress was announced in the Hall by its Secretary at two o'clock on the afternoon of July 4; and immediately the secret session was adjourned and the delegates poured into the street announcing to the multitude the passage of the Declaration. Suddenly the old man heard loud shouts and huzzas below and voices crying to him, "Ring, Ring!" "Grasping the rope attached to the iron tongue of the bell," says Lossing, "the old bellman hurled it a hundred times, its loud voice proclaiming, "Liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. The excited multitude in the streets responded with loud acclamations, and with cannon-peals, bonfires, and illuminations the patriots held a glorious carnival that night in the quiet city of Penn."

The bell, which ever afterward was known as the "Liberty Bell," was placed in the tower of Independence Hall on June 7, 1732. It bore the inscription from Leviticus xxv., "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." The bell still hangs in the tower.

The "Fourth of July in the Country" will appear familiar to nearly every reader of the *Weekly*. The national holiday is observed by our country neighbors more regularly perhaps, and certainly more philosophically, than by the citizens of the large cities; and we offer with the engraving the advice it naturally suggests, "Take your Fourth in the country."

THE NEW MASONIC HALL, BOSTON, DEDICATED June 24, 1867.—Photographed by John A. Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 419.]

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XIX.—*Continued.*

Meanwhile the trio who were left a short time since on the sloping bank, looking at each other, and each wishing that the other was not there to be looked at, had met and spoken as civility dictated, and had withal done these things with a degree of embarrassment that gave a false appearance to what was really an innocent situation. It may fairly be questioned whether any body ever came abruptly upon a pair of human beings without the surprised and the surpriser looking as if something untoward had occurred. In reality, Blanche Lyon was very glad to see Lionel; his presence relieved her from the necessity of continuing that flow of words without meaning, which she had let loose in order to save Frank from going too far and putting an end to their cordial relations as at present existing. Perhaps there is no greater bore to the woman who does not want to marry him than that a man she likes should persist in hovering perilously near the brink of that precipice—a proposal. His attentions, his devotion, his warm regard, are all such pleasant things that she can not help wishing to keep them on as they are. But the serious offer of his hand and heart is quite another matter, ..e that intensifies the poetry of the proceeding ..ly to kill it the more effectually. For I hold it true that as it is impossible for a woman to think other than warmly and kindly of a man who has let her know that he loves her, so it is impossible for a man to think other than harshly of a woman who has suffered him to drift into the declaration when she can make him no fitting return. In the court of love there is no appeal against love turned to hate, wounded vanity, and the sense of having been lured into a false position. Blanche Lyon recognized these truths, and so, as she did care very much for Frank Bathurst's liking and regard, she was glad that, though he had very distinctly given her to understand that he loved her, he had not put her in the place of either having to reject or accept his love as a thing which must last her all-sufficiently through time.

Still, though she was glad the interruption had come, she wished it had come in another form than in the person of Lionel Talbot. She knew very well that he was not at all the sort of man who sighs for that which ought not in honor to be his; he had not at all the order of mind which covets his neighbor's possessions. For some men's minds, the fact of there being a *soupçon* of doubt as to the ultimate end of their endeavors to create interest in the breasts of the women who most interest them has a fatal fascination. For Lionel Talbot Blanche Lyon feared it would have none. He was not one to sigh to prove himself a stronger man than the one already in occupation of that citadel which, according to his creed, could only be fairly rendered up once—a woman's heart. He would be incapable of running a race for any favor with any man, more especially with his old friend, Blanche thought, sadly, even as she talked brightly to both the men as they walked one on either side of her up to the house.

Without being deceitful or desperately wicked, Blanche's heart was made of the material that never suffers its owner to say die while a possibility of living exists. Even when she was miserable she would seem to be happy, partly out of pride for herself, and partly out of good feeling for others. "I can not bear to be pitied for being depressed, or to depress others by looking down-hearted," was the reason she had once given when rebuked for an external air of joyousness that did not accord with what her mamma declared she ought to be feeling on some melancholy subject. So now, in accordance with the dictates of this considerate creed, she seemed to be very much at ease, very gay, and full of vivacity, when she was in reality restless, nervous, and unhappy.

One of the chief causes of her disquiet was that, after this, her relations with Frank would of necessity be altered. She thought that it would be impossible for him to be as he had been before with her. Though he had saved himself from actually asking her such a direct question as would have involved her giving him a direct answer, he had suffered such a tone to creep into the conversation as could have left no reasonable doubt in the mind of either as to the other having perfectly understood the position. And she was sorry for this—more sorry than she would have been had she more clearly fathomed Frank Bathurst's mind and feelings. It was not in him to give serious thought to what was over or to what was inevitable; it was not in him to regret any thing for long, or to bemoan himself for having wandered into any sort of error, provided he could get out of it gracefully. On this occasion he told himself, with some truth, that he had got out of it gracefully. The sweet things he had said to Blanche would never be regretted by him; he was far too gallant to repent him of the utterance of tender words to a woman.

Moreover, as he walked on by her side, looking down upon her bare head as she moved it in its uncovered glory from side to side, alternately addressing Lionel and himself, as she did this, and he was struck afresh by the beauty of her rounded cheek and clearly-cut profile, he felt far from sure that he had made a mistake after all. Blanche was just the sort of woman to exact a considerable amount of wooing before she would show herself ready to be won; she would never make a mistake and show that she expected something serious when there was nothing serious coming; she would use her womanly prerogative to the full; freely as she might flirt, she would not go out meekly half-way to meet an offer of marriage. All these things he told himself, recovering his spirits most perfectly during the telling, waxing more charming and satisfactory to himself and his companions as he became more charmed and satisfied each instant with the view of the case which he was offering for his own inspection. He banished all memory of the advice Blanche had given him—the advice that he should gain Miss Talbot's heart if he could. At least he only remembered it as a superfluous sort of thing, reminding himself as he did so that signs were not wanting to prove that the "endeavor" would be a work of supererogation, since Trixy's heart was already manifestly well-disposed toward him. Trixy Talbot had it not in her to carry on the war against an intruder's suspicion of his intrusion on a secluded scene being an untoward event, in the way Blanche was doing it now. He could but admire her, and her perfect acting of a part for which she would never have been cast if the choice had been given her.

One grand condition of woman's success was always hers; she dressed with a perfect taste that always gave her a feeling of security and ease. She never permitted herself to be liable to the weakening influence of the knowledge that her effort was marred by an ungraceful line or an unbecoming color. It is next to impossible for a woman to be any thing but awkward in a costume that violates the harmony of either proportion or hue. Blanche never did herself so much injustice as to let herself be put at such a disadvantage.

So now she moved along secure in the primary condition of ease—she knew that from every point of view she looked well. Her luxuriant rippling hair was banded with fillets of the palest, clearest mauve ribbon; her transparent floating dress was of the same color; her waist was well defined by a satin band, and the lace round her throat and wrists was narrow, neat, and straight enough to satisfy the most rigidly tidy. As she walked she raised her dress a little in front, and then coming out from under the white drapery were seen a pair of small, highly-arched feet cased in black-ribbed silk shoes. Both these men who looked upon her were artists, and though one preferred painting wild waves to women, it was hard to say whose taste she most thoroughly satisfied.

"Did you ride far, Frank?" Lionel asked, as they got themselves in line and turned toward the house. Then he remembered that his question might seem to them to savor of a desire to know how long they had been together, and he was hastening to add, "I mean how did she carry you?" when Blanche calmly answered:

"He could not have ridden far, for he has been back with me a long time. I went out to the stable-yard to meet him, and then was gracious enough to come on here, risking a sunstroke without my hat; you never can be sufficiently grateful to me, Frank."

She said this by way of proving to Lionel that there really was nothing behind this outward show which had evidently rather discomposed him when he came upon them by the lake. He will understand that if there were any thing particular to me in Frank's having come back to me soon, that I should not have mentioned, she thought, and simultaneously Lionel was thinking, She is honest, at least; she wishes me to at once understand the terms they stand on with each other.

"I rode far enough to find the mare perfect, worthy even of the one for whom I design her."

"What a conventional expression, Frank! I hope the one for whom you design her will give more of her attention to the gift than to the manner of the giving, unless you strike out some more original form of words."

"You are the best judge of that."

"Of what? How vague you are. Well, never mind your meaning now; I want to say something to Mr. Talbot while I remember it; how very few people speak closely—say just what they mean, and no more."

"Edgar does, I think," Lionel replied.

"Yes, Edgar, Mr. Talbot, does indeed. He says out his meaning a little more plainly than is well at all times. Frank never does, of course not. He flatters, don't you, Frank?" she questioned, laughingly.

"You say so."

"And yours is not close to your meaning conversation, Mr. Talbot," she continued; "it's suggestive talk—the best of all."

"Now that you come to critically analyze the nature of my conversation, I remember that I say very little," Lionel replied.

"Shows what an attentive listener you have in Miss Lyon that that little has made such an impression on her," Frank Bathurst put in, good-humoredly. There was an utter lack of jealousy, and of all the littlenesses that proceed from jealousy, about this man that was infinitely taking.

"I like suggestive talk and suggestive verse," Blanche went on, stoutly disregarding Frank's implication; "that is why I like 'The Wanderer,' and all the rest of his books."

"All the rest of whose books? 'The Wanderer's?' I don't know him."

"No, Owen Meredith's."

Frank laughed, and affected to shiver.

"Save me from suggestions of early loves with primrose faces who suddenly start up from graves under cypress-trees to disturb a man's peace of mind when he is enjoying 'Trovatore' in Paris; you have a ghoulish taste if you incline to him—I am not with you there."

"Are you not with me in my admiration—no, not my admiration—my love for that poem, Mr. Talbot?"

He shook his head.

"I don't think I either love or admire the mixture of the very commonplace and the impossible."

"But then nothing commonplace has a place in that poem; it's all love, and luxury, and light."

Lionel laughed.

"The love of Paris, and the light of gas, and the luxury an upholsterer's apprentice can catalogue; no, no, it's garish; you will feel it to be so if you compare it with the supernatural element that comes out so gravely in 'Faust,' for instance; there is a noble suggestiveness about that which all who run can not read, unfortunately."

"Say fortunately, rather. 'Faust' is not for the masses," Blanche said, letting her head go up haughtily.

"Pardon me, it is for all humanity; it is like one of the great Bible stories to me—a thing to be read humbly and solemnly."

"Fancy reading any thing that a man wrote who was addicted to heart-rending flirtations between high rows of well-covered pea-sticks, with plump German maidens, humbly and solemnly!" Frank said, scoffingly.

"He was essentially human," Blanche said, apologetically; "for all his great genius one can get near to him after reading that wonderful biography—he was so very human."

"He was essentially selfish," Frank put in, warmly, "and rather mean about it, I can't help thinking, after reading that wonderful biography which has turned your brain a little, Blanche. Whenever distracted maidens or prudent parents sought to bring him to book, he took refuge in the clouds, as it were, soared up to Parnassus, and roosted there until the storm blew over."

"His shortcomings ought to be glossed over, ought they not, Mr. Talbot?" Blanche asked.

"I think not," he replied; "surely not 'glossed over,' you do not mean that; but regarded as evidences of how the mighty may fall, and as special reasons for lesser ones to continually pray against being led into temptation."

"After all, genial follies are readily forgiven," Frank said, with an abrupt change of feelings about the subject under discussion.

"Yes, by those who do not suffer from them," Blanche said, hoping that the amendment would find favor in Lionel's eyes.

"And even by those who do suffer from them. They blamed not the bard, though he did them most frightfully amiss," Frank put in, affably. "He was his own ideal man, and he makes the ideal woman wail for him in her dying agony—those last words! it was worth being born to have heard them."

"Last words! how grand some such utterances have been! 'More light.' The sentence is a poem in itself."

"The craving for fuller intellectual satisfaction, for clearer mental vision, appeals to you," Lionel said to Blanche. "Do you remember some that are equally striking in a simpler way?—the last words of the Christian gentleman who said in his dying hour to his son-in-law, 'Be good, my dear!' I like them better than any others I have ever heard; they are in themselves a full, perfect, and sufficient rule of life—it's all summed up in those four simple words."

"After all, it is easy enough," Frank said, in his softest tones, and with his suavest smile; "it is my opinion that the temptations to go astray are extraordinary. I very rarely leave undone what I ought to do, and I don't think I sigh to do what I ought not, and I am not exceptional."

"You are exceptionally well satisfied with your own success in doing right," Blanche replied, "and that is a fault to start with."

"Never mind, I mean well," Frank answered; "we all mean well, especially your mamma, Blanche."

Blanche smiled and frowned.

"I wish we all meant as well as mamma," she said, soberly; "we should not, in that case, mystify one another painfully for long—"

"Are we any of us mystifying each other painfully now, may I ask?" Mr. Bathurst interrupted. "I think that at least I am free of that charge. I am open as the day; no one could long be in doubt as to my intentions about any thing."

"You are advancing your claim to the sin of conceit every moment, is he not, Mr. Talbot? Now I will name another of your faults for your penitential consideration—you are lazy, otherwise the second subject from 'Tannhaüser' would be finished by this—"

"Which I deny. I am acting on the advice of the disinterested art-critics, who so strenuously recommended me to lie fallow for a time. By Jove! if the law of compensation works at all, what warm quarters will be awarded by-and-by to some of those fellows who have most persistently thrown cold water on aspiring art and literature."

"We shall be better for it in the future," Lionel said, including himself, by the speech in the castigation which Frank implied that he had received at critical hands.

"You need not," Blanche said, quickly and unadvisedly.

He looked gratefully at her; but at the same time he gave her back her flattery by saying:

"If you could make me believe that, Miss Lyon, you would rob me of the aim that is best worth living for—the desire and the hope of advancing. I shall have lived my life, and lived it to miserable purpose, when I shall sit down satisfied with what I have done!"

"You will be satisfied with what you have done, if, two years hence, you can get ten thousand pounds for one picture, for the central figure of which your wife has sat for a model," Frank said, going round and leaning his arm on his friend's shoulder.

"That is your low view of it. Mr. Talbot will want more, and will get more than you can realize or imagine."

"You are a nice sibyl when you peer into the future for him. From my low and sordid point of view ten thousand pounds is not so despicable, and I can perfectly realize its delights."

"Mercenary-minded man! You to set up a claim for being an æsthetic artist, and not to hope for something far above gold for your friend!"

"The smiles and approbation of Miss Lyon!"

"He has them already," Blanche said, coldly.

"'And woman's smile forever hath
A spell to make ambition sleep,'

somebody has said. Avoid the danger, Lal!"

"No woman's smile will make his ambition sleep," Blanche answered, interlacing her fingers, and putting them up before her eyes to make a more complete screen from the sun, as they came out on to the open lawn close to the house, "because any woman whose smile he could care for would wake his ambition even more if possible; would it not be so, Mr. Talbot?"

"If she cared to do so," he replied. "But I think some mistake was made in the incantation yesterday. The spell you tried to throw over Frank has fallen on me instead."

"What portion of it?" she asked, with a glowing face.

"'No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine.'"

She trembled in every nerve as he spoke, and had she been alone with him she would have spoken some words then that would have broken the ice between them, dissolved the spell he named, and brought a kinder one into being. But Frank was round by her side again, and so she could only hope that silence would indeed be golden.

So she stood for a few moments, wishing and willing, with all the force of her soul and mind, that something would occur to take Frank away from them, if only for a minute. This opportunity passed, the passion which possessed her might pass into a phase of fear of results from which she was strangely free at this moment. It seemed to her that a crisis had come now when she might fairly give some unmistakable sign of her love for Lionel, without compromising her feminine delicacy and dignity. But she could not do it with Frank standing by; and Frank looked so well inclined to stand by the whole time.

"'Thou art so near, and yet so far,'"

she half sang. "Do you know that song, Mr. Talbot?"

"Yes; Frank sings it," he replied; and Frank, on this, began:

"'Beloved eye, beloved star,
Thou art so near, and yet so far,'"

in a voice that, Orpheus-like, might have softened the rocks and trees; but that, as evidencing the probability of his remaining longer with them, hardened Miss Lyon's heart against him yet more and more.

## CHAPTER XX.

### CAUSE FOR DOUBT.

Given certain conditions, and every woman, however little of a diplomatist she may be naturally, will make a subtle scheme, and carry it with a bold stroke. Blanche Lyon bore the restraint until she could bear it no longer, and then, the conditions being granted, she developed and executed her scheme in an instant.

"Frank," she exclaimed, suddenly, will you do me a great favor?"

"Will I not? What is it?"

"Go and look for a copy of that song that is set for two voices—you will find it in the leather case on the piano—and persuade Miss Talbot to come out here and sing it with me."

Frank lounged forward a few steps toward the door. Then he evolved a better plan, as he thought, and lounged back again.

"You had better come in; it requires the accompaniment?"

She seated herself on the base of a huge stone vase, full of geraniums. "I have made up my mind to sing it out here," she said, resolutely. "No, Mr. Talbot, don't you go, please. I have also made up my mind to exercise so much cousinly authority as to make Frank fetch me one little song when I ask him."

"Frank resigns himself entirely to your commands. Being a gone 'coon, I have no appeal."

"Fulfill the whole of your mission, now," Blanche cried after him. "Persuade Miss Talbot to come, or the copy for two voices will be no use."

"I fly," he shouted back, laughingly; and then he went on into the house, and Lionel and Blanche were alone at last. She was mistress of the position, and still she could not seize it.

If only he would have looked at her! But he did not. He stood looking away into the distance, with a quiet, earnest expression of face, that made her fear that she was not in his thoughts—a far-off look, an absorbed look—and Frank would be sure to be back in a minute.

"Mr. Talbot!"

He looked round at her now, as she sat leaning forward, her arms folded on her lap, her head thrown up, and her eyes earnestly bent upon him. As he met her gaze she was satisfied of one thing, and that was, that however it had been a moment before, she was very much in his thoughts now.

"You have been with your brother" (she could not dash at her subject, and give him the word that should be a sign of her love, as she intended), "and you have heard—"

She paused. She meant that he had heard of Edgar's ruin; and the thought of that ruin, and all the evil train of consequences it might bring upon the Talbots, choked her. He attributed her emotion to the wrong cause; he thought she meant to offer some explanation to him, as Edgar Talbot's brother, as to her rejection of Edgar Talbot's offer. So when she paused he said:

"Yes, he told me, and I am very sorry for him. I feel for him very deeply and truly."

"And not for yourself at all?"

He colored fast and furiously, up even to his brow, at her question; it seemed to him such a

strange one to come from Blanche on such a subject as he believed her to be speaking of.

"For myself, I can bear the hardest things."

"I know that; and bear them beautifully. As I said to your brother, when—when he was speaking to me the other night, women's words, and ways, and wills, are so weak, when we would give our life to serve we can do nothing but sorrow."

He began to understand her now, and to feel that she was more directly referring to their loss of worldly wealth, and to the possible blight it might be on his career.

"Sorrow and you should not be named on the same day, Miss Lyon; but your sympathy is very sweet to me."

"Sorrow and I have clasped hands often," she answered, soberly. "You do not quite realize that I have had all my life to take most earnest heed and thought for myself and others. I seem to you to be—just what I seem, in fact."

"And you can be nothing better." There was no idle flattering tone in his words. She knew that he meant them thoroughly, and her heart beat high. "You can feel that, and say it of me? Then I have not lived, and striven, and endeavored to 'be good' in vain."

"Nor would it have been in vain even if I had not felt that truth and worded it," he said, kindly. "My approbation would have been a mean guerdon to strive for."

"The best I could have." Then she rose up, and temptation never came to a man in a fairer guise than it did to Lionel Talbot then, to speak out and tell her that he loved her. But he wrestled with it for two or three reasons; among others, this lately-born one, that, while his sisters needed his aid, he must not charge himself with a wife, even if the woman he wanted was willing to be that wife. So he struggled to seem indifferent to that which almost upset his judgment, as Blanche made a step or two toward him, telling him that his approbation was the best guerdon she could have—and meaning it too; of that he felt convinced.

"Oh, gentle time, give back to me one hour which thou hast taken! Blanche often thought in after-days, when she recalled this hour, and the poor use she had been enabled to make of it. For at this juncture Frank and Beatrix came out to them, Frank hilariously caroling, as became one who was never defeated, never heart-sick, never doubtful as to the blooming issue of all his brightest hopes; and Beatrix, with the unsatisfied look on her face that is indicative of feeling aggrieved with one's self for one's weakness in granting the small requests of the loved one who abstains from making large demands. It was impossible for Beatrix to refuse any favor or concession asked of her by Frank; and she knew that it was, and was indignant with herself for its being so; and still she could not help herself, but went whithersoever, and did whatsoever he asked of her. It was stinging to her, this being looked up and required at the last, when Frank had been away for a whole sunny hour (perfectly oblivious of her) by the lake with Blanche. It came even to the true-hearted, noble-natured Trixy, to hate Blanche, as she came upon the latter "standing and charming Lionel," as Trixy worded the situation to herself, when Mr. Bathurst was not by. She did not suppose for one instant that Blanche was in an equally evil case with herself. Our own private grief is always the mightiest in the world, before which all others dwarf themselves to the meanest proportions.

"I am not very much in the mood for singing, but I came out as you sent for me," Trixy said, as she came up to them; and then Blanche, who really could afford to be generous and tolerant toward Trixy, put her hands kindly on the girl's shoulders, and said, almost in a whisper—

"Please don't think me heartless and thoughtless, dear, but your brother will not bear this bad blow the better for seeing you depressed by it; forgive me if I seem to think less sorrowfully of it than I have thought—will you, will you?"

She was so strangely winning as she spoke in her earnest, pleading tones, with all the force of her earnest, winning beauty, that Trixy felt much happier.

"I think I could forgive you almost any thing," she said, affectionately, and Blanche laughed and replied:

"In that one little speech you made a couple of provisos; however, forgive me for having sent for you now, and let me sing second to you."

They sang the song "gloriously,"as Frank declared, and again he found himself very strongly directed toward Miss Talbot. At any rate there was time enough, he told himself, to make resolutions and carry them when the glorious summer, during which one should only feel and exist, was over. So the sybarite snatched the hour, and pleased himself according to his wont in being very pleasant to them both. And Blanche's heart ached horribly because she saw that Lionel fancied she overrated her gay cousin's devotion.

By-and-by Mrs. Lyon came home from her tour of inspection over the cottage that was to let in the village. "It was the very thing she should like for herself," she said, "and she was almost sorry that any body else should be going to live there; the garden was the very style of garden that was most pleasing to her, and the green-house would be lovely when repaired; as to the house, well, she never had liked London houses, and she should like them now less than ever; give her a place in the country where you were not overlooked; that was all she asked."

"I think I should like it too," Beatrix said, demurely.

"Get your brother to take it for your autumn quarters, Miss Talbot," Frank exclaimed. He had yet to learn that some such change of residence would be a matter of necessity, not choice, with the Talbots.

"Do you know," Blanche whispered to Beatrix, "that it will be just as well to manage all this without telling the truth to mamma? I know every thing, Trixy, dear, and I thought of sending mamma to look at that house for an imaginary friend; the concealment is harmless enough. Do you agree to letting her think that her wishes weigh in the matter?"

"If that plan is decided upon," Trixy said, dubiously; and as the other three were all speaking animatedly at once on the superior advantages of the country over the town, the conversation between the two girls was unheard.

"Why should it not be decided upon?" Blanche questioned, eagerly. "If you like it, why should you not stay here where you can have human companionship when you feel inclined? Mr. Talbot wishes my mother to live with you still; it would be very dull for you in a strange country place with her alone; here you will have my cousin and your brother Lionel often."

"And you always?" Trixy tried to say it joyfully.

"No, indeed; me very rarely; I shall go out in the world again."

"Trixy's eyes questioned "Why?"

"Oh, it's not only men who must work in these nineteenth century days," Blanche said, smiling; "I rather like the necessity, too. I believe I have more of the bee than the butterfly in me."

"Then I shall lose you," Trixy said.

Blanche looked grave.

"Will you promise never to lose your liking for me?—I am very greedy of that."

"There is nothing that could happen that could make me not like you, I think," Beatrix replied, and she did not quite mean what she said.

"There can nothing happen to give you cause for liking me less," Blanche answered, heartily; and she did mean what she said, and did wish to give Beatrix some comforting assurance respecting Frank at the same time. Then they all got themselves together again, and talked about the cottage in the village, which, to use Mrs. Lyon's words, "was the very place she wished to live and die in." And presently Edgar came out to join them, and it was proposed and carried by universal consent that they should all drive down after luncheon and judge of the merits of the dwelling for themselves.

"I have heard from Marian to-day," Edgar Talbot said, when luncheon was nearly over.—"She pretends to be in great distress about her husband's niece; there was some sort of understanding or engagement between the girl and some young fellow in the country, and, as usual, Mrs. Sutton has marred the harmony."

"What has she done?" they all asked, eagerly. The tale of how the course of true love has been made to run roughly always meets with an attentive audience.

"Oh, she speaks as the injured one—a sure sign with Marian that she has been very much to blame. Even Mark is angry, and that is a state of things that does not at all agree with Mrs. Sutton."

"Your sister is one of the most fascinating women I ever met," Frank Bathurst said, good-naturedly.

"So I have heard," Edgar replied. "Well, her latest fascinations have been exercised in making a good, honest, foolish young fellow unhappy, and in proving to him that 'every woman is a rake at heart;' we have every reason to be proud of our sister's genius for making people miserable."

He spoke very bitterly, for Marian's letter had been very bitter to him. She had reviled him for that which he could not help—his own ruin, namely—and she had upbraided him for having wasted her husband's and her husband's sister's money. After a page or two of this matter she had gone on to tell him how a misunderstanding had arisen between her niece Ellen and the young man to whom Ellen was engaged, and she had appended to this statement a sentence which had grated more harshly than all her revilings upon her brother's feelings.

"He came up to town a day or two ago to reproach me, I believe; but unwittingly I gave a sop to Cerberus, and now he would undergo the tortures of a row with his lady-love every week, provided the reconciliation-scene may take place under my auspices; he is really a perfect Apollo, and only wants polishing to make him the most perfect cavalier in the row."

This was the paragraph in her letter that most sorely wounded her brother; these were the sentiments that made him say bitterly that they had every reason to be proud of Marian. It seemed good to Lionel to change the topic, which he did by asking:

"How shall we divide ourselves to go down to the village?"

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## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A PLEASANT little trip, hardly to be excelled for beauty of scenery and fresh breezes, is that to Coney Island. If you are very fashionable and exclusive, however, you had better not take this excursion, for Coney Island is a favorite resort, during the hot weather, of common people, who want some fresh air and a good time, and who have not their thousands with which to pay for it. Notwithstanding, if you are not *too* aristocratic, and select an early hour in the day for going, you will find the boat comfortable, the sail down the bay charming, the breezes invigorating, and enough on the barren-looking Island to amuse you until—you can come back.

A steamer is running regularly to the Island, leaving Christopher Street daily at twenty minutes past the hours of nine, twelve, and three o'clock. The steamer touches, twenty minutes later, at Jay Street, and forty minutes later at Morris Street. There are also routes by cars, pleasant enough; but at this season people prefer to go by water.

Coney Island possesses several hotels, where temporary accommodations are furnished; over a hundred bathing-houses, where dresses and conveniences for bathing can be obtained; there is also plenty of sand and surf. If you wish for neither chowders nor clams, and have no inclination to plunge into the briny waves, you had better seat yourself comfortably on the white beach and watch the ever-changing surf and the bathers. You will thus quickly dream away an hour or two, and wonder, when the steamer comes by which you can return, how short the time has been.

Strawberries have been abundant this year, and "Festivals" have flourished. Even before the season was at its height it was stated that more than 195,000 quarts of strawberries were brought into the city daily. One or two other items in this connection will be of interest. The little baskets holding half a pint, more or less, in which the fruit is sent to market, cost about 1¼ cents apiece. Men, women, and children engage in gathering the crop, the remuneration ranging from $1 to $1 25 per 100 baskets. The amount of fruit which each picker gathers in a day depends somewhat upon his ambition to make money. From 100 to 200 baskets a day is the usual result of a picker's effort, though an Irish girl, who "threw her soul" into the work, gathered 400 baskets not long since—the greatest result of a day's picking on record. Staten Island furnishes some of the nicest strawberries which come to the city; and New Jersey would seem to be one vast strawberry field, if we judge by the amount of fruit coming from there.

Fruit is a great luxury in warm weather, and when fresh is undoubtedly conducive to health. There is, however, a great quantity of poor, half-decayed fruit imposed upon our citizens. Berries which were not sold yesterday are to-day mixed by unscrupulous dealers with enough fresh ones to present a fair outside, and many a purchaser is deceived, and not a few doctors' bills incurred. In these days strict honesty is so rare a jewel that every one who buys must needs examine the articles critically for himself.

Fire-crackers and torpedoes foretell the coming of the "Fourth." If the enterprising youth of the city could be excused from throwing the above-named missiles under horses' feet and ladies' dresses it might be safer and quite as agreeable to the community. Wonderful improvements have been made in fire-works, even during the last year. The mere names of the pieces form a long and fancy-exciting list, in regard to which it is quite impossible for "Young America" to feel calm and quiet. The "Revolving Globe," the "Kaleidoscope," "Weeping Willow," "Japanese Glory," "Mexican Sun," "Japanese Fan," "Saturn and Satellites," "Tableau Fire," "Parachute," and numerous other novelties in the market indicate that the inventive faculties of pyrotechnists have been busy. Fire-works are in general merely for show; but within a few years past efforts have been made to apply them to practical purposes. It is stated that the rocket is now used for the capture of whales off the coast of Iceland, where it is impossible to secure them by the ordinary harpoon. Attempts have been made from time to time with all sorts of rockets to cast a life-saving line a long distance. This has at length been accomplished by the "Rocket Bomb," which can throw a line a distance of five miles from the beach across a vessel, or from a ship to the shore.

The new City Directory contains over 177,000 names, of which not less than 1830 are Smiths. "John Smith" is honorably mentioned 185 times—a distinction which is conferred on no other citizen.

Many a mother's heart was thrilled with horror while reading the account of a shocking accident which recently occurred at the Bay Ridge Hotel, near Fort Hamilton. It was on Sunday. Three children—an infant, a boy of seven, and a little girl of three years—were left in charge of a nurse while the parents went to church. The nurse, however, left the two oldest by themselves while she went down stairs to gossip with the servants. During her absence the little boy and girl ascended a winding stairway leading to a platform in a cupola, or observatory, on the roof of the house. Having reached the top, however, and attempting to return, both of the children fell from the platform at the cupola top to the floor beneath, a distance of over forty feet. The girl struck on her head, fracturing the skull so badly that the brains oozed out. The boy suffered severe bruises about his head and body. Both cases were pronounced by the attending physician critical and nearly hopeless. A sad warning this is to mothers to leave their little ones in careful hands.

A Pennsylvania farmer recently "struck gold." He was digging on the side of the road for the purpose of setting a gate-post, when the spade struck a box, which caused him to think of buried treasure; so he persevered in his digging until he had got the box entirely clear, when he raised it to the surface and opened it. It was found to contain some twenty gold coins, about the size of the "Eagle," a number of silver coins, and some articles of jewelry. The coins are all over one hundred years old, and the jewelry was of the most antique pattern.

It is reported that a Vermont lady, who has been collecting gold beads for twenty years, in fulfillment of the dying request of a relative, now has a string thirty feet long, containing more than one thousand, some of which are worth from three to five dollars apiece. We have not seen the beads.

A distinguished Professor of Chemistry in this city once placed a linen handkerchief in the explosive condition of gun-cotton and threw it into the wash. Bridget washed, dried, and sprinkled it ready for ironing without a suspicion of its character. The moment she placed the hot iron upon it the handkerchief vanished into thin air, nearly frightening the poor girl out of her senses. Had this occurred an age ago the Professor would have passed for a "limb of Satan."

Cockroaches are a perpetual torment to New York housekeepers. However nice and careful they may be—the housekeepers we mean—a constant warfare must be carried on to keep the creatures at a comfortable distance. Powders and poisons are used with an unsparing hand, and yet they seem to be brisk and numerous, and every where present, just as if they liked the diet. The following incident, for the truth of which we are not responsible, may suggest an effectual remedy: A physician one night left a dozen blue pills carelessly exposed; soon after he had turned in he observed the box surrounded by cockroaches, and being too lazy to get up he had to submit to see his pills carried off within a few minutes by a dozen roaches, each one carrying a pill. Next morning his floor was strewed with the dead and dying, some exhibiting all the symptoms of an advanced stage of mercurial salivation, and some still swallowing little morsels of pills.

In two accounts of the invention of the stocking-loom, given by different writers, it is somewhat curious that, although quite unlike in names and details, both agree in referring the origin of it to *love*. One story is that a young Oxford student, falling in love with and marrying an inn-keeper's daughter, lost his fellowship by it, and soon became extremely poor. Their only support was from knitting stockings, at which the woman was very expert. But the scholar, often fixing his eyes on the dextrous management of the needles by his wife, thought it was possible to contrive a little loom to do the work with more expedition. He joined his head to her hands, and soon the stocking-loom was mounted, by which he made himself and his family happy.

The other account is, that a clergyman of the Established Church paid his addresses to a young woman in his neighborhood, who affected to treat him with negligence to ascertain her power over his affections. Whenever he paid his visits she always took care to be busily employed in knitting, and would pay no attention to him. She pursued this conduct to such an extent, and for so long a period, that the lover became disgusted; and he vowed to devote his future leisure, instead of dancing attendance on a capricious woman, to devising an invention that should effectually supersede her favorite employment of knitting. He succeeded, and in vain did she afterward try to reclaim his attentions. She found, too late, she had carried her humors too far.

It is said that the climate of Russian America from the coast from Prince of Wales Island to the entrance of Behring's Straits during the winter months is about the same as the City of Washington. Little snow, much rain. During summer months very foggy. Native copper has been discovered in various places on the coast and in the vicinity of Copper River. Iron ore of excellent quality is now being smelted and worked by Russian artisans. Coal is found in large quantities similar to New Brunswick coal, but not equal to Cumberland coal. Recent discoveries have been made of what is believed to be a better quality of coal not yet tested. Surface washings of gold have been discovered on the headwaters of streams on the east side of the coast range of mountains.

A simple machine has been patented which may be found useful during July and August. It consists in principle of a rotary fan drawing a powerful current of air through a case packed with sponges, which may be saturated with any purifying, ozonizing, or freezing mixture, and thus a cool, pure, fresh, or, if you please, perfumed breeze may be enjoyed in any situation and at any season.

A novel story is told of a young couple in Ohio who planned an elopement. The girl descended from her room upon the traditional ladder, but at the gate they were met by the father of the girl and a minister, by whom the young couple were escorted to the parlor, where, to their surprise, they found all their relatives collected for the marriage ceremony, which took place at once.

Not long ago a chivalrous St. Louis lover, having been refused the hand of his sweet-heart, threw her mother on the floor and gave her a sound thrashing, and then took her brother into an adjoining stable and beat him badly with a strap.

As a set-off to the above is the story of an Indiana lady, who, having been betrayed into some indiscretions under promise of marriage, armed herself with a revolver, sought out her false lover, and, pointing the revolver at his head from time to time as occasion required, forced him to go with her to obtain a license, to accompany her to the justice, and to go through the marriage ceremony. It is said that the bride's responses were very distinct and positive, while the groom's were scarcely audible. After the ceremony the unwilling groom seized his hat and "scooted." The bride made what arrangement she could about the "fees," and withdrew with her brother, who had accompanied her all the time.

The estimated cost of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is now being built on Fifth Avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets, is $4,000,000. The foundations of this building were laid in 1858, but for some time all work upon it ceased. It will occupy an entire block. The whole structure above the base course is to be of fine white marble. The towers will reach the height of three hundred and twenty-eight feet from the ground. There will be in all one hundred and three windows, set in double tiers at the sides—the lower thirty-two feet in height, and the upper twenty-eight feet, giving a lofty and grand effect. The glass will be stained in rich and varied patterns, giving the interior a "dim, religious light." Every thing about this Cathedral is to be finished in the highest style of art, and when completed it will undoubtedly be the finest building of the kind in the country. It is said to be built by the free-will offerings of the Catholic community. This is probably true to a certain extent; but, if we are not misinformed, it is also true that the Catholic servant-girls in our city are *required* to give each month a certain portion of their wages to aid in building this Cathedral. The poorer classes generally among Catholics are doubtless expected to do the same.

Dr. Harris, registrar of the Board of Health, has recently written a circular on the subject of disinfectants, in which he says:

"Fresh air and pure water, constant ventilation and cleansing, are natural means of preventing and destroying the causes of infection and disease. *Let fresh air and sunlight purify every place they can reach.* Open and dry all cellars and vaults, and keep the grounds and surfaces about dwellings as dry and clean as possible. Let domestic and personal cleanliness be every where observed. There are no substitutes for fresh air and water."

The following incident is singular: John A. Sarten, of Warrensburg, Missouri, who was a soldier in the Federal army during the war, was wounded by a ball which penetrated to his lungs. Frequently since he has coughed up blood. During an unusual fit of coughing on Wednesday of last week the ball was dislodged from the lungs by being coughed up. Since then he has been relieved, and hopes are entertained of his final recovery.

An agricultural paper mentions that clean fine sand sprinkled over seeds when sown in flower-beds will cause them to vegetate more readily.

"Don't be frightened," says a sensible writer, "at the children's naughty actions. Prevent them; cure the bad habits as far as you can; put in good ones instead; keep the little people busy and happy in harmless occupations, and remember, when stitches are let down in the tedious work, that they are children, and that their faults are part of childhood, to be outgrown with it; not excrescences to be cut and cauterized by bloody knife and hot iron."

BUFFALO-HUNTING ON THE PLAINS BY OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 426.]

THE CHASE.

## THE BUFFALO-HUNT.

AMONG the most excellent of the many fine engravings which we have lately presented is the double-paged illustration in this issue of a Buffalo-hunt on the Indian plains. As the hunting of buffalo is a pastime almost unknown in practice to the majority of those before whom these sketches will come, we give in full our correspondent's account of the manner in which this peculiarly American sport is pursued by the soldiers of the United States army:

CAMP SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY,
NEAR FORT HAYS, *May* 28, 1867.

The regular buffalo-hunt for the honors of the Championship came off a few days since. The leaders of the parties chose their companions from among the officers of the regiment, made rules for the government of the hunters, and arranged all the preliminaries. On this occasion Brevet-Colonel WICKLIFFE COOPER led one side, and Major MORROW the other. Seven officers were chosen by each leader. They were to hunt on different days, and the chase was to last from sunrise to sunset—that is to say, the parties must not leave camp for the hunting-ground until sunrise, and sunset must find them returned to camp. The party bringing in the largest number of tongues was to be the victor. No shot should be fired while the party was dismounted.

Colonel COOPER's party was victorious "by one tongue," having killed twelve buffaloes, and the other party eleven. Captain LOUIS HAMILTON, of Company A, was declared the Champion, he having killed four buffaloes.

The losing party was to furnish a "right good feed," which was to be partaken of by the officers of the regiment. This last performance may be said to have been the most satisfactory and successful part of the hunt. The supper was certainly an excellent one.

In order to find buffalo the parties were compelled to ride fifteen or twenty miles; the horses were tired by this long ride, and, besides, were perfectly green at the business of buffalo-hunting. The buffalo are thin now, and capable of running faster at this season of the year than during the fall or summer. When all this is considered there is no reason to question the prowess of the officers engaged in the hunt. The scenes depicted will give a very fair idea of the hunt.

## DR. DRAPER'S NEW WORK.

THE first volume of a "History of the American Civil War," by JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of New York, has been published by Harper & Brothers in the superb style of their edition of the Emperor Napoleon's "Life of Julius Cæsar." Naturally Dr. Draper writes in an argumentative rather than a narrative style, and his book is consequently devoted more to the analysis of the causes which produced the rebellion and the various important changes which accompanied it, than to a narration of the events themselves. The following extracts will indicate the peculiar style and learned and profound character of the work:

### THE LAST DAYS OF MR. BUCHANAN'S ADMINISTRATION.

In considering Mr. Buchanan's conduct during these trying times, we must bear in mind the special circumstances in which he was placed. He was living in an atmosphere of treason. His cabinet was disorganized; its confidential policy was repeatedly betrayed; a ship could not be ordered on secret service without the telegraph at once giving information to the secession conspiracy. All Washington was converted into a whispering gallery; what was uttered in secrecy in its council chamber was instantly reverberated to Montgomery. Senators who had sworn to support the Constitution of the United States were intriguing for its overthrow. Representatives were holding their seats in Congress merely to embarrass legislation, and be of service to the insurgents. It was a state of things which recalled the old times when conspirators against Rome were treasonably establishing a camp in Etruria, and Catiline was meeting with the Senate in the Temple of Jupiter Stator. Conclaves were held under the very shadow of the Capitol for the seizure of forts, arsenals, custom-houses, and for the organization of Conventions to insure secession in the distant States—the telegraph and the post-office were tampered with. Officers, forgetful of the honor of a soldier, surrendered their commissions—nay, more, surrendered the army; sailors were surrendering ships; arsenals were stealthily despoiled. The Government itself was secretly disarmed; its munitions of war were transferred to its assailant; its troops, under specious pretenses, were sent off to the frontiers, there to be entrapped; its navy was treacherously dispersed all over the ocean; its finances, with atrocious skill, were brought apparently into irremediable ruin. The public offices were swarming with disloyal men, and even of many of those who were loyal, the wives and daughters were not to be trusted. Nothing could be hidden from the female spies who pervaded society in Washington through and through. When Mr. Buchanan saw that so dreadful was the general demoralization that acts from which men had heretofore recoiled with abomination were now gloried in, and that there was no wickedness for which a justification could not be found; when he saw that he was held not only officially, but personally responsible for what was taking place, it is not to be wondered at that after the cabinet meeting of December 27 he lived in terror of assassination. On New-Year's day hardly any of the customary calls were made on him. Loyal and disloyal men declined to shake hands with him. "I have tried," he said to Senator Fitzpatrick, "to do my duty to both sections, and have displeased both; I am isolated in the world." The disastrous issues of the self-contradictions of the party that had borne him to power were concentrating on his head. It was impossible for him to please one side without giving mortal offense to the other. A resolute man—a Cromwell—may cease to smile when he finds himself cut off from human sympathy, and sees a dagger coming out of every shadow; a weak man—a Buchanan—is appalled. Not without truth was it asserted in France that his presidency had been consumed in frantic attempts to prevent the escape of the slave power, and the consequent ruin of the Democratic party; that the South was determined to get out of the Union the moment the balance inclined against her, and that the rebellion was prepared at leisure; it was a slavery *coup d'état*. These were not the times for one whose qualifications for his great office were subsequently described by his antagonist, Mr. Davis, the President of the Confederacy, as being that "he more nearly fulfilled the European idea of chief of state in his social relations than any other American since Washington; that he was dignified, polished, reticent, suave, fond of lady-gossip and the atmosphere of intrigue, a stickler for the ceremony of power." The President was alternately querulously casting the responsibility on Congress, and alternately proposing vain compromises with a triumphant conspiracy. The times demanded something more than a dextrous politician, a trimming placeman. The roaring gulf of a revolutionary Niagara could not be crossed by an acrobat, who must make his way on a slender and fearfully swaying rope, whose head was giddy with terror, and who, in mid-passage, had dropped his balancing-pole.

But the President was not unavenged for this outrage of the commissioners. This was the second occasion on which, through ill-conceived or unsuitable state papers, South Carolina brought injury on herself. Nor was that injury restricted to the forfeiture of esteem on the part of her friends in the North; it also extended to the slaveholding States; and accordingly it was seen in the subsequent administration of the affairs of the Confederacy that she never occupied a controlling position. Her office was to break the Union by violence. In that most important of all state papers which she could possibly put forth—the declaration of causes which induced her secession—she failed to rise to the dignity of the occasion, and instead of that masterly exhibition of the great facts of the case, which would have been given had Mr. Calhoun been spared to her, she sought to justify her momentous action by the weakest and most unpopular of the arguments that were at her command. Modern civilization had conclusively repudiated African slavery. It was not likely to accept any infractions of the Fugitive Slave Law by the States of the North as a sufficient vindication for the inducing of civil war, and especially when it was openly affirmed that South Carolina herself had never lost a single slave through that cause. In Europe, the inadequacy of this document was a signal disappointment to those who were well disposed to favor its revolutionary intent.

### GERMAN AND IRISH IMMIGRANTS.

Speaking of the influence of the Irish and German immigration on the settlement of the Western States Dr. Draper says:

With the German immigration it was different. It made itself felt intellectually in the community among which it settled, because its own intellectual development, though in one sense special, was very high. Its ideas, to say the least, were on a par with those of the American. It brought industry and intelligence, and overcame the difficulties and drawbacks of a foreign tongue. Though its Sabbath ideas were not congenial to the more austere American, he instantly appreciated and accepted its tastes. Among these may be specially mentioned a love of music and the fine arts.

Such were the benefits conferred by the better class of German immigrants, who, for the most part, found occupation in commercial and business pursuits often on a very imposing scale. The rustic German, plodding, poor, and ignorant, unlike the Irishman, avoids the populous cities, preferring to settle in the rich prairie-lands. Assisted by his wife, who shares his toils, he turns those great meadows into gardens. In place of the wild flowers that sway to and fro in the wind, he raises crops of golden grain, converting the roaming grounds of wild animals into harvest-fields. His yellow-haired children, under the free sky and surrounded by a vast unbroken horizon, are confirmed in their native Teutonic love of liberty. Patient, laborious, independent, he looks upon slavery with hatred, and on the slaveholder with contempt.

Gigantesque in his ideas, and not unfrequently in his conversation, the Western man is conscious of destiny when he affirms that he is laying the foundations of a great republic—a Colossus that, in the days of his grandchildren, will grasp Europe in one hand and Asia in the other.

## WINGLETS

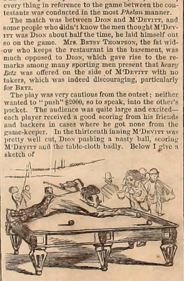
### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

MONTREAL, DOMINION OF CANADA, *June* 18, 1867.

DEAR WEEKLY,—I last night attended the great billiard match for the championship of America and the Russian Possessions, with $2000 and the possession of a golden Q (and which might properly be associated in history with the "golden fleece," seeing how many are *fleeced* at billiards by not minding their p's and q's), that was played at Mechanics Hall in this city. PHELAN of your city was chosen referee, and, of course, every thing in reference to the game between the contestants was conducted in the most *Phelan* manner.

The match was between DION and M'DEVITT, and some people who didn't know the men thought M'DEVITT was DION about half the time, he laid himself out so on the game. Mrs. BETSY THOMPSON, the fat widow who keeps the restaurant in the basement, was much opposed to DION, which gave rise to the remarks among many sporting men present that *heavy Betz* was offered on the side of M'DEVITT with no takers, which was indeed discouraging, particularly for BETZ.

The play was very cautious from the outset; neither wanted to "push" $2000, so to speak, into the other's pocket. The audience was quite large and excited—each player received a good scoring from his friends and backers in cases where he got none from the game-keeper. In the thirteenth inning M'DEVITT was pretty well cut, DION pushing a nasty ball, scoring M'DEVITT and the table-cloth badly. Below I give a sketch of



MR. DION IN HIS FAVORITE POSITION,

the one he assumes on the home stretch. The greatest stretching he did was in the twentieth round, when he came up "smiling," caroming his ball at an angle of 22¼° across the top of the table, down one leg, across the floor, at an angle of 45°, up his pantaloon leg, and into his pocket. It is very seldom a shot like this is ever seen in this country. A gentleman here told me it was not possible outside of Canada. I told the gentleman I thought it equaled some of the best shots of the "Queen's Own" in their Fenian engagement. He made no reply. On inspecting the ball closely, which was a red one, I discovered a small string of gum-elastic attached to it, and the other end to his suspender button; thus by a vigorous push it flew across the table, over on to the floor, up his leg, and into his pocket, which the scorer said was equal to 496 points in the game. The ball was purchased that afternoon at the railroad depot of a boy who sold them under the cry of

"HERE YOU ARE NOW, RETURN BALLS!"

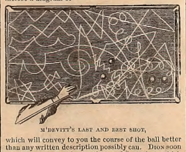
and which Mr. DION assured me was a neat thing. Betting now was 16¼ to 1 on DION. At this M'DEVITT warmed up to his work. He started on a run, struck the little joker, knocked it into every pocket round the table, and out of them down into the back-yard and up the front-stairs, and right past the ticket office without a "check," and into the middle of the table. Great cheering for M'DEVITT. Score stood 1400 to 664.

DION NOW GOT EXCITED.

Taking the cue in his teeth, and putting both hands in his pocket, he ran around the table three times, when turning a somersault he struck the ball with the butt end of his cue in a most beautiful and scientific manner, scoring a big run and his nose badly. Great cheering for DION. Score now stood 1400 to 2030, DION having scored 1384 by this shot alone.

At this point the game became tame again, both parties seeming to have exhausted themselves. Mr. PHELAN, the referee, busied himself in looking over the authorities so as to determine the proper score for such "runs" as the players had just made; not coming to a satisfactory conclusion from the books, a vote was taken after each shot by the audience as to how much it should count. For some time the players seemed to be unlucky, DION's balls "kissing" with great frequency, and showing as much familiarity as if they were "masked balls." M'DEVITT's several times became "frozen," and he had to keep pushing them about to keep up their circulation. Though each party carefully "nursed" their ivories, they seemed incapable of large runs. After a while M'DEVITT again came on the carpet, and picking up both of the balls he put them in his pocket, and kept them there for half an hour. This occasioned great cheering for M'DEVITT. He is the only player, the scorer said, who had succeeded in keeping his opponent's ball in the pocket for so long a time at one play. M'DEVITT's score now stood 5000 to 2030. DION now made a break, and got the reds under the lining of the table, and pushed them around for some time before he got them out. This little play sent DION's score up to about 8000. Mr. PHELAN remarked that if this style of play was going to continue it would be necessary for him to get a set of blank books to keep the count in, as he had never witnessed such playing before in his life. This was the celebrated "push" shot in so much favor by many players.

Things now began looking badly for M'DEVITT, but he got a magnificent run just at this point, which came near giving him the whole 10,000—the number of the game. The ball was about half an hour going through its evolutions and making its home run. I herewith inclose a diagram of



M'DEVITT'S LAST AND BEST SHOT,

which will convey to you the course of the ball better than any written description possibly can. DION soon after this put in his prettiest and last shot, which scored him the game, he making 10,003 to M'DEVITT's 9997. This shot went in under the cloth at one point, came out at another, and caromed into M'DEVITT's eye with considerable force. Mr. PHELAN said this scored DION out, but M'DEVITT failed to "see it," as indeed any thing else, for some time, and the impression was pretty general with the audience that somebody's eye will be shut up whenever a match-game at billiards is played.

The players now adjourned to the restaurant and made an immense "run" on Mrs. BETSY THOMPSON's edibles and drinkables, the winner of the late game scoring up a tremendous figure on the widow's slate, the bar-keeper making good innings and pocketing considerable with the greatest ease.

I don't think at billiards I could ever "pocket" much. Your own C. O. W.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE PATENT METALLIC AIR-TIGHT COFFIN COMPANY.—We would venture to recommend to this Company the following as an advertisement, which would possess the rare advantage of being literally and entirely true: "No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

### THE VINEGAR STORY.

BY A PASTOR.

Mr. G—— has one of the largest orchards in the parish, and is so conscientious that his cider is all made into vinegar. But his vinegar was made to sell, not to give away. When his daughter sickened and died I went there almost every day, about five miles off. When she died she had a great funeral, and I sat up most of the night to write a funeral sermon. I called the next day. Then a few days after I went, and thought I would carry my vinegar jug, which just then happened to be empty. The jug was filled. I did not like to take it away without offering to pay, and so I said, as meekly as possible, "What shall I pay you?" "Well," said my good parishioner, "I generally charge twenty-five cents a gallon, but seeing as how you have been so kind to me in trouble, etc., I won't charge you but twenty cents." At this time I had eleven children and was living on a salary of $600 per annum.

NOTICE.—The View to which Distance lent Enchantment is requested to return it at once, to prevent mistakes.

### IF YOU WANT A KISS, TAKE IT.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
  That is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in heaven
  When he has a woman's kiss;
But there's danger in delaying—
  And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover—
  If you want a kiss, why take it!

Never let another fellow
  Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
  See you spoiling for a kiss;
There's a royal way to kissing,
  And the jolly ones who make it,
Have a motto that is winning—
  If you want a kiss, why take it!

Any fool may face a cannon,
  Any body wear a crown;
But a man must win a woman
  If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
  You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
  And you want a kiss, why take it!

Who would burn upon a desert,
  With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
  For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,
  And you can not, can not break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
  Is to want a kiss, and take it.

A young lady being requested by an old bachelor to take a seat upon his knee, in a crowded sleigh, made the following reply: "No, thank you, I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

MAMMA. "You naughty, troublesome boy, I shall have to beat you, which will be quite a punishment to me."

BOY. "Well then, Ma, dear, let me beat you, and then *I* shall be punished."

### HE WOULDN'T PRAY.

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at any house where prayers are not regularly made each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding-house and filled it with boarders, but forgot until the eleventh hour the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man, from Trumbull county, who agreed to pay for his board in praying. For a while all went smoothly; but the boarding-master furnished his table so poorly that the boarders began to grumble and to leave, and the other morning the praying boarder actually "struck!" Something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:

LANDLORD. "Will you pray, Mr. Mild?"

MILD. "No, Sir, I will not."

LANDLORD. "Why not, Mr. Mild?"

MILD. "It don't pay, Sir. I can't pray on such victnals as these. And unless you bind yourself in writing to set a better table than you have for the last three weeks, nary another prayer do you get out of me."

And that's the way the matter stood at latest advices.

"Now put that back where you took it from," as the young lady said when her lover snatched a kiss.

The "National Game of the Egyptians?"—Pyramids.

Mark Twain, lecturing on the Sandwich Islands, offered to show how the cannibals eat their food, if some lady would hand him a baby. The lecture was not illustrated.

Noah was probably the only person who went to sea for fear of being drowned.

SOPHISTRY.—If punishment is capital, why should you change it? Let well alone.

A SMOOTH BORE—Young Hopeful's chin when his beard won't grow.

MAJOR-GENERAL SICKLES AS CORIOLANUS.

*Cor.* "By Jove himself,
It makes the Congress base: and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other."

*Shakspeare amended by John.*

## MAUDE CLARE.

Out of the church she followed them,
With a lofty step and mein;
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears,
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years:

"Your father thirty years ago
Had just your tale to tell:
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kissed the bride.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord,
Have brought my gift," she said:
"To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck
That day we waded ankle-deep
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We plucked from budding bough,
With feet among the lily-leaves—
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He faltered in his place:
"Lady," he said—"Maud Clare," he said—
"Maude Clare"—and hid his face.

She turned to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you;
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it or leave it as you will,
I wash my hands thereof."

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn I'll wear;
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maud Clare.

"Yea, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair,
I'll love him till he loves me best—
Me best of all—Maude Clare."

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

**Book II.**

## CHAPTER IX.

### A LETTER FROM AUNT MARY.

The steady-flowing stream of time, that will neither hurry nor slacken its course for any mortal of us all, brought, in due season, the spring to earth, and the Easter holidays to Mrs. Hatchett's establishment. Mabel had been looking and longing for an answer to her letter to her aunt, but it was not until about a week before the breaking up that the wished-for letter arrived. As, however, Mabel did not deem it right to take Mrs. Hatchett by surprise, she had given her notice of her intention to leave Eastfield at Easter. "I am cutting myself adrift," she thought; "but, come what may, I will not remain here. I would rather wear out my muscles than my heart-strings; if the worst comes to the worst, and Aunt Mary does not answer my letter, I can take Betty's place at Hazlehurst. It is better to do honest work with one's hands than dishonest work with one's head."

From which it may be seen that Mabel was quite insensible to the advantage of Mrs. Hatchett's school being conducted on the strictest principles of gentility.

Mrs. Hatchett, on the other hand, was sufficiently alive to her own interest to regret Mabel's departure, and even threw out, in a ruminating way, which recalled the old gray pony more vividly than ever, vague hints of a possible rise of salary and diminution of labor, if she would consent to remain.

At last came the letter from Aunt Mary. And here it is:

"Dublin, *April* 9.

"My darling Child,—I cried with joy to get your letter, and with sorrow over the news it contained. We all feel very much, dear Mabel, for your mother in her bereavement, and for you, and for the little boy. You know very well that Mr. Saxelby never quite understood us, but we have never felt any rancor against him. I'm quite sure he was a good conscientious man, who tried to do his duty, and sometimes I fear that I may have been a little hard upon him in my thoughts. God forgive me, if it is so. Your letter was forwarded to here by my old friend Richard Price, of the York Circuit. It followed me from place to place for a long time, so that will account for the delay in answering it. You ask a great deal about ourselves, but I must first speak of you, darling Mabel, and get that off my mind. You say you have firmly resolved to go on the stage. Uncle John and I have talked it all over together very anxiously. If your prospects were better, or if you thought you could make up your mind to your present life, I would say, 'Don't try a theatrical life.' Not that I ought to speak ill of the bridge that has carried me safely over. God knows I have many times thanked Him with all my heart that I had the power to earn my bread by my profession. But then, you see, my dear child, I know all the ins and outs of it: all the little troubles—and sometimes the big troubles, too!—and trials, and heart-burnings. However, Uncle John says that no calling in life is free from them, and that the reason why professional men so often wish their sons to follow any other profession than their own is, that every man knows his own troubles much better than he knows his neighbor's, and I dare say that's very true, Mabel. Shoes that look very pretty pinch very hard sometimes; but who can tell that except the wearer? Well, now, I mustn't scribble on all day, but come to the point. Uncle John and I send you our dear love, and if you will come to us, Mabel, and share our home, as in the old days—happy days they were, dear, in spite of all, at least they were so to us—we will try to put you in the way of making a beginning. I suppose you don't expect to come out in Lady Macbeth, or any thing of that sort? And then, you know, dear Mabel, it remains to be proved whether you have any real—I was going to say talent, but Uncle John, to whom I am reading aloud what I have written, makes me say—*aptitude* for the stage. You were always very clever and sensible as a child. But so many clever and sensible people are so very stupid behind the footlights. Not that I think you would be stupid any where, only, you know, it is *not* quite as easy as some folks fancy it to be. For my part, I have always been very glad to know that acting does not quite 'come by nature,' as Dogberry says reading and writing do. Uncle John says that is the real artist's feeling; but I think it is only because I like to be sure that I earn my money honestly. I don't express myself very clearly, dear Mabel, but I dare say you will understand what I mean. My poor child, how I cried over the picture of you sitting up in that lonely garret all the holiday time, studying Shakspeare! By-the-by, your studying will be of hardly any use to you, because the acting editions are quite different. As to ourselves, you will see by the date of this that we are in Ireland. I have been settled here now for three seasons, and Jack is engaged as second scene-painter, and we are doing well and are very comfortable. Dear me, I have not told you the great news of all. We have spoken and thought of you so constantly, that I forget how far apart you have been in reality from me and mine all these years. Polly is married! Married very well, indeed, to a teacher of music here, and she has one little girl, and is very happy. Janet is at home with us still, and grown such a sweet creature. Not pretty, Mabel—at least they say not. *I* think she has the loveliest face in the world. We have not let her do any thing, because, as perhaps you remember, she was always rather delicate from a baby. But she is such a comfort to her father! He often says that he forgets his blindness, so thoroughly does Janet make her eyes his own. Oh, Mabel, I have covered eight pages, and have not yet said half I wanted to say! I must, however, before I conclude, explain that during the summer vacation here we always go to Kilclare, in the south of Ireland, for a short season. The manager is an old acquaintance of ours, and we think it would be a very favorable opportunity for you to make a beginning. It's a little out-of-the-way nook—very pretty, very pleasant, and the people are so nice and kind. We leave Dublin for Kilclare in about two months from this date. But come to us as soon as you can. There will be much to do, and many things to settle. Of course you have no wardrobe or any thing of that sort; but—see how luckily it falls out!—there are nearly all Polly's stage dresses just as she left them. You won't mind using them, dear, just at first. Give my kind love to my sister-in-law, and Uncle John's too. Kiss your dear little brother for me. My dear child, I long to see you again. I suppose I shall hardly know you. But whatever else is changed, there will be our own Mabel's loving heart; that, I found by your letter, is unaltered. Ever your affectionate Aunt,

"Mary Walton Earnshaw.

"P.S. The inclosed is to help your journey. You won't scruple to take it from Uncle John. He says you must consider that he stands in the place of a father to you now. If you will let us know when you are coming, Jack shall meet you at Kingstown. I wish he could go across and bring you all the way, but I'm afraid we can't manage that. M. W."

When Mabel first opened the letter there had dropped out of it a five-pound note.

## CHAPTER X.

### MABEL'S CONFESSION.

"Mamma, mamma," said Mabel, after having read the foregoing letter to Mrs. Saxelby on the first evening of her return to Hazlehurst, "do you believe there is such another lovable, generous creature in all the world as Aunt Mary?"

Poor Mrs. Saxelby could not be as enthusiastic as her daughter. Every word of the letter made plain to her mind that another and a longer separation from her child was impending. And there was a passing pang of jealousy in her heart at the thought of those years in which she had been nothing to Mabel, and Mary Earnshaw had been every thing. She smiled faintly and answered, "Your aunt is very kind."

"Very kind, mamma? She is an angel. See how she puts herself in the back-ground. 'Your uncle says this; your uncle sends you this money.' Yes; but I know that it is all her doing. Dear Uncle John is very good, but he would not have the power to help me that she has."

It was evident that nothing less than her mother's authoritative prohibition would prevent Mabel from embracing the chance thus held out to her. And Mrs. Saxelby knew herself well enough to be aware that she would be quite unable to give a stern refusal to any prayer of Mabel's. But Mabel knew instinctively that what she had next to tell would cause her mother a still more bitter disappointment. Nevertheless, it must be told.

"Mamma," she said, "let me sit at your feet and lean my head on your knees, as I used to do when I was a little girl. There—so."

Mrs. Saxelby stroked her soft hair in silence. The caressing mother's touch suddenly broke up the fountain of tears that had been frozen for many days in the girl's breast by her proud, undemonstrative self-repression, and she sobbed with her face hidden in her mother's lap, and told her all.

"Oh, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, almost in a wail; "oh, Mabel!"

"I knew you would be grieved, mamma dear. And that makes my grief the greater."

"He is so good, Mabel. So true, so highly principled, so kind-hearted. He has been like a son to me, and I feel as if he were almost as dear to me as a son. You couldn't help loving him if you did not purposely steel your heart against him."

"It is over, mamma. He will be sorry for a while, but then he will find some one who will value and love him as he deserves, and whom his family will be glad to welcome and make much of."

They sat talking far into the night, until Mrs. Saxelby was startled by the striking of the hour from the belfry of the village church, and hurriedly bade Mabel go to her bed and seek the rest she was so much in need of. But before they separated Mabel had received her mother's reluctant consent to accept her aunt's offer.

"But yet—but yet—but yet, my darling," said Mrs. Saxelby, holding her daughter to her breast, "how I wish you could make up your mind to think favorably of Clement's suit! Good Heavens, to think of the girls who would give the world for such an offer!"

"Mamma, I will tell you something that may help to reconcile you to my refusal. Besides the injustice I should do Clement Charlewood were I to marry him without really loving him enough, I have reason to believe that I should also be injuring his worldly prospects. From some words that Penelope once said to me—and Penelope speaking on such a subject would weigh her words, you and I know—I feel sure that a marriage between his son and a penniless girl like myself would so anger and disappoint Mr. Charlewood as to make a serious difference in Clement's circumstances. Perhaps Mr. Charlewood might even disinherit him."

"I don't believe it, Mabel; and, besides, I was not thinking of the money only."

But, nevertheless, as Mabel had said, the suggestion did help to reconcile Mrs. Saxelby somewhat to her daughter's decision.

## CHAPTER XI.

### DOOLEY EXECUTES A TERRIBLE THREAT.

Mabel allowed no time to be lost before replying to her aunt's letter. She decided to start for Ireland at the end of April, which was now only ten days distant, and had calculated that she should thus have six weeks with her aunt in Dublin, to make preparation for her first attempt at Kilclare. When once the letter was written and dispatched, Mrs. Saxelby appeared to become more reconciled to the idea of Mabel's going. "Though what," she said, with a sudden qualm of remembrance, "though what, my dear, will Miss Fluke say about it?"

The mother and daughter were sitting at work, engaged in some ingenious contrivance for making "auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;" and Dooley, perched on the window-sill with the kitten in his lap, was studying a picture alphabet with a thoughtful brow. At the mention of Miss Fluke, he looked up quickly. "Miss Fook's very naughty," said Dooley; "she made mamma c'y. I s'all 'mack Miss Fook!"

"Dooley!" urged his sister, in feigned amazement, though she had much ado to keep a grave countenance, so irresistibly absurd was the notion of Dooley engaged in inflicting condign chastisement on Miss Fluke. "Dooley, what shocking things are you saying? Come here to me, Sir. Why, I declare I don't know you. Is this my own good little brother, this angry, frowning boy?"

The child's face was crimson, and he had clenched his small fist in his wrath.

"I s'all 'mack Miss Fook if she makes mamma c'y," he repeated, with great determination.

"Don't say any more just now, Mabel," whispered Mrs. Saxelby. "Go back to the window, Julian, and learn your lesson. I shall expect you to know F and G when I call you. The fact is," she continued, when the child had obeyed her and was deep in his book again, "the fact is, I want him to forget all about the scene. I never saw him so excited as he was after Miss Fluke went away the other day."

"I think I should have been inclined to be excited too," said Mabel, with flashing eyes. "Do you really mean to say that that woman made you shed tears, mamma?"

"Hush. Yes. You know my nerves are not strong; and I was worried and lonely; and she took me by surprise; and she was so loud, and so vehement! Oh, Mabel, it was terrible, I assure you! You don't know how dreadful she can be. It is quite impossible to cope with her."

"I should not think of trying," replied Mabel, with a disdainful lip; "I should simply withdraw my attention, and let her rave unnoticed."

"Good gracious, Mabel! Withdraw your attention? Short of putting cotton wool in your ears, there is no possibility of withdrawing your attention from Miss Fluke when once she begins in earnest. Besides, I don't like to be openly rude to her, for I can't help feeling that she means it all for my good."

"It's a very amiable feeling, mamma. But I take the liberty of doubting whether Miss Fluke is a better judge of what is good for you than you are yourself."

"I say, missus!" exclaimed Betty, opening the parlor door and putting her head inside the room mysteriously, "here be Miss Fluke a-comin'! I were a-carryin' some pig-wash out to the sty, when I seed her three fields off, a-comin' along the path. She do stump along at a rate. I thought mayhap you'd like to have warnin'," added Betty, ingenuously. "I allus do lock my work-box up from her now. She bates all for curosity, does Miss Fluke."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Mrs. Saxelby, absolutely turning pale, "what shall we do?"

"Dear mamma, don't distress yourself. If you dread seeing her so much, go to your own room and let me speak with her. I will say you are not equal to seeing her to-day; and that will be true enough."

Mrs. Saxelby could not repress a sigh of relief at this proposition.

"But," she said, hesitating, "it seems so cowardly to leave you to face her alone."

Mabel laughed with almost childish enjoyment. "Oh, don't mind me, mamma," she said, with the irrepressible high spirits of youth dancing in her eyes. "I am not a bit afraid."

"Ain't you indeed, my dear, said Mrs. Saxelby, regarding her daughter with a kind of wistful admiration. "Ain't you indeed?" And then she stole quietly up stairs, and Mabel heard the door of her bedroom softly shut, and the bolt drawn.

Betty's irreverent phrase expressed Miss Fluke's method of locomotion very graphically. She did "stump along at a rate." And many seconds had not elapsed after Mrs. Saxelby's retirement to her own room, when Miss Fluke's martial tread was heard resounding on the flagged stone passage, and that lady, eschewing any preliminary ceremony of knocking at the door, burst into the little parlor with all her own peculiar vigor.

For a minute or so she stood stock-still, and stared around her. Mabel was stitching away placidly, and Dooley remained curled up in the window-sill, half hidden behind his broad picture-book.

"How d'ye do, Miss Fluke?" said Mabel, looking up. "Pray sit down."

"Why, goodness me, Mabel!" cried Miss Fluke, with a gasp occasioned partly by surprise and partly by the breathlessness consequent upon the rapid pace she had come at, "is that you?"

"Yes," said Mabel, rising to bring forward a chair for Miss Fluke, and then resuming her own. "Yes, it is I. Won't you sit down?"

Among Miss Fluke's many admirable qualities, that of a quick and accurate perceptive faculty could not be counted. She did not comprehend the situation with the rapid intuition which would have enabled some women to see their way at a glance, but continued to stare about her with an air of bewilderment. "Where's your mother?" she said at last, abruptly.

"Mamma is in her own room."

"In her own room? But she must have been here this minute, for there's her work with the needle half stuck in it." Miss Fluke held up a long strip of muslin triumphantly, and looked at Mabel as though she had just detected her in some attempt to deceive. Miss Fluke was very prone to suppose that people uttered deliberate untruths, and to rejoice openly in their fancied detection.

"She was here, certainly," rejoined Mabel; "but Betty saw you coming, and gave us warning, and then mamma went away to her room."

Miss Fluke stared at Mabel for a second or two, with eyes so wide open that it seemed as if she would never be able to shut them again.

"I said I would tell you," proceeded Mabel, in the same unmoved voice, "that mamma did not feel strong enough to see you to-day. She would be sorry, I know, if you thought her unkind or discourteous."

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Miss Fluke, emphatically. "Never! I have come here, at *great* inconvenience (leaving Louisa to take the afternoon practice for next Sabbath's hymns), expressly to see your mother, and now your mother shuts herself up in her own room. I don't understand what your mother means by it!"

"I'm very sorry, Miss Fluke, but mamma can not see you to-day. If you will intrust me with any message, I will deliver it."

After a pause of consideration, during which the silence was only broken by the occasional click of Mabel's thimble as she busily plied her work, Miss Fluke untied her bonnet-strings and dropped into the chair with a violent concussion.

"*Well*," she said, "since I am here, I will endeavor to improve the occasion."

"Suppose you begin by having something to eat after your walk, Miss Fluke," said Mabel, demurely.

"Not for the world, Mabel," returned Miss Fluke, with great solemnity. "I am thinking of matters which concern the soul, and not the body. And besides," with still more impressive emphasis, "I ain't at all hungry."

Mabel could not for the life of her resist a smile. "That is an excellent reason for not eating," she observed.

"Mabel," said Miss Fluke, suddenly, "do you know what has become of the child Cordelia?"

"Become of her?"

"Yes; she and her father and her brother have left New Bridge Street, and gone away, nobody knows where."

"Is that all? You startled me. I feared that some harm had befallen poor Corda. No; indeed I do not know where they are. How *should* I know?"

"Because you have been in communication with them; because Mrs. Hutchins knows that you wrote to the man Trescott, and that he answered your letter," rejoined Miss Fluke, with her detective air. "What do you say to that, Mabel?"

"I say nothing to that, Miss Fluke."

"You say nothing?"

"Nothing."

This reply was so totally unexpected that Miss Fluke could do nothing but stare at Mabel, open-mouthed. Again there was a long, silent pause. But though Miss Fluke might be astonished, it was not in the power of any mortal to quell her energy. So, baffled on one point, she returned to the attack on another.

"And is it really true," she said, shaking her head violently, "is it really true, this dreadful, shocking, *awful* news that I hear about you, Mabel?"

The tone of her voice was so loud and menacing, that Dooley left his place at the window, and crept up close to Mabel, as if in expectation of a personal attack on the part of Miss Fluke, from which he intended to protect his sister.

"I heard something of this from Mrs. Hutchins, but I could not bring myself to believe it. I positively could not, so I came to Hazlehurst the other day to wring the truth from Mrs. Saxelby. What she is about, or how she can reconcile it to her conscience to allow such a thing, *I* don't know."

"Mamma's dood, an' oo're naughty," said Dooley. "Oo made mamma c'y."

"She may well hide herself from me," pursued Miss Fluke, heedless of the interruption, and now in the full tide of her angry eloquence. "She may well be ashamed to look an old friend in the face—not to mention the daughter of a minister of the Gospel."

The color was mounting to Dooley's forehead, and he kept his eyes fixed unwinkingly on Miss Fluke's face.

"Don't tell Me of a mother's love," continued Miss Fluke, joining her hands together on her breast, and then separating them widely, with the

palms turned outward, which gesture she repeated at every clause of her discourse: "Don't tell Me of fond indulgence. Don't tell Me of self-sacrifice. Where is the sense of duty in a parent who allows her child to be lost before her eyes, and does not stir a finger to save her? I call your mother not weak, but wicked. Inexcusably *wicked*, Mabel Earnshaw."

The words had no sooner passed her lips than Dooley, who had planted himself in front of the chair on which she was seated, raised his tiny hand and struck a blow upon Miss Fluke's cheek with such right good-will that the marks of four small fingers and a thumb were visibly impressed on it in crimson lines; immediately afterward he raised a prolonged bellow, and, bursting into floods of tears, hid his face in his sister's lap and kicked convulsively.

The proceeding was so sudden and so unforeseen, that for an instant both Mabel and Miss Fluke were paralyzed with astonishment. As soon, however, as Mabel recovered her presence of mind she called Betty and consigned the sobbing child to her care. "Oh, Dooley, Dooley, I am so sorry and so shocked!"

As to Miss Fluke, she arose and stood erect, receiving all Mabel's apologies with rigid inflexibility.

"You know how distressed I am that this should have happened," said Mabel, earnestly, "and I hope you will forgive poor Dooley; he is but a baby."

"Of course I forgive him," said Miss Fluke, in her hardest tones. "I forgive every body. It is my duty so to do. But it is very sad and terrible to see the old Adam so violent and ungovernable in so young a child. If he was My little boy he should have a sound whipping, and be kept on bread and water until he had learned Dr. Watts's beautiful hymn by heart—that one that says:

But, children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise.

However, I have no more to say on the subject. I merely desire to know from your own lips, Mabel, if the awful news that I hear about you is true."

"Miss Fluke," said Mabel, regarding her visitor steadily, "I might fence with you, and ask what news you allude to; or I might decline to answer a question so couched; or I might inquire by what right you put the question at all. But I prefer to answer you clearly, and with what good-humor I can command. I am going on the stage, or at least I am going to make an attempt to do so. I shall be under the care of a relative whom I dearly love and thoroughly respect, and who is herself an actress. Mamma has given her consent to my plan. I am thoroughly resolved to try it, and nothing you can possibly say can shake my resolution for an instant. Will you shake hands with me, Miss Fluke, and say no more on this subject? I am willing to believe you have acted from a sense of duty. Will you not judge as charitably of me?"

Mabel held out her hand with a frank, winning gesture; but Miss Fluke drew herself up to her full height, and, folding her arms tightly, answered:

"No, Mabel, certainly not. I couldn't think of such a thing on any account whatsoever. I shall make a point of praying for you specially every Sunday, and I trust your heart may be turned, and you may be brought to see the error of your ways; but;" here Miss Fluke became so very upright that it seemed as if she must positively be standing on tip-toe; "but *I* can make no compromise with sin!" Thus concluding, Miss Fluke drew her shawl round her with great energy, and marched majestically out of the room and from the house.

## CHAPTER XII.

### "MY NATIVE LAND, GOOD-NIGHT!"

Under a dark-blue sky, studded with myriads of twinkling stars, and through an atmosphere so still that the smoke from the tall black funnel curled in a long roll, and melted faintly into air in the far distance behind her, a steamer was cutting her way through the waters of St. George's Channel toward the Irish shore. The long track of foam from her paddles glistened white upon the dark sea, and, save for the strong vibrating pulse of her machinery, there was scarcely any motion in the ship, except now and then a long, gentle, rolling swell, as if old Ocean were lazily turning in his sleep. Most of the passengers had gone below. Two or three men, wrapped in rough coats, tramped with measured step up and down the deck, stopping always at precisely the same spot in their walk, and executing a resounding stamp before they turned to pace back again.

The deep night sky watched golden-eyed above, the deep waters slept placidly below, and in all the air was a calm silence and the salt savor of the sea.

To one leaving home alone, and for the first time, the sense of change and strangeness is necessarily much greater when the journey is made by sea than by land. In the latter case, the parting from familiar objects is more gradual; and the constantly varying scenes that meet the eye melt imperceptibly into one another, without any strong line of demarcation between the old and well-known and the new and strange. But to the unaccustomed traveler on shipboard the change is complete. Such a traveler is cut off from all familiar sights and sounds, without any gradual process of preparation, and is almost as strange and lone as though embarked upon some unknown planet for a sail through space.

Thus, at least, felt one inexperienced voyager on the Irish mail steam-packet bound from Liverpool to Kingstown. Mabel Earnshaw sat apart on deck, gazing with her outward eyes at the blue moonless heavens, but seeing with the vision of the spirit a busy panorama unrolling itself before her. All her thoughts were retrospective. The young, strong in their youth, and in the confidence of natures unacquainted with harshness or repression, look boldly forth upon the future from the warm shelter of home. But once launched into the wide, pitiless world, how the heart remembers the sweetness of the love left behind! As we may fancy that some fledgling bird, when first it tries its trembling pinion, may faint and yearn for the soft safety of the mother's nest.

Mabel leaned back against the ship's bulwarks, and looked at her past life. First among its memories came the shadowy image of her dead father, kept alive in her heart chiefly by the fond faithful praises of Aunt Mary, who was unwearied in her gratitude to and love for "John's brother." Then, while she was yet too young to feel the separation very keenly, came the parting from her mother, and her sojourn in her uncle's home. She remembered cousin Polly, a tall, merry, good-humored girl of nearly fifteen years; she remembered Jack, terrible in the matter of torn jackets, and costing unheard-of sums in boots, but generous, warm-hearted, and able to draw the most wonderfully beautiful pictures—so they

"WITHOUT A WORD."

seemed to Mabel's admiring eyes—with the most unpromising materials. Then there was Uncle John, always an object of the tenderest care to all the family, erect and portly, with a placid, gentle smile upon his sightless face, and usually to be found, at home or abroad, with Janet's tiny hand fast clasped in his, and Janet's earnest, childish voice translating into words for her father's ear all that came under the inspection of her grave, observant eyes. Lastly came Aunt Mary, the sun that warmed and lighted this domestic system. Cheerful, active, hopeful, unselfish: the soul of simple kindliness: Aunt Mary, whose genial, honest nature no poverty could embitter, and who, as Mabel well remembered, would, in the midst of her own struggles, not only freely utter the charitable word that consoles, but hold out the charitable hand that helps, to many a comrade in distress.

All that old time came back to Mabel as she sat on the vessel's deck beneath the stars: the lessons read aloud to Uncle John, and elucidated by his comments; the rambles, under Jack's guidance, in broad country meadows; the queer, humble lodgings in provincial towns; the shabby clothes, and threadbare little gloves, and sunburnt bonnets, and the light-hearted disregard of all such shortcomings; the Sunday afternoon excursions, in which Aunt Mary often (but not always) had leisure to join, when, after church-time, the whole family would sally forth, carrying cold meat and bread in a basket, and would picnic in some quiet nook miles out in the country, returning dusty, tired, and happy, through the glimmering summer twilight; the occasional visit to the boxes of the theatre, and the breathless interest and delight awakened by some thrilling melodrama: an interest in no degree rendered less keen by personal acquaintance with all the performers, or by a certain knowledge that Mr. Montmorency, who enacted the villain, was *not* dead when the captain of the guard fired, and when he fell with a crash upon the stage, uttering a yell of rage and anguish, but would get up presently and go comfortably home and eat a hot supper.

How it all came back to Mabel, the pathos and the fun, the poverty and the contentment, the smiles and the tears, as she sat there on the vessel's deck beneath the stars!

Then followed the news of her mother's marriage, and the parting from her relatives, and the five years of school-life passed chiefly in an old-fashioned roomy house in a country village, where the schoolmistress, a pleasant, stately gentlewoman as unlike Mrs. Hatchett as possible, had been so kind and motherly, and where she had first met Augusta Charlewood. Augusta Charlewood! At the recollection of that name, and all the associations it conjured up, Mabel felt the blood tingle in her cheek, and the hot tears well up into her eyes. "He is very good and generous," she murmured. "Very noble-minded and unselfish! I hope he may not quite forget me. I should be sorry to be quite forgotten by him. And I hope—oh! I do hope, with all my heart—that he may find some girl to love him very dearly, and to make him a good wife!"

Then the slides of that most magical of magic lanterns called Memory became peopled with a throng of oddly assorted figures, that passed vividly before her. Miss Fluke, and her father and sisters, marched past busily; little Corda's pale face looked up out of her bed, at Mr. Saxelby, upright and dapper, picking his way over the wet stones to church; the draggled gown of Mrs. Hutchins appeared side by side with Mrs. Charlewood's costly velvets; Penelope and young Trescott, the mild old clergyman at Hazlehurst, Mrs. Hatchett, and the ugly Swiss governess, were all flitting backward and forward pell-mell. And amidst them all there was ever her mother's graceful, delicate form, and the bright golden curls that she had loved to fondle on Dooley's innocent brow.

But surely her memory held no such figure as this that stood before her: a bluff, red-faced man wrapped in a pea-coat, and holding between his lips a great cigar, that glowed through the darkness like a railway signal!

It was the captain of the vessel, to whose care she had been specially consigned on leaving Liverpool by some friends of the late Mr. Saxelby, who had met her there and put her on board.

"I thought I would prefer to stay on deck, Captain Duff. It is so much pleasanter here than in the close cabin."

"Ay," was the answer in the broadest Scotch: "it's like a good many other pleasant things, not altogether prudent. Why, were ye thinking of passing the neecht up here? Hoot, my dear young leddy, joost take my advice, and go away down to bed. Ye're half-way to the Land of Nod the noo'; and I'll undertake that ye'll not be five minutes in the warm cabin before ye'll be sleeping joost as peacefully as possible."

"I won't be obstinate, captain," said Mabel, rising with a smile. Indeed, the captain spoke with a mingling of fatherly kindness and authority which it was not easy to resist.

"Good-night, and good rest to ye. Ye'll awake in the Emerald Isle. I expect we'll be in about saven to-morrow morning."

A loud grating and clanking of chains, the heavy tread of feet, and a confused noise of many voices, roused Mabel from a dreamless sleep, and she hastened to dress and go on deck. They were in Kingstown harbor, lying close alongside the quay, and the sun was shining brightly on the dancing waters. Many times afterward Mabel looked at and admired the beauties of that beautiful Bay of Dublin, but now she scarcely saw or observed them, so anxiously were her eyes employed in scanning the faces on the quay above the vessel. Porters and carmen were shouting and gesticulating with wonderful vehemence, all talking together, and at the full pitch of their lungs; leaning over the iron railing were two or three gentlemen, but Mabel could not fancy any of those to be her cousin. She was beginning to fear that he had not yet arrived to meet her, when she heard Captain Duff's voice behind her, saying: "Here she is; this is the young leddy;" and, turning round, encountered the inquiring gaze of two round, merry blue eyes belonging to a young man dressed in a loose coat and slouched hat, and with the ends of his neckerchief fluttering in the morning breeze. Mabel looked at him doubtfully for a second, and then inquired: "Are you Jack?"

"Of course I am Jack," replied the young man, seizing her hand and shaking it heartily. "I am Jack; but are you Mabel? That's the question. Gracious, how you've grown! How glad I am to see you! How are you! Won't mother be delighted! Come along! Where are your boxes? That black one, and the little canvas-covered one? All right. You've got no bandboxes, and that's a blessing! Wait here one instant, and I'll get a porter directly. Now then! Come along! The railway takes us into Dublin, not two minutes' drive from where we live."

Mabel, pausing a moment to say good-by to Captain Duff and thank him for his kindness, was surprised to see Jack interchange cordial greetings with the old Scotchman.

"Oh ay," said the latter, to Mabel, "Mr. Walton and I are auld acquaintance. I'm quite comfortable about ye, now I know whose care ye're consigned to. Make my best respects to your mother, Walton. She's a fine person; a very fine person." Which eulogium in the captain's mouth meant something very different from the interpretation most English people would put upon it.

Mabel was hurried by her cousin into a railway carriage, and soon rattled into a dingy station. Then she confusedly descended several stone steps to the street, was placed on one side of an outside car, balanced by Jack on the other side, and her trunks in the middle; and after a short, rapid drive was deposited at the door of a small neat house in a wide, straggling half-built square, and found herself in a cheerful room with breakfast spread, a bright tea-kettle singing on the hob, and amidst a chorus of "Here she is!" "Here's Mabel," "Darling child," "Welcome, welcome!" was clasped in the arms of Aunt Mary.

END OF BOOK II.

## WITHOUT A WORD.

The clouds parted to show the moon,
At nine of a night in the heart of June,
Just as I leaped on the garden wall
To answer the gentle Kate's soft call.
Over her forehead, whiter than wax,
Over her tresses, fairer than flax,
Purest and softest the moonbeams fell,
As though they loved on such charms to dwell.

Her cheek in her hand had sought repose,
As a lily were folded over a rose:
Her scarlet lips had trembled apart,
As if sweet thoughts crept up from her heart:
And her shy, bright eyes, with their blue-bell tinge,
Hid themselves under their golden fringe.
So she leant 'gainst the moss-grown stone,
The bonniest lassie you ever have known.

The tale of my love must be told that night,
Could I but fashion my speech aright:
My bronzed cheek burnt, and my heart beat loud,
And I wished the moon back under her cloud;
Never a word would come into my head,
So I stooped and gave her a kiss instead,
A moment she struggled her lips to free,
Then, with a sob, gave them up to me.

Over my soul crept a holy calm,
And our hands were meeting palm to palm,
And as a bird that had found her nest,
Her fair head fluttered down on my breast,
And I knew, by the throb of the heart I heard,
I had won my darling without a word.
For wherefore hath Love a need for speech
While the eye can pray and the cheek can preach?

Mary Kyle Dallas.

WAR RELICS IN THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

ARRESTED RAG-PICKERS IN CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

## MISSOURI WAR RELICS.

ON entering the Adjutant-General's office in Jefferson City, Missouri, the stranger sees the flags of the different Missouri regiments there preserved. Arranged with great taste, beneath the drapery, formed of flags and banners, are other trophies and photographs that give great interest to the visitor, particularly if he has seen these flags carried forward, time and again, against the deadly fire of a strong rebel line.

The clerks are nearly all ex-members of the Fifteenth Corps, wearing their old cartridge-box badges with a pride too evident to escape our attention. Among the photographs are very many familiar faces of men well-known for bravery on many fields, and officers of regiments, the achievements of which the State of Missouri may well be proud. Wooden mortars from Mobile, guns, swords, and colors that had been captured, and trophies too numerous to enumerate, are disposed tastefully about the room. There is no State that has so neatly an arranged room in which to display the army relics of the troops of the State as Missouri.

## THE CHIFFONNIERS IN CONVENTION.

THERE are constantly to be seen in the metropolis numbers of rag-pickers and garbage-gatherers, who roam about the streets with small carts drawn by dogs harnessed to them. On June 20th last the citizens of New York had an opportunity of beholding a convention of these characters in City Hall Park. The opportunity was not lost on our artist, who has faithfully reproduced on this page the curious scene of the convocation of chiffonniers. The assemblage was forced upon the rag-pickers through the instrumentality of the police, who arrested and detained them in City Hall Park in default of the payment of their license fees. The police arrested over fifty of these characters.

## HOW SERPENTS SHED THEIR SKINS.

ONCE a year in the temperate zones all serpents cast off their skins. Lobsters, crabs, and all the tribes which have their skeletons outside, like a hard case, are also subjected to the same law, difficult as the feat appears to be.

Early in the spring, as soon as serpents have crawled from their dens where they have passed the winter in a torpid state, they move about in sunny places for a short time, when they feel an instinctive impulse to seek a comfortable, warm position, where they remain quiescently a few days. The body seems to shrink in volume, while the skin on the margins of the lips loosens and turns outwardly. When that occurs the serpent thrusts its head through a coil of its own flexible body, drawn tight enough to roll the peeling-off skin a little further. After resting a few minutes, in a twinkling it makes another coil and again strains its head through as before, peeling back the skin still further. Thus it proceeds till the old scarf-skin has passed the middle, when pressing the weight of the denuded half on the portion of skin beyond, which is inside out, draws out the remaining part of the body as one turns off a stocking from the foot.

In that manner all serpents, even to the huge anaconda of Africa, annually appear in a new and brilliant skin, accompanied by a voracious appetite which living food alone can satisfy. They never feed on any thing that does not give the evidence of vitality, unless seized by mistake. Naturalists contemplate this yearly desquamation of ophidians with peculiar interest, because it is cast so perfectly whole and uninjured.

FREE GRAPE VINES, &c.—See advertisement of Free Grape Vines and other Plants.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Morton makes no Pens stamped with the Name or Trade-mark of any other; therefore, where an Agency is established, the public will be best suited, and at the same prices, by calling on the Agent; in all other places those wishing the Morton Pen must send to Headquarters, where their orders will receive prompt attention, if accompanied with the cash.

A Catalogue, with full description of Sizes and Prices, sent on receipt of letter postage.

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This remedy has ever and always been found reliable. As a gentle stimulant and tonic appetizer it can not be excelled. It is no doubt a sovereign remedy for stomachic disorders—for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and in stimulating a healthy appetite.

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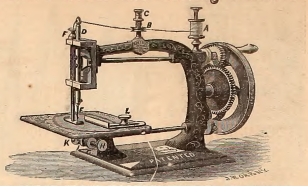


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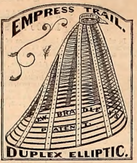


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## AMERICAN ARTISTS.

We continue this week our series of portraits of the American Artists, giving those of George Inness, John F. Kensett, and S. R. Gifford.

### GEORGE INNESS.

Mr. Inness realizes perhaps more than any of our painters the popular idea of an artist. His slight form, his marked features, his sensitive mouth, his high cheek-bones, and sharp-cut prominent brow, which incases dark-brown eyes, now restless and now fixed, as when discussing some question of art or philosophy, or when engaged at his profession in the production of some exquisite effect of color; his long black hair, always in disorder, his ardent temperament and sensitive nature, his ignorance of the "*savoir-faire*" of life—all go to make up the artist. Mr. Inness began to draw and paint when he was a child, in spite of the efforts of prudent parents to turn his attention in other directions. He has made the art of landscape painting his profession for twenty years. In the early days of his career he was with Gigneux; then he went to Europe for two years. Sometimes his pictures have been compared to those of Turner and Rousseau, but he resembles either of these great painters as little as they resemble each other. He is broader and simpler than the one, more subtle than the other, with more of religion than either. He is thoroughly American, but of the highest æsthetical type of the American. He is, in his pictures, what Keats and Hiene are to poetry, what Robert Franz and Beethoven are to music. If he had not possessed an intense love of form and a wondrous sense and power of expression of color, he would have been a preacher or a philosopher in another way, for he has a deep religious nature and an extraordinarily analytical philosophical mind. In his religious faith he is a disciple of Swedenborg, and believes that all material objects in form and color have a spiritual significance and correspondence. Whether or not he succeeds in realizing his belief upon canvas, certain it is that, while never sensational, his pictures are at times the gentlest expression of poetic sentiment, and again are full of the grandeur and majesty of an epic. An illustration of both one and the other may be seen in the series of pictures, "The Triumph of the Cross," now on exhibition at the Russ Gallery.

GEORGE INNESS.

Mr. Inness was born in Newburg, New York, some forty years ago. He has a charming residence and studio near Perth Amboy, where he paints from nature winter and summer. He is an Associate Member of the Academy of Design, and although acknowledged to stand at the head of his profession, for some unexplainable reason he has never yet been elected an Academician.

### JOHN F. KENSETT.

There was no pleasanter place in Rome, some years ago, than the spacious studio in which John F. Kensett and Thomas Hicks painted the pictures which were sent home afterward, and many of which are familiar to all who have followed with interest the progress of American art. Nor will the writer of these lines ever forget the lovely evening in Verona when Hicks and he shook hands with Kensett, who said good-by from the top of the diligence, and the next moment was bowling over the great plain of Lombardy toward Paris and America. He was going home to discover what a kind and genial welcome awaited him; to find that the care and fidelity and enthusiasm of years which he had devoted to the pursuit of his art had not been wasted, but had given him a position among the first of American artists—a position which he has never lost. An exquisite poetic perception, a sensitive delicacy of temperament which is affected by the beauty and glory of nature in every aspect, and a conscientious devotion to study which has thoroughly accomplished a remarkable natural facility, explain both the works and the fame of Kensett.

Born in Connecticut he early studied engraving, and was an adept in that kindred pursuit when the stronger talent developed itself, and drew him to landscape art. His residence and industry in England and Italy, and his thoughtful study of the great fathers of his art, have not in the least affected his interest and delight in the aspects of American nature. The Catskill and White Mountains, Lake George and Rhode Island, have been his familiar haunts, and the earnest diligence with which he used to study and draw and color a weed or a burdock-leaf in the Galleria at Albano, in Italy, have enabled him all the more skillfully to represent the long tender lines of Lake George, or the cool, crisp, translucent greenness of the Atlantic surf. If an air of half-dreamy softness overhangs his canvas, and a tender melancholy lurks in the shadowy vistas of lake or grove or valley which he depicts, it is neither the softness of feebleness nor the melancholy of sentimentality. The sweetest songs of Burns are not cheerier than Kensett's pictures, and their melancholy is as breezy and healthful as the shades of Ardennes. In his case the man is the artist. When you see his pictures you see him. And they are of such noble and permanent character and charm because they are so wholly sincere.

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Mr. Gifford is one of the best representatives of our landscape school of art, which today may fairly take rank with that of any European nation. Mr. Gifford's pictures are of the kind which do not force themselves upon

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PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.—[Photographed by

your attention, but rather win you by sympathy and love. Thus he rarely indulges in startling effects of color, nor does he journey far away to seek for scenes which are meant to excite and astonish you, but, with loving eye and gentle hand, he finds and reproduces upon the canvas those views familiar to us all. The placid lake, reflecting tree, and fruit, and mountain; the rough hill-sides and grain-clad valleys of New England; the sea-shore, with boundless stretch of ocean—and all this rendered with fine conception, with careful, laborious touch, with conscientious skill. And in the artist we see the man, earnest, dignified, grave even, were it not for the quiet humor which bubbles out here and there in talk and act. Conscious of the high mission the true artist is called to fill, he tries to obey it, and pays that highest honor to his art by respecting himself. He has a refined sense of the beautiful, and a high expression of order, which exhibits itself in all he does.

Mr. Gifford is a native of Saratoga County. He has journeyed and studied in foreign lands, making the tour of Great Britain and the Continent, gathering many studies which have been beautifully reproduced in finished pictures. Mr. Gifford is rather tall, with dark eyes and hair, and a face which wins respect and confidence at once. His studio is in the Tenth Street building. He commenced the study of art when fifteen years old, was elected Associate Member of the Academy of Design in 1850, and Academician in 1854. One of the honorable incidents in the history of Mr. Gifford is his six months' service as a private soldier in the army during the war.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 13, 1867.

## FOURTH OF JULY, 1867.

The great national festival returns, and the great principle which hallows it is more precious and more universally acknowledged than ever before. That principle has had both its noblest illustration and its sharpest trial in this country; which must be also the arena of its further progressive vindication. The day itself has a special historical charm for us because of the romance of the Revolution. All the heroic days and figures that have intervened have not obscured the lustre of the Fourth of July, 1776, nor hidden the forms of the men whose act makes it famous. The story is still fresh. The names are still dear. The work, of which they could not foresee the magnitude, still proceeds, and we hand it down to our children. The events of the last few years have shown us more clearly than ever the fundamental truth of the principle upon which our Government is founded. And no duty should be so earnestly enforced upon this anniversary as that of fully comprehending the nature and scope of that principle.

"The sacred rights of mankind," said Alexander Hamilton, replying to the Tory farmer of Westchester, "are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written as with a sunbeam in the whole volume of human nature by the hand of the Divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power." In such strains of lofty music did the great call to arms begin.

So, in his vindication of the Massachusetts Assembly, James Otis, the fiery tongue of patriotism, declared: 1. God made all men naturally equal. 2. The idea of earthly superiority, pre-eminence, and grandeur are educational—at least acquired, and not innate. 3. Kings were (and plantation governors should be) made for the good of the people, and not the people for them." And again he exclaims: "There can be no prescription old enough to supersede the law of nature and the grant of God Almighty, who has given all men a right to be free."

When the British troops were expected ninety-nine years ago Samuel Adams spoke for all the Sons of Liberty in saying: "It is the first principle of civil society, founded in nature and reason, that no law of the society can be binding on any individual without his consent, given by himself in person, or by his representative of his own free election."

On the 28th of June, 1776, Thomas Jefferson, then thirty-three years old, introduced into the Continental Congress the draft of the Declaration of Independence, in which he summed up the common faith of all generous American minds of the time, and in words that have become to us sublime: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among them are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Here was no new thought, but the daring act of founding a government upon a principle which a few thinkers had perceived and been held visionary for believing. Here was an act which renounced the ancient theory of society, and planted government upon a moral basis. The political philosophy of the fathers was expressed [illegible] "All men are born equal." has been passionately contradicted. But out of that doctrine flows our political life. Out of it will spring all the blessings and progress that are to follow. That is what the bells ring and the birds sing on Fourth of July in the morning, and that is the faith which cheers the darkest hour and inspires the utmost humane effort of every faithful American citizen.

## THE PRESIDENT IN NEW ENGLAND.

The President and the Secretary of State with the Postmaster-General have made a pleasant little summer trip to Boston, and they have returned to meet Congress in Washington. The reception of the Chief Magistrate was such as is always to be expected among a truly free and intelligent people; and the conduct of the President and his party has been happily wholly different from that of their last summer's excursion. During the few days which he passed in New England the President said nothing which he will regret or which the country will remember. To the ceremonial speeches of welcome he made ceremonial replies, and if he said that he had always been devoted to the Union and Constitution, that he rejoiced to believe in the purity of his own patriotism, and that if he knew himself he had no other object than to serve his country and mankind, he merely repeated the traditional formulas of such occasions.

In the speeches of Mr. Seward it was easy to see that he felt himself among those who looked upon him with surprise and sorrow. He repeated in Boston that he had learned the great doctrines of our liberty from John Quincy Adams, and he declared his pride in having helped to save the government which the fathers founded. At Hartford he said, with a pathos that many and many a heart will feel, "My time to speak is to be at a future age, and the tongue that is to plead for me will speak when mine is cold and silent in the dust." Even so; and were he now to withdraw from public life, nor longer perplex by his words and counsel the course of public affairs, he would be left—not without inexpressible sorrow by those who had hoped always to approve him—to the verdict of that distant tongue.

The journey contrasts most impressively and instructively with that of last year. Then the President and his Secretary set forth to rally a great party amidst the doubts and fears of thoughtful and loyal men. Now they have learned—and if they have not, the country knows—that they can never again hope for a party. We trust, therefore, that there has been no misapprehension on their part, and that they have not supposed the salutation of Massachusetts offered to any body or any thing whatever except the National Government in the person of two of its chief officers. Massachusetts wisely and properly forgot in the President of the United States the individual who in a wild public harangue denounced one of her Senators and one of her eminent citizens as traitors.

## CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE UPON TREASON.

The assertion of the London *Times* that the United States Government is wise in viewing the rebellion as a great civil war rather than as treason was published here the day after the opinion of Chief Justice Chase, which states the doctrine of the law upon the subject with great force and clearness. Mr. Macon, of North Carolina, owed a debt in Pennsylvania. During the rebellion he was compelled to pay it to the rebel authorities, who gave him a discharge for it. The Pennsylvania creditors sued for the debt, and Mr. Macon pleaded the "Confederate" discharge. Chief Justice Chase ruled against him on the ground that the rebel authorities were traitors.

The question of the Constitutionality of secession, the Chief Justice says, is no longer a practical one. "The answer which it has received from events is that which the soundest construction of the Constitution warrants and requires." The war suspended the practical relations to the Union of the States engaged in it, and being levied against the United States by its own citizens, was treason by the very terms of the Constitution. And it was no less treason when waged by ten thousand men for a year than by ten men for a day. Its essential character was not changed because of enormous efforts and immense expenditures. Of course, however, the treatment of a rebellion by a Government is proportioned to its character and method; when it is formidable enough to make war, the Government does not punish the prisoners it takes as criminals, but treats them as far as possible like foreign foes. But this treatment is merely a concession made by the Government at its discretion, and establishes no rights except during the war. The decision in the prize cases is not inconsistent with this view. The Government, by recognizing belligerent rights, did not relinquish any claim of its own when the war should end.

It is true that under such circumstances, when [illegible] of its violation are seldom [illegible] ers. But that clemency is wholly discretionary. The Government of the United States has been mild beyond precedent. But it has never relinquished its constitutional jurisdiction over all its citizens; it has never conceded to citizens in arms the character of alien enemies, or to their pretended government a *de facto* character.

To this reasoning the *Tribune* replies that the case is greatly altered in a government founded upon popular consent. The conspiracy of a few in such a system implies tyranny to the many, but an immense rebellion argues a very sincere but mistaken conviction that there are wrongs which can be righted only by the sword. But what then? The very fact that they attempt to subvert the Government by violence shows that they are a minority endeavoring to coerce the majority. They may compel a war, but they are still in terms traitors, and their offense treason. The war may be long and doubtful, but the essential facts are not changed. Those who wage war are no less traitors, and it is a question of good sense and expediency merely how the victorious government of the majority will treat them.

On the other hand, the event of war does not in the least determine its justice. The *Tribune* is very fond of repeating its assumption that a majority of the white voters at the South were opposed to secession and war. But suppose that every man, woman, and child at the South had favored the war, and it had succeeded, the rebellion would have been not less a crime. And if the *Tribune* had undertaken to justify it upon the principles of the Revolution it would have been as much in error as it was when it tried to prove a similar statement in the winter of 1860–'61.

The Government throughout the war was extremely sagacious upon cardinal points, and it is a great pity that all of its supporters had not been as constant and as wise. There is a plain good sense in Chief Justice Chase's view which is very suggestive of President Lincoln.

## THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Governor Orr of South Carolina is undoubtedly a gentleman who hopes to turn circumstances and reasons to advantage. He will lose nothing if he can help it by silence or inaction, and he is very much wiser than those who strive to serve "the lost cause" by sullen passivity. The Governor takes the bull by the horns. He says in a late speech that there is a great majority of colored voters in the State, and that if an issue should be made upon the ground of color the whites must inevitably be defeated. As it is now impossible to deprive the colored citizens of the ballot, he insists that the most cordial relations should be cultivated between the races. So far nothing could be more reasonable. This and nothing else will produce harmony and consequent peace. This is in truth acquiescence in the result of the war.

It is the steady disregard of this fact by what is called, with exquisite absurdity, the Conservative party which has caused all the difficulty of reconstruction. The condition of the negro was the cause of the war. The political pretexts were pretexts merely. Except as a method of helping to retain the negro as a slave the doctrine of secession would never have been pushed to actual rebellion. The war decided that he should no longer be a slave, and the practical question at once was what shall be his future position. The Conservative theory was that it should be left wholly to the late masters to determine. The Radical principle was that the country had freed him, and the country should therefore decide what his condition should be. The President held with the Conservatives, and Congress represented the opinion of the country. Congress prevailed, of course, and decided that the colored American should have every guarantee of his rights which the white American has; and from that decision there is no appeal except by arms.

Should we have been any nearer a happy result if the Conservatives had had their way? If, having freed the colored population in the Southern States, we had left them entirely to the will of the late master and rebel class, would the country be more pacified than it is? Indeed, if the Conservative policy had been pursued, is it conceivable that the country would not have been obliged at last to interfere? The victorious people of the free States knew perfectly well that the system of slavery, whatever its material results, had always been our real weakness and shame. They knew that all the horror and burden of the war came from the same system. They knew that the freed slave left alone, landless, and with no other dependence than the good-will of a class which had been baffled in the effort to enslave him forever, was in a worse situation than if he had not his nominal freedom. As this became more and more evident—as the class which as a class had been heroically faithful during the war were seen to suffer the more because of the victory of the very cause they served, the heart and conscience of an intelligent and honorable nation would have protested until endurance be[illegible] We must either suppose that Governor Orr would have taken the ground he now occupies if the Radical policy had not prevailed, or we must allow that policy to be truly adapted to the situation. But it is impossible to believe that Governor Orr would have taken this ground; for he was not only one of the leaders of the Doolittle Philadelphia Convention, which proposed to leave the political position of the freedmen wholly to the late rebel masters, but he expressly stated his opposition to equal suffrage, and he even resisted the adoption of the mild amendment proposed by the Reconstruction Committee.

Finding that he could not have his own way Governor Orr sees that it is wisest to yield to that of the country. He does not pretend to prefer it, but he accepts it as inevitable. He doubtless believes it to be unconstitutional, and probably unwise. But in that we believe him to be as much mistaken as when he believed secession to be constitutional and slavery wise. It is simply impossible that in the State of South Carolina the majority of the population should be absolutely subject to the minority; and if not subject they must be equal. Our political principles, common-sense, and justice demand this equality. Governor Orr wisely concedes it, and the sooner it is universally conceded the sooner there will be actual peace.

But there still remains a vitally important question which we trust Governor Orr has considered, and upon which we shall be glad to have his opinion. How does the Governor propose to establish cordial relations between the races? Suppose, by acquiescence in equal suffrage, the State of South Carolina resumes her relations in the Union, and the National forces are withdrawn. What is likely to be the position in a hostile community of the late slave who can not read nor write, who is surrounded by all the traditions and feelings of slavery, who has no chance of hearing from friends what his rights are, who has no hold upon the soil, and can not get a hold because of the intention of the land-holders not to suffer him to own land? Is it not clear that any man who proposes to cultivate cordial relations with the slave as an equal citizen will interest himself ardently, and first of all, in enabling him to own land and in removing the prejudice against such ownership? If Governor Orr has made any speech favoring that policy we have not seen it.

## THE BURNING OF THEATRES.

The destruction of life by the burning of the Philadelphia theatre a week or two ago again reminds us of the frightful insecurity of our buildings for public resort. Such fires have now become so frequent an event that no sensible person goes to the theatre without calculating the chances of escape, and if the house be full he sits out the performance with a constant and painful anxiety. Fortunately, in Philadelphia, the audience escaped without harm; but every body feels that it was an especially good fortune. It is recorded with satisfaction that there were not many women or children present, nor was the whole number of spectators very large. But had it been otherwise—were a fire to be discovered, for instance, in the New York Academy of Music, crowded with such an audience as assembles to see the Japanese Acrobats, the inevitable consequences are too terrible to imagine.

Happily, since the burning of the Richmond Theatre in 1811, when more than seventy persons perished, there has been no very great destruction of life by these fires. But so awful an event should have made all the theatres in the country secure forever after. How secure they are we all know; and how infinitely greater is the security of European theatres! It is not very easy to discover who is charged with any duty in the city of New York; but whether it be the Commissioner of Public Buildings or the Fire Commissioners who are the official superintendents of the safety of theatres, we hope they will be admonished by the late event in Philadelphia that if any catastrophe springs from a similar cause in New York they will be held to a tremendous responsibility. They can not prevent the panic of a crowd, but they can determine whether the avenues of escape from any building are sufficient. They can also require, or the law should authorize them to require, that every building intended for public resort should be practically fire-proof.

## UPON MOBS.

The excise law may be a very bad law, but it is only a law, and is therefore repealable when public opinion changes. The efforts of its opponents, therefore, should be directed to the enlightenment of public opinion not to resistance of the law. There are an enormous number of persons who are opposed to the law, but who are more resolutely opposed to anarchy. They have had some experience of the latter. They have learned the tender mercies of mobs. They know that whatever the pretense, the process is always the same. They begin with fine phrases about usurpation and the invasion of rights, and end in the most reckless destruction of life and property. It is not difficult when the ignorant part of the population are excited by the vehe-

ment assertion that their rights have been trampled upon to inflame them into riot. But the recoil is terrible. The leaders escape, but the led suffer.

Whoever proposes to overawe the execution of a law by inciting a mob should carefully consider whether his plea is likely to win the real sympathy of the public. We are not speaking of revolution, which is justifiable only when all hope of legal redress is extinguished, and when the horrors of war are less than those of submission to injustice, but of mobs and riots. If, therefore, the enemies of the excise law are wise they will strictly confine their efforts to persuading public opinion that the law ought to be changed. For they may be very sure that the assertion of the right of publicly buying a glass of whisky on Sundays is not a war-cry which will reconcile the public to a repetition of the scenes of four years ago. Every good citizen, whatever his opinion of this particular law, has a very decided opinion of the vital necessity of maintaining the authority of law in general and of preserving public order. Nor is any man who is required to abstain from publicly buying whisky on Sunday asked to do any thing which harms his conscience or invades the equal rights of others. There have been laws in this country which required us to do mean and wicked things; laws which no honorable man could obey. But this law is at most an inconvenience.

We hope, therefore, that if public meetings are to be held, monster meetings, as Mayor Hoffman advised, they will bear in mind his caution that good order be preserved, and that the amendment of laws be sought lawfully. It depends wholly upon the temper and conduct of a great meeting whether it helps or hinders the cause which assembles it.

## THE "JUNE RISE."

It would seem as though the anticipations of those who have long predicted a decided improvement in the money and stock markets "about this time" (as the almanacs say), were at last actually in process of realization. Usually there is little business done during the summer until September, but it is customary to look for a certain degree of activity in June. This year, however, June came in without any relief from the long period of previous depression, and the "Bull" operators who had suffered depletion for six months, stood aghast. Stocks even declined from previous quotations, and the temporary gain of April was almost lost. This stagnation continued until about the 20th of the month, when the sky suddenly brightened and stocks took an upward turn without any premonitory symptoms of a rise. Within a week afterward Erie had advanced 7¼; New York Central, 3⅛; Hudson River, 1¾; Michigan Southern, 9⅜; Reading, 2⅜; Illinois Central, 1⅞; Northwestern, 8½; Northwestern Preferred, 6⅝; Pittsburg, 7⅞; Rock Island, 7⅜; and Fort Wayne, 6⅝. The improvement, it will be seen from the examples given, was not confined to favorite speculative shares, but pervaded the whole market, affording very material encouragement to the multitude of brokers and operators who had so long suffered from profitless and enforced idleness. The impulse was due partly to declared dividends and favorable exhibits of several of the railways, and partly to an increased disposition of unemployed capital to seek investment.

Government securities have also improved in like ratio, and are more inquired for. There is an increased demand from foreign houses. Express stocks, which the quarrel among the Companies had depressed to a low figure, advanced several per cent. during the closing week of June, thus: Adams advanced 6⅜; American, 5; United States, 5⅝; Wells, Fargo, & Co., 2⅜; and Merchants' Union, 5. They are quoted as follows: Adams, 70 @ 71; American, 68 @ 71; United States, 72 @ 75; Wells, Fargo, & Co., 65½ @ 66½; Merchants' Union, 13¼ @ 13½. The shares of the old Express Companies have always paid good dividends and ought to continue to be desirable investments, unless the sanguinary competition now in progress is allowed to interfere with judicious economy and proper management.

But the quotations of railway shares as given above show an improvement much more marked when compared with those of the end of May, the advance in each description of stock, except Reading, being 8 per cent. and upward, and in the case of Northwestern, 11¼; Hudson River, 9½; Michigan Southern, 12⅝; and Pacific Mail, 13½. Government Sixes of 1881 have advanced 1½; Five-Twenties of 1862, 1¼; do. of 1864, 1⅝; do. of 1865, 1¼; and Five-Twenties of 1865, new issue, 2½. The high premium which they command here shows the appreciation in which they are held by the American people. It seems singular that the English prefer to pay 94 for their Consols which yield only 3 per cent. interest, instead of buying United States securities at 74 which bear 6 per cent. interest. Perhaps some of them can explain the reason. Is the credit of their Government better than ours?

It is obvious from the statements given that the general tone of business in Wall Street is improving. The prospects of a good harvest and the abundance of unemployed capital, to be further increased by the dividend disbursements of July, have stimulated an active demand for all the better classes of stocks. Still, operations are confined chiefly to the brokers themselves, although there are indications that the public are becoming more venturesome and disposed to invest. Every one is buying for a rise, as is invariably the case in a rising market. Days pass, and no orders to sell are given. As usual, predictions are made of a still further advance, but no great activity can reasonably be expected during the heat of the summer, when business of all kinds languishes, and half the population go to the country. The money market continues easy; private parties and the Trust and Insurance Companies have abundant funds to lend. The facilities for borrowing favor speculation. Altogether the financial condition seems healthy, and the unmistakable "June rise" which has occurred affords much encouragement for the future. There is less anxiety than was shown recently respecting the action of Congress in its July session, under the conviction that nothing will be done to the tariff or the currency, as some apprehensive persons have intimated.

## NATURAL DISCONTENT.

The Democratic papers can neither forgive the President, under whose administration the rebellion was suppressed, nor the rebel Generals who frankly own their cause to be hopelessly lost. Thus the Albany *Argus* sneeringly says that General Longstreet urges acquiescence because he wishes to be elected United States Senator; and the New York *World* says of the late President:

> "A monument to the late lamented Lincoln is projected in Atlanta, and a virulent paper suggests that the ruins of the town be allowed to stand as the most appropriate memorial of that martyr."

No wonder the Democratic papers sneer at General Longstreet, who says:

> "Like other Southern men I naturally sought alliance with the Democratic party, merely because it was opposed to the Republican party. But as far as I can judge there is nothing tangible about it, except the issues that were staked upon the war and there lost. Finding nothing to take hold of except prejudice, which can not be worked into good for any one, it is proper and right that I should seek some standpoint from which good may be done. If I appreciate the principles of the Democratic party, its prominent features oppose the enfranchisement of the colored man, and deny the right to legislate upon the subject of suffrage, except by the States, individually. These two features have a tendency to exclude Southern men from that party; for the colored man is already enfranchised here, and we can not seek alliance with a party that would restrict his rights."

## ENCOURAGEMENT TO DISCOVERERS.

It has been said on authority that no great discovery in science or art met the approbation of men distinguished for their scientific attainments, on being submitted to them by their discoverers and inventors. A mortifying fact as it is, its publication has not made those occupying high places in the Temple of Knowledge any wiser than those who have occupied the same seats before them.

Lighting cities by gas, when first proposed, was declared to be impracticable. A discovery of the circulation of the blood was opposed by the greatest physicians of that age as ridiculous. Steam as a power was voted an absurdity. Crossing the Atlantic, when steamers were universal on lakes and rivers, was condemned as a hopeless undertaking. Telegraphs had a mighty struggle with the philosophers, capitalists, and all people of supposed sense, as an Utopian conception of a schemer. After spreading over all civilized countries like the web of a spider, it was voted by those who could see further into a mill-stone than any body else it could not be carried across the ocean, as there was an abyss that could never be crossed. Ether was in a drawn battle with surgeons till they were compelled to surrender at last, as the combined evidence of the world was against them. India rubber could gain no confidence with manufacturers when proposed for all kinds of utilitarian purposes, because they didn't believe it could be used for any thing but rubbing out pencil-marks. As for sewing-machines, they had to sew themselves into universal favor against the combined judgment of about a million of tailors that they were good for nothing; and the outcry of twice as many women, even if they were likely to succeed they ought to be discountenanced, as they would be the means of throwing unnumbered multitudes of poor females out of employment. Tailors have made fortunes in a quarter of the time required before the machines were invented, and women are in more demand than ever before to work them.

Another fact worth noting in this connection is the no less curious historical declaration that nearly all the truly useful inventions and discoveries were made by persons enjoying neither prominence in society nor the acquaintance of those who control money or public opinion; and yet they have been the instrumentalities, under the guidance of a Divine Providence, of advancing civilization and bettering the condition of mankind.

With such a lesson as this for contemplation it behooves those who are consulted by men of brains not to decide hastily against propositions they can not readily comprehend because the new idea happens not to agree with their own narrow conceptions of what they consider neither beautiful, serviceable, nor useful.

## MECHANISM OF THE HUMAN HAND.

Even a philosopher is overwhelmed with astonishment when he reflects with any degree of attention on the mechanical structure of the hand. In the first place, the frame-work of the organ, the bones entering into the composition of that member, is a master-piece of aggregated contrivances, which throw into the shade the most perfect contrivances of man in point of combinations and efficiency.

From the shoulder to the tips of the fingers there are thirty-two distinct bones, curiously articulated one with another, which could not be imitated with any expectation of success; viz., one shoulder-blade; one collar-bone; one arm-bone; two in the fore-arm; eight in the carpus, or wrist; five in the palm of the hand; two in the thumb; and twelve in the fingers. Next, to move those thirty-two bones in all the directions they were designed to act, there is a perfect labyrinth of delicate cordage, which, when separated and distinctly displayed, show that there are forty-six muscles—and some anatomists make more—to extend, bend, turn, clench, unclench, nip, squeeze, and make all the movements which we can give the arm and hand by simply willing to do so.

But in order that the mind may hold positive control over those thirty differently-formed bones by the forty-six muscles, of which no two are alike, there are long nerves running like telegraphic wires from the arm-pit to the smallest fibre of every muscle. From the plexus in the axilla, or arm-pit, the nerves hold communication, through the intervention of other nerve-threads, with the brain. One set of nerves, or rather telegraph cords, convey messages to the fingers, and another set send back word to the brain of the reception of the order and how business is transpiring.

Besides all these complications, to nourish and keep the several parts vitalized there are arteries, veins, lymphatics, absorbents, exhalent tubes and tissues almost beyond enumeration, to keep the whole in working order. And when in good condition, what power it exerts! It conveys an ineffable language, which even brute animals understand. It menaces, invites, repels, or gives character and grandeur to the expressions of an orator. It is a hammer, a vice, a punch, wrench, a lever, a pry, a force and a mighty power by which the pyramids were reared, cathedrals called into being from the hardest quarries; and all that is amazing, surprising, delicate, or calculated to advance civilization in art, literature, and science, is accomplished by those wonderful instruments—human hands.

## ORIGIN OF HONEY-DEW.

Formerly it was the opinion of botanists that the sweet coatings of certain leaves of plants was an exudation from the upper surface vessels through the solar or atmospheric influence. Entomologists have discovered the incontrovertible fact that honey-dew is a product of insects, almost too small to be seen by the unassisted eye, called plant-lice, belonging to the genus *aphis*, order *homoptera*. Small ants, like all families of ants, are excessively fond of sweets. They traverse apple-trees and other fruit-bearers infested by lice, discriminating instantly the individuals yielding the saccharine fluid. By gently patting them on their backs with their antennæ or feelers, the louse forces out the honey-dew through a minute nipple. It is quickly sucked up, and away the gratified ant goes down the limb and finally to its house near the roots to feed its young. Thousands are thus operating in a sunny morning, milking their dairy. Spare the field ants then, for they prevent the too great multiplication of the aphis, that would otherwise destroy more trees than they do.

## WALKING.

Feet were intended for use, and yet immense numbers of sensible people seem to think walking on them is a hardship. Those who ride in carriages habitually have degenerated limbs. The muscles become attenuated in consequence of not being constantly active. Rope-dancers, horseback-riders, and indeed all who are using their legs as they were designed to be, have them finely developed. The more they are exercised the stronger and more symmetrical they become. But another great gain results from walking more than one rides. It brings into harmonious play the whole muscular cordage of the body. A healthy condition of all the internal organs follows, and the secretions are admirably conducted by pedal exercises. It is a pleasant condition of eminent civilization to ride any way, but particularly luxurious to bound off in one's own soft-cushioned carriage; but there is a penalty positively following too much comfort of that kind. Digestion becomes impaired, the legs diminish in size; and the individual who rides when he can, and rarely walks, is soon weary when the attempt is made. Longevity is the compensation for free outdoor walking, without much reference to weather, when business or duty requires it. We were created for use, not altogether for ornament.

## AIR-GUNS.

Air-guns have been known for more than a hundred years, yet they are rather appendages to the lecture-room of the professor than for practical purposes. By the compressed air in a metallic ball, permitted to escape by the opening of a valve, ten, twenty, and possibly fifty balls may be discharged in a single minute with the deadly force of powder. The larger the volume of compressed air the greater the momentum of the bullet. A question has come up why such arms would not be of the highest importance in the time of war. Cannon might batter a fortress into powder, and ten regiments attack a fortified city with showers of balls without alarming the sentinels, because there is no report.

## CROQUET.

The rim of her hat casts a shade o'er her face;
  From beneath, a stray curl, with the sun all aglow,
Floats out on the breeze, as she stands in her place,
  With mallet in hand, to deliver the blow.

One slight fairy foot just a step in advance
  Of the other, its mate, half hidden, half seen;
And from out her bright eyes a quick, roving glance,
  As her ball bounds away o'er the close-shaven green.

Straight beneath the first arch—it is always the same—
  Cousin Clare seldom misses in making her play,
For Mam'selle has, through practice and love of the game,
  To give the French accent, grown skilled at *Croquet.*

But I at this game with the mallet and balls
  Am like to a blacksmith that handles a sledge;
And the blow I deliver unwittingly falls
  With the force that is needed to drive out a wedge.

Besides, being awkward and new to the play,
  Those bronze balmorals, of so dainty a size,
Will attract my attention, strive hard as I may
  Not to mention the glances that fall from her eyes.

Why is it at times, when we two sit alone,
  In the cool summer-room with the blinds closely drawn,
She will rise, as my voice takes a lover-like tone,
  To propose of a sudden a game on the lawn?

She is lovely, this maiden with wavy gold hair,
  And eyes soft and bright as the glance of a star;
But I fear that the name for my sweet cousin Clare
  Is that of our game if you leave out the R.

Let her flirt as she pleases, and act her own part,
  Make conquests by scores; yet one day, I'll be bound,
Some adept in matters concerning the heart
  Will "strike her ball out" ere she goes the grand round.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE INDIAN WAR.

Fort Wallace, Kansas, on the Smoky Hill route, was attacked by 400 Indians on June 21. The garrison, 40 men of the Third United States Infantry and the Seventh United States Cavalry, lost seven men, but repulsed the Indians with a loss of twenty men. A camp of railway employés, on the same route, near Fort Harker, was attacked on June 27, and one white and six Indians killed.

### NEWS ITEMS.

A society for the suppression of gambling is being privately organized in New York City.

A fraudulent over-issue of nearly $4,000,000 of the city notes of New Orleans by the City Treasurer was exposed by Mayor Heath on June 26.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

England has united with the other European Powers in demanding of Turkey a peaceful settlement of the Candian conflict.

The Florence agent of Rothschild, the banker, lately concluded a loan to the Italian Government of $450,000,000 on the security of the Church property in Italy. Rothschild refused, on June 6, to ratify the loan as made by the agent, and stated, in extenuation of the lack of faith, that "he never intended to become the instrument of the Italian Government for persecuting and ruining the clergy." Erlanger of Paris, and Schroder of London, then came forward, and in order to relieve the Italian Government undertook to collect the proposed tax of $600,000,000 on the Church property.

There were four hundred and fifty Catholic archbishops and bishops and about thirty thousand priests in Rome on June 27. The Pope held a public Consistory, at which he delivered an allocution on the situation of the Church, and warned its "enemies" of its immense earthly power.

Tampico, Mexico, was occupied by the Liberals on June 9, and Mexico City on June 20. Vera Cruz is still held by the Austrian legion.

The Archduke Maximilian, of Mexico, was executed at San Luis Potosi on June 19. The following are the official telegrams announcing it:

United States Steamer "Tacony," Vera Cruz, *June 25, via* New Orleans, *June 30.*

*The Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:*

Maximilian was shot on the 19th instant. Begged hard for his corpse for the Austrian captain, and was refused. The City of Mexico surrendered on the 20th. Vera Cruz holds out on account of the Foreign Legion. Diaz orders no acceptance of surrender. Am moored between Nelva and North Bastion; *Jason* in company. Letter by mail.

F. A. Roe, Commander.

Southwest Pass, Louisiana, *June 29, 1867.*

*To Count Wydenbruck, Austrian Minister, Washington:*

I came here from Vera Cruz to telegraph of the condemnation and death by shooting of the Emperor Maximilian at seven o'clock on June 19. President Juarez refused to deliver up his body.

Groller Tirhoff,
Commanding Austrian Sloop.

## "WAITING."

Among the many benevolent institutions of Brooklyn is the Graham Institution for the Relief of Aged and Indigent Females, more familiarly known as the "Old Ladies' Home," and located at the corner of De Kalb and Washington avenues. Indigent females, on the payment of $100, are admitted into the Home and cared for without further expense to them for the remainder of their lives. There are now over fifty inmates. By the Report of the Treasurer it appears that the original sum which they paid for admission has never been drawn upon, and that the institution is wholly supported by the churches and people of Brooklyn.

Our artist lately visited the Home in search of material of interest to the public, but found that in an Institution like this, consecrated to the shelter and comfort of the few remaining days of old age, few startling incidents or scenes were to be found. The advanced age of its inmates and their physical disabilities preclude any thing like the busy hum of active employment or amusement; their life is in the "sere and yellow leaf," and they seek these sheltering walls with the full assurance of peace and rest, looking back upon their former troubles as a closed volume, and forward to the Christian's promise of a brightened future—"where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." This reflection in the artist's mind, and the appearance of two venerable old ladies in the room to which he was admitted, suggested the beautiful drawing which is given on page 441.

## HECK HALL.

Among the several enterprises begun by the Methodist Episcopal Church during its first centennial was the erection at Evanston, Illinois, under the auspices of the American Methodist Ladies' Centenary Association and the Garrett Biblical Institute, of the fine Hall of which we give this week an accurate engraving. This is the first of the many connectional enterprises started during the centennial which has as yet been completed. It stands on the edge of a primeval grove near Evanston, which is also occupied as the campus of the Northwestern University. The upper windows overlook the blue waters of Lake Michigan on the east, and prairie and forest landscapes of great beauty are visible in every other direction. The Hall affords, it is believed, accommodations for students of greater completeness than have ever before been combined in any American college or theological seminary. It is named in commemoration of Mrs. Barbara Heck, who, in 1766, aided Philip Embury in the organization of the original and memorable John Street Church in the city of New York. At the end of a hundred years her monument is grandly reared in the heart of a continent, to the border of which she came as an humble emigrant. Heck Hall was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on July 4.

## INTERIOR OF FANEUIL HALL.

We gave in the *Weekly* of July 6 a picture of the Liberty Bell in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, upon which was rang the "first peal for Liberty;" we give in this Number an engraving of the interior of "the Cradle of American Liberty," as Faneuil Hall at Boston has been called in consequence of having been the gathering-place of the "Sons of Liberty" during the incipient stages of the Revolution. The original Hall was built in 1742 by Peter Faneuil, and by him presented to the city. The basement was intended for a market, and the upper story for public meetings. This was burned in 1761, and the town immediately rebuilt it. When the British took possession of Boston they committed many depredations; "South Meeting-house" was changed into a riding-school for the British cavalry; its parsonage was pulled down for fuel for the troops, and its fine library used as kindling-wood; the North Chapel, the steeple of West Church, and the "Liberty Tree," which stood at the corner of the present Washington and Essex streets, and under which the "Sons of Liberty" held their first meetings, were used for the same purpose, but the Bostonians were most indignant at the conversion of Faneuil Hall into a theatre. The Hall as it existed in 1776 was enlarged in 1805 by the addition of another story to its present dimensions; otherwise the exterior is preserved as it was during the Revolution. The original vane, a huge grasshopper, still turns upon the pinnacle.

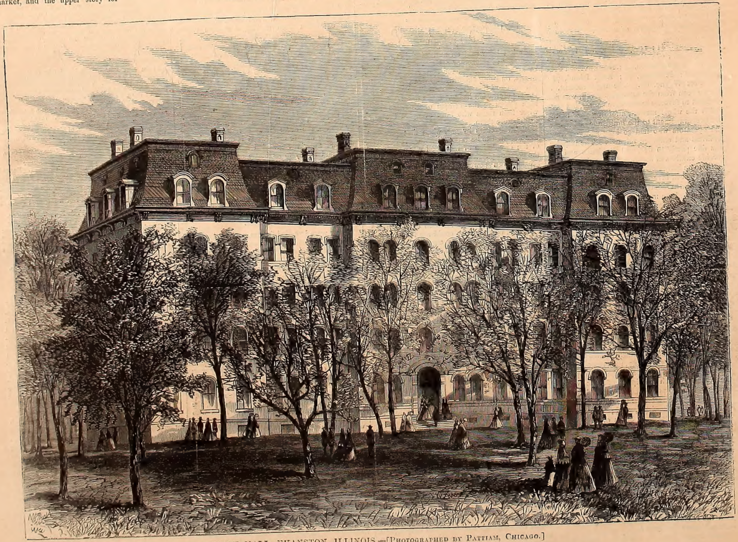
Our engraving shows the interior of the room on the second-floor for public meetings as it exists to-day, and will give the reader a better idea of it than can possibly be done by description. The large picture which hangs in the centre of the wall behind the Chairman's desk represents Daniel Webster delivering his celebrated reply to Hayne in the Senate Chamber of the United States. On the left are portraits of John Hancock and Peter Faneuil; and on the right a portrait of Samuel Adams and Stuart's full-length portrait of Washington. On the right and left below are portraits of Lincoln, Everett, and Andrews, State and National representative men of the present age.

## ANIMALS OF THE PLAINS.

We devote page 445 of this issue of the *Weekly* to two illustrations of animals which are to be found on the American prairies; and accompany them with the following descriptions by the artist, Mr. S. C. Beard:

The Mule Deer, called by naturalists the *cervus macrotis*, presents pecul-

STATUETTE BY CONKEY.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.]



HECK HALL, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.—[Photographed by Pattiam, Chicago.]

liarities that distinguish it from any other described variety of the deer family. It is found on the shores and plains of the Upper Missouri and the vast plateaus at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Its habits are more like those of the stag than the common deer of America, except that it does not run at full speed but bounds along, raising all its feet from the ground at the same time. It is a larger and coarser animal than the common red deer. Its ears reach more than half-way to the top of its antlers, and from this circumstance it derives its name. Its tail, shaped entirely unlike that of any other deer, is of a whitish gray color tipped with a brush of jetty black. There are also some black hairs on the back, and a black stripe along the neck and shoulders. A long tuft of hair hangs about each of the hoofs, which are shorter and wider than those of the Virginian deer. Its horns present the marked peculiarity of a bifurcation of each of the prongs of the antlers, giving to the horns of the developed animal a branching tree-like appearance.

The American Argal, or Rocky Mountain Sheep, as it is commonly called, is found from the Arctic regions to California, inhabiting the most elevated pastures found among the mountains. They collect in flocks from three to thirty. They are perhaps a size larger than ordinary sheep; their wool is very dissimilar to that of the domestic animal, that on the fore part of the skin having all the apparent qualities of fine wool, but on the back part much resembling cotton, the whole being mixed with coarse hairs. The horns, which are uncommonly large, give the animal the name of "Big Horn" among the native hunters. The color of the Rocky Mountain sheep is generally a gray with a yellowish or reddish line down the back. In winter the upper parts incline to red, the under parts and breast are much lighter than the rest of the animal, and the hump presents the invariable light patch by which most of the southwestern American ruminants are distinguished. It is extremely difficult to capture the Rocky Mountain sheep alive, and it is utterly impossible to preserve them when taken to any other region than that in which they are found.

## ALISON THE HISTORIAN.

The death of Sir Archibald Alison, author of the well-known "History of Europe during the Wars of the French Revolution and Empire" (published by Harper & Brothers), was noticed in this journal two or three weeks ago. He was in the seventy-sixth year of his age, and had finished his voluminous literary labors, including a sequel to the work just mentioned, bringing down the history of Europe to the accession of Napoleon III., in 1852. His other writings comprised the biography of the Duke of Marlborough, that of Lord Castlereagh, a treatise on the principles of population, and a collection of political and miscellaneous essays contributed mostly to *Blackwood's Magazine*, besides a work on criminal law published while he was at the bar. He had considerable ability, and great industry; as a compiler of historical narrative, his work is the only connected account of the history of modern Europe in our language. An immense number of copies of his principal work have been sold in this country. The book is certainly readable; though less brilliant than that of Thiers, it is far more correct in its statements of fact. The comments and disquisitions accompanying his narrative of events have no particular value; he was not a profound philosopher, nor had he the special faculty of analyzing the causes and motives of political transactions. His chief success is in describing the scenes of a military campaign, which he treats often in a most graphic and animated style.

Though born at Kenley, in Shropshire, Sir Archibald Alison was a Scotchman by parentage, education, and residence during most of his life. His father was the Rev. Archibald Alison, Prebendary of Sarum, and author of a small treatise, which once attracted the attention of students of mental philosophy, entitled "Essays on Taste." He was brought up at the University of Edinburgh, where he took high honors in Greek and mathematics. After traveling a few years on the Continent, he began to practice at the Scottish bar, and in 1822 was appointed one of the deputies of the Lord Advocate. In 1834, on the first publication of the "History of Europe," he obtained from Sir Robert Peel the office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire, which he held till his death. He was created a Baronet by Lord Derby's Government in 1852. He was elected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen in 1855, and of the University of Glasgow in 1861; he received, also, the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

THE LATE SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON THE HISTORIAN.

## MARKET SCENE IN MACON.

"Going to market" is to the Southerner one of the most important labors of the week. The duty devolves on him only once a week; and on each recurring Saturday he *and* she devote their undivided attention to marketing. The country people crowd into the towns to sell their products and purchase their wares, and are made welcome by the tradesmen and heads of families generally. The town market-house is generally the scene of the sharp practice and brilliant diplomacy which grow out of all efforts at "barter;" but in many places the country-people make the circuit of the town and furnish their eggs and butter at the doors of the stores and residences. From our artist's sketch of the market in Macon, Georgia, it would appear that the negro population have taken possession of the public place of that town, and are at once chief salesmen and purchasers.

MARKET SCENE IN MACON, GEORGIA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

**Book III.**

## CHAPTER I.

MABEL "JOINS" WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Mabel, after the first few minutes, found herself as much at home with all the family as though she had never quitted her uncle's roof. In Uncle John and Aunt Mary she found no change at all, except that they were dearer and kinder than ever. And though her cousins had grown out of recognition at first, yet as they recalled together sundry childish adventures, the well-remembered expression returned to each face, and Mabel could see them again as they used to be; Jack, a wild harum-scarum hobbledehoy, forever falling into scrapes and marvelously scrambling out of them, but under all circumstances the hero and idol of the two little girls; and Janet, a grave, silent, sober little body, devoted to her father even from her baby days, and invariably peace-maker in any of the rare dissensions that arose among them.

Janet was now a young woman of nineteen, and—her mother's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding—was certainly not pretty, though hers was a face that few people would forget, and fewer, having once seen it, would not like to see again. She was very pale, with a complexion of a thick creamy white, and hair of too light a flaxen hue to be flattered by the appellation of golden. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were fortunately of a darker shade of brown, and her gray eyes were set very deep beneath a broad, overhanging forehead. Her mouth, though wide, was singularly sweet in expression, and her jaw somewhat too massive, but well curved, and with a charming dimple in the chin. Her figure, rather above the middle height, was spare and ungraceful, and she had a slight stoop in the shoulders, occasioned by years of weak health.

"I'm sorry Polly couldn't be here to meet you, dear," said Aunt Mary; "she is looking forward to seeing you with such pleasure. Her husband is very busy to-day, and the little one is ailing slightly, so she could not well leave home, but she will come to-morrow."

"What is Polly's new name, Aunt Mary? You told me that her husband was a teacher of music, but did not tell me his name."

"Oh, his name is Bensa, Carlo Bensa; and Polly is called Madame Bensa. Think of Polly being Madame any body!"

"An Italian?"

"An Italian, and a very clever singing-master. But what is more important, he is the best creature in the world, and he perfectly worships Polly."

Mrs. Walton—by that name she was always addressed, and by that name I shall call her in these pages—would not suffer the evening sitting to be prolonged as far into the night as the younger people would have had it.

"Mabel is tired," she said. "The Parliament is dissolved. I am only in the farce to-night, so I need not be at the theatre before half past nine. But I must positively know that Mabel is comfortably in bed before Jack and I set off. We have put you a little bed in Janet's room, my dear. You won't mind sharing her chamber? It is an airy room, and the largest in the house, though, to be sure, that isn't saying much for its dimensions." With that Mrs. Walton led the way up stairs and saw Mabel peacefully composed for her night's rest before she betook herself to the theatre.

The next day, Saturday, was a busy one for Mrs. Walton. She was occupied at rehearsal all the morning, and had to play in two pieces at night; so Mabel had no opportunity for the quiet talk with her which she was very anxious to have. When she said something respecting her wish to talk over her own prospects, Aunt Mary (who was trimming a muslin apron with blue ribbon to be worn that evening as part of the costume of a smart soubrette) kissed her, and bade her wait patiently until the morrow, when she and Uncle John and Mabel would hold a Cabinet Council.

"Now, Mabel, my child," said Aunt Mary, after church on Sunday, when she and her husband and niece were quietly seated in the little sitting-room in her own home; "now, Mabel, let us hear what you wish, and what you propose, and what you expect? And then Uncle John and I will give you the best help and advice we can."

"Dear Aunt Mary, what I wish is to be a good actress; what I propose is to set about beginning to learn my profession practically as soon as may be; what I expect is—" Mabel paused a moment doubtfully, and then resumed: "Well, what I expect is that, with youth and strength, and a determination to work hard, and a good motive to spur me on to exertion, and your help, dear aunt and uncle, I shall be able to earn my own living, and even to do something to help mamma and educate dear little Julian."

"Well answered, Mabel," said her uncle, passing his hand lightly over the girl's head as he spoke; "well answered, little woman. How her voice reminds me of Philip's, to be sure! Just as I can remember the sound of it when we were mere lads together." And the blind man sighed softly.

His wife instantly pressed closer to him and took one of his hands between hers.

"Bless thee, Mary," said her husband. "Don't think I'm fretting, my own one. No, no; the sound of the child's voice carried me back to the days of lang syne for a moment. But there was no Mary in those days; no Mary and no bairns. I wouldn't lose you and change back again, wifie; not even to see the blessed sunshine again. But come, come! We're a pretty cabinet council, wasting our time on any thing but the matter in hand—though perhaps that has been known to happen in more august assemblies. Well now, Mabel, I need not ask if you have my sister-in-law's consent to making this attempt, because I'm sure you wouldn't go against her wishes."

"Mamma disliked the idea very much at first, Uncle John. The people about her are full of the strongest prejudices against every thing connected with the theatre. But she yielded to my strong wish at last."

"Good! Still another thing must be thought of, Mabel. You were unfortunate in your first experiment at governessing. But we are not to conclude from that that all schools are like the school at Eastfield, or that all school-mistresses are like Mrs. Hatchett. The good we can get out of the prejudices of other people is to learn to try to overcome our own. Have you quite made up your mind that such a position, even under favorable circumstances, would be distasteful to you?"

"Quite, Uncle John."

"You know, Mabel, if you go on the stage you will have many rubs to encounter. It isn't all smooth sailing, even for the lucky ones. You must make up your mind to work hard, to be patient, and to hold a steady course undauntedly. You know the Arabian story which tells how the princess had to climb a rugged mountain to reach the magic bird, the singing tree, and the golden water. The mountain was strewn with black stones, the petrified remains of those who had striven in vain to reach the summit. The sole condition of success was to turn a deaf ear to the clamor of taunting voices that filled the air, and tempted one to look back. The princess wisely distrusted her own strength, so she filled her ears with cotton, and having thus rendered them impervious to the mocking voices, made her way victoriously up the hill, and seized the prize she had come for. Now, Mabel, you certainly can not stuff your ears with cotton, but you must fill your mind and occupy your attention with thoughts that shall serve to deaden very considerably the idle babble that might otherwise distract you from the goal."

"Dear uncle, I will try. I don't fear work, and I am most willing to learn. It must be a steep hill that shall turn me, Uncle John."

"Well, my child, God prosper you! You're my dear brother's own daughter, every inch of you. Tell Phil a thing was difficult, and you might be sworn he would try to master it. I've done my preachment, Mabel. I have plenary absolution to talk as much as I like. I can do so little—so very little—besides. When it comes to real practical business I must hand you over to Aunt Mary."

"I'm sure, John," said his wife, indignantly, "you're very practical. Now, dear Mabel, since you are resolved, I must tell you what plan we had talked over among ourselves. We go, as I told you, to Kilclare every summer. The manager is an old acquaintance of mine, and, as the place is small, and every thing on a diminutive scale, and he can't afford a large company, I dare say he would be very glad to give you a trial. Only I fear, Mabel, you mustn't expect any salary at first; but if you do well it will not be long before you will be able to earn a salary, never fear. The first thing to be done is to write to Moffatt—he is the manager of the Kilclare circuit—and hear what he says. I have not the least doubt as to his answer. Then you must get up in a few stock pieces. The leading lady won't let you have much business."

"Much business, Aunt Mary?"

"Many good parts, child. But I shall stipulate for one or two of the lightest of the juvenile lead, to give you practice; and then you must take walking ladies, or utility, or whatever comes uppermost."

"Oh, of course, aunt." (Mabel guessed at the meaning of these terms.)

"And then we must see about dresses for you. Fortunately Polly is on a larger scale than you are, so the chief alterations needed will be to take in, and that's always easy. There are a good many of her costumes lying by. We will see about all that to-morrow. You'll take Polly's old place with me. Janet's always busy with her father, you know. The first time I went to Kilclare without Polly I felt quite lost. It will be the greatest comfort in the world to me to have you; but here are Polly, and Jack, and Janet, and Charles, and baby, all coming across the square. Now, Mabel, prepare to like my son-in-law very much, and to fall over head and ears in love with baby."

## CHAPTER II.

MESOPOTAMIA AND THE VIOLIN.

Madame Bensa ran into the sitting-room with outstretched arms, and catching Mabel in them, hugged her heartily.

"You dear little thing!" she cried. "How pretty you've grown; and you're taller than you promised to be. But I should have known you any where. The same eyes; the same smile. Goodness, what a booby you must be, Jack, not to have recognized her instantly! Charles, come here and be presented to your cousin, Mabel Earnshaw. His name is Carlo, but I couldn't possibly call him by it; it sounds so like a dog, doesn't it? At least pronounced in my English fashion. And I *can't* roll my r's. And here's baby. Isn't she fat? And she never cries. I consider those the two most charming qualities possible in a baby." So Polly rattled on in a blithe, good-humored way that infected one with good spirits, and looked as buxom and pleasant a young matron as you could desire to behold. Her husband was a quiet, ugly, bright-eyed little man, very simple and gentle in manner. An atmosphere of peace and good-will pervaded the family circle.

Mr. Moffatt, the manager, wrote a very gracious letter to Mrs. Walton, consenting to give her young relative a trial on the very handsome conditions of her performing gratis, finding her own wardrobe, and making herself generally useful in the business of the theatre.

"What sort of study are you, Mabel?" asked her aunt one morning, bringing into the room a pile of queer little books, covered with yellow, green, or brown paper.

"What sort of study, Aunt Mary?"

"I mean, do you learn by heart easily and quickly?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Because I've got a list from Mr. Moffatt of the pieces most likely to be done during the first week. And you had better begin to get some of them into your head at once."

"Oh yes, aunt," said Mabel, eagerly, seizing on the little pile of books and turning them over one by one. Her face fell a little as her examination proceeded. "I don't know any of these," she said, looking up.

"No, of course not. How should you? That's why I was anxious that you should have time to write out a few parts. These are chiefly prompt-books, and you will not be able to keep them."

"But," said Mabel, hesitating, and slowly turning over a few leaves, "they seem to me to be—to be dreadful nonsense!"

"You'll find that they act well enough, dear."

"I thought, Aunt Mary, that I might perhaps have one or two parts in Shakspeare. I don't mean the leading parts, although I have studied Rosalind, and Cordelia, and Imogen, and nearly all Juliet. I mean little parts like Celia, or Hero, or Jessica."

Aunt Mary shook her head. "I'm afraid, Mabel, that you won't get Celia, or Hero, or Jessica, for the very sufficient reason that the plays those characters are in are not at all likely to be done. Such a thing might happen on a benefit, or a bespeak; but otherwise Moffatt sticks to tragedy and farce. But we're sure to do Hamlet, and I will stipulate for Ophelia for you. Moffatt's leading lady can't turn a tune, and so Ophelia generally falls to the singing chamber-maid. But that's very bad, of course. Meanwhile get up in those parts that I've marked with a pencil—there's a good girl."

Aunt Mary bustled away to rehearsal, leaving Mabel seated before the play-books, uncertain upon which of them to begin. At length she took up a melodrama of the old-fashioned kind, with a band of robbers, and a forest, and a castle, and a virtuous heroine in distress, and her equally virtuous though not equally distressed confidential friend—for there is a proportion to be observed in these things, and it would never do to plunge the walking lady into an equal depth of misery with the first lady—and a great many high-flown speeches, full of the most exalted sentiments, but a little hazy as to grammar, and containing, perhaps, a somewhat undue proportion of the vocative case.

Janet was seated opposite her cousin, engaged in making a fair copy of very confused and blotted manuscript. John Earnshaw had recently dictated to her several papers on chemistry, which had been accepted and paid for by the editor of a magazine which professed to present scientific subjects in a popular form. Small sums of money have given a deal of happiness in this large world; but perhaps no small sum of money ever occasioned a purer joy than was felt by Mary Walton Earnshaw when the post-office order arrived in payment for her husband's first article. It was curiously pathetic to hear her expressions of proud delight, and the ingenious manner in which she endeavored to convince John—having first most thoroughly convinced herself—that those two or three guineas were more important to the household exchequer than all the earnings of the rest of the family put together. Janet, as her father's amanuensis, was making a fair copy of a manuscript while Mabel was looking over her play-books.

"I am afraid," said Janet, looking attentively at her cousin, "that you don't much like your task, Mabel?"

Mabel blushed. "Oh," said she, "I am afraid you will think I'm but a poor creature to break down at the first trial! But it is not the trouble I mind a bit. I could learn every word in the play in a couple of hours. Only I don't think I shall be able to say this. I shall feel so ashamed."

"Ashamed?"

"Yes; it *is* such nonsense! Do listen to this, Janet. 'My lord, I quail not at your threats. The thunder of your frown hath for me no terrors. Beware! There may come a day when retribution, upon lurid wing, shall blight you even at the zenith of your power. Beware! beware!'"

Janet smiled her rare sweet smile.

"Cousin Mabel, I think your business will be to make it seem *not* trash. Don't you remember the story of the man who made every body cry by his pathetic way of saying Mesopotamia? I advise you to dismiss the sense of ridicule from your mind, and get the words into your head while I finish copying this page."

"Oh, thank you, Janet!" said Mabel, simply. "How sensible you are! I will try, but I fear it would be impossible for *me* to make any body cry by saying Mesopotamia!"

By dint, however, of fixing her mind upon the necessity of making the best of what was intrusted to her, Mabel not only committed to memory the three or four parts that had been given her, but managed to repeat them to her aunt, when the latter came home, with some degree of earnestness; though when she came to "My lord, I quail not at your threats," etc., she was conscious of feeling tame and sheepish, and of becoming very hot and red in the face.

She was very anxious to see as much acting as possible, and accordingly she and her uncle and Janet ensconced themselves, evening after evening, in a corner of the upper boxes of the Dublin theatre, and witnessed a great many performances. Mabel was always intensely interested, and was the best audience in the world, becoming quite absorbed in the fortunes of the scene. Indeed, so easily was she moved to tears by the mimic sorrows before her—even by those of the wildest and most melodramatically impossible sort—that Janet sometimes quietly whispered in her cousin's ear, "Mesopotamia, Mabel, Mesopotamia!"

So the evenings slipped away, until on a certain evening, when they were all assembled at supper, John Earnshaw, with his daughter and niece, having been in the "front" of the theatre, and Mrs. Walton having been acting, Jack said, "I'll give you all three guesses as to who came to pay me a visit in the painting-room to-night."

"Stop a moment, Jack!" said his sister Janet. "Do we all know him?"

"Yes, all of you, except Mabel; and it's well for her peace of mind that she doesn't know him, for he is about the handsomest fellow going, though I can't say I like him particularly. There's something snaky about his eyes."

"I've guessed!" cried Mabel, suddenly. "Your visitor's Christian name begins with A?"

"Yes," replied Jack, staring at his cousin.

"And his surname with T?"

"Will any lady or gentleman present," said Jack, looking round, "be so good as to repeat the most approved form of exorcism against witchcraft? Also, mother, if you happen to have such a trifle in your pocket as an old horse-shoe, I should be obliged by your allowing me to nail it on to the threshold."

"But who was it, Jack?" cried his mother and Janet together.

"Ask Mabel. She evidently knows all about it."

"Jack, how can you be so absurd?" said Mabel, laughing. "I only guessed that your visitor was Mr. Alfred Trescott."

"To be sure! That's all!" returned Jack. "A young man, whom I have not seen for more than a year, appears to me in the solitude of my painting-room one evening in the most unexpected manner. Returning to the bosom of my family, I invite its various members to hazard a guess as to who my visitor was; and the only one who instantly pitches on the truth is Mabel! Mabel, who is unacquainted with him, but who, nevertheless, has his Christian name as pat on her tongue as if she had been his godmother."

"Alfred Trescott," said Janet, putting her hand to her head; "then it was he? Of course! I thought I knew the face. My attention was attracted this evening by a young man sitting in the orchestra (though not playing any instrument), and I *thought* I knew him! Now I remember. Alfred Trescott, of course! He stared a good deal at us, and that first made me observe him. Mabel was so absorbed in the play that she had no eyes for any one."

"And my part of the mystery is no mystery to any body but Jack," said Mabel, smiling. "I have told Aunt Mary all about my acquaintance with little Corda Trescott."

"Well," returned Jack. "But how did you guess that Alfred Trescott was my visitor? Did you know he was in Ireland?"

"No; but I knew that the family had left Hammerham. And one word you said made me think of young Mr. Trescott—'snaky.' It flashed upon me whom you must mean."

"Flattering for my friend," said Jack. "I shouldn't care myself to be instantly recognized by the epithet *snaky*. But how odd he never said any thing about knowing *you*. To be sure, he didn't stay long, and he was talking about himself all the time. I asked him how his playing was getting on, and when he was coming out in a violin solo at the Philharmonic. To which he replied with a sneer, 'About the same time that your first picture is exhibited on the line at the Academy.' So, as I saw he didn't like it (and perhaps as I didn't particularly like it myself), I dropped the subject."

Two days afterward young Trescott called at Mrs. Walton's house, and professed much surprised at finding Mabel there. "I little thought to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Earnshaw," said he. (He had her name correctly enough now.) Janet remarked afterward that this affected surprise was a piece of gratuitous hypocrisy, inasmuch as he had evidently seen and recognized Mabel at the theatre. The young man neither said nor did any thing that could positively be called objectionable, and yet the whole family appeared relieved when he went away. He avoided with considerable tact any mention of Hammerham people or incidents, unless Mabel first spoke of them. And yet he contrived, in some subtle way, to give her aunt and uncle the impression that Mabel had been on terms of greater intimacy with himself and his father and Corda than had ever really existed between them. He let fall, with apparent carelessness, allusions to "the Charlewoods," and "that uncomfortable business of poor Walter's," which it was impossible to resent, and equally impossible to explain; and Mabel found herself placed in the disagreeable position of sharing with Mr. Alfred Trescott a confidential acquaintance with the private affairs of the Charlewood family.

Young Trescott informed them that his father and sister were in Ballyhacket, a town belonging to Mr. Moffatt's "circuit," and that he (Alfred) should join the company at Kilclare in a week or two. "Moffatt don't want me just yet," he said, tossing back his long hair with a gesture that was habitual to him, and showing the whole range of his bright teeth, "so I thought I might as well stay in Dublin for the present, and have a little fun. Paddy, with all thy faults I love thee still. There is some poetry and imagination about the ragged rascals, any how.

And I confess it's a relief to me to get the taste of iron out of my mouth, and the sound of the hammer and tongs out of my ears. Don't you agree with me, Miss Earnshaw? I'm sure the hard money-grinding spirit of those purse-proud, vulgar Hammerham folks must be very distasteful to *you*."

There was a covert sneer in his tone that annoyed Mabel, and she answered coldly: "I know some Hammerham folks, Mr. Trescott, who make a good use of their money."

"So do I," answered Alfred, quickly; "our friend Mr. Clement Charlewood, for example. He is a fine-hearted fellow, no doubt. Though I wish he hadn't quite such a contempt for every thing professionally artistic. It seems a pity, you know, when you find a capital fellow like that, with a great deal of intellect too—for I consider him clever—cherishing narrow prejudices."

He expressed himself with so much warmth and apparent sincerity, that Mabel, who was naturally unsuspicious, reproached herself for the haughty tone in which she had previously spoken, and in amends gave him her hand, when he took his leave, with more cordiality than she had yet shown toward him.

The only member of the family who seemed at all disposed to like Alfred Trescott was Mr. Earnshaw. He was precluded by his blindness from being subjected to the repulsive influence of the young man's sinister eyes; and Alfred had evidently endeavored to ingratiate himself with Mr. Walton, as he called him, and had offered to bring his violin and play to him as long as he chose. The blind man had always been remarkably fond of music; but since his loss of sight his delight in it had increased to a passion. It was one of the great regrets of Janet's life that she had no musical talent wherewith to gratify her father; they had a little hired piano, on which Mabel's fingers had already been set to work many times; and occasionally at Uncle John's request she would sing him some simple ballad in a fresh, untutored voice. But Alfred Trescott's playing was music of a much higher kind than any that Mabel could pretend to make; and Mr. Earnshaw enjoyed it most thoroughly.

"I wish," said Janet to her mother, "that it were any one else but Alfred Trescott who had offered to come and play to father. I have an unconquerable aversion to the young man."

"I can't say that I'm fond of him, Janet," returned her mother; "but it is thoughtful of him to remember your father's love for music. And we can't give him the cold shoulder. Dear John has so few pleasures we ought not to grudge him this one."

So it came to pass that Alfred and his violin were to be seen and heard nearly every day in Mrs. Walton's house for a fortnight.

On the first occasion of his coming he brought a roll of music in his hand, and begged Miss Earnshaw to be good enough to accompany him on the piano. "I am no musician, Mr. Trescott," said Mabel, to whom the task was distasteful; "I should do injustice to your sonata by my unskillful accompaniment."

"Oh, I assure you it is quite simple," said Alfred, looking disappointed. "Just a few chords. You can read them easily, I am sure. In fact, I fear it will be almost impossible for me to play the piece without the assistance of the piano."

"Come, Mabel," said Uncle John, "you'll try, won't you, to oblige me?"

After that it was impossible to refuse. So Mabel sat down at the instrument, and found that she could accomplish her task satisfactorily.

The moment Alfred Trescott took his violin in his hand he seemed to be transformed into another being. It was as if some finer spirit moved the long, supple fingers that pressed the strings and inspired the curved right arm to wield the bow. He had pathos, passion, and a splendid purity and beauty of tone. It was impossible to resist the charm of his playing. Even Janet yielded to the spell, and Mabel's eyes were full of tears as she rose from the piano. As to the blind man, he sat drinking in the music with silent ecstasy. Alfred was quick to perceive the impression he had made, and took care not to destroy it by remaining too long. Praise was very sweet to him, and he was greedy of it, but it did not act with him as an incentive to exertion. He only said to himself, "See what an effect I produce upon these people! How shamefully unjust it is that so clever a fellow as I am should be allowed to remain in obscurity!" However, he steadily kept his best side toward Mrs. Walton's family: which, indeed, was not difficult, for their gentle good-humor offered no temptation to call forth his evil tempers. Mabel, who was devoting herself heart and soul to the study of the profession she was about to attempt, and who found food for the nourishment of her own artistic capacity in all the other forms of art and poetry, enjoyed his playing exceedingly.

"I wish," she thought, "that I could have some one to play to me like that whenever I chose. I fancy that I could act so much better after listening to such music."

But still young Trescott made no advance in her good opinion. He and his playing were somehow quite separate and distinct from each other, in her mind. Her nature was too true and earnest to sympathize with his shallowness and egotism. He sometimes, with an idea of ingratiating himself with her, assumed a false enthusiasm, which Mabel's truthful instinct never failed to detect for what it was, and which caused a revulsion in her mind that made her hate the very name of art for the moment. At such times the recollection of Clement Charlewood's simple manliness would recur to her, and she would feel how high above this vaporing, sensuous egotist rose the moral nature of the Hammerham "money-grinder."

"After all, there is nothing good but goodness!" Mabel would say to herself. And then the work would fall from her fingers, or the little yellow play-book would drop into her lap, and she would sit musing, musing for an hour together.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is said that fashions can best be studied just now in the galleries of the Great Exhibition. An English writer on fashions describes some toilets therein displayed, and gives some general items in regard to dress and kindred topics which will be interesting to our lady readers.

The dress materials exhibited are, many of them, most exquisitely beautiful, especially the silk stuffs from Lyons, and the silk gauzes.

What can be more lovely than the delicate birds and butterflies formed of tiny colored flowers upon light gray or white gros-grain?

Showers of peacocks' feathers are also a favorite pattern; garlands of field-flowers, mixed with wheat-ears, bouquets of heart's-ease, of roses and heliotropes, of convolvuli and sweet-pease, rival water-colored paintings by the freshness and brilliancy of their tints and the soft delicacy of their shaded outlines.

Then the brocaded silks are really splendid; a rich black silk is ornamented with branches of the most delicate ferns, brocaded in gold, and with bouquets of colored flowers.

Colored gros-grain silks are brocaded with gold leaves or flowers, extremely light and elegant.

White gros-grain silks, with satin stripes, are ornamented with oval medallions containing brocaded bouquets of flowers in all their natural tints.

Gray and white chiné silks have tiny patterns of brocaded flowerets sprinkled over them, showers of feathers of different colors, or flights of tiny birds.

The silk gauze dresses are no less beautiful. Some are white, with garlands or bouquets of flowers of natural colors; some are colored with patterns in white, or in darker shades of the same color; others are striped or chiné.

The collection of lace shawls and burnous in the Great Exhibition are really splendid, and they are very fashionable this year. In fact, there is nothing more elegant than a shawl of black Chantilly lace over a dress of gros-grain silk or gaze de soie.

In *passementerie* there are wonderful patterns of the rarest gimp work, trimmings to cover the front of a dress entirely, or merely ornaments for the epaulets, sleeves, waistbands, and pockets.

Feathers are also a rare and goodly sight. Trimmings of feathers are very beautiful; but one hardly expects to see skirts made entirely of white feathers, and trimmed with garlands of flowers made of birds' feathers of different colors. The tips of peacocks' feathers form very beautiful borders, not only for hats and bonnets, but also for jackets and dresses. There are also patterns most beautifully embroidered in delicate feathers upon tulle.

Artificials flowers of all kinds are seen in profusion, and form a very pretty part of the Exhibition, being arranged with a great deal of taste.

Most coiffures are formed of garlands which are arranged into a round coronet upon the head, and finished off in long trailing sprays at the back. Water-lilies, with their long, drooping foliage, are frequently employed for these garlands, or variegated leaves with tiny colored berries.

There are wonders in embroidery, peignoirs and muslin dresses being embroidered all over with the richest patterns. The specimens of silk embroidery are very beautiful. There are small jackets without sleeves, of the Bolero shape, with beautiful patterns of flowers embroidered in all their natural colors. Besides the Breton jacket, the only pattern in favor just now is this short, tight-fitting jacket, rounded off in front and without sleeves. To wear with these there are silk skirts embroidered with garlands of flowers, which go round the bottom and then come up over each of the gored widths.

Of parasols there are a great variety. The most elegant are those of gros-grain silk, covered with white or black lace. Others are more eccentric. One has a deep fringe of feathers; another is trimmed with a garland of artificial foliage and a fringe of long green grasses; another with drooping branches of lilies of the valley. Simpler ones are scalloped out round the edge, and ornamented at the top with a rosette and long ends of ribbon.

In the Exhibition there is a *section* devoted to false hair—chignons, curls, tresses—and very curious it is to see the spoils of female beauty thus exhibited. But there are false whiskers also, false beards, and false hair for gentlemen, so that it would be unwise for them to throw the first stone.

A very interesting part of the Exhibition is that which contains a collection of wooden figures dressed up in all the different costumes of the French provinces. Though far from complete, this collection is extremely curious, and shows the quaint dress of the peasants of Brittany, Vendée, Normandy, etc. The most remarkable are, perhaps, those of the women of the Pays de Caux, with their enormous lace caps; but the most admired are certainly the Bretons, with their cloth jackets, richly embroidered and ornamented with silver medals placed in straight rows overlapping one another.

Children are not forgotten in the Great Exhibition. Their toys occupy a good deal of space; and in one of the large circular galleries there is a collection of very elegant costumes specially intended for them. Passing over, therefore, the numerous toilets for ladies, we give a description of a few for Misses:

A frock of blue velvet, trimmed with a delicate border worked in white feathers and pearl beads. The trimming simulates a tunic, open in front upon the skirt, and a very low corselet over the bodice. There is a very dainty little toquet of blue velvet trimmed to correspond.

A low frock of silver-gray gros-grain silk, ornamented with a small pattern of flowerets worked in coral, and edged with borders of the same.

A frock of blue glacé silk, entirely covered with strips of insertion and borders of Valenciennes lace.

A frock of white gros-grain silk, trimmed with cross-strips of the same, edged with pink silk cord, and finished off with pink silk tassels. The white skirt is looped up over an under-skirt of pink silk.

And a frock of white silk, with a pattern of very small bouquets of colored flowers, trimmed with strips of white ribbon striped with all the various colors of these flowers. This coquettish little frock is called *la robe jardinière*.

There has been quite a breeze in the newspapers, and, we suppose, also in a certain little village on the Hudson, about a *name*. It has been proposed to change "Dobb's Ferry" to "Paulding;" but it proves to be a difficult if not an impossible matter. It is to be hoped that such names will in future be selected for new places as will be appropriate, pleasing, and generally satisfactory. But deciding upon a *name*, whether it be for a baby, a village, a mountain, or what-not is a difficult matter.

Another very sad accident occurred a short time ago, by which two children were killed. The parents, living in Setauket, went to church, leaving the children in charge of a nurse, who allowed them to wander through the house unattended. Having reached the roof, they became dizzy by looking down, and were precipitated to the ground. The skull of each was fractured, and they died almost immediately.

We have heard that some ancient people detected adulterated milk by dropping a little upon the thumb nail; if the milk was pure it would remain in its place, but if not it would flow away. We are unable to say how infallible this test may be; but it is a satisfaction to know that three milkmen were fined twenty dollars apiece the other day for mixing water with their milk before serving their customers. Many a helpless child in this city is cheated out of its proper and needful nourishment in consequence of the sale of poor, diluted milk.

American school-books are to be used in the public schools of Japan without any attempt to translate them into the native language. The Japanese Commissioners, who recently visited this country, gave an order for supplying their Government with the books hereafter to be used; and the first shipment, consisting of sixty cases, weighing about ten tons, has been made.

In speaking of long dresses, which, happily, are now seldom seen in our streets, Oliver W. Holmes uses the following language:

"Why, there isn't a beast or bird that would drag its tail through the dirt in the way these creatures do their dresses. Because a queen or duchess wears long robes on great occasions a maid-of-all-work or a factory girl thinks she must make herself a nuisance by trailing through the street, picking up and carrying about with her—bah! that's what I call getting vulgarity into your bones and marrow.

"Show over dirt is the attribute of vulgar people. If any man can walk behind one of these women, and see what she rakes up as she goes, and not feel squeamish, he has got a tough stomach. I would not let one of them into my room without serving them as David did Saul at the cave in the wilderness—cut off his skirts!

"Don't tell me that a true lady ever sacrifices the duty of keeping all about her sweet and clean, to the wish of making a vulgar show. I don't believe it of a lady. There are some things that no fashion has any right to touch, and cleanliness is one of them."

Some extraordinary developments have recently been made in New Orleans concerning blind beggars. It has been ascertained that a peculiar kind of bluestone, dissolved in water, will produce temporary blindness. The impostor prepares this solution, and having secured the services of some half-starved little motherless and fatherless boy or girl to lead him, he closes his eyes and bathes the lids with the liquid. It acts as a powerful astringent, and even if he wanted to see he couldn't, until the effect wears off. The lids are tightly closed, and if they are forced open there is a temporary film over the pupil which would deceive any but the skillful oculist. One of this class of beggars was required to give $1000 for his good behavior, and the amount was promptly furnished by beggars on the spot. One of them had $3000 with him and also a certificate for $12,000 more!

Servants "fresh" from Erin need information, as the following indicates:

A gentleman who does his own marketing recently purchased, among other things, a pair of live lobsters. The servant being out on an errand when he returned, he personally placed the lobsters upon the cement floor of the cellar. While dining, his wife heard a voice beneath as if some combat was in process in the cellar. A moment afterward the servant, who had been about three weeks in the country, came pantingly into the dining-room.

"Faith, ma'am, an' I've killed 'em both!" was her eager exclamation.

"Killed what, Catharine?"

"Faith, ma'am, two big bull cockroaches—the biggest you ever heerd on."

Husband and wife looked at each other, and informed Catharine that at table such topics must never be touched, and resumed exercise with knife and fork.

Catharine went out saying, in an undertone, as she descended,

"Well, this is a quare counthry, whin ye have to take hatchets to kill roaches wid an' nothin' strange thought of it!"

The mystery was solved after dinner. The exile of Erin had chopped the living lobsters into pieces with a hatchet, supposing them to be some variety of household vermin. There was not any lobster salad for supper that night in that domicile.

An English paper tells a romantic story, which reminds one, in some of its outlines, of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." A certain Mr. Watts, living in the vicinity of Durham, came to America about eleven years ago in search of wealth. He left behind him a wife and two children, who struggled on in life as best they could, for neither word nor money came to them from the absentee. At the end of seven years Mrs. Watts became Mrs. Wallace, and for four years lived happily with her new partner, supposing, of course, that her first love was dead. But recently the last one reappeared in his native place, went boldly to "Mrs. Wallace's" house, and made himself known. The interview which took place did not awaken any of the old feelings, and the lady preferred keeping on with the new love. She had, however, some slight compassion for her delinquent lord, and told him that she would give him a meal of meat, a night's lodging, and set him off with a shilling in his pocket, which, said she, "is more than thou hast done for me for the last eleven years!" He accepted her generous offer and took shelter under her roof for the night. But on rising next morning he strongly asserted his claim, which terminated in his summary ejection from the domicile. Both husbands have consulted lawyers, and the matter is likely to require legal adjustment.

A report has been made to the French Academy of Sciences in regard to the singular behavior of a certain plant—the *Colocasia esculenta*. It seems to be subject to *fits*, a strange tremor affecting it from time to time. Sometimes these fits last all day and through the night; but generally they commenced at nine in the morning, and continued until noon. Not unfrequently the plant would remain in a state of perfect rest for days, and even whole weeks. On one occasion, although the temperature was mild, the plant seemed to be laboring under a fit of ague, and the pot containing the plant, and weighing about ten kilogrammes, shook so that the hand of a man could hardly steady it. The rhythmical tremor was likewise communicated to the fine leaves and clusters of flowers of several plants in close proximity. The cause of this peculiar movement is still a puzzle.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY is this man like an Editor?—Because he makes a living by his pen.

To attract customers, Fume has put up an electric clock in his shop, and is terribly annoyed by boys running in to inquire the time of day. The other evening, as we were buying a cigar, a little shaver came in with the usual "Please, Sir, tell me what time it is?" "Why, I gave you the time not a minute ago," said the astonished tobacconist. "Yes, Sir," replied the lad, "but this is for another woman."

A young woman in Chicago, who had lost her speech by a severe cold, had twenty offers of marriage in one week.

A four-year-old urchin at South Hadley Falls lately greeted a cousin, who had come from New York to observe the country, through the medium of a pair of eye-glasses, with the remark: "Cousin Will, your spectacles haven't got any shafts to them."

A gentleman one day arrived at a forlorn country inn, and addressing a lugubrious waiter, inquired if he could have a chicken and asparagus.

The serving man shook his head.

"Can I have a duck, then?"

"No, Sir."

"Have you any mutton-chops?"

"Not one, Sir."

"Then, as you have no eatables, bring me something to drink. Have you any spirits in the house?"

"Sir," replied the man, with a profound sigh, "we are out of spirits."

"Then, in wonder's name, what have you got on the premises?"

"An execution, Sir."

"Sam, why am de hogs de most intelligent folks in de world?"—"Because dey nose ebery ting."

"Aunty," said a three-year-old one day, "I don't like my aprons to be starched so much. So much starchness makes the stiffness scratch my bareness."

"I can not conceive, my dear, what's the matter with my watch; I think it must want cleaning," exclaimed an indulgent husband to his better half, the other day. "No, pa," said his petted little daughter, "I know it don't want cleaning, because baby and I washed it in the basin ever so long this morning."

BIRTHDAYS.

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living,
And the child that is born on Sabbath day
Is good and great, fair and gay.

A ready-witted Irishman lives in Rockwood, Illinois. The other day one of the boys, thinking to have a little fun out of him, said: "Roley, have you heard the news?" "No; what news?" "Why, the devil is dead." Not a word said Roley, but putting his hand in his pocket, and pulling out a ten-cent shinplaster handed it to his questioner, who asked what it was for. "Why," answered Roley, "in the ould country, where I came from, it was the custom *to give the children something when the parents died*." Whereat there was some laughter, but no more inquiries.

AFFECTIONATE TIMES—when every thing is as dear as it can be.

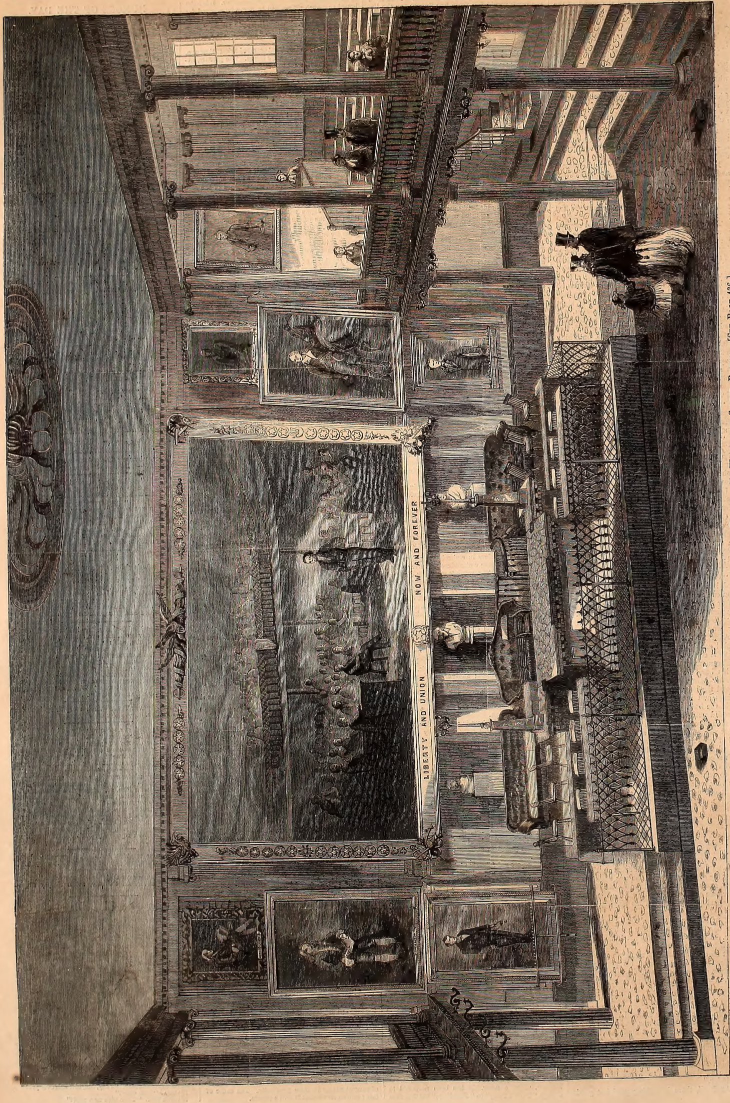
A lady called at a store recently and inquired of a young clerk for "crewel." Not willing to appear ignorant, nor exactly comprehending her, he handed down a regular twisted cowskin. "Why," said the lady, "that is not what I want." "Well," replied the boy, "that is the cruelest thing I know of."

On a rainy winter evening a gentleman traveling in a hack found, on nearing his destination, that he had no money with him, so, thinking he would try the honesty of the driver, he called out as he ran up the steps, "Wait a minute—I have dropped a ten-dollar bill in the coach, and will get a light and search for it." The words were hardly spoken when the Jehu gave the horses a furious lash and drove off at a violent rate. The gentleman, heartily amused at the result, called after him repeatedly, but never saw hack or driver again.

Bury your troubles, but don't linger around the grave-yard conjuring up their ghosts to haunt you.

An exchange says that "bridal envelopes," so extensively advertised for sale, mean simply night-gowns.

MASTER TOM (*who has been promised two cents if he is good during the service*). "I say, Ma, is it half over yet?"
MAMMA. "Yes, dear!"
MASTER TOM. "Then give us a cent!"




INTERIOR OF FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.—Photographed by Whipple, 297 Washington Street, Boston.—[See Page 436.]

"WAITING"—A SCENE IN THE OLD LADIES' HOME, BROOKLYN.—Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 435.]

## A FOURTH OF JULY PATRIOT.

High waves the Flag on tower and crag,
  High o'er the sheeted sail,
From keel to ruck, from deck to truck,
Unstained, immortal, never struck,
  It thunders on the gale!

The cannon booms, the bells ring out,
  The people shout and cheer;
Our children say they wish this day
  Would come three times a year.

With fire and ball, while merry all,
  No gift may *she* afford—
Poor, widowed Rose!—her child, she knows,
  Has but his father's sword.

This clattering weight he drags, elate,
  Yet wistful marks the play
Of little ones with mimic guns,
  While shouting loud as they—

Proud of the brand a grandsire's hand
  In fight was trained to wield,
That dealt to foes a hundred blows
  On Saratoga's field.

So all day long, mid shouting throng,
  In humble guise arrayed,
The tired child still worked and smiled—
  Toiled at his rusty blade.

In bed at night, the fire-work's light
  He watched with shining eye,
Quite full of glee that he might see,
  Although too poor to buy.

Above, below, all was aglow
  With powder-ball and train,
And wheels went round, with thunder sound,
  In flakes of fiery rain.

In red career the rocket spear
  Flew hissing o'er the town;
Like silver showers of angel flowers
  The rocket stars came down.

Came floating down, as if to crown
  The child in all his pride,
Till night grew dim, when, tall and grim,
His grandsire came in dreams to him,
  The old sword by his side.

## "NOT MATRIMONIAL."

On the front door-stone stood an iron kettle boiling over with flowers, and suggesting the idea of having been taken off the stove and set out there to cool. The contents of the kettle were dew-plants, thoroughly done, so to speak, and spattered all over with red blossoms, like a slight attack of measles. The house itself was red, shaming the sweet-brier, which could not blush to the least advantage under the parlor windows. The house was situated in that indefinite region known to the people of Maine as "up-country," and was the home of Barnabas Nye, Esquire, his wife, and their daughter, Temperance Ann. Barnabas was a Justice of the Peace, and not without honor save in his own house, where his wife reigned queen, not even endowing him with the "crown matrimonial." But, as he frequently remarked, "he wasn't a man that wanted his say, and it was no pleasure to him to dispute." Mrs. Barnabas had military qualities of the strategic order. Her personal charms inspired awe rather than admiration. The features of her face were at open war with one another; and her nose, an organ with two powerful stops, moved up and down when she talked, giving additional force to remarks always emphatic. As for Miss Tempy Ann, she had as much character as her mother's daughter dared to possess. Low-voiced, mild-eyed, with a complexion like "new milk and strawberries," she had withal a winning way; and it was believed by the neighbors that if she could be removed from her mother's overshadowing "thumb" she would make "one of the likeliest wives in the county."

It may be that James Pinson indorsed this saying, with sundry marginal notes of his own; but, poor fellow! he might as well have sighed for the North-Star. Tempy Ann was not for him. Mrs. Nye affected money, and as James Pinson had it not, we may as well leave him sitting disconsolately on the hereditary stone-wall of his father's farm, and follow the fortunes of our heroine.

Like a dutiful daughter, she had thus far kept her affections done up in cotton-wool, warranted fresh when they should be unpacked at the maternal bidding. Meanwhile Mrs. Nye was furtively scanning the matrimonial market with an eye for "a bargain." There was young Gifford, who would be "well-to-do" at his father's death; but as he was a spendthrift and "shiftless," he counted for nothing. Squire Bronson was worth a handsome farm, and would support a wife like a lady; but he was a widower, and his six children were certainly an objection.

Mrs. Nye ran through the list on her fingers, and while still hesitating—having got as far as the third finger on her left hand—there was an arrival at Flagstaff. One Colonel Fletcher, a wealthy lumberman, had come to superintend his log-driving, and make negotiations for the purchase of timber. By diligent inquiry it was ascertained that he was a bachelor, unencumbered with sick mother or deceased brother's children, and moreover that he would, for the future, spend a large portion of his time at Flagstaff. These facts being duly registered in Mrs. Nye's diplomatic brain, it very soon followed that the red house, with the kettleful of flowers in front, was ready for a boarder. Colonel Fletcher was delighted! Here was a cozy little nook, as quiet as a last year's birds-nest. He loved cleanliness—and the immaculate table-cloth, the reflective silver, the "picked up" rooms, gave him a sense of satisfaction. His hostess might be rather too angular for his taste, but then "butter wouldn't melt in her mouth," though on what physiological principle it is that amiable people have such very cold mouths I have never been told.

As for tidy Tempy Ann, the new boarder liked her at once, and passed her the honey with so much suavity that Mrs. Nye mentally touched the third finger of her left hand for a full stop, and said to herself:

"No use to look further. This man will do!"

She made her plans accordingly; not moving forward in the shortest straight line—for that would only have defeated her object—but steering her course obliquely, "the woman's diagonal." Whenever her duties called her from the parlor, she rarely failed to apologize for leaving her boarder to "entertain himself," evidently regarding the unobtrusive Tempy Ann, who sat by the window, as "nobody to speak of." She never praised her lovely daughter; on the contrary, she scolded her, though somewhat gently (as such women count gentleness), and for her most endearing faults, which always leaned to virtue's side.

"Who's going to find you in stove-polish at this rate, Temperance Ann? It's scour and scrub, and dig and delve. I did hope, in my old age, I should have a daughter I could take some comfort with; but you'll wear your poor mother all out, and what does such finifying amount to, that's what I'd be glad to know?"

Then, when the gentle daughter blushed with real annoyance behind her tea-cup, the good-natured boarder would relate the story of the trim housewives of Broeck, who scoured the bark off their trees to make them spruce. He came, unconsciously, to take poor Tempy's part. He could not see, for the life of him, why she was not a prettily-spoken, well-behaved little girl. Far from detecting any covert designs upon himself, Abner Fletcher, though a man of the world, with forty years' experience, did not dream of a snare. He was not insensible to the charms of a pretty face, and his heart was a blurred tablet (if you'll excuse the hard metaphor) scrawled over with half-erased names. He liked to flatter young ladies, particularly if they knew how to blush to order, and Tempy had that gift to perfection. He came and went, and, to Mrs. Nye's thinking, matters were in excellent progress. He visited scarcely a house in town, and spent his evenings most sociably in the bosom of the family. He understood phonography, a science which mamma was very anxious for Tempy Ann to master.

"She was bound to kill herself over books any how, and it might as well be for something that would pay. Who knew but the child could learn to be a reporter, if Colonel Fletcher would only have patience, and she was not too stupid?"

Colonel Fletcher had abundance of patience, and Miss Tempy was any thing but stupid. Of course, during lessons, the teacher and pupil were by themselves in the parlor and must not be disturbed. The neighbors began to look wise, and neighbors in the rural districts *can* look very wise indeed.

"It was strange," Mrs. Nye declared, "what Tempy Ann could see in such an old bachelor. But, la me! as for the Colonel, he seems to think the whole circular globe spins round on that child!"

Thus, before the man was aware, he was reported engaged. His lumbermen rallied him upon his rustic tastes, and he stroked the "under-fringe" of his chin with a careless laugh, saying:

"Well, you'll all agree I might have done worse."

He gave Tempy Ann a new dress, but that was because she ironed his collars so smoothly. He protested against the kettle, replaced it by some civilized flower-pots, and brought a calla lily fifty miles, for the sake of hearing the dear girl say "Thank you." During his absences he wrote her several letters in short-hand, always turning some pretty compliment or other, for he did not suppose such tender messages could touch a heart wrapped up in cotton wool. He forgot that black-and-white are terribly fast colors. In short, he was not prepared for the turn which events were about to take; or he would not have ridden and walked with Miss Nye after he knew what people were saying. He would never have superintended the making of his sweet friend's bonnets at Boston, even if the Flagstaff milliner did sit up nights to invent hideous patterns. And, above all, he would not have told her over and over in such dulcet tones that she would make the "loveliest wife in Christendom."

James Pinson meantime was in danger of grinding his teeth down to a point.

"The old lady is at the bottom of it," groaned he; "if Tempy had had her way she'd have married me off-hand long ago. Haven't I seen it in her eye? But what's the use to fight against fate, or Mrs. Barnabas Nye either?"

Two years passed, and still no signs of a wedding. Mrs. Nye began to think she had been too wary, and perhaps the Colonel was waiting for somebody to hold down the branch while he plucked off the apple; so she steered out of her "diagonal" and began to praise Tempy Ann. Colonel Fletcher looked dignified and unconscious; did not understand innuendoes. Growing desperate, the woman finally asked outright "if the day was set." She was answered by a stare of cool amazement.

"Colonel Fletcher," gasped she, dashing a meteoric shower from her eyes, "do you, or do you not, intend to marry my daughter?"

The man jumped as if he had been shot from a catapult.

"I—I—ahem—me?"

Mrs. Nye arose and faced the enemy like a small charge of infantry.

"Colonel Abner Fletcher, Sir, have you, or have you not, a *squeam* of conscience in your soul?"

"My dear Madam," replied Colonel Fletcher, fairly trembling, for he would sooner have faced a cannonade than a woman's frown, "let me assure you you are quite, *quite* wrong. Your daughter and myself are the best of—of—friends, but our mutual—that is, our mutual regard, is not—not matrimonial!"

"Tell me that!" shrieked the head of the family, "me that's knowing to the burning out of three cords of wood in the parlor! Look me in the face, will you—with your walks and rides, and letters and flower-pots—and say—'*Not Matrimonial!*'"

The culprit steadied himself by the table and faced his accuser with a mournful fortitude.

"Really ma'am," said he, deprecatingly, "I'm not a marrying man, and never thought of your daughter in that light; so if it is all the same to you, I—I—beg to be excused."

"Not a marrying man!" retorted Mrs. Nye, picking up his words and shooting them back like iron balls. "A shifty-minded man, you should say, a wolf in sheep's clothing, that creeps into widows' houses and devours young hearts, and then, for a pretense, says, 'Not matrimonial.'" (Mrs. Nye always used vigorous language, but she was apt to mix her metaphors.) "And here's my daughter, Sir, though I say it, refusing offers for your sake. What do you say to that, Sir? Pouring out her innocent affections like green buds on a rose-bush; and you, Sir, crawling out on the other side like a wriggling worm! Hanging your sheepish head like a donkey, and whimpering 'Not Matrimonial!'"

"But, Madam," responded the Colonel, with a frightened glance at the tremulous gold beads on Mrs. Nye's neck, "I have no reason to suppose your daughter honors me with any preference; you surely would not urge us both into a union against our wills?"

Madam's nose danced a gallopade.

"A pretty excuse, Sir, and the more of a villain are you for making it! I believe to my soul the conscience is feminine, and left out of a man's composition, leastways an old bachelor's; and they don't know right from wrong," continued she, her tongue running away with her, "and wouldn't marry their own grandmothers if there wasn't somebody to put them up to it!"

Colonel Fletcher saw that the tide was rising and would sweep all before it. He caught his hat as if it had been a life-preserver.

"Good-by!" said he. "I am sorry, Mrs. Nye, after our long and pleasant intercourse, to part from you in this stormy manner."

"Going, are you?" sobbed his hostess, hysterically, for she saw she had been too hasty. "Why, Colonel Fletcher, I hope I haven't said any thing that could any ways injure your feelings."

"By no means, Madam," replied the bachelor, with his best bow, "only I'm not in the habit of having notice served on me to take a wife."

"Oh, if that's all," cried Mrs. Nye, with a rainbow smile, "there's no sort of hurry! Time enough yet for such young things as you are—as our Tempy is, I mean."

This gracious admission failed to bring the Colonel to terms. He fled as if for dear life; but as he had no further business at Flagstaff his departure was not calculated to excite surprise. Tempy Ann bore it with perfect composure. As for James Pinson he took a little courage; his sister knew it by the sign of the shoe-blacking and the sign of the hair-brush.

Weeks passed and no message came from the refugee. Then Mrs. Nye began to look destiny in the face, and see reflected there the vision of a rejected daughter and a mortgaged farm; for latterly there had been a failure of crops as well as suitors. It is true Tempy Ann was not sentimentally inclined, and continued to feed the chickens with her usual serenity; but a fortune of a hundred thousand had slipped through her fingers, and what was to be done about it? The baffled mamma found means to set spies upon the man who had declined to be her son-in-law. It seemed, as she told her husband, he was "going right on with his business, like a green bay-tree." And presently it came to light that he was paying his addresses to a beautiful young lady in the upper walks of society. Oh, preposterous!

"And him to pretend to me he was not a marrying man! Will somebody tell me what to do!"

"I've no advice to give," said Mr. Barnabas, meekly, which was just as well, considering he had not been asked for any.

"I'll sue him," pursued the gentle dame; "I'll sue him as sure as I live!"

"Oh, mother, I beg you to keep quiet!" cried Tempy Ann, turning pale. She had a mild impression that she had been trifled with, but her maidenly modesty was up in arms at the thought of appearing in court. Her entreaties were in vain. All her life she had been obliged to do "as Simon says," and with the torture of a martyr she did it now. Mrs. Barnabas waited until Abner Fletcher was actually married; and then she came down upon him with a sudden swoop.

The newly-made Benedict was greatly amazed. He tried to treat the matter, in his bride's presence, as an excellent joke; but his convulsive smiles were suggestive of jumping toothache. She, confiding little innocent, had believed herself that very rare being, an old bachelor's first choice.

"My sweetest Lavinia, I am sued for breach of promise by an ignorant little country girl. You will hear of it; so I may as well tell you that I offered her my arm once in walking, and she thought I meant it as a proposal of marriage. Don't look so bewildered! You know very little of unsophisticated maidens in the rural districts, or you would understand that such suits are of common occurrence. Any thing like gallantry is dangerous 'up country.' But Lawyer Bartlett will soon put an end to the ridiculous affair. One kiss, my love, and look for me home to-morrow."

The little shire town of Praed was alive to its fingers' ends, though there were only five people to whom this case was one of vital interest—the plaintiff, the plaintiff's parents, the defendant, and last, but not least, James Pinson. The latter sat in one corner of the court-room, his honest face glowering with indignation and anon transfigured with the tenderest sympathy; for he felt, as no other person did, the exceeding delicacy of Tempy Ann's position. It was true the girl had no more resistance than a tow string; still, in spite of her slack-twisted disposition, the man loved her with all the force of a strong nature.

She won the hearts of Judge and jury by her modest beauty, enhanced as it was by an expression of melancholy which suggested a broken heart, but was really nothing more than honest shame. That worthy Nemesis, her mother, sat bolt upright, plying energetically a huge feather fan with a rhythmical motion. Her air of brazen assurance did not prepossess the jury; but who would not pardon some natural failings in the mother of such a plaintiff? Colonel Fletcher saw the impression which Tempy Ann was producing; and really with that bonnet on, his own selection and vastly becoming, he thought she did him honor. No one could blame him for being slightly bewitched by her in his single days. He was glad she had not come to court looking like a dowdy, as by so doing she would have compromised his reputation for good taste.

The case was opened; a few witnesses called upon the stand. Mrs. Nye testified to the wood consumed in the parlor air-tight, to the presents of calico dresses—one striped blue and buff, the other red with a white sprig. These, and the earthen flower-pots, she enlarged upon—which was quite natural, the gifts being exceeding small. She also held up to view remembered rides, letters, bouquets, smiles, and sighs. The jurymen were interested. A few of the first citizens of Flagstaff gave evidence that Colonel Fletcher and the plaintiff had been popularly supposed to be betrothed. Letters were produced and deciphered by a phonographer, when both the defendant and the girl, who would make "the sweetest wife in Christendom," blushed painfully, for the tender sentiments were dreadfully haggled by the rasping voice of the reader.

"The skulking old hypocrite," muttered James Pinson, referring to the Colonel. "Scribbling the very soft sawder I'd have used myself if I had the gift of the gab; only 'twould have been life and death with me, and with him it means nothing more than 'yours truly,' nor hardly that either."

"I find," said Mr. Bartlett, triumphantly, "I find no evidence that my client ever offered marriage to the plaintiff."

But this minor objection was overruled by the court. It certainly is not customary for lovers to make proposals in the presence of a third party, however desirable such a course might be in the eyes of the law. No person in this case could testify to having actually heard any matrimonial questions propounded; but the sweet young plaintiff, when on the witness-stand, gave Mr. Hoskins a view of her left ear and timidly confessed "she thought that was what Colonel Fletcher meant; she had so understood him." She was not cross-examined; the point was too delicate.

Now came the pleas. Mr. Hoskins's harangue was chiefly remarkable for its deep insight into the sufferings of the human heart, and must have had a depressing effect upon the rising generation who listened, for his descriptions of unrequited love were soul-stirring and called for tears. Tempy, in her arm-chair, felt as if she sat in "the valley of wormwood." When her lawyer, with much emotion, held her up for pity, as one whose hopes are crushed for life, since "if the love of the heart is blighted it buddeth not again," she stole a shy look at James Pinson; but he sat eying his finger-nails with scrupulous care.

"He despises me like every body else," thought the wretched girl. "Would that I had never been born."

Her dejection seemed to the jury very natural under the circumstances; and they all pitied her to a man. It really struck the able Mr. Bartlett as rather a lack of gallantry in him to offer any opposing remarks. He rated his brother counsel soundly, however, for dooming such a blushing rose-bud to wither on the stem.

"'A blighted life!'" sneered he, sweeping his pocket-handkerchief and sifting a grain of dust against the clerk's susceptible nose, "talk of a blighted life to a charming young girl without a crow's foot. Look at her, gentlemen, in the spring-time of her beauty: and then cast an eye at my wrinkled client!" Space was afforded the jury for taking observations, as the prolonged sneezing of the clerk here interrupted the speaker. "A respectable man is my client, as we can all testify, but fast traveling toward a wig and a pair of spectacles. Did I understand my brother counsel to allude to 'love's young dream?' Young, indeed! Love's *middle-aged* dream, he meant. It is all the Colonel is capable of at his time of life; a sentiment that might satisfy our maiden aunts, perhaps, but who wishes his daughter to take up with such shoddy?" Here the bald spot on the defendant's devoted head reddened as if it had been rubbed with "hair-restorer." The Colonel never had the selfishness to wish to blight—(I quote the word appropriately, I think) to *blight* the life of the youthful Miss Nye by uniting his fate with hers! She might possibly have been so short-sighted as to listen to his overtures; but, gentlemen of the jury, he never made any—and she may thank him for never giving her the opportunity of throwing herself away. For my part, I have always

thought there was something left out of the Bible, and where it says 'A woman shall not marry her grandfather,' it ought to add, 'nor a man old enough to be her grandfather.'"

The jury, two of whom were unmarried men and silent admirers of the gentler sex, were scandalized by Lawyer Bartlett's flippancy. An hour later, being shut up in durance vile according to custom, they compared notes, when it appeared that with one exception their sympathies were all with the heart-broken Miss Temperance Nye, and that exception, a Man's Rights individual, only held out faintly and was soon overruled.

Thus it came to pass that, as the gossips had hoped, "the girl got the case," and five thousand dollars with it. A pretty little penny, considering that life was still before her where to choose, and that there were no affections involved—that is, nothing but "nervous affections." For, to do the child justice, she had such fits of trembling for six weeks or more that Mrs. Nye was apprehensive of St. Vitus's dance.

"Pretty time to make a fuss now it's all over," said the tender mother; adding, magnanimously, "If you'll only stop taking on so, I'll give you half the money. Goodness knows though, you don't deserve it, for you never would have got a cent if it hadn't been for me."

Tempy Ann received the gift with stoical indifference. She had been deeply humiliated, and still continued to look like a tombstone and talk like an epitaph.

"I wonder what's James Pinson's notion of coming here so much nowadays?" queried Mrs. Nye some time afterward.

"He has never defined his intentions, mother, but of course, after all that's past, they are not matrimonial," replied Tempy Ann, dejectedly.

"Then they'd better be," returned the law-giver, moulding a pat of butter as if it had been a son-in-law; "and if you don't tell him so I will!"

Tempy Ann dropped the stove-brush. What had softened her mother's iron purpose? She would have been scarcely less surprised if the Franklin air-tight had turned into a pin-cushion. She had not the courage to tell James, but he seemed to hear a word or two with his spiritual ears; and the end of it is, they live on the "Pinson place," and Tempy Ann takes care of the "old folks." Mrs. Nye cleared the farm of debt, and then paid the debt of nature. Her surviving partner, happily "free of all incumbrances," enjoys a home with his really admirable daughter, to whom he bequeaths in his will all the property of which he may "die seized and possessed!" One might easily "file exceptions" to the method of gaining money adopted by the deceased Mrs. Nye; but the loss has proved a mere trifle to the disappointed Colonel Fletcher, whose wife has dashed through his fortune and made him sigh in his old age,

"Alas! it would have been money in my pocket if I had only been in earnest when I made love to Tempy Ann Nye."

## A STORY WITH TWO ENDS.

Miss Flutters at home?

Miss Flutters *was* at home, John said, in the drawing-room. *Mr.* Flutters had left word he should be home soon, but had not yet returned from his club. Mr. Flutters was from home. Delicious and rare combination of circumstances, for I had a bone to pick with Madeleine, and this was the bone:

Madeleine, the queen of coquettes, engaged to me, was yet, I feared, encouraging another man of the name of Prior: a man from our club, well-dressed, good-looking, if not intellectual-looking, of gentlemanly manners, but inordinately conceited, and a confirmed flirt. There was a pleasant character to have about a house! A house, too, where the father was easily pleased, easily satisfied, fond of society, and ready to have any number of gentlemanly fools about him; where the lady of the house was a mere girl, attractive, charming, fascinating, intensely lovable, but a coquette; where the youngest daughter, Conny, with bright curls falling around a sober little face and large grave eyes, absorbed the sense.

"Madeleine," I said, gracefully blurting at once into the subject the moment we were left alone: "I find you have got to know Prior during my absence from town."

No jealousy, I flattered myself, in my tone; no discontent that it should be so.

"Yes," said Madeleine, taking up a pinafore of Conny's, and settling down to work like a staid little woman to whom coquetry was unknown.

"You won't think me a bore, Madeleine, or that I wish in any way to interfere with your choice of friends, but—*don't* you find Prior an insufferable coxcomb?"

"No," said Madeleine, intensely interested in the formation of button-holes, "I don't know that I do. Is not he generally liked, then? Papa thinks him so very agreeable."

"Since you *ask* me, Madeleine," I said, "and, mind, it is a thing I should never have mentioned of my own accord; I may tell you that, so far from being *generally* liked, to know that he was intimate at a house would be quite enough to prevent many men from visiting at it."

"Fancy!" said Madeleine, holding up the pinafore to be admired.

"I among them," I went on.

"No?" said Madeleine, quite unmoved by the assertion.

It was becoming evident that my challenge would not be accepted, and that Madeleine declined to show fight.

So, as after war the next best thing is peace: "Perhaps he does not come here often, after all," I said; "I should think, indeed, you would not allow yourself to be bored by him frequently."

"Oh, I don't know," said Madeleine; "I think I am very often bored, one way and another; it doesn't so much matter by whom, you know."

Whereby it will be seen, not only that Madeleine's views were liberal in the extreme, but that she understood to a nicety the art of evading delicate questions, and driving her lovers to desperation.

Jack Stevens was the most easy-going fellow in existence, but it was possible to drive him too far. Miss Flutters was relying too much on his sweetness of temper. He had now reached his limit. The lion within his breast was beginning to require attention.

I put a direct question to her, and waited for an answer.

"Madeleine," I said, "how often has Mr. Prior been here during my absence?"

"I haven't an idea," said Madeleine, slipping at once into feminine resources and accusing her memory. "Conny may recollect, perhaps; but it doesn't matter, does it?"

Another feminine resource. Madeleine abandoned her pedestal of indifference when she saw I was really angry, and descended to coaxing.

"What *can* it matter? You're not going to pretend you're jealous of Mr. Prior, Jack?"

The "Jack" did it. I was her devoted slave, not in the least jealous, and full of wonder at my own suspicions.

"Well, now," said Madeleine, when the pinafore had been duly admired, and small pieces of my heart had been sown on to it in a Greek pattern with braid, and we had both approved of the effect, "I will be candid with you; you shall never say I don't tell you every thing. Mr. Prior *has* been here a good deal."

Madeleine's candor always gave me palpitations of the heart; I never knew what was coming next. However, I gulped down this first edition, with the conviction that it would disagree with me when I came to digest it, happily smiling.

"You won't make me jealous *now*, Madeleine," I said, kissing her; and the pinafore fell from her lap.

"Clumsy!" said Madeleine, pouting. "You won't *let* me work. I'm ashamed of you, Jack. You don't behave half as well as Mr. Prior; he never does such things."

That is to say, reduced to English, Mr. Prior was not in the habit of kissing Miss Flutters.

I should never have imagined he was, myself; but Madeleine was so terribly suggestive that I began to feel uneasy, and the lion within me gave a roar.

"Madeleine, if I imagined such a thing possible, I should at once resign all claim over you, without even waiting to speak to Mr. Flutters on the subject, or wish good-by to your sister."

"That's just what I say," said Madeleine, quietly; "so you needn't flare up so, or I shall not be able to be as candid as I wish. Mr. Prior has not only been here a good many times already, but he is coming to dinner"—here Madeleine coughed a little—"to-night. It's very unfortunate for me, as well as for you, for of course I don't want *him* here the very first night of your return; but he asked himself, and papa couldn't very well refuse him then, could he? though I frowned at him to make him say 'No' till I thought my forehead would never come straight again; and Conny was speechless from surprise."

"It *is* unfortunate," I said, in as gruff a voice as I could manage, with the little jeweled hands pressing me so closely, and the blue eyes glancing—I suppose by accident—at the engagement-ring.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Madeleine, eagerly; and then added, trying to take me by storm, and trusting too much to the softening circumstances: "That's not the worst either. Mr. Prior makes love to me, and I can't tell what to do to make him leave off. He *will* do it, no matter what I do. He will to-night, you'll see."

To be told, after a few weeks' absence, that the girl to whom I was engaged was being made love to by the man I most disliked in the whole world; and that he *would* do it!

"Now, you're not angry with me?" said Madeleine, passing over Mr. Prior's offense, and taking care of number one in a lady-like way, "because it's not been my fault."

"No, I'm not angry with you, Madeleine," I said, "but of course there must be a stop put to it. Leave him to me. He'll not make love to you to-night, I fancy."

This was said with a sneer so very effective that Madeleine was beginning to look frightened. At such a moment who could have believed she was a coquette, before whose witchery young and old fell alike, fondly believing the while they had "made an impression?" Long I sat thus, drinking in long draughts of happiness, building castles of colossal height, all to be inhabited by one enchantress whose wickedness took the form of beauty, whereby she entangled the hearts of men, wooing them to love her by her gentleness, driving them to madness by the laugh in her eyes. But this beautiful witch had said that she loved me, had promised to come and live in my fine castles, and inhabit my high towers, and from henceforth the sole responsibility of controlling her rested with me and my restraining hand. And I was no ways afraid. Love is a strong subduer; now, sitting beside me, her hands clasped in mine, and her blue eyes watching my castles fade and die out in the fire, Prior was as far from her thoughts as from those of little Conny, who, in white frock and colored ribbons, had come in from ablutions, as fresh and as bright as a daisy, and was now standing beside me, watching our quiet happiness with some impatience and a little scorn.

"Poor Con," said Madeleine, rousing a little, and blushing under the child's scrutiny; "how stupid we all are, arn't we? I should soon have gone to sleep if you had not come in. I think it must be the fire. How are you going to amuse Mr. Stevens while I'm dressing for dinner?"

"I shall show him things," said Conny, promptly. And Madeleine left me to amusement.

"Now for a story," I said, drawing Conny, two puzzles, and a toy pump up to a place on my knee and stroking her curls. "What's it to be about? I can tell you a story about any thing you like," I declared, rashly; and Conny instantly put me to open shame.

"Then tell me," she said, holding on by her pump, and settling herself into a position of perfect ease, with a delightful consciousness that it would be beyond my powers; "tell me the story Madeleine tells me the nights you don't come here."

I was completely taken aback. Some story of Madeleine's? Madeleine, whose brilliant imagination could keep Conny quiet for an hour together?

"You would never guess, I see," said Conny, "what it is, and if you don't guess, you can't, of course, tell it. Shall I tell it to you instead? I know it now as well as Madeleine, I think."

"You have heard it very often, then?"

"Very often," assented Conny; "every night when you don't come here Madeleine comes and sits in that low chair and takes me on her lap. She turns up her pretty gray silk, you know, for fear I should crease it, and I sit on her petticoat, and she tells me the story."

"Always the same one?"

"Always the same," said Conny, shaking her curls; "but I don't get tired, it's so pretty, and the end is different sometimes."

"The end is different, Conny?"

"There are two ends!" said Conny, explaining; "one is very pretty indeed. Madeleine likes that one best. I think she tells it oftenest, but sometimes she tells the other end, and then she is so quiet and grave, and once when I kissed her her face was all wet."

"I'm afraid it will be too sad, Conny; I think I'll hear the other end first. Begin, please."

"Well, don't wriggle," said Conny, evidently beginning from the usual starting-point, and the story was commenced.

"Once upon a time," said Conny, "there was a young lady who had two lovers, one very good and one very bad. They were both very fond of her, and very polite." (Conny's notion of love-making was politeness carried to its extreme limit.) "And she liked them both, one in her heart and one in her manner."

Here Conny gave a little gasp. "Do you like it?" she asked.

"Excessively," I assured her; "but I don't understand, Conny, 'and one in her manner.' That was rather odd, wasn't it?"

"*I* thought so," said Conny, doubtfully, "but Madeleine said, 'No, it often happened.' And I suppose *she* knows?"

"Probably," I agreed; and the story went on.

"The good one, the one she liked in her heart, you know, had to go away for a long time, where he couldn't see her at all. And while he was gone the bad one came in, and brought her books—story-books, I suppose—and gave her a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and went out for rides with her, and took her at night to hear music.—Very polite, wasn't it?" Conny looked up in my face, and didn't understand the expression she saw there. "You don't like it," she said; "I shall leave off."

"I *do* like it, Conny. Go on, dear. I want to hear the end. What did the young lady do? Take the things he brought her? Enjoy the rides and the music? Throw the absent one over?"

"I don't understand you," said Conny, in her most sensible manner. "How *could* she throw him over when he was away; and what should she throw him *over*? Very silly!" Having expressed her opinion, Conny went quickly on, that she might not be blamed for having given it.

"Well! He talked, and talked (the bad one did), and said such nice things that sometimes he didn't seem bad at all, Madeleine said; though he always was really, you know. And she could not help liking him very much, and thinking it would be very pleasant to have all his beautiful things for her very own, and go and live with him in his fine large house.—Did I tell you he wanted her to go and live with him?" asked Conny, breaking off.

"The end, Conny; did she say she would?"

"Why, no," said Conny, at once sensibly, and with impatience: "that wouldn't have been ending happily, would it, when the other one was good? He was the best fellow in the world, Madeleine said."

"Goodness is not always appreciated."

There was bitterness in my tone, and Conny lifted the pump in reproof.

"Always," she said, "when things end happily."

She had no intention of moralizing, but imagined she was stating a fact.

"Well, Conny?"

"Well, she thought all this, till she remembered the other one, and how fond he was of her, and how polite he had always been, though he had not nearly such beautiful things as the bad one had, which, of course, prevented him from being as polite as could have been wished. When she remembered this she told the bad one he might live in his fine house himself, and keep all his beautiful things" (here Conny got considerably excited; she spoke with flashing eyes, and hands that gesticulated, dealing me blows with her puzzles and pump), "that she didn't want them, and wouldn't live with him, because she loved the good one better than she had ever, ever, ever loved him. And so do I," said Conny, winding up rather abruptly, and siding with virtue.—"Isn't it pretty?"

The pull up was so very sudden that I was not prepared with an eulogium.

"Don't you like it?" asked Conny, disappointed at my silence. "It's so pretty when Madeleine tells it, and much longer. I think I spoiled it with my words."

"Like it? It's perfectly charming. I was thinking it over, Con dear. I should so like to hear the other end now."

"*I* always say, 'If you're not tired,'" said Conny, suggesting.

I repeated the formula, and was indulged directly.

"The other end is pretty, but very sad. When the good one came back, he found that the beautiful young lady—Madeleine didn't say she was beautiful, but I like to think that she was—had—gone—so—far—with—the—bad—one" (the words came very slowly here; Conny was evidently speaking from memory)—"that—there—was—no—*drawing back*."

"What happened then?" I asked; for the soft voice broke off suddenly.

"I don't know," said Conny. "I'm afraid she forgot the good one, and went to live in the big house, among all the fine things, and that they didn't make her happy, for Madeleine cries so—at least she does sometimes—and sometimes she only kisses me, and sings till I go off to sleep in her arms such pretty sad songs!"

There were no red flashes from the fire now; the room was fast filling with shadows.

"Isn't that sad?" whispered Conny, clinging to me a little, not liking the silence, and secretly afraid of the dark.

"Very sad."

"It doesn't do to mind it, though," she said, trying to combine consolation with sense, "because it's only a story, and not really true, you know. I don't suppose there ever was a beautiful young lady with one bad and one good; and you know there were two ends, and I mean to believe the happy one. Won't you?"

"Dinner, Jack!" said a beautiful young lady in a gray silk dress: and I rose at the sound of her voice.

The dinner was perfection; all my favorite dishes had been thought of. Never had I seen Prior to such advantage. He monopolized Mr. Flutters, and rarely approached the silk dress. Madeleine and I had it all to ourselves. And charming as she always was, she was more than ever so on this evening; happy, I suppose, in the consciousness of her singular beauty, set off to so much advantage by the gray gown, the falling lace of which showed her white shoulders and pretty round arms uncovered. Prior, who was easily bored, preferred the society of the ladies, and soon after the ladies had retired absconded to the drawing-room, whither I should certainly have followed him had not Mr. Flutters been so very anxious to know the exact point to which stupidity could carry me on the subject of "Reform," that, without positive incivility, I found it impossible to leave him. When, however, it had been clearly proved what a fool I was, there seemed nothing further for which to remain, and I left my future father-in-law to discuss the affairs of the nation with his son.

The evening passed quietly enough, enlivened by snatches of song from Madeleine, who seemed too restless to go steadily through any thing, but made the room sweet with beginnings and ends. Tea was placed on the table and I completely swamped myself in that liquid, Madeleine holding the uncomfortable theory that the more domestic a man was the more tea he would necessarily take into his system: so Prior and I ran a race for reputation, and Prior won by a cup.

"Going my way?" said that hero at length, admiring his hands in lavender kids, and then generously offering them all round.

I assured him I was not; so, looking surprised, he took his departure.

"Mr. Stevens," said Madeleine, in a low chair, quiet and grave, like the heroine of Conny's story, when she had made up her mind, "it would be very pleasant to have beautiful things for her very own; "I have made a mistake."

I thought the assertion so very likely to be correct that I made no attempt at contradiction.

"While you have been away," said Madeleine, telling a story I had heard before, "Mr. Prior made love to me as I told you. I tried at first to prevent him, and, indeed, he knew I was engaged to you, but he went on all the same. He brought me all the last new novels, and—"

"And gave you a paint-box, and a dog with a collar, and took you at night to hear music?"

The words were Madeleine's, and she recognized them at once for her own.

"You know all!" she said. And there was silence between us. "Can you forgive me?" she said at length, nestling up to my arms, and laying her bright head down on my coat. "I'm so sorry, Jack! I can't think what made me do so, for I knew all along he could never make me happy, for I love you—"

"Better than you could ever, ever, ever love him!" I said. "Conny told me so. Oh, Madeleine darling, this is much the prettier ending of the two!"

Madeleine seemed to think so also. She smiled through her tears, and looked up at me from under her eyelashes.

"I'm so sorry," she said again.

I instantly said I was sorry too (that being the correct thing to say under the circumstances).

So happily the weeks went on to the eve of my wedding-day. It was getting dusk, and I was sitting by the fire in the dear old drawing-room, holding Madeleine's little hand in mine, and gazing at the sweet face that was so soon to belong to my wife; when to-morrow's little bridemaid appeared at the door in a white frock, and with long white mists floating backward from her pretty curls.

"How very nice, Conny!" I said, for she stood quite still to receive compliments; "very pretty indeed, dear."

I rather wished she would go away, for I was enjoying a last *tête-à-tête* with Miss Flutters, and telling myself that to-morrow I should lose that young lady forever, and how would that feel! But Conny had caught sight of her sister down on the hearth-rug and sprang to her with a little cry of pain that made me feel a wicked brute and completely upset poor Madeleine.

"Hush, hush, darling," she said; "don't cry so, Conny. I shall soon be back, and then you're coming to stay with me, you know, and papa and Splutters and all."

But Conny had lost all her sense. She gave herself a little shake, and the frock and the mists were much injured.

"Conny," I said, taking her from her sister's arms, white as the veil that now hung limp around her, wet with her tears: no longer an emblem of to-morrow's joy; "listen to me. You shall keep Madeleine. I'll not take her from you."

"Oh, hush, Jack," said Madeleine. "Poor little Conny!" But Conny herself looked up.

"Really?" she asked; "not a story?"

"You shall keep her," I said, "if you say so."

After this there was a pause, during which I gave vent to some very affecting sighs.

"What will *you* do?" asked Conny, at length, laying a caressing cheek against mine and covering me up with her veil.

"I? Oh, I shall go away, Conny; the beautiful young lady won't come to me."

"Was that you?" asked Conny, in great surprise; "were you the good one, and was Madeleine the beautiful young lady? Oh!"

"How shall the story end, Conny?"

Conny looked up with a flash of her old quickness, but the dear head went down again on my shoulder.

"Shall I finish it, Conny?" said her sister, softly; and Conny's grasp tightened round my neck.

"Say 'Yes,'" she whispered. So I said "Yes," and Madeleine finished the story.

## THE BIRDS' PARADISE.

In the Central Park, while strolling
By the winding courses,
Where the shining wheels were rolling,
And the fettered horses
Neighed disdain of pomp and glitter,
I could hear a merry twitter
Coming from the bushes.
Saw in council, mid the thorn-brake,
Birds that hunters use ill—
Chaffinch, goldfinch, bull-finch, corn-crake,
And the water-ousel—
Heard the gullinule make clamor,
Heard the little yellow-hammer,
And the noisy thrushes.

Rail and whistling swan were present
From the marshy meadow;
Trogon, lark, and golden pheasant
Gleamed in light and shadow;
There the hoopoe shook her head-crest,
There the wren and robin red-breast
Warbled with the sparrow,
Warbled all the birds together:
"We have found a heaven;
Here no hand shall touch a feather;
Hence no bird be driven;
Nothing here, while making merry
Over shining bug or cherry,
Give us any care O!"

"Here are blue rills, ever running,
And the warmest places
For the washing and the sunning
Of our wings and faces,"
Sang an old bird, slyly cooing;
"And our boy-birds, here a-wooing,
May not fear the rifle!"
Such a clamor, such a flutter,
Such a trill of laughter!
And a dove was heard to mutter,
"They know *who* they're after—
These boy-birds—and how *I'd* use 'em!"
Then her head thrust in her bosom,
Eyes out just a trifle.

Chirped the wren, the subject changing,
"'Tis indeed a treasure—
Such a paradise to range in
At our merry pleasure;
Where, with none to hurt or cross 'em,
Birds may peck each leaf and blossom,
Barred from human fingers!"
And the birds, till myriad stars in
Glory crowned the even,
Warbled praises of their garden
Paradise to heaven;
And sent messengers for others—
Fathers, daughters, old gray mothers,
And their sister singers.

Augustus Comstock.

# BIRDS FROM THE CENTRAL PARK COLLECTION. N.Y.

1. Sparrow.—2. Sky-Lark.—3. Magpie.—4. Thrush.—5. Ring-Doves.—6. Bull-finch.—7. Blackbird.—8. Macaw.—9. Peacocks.—10. Green Parrot.—11. Cockatoos.—12. Canary.—13. Snow Owl.—14. Crow.—15. Eared Owl.

THE AMERICAN ARGAL OR ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.—Sketched by S. C. Beard.—[See Page 436.]

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MULE DEER.—Sketched by S. C. Beard.—[See Page 436.]

## CURIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT.

In the following paragraphs Dr. Draper, in his new work, the "History of the Civil War in America," just published by Harper & Brothers, points out a very important physiological fact—never before recognized by any previous author—the geographical distribution of human character:

> The nations of men are arranged by climate on the surface of the earth in bands that have a most important physiological relation. In the torrid zone, intellectual development does not advance beyond the stage of childhood; all the ideas correspond to those of early individual life. In the warmer portions of the temperate zone, the stage of youth and commencing manhood is reached. A critical observer can not fail to be interested with the tone of thought and manner of action of these populations: their old men are only overgrown youths. Along the cooler portions of that zone, the character attained is that of individual maturity, staid sobriety of demeanor, reflective habits, tardy action. Fire, vivacity, brilliancy, enthusiasm, are here exchanged for coldness, calculation, perseverance. Present gratification, a life of ease, a putting aside of care, are the characteristics of the southern edge of this zone; contentment in the anticipation of a happier future, even though that happier future should imply a life of unremitting toil, is the characteristic of the northern. The former seeks to secure its pleasures from the unrequited toil of those whom it can compel; the latter aims at the same result by securing the equally reluctantly-rendered gains of trade. The one relies on Force, the other too much on Fraud. Still more to the north, as the frigid regions are approached, the type of humanity answers to the later years of individual life—even the children are old men.
>
> Nature thus gives us, in the geographical distribution of human beings, a reflected picture of the ages of individual man. We need not go beyond the precincts of our own republic to recognize that truth.
>
> I have now to turn from the Atlantic to the Pacific region of the United States. In this, considering the recentness of its settlement, our thoughts must be directed, not so much to what is as to what will hereafter be, and, therefore, it is little that upon this point can be said.
>
> Such a sameness of climate as that between the Atlantic States and the corresponding latitudes of the Mississippi Valley is here no longer perceived. There are no longer the equally distributed heats or the symmetrical rains. On the contrary, we have to deal with a region of the most abrupt and violent meteorological contrasts—of a most versatile capacity for animal and vegetable life in all their possible modifications. In localities no very great distance apart there are scorching heats and eternal snows, sandy deserts sterile for want of rain, and districts marked by a perpetual humidity. That wonderful region has the capacity for acclimating all kinds of tropical, subtropical, and temperate forms of both realms, animal and vegetable.
>
> In its interminable plains and basin-like areas, in its mountain heights and on their rapid inclines, new forms of organization will be developed. From such areas in Asia came most of our domesticated animals, our cereals and fruits. In the Pacific region there is an American Arabia, Persia, Palestine, Tartary. For a million of square miles the aspect of nature is altogether Asiatic, and then, on the coast, it abruptly approximates the European. Europe and Asia are here pressed into contact.
>
> Man also, in these varied abodes, will undergo modification; and since, under like circumstances, human nature is always the same, the habits and ideas of the Old World will reappear in the New. The arts of Eastern life, the picturesque Orientalism of Arabia, will be reproduced in our interior sandy desert, the love-songs of Persia in the dells and glades of Sonora, and the religious aspirations of Palestine in the similar scenery of New Mexico.

## CATS AND MICE.

The Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss have chosen it as the symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and poets in general ignore it, for, however valuable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit:"

> "Around in sympathetic mirth
> Its tricks the kitten tries;
> The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
> The crackling fagot flies."

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volumnia in "Coriolanus" calls them "cats." In speaking of her son, she says:

> "'Twas you incensed the rabble;
> Cats! that can judge as fitly of his worth,
> As I can of those mysteries which heaven
> Will not have earth to know."

As to "the brindled cat" that mewed thrice before the three witches in "Macbeth" entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakspeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

Many persons take pleasure in calumniating this excellent member of society, and we shall have something presently to say in its defense. For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessings of cats; and how the rats and mice were kept down when no four-footed policeman patroled the kitchen is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centuries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possessed, which exist to our own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many of the monuments of Thebes. No one knows how they found their way into Europe; but there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals. Our ancestors had so high a sense of the usefulness of this animal that Howel Dha, or Howel the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a kitling before it could see was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, twopence. If its hearing or seeing was imperfect, if it had not whole claws, did not go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary the fine he had to pay was a milch ewe, with her lamb and fleece, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held up by the tail with its head touching the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of pussy's tail must be covered with the culprit's wheat. Thus, the price given for cats was high, considering the value of specie at that period, and the fact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast, shows that in the Middle Ages it must have been scarce in Wales.

There is no creature which relapses more easily from the domestic to the wild state than the cat. Neglect at home and the taste of wild and living food abroad often tempt it to forsake the inhospitable hearth, and like a brigand take to the woods. It prowls about, crouching under cover, and carefully concealing itself from public view. It breeds among thickets, makes raids upon young rabbits, sleeps in the holes of warrens, and banquets upon birds. Thus by degrees it loses its domestic habits, and becomes one of that race of wild cats which are still to be found in the North of Scotland and Ireland, and even in Cumberland and Westmoreland. If the population of England decreased as fast as it increases the wild cat would be as plentiful as in the days of Richard the Third, who granted a charter to the Abbot of Peterborough, permitting him "to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat." And what do you suppose the Abbot did with this produce of the chase? Why, he sold the skins, to be sure, and struck many a good bargain with those who prepared them for the use of neighboring convents; for it was ordained in Archbishop Borboyl's canons in 1127 that no abbess or nun should use more costly apparel than such as is made from lambs' and cats' skins. There is as much difference between the animal in its wild and in its domestic state as between a cannibal in his native haunts and a civilized European surrounded with luxury and refinement. The red-furred wild cats, which are hunted through the marshes and forests on the banks of the Mississippi, are ferocious as tigers, and of a huge size, with a head resembling that of a rattlesnake. The Indians will tell you that they live on the breath of slanderers; and when a quarrel arises in a tribe they say, "So-and-so is breeding wild cats in his wigwam."

The cat is often charged with taking cruel delight in the sufferings of its prey. But before this charge can be established, it is needful to prove that it is conscious of its victim's pain. If not, there is no cruelty in the case. The faculty of speech was never given to an animal but once, and then it rebuked the hand that smote it thrice with a staff. Addison speaks of the roasting of a cat as a common spectacle in his time. The sport consisted in seeing troops of the same species assemble, attracted by their comrade's piteous wailing. But which was the more cruel—the cat that was burned alive, or the men and boys that kindled the bonfire? It is difficult, no doubt, to say what end is answered by the prolonged agonies and terror of the mouse before it receives the *coup de grace*, but the cat meanwhile is only following its instinct, which is at once playful and destructive. If she had a bird between her claws instead of a small quadruped, she would bite off its head or wound it mortally at once, as if sensible of its chance of escape. Whatever detractors may say, she is capable of forming a strong attachment to those who treat her kindly. "Le chat s'attache à la maison, et le chien à son maître," is simply a libel; nor will we accept the compliment to the dog when it is offered at the expense of the cat. All who observe this animal's habits closely will discover in it proofs of affection. You may often see a kitten which will run to the call of one person, and one only. See how it leaps over the cabbages in the garden, makes its way among the pease, climbs up the favorite's dress, and fixes itself on the back of her neck! Here is another of the same tribe. Years ago its mistress left it with a friend, but when she returns, after ever so long an interval, she is recognized and welcomed. As soon as she is seated it creeps round and round her, and jumps into her lap—a familiarity with which it honors no one else in the world. Did you never see a cat among the mourners when the master is dead? It is always searching about for him. The dead man's brother takes it with him on one of his circuits, and does every thing he can to console it. But all in vain—the cat pines away, and literally frets itself to death. We have seen it ourselves, and this instance is only one among many.

As puss is not poetical, so also is she any thing but musical. Mewing and caterwauling are as unlike harmony as a bagpipe, a zampogna, or that vilest of all the inventions of Jubal, the cat-call, which the *Spectator* so humorously criticised in the days of Queen Anne. Yet we ought not to forget that to the cat we owe in part the most perfect of all instruments and the most exquisite music. Without her aid the violin-maker would be at a loss to find his strings, and Paganini would never have elicited such sweet and elaborate variations from a single chord. But have we no debt of gratitude to the mouse also? Is it simply to be hunted down and doomed to extermination? Seeing that the female produces from six to eight young seven or eight times a year, and that there is little chance of extirpating the race, might it not be as well to turn them to account if possible? The French taught them, years ago, to turn wheels, like squirrels, and if all that is said be true, they are likely soon to take an active part among us in the field of industry. A gentleman in Scotland has trained some mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton-yarn. The work is done on the tread-mill principle. The machine is so constructed that the common house-mouse can atone for its past offenses by twisting and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day. To effect this the little laborer must run ten miles and a half—a journey which it can perform every day with ease. Now, an ordinary mouse weighs but half an ounce, and a half-penny's worth of oatmeal, 1*s.* 3*d.* a peck, will feed it for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads a day, being an average of 3850 threads of 25 inches each, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. In the ordinary way 1*d.* is paid to women for every cut. At this rate, then, a mouse earns 9*d.* every five weeks, which is ¼*d.* a day, or 7*s.* 6*d.* a year. If you deduct 6*d.* for board, and 1*s.* for machinery, there will be left 6*s.* clear profit from every mouse yearly.

## REGENERATION OF LIMBS.

Several of the low orders of reptiles, belonging principally to the Lizard or Saurian families, have new legs, a new tail, and even a new eye projected, when any of those organs have been lost. This is in accordance with what is called the law of compensation. A process analogous to this takes place with the lobster. The males are a jealous, pugnacious class among the crustacea. In the vernal season particularly they fight with prodigious energy, and, among other feats of dexterity, clip off each other's claws with their huge shears as readily as a tailor snips a piece of cloth. In the course of a few weeks after such an amputation, if below the third joint, a small pulpy eminence begins to appear, which soon gives evidence of being a miniature claw. In short, a new one is ultimately fully developed. But it takes about two years for the new claw to overtake the old one in point of size and strength. A lobster only grows for about four days in the year. The shell is cast off annually; and at the moment of shedding the crust the body expands in all its dimensions very quickly, and enlarges till the new shell becomes so hard and compact as to admit of no further growth, and all the body remains fixed till the shell is thrown off the next season, when another increase takes place. In that way the new leg overtakes the old ones in all their relations. This fact will explain why lobsters are seen on sale with one large claw and one small one on the opposite side.

Some of the worms possess the extraordinary property of becoming perfectly distinct beings by cutting them once or twice apart. Each piece will soon have a head and tail, with a readjustment of all the internal organs—so that one, two, three, and sometimes more, are actually made out of one!

Without stopping to discuss the philosophy of such marvelous conditions of life, we are compelled to confess that the resources of nature not only excite our admiration, but strengthen a belief in the existence of God.

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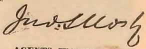

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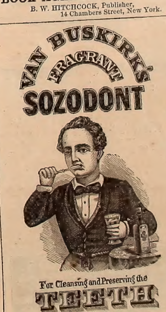


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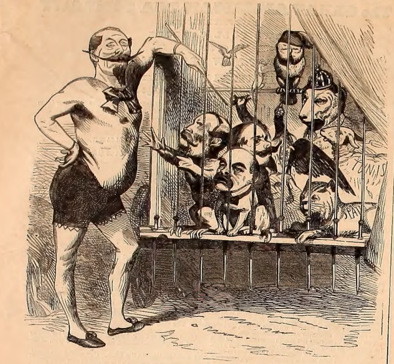

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OR

# VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE MAY BE DEPENDED UPON TO EFFECT A CURE.

The universal success which has attended the administration of DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of DR. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

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**FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,**
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The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 551.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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## "CHERRY RIPE."

The title of the accompanying picture will recall to many of our readers the exquisite little lyric of the same name by Robert Herrick, in which he has so happily mingled his rich fancy and natural feeling:

> Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
> Full and fair ones—come and buy;
> If so be you ask me where
> They do grow?—I answer, There,
> Where my Julia's lips do smile—
> There's the land, or cherry-isle,
> Whose plantations fully show
> All the year where cherries grow.

For nearly a century and a half after his death Herrick's poems were neglected; about twenty-five years ago they suddenly became exceedingly popular, and "Cherry Ripe," "Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may," and others of his shorter songs, set to music, were sung nightly in the parlors and theatres of England and this country. Then again they were laid aside for other temporarily popular songs, but there is no banishing them forever, and the present generation of musicians and artists seem disposed to revive them again. I. T. Peele, a young artist of England, has employed himself in illustrating the more popular of Herrick's songs; and our engraving is from his picture in the British Institution.

## THE FRIGATE "FRANKLIN."

We devote pages 456 and 457 of this number of the *Weekly* to the illustration of scenes which we witnessed on Admiral Farragut's Flag-ship, the *Franklin*, just previous to her departure for Europe. The Admiral goes to assume command of the European squadron. He will be absent from the country probably a year. He carries with him the renown of the American flag and his own national fame—an ample guarantee of the good-will and respect of the civilized world. He has sailed in one of the finest wooden vessels ever built, and one that in size, symmetry of proportions, thorough workmanship, and magnificence of appointment, is entirely worthy of her position as the flag-ship of the fighting admiral of the American navy. She is a screw frigate of 3684 tons, and carries 48 guns. She was built about 15 years ago, at Portsmouth, and made a cruise to the Pacific. During the war she was for some reason allowed to lie idle on the stocks at Boston. On the conclusion of the war she was remodeled and furnished in the magnificent style described for the purpose to which she is now devoted.

The scenes which we give will fully illustrate the more interesting features of the vessel. A fine portrait of the Admiral and portraits of his subordinate officers will add to the value of the picture with the majority of our readers. The list of her officers embraces some of the most renowned names in our naval history. The following are the names of the officers attached to the *Franklin:* Captain, A. M. Pennock; Lieutenant-Commander and Executive Officer, Ed. E. Potter; Lieutenant-Commander, A. P. Cooke, Navigating and Ordnance Officer; Eieutenant-Commanders, H. D. Manley, J. H. Rowland, and Fred. Pearson; Lieutenants George W. Coffin and W. B. Hoff; Ensign, E. L. Amory; Midshipman, S. N. Kane; Fleet Captain, W. E. LeRoy; Commander, J. W. Shirk; Surgeon, J. M. Foltz; Passed Assistant-Surgeon, D. R. Bannan; Assistant-Surgeon, R. Redington; Paymaster, J. O. Bradford; Chaplain, J. S. Wallace; Boatswain, P. J. Miller; Gunner, A. F. Thompson; Carpenter, W. D. Jenkins; Sailmaker, Francis Boom; Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Heywood, U.S.N.; Second Lieutenant, M. C. Goodrell, U.S.N.; Chief Engineer, John W. Moore; First Assistant-Engineer, George P. Hunt; Second Assistant-Engineers, G. W. Stimers, W. L. Windsor, and H. L. Slosson; Acting Third Assistant-Engineers, W. B. Bayley, Wm. H. Platt, and John H. Burchmore; Clerk to Fleet Captain, F. H. Ellison; Clerks to Paymaster, George H. Vernon and Edward T. Bradford.

We also present a view of the vessel taken from the shore, showing her graceful outlines, and indicating her splendid proportions. A group of marines and another group of sailors will be found to be very interesting studies, while all lovers of sentiment will be touched by the picture of the parting scene between the old man-of-war's-man and his wife.

The elegant views forming this series were taken for us by means of the photographic art by Rockwood, of 839 Broadway, New York; the originals are among the most beautiful specimens we have ever seen. Mr. Rockwood has frequently of late furnished us with several views of great interest and merit, embracing not only outdoor scenes but portraits of distinguished men and copies of celebrated paintings and statuary. He has lately constructed a camera with which he will be able to take, on a single plate, a photograph twenty-six by forty-two inches in size—a feat not heretofore accomplished in this country.

## SANTA ANNA AND MAXIMILIAN.

Ex-Rulers are a commodity so very plentiful in Mexico that the people of that unfortunate and distracted country dispose of them as certain sportsmen kill birds—by shooting them in pairs. Last week we announced the shooting, on June 19, of Prince Maximilian: this week we have to record the execution, six days later, of the Ex-President General Santa Anna—the one for his failure to revolutionize the country, the other for proposing and planning the overthrow of the reigning party.

The particulars of the death of Maximilian, as far as known, have been briefly given in our news record in previous numbers. After his capture he was removed from Queretaro to San Luis Potosi, and informed that it was the intention of the Government to court-martial him. His trial began on June 13, and was brief, the decision being arrived at at midnight on June 14.—The principal charge brought against him was that of summarily executing prisoners of war captured by his troops, and a decree issued on October 3, 1865, was adduced in evidence as an order for such execution. The first clause of this decree recites that "all persons belonging to armed bands or corps not legally authorized, whether they proclaim or not any political principles, and whatever be the number of those who compose the said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily by the courts-martial, and if found guilty even of the fact of belonging to the band, they shall be condemned to capital punishment within twenty-four hours following the sentence." This cruel order was undoubtedly obeyed in many cases; and the charge and the specifications against Maximilian which were based on it were undoubtedly thought sufficient to condemn him. He was ordered to be shot within twenty-four hours, but President Juarez interfered and postponed the execution until 7 o'clock on June 19, when the sentence of the court was carried into effect. His last words were, "Poor Carlotta!" referring to his young wife, who has for some months been hopelessly insane

"CHERRY RIPE."—[From a Painting by I. T. Peele.]

at Miramer. Generals Mejia and Miramon were executed with the Prince. The other officers captured with him were sentenced to imprisonment—Colonels being remanded for six, Lieutenant-Colonels for five, and all others for two years. Among those imprisoned for the longer term is Prince Salm Salm, who was a Colonel in the volunteer service of the United States, and who claims citizenship here.

The full particulars of the execution of Santa Anna have not yet been received. We have before given accounts of his late intervention in Mexican affairs; his seizure by Commander Roe of the United States navy at Vera Cruz on the eve of a *pronunciamento* of the garrison of that place in his favor and the interests of the old Church party; his subsequent forcible detention on the steamer *Virginia*, and his apparent rescue at Sisal by the Liberal Commander. But this "rescue" now appears in the light of another capture. The steamer *Virginia*, although carrying the American flag, was surrounded by the armed boats of the Mexicans, and a body of armed men boarded her and removed the General to Sisal. He was subsequently taken to Campeche and shot. His execution was preceded by that of General Espejo, Imperial military commander of Calquisuini, Nicholas Govantes, Prefect of Campeche, and N. Ponce, Prefect of the Island of Carmen.

We give on page 461 accurate portraits of these unfortunate ex-rulers.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 20, 1867.


## THE WESTWARD COURSE OF EMPIRE.

THE speech of Mr. Seward at Annapolis was the only important speech he made during the late excursion. It is remarkable for describing the war as the result of what he evidently considers foolish and unnecessary disputes between the Atlantic States of the North and South, in which each contended for commercial supremacy. And now that we awake from this destructive contest, he says, we find that the West has assumed the empire of the country, and has sternly decided that it cares for neither of us. While New England is considering whether it will pay respect to the President of the United States, California and Russian America are pouring their riches into the treasury, and the Pacific coast is beginning to revolutionize the world; and it is more important that the Northern and Southern Atlantic States should reconcile their differences than that they should adopt the best Constitution ever dreamed by Plato or devised by Locke.

If this means that the tendency of political power is Westward it is indisputable, but not new. If it means that "the insane divisions of the East" are mere disputes in the ordinary sense of the word, then it is very plain that the orator of the "irrepressible conflict" speech at Rochester in 1858 was much wiser than the speaker at Annapolis in 1867. This Annapolis strain is that of the speech in the Senate, after the John Brown raid, in which the slave and free States were called capital and labor States, upon the principle, probably, that if you call asafœtida ashes of roses it will smell sweet. If Mr. Seward really supposes that the Northern and Southern States of the Atlantic coast are wantonly disputing he is very unfortunate. If he thinks he can persuade any body to believe it by vociferation he is very foolish.

The first thing that the situation demands is intelligence. What is the actual state of affairs? That is what we ought to ascertain—not what it is desirable it should be, nor what we wish it were. Somebody calls aloud for an era of good feeling. Amen. Is it to begin upon the part of people who insist that they are ground to the quick by a brutal tyranny, and who are supported in their view by the President? Is the possible election of Emerson Etheridge in Tennessee and the harrying of Union men that is sure to follow to be the dawn of that delightful era? There is nothing more intolerable than this flabby, pudgy talk about good feeling. There has been a terrible war and we have conquered. The vanquished naturally hate to own it. They will do what they can to avoid and delay the necessary consequences of that victory. We shall do what we can to confirm them. Is that the condition of an era of good feeling?

Now comes Mr. Seward and says that, while we quarrel, the West carries off the spoils. It is of vital necessity, he says, that we adjust and extinguish our differences lest the balance of trade and power shift to the West. That, we confess, does not alarm us very much. It is certainly a much less disastrous result than that the differences of the North and South should be extinguished without the security of the fruit of the war. The West is the child of the East. It is generous and daring. It believes in free labor and free men. These have, indeed, made it what it is. It sits in the lap of the continent, draining the whole country through the tributaries of its great river, and reaching to the sea by the Gulf and the Lakes and the Canals. It is the natural and inevitable final seat of empire. The Atlantic coast ought to have no jealousy whatever of that result. But the Atlantic coast should be jealous of liberty and its great safeguards to the end. And there can be and should be no repose upon that coast until those safeguards are secured every where and for every citizen. The contest for this result is not an "insane division." It is the highest proof of the moral and political sanity of the nation.

## THE SUMMER SESSION.

It is very amusing to read the Copperhead comments upon any proposed action of Congress as compared with the actual result. If Congress were some fearful monster that might be expected at any moment to swallow the country bodily, these comments would not be different; and whatever its action, however moderate and reasonable, the air of horror upon the faces of the critics never disappears. The jest is perfect and exquisite when it is remembered that these same commentators revert to their own Democratic ascendency ten years ago, when the whole Government of the United States was prostituted to the demands of slavery, as the golden age of our politics.

The truth is, that Congress represents with remarkable fidelity the dominant sentiment of the country. Every individual, indeed, has his private opinion and theories of the situation, but there is a general current of thought as to what is expedient upon the whole. Both of these tendencies are represented in Congress. Every kind of opinion is expressed in every kind of rhetoric, but the final action is temperate and wise. If you listened to Mr. Stevens only or to Mr. James Brooks you would fear that the clash of extremes so antagonistic would be inevitably most perilous. If you heard, on the other hand, one of the temporizers only, you would be sure that the Union would be lost in a mush of compromise like a frigate in a quicksand. But it is neither Mr. Stevens, nor Mr. Brooks, nor the temporizers who shape the result. The law, when it is enacted after the long and various debate, expresses the average good sense of the dominant party.

It would be better, undoubtedly, if the opposition had a more numerous and an abler body of advocates. It is always desirable that a majority should feel at every turn its responsibility by feeling the force of the opposition. Then it carefully chooses its steps. It weighs and modifies its measures. It is admonished not by rhetorical objurgation but by stringent argument and appeal that it must justify its action to the country. Had there been a larger and stronger opposition in the House we doubt if there would have been a summer session, for the Reconstruction Bill would have been so matured that there could have been no doubt of its meaning. When a summer session of Congress was announced there was the burst of jeering from the critics of whom we spoke, as if every folly were to be perpetrated. But its first act was virtually to resolve to confine itself to the special duty of interpreting the law. Nothing could be more sensible.

It is surprising that a bill of which the purpose was so evident should have been in the least obscure. Its object was unquestionably understood by the Radicals who supported it, by the Conservatives who opposed it, and by the President who vetoed it. That object was to protect the rights of every citizen in the rebel States; to secure universal suffrage except to those expressly excluded; to keep the peace until Congress had accepted the Constitutions which might be offered for its approval, and to do all this by the military authority of the United States. By the necessity of the case the District Commander was the supreme officer, and whenever there was any conflict his action must be final. The objections made to the bill by the Opposition in Congress and by the President as establishing a military despotism showed that there was really no question.

Nor would there have been, except for the hostility of the Attorney-General to the law and to the policy of Congress. Instead of interpreting it by its manifest, necessary, and declared intention he construed it with nervous literalness. His opinion was an effort to smother the spirit by the letter. Congress, therefore, has assembled to subject the letter to the spirit. We trust that there may be no serious delay in so good a work, and that the session may be short and friendly.

## COMMERCE AND SHIP-BUILDING.

When a maritime country like the United States possesses extraordinary facilities for constructing its own vessels, it is natural to suppose that activity in ship-building will be governed by activity in commerce. Such has always been the case until within the past five years; but now we have the strange anomaly of idle and deserted ship-yards and a largely increased carrying trade—an anomaly to be explained only by the humble admission that foreigners now do the business for us which we once transacted for ourselves, and that vessels are a cheaper purchase in foreign markets than at home!

Very few persons in the United States have the slightest conception of the extent of the decadence of these two most important branches of American industry. Indeed, public attention has scarcely been directed to it, either officially or through the press. It is high time it should be. Now the fact is no less startling than true, that the number of vessels constructed by the Colonies in 1765, a century ago, was vastly greater than during the twelve months just past—the total then being 389. We have not the figures for the current year, and do not need them. The true exhibit would be more deplorable than the estimate. We know that many yards are utterly tenantless, and that leading New England towns which have been famed for the amount of tonnage annually built by them, are in the same category with New York City, the universal silence of whose ship-yards is broken only at Green Point, where the steamers for the Pacific Mail Company are being constructed! Two-thirds of the tonnage of the country is in the hands of foreigners, and chiefly under the British flag. American commerce has diminished more than one-half since 1860, and foreign commerce increased in the same ratio. The published statement of the aggregate imports and exports in American bottoms for 1860 show a total valuation of $507,247,757; for 1866, only $330,141,463. In foreign bottoms the aggregate imports and exports for 1860 showed a valuation of $255,-040,793; for 1866 they reached $668,925,085. Comparing the two named years together, American commerce has declined $177,106,-294, and foreign commerce has increased $413-884,292! A comparative statement for the first three months of 1867 shows no improvement in tonnage, business, or ship-building.

The query comes up mournfully—where is that boasted supremacy of the seas which we denied to Britannia and claimed as our own so recently, after laborious and unceasing effort? The retrogression is almost as astounding as the rapid progress once made. American ambition and American success culminated when the huge, fleet-winged clipper-ships superseded the ancient models and traversed every sea. Great Britain conceded superiority in sailing-vessels to the Americans then, and turned her attention to a fuller development of steam appliances.

It is noteworthy that the increase in our commerce, as well as in the aggregate and average tonnage of the vessels built, has ever kept pace with the increase of the cotton product. In 1820, the average tonnage was ninety tons—before that, only fifty tons. In 1855 the number of vessels built was 2034—the greatest number ever constructed in a single year, before or since—with an average tonnage of 290 tons: showing the change in construction required for cotton transportation. It has been ascertained, by careful comparison of statistics for the past forty years, that a proportion of one ton to a bale of cotton has always existed, except when disturbed by extraordinary causes—for instance, the Irish famine in 1843, which occasioned an extra demand for shipping, for the transportation of grain; the Mexican War in 1846; and the emigration to California in 1852. All these carried the tonnage far beyond the regular cotton proportion. So did our late war, for there was little or no cotton to carry. But distressing depression has always followed these exceptions, and continued until the cotton proportion was resumed again. It is true that an inflated currency, stimulating speculation, has swelled the aggregate of our imports and exports to a large figure for the past four years; but the greater part of the business has been done under a foreign flag, while ship-building has been utterly prostrate. Under the theory advanced, it ought to revive again as soon as the ratio of the cotton product to the tonnage becomes materially reduced. With cotton crops approaching those of 1859-60, freighting business would become active, while ship-building would receive an impulse such as it has not felt since that created by the exigencies of the Government in the late war.

Still, it would not thrive under the restrictions which it suffers at present, and foreigners would still obtain the lion's share of commercial profits. Injudicious legislation is to blame for some share of present depression and distress. When the war closed, Congress refused to permit ship-owners to re-register their vessels which rebel privateers had driven for protection during the war to a foreign flag. By withholding this privilege, ship-owners were punished for their cowardice and selfishness, but the country feels the loss deep down in its purse as well; besides, American vessels under foreign register will not sell to-day for half their value. Many that have been offered here have been withdrawn and sent to foreign markets. This happens every day. Again, when ship-building would have naturally revived, after the war closed, Congress sprung a dead weight upon it by repealing the Reciprocity Treaty with the British Provinces. War had made the resources of the Georgia and Florida forests unavailable, and the Provincial market was all that remained. Had Congress permitted lumber to continue to enter duty free our ship-yards would still be employed. Another serious impediment to commerce is seen in the fact that our merchants are not permitted to purchase vessels in foreign countries, and afterward register and sail them under the American flag, although they are desirous to do so, inasmuch as they can purchase vessels abroad for one-half what they cost here. High prices, high wages, exorbitant cost of materials, a burdensome tariff, political and industrial disorder down South, and injudicious restrictions, have nearly destroyed the commercial interests of which we so recently boasted. Our supremacy will not be regained until impediments are removed; but abundant cotton and grain crops will effect a great improvement.

## PERSONAL REPRESENTATION.

Mr. Hale, of Essex County, has introduced a resolution in the New York Constitutional Convention upon a subject which is already beginning to excite great interest and curiosity, the representation of minorities. A better term is personal representation; for the object of the movement is not merely to give a smaller party a voice, but to secure to every individual a representative of his convictions. The subject was first fully considered and treated by Mr. Hare, a London barrister, in a work published ten years ago. It was adopted and defended by John Stuart Mill in his "Representative Government." It has been urged at various times during the last six or seven years, and with great intelligence and ability, in the *Evening Post*. Mr. Mill has lately spoken upon the subject in Parliament, and Mr. Croly of the New York *World* has written a brief paper in the *Galaxy*, in which he states the general principle of the reform, and presents some striking statistics. Mr. D. Dudley Field, in his suggestions toward the new Constitution, proposes a method to attain the same result.

At present, as we all know, we all belong to one of two great parties, and those parties are managed by an irresponsible and unscrupulous fraction. This fraction controls the caucus, manages the Convention, and dictates the nomination. The great body of the supporters of each party have no choice of candidates whatever. They must vote according to the State or practically lose their votes altogether. The result is that, in a government depending upon six hundred thousand voters, three hundred thousand and one have the absolute control; and the two hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine have no voice whatever. This we call the government of the people. But plainly it is merely the government of a bare majority; and if from that majority the female half of the population be deducted, it is nothing but an oligarchy governing by the name of the people. The exceeding smallness of the oligarchy becomes still further apparent when it is considered that the great mass of the three hundred thousand and one have had no voice in the selection of the candidate for whom they have voted. Nor can this be said to be entirely their own fault, because the effort to destroy the machinery of the controlling fraction takes, under our present system, more time and trouble than most voters can devote to the subject.

Mr. Hare's system is very elaborately explained by himself—so elaborately indeed that Mr. Bagchot laughingly objects that nobody can be perfectly sure that he understands it. Its general principle, however, is, that every voter shall vote a ticket graduated by preference. Thus, if a thousand votes are necessary to elect a representative the voter shall indicate for whom he wishes his vote to be first counted, and in case the requisite number for that candidate is already complete, to whom he would next prefer to give it, and so on. This method must necessarily lead in practice to a rather complex machinery, and it does not dispense with strict party organizations and nominations.

A simpler and more manageable plan which we have heard suggested, and which strikes radically at party conspiracy and tyranny, is to decide the minimum vote which a representative must receive, and to allow him, as a representative, to cast votes according to the number he gets. Thus, if in the State of New York it should be decided that a man who received five thousand votes should be a representative, let him who receives fifty thousand cast ten votes, in which case every person who votes for him will be represented by the candidate whom he prefers. Then, if any candidate receives less than five thousand, let him make them over to one who has already the requisite number, or to one who, with such an addition to his vote, would be elected. In this way those who voted for the candidate who did not get enough would not lose their votes, and would still be represented by some one of their own views; because the unelected candidate would make over his votes to one who sympathized with his opinions.

The simplicity and flexibility of such a system are evident. It makes the Government what it professes to be, an immediate expression of the popular will. It prevents also a monopolization of the Government by ignorance, or brutality, or superstition. In the city of New York, for instance, the great mass of the vote of this kind is cast for one party, and, of course, secures its majority and consequent absolute control. A part of the population, numerically large, but much below a majority,

which is intelligent, honest, and peculiarly and in the best sense American and liberal, has no proportional voice, for it has actually almost no voice whatever in municipal affairs. The system of which we speak would tend at once to right this palpable wrong; not only in the obvious way we have already indicated, but by loosening the chains of party so that many a man who now votes for his regular party candidate, lest his party ascendency should be lost, would then vote for a candidate who was indeed in sympathy with him, but who was also honest and capable, which is not necessarily and always the case with strictly party candidates, nominated by a caucus.

We trust that Mr. Hale will urge his resolution in the Convention, even if the committee to which it was referred should not think the time ripe for such a reform. For it is the very reform of reforms in our politics. The corruption which preys upon our legislation and demoralizes the Commonwealth can in no other way be so effectually removed; and nowhere so appropriately as in the Convention could the case be stated. The Convention is a whispering gallery, and whatever of importance is said there reverberates through the State and the country.

## WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

No recent event is more striking to those who are familiar with the history of the last thirty-five years than the banquet to Mr. Garrison in London. It is not often that we see the general verdict upon a man so wholly reversed in his lifetime as in this instance. Within less than ten years Mr. Garrison was generally regarded as a fanatic and incendiary, who was seeking a hopeless result by methods sure to ruin his country. It is now perfectly plain that his view of the situation was in the main entirely correct; that slavery was in its nature aggressive, and would destroy liberty upon this continent if it were not itself overthrown. His method was determined by his faith and character. A man of peace, he sought results by reason, and aimed to divide the Union in order to save it. Believing the Constitution constrained the whole country, by returning fugitive slaves, to connive at the perpetuity of the most monstrous crime against human nature, he denounced it as a Covenant with Death, and declared that it must be changed or repudiated. The nation has found that the Constitution was pleaded as the great authority of slavery and rebellion, and has cleansed it as Mr. Garrison desired.

The long and incessant contest which he waged is the really vital chapter of our later history. His agency in the great revolution is often, indeed, indignantly questioned. No one man, we are told, is to be credited with the glorious work of national emancipation from the horrible despotism of the slave power. In a certain sense that is plainly true. So Luther alone did not establish Protestantism. James Otis, Patrick Henry, and Sam Adams alone did not make the Revolution. But the relation of Luther to Protestantism, and of Otis and Adams to the Revolution, is not more conspicuous than that of Mr. Garrison to Emancipation in the United States. The moral force which inspires a great reform, the unquailing tenacity which drives it forward, reside in smaller or larger masses of men; but among them are the few who are the historical types of that moral inspiration and that heroic persistence.

Mr. Garrison relied for the anti-slavery reform upon the moral element. But how many of the party leaders, when slavery had become a distinct political issue, perpetually strove to eliminate that consideration, and to regard it as a wholly political or economical question. The logic of Mr. Garrison's position was very troublesome. "If," it said, "slavery is so hideous a wrong, is it not as bad in South Carolina as it would be in Kansas?"

"Yes," was the answer; "but we have no authority over it in South Carolina; the Constitution protects it there."

"Very well," replied the Garrisonian logic. "If the Constitution protects a moral cancer which is constantly sapping the character of the country, strengthening itself and reducing our power of resistance, what must be the inevitable result?"

"Oh, we'll hem it in by free territory."

"But it will not yield without a blow, and every day we are morally weaker. It will choose its own time to strike."

"Oh! guess not."

The guessing not did not prevent the shot at the *Star of the West;* and the natural fruit of guessing not was the stupefaction of incredulity that followed. Thank Heaven that vanished, like a thick, smouldering smoke suddenly flashing into flame! but the long and tremendous struggle that followed only showed how deep and radical the power of slavery had become.

The war ended, and at the age of sixty Mr. Garrison saw the great work of his life accomplished. Quietly withdrawing from the society over which he had so long presided, he knew that the work which remained was the work of one of the great political parties in the country, and not of a special association. Yet he emerged from the contest as poor as he went into it, and in retirement and ill health cheerfully devoted himself to work. But certain gentlemen who appreciated the devotion of his life to an object which must be an endless benefit to the country, resolved to save his later years from care, and a subscription has been begun, intended to reach only the modest sum of fifty thousand dollars. Thirty thousand of it were presented to Mr. Garrison upon the steamer when he lately sailed from Boston, and we sincerely hope the rest will await him upon his return. Meanwhile in England John Bright presides at the banquet in his honor, and the Duke of Argyle and Earl Russell lend their honoring voices. We are sorry that Mr. Adams, in the reserved and cautious letter which he is reported to have sent, did not represent his country. He has been so long away, however, that he may be pardoned for not fully comprehending the marvelous changes of the time. Slavery is abolished; the Constitution forbids it; the slaves are citizens, and will soon be voters. They will honor many names among their white fellows. But the two which will pass into the fond and pious tradition of their race will be the names of Abraham Lincoln and William Lloyd Garrison.

## MAXIMILIAN.

The French and Austrian empire in Mexico has come to the end which was inevitable from the morning at Appomattox Court House. Louis Napoleon's sublime design of advancing the fortunes of the Latin race was wholly contingent upon the event of our war, which he had entirely miscalculated. Secretary Seward had wisely left the question simple. Without threatening he had been firm, and Louis Napoleon knew perfectly well that the Secretary's politeness meant merely that if we remained a nation France must leave this continent. Mr. Seward bowed Louis Napoleon out of Mexico, and his majesty departed with the loftiest phrases upon his tongue and the finest air of condescension. He told Maximilian to follow him. But the young man, however deluded he may have been by ambition, by the representations of Louis Napoleon, and by the urgency of his father-in-law, King Leopold of Belgium, who was, we imagine, the one who originated the imperial conspiracy against Mexico, had a certain feeling of what he doubtless considered honor, which compelled him to remain true to the fortunes of those who had summoned him to Mexico until they were wholly ruined.

Ruined they now are, and finally. The young Austrian prince who, personally, seems to have been an amiable and mild man, has been put to death. The event, after the many intercessions in his favor, was unexpected, but it is not surprising; and in his grave is buried the last attempt of any European Power to meddle with arms in the politics of this continent. We say the event is not surprising. It could not have been so to Maximilian himself unless he were altogether less intelligent than his friends represent him. It is impossible that he should not have known that any man who undertakes to lead a party in another country during a civil war, and who depends for success upon the arms of still another power, if his party is defeated, and he falls into the hands of the victors, has less mercy to expect than a native leader might receive. But if, besides being a foreigner, he has ordered the summary execution of his adversaries taken in arms, his chances are much less. And if the country in which he tempts all these risks is Mexico, he has no right to expect that if he fights to the last against reason and against hope, he will escape the doom which he has awarded to others. When, therefore, Maximilian refused to withdraw with the French we have no doubt that he fully counted the cost and anticipated his fate.

Yet none the less do we regret it. However natural, however agreeable to precedent such a punishment may be, it weakens a country to inflict it. Mankind discriminate, and, we think, justly, between the deliberate murder of one man, for instance, and a battle in which many men are killed, with a general political intention, but without individual malice, by those who take the risk of being killed in turn. So, also, it distinguishes between such a foray as that of the Fenians into Canada, and participation by a foreigner in a civil war already engaged as it was in Mexico. We do not think it would have been wise to hang Jefferson Davis; and for the same reason, if the English Prince Alfred had been elected the chief of the rebellion, and had been supported by French arms, and had fallen into our victorious hands as Davis did, we should not have advised his execution. Despicable obscurity tempts no man, but a death which seems heroic and illustrious invests the act which caused it with immense attraction. The fate of Jefferson Davis will make no American a rebel; that of Robert Emmett has made thousands of Irishmen Fenians.

The Republican authorities of Mexico have judged differently, and their probable reasons must not be forgotten. They undoubtedly thought that if under any pretense whatever Maximilian escaped, the conclusion in Europe would have been, either that the Mexicans did not dare to harm a Prince, or that another might be more fortunate. But to shoot an Austrian Archduke after a court-martial like the commonest deserter would be a result about which there could be no sophistication. We must suppose also, that, among the ignorant and half barbarous population of the country, there was a clamor for the Prince's execution which would have questioned the loyalty of the authorities had they refused it.

So the Prince was shot. He was only thirty-five years old, amiable, accomplished, and his wife insane from the horrors of his position. Yet, while we pity him, let us also pity his victims—pity the other amiable and accomplished young men, who, but for him, would be living to-day. We will not judge him harshly. He has paid the penalty of his offenses, whatever they were. But when Thiers or Jules Favres again arraign Louis Napoleon, what a thunder-bolt in their hands the fate of Maximilian will be!

## THE KENTUCKY MEMBERS.

In the reference to the Election Committee of the credentials of the Kentucky representatives the House acted with common-sense. Mr. Bingham said that when a person offers credentials under the great seal of a State he is entitled to admission unless specific objection were made. Mr. Boutwell took substantially the same ground, and the House ordered the reference, except in the case of one representative who had served in the National army.

Of Mr. James Brooks's eulogy of the loyalty of Kentucky it is enough to say, that if every other State had been loyal in the same way the rebellion would have unquestionably succeeded. And it is for that reason especially that when any man presents himself as a representative from Kentucky, and objection is made upon the ground of disloyalty, there should be the most careful inquiry into the facts. There is indeed a presumption against the loyalty of every man who is elected by a great Democratic majority in Kentucky; and the presumption is based upon the fact that Kentucky contributed about as many of her voting class to the rebel army as to ours, and that the rebel sympathizers and soldiers were of the Democratic party. Moreover, the general character of the candidates chosen by that party at the last election is notorious. They were not selected for fidelity to the Union. They were intentionally taken from among those who if not open rebels were acceptable to those who were. It was in Kentucky as it is in Tennessee. The open, known, conspicuous, devoted friends of the Union, supporters of the war and of Congress during and since the war, are upon one side; the opponents of the war, the known rebels and their supporters, those who deny that slavery is abolished, and who openly honor the rebel chiefs and scoff at President Lincoln, are upon the other side, and that the Democratic. Facts in themselves unimportant like the last become, taken with others, of the utmost significance.

Congress would be lacking in the common-sense which every capable man shows in the conduct of his private affairs if in the present situation of the country it did not receive every representative from such a constituency with suspicion. If there were no objection urged from the State itself it would not indeed be wise to act upon a presumption; but if there were distinct charges they should be most rigorously examined.

## METALLIC ACCUMULATION IN THE EARTH.

In a work of real value on the subject of the precious metals, written several years since in England by Mr. Jacobs, the suggestion is thrown out that it is possible that gold, silver, copper, iron, etc., actually reaccumulate in certain localities, under the potent influence of a law not yet discovered. Such is the loss of coined metals in this and all the commercial countries of Europe, by mere friction of pieces in the pocket, and in packing, repacking, and by transportation, as to amount to a startling sum, in the aggregate, in a single year.

A grave question is this: what becomes of it? The nicest chemical researches into the composition of the soil where the major part thus lost by abrasion disappears, does not show the slightest trace of it. What becomes of the pins? That is an equally philosophical inquiry—made the more urgent when it is recollected that fourteen tons of brass wire is manufactured into pins in one town daily.

It seems, therefore, when the metals are reduced to impalpable atoms, as they are by use, they are transported by the atmosphere, where they are re-collected and re-consolidated. It is by no means an unscientific thought that such a movement of atoms may take place. Miners in gold regions re-sift the earth, after a year or two, which had every particle of gold washed out at first, because they say it grows again. Here is a hint, at least, for commencing some new train of investigations.

What an enormous quantity of iron decomposes and disappears annually, every where, if not protected against the disintegrating influence of air and water, which is not to be found where it disappeared; and the inquiry is pertinently philosophical—where does it go to?

Beyond a doubt all the metals are subjected to laws like all other elements. Their separation from their native localities, like burning coal, is but liberating a prisoner. After various phases above ground they wear out, and at last they diminish in volume and disappear; but they are not lost. In the course of ages they are re-conducted to regions that have the property of concentrating floating atoms, and again they are dug out of the rocks for the gratification of never-satisfied man.

Untold thousands of tons of gold and silver disappeared three thousand years ago, which may now be re-gathering in the Pacific mines or in the sands of Africa. All the iron ships will sail for unknown aerial ports at last, and, at some vastly distant epoch in the future history of the globe we inhabit, again be quarried, smelted, and fashioned for the use of our descendants when the world is further advanced in wisdom.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The adjourned session of the Fortieth Congress reassembled at the national capital July 3, a full quorum being present in both Houses. In the House a resolution, offered by Mr. Stevens, appointing a committee to inquire what legislation is necessary respecting reconstruction, was adopted. In the Senate, on July 5, a resolution that the business of the adjourned session should be confined to removing obstructions in the way of reconstruction was adopted. The new House committee of nine on reconstruction was appointed on July 5, Mr. Stevens being named as chairman, and on July 8 he reported a bill supplementary to the Reconstruction Act. It declares that that act made the Provisional Governments of the rebel States subordinate to the military authorities it created; authorizes the military commanders to suspend or remove State officers or to set aside any act of the State Governments when they shall deem it necessary, and explains the system of registration and the duties of civil courts. No vote on the bill had been reached when this number of our paper was sent to press. The thanks of the House were tendered to General Sheridan and all the District commanders except Ord.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

The success in the approaching elections of the rebels in Tennessee depends of course on their ability to defeat the operation of the laws which enfranchises the negroes, and the contest is of the most exciting and animated character. Judge Gantt, Chairman of the "Conservative" Central Committee, recently addressed a circular to the County Courts, requesting them to appoint officers to hold the State election, assuming that the law giving them the power had not been repealed. On July 1 Governor Brownlow issued a proclamation declaring that the County Courts have no authority to act as requested, that the power to appoint officers to hold elections has been taken from them and conferred upon the Commissioners of Registration. He denounces the circular as seditious, wicked, and revolutionary, and warns the County Courts against acting on its advices, as they will lay themselves liable to punishment. He concludes by ordering General Cooper to dispose of the militia under his command so as to enforce the franchise law in its letter and spirit. A riot occurred at Franklin, Tennessee, on July 6, between the Brownlow and rebel parties, during which one white man was killed and eight wounded, and eight negroes injured.

A young freedman in Charleston has applied to Secretary Stanton for an appointment as cadet at West Point from South Carolina.

The negroes of Richmond, in caucus assembled, have decided to run colored candidates for Mayor and Councilmen.

General Sickles has postponed registration in his district until Congress shall have defined who may or may not register.

### NEWS ITEMS.

General Thomas Francis Meagher, Secretary and Acting-Governor of Montana Territory, was drowned at Fort Benton, on the 1st of July, by falling from the deck of a steamer into the water.

The reported new island in the Pacific has proved a delusion. There is no land within five hundred miles of the point designated.

The Atlantic telegraph company are to reduce their rates one-half after July 25. After that date a message of 20 words can be sent from New Orleans to London for $25. If, as the International Telegraph Company hope, the line to Cuba is finished by that date, Havana merchants will be in daily communication with London at a cost of about $1 40 per word.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

July 1 was the day selected by the Emperor Napoleon for the distribution of the 18,500 prizes to the successful among the 60,000 exhibitors at the Paris Exposition. Seventeen thousand persons, representing every nation on earth, were assembled in the building. An orchestra of 1200 musicians discoursed music written for the occasion and performed on every known instrument. Napoleon made a speech in which he alluded to every subject of interest in ancient and modern times except the death of Maximilian. The Czar of Russia took a gold medal for his fine horses, and Napoleon was awarded a prize for a model lodging-house. The procession to and from the palace was declared to be the finest pageant which Paris has ever witnessed.

The promotion of the Baron Von Beust, Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, is almost without precedent. A year ago he was a subject of King John of Saxony. When the Prussians overran that kingdom he removed to Vienna, entered the service of the Emperor of Austria, and on July 1 succeeded to the place vacated by Prince Metternich.

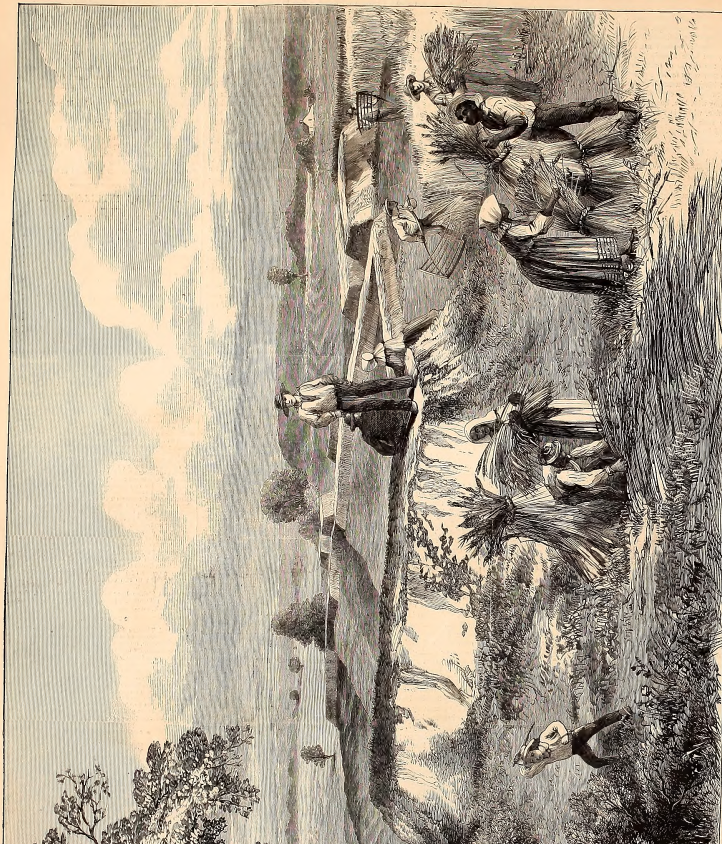
The new Government of Canada, under the Confederation act, was inaugurated at Ottawa on July 1. Lord Monck took the oath of office as Governor General, several officers of his privy council were knighted, salutes were fired, flags hoisted, and a general holiday taken. The day henceforth will be called "Union Day."

The news of the death of Maximilian was received in France on July 3. Napoleon ordered the Court in mourning. A grand military review fixed for that day, with the imperial *fêtes* in honor of the Sultan, were countermanded in consequence of the intelligence. The Austrian Court went into mourning the same day. The Grand Review of the British troops and Belgian Volunteers in Hyde Park, London, was postponed.

The International Congress, for the regulation of gold and silver coinage, in session in Paris, July 7, fixed upon the gold five-franc piece, and its multiples, as the basis for a uniform currency in Europe and America.

The Revolution in Peru, headed by General Castilla, has been suppressed, and the Dictator Prado retains control of the Republic.

General Mosquera, President of Colombia, was arrested in Bogota, by General Acosta, on June 9, and is to be tried for high treason.



HARVEST ON HISTORIC FIELDS—A SCENE AT THE SOUTH.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Poem, Page 458.]

PUTTING THE HEAVY STONE.

THE HIGHLAND FLING.

THROWING THE HEAVY HAMMER.

## SCOTTISH GAMES.

SOME months since the New York Caledonian Club offered a series of prizes to Scotchmen most excelling in the peculiar sports of the Scotch people; and the result was the assemblage at Jones's Wood, New York City, on July 1, of a large number of contestants and visitors from all parts of the country. The Scottish games have become an institution among us, and many others besides our Scotch residents assemble yearly to witness them. On this occasion at least 20,000 people were present, and the scene was a most enlivening one. Our engravings illustrate the most interesting of the various games and sports indulged in.

Putting the heavy stone and throwing the heavy hammer are feats very similar in appearance, but requiring very different qualities. The first demands brute strength. A stone weighing 24 pounds is thrown "from the shoulder," the person throwing it furthest receiving a gold medal, the second best taking $20, and the third receiving $10. The winner on this occasion threw the weight a distance of 31 feet 4 inches. Throwing the heavy hammer requires more skill than strength. The performer in this game stands sideways and swings a large sledge-hammer weighing 22 pounds backward and forward until it gains sufficient impetus, when his utmost exertions are given to impel its flight to the goal.

The Highland fling was indulged in by a great number, who displayed unusual grace and agility and endurance, and were highly applauded by the audience.

In the wheel-barrow race the contestants were crowned with large white mitres fastened down over their eyes, completely blindfolding them. The racers were started, after each had made a circle with his barrow at the starting-point, to reach the club banner, which was placed at the other end of the arena. Only four or five came near the goal, while the others shot off into the crowd at different points or ran into and tumbled over each other.

The sack race was an amusing feature of the day's sports. Eight men, all muffled up to the neck in huge canvas bags, started at a signal from the judges, and hopped, stumbled, kicked, fell down, got up again, and finally reached the goal at the other end of the field from whence they had started with as much dignity as the circumstances would admit, amidst a general uproar and tumult of laughter from the ten thousand spectators surrounding the ring.

Besides the illustrations of these features of the games we give a group of the Resident Chiefs of the Caledonian Club, under whose auspices the contests were held; and a *fac-simile* of the medal distributed to the winners of the first prizes.

Various other games besides those which we have illustrated were played by the club and its visitors from abroad. Running jumps of 19 feet 3 inches, running high leaps of 5 feet 8 inches, and standing high leaps of 4 feet 7 inches were made: one of the contestants—a sort of human kangaroo, from Canada—with the aid of a pole, actually leaped 9 feet and 3 inches from the ground. A New York policeman grasped a small sapling tree, 15 feet long, and weighing 230 pounds, at one end, and threw it in such a manner that it turned in the air and struck on the other end. A tambourine was suspended under cross-bars, and the contestants, taking a short run, leaped and kicked at it: the task was to kick the tambourine and alight on the same foot. One of the parties succeeded in doing this when the tambourine was elevated to a height of 9 feet 6 inches.

WHEEL-BARROW RACE.

SACK RACE.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

## Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

### CHAPTER V.

#### TOO FAIR TO LAST.

IN my confidences with my dear girl I had told her neither the nature of my mission in Yorkshire, nor the fact that I was bound to leave Huxter's Cross immediately upon an exploring expedition to nowhere in particular, in search of the archives of the Meynells. How could I bring myself to tell her that I must leave her?—how much less could I bring myself to do it?

Rendered desperately unmindful of the universe by reason of my all-absorbing happiness, I determined on giving myself a holiday boldly, in defiance of Sheldon and the Sheldonian interests.

"Am I a bounden slave," I asked myself, "that I should go here or there at any man's bidding for the pitiful stipend of twenty shillings a week?"

It is to be observed that the rate of hire makes all the difference in these cases; and while it is ignominious for a lawyer's clerk to hasten to and fro in the earning of his weekly wage, it is in no way dishonorable for the minister of state to obey the call of his chief, and hurry hither and thither in abnegation of all his own predilections, and to the aggravation of his chronic gout.

I wrote to my Sheldon, and told him that I had met with friends in the neighborhood of Huxter's Cross, and that I intended to give myself a brief holiday; after which I would resume my labors, and do my uttermost to make up for wasted time. I had still the remnant of my borrowed thirty pounds, and among these northern hills I felt myself a millionaire.

Three thousand pounds at five per cent.—one hundred and fifty pounds a year. I felt that with such an income assured to us, and the fruits of my industry, Charlotte and I might be secure from all the storms of life. Ah, what happiness it would be to work for her! And I am not too old to begin life afresh; not too old for the bar; not too old to make some mark as a writer on the press—not too old to become a respectable member of society.

After having dispatched my letter to Sheldon I made off for Newhall farm with all speed. I had received a sort of general invitation from the kindest of uncles and aunts, but I contrived with becoming modesty to arrive after Mr. Mercer's dinner-hour. I found Charlotte alone in the dear old-fashioned parlor, aunt Dorothy being engaged in some domestic operations in the kitchen, and uncle Joseph making his usual after-dinner rounds among the pig-sties and the thrashing-machines. I discovered afterward that it was Miss Halliday's wont to accompany her kind kinsman in this afternoon investigation; but to-day she had complained of a headache and preferred to stay at home. Yet there were few symptoms of the headache when I found her standing in the bow-window, watching the path by which I came, and the face of Aurora herself could scarcely be brighter or fresher than my darling's innocent blushes when I greeted her with the privileged kiss of betrothal.

We sat in the bow-window talking till the twilight shadows crept over the green-sward, and the sheep were led away to their fold, with cheerful jingling of bells and barking of watchful dog. My dearest girl told me that our secret had already been discovered by the penetrating eyes of aunt Dorothy and uncle Joseph. They had teased her unmercifully, it seemed, all that day, but were graciously pleased to smile on my suit, like a pair of imprudent Arcadians as they are.

"They like you very much indeed," my Lotta said, joyously; "but I believe they think I have known you much longer than I really have, and that you are very intimate with my step-father. It seems almost like deceiving them to allow them to think so, but I really haven't the courage to tell the truth. How foolish and bold they would think me if they knew how very short a time I have known you!"

"Twenty times longer than Juliet had known Romeo when they met in the Friar's cell to be married," I urged.

"Yes, but that was in a play," replied Charlotte, "where every thing is obliged to be hurried; and at Hyde Lodge we all of us thought that Juliet was a very forward young person."

"The poets all believe in love at first sight, and I'll wager our dear uncle Joe fell over head and ears in love with aunt Dorothy after having danced with her two or three times at an assize ball," said I.

After this we became intensely serious, and I told my darling girl that I hoped very soon to be in possession of a small fixed income, and to have begun a professional career. I told her how dear an incentive to work she had given me, and how little fear I had for the future.

I reminded her that Mr. Sheldon had no legal power to control her actions, and that as her father's will had left her entirely to her mother's guardianship, she had only her mother's pleasure to consult.

"I believe poor mamma would let me marry a crossing-sweeper, if I cried and declared it would make me miserable not to marry him," said Charlotte; "but then, you see, mamma's wishes mean Mr. Sheldon's wishes; she is sure to think whatever he tells her to think; and if he is strongly against our marriage—"

"As I am sure he will be," I interjected.

"—he will work upon poor mamma in that calm, persistent, logical way of his till he makes her as much against it as himself."

"But even your mamma's authority won't last forever, my love. You'll be twenty-one in a year or two, and then you can marry whom you please; and as I am thankful to say you don't possess a single sixpence in your own right, we can marry on your one-and-twentieth birthday, and defy all the stern step-fathers in creation."

"How I wish I had a fortune for your sake," she said, with a sigh.

"Be glad for my sake that you have none," I answered. "You can not imagine the miserable complications and perplexities which arise in this world from the possession of money. No slave so tightly bound as the man who has what people call 'a stake in the country' and a balance at his banker's. The true monarch of all he surveys is the penniless reprobate who walks down Fleet Street with his whole estate covered by the seedy hat upon his head."

Having thus moralized, I proceeded to ask Miss Halliday if she was prepared to accept an humbler station than that enjoyed by her at the Lawn.

"No useful landau, to be an open carriage at noon and a family coach at night," I said; "no nimble page to skip hither and thither at his fair lady's commands, if not belated on the way by the excitement of tossing half-pence with youthful adventurers of the by-ways and alleys; no trim parlor-maids, with irreproachable caps, dressed for the day at 11 o'clock A.M.—but, instead of these, an humble six-roomed bandbox of a house, and one poor hard-working slavey, with perennial smudges from sauce-pan lids upon her honest pug-nose. Consider the prospect seriously, Charlotte, and ask yourself whether you can endure such a descent in the social scale."

My Charlotte laughed, as if the prospect had been the most delightful picture ever presented to mortal vision.

"Do you think I care for the landau or the page?" she cried. "If it were not for mamma's sake, I should detest that prim villa and all its arrangements. You see me so happy here, where there is no pretense of grandeur—"

"But I am bound to warn you that I shall not be able to provide Yorkshire teas at the commencement of our domestic career," I remarked, by way of parenthesis.

"Aunt Dorothy will send us hampers of poultry and cakes, Sir; and for the rest of our time we can live upon bread and water."

On this I promised my betrothed a house in Cavendish or Portman Square, and a better-built landau than Mr. Sheldon's, in the remote future. With those dear eyes for my pole-stars I felt myself strong enough to clamber up the slippery ascent to the woolsack. The best and purest ambition must surely be that which is only a synonym for love.

After we had sat talking in the gloaming to our hearts' content, aunt Dorothy appeared, followed by a sturdy handmaid with lighted candles, and a still sturdier handmaid with a ponderous tea-tray. The two made haste to spread a snow-white cloth, and to set forth the species of banquet which it is the fashion nowadays to call high tea. Anon came uncle Joseph, bringing with him some slight perfume from the piggeries, and he and aunt Dorothy were pleased to be pleasantly facetious and congratulatory in their conversation during the social meal which followed their advent.

After tea we played whist again, aunt Dorothy and I obtaining a succession of easy victories over Charlotte and uncle Joe. I felt myself hourly more and more completely at home in that simple domestic circle, and enjoyed the proud position of an accepted lover. My Arcadian friends troubled themselves in no wise as to the approval or disapproval of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon, or with regard either to my prospects or my antecedents. They saw me devoted to my dear girl, they saw my dearest pleased by my devotion, and they loved her so well that they were ready to open their hearts without reserve to the man who adored her and was loved by her, let him be rich or poor, noble or base-born. As they would have given her the wax-doll of her desire ten or twelve years ago, without question as to price or fitness of things, so they now gave her their kindly smiles and approval for the lover of her choice.

"I know Phil Sheldon is a man who looks to the main chance," said uncle Joe, in the course of a discussion about his niece's future which dyed her cheeks with blushes in the present; "and I'll lay you'll find him rather a difficult customer to deal with, especially as poor Tom's will left all the money in Georgy's hands, which of course is tantamount to saying that Sheldon has got the disposal of it."

I assured uncle Joe that money was the very last thing which I desired.

"Then in that case I don't see why he shouldn't let you have Charlotte," replied Mr. Mercer; "and if she's cheated out of her poor dad's money, she sha'n't be cheated out of what her old aunt and uncle may have to leave her by-and-by."

Here were these worthy people promising me an heiress with no more compunction than if they had been offering me a cup of tea.

I walked homeward once more beneath the quiet stars. Oh, how happy I was! Can happiness so perfect, joy so sinless, endure? I, the friendless wanderer and penniless Bohemian, asked myself this question; and again I paused upon the lonely moorland road to lift my hat as I thanked God for having given me such bright hopes.

But George Sheldon's three thousand pounds must be mine before I can secure the humblest shelter for my sweet one; and although it would be bliss to me to tramp through the world barefoot with Charlotte by my side, the barefooted state of things is scarcely the sort of prospect a man would care to offer to the woman he loves. So once more to the chase. One more day in this delicious island of the lotus-eaters, Newhall farm; and then away!—hark, forward!—tantivy!—and hey for the marriage-lines of Charlotte Meynell, great-grand-daughter of Matthew Haygarth, and, if still in the flesh, rightful heiress to the one hundred thousand pounds at present likely to be absorbed by the ravening jaws of the Crown! One more day, one more delightful, idle day, in the land where it is always afternoon, and then away to Hidling in the hybrid vehicle, and thence to Hull, from Hull to York, from York to Leeds, then Bradford, Huddersfield—*toute la boutique!*

The rain beats against the diamond panes of my casement as I write. The day has been hopelessly wet, so I have staid in my snug little chamber and occupied myself in writing this record. Foul wind or weather would have little power to keep me from my darling; but even if it had been a fine day, I could not with any grace have presented myself at Newhall farm for a third afternoon. To-morrow my immediate departure will afford me an excuse for presenting myself once more before my kind uncle and aunt. It will be my farewell visit. I wonder whether Charlotte will miss me this afternoon. I wonder whether she will be sorry when I tell her that I am going to leave this part of the country. Ah, shall we ever meet again under such happy auspices? Shall I ever again find such kind friends or such a hospitable dwelling as those I shall leave amidst these northern hills?

### CHAPTER VI.

#### FOUND IN THE BIBLE.

*Nov. 3.* The most wonderful event has befallen—surely the most wonderful that ever came to pass outside the realms of fiction. Let me set down the circumstances of yesterday coolly and quietly if I can. I invoke the placid spirit of my Sheldon. I invoke all the divinities of Gray's Inn and "The Fields." Let me be legal and specific, perspicacious and logical—if this beating heart, this fevered brain, will allow me a few hours' respite.

The autumn sunshine blessed the land again yesterday. Moorland and meadow, fallow and clover-field, were all the brighter for the steady downfall of the previous day. I walked to Newhall directly after breakfast, and found my dearest standing at the white five-barred gate, dressed in her pretty blue jacket, and with ribbons in her bonny brown hair.

She was pleased to see me, though at first just a little inclined to play the *boudeuse* on account of my absence on the previous day. Of course I assured her that it had been anguish for me to remain away from her, and quoted that divine sonnet of our William's to the like effect:

> "How like a winter hath my absence been!"

and again:

> "Oh, never say that I was false of heart,
> Though absence seemed my flame to qualify."

Equally of course my pet pretended not to believe me. After this little misunderstanding we forgave each other, and adored each other again with just a little more than usual devotion; and then we went for a long ramble among the fields, and looked at the dear placid sheep, who stared at us wonderingly in return, as if exclaiming to themselves, "And these are a specimen couple of the creatures called lovers!"

We met uncle Joe in the course of our wanderings, and returned with him in time for the vulgar superstition of dinner, which we might have forgotten had we been left by ourselves. After dinner uncle Joe made off to his piggeries; while aunt Dorothy fell asleep in a capacious old arm-chair by the fire, after making an apologetic remark to the effect that she was tired, and had been a good deal "tewed" that morning in the dairy. "Tewed," I understand, is Yorkshire for "worried."

Aunt Dorothy having departed into the shadowy realm of dreams, Charlotte and I were left to our own devices.

There was a backgammon board on a side-table, surmounted by an old Indian bowl of dried rose-leaves; and, *pour nous distraire*, I proposed that I should teach my dearest that diverting game. She assented, and we set to work in a very business-like manner, Miss Halliday, all attention, I serious as a professional schoolmaster.

Unfortunately for my pupil's progress the game of backgammon proved less entertaining than our own conversation, so, after a very feeble attempt on the one side to learn and on the other to teach, we closed the board and began to talk—first of the past, then of the future, the happy future, which we were to share.

There is no need that I should set down this lovers' talk. Is it not written on my heart? The future seemed so fair and unclouded to me, as my love and I sat talking together yesterday afternoon. Now all is changed. The strangest, the most surprising complications have arisen; and I doubt, I fear.

After we had talked for a long time, Miss Halliday suddenly proposed that I should read to her.

"Diana once told me that you read very beautifully," said this flatterer; "and I should so like to hear you read—poetry, of course. You will find plenty of poems in that old book-case—Cowper, and Bloomfield, and Pope. Now I am sure that Pope is just the kind of poet whose verses you would read magnificently. Shall we explore the book-case together?"

Now if there is any manner of beguiling an idle afternoon which seems to me most delightful, it is by the exploration of old book-cases; and when that delight can be shared by the woman one fondly loves the pleasure thereof must be of course multiplied to an indefinite amount.

So Charlotte and I set to work immediately to ransack the lower shelves of the old-fashioned mahogany book-case, which contained the entire library of the Mercer household.

I am bound to admit that we did not light upon many volumes of thrilling interest. The verses of Cowper have always appeared to me to have only one fault—there are too many of them. One shrinks appalled from that thick, closely-printed volume of morality cut into lengths of ten feet; and, beyond the few well-worn quotations in daily use, I am fain to confess that I am almost a stranger to the bard of Olney.

Half a dozen odd volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, three or four of the *Annual Register*, a neatly-bound edition of *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison* in twelve volumes, Law's *Holy Call to a Serious Life*, *Paradise Lost*, *Joseph Andrews*, *Hervey's Meditations*, and *Gulliver's Travels*, formed the varied contents of the principal shelves. Above, there were shabbily-bound volumes and unbound pamphlets. Below, there were folios, the tops whereof were thickly covered with the dust of ages, having escaped the care of the handmaidens even in that neatly-appointed household.

I knelt down to examine these.

"You'll be covered with dust if you touch them," cried Charlotte. "I was once curious enough to examine them, but the result was very disappointing."

"And yet they look so delightfully mysterious," I said. "This one, for instance?"

"That is an old history of London, with curious plates and maps; rather interesting if one has nothing more amusing to read. But the perennial supply of novels from Mudie's spoils one for that kind of book."

"If ever I come to Newhall again I shall dip into the old history. One is never tired of dead and gone London. But after Mr. Knight's delightful book any old history must seem very poor. What, is my burly friend here?"

"Oh, a dreadful veterinary-surgeon's encyclopædia—*The Farmer's Friend* I think it is called; all about the ailment of animals."

"And the next?"

"The next is an old volume of the *Penny Magazine*. Dear aunt Dorothy is rich in odd volumes."

"And the next—my bulky friend number two—with a cracked leather back and a general tendency to decay?"

"Oh, that is the Meynell Bible."

The MEYNELL BIBLE! A hot perspiration broke out upon my face as I knelt at Charlotte Halliday's feet, with my hand resting lightly on the top of the book.

"The Meynell Bible!" I repeated; and my voice was faintly tremulous in spite of the effort which I made over myself. "What do you mean by the Meynell Bible?"

"I mean the old family Bible that belonged to my grandmamma. It was her father's Bible, you know; and of course he was my great-grandfather—Christian Meynell. Why, how you stare at me, Valentine! Is there any thing so wonderful in my having had a great-grandfather?"

"No, darling; but the fact is that I—"

In another moment I should have told her the entire truth; but I remembered just in time that I had pledged myself to profound secrecy with regard to the nature and progress of my investigation, and I had yet to learn whether that pledge did or did not involve the observance of secrecy even with those most interested in my researches. Pending further communication with Sheldon, I was certainly bound to be silent.

"I have a kind of interest in the name of Meynell," I said, "for I was once engaged in a business matter with people of that name."

And having thus hoodwinked my beloved with a bouncer, I proceeded to extract the Bible from its shelf. The book was so tightly wedged into its place that to remove it was like drawing a tooth. It was a noble-looking old volume, blue with the mould of ages, and redolent of a chill dampness like the atmosphere of a tomb.

"I should so like to examine the old book when the candles come in," I said.

Fortunately for the maintenance of my secret the darkness was closing in upon us when I discovered the volume, and the room was only fitfully illuminated by the flame that brightened and faded every minute.

I carried the book to a side-table, and Charlotte and I resumed our talk until the candles came, and close behind them uncle Joe. I fear I must have seemed a very inattentive lover during that brief interval, for I could not concentrate my thoughts upon the subject of our discourse. My mind would wander to the strange discovery that I had just made, and I could not refrain from asking myself whether by any extraordinary chance my own dear love should be the rightful claimant to John Haygarth's hoarded wealth.

I hoped that it might not be so. I hoped that my darling might be penniless rather than the heir to wealth, which, in all likelihood, would create an obstacle strong enough to sever us eternally. I longed to question her about her family, but could not as yet trust myself to broach the subject. And while I doubted and hesitated, honest blustering uncle Joe burst into the room, and aunt Dorothy awoke, and was unutterably surprised to find she had slept so long.

After this came tea; and as I sat opposite my dearest girl I could not choose but remember that gray-eyed Molly, whose miniature had been found in the tulip-wood bureau, and in whose bright face I had seen the likeness of Philip Sheldon's beautiful step-daughter. And Mr. Sheldon's lovely step-daughter was the lineal descendant of this very Molly. Strange mystery of transmitted resemblances! Here was the sweet face that had bewitched honest, simple-

minded Matthew Haygarth reproduced after the lapse of a century.

My Charlotte was descended from a poor little player girl who had smiled upon the roysterous populace at Bartholomew Fair. Some few drops of Bohemian blood mingled with the pure life-stream in her veins. It pleased me to think of this; but I derived no pleasure from the idea that Charlotte might possibly be the claimant of a great fortune.

"She may have cousins who would stand before her," I said to myself; and there was some comfort in the thought.

After tea I asked permission to inspect the old family Bible, much to the astonishment of uncle Joe, who had no sympathy with antiquarian tastes, and marveled that I should take any interest in so mouldy a volume. I told him, with perfect truth, that such things had always more or less interest for me; and then I withdrew to my little table, where I was provided with a special pair of candles.

"You'll find the births and deaths of all poor Molly's ancestors on the first leaf," said uncle Joe. "Old Christian Meynell was a rare one for jotting down such things; but the ink has gone so pale that it's about as much as you'll do to make sense of it, I'll lay."

Charlotte looked over my shoulder as I examined the fly-leaf of the family Bible. Even with this incentive to distraction I contrived to be tolerably business-like; and this is the record which I found on the faded page:

"Samuel Matthew Meynell, son of Christian and Sarah Meynell, b. March 9, 1796, baptized at St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in this city.

"Susan Meynell, daughter of Christian and Sarah Meynell, b. June 29, 1798, also baptized in the same church.

"Charlotte Meynell, second daughter of the above Christian and Sarah, b. October 3, 1800, baptized at the above-mentioned church of St. Giles, London."

Below these entries, in blacker ink and in a different handwriting—a bold, business-like, masculine caligraphy—came the following:

"Charlotte Meynell, married to James Halliday, in the parish church of Barngrave, Yorks, April 15, 1819."

Below this there was an entry in a woman's penmanship:

"Susan, the beloved sister of C. H., died in London, July 11, 1835.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged.

"I came to call sinners, and not the righteous to repentance."

This record seemed to hint vaguely at some sad story: "Susan, the beloved sister;" no precise date of the death—no surname! And then those two deprecating sentences, which seemed to plead for the dead.

I had been led to understand that Christian Meynell's daughters had both died in Yorkshire—one married, the other unmarried.

The last record in the book was the decease of James Halliday, my dear girl's grandfather.

After pondering long over the strangely-worded entry of Susan Meynell's death, I reflected that, with the aid of those mysterious powers Hook and Crook, I must contrive to possess myself of an exact copy of this leaf from a family history, if not of the original document. Again my duty to my Sheldon impelled me to be false to all my new-born instincts and boldly give utterance to another bouncer.

"I am very much interested in a county history now preparing for the press," I said to my honored uncle, who was engaged in a hand at cribbage with his wife; "and I really think this old leaf from a family Bible would make a very interesting page in that work."

I blushed for myself as I felt how shamefully I was imposing upon my newly-found kinsman's credulity. With scarcely any one but uncle Joe could I have dared to employ so shallow an artifice.

"Would it really, now?" said that confiding innocent. "Well, I suppose old papers, and letters, and such like, are uncommonly interesting to some folks. I can't say I care much about 'em myself."

"Would you have any objection to my taking a copy of these entries?" I asked.

"My word, no, lad; not I. Take half a dozen copies, and welcome, if they can be of any use to you or other people. That's not much to ask for."

I thanked my simple host, and determined to write to a stationer at Hull for some tracing-paper by the first post next morning. There was some happiness at least in having found this unlooked-for end to my researches. I had a good excuse for remaining longer near Charlotte Halliday.

"It's only for my poor Mary's sake I set any value on that old volume," the farmer said presently, in a meditative tone. "You see the names there are the names of her relations, not mine; and this place and all in it was hers. Dorothy and I are only interlopers, as you may say, at the best, though I brought my fortune to the old farm, and Dorothy brought her fortune, and between us we've made Newhall a much better place than it was in old James Halliday's time. But there's something sad in the thought that none of those that were born on the land have left chick or child to inherit it."

Uncle Joseph fell for a while into a pensive reverie, and I thought of that other inheritance, well-nigh fifty times the value of Newhall farm, which is now waiting for a claimant. And again I asked myself, Could it be possible that this sweet girl, whose changeful face had saddened with those old memories, whose innocent heart knew not one sordid desire—could it be indeed she whose fair hand was to wrest the Haygarthian gold from the grip of Crown lawyers?

The sight of the old Bible seemed to have revived Mr. Mercer's memory of his first wife with unwonted freshness.

"She was a sweet young creature," he said; "the living picture of our Lottie, and sometimes I fancy it must have been that which made me take to Lottie when she was a little one. I used to see my first wife's eyes looking up at me out of Lottie's eyes. I told Tom it was a comfort to me to have the little lass with me, and that's how they let her come over so often from Hyley. Poor old Tom used to bring her over in his Whitechapel cart, and leave her behind him for a week or so at a stretch. And then, when my Dorothy yonder took pity upon a poor lonely widower, she made as much of the little girl as if she'd been her own, and more perhaps; for not having any children of her own, she thought them such out-of-the-way creatures, that you couldn't coddle them and pet them too much. There's a little baby lies buried in Barngrave church-yard with Tom Halliday's sister that would have been a noble young man, sitting where you're sitting, Mr. Hawkehurst, and looking at me as bright as you're looking, perhaps, if the Lord's will hadn't been otherwise. We've all our troubles, you see, and that was mine; and if it hadn't been for Dorothy, life would not have been worth much for me after that time—but my Dorothy is all manner of blessings rolled up in one."

The farmer looked fondly at his second wife as he said this, and she blushed and smiled upon him with responsive tenderness. I fancy a woman's blushes and smiles wear longer in these calm solitudes than amidst the tumult and clamor of a great city.

Finding my host inclined to dwell upon the past, I ventured to hazard an indirect endeavor to obtain some information respecting that entry in the Bible which had excited my curiosity.

"Miss Susan Meynell died unmarried, I believe?" I said. "I see her death recorded here, but she is described by her Christian name only."

"Ah, very like," replied Mr. Mercer, with an air of indifference, which I perceived to be assumed. "Yes, my poor Molly's aunt Susan died unmarried."

"And in London? I had been given to understand that she died in Yorkshire."

I blushed for my own impertinence as I pressed this inquiry. What right had I to be given to understand any thing about these honest Meynells? I saw poor uncle Joe's disconcerted face, and I felt that the hunter of an heir-at-law is apt to become a very obnoxious creature.

"Susan Meynell died in London—the poor lass died in London," replied Joseph Mercer, gravely; "and now we'll drop that subject, if you please, my lad. It isn't a pleasant one."

After this I could no longer doubt that there was some painful story involved in those two deprecating sentences of the gospel.

It was some time before uncle Joe was quite his own jovial and rather noisy self again, and on this evening we had no whist. I bade my friends good-night a little earlier than usual, and departed, after having obtained permission to take a tracing of the fly-leaf as soon as possible.

On this night the starlit sky and lonesome moor seemed to have lost their soothing power. There was a new fever in my mind. The simple plan of the future which I had mapped out for myself was suddenly shattered. The Charlotte of to-night—heiress-at-law to an enormous fortune—ward in Chancery—claimant against the Crown—was a very different person from the simple maid "whom there were none"—or only a doting simpleton in the person of the present writer—"to praise, and very few to love."

The night before last I had hoped so much; to-night hope had forsaken me. It seemed as if a Titan's hand had dug a great pit between me and the woman I loved—a pit as deep as the grave.

Philip Sheldon might have consented to give me his step-daughter unpossessed of a sixpence; but would he give me his step-daughter with a hundred thousand pounds for her fortune? Alas, no; I know the Sheldonian intellect too well to be fooled by any hope so wild and baseless. The one bright dream of my misused life faded from me in the hour in which I discovered my dearest girl's claim to the Haygarthian inheritance. But I am not going to throw up the sponge before the fight is over. Time enough to die when I am lying face downward in the ensanguined mire, and feel the hosts of the foeman trampling above my shattered carcass. I will live in the light of my Charlotte's smiles while I can—and for the rest—"*Il ne faut pas dire, fontaine, je ne boirrai pas de ton eau.*" There is no cup so bitter that a man dare say, I will not drain it to the very dregs. "What must be, shall be—that's a certain text;" and in the mean time *carpe diem.* I am all a Bohemian again.

*Nov. 5.* After a day's delay I have obtained my tracing-paper, and made two tracings of the entries in the Meynell Bible. How intercourse with the Sheldonian race inclines one to the duplication of documents! I consider the copying-press of modern civilization the supreme incarnation of man's distrust of his fellow-men.

I spent this afternoon and evening with my dear love—my last evening in Yorkshire. To-morrow I shall see my Sheldon, and inform him of the very strange termination which has come to my researches. Will he communicate at once with his brother? Will he release me from my oath of secrecy? There is nothing of the masonic secretiveness in my organization, and I am very weary of the seal that has been set upon my unwary lips. Will Charlotte be told that she is the reverend intestate's next of kin? These are questions which I ask myself as I sit in the stillness of my room at the Magpie, scribbling this wretched diary of mine, while the church-clock booms three solemn strokes in the distance.

Oh, why did not the reverend intestate marry his housekeeper, and make a will, like other honest citizens, and leave my Charlotte to walk the obscure by-ways of honest poverty with me? I do believe that I could have been honest; I do believe that I could have been brave and true and steadfast for her dear sake. But it is the office of man to propose, while the Unseen disposes. Perhaps such a youth as mine admits of no redemption. I have written circulars for Horatio Paget. I have been the willing, remorseless tool of a man who never eats his dinner without inflicting a wrong upon his fellow-creatures. Can a few moments of maudlin sentimentality, a vague yearning for something brighter and better, a brief impulse toward honesty inspired by a woman's innocent eyes—can so little virtue in the present atone for so much guilt in the past! Alas, I fear not.

I had one last brief *tête-à-tête* with my dear girl while I took the tracing from the old Bible. She sat watching me, and distracting me more or less while I worked; and despite the shadow of doubt that has fallen upon me, I could not be otherwise than happy in her sweet company.

When I came to the record of Susan Meynell's death, my Charlotte's manner changed all at once from her accustomed joyousness to a pensive gravity.

"I was very sorry you spoke of Susan Meynell to uncle Joseph," she said, thoughtfully.

"But why sorry, my dear?"

I had some vague notion as to the cause of this sorrow; but the instincts of the chase impelled me to press the subject. Was I not bound to know every secret in the lives of Matthew Haygarth's descendants?

"There is a very sad story connected with my aunt Susan—she was my great-aunt, you know," said Charlotte, with a grave, earnest face. "She went away from home, and there was great sorrow. I can not talk of the story even to you, Valentine, for there seems something sacred in these painful family secrets. My poor aunt Susan left all her friends, and died many years afterward in London."

"She was known to have died unmarried?" I asked. From George Sheldon's point of sight this would be an important question.

"Yes," Charlotte replied, blushing crimson. That blush told me a great deal.

"There was some one concerned in this poor lady's sorrow," I said; "some one to blame for all her unhappiness."

"There was."

"Some person whom she loved and trusted, perhaps?"

"Whom she loved and trusted only too well. Oh, Valentine, must not that be terrible? To confide with all your heart in the person you love, and to find him base and cruel! If my poor aunt had not believed Montagu Kingdon to be true and honorable she would have trusted her friends a little, instead of trusting so entirely in him. Oh, Valentine, what am I telling you! I can not bear to cast a shadow on the dead."

"My dear love, do you think I can not pity this injured lady? Do you think I am likely to play the Pharisee, and be eager to bespatter the grave of this poor sufferer? I can almost guess the story which you shrink from telling me—it is one of those sad histories so often acted, so often told. Your aunt loved a person called Montagu Kingdon, her superior in station, perhaps?"

I looked at Charlotte as I said this, and her face told me that I had guessed rightly.

"This Montagu Kingdon admired and loved her," I said. "He seemed eager to make her his wife, but no doubt imposed secrecy as to his intentions. She accepted his word as that of a true-hearted lover and a gentleman, and in the end had bitter reason to repent her confidence. That is an outline of the story, is it not, Charlotte?"

"I am sure that it was so. I am sure that when she left Newhall she went away to be married," cried Charlotte, eagerly; "I have seen a letter that proves it—to me, at least. And yet I have heard even mamma speak harshly of her—so long dead and gone off the face of this earth—as if she had deliberately chosen the sad fate which came to her."

"Is it possible that Mr. Kingdon did marry Miss Meynell, after all?"

"No," replied Charlotte, very sadly; "there is no hope of that. I have seen a letter written by my poor aunt years afterward—a letter that tells much of the cruel truth; and I have heard that Mr. Kingdon came back to Yorkshire and married a rich lady during my aunt's lifetime."

"I should like to see that letter," I said, involuntarily.

"Why, Valentine?" asked my darling, looking at me with sorrowful, wondering eyes. "To me it seems so painful to talk of these things: it is like reopening an old wound."

"But if the interests of other people require—" I began, in a very blundering manner.

"Whose interest can be served by my showing you my poor aunt's letter? It would seem like an act of dishonor to the dead."

What could I say after this—bound hand and foot as I am by my promise to Sheldon?

After a long talk with my sweet one, I borrowed uncle Joe's dogcart and spun across to Barngrave, where I found the little church beneath whose gray old roof Charlotte Meynell plighted her troth to James Halliday. I took a copy of all entries in the register concerning Mrs. Meynell Halliday and her children, and then went back to Newhall to restore the dogcart, and to take my last Yorkshire tea at the hospitable old farm-house.

To-morrow I am off to Barlingford, fifteen miles from this village, to take more copies of registries concerning my sweet young heiress—the registries of her father's marriage and her own birth. After that I think my case will be tolerably complete, and I can present myself to Sheldon in the guise of a conqueror.

Is it not a great conquest to have made? Is it not almost an act of chivalry for these prosaic days to go forth into the world as a private inquirer and win a hundred thousand pounds for the lady of one's love? And yet I wish any one rather than my Charlotte were the lineal descendant of Matthew Haygarth.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"My friend, don't you know that it is very dangerous to take a nap while the cars are in motion?"

"Why no!" exclaims astonished individual, suddenly waking up, "why so?"

"Because this train runs over sleepers."

A rhetorical schoolmaster calls his pupils buds of promise on the branches of education.

The mists of antiquity have been generally accompanied by the rain of error.

Dr. Holmes says that easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Can any reasonable doubt be entertained of the stability of a bank whose directors always show a great *reserve* when questioned about its affairs?

A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady. As they approached the dwelling of the damsel she said, entreatingly, "Jehiel, don't tell any body you beaued me home." "Sary," said he, emphatically, "don't you mind. I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

In Wyandotte County, Ohio, lived a young gallant who, wishing to show proper respect for his "Gal," took her to Upper Sandusky, and, in an overflowing fit of generosity, concluded to treat her to candy. Looking around for a "sign" he espied a striped barber's pole, and instantly concluded that was the place.

A professional beggar-boy, some ten years of age, ignorant of the art of reading, bought a card to place on his breast, and appeared in the public streets as a "poor widow, with eight small children."

When "time presses," is it not the work of the calendar?

If you let a man pull your nose to-day, when will he do it again?—Why next tweak, of course!

Why do honest ducks dip their heads under water?—To liquidate their little bills.

When may a man be said to bridge a difficulty?—When he makes an arch smile.

### A NEW SYSTEM OF ARITHMETIC.

RAILROAD MEASURE.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 excursion train<br>2 accidents<br>1 official inquiry<br>1 signalman discharged<br>1 signalman starves | 2 accidents.<br>1 official inquiry.<br>1 signalman discharged.<br>1 signalman starves.<br>1 public appeased. |
| 1 time table<br>10 blunders<br>1 confusion<br>1 too late for train<br>1 swears | 10 blunders.<br>1 confusion.<br>1 too late for train.<br>1 swears.<br>1 sin more on heads of directors. |
| 1 junction<br>1 change cars<br>1 wrong train<br>1 useless journey<br>1 bad temper | 1 change cars.<br>1 wrong train.<br>1 useless journey.<br>1 bad temper.<br>1 more wrinkle. |
| 1 late train<br>1 cold dinner<br>1 wife sulks<br>1 husband sulks<br>1 husband goes to club<br>1 wife repents<br>1 husband returns<br>1 wife wigs him | 1 cold dinner.<br>1 wife sulks.<br>1 husband sulks.<br>1 husband goes to club.<br>1 wife repents.<br>1 husband returns.<br>1 wife wigs him.<br>1 unhappy home. |

### QUESTIONS IN ZOOLOGY.

What animal do base-ball fellers take tu?—The bat.
Which is a turbulent animal?—The shrew.
Which is allus in chains?—The lynx.
Which is not tu be trusted?—The chetah.
Which is up in the world?—The hy-æna.
Which never wood lose by bettin' on hoss-trots?—The hedge-hog.
Which is allus found on legal dockooments?—The seal.
Which is the most worn?—The beaver.
Which is preferred on a seprit plate tu uther vittles?—The hare.
Which was most to be found in the Navy formerly?—The cat.

A certain minister lately perpetrated the following involuntary (we hope) pun, in the course of a flight of eloquence in the pulpit. Speaking of the peaceful departure of the Christian resembling going to sleep, he exclaimed, "Lazarus slept, the son of the widow also slept, and Stephen, the martyr, was *rocked* to sleep!"

### RECEIPT TO MAKE A MODERN FOP.

Two tuns of pride and impudence,
One scruple next of modesty and sense,
Two grains of truth; of falsehood and deceit
And insincerity a hundredweight.
Infuse into the skull, of flashy wit
And empty nonsense *quantum sufficit.*
To make the composition quite complete,
Throw in the appearance of a grand estate,
A lofty cane, a sword with silver hilt,
A ring, two watches, and a snuff-box gilt,
A gay, effeminate, embroidered vest,
With suitable attire—*probatum est.*

Why is a kiss like gathering cabbage?—Because it brings the heads together.

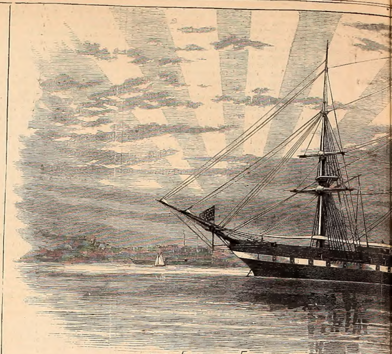
Why is a prosy preacher like the middle of a wheel?—Because the fellows around him are tired.

Nautical.—Why is it impossible to get a first-class seaman to serve on board a brig?—Because no good man can serve two masters.

Why is a franc fresh from the mint like grass just cut down?—Because its new monnaie (mown hay).

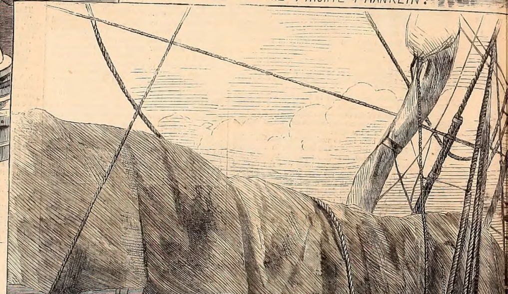
A codfish breakfast and an India-rubber coat will keep a man dry all day.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

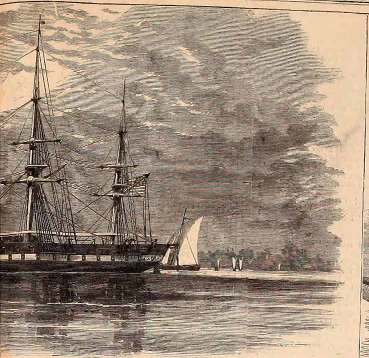


THE FRIGATE FRANKLIN.

GROUP OF SAILORS.



SCENES ON BOARD ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP THE "FRANKLIN," NEW YORK HA



THE PARTING.

...E OFFICERS OF THE FRANKLIN.

GROUP OF MARINES.

...OR, June 29, 1867.—Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.—[See First Page.]

## HARVESTS ON HISTORIC FIELDS.

[*See Illustration on page 452.*]

THREE years ago the battle's breath
Swept fiery-hot across the plain;
And steadily the reaper Death,
With cruel carnage in his train,
Marched through the serried ranks, that stood
Unwavering, and cut them down;
While field and farm and hill and wood
Grew dark beneath the battle's frown.

The cannon thundered in their wrath,
The musket rang with volleys there;
The loud shell cut its trackless path,
And burst with fury in the air;
And thickly by the trodden way,
In dyke and field, by level rows
Of trampled corn, Death's harvest lay—
Friend close by friend, and foe with foes.

To-day another harvest stands
Where once Death trod the bleeding plain,
Ripe for the reapers' ready hands
That bind in sheaves the golden grain.
Afar the sheltered farm-house sleeps,
Embowered in shade; while o'er the mound,
With pitying growth, the wild-vine creeps,
Where rifles rang with deadly sound.

Up from her cover starts the quail,
As chancing on her hidden nest
The farmer-lad, with noisy hail,
Spies quick as thought the speckled breast.
And low and sweet the echoes call;
While from the blue sky overhead,
In mellow radiance flooding all,
The golden light of peace is shed.

N. G. SHEPHERD.

## A GEM IN THE ROUGH.

"DURING the time that elapsed between their occupation of this advanced ground and the construction of rifle-pits necessary for their protection our men suffered considerably from sharp-shooters. One incident of yesterday, the 23d, deserves especial mention. As Captain Fielding, of the —th Massachusetts, was directing the movements of a portion of his command, detached for special duty, his commanding figure proved a tempting mark for a sharp-shooter from the enemy's works. Just at the critical moment the quick eye of Sergeant William Harper discovered the danger. Quick as thought he threw himself in front of Captain Fielding, pushing him violently aside, and at the same instant received in his own brain the ball destined for his superior officer. When taken up he retained sufficient consciousness to send some brief messages to friends, but soon became insensible, and survived only a few hours. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

Such was the paragraph from a Vicksburg letter which riveted my eye on one day of that never-to-be-forgotten summer of 1863, just after the news of our brilliant though long delayed successes came to crown the national anniversary with new thanksgiving. Such an instance of heroic devotion and sublime self-sacrifice must have moved the most careless reader; but for me the simple story held a tragedy no less real and intense because partially unexpressed. William Harper had been my friend and classmate in the old days at Cambridge. Perhaps no other had known him as I had done; not so much from any innate reserve in his constitution, making him shrink from generous confidence, as because few cared to penetrate the unattractive exterior which concealed a true and noble spirit.

Philosophers tell us, and without their aid our own observation as well, that the soul is in a sense the architect of its own tenement, so moulding the plastic clay of face and form that every line and feature becomes at length only the exponent of some particular habit of thought or phase of character. Perhaps this, like some other general rules, is to be proved by its exceptions, for never were there two more ill-assorted associates than the William Harper whom I knew and loved and the bodily and tangible presence that represented him to our senses.

In figure he was tall and ungainly, moving with an ungraceful appearance of being loosely put together. Over his high, prominent forehead hung straggling locks of thin, light hair, and, except at rare times of strong excitement, his blue eyes were absolutely lustreless. No flexile line of lip, no clean-cut arch of brow redeemed his almost repulsive plainness, or hinted at the refinement of his inner life. Yet he was at heart an idealist—a dreamer; his instincts tender and loving as a child's; his whole being alive with the keenest appreciation of the true and beautiful every where. A true child of Nature, she alone understood him with maternal instinct, took him to her heart and showed him her secrets, transfiguring him in the light of her own beauty. A shell, a flower, a spray of autumn leaves, the shifting tint and outline of a cloud were to him a revelation of wonderful beauty and an inspiration of inexpressible joy. His college themes, written in a light running hand, like a girl's, were full of quaint fancies, blossoming not infrequently into rhyme, like "flowers on furze." He found his greatest pleasure in doing any little acts of kindness in his power—awkwardly rendered sometimes, but not the less spontaneous and heart-felt.

Such was the man of whose life the last act had been to yield it up for another, unasked, in front of the beleagured Southern city. I have no long story to tell of him, only to recall the life of a summer that is passed away, so rounding into more perfect outline the fragmentary sketch of the war-correspondent, and in the light of that vanished past making his last

"Generous deed, heroic deed,
Come forth, be respected."

It was in our junior year that I came to know him well. He was a careful student in every department, showing by his conscientious application the thorough appreciation of a poor boy, who had worked his own way up to long-coveted opportunities, but in languages and natural science he was an enthusiast. His eager *penchant* toward these branches was the complement of my own more sober mathematical proclivities, and so the hours in which we read together became a source of mutual profit and delight. Then, too, the long walks which I had taken daily, more out of duty than inclination, what new vitality they seemed to infuse through heart and head when he came to share them, both as companion of the way and interpreter of nature in her changing moods. The thoughts which others called "Old Harper's oddities" had for me an unfailing piquancy and charm, and by degrees he lost all restraint with me, and the unique images of his brain clothed themselves in verbal form and stood forth not ashamed.

One particular Saturday afternoon stroll through Mount Auburn comes to me very clearly now, perhaps because then and there was the beginning of the slender thread of story, on which I have thought to string these scattering reminiscences of my dead friend.

"How quietly they sleep!" he said, as we walked slowly along the shady avenues, "the shadows of the leaves chasing each other over the marble, are the only symbol of unrest. And yet through what depths of passion and pain, through what labyrinths of vain endeavor, they came—as we all shall come at last—to *this.*" Then changing the thought with characteristic suddenness, he went on: "George, when I see the tender grass and clinging mosses creeping already over these new graves, I like to fancy that this loving endeavor to heal and smooth away these scars from the bosom of earth is something more than a mere blind prompting of nature. Fasten a pebble to a sapling, and watch day by day through every straining fibre the alert effort to raise its weighted head to the sunlight again; see the leaves play with the breeze, or tremble out their indescribable reply to the soft plash of summer rain; look at the elms tossing their long branches in the fierce excitement of the tempest—does not all this seem like more than mere insensate vitality?"

He paused a moment, then he said with a half smile,

"May I follow my dream still farther, and charging back all pain upon man, the prime sinner, say that only such of these plants as are destroyed by human hands, for bad purposes, suffer in perishing? If this *were* true, what must have been the unspeakable horror and recoil of the tree, from whose bleeding trunk was hewn the cross of the Lord of all?"

There was such a tremor of earnestness in his voice that I could not smile at the strange conceit, and we walked silently toward and into the little cemetery chapel.

Another group was there before us. Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave stood looking at the statuary, and with them a young lady, whom I thought a stranger at first glance, but as she turned toward us I recognized her as Margaret Ware, a niece of the Hargraves, whom I had met when yet a child one summer at the sea-side. Strangely lovely even in her budding girlhood, these few years had developed her to almost matchless perfection. I shall not try to describe her, for no mere mechanical inventory of features could make that radiant beauty live and breathe before you. I have seen other faces as faultless, but never one so vivified with a subtle inner radiance, making one look not at but through it into the very presence-chamber of the soul.

Mr. Hargrave stepped forward with a pleasant greeting. I renewed my acquaintance with Miss Ware, and presented my friend. Poor Will was always diffident enough, but even I was scarcely prepared for the vivid crimson that shot over his whole face, and the few stammered words that accompanied his awkward bow. I saw Mrs. Hargrave dart a look of involuntary inquiry at me; but if Miss Ware thought my friend an uncivilized boor, she was too sweetly and truly a lady to allow the feeling to mirror itself a moment in her face. As soon as possible, out of sheer pity, I drew Will away, but I tried vainly to engage him in cheerful conversation. Through all our homeward walk he was silent and abstracted, only recovering something of his usual manner at parting.

A few days afterward the Hargraves issued invitations to a little reception, given on Miss Ware's account. Harper, greatly to his own surprise, received a card.

"How strange, George!" he said; "you know I have never spent an evening out in Cambridge—or any where else!" he added, with a half laugh, and one of his quick, girlish blushes.

It was true enough; the unequal struggle with poverty, waged from his earliest years, had left the shy, country-born youth no time even for such "society" as had been accessible to him.

"What shall I do, George? I'm not fit to go. What must she—" He stopped suddenly, his cheek flushing again, then turning to me quickly, "You were miserably ashamed of me that day at Mount Auburn?"

"Will Harper," I said, "you ought to know me better. You are easily embarrassed, I know, but how are you to overcome the tendency without accustoming yourself to company? Go by all means—forget yourself as much as possible—be natural—no more is required."

His brow cleared, and I saw that he had really wished to go, and needed only a word of encouragement to aid his decision.

"I think you are right," he said. "I will try it."

The expected evening came, but a throbbing headache kept me in my room, and Will made his *début* into Cambridge circles alone. I have an indistinct recollection of some days of suffering that followed—of being carried by slow stages to my country home; then comes a long blank. They tell me that I lay for weeks at the point of death, and I know that I rose from my sick-bed the emaciated shadow of myself. Months passed before I was strong enough to think of resuming my studies. Harper wrote to me occasionally rambling, affectionate epistles, like himself, and yet pervaded with a subtle exhilaration as of one lifted above the common plains of life into the regions of a purer atmosphere. I read and wondered sometimes, yet no allusion gave me a clew to the change.

He met me on my return to college with extravagant demonstrations of delight, actually kissing me on the lips.

"How well you look, my dear old boy!" I said, noting his eager face. "You have not pined for me, I think."

"Ah! but I have, George; I have wanted you more than you know."

Harry Carlton came to my room that evening and regaled me with the latest college news.

"You've seen Harper, of course?" he said. "Did you ever see a fellow more changed?"

"I *did* notice something—he looks happier, I think."

"He's in love! Capital, isn't it?" And Harry laughed in a way I did not like.

"Why not?" I said, smothering my surprise and curiosity.

"Why, no reason, of course," was the slightly disconcerted answer, "only it strikes one queerly someway. Let me see—the Hargraves gave that little party for Maggie Ware the same night you were taken ill, did they not? And Harper was invited, you know, and went, though we all wondered. Well, Maynard was there, and he said it was the most wonderful thing to see how Miss Ware brought Harper out that evening. She actually looked him up, as he stood against the wall in his queer, bashful way, and put him at his ease, and made him talk after the most unheard-of fashion. There never was any thing like it, Maynard said; and so that was the beginning. They have met a few times since, for, the ice once broken, Harper did not go back wholly to his old recluse ways. I don't think Miss Ware is a coquette, and yet she led him on strangely for a time, listening to his odd speeches with a grave earnestness in that splendid face of hers that would have turned a stronger head than 'old Harper's.' Every body can see with half an eye that he worships the very ground she treads on, and yet no one but he is so blind as not to know that Fielding will win her. An odd pair of rivals, Forsyth Fielding and 'old Harper,' eh, George?"

Harry's careless words moved me far more than he suspected. Here, then, was my poor friend's secret. In the light of this new revelation how clear were many portions of his letters that had puzzled me to understand! Knowing as I did the depth and intensity of his nature, and its terrible capacity for pain and despair, I trembled to think of the inevitable hour that would shatter his dream. Ought I not to speak to him—to warn him of his danger? Was it not too late already to avert in the smallest measure the crushing weight of disappointment? These questions and many more I asked myself when alone without being able to find any satisfactory reply.

But the revelation of his fate was nearer than I imagined. It came at a soirée given to our class by a member of the faculty.

The evening was sultry and the air of the parlors oppressive. Not fully strong yet from my illness, the heat affected me to dizziness, and I stepped quietly through an open door leading upon a vine-covered veranda. The sound of voices came to me through the lattice, and the leaves rustled as two figures moved slowly along the garden walk in the moonlight. I was not an intentional listener, but as I leaned against a pillar, almost too faint to stand, I heard these words in Maggie Ware's voice:

"I grieve for one thing, Forsyth, and all the more keenly now that you and I are so happy. It is a strange thing for a girl to say, but surely I need have no secrets from *you*—and I am so sure that poor Mr. Harper loves me; and, more than that, it is I who have been at fault. I pitied his painful shyness so much when I happened to meet him one day that I begged Aunt Emma to invite him to our house, and I tried so much whenever I saw him to make him feel happy and at home. I never dreamed that he would think any thing more than common courtesy prompted the little attention I paid to him. I was taken wholly by surprise when I recognized in his manner a deeper interest in me than I wished—I could not believe it at first. You know, Forsyth, it seems so strange to think of him in the light of a lover; but I am sure of it now, though not a syllable has passed his lips to that import."

"Don't give yourself a moment's pain, my darling." It was Forsyth Fielding who answered. "Surely you can not be blamed for being lovable; and if 'old Harper' absurdly dared to think that you could care for him, he must pay the penalty of his rashness."

"Don't speak so, Forsyth dear! Forgive me; but if you and he were to exchange places he would not speak like that of you, I think. The utter impossibility of ever *loving* any one like him does not prevent my seeing how truly noble and good he is, and how much to be pitied for—"

The voice grew indistinct; I heard a slight sound beside me, and turned only to start back again with a smothered exclamation of dismay. There stood Harper, every feature rigid and motionless as if cut in marble, the last vestige of color gone from his face, and the look of a sleep-walker in his eyes. "Will," I said, laying my hand beseechingly on his shoulder, "Will!" He caught his breath with a dry sob.

"I—I am not well," he said, slowly; "I think I will go home."

"Dear old Will," I said, with the tears rolling down my face, "let me go with you."

"No," he answered, shaking off my hand, almost fiercely. "Let me alone to-night!" and so strode with uncovered head into the darkness.

I went back to the gayly lighted room, weary and stunned. Forsyth Fielding stood under the chandelier, with Miss Ware on his arm. I had never seen him so brilliant, so utterly self-poised as now, and the contrast between his royal presence and the haggard face that had just looked at me through the dim light of the porch made me sick at heart.

The next morning brought my poor friend to my room. Deep, discolored hollows about his eyes told that he had not slept. He grasped my hand, trying to smile. "Dear George," he said, "I was hasty last night—forgive me. You have been the best friend I ever had—you love me well enough never to speak to me of—of what we heard last night. The past is dead—God alone can help me to bury it out of my sight."

That was all. He went back to his books and his old retirement with no outward change, except some new, deep lines in his pale face, and an expression of enduring patience in his eyes that must have had its source in higher than human aid. In all that last year of our college life I never heard Miss Ware's name cross his lips.

At the commencement of the war it seemed a strange freak of fate that enlisted him a private in Captain Forsyth Fielding's company—I wondered when I heard it, but I think now that his own purpose was clear and defined through all.

"Is there *nothing* I can do for you? Have you no messages to send? Oh, Harper! you have saved my life and you are dying!" said Forsyth Fielding, the tears raining down his bronzed face, as he held the poor shattered head against his breast.

"Tell my mother that I was not afraid to die, and"—the blue eyes opened wide and clear as if looking already out of the world beyond this—"tell *her* that I sent her the only gift she could ever take at my hand—*your life.*"

Those were the last words "old Harper" ever spoke.

## THE HALO ROUND THE MOON.

WHEN my first kiss on those pure lips
I fondly pressed, and motionless
We stood with wreathed finger-tips
And eyes that swam with love's excess,
You said you feared the omen dark
That threatened us with storm full soon,
And half in jest you made me mark
The halo round the moon.

"Then dare it with me, love!" I said,
"And meet it smiling then, as now;
Shall sorrow's shadow bow the head
That sorrow's self should never bow?
What follows darkness but the day?
What dwells behind each night but noon,
Whose laughing sun shall chase away
The halo round the moon?"

And now that time has only shown
How brief life's storms when dauntless met,
And every envious year that's flown
Has knit our hearts but closer yet;
How memory holds that night endeared
We asked of fate no further boon,
But dared the augury, nor feared
The halo round the moon.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

**Book III.**

### CHAPTER III.

KILCLARE.

KILCLARE is, or was at the time of my story, one of the prettiest and pleasantest towns in the south of Ireland. The river Clare flows past it, and falls into the sea a few miles below the town. But though so near the end of its course, it has none of that dreary and wide-spread desolation which often attends the last few miles of a river's journey to the great deep. It runs through a wide channel, between high rocky banks, at a short distance before reaching Kilclare; and these rocks are mottled with patches of bright green turf, and decked with a luxuriant variety of creeping plants, with here and there a tall tree of some hardy species clasping its roots into the crevices of the stone, and bending down toward the water's edge like some wild creature stretching its graceful neck to drink. A mile or so above the town the river is spanned by a long wooden bridge, approached at each end by a sharp declivity. On a sudden hill—little more, in fact, than a high knoll—on the opposite side of the Clare to the town, stands the ruin of a feudal castle, with its tall, solitary round tower relieved against the sky, like some lone sentinel who has climbed to that vantage-ground to keep watch and ward over the city.

Beautiful river Clare! I know few scenes more lovely than that which is beheld by one standing on your old wooden bridge and gazing up stream at your winding course. Most beautiful it is, on a fine summer evening, when the daylight, flushed with slumber, shuts its eyes in the west, and the first star comes out into the pale green sky and trembles with its pure lustre upon the hoary brow of the old ruined tower. The water washes with a sleepy, inarticulate babble against the pebbly beach; the bats begin their rapid elfin flight, and brush so near that one can see their weird faces and bead-like eyes as they wheel past; and the fragrant breath of a turf fire curls slowly upward into the still twilight heavens.

Beautiful river Clare! My benison be upon thee in thy dark green depths and in thy sparkling shallows; whether thy waters flow all molt-

en gold beneath the noonday sun, or tremble onward in the moonlight, like a silver banner, barred with sable shadows; or lie dreaming in some still pool with one beloved star upon their glassy bosom. My benison be upon thee, lovely Clare, for all the glad abundance of thy beauty, and for the images of those dear days that, with the eyes of fond remembrance, I see reflected in thy tranquil face!

Although Mabel Earnshaw had no such recollections to endear the scene to her, she nevertheless perceived it to be very fair when she first caught a glimpse of it on approaching Kilclare. The mail-coach from Ballyhacket—at which point, in those days, the line of railway from Dublin terminated—came spinning down the steep hill, swung round the sharp corner at the base of the old castle, and rattled over the long wooden bridge at a reckless pace, that made the crazy planks start and clatter under the horses' hoofs. Then, came about two miles of level road leading past some scattered country houses of rather dilapidated aspect, and one lodge gate through which a fine avenue might be seen; then, a few cottages of the humbler sort; then, little, straggling shops; then, one or two good dwelling-houses, more shops; and at last, at a point where the street suddenly narrowed very much, the driver pulled up his smoking team before the door of a large inn, and they were at their journey's end.

Mabel and her aunt alighted from the interior of the coach, and Jack scrambled down from the outside. "Here we are, Mabel!" said he, gayly. "Rather a closeish shave coming round that corner before the bridge, wasn't it? I hope you were not very much frightened. Give me your shawl and bag, mother. That's it. Halloa! There's Biddy, bless her old heart. How are you, Biddy? Here's my mother and the young lady."

A clean, apple-faced old woman, in a great mob cap, came up to Mrs. Walton, with abundance of smiles and courtesys, and bade her heartily welcome to the "ould town" again. "I've got every thing ready for yez," said she; "ye'd betther step across at onst, ma'am, and Teddy and one of the boys 'ull whip over the boxes. Don't be standing here in the sthreet, ma'am dear, and both of yez tired and hungry. Sure the things 'ull be all right enough. This way, miss, 'tis just across the sthreet there." The old woman took Mabel's traveling-bag from her arm, in spite of the latter's remonstrances, and trotted on before them with wonderful briskness.

"That is our landlady," Aunt Mary explained to Mabel, "Mrs. Bridget Bonny, the best old soul in the world. I've lodged in her house three seasons. That is the place, over the shoemaker's shop, and that nice cheerful bow-window belongs to our sitting-room. It isn't grand, Mabel, but it's very comfortable, and exquisitely clean."

Mrs. Bonny entered the house by a narrow door at the side of the shop, which she always proudly spoke of as the "*private* enthrance," though, as it was exceedingly strait and inconvenient, visitors after one or two trials usually abandoned that mode of ingress and walked humbly and comfortably through the shop. Mabel and Mrs. Walton followed her up stairs into the front sitting-room with the bow-window. It was a very cheerful room, looking into the main street of the town; its furniture was covered with a gay-patterned chintz; and the carpet, if not very rich in quality, was adorned with a lavish variety of colors. Every thing was bright, neat, and admirably clean. At one end of the table, covered with a snowy cloth, tea-things were set forth.

"I thought, maybe, ye'd loike a cup of tay as well as any thing afther yer journey," said Biddy. "An' I've got a roast fowl for yez and a rasher of bacon. It'll be all ready in half a jiffy, ma'am. Sit down on the sophy and rest. Sure it's half dead they must be, the craythurs!"

Although by no means in so exhausted a state as old Biddy appeared to suppose, the travelers were yet sufficiently fatigued and hungry to enjoy sitting comfortably in a less cramped posture than had been possible in the coach, and to be prepared to do justice to the excellent meal which was presently set before them.

"What a dear old creature Mrs. Bonny is!" said Mabel, when they were all seated at table.

"Mrs. who?" cried Jack, looking up from the plateful of broiled bacon that he was discussing with infinite relish.

"Mrs. Bonny, the landlady!"

"Oh, Biddy! I never heard any human being call her by her husband's name before. And I got a confused idea in my mind that old Bonny must suddenly have committed bigamy!"

"Jack," said his mother, "you're a gander. But Mabel's quite right. Biddy is a pearl of price. I don't know a better, honester, harder-working woman than Biddy Bonny."

Then Aunt Mary went on to explain something of Biddy's history and family.

Old Joe Bonny was her second husband. Her first husband had been a widower with one son when she married him. This son, Teddy Molloy, was a shoemaker by trade, and rented the shop in which he worked of his step-mother; himself and his young wife inhabiting a separate dwelling-house. Joe Bonny was an Englishman, and though an old man nearer to eighty than to seventy years of age, had only given up his work during the last five years.

"And a nice time Biddy has of it with him," observed Jack. "He is the crustiest old file! He was a navigator. Not Captain Cook, you know, but a 'pickaxe and a spade—a spade,' and that kind of thing. I believe that he hasn't two consecutive inches of unbroken bone in his body. He has fractured both his arms, both his legs, all his ribs, and cracked his skull and collar-bone in several places. And as to his hands! Well, as well as I can remember, he has at the present moment only two fingers and half a thumb in working order."

"Oh, Jack!"

"Upon my word I am stating very nearly the literal fact. He has been broken and mended again in every possible and impossible place; but he don't seem much the worse for it as regards his general constitution. Only he finds time hang heavy on his hands; so he sits and smokes in the chimney-corner and consoles himself by growling at Biddy, and abusing the Irish."

"What a dreadful old man!" cried Mabel, laughing in spite of herself.

"Well, he has his good points too, has old Joe. He is thoroughly honest, and has a kind of bull-dog fidelity about him. But I must be off to the theatre and see what's going on there. They open on Monday, and I dare say there will be lots of things to touch up in the scenery. Any commands, mother?"

"Give my kind remembrances to Mr. Moffatt if you see him, and ask what the Call is for Saturday, and see that some arrangement is made for Mabel to dress in the same room with me, and come back time enough to post a letter that I'm going to write to father before the evening mail is made up. That's all, Jack."

"I'll not fail, mother. And Mabel, if you want assistance in uncording or unpacking, or any matter in which a fair amount of brute force is desirable unadulterated by any intellectual element, I shall be happy to put myself at your service."

"Thank you, Jack; but I am in no need of a Caliban, and I think that's about what you have made yourself out to be."

So Jack, making the house ring with a peal of boyish laughter, ran down stairs and betook himself to the theatre.

Mrs. Walton's first care was to write a few lines to her husband, which would be read to him by Janet; and then she and Mabel proceeded to busy themselves in unpacking and laying out their stage dresses, chatting all the time. For, as Mabel was to occupy a small room opening out of her aunt's bedchamber, by leaving the door of communication open they were able to talk together uninterruptedly.

The wardrobes of Mrs. Walton and her niece were neither extensive nor splendid; but allowing for the necessary amount of paste and tinsel—for these stage queens wear a good deal of mock jewelry: unlike the real reigning queens of society, who never by any chance wear any thing false, and who are well known to abhor shams in every department—they were good and picturesque, and made with exquisite neatness. Jack's artistic aid was often called in to devise effective shapes and contrasts of color, and then Polly's nimble fingers went to work and carried out his ideas with wonderful dexterity. Polly, indeed, was endowed with that talent for all branches of needle-work which appears to be a positive inspiration with some women; and as she was remarkable also for personal neatness and the care she took of her clothes, the inheritance which Mabel had come into of her cousin's theatrical costumes was by no means a despicable one.

"What pretty lace this is round the black velvet jacket, Aunt Mary!" called out Mabel from her room. She was contemplating the costumes spread out on her bed with secret delight. At seventeen one may still take pleasure in that source of happiness known to children as "dressing up."

"Oh yes," answered Aunt Mary, shaking out a brocaded satin petticoat from its creases, "that's real point, Mabel, and remarkably fine old lace. I gave it to Polly years ago. It was part of the wedding-dress of Uncle John's and of course also your father's great-aunt; but if you want to see fine old lace you must coax Mrs. Darling to show you *her* store."

"Mrs. Darling?"

"Our first old woman. She is the strangest old body you can fancy; but she has a wonderful wardrobe—such antique brocades, high-heeled shoes, fans, buckles, flowered satins, such as they don't make nowadays, and, above all, such lace! I believe that she would not sell a yard of it to save her life; and some of it is of considerable value."

"Do you know all the other members of the company, Aunt Mary?"

"Why, yes: most of them, I believe. There are the Copestakes, husband and wife; he plays the heavy business, and she second old women, or whatever is wanted. Then there are Mr. Moffatt himself and his daughter; Miss Lydia St. Aubert, the leading lady; old Shaw, the first old man—his real name is O'Shaughnessy, but he always denies being an Irishman; I'm sure I don't know why—and one or two more. I'm not at all clever at describing people; but you will very soon find them out for yourself."

In the evening Jack returned, and, having posted his mother's letter, came back to give an account of what he had heard and done at the theatre.

"Here's the bill of the first night," said he, pulling from his pocket a long narrow play-bill, still reeking with damp printer's ink. "We open with Macbeth, you see."

"Yes; I knew that was to be the first piece. And the farce is the Two Gregorys."

"There's a list of the company, Mabel. No stars. Moffatt entirely objects to the starring system. He won't even give Miss St. Aubert, who is a great favorite here, a line to herself in the bill. He says it would be invidious to the rest of the company."

Mabel ran her eyes over a number of names printed in a double line at the head of the bill. First came Mr. Moffatt's name in very large letters. "That's because he's the manager, you know," explained Jack. But by-and-by the name occurred again in a preliminary address, or opening flourish, setting forth to the inhabitants of Kilclare at what vast trouble and expense Mr. Moffatt had succeeded in getting together a company of artists "culled from the principal members of the leading provincial and metropolitan theatres."

"Mr. Moffatt's name is in very conspicuous capitals here too," observed Mabel.

"Ah, yes—well—of course, you see, he likes to have a little pull over the others. It makes the people fancy him a big man."

"And here, too, Miss Moffatt's name is quite striking in the size of its letters."

"Well, you know she's his daughter, and, of course—"

Mabel could not help recalling La Fontaine's fable, in which the lion hunts with the heifer, the goat, and the sheep, in a quadruple partnership; but when it comes to the division of the spoil, the king of beasts, having found good and sufficient reasons for taking three-fourths to his own share, puts his paw on the sole remaining portion, and simply announces that as to *that* quarter, should any one offer to touch it he will be strangled without more ado.

"Who is this lady?" asked Mabel, pointing to a name in the list.

"Ah! Who should you think, now?"

Mabel colored, and said, hesitatingly, "Is it—it isn't—I?"

"Yes, it is, though. That is my idea. Nobody had ever thought of a name for you."

"I should not have been ashamed of my own."

"Well, you can take it afterward, if you like. But, for the present, there you are, transformed from Mabel into Miss M. A. Bell! I thought it ingenious; but if you don't approve—"

"Oh no, dear Jack. It will do beautifully! And when I said I should not be ashamed of my own name, I didn't think of Aunt Mary's having generously given up the name she had a right to bear to spare a selfish pride. But I should think there's no one left now to whom it matters very much whether I am Miss Earnshaw or Miss M. A. Bell in the play-bill."

"The call is at ten, in the green-room, for the music of Macbeth, and at eleven on the stage. Every body."

"I'm so glad I have nothing to do the first night but go on as a witch. I shall get a little accustomed to the look of the theatre. But I shall feel very shy at first among all the actors and actresses."

"It isn't a very big '*all*.' Courage, Miss M. A. Bell! Good-night: and get a good rest to prepare yourself for to-morrow."

## CHAPTER IV.

### IN THE GREEN-ROOM.

THE Theatre Royal, Kilclare, stood in a retired and obscure part of the town, at the end of a dismal narrow street, one side of which consisted of a dead wall which bounded the large gardens of a Protestant clergyman, while the opposite side was partly formed by the high, blank, nearly windowless buildings of the back portion of a convent of Sisters of Mercy. Its front was adorned with a stumpy little portico supported by brick pillars, on each of which now hung a large green bill (technically termed a poster), setting forth, with a lavish expenditure of printer's ink, the intellectual feast that awaited the Kilclare play-goers within the building. I am too ignorant of architecture to be able to assign the theatre to any recognized "order." Perhaps it belonged to none. But it had two elements which I am told are indispensable to great architectural effects; breadth and simplicity. It was very wide, and its sole ornament was a wash of pale yellow ochre, which covered the whole surface, including the brick pillars of the portico. Beneath the portico were two green doors, one giving access to the pit, and the other to the boxes. The gallery entrance was at the back. At the back, also, in a lane that was always very muddy in winter and very dusty in summer, was the stage door. Mysterious portal, giving access to a realm of unknown enchantments, round which the little boys of Kilclare—the shod and the shoeless united in one crowd by the common instinct strong in little boys to do whatever they are expressly bidden to abstain from doing; which instinct, as we all know, is quite peculiar to little boys, and is never, never found to survive in big boys—would congregate for hours, peeping and watching, and listening with breathless interest to any sound of voices that might reach their ears from the interior. Occasionally the little crowd would be routed and sent flying in various directions by a vigorous sortie on the part of the stage carpenter; a very irascible personage, who would come out, hammer in hand, growling and swearing in a manner that was rendered inarticulately terrible by reason of his mouth being full of tin tacks.

But the boys invariably reassembled very shortly, and there Mabel found them when, on Saturday morning, she accompanied her aunt and Jack to rehearsal.

"Take care, Mabel," said Jack. "You'd better give me your hand; it's very dark. Shall I help you, mother?"

"No, no. I know the way of old. Look after Mabel; I can take care of myself."

Cautiously and slowly, for to eyes just come from the outer daylight the way was absolutely pitch-dark, Mabel followed her cousin, and, ascending a short flight of rickety wooden stairs, passed through a heavy swing door, which he held open for her, and stood behind the scenes of the Theatre Royal, Kilclare.

The interior of a theatre by day was no new scene to Mabel Earnshaw, although she had not been in one, except as a spectator, for more than six years. The Kilclare theatre was, of course, very small and very shabby; but the shape of the audience-part of the house was good, and the stage very spacious for the size of the whole building. Potter, the irascible carpenter, was hammering away at the portcullis of Macbeth's castle, and the property-man, Nix—who was also the messenger, bill-deliverer, armorer, and general factotum of the establishment, besides personating all the invisible excited multitudes and leading the huzzas of enthusiasm and the groans of disaffection at the wing—was communicating a lurid glare to the painted flames beneath the witches' caldron by means of a judicious distribution of little bits of red foil. From the green-room came the thin tones of a fiddle.

"Oh, Mr. Trescott is here already, I hear," said Mrs. Walton. "He's always punctual."

Mabel followed her aunt into a long uncarpeted room, with seats fixed all around the wall, and the lower halves of the windows whitewashed to exclude prying eyes. In one corner stood a bundle of spears, with tin tops, and a crimson calico banner. There were also two cane hoops, partially hidden by garlands of pink and white paper flowers, which had figured in some rural merry-making last season, and which, having remained there ever since, were now covered with a thick coating of dust.

About one-third of the extent of the room was taken up by a temporary construction made of scraps of old scenery to form a dressing-room; the accommodation of that kind in the Kilclare theatre having been originally provided on too scanty a scale even for Mr. Moffatt's small company of performers.

On the wooden chimney-piece stood a white earthenware jug full of cold water and a tumbler; over it hung a board covered with what had once been crimson cloth, but which had now faded into a dusty reddish brown; stuck on to this board with pins were two or three scraps of paper containing "calls" and "notices:" announcements, that is to say, of the hours of rehearsal, and the pieces to be performed during the week.

Such was the aspect of the green-room of the Theatre Royal, Kilclare. When Mrs. Walton and Mabel entered it, it was occupied by two persons. One was Mr. Trescott, who, violin in hand, was limping up and down, occasionally playing a bar or two, and carelessly rasping out a few chords. The other was a thin, hatchet-faced old man, with a scorbutic complexion and a curiously sour expression of countenance. He was dressed in a threadbare brown coat, coming down to his heels, and buttoned tightly across his chest. He wore a pair of large woolen gloves (although the weather was bright and warm), and in the crown of his hat, which stood on a chair beside him, was a very big blue-checked cotton pocket-handkerchief. Perhaps I should have said that the room was tenanted by *three* persons—certainly the sour-visaged old man would have said so—for, stretched at his master's feet, with his nose between his fore-paws, lay a nondescript dog, bearing more resemblance to a Scotch sheep-dog than any other breed, and who, though evidently flattering himself that the world supposed him to be buried in slumber, was regarding every thing that passed with one bright observant half-open eye. This was Lingo, Mr. Shaw's dog, companion, and only friend. Lingo's fidelity, accomplishments, sagacity, and high moral worth, were the only themes on which it was possible to elicit any thing like enthusiasm from old Jerry O'Shaughnessy, alias Shaw; but on this topic the old man would dilate for hours to a sympathetic listener. Lingo was a celebrated character in theatrical circles in Ireland, and there were mysterious rumors that Jerry Shaw believed Lingo's canine form to be animated by the spirit of a departed friend of his early life; but when such whispers reached the old man's ears he would sniff and scoff and snap in his abrupt queer way, and aver that *he* had never known any man whose virtues could compare to Lingo's, and that if such a one could be found he would cheerfully walk fifty miles barefoot to behold him.

Mrs. Walton shook hands with the two men, and then presented Mabel.

"My niece, Miss Bell," said she.

Mr. Trescott had partly advanced on seeing Mabel, and then stopped as if uncertain how to greet her; but she held out her hand at once.

"You have only known me by my true name, Mr. Trescott," she said, smiling. "It has been thought well to give me another for the present. I hope little Corda is well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Miss—a—Miss Bell. She will be so rejoiced to see you."

"Mr. Shaw, let me introduce you to my niece. A young aspirant for histrionic honors."

Mr. Shaw rose and gave his head a sudden jerk that was intended for a bow, and then sat down again. "You've chosen a bad trade, Miss," said he, encouragingly. He spoke with singular abruptness, and in short sentences, which seemed to come out of his mouth in spite of him, and which invariably ended in a prolonged sniff that wrinkled up his nose and curled his upper lip.

"I hope not," said Mabel, smiling. "My aunt has not found it so very bad. Poor old boy, poor old dog! Is he yours? May I pat him?"

"You may—if he'll let you. He won't let every body."

Lingo, however, was graciously pleased to permit Mabel's little hand to caress his rough head, and he even wagged his tail in a faint and lazy way.

"He likes her," said Mr. Shaw, turning to Mrs. Walton. "He decidedly likes her. And I tell you what, ma'am, I'd rather take his opinion than most people's. I've never known him wrong yet."

By-and-by more members of the company began to drop in, and by about a quarter past ten they were nearly all assembled. There was Miss Lydia St. Aubert, very tall, very thin, with a head too small for her height, and dark eyes too big for her face. She wore a crop of waving ringlets, and a little infantine straw bonnet, the

strings of which she untied as soon as she came into the room—not that Miss Lydia St. Aubert was very young or very childish. She had a husband and three children, and had not escaped the cares of life, poor woman! But her small head and curly crop gave her a juvenile air, and she rather acted up to her appearance in private life.

There were the Copestakes, husband and wife; he about fifty years of age, she at least ten years older. They were in the last depths of shabbiness—not from destitution, for between them they earned an income more than sufficient to have kept them in respectability, but because they spent an absurdly large proportion of their weekly earnings upon eating and drinking of the most costly viands they could procure.

There was Mrs. Darling, fat and stately, with a black satin reticule full of white wool, and a pair of wooden knitting-needles, wherewith she was manufacturing some mysterious article of clothing. There was the low comedian, bitter and sententious, and remarkably neat about his gloves and boots. The walking gentleman (whose wife was a dancer), neither so young, nor so smart, nor so good-looking as he once had been, but with a great deal of elegance—in the modern comedy style—and an amazing collection of riddles culled from all the newspaper columns of "Varieties" and "Random Readings" for the last fifteen years. Last of all came in Mr. Moffatt, the manager, with his daughter on his arm, and accompanied by Mr. Wilfred J. Percival, the leading gentleman, announced in the bills as being "from the principal theatres in the United States of America."

Mr. Moffatt was very cordial in his greetings to his company—almost too cordial, in fact, for cordiality did not seem to be naturally the most striking trait in Mr. Moffatt's character, and the effect of this sudden gush of it was a little oppressive. Mr. Moffatt was short and spare, with a close-shaven face and little cold gray eyes. His voice had a covert, ill-tempered snarl in it, which was audible even in his most amiable moments. Miss Moffatt was a plump young lady—perhaps I might go so far as to say a fat young lady—with a round, fresh-colored face, wide, red-lipped mouth, turned up nose, and bright blue eyes, with a strong cast in them. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival was a tall, sallow gentleman, with a long chin and retreating forehead; and he wore a brown velvet collar to his coat, over which a gold chain was artfully disposed in many a cunning twist.

Mabel was received very graciously by Mr. Moffatt, and very condescendingly by his daughter. The latter was showily dressed, and especially reveled in bonnet-ribbon, of which she had a remarkable quantity of a very bright blue color disposed in bows upon her head-gear.

"I'm glad you're a brune," said Miss Moffatt, with elaborately fine *u* and French roll of the *r* (Miss Moffatt had been two years in a cheap boarding-school near Calais, and was a very accomplished person indeed); "so glad. Because, being a blonde myself" (the *n* here so nasal that Miss Moffatt appeared to be seized with a sudden cold in the head), "we sha'n't clash as to colors."

"As to colors?" said Mabel.

"Yes. I consider that so important. But one never can get the English to think of these things. For instance, when I wear blue, you, playing in the same piece, would naturally wear cerise or amber, which would go so charmingly. But the fact is, we English are *not* artistic"

"Ain't we?"

"Oh dear no. We have no goût, no finesse, no je ne sais quoi. To any one accustomed to the foreign theatres we are sadly gauche and unfinished."

"Well," rejoined Mabel, quietly, "I hope the Kilclare people have not been accustomed to the foreign theatres; and in that case they won't find us out."

"A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH"

Whereupon Miss Moffatt looked a little puzzled, and held her peace.

Rap, rap, rap. Mr. Trescott knocked sharply with his bow on the table before him. "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, music of Macbeth. I've been here since ten o'clock, and I can't afford to waste my time for the sake of other people who can't get up to breakfast. Now then, if you please. First singing witch."

Miss Moffatt, who had a very high, squeaking voice, was the first singing witch, and Miss St. Aubert, who had a very deep and hollow one, sang the music of the second at the wing: it being found impossible to disguise the flowing robes of Lady Macbeth effectually by means of any cloaking or drapery.

So the rehearsal went on. The music was familiar to all, and as they most of them had tolerably correct ears, the effect was better than might have been anticipated, except that old Mrs. Copestake could not be induced to leave off as soon as she should have done, but insisted on singing the bits of symphony that ought to have been confined to the violin. Then followed the rehearsal of the tragedy on the stage. As neither Mabel nor her aunt had any thing to perform in it they returned home together, leaving Jack, in a canvas blouse bedaubed with many colors, putting the last black touches to the background of the blasted heath.

## A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

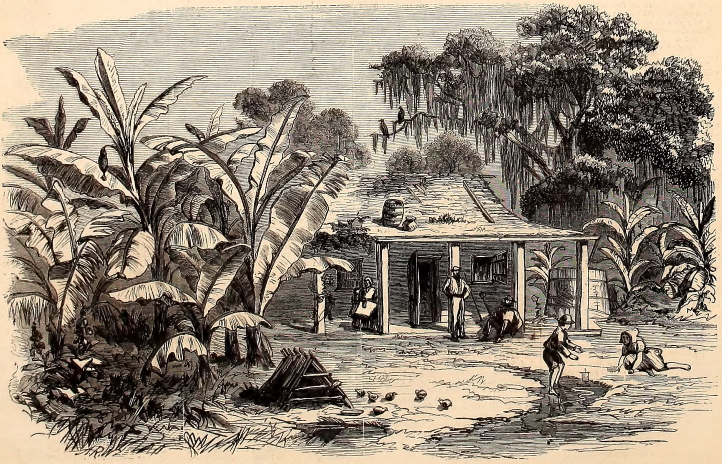
In the hand—fluttering fearfully,
Lonely and helpless—poor little thing!
In the bush—peeping out cheerfully,
Two together, gayly they sing.
Why is it best to have one in the hand?
Father, tell me—I can't understand.

Best it is because you have hold of it;
Child, it is only a figure of speech!
Sunset shines, you look at the gold of it,
Knowing well it is out of your reach;
But the sixpence your godmother gave,
Yours it is, to spend or to save.

Ah, that sixpence! already I've done with it:
Never a penny with me will stay;
If I could buy but an inch of the sun with it,
I might look at it every day.
Father, the birds shall stay in their nest!
Things that we never can have are best.

## ACADIAN HOMESTEAD.

The mild climate of Western Louisiana does not necessitate a very high order of protection in building. So the poorer classes live in slight houses, usually of one story, with often no better windows than a hole with a shutter to close it at night. Surrounded by bananas and sugar-cane, the inmates lead a dreamy life, having few wants, and those easily supplied. Numbers of them suffered from the inundations of last spring; and on one occasion our artist saw a family whose escape from the flood had been secured by cutting away the walls of the house and floating off on the floor, chickens, pigs, children, and household furniture all mixed indiscriminately together.



AN ACADIAN HOMESTEAD IN LOUISIANA.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

STATUE OF VICTORY.—[BY RAUCH.]

BENITO JUAREZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

## STATUE OF VICTORY.

ONE of the most interesting and spirited celebrations of Independence Day in New England took place in Lowell, Massachusetts. The chief feature was the dedication of the imposing statue of Victory, of which we give an engraving, and which was presented to the city by Dr. J. C. AYER. This exquisite work of art is from the hand of RAUCH, a German sculptor. The figure, placed on a chaste pedestal of granite, is nineteen feet in height, and, though of this colossal size, is light and graceful. The attitude is that of hastening to place a wreath of laurel on the brow of the victor. A sheaf of wheat, held easily in the left hand, symbolizes the still greater reward that comes with the peace which follows the triumph of the right. The statue is erected in the square containing the monument to LADD and WHITNEY, the first soldiers who fell in the late war.

## THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT.

WE give on this page an accurate portrait of President BENITO JUAREZ, who, by the fall of his two rivals—MAXIMILIAN, the leader of the Imperialists, and SANTA ANNA, the leader of the Church party—becomes, for a time at least, the undisputed head of the Mexican Republic. His Government is the only one which the United States has hitherto acknowledged; and to that recognition he owes much of his success in maintaining the drooping cause of his party and the republic during the long wars with the Church party in 1859–60, and against the Imperialists in 1863–67.

President JUAREZ is now about sixty years of age. He was Judge of Oajaca and a member of the Congress of Mexico in 1846, and subsequently Governor of Oajaca. When SANTA ANNA became Dictator, in 1853, JUAREZ was banished, and spent two years in this country. He joined the insurrection of ALVAREZ in 1855, and was Minister of Justice under his Presidency. He was Secretary of State under COMONFORT, and on his overthrow succeeded him as President. Under his first term began the civil war between the Church and Liberal parties, which has continued ever since in one shape or another. The Church party, under MIRAMON, was defeated in 1860, and MIRAMON expelled. Quiet reigned for a time; JUAREZ was elected President for another term, and has since retained control in Mexico. The failure of the attempt of SANTA ANNA to revive the Church party will doubtless secure the Presidency to JUAREZ for another term.

## BRAIN POWER.

FROM the brain, which the combined observations of all men in all countries concede to be the seat of intellect, there are nine small white cords on each side—making eighteen in all—through which the soul manifests its extraordinary powers, and no more. Only five on a side are the instruments of special sense—viz., hear-

THE LATE MAXIMILIAN I., "EMPEROR OF MEXICO."—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE LATE GENERAL LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.—PHOT. BY GURNEY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ing, seeing, smelling, taste, and touch. Cut off any one of those threads, not much larger than a cambric needle, and the soul is embarrassed. But there is a partial compensation in the increased assistance from the remaining four. If one is deaf and blind then touch and taste become exquisitely developed. If those two were destroyed no intercourse could be held with the outward world; nor could the thoughts of the individual thus circumstanced be expressed—provided thoughts could be generated without those special nerves, which is a question not fully settled either by physiologists or metaphysicians.

## WINGLETS

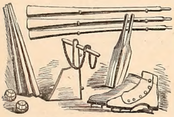
### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

New Haven, *July* 1, 1867.

Dear Weekly,—I was fortunate enough last week to be in this classic place when our President visited it, and "went through college," as we used to express it when our fellows came home polished, and, I might add, blackened, with a fair show of whiskers. Indeed, judging from the President's remarks, he "went through" old Yale something after the manner of a newspaper reporter "going through" a gift concert. As soon as Mr. Johnson had arrived at New Haven, and the Mayor had done him, he and his suite were led away to the New Haven House to be fed. Governor English and several of the prominent people of the village were present. It was a cozy, quiet meal, without speeches, and no toasting done. The absence of the usual toast was accounted for, Mr. Seward said, by the cook being too busy. This caused some laughter by those who had never heard Mr. Seward in some of his best parts.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON GOING THROUGH COLLEGE.

After dinner we all visited Yale College on foot, and had the President put through in a style becoming his high office. The President and suite were formally received by Professor Woolsey, who commenced pulling the wool over the President's eyes in true Connecticut style. We were shown the art gallery, the library, the bowling alley, the boat-house, and the

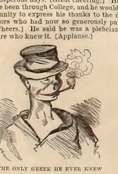


MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,

which includes among its curiosities the finest collection of bats, and the most varied assortment of sculls belonging to persons of the present race, of any anatomical academy in the States. Many of the sciences studied in this department being new to Mr. Seward, and all of them so to Mr. Johnson, a great deal of interest was manifested by the noble party, the larboard stroke oar of the *Nautilus*, and the bat used by the short-stopper of Junior Muffers, were pointed out to us by the Professors as possessing especial interest.

On emerging from these store-houses of learning the party was greeted on the steps with a loud burst of cheers, interspersed with whistles and cat-calls, but which the Professor said had no disrespectful meaning whatever on the part of the students; that they could hardly give vent to their young and buoyant natures with simple cheers. Mr. Seward said that the demonstration, he guessed, touched the President a little on the raw. I asked him, how so? He said he meant on the *hur-ra*. This was the occasion, of course, for a new outburst of cheering, but this time for Mr. Seward. After the cheering had subsided, the President, at the solicitation of the Professors and backed by the Secretary of State, spoke a piece.

The President said—He had no intention when he came of making a speech among so many Sophmen and Freshmores [Cheers], but he could hardly forbear saying a few words for the Constitution. He expressed the pleasure he felt in finding himself in the midst of so many young men, and he hoped they would study, and all receive several degrees, as evidences of their learning; more degrees, if possible, than ever Fahrenheit, the degree maker, attained to in his most prosperous days. [Great cheering.] He had never before been through College, and he would take this opportunity to express his thanks to the different Professors who had now so generously put him through. [Cheers.] He said he was a plebeian, and he didn't care who knew it. [Applause.]



THE ONLY GREEK HE EVER KNEW

was what he had picked up on the Mississippi steamboats in hearing the emigrants talk, and he would say it without a desire to boast that he could once imitate their brogue very well. [Immense cheering.] Young gentlemen, I thank you for your hearty cheers. The advantages you are enjoying are enjoyed by a very small portion of the people of the United States, as very few parents can afford to pay as much as your fathers and mothers are paying for your schooling here, including boarding and washing. [Applause.] This consideration should certainly impress you with the importance of making the most of your time while at college; and during your boat races and other studies remember that it will not always be smooth water, and the laboring oar may fall to your lot oftener than you would wish; also, as in your base-ball matches, you will learn, as I have done, that the fellow that gives the hardest knocks can make the longest run. [Great cheering.] The man who had only one idea was a fanatic. He had two. Self-education, after all, was the thing. A person might remain at college a lifetime and still fail to become educated, unless he was self-reliant. He would not know whether the battle of Alma Mater was fought in the Crimea or in Connecticut. [Great cheering.] The President then referred to the disadvantages of his early life. He said, in looking back over his past life, he thought he had somewhat mistaken his calling. [Cheers.] If there was any vocation for which he was peculiarly fitted, he thought it was that of a schoolmaster or teacher, had he received the proper qualifications and training; for when he had once thought out a thing his convictions were very strong, and his chief study would have been to place what he thought to be the truth before the minds of others in an

IMPRESSIVE AND FORCIBLE MANNER.

Having, however, been thrown into his present position, he had done the best he could; but he had often wished he was a schoolmaster, and that Ben. Butler came to his school. [Cheers.] He thanked the students for their kind reception, and for the attention with which they had listened to the few remarks he had to make. He hoped the students would flourish in life as did the noble elms around their college building. [Applause.]

I notice, dear *Weekly*, that the elms this summer are not attacked with worms, which certainly is a very thankful circumstance.

Your own C. O. W.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A grand national day is the Fourth of July, and right good reason have we to be proud of and celebrate it. Yet it is curious *how* we do this—curious that it is a settled and time-honored principle, accepted by all, from the minutest urchin to the old, gray-haired patriot, that *noise* is essential to the proper observance of the day. And in this respect the day commences several days before the dawning of the Fourth; it commences in a very special and definite manner about three o'clock on the afternoon of the Third. The patriotism of young America burst forth irrepressibly, even at that premature hour; and by sundown, if you chance to go out for a walk, you will not be likely to forget that "Independence Day has come." Torpedoes snap at your very toes, and crackers explode so *nearly* in your face as to startle you even if you are *not* nervous. When evening has fairly set in preliminary rockets are sent up, an inexhaustible store of crackers and torpedoes are brought forth, and outside hilarity begins in good earnest.

It may be very unpatriotic to allude to such a trivial matter on the occasion of so great a national epoch, but it is quite impossible to get any sleep the night before the Fourth! But then, the Revolutionary heroes probably did not sleep much on the night of July 3, 1776, so why should we? We can make the attempt; but the perpetual rip-ip-ip, fizze-izze-izze, ding, dong, ding, the rub-a-dub-dub of some harsh old drum, the shrill blast of a fish-horn, the comically grating union of a broken fife and a cracked banjo, the tumultuous songs of midnight rioters, together with an occasional serenade of good music, make a melange that would keep one's eyes open if he had been swallowing opiates all day. Toward the small hours of the morning a little hush comes, you close your eyes wearily and fancy sleep will visit you; but no, not yet! You are almost in dream-land when the sharp report of a pistol before your very door (notwithstanding the $10 fine) startles you into a sitting posture. You are fortunate if you secure a half hour of rest before the *real* Fourth is heralded on the *genuine* day by "noises" of which the previous night gave but the faintest idea.

But, on the whole, the Fourth passed very satisfactorily. The day was fine, and the people happy: the usual number of fire-works and *fires* occurred; a fair proportion of accidents and casualties helped to fill the next morning's papers. It added not a little to the evening's exhibition that Nature kindly prepared a dark back-ground on which the rockets, Roman candles, etc., showed finely. And when the city had expended its store of fire-works the vivid lightning flashed still through the north and west, and the heavy rumbling thunder pealed forth a grand finale to "glorious Fourth."

In sister cities the day passed much as usual. Boston, however, got up a fierce tornado of wind and dust, a hail-storm, and plenty of showers in the evening, in addition to the ordinary programme. Portland, mindful of a year ago, almost totally dispensed with India crackers and fire-works; while in Washington no incident worthy of note occurred, excepting the arrest of two patriotic members of the House for violating a city ordinance prohibiting the firing of fire-crackers in the public streets. They were marched from the scene of their crime to the central guard-house, where they would have been incarcerated had not a Senator interfered in their behalf. As it was, they were fined two dollars and costs, and dismissed with a lecture from the police justice.

This is an age of progress. Experiments have been made, with considerable success, by which artificial ice can be produced at a cost much less than what we pay for the ordinary ice left at our doors. Ice factories may yet be established, and the extensive manufacture of ice be carried on.

Additions are now being made to Mr. A. T. Stewart's up-town store, by which the remainder of the block on Fourth Avenue and Ninth and Tenth streets will be included in one building. It will be the largest retail store in the United States. The frontage on Broadway will be one hundred and ninety feet; on Fourth Avenue two hundred feet; on Ninth Street two hundred and sixty feet; and on Tenth Street three hundred feet. Ladies who like to know before buying how silks and satins will look in the evening, will be interested in the proposed arrangements by which silks may be displayed by gas-light in the daytime.

There is a universal feeling of warm and earnest sympathy on the part of our citizens toward the soldiers who have become maimed in the struggle to uphold our nationality. They have a claim upon our help and sympathy. Occasionally one is seen in the street in such a helpless and pitiable condition as to shock the passer-by. Systematic arrangements should be made for the support of all such as are unable to take care of themselves, and judicious aid given to those who can do some kinds of work. But it is better to make a man feel that he is independent, and not an object of charity. This can be done by giving the disabled soldiers such kinds of employment as will meet a recognized want in the community. A large proportion of gentlemen like to buy a newspaper when going down town in the morning, and when returning at night. Even if they have read one at home, they would willingly purchase another if a one-armed soldier offers it for sale. But nobody wants to buy "The Soldier's Friend" two or three times a day, and every day in the week. Yet it is persistently offered in the cars. Every one dislikes to decline it, even if they don't want it; then they query whether the soldier gets the money for himself, or whether it is merely a "publishing concern" that is the gainer; and, finally, many end the matter by returning the paper, but give the man some money, which reduces him to what we have no right to make him—a beggar. How much better it would be if the soldiers offered for sale something that people really wanted from day to day!

A young man recently called at the residence of a Brooklyn clergyman, saying that he had been sent by a well-known mechanic to measure the skylight, which needed some alteration. The servant-girl showed him the roof up stairs and then left him to proceed with his work. In the course of fifteen or twenty minutes after he came down stairs and quietly took his departure. It was subsequently discovered that he had carried off certain trinkets, valued in all at $50. Housekeepers should take warning and servants have proper instructions given them.

During the late Agricultural fair in Springfield, Erie County, a number of people took refuge under a large shed during a thunder-storm. The lightning struck the shed and about one hundred persons were paralyzed in an instant, falling on their faces, and as many as fifty were rendered insensible for five or ten minutes, while a dozen were quite seriously burned.

A young lady in St. Louis was innocently placed in a rather embarrassing position not long since. It seems that a pretty little child, nicely arranged in a basket, had been laid on the door-step of a certain gentleman's house, and that a man was seen to place the basket there and then beat a hasty retreat. Attached to the basket was a card, with the name of a very respectable young lady on it. This fact was afterward explained by her stating that it was stolen from her while she was out shopping, and she had purchased it at a well-known store for the purpose of using it at a basket picnic.

An unwise man in a certain New England town has verified the old proverb, commencing, "There's many a slip." He had long waited upon a young lady and at last prevailed upon her to set the day for their marriage. On going to church to hear the "bans" announced what was his horror to hear another name given out in place of his own! On inquiring of the minister he found that the name announced was according to order, and rushing in dismay to his lady-love, she coolly told him that such was the fact; she had been informed that he had been boasting of his conquest, which did not accord with her idea of propriety, so she had altered her mind; but rather than be disappointed of becoming a bride, she had taken up with a fresh lover. He pleaded eloquently, but all in vain. She kept her word, and was married at the appointed time.

Some simple directions for making a gored skirt may prove useful to many. If the skirt is to be partially gored cut off seven widths of the material the length required, then gore four, which may be done by folding the material slanting, the narrow part for the top measuring about six inches; there should be one plain width in front, four gores on each side, and two plain widths behind—the slanting parts of the gores must be put together. A skirt fully gored is more difficult to cut, and it is desirable to have a pattern, if one is not accustomed to cutting.

An exchange has the following, which shows the morality of *some* lawyers:

"Every one has heard of the bothered defendant, who, on being acquitted of the charge of stealing a quantity of pork, breathlessly asked his lawyer, 'What shall I do with the pork?' We hear of a lawyer who recently found himself in a bad predicament. He defended a culprit charged with the larceny of a watch, eloquently argued his client's entire innocence, but failed to convince the jury, who brought in a verdict of guilty. Thereupon the advocate turned to a policeman, and handing him a package, imploringly said, 'For Heaven's sake, take this stolen watch. I had it in my pocket when I addressed the jury, and it was as heavy as lead.'"


## AN UNPRECEDENTED TRIUMPH.

Cable Dispatch, Paris Exposition, *July* 1, 1867.

Steinway & Sons, of New York, have been awarded by the Supreme Jury of the Exposition The First Gold Medal of Merit *for the highest degree of perfection in Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos, and the most valuable inventions, showing the greatest progress in the construction of Piano-Fortes, with the strongest indorsement of the* Supreme International Jury.

In addition to the above, Steinway & Sons have received the following cable dispatch:

"Paris, *July* 4.

"The great Societé des Beaux Arts, of Paris, have, after a careful examination of all the musical instruments exhibited at the Paris Exposition, awarded to Steinway & Sons, of New York, *their Grand Testimonial Medal, for greatest superiority and novelty of construction in Pianos.*"—*Daily Times.*

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The number of entries was as follows: United States, 19; France, 25; England, 11; Belgium, 4; Switzerland, 2; German States, 6; Austria, 3; Denmark, 3; Italy, 4; Canada, 5: Total, 82.

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Illustrations.—Dick thinks it over.—The Senator in a bad fix.—The Senator in a worse fix.—Traveling in Italy.—The Senator's Escort.—Dick in his Glory.—Pietro.
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CONSCIENCE AS A DETECTIVE.
PORT HUDSON.
A REFORMED RING-MAN.
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TOM MARSHALL OF KENTUCKY.
MR. PULLET'S MISTAKE.
PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF WEBSTER.
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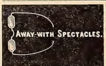

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 552.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## THE TROUT STREAM.

THE season for trouting is now about half over; tens of thousands of amateur anglers from the great cities are pursuing the brook trout in every mountain stream of the Northeast; and our engraving on this page will therefore serve as a reminder of scenes that are past as well as of pleasures that are present. It represents one of the many mountain streams of New England and the Middle States in which the speckled trout is so abundant. The trout has been a great favorite with anglers ever since Sir HUMPHREY DAVY recorded the "Days of Fly-fishing" in his "Salmonia;" and its capture leads the lover of nature, at least in our own country, amidst the most romantic scenery at the finest season of the year.

## HAPPINESS IN THE DESERT.

THE desert is not exactly the place where we should look for happiness, nor the place to which we would direct an artist to seek the beautiful in sentiment or color; and yet, judging from the engraving which we give on page 469, Mr. HAAG has there found both. Mr. HAAG has been a great traveler among the Arabs, having penetrated the desert as far as Palmyra, and the scene which he depicts, and which he probably saw, gives us an Orientalist's idea of true happiness. For the local fidelity, and the truthful character of the camel and Arab figures, for the accuracy of the costumes, quaint trappings, and appointments we need not vouch. The stalwart head of this strange family evidently feels the sentiment of the time, and stalks on, leading his jaded camel, piping to beguile the loneliness, and cheerily anticipating the cooler night's journey, along that ghastly way, marked only throughout its course by skeletons of dead camels. His water-skin is well filled; he has a trusty cimeter by his side; his good camel has never failed him yet; his wife is mounted in security, dancing, with all a mother's joy and pride, her babe to the cadence of the pipe—what more is needed to complete the idea of an Arab's "Happiness in the Desert?"

## AN IMPERIAL BALL.

THE ball given by the Prefect of the Seine to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia during their sojourn in the French capital last month was one of the most magnificent civic fêtes ever witnessed. Its cost was over $200,000; and, as the number of guests invited amounted to 8000, they were entertained on an average of $25 per head. The court-yard of the Hôtel de Ville, with its magnificent staircase, presented, possibly, a more striking appearance than it has ever done on any former festive occasion. The cascades, which form an attractive feature of this grand entrance-hall, sparkled under a flood of light, while the whole architectural features of the court were traced out by a profusion of flowers of varied colors. The salons of this municipal palace were decorated with luxurious taste. On every hand were exotic plants and shrubs encompassing fountains and jets d'eau, which imparted an agreeable freshness to the air, surcharged, as it was, with the fragrance of myriads of flowers, comprising all the most choice productions of the hot-house. Three orchestras for dance music were provided, in addition to which there were other bodies of musicians and groups of singers stationed in various parts of the building. After passing slowly through the various salons the Imperial visitors took their seats on the raised platform in the centre of the Salle des Fêtes, beneath the velvet and silk canopy which surmounted this capacious throne. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia occupied the two central seats, the Emperor NAPOLEON being at the right of the Russian monarch, and the Empress at the left of his Majesty of Prussia. The other Princes and Princesses were placed according to their rank; and behind them, on the right, were the Embassadors, the ladies of their families being on the left. Although the ball had been given in their honor, not one of the Sovereigns present danced on the occasion.

## CORONATION OF THE KING OF HUNGARY.

FRANCIS JOSEPH I., Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, succeeded to the sovereignty both of the empire and of the kingdom nearly twenty years ago; but the Magyars of Hungary, who struggled in 1849 to free their country from its connection with Austria, when they were crushed by the intervention of Russia, have but lately consented to acknowledge him as their King, upon the concession of due guarantees for their constitutional liberties. The ceremonies of his coronation, which took place, on the 8th inst., at Buda and Pesth, the twin cities of the Danube forming the capital of Hungary, were extremely splendid. These ceremonies were several in number. A procession, formed of the courtiers, officers of state, noblemen, magnates, and knights, first escorted the Emperor to the church of St. Stephen at Buda, where he received the sword of St. Stephen, and, raising it aloft, took the coronation-oath. The procession then proceeded from Buda across the river to Pesth and to the square in front of the parish church of Pesth. Here a tribune was erected and covered with a cloth of gold; and on this, while holding aloft a crucifix in his left hand and extending three fingers of the other toward heaven, he again took the oath. The procession then moved to the "Franz-Joseph Platz," where an artificial mound had been raised for the last scene of the coronation ceremony. The horsemen lined the four sides of the square, leaving the central space clear. The King, holding his drawn sword in his hand, rode up to the summit of the mound alone. He raised the sword and cut toward the east, then he turned toward the west, and cut in that direction; again he wheeled his horse toward the south, and cut again, and the sword cross was completed when he made his sword gleam toward the north. This performance, which made a very effective scene, is represented in our illustration on page 473. The pier-heads and toll-houses of the suspension-bridge are shown in the background; and beyond, on the other side of the river, is the church where the King was crowned.

## DR. CARNOCHAN.

AMONG the representative men of this country the first place in surgery, now that Dr. VALENTINE MOTT is dead, is accorded without dispute to Dr. JOHN M. CARNOCHAN, of New York city, whose portrait we give on page 477. He has performed more difficult and original surgical operations, requiring boldness and skill, than any other living American surgeon, and as many, if not more, than Dr. MOTT performed in his long experience

THE TROUT STREAM.

of nearly sixty years in this country and Europe.

Dr. CARNOCHAN is a native of Savannah, Georgia, where he was born in 1817, and is descended in a direct line from General ISRAEL PUTNAM. His father was a native of Scotland and resident of Savannah; and while his son was yet a youth he accompanied him to Edinburgh and entered him at the High School of that city, where he studied several years. Soon after this he returned to America, and entered, as a student of medicine, the office of Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, who was then at the zenith of his reputation as a surgical practitioner and lecturer. After taking his degree as M.D. he visited Europe, and passed several years in attendance upon the clinical lectures of Paris, London, and Edinburgh. In 1847 he again returned to this country, and fixed upon New York as his residence. In his twenty years of practice in this city he has been invariably successful, until he has won the first position among American surgeons. In 1851 he was elected Professor of the Principles and Operations of Surgery in the New York Medical College, and Surgeon-in-Chief of the State Emigrant's Hospital; the latter position he still holds. During the rebellion he volunteered in the army, and served as surgeon for some time after the battle of the Wilderness.

His many daring and brilliant original operations have also won for him a world-wide reputation. In 1852 he successfully treated a case of *elephantiasis Arabum*, by ligature of the femoral artery; and has treated *elephantiasis* of the head, face, and neck by ligature of both *carotids*. In the same year he performed the operation of amputating the entire lower jaw, with disarticulation of both condyles, and has since successfully repeated the same delicate operation. In 1854 he exsected the entire ulna, saving the arm with its functions unimpaired; and subsequently, in another case, removed the entire radius with equal success. During the battle of the Wilderness, May 18, 1864, he performed, under a heavy fire, the amputation of the hip-joint—an operation previously performed four several times by him under less dangerous circumstances.

The operation which has gained him most renown, however, was the "unheard-of operation" of exsecting the entire trunk of the second branch of the fifth pair of cranial nerves from the *infra-orbital foramen* as low down as the *foramen rotundum* at the base of the skull. The patient was suffering from neuralgia, or *tic-douloureux*, and this startling and delicate operation—never before conceived, much less executed, by any other surgeon—effected speedy relief where all else had failed. This success did more to establish his reputation abroad than any of his previous undertakings.

The portrait which we give of Dr. CARNOCHAN is a very faithful one, and will give the reader not only his personal appearance but an idea of the character of this resolute, firm, and intellectual man. Dr. CARNOCHAN was married in 1855 to Miss ESTELLE MORRIS, a daughter of the late General WILLIAM W. MORRIS, U.S.A., and a direct descendant of GOUVERNEUR and LEWIS MORRIS, of Morrisania, New York, members of the First Congress of the United States.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1867.

## A HOPELESS STRUGGLE.

WHEN Mr. JAMES BROOKS says that if he were President of the United States he would not allow Congress to impose upon him a law utterly subversive of the Constitution of the United States, what does he mean? Does he mean merely that if Congress passed a law over his veto he would refuse to execute it, or that, if he were required to execute a law which he considered unconstitutional, he would resign? If he means the latter, then President JAMES BROOKS would do precisely what the country would gladly see done by President ANDREW JOHNSON. Every body would be satisfied. But if he means the former, then he declares that he would, if possible, try to subvert the Government. In that case one of two things would happen. Civil war or impeachment. The President would certainly be removed, or he must be able to remove Congress.

Mr. BROOKS seems not to know that the will of the President is not the Government of this country. When laws are passed by Congress which he considers unconstitutional, he may object by his veto. When those laws are passed again over his veto, he must execute them or resign. And why not? Why are not two-thirds of Congress as likely to be right upon a question of constitutionality as the President? Mr. BROOKS declaimed against the Reconstruction Bill as outrageous and infamous. But however bad it may be, could it possibly contain any proposition so monstrous as that the President's pleasure is the law?

The speech of Mr. BROOKS and of Mr. WOOD in opposition to the House bill revealed once more the melancholy inability of the opposition in Congress and the utter folly of the party which conduct it. They declare that the late rebel States are as much States as ever, and that the whole system of reconstruction is an unparalleled military despotism which strikes at the very foundation of the Magna Charta which the barons wrung from King JOHN. Now this position is exactly the one upon which the President planted himself in his famous policy, which is as much a thing of the past as the gun-boat projects of Mr. JEFFERSON. The Democrats do not seem to see that they are engaged in a hopeless struggle upon this point, for they are fighting with the common-sense of the nation.

We are occasionally informed by sanguine Democrats that the Republican party is at an end, and that nothing is now between the Democracy and triumph. Nothing but the people. The Democratic leaders are constantly saying to the people of this country, "You have fought terribly; you have won a great victory; you are exhausted and want peace; give up all you have been fighting for and you shall have it." They wish us to regard the war as a mere trial of strength, in which we have succeeded, and every thing remains just as it was. Now, if any thing is clear, it is that the common-sense of the people does not agree that every thing is as it was. They have resolved that the late rebel States shall be reorganized upon the terms which they may prescribe, and not upon such as those States themselves may choose. And this is precisely the point of divergence between the Democratic party and the people.

Until this question is settled there is and can be no other issue. But the policy of Congress being heartily approved by the country, every patriotic man will do what he can to promote it, with a view to the speediest restoration and the peace and prosperity of the Union.

## CUMULATIVE REPRESENTATION.

MISFORTUNE chasteneth. It is not surprising, therefore, that a party in the minority should fall to reflecting upon the possibility of increasing its power. Ten years ago the Democratic party in Congress was the most insolent of majorities. From the attempt to legalize the forcible thrusting of slavery upon a Territory to a murderous assault upon a Senator of the United States in the Senate Chamber, it was ready and profuse in excuses and even applause. When the Supreme Court uttered its infamous Dred Scott decision, the New York *Express*, one of the most servile tools of the majority, sneered, "Well, and what are you going to do about it?" Drunk with power the unscrupulous majority, reckless of right and of reason, pursued a policy which humanity abhorred and plunged the country into civil war. Destroyed by that war in every loyal State, the party of the former majority now begins to plead for the rights of minorities.

It is for this reason that Mr. BUCKALEW, Senator from Pennsylvania, has introduced into the Senate a resolution providing for the personal representation of which we spoke last week. How long would it have been before Mr. BUCKALEW or any other Democratic Senator would have proposed such a plan had their party retained its majority? We hope nobody will be deluded by the Senator's resolution into supposing that his party has acquired any profound regard for rights. It wants power. That is the reason which leads Mr. BUCKALEW to make his suggestion. If, he says, Pennsylvania were fairly represented, she would have twelve Democratic to twelve Republican representatives, instead of having, as now, eighteen Republicans to six Democrats. When a party in power announces such a principle its declaration is weighty. But when a minority party, which in its majority days showed the truculent spirit of the Democratic party, begins to talk of the exceeding justice of minority representation, we do not deny the truth of the sermon, but we laugh at the preacher.

Senator BUCKALEW'S speech shows at least that the subject excites interest. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, another representative of the minority, promised the proposition his cordial support. It is some comfort to know that the plan is good, although it is defended by Mr. BUCKALEW and approved by Mr. JOHNSON. It is unquestionably one of the plans which will be more and more approved the more intelligently it is studied. Indeed, it is one of the great forward steps in practical politics which is sure to be taken. Mr. BUCKALEW'S proposition is, that in the late rebel States each elector shall be entitled to give as many votes as there are representatives to be chosen, and he may divide them as he chooses, giving one vote to each candidate, or "cumulate" his votes upon one or more at his pleasure.

## "THE HONEST MEN OF TENNESSEE."

A FEW days since the New York *World* published a long communication from Mr. JOHN LELLYETT, Chairman of the Middle Tennessee Executive Committee. It was full of the fiercest denunciation of Governor BROWNLOW and the Union citizens of the State. They are bloodthirsty, and Mr. BROWNLOW is a monster of tyranny and iniquity. But if a pensive public wished to see mild, mannerly, forbearing, humane, and law-abiding citizens, devoted to the Government and to the fundamental American principles of liberty and equality—in truth very lambs—it must inquire for Middle Tennessee Conservatives. The name is suggestive. Mayor MONROE'S thugs who massacred Union men last summer were "Conservatives;" and the men who held a carnival of murder and crime in New York four years ago at this time were of the same great "Conservative" party.

On the day upon which Mr. JOHN LELLYETT'S communication was published, we also received a communication from a citizen of Tennessee, who served throughout the war upon the side of the Union, against which the "Conservative" party, which the *World* calls "the honest men of Tennessee," was arrayed. These honest gentlemen are in fact the ex-rebels of Tennessee organized into a political party, controlling fifty newspapers, while the Union men have not half a dozen, carrying on the campaign with a determination to succeed at all hazards, their leader and candidate for Governor, EMERSON ETHERIDGE, declaring that any man ought to be shot who says that slavery is abolished, and the rank and file of the party following his advice to the letter. Such is the terrorism that these "honest men of Tennessee" have established that Union men are consciously in constant peril; and Governor BROWNLOW, who fully understands his State and the spirit and purpose of "the honest men of Tennessee," has taken military measures for the preservation of the peace and the protection of the Union men. "None but a BROWNLOW," says our correspondent, "could meet the emergency now upon us in Tennessee; and underlying his scorching rhetoric there is a reliable basis of truth, virtue, and patriotism."

No man in the country needs to be enlightened upon the character of the ex-rebels in Tennessee. They hate the Union and the Government just as cordially as ever, and the lost cause is the unknown god whom they worship. Even the mild Mr. LELLYETT, who calls Governor BROWNLOW a monster of tyranny because he will not let rebels ride rough-shod over loyal men, is much less mild at home than when he addresses the New York public. Butter, so to speak, would not melt in his mouth in New York, but in Nashville—*Ma in Hispania!* Our correspondent writes: "Governor BROWNLOW can not surpass in fiery invective the published card of the Honorable JOHN LELLYETT in the Nashville *Banner* of a few days since, in which he says that 'every man, white or black, who votes the Radical ticket, ought to be *marked* and discountenanced, not patronized or encouraged in any thing, and that the ground he walks upon should be accursed.' His advice is being carried out literally."

What that means in a semi-rebel State every sensible man knows. The hope and purpose of Mr. JOHN LELLYETT and his "honest men of Tennessee" is to make the State too hot for the devoted and faithful friends of the Union and of equal rights. That is the issue of the August election. If Mr. JOHN LELLYETT and his friends succeed, the situation of loyal men in the State will become intolerable.

## THE FATE OF MAXIMILIAN.

THE festivities in Paris, we are told, were suddenly suspended and the European Courts went into mourning when the execution of MAXIMILIAN was announced by telegraph. Some of our own papers, also, speak of the event as if it were the most unprecedented and astounding crime against civilization and humanity that had ever been committed. But if, two years ago, when JEFFERSON DAVIS was arrested, he had been summarily tried by court-martial and hung, should we have heard so much of the enormous crime of punishing him? However impolitic it may have been, could the American people have been rightfully regarded as such horrible monsters as the Mexicans are now described to be?

MAXIMILIAN, upon the invitation of a certain party to the civil war in Mexico, said that he would come if the people wanted him, but they must vote upon the subject. Presently he was told that there was no time for voting, and the conditions were not favorable. So the young Prince consented to come without the voting, went to Rome to be blessed by the Pope, and sailed for Mexico. The war continued. He was the head of the party which was endeavoring to overthrow the Government, but he did not rely upon the party but upon French soldiers. By-and-by, assuming that the war had ended, which was not true, he denounced the adherents of the Government as traitors and criminals who might be summarily tried, if taken in arms, and executed. At length the French forces were to be withdrawn, and he offered to retire with them or to leave the country. The French commander objected to his leaving unless he would formally abdicate. After some hesitation MAXIMILIAN refused, and resolved to continue to fight at the head of his party. It was a wanton and hopeless struggle that he chose. He, an Austrian, was prolonging a fruitless warfare against Mexicans. The inevitable end came. He was captured, tried by court-martial, and shot.

It is said that such a proceeding could only be justified during hostilities. But hostilities were still pending. The capital had not fallen. It was a war in which a foreigner who had caused the death of thousands of Mexicans for defending their Government was trying to destroy the Republic and plant an empire upon its ruins. Does any body suppose that he did not understand the situation, or imagined that his life would not pay the forfeit?

His execution was a mistake, and for reasons which we suggested last week. But it was not, and should not be considered, an unpardonable crime. Indeed, if the late history of Mexico had given us any authority for supposing that there was a stable government behind the forces of JUAREZ, and that the execution of MAXIMILIAN and MIRAMON were acts intended to give a final warning to Europe, the event might prove to be politic. But that can not fairly be supposed. There is not such a stable power, and if the usual anarchy of Mexican society follows the triumph of JUAREZ, the fate of MAXIMILIAN will be like that of a score of other leaders who risked their lives and fortunes in the caldron of Mexican civil war.

Our duty in the matter is plain. It is evidently not to follow the advice of Mr. JAMES BROOKS to send hordes of pirates and robbers into Mexico, but to take good care that the pirates and robbers who may be already there shall not harm any citizen or any right of the United States without strict accountability. If SANTA ANNA was forcibly taken from an American ship the Government in Mexico with which we have relations must explain. But that it is our business to regulate Mexico at our pleasure we do not understand. If that is what is meant by a Mexican policy we do not believe the country is ready for it.

## NEW YORK AS A COMMERCIAL CENTRE.

THE views expressed by this journal in a recent article upon the railroad system of the United States have been readily seconded by the press and borne out by facts constantly transpiring. We have shown that the ill-success of the great majority of railroads and the paucity of earnings hitherto have been due to the fact that most of them were built in advance of the public demand; that, as the country became developed, enriched, and populated by them, they would become proportionately remunerative; that the period had already arrived when railway securities would be more eagerly sought for investment than ever before, notwithstanding the undue depreciation of the past year and the manipulations of hungry and unscrupulous speculators. The correctness of this position is already confirmed by the increasing dividends of the leading lines and the steady and healthy improvement in shares, especially where those lines are located in States densely settled. For instance, in Massachusetts the best roads are now regular 8 and 10 per cent. stocks; there are some few roads in other sections that pay equally well. When these shares are taken out of the street where brokers can no longer defile them, they will appreciate still more, while the earnings will themselves perceptibly increase.

We have also expressed the belief that the constantly changing wants and exigencies of a growing country like ours demand, and will compel, a radical change in our present railway system; that, with the completion of the grand arterial road across the continent to the Pacific, all other roads must become tributary and subservient to it—the direction of railway traffic (freights) being transverse to the water communication that cuts the country from north to south. A consolidation of railroad interests will naturally result, as well as a change in the mode of operating and running. The future requirements are already foreseen and felt; the first movement toward the new order of things is the proposed combination of leading railroads to form a great Western route under one management. The parties to the combination are the New York Central, Lake Shore, Cleveland and Toledo, Michigan Southern, and those other roads that constitute the northermost tier of transverse communication. Another rival organization is promised, to include a more southern route, and will embrace the Pennsylvania Central, Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, etc. Their interests will not conflict; on the contrary, the commercial necessities of the country will in the course of time require one or two more routes still further south to convey the produce of the sea-board States to their western destination.

When the Pacific Railroad is completed, in 1870, all these gigantic tributaries will converge toward the main stem, like the fingers of a hand. All the immense and richly productive districts of the Atlantic and the East will contribute to supply the vital fluid that courses through them. Even the vast domain of the "New Dominion" (traversed by the long-projected "Intercolonial Railway" and tapped by an absolutely indispensable line extending through Maine from Bangor) will be induced to furnish its quota of subsistence. But the seat of the vital principle will be in the city of New York. There will the mighty beat of its palpitations be heard. Already the commercial centre of America, it will then, by its geographical position, become the commercial centre of the world. We do not assume that the Pacific Railway will supersede vessels in the carrying trade, for that would be impossible; a dozen lines of railroad could not furnish the required transportation, even if

it could carry as cheaply. But, from its closer relations and proximity to other countries, New York could command the commerce. It would be as nearly united to Asia as it has been to Europe. The distance to China, now accomplished in forty-three to forty-five days, will be shortened to thirty days. A letter will reach Hong Kong by way of San Francisco much quicker than when it went by way of Liverpool, just as our enterprise has shortened the time of our communication with Brazil. The London banker would no longer pocket the commissions and the exchange on the immense trade carried on between New York and China, as well as South America and the West Indies; but New York would become, to America at least, what London is now to the rest of the world, namely, the place on which exchange is universally drawn. Millions of dollars would thereby be saved to our merchants annually, to say nothing of the difference of time, which is as precious as money.

We have heretofore spoken of the advantages to be obtained by the operation of the Pacific Railroad in developing the treasures of California and the Rocky Mountain region, and the easy access it affords to Asiatic trade. The gains, to be sure, are for the present purely speculative, but it is easy to conjecture the results from past experience. And we are to obtain all this by an estimated outlay of $45,000,000 currency for a road 1565 miles long, while the Intercolonial Railroad of the "New Dominion" of only 480 miles is expected to cost upward of $20,000,000 in gold. It will take time to overcome the commercial and financial derangement which the late war inflicted upon the country, and to stimulate the productive interests of the several sections to their full capacity; but by the time the Pacific Railroad is completed we hope to be upon the top wave of prosperity, and to tax our new lines of intercommunication to their utmost limit.

## IMPEACHMENT POSTPONED.

THE Impeachment question is disposed of for the present. The gentlemen most bent upon impeaching the President learn very slowly that the public sentiment of the country is not to be driven, and however easy it may seem to move a warm party majority, it is very necessary to consider the great opinion of the constituency behind it. This seems to us to have been the constant mistake of the impeachers. That the President is a misfortune every body agrees. That he has done extraordinary acts is beyond question. That his policy would have imperiled the country, and that he does not love Congress, may be taken for granted. But that, with a Congress heartily supported by the people and amply able to secure its purpose, it is expedient to try the new and uncertain experiment of impeachment has never been the mature opinion of the people.

This, we do not believe, was from any fear of the ordeal, but from the conviction that it was unnecessary. Had the President seriously and mischievously withstood the will of Congress after it was once plainly manifested, and had he displayed an intention to try conclusions, the House would have impeached him, and public opinion would have supported the action. Fortunately for himself he has not ventured to do it; and the project of impeachment is therefore felt to be impolitic, while there is not the least relaxation of the national purpose.

Unless the President shall now do something which shows his intention to defeat by perilous means the intention of Congress in the Reconstruction bill, we presume that we shall hear no more of impeachment. But just so surely as he strives to thwart the operation of a law which, whether he likes it or not, is the law of the land, will he and the country again hear the cry of impeachment. We hope for the peace of the country and for his own comfort that he will execute the laws in their own spirit.

## THE SHEFFIELD MURDERS.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, a member of Parliament, and known in literature as the author of "Tom Brown" at Rugby and Oxford, has written a letter to the New York *Tribune* upon the late revelations in regard to the Trades' Unions in the city of Sheffield. Sheffield has always had a bad name, and it now appears that one of the leaders in one of the societies, the man to whom its funds were intrusted, has been in the habit of paying them out for the purpose of assassinating persons obnoxious to the Union. The disclosure of this atrocity naturally excites profound horror and indignation in England. The reason of this is not merely that murder has been committed, but that the crime proceeds from the constantly more bitter struggle between capital and labor; and no man feels safe under such circumstances in a country where the rich are becoming richer and fewer and the poor poorer and more numerous.

Mr. HUGHES thinks that Parliament will do nothing before next year, when the report of the commission which is investigating the whole subject will be presented. The fear, in his judgment, is a return to sharp penal legislation against Trades' Unions. Should it be adopted, he thinks it must inevitably lead to revolution or depopulation. He says that from the time of EDWARD I. down to the year 1825 there were some twenty penal statutes against trade combinations. In that year these laws were repealed, the Trades' Unions legalized and brought into daylight, and the real evil of them has been steadily dying out ever since. If left to themselves, he thinks they would disappear under the pressure of the co-operative system.

The evil is one which is encountered in every dense population. In the cities of this State, for instance, the observer will see a constantly increasing number of idle boys. The managers of juvenile retreats remark the same thing within the range of their institutions. The explanation is the combination of workmen prescribing the number of apprentices or hands which an employer may engage. The penalty of transcending the dictated number is the withdrawal of the combined workmen. This difficulty will not diminish so long as the country is prosperous. It will increase and must be provided for. The men who combine are not thinking men. They earn their wages by hard labor, and they know that the more the hands the less the work. Upon that principle they act, nor is it surprising that they do so. But a very little reasoning would show them that the interest of working-men, as of all society, is one. It is not a divided interest. Unless the whole is prosperous no part is permanently prosperous; and the true policy for all, therefore, is not to multiply non-producers, which is the inevitable tendency of such combinations, but to form partnerships of labor.

We have time to reflect upon such questions as these and to act wisely. England can hardly meet them with proper presence of mind, for they are already angry and menacing. Let us at least learn from the experience of other nations, and not insist upon waiting until we are in their condition before bethinking ourselves of a remedy.

## THANKS TO THE DISTRICT COMMANDERS.

THE object of the resolution offering the thanks of Congress to the Commanding Generals in the Districts created by the Reconstruction Bill is plain. Senator GRIMES objected that it was foolish to thank officers for doing their duty, and if that had been a statement of the whole case his objection would have been conclusive. But it was not the whole case. The occasion of the present session is the evident intention of the President to thwart the will of Congress as interpreted by General SHERIDAN, for instance, in the removal of certain civil officers. Congress, resolving that there shall be no excuse for misunderstanding its intention in the Reconstruction Bill, assembles to define it, and simultaneously, by thanking General SHERIDAN, to declare that his interpretation, which the Attorney-General had stated to be incorrect, was the true interpretation.

The Generals are thanked, not for their own sakes, but for the purpose of emphasizing the support of Congress. It is a very grateful thing for a General in the position in which the District Commanders have been placed to have the distinct assurance of Congress that their action is approved. Whenever a similar situation shall arise in the case of any Territorial Governor—an instance to which Mr. GRIMES alluded—we shall be very glad if similar action is taken.

## AMERICA AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the unattractive and meagre display which the United States made at the Paris Industrial Exposition, it appears that in proportion to the number of articles exhibited she has drawn a larger number of first prizes than any other nation; and the greater proportion of the prizes awarded have been on articles of universal utility and importance. A Kentuckian received the reward for the best "harness for the lightning;" a New Jersey firm for "the most complete, rapid, and durable iron-horse;" one Yankee was rewarded for inventing the "best mower;" and another for building the "best reaper." America furnished not only the best sewing-machine, but the most complete ambulance for practical use on the actual field of battle, and carried off from a thoroughly musical people two prizes for pianos.

## THE NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

A FRIEND in Chicago who knows the difficulties of the pavement question, and who also knows that New York is perplexed by them, writes of the Nicholson pavement that when laid it is as durable as any pavement they have in Chicago, although less so than some that we have in New York. But it makes up in comfort to animals, cleanliness, freedom from excessive noise, and dust, and in every satisfactory quality of a good pavement, what it may lack in mere durability. When well laid, says our friend, it is good for ten or fifteen years under very heavy and frequent travel, and under such circumstances it has been already tested. Dr. JACKSON of Boston, Dr. BLANEY of Chicago, an eminent chemist, and Professor BECK of Cincinnati, are of opinion that it is one of the healthiest pavements in use.

If it is to be tried here in New York let us give it a fair trial, and be very grateful if it serves us well.

## IMPURITY IN THE YOUNG.

THERE is a greater prevalence of unchaste practices and habits among the young than is commonly supposed. Of this physicians often discover the most painful evidences, not merely those which come fully to the light, which belong to comparatively few cases, but such as are incidentally and rather obscurely revealed in very many cases that come under their notice. For every one whose health is utterly ruined by self-abuse there are very many who are suffering from it in all degrees short of this. The injury inflicted is both moral and physical, secretly undermining the foundations alike of principle and self-control and of health and physical energy.

It becomes then a serious question for parents and teachers how this evil may be prevented, and we propose to offer to them some suggestions in regard to this.

The ground is taken by many that the difficulty must be met only indirectly, and that no direct notice should be taken of it so far as prevention is concerned. It is supposed by those who advocate this course that there is in most cases a pure mind, wholly ignorant of the evil, and that no knowledge of it therefore had better be communicated. We do not believe in this. We allow that most of the means must be indirect. We allow, also, that it is rather a delicate and difficult task to deal with the evil directly. And yet so rife is it, so very general is the knowledge of it to a greater or less degree, and so pressing and numerous are the temptations that threaten to draw the young into it, that something of direct instruction and warning is requisite. The subject should be plainly dealt with, especially where there is the least reason to suspect that the evil exists in any measure. Even before there is any ground for such suspicion, the relations of the sexes may be discreetly treated of in conversation with more or less reference to the sin and evils of unchastity. There is a little book written by the late Dr. WARE of Boston, which is an admirable example of the manner in which this subject should be treated in conversation, and it is a very appropriate book to be put into the hands of any young person of either sex. It is published by A. WILLIAMS & Co., Boston, and is entitled, "Hints to Young Men on the True Relation of the Sexes."

There are some sources of temptation to impurity against which the young should be particularly warned. One of these is the influence of impure companions. Many a pure-minded boy is *taught* unchaste practices when he never would himself have thought of them. Such practices are sometimes made almost general in a school by the influence, the teaching, as we may call it, of the wicked few. Especially is this apt to occur in boarding-schools.

Another source of temptation much more common than is suspected by most parents and teachers is obscene books. Some of these are exceedingly corrupting. The poison of unchastity is introduced in this way most effectually. The mind of the victim is filled with the most impure imaginations, and the animal propensities are kindled into a flame of excitement. So dire is this evil that the publishers and circulators of such books, whenever they can be discovered, ought to be visited with very severe penalties. No moderate fine, no short imprisonment is enough for such a crime.

As to indirect means of prevention, much, very much, may be done by pre-engaging the mind and senses with agreeable occupation. There is a love of excitement in the young which must not be ignored, but must be provided for and regulated. But education as now conducted does not adequately provide for it. Rather does it provide against it, for it is needlessly dull, dry, and hard. Every subject that is studied is stripped of its interest by a predominance of dry details, or a memorizing of words and forms of expression that are understood partially or not at all. The natural love of excitement, therefore, as soon as there is escape from the tedious and dull task of the school-room, seeks gratification, not always in stories and novels, but often in something worse, in whatever corrupting influences may offer. Let education cease to be a dry skeleton, and let it have a living body with a living soul, and it will meet the wants and desires, and be a prominent means of preventing vicious indulgence. Above all, let not the pupil when he enters the school-room be shut in by a prison-like seclusion from all the beautiful world that is around him. If natural science interests more minds than any other study—if it is peculiarly fitted for the young—if it furnishes constant material in familiar things around for thought—if by its connections with other studies it will give an interest to them which they can not otherwise have—and if it employs the senses both largely and agreeably, and therefore satisfies the love of excitement, so far as that is nervous and bodily, as well as mental, then it is clear that its study is one of the best means of guarding against undue sensual gratifications. We may add also, that it has a tendency to elevate the moral sentiments, and impart a reverence and love for the source of all purity and beauty and joy.

For the same reason there should be adequate provision for the amusement of the young. This should not be left, as it too often is, to haphazard. It should be as much calculated for as study and employment are, and less of it should be left to be sought for outside of the family circle than is ordinarily the case. Home should be the chief place of amusement.

Of course one of the principal means of prevention is the moral and religious influence continuously exerted in the family, ever fortifying in principle, and inducing a habit of supreme regard to what is good and reasonable, while it keeps in subjection mere animal propensities and passions.

We can not dismiss this subject without protesting against the little impurities of conversation which are so often indulged in even in respectable circles. A loose word, bordering on impurity, carelessly dropped, may be the beginning of an unchastity in some young person that hears it, which may end only in his utter ruin both moral and physical.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

MR. STEVENS's additional reconstruction bill was passed by the House on July 9, and sent to the Senate. Here a bill introduced by Mr. Trumbull was under discussion. Amendments to it allowing Commanding Generals to appoint civilians to office, and excluding from office all who held executive or public office in any rebellious State, were adopted on July 10. The bill was finally adopted as a substitute for the House bill on July 11. This was carried to the House the same day and referred to the Reconstruction Committee. On July 12 the Committee referred the bill back with amendments, which were adopted by the House, and the bill returned to the Senate. The Senate disagreed to the amendments, and a Committee of Conference was the result. This Committee reported promptly on July 13. The bill was passed by both Houses and sent to the President the same day. The House subsequently appropriated $1,648,777 for reconstruction purposes; the Senate amended it by substituting $1,000,000, and the House agreed.

The House appointed a committee of five to investigate the treatment of Union prisoners by the rebels.

The House, on July 15, instructed the Judiciary Committee to inquire if Kentucky, Maryland, and Delaware have Republican forms of Government.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Daniel E. Sickles, on July 6, addressed a letter to Senator Trumbull on the registration question, in which he makes the suggestion that the true solution of the reconstruction problem is universal suffrage and a general amnesty. His language is as follows: "Now it seems to me that the true conservative guarantee against reaction is in the addition made to the loyal vote by the enfranchisement of the colored people. That being done, the occasion for the disqualification clause ceases. Hence the true solution, I believe, is to declare with universal suffrage a general amnesty, naming the exceptions. A more liberal amnesty is, in my judgment, essential to the success of the Congressional plan of reconstruction."

The probabilities are that a majority of the voters in the coming Virginia elections will be negroes.

General Wager Swayne, in a private letter, expresses the opinion that the negroes of Alabama will elect a majority of the Convention shortly to assemble.

A colored man named Gee was sentenced to be hung at Marion, South Carolina, on July 19. He was a guide to a party of escaped Union soldiers about two years ago. While with these soldiers a rebel citizen of South Carolina was shot by one of the party by the name of Ganby. Gee was condemned as an accomplice to the murder.

### THE INDIAN WAR.

On page 468 of this issue will be found several illustrations and facts relative to the progress of the Indian war in Kansas and Colorado. After the matter there given was put in type we received from Major A. R. Calhoun the following list of the soldiers killed and wounded in the battle near Fort Wallace on June 26: The killed were Sergeant Frederick Wyllyams; Bugler Charles Clark; Corporals James Douglass and James K. Ludlow; and Privates Nathan Trail, Frank Rahme, all of Company G, and Welsh, Company E. Among the wounded were Corporal George Rivers, Company I, slightly; and Privates Peter Britton, Company G, severely; J. G. Hummell, Company G, severely; Hugh Riley, Company I, severely; John Townley, Company I, severely; Robert Wilson and Charles North, Company E, both slightly.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE act of the Mexicans in shooting Maximilian was denounced in strong terms by Earl Derby in the British House of Lords on July 9.

Having effected the consolidation of the North German States, King William of Prussia has turned his attention to those of South Germany; and a conference between himself and the reigning Kings and Grand-Dukes of Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Reuss-Greitz, Lichtenstein, and Limburg, has been arranged to take place at an early day. The extension of the alliance now existing in North Germany to these states will give Prussia control of a population of 37,110,358 souls, and command of an army numbering on the war footing 812,357 men, or the equal in population and soldiers to France, and considerably greater in both respects to Austria. The announcement of this conference had attracted some attention in France, but had elicited from Napoleon's Minister of State only the remark that "German Unity is a matter of indifference to France."

General Prim has attempted to revive the rebellion against Spain which he started last year, but which was soon suppressed, and for which attempt he was exiled. He landed in the province of Catalonia early in July, but nothing had been heard of his subsequent movements up to July 15. A conspiracy to assassinate Queen Isabella, in which over two thousand persons were involved, was subsequently discovered, and large numbers arrested.

The latest and most interesting development of the revolution in Austria is the making, on July 11, the Emperor's Cabinet responsible to Parliament. This and the restoration of her Constitution to Hungary are important steps toward republicanism in Europe.

General Santo Acosta, who forcibly deposed President Mosquera, of Colombia, on May 23 (not June 9, as formerly stated), was formally inaugurated as President on the same day.

Napoleon has ordered a fleet to Vera Cruz to look after the French Minister to the Mexican Empire.

Austria has sent Admiral Tegethoff to Mexico after Maximilian's body.

It has long been known that Garibaldi was planning another expedition against Rome. He lately issued a manifesto, in which he declared that his sons and friends will fight for the liberty of Rome.

Berezowski, who attempted to kill the Czar of Russia, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

It is believed that one of the objects of the Council of the Catholic Church is to declare the infallibility of the Pope when acting on his own responsibility.

When the new King of Egypt was in Paris he was waited on by a deputation from the French Committee of Emigration and his attention was called to the Nile slave-trade. The King's minister, in reply, said stringent measures had been adopted to prevent it, the King's subjects engaging in it were severely punished, but the trade was almost entirely conducted by Europeans under European flags and he was powerless to suppress it, though earnestly desiring to do so.

ATTACK OF THE INDIANS ON CARLEY AND DOHERTY.—[Sketched by Phil D. Fisher.]

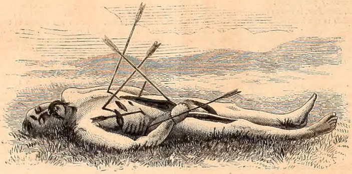
REMOVING CARLEY'S BODY TO ELLSWORTH.—[Sketched by Phil D. Fisher.]

## LATE INDIAN OUTRAGES.

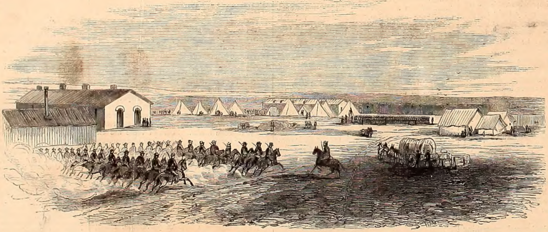
The war on the "Smoky Hill Route" through Kansas continues with great fury. On the 26th of June last a band of three hundred Cheyennes, under a chief called "Roman Nose," attacked a station two miles from Fort Wallace, and ran off the Overland Stage Company's stock. They then advanced toward the fort, when Company G of the Seventh United States Cavalry, under command of Captain Barnitz, went out to meet them. The Indians fell back to the brow of a hill two miles from the fort, then turned and awaited the attack. The cavalry charged at a gallop, and were met by a counter charge. The Indians, with lances poised and arrows on the string, rode at them with great speed, and a hand-to-hand fight followed, in which the savages displayed unlooked-for daring. With their overwhelming numbers they succeeded in driving the cavalry back to the fort, with a loss of seven men killed, several wounded, and half the horses captured or killed. "Roman Nose" was very conspicuous in the fight, dashing into the midst of the fray on his powerful gray horse. He carried a spear, with which he unhorsed a soldier, and was about to spear him as he lay on the ground, when Corporal Harris struck the savage with his sword, which he had in his left hand. "Roman Nose" turned upon him, but as he did so Harris placed the muzzle of the Spencer rifle which he carried in his right hand at the breast of the savage and fired. With the blood spouting from his wound the Indian fell forward on his horse.

The Indians committed unheard of atrocities. A powerful warrior was seen to pick up the bugler, Charles Clark, who had been pierced by three arrows, and strip him as he rode along; after taking off all his clothing he mashed the head to a jelly with his tomahawk, and then threw the body under his horse's feet. The body of Sergeant Frederick Wyllyams was also fearfully mutilated. His scalp was taken, two balls pierced his brain, and his right brow was cut open with a hatchet. His nose was severed and his throat gashed. The body was opened and the heart laid bare. The legs were cut to the bone, and the arms hacked with knives. We give an engraving of the body from a photograph. We also give an illustration of the fight and a view of Fort Wallace, near which the engagement occurred. They are from sketches by Major A. R. Calhoun and Dr. Bell, who are associated with General Wright, now *en route* to make surveys in New Mexico, Arizona, and California for the Union Pacific Railroad. Major Calhoun describes Fort Wallace as being beautifully located on the North Fork of the Smoky River. Buildings are being erected of a beautiful pink-colored magnesian limestone, which can be cut with a saw and plane, and hardens on exposure.

Our other illustrations refer to an outrage perpetrated on Plum Creek, 14 miles west of Fort Harker, on June 16, in which two men named Carley and Doherty were attacked. A band of Indians approached and shook hands with them, and the next moment fired upon them. Carley was mortally wounded, but managed, with Doherty's aid, to get into the hut, where they fought the Indians for some hours, and finally drove them off. When they were gone Doherty swam Smoky Hill River, and going to the town of Ellsworth, gave the alarm. A party was sent in a boat to Carley's assistance, but he was dead. The body was taken to Ellsworth, and there buried.



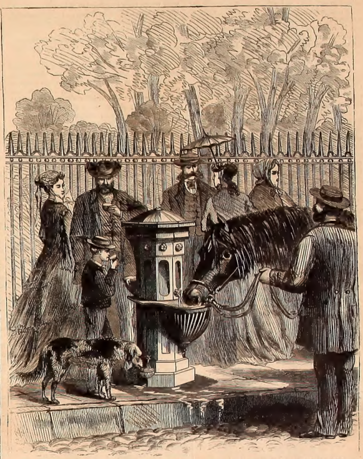
BODY OF SERGEANT WYLLYAMS.—[Photographed by Major Calhoun and Dr. Bell.]



FORT WALLACE, KANSAS.—[Photographed by Major Calhoun and Dr. Bell.]

DESPERATE BATTLE BETWEEN THE CHEYENNES AND COMPANY G SEVENTH U. S. CAVALRY NEAR FORT WALLACE, June 26, 1867.

A JUVENILE GAME OF CROQUET.—[DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.]



FOUNTAIN ERECTED IN UNION SQUARE.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 473.]

## A JUVENILE STORY, ILLUSTRATED.

DIAMOND editions, as a general rule, are objectionable; publishers either have to furnish magnifying glasses to prevent, or treatises on the "Diseases of the Eye" to restore, the endangered optics of the deluded purchasers; but we have (and every well-regulated family ought to have), a copy of a little volume, diamond size and bound in blue and gold, which is not open to these objections, but which, on the contrary, it does one's eyes good to look at. The title of the little work is "Nelly," but we call it by all kinds of names, such as "Blossom," and "Beauty," and "Birdie," and "Darling," and "Ou little toad," and every other endearing name which affection suggests.

The other day, while leaning over the fence at

"HAPPINESS IN THE DESERT."—FROM A PAINTING IN WATER COLORS BY CARL HAAG.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

the end of our garden, we read the following words in our blue and gold volume (blue in the eyes and golden in hair). "Now I'm doin to to-kay ou." Most of the good things in this work are in a strange language, understood only by two or three persons; the passage just quoted means, when translated, "Now I'm going to croquet you." There is nothing very startling in the words, to be sure, but in the original they were illustrated with such a beautiful picture that we at once tried to copy both for the benefit of those who read the *Weekly* and love the children. No doubt the blundering artist, backed by the heavy-fisted engraver and the soulless printer, will convey to our readers but a sorry idea of the original work, but if the considerate readers will allow a heavy discount for each and all of these middle-men who stand between him and the first producer, Nature, they may trace some resemblance between ours and a little volume of their own, and form some idea of the illustration of our juvenile story which they will find on the preceding page.

## WHAT ARE WOMAN'S RIGHTS?

The right to wake when others sleep;
The right to watch, the right to weep;
The right to comfort in distress;
The right to soothe, the right to bless;
The right the widow's heart to cheer;
The right to dry the orphan's tear:
The right to feed and clothe the poor,
The right to teach them to endure;
The right, when other friends have flown
And left the sufferer all alone,
To kneel that dying couch beside
And meekly point to Him who died;
The right a happy home to make
In any clime for Jesus' sake:
Rights such as these are all we crave
Until our last—a peaceful grave.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

**Book III.**

## CHAPTER V.

### AT HAZLEHURST AGAIN.

The cottage at Hazlehurst was beginning to look bright and pretty, with its orchard trees full of blossom, and the climbing white roses on the house all coming out into bloom, when, one morning toward the end of May, a basket-carriage, drawn by a pair of showy little ponies, appeared before the garden gate of Mrs. Saxelby's dwelling.

The vigilant Betty, whose ears had been attracted by the sound of wheels, announced to her mistress that there was a "wicker-work shay" at the door, and that a lady had alighted from it and was coming up the garden toward the house.

The lady was Miss Penelope Charlewood. She trod so close on Betty's heels that the latter had scarcely finished her announcement before Miss Charlewood tapped at the sitting-room door and requested permission to enter. She was dressed in a plain morning suit of brown holland, and wore a straw-hat and a pair of driving-gloves.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Saxelby? May I come in?"

Mrs. Saxelby was sitting with an open book before her and her netting in her hand. She looked up at her visitor with a little start and a flush of surprise.

"Oh pray come in, Miss Charlewood. I am very glad to see you."

"Well, that's more than I deserve, for it is an age since I have been over to Hazlehurst."

"It is more than three weeks certainly; but you and Clement are the only members of your family who ever do come to see me now, and I have not so many friends that I can afford to quarrel with those who remain to me."

"You mustn't be angry with mamma, Mrs. Saxelby. It isn't because she doesn't like you as much as ever that she hasn't been out here for so long. But the fact is, she is very much disinclined to go any where, and latterly she has been compelled to a good deal of exertion—for *her*—on Augusta's account. I'll tell you all about it by-and-by."

"Oh, I'm not angry with Mrs. Charlewood."

"No. You're never angry with any body. That is the only vice you have, I believe. But it's a very serious one, let me tell you. People ought to be angry sometimes."

"Shall I begin to practice upon you?" asked Mrs. Saxelby, with a faint smile.

"No; don't do that, for I've come on purpose to ask you and Dooley to take a drive with me this lovely morning. It will do you good. Where *is* Dooley? Mrs. Saxelby, I adore that child for smacking Miss Fluke's face."

"Did you hear of it?"

"Hear of it? Of course I heard of it. Miss Fluke tells every body. It was lovely of him; lovely. Think of the heroism of that shrimp of a creature doing battle against Miss Fluke's twelve stone! Mind against matter, wasn't it?"

Mrs. Saxelby shook her head with a deprecating air and left the room to dress herself for the drive and to send for Dooley out of the kitchen garden, where he was watching the operations of the man who acted as gardener, and driving that somewhat slow-witted individual into great difficulties by his searching questions as to what made the cabbages grow?

Miss Charlewood sat by herself in the little parlor for some five minutes; during which time her thoughts went back to the last day of the music meeting, and the accident to little Corda, with which such a number of subsequent circumstances appeared to be linked. It was from that day that she dated her own perception of Clement's growing fondness for Mabel.

"How many things have happened since then!" thought Miss Charlewood; "and it is not yet a year ago!"

She had learned from her brother that Mabel had rejected him. In answer to some little stinging speech, such as Penelope was wont to utter about friend and foe alike, Clement had told her gravely that neither she nor any of his family need be distressed on the score of a contemplated alliance with such poor people as Mr. Saxelby's widow and step-daughter. for Miss Earnshaw had refused him. Perhaps Clement would not have made this confidence had he not been irritated by his sister's sneer; after he had made it he walked away in silence, and plainly showed that he thenceforth should decline to discuss the subject. Although, as we know, Penelope had used her shrewd knowledge of Mabel Earnshaw's character to awaken her pride and bring about this very result, and although she had even confidently told her father that such a result would inevitably be brought about if she were permitted to manage the matter in her own fashion, yet her first feeling on receiving Clement's confession was one of great resentment against Mabel.

Refuse Clement! Refuse her dear, good, clever brother Clement! What was the girl dreaming of?

"It turns out luckily, of course; but it's quite outrageous of Mabel, all the same!" exclaimed Miss Charlewood, mentally. But by-and-by she got over that feeling in a great measure. Penelope Charlewood was too clear-headed and clever not to perceive the utter unreasonableness of any such resentment, and her combativeness was presently aroused on behalf of the absent Mabel, by Augusta's frequent attacks upon her former dear friend, until at last Penelope came to be looked upon in the family as the recognized champion of Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter.

"Mabel Earnshaw has refused Clem, papa, so you need not feel any more anxiety about that matter," Miss Charlewood had said to her father.

"Is it possible your brother was such a fool as to ask her to marry him? Good Heavens! what an escape he has had—what an escape we have all had! However, after the step that misguided girl has taken, with the concurrence, too, of her weak mother, of course Clement is entirely cured of his folly."

"Humph!" said Miss Charlewood.

But after that time she did go once or twice to Hazlehurst to see the widow. The first time she told Clement carelessly of her having done so she was rewarded by the kindest smile she had seen on his face for many a day (for Clement had grown very grave and stern), and by a warm pressure of his hand. "I only go out of aggravation," exclaimed Penny, "and to assert my right of private judgment. I don't choose to let Augusta and Miss Fluke talk me down on any subject whatever."

Nevertheless her brother's smile had been very sweet to her; and as we all know how soon any one becomes endeared to us toward whom we have performed a kind action, Penelope began thenceforward to grow quite fond of Mrs. Saxelby, and to take her and Dooley completely under her wing.

"I'm yeady," cried Dooley, appearing at the sitting-room door. "I saw de ponies. I like 'em. May I dive?"

"We'll see about that, Dooley. Are you ready, Mrs. Saxelby? Please to get in that side. Betty, get a foot-stool for Master Julian to sit on in front of us. That's it. You can go home now, Jackson. Mr. Clement will meet me and drive me back. Give them their heads. Go along, Jack and Jill, like a pair of beauties as you are."

And the spirited little beasts rattled off briskly with their light load. "You're not afraid to trust yourself with me, Mrs. Saxelby? I'm a pretty fair whip, and the ponies are perfectly steady."

"Oh no, I'm not at all afraid on the country roads. I—I don't much like a lady's driving in town."

"I thought it would be so much nicer to get rid of the servant. One can't talk with a groom's ear within three inches of your head. So I brought this little trap and the ponies, which I can manage by myself."

"It is very pleasant, indeed," said Mrs. Saxelby, leaning back in the carriage.

The day was delicious, the country all bursting into fresh green, and the rapid, easy motion of the vehicle was exhilarating. A delicate color came into Mrs. Saxelby's pale cheek, and her eyes grew bright under these combined pleasant influences.

"I have some news to give you, Mrs. Saxelby," said Penelope, when they had proceeded a little distance.

"Some news?"

"Yes. Augusta is going to be married."

"Really? I am very glad to hear it, and I hope she will be happy."

"Oh, I dare say she will be as happy as one can expect!" rejoined Penelope, rubbing the handle of the driving-whip across her chin, with a little air of vexation. "There will always be troubles, of course. Somebody is sure to have a handsomer gown than she has, or a newer-fashioned bonnet. These things must happen sometimes."

"Do you like your future brother-in-law?"

"No, I don't. But that's of very little consequence. He has good points. I think he won't make Gussy a bad husband, because her peculiarities won't worry him as they would some men. He's as placid as a sheep—and nearly as silly. But he comes of a good family, and is a gentleman in his ways, and will have plenty of money some day."

"I suppose he does not belong to Hammerham?"

"No; his family are Irish people."

"Irish?"

"Yes; all beginning with capital O's for generations back. Which is an unspeakable comfort. His name is Dawson. The Reverend Malachi Dawson."

"A clergyman?"

"To be sure. Augusta would never have married any but a parson. And he's horribly low church too, which I detest. He has just got a living in the neighborhood of Eastfield. A charming house and grounds, I believe. And the marriage is to take place soon. The day is not fixed, but I believe it will be at the beginning of July."

There was a little pause and then Julian observed in an abstracted manner, and as a general proposition not especially applicable to the present circumstances, that "Dack and Dill" were "pitty," and that he was not "fightened of 'em."

"That means that you want to drive; eh, Dooley?" said Miss Charlewood.

"'Es," answered Dooley, honestly.

"Oh, pray be careful, don't give him the reins!" cried his mother.

"Never fear, Mrs. Saxelby. Dooley shall stand here at my knee, and he shall hold one bit of the reins, and I'll hold the other, and we'll drive together. So."

This arrangement, though not quite up to the height of that ideal happiness, driving the ponies "all by himself," was yet very delightful to Dooley, who wisely made the best of the circumstances.

"You can understand, Mrs. Saxelby, that mamma has been a good deal occupied, when I tell you that, besides Mr. Dawson, we have had his mother and cousin staying at the manor for the last fortnight."

"Indeed?"

Yes; and we have had to go about with them a good deal. The cousin, Miss O'Brien, is a great horsewoman—like most Irish women, I believe—and Clem has been her cavalier, and shown her the neighborhood."

"Indeed?"

Mrs. Saxelby's voice was the least bit constrained, and she drew her shawl round her shoulders with a suppressed sigh.

"You're not cold, Mrs. Saxelby?"

"No, not cold. But I believe there *is* a touch of east in the wind; and a cloud passed across the sun; and—and—it is not quite as pleasant as it was."

"We will turn and take the Higsworth Park road home, if you like. Steady, Jill, steady, pet; that's it, go along, beauties."

"Do 'long booties!" echoed Dooley.

"What was I saying? Oh yes. About Miss O'Brien. She is charmed with the rides and drives about here; and she told me, with her piquant little taste of a brogue, that she was quite astonished to find any thing fresh and green within twenty miles of Hammerham; for that she had imagined it to be darkened with a perpetual cloud of smoke, and surrounded by a sort of wizard's circle of cinders for miles and miles."

"Is she—I suppose—she is handsome?"

"She is an exceedingly fine girl, and better than handsome. I think she has the brightest and most expressive face I ever saw, and she is as clever as she can be. I wish her cousin Malachi had half her brains! Clement is delighted to find that she will listen to his holding forth on his pet hobby—Gandry and Charlewood, and all their wonderful enterprises in the four quarters of the globe—for any length of time. And what's more, she remembers what he tells her. She astonished papa at dinner yesterday, by correcting him about the number of miles already laid down of the new South American Railway."

"She must be very clever," said Mrs. Saxelby, faintly.

"She is. She really is. But, entre nous, I'm not sure that her memory would have been *quite* so accurate, if the information had been imparted by papa instead of Clem. However, that's no business of ours, is it?"

"Oh no," rejoined Mrs. Saxelby, in a queer little voice that didn't seem to belong to her; and then she relapsed into a silence that was unbroken by either until they came within sight of the widow's cottage at Hazlehurst.

"Dere's Mr. Tarlewood!" shouted Dooley. "Mr. Tarlewood, I've been diving!"

"You'll dive again, head-foremost out of the carriage, if you don't keep still, Dooley," said Penelope. "Now, see here. For just this last little bit, I'll give you the reins into your own hands, all by yourself. Hold them very steady. Now, bring us up to the gate in style."

Clement Charlewood was waiting at the little garden gate, and came forward to help his sister and Mrs. Saxelby out of the carriage.

"I hope you have had a pleasant drive, Mrs. Saxelby," said Clement.

He had lifted out Dooley in his arms, and was stroking the little fellow's curls from his forehead as he held him. Something came up into Mrs. Saxelby's throat and gave her a choking sensation that made her eyes fill with tears.

"Thank you; a charming drive. I—I hear—dear me, I don't know what this can be in my throat—I hear that I have to congratulate Augusta."

"Thank you. Yes, we are to lose her very soon; but my mother will have her comparatively near at hand, after all. It is scarcely like a separation."

"Mrs. Charlewood is fortunate. I have to be parted from my Mabel, and without the comfort of confiding her to a husband's protecting love."

Mrs. Saxelby let her tears brim over and run down her cheeks, without saying any thing more of the choking sensation in her throat.

Dooley struggled down out of Clement's arms, and, running to his mother,. took her hand.

"Tibby will tum back, mamma," said he, manfully. "I soor s'e will tum back. 'Cos Tibby said so."

"Good-by, Mrs. Saxelby," said Penelope. "I won't get out, thank you; we must be driving homeward. If you'll let me, I will come again before long, and give Dooley another lesson in driving."

Penelope did not appear to see Mrs. Saxelby's tears. She never required any softness of sympathy from others, and never expressed any to others. But perhaps her feigned unconsciousness was real kindness.

The widow stood inside the garden gate and watched the vehicle as it rolled swiftly away along the level road. Then she went into her little sitting-room—which somehow looked very poor and threadbare to her eyes under the bright sunlight—and, taking Dooley on her knee, held the child's soft cheek to her breast, and cried until his yellow curls were all wet and matted with her tears. The loving, docile little fellow sat very still, with his arms round his mother's neck, only offering from time to time his great comfort and panacea for all ills:

"Tibby will tum back, mamma; I *soor* Tibby will tum back."

## CHAPTER VI.

### MACBETH AT KILCLARE.

Monday night came, the first night of the season at Kilclare. The establishment of Mrs. Bridget Bonny was in a flutter of expectation and excitement. On the first night of the season Teddy Molloy, Biddy's step-son, always gave his two apprentices leave to go to the play, and he and his wife usually went into the pit themselves; in fact, the whole household turned out, with the exception of old Joe Bonny and the foreman: who was a Methodist, and held theatres to be sinful. The performance commenced at seven, so Mrs. Walton and Mabel set off for the theatre at a little before six, preceded by Pat Doyle, the washer-woman's son, who was engaged to carry a basket containing their stage dresses to and from the theatre every evening for the weekly stipend of one shilling.

Mabel had no more onerous task to perform on this first evening than to appear as a witch and join in the choruses. She was therefore free from responsibility, and could observe every thing around her with tolerable calmness. Nevertheless, she felt a thrill of excitement and nervousness when, from the dressing-room which she and her aunt shared with old Mrs. Darling, she heard the sudden rush of footsteps and the Babel of voices that followed the opening of the gallery door. The stairs leading up to the gallery passed close to the wall of Mabel's dressing-room, and she felt them shake beneath the clatter of hurrying feet, and heard the noisy greetings and shouts of that portion of the audience known in theatrical parlance as the "gods."

"I think there will be a good house," said Mrs. Darling, in her measured accents.

Mrs. Darling was to play one of the three weird sisters, and was busily engaged in covering her fat placid countenance with a perfect net-work of black lines: which may have looked haggard and awful at a distance, but which, viewed near, gave her face the appearance of a railway map.

"I'm sure I hope so," said Mrs. Walton. "I think the business is likely to be good on the whole. This was always one of the best theatrical towns in Ireland for its size."

"Half hour, ladies!" cried a high shrill voice outside the door.

"What is it? What does he say, aunt?" asked Mabel, combing out her long, thick hair, which she was to wear loose and disheveled about her shoulders; that being the indispensable coiffure for a witch in the days of King Duncan.

"That's the call-boy, Mabel. He is calling the half hour; that is to say, you have still thirty minutes before the overture begins."

"Miss Bell is completely new to things theatrical, I see," said Mrs. Darling, affixing two long matted elf-locks of gray hair to the nondescript turban which she was about to put on her head, having first carefully combed back her own smooth light hair, and fastened it up out of sight.

"Well, yes; in a measure she is new to them. She lived for some years in my family. But that was when she was a child, and I never let the children be very much in the theatre."

"Your son," said Mrs. Darling, grandly, "is, I am pleased to hear, considered one of the most rising scene-painters of the day. He has won golden opinions from all sorts of people, Mrs. Walton."

"I am very glad to hear you say so. Jack is ambitious, for all his careless, light-hearted manner."

"He may justly be so. Many of our first artists have sprung from the theatrical painting-room. David Cox, Roberts—"

"Ten minutes, ladies!"

"Dear me, I must hasten. I did not think it was so late."

Mrs. Darling continued her toilet somewhat more quickly than before, but with a sort of methodical majesty that never deserted her.

As soon as Mabel was dressed—and perhaps some of my readers may like to know that the costume of a Scottish witch in that remote period was supposed to be accurately represented by a clean white petticoat, a pair of neat black leather shoes, a brown bedgown, green and blue tartan cloak, and flowing hair—she accompanied her aunt into the green-room. It was lighted by a couple of gas-burners fixed on each side of the chimney-piece. Besides the spears and banners

there was now a pile of round pasteboard shields covered with silver paper, and there were three wooden props—of the kind used in suburban gardens to sustain clothes-lines—leaning up in a corner, and intended for the use of the three principal witches. The only person in the room when Mabel and her aunt entered it was Mr. Shaw. He was transformed, by means of a flowing white wig and beard, into a very venerable-looking King Duncan, and was walking up and down repeating his part in short jerky sentences. Presently came in various other members of the company. Mr. Moffatt dressed as Macduff, and looking very fierce about the head, and very mild about the legs. Mr. Copestake as Banquo, with a false black beard, like the curly wig of a wax doll, and very pink cotton stockings. Miss Lydia St. Aubert, dignified and imposing in the long purple robes of Lady Macbeth, and with a square of white cashmere bound on her head by a golden circlet.

It was all poor enough, and had a large element of the absurd in it, which Mabel was fully alive to, but yet there *was* a certain glamour of romance over the shabby place and the third-rate players. There *was* a certain poetry, and an escape from the hard actualities, in the very fact of having to utter such words as those of Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth, and in the attempt to body forth, however inadequately, those wondrous creatures of the poet's imagination. And let it be remembered that, inferior as were most of the performers to the height of the task assigned to them, there were probably few, if any, persons even among the better portion of the audience, capable of reading and expounding three consecutive lines of the play as intelligently as the great majority of those provincial players. The very quaintness of the phraseology which would have rendered many passages obscure to the general reader, was, by habit and tradition, clear and familiar to the actors, and acquired force and meaning to many ears for the first time, being interpreted by their lips.

"Overture, ladies! Overture, gentlemen!" bawled the call-boy—who was a son of Nix, the versatile property-man, and was himself attired in a kilt and a tartan scarf, ready to personate Fleance. Presently, with a crashing preliminary chord, the orchestra struck up a medley of national airs. *Not* Scotch tunes, but Irish melodies. And the selection terminated with an air of local celebrity, called Jerry the Buck, to whose marked rhythm the stamping of the "gods" kept accurate time.

"Couldn't get on in Kilclare without Jerry the Buck," said Mr. Moffatt. "The gallery boys expect it to be played at least once every evening throughout the season."

Mabel had already seen little Corda Trescott. Mrs. Walton had asked the child to spend Sunday with them, and had taken her to church, and for a long country walk in the evening, and had sent her home full of delight and gratitude. Her joy at meeting Mabel again knew no bounds.

The little creature was to personate that one of the apparitions which "wears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty," and she came into the green-room with her gold-brown curls waving round her delicate face, and crept up close to Mabel's side in shy silence. Cordelia Trescott was one of those beings, the natural refinement of whose aspect it is impossible to vulgarize by any outward circumstances. Dress her as you would, surround her with what coarse or absurd setting you might, she shone out pure and delicate as a lily, and could no more be made to look vulgar than the flower itself can.

"Well, Corda, are you going to sing in the choruses? I have never yet heard your voice, you know," said Mabel.

"Yes, Miss Mabel. I know all the music quite correctly, papa says."

Presently a violent shaking, administered by the prompter to the sheet of iron hanging over his head, announced the thunder with which the awful tragedy begins; and Nix, the indispensable, lightened from a tin tray at the wing, with weird effect. The house was full, and the audience in high good-humor. All the old well-known favorites—among whom Miss Lydia St. Aubert was perhaps the chief—were received with enthusiastic applause, and the new-comers were greeted encouragingly. When Nix put his head inside the green-room door, and said: "All the witches, please. Every body-y-y!" Mabel trembled with excitement. She took Corda's hand and followed Mrs. Walton on to the stage, to the quaint strains of old Matthew Locke's music—music more appropriate, perhaps, to the notion of a witch entertained by his Majesty King James the First than to those wild, grim conceptions of the poet's brain who met Macbeth upon the blasted heath and subtly tempted him with spoken suggestions of his own unuttered desires.

The gas was turned down very low (according to immemorial usage in the witches' scenes), and when Mabel fairly found herself first on the stage, the front of the house seemed to her unaccustomed eyes like some cave or gulf seen in a dream, and peopled with shadowy pale faces surging out of the darkness. After a second or two she was able to make out the shape of the theatre, the divisions of the boxes, and the sloping crowd of heads that filled the gallery to the ceiling. Then how thankful did she feel to be one of an undistinguished throng, and to know herself an insignificant and irresponsible member of it! "No one will look at me!" thought Mabel, with a sigh of relief. And yet she was mistaken in so thinking. The theatrical public of Kilclare was limited in numbers, and strongly interested in each individual member of Mr. Moffatt's company. They partook, indeed, very much of the sort of spirit that any one who has conversed with actors of the old school may have heard attributed to the play-goers of Bath and York some forty years ago. Centralization—that modern offspring of steam and the electric telegraph—has affected, not only kings and kaisers, potentates and princelings, but the mimic monarchs of the stage. The days are over when it was possible to achieve and retain a high professional reputation as an actor, without having appeared on the metropolitan boards. Still, here and there, in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the kingdom, somewhat of the old local feeling remains; and it was so in the good town of Kilclare.

Teddy Molloy, seated in the centre of the pit, had been dispensing to his immediate neighbors such scraps of information with regard to his step-mother's lodgers as he thought fit to impart; and consequently it was very soon known to a large number of the audience that "the purty girl with the thick dark hair, and the nate little fut and ankle," was a niece of their old and respected favorite, Mrs. Walton. Rumors presently began to circulate that she had been a great heiress, had lost all her property, and was obliged to take to the stage to support herself and her family: which rumors caused much interest in "Miss M. A. Bell," and prepared the Kilclare critics to receive her efforts with considerable favor whenever she should essay a part. For it is a singular fact that while few people would submit to have their shoes spoiled, or their clothes cut awry, by inexperienced amateur shoemakers and tailors, on the plea that those artisans had never studied shoemaking or tailoring, yet in things theatrical the public—and the public of bigger places than little Kilclare—often seems as willing to welcome and pay for 'prentice work as for skilled labor.

Mabel, however, unconscious of the notice she was attracting, went through her part of the music with conscientious attention to the instructions of Mr. Trescott. She also made the useful discovery that her arms and legs and hands, which might be trusted to fall into easy and graceful postures in private life without any special thought on her part, became awkward and unmanageable on the boards of the stage; and that, as her aunt, quoting from stores of professional tradition and experience, had told her, it absolutely required considerable skill and attention to learn to stand still with any thing like ease or nature.

Mabel had begun her apprenticeship.

The tragedy went off with brilliant success. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival who made his début in Kilclare on the occasion, was received with signal favor. And all the critics (*before* the curtain) agreed that if his readings were occasionally obscure, and his pronunciation somewhat too transatlantic, he yet made up for all shortcomings by the splendor of his costumes, the power of his voice, and the extraordinary vigor and energy of his final combat with Macduff. Indeed, the contrast between his tall figure and muscular wielding of the claymore, and poor Mr. Moffatt's diminutive form and feeble swordsmanship, may be said to have almost shed a new and radiant light upon the moral of the play; for it was clear that nothing but the most triumphant virtue on the one side, and the most conscience-stricken villainy on the other, could have given the thane of Fife the smallest chance in the conflict. To enable such a Macduff to vanquish such a Macbeth, the former must have a very good cause indeed!

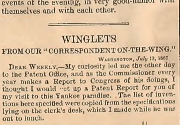
The performances terminated with a farce, in which Mrs. Walton performed a comic servant-girl, to the intense delight of the audience, and in which the sententious low comedian received what the Kilclare *Courier* called next morning "an ovation." And then the audience poured noisily out of the little play-house, and trooped away, scattering streams of talk and laughter through the quiet streets of the town; and then the lights were put out in the front of the theatre, the doors closed with a clang that echoed through the empty house; stage dresses were changed for street dresses, stage paint was washed off, stage wigs were removed; and Mabel, with Jack and Mrs. Walton, walked home through the sweet May night, discussing the events of the evening, in very good-humor with themselves and with each other.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Washington, *July* 13, 1867

Dear Weekly,—My curiosity led me the other day to the Patent Office, and as the Commissioner every year makes a Report to Congress of his doings, I thought I would get up a Patent Report for you of my visit to this Yankee paradise. The list of inventions here specified were copied from the specifications lying on the clerk's desk, which I made while he was out to lunch.




1. "John S. Anders of North Wales, Pennsylvania, for improvement in medicine." What I claim is, that the medicine shall be taken in at A, which is a glass vial, shaken up and given to B, a spittoon, and the patient shall be immediately worked for nine hours in C, constructed on the plan corn-fields are generally made, when, if his appetite and sleep is not improved, the dose shall be repeated, omitting ingredients A and B.

2. "Jesse Bunton, Elmira, New York, for improvement in legs." What I claim is, that the wearer will be free of corns and bunions on the toes, and no amount of high living will bring on the gout. Suffering from tight boots will be unknown; and no matter how tight the owner may be in other particulars, he will not suffer from verbose or jocose veins, and it will save him from many past obligations, because he will stand on a different footing before his creditors.

3. "E. P. Henderson, Baltimore, Maryland, for improvements in saw-mills." Specification—The saw to have a set of false teeth, as, when a saw is worn out, the same teeth can be used for another saw, or, if the teeth should wear out first, a new set could be made for the old saw. By the use of nitrous oxyd gas the old ones can be taken off without pain to the operator.

4. "J. De Coursey, of Jersey City, New Jersey, for improvement in mosquito net." What I claim is, the double use of the article. When the mosquito is out of season the article is useful as a skirt distender; but in season it is a most convenient and ornamental mosquito bar.

5. "Edduard Kaylor, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, for improvement in bolt-heading machine." Claims—*Firstly*, that a man with a head put on him by this machine can "bolt" his party without injurious effects. *Secondly*, can bolt his dinner without harm to it, bolting it down so tight that it will not come up—except in an emergency.

6. "Jesse S. Lake, of Smith's Landing, New Jersey, for improvement in weighing scales." Description—First get the fish—shad are as good as any kind; scrape the fish with a knife in direction from the tail to the head, when the scales will fly off; dry the scales in the sun; then weigh them. After they are weighed they had better be thrown away, as they are a great nuisance about a place.

7. "John D. Lee, of Trenton, New Jersey, for improved water-proof composition." I did not read this composition, but a great many I have read lately will not "hold water"—such, for example, as Mr. Stanberry's composition on the Congressional Reconstruction Act. A composition that will "hold water" on any subject possesses some value.

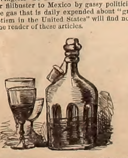
8. "H. A. Watkins, New York City, for improved paint." I claim that this is not a dye, and that it will remove all freckles, pimples, or tan. It will remove more tan than a cart and horse can do in the same time.

9. "Augustus Ellmer, Providence, Rhode Island, for improved method of preserving eggs." What I claim is, the making a small aperture at the point A, also at the butt B, when a person shall blow with his mouth at A, forcing that part of the egg that always spoils first out at B, after which the eggs can be strung on a string, as shown in the accompanying diagram, and kept for any length of time, depending a good deal upon the strength of the string.

10. "John Williams, Cincinnati, Ohio, for improved fruit jar." There are so many jars that are now fruitless in the nation, and, we might add, in almost every family, that any invention that looks to an improvement in that department ought certainly have no stopper. Family jars can be improved by having your wife to live with her mother-in-law. No doubt there are other recipes in the different works on the subject.

11. "John R. Shetz, Albany, New York, for improvement in squeezers." I claim the improvement of putting the railroad presidents immediately over the cow-catchers and beyond them, so that appropriations may be squeezed out of the Board of Directors sufficient to maintain the necessary signal-stations on the road, and the track in proper order.

12. "John R. Brown, Rome, New York, for improvement in gas inhalers." I claim that in the study of the "Winglets" no Fenian will be carried off to Canada or filibuster to Mexico by gassy politicians, and all the gas that is daily expended about "growing despotism in the United States" will find no inhaler in the reader of these articles.



13. "Isaiah Cranston, Wilmington, Delaware, for improved brick machine." Description—This machine is intended to make them in the hat with great rapidity, solid and heavy. Machines similar to this have been in use for a long time under different names, such as "Bitters," "Summer Tonics," etc., but they are all infringements on this patent.

14. "Edward Wissinborn, Hudson, New York, for improvement in moulding peat." I claim that any peat, even Pete Beauregard, can be moulded into a tractable and useful article by subjecting him to a course of treatment as is administered by General Sheridan at New Orleans, and that said Pete would be greatly improved thereby.

These are but a few, dear *Weekly*, that I had time to notice. You will see that there is considerable originality manifested, and if the time ever comes when we are to get up an Exposition, we will be able to do it, and furnish our own sovereigns, as we are now about run over with what Mr. Wood calls the Sovereign People, which, of course, must include

Your own C. O. W.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The latest Attitude of Russia—Justice to Ireland.—*See Cable Dispatches of July* 11.

A French agency for matrimonial alliances concludes an advertisement with: "Happiness guaranteed for one year."

Why sits that maiden sad and pale  
Amid the glittering throng?  
Why bears her face the marks of pain,  
While heedless of the song?  
Has he whom she so fondly loves  
Left her young heart forlorn?  
More poignant are the pangs she feels  
She suffers from—a Corn.

### DIETARY OBSERVATIONS.

All travelers, who intend to take the "first train" in the morning, should have *hasty* pudding, with *caper* sauce, for breakfast.

Dancers should make a light supper of fish-*balls* and *pigeon's wings*.

Land surveyors need *snakes* and *perch*.

Skaters must have *iced water*, and may occasionally have *souse* and *cold ham*.

Men of intemperate habits must avoid *corned* meat and *ale*-wives.

Teachers of languages may be said to live on *tongues* and *sounds*.

Carpenters should have *plane* food.

Dentists like something that's *filling*.

Chiropodists are fond of *toe-martyrs*.

Pyrotechnists can live on serpents, grasshoppers, and crackers.

Jewelers often dispose of 12 to 18 *carats* at one time.

Paper-hangers always have *rolls* on their tables.

A church in Columbus, Ohio, has posted at its entrance the following: "Gentlemen will leave their tobacco at the door."

A person has such a cold in his head that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

At a fashionable dinner a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a tooth-pick which had just done the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said: "I beg your pardon, Sir, but you are using Mr. ——'s tooth-pick." "I know I am. By the powers, Sir, do you think I am not going to return it?"

Why is a man who fails in kissing a lady like a shipwrecked fisherman?—Because he has lost his *smack*.

### VEGETABLE POETRY.

"Onion garden bed reclining  
Beets a youth his aching head:  
Cauliflowers! Lo, weeds confront me;  
Lettuce hence, he sadly said.  
Carrots out the stoutest manhood,  
Peas my wearied soul doth need;  
Bean O! strife for me hereafter,  
Else my heart will go to seed."

Compound Rating.—Being blown up by one's wife, and her sister chiming in!

"Why was Eve the first Ritualistic convert?"—"Because she began by being Eve-angelical, and ended by taking to vestments."

### SONNET TO MY PIPE.

Thou cheering friend of many a weary hour,  
I'll sing thy virtues in my humble lay;  
Oft have I felt thy gentle, soothing power;  
*I* do not scorn thee, though thou art but *clay*.

Far dearer thou to me than choicest work  
From the skill'd products of Italia's land,  
Or rich chibouque of the enamor'd Turk,  
With endless tubes and amber mouth-piece grand.

Companion thou hast been for many a year,  
'Tis *I* have colored thy once fair face black;  
I could not leave thee now without a tear,  
Thou, the last keepsake of my old friend Jack.

He prized thee for thy shape, and then to hear  
How oft upon thy merits he has spoken;  
Long may I smoke thee with my evening beer,  
My own lov'd pipe—Confound it! it is broken!

Why is a woman mending her stockings deformed?—Because her hands are where her feet belong.

Why was Desdemona the most discontented of all women?—Because the Moor she had—the Moor she wanted.

"What news to-day?" said a merchant to his friend lately. "What news!" responded the other. "Nothing; only things grow better—people are getting on their legs again." "On their legs!" said the first. "I don't see how you can make that out." "Why, yes," replied the other; "folks that used to ride are obliged to walk now; is not that getting on their legs again?"

A commercial traveler lately left a shirt at an inn, and wrote to the chamber-maid to forward it to him by coach, which produced the following:

I hope, dear Sir, you'll not feel hurt,  
I'll frankly tell you all about it;  
I've made a shift with your old shirt,  
And you must make a shift without it.

A Professional View of Things.—Trecalfe, our bookseller, who has recently got married, says of his wife, that he feels that her life is bound up in his.

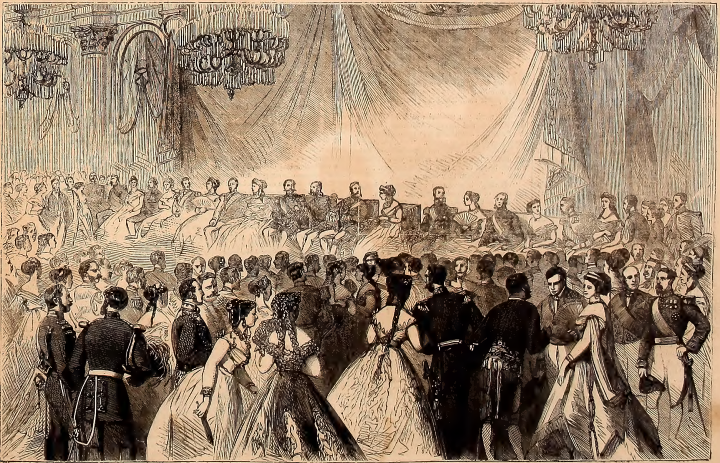
There is a man out West so sharp that he cuts all his acquaintances.

FEEDING THE SWANS—A SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.—Drawn by E. Forbes.—[See Page 478.]

CORONATION OF FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA AS KING OF HUNGARY—BRANDISHING THE SWORD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

## DRINKING FOUNTAIN.

THE first of the drinking fountains to be erected in this city by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been completed and thrown open to the public—man and beast. This one, which we illustrate on page 469, is located in Union Square. On one side is a basin for horses; below, and near the ground, is another for dogs and other small quadrupeds; while a running stream on the opposite side supplies thirsty mankind with "the bright and sparkling water," than which, it is popularly declared, "there is nothing so good for the youthful blood." Other fountains are to be rapidly built in other parts of the city.



ROYAL GUESTS AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE, PARIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### "THE STRONGER WILL!"

BLANCHE LYON suffered the others to advance propositions respecting the manner and the means to be employed in getting down to the village to look at the cottage that was to let. It was not at all in her way to seek to add confusion to chaos by opposing what was not even half established, and pointing out the weakness that would immediately assert itself.

"The distance is nothing—let us walk. I have walked it in comfort once already to-day," Mrs. Lyon said, leaning back in her chair after a comfortable luncheon, and fanning herself in a way that was expressive of fatigue.

"Let us have the wagonette and all go together," Frank Bathurst proposed. He felt that there would be a difficulty about getting to be alone with Blanche, and he did not care about being alone with any one else just then.

"I don't see that there is any necessity for your all putting yourselves out of the way to go down," Edgar Talbot said; "Trixy and Miss Lyon will perhaps walk down with me, and you could wait here for us to come back and fall in with your plans, whatever they are, for the afternoon."

"I should like to go down again and point out one or two little things," Mrs. Lyon said in the tone of one who felt that whatever she did the others would not sufficiently appreciate her excellence in doing it—"I should like to go down again and point out one or two little things that are not as I should like them to be in the house." She looked from one to the other appealingly as she spoke, as if she rather expected them to deny her even this small boon of tiring herself, for no good end, more completely than she was already.

"Walking is out of the question for you, mamma," Blanche said, firmly.

"Then my wagonette plan is the best," Mr. Bathurst said, with a sort of "that settles it" smile.

"You drive, I suppose?" Blanche said, persuasively, looking at him as he pushed his chair back and got up.

"Yes. I will drive."

"And Miss Talbot will have the place of honor by your side, and—you are letting me arrange it all—intending to coincide with my arrangement, are you not?"

"Unquestionably," he replied.

"And mamma and Mr. Talbot will sit just behind you. I shall ride: you will lend me the mare you offered to give me?"

Her accents were very seductive in their subtle sweetness as she addressed him; but for all that subtle sweetness they grated on his ears. She had portioned out the places of all save Lionel Talbot; and she designed to ride, and Lionel Talbot would be free to go with her.

"Of course I let you arrange it all. I must propose one alteration, however, which is far from being an amendment," he said, gallantly; "the mare gave my wrist an awkward jerk this morning. I doubt whether I could hold those young horses together or not. Lal had better drive them, and I will ride with you."

He came nearer to her as he spoke, his fair face flushed, and his blue eyes dancing with the consciousness that they were all perfectly alive to the root of his desire for this change. His infatuation for Blanche amused himself so much that he had not the smallest objection to its amusing other people in a lesser degree. He was as willful as a woman about carrying his own point, but Blanche opposed him with a still deeper willfulness.

"Let me look at your wrist," she said, and then when he came close and extended his hand she laid her slender white fingers firmly on the part which he had declared had been given an awkward jerk. "I will strengthen it for you," she said, in a low voice, binding her handkerchief tightly round it as she spoke: "please do not frustrate my politics, whatever they may be; drive as you promised!"

She spoke very hurriedly in fear of being overheard by the others, who, as is usual in most cases, misunderstood her manner and motives, and believed her to be flirting at him, her cousin host, with vigor and determination. But though she spoke hurriedly she spoke forcibly, and Frank felt that it behooved him to attend to her.

"Come nearer to the light, that you may see to tie my bandage becomingly," he said, laughing, drawing her after him to the window. "That's well! Now, Blanche," he muttered, "what is it? You mean going alone?"

"I do not mean going with you at any rate. Behave yourself, Frank; hands that are appendages to sprained wrists ought not to have the power of pressing so painfully; let my hand go, Sir; and promise me you drive."

"I promise," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "any thing you like; I will order the horses."

As he left the room there was a general movement made, a sort of feint among the party of going to get ready, and it chanced that Lionel Talbot and Blanche were brought near together.

"The blunder of narrow doorways," Blanche laughed as Lionel stepped back for her to pass him, and she stepped back courteously at the same moment; steps which caused their detention in the room alone after the others had left it. "Am I to ride alone, Mr. Talbot?" she said, suddenly.

"You seemed to prefer the groom's escort to Frank's," he replied.

"I did nothing of the kind, and the groom has never been mentioned. Will you ride with me? That is a plain and straightforward way of putting it."

"I had better not, precious as the office of taking charge of you, if only for a short time, would be to me—I had better not."

"Why?" she said. And then she linked her fingers together, and let her hands fall down in front of her. She was holding her head up proudly, but her eyes were downcast, hidden by their lashes. "Why?" she repeated, as he looked at her most lovingly, but spoke no word.

"Why?" he echoed. "Because—will you have it—my reason?"

"Yes, I will have it—I will hear it. You shall tell me so plainly that there can be no mistake about it," she said, excitedly.

"I had better not take charge of you, because the office is too precious to be held with impunity to the holder for only a short time. Forgive me, Miss Lyon, you almost forced the truth from me."

Even as he asked for her forgiveness in broken, subdued tones, she came nearer to him, with a soft, loving triumph, that was inexpressibly thrilling to him, in her face and bearing.

"I have forced the truth from you for no low, vain end," she said; and her hands were extended to him—were taken—were pressed to his heart, before Lionel Talbot remembered that he was acting a very imprudent part.

"Because I love you so," he said, passionately, "because I love you so, it would be better that I should never be with you again, unless I may be with you forever."

"And is there any thing to prevent that being the case?" she whispered. And then—she was, for all the bright bravery of her mind and manner, a woman endowed with that infinitely caressing way that can not be withstood—then she lowered her head a little, and sighingly let it find a resting-place on his shoulder.

"You feared your fate too much, Lionel," she said.

"It was too bright a one for me to dare to hope to touch it. Blanche! be wise in time, my darling; think of what you are relinquishing before you suffer me to let my whole heart go out to you in so full a way that I may never get it back and live. I have so little to offer you besides that heart, sweet child—Frank has so much."

"Which will be surrendered to Trixy before long. Perhaps you will submit to my loss of Haldon with a better grace if it is Trixy's gain?" She asked this in a light tone; but she added, soberly enough, an instant after: "Never regret your want of any thing for my sake, Lionel; if poor Edgar had succeeded as he believed and hoped he should succeed in his ventures, it would have come to this between you and me, and I should have basked idly in the sun of that success, and been very happy. As it is—well, I have it in me to fight for fortune with you against the world."

She looked so joyously confident, so radiantly satisfied with the existing state of things, so bewitchingly hopeful about the future, that Lionel felt that

"Poor wisdom's chance
Against a glance"

was weaker than ever. However much more brilliant her fate would have been if she had given her heart to his friend instead of to himself, the intoxicating truth that her heart was entirely his now came home to him unalloyed by a shadow of doubt. Still he strove to render his grasp upon her looser, less that of "lord and lover" for a moment, as he said:

"Take care, Blanche! I can give you up now, and never blame you in word or thought for having got me to tell you that it will be death to me to do so; but five minutes of this, and no earthly power shall make me give you up—you hear me?"

"And mark you too," she said, holding her head far back, and shaking it winningly, with an air of satisfied acquiescence in his decision that was strangely soothing to him. "You shall have the five minutes: as for the opportunity of defying earthly powers, I am afraid your tenacity will not be put to the test, unless mamma intervenes." And then they both laughed.

"Mamma's intervention may possibly hasten the union of the principal powers," he said.

"Mamma is safe to be funny about it," Blanche said, gravely, "it goes without saying that she will be that; she will view the matter from the melancholy point of view, if not from the lachrymose, for a while, but it will all come right by-and-by."

"Yes, of course it will, if we make our own arrangements and abide by them, without suffering let or hindrance from others."

"I hear them coming down stairs," Blanche exclaimed, starting and blushing; "do let me go and put my habit on—and ride with me, will you?"

"Will I not?" he answered, very fondly, as she got herself away through the doorway which she had declared just now "to be a blunder."

"We don't need a groom; I am going to ride with Miss Lyon," Lionel said to Frank Bathurst when Blanche came down and joined them just outside the hall-door, where the wagonette and a couple of saddle-horses were waiting. Lionel said it with that assumption of intense indifference which generally first betrays to others the fact of a man having utterly surrendered to the one of whom he does not speak as he feels.

"Are you so? very well," Frank said, rather coldly; and then he turned away without offering to help Blanche on to her horse. The men were friends, in the best sense of the word; but it is a hard thing for both when friends love the same woman.

"Earthly power number one is unpropitious," Blanche said, in a low tone, as Lionel stooped for her to put her foot in his hand; "believe me, though, Lionel, I would not speak of it if I were not sure that with him it is a passing cloud. Frank will not be angry with us long."

"I hope not. How sweet you look in your riding-gear!" Lionel replied. Friendship stands such a poor chance of being ably considered when love puts in his claim.

It was hard upon Mr. Bathurst; it was very hard upon Mr. Bathurst to have to see that pair go off together, and to be doomed himself to play the part of charioteer to Mrs. Lyon, Edgar, and Beatrix; for it is a fact that a woman in love, and at the same time sure that the one she loves loves somebody else, is very much at a disadvantage. The whole of that little scene of starting got stamped in vividly upon poor Trixy's mind. Blanche's absolute power over both the man who loved her and the man she loved were painful sights to the girl who had no apparent power over any one just at the time. Miss Lyon's plan of making one man radiantly happy by riding with him, and another man dolefully dull by not driving with him, was a gift that not all Trixy's Christian charity could compel her to think good. The brother would have been surrendered with a good grace to the brilliant rival, but human nature must cease to be itself before a lover can be given up graciously.

Their way lay through such bowery lanes; between such high-banked, rich, garden-like hedges! It was the time of roses, and, consequently, the time for most of our fairest wild-flowers to bloom. The beauty of the uncultivated sloping parterres through which they passed made matter for talk for them for a time; but presently, when the fast trot of the cobs had carried the wagonette so far ahead of them that it was safe to speak, and even to look, a slight pressure on the near rein brought Lionel's horse closer to Blanche's, and he said:

"Concealment is always bad: if we fairly understand each other, darling, it seems to me to be only fair to the others that they should understand us too."

"Hurried disclosures are as bad as concealment," she said. "We do fairly understand each other, Lionel; of course we do; but why make talk about that understanding before it is needful? Circumstance is a mighty monarch; about ourselves we, and we only, have to consult him; meanwhile we had better not consult other people, I think."

As she spoke she lifted up her hand to switch the air with her whip. Lionel caught the hand and held it.

"I could have gone on suffering silence to reign as to my feelings about you if you had not let me speak to you as I have spoken this morning; but now that course is closed to me. I can not look upon you as my future wife in secret. My love has gone out to you as I never thought it could go to any woman. You have accepted the love; you must submit to the show of it."

"Submit! as far as I am concerned I accept all show of it with pride and gladness," she said, softly; "but for you, Lionel, avowed engagements fetter a man who is fighting with the world. People will not overlook the fact of success being essential to him because he is going to be married; and so, often the hand that is playing honestly and lovingly for fortune's favors is rendered unsteady or weak by the too keen observation bent upon it. Play freely, dearest, for a time, at least."

"Freely, but not secretly," he said.

"You have it in you to be very rash."

"I have, when I am very fond. Rash, do you say? No, Blanche, in this case the rashness would be in concealment. If I shrank from proclaiming that you had promised to be my own, you would be the first to condemn my weakness in thus shrinking: and yet women are so consistently inconsistent that you urge me to do so."

"For our mutual good, I am sure."

"How would it be for our mutual good that we should be held in check—cut off from the confidence that should cheer us?"

"My cowardice is not for myself," she answered, blushing brightly. "I only feel that for you it might be better not to be supposed to have the obligation laid upon you of having to make money enough to support a wife for a time; but if you will risk the drawbacks, Lionel—"

"You will agree to their all knowing that you are going to be my wife," he interrupted; "and the sooner they know it, and the sooner it is, the better. Be sure of one thing—I am not going to let you out into the world again without me."

She looked up at him gratefully, proudly, fondly. "Oh, Lal, it was only for your sake I counseled concealment for a time; for my own I thank you for your decision, and accept it, as I will every one you make henceforth without appeal."

As she finished her sentence they turned into the one little crooked street of the village in which the cottage that was to let was situated, and fell under the observation of the party in the wagonette, which was pulled up to wait for them.

"I wish Blanche would not lag behind in that way," Mrs. Lyon said, rather peevishly. It seemed to the good old lady a wicked waste of a golden opportunity that her daughter should linger behind with a comparatively poor artist when a rich land-owner was ahead. Before any one could reply to her the pair on horseback came up at a sharp trot, and something in Blanche's manner told Frank Bathurst that the "game was gone."

Need it be said that as soon as this conviction smote him he accepted the situation with the blithe amiability that characterized him, and became on the spot their warmest ally. From the bottom of his bright, warm, wide heart he had wished for Miss Lyon for his wife; but since he could not have her through some distortion of her own judgment, he was admirably well contented that his friend should be successful. At any rate she would not drop out of his orbit, and be lost to his beauty-loving sight. It would still be within his power to hear her talk, to see her move about with that subtle seductiveness of movement which no other woman possessed. The link of friendship should never be broken between the two families, and Blanche would still be free to charm him, as only so clever, fascinating, and beautiful a woman could charm him. He watched her as Lionel helped her from her horse, and when she reached the ground he managed to make her eyes meet his. For a moment or two they looked unflinchingly, and when each slowly turned away from the other's gaze the understanding between them was as honorable and complete as if it had been legally drawn up and ratified. They were to be friends, free and unfettered in manner and in mind, without a back thought or regret about any thing between them.

"One moment," he muttered, as they were passing into the cottage garden in the rear of the rest, and he put his hand upon hers as he spoke, "one moment. My wrist is strong enough now, you see; it does not tremble as I tell you I see what has happened, and rejoice in it, dear Blanche, for my old friends. God bless you both! You will be very happy."

"And so will you, Frank?" she half asserted, half interrogated.

"Yes," he said, gayly; "I don't think it is in me to be a despairing swain."

"If you did despair I should say you were blind and void of all taste," she answered, hurriedly, as the others looked back at them from the already opened door, and they had to hasten their steps to rejoin them.

It was a charming cottage. The "two or three little drawbacks" which Mrs. Lyon had anxiously volunteered to point out were no drawbacks at all in the eyes of the young people. When looked upon in cold blood it must be acknowledged that it was an irregular and defective abode; for the drawing and dining rooms had been added to the original structure, and the original structure had the air of disapproving of the additions and of holding itself aloof from them as much as possible. The ceilings had given way in one or two of the rooms, and the kitchen range was a monstrous rusty enigma to Mrs. Lyon; but despite these trifles the cottage was charming, for it was prettily papered, and it had French windows, and its walls were festooned by roses, and its garden sloped away in privacy to the woods.

"It's a perfect little paradise," Beatrix said, aloud; and she thought how sweet it would be to share such a paradise with Frank Bathurst.

"It is just the house for a pair of artistic-minded young married people," Frank himself said, gravely.

"Well, Mrs. Lyon, what is your verdict?" Edgar Talbot asked.

"I only wish it was going to be my home," that lady answered, with the bright admiration that came from her feeling over-confident about it's never being her home.

"Then I may as well tell you at once what I should shortly have been compelled to tell you in any case. I am going to break up my London establishment—why I need hardly tell you—and I should be glad if you will continue to afford my sister the same countenance and protection here which you consented to give her in London. May I hope that it will be so, Mrs. Lyon?"

"Live here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes; live here for a time at least."

"Mamma, you can have no better plan to propose," Blanche said, reproachfully; and then Mrs. Lyon shook her head dolorously, and said, "Oh no; of course not!" adding, suddenly:

"Would it not be far better to go into nice, quiet, convenient lodgings in London, where every comfort would be supplied to us, than to live here? Consider the butcher."

"I really must confess to considering my own and my sister's convenience before the butcher," Edgar said, laughing.

"I mean, think of the distance we are from him; not but what I shall be very happy to stay here, if you all wish me to do it; but how are we to manage? there is no furniture!" and Mrs. Lyon, as she spoke, looked from one to the other as if she would ask their pardon for mildly appealing against that want of consideration of them which made them expect her to joyously acquiesce in the prospect of living in an empty house.

"The furniture shall be sent down from Victoria Street if you will agree to live here for at least a year after it is furnished," Mr. Talbot replied.

"Then it will not fit," Mrs. Lyon said, like a woman.

"Never mind its fitting the house," Edgar replied, like a man, "we will settle it when it comes."

"What am I to do about the range?" Mrs. Lyon said, dejectedly. "I am sure I shall be delighted to remain with Miss Talbot here, or any where else, for a year; but I could wish that range altered, or I shall never have a moment's peace; 'Fit for a young married couple with artistic minds!'—well, it may be fit for such; but I know what the cooking will be if that range isn't looked to."

"Let us take the house and ask Trixy to stay with us," Lionel whispered; "and let your mother go back to the delightful London lodgings, where she can be free from the burden of that range." But Miss Lyon turned a deaf ear to this suggestion. She was not made of the materials to marry in haste, with the possibility before her that circumstances might cause the man she married to repent at leisure. Accordingly, she only shook her head in reply to him, and then said:

"The greater good of the greater number is the point to be considered by all of us. Mamma,

this will be the best place for you to live in with Trixy."

"Where shall we all find room?" Mrs. Lyon said, querulously.

"I may not be at home for long," Blanche replied.

"I will have no more governessing," Mrs. Lyon said, emphatically. "You shall not go out in that way again."

Blanche laughed and shook her head.

"I promise you I will not attempt to do it," she said. "I am more ambitious in these days; you shall know in what way if I succeed."

"And you will tell me even if you fail, will you, my own Blanche?" Lionel whispered, as they went out together, and he prepared to put her on her horse. But Blanche in reply to this only bent her brow with that look of sudden steadfastness which had a habit of coming over her face, as she replied:

"I won't promise that, Lionel; failures are not nice things to talk about."

"Why venture any thing on your own account? why not trust yourself wholely and solely to me? there is a great deal wanting in your love while you refuse to do this."

She was stung to quick speech by his supposition. "You know—you must know that I would brave any thing, relinquish any thing, do any thing, for the sake of being your wife," she said; "but I won't consent to fetter you: to impoverish and lessen you in any way would be frightful to me. Lionel, I would rather crush my love than do it. I will crush my love, if it comes to that: do you believe me?"

"No," he said, as he slung himself upon his horse.

"No, Lionel!"

"I do not believe that my own love for you is so weak as to be incapable of overcoming such scruples. Oh, child! you are mine now to have and to hold against the world: even against yourself. Don't let me hear any more about your 'fettering,' or 'impoverishing,' or 'lessening' me. When you are my wife I will teach you that your being that is ample compensation for every thing else."

She began conning the lesson he was willing to teach her, with such a pleased, happy look on her face as she turned it toward him.

"Oh, Lionel! after all my wise, prudent speeches, what will you think of me, when I tell you that I love you desperately, darling, desperately?"

"Think! that I am surer of you than I was before you gave yourself out to speak the truth," he said, fondly; "there must be no going back from this, Blanche; we are bound to play for fortune's favors: to fight the battle of life together."

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

## Book VI.—The Heiress of the Haygarths.

### CHAPTER VI.—*Continued.*

*Nov.* 10. Here I am in London once more, with my Sheldon in ecstatics, and our affairs progressing marvelously well, as he informs me; but with that ponderous slowness peculiar to all mortal affairs in which the authorities of the realm are in any way concerned.

My work is finished. Hawkehurst, the genealogist and antiquarian, sinks into Hawkehurst the private individual. I have no more to do but to mind my own business, and await the fruition of time in the shape of my reward.

Can I accept three thousand pounds for giving my dearest her birth-right? Can I take payment for a service done to her? Surely not: and on the other hand can I continue to woo my sweet one, conscious that she is the rightful claimant to a great estate? Can I take advantage of her ignorance, and may it not be said that I traded on my secret knowledge?

Before leaving Yorkshire I stole one more day from the Sheldon business, in order to loiter just a few hours longer in that northern Arcadia called Newhall Farm. What assurance have I that I shall ever re-enter that pleasant dwelling? What hold have I, a wanderer and a vagabond, on the future which respectable people map out for themselves with such mathematical precision? And even the respectable people are sometimes out in their reckoning. To snatch the joys of to-day must always be the policy of the adventurer. So I took one more happy afternoon at Newhall. Nor was the afternoon entirely wasted, for in the course of my farewell visit I heard more of poor Susan Meynell's history from honest uncle Joseph. He told me the story during an after-dinner walk, in which he took me the round of his pig-sties and cattle-sheds for the last time, as if he would fain have had them leave their impress on my heart.

"You may see plenty of cattle in Yorkshire," he remarked, complacently, "but you won't see many beasts to beat that."

He pointed to a brown and mountainous mass of inert matter, which he gave me to understand was something in the way of cattle.

"Would you like to see him standing?" he asked, giving the mass a prod with the handle of his walking-stick, which to my cockney mind seemed rather cruel, but which, taken from an agricultural point of view, was no doubt the correct thing. "He *can* stand. Coom up, Brownie!"

I humbly entreated that the ill-used mass might be allowed to sprawl in undisturbed misery.

"Thorley!" exclaimed Mr. Mercer, laying his finger significantly against the side of his unpretending nose.

I had not the faintest comprehension of my revered uncle-in-law's meaning; but I said, "Oh, indeed!" with the accents of admiration.

"Thorley's Condiment," said my uncle. "You'll see some fine animals at the Cattle-show; but if you see a two-year-old heifer to beat him, my name is not Joe Mercer."

After this I had to pay my respects to numerous specimens of the bovine race, all more or less prostrate under the burden of superabundant flesh, all seeming to cry aloud for the treatment of some Banting of the agricultural world.

"After we had "done" the cattle-sheds, with heroic resignation on my part, and with enthusiasm on the part of Mr. Mercer, we went a long way to see some rarities in the way of mutton, which commodity was to be found cropping the short grass on a distant upland.

With very little appreciation of the zoological varieties, and with the consciousness that my dear one was sitting in the farm-house parlor wondering at my prolonged absence, this excursion could not be otherwise than a bore to me. But it was a small thing to sacrifice my own pleasure for once in a way, when by so doing I might gratify the kindest of men and of uncles; so I plodded briskly across the fields with the friendly farmer.

I had my reward; for in the course of this walk Mr. Mercer gave me the history of poor Susan Meynell.

"I didn't care to talk about the story the other night before the young lass," he said, gravely; "for her heart's so full of pity and tenderness, pretty dear, that any tale such as that is like to upset her. But the story's known to almost all the folks in these parts; so there's no particular reason against my telling it to you. I've heard my poor mother talk of Susan Meynell many a time. She was a regular beauty, it seems; prettier than her sister Charlotte, and she was a pretty woman, as you may guess by looking at *our* Charlotte, who is thought the image of her grandmother. But Susan was one of those beauties that you don't see very often—more like a picture than flesh and blood. The gentry used to turn round to look at her at Barngrave Church, I've heard my mother say. She was a rare one for dress, too; for she had a few hundreds left her by her father and mother, who had both of them been very well-to-do people. The mother was only daughter to William Rand, of Barngrave, a man who farmed above a thousand acres of his own land; and the father kept a carpet warehouse in Aldersgate Street."

This information I received with respectful deference, and a hypocritical assumption of ignorance respecting Miss Meynell's antecedents.

Mr. Mercer paused to take breath, and then continued the story after his own rambling fashion.

"Well, my lad, what with her fine dress, and what with her pretty looks, Susan Meynell seems to have thought a little too much of herself; so that when Montagu Kingdon, of Kingdon Place, younger brother to Lord Durnsville, fell in love with her, and courted her—not exactly openly, but with the knowledge of her sister, Mrs. Halliday—she thought it no more than natural that he should intend to make her his wife. Mr. Kingdon was ten years older than Susan, and had served under the Marquis of Wellesley in Spain, and had not borne too good a character abroad. He had been in a hard-drinking cavalry regiment, and had spent all his money, and sold out directly the war was over. There was very little of all this known down hereabouts, where Mr. Kingdon stood very high, on account of his being Lord Durnsville's brother. But it was known that he was poor, and that the Durnsville estates were heavily encumbered into the bargain."

"Then this gentleman would have been no grand match for Miss Meynell, if—"

"If he had married her? No, my lad; and it might have been the knowledge of his poverty that made Susan and her sister think less of the difference between his station and the girl's. The two women favored him, any how; and they kept the secret from James Halliday, who was a regular upstraight-and-downright kind of fellow, as proud as any lord in his own way. The secret was kept safe enough for some time, and Mr. Kingdon was always dropping in at Newhall when Jim was out of the way; but folks in these parts are very inquisitive, and, lonesome as our place is, there are plenty of people go by between Monday and Saturday; so by-and-by it got to be noticed that there was very often a gentleman's horse standing at Newhall gate, with the bridle tied to one of the gate-posts; and those that knew any thing knew that the horse belonged to Montagu Kingdon. A friend of Jim Halliday's told him as much one day, and warned him that Mr. Kingdon was a scamp, and was said to have a Spanish wife somewhere beyond seas. This was quite enough for James Halliday, who flew into a roaring rage at the notion of any man, most of all Lord Durnsville's brother, going to his house and courting his sister-in-law in secret. It was at Barngrave he was told this, one market-day, as he was lounging with his friends in the old yard of the Black Bull inn, where the corn exchange used to be held in those days. He called for his horse the next minute, and left the town at a gallop. When he came to Newhall he found Montagu Kingdon's chestnut mare tied to the gate-post, and he found Mr. Kingdon himself dawdling about the garden with Miss Meynell."

"And then I suppose there was a scene?" I suggested, with unfeigned interest in this domestic story.

"Well, I believe there was, my boy. I've heard all about it from my poor Molly, who had the story from her mother. James Halliday didn't mince matters; he gave Mr. Kingdon a bit of his mind, in his own rough, outspoken way, and told him it would be worse for him if he ever crossed the threshold of Newhall gate again. 'If you meant well by that foolish girl you wouldn't come sneaking here behind my back,' he said; 'but you don't mean well by her, and you've a Spanish wife hidden away somewhere in the Peninsula.' Mr. Kingdon gave the lie to this; but he said he shouldn't stoop to justify himself to an unmannerly yeoman. 'If you were a gentleman,' he said, 'you should pay dearly for your insolence.' 'I'm ready to pay any price you like,' answered James Halliday, as bold as brass; 'but as you weren't over-fond of fighting abroad, where there was plenty to be got for it, I don't suppose you want to fight at home, where there's nothing to be got for it.'"

"And did Susan Meynell hear this?" I asked. I could fancy this ill-fated girl standing by and looking on aghast while hard things were said to the man she loved, while the silver veil of sweet romance was plucked so roughly from the countenance of her idol by an angry rustic's rude hand.

"Well, I don't quite know whether she heard all," answered Mr. Mercer, thoughtfully. "Of course James Halliday told his wife all about the row afterward. He was very kind to his sister-in-law, in spite of her having deceived him; and he talked to her very seriously, telling her all he had heard in Barngrave against Montagu Kingdon. She listened to him quietly enough; but it was quite clear that she didn't believe a word he said. 'I know you have heard all that, James,' she said, 'but the people who said it knew they were not telling the truth. Lord Durnsville and his brother are not popular in the country, and there are no falsehoods too cruel for the malice of his enemies.' She answered him with some such fine speech as that, and when the next morning came she was gone."

"She eloped with Mr. Kingdon."

"Yes. She left a letter for her sister, full of romantic stuff about loving him all the better because people spoke ill of him; regular woman's talk, you know, bless their poor, silly hearts!" murmured Mr. Mercer, with tender compassion. "She was going to London to be married to Mr. Kingdon," she wrote. "They were to be married at the old church in the city where she had been christened, and she was going to stay with an old friend—a young woman who had once been her brother's sweet-heart, and who was married to a butcher in Newgate market—till the bans were given out, or the license bought. The butcher's wife had a country-house out at Edmonton, and it was there Susan was going to stay."

"All that seemed straightforward enough," said I.

"Yes," replied uncle Joe; "but if Mr. Kingdon had meant fairly by Susan Meynell, it would have been as easy for him to marry her at Barngrave as in London. He was as poor as a church-mouse; but he was his own master, and there was no one to prevent him doing just what he pleased. This is about what James Halliday thought, I suppose; for he tore off to London, as fast as post-horses could carry him, in pursuit of his wife's sister and Mr. Kingdon. But, though he made inquiries all along the road, he could not hear that they had passed before him, and for the best of all reasons. He went to the butcher's house at Edmonton; but there he found no trace of Susan Meynell, except a letter, and posted in Yorkshire on the day of the row between James and Mr. Kingdon, telling her intention of visiting her old friend within the next few days, and hinting at an approaching marriage. There was the letter announcing the visit, but the visitor had not come."

"But the existence of that letter bears witness that Miss Meynell believed in the honesty of her lover's intentions."

"To be sure it does, poor lass," answered Mr. Mercer, pensively. "She believed in the word of a scoundrel, and she was made to pay dearly for her simplicity. James Halliday did all he could to find her. He searched London through, as far as any man can search such a place as London; but it was no use—and for a very good reason, as I said before. The end of it was that he was obliged to go back to Newhall no wiser than when he started."

"And was nothing further ever discovered?" I asked, eagerly, for I felt that this was just one of those family complications from which all manner of legal difficulties might arise.

"Don't be in a hurry, my lad," answered uncle Joe; "wickedness is sure to come to light sooner or later. Three years after this poor young woman ran away there was a drunken groom dismissed from Lord Durnsville's stable; and what must he needs do but come straight off to my brother to vent his spite against his master, and perhaps to curry favor at Newhall. 'You shouldn't have gone to London to look for the young lady, Muster Halliday,' he said; 'you should have gone the other way. I know a young man as drove Mr. Kingdon and your wife's sister across country to Hull with two of my lord's own horses, stopping to bait on the way. They went aboard ship at Hull, Mr. Kingdon and the young lady—a ship that was bound for foreign parts.' This is what the groom said; but it was little good knowing it now. There'd been advertisements in the papers, beseeching her to come back, and every thing had been done that could be done, and all to no end. A few years after this back comes Mr. Kingdon as large as life, married to some dark-faced, frizzy-haired lady, whose father owned half the Indies, according to people's talk—but he fought very shy of James Hallid[illegible] but when they did meet one day at the c[illegible]t side Jim rode up to the honorable gentleman and asked him what he had done with Susan Meynell. Those that saw the meeting said that Montagu Kingdon turned as white as a ghost when he saw Jim Halliday riding up to him on his big, raw-boned horse; but nothing came of the quarrel. Mr. Kingdon did not live many years to enjoy the money his frizzy-haired West Indian lady left him. He died before his brother, Lord Durnsville, and left neither chick nor child to inherit his money, nor yet the Durnsville title, which was extinct on the death of the viscount."

"And what of the poor girl?"

"Ay, poor lass, what of her? It was fifteen years after she left her home before her sister got so much as a line to say she was in the land of the living. When a letter did come at last it was a very melancholy one. The poor creature wrote to her sister to say she was in London, alone and penniless, and, as she thought, dying."

"And the sister went to her?"

I remembered that deprecating sentence in the family Bible, written in a woman's hand.

"That she did, good honest soul, as fast as she could travel, carrying a full purse along with her. She found poor Susan at an inn near Aldersgate Street—the old quarter, you see, that she'd known in her young days. Mrs. Halliday meant to have brought the poor soul back to Yorkshire, and had settled it all with Jim; but it was too late for any thing of that kind. She found Susan dying, wandering in her mind off and on, but just able to recognize her sister and to ask forgiveness for having trusted to Montagu Kingdon instead of taking counsel from those that wished her well."

"Was that all?" I asked presently.

Mr. Mercer made long pauses in the course of his narrative, during which we walked briskly on; he pondering on those past events, I languishing for further information.

"Well, lad, that was about all. Where Susan had been in all those years, or what she had been doing, was more than Mrs. Halliday could find out. Of late she had been living somewhere abroad. The clothes she had last worn were of foreign make, very poor and threadbare; and there was one little box in her room at the inn that had been made at Rouen, for the name of a Rouen trunkmaker was on the inside of the lid. There were no letters or papers of any kind in the box; so you see there was no way of finding out what the poor creature's life had been. All her sister could do was to stay with her and comfort her to the last, and to see that she was quietly laid to rest in a decent grave. She was buried in a quiet little city church-yard, somewhere where there are green trees among the smoke of the chimney-pots. Montagu Kingdon had been dead some years when that happened."

"Is that last letter still in existence?" I asked.

"Yes; my first wife kept it with the rest of her family letters and papers. Dorothy takes care of them now. We country folks set store by those sort of things, you know."

I would fain have asked Mr. Mercer to let me see this last letter written by Susan Meynell; but what excuse could I devise for so doing? I was completely fettered by my promise to George Sheldon, and could offer no reasonable pretense for my curiosity.

There was one point which I was bound to push home in the interests of my Sheldon, or, shall I not rather say, my Charlotte? That all-important point was the question of marriage or no marriage.

"You feel quite clear as to the fact that Montagu Kingdon never did marry this young woman?" I said.

"Well, yes," replied uncle Joe; "that was proved beyond doubt, I'm sorry to say. Mr. Kingdon never could have dared to come back here with his West-Indian wife in poor Charlotte Meynell's lifetime if he had really married her."

"And how about the lady he was said to have married in Spain?"

"I can't say any thing about that. It may have been only a scandal, or, if there was a marriage, it may have been illegal. The Kingdons were Protestants, and the Spaniards are all papists, I suppose. A marriage between a Protestant and a Roman Catholic wouldn't be binding."

"Not upon such a man as this Kingdon."

It seems more than probable that the opinion arrived at by this poor soul's friends must be correct, and that Montagu Kingdon was a scoundrel. But how about Susan Meynell's after-life?—the fifteen years in which she was lost sight of. May she not have married some one else than Mr. Kingdon? and may she not have left heirs who will arise in the future to dispute my darling's claim?

Is it a good thing to have a great inheritance? The day has been when such a question as that could not by any possibility have shaped itself in my mind. Ah! what is this subtle power called love, which worketh such wondrous changes in the human heart? Surely the miracle of the cleansed leper is in some manner typical of this transformation. The emanation of divine purity encircled the leper with its supernal warmth, and the scales fall away beneath that mysterious influence. And so from the pure heart of a woman issues a celestial fire which burns the plague-spot out of the sinner's breast. Ah, how I languish to be at my darling's feet, thanking her for the cure she has wrought!

I have given my Sheldon the story of Susan Meynell's life, as I had it from uncle Joseph. He agrees with me as to the importance of Susan's last letter; but even that astute creature does not see a way to getting the document in his hands without letting Mr. Mercer more or less into our secret.

"I might tell this man, Mercer, some story about a little bit of money coming to his niece, and get at Susan Meynell's letter that way," he said; "but whatever I told him would be sure to get round to Philip somehow or other, and I don't want to put him on the scent."

My Sheldon's legal mind more than ever inclines to caution now that he knows the heiress of the Haygarths is so nearly allied to his brother Philip.

"I'll tell you what it is, Hawkehurst," he said

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to me, after we had discussed the business in all its bearings, "there are not many people I'm afraid of, but I don't mind owning to you that I am afraid of my brother Phil. He has always walked over my head; partly because he can wear his shirt-front all through business hours without creasing it, which I can't, and partly because he's—well—more unscrupulous than I am."

He paused meditatively, and I too was meditative; for I could not choose but wonder what it was to be more unscrupulous than George Sheldon.

"If he were to get an inkling of this affair," my patron resumed presently, "he'd take it out of our hands before you could say Jack Robinson—supposing any body ever wanted to say Jack Robinson, which they don't—and he'd drive a bargain with us instead of our driving a bargain with him."

My friend of Gray's Inn has a pleasant way of implying that our interests are coequal in this affair. I caught him watching me curiously once or twice during our last interview, when Charlotte's name was mentioned. Does he suspect the truth, I wonder?

*Nov.* 12. I had another interview with my patron yesterday, and rather a curious interview, though not altogether unsatisfactory. George Sheldon has been making good use of his time since my return from Yorkshire.

"I don't think we need have any fear of opposition from children or grandchildren of Susan Meynell," he said; "I have found the registry of her interment in the church-yard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. She is described in that registry by her maiden name, and there is a plain head-stone in a corner of the ground, inscribed with the name of Susan Meynell, who died July 14, 1835, much lamented; and then the text about 'the one sinner that repenteth,' and so on," said Mr. Sheldon, as if he did not care to dwell on so hackneyed a truism.

"But," I began, "she might have been married, in spite of—"

"Yes, she might," replied my Sheldon, captiously; "but then, you see, the probability is that she wasn't. If she had been married she would have told her sister as much in that last letter, or she would have said as much when they met."

"But she was delirious?"

"Not all the time. She was sensible enough to talk about her sorrow for the past, and so on; and she must have been sensible enough to have spoken of her children, if she had ever had any. Besides, if she had been married, she would scarcely have been wandering about the world in that miserable manner, unless her husband was an uncommonly bad lot. No, Hawkehurst, depend upon it we've nothing to fear in that quarter. The person we have to fear is that precious brother of mine."

"You talked the other day about driving a bargain with him," I said; "I didn't quite understand your meaning. The fortune can only be claimed by Char—Miss Halliday, and your brother has no legal authority to dispose of her money."

"Of course not," answered my employer, with contemptuous impatience of my dullness; "but my brother Phil is not the man to wait for legal power. His ideas will be Miss Halliday's ideas in this business. When my case is ripe for action I shall make my bargain—half the fortune to be mine from the day of its recovery. A deed containing these conditions must be executed by Charlotte Halliday before I hand over a single document relating to the case. Now, as matters stand at present," he went on, looking very fixedly at me, "her execution of that deed would rest with Philip."

"And when shall you make your overtures to Mr. Sheldon?" I asked, at a loss to understand that intent look.

"Not until the last links of the chain are put together. Not before I'm ready to make my first move on the Chancellor's chess-board. Perhaps not at all."

"How do you mean?"

"If I can tide over a little time I may throw Philip overboard altogether, and get some one else to manage Miss Halliday for me."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, Hawkehurst," answered my patron, resting his elbows on the table by which we were sitting, and looking me through with those penetrating black eyes of his. "My brother Phil played me a shabby trick a few years ago, which I have not forgotten or forgiven. So I shouldn't mind paying him out in some of his own coin. Beyond which, I tell you again, I don't like the idea of his having a finger in this business. Where that kind of man's finger can go his whole hand will follow; and if once that hand fastens on John Haygarth's money it'll be bad times for you and me. Miss Halliday counts for exactly nothing in my way of reckoning. If her step-father told her to sign away half a million, she'd scribble her name at the bottom of the paper, and press her pretty little thumb upon the wafer, without asking a single question as to the significance of the document. And, of course, she'd be still less inclined to make objections if it was her husband who asked her to execute the deed. Ah! my young friend, how is it you grow first red and then white when I mention Miss Halliday's husband?"

I have no doubt that I did indeed blanch when that portentous word was uttered in conjunction with my darling's name. Mr. Sheldon leaned a little further across the table, and his hard black eyes penetrated a little deeper into the recesses of my foolish heart.

"Valentine Hawkehurst," he said, "shall we throw my brother Phil overboard altogether? Shall you and I go shares in this fortune?"

"Upon my word and honor, I don't understand you," I said, in all sincerity.

"You mean that you won't understand me," answered George Sheldon, impatiently; "but I'll make myself pretty clear presently; and as your own interest is at stake, you'll be very unlike the rest of your species if you don't find it easy enough to understand me. When first I let you in for the chance of a prize out of this business, neither you nor I had the slightest idea that circumstances would throw the rightful claimant to the Haygarth estate so completely into our way. I had failed so many times with other cases before I took up this case, that it's a wonder I had the courage to work on. But, somehow or other, I had a notion that this particular business would turn up trumps. The way seemed a little clearer than it usually is; but not clear enough to tempt Tom, Dick, and Harry. And then, again, I had learned a good many secrets from the experience of my failures. I was well up to my work. I might have carried it on, and I ought to have carried it on, without help; but I was getting worn out and lazy, so I let you into my secret, having taken it into my head that I could venture to trust you."

"You didn't trust me further than you could help, my friend," I replied, with my usual candor. "You never told me the amount left by the reverend intestate; but I heard that down at Ullerton. A half share in a hundred thousand pounds is worth trying for, Mr. Sheldon."

"They call it a hundred thousand down there, do they?" asked the lawyer, with charming innocence. "Those country people always deal in high figures. However, I don't mind owning that the sum is a handsome one, and if you and I play our cards wisely we may push Philip out of the game altogether, and share the plunder between us."

Again I was obliged to confess myself unable to grasp my employer's meaning.

"Marry Charlotte Halliday out of hand," he said, bringing his eyes and his elbows still nearer to me, until his bushy black whiskers almost touched my face. "Marry her before Philip gets an inkling of this affair, and then, instead of being made a tool of by him, she'll be safe in your hands, and the money will be in your hands into the bargain. Why, how you stare, man! Do you think I haven't seen how the land lies between you two? Haven't I dined at Bayswater when you've been there? and could any man with his wits about him see you two sentimental young simpletons together *without* seeing how things were going on? You are in love with Charlotte, and Charlotte is in love with you. What more natural than that you two should make a match of it? Charlotte is her own mistress, and hasn't sixpence in the world that any one but you and I know of; for, of course, my brother Phil will continue to stick to every penny of poor old Tom's money. All you have to do is to follow up the young lady; it's the course that would suggest itself to any man in the same case, even if Miss Halliday were the ugliest old harridan in Christendom, instead of being a very jolly kind of girl, as girls go."

My employer said this with the tone of a man who had never considered the genus girl a very interesting part of creation. I suppose I looked at him rather indignantly; for he laughed as he resumed:

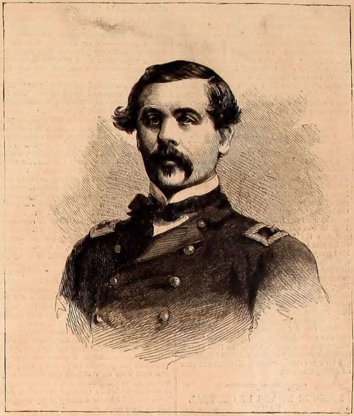
"I'll say she's an angel, if you like," he said: "and if you think her one, so much the better. You may consider it a very lucky thing that you came in my way, and a still more lucky thing that Miss Halliday has been silly enough to fall in love with you. I've heard of men being born with silver spoons in their mouths; but I should think you must have come into the world with a whole service of plate. However, that is neither here nor there. Your policy will be to follow up your advantages; and if you can persuade the young lady to change her name for Hawkehurst on the quiet some fine morning, without stopping to ask permission of her step-father, or any one else, so much the better for you, and so much the more agreeable to me. I'd rather do business with you than with my brother Phil: and I sha'n't be sorry to cry quits with that gentleman for the shabby trick he played me a few years ago."

My Sheldon's brow darkened as he said this, and the moody fit returned. That old grudge which my patron entertains against his brother must have relation to some very disagreeable business, if I may judge by George Sheldon's manner.

Here was a position for me, Valentine Hawkehurst, soldier of fortune, cosmopolitan adventurer, and child of the nomadic tribes who call Bohemia their mother country! Already blessed with the sanction of my dear love's simple Yorkshire kindred, I was now assured of George Sheldon's favor; nay, urged onward in my paradisaic path by that unsentimental mentor. The

"SUMMER TIME."—[See Poem, Page 478.]

THE LATE JOHN ALSOP KING.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. A. LEWIS, 158 CHATHAM STREET.]



THE LATE GENERAL THOMAS F MEAGHER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 478.]

situation was almost too much for my bewildered brain. Charlotte an heiress, and George Sheldon eager to bring about my participation in the Haygarthian thousands!

And now I sit in my little room in Omega Street, pondering upon the past, and trying to face the perplexities of the future.

Is this to be? Am I, so hopeless an outsider in the race of life, to come in with a rush and win the prize which Fortune's first favorite might envy? Can I hope or believe it? Can the Fates have been playing a pleasant practical joke with me all this time, like those fairies who decree that the young prince shall pass his childhood and youth in the guise of a wild boar, only to be transformed into an Adonis at last by the hand of the woman who is disinterested enough to love him, despite his formidable tusks and ungainly figure?

No! a thousand times no! The woman I love, and the fortune I have so often desired, are not for me. Every man has his own especial Fates; and the three sisters who take care of me are grim, hard-visaged, harder-hearted spinsters, not to be mollified by propitiation, or by the smooth tongue of the flatterer. The cup is very sweet, and it seems almost within my grasp; but between that chalice of delight and the lips that thirst for it, ah, what a gulf!

They who leaped from Leucadia's rocky steep were cured of their fatal passion, if they were not drowned; and I may win my Charlotte and a slice of John Haygarth's fortune, if I can jockey the three implacable spinsters.

*Nov.* 13. The above was written late at night, and under the influence of my black dog. What an ill-conditioned cur he is, and how he mouths and mangles the roses that bestrew his pathway, always bent upon finding the worm at the core!

I kicked the brute out of doors this morning, on finding a letter from my dear one lying in my plate. "Avaunt, aroint thee, foul fiend!" I cried. "Thou art the veritable poodle in whose skin Mephistopheles hides when bent on direst mischief. I will set the sign of the cross upon my threshold, and thou shalt enter no more."

This is what I said to myself as I tore open my darling's envelope, with its pretty little motto stamped on cream-colored sealing-wax, "*Pensez à moi.*" Ah, love; "while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe." I saw the eyes of my friend Horatio fixed upon me as I opened my letter, and knew that my innermost sentiments were under inspection. Prudence demands all possible caution where the noble Captain is concerned. I can not bring myself to put implicit faith in his account of his business at Ullerton. He may have been there, as he says, on some promoting spec; but our meeting in that town was, to say the least, a strange coincidence, and I am not a believer in coincidences—off the stage, where a gentleman invariably makes his appearance directly his friends or his enemies begin to talk about him.

I can not forget my conviction that Jonah Goodge was bought over by a rival investigator, and that Rebecca Haygarth's letters were tampered with: nor can I refrain from connecting that shapely but well-worn lavender glove with the person of my dandy friend, Horatio Paget. The disappearance of a letter from the packet intrusted to me by Miss Judson is another mysterious circumstance; nor can I do away with the impression that I heard the name Meynell distinctly pronounced by Philip Sheldon the last time I was at the villa.

George Sheldon tells me the secret can not by any possibility have been betrayed, unless betrayed by me; and I have been prudence itself.

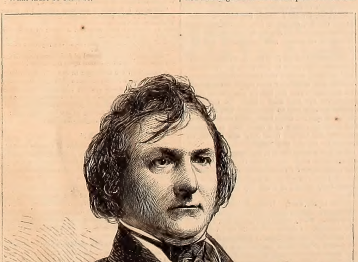
Supposing my suspicions of Mr. Goodge to be correct, the letters extracted from Mrs. Rebecca's correspondence might tell much, and might even put Horatio on the track of the Meynells. But how should he get his first inkling of the business?

Certainly not from me or from George Sheldon. But might not his attention have been attracted by that advertisement for heirs-at-law to the Haygarthian estate which appeared in the *Times*?

These are questions with which the legal intellect of my Sheldon may best grapple. For myself, I can only drift with the resistless stream called life; and my motto shall be Shakspearian—"What must be shall be."

I was so unfortunate as to make my appearance in our common sitting-room five minutes after my patron. There had been time enough for him to examine the superscription and postmark of my letter. He was whistling when I went into the room, and I drew my own deduction from the fact. People who have been looking at things that don't belong to them always whistle.

I did not care to read my Charlotte's first letter with those hawk's eyes fixed upon me. So I just glanced at the dear handwriting, as if running over an ordinary letter with the eye of indifference, and then put the document into my pocket with the best assumption of carelessness I was capable of. How I longed for the end of that tedious meal, over which Captain Paget trifled and lingered in his usual epicurean fashion!



DR. JOHN MURRAY CARNOCHAN, THE DISTINGUISHED SURGEON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

My friend Horatio has shown himself not a little curious about my late absence from the joint domicile. I again resorted to the Dorking fiction—my aged aunt breaking fast, and requiring much propitiation from a dutiful nephew with an eye to her testamentary arrangements. I had been compelled to endow my shadowy relative with a comfortable little bit of money, in order to account for my devotion; since the powerful mind of my Horatio would have refused to grasp the idea of disinterested affection for an ancient kinswoman.

There was an ominous twinkle in the Captain's sharp gray eyes when I gave this account of my absence, and I sorely doubt his acceptance of this second volume of the Dorking romance. Ah, what a life it is we lead in the tents of Ishmael, the castaway! through what tortuous pathways wander the nomad tribes who call Hagar the abandoned their mother! what lies, what evasions, what prevarications! Horatio Paget and I watch each other like two cunning fencers, with a stereotyped smile upon our lips and an eager restlessness in our eyes, and who shall say that one or other of our rapiers is not poisoned, as in the famous duel before Claudius, usurper of Denmark?

My dear one's letter is all sweetness and love, in a general way. She is coming home; and, much as she prefers Yorkshire to Bayswater, she is pleased to come back to town for my sake—for my sake. She leaves the pure atmosphere of that simple country home to become the central point in a net-work of intrigue; and I am bound to keep the secret so closely interwoven with her fate. I love her more truly, more purely than I thought myself capable of loving; yet I can only approach her as the tool of George Sheldon, a rapacious conspirator, bent on securing the hoarded thousands of old John Haygarth.

Of all men upon this earth I should be the last to underrate the advantages of wealth—I, who have been reared in the gutter, which is Poverty's cradle. Yet I would fain my darling's fortune had come to her in any other fashion than as the result of my work in the character of a salaried private inquirer.

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## EX-GOVERNOR JOHN A. KING.

ON July 4 last Ex-Governor JOHN A. KING delivered an impromptu speech at a celebration of the national holiday at Jamaica, Long Island. A literary society of the town, composed chiefly of young men, were prominent in conducting the ceremonies of the celebration, and to the youthful members of this he more particularly addressed himself, urging upon them the great responsibility of fitting themselves for the duty of conducting the Government in the future. "Life," he said, "is all before *you;* but old men like me are passing away." As he uttered these words he was prostrated by a stroke of paralysis; and, being removed, lingered a few days, and finally "passed away" on July 7.

Governor KING was the son of Hon. RUFUS KING, and was born in New York City in 1788. During his youth he accompanied his father—who was Minister to the Court of St. James—to England. While in England he attended school at Harrow, and his schoolmates were his broth[illegible] CHARLES, Lord BYRON, Sir ROBERT PEEL, [illegible] others who became men of eminence. In 1[illegible] having been mustered into the service of the United States, he served as Lieutenant of a troop of horse, and continued in the service until the close

of the war. He represented Queens County six times in the Assembly. In 1825 he was Secretary of Legation to Great Britain under his father. He was a leading member of Congress when the Fugitive Slave bill was passed, which he firmly opposed. In 1856 he was elected Governor of New York, and entered upon the discharge of his duties January 1, 1857. At the end of his term he returned to his home in the village of Jamaica, and there dwelt until his death. His occupation was that of a farmer, and he devoted much of his leisure time to the study of agriculture as a science.

## THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

GENERAL THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Secretary and Acting Governor of Montana Territory, fell from the deck of the steamer *Thompson*, at Fort Benton, on the evening of the 1st inst., and was drowned. He was born at Waterford, Ireland, on the 3d of August, 1823. At the early age of twenty-three he was regarded as one of the leaders of the "Young Ireland" party which seceded from the followers of O'CONNELL. In 1848 he was one of the delegates sent to congratulate the French Republic. He took an active part in the movements of the Young Ireland party in 1848, was arrested, and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to banishment for life to Van Diemen's Land, from which he escaped, and landed in New York in May, 1852. He was received by his countrymen with great enthusiasm. In 1861 he raised a company and joined the Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, under General CORCORAN. He acted as Major at Bull Run, and after the return of the regiment he raised a brigade and was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, February 3, 1862. In 1865 he was appointed Secretary of the Territory of Montana, and for some time previous to his death had been its Acting Governor.

## FEEDING SWANS IN CENTRAL PARK.

AMONG the amusements of the numerous visitors to Central Park that of feeding the Swans in the Lake appears to be the most enticing; and if the birds were not wiser than the most of mankind, and knew when to stop eating, they would suffer dreadfully from indigestion; for on bright, pleasant days the children and ladies are constantly engaged in the pleasant task illustrated by our artist on page 472.

## SUMMER TIME.

[*See Illustration on page 476.*]

SWEET it was in that summer time
By the winding river's bank to stray;
Sweet, where the trees in their leafy prime
Checkered with shade our wandering way:
Golden the light of the sun's last rays;
Perfumed the breath of the summer air;
Sweet, on a downcast face to gaze—
Sweet it was, and my love was fair!

Our boat lay moored on the river nigh:
The sun had sunk, and the day was gone;
The moon's faint crescent had climbed the sky;
The stars came out—yet we wandered on.
The lightest zephyr was hushed to sleep;
There was peace and calm above, below;
Our whispers scarce broke that silence deep,
As we walked by the river's noiseless flow.

I plucked for my love a stray wild-flower;
The nightingale sang its strain divine:
I gave her my heart that evening hour;
I asked my darling—and she was mine!
Once more we had reached our little boat;
Once more, borne on by the tranquil tide,
We heard the nightingale's love-lorn note;
And she was near me—my love, my bride!

The summer hours may perish and go,
Their memories sweet will haunt me yet;
As long as the river shall onward flow,
Those evening hours I shall ne'er forget—
Those evening hours, that summer walk
By the river's bank, 'neath the fragrant limes;
Those whispers of love, that long, low talk,
In that sweetest of all sweet summer times!

## WARNED IN A DREAM.

I DO not believe much in signs and wonders myself, but my brother Bill does. He looks awed, and thinks "disembodied spirits influence us more than we know." Then he grows mysterious, and says, "The working of mind upon mind is a subject we understand very little about."

"Like *enough*. But the speculative William takes after the Ashbury side of our house, which is poetical, metaphysical, and full of adventures; while I am Boggs all over from the bump of firmness to the tips of my toes, and nothing ever happens to the Boggses but breakfast, dinner, supper, and bedtime. They never "see" any thing but their daily work. They might go from Texas to Walrussia without any thing to tell of; and though you would be likely to get what you came for if you went to them after a loaf of bread, yet it would be just plain bread raised with plain hop yeast and no flavor of manna or ambrosia about it.

So to me nothing ever happens but the commonest sort of things that can all be accounted for in the commonest sort of ways. And while brother Bill is coming in contact with natures whose magnetism is repellent to his, *I* only meet disagreeable people whose ways simply annoy me. In a crowd he fancies that the mingling of so many diverse spheres disturbs the spiritual harmony, while I am only conscious of being bored and tired by so much confusion and noise. Just the same in illness: the magnetic influence of some are bad for him, and he can not have them in the room; while of others it is good, and he can not get well without them (he makes me think of Silverhair trying the broth at the Bear's house—*all* or *none*). Whereas the Boggs's blood only perceives that some have restful ways which quiet one like black-drops, while others make one *mad* with the very hang of their clothes.

Therefore it seemed quite odd for *me* to fall to dreaming dreams and seeing sights. The first time I gave it no especial thought, although the dream was particularly vivid.

I was on a stranded ship just ready to go in pieces in an increasing gale. The life-boats, filled with men and women, were struggling to reach the shore through the surf, when one of them was capsized. By the moonlight, shining full and clear upon it, I saw the face of a young girl turned toward me for an instant. The face, the arms reaching out as for help, and the heavy, curling hair floating backward, make still so clear a picture in my mind that if the Boggses were artists I could paint it to-day. I could not withstand that mute call for help, and jumping into the water, after a horrible sense of suffocation and struggle, succeeded in grasping the sinking form of a girl as she was going down for the last time, and bringing her safe to shore. Then I awoke, and found myself holding on to my pillow with all my might.

This dream haunted me for several days, and when I had almost forgotten it I had another dream wherein I saved the same young lady from being bitten by a mad dog. Again I saw her with her arms thrown out and her hair blown backward; and again I had only this passing picture; waking the instant I shot the dog.

But when the third dream came I said, "Now I will take it for a sign." In this dream I saw her with the sunlight on her face and her curls flying, riding a frightened horse. I sprang forward as he was about plunging down a precipice, and pulled him back with such sudden and furious force that he fell to the ground, and I awoke tugging at brother Bill's arm with the strength of two. Then the girl became a reality in my thoughts, and I named her Rose.

A few months after the last dream I went out West on a collecting trip, and stopped one night at a hotel in a town pretty well on toward the Pacific Ocean. I went early to my room, and happening to look back with my hand on the door, I saw a young lady going into the room next mine. She was holding one hand for her bag and the other for a candle, which a servant carried, and which threw its light full upon her face. At the same instant she made some little motion of the head which threw back her long curls. I had only an instant vision, but I should have known the pale sweet face any where in the world; for there she was, the "Rose" of my threefold dream. Yes, really *Rose*, for I went immediately down to the office, and looking on the register, saw just under mine the name of Rose Ballad.

I went to bed wondering how I could manage to make her acquaintance; and as I had to leave on an early train the undertaking seemed difficult enough to be interesting.

However, I went to sleep, but being a prosaic Boggs, did not dream of her, and before morning was wakened by the cry of fire, and the consciousness of smoke and suffocation and dire confusion.

The house was on fire, and there was nobody who knew what to do or how to do it. So somebody carefully carried out feather-beds and pans of milk, and somebody else threw out crockery and mirrors, while the family and guests saved themselves the best they could. To make the matter worse it was an incendiary fire, and both churches, and the other hotel, with several stores and dwellings, were in a blaze also in different parts of the village, with only one engine for them all. So you may judge!

But it is a good thing in the Boggses that they always have their wits about them; so after I had saved myself I remembered my next neighbor, and the few drops of Ashbury blood in my Boggs body stirred as I saw my dreams coming true.

I ran to the door. It was locked, of course. Young girls always sleep with their doors locked, I suppose. So I rattled and called and knocked and *pounded*. I shouted "Fire!" till I was frantic, and then called "Rose!" thinking the familiar sound of her name might rouse the sleeper. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. Very likely she had fainted from fright or suffocation, for certainly even "the enchanted princess" could not have slept through such a din. The flames and smoke were pressing closer and fiercer.

"Come ahead, man! It is your last chance, the stairs are on fire!" some one shouted from below.

"Come ahead" and leave Rose! I only battered the harder on the shut door; though the heat was so great I could hardly breathe, and at last I burst through. The room was full of smoke, but I made my way to the bed. It was empty; then, lying on the floor, I groped over every foot of the room and found nobody, not even a little glass slipper.

No. It seemed that the young lady, the "Rose of all the world," left town by the midnight boat, and was miles down the river when the fire broke out.

It makes no difference how I escaped from the blazing house. I *escaped*, and here I am with my head as smooth as the back of your hand, my left hand strapped to a board in a bed of poultices, one broken leg, blisters all over my face and no rescued Rose sitting by to bring my drinks and act as my amanuensis, the latter duty being sullenly performed by the indignant Bill, who half imagines, not to say suspects, that I am ridiculing his metaphysics and spiritualism.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN the hot and languid days of sultry summer the universal feeling is a longing for light employment (if any), "short hours," rest, and sleep. Occasionally we meet with some bright, brisk, tropical mortal, who is all the more active and chipper because it *is* broiling weather; but these are exceptional cases. As a general rule people desire to make no more exertion during July and August than is necessary. The feeling is physiological, and should be reasonably indulged. Those who have it in their power to regulate their work, especially those who are pressed with business most of the year, should content themselves with light avocations during the "heated term," take extra sleep, and recreate a little. We say "*content*" themselves; for Americans are a fast people, and there is many a man who runs his engine on the high-pressure system all the year round, and until the boiler bursts. There are truly many lazy folks in the world; but there is also a large class of hard workers, especially among those engaged in exhaustive brain labor, who need to be *coaxed* to take necessary rest and recreation.

A change is usually rest; if this can not be complete let it be partial. If you can not run away from your work altogether, and revel in country life and unaccustomed scenes, you may, at least, devote a certain portion of each day to recreative rest. Every one must decide for himself in what this must consist—a quiet *siesta*, a short excursion, an evening entertainment, a good novel, a drive, or a ride, a *physiological* dinner, a picture gallery, a concert, a romp with the children, a social chat, or a solitary stroll in the Central Park. Whatever will *thoroughly rest* may, in general, be safely resorted to by those whose minds and bodies have been over-taxed.

Those engaged in literary avocations, and who seek their chief happiness in books, will find it restful to turn the current of their thoughts, for a little while each day, into some channel outside of their ordinary business. Let the lawyer lay aside his musty books, the theologian his commentaries, the physician his medical works, and in the fresh current literature of the day, whether it be of history, poetry, fable, or fiction, awaken a new train of thought, which will force the old ones to sleep a while. Many a man of active mind and high literary ability quiets his weary brain by reading children's story-books, easy novels, or amusing fairy stories.

There is an abundance of reading in the market—fresh books suited to every taste in all the gradations from grave to gay. Favorite authors in the line of fiction have not been idle, nor their publishers either. Dickens's Works, in various elegant editions, are offered to the public, and are as keenly appreciated as ever. Thackeray's writings give pleasant and instructive reading; while Trollope, in his "Last Chronicle of Barset," makes a sort of evening party, to which he invites some favorite characters introduced in previous works, and his admirers will be happy to make one of the company, and become still further acquainted with "Lily Dale" and her friends. Historical novels are not wanting. Not only are American, English, and French authors contributing largely to fictitious literature, but translations from the German, and even from the Russian, are becoming very popular. Anonymous authors, too, are giving us some excellent light reading. For a leisure hour at home, on the steamboat deck, in the railroad car, in the quiet country farm-house, at the fashionable hotel, or wherever you may be, there is an ample variety of reading from which to select, and even the most fastidious can not fail to be suited.

The following resolution, recently adopted by the Worcester Board of Aldermen, should be preserved:

"*Whereas*, Information has been received that the President of the United States will pass through Worcester on the route of his journey from Washington to Boston; and, whereas, a sense of propriety might dictate that some official action be taken in behalf of this city, in recognition of the presence of the chief officer of the nation:

"*Resolved*, That the Board of Aldermen deem it inexpedient to take any action upon the matter."

A teacher of the freedmen in one of the Southern States relates a little incident which carries a great lesson in it. She was one day sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shirk; the other stopped, and looking sharply at the lazy one, said:

"Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?"

"Yes."

"Then take hold and lift!"

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have done a good deed in erecting several public fountains in this city for the comfort of the thirsty. They are very popular, and will have many customers during this hot weather.

The ladies of Utica have complained to the Mayor that their dresses are spotted and besmeared by the filth ejected upon the sidewalk from the mouths of tobacco-chewers. The Mayor has issued a proclamation forbidding the practice, and instructing the police to arrest all offenders. The sufferers should adopt short walking-dresses.

An Eastern paper tells a singular story of a soldier in Maine, who, in one of the early battles of the war, had a bullet enter midway of his forehead and pass out under the arch of the eyebrow. Recently, the wound giving him much pain, and affecting his eyesight, an incision was made, the bone laid bare, and several pieces of lead scraped off which had adhered to it while the ragged bullet passed through. The soldier experienced immediate relief from the operation, and says his eyesight is now as good as ever.

The Ohio Penitentiary is said to contain at the present time 1002 prisoners; the largest number that have ever been incarcerated there at one time. But it is also suggestively stated that there is ample room for more, as it can conveniently accommodate 1200.

A few weeks ago two telegraph wires on the New York Central Railroad had a strange freak of "striking work" about ten o'clock in the morning and resuming again about four in the afternoon. Careful investigations were made, but the matter remained a mystery for some time. At length a point was found about sixty miles from Albany, where the wires passed over the roof of a building, almost touching it. As the sun rose the wires fell, and at twelve o'clock they lay snugly together on the tin roof. As the sun fell they cooled and rose, and by four o'clock were in their proper positions. Of course, the trouble was no sooner explained than rectified.

Some sarcastic writer thus inveighs against a not uncommon, foolish trick: "If, as it is conjectured, there are extensive deposits of elephants' tusks in our Russian bargain, we shall be able to draw from these a very valuable article of subsistence for the female population. A small piece of ivory goes a great way in this nutrition, and by placing it on the tip of a parasol it is reduced to great convenience. We observe women and girls sucking it on the street and when they meet each other, and whenever their mouths are not otherwise occupied. Their assiduous application to this succulence shows that it must contain valuable nutritive properties. And, besides, it keeps up the innocent manners of infancy. We should judge, by the seeming satisfaction, that a supply of parasol tips is as good as a cow in a family."

Some time ago a whale was stranded on the Norfolk coast, and purchased as a speculation by a sharp practitioner, who advertised for information how to preserve it. A wag replied to the advertisement, tendering the desired information on receipt of half a crown's worth of postage stamps, which arrived, and the following recipe was duly forwarded: "Put the whale carefully into a glass bottle; cover it over with spirits of wine (strong whisky may do); then cork and seal up."

There is a wild sort of legend in connection with the *Great Eastern* steamship, which the shipwrights firmly believe in. It is well known that this ship has two cases, or skins, as they are called; that is, she is almost like one ship fitted inside another. Between the inner and outer skins the workman can crawl for repairs. Dreadfully dark and sepulchral, of course, it is in there, since he must be completely closed in, excepting at the spot at which he enters. Two terrible spectres are supposed to haunt the place; somewhere there in the darkness and thick air two skeletons are believed to lie, which can never be found till the vessel is broken up. These are the remains of a smith and his riveter, the latter being a lad. During the construction of the vessel these two worked for some time, and their work lay in between the skins. But one pay-day both failed to appear at the pay-table to draw their money. They were never heard of more by any one who worked on the *Great Eastern*. The last time they had been seen they were at work in the "case" of the ship, and before long it became a fixed notion that by a fall, or by the effect of some vapor, the two had been killed, or stunned until closed in; and all the host of men who worked at the great ship believed that somewhere in the vast husk there lay two skeletons, which, for some reason, could never be found; the prosaic idea that the old fellow and his helper had left without warning for a better job finding, of course, no favor.

One of the most annoying and painful of so-called "little" troubles is a felon. A genuine remedy is worth circulating. An exchange says that a poultice of onions, applied morning, noon, and night, for three or four days, will cure a felon. No matter how bad the case lancing the finger will be unnecessary if this poultice be used; the remedy is a sure, safe, and speedy one.

The following story may not be the "newest," but it is good: A Revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of old Revolutionary to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he:

"Fellow-citizens, I have fought and bled for my country. I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood—"

Just about this time one of the sovereigns, who had become greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat-tail, and interrupted him with:

"Did you say you had fout the British and Injuns?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Did you say you had slept on the ground, while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"I did."

"Did you say your feet kivered the ground you walked over with blood?"

"Yes," replied the speaker, exultingly.

"Well, then," said the tearful sovereign, as he gave a sigh of emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow, for I'll be blamed if you ain't done enough for your country!"

At the royal palace in Berlin forty thousand wax-candles are instantaneously lighted by a single match. The wicks are previously connected by a thread spun from gun cotton, on lighting one end of which all the candles are lighted simultaneously, and thus the whole of the seven hundred apartments are illuminated at once.

There are in the Paris Exposition between 42,000 and 43,000 exhibitors. Pocket-compasses are sold in great numbers to assist the wanderers through the vast labyrinth. These compasses have their dials inscribed with a plan of the national divisions of the building, and thus the visitor perceives by his compass the exact direction from his position of any part he may wish to reach.

We fear that the following "*Signs of Prosperity*" are very old-fashioned:

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn;
Law court-yards weedy, silent, and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well governed state.

The cost of prosecuting Lindsey, the child-whipper, was $2000, and as his fine was only $250, it is suggested that it would have been better for the county to have paid him the $1750 and saved the farce of a trial.

It is said of Senator Wade that he has not eaten dinner for twenty years, believing that two meals a day are enough for any one to eat, and that he always feels better when he only eats twice.

The London *Spectator* says of the bonnet of the present day: "It has all the negative qualities. It does not hide the face like a poke. It is not brazen, like a pork pie. It does not ruin the complexion by compelling its wearer to throw a red shade on pink cheeks, or a green shade on an alabaster face, or a blue tinge over a creamy blonde, or an orange tint over the glowing brunette. It is—ask any woman else—supremely comfortable, it will arrange itself to any rational mode of dressing the hair—chignons are warts, not adornments—it admits of any color, it will carry any veil, it can be made at any price, or of any material, and—that such felicity should be attainable to husbands!—it will pack in any box.

"The bandbox, that impossible article of luggage which nobody would carry, which nobody could protect from the smash it was made to invite, which nobody dared abandon, and which always had to be replaced after a day's journey, is extinct."

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THAT vast grain-growing country, which has been celebrated from the earliest historical periods as the most productive in the staple articles of human food, the valley of the Nile, is a narrow strip of land averaging only about ten miles in width. Between the Libyan and Arabian deserts flows the river Nilus—very similar in appearance to the Missouri. It runs rapidly, is always turbid, and rises annually so as to flood the land each side of its meandering banks. When the high-water subsides a tenacious, muddy, black slime covers the ground. That is the fertilizing material which enriches the soil as the food of plants. Crops sown on that coat of deposited substance are unparalleled both for quality and quantity when assisted by irrigation.

What is that slime—what its composition? A common theory is this: that it is vegetable matter held in solution, which settles on the land by its own gravity when the water at its height is comparatively tranquil. A celebrated German microscopic philosopher says that the true solution of the question is this, viz.: the fertilizing slime is nothing more nor less than infusorial insects, too small to be recognized by an unassisted eye. It is animal matter, not materially unlike fish-manure, which is known to be the best fertilizer the farmer can put upon his fields. Therefore, all animal remains may be turned to profitable account by copying Nature's system of fertilization.

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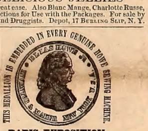


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*From* REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D.D., *N. Y. Evangelist.*
As the tide of foreign travel will be greatly swelled this year by persons who are going to the Paris Exhibition, we may be doing a kindness to our readers in calling their attention to a Guide-Book which will do them excellent service. We have made use of a great many, first and last, but on the whole we think this is the best. English travellers all use Murray's Hand-Books; but the number of those books is legion, and one who should make an extensive tour, depending on them, would have to carry a travelling library. The present volume embodies the greater part of what is valuable in them all, besides giving the result of personal observation on the part of the editor, who has been a diligent traveller in all the countries which he describes. It is a complete guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. Altogether it embraces a large amount of the kind of information that a traveller needs in a compact and portable form. It is rendered still more valuable by an excellent map of Europe.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 553.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## THE LOST CHILD.

ONE of the most painfully frequent sights to be seen on the streets of New York is that of a lost child in the arms of a policeman—the subject of the beautiful sketch by Mr. JEWETT which we give on this page. The Metropolitan Police are required, by a standing order, to convey all lost children whom they may discover on their "beats" to the nearest station-house; and as this fact is generally understood by the citizens, little difficulty is encountered in searching for and in finding them.

Some weeks ago, in giving an account of the Newsboys' Lodging-House in this city, we were surprised to find that that single benevolent establishment had been instrumental in restoring during a single year 719 truant or lost children to their parents. Other statistics of the same Society of which this is a part reveal the startling facts that over ten thousand homeless children, male and female, were rescued in 1866 from a life of degradation and misery in the streets, and furnished with good homes. We have the complete statistics of the Superintendent of Metropolitan Police, by which it appears that 7469 lost children were taken up in the district during the year 1866, and restored almost immediately to their parents. Two hundred and forty-one were sent to the Commissioners of Charity, and 149 were foundlings similarly disposed of. When it is remembered that these children are thus rescued, not merely from the minor and temporary sufferings of loneliness, neglect, and separation from their parents, which each little heart feels so intensely, but in many instances from miserable lives in the streets, suffering from poverty, and frequently from the vicious habits there learned, one can not praise too highly or be too thankful to the system which so certainly rescues so many of the lost.

## GEN. CUSTER'S COMMAND.

GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, in command of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, has been moving for some time past through Kansas, from the Arkansas to the North Platte River, in pursuit of the Indians. Our artist who accompanies him sends us several sketches of interest, which we give on page 484.

One of his pictures is calculated to explode the very generally accepted idea that the Colorado and Kansas plains resemble the prairies of Illinois and Minnesota. Vast *cañons* have been worn by some means in the hill-sides, and these are the natural roads of the country. If the *cañon*, or "divide," which the command is pursuing is abandoned, the troops are led into innumerable difficulties in the hills, and the divide must again be resumed. It is not to be understood that the whole distance traveled by General CUSTER since he left the Arkansas has been through a divide, but many a long mile of the route has led through a country quite as broken as that represented in the sketch.

While on this march a band of Sioux Indians, under "Pawnee Killer," attempted to stampede the horses of the command. Before daybreak Indians to the number of nearly two hundred disposed themselves about the camp, taking care to keep just out of range of the carbines of the guards, and so far as possible concealing themselves and ponies. As day broke a corporal left the picket line with a private soldier, who was to be posted as a vidette. They had nearly reached the point—a hill of some prominence—when eight Indians charged down upon them. The vidette was wounded, but the corporal, who was only armed with a sabre, escaped unharmed to the line. The cry of Indians and rapid discharge of carbines caused an amount of early rising among the lazy ones that was as sudden as it was unwelcome. The eight Indians came dashing toward the camp; Indians made their appearance on all sides, but were met with such a rapid fire that they withdrew without getting what they came for.

After the failure of this attempt Pawnee Killer had the impudence to ask General CUSTER to meet him in conference. It was granted, and a sketch of the scene is given. The Indians then asked for sugar, coffee, etc., and ammunition—and this, too, while scalp-locks of fair Anglo-Saxon hair were hanging to their clothing by way of ornament. To shoot them on the spot was not possible. They had as many men within reach and more than General CUSTER had; they were as plentifully supplied with revolvers, and quite as willing to use them. Besides this, they had shot a white man that morning and taken his breech-loading carbine and cartridges. They felt "big-brave," and thought that they were "heap good to fight."

Our other engraving on the same page gives a view of the Platte River at North Platte, the point at which General CUSTER crossed. The river is a trifle more than half a mile wide at this point and has a swift current. A "ranch man" named MORROW has the monopoly of the ferry right, charging five dollars per head as ferriage, biped or quadruped. When a boat crosses it lands from a mile to two miles below the point from which it starts; it must then be taken out of the water and hauled up to a point from which it may start on a return trip.

For some weeks past active operations on the Plains on our part have been suspended; but the Indians have been unusually aggressive. We gave last week a full account of the battle near Fort Wallace on June 26, in which our troops were badly defeated and cut up. Other fights have since occurred in the same region; and it is clearly apparent that a very large force of Indians are on the war-path along the "Smoky Hill Route" to Denver. In the mean time General HANCOCK is encamped on the "Arkansas Route," and General CUSTER has gone to the "Platte Route," both of which are comparatively quiet; and the settlers along the "Central Route" are thus left to the mercy of the savages, or under the inadequate protection of the small and scattered garrisons in the small and weak forts along the route. On July 15 a train on this route was captured near Fort Larned, and a bishop, ten priests, and six Sisters of Charity of the Catholic Church were captured. The men were killed and scalped, and the women were carried off as captives. Similar depredations were committed on July 12 near Fort Sedgewick.

The results which are being attained by the troops on the Plains are not at all adequate to the means employed and the money expended. Mr. HENDERSON of Missouri stated in the Senate on July 16 that the war was now costing daily at least $150,000; and added that, if it lasted through the summer (and at the present rate it will certainly do that), it will have cost us $100,000,000 without having accomplished any thing.

THE LOST CHILD—A NEW YORK SCENE.—[SKETCHED BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867.

## CHAINED TO A CORPSE.

THE speech of Mr. GROSS, editor of the Democratic German paper, the *Staats Zeitung*, delivered in the Convention at Albany was not only an admirable statement of the propriety of manhood suffrage, but it was an illustration of skillful party tactics. It took exactly the position which the Democratic party as a sagacious organization should have taken at the end of the war. The logic is simple. Slavery, upon which, as a special issue, parties rested, being gone, the true policy was to abandon all the old prejudices and measures founded upon it, and to accept the situation. With the fall of slavery, and in the situation of the country, it was evident that the colored man would be politically an equal citizen. Slavery being gone there was no reason for insisting upon keeping him disfranchised; and could the managers of the Democratic party have been sagacious enough to perceive it, there was a chance of restoring the old party under a new name.

As it is, the Democratic party is an organization of opposition upon a principle which wholly reverses the course of reconstruction, repudiates the theory of the war, and leaves every great national question unsettled. The Democratic policy is to treat the States exactly as if nothing had happened but a riot; it has been suppressed, and that is the end of it. Nothing more puerile can be conceived than such a view of the situation. It is a statesmanship which omits all the facts. It is a folly which finds no significance in the terrible words spoken to a king: "Sire, it is a revolution." And until the mind of the country is utterly confused no such party can hope for restoration to power, except by some chance of an alliance with a vote at the South unfriendly to the Government and the Union.

So long as this is the course of the Democratic party; so long as its organs sneer at loyalty and applaud treason by innuendo; so long as men who honestly gave time, money, personal service, and uncompromising devotion to the country during the war perceive in those papers, with distaste and disgust, the sympathy with the utterly un-American spirit which has so long ruled the society of the South, just so long they will suspect and spurn the Democratic party. Every where, as in the New York Convention, it appeals and panders to a hostility of race which can lead to nothing but evil when the subjects of it are equal citizens. Even Democrats of character and position serve an imaginary public which demands the sacrifice of liberty or justice; or, knowing their constituents, they stultify themselves by yielding to an ignoble prejudice. Could they once cast this kind of subserviency aside we could hope for a sudden restoration of universal prosperity.

As it is, however, the better men are in fear of the worst. The demagogues, who have no object but personal advantage at all hazards would instantly expose to the indignation of ignorance a man who took high ground and sought to plant the party upon it. And from this springs one of the chief perils of our politics. For when the intelligent and catholic consciously defer to the dictation of the ignorant and passionate the Government becomes essentially base in itself and humiliating to every honorable citizen. Nothing is more certain than the intimate relation between morals and politics. As the sense of a moral law dies out of the mind of legislators the state approaches anarchy. Yet, if legislation is to be dictated by the worst part of the population and by the worst feelings, how long can we hope that morality will linger in politics?

Now, there is this essential difference between the two great parties in this country, the one has the inspiration of the moral sentiment and the other has not. We do not mean that all Republicans are good men, or all Democrats bad men; but we do mean, as we have said before, that the tendency of the Republican party is to lift its worst members up to its best principles, while that of the Democratic party is to drag its best men down to a wretched policy. This is unavoidable, but it is undeniable. Thus the Democratic policy for a generation may have been interpreted by its wisest and sincerest men as merely State-rights, while the Democratic rallying-cry has been, "Down with the nigger!" On the other hand, the reproach incessantly urged against the Republican party by the most acrimonious Democratic journals is that it was really led by the extreme radicals. But surely, even if this should lead to the cry of "Up with the nigger!" which is the more inviting of the two cries to an intelligent and generous man? Is society, is this country, likely to be more benefited by a feeling and a policy that degrade or that elevate any class in the community?

So long as the Democratic party cling to the old issues they are chained to a corpse; and they have no secret charm to make the dry bones live.

## THE RISK OF NORTH RIVER TRAVEL.

IT is of very little importance whether the Hudson River steamers *Drew*, or *St. John*, or *Connecticut*, or whatever the name may be, arrive at Albany at four or five o'clock in the morning; but it is of very great importance whether the five hundred or thousand passengers are carried safely upon their journey. Now they can not be carried safely if the steamers race—and the truth is, that they do race. There is a wholly unnecessary rivalry between certain boats, and for no practicable purpose whatever but for the determination of the question whether one steamer is faster than another, the passengers are exposed to a very great danger. Thus the *Drew*, one of the most spacious and splendid of river steamers, which leaves New York in the evening at six o'clock, and without difficulty can land its passengers in Albany by five or six o'clock the next morning, in full time for the trains in every direction, and for every purpose of business or travel. But we understand that something has been said of the slowness of the *Drew*, and therefore, when the opposition steamer appears, the *Drew* is pressed to tremendous speed, and goes quivering up to Albany, reaching that place by two o'clock.

It is not easy to prove that on any occasion this steamer has strained her powers unreasonably. Indeed it is never very easy to prove such a fact under such circumstances until it proves itself by an explosion. But, whether the strain be excessive or not, it is very evident that when a certain speed is sufficient for the purpose of the voyage, any increase of it under the influence of the passions, which are always engendered by a race, is necessarily a dangerous increase, because it will almost inevitably push on to the fatal point.

It then becomes a serious question to the great multitude of travelers, and especially at this season, when whole families are traveling for pleasure, whether they can safely take boats which are known to race. The perils of steamer travel are always enough, and they are always manifest. But if to these are to be added those of racing, the whole traveling public will properly desert the river steamers and intrust themselves to the cars. These are considerations which no steamer company can disregard; and the proprietors of the *Drew*, for instance, must be perfectly aware that there is or has been racing between that boat and the *Connecticut*, or such a constant and peculiar parallelism of course as to produce a suspicion of racing. The proprietors, as responsible and honorable contractors with the public, ought to know that there is such a suspicion, and they should certainly do what they can to show that it is unfounded.

But if, as has been very openly asserted, any of the proprietors of the boat have actually been on board before she left, and urged the engineer to "put her through," the fact should be ascertained, and the name universally published and branded with the severest censure. If a man who thrusts a gun from a window and fires into a crowded street may be justly indicted, tried, and executed for the murder of any one in the crowd whom he kills, certainly such an instigator of disaster as a steamboat proprietor who urges the engineer to crowd the boat to her top speed should be held responsible for the massacre that he invites. His conduct is criminal to the last degree, whatever the result of his counsel may be.

## FRENCH CÆSARISM.

THE infinite superiority of the American theory of liberty and government to that which is held by the advocates of Cæsarism in every degree is well illustrated by the remark of the French Minister ROUHER in a late debate in the Chambers. JULES SIMON, a fiery Liberal, declared that Cæsarism, or Imperialism, is democracy without liberty. EUGENE PELLETAN exclaimed, "That is it!" The President of the Chamber reproved him for interrupting, but was promptly answered by M. SIMON, when ROUHER rose and said: "The Emperor has constantly kept in view three ideas: to give to society democracy as a basis, liberty for its development, and a power strong and respected as a supreme guarantee.

There could be no better statement of pure Cæsarism, or absolute despotism. And that is but another word for Imperialism. The strong and respected power which is to guarantee liberty is the imperial will. That which gives it strength and makes it respected is the army. Without the army the whole imperial structure would fall. There is no admission of any right whatever except that which the Government recognizes and sustains. Liberty, for instance, in a free, civilized, political society, implies assembling for discussion upon public questions. It is a fundamental right. Without it it is not possible to conceive a free political society. But by the imperial theory the whole matter is in the power of the Emperor, and he can do exactly what he will. The Government of France is a deep disgrace to civilization and to the character of the French people. Claiming to be foremost in civilization, the political philosophy to which it submits is that of pure despotism. The result is that free speech is virtually suppressed; the best mind of France protests without avail; and with a succession of spectacles the Emperor strives to hide the chain, as the Roman to divert the people with *panes et circenses*.

The Emperor, according to his minister, gives to society democracy as a basis. He may mean by that that he was elected by a popular vote. But the freedom of that vote may well be questioned. Since then there has been no reference to the people, and there is no provision whatever that there shall be any such reference; and if the empire should remain for a thousand years, the claim of the latest Emperor would be, in this sense, as valid as that of the first, that he gave to society democracy as a basis. Such an assertion is palpably absurd. The Emperor does not give society democracy as a basis.

His Minister, then, claims that he gives it liberty for its development. How? What kind of liberty has France to meet, to discuss, to act? The trial and sentence of EMILE DE GIRARDIN shows exactly how much liberty there was last year. The regulations under which public meetings are possible show how much liberty there is this year. There is as much liberty as LOUIS NAPOLEON chooses and no more. And this because of the truth of the third claim of the minister—namely, that there must be a power strong and respected as a supreme guarantee.

Undoubtedly there is such a power in France, and it is the army controlled by LOUIS NAPOLEON. It is the brute force at the command of the single sovereign will. And that is not exceptional. It is not in settlement of a tremendous civil convulsion, as in the case of the provisional military government of the rebel States of the Union, but it is the normal condition. The French empire is, in fact, LOUIS NAPOLEON encamped in France. Progressive civilization in that country, therefore, is possible only in the degree that the Emperor sees the necessity of yielding a little here and there to save a revolutionary outbreak. But the great powers of civilization, free thought and free speech, are wholly paralyzed.

This is the empire which is peace. This is the Imperialism which the Imperial Minister celebrates, and which strives to give France a material prosperity in the glitter of which the rags of her moral and political poverty may be hidden. "The empire," said M. THIERS to M. ROUHER, the Minister, "has produced a great Minister." "Ah!" replied M. ROUHER, bowing in smiling deprecation, "and who may that be?" "I mean," continued THIERS, "two great Ministers." "Yes? and who are they?" asked M. ROUHER. "CAVOUR and BISMARCK," answered THIERS. It is now more than fifteen years since the *coup d'état*; "and the empire has left no blunder uncommitted," says THIERS, sneering to his very soul. When that idea once seizes the mind of France the "supreme guarantee" must look to its strength, for even that will be suspected and attempted.

## SEPARATE SUBMISSION OF A PROPERTY QUALIFICATION.

THE Constitutional Convention at Albany has rejected in Committee of the Whole the amendment of Mr. MURPHY of Brooklyn to submit separately to the people the question of retaining a property qualification for the colored citizens of the State. The debate upon this question continued for many days. It ranged over a very wide field and occasioned a great deal of interesting speculation upon the nature of society and the origin of political rights. It was by no means a fruitless discussion, for it is one of the advantages of such a Convention that it compels thoughtful reference to great principles, and reveals to men the reason of their faith.

The immediate point of the amendment, however, was very precise, and the circumstances were very peculiar. Mr. MURPHY, who introduced the amendment, is of opinion that the colored citizen ought not to vote because he is of inferior capacity. But he said that, whatever his own opinions might be, the people of the State had decided that colored men should vote under certain conditions, and, accepting that decision, he now proposed to ask them if they had changed their opinion. Then Mr. MURPHY said that he did not approve of a property qualification. He thought it odious. The extraordinary fact, therefore, was that a gentleman who did not think colored men ought to vote proposed that they should vote; and the same gentleman opposing any property qualification as odious, moved an amendment to the effect that a property qualification should be submitted to the people. His own feeling was evident and his intention was not obscure. But such were the circumstances.

Now Mr. MURPHY opposed a property qualification—every gentleman of his party who spoke upon the subject opposed it. Every gentleman of the other party opposed it. Not a single member of the Convention during the long discussion approved it. A more perfect unity of opinion could not be conceived. But if there be any possible amendment to the Constitution that need not be and should not be separately submitted, is it not one upon which there is no difference of opinion whatever? There are two parties in the State. Each of them sends representatives to the Convention. Every one of those representatives agrees upon a certain subject. Is not that enough? What party will vote against it? If that point is to be separately submitted, must not every clause in the Constitution—or at least every point upon which there are grave differences of opinion—by an infinitely stronger reason be separately submitted?

It seems to us that the Committee did very wisely. The debate showed that there was no party in the State which favored a property qualification. It was therefore very properly dropped in the proposed section. But there was some disposition, we observe, to accuse the political majority of cutting off debate by pressing the question to a point on the evening when it was taken. But there was no such disposition. The majority were there to listen to any speech which any gentleman might make. It was rather hard, after so many days' discussion, to accuse the majority of tyranny because they were unwilling to await the return of certain gentlemen who, for their own pleasure, had absented themselves from the Convention.

If the action of the political majority in the Convention shall be as fair on all other points as it was upon the amendment of Mr. MURPHY in Committee of the Whole, there can be very little fault justly found with it.

## ONE OR THE OTHER.

SECRETARY SEWARD's long letter upon the subject of SANTA ANNA's capture shows that he does not mean to invent causes of difficulty with Mexico. Indeed, after a kind of congratulation upon the overthrow of the empire, he ends his letter by declaring that only some great national offense would justify the Government in taking a hostile or even unfriendly attitude toward the Mexican Republic. The theory that Mr. SEWARD wished to make trouble with Mexico comes, therefore, very suddenly and conclusively to the ground. Indeed, to suppose that the Secretary seriously wished a war with Mexico was to suppose that he wished to make this Government contemptible in the generous minds of every nation. For we had just insisted upon the withdrawal of France upon the ground that Mexico should be left to work out her own destiny; and we should, in the case supposed, have been deliberately repeating the rôle of France in occupying and controlling the country.

The disgraceful proposition of Mr. JAMES BROOKS, in Congress, and the tone of very many influential papers in the country, should serve to admonish us all of a tendency toward a wholly inexcusable national conduct. For this purpose, also, nothing was more timely than the letter of the Mexican who was incorrectly reported as a member of the Cabinet of JUAREZ. In that letter he exposed the preposterous position of this country toward Mexico; and if it was in consequence of Secretary SEWARD's blunders, let the Secretary bear the blame. Here was a person affecting to be American Minister in Mexico writing to the Mexican Government by mail or messenger from the city of New Orleans. This person remonstrated with the Mexican authorities in regard to the treatment of MAXIMILIAN. But this person's superior ordered him to do so at the instance of Austria, the enemy of Mexico, and Austria, in urging the remonstrance, spoke of "the right" of our Government to remonstrate. Yet we who claimed to do this from especial friendship for the Mexican Republic had hindered its efforts to get arms and aid upon our soil while we had favored those of the empire for the same purpose. With proper indignation, therefore, the especial claim of our Government to interfere was repudiated.

One fact is indisputable. Except for us the French-Austrian Empire in Mexico would have remained and flourished until to-day. But we opposed it upon the principle of the Monroe doctrine, which was elaborated in Mr. SEWARD's correspondence with France; and that doctrine is the right of every country upon this continent to manage its domestic affairs at its pleasure. That, as we understand it, is our policy toward Mexico and the countries of Central America and beyond. If they will listen to our honest advice in any emergency, very well; if not, we have no cause of complaint. That Mexico is a chaotic country—that MAXIMILIAN would have given it a better government than can now be hoped for—that JUAREZ is merely a partisan leader and will be opposed by others of the same kind—that MAXIMILIAN's execution was a brutal blunder and crime—that Mexicans are ferocious and incapable half-breeds, and that all these late horrors would not have happened had General SCOTT remained in Mexico, may be all true statements, but they do not touch the case. Mexico has the same right to manage herself as she pleases, so far as we are concerned, that we have ourselves—until Mexico invades our rights or threatens our safety, when we may, of course, defend ourselves. When any body proposes that, for the sake of civil order, humanity, and the protection of the Mexicans, we should invade and occupy and regulate the country, we shall have the same

reason offered for making war upon a neighbor that every invading power has always urged.

There is no middle ground between this conduct and the policy of independent alliance which we are now pursuing. Those who demand "a policy" upon the subject mean that we should bully Mexico or devour it.

## COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE WITH THE "NEW DOMINION."

PAST commercial relations with the British American Provinces should convince the people of the United States that they ought not to be indifferent to the political movements now in progress in the New Dominion of Canada. When the policy of the new Government is fully developed, it will be found to embrace a comprehensive and wholesome plan for future action which must affect the material interests of the States no less than their own. It will depend upon the States, however, whether they use it to their own advantage or disadvantage.

If we examine the scheme under which New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the Canadas have been confederated, we perceive at once that it is as nearly republican in form, and as nearly modeled after the United States, as is consistent with their avowed allegiance to the British crown. In the first place, we see a union of several colonies for mutual advantage, just as happened here a hundred years ago, each colony having its local Legislature, and collectively controlled by a central government. Lord MONCK is simply the Queen's representative. He appoints his Cabinet, as does the President of the United States. The two Houses of Parliament are elective. Suffrage is free and universal. The decimal system has been in vogue for some years, and the dollar corresponds with our specie dollar in value. A national currency will soon be substituted for the miscellaneous bank-notes now in circulation, and will thus be uniform with our own whenever we resume specie payments. There will be a specie deposit security of 33 per cent. upon the first issue of $5,000,000, and 25 per cent. for each additional $2,000,000, besides a deposit with BARING BROTHERS, at London, of the united debentures of the several Provinces. A new and liberal tariff will be adopted, operating uniformly in all parts of the New Dominion. The postal service will be improved and extended. There will be a central Treasury, with sub-treasuries at the chief commercial ports. Laborers are already at work upon the Western Extension Railroad; the link between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will be immediately completed, and ground broken for the long-talked-of "Intercolonial." Provision for the local army and navy will follow.

This is the plan as laid for the future. It is radiant with promise. Nevertheless a very large portion of the population lack faith and avow it openly. They are apprehensive of untried experiments. The country is in a transition state, when all is uncertainty, hesitation, and chaos. There are a dozen inharmonious political factions, each with a policy of its own. Some are exclusively British in their proclivities; others as decidedly American; and there are numerous intermediate shades of opinion. The Lower Provinces dislike to lose their individuality, and are jealous of Canadian preponderance. They have yet to learn practically that their Confederation is a strict partnership—the members with more or less capital sharing the profits and advantages proportionately—and that consequently the smaller Provinces, with their lesser revenues and lesser populations, must hold inferior place to Canada. At present they believe that the effect of the plan is to give Canada the oyster and themselves only the shells. In the midst of these perplexities business becomes deranged; money was never so scarce; real estate never so low; bank stocks depreciate, while the rate of interest is higher; laborers find little employment and low wages; capital lies idle; all kinds of business languish; and there is an unprecedented efflux of the people to the States. (We speak more particularly of the Lower Provinces.)

In such an unsettled state of affairs, it is natural to look in every direction for relief. All are striving for the attainment of one grand object—namely, the improvement of their present political status and the advancement of their material prosperity. Whatever step will most surely conduce to such results, the inhabitants will be ready to take. There are now but comparatively few earnest advocates of annexation; but when commercial intercourse is actively cultivated by the United States so as to become profitable to the Provinces and render the interests of the two countries mutual and identical; when the onerous taxes which we now endure are reduced, so that the advantages will largely outweigh the burdens to be borne; then our neighbors will find the inducements hard to reject, and will look more favorably upon the question of annexation. Under our present policy, however, we are simply using every means to discourage any latent inclination of the sort. We have repealed the Reciprocity Treaty, which was one of the strongest cords of union. We restrict trade by oppressive imposts. We tax lumber at such a rate that our ship-yards are idle, and we cut ourselves off from the rich timber districts of the Provinces, while we look about in vain for means to supply that deficit in our own resources which increases annually. We pay enormously for plaster, which exists in the Provinces in vast quantities and would fain seek a market. The valuable coal-fields of Nova Scotia are very many of them worked by Americans, all of whom are suffering from the effects of our existing narrow policy. There is a large amount of American capital invested in the Provinces in mines and manufactures and miscellaneous enterprises, which of itself affords a powerful element for annexation. There have always been considerable numbers of the native population who squint toward annexation; and we speak positively when we state that very many, even of the most rigid royalists, to-day confessedly accept annexation as the ultimate fate of the "New Dominion." Few of them will deny that commercial success, the development of the extraordinary resources of the country, and the infusion of elements that will stimulate enterprise and remove the weight that unaccountably seems to crush the efforts and energies of the Provincials, are the main objects to be attained now, even though they involve the penalty of annexation.

We have, therefore, in the States a golden opportunity such as was never offered before. We may take advantage of the present perplexities of our neighbors, and of their earnest desire to better their condition, to exert those all-powerful influences which may eventually lead them to accept what most Americans and many Canadians believe to be their "Manifest Destiny."

## AN EASY MISUNDERSTANDING.

IT is always very easy to misunderstand. But even if it requires some effort to understand, it may be labor well spent. When Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS says that "we *should* labor to elect men to office merely because they are black," it is certainly not difficult to say that a man who recommends other men for office merely because their skins are black is not a wise man. But is that necessarily the meaning of his words? Is it probably their meaning? Is it not plainly *not* their meaning?

Mr. PHILLIPS may be a very troublesome gentleman; a fanatic; an incendiary; a Lollard, and an intransitive verb. But he has never been accused of wanting ordinary intelligence. He may be assumed to know that neither the color of a man's skin, nor his height, nor his weight, nor the shape of his nose, are any indication of his capacity properly to fill any political office. Therefore when he says so, it is inevitable that he means something else, and that something does not seem to us in the least difficult to perceive.

Mr. PHILLIPS knows, as we all know, that a certain prejudice against colored men still lingers in many minds; he knows that it is effectively a caste feeling, and that actual equality and justice are not really assured to them so long as that endures. Until then they are citizens upon sufferance; citizens in a certain sense by pity. They are tolerated merely, and do not stand upon the same simple plane of unquestioned equality upon which the rest of the population stand. Now he deprecates the fact, and he will do, as a good and wise citizen, all he can do to remedy so unhandsome a condition; and he says that, in his judgment, there is but one infallible sign that the feeling of caste in regard to such men has perished, and that is their election to office. Consequently we *should* labor to that end, both as a sign and as a help. He does not say abstractly that color is a proof of official capacity; but he does say that in the present circumstances of this country there is a feeling of caste founded upon color, and that if we earnestly wish to destroy it we shall prove it by electing them to office. This may be a mistaken view—although we think it would be accepted in any other case—but it is certainly perfectly intelligible, and it is very far from absurd.

## INSTINCT WITHOUT BRAINS.

LONG ago it was ascertained by naturalists that worms and insects are without a brain, and yet they pursue a course of activity which bears so much upon the domain of reason we are accustomed to say they act from instinct, which is no explanation at all of phenomena in the higher orders of organic life which have their origin in the brain. If that organ is severely injured, so that its normal functions are no longer performed, consciousness and orderly manifestations of its influence are interrupted or suspended.

But the insect world swarms with beings of the most delicate construction, without hearts and without brains, whose movements and habits, independently of thousands of contingencies to which they are exposed, prove in the most satisfactory manner that their acts are a near approach to the elements of a reasoning faculty, if they do not indicate reason itself.

When, by accident, a thread of a spider's web is broken the little weaver examines the misfortune with extreme care, and, by taking different positions, surveys the damage, and then proceeds artistically to repair it by splicing or inserting an entire new cord.

Again, when a wandering fly becomes entangled in the net, the cautious approach of the owner of the trap, lying patiently near by for game, indicates calculation in regard to the character and strength of the victim. Does it not strangely resemble reason when all its movements, under such an aspect of affairs, shows beyond a doubt the spider considers the matter in all its relations before venturing to seize the prey? And yet spiders are without a brain.

A very nice question here very naturally suggests itself, which learned expounders of physiological laws are respectfully requested to explain. But, puzzling as this may be to answer—how there can be thoughts, and even an exercise of the kind of judgment employed by the spider in mending its web—there are other subjects for philosophical reflection quite as difficult to solve in the domain of vitality. By what process do infusorial and microscopic insects conduct their affairs, which seem also to be the result of something more than mere instinct, in their extraordinary exhibitions of themselves?

## THIS NEW COUNTRY IS AN OLD ONE.

GEOLOGISTS make it pretty certain the American continent is the oldest in the series. But the idea prevails that man has not occupied it so long as he has Asia, Africa, and Europe. This is mere assumption. If pains were deliberately taken to classify the evidences that might be collected to show the antiquity of the works of man on both sides of the Rocky Mountains it would conclusively prove that man was here at a vastly remote period, even anterior to the mound-builders, and they flourished, perhaps, several thousand years before the advent of the Indians. It is not difficult to make reference to four distinct races who have existed here, fulfilled their destiny, and disappeared. Their demi-advances in civilization is faintly indicated by the merest fragments of designs, but which man alone could produce. How many races or generations had preceded even the oldest of the old of which we have vestiges is lost in the accumulating lumber of unrecorded cycles.

That this continent was untenanted by man till within the last thousand or five thousand years admits of a question, since the more the ground is overhauled by those with Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins the greater number of strange things come into view, indicative of an antiquity of the continent, and an antiquity, too, of man, which will become more perplexing as those relics are multiplied and examined. One may see throughout the whole series of the Western States indications that their population has been far greater heretofore than it may again be in two hundred years to come, under the best auspices of modern civilization.

## CAPACITY OF THE HUMAN LUNGS.

OUR chest is divided into two apartments by a vertical partition. The windpipe branches into two tubes just behind the top of the breast-bone—leading down to the lungs on either side of the heart, which is placed between them. Those organs in shape are like the hoof of an ox. They are entirely made up of air-cells, of irregular figure—each being approached by the extreme point of a tube which is one of the minute subdivisions of the windpipe—called bronchi. So delicately small are those air-cells, that 18,000 belong to a single lobule. Six hundred millions of them make up the whole breathing apparatus. It will be seen that we have two lungs, acting independently of each other, although receiving and expelling the air, through a large tube, into which both bronchial pipes unite. One lung may be diseased, while the functions of the other sustain life. If the diseased lung could be set at rest till the lesion were healed, or the pipe secured so no air could be drawn into it to increase the diseased surface, then pulmonary consumption could be effectually arrested, or life and health be maintained by the labors of one lung. When inflated, as in ordinary breathing, the six hundred millions of cells hold about one hundred and forty inches of atmospheric air. The oxygen of the air is imbibed, and with the outgoing air, which left its vitalizing properties, carbonic acid gas escapes.

No organs of our system are more abused. Tainted air, the inhalation of tobacco smoke, living too fast by stimulating the heart beyond its power by too much wine, too much whisky, and too much foul of any thing, and consumption sweeps off unnumbered thousands who might have lived to threescore and ten.

## MECHANISM OF THE ORGANS OF VOICE.

NEARLY all the quadrupeds, as well as man, have a vocal apparatus nearly alike. There is an elastic semi-cartilaginous box, called a *larynx*, in which are two thin membranes put upon the stretch, like two short, thin ribbons—edge to edge. Below are the lungs, acting on the principle of bellows, which force a current of air up through the windpipe, and as it rushes between the tense margins of the vocal chords or ribbons, makes them vibrate. Such is the origin of the voice. Modified by the shape of the mouth, play of the tongue, movement of the lips, and the opposing firmness of the teeth, in connection with the cavities in the cheek-bones and nose, we have the human voice. All animal gradations below humanity, where the brain is less in volume and inferior in capacity, there is rarely much more than a simple characteristic voice, as the lowing of an ox; the bray of an ass; the barking of a dog, etc., which is a vibration of the vocal chords without much modification. Monkeys, ourang-outangs, and the quadrumania generally, at most, can only howl and chatter without giving any distinct, articulate sounds.

Our voices, then, are produced by the tremor or vibration of the chords, much as the sound is produced in the hautboy by a double reed. In birds, however, the reed is placed at the lower end of the windpipe, near the bellows—and any variation of tone which they are able to produce is by opening and closing the bill—equivalent to raising or closing a finger-hole on a flute. Insects are furnished with means of making sound by quite a different kind of mechanism, as they are without lungs or vibrating chords.

## LITERARY.

WE know very little of Southern cooking, and what we do know is not generally very favorable. But a little reflection would show us that it ought to be very good or very bad, because the mistress of the household is obliged to devote personal attention to the matter or to abandon it altogether. But all our speculations are set at rest by the timely and admirable little work of Mrs. BARRINGER, of North Carolina. It is really the record of the experience of an accomplished Southern housekeeper, who tells us how to prepare the Maryland biscuit and the George Washington breakfast-cake, and whatever else is lickersome in the cuisine of her section. It is a really valuable contribution to our domestic resources, and it is published in a modest, cheap, and convenient form by LORING, of Boston.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

THE closing week of the extra session was signalized by the transaction of little business of importance. On July 17 Mr. Sumner introduced a bill providing that no one shall be disqualified from holding office in the District of Columbia by reason of color, and it was passed. On the 18th the House passed it with several amendments, which the Senate concurred in.

The President's vetoes of the additional Reconstruction bill and appropriations were read on July 19; and the bills passed without debate by a vote in the Senate of 30 to 6, and in the House of 100 to 22.

An adjournment to November 21 took place on July 20.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

A Judge in Lexington, Kentucky, recently rendered a decision adverse to granting a writ of *habeas corpus* to take a prisoner out of the hands of the Freedmen's Bureau.

General Sickles has decided to form his registration boards of one black and two white men.

The registration for Davidson County, which includes the city of Nashville, Tennessee, was concluded on July 20. The number of whites enrolled is 1600 against 4400 blacks; a total of 6000, or about 500 less than the average white vote before the war.

On July 14, while the freed people of Sterling, Robertson County, Texas, were worshiping in their church, they were attacked by four desperadoes, who said the "d—d negroes should not hold church." They then drove the colored people away, shooting down in cold blood three of their number, two men and one woman. The Agent of the Freedmen's Bureau in two hours collected 100 of the freedmen, who, mounted and armed, pursued, overtook, and captured two of the villains, who are now in custody.

### NEWS ITEMS.

A new channel was formed in the Missouri River at Peru, Iowa, on the 5th of July, by the action of the current, cutting through a narrow neck of land and shortening the route by twenty miles. By this cut-off several thousand acres of land and the town of Hamburg, Iowa, were transferred to the State of Nebraska.

The recovery by Mr. Rufus Lord of $1,400,000 of bonds stolen in 1865 was effected through a New York banking-house, which received them from Baring Brothers, of London, who had them from a London lawyer, a sort of Mr. Jaggers, who forced the guilty one, who was his client, to give them up.

Frederick Douglass has just met with a brother who had been in slavery for forty years. In a letter to a friend, announcing his brother's arrival at Rochester, he says: "The meeting with my brother after nearly forty years separation is an event altogether too affecting for words to describe. How unutterably accursed is Slavery, and how unspeakably joyful are the results of its overthrow! The search now being made, and the happy reunions now taking place all over the South, after years of separation and sorrow, furnish a subject of the deepest pathos."

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE movement of Garibaldi for the liberation of the city of Rome from Papal rule has so far excited the apprehensions of the Pope that on July 15 he appealed to the Emperor Napoleon for protection, and had ordered the batteries about the city to be strengthened and garrisoned. In response to the appeal of the Pope Napoleon notified the King of Italy of the threatened movement of Garibaldi, but took no other action. Garibaldi announced to a public meeting at Pistoia on July 19 that "the time had come for liberating Rome from Papal tyranny and restoring to the city her ancient freedom."

The news from Mexico is to July 13. Maximilian's body was *en route* to Vera Cruz to be delivered to the Austrian authorities. Escobedo has court-martialed and shot twelve other general officers and four Colonels. General Ortega is still in prison. It is stated that Santa Anna was not shot but remains in prison at Campeachy. Juarez has issued an order for the convocation of the Liberal Congress in Mexico city to elect a President, he declining to serve any longer.

The latest advices from Crete are not encouraging for the Christians. At least half the island has fully submitted, and more than 3000 stand of arms have been given up. This is up to June 27. Still the Greeks say that there is no idea of succumbing.

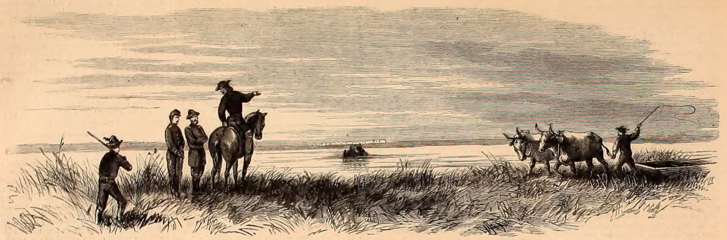
Provisional-President Salnave, of Hayti, was elected on June 14 President for the term ending May 1871. The presidential term, as now fixed, is four years; previously it was for life.

The cholera is raging fearfully in the Isle of Mauritius. At the latest advices from there (May 24) the dead and dying lay unattended in the streets, every other house was closed, some of the shipping was affected, the hospitals were insufficient, and quinine was selling at $75 an ounce.

Louis Kossuth, who was at first indisposed to accept the terms of the restoration of her old constitution to Hungary, has availed himself of the amnesty declared by Francis-Joseph, returned to his country, and is a candidate for the Hungarian Parliament from the town of Waitzan.

Martial-law was declared by the Queen of Spain in Catalonia on July 16, on account of the revolutionary movements of General Prim.

Maximilian's mother, the Archduchess Sophia, has evinced signs of insanity since hearing of his death.



THE PLATTE RIVER AT NORTH PLATTE.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

## ETHAN ALLEN.

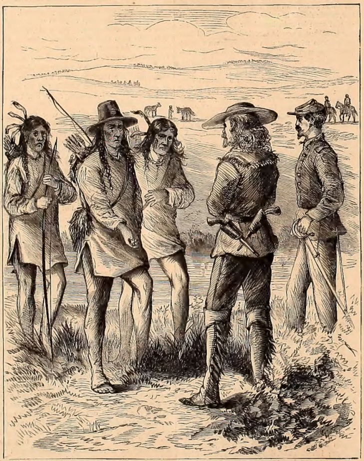
WE give on page 485 a handsome engraving of the fast trotter, Ethan Allen. The original of this picture was taken by instantaneous photography by ROCKWOOD, and is as perfect a picture of the animal as can be obtained.

Prominent as Ethan Allen is in the Racing Calendar, it is almost impossible to give the truth in regard to his pedigree and performances. He is now a little over 18 years of age, having been foaled in Hague, Warren County, New York, on June 19, 1849. He was bred by Mr. O. S. ROE, who formerly owned him, and from whom we have obtained the few reliable statements which are to be had regarding his pedigree. His sire was Vermont Black Hawk, and his dam a gray mare whose pedigree is unknown, and who was brought to New York a short time before the birth of Ethan Allen. He is supposed to be a descendant on the mother's side of Messenger, but this is not positively known, although it is frequently very positively stated.

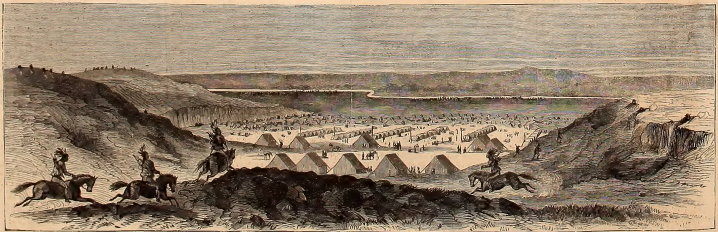
Of his performances previous to the fast race made by him on June 21, 1867, we know little that is positive. He was beaten by Flora Temple at Baltimore, December 1, 1859, in 2.25½; again at Fashion Course during the same season in 2.25; and beat Columbus, Jun., at the National Horse Fair, Boston, in 1859, in 2.31.

His most remarkable trot was made on the Fashion Course, Long Island, on June 21, 1867, when he and his running mate beat the famous Dexter in harness in the remarkable time of 2.15, 2.16, and 2.19. The horses were in splendid condition at the time, and the day and track were particularly fine, but no one expected that any thing like the extraordinary speed displayed by both animals would be exhibited. The time has never been beaten in this country.

TRAVELING ON A PRAIRIE CANON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



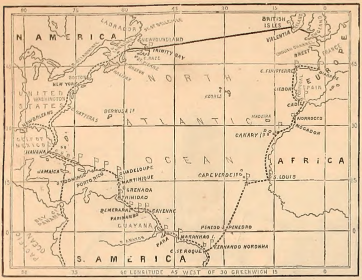
GENERAL CUSTER'S INTERVIEW WITH PAWNEE KILLER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



SIOUX INDIANS ATTEMPTING TO STAMPEDE GENERAL CUSTER'S HORSES.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE FAST TROTTER "ETHAN ALLEN."—From an Instantaneous Photograph by Rockwood.—[See Page 484.]

THE WHITE PELICAN.—Drawn by S. C. Beard.—[See Page 494.]




THE TELEGRAPH TO CUBA AND ITS PROPOSED CONNECTIONS.

## THE TELEGRAPH TO CUBA.

It is not improbable that by this time New York city and Havana, Cuba, are connected by an ocean telegraph; that the present year will find us in instant communication with all the islands of the West India group; and that a very short time only will elapse before we shall have, by the same means, daily reports from the Cape of Good Hope and the republic of Liberia. The long-proposed scheme of an ocean telegraph line *viâ* the West Indies to South America and the African coast is about to be carried into effect; and the first line of the electric chain will, in all human probability, have been completed when our readers peruse this article.

This enterprise is being conducted by the International Ocean Telegraph Company of this city, whose extensive plan is shown by the diagram which we publish on this page. This company was organized in 1865, the original projectors being Captain James A. Scrymser and Alfred Pell, Jun., General William F. Smith being subsequently associated with them and assuming charge as President of the company. It has built a line through Florida 400 miles in length, and is already operating from New York to Key West. The submarine cable to be laid from Key West to the coast of Cuba has been finished in England, and was shipped from Liverpool on June 27, direct for Havana. The work of submerging it was to have begun on July 15, and it was anticipated that only a few days would be necessary to complete the work. The successful laying of this wire would at once open communication with all parts of Cuba.

The subsequent links of the chain are best shown by a reference to the diagram which we give. The several islands of the group, including Jamaica, St. Domingo, St. Thomas, etc., are within short distances of each other, and great inducements have been made to secure the proposed extension. The Government of Spain granted a concession giving the International Ocean Telegraph Company the exclusive right for forty years to lay all cables between Cuba and the United States, and by a Royal Order issued recently the Captain General of Cuba was directed to afford every facility in carrying out the project. The State of Florida has also granted a similar exclusive concession for a period of twenty years, which has been further ratified and sanctioned by the Government of the United States.

The Venezuelan Government had entered into a contract with parties to connect that country with European lines by means of a telegraph cable to Cuba. The Government is to pay $30,000 quarterly for thirty-three years, and have its dispatches sent free.

A very liberal grant has also been made by the Argentine Government to establish a telegraphic line between Buenos Ayres and the Chilian frontier, which, in connection with the telegraph system of Chili and the projected coast-line of the Hispano-American Inter-Communication Company from Valparaiso to Panama, for which grants are now being sought, will place the southwest and eastern coasts of South America in immediate communication with the West India Islands, the United States, and Europe.

The importance of these lines to the merchants of this country can not be calculated. The trade of the West Indies amounts to nearly $500,000,000 a year, and, partly owing to the superior means of communication sustained by Great Britain with that region, three-fourths of this traffic is transacted directly by English merchants. The Isthmus of Panama is the natural focus of the whole trade of the Pacific. The commerce of the southwest coast, which, according to all laws political and geographical should belong to us, is now almost entirely in the hands of the European commercial communities, attributable, mainly, to the same liberal system of postal connections whereby England fosters indirectly the establishment of markets for her principal staples. Were our merchants placed in telegraphic communication with the West India Islands, Brazil, and the republics of Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, and Argentine, there would be no reason why a fair average of the commerce of these countries should not be directed to us. The success of the line to Cuba, and its extension to the other islands and to Brazil, Panama, etc., will undoubtedly greatly affect this commerce in favor of American merchants.

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## A GOOD MATCH.

There was a very nice smell in Mother Gatty's kitchen—not of night-blooming cereus, nor balm-of-a-thousand-flowers, but of warm gingerbread, new bread, and hot apple-pie. There they sat in a fragrant row on the red swing-table, covered over with a white towel. And there sat Mother Gatty in a yellow rocking-chair that squeaked when she rocked—busy with her embroidery, which happened to be "blue-mixed" and more useful than ornamental.

"I declare for't if you ain't going to the donation after all;" and the closing door and loud cheery voice started Mother Gatty from *some* pleasant reverie as she turned quickly toward the new-comer, who was already lifting the white towel—regular descendant of Eve as she was—to see where all this nice smell came from and inquire where it was all going to.

"Why, Martha Seaver! I do say! Well! ain't they *nice* enough for any donation-table; but I haven't altered my mind a bit—they're not for the parsonage, I assure you—not but that I'd be willin' to do that and plenty more for good Mrs. Spencer; but something else is in my head now, I can tell you. Look a-here," and, rising, she went to a wall-basket, bright with roses and daffodils, hung by a green cord to the wall, and taking out a yellow-enveloped letter, directed in a bold, manly hand to Mrs. Mehetabel Gatty, and post-marked New York (as eyes less used to close scanning than Martha Seaver's might have easily seen), drew out, with evident satisfaction, the secret of her morning preparations. "Only to think of it! I wonder my head wasn't so turned that I should have burned up my cake and spoiled my pies entirely. My Jimmy come to something at last! and I a-grieving and mourning myself to death like good old Jacob, not knowing he was alive or dead."

Martha Seaver's eyes were wide open with expectation and curiosity. Hasn't Jimmy Gatty gone off months before just as this same Martha Seaver was secretly beginning to hope he was "coming to something" as far as *she* was concerned. But Mother Gatty knew less of this than her son Jimmy even, and *he* hadn't *much* more than *suspected* it; while in Martha's own mind had since lain a little hidden, quaking fear that his sudden leave-taking of a good old mother might possibly have borne some relation to such a surmise on his part.

"Well, what of the letter!" exclaimed Martha at last, somewhat weary of the long silence, as Mother Gatty's eyes slowly ran down the one-filled page as if the contents after all were a little too good to be shared by even one other person.

"Oh yes, sure enough! Well, it's so *near* I suppose it's hardly worth while to make you promise to keep a secret," said Mother Gatty, provokingly tantalizing in her way of keeping tight hold of her good news as long as possible. "And she a rich girl and used to nice things, but *sensible*, and not likely to be ashamed of any thing in my old home. Coming to-night I declare, and I a-sitting here. I ought to be a-doing, I hardly know what, this blessed minute!"

"You don't mean to say that Jimmy's married, and going to be *here*, with a *bride, to-night!*" exclaimed Martha Seaver, rising, and endeavoring to appear a little less surprised than she was able; "and a rich girl, too; and—and are they to live here with you?"

"Live here, goodness no! Did Joseph leave his gold chains and purple to go back and live with old Jacob? Live here! when he's got a good clerkship in a grand city, and going to have a home fit for a king, I'll venture! And though he don't say it, I'm more'n persuaded it'll be *me* that'll make the next move. I think I could stand it right well; a little rest and comfort in my last days!"

"Well, as Van Brunt says, 'There's something happening most days,' and this seems like a tremendous happen," said Martha, rising, and pinning her shawl carefully. "I hope they'll get here without any air-castles getting ruined; and that's more likely than that Jimmy will be able to stand all the temptations of a city life and ways, especially when sprung on him in so sudden a manner."

Did you ever happen, in a summer's walk in a forest, to pluck a beautiful wax-like Indian pipe, and feel any surprise after the warmth of your hand had sheltered it a moment to see it suddenly growing black beneath your touch until you were glad to leave it with the refuse and mould where it grew? Then you can have a faint idea of the change which Mother Gatty's placid countenance underwent at Martha's slight insinuation with regard to Jimmy's powers of bearing promotion with due safety.

"Temptations! and what are they? Don't talk to *me* of temptations! It's envy! sheer envy! I've seen it many a time before! Some people are very good to *sympathize* in trouble; but I tell you it ain't every one can obey the Scripture rule, 'Rejoice with them that *do rejoice!*' But I won't waste words, and I must go to work. Call in to-morrow and we shall see," was her parting call, as, softening a little, she opened the door Martha had rather hastily closed after her; and then she hurried back—once more to read over the letter—and then to put the old house in the very best order. And in the very best order it was, and Mother Gatty too, that evening at precisely 7 o'clock, when, after jumping up for the twentieth time, she was at last "certain sure" the old stage, with two heavy trunks behind, was actually stopping before her own green-painted and time-worn front gate.

First of all jumped out such a very tall young man that one could not help thinking of Jack's bean-stalk; and that was Jimmy Gatty. Jimmy Gatty all over from the enameled tips of his blue gaiters to the tassel on his traveling-cap. In one hand he held a fiddle-case and a lady's straw basket, and with the other lifted with easy grace the lady herself from the coach. A little blue-eyed doll of a thing with a good deal of scarlet ribbon, gossamer veil, and glittering buttons about her. And this was Jimmy Gatty's wife; and it is to be hoped she believed in her husband as heartily as he did in himself. One could ask no more than that.

Mother Gatty wavered for a moment in the porch under the hop vines, looking out with proud and tender eyes, while shawls and boxes were handed from the coach which swayed and groaned as though in a hurry to go on with its precious mail-bags and express parcels. At last she wavered toward the ribbons and buttons.

"How do you do, *Mis' Gatty?*—I s'pose I must call you," said she, reaching out her honest brown hand with some uncertainty.

She wanted to take the little creature up close to her motherly heart, kiss her a little, cry over her a little, and love her a good deal; but she was not sure whether it was proper to do those things to a city lady. However, at that instant the stage started on with a creak and a crack, and Jimmy had leisure to look around.

"Hollоa, mother! You look all right! This is *me*, and this is my *wife*, Mathilde; but *Matty* is her name; that is what you must call her," said he, cheerily, managing for all his boxes and bundles to hold out one hand and touch his mother's cheek with his lips. Whatever faults he might have, Jimmy Gatty had always a warm heart.

Then in a flash every thing seemed changed, and Mother Gatty drew the little wife close up in her kindly arms, feeling as though she had rocked her in her cradle and known her like one of her own ever since. From that instant Jimmy Gatty's marriage was a success, so far as his mother was concerned. And little Mrs. Mathilde herself, who had hardly been out of New York before, and knew nothing about bare floors and hard work, followed her new mother in her flowered chintz gown, which was short for convenience and not for fashion (and that made *such* a difference in effect!), into the clean, painted kitchen, which was dining and living and reception room; and ate the warm gingerbread and new apple-pie, seasoned with caraway, with childish delight and relish.

"I never *saw* any thing so perfectly sweet! I wish we might always live here, Jamie!" cried she, pouring some cream, warmed with tea, into her saucer for a white and brown spaniel she had brought all the way from New York in her arms. Mathilde Gatty had such a pretty, affectionate way that nobody could help loving her, but it seemed she could be of no more real use than a flaxen-haired wax doll when it came to helping on her husband, who, weak himself, so sorely needed help in meeting bravely and firmly what was coming to him with swift, sure feet.

"Jim Gatty's wife never will set the great river a-fire, but she is sweet and pretty, and if she is rich, as they say she is, I wonder she couldn't do better than take up with such a poor stick as Jim," said Martha Seaver, who never fully approved of any thing which did not and never could belong to her.

This was at a little tea-party Mother Gatty had given in honor of her guests, and Martha was wiping dishes after supper with Sarah Juniper, out in the sink-room.

"Jim is handsome, and when he sets up about any thing there is no getting rid of him; he will have his way, any how," returned Sarah, with the air of a philosopher, as she dropped a spoonful of soap into the dish-water.

Just then Mrs. Jim Gatty herself flew in, dressed in white embroidered muslin and blue ribbons.

"Oh, please do let me help you! Do you know I am going to have you both to see me in New York at Christmas. If you don't like to take the journey alone Jamie shall come for you. There! Let me carry those custard-cups away; I know just where they belong," said she, flitting away like an animated doll, and never thinking afterward of her invitation, or of the girls either, till they came in her way again.

This was only two days before the visit was coming to an end, and the next day Jimmy had packed the trunks and sat playing with his fiddle, while Mathilde on the floor by his side played with Tiny, the brown-and-white spaniel; and Mother Gatty, in the creaking yellow chair, sewed a binding on Jimmy's coat.

"Mother!" said Jimmy, suddenly, putting down his fiddle.

Mother Gatty looked up from her binding wistfully.

"I was only making up my mind to ask you about—about how things went on *here* after I left you some time ago."

Mother Gatty gave a keen look over her spectacles at the little Mathilde, which did not escape Jimmy's notice, and he remarked:

"Oh! Mathilde knows every thing. If I had not gone away as I did I should never have been here with her now. But we will not go into that at present. I had many a troubled hour about you those first weeks, I assure you, and I made up my mind fully never to see you again unless I could come in some *better* shape than when I left. I'm afraid I have more pride than the Prodigal Son. At any rate, it wasn't husks that made *me* desirous of turning homeward;" and he bestowed a loving look on Mathilde as he spoke.

"Better than husks, I'll be bound!" said Mother Gatty, looking in the same direction, in token of her appreciation of Jimmy's remark.

Just here the conversation was interrupted by a farewell call from Martha Seaver, who, having "understood the bride was about leaving, could not let her go without a good-by;" and soon all the good-bys were said, and Mother Gatty was alone again. But before that time came something else was said; something which Martha Seaver's call interrupted before it was well begun.

"Mother," said Jim again, following her on the last morning into the buttery, where she stood skimming off cream for the codfish, "have you got such a matter as fifty dollars or so by you that you sha'n't want to use for a few weeks? You see it is just here. Matty's father is doing a tip-top business, with a clear profit of forty dollars a day, and I am going in with him, taking half the risks (which are really *none*), and having half the profits after six months. It is a capital chance for me, but as I haven't put in any thing I sort o' hate to begin to draw out at the very start, and if you could let me have a fifty or so I should like it first-rate. I shall be in a condition to pay you back that and all the rest of the money I have had of you very soon; but you can understand, I feel a little delicate about it now. You have worked hard in your day, mother, and I have been something of an anxiety and expense to you: but that is all over now; I am going in for the almighty dollar after this, and I intend *you* shall dress in black silk every day, and just sit and fold your hands."

Mother Gatty smiled to think how wretched she should be if any thing so uncongenial ever happened to her, but I don't think she felt there was really any danger of it; and putting down her basin of cream, she reached a broken sugar bowl from the top shelf of the buttery cupboard.

"I've got just that much money here, Jimmy. I've been saving it up to buy an Alderney cow; but I don't much mind if I get along with what dairy I have this summer. Two cows will be as much, perhaps, as I shall care about attending to," said she, cheerfully.

"I don't *want* you taking care of so much milk, mother. But if you need the money for any thing else any time let me know at once," replied Jimmy, slipping it into his pocket with the air of a landlord taking his dues.

He would not have felt as though he had been home if he had gone away without that little episode.

Then he went away with his wife and his fiddle, and Mother Gatty was left alone to wonder over and over, day after day, while she rocked and builded air-castles, about her Canaanitish future—why the direct, tangible, immediate invitation to the Promised Land was so long delayed. Letters came, month after month, from the little housewife, until the bright-flowered wall-basket was plumped out like a Thanksgiving turkey; but no special word saying "*Come*" could be construed from their loving, indefinite pages. Neither could she quite make up her mind as to *how* they were living. "Cozily housekeeping on a fourth-floor with two rooms," was the most definite idea that they had given her.

Ah, Mother Gatty! could you but have looked into the second and smaller of those two rooms now and then, you would no longer wonder about delayed invitations. Your hopes of reaching Canaan would fail, even as did the Prophet's on Mount Nebo, when he knew he was taking his farewell look of the glory beyond. In that second small room was a closet, and on one shelf stood—never full, and sometimes nearly emptied—a large flask bottle, the contents of which, when poured into the cup beside it, knew how to "give its color aright," and the results of which were daily becoming more manifest, and hastening on the time when they should prove the adder's sting and serpent's bite to one dearer to her than any other on earth. "Jimmy," in his short and happy home-visit, had carefully abstained from relating the occupation of his intended father-in-law; nor could she, poor soul! once suspect that Mathilde's wealth was not won wisely.

Two slow winters had come and gone, two springs had wept and smiled themselves away: and when the second summer came to wither the May flowers and open the roses, James and Mathilde Gatty came home again. This visit was entirely unexpected to good Mother Gatty, who

was chopping cheese-curd in the back stoop when the stage stopped.

"One more pinch of salt," said she to herself, tasting the curd, and reaching out her hand toward the wooden salt-bowl.

But that last pinch never went in, for just then a pair of soft arms stole around her waist, and, turning her head quickly, she saw Mathilde's face, sweet and girlish as ever! Mother Gatty looked into it an instant, then she looked an instant at the ceiled roof overhead.

"I don't see any *hole*," said she, gravely. Then she dropped two or three tears on Mathilde's curls, while Mathilde cried a little on her shoulder; and this was the reason one of Mother Gatty's fat yellow cheeses went to press a little too fresh.

At this time, instead of the brown-and-white spaniel, Mathilde brought in her arms a bundle which was half made up of dainty embroidery and half of baby, with yellow fuzz on its head. This baby—this "golden-haired Gertrude"—was all the outward sign of change in the Gatty family; but one can not judge always what the song of a bird may be by seeing the egg-shell.

The next morning after their arrival, while Jimmy was fiddling the baby to sleep up stairs, Mathilde came out to Mother Gatty picking pease in the garden.

"Bless her heart! she is just as pretty as a sweet-pea blow," thought Mother Gatty looking out from under her green berage sun-bonnet at the pink and white cambric wrapper with the pink and white face above it.

"I've come to help you," said Mathilde, beginning to strip off the pea-pods, "and to ask you if you will let me stay and help you always," she continued.

"What *do* you mean, my dear child?" exclaimed Mother Gatty, astonished enough to turn into a pillar of salt then and there.

"I'll tell you, mother, all about it," replied Mathilde, settling down among the vines, and falling to picking leaves instead of pods. "Perhaps you know, and perhaps you don't know my father is a wine-merchant, wholesale and retail, and Jamie is in with him. Now I have never thought until very lately but *that* business is as good as any other, and maybe it is for some people. I am only a little thing and can't judge. But I know it never will do for *Jamie;* he is getting fonder of wine than he is of me, and growing unsettled every way; so I have just made up my mind that the best place for us is out of sight and hearing of New York. Jamie is as kind-hearted as he can be, and I am sure you and I and the baby together can do any thing with him if we can just keep him here. So if you will only say you can't do without us any longer I am sure, mother, it will be his salvation; and I know I'll like housework, if you'll teach me how to do it."

A wood-pecker tapped, self-invited to breakfast, at the door of a worm's nest in one of the trees of the bit of woodland which came up close behind the garden; a partridge on a mossy log drummed, with his body for drum-head and his wings for sticks; a tree-toad trilled out his cry for more rain; and, mingling with these summer sounds, James Gatty's fiddle made soft harmony, floating out from the open window where he sat looking into the garden at the pretty picture of the pink and gray gowns among the green vines, with a bright border behind of hollyhocks and poppies, marigolds and red roses, French pinks and tiger lilies; and on this moment, consequent and peaceful as it seemed, James Gatty's future depended.

"Father won't like to have Jamie leave him, I know that; but you have the first right, and you *need* him, don't you, Mother Gatty?" pleaded Mathilde, with no look of a doll, but of an earnest human soul in her blue eyes.

There was no need though of pleading to the mother to reach out her hand to save her boy. And it was not very difficult, here in the midst of these sweet home influences, to induce Jimmy, whose worst fault was infirmness of purpose, not to return to New York.

So he staid and made terraces and fountains, and duck-ponds and bird-boxes, persuading himself and the loving hearts of the women that he was carrying on his mother's small farm and taking the burden of life from her shoulders to his. While little Mathilde flitted about the live-long day, busy and beautiful as a butterfly, but of more value than a whole generation of butterflies; for the untried, unformed child, wakened to the duties of life by being mated to one weaker than herself, developed into a brave and useful woman who has saved a soul from drifting on to utter ruin. Because Jamie, though he was never worth a row of pins for taking care of himself alone, now hemmed in and upheld by the strengthening force of tender family cares, while he is removed from outward evil temptations, makes a very good husband and father—as husbands and fathers go—and quite a harmless, respectable man among men.

"I *said* Jim Gatty's wife never would set the great river afire, and she never has, but she turns out to be just the right sort of a person for Jim. You never know for sure who will be a good match for you until you have *tried* it," commented Martha Seaver.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LAST week, in the usual weekly report which is made in regard to the sanitary condition of our city, two deaths were mentioned as having occurred under peculiar and distressing circumstances. The facts, briefly stated, are in substance as follows: Mrs. ——, aged 30, living at No. — Eighth Avenue, died of typhoid fever after three weeks' illness. The whole family were taken sick at the same time, and (having no relatives) consequently suffered lack of nursing. No person could be induced to give the needed care, and they were left many hours at a time without nursing. The husband and father died of the same fever at Charity Hospital. He was removed from No. — Eighth Avenue; the case was aggravated by want of nursing at home, and by his own excitement and care for a delirious wife and six children. "Thus," justly remarked the reporter, "from want of the necessary nursing and care—such as women gave most willingly in the war—a father and mother were lost, and a family of orphans and paupers was made." There is no need for one who is genuinely desirous of doing good to go to a far-off heathen country for an opportunity; no need to go through a tedious preliminary training to master a difficult foreign language, or to become acclimated to a new and trying life. There is great need for benevolent workers in our very midst. Doubtless many are called to go to foreign lands; but are there not many others who would gladly, though more quietly it may be, be missionaries to the friendless sick in this city? There are many in this field now—and there is room for more. The first care of an earnest, intelligent missionary, whether in New York or Hindostan, is to relieve immediate bodily suffering. It is of no use to offer a man the Bible when he is famishing for bread and meat; nor does the best tract in the world do any good to one tossing in the delirium of fever. As Artemus Ward once remarked, "it is an excellent idea to send flour and bacon along with the Gospel." This principle is becoming generally understood, and much self-denying, personal care is taken to ascertain and relieve the wants of the poor among us. Such instances as the above, we believe, must be rare; but many lives might be saved during the hot summer months by judicious nursing and care of the sick poor.

The general health of the city is now infinitely better than at a corresponding time last year. Excessive mortality occurs only in the overcrowded and uncleanly sections, where little children chiefly suffer the penalty of foul air and filthy houses. Every week there is in some parts of the city a "fearful massacre of the innocents."

Recently some singular cases of poisoning have occurred, from which parents and others who have the care of children may learn a lesson. An infant in this city, only ten months old, got access to an enameled card-board box containing candies. She not only ate some of the sugar plums, but a part of the box; and subsequently was seized with violent vomiting and purging, and exhibited all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning. She continued to grow worse and died. An analysis was made of the paper card, and arsenic found in it. The verdict of the jury was, "that deceased came to her death by poisoning by arsenic, from eating a piece of an enameled card-board box, said box having been used to contain candies."

Twin daughters of a gentleman living in Mattapolsett, Massachusetts, were poisoned to death last week by eating friction matches. They were about four years old. When it was discovered that they had swallowed the poison, the mistake was made of trying to expel it by cathartic instead of emetic remedies, with a fatal result.

A very singular accident recently occurred to a three-year old child in Bridgeport, Connecticut. He put by mistake into his mouth a torpedo instead of a sugar-plum, and the explosion that followed knocked out three of his teeth and lacerated his lips.

Accidents from the use of kerosene continue to be frightfully common. A short time since a servant girl in Brooklyn, in renewing the fire of the range, emptied upon the coals a quantity of kerosene, which instantly blazing up communicated with the fluid remaining in the can. She was so injured that death ensued in an hour and a half.

In London, a butcher was sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment, with hard labor, without the option of a fine, for sending a sheep to the London market which was unfit for human food. The magistrate considered it was a serious case, as the defendant acknowledged having sent hundreds to the market worse than the one for which he was summoned. Vendors of bad meat, every where, should be made to suffer the full penalty of the law.

A baker in Syracuse has set a good example, which it would be only right and just for all bakers to follow, as well as dealers in general. He has given public notice that the price of his bread has been reduced $1 per 100 loaves, and this too without reducing their size or their quality. When the price of flour falls, the price of bread ought to be reduced also. But it is very difficult for dealers to see that it is a poor rule that will not "work both ways." They are always ready, unsolicited, to raise their prices if there is the slightest occasion. European bakers, it is said, vary the prices of their loaves from day to day, according to the fluctuations of the market.

The latest fraud is thus described: A young man of genteel address, entering a fashionable bar-room, struts to the bar and familiarly calls for a glass of bourbon, and on turning to look about the room sees a half-dozen or more strangers and invites them to join him in drinking confusion to the Excise law. After all have drank, the stranger calls for a paper of Century Tobacco, and on opening it, to the surprise of all, he takes from it a $100 note. Of course Champagne is ordered, when suddenly the stranger, looking at the clock, recollects an appointment, and, throwing down the newly-found Treasury-note, tells the barkeeper to keep $10 for himself, pays for the wine, gets his change, and takes his departure. It is almost needless to say that the note is spurious.

Those who went late into the country were the gainers in one respect—they found a second edition of strawberries and raspberries awaiting them. The wild berries have been very plentiful this year, and in general very nice, although the flavor is quite different from that of the cultivated ones. And this reminds us of a little four-year-old from the city, who, on being asked if she had had any strawberries since she came to the country, replied, "Yes, Aunt Clara bought some 'wild' ones, and they were *terribly wild.*"

Thieves are becoming a trifle *too* bold. The Troy *Times* says that a collection was recently taken up in a church in that city to aid a sister society in rebuilding their house of worship. Contributions flowed in plentifully; the plate ran over with greenbacks. It was then placed on the receiving stand, and allowed to remain there until the congregation was dismissed. Then the trustees went up to count the money and take charge of it, but, strange to say, the greenbacks had disappeared. One or two bills scattered along the aisle showed that some adroit thief had robbed the plate and safely escaped among the retiring members of the congregation.

A singular instance of an insane man outwitting a sane one occurred a short time ago in Milwaukee. A police officer was detailed to take an insane man to an asylum. The man went along quietly until the end of the journey was reached, and instead of being delivered to the officers of the asylum, very quietly delivered the astonished officer, who, before he had an opportunity for an explanation, found himself locked up in a cell, and was told that a strait-jacket awaited him if he made any demonstrations. The insane man went away, having done his work in a very systematic manner, and was very soon after boasting of his feat. The officer, as soon as he could get the manager of the asylum to listen to him, made an explanation and sent for an acquaintance, who very soon set matters to rights. Search was made for the insane man, and he was found detailing his exploits, and very soon taken care of. The officer thinks he will look a little sharper next time.

It was reported that the death of the Archduchess Matilda of Austria was caused by treading upon a match. It is now stated that she was smoking a cigarette in her parlor, and when some one came in she hastily put it behind her, and her dress, which was of light material, caught fire, and she was burned to death.

Lawyers often indulge in grim humor, as an incident, related of a certain London barrister, shows. On one occasion, being a candidate for an election, he gave liberal orders to all the tradesmen whose votes he hoped to secure. This generous course involved him in the ordering of a handsome coffin from a flourishing undertaker who had a vote. After the election, the coffin was, to the great dismay of the family, sent home in a handsome hearse. The servants refused to admit it, but the lawyer himself, coming to the rescue, directed that it should be placed under his bed for the present; but to this proceeding his indignant spouse would not consent. The servants of the house also threatened to leave. So the lawyer sent the obnoxious article to his office, where it now lies, containing voluminous law reports and other records of dead cases. If a brother lawyer wishes to borrow a law-book, he is coolly referred to the coffin, and he generally remarks that it is "no matter—he'll step into the next office." In this way the legal coffin proprietor preserves his law library intact.

## THE COLLEGE REGATTA AT WORCESTER.

THE annual New York Yacht Club Regatta in New York harbor and "Regatta Week" at Worcester, Massachusetts, are the great events among the "outdoor sportsmen" of America. We have before given an illustration of the Yacht Regatta, and we give in this issue a double-page engraving illustrating the scenes at Worcester on July 19, the occasion of the latter event.

Springfield, Massachusetts, used to be the scene of the annual contest between the students of the two most ancient of our colleges, Harvard and Yale, but of late the placid and picturesque Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, and nearly mid-way between Boston and New Haven, has been the chosen scene of the trial of strength and skill in rowing. This year, too, the usual performances have been varied; the students of the two colleges have tested their strength with the bat as well as the oar; and citizens of Worcester have been permitted to enter the lists and display their prowess with the sculls.

### THE BASE BALL MATCH.

The *fêtes* commenced on July 18 with a base ball match between the Sophomores of Harvard and Yale. The following are the names of the select nines who contested the game:

*For Harvard*—R. SHAW, BOWDITCH, SMITH, PEABODY, WILLARD, BARTLETT, SEVERANCE, G. SHAW, and RAWLE.

*For Yale*—BURRELL, CUNNINGHAM, FOWLER, HOOKER, FERRY, M'LANE, CONDICT, VAN WYCK, and DE GROVE.

The game began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the playing was of the most superior character. Better batting and catching, in fact, were seldom seen, and the agility with which both parties moved over the ground in making the runs showed that each side had fully prepared itself by dint of long practice to sustain the high reputation it had already achieved in the base ball world. Nine innings were played. At the commencement of the last one the scores of runs stood twenty-three for Yale, twenty for Harvard, the former going to the bat. A few mishaps to the Yaleites put Harvard in possession, and the game at this juncture looked very dubious on both sides. The Massachusetts boys played quite carefully, but two lucky catches of foul balls by their opponents and the putting out of a prominent batsman on the third base turned the scale in favor of the Connecticuts, and they soon thereafter closed the inning, leading the Harvards by just one run. The announcement of this result was received with terrific cheers by the assemblage, who rushed in from all parts of the field to give their congratulations to the victors.

### THE SCULL RACE.

After a night of the wildest festivities the regatta exercises were begun by a display of skill with the oars by WALTER BROWN, the champion oarsman of America, who rowed three miles against time, making the distance in twenty-three minutes. Then a scull race was rowed between JOHN M'KELL of Cold Spring, GILBERT WARD of Newburg, JOHN TYLER, Jun., of Boston, and SIDNEY HOLBRIDGE, in which M'KELL was the winner, rowing the distance (two miles) in 15m. 51s. Then followed

### THE FRESHMAN RACE.

The Yale Freshman or Class of 1870 crew was as follows:

WM. M'CLINTOCK (stroke), Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.
R. TERRY (port starboard), Irvington, New York.
T. F. HINDS (starboard waist), Richfield Springs, New York; weight, 145 lbs.
C. N. CHADWICK (port waist), Old Lyme; weight, 141 lbs.
J. E. CURRAN (starboard bow), Utica, New York; weight, 131 lbs.
H. A. CLEVELAND (bow), New Haven, Connecticut; weight, 131 lbs.

Their boat is 49 feet long, 22 inches wide, weighs 160 pounds, and has a $3\frac{1}{2}$-inch "back-bone."

The Harvard Freshman crew was as follows:

JOHN W. SANGER (stroke), Boston, Massachusetts; weight, 152 lbs.
THEO. PARSONS (port starboard), Cambridge, Massachusetts; weight, 149 lbs.
S. VAN RENSSELAER THAYER (starboard waist), Boston, Massachusetts; weight, 165 lbs.
S. M. LOWE (port waist), New York; weight, 152 lbs.
BROOKS ADAMS (starboard bow), Quincy, Massachusetts; weight, 147 lbs.
GRINNELL WILLIS (bow), Idlewild, New York; weight, 144 lbs.

Their boat was 51 feet long and only 19 inches wide, the narrowest boat yet rowed in any country.

The Yale boat had the inside position, nearest the judges' boat, on the start, and when the word was given both crafts struck out with a will, Yale leading slightly. On passing the grand stand the Harvards had come up even with their competitors, and tremendous cheers saluted both crews. Inspirited by this reception, both parties seemed to be keenly alive to the fact that the contest was to be a close one, and they struck away in a style that sent each wherry through the water like an arrow from a well-bent bow. On nearing the stake-boat both crews rounded beautifully, and put forth extra exertions for the home-stretch. Harvard now fell back a little, but so little as to be scarcely perceptible, and Yale, on passing the grand stand, in return was cheered to the echo. Though even at this point, it was thought that a few good pulls would enable the Harvard boys to make up their deficiency; but the sturdy strokes of the Yale crew, which had been kept up from the commencement of the race, told heavily in their favor, and they now, as if determined to win beyond all peradventure, shot ahead of their competitors about eight lengths, which distance they maintained until the judges' boat was passed, making the race in $19.38\frac{1}{4}$. The Harvards' time was 20.06.

The closing contest, called

### THE UNIVERSITY RACE,

followed hard upon the heels of the other. The University crew of Yale is made up as follows:

WILLIAM A. COPP (stroke), New England Village, Massachusetts; weight, 159 lbs.
SAMUEL PARRY (port stroke), Chester, New Jersey; weight, 156 lbs.
WILLIAM H. LEE (starboard waist), Chicago, Illinois; weight, 160 lbs.
JAMES COFFIN (port waist), Irvington, New York; weight, $150\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
WILLIAM H. FERRY (starboard bow), Chicago, Illinois; weight, $141\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.
GEORGE A. ADEE (bow), Westchester, New York; weight, 134 lbs.

Their boat was made by JAMES M'KAY, of New York. It is 49 feet long (without rudder), 22 inches wide, weighs 160 pounds, and has a $3\frac{1}{2}$-inch "back-bone." It is built of Spanish cedar.

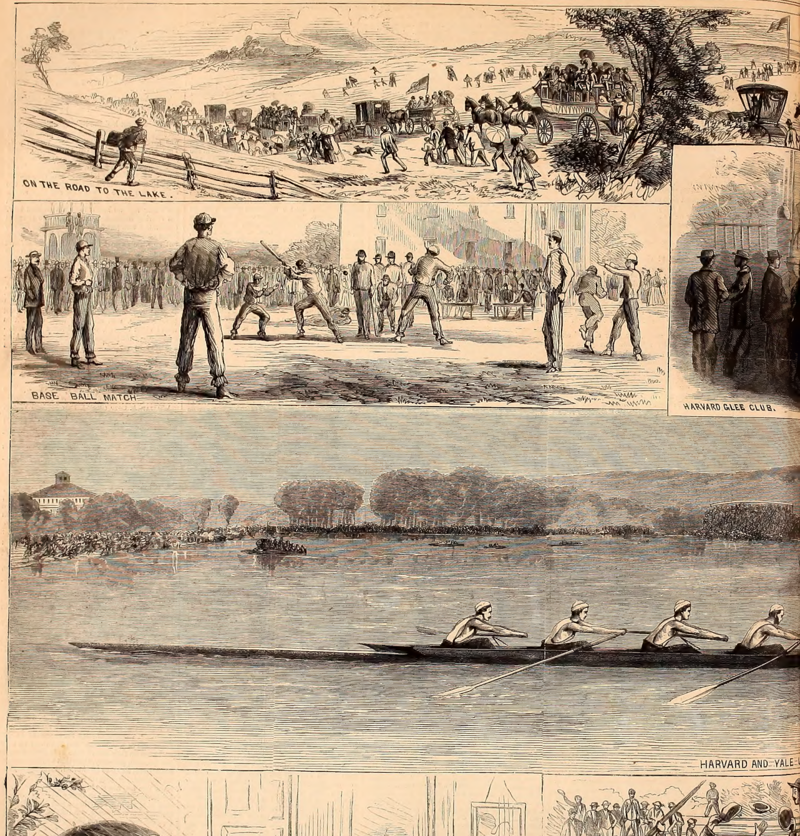
Their rival crew from Harvard was as follows:

ALDEN P. LORING (stroke), Boston, Massachusetts; weight, 146 lbs.
WILLIAM H. SIMONDS (port stroke), Concord, Massachusetts; weight, 155 lbs.
THOMAS S. EDMANDS (starboard waist), Newton, Massachusetts; weight, 149 lbs.
ROBERT C. WATSON (port waist), Milton, Massachusetts; weight, 156 lbs.
WILLIAM W. RICHARDS (starboard bow), New York city; weight, 170 lbs.
GEORGE W. HOLDRIDGE (bow), Irvington, New York; weight, 153 lbs.

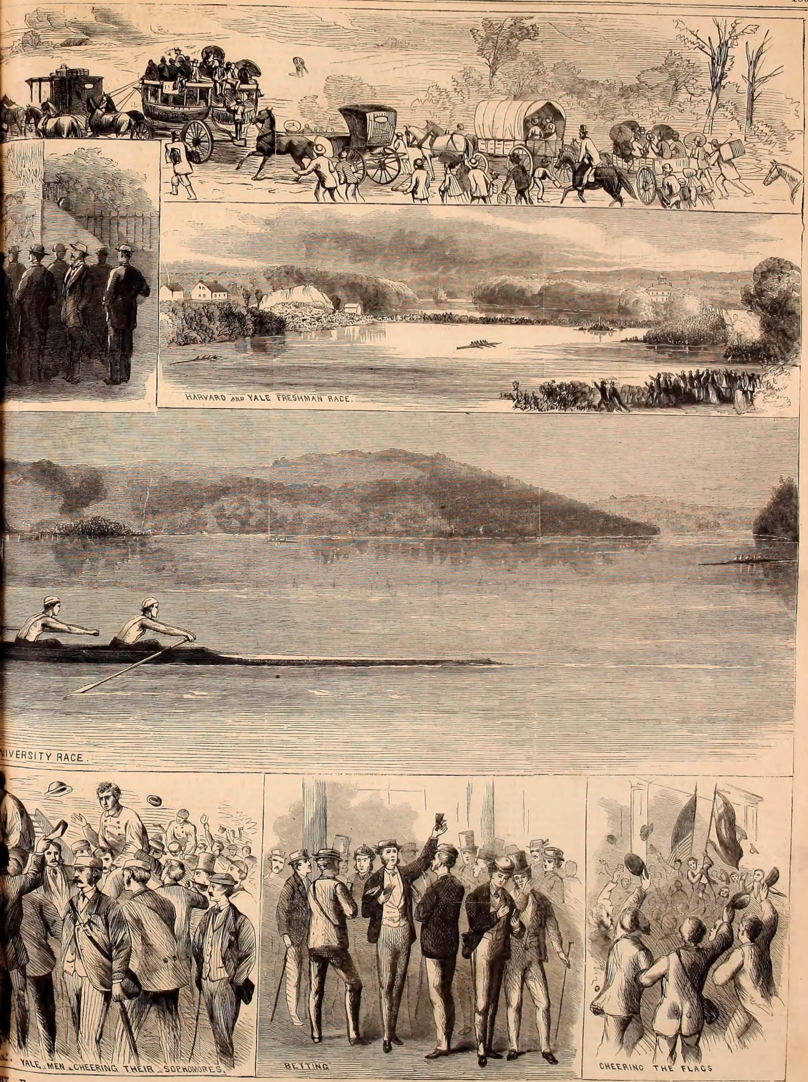
The University boat is the handiwork of CHARLES B. ELLIOT, of Greenpoint, Long Island. It is 53 feet long (without rudder), 20 inches wide, weighs 175 pounds, and has a 7-inch (trestled) back-bone.

Having taken position, with Yale on the inside, the signal was given, and off they started. The Harvards took the lead, and though closely pressed by their competitors, kept it all the way. After leaving the starting rope and reaching the grand stand the Harvards were about a length ahead. Their deep stroke and very high style of feathering gave premonitions that they were coming in winners, though the earnestness of the Yales was of a character that left them no time for idling on their oars. The Yale style of stroke was prettier, probably, than that of their antagonists, but it failed to tell in their favor in the matter of speed. Whatever may have been the cause, there was less hurry observable among the Cambridge oarsmen; but as their oars took the water they told with a vim that spoke well for their training and composure. As the boats sped away into the distance it was hoped by the friends of the Yale that some lucky turn of affairs would place them in the lead on the return from the stake-boat, but these hopes were doomed to disappointment. As the crews again hove in sight it was fully apparent that the gain made by the Harvards on the start was too much for the Yales to overcome, and on passing the grand stand the former showed up six hundred feet ahead. This was a state of affairs entirely unlooked for. The betting had been all day in favor of the Harvards in this race; but no one supposed that they would be able to let so much daylight between themselves and their contestants. This distance was, however, kept up, and they came in the winners amidst immense cheers from the men and waving of handkerchiefs on the part of the ladies. The time was: for the Harvards, $18.12\frac{3}{4}$, the fastest on record; for the Yales, $19.25\frac{1}{2}$.

Our large double-page engraving on pages 488 and 489 will give the reader an idea not only of the games and matches which were contested, but of the accompanying scenes and incidents. "On the road to the Lake" is a spirited sketch, showing how the scene of the contest was reached amidst the most delightful confusion. "The Harvard Glee Club" did its duty in making night musical and hideous with the favorite college doggerel songs; the whole population engaged in the "Struggle for Dinner" and in the "Betting," while the rain, which fell at times during the day, furnish numerous pretty girls with an excuse for seeking shelter "under cover" of their gallants' umbrellas.




THE COLLEGE REGATTA AND BALL MATCH AT WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 19,




87.—From Sketches by Charles G. Bush and Photographs by Black of Boston.—[See Page 487.]

## GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

By FLORENCE PERCY.

Grandmother's garden was brave to see,
  Gorgeous with old-time plants and blooms
All too common and cheap to be
  Grown in modern parterres or rooms:
Old traditional herbs and flowers,
  Some for pleasure and some for need;
Gifted, haply, with wondrous powers,
  Bud or petal or bark or seed.

All old fashions of leaf and root
  Grew there, cherished for show or use;
Currant-bushes with clustered fruit,
  Red as garnets and full of juice.
Tiger-lilies with beaded stalks,
  Balm and basil and bitter rue,
Gay nasturtiums and four-o'clocks—
  Grandmother's garden was fair to view.

Pinks—how rich in their stately prime!
  Filled the air with a rare delight—
Lavender mingled with sage and thyme;
  Lilacs, purple and milky-white,
Met and mingled and bloomed as one
  Over the path, they grew so tall;
And tulip-torches, in wind and sun,
  Flamed and flared by the southern wall.

Periwinkles with trailing vines,
  Lordly lilies with creamy tint,
Bachelor's-buttons and columbines,
  Proud sweet-williams and odorous mint—
Heavy peonies, burning red,
  Wonders of lush, redundant bloom,
Longed for a wider space to spread,
  And flushed the redder for lack of room.

Brilliant asters their prim heads tossed—
  Dark-blue monkshood and hollyhocks,
Smiling fearless at autumn's frost,
  Waved and nodded along the walks.
Love-lies-bleeding forever drooped—
  Disks of sun-flowers, bright and broad,
Watched like sentries; and fennel stooped
  Over immortal Aaron's-rod.

Cumfrey, dropping its waxen flowers;
  Purple gooseberries, over-ripe;
Lady-grass, that I searched for hours,
  Vainly trying to match a stripe:
Pansies, bordering all the beds—
  Ladies'-delights for the children's sake—
Poppies nodding their sleepy heads,
  And yellow marigolds wide awake.

Morning-glories, whose trumpets rung
  Resonant with the rifling bees;
Daffodils, born when spring was young;
  Vain narcissus, and gay sweet-peas
Clinging close, but with bright wings spread
  Wide, like butterflies just alight;
Gauze-flowers fragile, to sunrise wed,
  And bashful primrose that bloomed at night.

Rich syringas, all honey-sweet,
  Trim carnations of tenderest pink;
Blue-bells, spite of the noonday heat,
  Holding dew for the birds to drink.
Marjoram, hyssop, and caraway,
  Damask roses and mignonnette;
Ah! sometimes at this distant day
  I can fancy I smell them yet.

I have a garden of prouder claims,
  Full of novelties bright and rare
Modern flowers with stately names
  Flaunt their wonderful beauty there.
Yet, in threading its brilliant maze,
  Oft my heart, with a home-sick thrill,
Whispers—dreaming of early days—
  "Grandmother's garden was fairer still!"

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book III.

### CHAPTER VII.

NEWS FROM HAMMERHAM.

Returning from the theatre, they passed the open door of the kitchen on their way into the house, and Mrs. Walton looked in to say good-evening to old Joe, who was sitting by the turf fire in a great chair covered with patchwork, and smoking a long pipe.

"Good-evening, Mr. Bonny, how are you to-night?"

"Wa'al, Missus Walton," responded the old man, in a slow growl, "I don't know as there's much the matter with me, 'ceptin' as I've growed old. My old carcase ain't good for nothin' now, but to set still from mornin' till night in this here darned old cheer."

Joe Bonny never regarded the individual whom he was addressing, nor even turned his head, but habitually uttered his remarks in the manner of a soliloquy, and was so slow, so gruff, and so inarticulate as to be nearly unintelligible to strangers.

"Ah, sure, Joe," said Biddy, bustling cheerfully about the kitchen, "don't be afther repoining now! Ye've done yer share of work in this world; can't ye be aisy and rest comfortable in the evenin' of yer days?"

"Yah!" snarled Joe. "Rest! There niver warn't a Paddy yet as I ever heerd on as wasn't up to takin' any amount o' that there. They thinks a Englishman just lunattic for wantin' to do any thing else in the 'varsal world *but* rest!"

A significant commentary on Joe's speech was supplied by old Bridget's busy activity. The sweet-tempered old soul applied herself to the preparation of her lodgers' supper, now and then stopping to alter the position of the cushion behind her husband's back, or to put his tobacco-box within more convenient reach of his hand, or to pile a few fresh turfs on the hearth.

"Don't you find it warm enough to do without fire here in the evening?" said Mrs. Walton, turning to leave the kitchen.

"*I* do, ma'am," answered Biddy; "but Joe likes the bit of foire, the craythur. Sure he can't move about to set his blood cirkylatin', and it does be company for him when I'm obliged to lave him alone."

During supper Biddy lingered in the sitting-room, on one excuse or the other, to express her delight at the performance, and to retail all the favorable criticisms which Teddy Molloy had brought home.

"Don't sit up for us any longer, Biddy," said Mrs. Walton. "I am sure you must be very tired."

"Oh, sorra a bit, ma'am," responded the old woman, cheerfully. "But I'll wish yez all good-night, an' pleasant dhraems, an'—Arrah, see there now!" she exclaimed, suddenly, "what a baste I am to be forgettin' the letther, and me having it in my pocket all the time!"

"A letter, Biddy?"

"A letther, no less, ma'am, and 'tis for the young lady, God bless her. Sure it came not more than foive minutes afther ye was gone to the theatre, an' I tuk it from Dennis the post-man my own self, and put it in my pocket; and sure I give no more thought to it from that moment to this, so I didn't! There it is, miss." Biddy handed to Mabel a thick letter with the Hammerham post-mark.

"No bad news, dear, I hope?" said Aunt Mary, with a searching glance at Mabel's face as she read her letter.

"Oh no, aunt, thank you. Mamma and Dooley are well. And mamma tells me that a—a friend of mine is going to be married."

"Halloa, Mabel!" cried Jack, in his random way, saying what came uppermost. "I hope it isn't a case of 'she never told her love,' and letting what's his name, like the thingummy, eat up the damask roses, eh? You look quite tragic. Is he false, Mabel, fickle, faithless?"

"How silly you are, Jack!" said Mabel, flushing crimson. "The friend who is going to be married is a lady, an old school-fellow of mine, Miss Augusta Charlewood."

"Any relation to the gentleman of whose kindness little Corda speaks so much?" asked Mrs. Walton.

"His sister."

There was a little shade over Mabel.

"You are tired, dear child," said her aunt. "Go to bed."

Mabel rose, shook hands with Jack, and kissed her aunt in silence.

"Shut your door, Mabel, so that I may not disturb you when I come into my room. I am not going to bed for an hour yet. I have to recover a part for to-morrow night. Good-night, dear. I don't know how it is," continued Mrs. Walton, when Mabel had left the room, "but it always seems to me that a letter from Hazlehurst puts her out of spirits. And yet she is very eager to get them, poor child."

"I think Aunt Earnshaw bothers her with complaints; she was always selfish," said Jack: who had never quite forgiven what he called Mrs. Philip's bad behavior to his mother.

Mabel went into her own little chamber, and shut the door of communication between it and her aunt's room. The night was warm and soft, and Mabel opened the little old-fashioned lattice window that looked across a small flagged yard into some gardens beyond, where a couple of tall elms stood up dark against the sky. She unbound and brushed out her hair, and prepared herself for bed, glancing every now and then at her letter. She had laid it on the little table beside the looking-glass; but she did not open it again or read it until she had finished her toilet for the night. It seemed as though she desired to devote herself very quietly to its perusal; for when she was ready to step into bed she wrapped a dressing-gown about her, and, seating herself at the table, took up the letter. But even then she did not open it at once, but sat stroking her forehead with the cover in a musing, irresolute way. At last, with a decided movement, she took it out of its envelope, and, beginning at the first page, read it through steadily once more.

Mrs. Saxelby, as the reader knows by this time, was not one of those people who can "suffer and be strong." It was her nature and her habit to cry out when she was hurt in either mind or body: not with any passionate or unbecoming violence, but with a soft, plaintive, lady-like bemoaning of her fate, and demand for sympathy. And it was very difficult for Mrs. Saxelby to believe that people who *didn't* cry out suffered at all.

After the drive in Miss Charlewood's pony-carriage, she had sat down to relieve her mind by pouring out some portion of her own melancholy and low spirits on Mabel. Not that this was what she told herself she meant to do. "Of course Mabel will like to hear the Hammerham news. I must tell her of Augusta's engagement. Oh dear me, dear me! No one knows what an effort it is for me to write sometimes!" That is what Mrs. Saxelby said to herself.

So Mabel read her mother's letter steadily through. The first part related small particulars of her own health and Dooley's, of their daily life, and of the garden and orchard, and dumb creatures—not forgetting the famous pig. Then came the kernel, the real bitter almond for whose envelopment all the husk of the letter had been constructed. "On Tuesday, Penelope Charlewood called in the forenoon, and brought the pony-carriage, in which she asked us to take a drive. I was a little unwilling at first to go. But it was a fine day, and I knew dear Julian would enjoy it, and Miss Charlewood was very friendly and urgent, so at last I consented. I had not seen any of the family from Bramley Manor for three weeks, and Miss Charlewood excused and accounted for their long absence by giving me a piece of news. Augusta is going to be married very shortly. Her fiancé is a clergyman named Dawson, belonging to an Irish family. But Penelope said the young couple would live close to Eastfield, which is (for rich people who do not care what they spend in traveling) quite like being in Hammerham. When *my* daughter was in Eastfield it seemed a long way off. But Mr. Charlewood is one of the fortunate ones of this world. Mrs. Dawson—the mother of the bridegroom elect—is staying at the Manor on a visit. And also his cousin, a Miss O'Brien, an Irish girl. *Very* handsome and dashing and clever. She and Clement Charlewood take long rides together. She is a *splendid* horsewoman. And, from what Penelope said, I can see very plainly that she is making violent love to Clement. In fact, I infer that the whole thing is as good as settled. I must say I felt very downcast and wretched when I returned home after the drive. It did seem as if every thing and every body that I cared for were drifting, drifting away from me. After all that has passed I *did* think that Clement would not have consoled himself so very soon. How fickle and selfish men are! But I don't believe he can care for this Miss O'Brien one quarter as much as he did for you. He is just dazzled and flattered, that is all. Oh, Mabel, Mabel! how I sometimes wish that—but of course it is no use wishing; I know that very well; and you, who have new scenes, new faces, and new occupations, can scarcely imagine how bitter *my* regrets are sometimes. One thing is quite certain: marry whom you will I shall never, never be able to feel for him as I could have done for Clement Charlewood. It is sometimes fairly incomprehensible to me how you could *help* loving him. But I suppose there is no accounting for these things, and it is useless to try."

The letter rambled on in this strain for some page and a half longer; but contained nothing more which it imports the reader to know for the understanding of my story, except the few following words, added as a postscript:

"Walter joined his regiment a fortnight ago. They say he will be sent to Dublin. I wonder if you will chance to see him! He is to be at the wedding, of course, if he can get leave, which they do not doubt."

Mabel re-folded the letter elaborately; taking especial care to keep the paper in its original creases, and pressing and smoothing them with her hand. One would have thought, to watch her, that her attention was quite absorbed in her task. But in truth she did not even see what she was doing, except in a mechanical way, from which her mind was absent.

"Poor mamma!" thought Mabel. "I am so sorry for poor mamma!" Then her thoughts—like a flock of wild birds that wheel and turn and hover round the spot to which their desires tend, afraid to settle on the feeding-ground, and yet circling in still narrowing rounds until they alight at last—fluttered capriciously hither and thither about the main point of interest in her mother's letter, without at first fastening on it. She pictured to herself Dooley and her mother seated in Miss Charlewood's little carriage. The country road that she knew so well; the look of the cottage with its climbing roses coming into bloom; Penelope's hard resolute face and keen bright eyes. Then Augusta; what was her future husband like? It was odd he should be Irish. And that cousin—that Miss O'Brien—was she—? Ah, then the fluttering fancy furled its wings and dropped and brooded! What was this? This dull, numb feeling at the heart, that was more like a pain of which we are dimly conscious in our sleep, than real waking suffering? What was amiss? What had she lost or gained since an hour ago, that made this strange difference in her out-look on the world? "I told him that day at Eastfield," she murmured dreamily, "that he would find some one who would drive the thought of me from his mind; or at least leave me only an humble niche there, that he could look on with calm friendliness. Yes: I knew it. I said so. And he was so sure—so fixed—so certain that he could never change or waver! I hope she is worthy of him. He is good. I am very glad— No!" she cried, suddenly, pressing her hands upon her hot brow, suffused all at once with a deep crimson flush. "No, no, no; I am *not* glad. How poor I am in my own eyes! How mean, selfish, pitiful; but I won't lie to myself. I am *not* glad. I am sorry. *I* who gave him so much pain—I who was so unbending with him, and repulsed his love so firmly—*I* am grudging him this happiness at the bottom of my heart. What if he has forgotten his fancy quickly? Ought I not to rejoice that the hurt is not so deep a one as he thought? I could not love him as he wished, but I told him proudly that I should always be his faithful, grateful friend. I was so lofty and secure of myself, and now— For a miserable slight to my self-love, I can not be glad in my friend's gladness! Oh, Mabel, Mabel! are you vain and envious and mean? I did not know you to be so, Mabel Earnshaw. And now that I see you as you are, I am astonished and ashamed."

The scalding tears ran down her flushed cheeks slowly.

She went to the open window and leaned out. The air was still and sweet, and the clear, dark sky seemed to soothe the throbbing of her temples. There was no sound save faint snatches of a mournful Irish song that came now and then, softened and sweetened by the distance, from some ship at anchor in the river.

Mabel set her thoughts to look forward into the future. Into the career she hoped to make, the toils and fears and pleasures of her art. She thought of her uncle's story of the Arabian princess, who shut her ears to the distracting voices, and neither faltered nor looked back.

"Ah, that looking back!" said Mabel to herself. "That is fatal. I may turn when I am at the top, but not yet. And then, too," she said, wiping her wet eyes with a child-like, half-sad smile, "the view is always so much wider and better from the summit!"

### CHAPTER VIII.

LINGO IS CARRIED AWAY BY HIS FEELINGS.

The first two or three weeks of the theatrical season at Kilclare were very successful. The company advanced and secured themselves in public favor. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival and Miss Lydia St. Aubert were the "bright particular stars" of the tragic portions of the performances; while comedy and farce were supported by the lively exertions of Mr. Snell, the low comedian, Mrs. Walton, and Miss Annette Moffatt. The latter young lady had been christened Ann, and commonly called Nancy up to twelve years of age; but after that time she was sent to school in France, and returned to her native country as Annette. Miss Moffatt prided herself upon her vocal accomplishments, which, to say truth, were not of a very high order. She had a shrill weak soprano voice, very uncertain in intonation; but she would rattle off an arch song, or give forth a plaintive ballad with so much aplomb, and such an evident conviction that she was singing to absolute perfection, that people began to believe she was a charming vocalist in spite of their ears. Miss Moffatt chiefly professed what she called "the Vestris business;" and the mention in the play-bill of the character which Miss Moffatt was to play, was invariably followed by the words, "with songs." And so much was this a matter of course, that when on one occasion Miss Moffatt was about to display the versatility of her talents in pantomime, the printer, from the sheer force of habit, put into the play-bill the surprising announcement, "Lisette, a dumb girl (with songs), by Miss Annette Moffatt."

The manager's daughter was very amiable and condescending to Mabel for some time. She was too well satisfied with herself to be easily jealous of Mabel's good looks or graceful manner, and the latter was too insignificant a member of the company as yet to call forth any thing like professional jealousy. "Miss M. A. Bell's" histrionic efforts had so far been confined to very small parts of a few lines; and in these—though terribly nervous on the occasion of first having to speak on the stage—she had acquitted herself in so satisfactory a manner as to give promise of better things. Her first success, however, was achieved in the character of that melodramatic confidante whose high-flown speeches she had declared she should be ashamed to utter. When she came to "My lord, I quail not at your threats," etc., and defied Mr. Copestake as the wicked tyrant, she was worked up to such a pitch of desperation by the combined feelings of nervousness, a struggling sense of absurdity, and a strong desire to produce something of the effect which her aunt (who was watching anxiously at the wing) had told her might be, and ought to be produced, that she uttered the speech with a kind of breathless vehemence that was quite thrilling. And when, at its conclusion, she burst into a storm of real tears, and rushed off the stage, her exit was followed by a round of very hearty and genuine applause.

"Bravo, Miss Bell!" exclaimed Mr. Harcourt Howard, the walking gentleman, as Mabel came off at the front entrance, where he was standing. "Bravo! You've waked 'em up, by Jove. I shall begin to think you're not such a novice as you say, after all, if you go on in this way."

"Pooh!" snapped out old Jerry Shaw, as soon as Mr. Howard had turned away. "Trash. Nonsense. Novice? Of course. The child was frightened, and lost her head. Forgot to be Miss M. A. Bell for two minutes. That's the secret. Balderdash!"

Mabel could not help laughing in the midst of her excitement. "Indeed, that's true, Mr. Shaw," said she, wiping her eyes. "There isn't a bit of credit due to me, I'm sure. I was inspired by despair."

"Don't I know it? Of course. And, look you, though that was very well for once, it won't do to give way to it. If you want to do any thing as an actress, you must learn to calculate your effects beforehand. 'Si vis me flere'—ah, you don't understand Latin, do ye? No more do I. I did once. But that's long ago. I put it away with—with a good many other things one fine morning. And if you like to call me a confounded idiot for my pains, ye're welcome. However, what I was going to say is this: it's all very well to say that to make me weep you must first grieve, and it's true, partly. But you mustn't let your emotions run away with you on the stage. Keep 'em well in hand. Make them caper and curvet and bring the people's hearts in their mouths, as the circus-riders do, when they make their beast *rare* and plunge with a sly touch of the knee or twitch of the bridle, and they sitting safe and steady all the while as if they were in a rocking-chair."

"Thank you, Mr. Shaw."

"Tush! Thank me? Ye're laughing at me in your sleeve for a prosing old fool, I'll go bail."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Shaw," returned Mabel, drawing herself up, and looking full at him. "You are quite mistaken. I was listening to what you said with attention, and was grateful for your hint, as I hope I shall always be for any well-meant advice from an experienced artist."

The old man looked at her doubtfully for an instant, and then, by a sudden impulse, he lifted the grotesque stage bonnet he wore from his head, with a gesture that seemed to reveal in one moment a history of long-forgotten days, so full was it of high-bred, old-fashioned courtesy.

"I believe you," said he, "and I sincerely crave your pardon."

From that time forward Mr. Shaw—influenced,

according to his own account, by Lingo's mature and explicitly conveyed opinion—seemed to attach himself to Mabel in a way in which he had never been known to behave to any human being within the memory of his stage comrades. Not that he was gentle or even civil in his speech to her; but he watched her progress, in every part that was intrusted to her to play, with unwearied attention. He would even sometimes enter into long discussions on the dramatic art. Putting forth quaint, queer theories of his own, and displaying an unexpected amount of reading. For he would quote long passages not only from Shakspeare, but from the earlier dramatists, for Mabel's edification. And the contrast was very singular between the old man's evident appreciation of their beauty and his utter inability to embody his own conception by voice or gesture; jerking out pathetic and impassioned speeches alike, with the same hard cracked voice and stifled brogue.

Among these people, and in these surroundings, Mabel worked out the first elements of her new profession. Attentive, indefatigable, docile to instruction—for Mabel's pride was in no way allied to vain presumption or overweening self-conceit—the girl strove and studied to master the mechanical details of her business, without full command of which no player can achieve eminence.

"Your voice, and your face, and your figure are the tools you have to work with," said Jerry Shaw one day to her; "and you can't carve out your own ideas unless you've first learned to handle your tools properly."

Out of the theatre Mrs. Walton and her family held little communication with the rest of the company. Indeed, social intercourse of any kind was nearly impossible in the press of constant occupation that took up Mabel's and her aunt's time. Jack, whose employment within the theatre was by no means so unremitting, took long solitary rambles, with a satchel, containing his color-box and sketch-book, slung over his shoulders, and returned in the light summer evenings with a collection of charming studies from the rich banks of the Clare, and all the surrounding country, nearly as far as Ballyhacket in one direction, and the sea in another.

The only members of Mr. Moffatt's troupe who had access to Mrs. Walton's home were the Trescotts. Little Corda had become a devout worshiper of Mabel. In Corda's opinion there was no one so good or so beautiful or so clever, and the child was never weary of singing her praises.

Little as Mrs. Walton liked her father and brother, she yet could not bear to show any coldness to the gentle motherless little girl, to whom she felt that the society and example of Mabel were useful and valuable. Mr. Trescott, besides being leader and director of the small orchestra, was employed to arrange whatever incidental music might be needed, and to copy out the band parts. In this latter branch of his business Miss Moffatt gave him frequent employment, for she was wont to introduce all the new and popular songs of the day that she could find, into her parts, "lugging them in," as Mr. Harcourt Howard said, "by the head and shoulders." Miss Moffatt's songs were a source of constant bitterness to Mr. Harcourt Howard; for, as he usually played her lover, it fell to his lot to stand and be sung to night after night, however ill-chosen for the business of the piece might be the moment that Miss Moffatt selected for bursting into song.

"If I could even make faces at her when she sings out of tune," said Mr. Harcourt Howard confidentially to his wife, "it would be some comfort; but I'm obliged to look as if I liked it."

Mr. Trescott, however, whose facial expression was of comparatively small importance, since he sat with his back to the audience, rather approved of Miss Moffatt's mania for singing, for the arrangement and copying of the band parts produced him some little emolument over and above his salary; but being so constantly occupied, he was very seldom able to visit Mrs. Walton's house. Alfred lounged in and out on various pretexts: to bring Cordelia to spend the afternoon; to fetch her away again; to make appointments with Jack for long rambles into the country—which appointments Alfred seldom kept, however—or to bring messages from his father to Mrs. Walton. He was always careful to inquire after her husband and Miss Janet, and gave many hints about looking forward to seeing a good deal of them in the winter, for he and his father were engaged by the Dublin manager for next season. Another circumstance which contributed to put young Trescott on an intimate footing in Mrs. Walton's family was the following. In accordance with her aunt's express stipulation with Mr. Moffatt, Mabel was to have the part of Ophelia. Mr. Wilfred J. Percival had selected the play of Hamlet for his benefit night, which was rapidly approaching, and Mabel, thoroughly mistress of the words of the part, had yet to learn the tunes of the snatches of song interspersed through the mad scenes. "I know them well enough when I hear them, Mabel," said Aunt Mary, "but I can't attempt to sing them correctly enough to teach them to you."

In this dilemma Alfred Trescott, with much apparent diffidence, offered to bring his violin and play over the tunes to Mabel until she should have learned them by heart. Accordingly, he came to their lodgings nearly every day for a week, and made the little sitting-room over the shoemaker's shop ring with the sympathetic notes of his fiddle. Mabel had but little voice, but it was pure and fresh, and her ear was remarkably accurate. She caught from Alfred's violin not only the notes that she had to sing, but also a certain accent and musicianly phrasing that gave a strong yet simple pathos to the quaint old melodies. Her aunt was delighted, and predicted a great success. Mabel was anxious and timid, but a few words that her aunt dropped braced her nerves and strengthened her resolution. She gathered that on the result of her performance of Ophelia might possibly depend her chance of being re-engaged by Mr. Moffatt for the following season, and even—who could tell?—perhaps an appearance at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, itself! and then she would earn a salary, however trifling, and then she would no longer be a burden on her aunt, and then—and then—she might send for mamma and Dooley! Oh, she *would* be strong and steady and brave, and do the very best that was in her.

She thought of her part at every leisure moment, trying to form a clear conception of the hapless Danish girl, and to put herself, her own individuality, out of sight as much as possible in repeating the words. She and Corda would ramble out in the early morning whenever Mabel's presence was not required at rehearsal, accompanying Jack in his sketching excursions along the banks of the lovely river Clare, and Mabel would pull her little well-worn Shakspeare out of her pocket, and, sitting down on a smooth green velvet patch of turf, would put the book into Corda's hand and desire her to "hear her through her part"—a task of which Corda was not a little proud.

On one of these occasions Alfred had joined the party as they sat on the river's bank under the trees, the two girls busy with Ophelia, and Jack absorbed in an endeavor to transfer to his sketch-book some wonderfully rich effects of color in the rocks and foliage on the opposite side of the silver Clare.

"I was strolling past," said Alfred, "and caught a glimpse of pussy-cat's chestnut curls glinting through the green leaves. Now that I am here, may I stay, Miss Earnshaw?"

"May you stay? Surely you have a right to be here if you choose."

"I have no right—or, at all events, no wish—to be troublesome to you by my presence."

He spoke with a sort of proud humility that touched Mabel.

"You don't trouble me at all, Mr. Trescott," she answered. "Corda and I will go on with Ophelia just the same. Won't we, Corda?"

The child, whose cheek was flushed with pleasure at the sight of her brother, smiled and nodded eagerly: and Mabel resumed:

> "And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
> That sucked the honey of his music vows,
> Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
> Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh."

The young man threw himself on the grass beside his little sister, and clasping his hands above his head, listened in silence. The morning sun was shining down on the two young faces—Mabel's so earnest and absorbed, Corda's so smiling and eager. Little flickering lights and shadows from the leafy boughs above touched their glossy hair, and passed and changed as the breeze moved them. At their feet the river ran gurgling over its pebbly bed, and Mabel's pure voice rose thrillingly into the clear, quiet air.

"Do you know Beethoven's Moonlight sonata for the piano-forte, Miss Earnshaw?" asked Alfred, when Mabel had ceased her recitation.

"I have heard it," answered Mabel, "and exquisitely lovely it is. But my skill as a pianist never reached so far as to execute it fittingly."

"I think your Ophelia will be just like the first movement of the Moonlight sonata," said Alfred, turning his dark eyes upon her dreamily.

At that moment a short angry bark close to his ear made young Trescott spring to his feet with a stifled exclamation, which would have been a loud unmistakable oath but for Mabel's presence, and a fierce threatening gesture.

"Why, Lingo, Lingo—good dog—poor old fellow—don't you know us?" said Mabel, holding out her hand, into which Lingo immediately thrust his nose hastily, and then turned to bark at Alfred again.

"Oh, Mr. Shaw!" cried Mabel, as old Jerry appeared between the branches of underwood, "I'm so ashamed of Lingo this morning. He doesn't know his friends."

Mr. Shaw stood leaning with both hands upon a thick gnarled stick that he always carried, and gazing at the group before him with an inscrutable face.

The dog ran up to his master, and, looking into his face, wagged his tail in an apologetic manner.

"Doesn't know his friends, Miss Bell? Faith, I never knew him make a mistake that way yet," said the old man, shortly. Then turning to Lingo with an air of confidential remonstrance, such as one might assume toward a friend whom one respected, but who had been hurried into an imprudence: "What did I say to ye," said he, "when we were talking together this morning before breakfast? You're too hasty and outspoken altogether."

Lingo ceased wagging his tail, stretched himself at his master's feet with his nose to the ground, and gave vent to a muffled sound that was neither a bark nor a growl, but something between the two.

"Of course," said Jerry Shaw, with imperturbable gravity, "so you remarked this morning, and I dare say you're right. But it don't do to *say* these things, and so I'd convince you if you weren't as obstinate as the deuce."

Alfred Trescott stood leaning against the trunk of a tree with folded arms, and contemplated Lingo and his master with a sidelong, sinister scowl.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Shaw," said the young man, "you ought to try and teach that dog of yours better manners. If it had been a stranger he'd come up to just now, tearing and barking, he might have chanced to get an ugly kick. People don't like to be startled in that way by a strange dog."

Jerry Shaw remained as motionless and unmoved while Alfred was speaking as though buried in a profound meditation that deadened his senses to all outward things. But as soon as the young man held his peace Mr. Shaw turned on him with surprising suddenness. "Oh, it's *you*, is it, Mr. Alfred Trescott?" said he, as though becoming aware of Alfred's presence for the first time. "I hope I see you well. Glad to find you abroad so early this fine morning. Nothing like early rising for young people. I've been an early riser from my youth upward, and you can all see what it has done for *me*." And old Jerry laughed a short, bitter, abrupt laugh, that came out of his throat without causing a muscle of his face to move. "Good-morning, Miss Bell. Take care of yourself. I've known it to be dangerous sometimes, sitting out on the turf."

"Dangerous?"

"You might—catch—cold," snapped out the old man, winding up with an unusually prolonged sniff. "Come along, Lingo. I suppose you have forgotten there's a ten o'clock call, Sir, that you're settling yourself there for the day. Good-morning to you, ladies and gentlemen. Oh, by-the-way," added Mr. Shaw, stopping short, and fixing his lack-lustre gray eyes full on Alfred Trescott, "I would advise you to give up any idea of kicking Lingo. He mightn't like it. And I have a curious infirmity that perhaps I might as well mention. I always find kicking catching." And old Jerry Shaw tramped away through the crackling brushwood, with Lingo trotting soberly at his heels.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Shocking News for Mrs. Grundy.—We read in the official description of the reception of the Sultan at Paris, that "the Empress presented to the Sultan the ladies of her household."

A gentleman once asked, "What is woman?" when a married man replied: "She is an essay on grace, in one volume elegantly bound. Although it may be dear, every man should have a copy of it."

With a particularly clear and just idea of "the eternal fitness of things" the publisher of one of the diamond editions of a popular author announces a new volume of his diamond edition simultaneously and in juxtaposition with the advertisement of Dr. Williams's "Diseases of the Eye." Readers who purchase both volumes may exclaim, "I have both my bane and antidote before me!"

An Idaho poet has been exasperated by Indian depredations into the perpetration of the following:

> Lo, the poor Indian! whose unscrup'lous mind
> Steals our best ox, nor leaves a horse behind;
> Oh, no! his soul was never taught to stray
> Into our corral, at close or break of day.
> Upon that cloud-topped hill all day he lies—
> At night he steals what in the day he spies;
> Then hurries off his tillicumis to meet,
> Eating as they kill, killing as they eat;
> They then once more their lovely squaws behold,
> Enjoy connubial bliss, nor thirst for gold.
> To steal's not half their natural desire,
> 'Tis their delight to set a house on fire,
> And shoot the inmates who attempt to flee—
> Old Beelzebub bears them company.

### "OH, WOULD I WERE A BIRD!"

> A thought to me occurr'd
> While warbling that ballad,
> Suppose I were a bird,
> Would all my notes be valid?
> And could I for once do
> By creditors my duty,
> And plaguy bills renew
> With songs of thrilling beauty?
>
> If so, without regret
> I'd give up comic writing,
> And live a feathered pet,
> For some girl to delight in.
> Caress'd—but how absurd
> Is this pennated craving!
> I would I were a bird—
> I find I am—a ravin'!

When is a lawyer like a donkey?—When he's drawing a conveyance.

"Going the Whole Hog."

Some time since a gentleman died in the town of X——, who, during his life, refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his demise his wife received through a medium a communication which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my *thin* clothes."

Signal for a Bark—Pulling a dog's tail.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap: they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

### COPIES FOR THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The great advance that has been made in morality, as in all subjects, by the children of the present generation, necessitates an entire change of the present obsolete maxims which still do duty in copy-books. We beg to offer a few specimens, to which writing masters are welcome:

Back no bills.

Never believe what any body tells you.

Always think yourself wiser than every one else.

Modesty is the ruin of success.

Never expect a friend to lend you money.

Do others, or they will do you.

Debt is like a decoy; it is very easy to get in, but very hard to get out.

Think highly of yourself, and others will think highly of you.

Honesty is very useful as a profession, but fatal as a practice.

Such maxims as these are the best to inculcate into the minds of our children, if we wish them to walk in the way the world goes.

Our friend Budd, on having a yellow rose snatched from his hand, and over which there was quite a hurrah made, remarked that a great yell-arose about that yellow rose.

Dr. Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, had a Brazilian monkey which he wished to take from Southampton to London in the passenger car, but the guard of the train objected, and said he was a dog, and must go in the dog-van. The doctor, by way of *reductio ad absurdum*, took a tortoise out of his coat pocket, and asked the guard if that, too, were a dog. After attentive consideration, the guard replied, slowly but firmly: "*No, Sir—them's all right—them be hinsex.*"

A young fellow, whose better-half had just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended church one Sunday. During the discourse the clergyman looked right out at our innocent friend, and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence, "Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you.' The newly-fledged dad, supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming, "Yes, I have two of 'em."

"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a fidgety old spinster to her maid-of-all-work. "Why," replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them in the oven to dry."

Miss Smith (*inclined to embonpoint*) *soliloquizes.* "I can't conceive why these long, scraggy Girls should be so devoted to Fashion as to wear the present style."

Miss Jones (*to say the least, delicately made*). "Why such dumpy, pudgy Girls as that should give up the flowing dress which becomes them, and make themselves frights in Walking Dresses, is perfectly incomprehensible."

Brown (*philosophically*). "Posit: ely miwackulous that the Wimmin should make themselves so widiculous!"

## THE ARCHDUCHESS MATILDA.

The sad fate of the Archduchess Matilda of Austria has served to cause only less profound sorrow throughout Europe than that of her grand-uncle Maximilian of Mexico, and the incident has produced much greater comment and excited more sympathy in this country than events of that character usually do. This has been owing less to the prominence than the beauty and well-known amiable virtues of the lady. Our portrait of her will give the reader an idea of her personal appearance and charms. She was dearly beloved by the people of her father's duchy for her gentleness and amiability. Her mother, the Archduchess Hildegarde of Bavaria, was looked upon by the Austrians in nearly the same light with which the English and Americans regard Queen Victoria of England—a model wife and mother. When her mother died, in 1864, the Princess Matilda, seemed to have inherited all this love of her people; and as growing older she displayed more of the same gentle qualities of her mother, the devotion of her subjects seemed to increase. She evinced a singularly lively interest in the arts and sciences, was almost daily to be seen at the various galleries and art-exhibitions of Vienna, and was a frequent visitor of the theatres. This, of course, brought her frequently in contact with the people, and her grace and gentleness won all their hearts. When the marriage which was arranged in 1864 between her and Prince Humbert, the Crown-Prince of Italy, was announced, the people and papers of Austria discussed the event with great interest, and the best wishes for her happiness were frequently expressed in the papers. For once the people seemed to forget that royal marriages are dictated by policy, and inquired if the union with the young Italian was likely to conduce to the happiness, rather than the glory, of their beloved Princess. It was believed that she had set her heart on the union, and when it was broken off by the war of 1866 it became a matter of national regret.

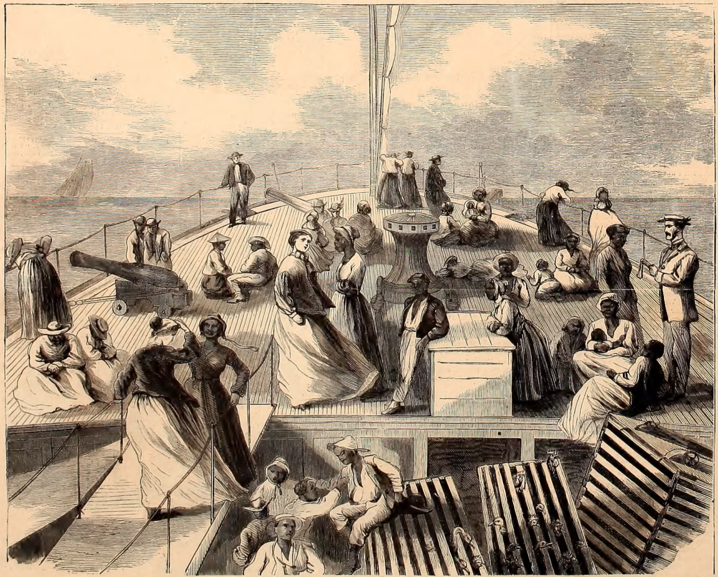
On the 22d of May, as she was standing at a window in the palace in Vienna, talking with her young cousin the Archduke Frederick, she suddenly felt a burning heat, and screamed out. Her attendants hastened toward her, and perceived that the unfortunate lady was in flames. From some cause unknown, for it is said there was neither fire nor light in the room, her clothes had taken fire, and her back, arm, neck, and the lower extremities were seriously burned before the flames could be extinguished. It was supposed that she must have trodden on a match which had been carelessly dropped on the floor. At the time of the accident the worst results were apprehended, in consequence of the inflammation that supervened, but a few days later it was announced that the unfavorable symptoms were subsiding, and hopes of her recovery were entertained. The prolonged suffering was, however, too much for her system, and she expired on June 6, at eight o'clock.

ARCHDUCHESS MATILDA OF AUSTRIA.

## SOUTHERN EMIGRANTS.

One of our correspondents lately traveling from Richmond to this city found himself the fellow-passenger of a large number of colored persons on their way to the North; and from the rough sketch which he at once made of the scene on board the steamer we have produced the interesting engraving on this page. The poor negroes are there seen huddled together, with their "traps," on the deck of the vessel, endeavoring to enjoy the sea-breeze and accommodate themselves to circumstances.

These emigrants are brought North through the agency of the Freedmen's Bureau. An "Employment Agency," subordinate to the Bureau, was established two years ago by General Howard, and through it and other private agencies the negroes are induced to come North as house-servants and field-laborers. Many come to this city, but greater numbers go directly into the interior, particularly to New England. Two or three Intelligence-offices in this city, under charge of colored persons, have been instrumental in finding homes for great numbers. There is at Charleston, South Carolina, a colored orphan asylum, under charge of Mrs. Pillsbury, in which there are at all times about one hundred children—all the house will accommodate. Miss Chloe Merrick, of Syracuse, New York, has established a similar asylum in the house of the rebel General Finnigan, at Fernandina, Florida. Each of these ladies furnish Northern people with these young colored children as servants upon application, and our citizens in want of such, or anxious to find worthy objects of sympathy and charity, are advised to apply direct to these ladies. Agents of the Bureau and Freedmen's Commission inform us that the Southern people endeavor to impress upon the minds of the negroes that when they reach the North they are sold into slavery in Cuba; but the imposition is too apparent to deter many negroes from emigrating here when opportunity offers.



COLORED EMIGRANTS SEEKING HOMES IN THE NORTH.—[Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.]

PARIS HEAD-DRESSES FOR JULY, 1867.

IN THE FIELD.—[See Poem, Page 494.]

ON THE BEACH.—[See Poem, Page 494.]

## THE WHITE PELICAN.

On page 485 of this issue will be found an interesting group of birds. The White Pelican inhabits Africa and India, and a great part of the southeastern portion of America. It is a very conspicuous bird, its singular membranous pouch offering a distinction perfectly unmistakable. The pouch when distended holds two gallons of water; but the bird has the power of contracting it so it is scarcely to be discerned. The pouch also serves as a net in which to scoop up the fish upon which the pelican feeds. Another most important use of the pouch is to convey food to the young. The parent pelican presses its pouch against its breast in order to enable the young to obtain the fish, which action in all probability gave rise to the fable of the pelican feeding its young with its own blood. The red tip of the bill probably aided the deception.

Although a web-footed bird like the cormorant, the pelican can perch on trees, although it prefers sitting on rocks. The color of this bird is a pure white, with a very slight tinge of rose-color, and the pouch is yellow. Its length is nearly six feet. In America pelicans are found in the North Pacific on the coast of California; and from the Antilles and *terra firma*, the Isthmus of Panama, and the Bay of Campeachy, as far as Louisiana and Missouri. They are sometimes seen along the coast of the Atlantic, and stragglers have been killed in the Delaware. They are known to breed in Florida.

## TWO SCENES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

### IN THE FIELD.

Erect and tall the golden grain;
  Within the air the blithe birds fly;
And far away the blue hills sleep
  In peace beneath the quiet sky;
Close by the sun-browned reapers bind,
  With song and jest, the cumbrous sheaves,
While sweet and low the summer wind
  Makes music in the grass and leaves.

Alone within the harvest fields,
  With eyes downcast and listless hands,
Dreaming the while of other scenes,
  In absent mood the maiden stands;
And far away her light thoughts stray,
  Like wandering birds that idly roam,
Grown weary of the pleasant streams,
  The fields and woods about her home.

### ON THE BEACH.

Not now where smiles the golden grain,
  Bound in bright sheaves, her shadow falls,
But where the billow laves the beach,
  And where the white-winged curlew calls;
Beside the sounding shore she stands,
  While landward rolls the ocean tide
To kiss the yellow, shining sands,
  And one she loves is by her side.

He stoops to kiss her slender hand,
  That never knew a kiss before;
The narrow ribbon round her hat
  Flirts with the wind that blows in-shore:
Ah! is it all such perfect bliss?
  Beats there no jealous heart to-day?
Was no one by to see that kiss?
  Who is it there that comes that way?

## PIPING TO QUARTERS.

You may see him occasionally limping along South Street and sounding his whistle; the crazy old boatswain *Jack-o'-the-pipe*, as he is usually termed. Little children greet his appearance with cheers and shouts of laughter, but no responsive smile ever brightens the wrinkled visage of the old boatswain. A settled expression of mingled horror and woe rests upon his face, his eyes protrude strangely from under his shaggy brows, and every time he blows the whistle he glances wildly round him as if searching for some particular face. In summer and winter—in sunshine and tempest—that whistle, blown with almost unearthly shrillness, is heard, for its owner seems alike indifferent to heat or cold. He never responds to a question, but often startles those who address him by shrieking out in a voice of anguish: "Ay, ay, I tell ye he'll come and do his duty!"

Whenever he says this his round eyeballs almost start from their sockets; he usually repeats the word several times, and then blows the whistle with such vehemence that the muscles of his short, red neck swell almost to bursting. Invariably he *pipes to quarters*, and many of the "longshore" men know why. From an old rigger who, with sheath-knife and tar-bucket, has haunted the shrouds of the shipping for forty years, I learned the following facts in relation to "Jack-o'-the-pipe:"

His real name is John Short. He is a native of Bristol, England—was born near the banks of the beautiful Avon. Many of the members of his family were seamen. His grandfather served with credit in several naval battles; and his own father died at Greenwich Hospital from a wound received while working a gun at Trafalgar, under the gallant Nelson.

His last words, "Well done, Short!" made a strong impression upon the mind of his son, who, when old enough to go to sea, often repeated them to his shipmates, explaining that they were addressed to his father by Nelson himself just before the brave gunner's left side was torn by a shower of grape and canister from the enemy. Even then the old man refused to leave his post: the surgeon's assistants were obliged to use force to carry him to the cockpit. No wonder, then, that Jack, justly proud of his nautical relatives, was anxious to prove himself worthy of the connection.

At length the opportunity he craved was afforded him. A French corvette with a prize—an English merchant bark—in tow was attacked, and after a desperate battle was captured. During the conflict Jack conducted himself with great coolness and bravery. Besides saving the life of one of the *Texel's* midshipmen—a favorite with all hands—he rescued a young girl, who had taken passage in the merchantman, and was aboard that vessel during the affray. Near the close of the battle the prize caught fire, and the young girl must have perished but for Short, who, heedless of the flames by which he was severely scorched, rushed into the cabin, and, throwing a cloak around the fair passenger, conveyed her to a boat alongside. The girl was a sensitive, timid creature, just the opposite of the bluff sailor, who at once took a great liking to her.

Subsequently he married her; but she died two years later, soon after giving birth to a boy, who, in every feature, was an exact counterpart of his mother. As he grew older he displayed many of her peculiarities of character. He was shy and sensitive to a fault. He stood aloof from his noisy school companions, and seemed averse to their hardy sports. Nevertheless he was fond of sea stories, and was much interested in accounts of naval engagements. This pleased his father, who concluded that the lad had the true sailor spirit of his ancestors, and would show it when he grew older.

The good conduct of Jack in the *Texel* had won him the office of boatswain, with the chance of further promotion. When his son was nineteen years of age he expressed a wish to ship in the gun-brig *S*——, aboard which his parent now held the position mentioned. The vessel at this time was under sailing orders with dispatches for Admiral Price, who, with his fleet, was on the way to Honolulu, whence he was to sail for Kamtchatka, to attack the Russian settlement of Petropaulovski.

Delighted with his son's taste for a sea-life, Jack at once gave his consent; and Harry Short was soon installed among the foremast hands aboard the gun-brig. He looked so well in the naval uniform that the old boatswain felt quite proud of him. In fact Jack was very fond of this boy, whose soft blue eyes and delicate features bore the same gentle expression which had won the sailor's rough heart to the mother. He drew the youth to one side and with kindling eye said that, if the opportunity should come, he hoped to see him (his son) prove himself worthy of his ancestry. Harry said he would try to do so; then in the soft, tremulous voice, which seemed almost an echo of his mother's, he asked his father if he thought an opportunity such as he spoke of would really come.

The old boatswain said he hoped so, and, squeezing the boy's hand, left him to attend to his duties. Orders were now received for getting under way. The anchors were soon at the bows, and the *S*—— went out of Portsmouth Harbor with the land-breeze. Three days out a gale, with a heavy sea, was encountered. Hammocks were piped down, and the command given for double reefing. Harry crept aloft the last man, and as pale as the canvas which he was to help reef. His hands trembled so that he could scarcely pick up the sail. Every plunge of the brig seemed to inspire him with terror. The old sailors laughed, and said that experience would cure him of his fright; the young men sneered and called him a chicken. His behavior did not escape the attention of his father, who, though much mortified by it, was wise enough to act as if he had not noticed it. Harry, he said to himself, would soon think no more of going aloft in a gale than of walking up a pair of stairs.

Time, however, showed that his prediction was wrong; for he could not help still remarking a certain expression of fear on the boy's face whenever orders were given for reefing or furling. The boatswain consoled himself by bringing to mind the cases, which had occasionally come under his observation, of men who, while brave in every other respect, were unaccountably averse to going aloft. Meanwhile the sun and the sea-wind had improved Harry's appearance. He looked stronger and more manly than when he first shipped—the effeminacy of his countenance seemed to have disappeared. Ben watched him with secret pride, and longed to see him distinguish himself and win the respect of his shipmates by some courageous deed. The youth himself seemed eager to do so. He declared to his parent, with great vehemence, that a naval engagement would please him above all things. The boatswain answered that he had no doubt they would smell powder and see blood run before the end of the voyage. As he spoke he noticed that involuntary shudders crept over the frame of his son. The next moment, however, the boy's eyes flashed as if with heroic resolution; and the delighted boatswain traced in the expression a resemblance to his own father.

The *S*—— now was not far from Kamtchatka, and the eager midshipmen frequently went aloft, in the hope of spying some Russian vessel. One morning they saw one, a gun-brig about the size of their own, standing along north-by-east. The captain of the *S*—— and all his crew seemed in high spirits; the hammocks were piped down, and the decks cleared for action. The busy boatswain now obtained but one glimpse of his son among the groups of active seamen hurrying hither and thither. There was a hectic flush upon the boy's cheek, and his eyes were very bright. He was coiling a rope near the forecastle when his father saw him. Soon after the captain passed the order to pipe to quarters; and the shrill whistle was heard, penetrating every corner of the vessel. Nearly at the same moment the Russian, coming within range, fired a gun. The shot, evidently a 10-pounder, was well aimed. It splintered a part of the *S*——*'s* waist rail, and, with a spiteful thug, shattered the head of an old gunner, scattering his brains over his favorite piece. Immediately after an angry flush was seen to darken the captain's cheek; his eyes, turned toward the forecastle, were fairly blazing. His officers, glancing in that direction, could see nothing to excite him; nevertheless, it was evident that something of an *uncommon* nature had provoked him. He was generally cool under all circumstances; but now his fists were tightly clenched, and his whole frame trembled with suppressed passion. Giving his orders to the quarter-master and to his lieutenants, respecting the manœuvring of the craft, he walked to the side of the old boatswain and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"*Pipe to quarters!*" he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"I have piped, Sir," answered the astonished boatswain, touching his hat.

"Pipe to quarters!" repeated the captain, in a louder tone.

The boatswain obeyed; and after he had piped, the captain, glancing all round him, again repeated the order,

"PIPE TO QUARTERS!"

"Sir?"

"PIPE—TO—QUARTERS!" thundered the captain. And the whistle was again heard, thrilling through the din of the combat. Astonishment was depicted on many a face. Even the wounded and the dying looked surprised.

"That will do!" cried the captain, solemnly; and the boatswain stopped blowing the whistle.

A few minutes later, the Russian, being raked fore and aft, surrendered. Then a low, ominous murmur was heard, circulating through the English vessel.

"Where is Harry Short?" "Not at his post during the fight?" and remarks of a like nature were heard. Jack staggered as if shot; then, glancing forward, he beheld a spectacle that sent the blood rushing to his heart from grief, horror, and shame. His son—his own Harry—livid with fear—trembling so that he could scarcely stand—had just been dragged from the forecastle in which, as was soon ascertained, he had remained hidden ever since the Russian's first fatal shot was fired! The eyes of all his shipmates, and of all the officers, except the captain, being at that time turned toward the enemy's vessel, the commander was the only person who had seen the cowardly youth shrink, and creep into the forecastle. And it was this degrading spectacle—this degrading conduct of a British seaman, that had so roused the captain's anger; this that had prompted him to order the boatswain to *pipe to quarters twice after the first piping was given.* He had hoped in this manner to shame the coward and bring him to his post on deck.

Now, as the youth fell upon his knees, and in quivering tones begged for mercy, while his captors dragged him along, a choleric, fiery-haired seaman, who had remained at his post, in spite of a bad wound, received in the beginning of the engagement, picked up a handspike, and with what strength remained in him dashed out the brains of the coward.

For a moment old Jack stood glaring upon his dead, disfigured boy; then he clapped his hand to his brow with a hollow, despairing groan, followed by a strange laugh.

"Ay, ay, mates!" he screamed, "I tell ye he'll come and do his duty when he hears the whistle!"

And—his reason gone forever—he raised the instrument to his mouth and recommenced *piping to quarters* with frantic vehemence.

A few years ago his old sister, who has property here, guided him to this country, hoping that change of scene might cure him of his insanity.

It is the general opinion, however, that he never will be cured in this world. Still imagining that his son may yet come and do his duty, he persists in *piping to quarters*, and doubtless will continue doing so to the day of his death.

## SPEED OF BIRDS THROUGH THE AIR.

No speculations on the migration of birds from a cold to a warm climate, and back again to their old familiar haunts annually, are as satisfactory as the facts. Those which never made the voyage, and are without the society of those which have once taken the journey, find their way without difficulty. They are under an instinctive impulse to go, which nothing short of imprisonment could restrain.

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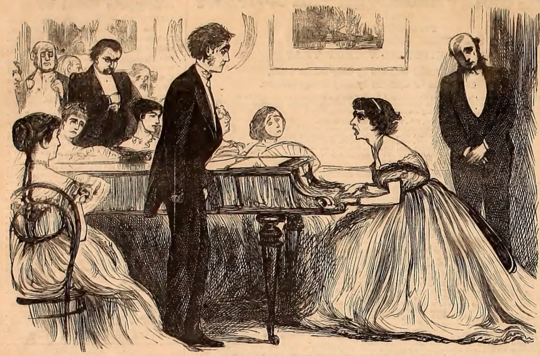

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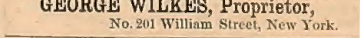


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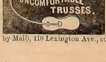


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*From* REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D.D., *N. Y. Evangelist.*

As the tide of foreign travel will be greatly swelled this year by persons who are going to the Paris Exhibition, we may be doing a kindness to our readers in calling their attention to a Guide-Book which will do them excellent service. We have made use of a great many, first and last, but on the whole we think this is the best. English travellers all use Murray's Hand-Books; but the number of those books is legion, and one who should make an extensive tour, depending on them, would have to carry a travelling library. The present volume embodies the greater part of what is valuable in them all, besides giving the result of personal observation on the part of the editor, who has been a diligent traveller in all the countries which he describes. It is a complete guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. Altogether it embraces a large amount of the kind of information that a traveller needs in a compact and portable form. It is rendered still more valuable by an excellent map of Europe.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

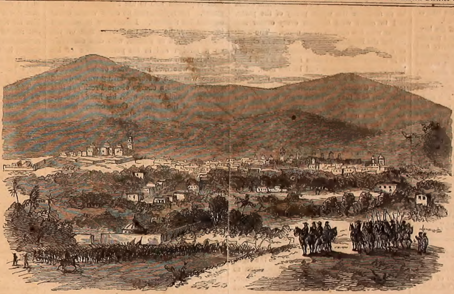
Vol. XI.—No. 554.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## THE EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN.

The full details of the execution of Maximilian, Mejia, and Miramon at Queretaro, Mexico, are every way corroborative of the news as at first received, and the event loses nothing of the romantic and horrible nature which attached to it at first. We have received, and herewith present, a picture of the execution, and views of Queretaro and Vera Cruz.

The execution of Maximilian and his Generals was fixed by the Court which tried them for June 16, but President Juarez postponed it until June 19, in the hope, it is now asserted, that a protest from the United States authorities would prevent the perpetration of the act which the Mexican people were unwisely forcing him to commit. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the latter day the victims were informed that their time had come; and an hour later they stepped forth from the Convent of the Capuchinas, in which they had been confined, and entered the carriage which was to convey them to the Cerro de la Campana. They were guarded and escorted by four thousand armed men. The place selected for the tragedy was within a short distance of the spot where Maximilian, betrayed by the treachery of Lopez, surrendered on the 15th of May.



VIEW OF QUERETARO, MEXICO.

Maximilian alighted from the carriage as they reached the spot, and, with careless grace, brushing the dust from his garments, advanced toward the line of soldiers and inquired who were to fire upon him. The platoon being pointed out, he gave to each of them a piece of gold, and requested them to aim well at his heart. He then approached Miramon and Mejia, and, embracing them three times, with much fervor, said, "In a few moments we shall meet in another world." The embrace was returned with equal feeling. The Emperor, who at the time was standing in the centre, turning to Miramon, said, "General, a brave man is admired by monarchs. You are entitled to the post of honor," and changed positions with him. To Mejia he said, "General, conduct not rewarded on earth will be in heaven." Then advancing a few steps, with admirable coolness and in a loud, clear voice, he spoke as follows: "Mexicans, men of my class and of my origin, who are animated with my sentiments, are destined by Providence to make the happiness of people or be their martyrs. When

EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN, MEJIA, AND MIRAMON, AT QUERETARO, MEXICO, June 19, 1867.

I came among you I did not bring with me illegitimate ideas; I came, called by Mexicans, who, in good faith, desired the welfare of their country, and who to-day perish with me. Before descending into the grave I will add that I take with me the consolation of having done all the good in my power; and I have the satisfaction of not having been abandoned by my beloved and faithful Generals. Mexicans, may my blood be the last spilled, and may it regenerate Mexico, my unfortunate adopted country!" He then stepped back, and with one foot advanced, with his eyes, which he refused to have bandaged, raised toward heaven, calmly awaited death.

Miramon also spoke a few words. Mejia said nothing. All appeared calm and cool, though not indifferent or unconcerned. A platoon of five soldiers advanced when all was ready, and leveling their weapons, fired at the fatal word, and the three fell to the earth dead.

The view of Queretaro which we give on the preceding page is from a sketch by an artist in the Liberal army, and was made immediately after the capture of the city. On the left is the Convent of La Cruz, the residence of Maximilian during the siege, and the position which was betrayed by Lopez. On the right is the Hill of the Campana, on which he was executed.

The view of Vera Cruz is taken from the bay. The town is surrounded by sand-hills and marshes. The streets and houses are regularly and solidly built, most of them being constructed around spacious court-yards, and rising several stories in height, with flat roofs. The churches, with their domes, and the other conspicuous public buildings, give rather an imposing aspect to Vera Cruz, beheld from the sea. The mole, or pier, is a fine structure of stone, extending from the Custom-house several hundred yards out into the sea. Here the boats and lighters have to land all cargoes and passengers from the ships, which can not approach within a mile of the shore. The harbor, indeed, is a mere roadstead, between the main land and the island of San Juan d'Ulloa, on which a fort and a light-house are erected. The population of Vera Cruz is about 7000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 10, 1867.

## THE CAMPAIGN OF 1868.

The Presidential campaign of 1868 is now opened. The formal nomination of General Grant for the Presidency by a Committee in New York representing a considerable number of persons is not like the suggestion of a single newspaper or of an enthusiastic politician. That the body which has thus nominated General Grant, whatever its constituency, officially speaks for any large part of the Republican party could not be truthfully asserted. But the eagerness with which it has acted shows how profound is its conviction that the time has come for action, and that General Grant is the coming man.

It is not very likely that there will be any radical change in the position of public affairs before the serious and final nominations are made. It is not, indeed, impossible that some of the States now unrepresented may have framed constitutions which will have been approved by Congress, in which case the votes of those States will be counted in the national election. But the candidates now spoken of are not likely to disappear, nor is there much probability that many new candidates will be presented.

The Democratic party, indeed, must be excepted from these remarks. The war and its results have left that party in a melancholy plight. Its last national manifesto at Chicago virtually declared that the war was hopeless, and that the Government must make the best terms it could with the insurgents for a reconstruction of the Union. Many gentlemen who were earliest and most zealous in approving that manifesto are now peculiarly anxious upon every occasion to inform the public that they were devoted to the war from the first shot to the last. We do not know that Mr. Horatio Seymour, even, would not claim to have been a good war man, and to have done all he could to aid the Government and to cheer the army. It is fair to presume, then, that the Democratic party will seek a military candidate, and will take the field as the war party.

Their choice, indeed, is somewhat limited. And their fate as a war party will be cruel. At the last election they nominated the most conspicuous of the Generals who had sympathy with them, and who also had very lively hopes of the results of their assistance, but there is now no very eminent soldier who would accept their nomination whose name or prestige would be of much avail. Toward the close of the war, indeed, there was a gleam of hope. General Sherman, after his triumphant march to the sea, was apparently in opposition to the Government. That was quite enough for a party upon the look-out for chances. A victorious and popular General, reprimanded by the Government, was just what the party which had steadily opposed the policy of the Government demanded, and it seemed for some time a foregone conclusion that General Sherman would be nominated.

Meanwhile the President himself made signals to the Democratic party, to which he had always belonged; and so strenuously did he oppose the policy and the principles of the party that elected him, that Mr. John Van Buren, in a gush of enthusiasm at Albany, and in one of the most humiliating of his many speeches of that kind, nominated Andrew Johnson for the next Presidency. The response of the party was not enthusiastic. It began at once to flatter the President, and to urge him to a still sharper opposition to the party which had elected him; and the Democratic party has done its best to aggravate the breach between the President and Congress, and to perplex and postpone the whole subject of reconstruction. But that party has always had as little intention of nominating Mr. Johnson as of nominating General Butler; and now, as the time approaches, the available candidate of the party becomes hopelessly invisible.

It can hardly be possible that any leader of the Democracy has proposed General Grant; for General Grant's hostility to what is known as the National policy of the Democratic party is open and emphatic. To nominate him would be to abdicate the whole policy of the party, and to cover with ridicule every orator and editor who has spoken in its name. The truth is, that the Democratic party has lost its chance of a promising military nomination, just when it is most necessary, unless it should still hope that General Sherman will be the man. But the leaders can hardly hope to rally the country upon General Sherman's North Carolina platform, and they have no other to offer him and the country, except the proposition that the country has no right to determine upon what terms the rebel States shall resume their relations in the Union. That would be as sagacious and patriotic a platform as that adopted at Chicago in 1864, and it would be just as acceptable to the country.

## THIERS AND JULES FAVRE UPON MEXICO.

The debate in the French Chambers upon the Mexican question was remarkably pungent and interesting, and thoroughly and exquisitely "French." The art of phrasing is certainly brought to perfection in the proceedings of the Deputies. But it is impossible that the legislative debates should seem to Frenchmen so melodramatic as they appear in the translation, and thus a great injustice is done by foreigners to the sincerity and gravity of French feeling. As for Thiers, the Liberal of 1830, the Orleanist of 1840, the Conservative of 1850, and the Anti-imperialist of 1860, it is not possible to view him in any other light than that of a consummate actor. Opposition is his political capital. It makes him a conspicuous chief. It gives him opportunity for splendid speeches. He is the hero of a scene. He is the centre for a day of public attention. That he has an earnest love of liberty, and a profound faith in it as the essential condition of all political progress, is not so evident. Thiers is not a Republican.

In that he differs from Jules Favre, who is a Republican of the best French type. He has the traditional force and bravery of the Republicans. There is something smooth, plausible, feline in the speeches and air of Thiers, and consequently an uneasy feeling of falsity or treachery. But Jules Favre is direct and uncompromising, and his words have the ring of real conviction. Both of these orators assailed the Government upon the Mexican enterprise. Thiers, with all his admirable and trained historical skill, told the whole story of the expedition. He began by saying that the fatal event of the undertaking required that all the light possible should be thrown upon it. Then he inspired confidence in what he was about to say, and commanded respectful attention as an authority, by artfully remarking that he offered his objections in 1864, and should regret to the last day of his life that upon that occasion he was not sufficiently persuasive.

As he proceeded in his narration he was severe upon Juarez, but overwhelming upon the French Government. When he came to Maximilian's decrees of the 3d of October the "Frenchiness" of his manner became ludicrous. These are the words as translated, for we have not seen the original: "A melancholy incident then arose. When the French troops were absent the roads were infested with brigands. Heaven preserve me from attributing the decrees of the 3d of October to any one. [Movements in opposite senses.] I accuse the situation. Those persons who accused the Mexican Government of weakness did not see, by the side of the few brigands who might indeed be infesting the roads, men who were defending the country and had a right to do so." ["Hear, hear!" on the left of the speaker. A movement of dissent.] *The President:* "The gravity of the debate makes it a duty on all to listen in silence."

Nothing could be more truly French. "I accuse the situation." The phrase is wholly characteristic of Thiers. It says nothing; it deprecates saying any thing; but it leaves the unavoidable question, who produced the situation? The orator continued by saying that the Mexican expedition paralyzed France in Europe, and permitted Prussia to aggrandize herself. Toward the end of his speech he spoke of two kinds of monarchs, one governing absolutely, the other by the counsel of ministers. The President respectfully interrupted. M. Thiers said he had but one word to add. "Precisely," said the French President, "and I ask that it may be such as that I may not be compelled to tell you that you are not discussing Mexico, but the constitution." Upon which Thiers flung a poisoned arrow. He said that many thought France was moving toward the liberal monarchy. "So be it. I recognize that we are marching toward it; but let us not stop on the road, for we might encounter there the Mexican expedition, and the events of Germany. I have only touched upon these sad affairs in hopes of accelerating the result we are permitted to aspire to, progress in our institutions."

Thiers was followed by Jules Favre, who accused not the situation, but the Imperial Government of deliberate deception. The President requested him to use Parliamentary language. He replied that no other words would express his thought. Proceeding in constant interruption, he said that "the fate of the humblest child of France, who dies obscurely on a foreign soil in the performance of his duty, is more worthy of sympathy than that of a Prince who dies in defense of his throne." There was then a storm, during which Jules Favre repelled a charge of the President that his words would recoil upon his head, and declared that the Imperial Government had rebuilt the scaffold for political offenses. The next day M. Rouher, the minister, made a speech, in which he showed how wise, and noble, and peaceful, and humane the Imperial Government was, and the debate ended.

The Exposition will hardly repair the loss in Louis Napoleon's prestige occasioned by the Mexican catastrophe.

## AN ANSWER TO A QUESTION.

We are still constantly asked why it was that Mr. Greeley was willing to be bail for Jefferson Davis? and his nomination to the Senate as Minister to Austria only refreshes interest in the question. The reply seems to us not very difficult nor remote. It is not necessary to explain Mr. Greeley's conduct by the theory of a secret understanding with the President, which the latter has betrayed by an open nomination of Mr. Greeley as Minister. Indeed there is no single theory which will explain it. The character and action of very few men are so simple that one unmingled motive will interpret them. Mr. Greeley's is not a simple character; and this act, which has excited more attention than any act of his life, can not be disposed of by any purely selfish suggestion.

His act was the result, doubtless, of three considerations: In the first place, we have no doubt that Mr. Greeley holds most sincerely that the true national policy is one of the utmost kindness and conciliation. He believes that the people of the rebel States have been terribly punished; that they are sullen and sore; that they are powerless to harm the country further; and that every consideration of good policy, founded upon experience and human nature, dictates that they shall be treated with lenity. It is in accordance with his policy, long since announced, that the terms of settlement should be universal amnesty and universal suffrage.

In the second place, Mr. Greeley undoubtedly thought that his appearance as bail for Davis would be of the greatest service to the political party of which he is a leader, in showing that it is not hostile to the South, but is perfectly willing and ready to join hands in fraternity rather than in vengeance, after adopting the measures which are plainly essential to peace and security. The Republican party must be organized throughout the Southern States. It naturally wishes to include in its ranks as many of the late rebels as possible. Without surrendering one principle, or modifying its firm and moderate policy, and not expecting the sympathy or support of those whose hearts are still devoted to the lost cause, like Robert Toombs, it would welcome the adhesion of a man who honestly and thoroughly, not verbally, accepted the actual situation, like General Longstreet. To commend the party to the general regard of men who, like thousands at the South, know it only through the falsehoods of the Democratic papers and the insane vituperation of the rebel press in the Southern States, Mr. Greeley doubtless thought nothing could be more effectual than to appear as bail for Jefferson Davis.

Then, thirdly, as it was, in his opinion, good for the country, and good for the party, so it was remarkably good for himself. If the Republican party were to be extended into the Southern States and organized there, and the work were to be done very much through the conduct of one of its most conspicuous members, when it was fully organized and prepared to support candidates—why, then, in that case, the modesty of Mr. Greeley must not prevent the recognition of his claims. That this was the sole motive of his offering to become one of the bondsmen we do not believe; that it was one of the reasons we can not doubt. And this not because we do not believe Mr. Greeley as capable of disinterested public action as any other man, but because his whole career since the publication of his letter describing the failure of Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed to help him into office, shows that he believes he can serve the public well in some high official station.

To these reasons must be added a certain love of notoriety, and the four together certainly supply a sufficient explanation of his journey to Richmond and his bailing of Davis. The fatal difficulty in the whole affair is, that it is not possible to regard Davis merely as a political prisoner. There is a blacker stain upon him. Mr. Greeley may claim that it has never been seriously charged in a court and certainly never established. True; but does Mr. Greeley therefore believe that Davis knew nothing of Andersonville? That Davis should not be imprisoned indefinitely without trial, we agree; and if the Government had said that it withdrew its charge against him of complicity in the assassination, and had frankly declared that it did not mean, for good grounds, to try him for treason, Mr. Greeley might not without reason have applauded. But, under the circumstances as they existed, and without such action, bail ought not to have been received by the Government, and Mr. Greeley, in becoming a party, supported the Government in its action.

This we say to satisfy the many inquiries that we receive upon a subject that has already passed from immediate attention.

## WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

Now that Congress has done its duty and adjourned it is asked what the President is likely to do. Will he remove Grant? Will he remove Sheridan? Will he remove the other Department commanders? But how can he remove Grant? And what could he possibly hope to gain by removing the others? If he wished to do all the mischief he could he might endeavor to supplant the present officers by creatures of his own. But he knows what the consequence would be as well as any body in the country. Reasoning from his past conduct the President, having protested against the passage of the law, will observe his oath and keep it. The same stories which are now told, and the same suspicions which are now current, followed his act in every previous crisis of his administration. He was going to remove Mr. Stanton; he was not going to execute the law; he intended to appoint unfriendly Generals—in fine, he meant to thwart and perplex as much as he could. But in every instance this expectation was disappointed, and the President did much better than many eager gentlemen supposed he could do.

We suppose the result in this instance will be the same as in the others. The exceedingly solemn and obscure remark in the Washington paper, which is supposed to be "inspired," does not change this view. "Should an occasion unfortunately force itself or be forced upon him in which he must consent to be disobeyed or supplanted from his constitutional jurisdiction, or else require his commands under the law to be implicitly obeyed by the power of the army and navy if necessary, there is, we are satisfied, no authority for saying what line of action the Administration would adopt." That is as wise and as inscrutable as one of Burleigh's nods. If so, so; if not, not. No occasion can force itself or be forced upon the President when it will not be his duty to execute the law, as passed by Congress, in the plain spirit of its intention. No technical evasion will answer, nor will it conceal his purpose from the country. He moves in the full gaze of the nation. If Presidential obstruction in the execution of the Military bill should become evident, not only Congress, in the tremendous words of Mr. Banks, would proceed to consider the situation of the country, but the country itself would very seriously consider its own condition.

## NEW JERSEY ERECT.

The Republicans of New Jersey have done a very noble work. Certainly at this time and in this country it should not be very heroic to declare the political equality of all men; but in the State of New Jersey, so long held fast in the Democratic vice, it is so. The Republicans, in proclaiming that the State Constitution is unjust because it disfranchises men for color, merely take the true position of every true American.

Nor do we believe that they will regret it. Sometime the declaration was inevitable. If it were delayed, and delayed, and delayed, it would have been delayed still longer; for fear is a worse counselor every day that it lasts. Those in the Republican party who think the time has not come for so plain and logical a position as that now assumed in New Jersey never will think it has come. A dominant party secures its dominance by trusting the fair logic of its principles; and when those principles are humane, just, and generous, when they contemplate no inequality of right, no subjection, no injustice to any human soul, with what lofty

exultation should they proclaim them and confide in the approving heart of mankind!

If the Republicans in New Jersey had taken counsel of their fears they would have worshiped bugbears—a kind of worship which is neither beautiful nor useful. In such a State it was precisely the spirit of the men who called the Convention at Trenton, which alone could inspire the party with the ardor which will enable it to hold the State. The Republican party can not afford, as a mere matter of policy, to coquet with the question of manhood suffrage. To say that there is a very great prejudice against the voting of colored men, and that people will not understand the real question, is to abdicate the post of the advanced-guard. How will the people ever understand the question if it is not argued, and how will it ever be argued if it is not raised? The way to raise it is to make it an issue. If it were not an issue, every speaker and orator afraid of injuring the party would constantly declare that he was not yet in favor of colored suffrage. It would be the old cry of "As much opposed to slavery as any man; but—" It would be the Copperhead folly of the war: "Resolved, that we are in favor of the war, and opposed to carrying it on."

This nonsense has passed away. The political battle-cry of the New Jersey Republicans rings out blithe and clear. It is the slogan that sounds melodious along the whole National Republican line from Maine to California, and from Florida to Oregon. The New Jersey address is most felicitous. It recites the great triumphs of the great party of the loyal American people. It appeals confidently to New Jerseymen; but the true heart of the whole land answers with hope and cheer:

"We appeal with sanguine anticipation to their sympathy and co-operation in the noble task of wiping out the only relic of the old barbarism in our Constitution and making it altogether in harmony with the vital doctrine of the Declaration of Independence and the informing soul of the Constitution of the United States."

## A MEXICAN VIEW.

IT is really a little hard to require of the Republic of Mexico such a profound obsequiousness to the United States as is implied in much of the current newspaper talk about that sad country. For our own purposes, and in pursuance of a traditional policy which no administration would disregard, we have told France that we could not approve her invasion and occupation of Mexico. That is all. We have looked on calmly for four years while that country has been bleeding and struggling with the invader. We have been busy enough ourselves, indeed; but we gave the invader some facilities which we denied to the Republic. Still pursuing our policy, our position pushes France out of Mexico, but leaves that country still fighting with the foreign enemy. He is captured, and in danger of the fate that has always awaited such adventurers. We interfere by the letter of a gentleman in New Orleans, and at the dictation of Austria. Mexico takes its own course, and we foam with indignation.

A sensible Mexican must smile, if any Mexican has any smiles left. He knows that it is not for love of Mexico that we insisted upon the withdrawal of France, and that there is a party among us which would gladly do what France tried to do. Ours is not a kind of motive for which any Mexican can feel peculiarly grateful, however much he may rejoice in the result. We think, therefore, that it would be wiser and more generous not to treat Mexico as if it were the most aggravating country in the world, because it will not obey our wishes in every respect. The tone and temper of our friendship are not generous, and can not inspire confidence. The turkey that is plentifully fed with corn and finds no stint of fattening food, must contemplate it with curious emotions if he has ever heard of Thanksgiving. Imagine an honorable Mexican reading the speech of Mr. JAMES BROOKS, and reflecting that, in the inscrutable ways of Providence, Mr. JAMES BROOKS was one of the national Legislature of the United States. Could we reproach him if his affection for the United States were not ardent?

## THE BOURBONS.

IT is astonishing with what tenacity the Democratic party of New York, as represented in the Constitutional Convention, cling to their hostility to the rights of the colored race. In the debates upon the suffrage article, whether in the Committee of the Whole or in the Convention, every kind of amendment was introduced which might in any way cast a slur upon the colored man. If the colored citizens had shown themselves to be the most dangerous and criminal class in the State—if they had been disloyal or indifferent during the war—if they were the class from which the prisons were chiefly filled, and if they were generally a drunken, idle, worthless body of people, they could not have been pursued with more persistent animosity than the Democratic members of the Convention showed.

This was the more humiliating because many of these gentlemen are intelligent men, who must at least suspect the folly of such efforts. They can not be ignorant of the fact that with the fall of slavery fell all real hope of further success upon the issue of race. They must have longed for a chance to speak frankly and openly, and without the fear of a threatening constituency behind, and to say, as they certainly believe, that as a class of citizens the colored men are just as capable and worthy of the elective franchise as any other. We can not conceive of a more unpleasant party ordeal for a truly generous and honorable man than to be forced upon his party fealty to vote against his serious convictions. It was pleasant to remark that two or three of the leading Democratic members occasionally broke away from the close party lines, and voted as men, not as partisans.

The fact, however, is instructive. It illustrates what one of the Republican members, Mr. TOWNSEND, said, that it seemed to him that every race upon earth was improving except the Bourbons. The Democratic party is not much troubled by being called by that epithet, but neither were the kings who bore that name. If the members of the Democratic party rejoice in it, and resolve to deserve it more and more, they can behold their fate. They are continuing to deserve the title of the Conservative party, as they have earned it, by holding fast to every thing which has ever been a policy or an issue, whether it has passed away or not. This is merely the conservatism of the grating in the sewer. It catches all the rubbish with the riches, and holds equally fast a dish-cloth and a silver tureen.

## THE AUTHORITY TO PREACH.

THE Reverend STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., is under trial by the Episcopal Diocese of New York on a charge of "breach of discipline" in officiating at religious services in a Methodist church at New Brunswick, New Jersey. The charge is preferred by Dr. STUBBS of the Episcopal Church, and is, in plain terms, to the effect that Dr. TYNG had preached in Dr. STUBBS's parish without his consent or authority. One is naturally led by this statement to wonder if any of the apostles in the early days of the church usually asked permission of the others to "officiate" in their parishes; or if any other authority or warrant was demanded of them than the divine command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," or that other of that man of sound doctrine, Saint Paul, who, advising Timothy, wrote to him thus: "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."

## HEALTH IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

AT this season of the year, when so many are fleeing from the crowded city to the country, it seems peculiarly fitting to consider the comparative influence of a city and a country residence upon the health, the object being not merely to ascertain what the real difference is, but beyond this, to see if we can not discover some means of making the city approximate more nearly to the country in its healthy condition.

Few really know how great the difference is. Here are some statistics which indicate it. The comparison is made between London and the rural district of Lewisham. The deaths registered in London during the seven years which the observations covered were 342,000. If the mortality had been no greater than in Lewisham during the same years in proportion to the population, the deaths would have been 244,128. Therefore 97,872 died in London more than would have died if the population had been as well situated in relation to health as were the people in Lewisham. The difference is still greater if we take the children alone. The deaths of children under five years registered in London during the same period were 139,593. If the mortality had not been higher than in Lewisham, the deaths would have been 80,632. So that 58,961 children under five years of age died in the seven years that would not have died if they had been under the sanitary conditions ordinarily found in the rural districts. A great many facts of a similar nature might be cited, but these will answer as specimens. One would think that they are sufficiently appalling to awaken very earnest inquiry on the part of the inhabitants of cities, which would, of course, result in determined action. But the subject seems to meet with but little attention except with a few, who find it hard work to bring about any effective measures of prevention.

What now are the causes of this great difference between town and country? There are some significant facts which bear on this question. We will cite but a single one from the city of New York. In the weekly report of the Registrar of Vital Statistics, made some little time since, it is stated that in the Fifteenth Ward, where cleanliness prevails, the death-rate was but 1 in 8524 of the inhabitants; while in the First, Fourth, Sixth, and Tenth wards the rate was 1 in 1771; and in the Sixth, taken by itself, it was as high as 1 in 987. In this latter case the mortality is more than eight times as great as in the Fifteenth Ward. If we look at such facts in connection with comparisons made between cities and the country districts, we come to the conclusion that *the sanitary difference between the different parts of a city is often greater than that between the city, taken as a whole, and any portion of the country.* In the comparison we have cited between the Sixth and the Fifteenth wards in New York the difference in mortality is more than twice as great as that cited between London and Lewisham.

Such facts as these point to the grand source of the excess of mortality in the city. It is impure air, rendered so by human filth—we say *human*, including both that which comes directly from the person and that which appears in the surroundings. Some other causes operate, it is true, but this is the chief cause. It is the gaseous emanations from accumulated filth that originate to a great extent many of the most fatal of our prevalent diseases, and aid most decidedly in the diffusion and intensification of those which come from some specific cause. Very truly then did Dr. JAMES JOHNSON say of impure air, in his testimony before the commission of the British Parliament, "Ague and fever, two of the most prominent features of the malarious influence, are as a drop of water in the ocean when compared with the other less obtrusive but more dangerous maladies that silently disorganize the vital structure of the human fabric under the influence of this deleterious and invisible poison."

There are noxious exhalations in the country, for there is a lack of sanitary carefulness there as well as in the city. But there is no such concentration of filth as there is in a crowded city, and impurities in the air are readily diffused and carried off. There is a merciful provision for our safety in this diffusion of gases among each other. Though a noxious gas may be of greater specific gravity than the air, it does not remain quietly underneath the air, as water does under oil, but, from the general disposition which gases have to mingle together, it pervades the air, its diffusion being hastened by every agitation of the atmosphere, and thus, under all ordinary circumstances, it becomes quickly diluted. But if it be generated largely, and in pent-up places, the opportunity for its dilution by the air is restricted, and it acts upon the human system in a more or less concentrated form.

But it is to be remembered that a family who are cleanly in their persons and surroundings may have disease inflicted upon them by the uncleanliness of their neighbors. The diffusion of the unhealthy emanations may not be effectual in their case So also a cleanly portion of a city may suffer from the uncleanly portions. The farther it is remote from them the better, for the greater is the dilution of the poison.

The above facts and considerations show what power ought to be given to sanitary law and to the officers who are to execute it. Men have no more right to send forth poison into the air than they have to throw poison into wells, and the strong arm of the law should restrain and punish in the one case as well as in the other. This principle is recognized to some little degree, but in view of the great mortality which results from the impure air that is especially present in the most crowded portions of our cities, it ought to be pushed in its application far beyond what it has ever yet been. There ought to be a wider interpretation of the meaning of the word nuisance, and a more stern and thorough action in abating the smaller as well as the larger nuisances. More injury is inflicted by the numberless small ones than by the comparatively few large ones.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

A BLOODY riot occurred at Rogersville, East Tennessee, on Tuesday, during a meeting at which Emerson Etheridge was speaking. Two men were killed, and seven mortally and thirty slightly wounded. On the same day a negro who shouted in the streets of Knoxville for Governor Brownlow was shot down and killed. On July 25, while General Frank Blair of Missouri was addressing an Etheridge meeting a fight commenced in which eight or ten shots were fired and two negroes wounded. On learning these facts two hundred negroes, at the time in attendance at a meeting at the colored church, formed in procession, and were proceeding to the scene of disturbance when they were met by the agent of the Freedmen's Bureau and the police, and were persuaded to desist, thus preventing a bloody riot. It is a singular and significant fact that in the various riots which have occurred in Tennessee only negroes have been injured.

The Board of Registration at Augusta, Georgia, lately ordered all employers to notify their employés of the presence of the Board under penalty of the law as administered by a military commission.

In the South Carolina Republican Convention on July 23, a resolution proposing a colored candidate for Vice-President was voted down.

The people in some of the counties of Virginia are actively canvassing the policy of cutting up their large plantations into small farms and offering them for sale or rent, for the purpose of inducing immigration.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Captain Pestchonroff, of the Russian Imperial Navy, who has been commissioned by the Czar as Special Envoy, to hand over the newly-acquired territory of Russian America to the United States, arrived at New York on July 24. Brigadier-General Rousseau, United States Army, has been commissioned by our Government, and both Commissioners are to depart at an early day for Sitka.

A cargo of twenty-three coolies arrived at New Orleans from Havana on July 25, and several others, who had arrived previously, were already at work on the plantations. The Attorney-General is preparing instructions for the District Attorneys on the subject.

Table Rock at Niagara is no more. The last of it was blown away on July 26.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE unfortunate Archduchess Carlotta, widow of Maximilian, is still so insane that her physicians lately advised, as a dernier resort, that she be removed from Miramer to Belgium, in the hope that the scenes of her childhood might have a soothing effect on her mind. She accordingly left Miramer on July 24.

Joseph Mazzini has joined Garibaldi in his enterprise for the liberation of Rome; and the two are making it a sort of holy crusade to wrest the city from the hands of the Papists.

Omar Pasha, on July 25, officially reported the suppression and end of the Candian insurrection.

By the orders of the British war office a trial of the American 15-inch Rodman gun was had on July 25 in presence of a number of naval and military officers and experts. It was proved by the tests to which the gun was submitted that no iron or steel armor yet invented is capable of resisting its shot.

Two military conscripts of Prussia lately embarked on board an American vessel just about to sail from the port of Bremerhaven. The Prussian authorities threatened to open the batteries on the ship if the men were not given up. The captain surrendered them.

## THE CAMP-MEETING AT SING SING.

CAMP-MEETINGS are an outgrowth of Western life. They harmonize most perfectly with the traits of early Western civilization. When churches are few and far between, and withal too contracted in their dimensions to accommodate large congregations, a religious service in a grove is both natural and becoming. Originating among the Presbyterians of Kentucky, in the early part of the present century, the camp-meeting has been adopted universally by the Methodists, who have utilized it with their accustomed energy. There are probably several hundred such meetings held by Methodists every year. The numbers in attendance vary from five hundred to five thousand persons, and the tents from fifty to five hundred.

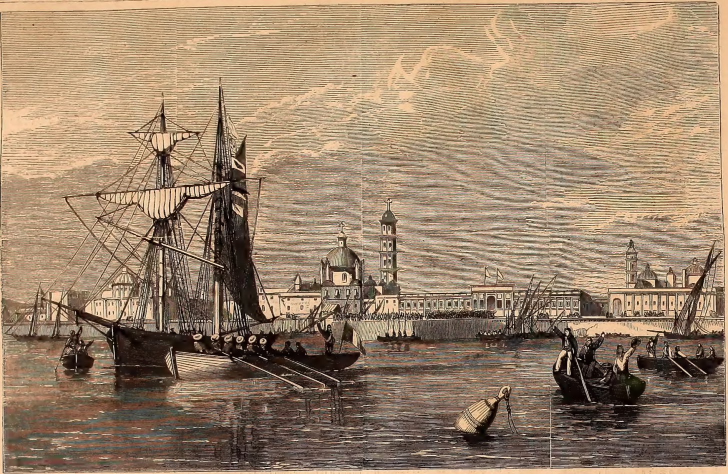
The spot once selected, seats of rough board are provided for the congregations expected to assemble; around the seats the tents are pitched, two, three, or four rows deep, with avenues between. Facing the congregation is the preachers' stand. Lamps are hung from the tree-branches for the night-services; in the mountain regions altar-like structures, about six feet in height, covered with earth, and on the earth fires of resinous wood, light up the encampment. The flicker of the flames from these fires will at night give a weird, unearthly aspect to the preacher and his congregation.

As might be surmised, camp-meetings have called forth some of the finest displays of oratorical power, and have given occasion to some scenes of no little extravagance. The great preachers of the Methodist denomination, BASCOM, MAFFITT, FISK, OLIN, DURBIN, and others less known to fame, have at these gatherings made the highest exhibitions of their powers, and have produced the most wondrous effects upon their hearers. Some of the traditions of camp-meeting preaching would hardly be accepted as sober history, and yet they are as well authenticated as any facts of American social life. The jerks which raged in the West years ago with the fury of an epidemic, the falling of men senseless, and the milder phenomena of congregations unconsciously drawn from their seats, and gathering *en masse* about the fervid orators, are incidents of camp-meeting life well known in American religious history. They only show that there are *more things in heaven and earth than are* dreamed of in our philosophy.

The frontiersmen of the West have felt the civilizing power of camp-meetings. Many of them, who would never of their own free-will go to a church, have in the woods heard the elementary truths of Christianity, and have been won over to a better life. The early Methodist preachers had at their camps many rough encounters with the ruder elements of Western society; for the meetings were conducted according to strict method, and their rules very sternly enforced. The veteran CARTWRIGHT lives yet to tell gleefully his adventures of this sort. The militant feeling entered largely into the original conception of the meeting. The camp was a battle-ground; the services were a series of contests between sin and godliness; and the old preachers usually expected to conquer the rude and uncultured masses, who gathered from far and near, some to see what was going on, some to meet old acquaintances, and some for deviltry. CARTWRIGHT has been known to complain that the late President LINCOLN, his old antagonist in politics, was always the preferred lawyer for the disturbers of camp-meetings in the County of Sangamon, Illinois. Whether this was strictly a fact or only a prejudice of CARTWRIGHT's we have no means of knowing.

In the South the negroes gave in former years an additional piquancy to camp-meeting exercises. In obedience to the proscriptive law of Southern society, their tents were placed *behind* the preacher's stand, and the preacher presented his back to them as he delivered his message to his white congregation. Occasionally he would turn toward his sable hearers as they sat, eager and expectant, and drop them a few animated words. If he made a good hit they would respond most vociferously. But when white people's preaching was over the negroes would have their own meeting, which they carried on in their own way. Gathered in a compact mass about one or two old leaders, keeping time to the song with hands and feet, and swaying their bodies, not ungracefully, in unison with its strains, they would make the woods fairly ring again. Their rich voices seemed never to wear out; through the afternoons, and far into the night, their melodious music would float above all other sounds. In these altered times the negro will doubtless, in the South, come around to the front and will face the preacher. Sambo will not be stowed now behind the preaching stand. Has not "Massa LINKUM" made him free? Is he not a man, and we were going to say "brother?"—but we will correct ourselves and write voter.

But times change, and men change with them. The camp-meeting, which was once a militant affair, has become of late in the Eastern States a vast picnic under wholesome regulations. The favorite gathering-place for New England Methodists is Martha's Vineyard. Here, close by the sea-shore, are erected, instead of tents, tidy cot-



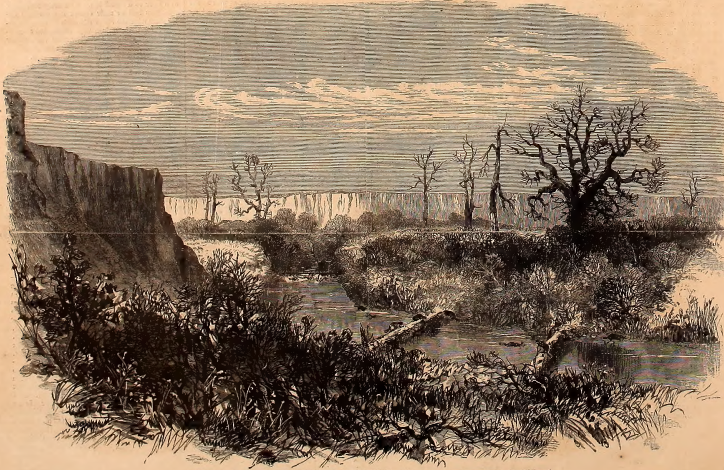
THE CITY AND PORT OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

tages, which are fitted up and furnished after the tasteful New England fashion. Of these and the public tents for church-meetings there are often five hundred in all. The stands and seats are built for permanent use. Many owners of cottages occupy their rustic homes several weeks before the time appointed for the services; boating, bathing, fishing, and croquet afford them pleasant recreations. The managers, who own the grounds, maintain a strict police; and this, with the staid habits of New Englanders, renders the preservation of the best order perfectly easy. Several summers ago an enterprising Yankee published a daily newspaper on the camp-ground; in fact, in all the arrangements there is an evident study of comfort. The camp-meeting at Sing Sing, of which we give several sketches, showing the various phases of the gathering, is the favorite resort of New York Methodists. On the principal days the attendance numbers several thousand persons. While many go for recreation and fresh air, there is usually in attendance a number of earnest spirits, whose religious exercises are of the most fervid character. Often from fifty to sixty ministers may be seen present at one time.

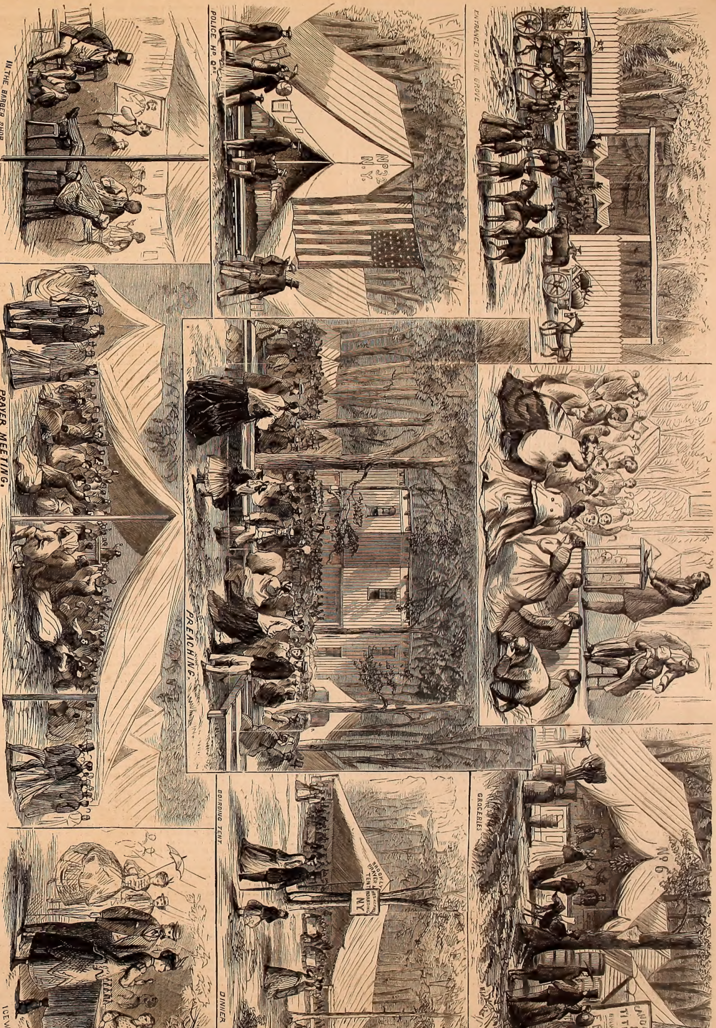
When it is considered that probably half a million of persons attend camp-meetings every summer, they may well be ranked among the striking phenomena of American life. No one who has not attentively observed them has fully studied American society.

## BEAVER DAM.

OUR artist in the Indian country sends us this week an interesting sketch from nature of a Beaver Dam on the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas River. "The borders of the stream," he writes, "are thickly grown with willows such as the Indians use for making their head-mats and basket-work. The dams are strong, and so built that any overflow would not be likely to disturb them. The water is raised by them about a foot; near the dams the small shrubbery and branches are cut by the beavers. The spot is the favorite resort of the beavers; they seem to have selected it in preference to any point on the Pawnee Fork; there are three dams within a hundred yards, and the beavers make their homes here."



BEAVER DAM ON PAWNEE FORK, KANSAS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]




CAMP-MEETING OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT SING SING.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 499.]

## HOW I FIRST MET MY WIFE.

It is just five years ago this summer that I was granted exemption for one month from my desk and went down with my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State, New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not there met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real true hospitality of the Hyatts, for the solid old-time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which within a couple of days after my arrival I was put into possession of it, and made to feel that it all belonged to me, to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of horses, and we rode; plenty of fish, and we fished; plenty of woodcock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken with a proviso. I say we, by which let it be understood that I do not mean Horace's two sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports. They rode, to be sure, and charmingly they did it; they fished, and I am obliged to confess were much luckier than their guest; but they did not shoot—though I shall not exult over their lack of this accomplishment; they were charming enough without it. I am sure I shall excite no jealousy by declaring that with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the two most charming girls I had ever seen, and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident, for so I suppose I must call it, though really seeming like a special providence. What this was I shall tell in the best way I know how.

For some days after my arrival at the farm my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyric lavished by the young ladies upon a once school-fellow of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly-colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Carrie and Nettie, but still the repetition of this May Stevens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new-born passion. I formed at last an imaginary May Stevens, and do what I would the figure was still with me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity, and trembled with some great purpose which should bring before me the object of my thought and of the two sisters' continual conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me at this time to say, had not I heard one morning as I entered the breakfast-room the startling words from Nettie:

"And so she is coming at last. I'm so glad!"

Whether it was that the train of my thought was upon that point at the moment or what I can not say, but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words I knew that the hitherto only heard-of May Stevens was about to become a reality. I had no need to ask questions; all the information was proffered. May Stevens, the incomparable May, was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment, though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week! It was an age, a century, and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long-standing passion of nearly two weeks' duration for Nettie and Carrie was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before the new queen. With this idea I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including of course Nettie and Carrie, but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after hearing the announcement of her intended coming, and before two hours had gone by I was whizzing on my way to town to carry out that resolve. My choicest morsels of wardrobe should be offered on the shrine of May Stevens.

I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of business neglected, and had faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down again at "Hyatt's" to stay out the month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was about to pass with them.

The racking of brain that day to create a grand *ensemble* of costume, something beyond all criticism that should at the first glance strike the beholder silent with admiration, was, indeed, terrible. The labor of writing "Paradise Lost" was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and redressed, compared, rejected, and selected, and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods, in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted still several hours to sunset, and having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train, and return the same night to "Hyatt's," instead of waiting over until morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments, and away I went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep, so I found it when the shades of evening fell, for, to the best of my recollection, I was in the very midst of a dream in which May Stevens, attired in book-muslin and pale blue satin, sat on a purple cloud, and admiringly inquired who my tailor was. Just as I was about to inform her there came a crash, and, for a moment, I was not entirely certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded or myself had torn some portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train, the 6.26, that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage-cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. But most terrible of all mishaps, it spilled me, clothes and all, into a pool of mud and water, from which I escaped with life, but utterly wrecked in the matter of good clothes. This was a pretty state of things; and to make it still worse, I was exactly five miles from my destination. I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and would have willingly rendered all the assistance in my power to the unprotected females of the wrecked train, if I had been in any condition to be seen; but, heartily ashamed of my appearance, I rushed from the scene and started for Hyatt's, the determination strong in my breast to reach that haven before daylight and get into a decent if not a stunning suit of clothes. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and verging close on toward eleven o'clock. That did not deter me. I was determined to walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. I set forth. Five miles is a trifle, particularly to a man in my condition, and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight I marched up the lane that led to the house. There was a single light to be seen in the house, and that in my room; but as I approached near the house it disappeared, and the whole house was in darkness. My room-mate, Horace, had evidently just gone to bed. So much the better. I didn't want even him to see me in that plight. My bedroom windows looked out upon the roof of the piazza. I would not disturb the house by knocking—oh no, not a bit of it—a climb would settle the business. The thing was executed as soon as thought, and in a few seconds I stood on the piazza. What if Horace saw me in that plight, and I should be compelled to explain that my vanity had led me to walk five miles in the night, and scale a piazza to escape being seen? He would never get done joking me. No, he should not see me thus. In a few seconds, standing on the piazza, I divested myself of coat, vest, pants, boots, hat—ay! even of my shirt, and stood confessed a blushing Hyperion in under-shirt and drawers! Leaving the muddy clothes on the piazza, I put my hand to the window, which yielded, and I sprang into my own room. By the moonlight which streamed in I saw a figure in white, half standing half crouching by the bedside, with the covers of the bed drawn in front of it; and I laughed at the idea of Horace being frightened by my appearance. Immediately afterward I reflected that scaling the piazza of a farm-house at midnight, and forcing an entrance by a window *en deshabille* had rather an alarming, not to say burglarious aspect, and I therefore spoke with the intention of reassuring him, when a trembling and unmistakably feminine voice half screamed, half faltered,

"Who are you?"

There are such surprises as, without a terror, absolutely deprive us of the power of speech until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open mouth and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and my room mate. Right by my side, with her face within three feet of my own, stood a young woman, not more than seventeen, with great, dark hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls tucked away under the neatest little night-cap that ever was. She had gathered the bed-clothes, with a spasmodic jerk, up about her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look, as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes, and repeated her question,

"Who are you?"

I blurted out with,

"How came you here?"

The figure stared still in speechless astonishment; but in a moment, as though awaking from its stupefaction, spoke—

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

"Yes," was my rather subdued answer.

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time speaking as calmly and quite as dignified as though in the drawing-room, "I am May Stevens, and I was put into this room last evening after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off before I got here, and was not to return until morning. That is how I was put in this room."

So here was I, vis-a-vis to Miss May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I intended to have got up such superlative toilet, and she in her night-cap, and I in my drawers—a nice style of introduction, and a nice style of toilet! And she by this time was as cool as the 31st of December, and stood looking me right in the eyes as I made some scrambling explanation of my being found in that most extraordinary situation and costume! It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering and thinking during the recital, and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world, said,

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the window, as I came in," I said, in a sickish tone of voice; and then reflecting that it would never do to put on these clothes again, nor to stroll about the farm as I was, I as hastily exclaimed:

"No! no! I won't go. I must have a decent suit of clothes. I won't go without 'em," and I began looking round for my trunk.

While I was doing so I heard a noise behind me, and turning quickly round saw she had sprang into bed and was dragging the clothes about her up to her neck.

"You must dress yourself and go away," she said. "I will lie still with my head covered until you are gone."

And so she did, burying her head in the bed-clothes to suppress her laughter. I hastily opened my trunk and got out another suit, and as hastily arrayed myself in it. Then I as hastily departed, and I venture to say without the slightest fear of dispute that no man ever sneaked out of his own room more stealthily or more ignominiously than I did.

That morning we met, May Stevens and I, at the breakfast-table. I in the character of the newly arrived, and were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astounded every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we have never failed to repeat whenever the memory of our first meeting comes up. And now you have the whole story of how I first met my wife. To my mind there hasn't been such another meeting since the memorable occasion of that first one in Eden.

## MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

**Book III.**

### CHAPTER IX.

A SUCCESS.

Soft you now;
The fair Ophelia.

Among the notabilities of the gentry in the neighborhood of Kilclare was a certain Lady Popham, a wealthy and eccentric widow, who owned a fine estate, one of the park gates of which opened into the high-road that led from Ballyhacket to Kilclare. Lady Popham had resided many years abroad, chiefly in Italy, with her husband, a languid, invalid, fine gentleman, who found, or fancied, that a southern climate was necessary to his existence. Her ladyship had consequently been an absentee for a very long period. On Sir Bernard Popham's death, however, his widow returned rich and childless to Ireland, and announced her intention of residing permanently on her Kilclare estate. At first her advent occasioned a great deal of talk and excitement among her country neighbors. Lady Popham's peculiarities were the theme of conversation at most dinner-tables around Kilclare for some weeks. Some were shocked, some angry, some amused by her oddities; but, by degrees, as the genuine goodness and warm-heartedness of her character became known, and as people became accustomed to her eccentricities, all that was odd, outré, or unusual, was set down simply to "foreign manners," and excused accordingly. And at the date of my story there was no more popular or respected individual in the county than old Lady Popham of Cloncoolin.

Lady Popham was known far and wide as a liberal, if not very intelligent, encourager of art and artists, and was a stanch patroness of the drama. She had already been twice to the theatre at Kilclare during the present season, and had on each occasion graciously signified to Mr. Moffatt her high satisfaction with the performances, all which was profitable and pleasant to the manager, and would have been quite perfect but for one unfortunate circumstance, which dashed his cup of content with bitterness. It had been observed that when Miss Moffat was singing that popular and touching ballad of the modern domestic school, entitled "Johnny left me in the lane," Lady Popham, after listening for a second or so, unfurled a very large green fan, behind whose ample shade she retired completely during the song, nor issued forth into the gaslight again until "Johnny" had finally left off leaving Miss Moffatt in the lane, when her ladyship emerged from obscurity with a cheerful countenance. This was certainly not pleasant; and poor Mr. Moffatt had to bear the brunt of his daughter's ill-humor and mortification. However, Lady Popham was too valuable a friend and supporter of the theatre for the manager to be able to afford to show any resentment at this slight to Miss Annette's vocal abilities; and he consoled the latter by saying that "nobody minded what old Lady Popham said or did," and that she was generally supposed to be "a little touched in the upper story."

Touched or not, however, it was very well known that the sight of the Cloncoolin liveries at the box-office in the morning was sufficient to fill the house at night; and Mr. Wilfred J. Percival had sent a sort of circular to her ladyship setting forth that his benefit was fixed to take place on the following Friday evening, and begging Lady Popham to honor him by her presence and support on the occasion. This she had promised to do, and moreover to bring with her a party of friends that were staying at Cloncoolin; and great was the excitement among the company as the evening approached, and rose-colored were the visions of cash and credit to be won, in the minds of manager Moffatt and the bénéficiaire.

At Biddy Bonny's, too, the whole household was much interested in the forthcoming performance of Hamlet, and especially in the new Ophelia. Teddy Molloy, as he sat in the work-shop tapping away at the sole of a "brogue," held forth to his apprentices on the merits of the various Hamlets he had seen when he himself was a 'prentice in Dublin, and expressed his opinion that Miss Bell would be "the purtiest and illigantest Ophaylia" that had ever appeared on the boards of the Kilclare theatre. And the two apprentices related how they'd heard that Lady Popham and "heaps of the quality" were to grace the boxes with their presence. Even old Joe Bonny seemed to catch a faint reflex of the prevailing glow of excitement, and growled out sundry reminiscences of how he had "see'd 'Amlet acted nigh upon a matter of fifty year ago in England." He was sure it must have been Hamlet, because he remembered there "were a ghost in it, with a kind of a tin-pot on his head." But on being pressed with interrogations by Biddy, it turned out that this striking evidence of the play having been Hamlet was not so conclusive as old Joe supposed, for the performance had taken place at Bartholomew Fair, where ghosts—even ghosts with tin-pots on their heads—are known to have been numerous.

The rehearsals of the tragedy had gone off very satisfactorily. Mabel had indeed been a little surprised at the complicated and minute instructions given to her by Mr. Percival as to the exact spot on which she must stand during the scenes between Hamlet and Ophelia; when she must turn her head toward him, and when she must look away; how many steps she must take in this direction, and how many in the other, and so forth. But she endeavored to remember and comply with his injunctions.

"Percival's business in Hamlet is capital," said Mr. Snell, the low comedian. "All his own, too. I don't know another Hamlet on the stage with such business in the play scene."

"Sir," remarked Mrs. Darling, with much stateliness, "I do not admire it. I may be in error, but I deem that over-elaboration is a fault. I have seen John Kemble, in my youth, and Edmund Kean in his best days, and I do not think that they depended for their success on their business."

"Oh, hang it!" returned Mr. Snell (who was without any veneration for the traditions of the old school, and who professed his belief that half the famous actors of the past generation "would be jolly well hissed if they came bow-wowing on to the boards of the London stage nowadays"), "Oh, hang it! Mrs. Darling, one must have something new, you know. Can't keep on in the old grooves forever."

"What do they mean by Mr. Percival's capital business in Hamlet, aunt?" asked Mabel that day, after rehearsal.

Before his mother could reply, Jack began:

"Why, they mean that kind of Scotch reel he dances with every body, Mabel. In and out, backward and forward, up the middle and down again. He crosses the stage nineteen times in that scene with you. I counted them."

"The business of a part, Mabel," said Aunt Mary, "is, properly speaking, its dumb show, its pantomime. You know every one has his own ideas as to his movement and position with regard to the other characters."

"Pantomime with a vengeance!" exclaimed Jack, who was inveterate against the eminent tragedian "from the principal theatres, etc., etc." "He does every thing but tumble head over heels; and I shouldn't be surprised to see him do that before the evening's over. A somersault over Ophelia's grave would be striking and *new*. That's his great notion."

"Don't be severe, Jack; I don't like to hear it," said gentle, good-natured Aunt Mary.

But Mabel, in her heart, was inclined to agree with her cousin.

At length arrived the eventful Friday evening. The play was to begin at seven o'clock, and long before that hour the pit and gallery were filled with an expectant crowd. The boxes, too, began to show a sprinkling of visitors; and the gap of empty crimson benches in the centre of the semicircle attracted great attention; for it was known that those seats were reserved for Lady Popham and her party. About two minutes before seven the box-doors were thrown open with a mighty clatter, and the plunging of hoofs and rolling of wheels was heard coming up from the outside of the theatre. A gay party of ladies and gentlemen entered and took their seats, and in the very centre—for Sir Bernard Popham's widow had no idea of hiding her light under a bushel—sat the lady of Cloncoolin, looking about the theatre with a heavy gold eye-glass, and uttering her remarks upon every thing and every body in a shrill, penetrating little voice. Lady Popham was a very small fragile old woman of nearly seventy years of age; upright as a dart, bright-eyed, nimble-tongued, active. She wore a double range of false teeth, which seemed a little too large for her mouth, and made her lisp in her speech, and a jet black wig with stiff curls that framed her small wizened face on each side. She had the tiniest hands and feet in the world, and was always dressed in the richest stuffs and brightest colors that she could find. On the present occasion she wore an amber brocaded silk gown and a white cashmere cloak on her shoulders; a wreath of artificial roses was perched on the top of her wig, and trembled at every movement of her restless little head. A grotesque figure enough, one would say; and yet it is a fact that Lady Popham, however ridiculous she might appear, possessed that indefinable air of good-breeding which stamped her as a gentlewoman, and she could, moreover, assume when she chose a dignified, lofty bearing that was quite imposing.

On the evening of Mr. Percival's benefit, however, she was neither lofty nor dignified; but very good-humored and talkative, turning her big eye-glass hither and thither, and nodding right and left to her friends and neighbors as they took their seats around her.

Punctually at seven o'clock the orchestra began the overture. It was, of course, a selection of Irish airs, but newly chosen, and arranged by Mr. Trescott, who possessed, from long practice and experience, some skill in such patch-work.

"Jerry the Buck" figured in it as a matter of course; and the stamping of feet keeping time to it in the gallery overhead, made the theatre quiver until it seemed quite within the bounds of possibility that the flooring would give way, and a pair of corduroy-clad legs be seen hovering over Lady Popham's floral head-gear! However, no such disaster took place, and "Jerry

the Buck" came to an end in due course, giving place to an old pathetic melody with a wailing burden to it in a minor key. Scarcely had the first few notes of it been played when the house was hushed into breathless silence. The air had been arranged as a violin solo, and the player was Alfred Trescott. Excited by the consciousness of performing to cultivated and attentive ears, the young man threw himself completely into the spirit of the music. Those exquisitely sympathetic tones, of which the violin alone, among instruments, has the secret, rose through the theatre with a sweet, sad yearning plaint that was inexpressibly pathetic. The tune was wild and irregular, like the sighing of the wind over some desolate place; and when, at its close, the last long-drawn note had died away, there was for a second profound and absolute silence throughout the house. Then burst forth a storm of applause, led by Lady Popham herself, who leaned over the front of the box daintily wiping her moistened eyes with a laced handkerchief, and strenuously beating her fan on the box-ledge with her other band. "Bis, bis, bis!" cried her ladyship's shrill voice. "Make him play it again, somebody. Mais c'est charmant. E squisito. I'm perfectly astonished. *Why* don't somebody make him play it again?"

The whole audience having by this time joined in shouts of "Ankoor! ankoor!" accompanied by much clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and encouraging exclamations of "More power to ye! Give it us again, me boy! Sure it's yourself that can fiddle, any way," etc., Alfred repeated the air, terminating it this time by an improvised cadenza, with a long-drawn shake at the end of it, which raised even still greater enthusiasm.

The applause had scarcely yet subsided when the curtain rose upon the platform of the castle at Elsinore, and the tragedy of Hamlet fairly commenced. The play progressed smoothly and successfully. The hero of the night, Mr. Wilfred J. Percival, was received with all due recognition of his position as bénéficiaire. The new Ophelia was greeted on her first entrance with such unexpected heartiness as to destroy her self-possession for a time, and the first few words she had to say were nearly inaudible. But she soon recovered, and performed the rest of the scene with grace and sweetness. There was a stir of expectation throughout the theatre when Mabel entered for the mad scene, decked with wild flowers and straw, and with her rich dark hair falling disheveled about her shoulders. On coming to the theatre that evening she had found in her dressing-room a large basket full of natural wild flowers, woven into fantastic garlands with ivy and creeping plants, and on the top was laid a scrap of paper, with these words, written in Corda Trescott's round childish hand:

"Please, please to wear these to-night. Alfred gathered them this morning, and I have twisted them together all myself.

"Your affectionate little friend,

"Corda."

"Very kind and thoughtful, indeed, of young Trescott," said Aunt Mary; "and how prettily they are arranged."

"I suppose I can't refuse to wear them," said Mabel, musingly.

"Goodness, Mabel! Refuse? Of course not. Why should you?"

To this question Mabel had made no reply, and accordingly, when the time came for attiring her for the mad scenes, Mrs. Walton twined the wreaths in Mabel's hair, and looped them on to her white dress, and pronounced the effect to be quite perfect.

And a very charming and poetical picture of the distraught Ophelia she presented, as she stood in the centre of the stage, pouring out the snatches of song in a voice to which nervousness lent a touching tremor. The girl's fresh youth and natural refinement, and the unalloyed simple earnestness with which she had thrown herself into the character she was representing, made her seem the very embodiment of the poet's graceful fancy; and when she finally left the stage, after the last pathetic scene with Laertes, there were few eyes in the house undimmed with tears. In brief, the performance was a complete and unmistakable success.

Lady Popham was in ecstasies. She sent for Mr. Moffatt to come and speak with her after the conclusion of the play, and desired he would convey her best congratulations and thanks to Miss M. A. Bell, for the delight she had afforded herself and her friends. "And that charming creature that played the fiddle!" exclaimed Lady Popham. "Where *did* you pick up these two young artists, Moffatt? I tell you that boy is a genius; and I know something about the matter. I must have him out at Cloncoolin. What's his name? Trescott? Ah, well, I never remember people's names. Write it down and send it to me, will you? I shall be obliged to you. And look here, Moffatt, make that pretty, sweet, poetical Ophelia of yours take a benefit, and I'll promise to come and bring half the county. She is really delicious. You won't be able to keep her *here* very long, of course. You're prepared for that, eh? Well, make the most of her now, and let me know in good time about her benefit."

All the party from Cloncoolin followed her ladyship's cue, and Mr. Moffatt retired amidst a chorus of "Really charming. Quite delighted. So pleased. Does you great credit, Moffatt," and so forth.

"Well, Mabel, my darling child," said Aunt Mary, giving her niece a hearty hug and a kiss when they were all at home once more in the little sitting-room, "you've surpassed my expectations. It's all right now. Quite safe. You must get poor old aunty an engagement to play the Nurse to your Juliet, when you're a great actress in London, setting the town on fire."

"Oh, Aunt Mary!"

"Yes, to be sure you must. But in all seriousness, Mabel, I've no doubt in the world that Moffatt will gladly engage you for next season; and I think you are pretty sure of getting to Dublin for the winter."

Mabel went to rest with a thankful heart, and her last thought was of her mother and Dooley. Her last thought, but not her sole thought. There ran through her mind a lurking wonder as to what Clement Charlewood would say and think if he could have seen her as Ophelia. Whether he would have been pleased, or shocked, or indifferent.

"I'm afraid he disapproves of the whole thing so much that he would rather I was unsuccessful than the reverse," thought Mabel. "At least he would have felt in that way three months ago. Perhaps it might be different with him now—now that—other things are all different too!"

## CHAPTER X.

### LADY POPHAM'S LETTER.

"Why, goodness me, Aunt Dawson, look at this now! I declare here's a letter from my fairy godmother."

The words were uttered in a frank, ringing voice, and with the least touch of an Irish accent, and the speaker was Miss Geraldine O'Brien, first cousin to Augusta Charlewood's affianced husband. Miss O'Brien was a tall, elegant-looking young woman, whose finely-formed though somewhat massive figure was admirably set off by the closely-fitting riding-habit which she wore. Her face was not strictly handsome, but beaming with health and good humor, and lighted by a pair of merry intelligent blue eyes, and she had a great abundance of glossy chestnut hair bound tightly round her well-shaped head.

The inmates of Bramley Manor were assembled at an early luncheon, and the party consisted of the Charlewood family—including Walter, who was at Hammerham on leave of absence—Mrs. Dawson, with her son and niece, and the Reverend Decimus Fluke and his two elder daughters. Jane Fluke, indeed, was staying at Bramley Manor, for she was to have the distinguished honor of being one of Augusta's bridemaids, and was to remain in the house until after the wedding. Miss Fluke and her father had been invited to luncheon on this day, for an excursion had been arranged to some famous ruins about ten miles from Hammerham, and they had been asked to be of the party. At first it had been proposed to take refreshments with them and make a sort of picnic. But Mrs. Charlewood had strongly objected to this plan, saying that she never could enjoy her food out in the open air, and especially on the grass, where the insects swarmed over the dishes, and one never could use one's knife and fork comfortably. And as Mrs. Dawson seemed inclined to agree with this view of the case—although she by no means stated her reasons with the same downright simplicity as her hostess—the idea of the picnic had been abandoned, and it had been arranged that they should start for the ruins immediately after luncheon, and after rambling about there, return comfortably in the evening to dinner. Miss O'Brien, Walter, and Clement were to go on horseback, and therefore the former appeared at the table ready equipped in her riding-habit, which was to her the most becoming costume possible.

"A letter from my dear, delightful, ridiculous old fairy godmother!" exclaimed Miss O'Brien, gleefully, as she opened a letter which the servant had just brought in, together with a large packet of correspondence for Mr. Charlewood. "I hadn't heard from her for an age, and was getting quite uneasy about her, for her ladyship is generally the most indefatigable and voluminous of correspondents. She prides herself on her letters, and they certainly are capital fun."

"Her ladyship?" said Mr. Charlewood, pausing in the act of opening a large square blue business-looking envelope, and looking across at his guest. Mr. Charlewood caught at the sweet sound of the title as a hungry pike snaps at a bait. "Her ladyship, Miss O'Brien?" said he.

"Lady Popham, Mr. Charlewood. My godmother, and, I believe, some relative on my mother's side into the bargain. We consider ourselves quite close relations in Ireland, when, I suppose, you cold-blooded Saxons wouldn't make out that there was any kinship at all. But she is the most charming old woman to those she likes, bien entendu. I call her my fairy godmother, because she's so tiny, and so bright, and so odd, and because when I was a child she seemed always able and willing to bestow upon me whatever I took it into my head to desire, from a coral necklace to a Shetland pony."

Mr. Charlewood returned to the perusal of his blue business letter with a complacent smile on his face. It afforded him great pleasure to know that a young woman about soon to be connected by marriage with his family had a godmother who was called "my lady."

"What does Lady Popham say, Geraldine?" asked Mrs. Dawson, a thin fair woman dressed in widow's weeds—though her husband had been dead many years—and with a somewhat stiff cold manner.

"Oh, all kinds of things, Aunt Dawson. But I must decipher the letter myself before I can tell you much about it. You know she writes the queerest little cramp hand in the world, and her spelling is unique."

"Law dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood, with naïve astonishment, "you don't mean to say she can't spell? And she a lady of title too! 'Ow curious!"

Nobody responded to this little speech. But Penelope shot a glance at her mother across the table which had the effect of keeping the poor lady quiet for some time.

The conversation was carried on in groups of two and three. The Reverend Malachi Dawson and his fair betrothed sat side by side, but they were not talking with each other. Augusta was busily engaged in giving Jane Fluke an idea of her design for the bridemaids' dresses at the approaching ceremony, and the bridegroom elect was mildly listening to Mr. Fluke's exposition of the plan of the new school-house and chapel at Duckrell, an exposition which the elder clergyman illustrated by an utterly incomprehensible arrangement of all the plates, knives, and forks within reach of his hand, clattering steel, silver and china together with his accustomed vehemence, and twisting his napkin into a wisp with both hands in the heat of his discourse.

Of the rest, Mrs. Charlewood and Miss Fluke were discussing the last new curate of St. Philip-in-the-Fields, Walter was relating to Mrs. Dawson some anecdote intended to impress her with an idea of the brilliant social position of his most intimate and particular friend, the Honorable Arthur Skidley, recently appointed Aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Mr. Charlewood and Miss O'Brien were absorbed in their respective letters. Clement alone sat silent and unoccupied. His chair was placed next to that of the Irish girl, and he had paid her all the due attention which such neighborhood demanded, but now he remained quite silent, looking straight before him with an absent, musing expression that had latterly become habitual with him.

Suddenly Geraldine O'Brien looked up from her letter.

"Does any body know a Hammerham young lady of the name of Bell?" said she.

The question, although couched in this general form, was addressed more particularly to Clement, Miss O'Brien having perceived him to be the only disengaged member of the party.

"A Hammerham young lady of the name of Bell?" repeated Clement, smiling; "why, my dear Miss O'Brien, there may be fifty Hammerham young ladies of the name of Bell?"

"So there may, to be sure—or five hundred; but I'm asking do ye happen to know one particular one?"

"Bell! Bell! N-no; I think not. One of the bricklayers in my father's employ is called Bell, I think, and he has a large family of daughters. But it is scarcely likely to be one of those young ladies that you're inquiring about."

"Ah, now be aisy wid yer nonsense," said Miss O'Brien, with a comical little assumption of the brogue which it pleased her now and then to indulge in among intimate friends. "I'm asking you a serious question, Mr. Clement Charlewood."

"Well, then, seriously, I, at all events, do not know any young lady of that name."

"Humph! It's odd too, for she is mentioned as having been a friend of the Charlewood family."

"What are you saying, Geraldine?" asked Mrs. Dawson, who had caught her niece's last words.

"Why, aunt, it's the funniest thing in the world; quite a romance. Dear fairy godmother always does get hold of the most wonderful people. See here now, I'll just read you a bit of the letter. You must know, Mr. Charlewood," said Miss O'Brien, turning to Clement, "that Lady Popham is, as she says herself, 'fanatica per la musica.' Indeed, she is passionately fond of all kinds of art, especially the musical and dramatic, and when she was living at Naples, I believe she always had her house full of fiddlers, painters, singers, and actors. Wonderful geniuses, whom she flattered herself she was destined to reveal to the world; but who, I think, for the most part, turned out lamentable failures."

Miss Fluke here gave vent to a most extraordinary sound, that began in a groan and ended in a snort, and shook her head in a solemn and lugubrious manner.

"Oh, well, Miss Fluke," said Geraldine, quickly—for she and the clergyman's daughter had already had one or two somewhat sharp passages of arms—"I don't see any thing to distress one's self about in that, after all. Lady Popham was always generous and charitable, and I'm quite sure that she did more good than harm on the whole. However, I was going to say that my godmother writes me here six crossed pages of raptures about two young artists whom she has picked up in—Kilclare of all places in the world! Just fancy! Here's what she says," and Miss O'Brien began to read aloud from her godmother's letter: "'My young Paganini came out here to Cloncoolin a fortnight ago. I sent for him to a little soirée I got up of a chosen few. People who have some faint glimmering of an idea about art. Most of the dear souls here haven't any glimmering. The lad played divinely. I tell you so, and tu sais bien que je m'y connais! I mean to get him to town, where he must make furore! He's such a handsome animal too. Ma come! Well, and then I made him talk to me, and tell me all about his prospects and his family. He spoke a good deal about that delicious Ophelia I've been describing to you. I can see that he admires her desperately, and, in short, I have made up a charming little romance, to end as all orthodox romances should end. Basta.'

"How like fairy godmother that is!" said Miss O'Brien, interrupting her reading for a moment.

"She's terribly impulsive," said Mrs. Dawson, icily, shutting her thin lips close. Mrs. Dawson, at all events, was not impulsive.

"Well, but now I'm coming to the point of the letter," said Miss O'Brien, "so please read on:

"'Ophelia—who is perfectly poetical—comes from the most thoroughly unpoetical spot on the face of the globe—Hammerham.'"

"Law! well now, I do think her ladyship's rather 'ard on 'ammerham," Mrs. Charlewood ventured to observe, in a timid voice.

"'Hammerham,'" continued Miss O'Brien; "'and I want you, Geraldina mia, to find out all about her. She's a most interesting creature; has a striking air of bon ton, and shines among her camarades de théâtre like a silver star beside the flare of tallow-candles. You can easily hear of her, for Alfred Trescott, my handsome fiddler, says she was a great friend of the—oh dear me, I never remember names, but I know he mentioned those people—'" Miss O'Brien stumbled a little here, and colored; then she proceeded in a rather hesitating manner; "'the family of the lady that your cousin Malachi is going to marry.'"

We, who have the privilege of peeping over her shoulder, can see that Miss O'Brien omitted a phrase or two, and altered another, in her godmother's letter, and that Lady Popham's words really ran thus: "those rich bricks-and-mortar people that Mrs. Dawson has got hold of for your cousin Malachi."

"Well," said Geraldine, looking round the table, for during the last few minutes every one had been attending to her—"well, can't any body guess who this mysterious Miss Bell may be?"

"As true as I'm sitting 'ere," cried Mrs. Charlewood, struck with a sudden conviction—"I do believe it must be Mabel Earnshaw under another name!"

There was a dead silence, and Geraldine O'Brien, glancing at Clement, saw that he had turned white even to the lips.

"Then it is true," said Geraldine, addressing Mrs. Charlewood, "this young lady *is* a friend of your family?"

Before her mother could reply Augusta struck in with her most disdainful manner:

"She *was* a friend, Geraldine. That is to say, we used to receive her here, and take a good deal of notice of her at one time. But now, of course, you understand that we can have nothing more to say to her. Indeed, I may say, she got into the Manor on false pretenses in some measure. For, had I known at first who and what her family and connections were, I should never have thought of—" And Augusta leaned back in her chair with a languid haughty gesture that said as plainly as possible that she could not be at the pains of pursuing so very contemptible a subject.

"Why not? What has she done?" said Miss O'Brien, fixing her frank bright eyes upon Augusta's face. This was too much for Miss Fluke, who had been snorting and panting and swelling with suppressed indignation for some time past, and who now burst forth with irrepressible vehemence:

"What has she done? She has disgraced herself and discredited the precious evangelical teaching that she was so highly privileged as to enjoy! She has forsaken a Christian home, where strict piety was combined with the instruction of the first professors, to join the society of —of—rogues and vagabonds. In a word, she has chosen the path of perdition with her eyes open!" And Miss Fluke, as though to illustrate her forcible phraseology, opened her own eyes very wide indeed and glared round upon the company.

The Reverend Malachi Dawson, to whom Miss Fluke was a quite new phenomenon, stared at her with timid astonishment depicted on his mild countenance; and when, in making the circuit of the table, her eye lighted upon him, he made an involuntary shrinking movement, like that of one who tries to avoid an expected blow.

"The carriages are at the door, ma'am," announced a servant to Mrs. Charlewood. Every one rose immediately, and the interruption was felt to be a most welcome one, for there was a sense of uneasiness and of something vaguely disagreeable hanging over all present; an effect, indeed, which any ebullition of Miss Fluke's eloquence was pretty sure to produce on her hearers.

"Fairy godmother's letter seems to have burst among us like a bomb-shell," said Geraldine O'Brien to Walter, as she stood putting on her gauntlets and waiting for her horse to be brought up to the door. Walter colored and smiled uneasily. The weak vulgar vanity, which was his besetting foible, made him dread to compromise the family dignity in Miss O'Brien's eyes by saying any word in defense of Mabel, whom he really liked, and thereby confessing a too intimate friendship with a person in a social position which he looked upon as so infinitely inferior to his own. But there was yet a spark of manliness in the lad which made him ashamed of his cowardice.

"Where's your brother?" said Miss O'Brien, looking round for Clement as the groom led her horse up.

"Oh, please, miss," said the man, touching his hat, "Mr. Clement's best compliments, and would you kindly excuse him for the present? He won't be able to go to the party, but will ride out and meet you in the evening coming home, if he can."

Miss O'Brien put her foot into Walter's palm, and sprang neatly into the saddle.

"The old story," said Walter, as they rode side by side down the avenue. "Clement's got some business or other at the last minute, that keeps him at Hammerham. The fact is, the governor's business is on so vast a scale," added Watty, boastfully, "and Clem is such a fellow for sticking to work and seeing to every thing himself, that we look upon it as quite a wonder when he goes out even as much as he has been doing lately."

"I don't believe it's business one bit," said Geraldine O'Brien to himself, remembering Clement's changing color and disturbed face. "Fairy godmother, fairy godmother, I'm afraid you have innocently been doing a little mischief! And yet, who knows? It may all turn out for the best, after all."

And for some quarter of an hour the gay-hearted, buoyant Irish girl remained in a very unwonted mood of silence and contemplation.

THE TROUT BROOK.
REAPING
CHILDREN'S CARES.
DRIVING—THE COWS.
PLOUGHING.

MOWING.
GATHERING NUTS.
FARM PETS.
MILKING TIME.
SOWING.

## LIFE ON A FARM.

[*See pages 504 and 505.*]

None can describe the sweets of country life
But those blest men that do enjoy and taste them.
They breathe the fresh and uncorrupted air,
And by clear brooks enjoy untroubled sleeps.
MAY.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines,
When the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man—
At the Sophist's schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?
EMERSON.

### PLOWING.

——Some, with whom compared your insect-tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, ruled the storm
Of mighty war, then, with unweary'd hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plow, and greatly independent lived.
THOMSON.

### SOWING.

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We sow but to reap, for the soil is our own:
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne;
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find.
MORRIS.

### REAPING.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And, unperceived, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand
In fair array.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;
While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest
Fly harmless to deceive the tedious time,
And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
THOMSON.

I love, I love to see
Bright steel gleam through the land;
'Tis a goodly sight, but it must be
In the reaper's tawny hand.
ELIZA COOK.

### MOWING.

I sigh for the time
When the mowers at morn
Come down from the hill
At the sound of the horn;
Or when dragging the rake
I follow'd them out,
While they tossed the light sheaves
With their laughter about;
Through the field, with boy-daring,
Barefooted I ran,
But the stumbles foreshadowed
The path of the man.
READ.

### ANGLING.

I in the flowery meads would be:
These crystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I with my angle would rejoice.
ISAAC WALTON.

### DRIVING THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again;
Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the morning wind,
Cropping the butter-cups out of the grass.
KATE OSGOOD.

### NUTTING.

Oh! happy, if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom nature's boon
Cheers with her smile, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless.
SOMERVILLE.

### FARM PETS.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
COWPER.

### MILKING THE COWS.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She never feels the spleen's imagined pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
GAY.

## EAVES-DROPPING.

When I first saw Mrs. Ann Maria Applebee she was seated on the back door-step, eating bread and milk out of a nipperkin. Her face was "dimly seen and then withdrawn;" for the moment she espied the stage-coach lumbering up the hill she left her humble but conspicuous perch and betook herself to the privacy of the kitchen.

I was the "school-mistress" for "District No. 3," and the family were looking for me, but I had arrived half an hour before I was due. My heart sank when the driver, a man with a solitary eye, stopped his three-legged horse at the unhinged gate. I did not mind the general debility of the fence, for otherwise the premises were trim enough; but the house was very small, and I knew it was owned and occupied by two Beans, parents of the widowed Mrs. Applebee, who was the eldest of nine living children. The family mansion had been playfully styled the "Bean Pod," as suggestive of the eleven well-rounded occupants, who rattled away in it day and night. Where they all slept I could not conjecture, for the cramped cottage, with its low roof, gave small promise of chambers. Perhaps they had some airy locations upon the tree-tops, I thought. A few hammocks swinging nightly from those glorious old elms would be a picturesque sight. At any rate I humbly hoped that, as I had been "bid off," and was to board in the Bean receptacle for the season, some of the smaller inhabitants might vacate in my favor, and leave me at least one little cell to myself. But I was doomed to disappointment: I was to have a room-mate, and it was to be the bereaved Ann Maria.

Now my heart is not petrified, it can throb with pity upon due provocation; but if there is one thing above another that hardens me like the rock of Gibraltar it is make-believe woe. The moment I beheld the youthful relict hiding behind her pocket-handkerchief I knew what to expect. I saw that her liquid eyes were a couple of water-sluices in excellent repair, and that she could "turn on her tears" without the slightest exertion.

I knew just as well then as I did after the neighbors told me, that the deplored Jacob Applebee had been a disagreeable "drinking man," and that Ann Maria "never cared any great about him," feeling rather relieved than otherwise when he was drafted, and having no cause to mourn when a rebel's bullet made her a widow.

None the less, however, did she pour into my unwilling ears a tender romance concerning her "dear, dear Jacob;" and after we went to bed she continued his memoirs with an epitaph and appendix. I dropped off to sleep during the courtship, but was aroused at the wedding, and contrived to come in solemnly at the funeral. The last wail I heard was like this:

"I never can love another, not as I loved Jacob. Oh no, it is impossible!"

From which I concluded that she would not seriously object to trying the experiment. I had fled from the city to get away from a trial of my own, and did not enjoy the prospect of being lulled to sleep by such dirges. But I can not get rid of Ann Maria, for she has a great deal to do with my story. If I have not described her as handsome and graceful it is because her lachrymose behavior is prominent in my mind; but, really, she was a country belle, with a beautiful face and a head as full of airy nothings as a dandelion-top. I could see that she inwardly chafed under her unmitigated widow's weeds, and longed for the flutter of laces and ribbons. Not that she was an ingrain hypocrite. She only wished to do her duty as an affectionate relict, and, where real emotion failed, she felt justified in throwing in a dash of fiction. No doubt she sometimes wept to think she had no cause to weep. But the best of eyes can not hold out forever. She told me, on the third day after my arrival, that she should be obliged to control her feelings on account of the weakness of the optic nerve. I accepted the apology, and made her understand that I would cheerfully excuse her from further weeping. From that time she appeared quite composed, only giving way in the presence of company.

Her Uncle Nat, for instance, a sea-captain, and a man who could brave any brine except that of a woman's eyes, never came to the house but he found her in tears.

"I can't stand this," groaned the soft-hearted tar. "Come now, Ann Mari', if you'll stop crying I'll give you a five-dollar bill."

It may sound mercenary, but to my certain knowledge the afflicted niece earned two pairs of gaiters and a bottle of "Night-blooming Cereus" by "controlling her feelings." She was of a mercurial temperament, naturally hoydenish, and the silence of sorrow became her well, adding to her manners a touch of refinement which was otherwise wanting.

One evening I had returned from school with a headache, and just as I was coming down the snow-white but rickety stairs, to beg some hartshorn, I heard a man's voice at the front door; I seemed destined, while in this house, to overhear something continually.

"Can you tell me, Madam, how far it is to the nearest hotel?"

"Well, Sir, it's considerable scant of three quarters of a mile."

The question was simple, the answer simpler still; but I grew faint and sank breathless upon the lower stair. The gentleman's voice was a familiar one. I had not thought to hear it again in a long time, and certainly never at "District No. 3." Recovering myself, I gently latched the door, for I would on no account be discovered. But Fate had me in her own hands.

"Do tell," said Mrs. Bean, eagerly, "is it pictures of Lincoln you've got to sell? Miss Preston will want one, I know. Walk in and sit down. ('Sh, Bessie Bean! 'Sh right up!) She mourns for the President as my daughter mourns for her husband, and they both died the same day, which is an honor to Jacob, as I've often remarked."

"Miss Preston, did you say?"

"Yes, our school-mistress, and a likely girl too. Her father is some kind of a professor in some kind of a university."

"And her name, is it Grace?"

"Yes, Grace Preston, and they live at Dexter, near Sharon, 'way across the State. You ain't any acquainted with our school-mistress, Sir? Why, of all things! You don't say! Hush, Bessie, or mother'll put you in the closet."

"Well, yes, Madam, the name is familiar; I have been in Dexter."

"Well, really now! Take this fan! Sit nearer the window. I'll call her right down. What name did you say, Sir?"

A pause. "You need not mention my name. I am not much known in Dexter. Merely say a traveling agent."

By this time I was up stairs again and on my bed.

"Thank you for taking so much trouble to call me down, Mrs. Bean, but really you see how my head aches. I would scarcely go two rods to see an agent of Michael Angelo's, and do you wonder?"

"Why, la, no; you're as white as the pillow-case, and your eyes, why, it's fit to scare any body to see how they shine! I'll hurry right down and clap on the tea-pot; and what say to vinegar and brown paper laid across your forehead as hot as you can bear?"

The motherly soul gave no rest to her feet till I was partially relieved, and, in spite of the rattling of the Beans, had sunk into a slumber which lasted all night.

Next morning I awoke refreshed, and hoped all danger was past. Vain hope! I had scarcely finished my breakfast when Carpenter's Lincoln was flourished before my eyes, and the owner of the picture stood looking down on me with a roguish twinkle in his eye, but saying with professional demureness:

"Admirable likeness, Miss! I'm sure you will not refuse me?"

"Indeed but I must," replied I, with equal coolness, though trembling like a leaf in the wind.

"It is mournfully beautiful. How can you fail to like it, Miss Preston?" lisped the widow, wiping her eyes one by one.

"There is false coloring here," said I, slowly. "I like truth, perfect truth."

"I agree with you," returned the agent, with suppressed feeling, and I knew he was trying to meet my eye while I resolutely looked at the picture. "And I also think that a subject, any subject, Miss—be he dead or alive—should be treated fairly. He should be allowed to speak for himself—*to speak for himself*, as you see this picture does."

"Your remarks are just, Mr. Pen— Ahem, they are eminently just, Sir," said I, bitterly. "But there are cases where the subject can have nothing to say, and the more he tries to invent the worse it is for him."

The widow stared at me as if she considered me a little insane. I hastily arose, begged pardon of the stranger for criticising his wares, and, in spite of a deprecatory movement on his part, slipped quietly out of the room.

"William Pentecost," said I to myself, as I shut my chamber-door, "this is cruel! Is it not enough to have deceived me and destroyed my faith in your sex, but you must come here and confront me now, just as I had fled from you, and was recovering a little peace of mind? How happened it that this man, a young lawyer of fine promise and high social standing, had come here to sell pictures like a tramping peddler?" Then I remembered that such pedestrian exercise was recommended by physicians nowadays, and seemed to be almost as popular as a tour to the mineral springs. So William must be out of health. I had fancied, as I peeped at him through my eyelashes, that he looked very thin.

"Hush, child!" said I to my heart, for that unreasoning organ began to throb painfully; "what is it to you now whether William lives or dies? He is dead to you."

But habit is strong. I had once loved this man, and "love, that in gentle heart is quickly learned," is not so soon forgot. While spending a year at my aunt's in Lenox, I had met Mr. Pentecost almost daily. Our acquaintance resulted in an engagement, a perfectly harmonious one, which had continued unbroken until two months ago, when something occurred to prove to me that my affianced husband was utterly, undeniably false.

My friend Kate Bailey had met him in Boston, and such was the power of her charms that after a week's acquaintance he had proposed to her point-blank. There was no possibility of a mistake, for Katie was a girl of perfect truth, and as much incensed at the man's perfidy as I was myself. The letter containing a formal offer of his hand came to her at Dexter. She remailed it to the writer with indignant speed, and in less than twenty-four hours I had dispatched after it all the epistles which had ever come to me from the same unworthy source, informing William Pentecost, in a few curt lines, that our acquaintance was at an end.

I supposed this would be sufficient, but the dastard had the effrontery to demand an explanation! I took no notice of the request. And here now was this same wretch ready to meet me face to face with a lie on his lips! Strange chance that had thrown us together again; for he could not have come hither by design; I had taken the precaution not to give my address to a single soul outside my own family. My kind mother and sisters, distressed by my unhappiness, had themselves urged a change of scene, and had reported me "gone into the country a little while for her health."

"Well, well," said I, bathing my face and donning my hat, "it was an awkward encounter, but it has come and gone, and now I will hie me away to my school and forget it."

I thought that by running away from the parlor that morning I had escaped my trouble; but, to use a homely phrase, I had only "barred the door with a boiled carrot." The trouble was not fastened out; in other words, Mr. Pentecost still lingered. When I went home to dinner I found Mrs. Ann Maria parading before the mirror, the trail of her dress dragging after her like the closing feet in a long-metre verse. There was no trace of her "mouldy melancholy" as she cried out:

"What think! He is going to stay round here a week! He has hired out haying at Squire Leathers's."

"He" meant the picture-peddler. I was too much appalled to reply.

"Don't you think he has such interesting eyes, Miss Preston? Some like Jacob's, without the squint. But then you never looked at him. He asked if you were out of health. Isaac said you were 'out of sorts,' more like. He staid and talked with me after you had gone up stairs; and, all of a sudden, just as he was leaving, he came back and asked if we knew of any one who wanted to hire a man to *hay*. Now what do you suppose put that notion into his head, with those white hands?"

"It is impossible to tell what puts a great many notions into people's heads," replied I, sententiously, for I was in no mood to flatter the beauty.

"He wanted to know how long my daughter's husband had been dead," remarked Mrs. Bean, with a significant glance at me. "Look here, Miss Preston, do you think it would do a mite of harm for Ann Maria to wear a bow of laylock ribbon, or a small sprig of flowers in her bonnet? Jacob has been dead over a year."

"Oh now, mother," remonstrated the mourner, with pathos, "I don't ever intend to marry again; I never can love another, not as I loved Jacob, and I don't wish to hold out any inducements to gentlemen."

"Don't she look saintish?" whispered the approving mother, as the inconsolable one turned her eyes toward the ceiling.

What did William mean by stationing himself here? He was evidently determined to meet me and "speak for himself." All my woman's pride rose in arms at the thought. See him I should not, listen I would not. Was I a weak Laura Matilda, to be wheedled by a few cheap fibs? No, I knew his offense, and he knew that I knew it, so where was the use of words?

He came that evening. I was prepared for him and did not go down. He and the bereaved Ann Maria sat on the front door-step, and, unless I stopped my ears, I could not fail to hear what they said.

"I am sorry Miss Preston is afflicted with such headaches," said Mr. Pentecost, incidentally.

"Oh, she hasn't had any before as I know of!" replied the widow, with a deep sigh, "and this one is nothing to those *I've* endured during the past year, brought on by weeping."

Then followed the memoir of Jacob. I heard the tapping of Mr. Pentecost's cane against his boots, a sure sign of impatience. He did not stay long, and Mrs. Applebee came up stairs a little discomfited, I thought. She recovered her spirits next evening, however, for at the stroke of seven her knight appeared.

"And how is the teacher's head?" I heard him ask.

Headaches can not last forever, and I had now resorted to the pretext of pressing flowers—an occupation I chose to carry on in my own room.

"I guess he thinks you're a little odd," said Ann Maria, coming up with a request from him that I would descend and look at some more engravings he had brought.

"Tell him I am much obliged," said I, in a voice loud enough to be distinctly audible in the front yard, "but I do not patronize peddlers."

"Hush!" said Ann Maria, in great dismay, "or he'll hear you, and if there's a gentleman alive he's one. I only hope," added she, tucking a johnny-jump-up under her breast-pin, "I only hope he won't take encouragement from my sitting out there on the door-step with him. I don't mean any thing by it, though, I must say, there's an expression about his mouth that kind of reminds me of Jacob."

I groaned in spirit. Between this fool at my elbow and yonder hypocrite under the window my life was well-nigh vexed out of me.

Message came next evening that Mr. Pentecost wished to show me a rare flower for my herbarium. I made no reply. I was tired of inventing excuses, but yielding was as far from my thoughts as ever.

"H'm!" said Ann Maria, lingering with the door-latch in her hand, "I declare I hate to go down. I kind of feel as if a crisis was coming. He said something a while ago about staying round here with 'an object in view.' Now, Miss Preston, look here, what object can that man have in view?" twisting her head and gazing complacently in the mirror, which was the size of a small pane of glass. "Do come down, as quick as you can, Miss Preston, for I don't want to give him a chance to say any thing particular—I don't really."

"Is she coming?" asked Mr. Pentecost, eagerly.

"Yes, I believe so," replied the relict, seating herself on the door-stone. "Oh, what is more truly delightsome than the beauties of nature? They fill up a void in the heart that would otherwise be vacant."

"Somewhat, yes, certainly," responded Mr. Pentecost, abstractedly.

"Don't you think, Sir, there is a peculiar witchery in moonlight?"

"I believe that is the general opinion," answered the peddler, in a voice as far away as the other side of the globe, to say the least.

"And something deeply mournful, too," added Dolorosa. "It calls up old memories.

'There's not a look or word of thine
My soul hath e'er forgot.'"

Mr. Pentecost tapped his boot.

"Did I understand you that Miss Preston is coming down in a few moments?"

"Yes, she is; but you were speaking of the moon, Mr. Pentecost, and its influence on human nature. When you gaze on it does it call up your dead friends?"

"No, Madam; I am happy to say it does not! My dead friends are sleeping peacefully in their graves, and I would not have them disturbed on any account."

"Oh, but you know, Mr. Pentecost, I was simply alluding to the sentiment of grief," sobbed Ann Maria, reproachfully. "I guess you don't know what it is to lose the very apple of your eye!"

"My good friend," said William, in his kind-

est manner, "I spoke too lightly; forgive me if I wounded your feelings."

"Oh yes, I forgive you," replied the widow, magnanimously, though weeping afresh.

"You distress me, Mrs. Applebee; do pray compose yourself."

"Oh, Mr. Pentecost, *such* a husband!"

"Well, if he was the saint you have described him to me I am sure you have reason to be resigned."

"Oh, Mr. Pentecost, if he had been *your* husband you couldn't talk so coldly!"

"Good Heavens! What *shall* I say to the woman? Believe me, Mrs. Applebee, I only meant that it is our duty not to mourn inordinately."

Upon this Ann Maria showed symptoms of pouring herself entirely away in tears. I dare say William was really alarmed, having no idea, in his masculine ignorance, how much the female system can bear.

"I feel that *I* am to blame for this," said he, pacing the door-stone in much agitation. "Upon my word, Mrs. Applebee, I had no intention of giving you pain. How can I atone for my thoughtlessness? I would gladly say or do something to comfort you; I would indeed, my dear Mrs. Applebee."

He had finished the business now. Ann Maria had never before been addressed by a gentleman as "my dear Mrs. Applebee," and I knew by the catching of her breath that she considered this the expected "crisis."

"Can I say something to console you; can I comfort you in the least, my dear Mrs. Applebee?" repeated the unfortunate agent, rushing blindly on to destruction.

"Well, Sir, perhaps you can one of these days," responded the mourner, with sudden cheerfulness, "though I don't want to promise. I did think I shouldn't ever marry again; that is to say, I'm afraid I couldn't love another, not as I loved Jacob. Oh! oh!"

There was a long pause. William was probably trying to take in the widow's meaning.

"I don't think I understood what you said, Mrs. Applebee."

"I can't be plainer now, Mr. Pentecost. A woman has to be very particular. I don't feel much acquainted with you yet; but I like your appearance, and perhaps one of these days, if you'll give me time enough— But dear me," added she, attacked with a sudden sense of propriety, "it don't seem just the thing for me to be receiving offers of marriage in my widow's weeds—do you think it does?"

William saw the mistake now, and suddenly laughed outright. It was just what might have been expected of him, for he was taken completely by surprise, and at best had very little control over his risibles. I laughed too up stairs, with my head in a chair-cushion.

"What do you mean, Sir?" cried Ann Maria, rising in wrath, "are you trifling with me, Mr. Pentecost?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons," was the stifled answer; "but a rejected man may as well laugh as cry. As I understand you to say you are devoted to the memory of the departed Mr. Applebee, I have no further remarks to make. Far be it from me to shake such remarkable constancy."

"But, Mr. Pentecost, I didn't say but what in time—"

"Oh, I understood you perfectly. You 'never can love another.' Excuse me, Mrs. Applebee—I—I—what can amuse me so? Ah, it must be the letter I received just before I came here to-night. It was really a very comical letter, and its memory haunts me still."

"It must have been amazingly funny, Sir, I should think, or you would not feel like laughing at such a time as this."

"Exactly so, Mrs. Applebee, it was exceedingly funny. You know there is a picture called the 'Empty Sleeve.' Well, my friend Captain Coyle, who is traveling like me for his health, supposing I was in Boston, sent to me for a supply of that engraving. The telegram read: 'Send me one hundred empty sleeves. Captain John Coyle.' Now I have a cousin of my own name—William Pentecost—living in that city—and, by-the-way, I don't advise people to have cousins of their own name—it causes confusion. Well, of course, the dispatch went to *him;* and who was Captain Coyle, he wondered? And what did he want of so many fractional parts of a garment? He went to the ladies of the Christian Commission, and I should judge that his adventures, while hunting up linen sleeves to send to the Captain, were most extraordinary."

Here William laughed like one who has earned the privilege; but Ann Maria was mute, she did not see the point of the story.

*I* saw a point, however—yes, and it was as luminous as a star! William Pentecost of Boston! Why had I never heard of his name before? The very sound of his name sent a warm thrill through my heart. It must certainly be he who had proposed to Kate Bailey! Innocent mischief-maker! The "hundred sleeves" was nothing to this.

I did not wait for William to cease laughing; I did not wait for one peep in the seven by nine mirror; I ran down stairs in a glow, and it was all I could do to keep myself within the bounds of propriety, as I cried out in my natural tones:

"Ah, how do you do, Mr. Pentecost? Your face is quite familiar to me. I remember *now* that I have seen you before."

I don't know what there was in my eyes, I don't know what there was in my voice, but the "majestical high scorn" was gone altogether, or so I suppose from the eager flush of delight which sprang to the face of my dear, abused old friend. It did not take him one second to forgive me, and as the relict was fortunately called away to "set the cheese," we two sallied forth at once under the light of her lonesome moon to talk over our wretched estrangement. We could not decide that night which of us had been the most miserable, so it was necessary to meet again to discuss the point; and thus it happened that William and I saw each other frequently during the haying season.

Mrs. Applebee could not express half her amazement at my sudden respect for peddlers. She immediately ceased to weep for the shade of Jacob, and mourned now because the obtuse Mr. Pentecost would not "take 'yes' for an answer." She always insisted that there was a misunderstanding between them, and assured me, with tears in her eyes, that if I ever married that man it was her duty to let me know I was not his first choice.

But her foolishness, though tiresome, was no drawback to me during that bright summer. I felt that I had her to thank for my present happiness. If she had not prattled so senselessly under my window I should never have heard of that blessed man, William Pentecost of Boston! He married Kate, by-the-way, so there were two mistakes rectified. Four people made happy, and all by *eaves-dropping;* so it's of no use to pin on a moral!

And this is the end. Only I might as well mention that Ann Maria is married to "another;" and, such is the balmy effect of Time that she loves him even better than Jacob.

## "NO, THANK YOU, JOHN."

I NEVER said I loved you, John:
Why will you tease me, day by day,
And wax a weariness to think upon
With always "do" and "pray?"

You know I never loved you, John;
No fault of mine made me your toast:
Why will you haunt me with a face as wan
As shows an hour-old ghost?

I dare say Meg or Moll would take
Pity upon you, if you'd ask:
And pray don't remain single for my sake
Who can't perform that task.

I have no heart?—Perhaps I have not;
But then you're mad to take offense
That I don't give you what I have not got:
Use your own common-sense.

Let by-gones be by-gones:
Don't call me false, who owed not to be true:
I'd rather answer "No" to fifty Johns
Than answer "Yes" to you.

Let's mar our pleasant days no more,
Song-birds of passage, days of youth:
Catch at to-day, forget the days before:
I'll wink at your untruth.

Let us strike hands as hearty friends;
No more, no less; and friendship's good:
Only don't keep in view ulterior ends,
And points not understood

In open treaty. Rise above
Quibbles and shuffling off and on:
Here's friendship for you if you like; but love—
No, thank you, John.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FLY NOTE.—Young Creel, who is a devoted follower of the gentle art, tells us that the first rise of Spring is far preferable to the last rose of Summer.

A school-girl of ten summers purchased a pair of boots. After wearing them one day she found that they had broken out. She took them back to the man she had bought them of, and, after examining them, he said, "They were not taken in enough, were they?" "No," she replied, "but I was." The clerks smiled.

ZOOLOGICAL.

Which animal is never old?—The gnoo.
Which is costly?—The deer.
Which is a good boatman?—The roe-buck.
Which is often elected tu offis?—The mare.
Which makes a good light?—The tapir.
Which is a kussed noosense and tackles you every whare?—The boar.
Which beest is most uzed bi cooks?—The spider.
Which dogs is the Pope ov Rome fond ov?—"Bull" dogs.
Which dogs allus goes in pairs?—Span-iels.
Which dog duz printers like best?—The setter.
Which is the most onbending dog?—The ma-stiff.
Which dog wood yoo recommend hair-dye tu?—The grey-hound.
Which reptile wood drivers prefer?—The whip snaik.
Which wood boys and gurls rether hev?—The hoop snaik.
Which is best for watchmen?—The rattlesnaik.
Which duz Injuns most make use ov?—The moccasin snaik.
Which is best for skool children?—The adder.

Why is a miller the most enviable of men?—Because he is always in the *flour* of his age.

Beside her form he stood and gazed,
And sought her heart to gain,
Unto his lips her hand he raised,
He pleaded not in vain;
Then closed his eyes, she knew not why—
He starts! seems ill at ease;
Turns round his head, sends forth a cry,
And then—begins to sneeze.

When is an infant like a cannibal?—When it eats its "pap."

When one of Dr. Chapman's patients revolted at a monstrous dose of medicine, and said: "Why, Doctor, you do not mean such a dose as this for gentlemen?" "Oh no," said the Doctor, "but for *working men.*"

Somebody says a wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender and nicely dressed. A scamp adds, "And without any sauce."

Why is traveling by an underground railway dangerous?—Because you are sure to be run over by the cars and omnibuses.

A young preacher, just started on his travels as an itinerant, was holding forth on the Deluge; and after describing the manner Noah built the Ark, and filled it with animals of every kind, by pairs, closed, in a solemn tone, thus: "You must know, my dear hearers, that it was an arduous task for Noah and his sons to get *a pair of whales into the Ark.*"

GOOD ADVICE.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people, in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

A young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There was about two thousand pounds unaccounted for, when the attorney put on a severe, scrutinizing face, and exclaimed with much self-complacency:

"Now, Sir, I want you to tell this court and jury how you used those two thousand pounds."

The bankrupt put on a serio comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed:

"The lawyers got that!"

The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counselor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

A Fit of Abstraction—Picking a man's pocket.

The other day a town-crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to hunt up his parents. On being asked by a lady what the matter was, he replied: "Here's an *orphan* child, Madam, and I'm trying to find its parents."

DARKNESS VISIBLE.—One night, in a thunder-storm, we thought the little ones all asleep, when a little voice from the "trundle-bed" called out, "Oh, mother, the darkness is winking! First it shuts up, and then it shuts down."

OUR "MUTE"-YOU-ALL-FRIEND—The Undertaker!

We think this extract from a medical advertisement is entirely correct: "Consumptives, cough while you can; for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.—Supposing Anak to be as he is stated—the tallest man living—why is he like a daily contemporary?—Because he must have "the largest circulation in the world."

A Caledonian paper, in an obituary of a young lady who died lately, closed by saying: "She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice-cream and other delicacies."

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

Why is a pretty young lady like a locomotive engine? Don't give it up—there are lots of reasons. She sends off the sparks, transports the mails (*males*), has a train following her, and passes over the plain.

"Well, Pat, why don't you put up your umbrella?" "Bekase, yer Honor, the rain ud spile it, an' so I kep it onder my arum, an' divil a dhrop it's got."

"Put out your tongue a little further," said a physician to a female patient: "a little further, ma'am, if you please—a little further still." "Why, doctor, do you think there is no end to a woman's tongue?" cried the fair invalid.

CULINARY COUPLETS.

BY A RHYMING EPICURE.

Always have lobster sauce with salmon,
And put mint sauce your roasted lamb on.

Veal cutlets dip in egg and bread crumb—
Fry till you see a brownish red come.

Grate Gruyere cheese on maccaroni;
Make the top crisp but not too bony.

In venison gravy, currant jelly
Mix with old port—see Francatelli.

In dressing salad mind this law—
With two hard yolks use one that's raw.

Roast veal with rich stock gravy serve;
And pickled mushrooms, too, observe.

Roast pork sans apple-sauce, past doubt,
Is "Hamlet" with the Prince left out.

Your mutton-chops with paper cover,
And make them amber brown all over.

Broil lightly your beef-steak—to try it
Argues contempt of Christian diet.

Kidneys a finer flavor gain
By stewing them in good Champagne.

Buy stall-fed pigeons. When you've got them,
The way to cook them is to pot them.

Woodgrouse are dry when gumps have marred 'em—
Before you roast 'em always lard 'em.

To roast spring chickens is to spoil 'em—
Just split 'em down the back and broil 'em.

It gives true epicures the vapors
To see boiled mutton, minus capers.

Boiled turkey, gourmands know, of course,
Is exquisite with celery sauce.

The cook deserves a hearty cuffing
Who serves roast fowls with tasteless stuffing.

Smelts require egg and biscuit powder.
Don't put fat pork in your clam chowder.

Egg sauce—few make it right, alas!—
Is good with bluefish or with bass.

Nice oyster sauce gives zest to cod—
A fish, when fresh, to feast a god.

Shad, stuffed and baked, is most delicious—
'Twould have electrified Apicius.

Roasted in paste, a haunch of mutton,
Might make ascetics play the glutton.

But one might rhyme for weeks this way,
And still have lots of things to say.

And so I'll close—for, reader mine,
This is about the hour I dine.

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY. "Poor man! Been fighting the Indians, I presume?"
MUTILATED SURVIVOR. "No, m'am. Just returned from a trip on the Hudson River!"

MRS. SMITH (*reading morning paper*). "Racing again on the Hudson! And to think that Ma started this morning for Albany on the ——!"
BRUTE OF A HUSBAND. "Devilish glad of it! No more blowings up *at home* at all events!"

"CASH ADVANCES."—Courting a rich widow.

LOVE'S YOUNG DIFFICULTY.

Upon the timber ridge she stood,
That spans the water near the wood,
A maiden innocent and good.
The day was bright, the month was May,
The frisky lambs around were sporting,
We both were young, and youth, they say,
Youth is the time for courting.

She paused, a word might make her stay—
I would that she were here to-day!
I spoke not, and she passed away.
You laugh, no doubt, and deem me cold,
That in my arms I did not fold her;
The reason? I was ten years old,
And she was ten years older!

Is it hospitable when you ask a stout friend to come and see you, to tell him that you will give him a spare bed?

A practical joker sometimes finds the tables turned against him. There is a certain Dutchman thriving at a corner grocery who is always practicing some stale joke upon his customers. One of the points played by our German friend is this: A customer asks the price of butter.

"Vell," says Hans, "I sells you some goot butter for forty cents—any body else thirty-five."

Customer smiles at the dried joke, pays for butter, and vanishes, with the impression that Hans is entirely too smart.

But one day Hans is caught in his own trap. Bridget wants to purchase some soap.

"An' what's the price of soap a bar?" interrogates she.

"Dat is goot soap, Biddy," says Hans. "I lets *you* have 'em for twenty cents a bar—*any body else* ten cents, you know."

"All right," says Bridget; "give us five bars at *that* price."

Hans passes over the soap, Bridget lays down fifty cents, and away walks five bars of soap. Hans smells a mice.

"Here, by dunder! dere is a mistake here. Five bars of soap is one dollar."

Bridget stops, indignantly.

"But, and be jabers, didn't you tell me the price was *twenty cents* to me, an' *ten* to any body else? Well, bad luck to ye, it's not for me at all, at all; it's for Mrs. Melaney, who lives next door."

A curious experiment was recently tried by two inhabitants of Vienna, between whom the question arose whether man or woman had the most vanity. Unable to convince each other, they made the subject a question of bet; the stakes were two hundred florins. To decide, they agreed to place themselves before a mirror shop and count the number of men and women who out of one hundred of either sex should stop and admire themselves in the looking-glasses. In an hour they had counted out of one hundred women eighty who had stopped to look at themselves, and out of one hundred men ninety-five who paused to admire their faces.

A POEM FOR THE COURTS.

A judge did once his tipstaff call
And say, "Sir, I desire
You go forthwith and search the hall
And bring me in the crier."

"And search in vain, my lord, I may,"
The tipstaff gravely said,
"The crier can not cry to-day,
Because his wife is dead."

WANTED.—The receipt which is given when a gentleman "pays his respects."

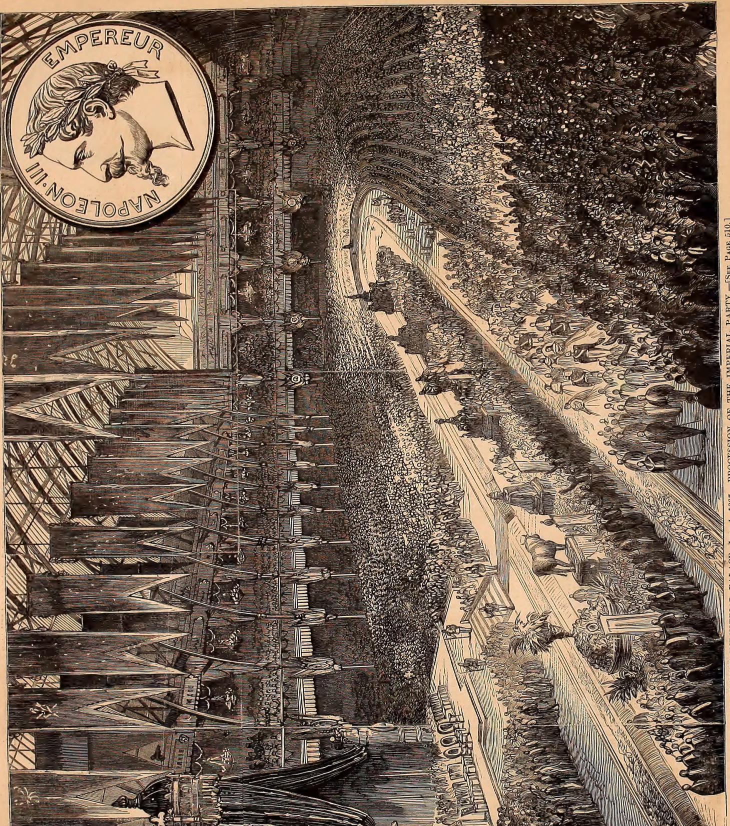
SAGE ADVICE.

Oh! let no man, in desperate mood,
Wed a dull girl because she's good.

And let no woman, in her plight,
Wed a bad man because he's bright.

## AMERICAN BANQUET IN PARIS.

THE Americans in Paris usually celebrate the anniversary of Independence-day by a grand ball and banquet. This year, on account of the presence of such an unusual number of Americans in the city, attendant at the Exhibition, two distinct celebrations were projected—the one an afternoon and evening *fête* at the Pre-Catalan in the Bois de Boulogne, the other the usual grand banquet at the Grand Hotel. But the news of the death of MAXIMILIAN reaching the capital on the 3d of July, an officer of NAPOLEON's household was sent to the Committees having charge of the arrangements for the celebrations with a request to defer them. The *fête* was indefinitely postponed; but the committee on the banquet declined to accede to the imperial request, and the banquet was held with the usual *éclat*, and was attended by an unusually large number of Americans. General DIX, the United States Minister, was absent; Mr. BANCROFT, our Minister to Berlin, temporarily in Paris, also declined, out of respect to the wishes of the Emperor, to attend. Those in attendance were there out of no disrespect to the Emperor, but in obedience to a patriotic sentiment which they held in higher regard, and enjoyed themselves in a highly rational and sensible manner. A considerable number of the guests were ladies. The company were in full evening-dress, and some of the ladies were very magnificently dressed. We give on page 509 an engraving of the scene.




DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE FRENCH INDUSTRIAL PALACE, July 1, 1867.—PROCESSION OF THE IMPERIAL PARTY.—[See Page 510.]

ABDUL-AZIZ, SULTAN OF TURKEY.

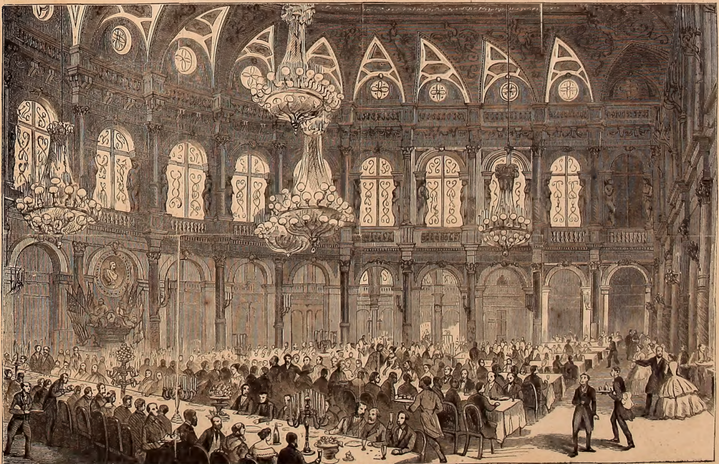
ELIAS HOWE, Jun., INVENTOR OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

## THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

The present Sultan of Turkey has lately been on a visit to his Christian fellow-monarchs at Paris, London, and Vienna, the first trip of the kind ever made by him to Christian countries. We herewith reproduce a portrait of him, which was taken in London. The Sultan is now about thirty-seven years old, and has reigned for six years. He is a brother, not the son, of the late Sultan. His six years' reign have been very prosperous; and he has introduced into his empire several reforms of great moment and interest.

## ELIAS HOWE, Jun.

Among our portraits for this week will be found that of Elias Howe, Jun., an American mechanic, who has added as much to the industrial force of the country as any other living individual. Elias Howe, Jun., the inventor of the sewing-machine, is a native of Massachusetts, and is now fifty years of age. His father was a farmer and miller, of large family and restricted circumstances, and his children were therefore early accustomed to labor and self-denial. At the age of sixteen Elias found employment in a large machine-shop at Lowell, where he learned the rudiments of his trade. It was at Boston, in his twentieth year, that the thought of sewing by machinery was first suggested to his mind. He chanced to hear some one say that the man who should invent a sewing-machine would be certain to make a large fortune: and from that time he was in the habit, in his leisure moments, of meditating devices for sewing by machinery. Having inherited a constitution hardly strong enough for the work of a machinist, and burdened with the care of a growing family, his attention was more and more drawn to the project of inventing a machine which would furnish him a livelihood more easily earned. In December, 1845, upon a small capital, provided by the generosity of an old friend, he shut himself up in a garret at Cambridge and set himself seriously at the task of inventing a sewing-machine. After about six months of incessant labor and reflection he produced the first machine that ever sewed a seam, and he was soon the wearer of a suit of clothes made by its assistance. This first machine, which is one of great beauty and finish, the inventor still possesses; and it will sew ten times as fast as a woman can



BANQUET OF THE AMERICANS IN PARIS, July 4, 1867.—[See Page 507.]

sew by hand. Having patented the machine, and finding the tailors of America averse to its introduction, he went to England, where he succeeded in selling two machines; but found so little encouragement that he would have starved to death but for the aid of friends. Returning to the United States after two years' absence, he found that the sewing-machine had become famous and its inventor forgotten. Several ingenious men were experimenting and improving upon his invention, and some of them were selling machines which infringed his patent. Poor and without wealthy friends Mr. HOWE had a long and severe struggle before he could establish his rights and begin to derive a revenue from his labors. After several years of litigation his claim to be the original inventor of the sewing-machine was completely and irreversibly established, and since that time every sewing-machine honestly made in the United States has paid him tribute, which has enabled him to build the extensive sewing-machine factory of the Howe Machine Company at Bridgeport, Connecticut, of which Company he is President. During the late war, when the rebels under LEE were invading Pennsylvania, Mr. HOWE, in order to encourage enlistments, entered one of the Connecticut regiments as a private soldier and served in the ranks for about a year and a half, when the total prostration of his health compelled him to return home. The number of sewing-machines now made in the United States is estimated at five thousand a week, and there are supposed to be in existence more than seven hundred thousand. It is also estimated that the total value of the labor performed by the sewing-machine in a year is four hundred millions of dollars. Although the sewing-machine has only been in general use for about ten years, it already yields to the United States eight times the revenue derived from the gold mines of California; and a very large proportion of the wealth which it creates is distributed among the poor.

In the distribution of the prizes at the Paris Industrial Exhibition—of which we give an account and illustration elsewhere—Mr. HOWE was awarded a gold medal, and was created a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor NAPOLEON.

## DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

THE distribution of prizes at the French Industrial Palace on July 1, of which we give a picture on page 508, appears from all accounts to have been a remarkable exhibition. The filling of the palace with the twenty thousand people who had tickets of admission, the procession of the sovereigns, the direction of the mammoth orchestra of 1200 performers, and the distribution in a few hours of the large number of grand prizes were feats to the proper management of which the greatest skill and ability were requisite, and most triumphantly displayed the French passion for organization. The hall was filled early in the day without the aid of a single usher, and yet without the slightest confusion or crowding. This feat was accomplished by means of many doors. There were no fewer than twenty-two. Indeed it was hard to go wrong, for every ticket had a plan on the back, and an indication as clear as a post as to whither one should proceed.

At half past one o'clock the successful competitors entered by the grand staircase, preceded by their flags, and, after passing around the vast hall, descended to their respective trophies, around which they clustered. By this time all was bustle and expectation. The Chamberlains of the Emperor, in superb costume, made their appearance on the platform, and the Cent-Gardes stalked grandly to their posts. Precisely at two the Emperor entered the palace, accompanied by a dazzling throng of notabilities. The Emperor gave his arm to the Empress, followed immediately by the Sultan and YOUSSOUF-IZZEDDIN-EFFENDI, his son, a boy of ten, MEHEMMED-MURAD-EFFENDI, presumptive heir to the throne of Turkey, and ABDUL-HAMID-EFFENDI, his Majesty's nephews. Behind these were to be seen the Prince of Wales, the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Princess MATILDE, the Prince Imperial, dressed in black velvet and red stockings, and wearing the grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, Prince NAPOLEON, the Princess CLOTHILDE, the Prince and Princess MURAT, and other members of the Imperial family; the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand-Duchess MARIE of Russia, Prince ARTHUR of England, Duke of Leuchtenberg. Prince HUMBERT, Duke and Duchess of Aosta, Prince of Orange, Grand-Duke and Duchess of Baden, Prince and Princess of Saxony, and the Count and Countess DE FLANDRE.

The Palace was most brilliantly decorated. The nave presented the appearance of an Italian garden, the centre being sunken and the upper edge or border composed of a mass of superb growing flowers, four feet deep. Between this and the first rows of seats, reserved for the Foreign Commissioners, was a carpeted passage-way, extending round the entire building—intended for the procession. The whole of the space at the sides of the immense area was occupied with seats rising regularly above each other, so as to allow the spectator to have a good view of every thing that was going on. The decorations were crimson velvet trimmed with gold, the walls and galleries being emblazoned with trophies of the colors and arms of the various nations. The platform for the Imperial party was of vast extent, supported by golden pillars and surmounted by a huge crown. Three thrones were placed in the centre for the Emperor, Empress, and Sultan, and twenty-three chairs of state at the sides for the high personages who were permitted to join the Imperial party. Directly facing was the tribune for the Diplomatic body and the ladies who had special invitations.

After the excitement attendant on the arrival of the Emperor and firing the salute had subsided the serious business of the day commenced. The fortunate exhibitors, comfortably intrenched in the Italian garden, were moved to the foot of the throne, and as each name was read out received from the hand of the Emperor the medal or decoration to which he was entitled. Several of the recipients, especially among the artists, as they ascended the imperial platform and were recognized, were received with applause. But the climax was reached when the name of the Emperor was announced for the medal for workmen's cottages, of which he is an exhibitor. For a moment there was an amusing embarrassment. It was a question as to who should hand the Emperor his own medal. By a happy inspiration the Prince Imperial seized the opportunity, and in his official capacity as President of the Imperial Commission, marched up to his papa and presented him with the coveted prize. The little Prince acted his part like a man, and there was not a woman in all that gathering who would not have hugged him for it. When each group had received its awards the members composing it paraded around and resumed their places. The imperial party then descended, and slowly made the circuit of the building, being enthusiastically received in every direction. Our engraving illustrates the scene at this moment.

## ENCROACHMENT OF THE SEA.

GEOLOGISTS have proclaimed the fact that water, which is poetically represented to be an unstable element, is misrepresented. It is one of the great powers made use of by Nature in carrying on stupendous changes on the surface of the globe. Mountains settle down and wholly disappear, and new elevations of land are frequently appearing; but the water is always the agent, which is never at rest, by which most of the physical revolutions are brought about. There is not a water-line on the borders of the ocean, the banks of a river, the margin of a lake, down to the insignificant rivulet that trickles through the grass, that is not constantly varying. The sea recedes in one country, but gains upon the dry land in another. In short, the submergence of all the continents at one period is unquestionable; and while the bottoms of the mighty deeps are slowly rising to the surface, immense portions of terra firma are sluggishly being drawn under somewhere else. There is no stability in the dry land which may not be overcome by the gradually advancing sea, not a harbor, estuary of a river, or the restrained waves of a restless ocean which will not finally triumph in the progress of undefined ages in swallowing up the lands now in the occupancy of man and animals.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is a significant fact in connection with the general growth of our city, that while in 1840 there were only fifteen churches above Fourteenth Street, and in 1850 only fifty, they have increased so rapidly that there are now about two hundred. Many of these are fashionable churches, and keep closed doors during the "heated term." They have, as it were, gone into the country. Even those churches which are open are sparsely attended; for August weather does not incline people toward long sermons.

In Baltimore a new feature has been added to the beautiful park at Druid Hill. On Sunday afternoons religious exercises are held there, under the direction of different clergymen, in the open air. The people gather by thousands under the grateful shade, and enjoy the fresh air while they listen to words of Christian instruction. Order and good conduct generally have prevailed, and it is found that a good many people attend this outdoor church under the trees who would not sit still under a roof on a fine Sunday.

Every few days our city journals record an item under some such head as "*Child run over*," "*Boy instantly Killed*," "*Fatal Railroad Accident*," or "*Reckless Driving*." The number of children wounded or killed during the last twelve months by being run over by our city cars must be pretty large. Two children, a boy of thirteen and a girl of eleven, have very recently been killed—one by falling under the wheel while attempting to leave the car while it was in motion; the other, attempting to cross the street in front of the car, was knocked down and fearfully crushed. A short time ago a poor news-boy was unceremoniously shoved off the platform of a car by the conductor, and instantly killed; and many others have been pushed off, and fortunately escaped without serious injury. The public have a right to demand that the conductors and drivers on the city cars should be sober, careful, responsible, and *civil* men. Reckless driving and rude pushing from the cars should not be tolerated. But, on the other hand, it is both foolish and wicked to precipitate one's self from a car in rapid motion, or to rush across the street so near the swiftly-coming horses that, with the slightest mis-step or hindrance, the car must pass over one. Parents, too, are sadly negligent both in the care and the training of their children. Those who are too young to understand the danger should not be allowed to play in streets where cars run, unattended; and those who are older should have special instruction in regard to crossing the track. A cold shudder came over us the other day as we saw a little child, not two years old, standing, unconsciously, directly on the track, near one of those turns where two lines of cars meet. We cast a hasty look up, down, and at the right hand. Three cars were near by, every one to go over that track, and any one of which might crush the child. It was but an instant's work to put the little one on the side-walk, in temporary safety; but it seemed to belong to no one in the vicinity, and might, five minutes afterward, amuse itself again by walking along the track. In fact it is wonderful, not that so many children are run over, but that so many escape that fate.

A novel enterprise has been undertaken in this city—a "Swimming Academy" is nearly completed and will soon be opened. It is situated at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street. The basin is a white marble tank 75 feet by 35, and with a sloping floor which will give a depth of water of three feet at one end and seven at the other. Dressing-rooms will be situated upon the galleries. The water will be kept pure by a constant current, and boilers are being so located that the water may be warmed in winter. Provision will be made for ladies and children.

There is in Liverpool a "Swimming Association"—an organized institution, under whose auspices special and careful instruction is given in this eminently useful art.

A singular and fatal accident recently occurred at Coney Island. A young man, ambitious of diving, jumped from the deck of a steamer, head foremost, into the water. On coming to the surface he remained motionless, which attracted the attention of several persons on board, who secured the body and drew it on shore. It appears that the water was only seven feet in depth, and the young man, striking his head with full force upon the compact sandy bottom, dislocated his neck, causing instant death.

It is pithily remarked that "green fruit now floods the New York market and philanthropically fills the New York hospitals."

A few days ago a gentleman of this city wanted to send some percussion-caps to his boy, who was in the country. So he put them into a letter and sent the letter to the Post-office. Thereafter one of the New York clerks was quietly pursuing his usual occupation of stamping letters, when suddenly he was startled by an explosion occurring, by which a part of the letter he was stamping was blown away, and his hands and face slightly burned. Percussion-caps will not be likely to be regarded as mailable matter hereafter.

The Board of Education are planning to establish a daily normal school in this city for the thorough training of such as desire to become teachers. There are now two schools of this character, whose sessions are held every Saturday; but these do not fully meet the wants of the educational system in the training of teachers. There are now employed by the Board nearly nineteen hundred female teachers alone. It would be an immense advantage if all who are qualifying themselves to teach should be assembled in some central institution, and receive a thorough training with special reference to their future work.

A burlesque advertisement was posted in one of the fashionable hotels at Saratoga, a few days ago, announcing, in the style of the great tobacco advertiser, that "in order to overcome a natural prejudice against the use of hash, the proprietor will, on Monday, place a two dollar and a half gold piece in a certain quantity of the hash; on Tuesday one-half that amount in two pieces; on Wednesday one-third of that amount in three pieces," and so on for a week.

*Blondes* have been the fashion for some time, light hair and fair skin have been the rage, even when attained at the cost and pain of chemical tortures. But a change has been inaugurated, and brunettes are in the ascendant. It is stated that all kinds of black fluids are sold in the Parisian stores for the darkening of blonde complexions. The use of chickory-juice and walnuts for the dark deed of fashion has become so prevalent as to cause an unprecedented demand for these articles, and to raise their prices in the market. Some fear that the supply will not be equal to the demand.

Now that the skirts of walking dresses no longer cover the feet, ladies naturally give more thought to the subject of boots and shoes. There are various styles which are regarded with favor.

Demi-high boots are made of gros-grain silk, laced over the instep; the boot is ornamented at the top with a small *mousquetaire* revers of red morocco, piped with white. The heel is very high, and covered with silk.

Some high boots are made with facings of silk to match with the dress, fastened with silk cord and olive-shaped gimp grelots. The heel is very high, and covered with unvarnished leather.

Very elegant little bottines are made of black gros-grain silk, have elastics at the sides, and high heels covered with silk.

Parisians wear slippers of blue satin, which are embroidered with white beads, and a pattern worked in black silk, and with rosettes of blue ribbon, edged with guipure in front.

Shoes of colored silk, covered with embroidered muslin, and trimmed with a quilling and rosette of ribbon, are very pretty.

High-heeled satin shoes, embroidered with pearl beads, and edged with a guipure border, fastened in front with a pearl ornament, are also stylish.

A funny courtship case recently came before a Milwaukie Justice: A young woman who had accepted the attentions and civilities of a gentleman for some time at length was married to somebody else, to whom she had been privately engaged at the time she accepted his services. Whereupon the deceived individual sued for a bill of $104 25, the amount he had paid in her behalf in taking her to concerts, operas, picnics, rides, and ice-cream saloons. As an offset he credited her with sundry kisses valued at $16 67½; several squeezes of the hand, $3 37½; an unreturned photograph and a ring, making a total of $37 75. He recovered the bill, the Judge allowing the plaintiff the kissing at his own valuation. The case is to be carried up, and there promises to be much conflicting testimony as to the value of the Milwaukie girl's kisses.

The following curious cat story is related in an English paper:

"A man was charged at Marlborough Street police court with assaulting his wife. The only point of interest in the case was the way in which the woman was saved from further ill-treatment. Her husband knocked her down, jumped on her, and then throwing himself on her, seized her by the throat, and attempted to strangle her; but, while she lay on the ground screaming, a favorite cat named Topsy suddenly sprang on her husband and fastened her claws in his eyes and her teeth in his face. Her husband could not tear the cat away, and he was obliged to implore her to take it from him to save his life. The husband got a month's hard labor. The report does not say whether 'the worthy magistrate' ordered Topsy to have a treat at the expense of the poor-box."

A traveler, writing from Western Africa, gives the following curious statement:

"At Taboo there is a funny little fish called 'Quene,' taken in baskets in large quantities during a part of the year. They are much prized for their delicious flavor. They are about the length of one's thumb-nail, and a tea-spoon would probably hold several dozen. Served with palm butter, it was a dish an epicure would not despise. In being helped to these small fry, one humorously says: 'I'll take a few more million, if you please.'"

An old monk once wrote a book concerning "Manners for Ladies," in which, among other things, he says a lady should "not allow any one to kiss her, except the one to whom she is all in all; to him she must be as obedient as the monk to his abbot. She ought not to look at a gentleman much, unless he were her lover, because it often creates a false impression in the mind of the person so regarded that she is in love with him. If any one should fall in love with her, she ought not to boast of it to others; she ought not to allow herself to be won too easily, which is a common occurrence, because men are apt to value less what they win with ease."

A "new dodge" is disclosed by the following incident, which is at least *founded* on fact:

"Mr. Smith, I believe, Sir?" said an apparent customer, entering a boot and shoe establishment.

"Yes, Sir—John Smith."

"Some six months ago, Mr. Smith, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars. I have now called to liquidate the demand."

"Owe me five dollars? Well, really, I have no remembrance of the fact."

"Be that as it may; the debt is due, and must be paid."

Here a middle-aged gentleman, in pepper-and-salt pantaloons, took out a well-filled wallet and handed Smith a twenty-dollar bill. Smith balanced the account, returning to the middle-aged gentleman in the seasonable wearing apparel fifteen dollars, the balance of the bill.

The middle-aged gentleman left, while Smith went off in a reverie.

"Well, the world is not so bad after all; here, at least, is one genuine honest man. I will never speak ill of the human family again."

Next day Smith goes to an exchange office.

"Bullion, just discount that lot of notes, and give me current bills."

"Certainly, Sir."

Bullion runs over the "pictured blotting paper," and throws out a twenty-dollar bill.

"What do you throw that out for?"

"Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeits—came out yesterday."

Smith once more goes into a reverie.

"Hang that villain! That's the very bill that honest man paid me yesterday for the boots. What a vile world! don't believe that there is an upright man on earth."

And Smith rushed off to the police court to enter a complaint.

There is just now a *furore* in Paris for a new style of watch which is sported by all the *élégantes*. It is large, made of ebony, and ornamented at the back with the initials of the owner in silver, or else with fanciful arabesques. The dial-plate, which is small, is surrounded by a thick circle of ebony, the fingers and hours being in silver. This watch hangs from an ebony chatelaine, the rings of which are ornamented with silver, and joined together either by bars or balls of silver, according to the pattern of the chatelaine.

Will the time ever come when the comforts and luxuries of life can be obtained here as reasonably as abroad? One can scarcely realize that a handsome suit of clothes for a gentleman costs in London only from $15 to $25; that he may dress well enough, hat and boots included, for about $18. Carriage hire also is enormous in New York city. In London they pay sixpence a mile, or two shillings an hour. A handsome turn-out, with a driver in neat livery, can be procured for two shillings and sixpence an hour. In Paris, Vienna, and many other cities there are even more elegant carriages and at a lower rate. Why can not we have among us some system of comfortable, inexpensive locomotion on wheels?

At a wooden wedding in Detroit a good joke was perpetrated by a would-be-guest, who was unable to be present. He sent his regrets, *written on a shingle*, to the lady of the house. His appropriate hit caused much merriment.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

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McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the Tape-Worm. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

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## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim, for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

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Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

### Diseases of the Liver.

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

### Symptoms of a Diseased Liver

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites*, or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

### Fever and Ague.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

# Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,

OR

# VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE may be depended upon to effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of Dr. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

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The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 555.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## INDIAN WAR SCENES.

In a former Number we gave an account and illustration of General Custer's interview with the Sioux Chief "Pawnee Killer." Our artist with General Custer's command sends us a portrait of this Chief and some of his braves, which we reproduce on this page.

We also give, from the same pencil, an illustration of the scene of the finding of the remains of Lieut. Kidder, of the Second United States Cavalry, and ten of his men, on Beaver Creek. It appears from our correspondent's report of this melancholy affair, that Lieut. Kidder, who had lately reported for duty with his Company, stationed at Fort Sedgwick, was ordered to take ten men as an escort, follow the trail of General Custer, and deliver to him some important dispatches from General Sherman. General Custer had moved from his camp at the Forks of the Republican River, where it was supposed the party would overtake him; and Lieutenant Kidder must have mistaken the trail of the wagons which had carried supplies from Fort Wallace to Custer's camp for that made by the movement of the command. From appearances there is no doubt that the party was attacked by a party of three or four hundred Indians, who drove them into a ravine, where they were speedily killed. The remains were too horribly mutilated to enable the officers to recognize any of the party. They were buried near the spot where they fell. Other pictures illustrative of Indian campaigning on the plains will be found on page 516. "Sioux Indians attacking a Company of the Seventh Cavalry," and "Sioux and Cheyenne Indians attacking a Wagon-Train," illustrate favorite modes of aggressive and defensive warfare among the Indians and their white antagonists. The first is an illustration of one of the "neatest little cavalry skirmishes" (to use the military slang) which has ever been fought on the plains. It occurred on the 29th of June, near the Forks of the Republican. Capt. Louis Hamilton, with twenty men of Troop C, Seventh Cavalry, started after a small squad of Indians. When eight miles from the Forks of the Republican he was attacked by a large party of Sioux, numbering nearly two hundred. He first essayed a charge, but quickly discovered that his horses were too much enfeebled to enable him to fight successfully on horseback. Dismounting his men, he deployed them in a circle about his horses, and fought the Indians for nearly two hours, at the same time slowly moving toward the camp. His loss was one horse killed. Three Indians were killed, and several wounded. The men had never before been brought into a fight with Indians, but nevertheless behaved with that cool gallantry which old Indian fighters know to be the only salvation of a small force against a large body of Indians.

The other fight alluded to took place on June 26. On the previous evening a train of sixteen wagons, loaded with stores for the Seventh Cavalry, left Fort Wallace to proceed to the camp on the Republican Forks. On the morning of the 26th, when near Black Bute, the train was attacked by several hundred Cheyennes and Sioux. The escort—Company D, under Lieutenant Sam Robbins—fought the Indians for ten miles, and succeeded in keeping them off until the train could be brought to the vicinity of the camp of Company K, under Captain West, located on Beaver Creek. On the first appearance of the Indians the train was corralled, and the men formed about it. The wagons were then started on in double column, a sufficient space being left between them to shelter the horses of the men who were dismounted, and formed as skirmishers about the train. The Indians enveloped the train completely, but did not attempt to charge except in small parties, which quickly broke when the fire from the carbines of the men was concentrated on them.

Lieutenant Robbins is an old Indian fighter, and, as he expresses it, "gave the Indians to understand that the forty men that compose Company D were quite as fond of coffee, sugar, etc.,

PAWNEE KILLER AND HIS BRAVES.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

DISCOVERING THE REMAINS OF LIEUTENANT KIDDER AND TEN MEN OF THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

as they were; and inasmuch as they had it on hand, they were disposed to hold on to it." Lieutenant Robbins lost no men, and succeeded in killing five Indians and wounding nine or ten.

Our other picture, on page 516, illustrates another phase of camp life. Soldiers are known to have a particular weakness for any animal which can be petted. For a wonder the Seventh Cavalry has no cat, but it owns a specimen of nearly every other creature of the animal kingdom. As far as dogs are concerned the regiment has been unfortunate, losing more than it could replace by the most persistent stealing from ranches and trains. Antelopes and wolves are the chief stock now on hand. Four pretty little antelopes and eight young wolves, principally of the coyote kind, are something of a menagerie in themselves. But add to this eagles, ravens, prairie-dogs, jack-rabbits, with ears twenty-three inches from tip to tip, an owl or two, and some fangless rattlesnakes, and the reader will have some idea of the pets in their camp. General Custer says that as soon as the collection is completed by the accession of a buffalo-calf or two, elk, beaver, a black-tail deer, and a musical specimen of buffalo-wolf of the big gray kind, he thinks that he shall send the whole affair to Central Park—that is, if the Pacific Railroad gets sufficiently far into the plains and near enough to the seat of war to enable him to load the whole into a box car.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 17, 1867.

## THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

So long as "persons of African descent" remain as a distinguishable class in America the First of August will be their great day. It will be their Passover, their Fourth of July, their Saint Patrick's Day. On the First of August, 1834, slavery became extinct in the British West India Islands. By a strange coincidence, on the First of August in this Year of Grace, 1867—a generation, to a day, as we now reckon human generations—persons of that race, heretofore held as slaves in the United States, for the first time exercised the rights not merely of "freedmen," but of citizens, by voting for Governor and members of Congress. This in the State of Tennessee.

Verily the world does move. One can scarcely believe that it is exactly ten years since Justice Taney pronounced his famous "Dred Scott" decision, wherein, backed up by the whole body of Associate Justices, he laid down as established law that no person of African descent was or could ever become a citizen of the United States. Let us, however, do justice to Justice Taney. He never gave the atrocious decision so often attributed to him, that the black race was "so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." These words, indeed, occur in his decision. He says that they had been so regarded for a century before the framing of the Declaration of Independence; and that then "no one seems to have doubted the correctness of the prevailing opinion of the time." But the whole context shows that Justice Taney, so far from formally giving his official sanction to this sentiment, had serious doubts as to its rightfulness. He indeed denied to the colored race, through all generations, any political or civil rights. But he would doubtless have conceded to them some rights which "the white man was bound to respect"—such rights, for example, as the amiable Mr. De Bergh so strenuously maintains for turtles and donkeys, omnibus-horses and rag-pickers' dogs—the right at least not to be starved or brutally beaten.

Many men had the gravest doubts as to the safety of extending the franchise to the freedmen. We shared in those doubts. But concurrent testimony from a thousand sources convinces us, as it has convinced every thoughtful man, North and South, that our fears were groundless. The freedmen have borne themselves with a dignity, a moderation, a decorum which their best friends dared not to hope. We have just received a letter from a Georgia planter, the most intimate friend and associate of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the late Confederacy. The writer, who fought during the whole war on the Southern side, says, in effect, that the South ought, long ago, to have emancipated the slaves and given them the right of suffrage. How the freedmen came to be found, all at once, in possession of so much real political knowledge has puzzled us all. Perhaps "Porte Crayon," in a picture in *Harper's Magazine* of last January, solves the mystery. There we have a person of unmistakable "African descent" waiting at table, whereat are seated several most undoubted F. F. V.'s, who are clearly discussing politics. Colored Person, tray in hand, is ready to change plates, or replenish the wine or punch glasses; but his ear is turned so as to catch every word which falls from the lips of the F. F. V.'s. In an hour after the F. F. V.'s have retired from the festive board every word which they have said will have been told to a score of eager listeners in the negro quarters. That attentive "boy" was for the future freedmen not a bad substitute for a daily newspaper.

Well, the election in Tennessee came off on the First of August. As we write, on the second, telegraphic reports thereof come in. Nashville, which would most likely have been the Confederate capital, had the Confederacy lived, has never been famous for quiet elections. But now we read that the polls closed upon a very peaceable scene. There was no fighting, no drunkenness, no disorder. Early in the morning long lines of dark faces were formed at the polls. One by one, in due order, the dusky new-made freedmen deposited their ballots and departed. In the afternoon the whites mainly voted. That the election would go in favor of the "Radicals" was a foregone conclusion. President Johnson himself could hardly have hoped to find any support in his own State.

This First of August, 1867, will stand as the culminating point of a great revolution. On that day colored men for the first time fairly voted for Governor and members of Congress. They did not, so far as we know at this time, vote for candidates of their own color. But it is well for all men to understand that this will not be a perpetual precedent. The right of voting for an officer implies the right of being voted for. Ten years ago Justice Taney decided that a colored man could not be a citizen. To-day he is "irrespective of race or color" a citizen. Within ten years, and probably within half that time, we shall find more than one American citizen of African descent presenting himself with all due credentials, sealed with the broadest of all broad State seals, as member-elect of Congress. More than likely the first of these ebony-images will present themselves from the Palmetto State. What shall then be done? In our view, if the Fortieth Congress of the United States is not scandalized by having among its members Mr. John Morrissey, the Forty-second can not be greatly harmed by the presence of Mr. Frederick Douglass.

## POOR MAXIMILIAN.

Prince Maximilian of Hapsburg, sometime known as Emperor of Mexico, has been dead two months. All the Courts of Europe went into mourning, as was quite proper and decorous; for the poor Prince was, at farthest, cousin to every crowned head, saving only the French Emperor; and when kings and queens mourn, courtiers can not do less than wear crape. The French Emperor, who had no relationship of blood with the poor Prince, had yet good right to figure as chief mourner. Only for him Max might to-day have been preserving bugs or taking photographs at Miramar. Only for him "poor Carlotta" might have been to-day a lively Archduchess, fair, fat, and hardly forty, instead of a pining idiot, happy only in not being able to know the fearful woe which has fallen on her and hers.

The Courts all went decorously into mourning. Most of them have got decorously out of it. Quite likely the Emperor of Austria has not yet forgotten his dead brother. Quite likely Sophie, the mother of the two Emperors, may be half-crazed at the thought of the one who was shot at Queretaro. Quite likely the Dowager Queen of the Belgians will mourn, while life lasts, over her poor demented daughter. Tragedies are every where enacted, in palace as well as in hut. But Max is dead; the world has had its due shriek, and it is now time to inquire carefully whether the poor Prince was rightfully done to death.

That he was brother of an Emperor, brother-in-law of a King, cousin, at more or less remove, of almost every king and queen in Christendom, is of no account in this inquiry. He must be judged simply as a man.

We accord in the outset all that his most earnest advocates can claim. Prince Maximilian was intelligent and accomplished; he was brave and courteous; he was not naturally cruel or wicked; he would gladly have been a good ruler. We grant even more. We admit that his election by the Mexican notables gave him a presumable claim to the Mexican crown; took him fairly out of the category of filibusters and brigands, enemies of the human race, and gave him the right to make war and be warred upon, with all the observances by which modern civilization has sought to mitigate the inevitable horrors of warfare. We grant, therefore, that Maximilian in Mexico, in 1865, held precisely the same position as that of William of Orange in Great Britain in 1688. No one can claim more for him. If he made war in accordance with the laws of civilized war, he was entitled to all the immunities of civilized warfare. If he violated those laws he could not claim their protection.

Prince Maximilian, claiming to be Emperor of Mexico, notoriously, palpably, and outrageously violated the laws of civilized warfare. By his decree—noted and notorious—of October 2, 1865, he put himself, as between him and his opponents, outside of the pale of civilized warfare. This decree consists of a preamble and fifteen separate articles. The preamble declares that the "cause which Don Benito Juarez has defended has succumbed," and that "hereafter contests will only be between honorable men and gangs of criminals and robbers;" that henceforth "clemency will cease on the part of the Emperor," and the Government will be "inflexible in its punishments." Then follow the "articles," of which the first reads thus: "All persons belonging to armed bands or corps, not legally authorized, whether they proclaim or not any political principles, and whatever be the number of those who compose the said bands, their organization, character, and denomination, shall be tried militarily by the courts-martial, and if found guilty of the only fact of belonging to the band, they shall be condemned to capital punishment within twenty-four hours following their sentence." The thirteenth article expressly declares that "the sentence of death, pronounced for offenses provided by this law, shall be executed within the delays prescribed in it; and *it is prohibited that any demands for pardon be gone through.*" That is, should it have happened that Juarez or Escobedo were captured by a sub-lieutenant, even, they must have been shot within twenty-four hours. Other articles denounce fine and imprisonment upon all who may even be suspected of holding relations with those whom the decree styles *guerrilleros*, by which is meant every person in arms against Maximilian. Never before or since the infamous "Blood Decree" of the Duke of Alva has any thing approaching this in atrocity been put forth by any civilized ruler.

It is said, indeed, that this infamous decree was forced upon poor Maximilian. Quite possibly it was. But it stands written over his own name and bearing his own signature. It outlawed every man in arms against him, if captured. It therefore equally outlawed him if he fell into the hands of his opponents. He fell into their hands at Queretaro, red-handed, and with no conditions. He was tried, condemned, and shot. We can not see how any one can question the justice of his sentence. He died under laws which he had indorsed. He outlawed his opponents. Could they help outlawing him? His decree of outlawry was no idle fulmination. If we may rely upon reports, more Mexicans were shot under this decree of Maximilian than there were Frenchmen who perished during the Reign of Terror.

Whether it would not have been wise in the Mexican Government to have spared the life of poor Max is a separate question. We think that if, as promised by the Prussian Minister, all his crowned kindred—the Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Italy, and the like—the Queens of Great Britain and Spain, and sundry other potentates, great and small, had united in a solemn pledge that neither they nor their cousin Max should ever again interfere in Mexican matters—it would have been better, merely as a matter of policy, to have spared the life so justly forfeited.

## FUNDING THE DEBT.

It appears to be generally conceded that the regular session of Congress in December will be largely occupied in financial discussion. An annual *per capita* tax of four dollars is imposed upon every individual in the nation—undoubtedly a heavy burden. It was no small tax upon our resources to provide, in the first place, the whole capital of our immense debt—a feat whose magnitude astonished the Governments and capitalists of Europe beyond measure. A heavy load was subsequently added, and our debt must, without doubt, tax our energies and financial ability for many years to come. In addition to the heavy annual interest of $143,000,000, we have to carry a local, State, city, and county debt which, in New York and some other States, would have been regarded as of frightful magnitude ten years ago; we shall have to pay, for the next fiscal year, $30,000,000 in pensions, and the amount will not diminish for several years.

Under these prospects and actual experience, it is no wonder that a score of remedial projects of relief have already been suggested. One of these is *repudiation;* but the honor of the republic will not for a moment countenance so vile a measure as that. Another is to throw a portion of the load upon future generations, either by funding the debt in such a manner as to insure its payment in fifty or a hundred years, the interest to be not over four or five per cent.; or by appropriating a certain amount for the reduction of the debt, with a separate appropriation for the interest, to the actual amount required annually. A modification of the existing system of taxation has been earnestly urged in intelligent quarters, as affording means of partial relief. The advocates of such a measure contend that the protection given to certain favored interests discourages industry, enriches the few who are protected, but at the expense of the great bulk of the people; that the exorbitant tariff on imported goods shuts up the work-shops, the factories, and the ship-yards, while it enriches our neighbors of the British Provinces. The "Free-Trade League" is taking the lead in the effort to inculcate this idea into the minds of the people. There is a large faction who demand the substitution of legal tenders for the present national currency, as tending toward the great desideratum. This would be equivalent to obtaining, free of interest, a loan equal to the $300,000,000 of National Bank circulation, and save the $19,000,000 a year which is now paid to the banks in gold as interest on their bonds deposited with the Treasurer. But such substitution, even if it were advantageous, could not be made without violating the pledges given to the banks by Congress.

The grand aim, in all cases, seems to be to check a redundancy of currency; to return to specie payments; to decrease the percentage of taxation; to lighten our shoulders of their burden by reducing the amount of interest to be paid on the public debt; and to throw a portion of the debt upon our children and grandchildren. It seems not at all improbable that the next Presidential campaign will be fought, in great part, upon financial questions. Politicians are actively drawing their party lines, and public attention is every day being turned more and more to these matters. Hitherto, the masses of the people have scarcely investigated them at all.

No one can fail to perceive the advantage which England has derived from funding her public debt. There is certainly no country whose banking system is more perfect, or whose finances are in sounder condition. The immediate effect of consolidating her several stocks into three per cents. was the saving of five to six millions of pounds sterling on the interest. The public were also relieved from the payment of the principal, which would have crushed them by its weight if they had attempted to pay it off rapidly, as the United States have done theirs. Since the funding operation in 1816 surplus funds have repeatedly been applied to the reduction of the debt, so that the public burden is gradually becoming lighter, while it has never proved grievously oppressive.

It is urged by those who object to funding the public debt that the Government by so doing forces a reduction of the interest, and thereby violates her plighted faith to the present holders of the debt. The same objections were raised in Great Britain when the plan was projected there. But England did no such thing. She made her offer, and the nation accepted it. The great bulk of the people took the three per cents. in exchange for stocks bearing the higher rates of interest, while those who would not assent to the exchange received cash for the stocks they held. This is what should be done here, only the rate of interest talked of is five per cent. instead of three. Doubtless the financiers of Congress will work up the details of this projected plan and explain what inducements may be offered the people to accept it. We feel convinced that no other method yet suggested for relieving the nation of its burden is so politic or so efficacious. Repealing or modifying the National Bank act will not do it; neither will any other ill-digested scheme of legislation. When Congress is ready to consider the subject the people will be better acquainted with it than now, and better prepared to entertain it.

## A YEAR OF PEACE IN EUROPE.

Very remarkable have been the events in Europe illustrating the year of peace which began on August 24, 1866, by the signing of the treaty of Prague. Italy, with the exception of the city of Rome, has been united and strengthened; and already formidable efforts are making to redeem the Imperial City from the Papal rule which has so long cursed it. The old confederation of Germany has been consolidated in a great kingdom under a more liberal constitution than it has ever before enjoyed. Austria though a constitutional monarchy in name for nearly twenty years was practically an absolute despotism until a year ago; since then it has been forced to make great concessions to its subjects, to restore her old and liberal constitution to Hungary, and to permit her patriotic exiles to return and take their places in the councils of their country. England, displaying more influence in European affairs than she was supposed to possess, has by a timely interference prevented a renewal of war in Germany; and with more liberality or even greater shrewdness than she has had credit for, has conceded or else imposed on her people more liberal or else more deceptive Reform measures. France, forced to abandon her aggressive schemes in Mexico, turned her attention to the arts of peace, and won a great triumph in the display at Paris, to which have gathered, as to a feast of good fellowship, the lately belligerent monarchs and princes and warriors of Christian and infidel Europe. Very little indeed has been accomplished during that period which is not calculated to give the nations greater liberty of person and conscience, and advance them to a higher grade of civilization.

## WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH THE INDIANS?

Certainly the country has reason to be dissatisfied with the present conduct of the Indian war on the plains. It was begun by volunteer troops of the United States in 1864 by the commission of a series of outrages culminating in the horrible "Chivington massacre." It has been characterized in its progress since only by ambuscades and massacres of the white settlers, travelers, and troops. The great industrial

enterprise of the age, the Pacific Railroad, has been retarded—it is now, as far as one branch is concerned, abandoned; the overland routes to the Pacific coast have been interrupted, and, practically, travel is at this time suspended. Fights, in which our troops are invariably at the disadvantage of inadequate numbers of men and animals, are of almost daily occurrence; and disasters to our arms or massacres of our settlers have been recorded and illustrated in this journal for the last ten months with painful frequency. Nothing, literally nothing, has been accomplished by the commands of Generals Hancock and Custer in their seemingly purposeless marches to and fro between the Platte and Arkansas rivers; the Indians, in small but decidedly predatory bands, control the whole region between those streams and along the Kansas and Colorado border. And yet we are officially told that this ineffective style of warfare is costing the country $1,000,000 per day, and it was estimated a month ago that $100,000,000 would be expended in accomplishing the work of subduing about ten or fifteen thousand warriors spread over a territory of only about two hundred miles square. At the present rate of progress it will certainly cost that much.

But is there not a cheaper, wiser, and more humane method of dealing with these refractory subjects? Is it imperatively necessary that the country should prosecute the war to the "lame and impotent conclusion" which it threatens? What has become of the mysterious Indian Peace Commissioners lately mentioned as at Washington ready to proceed to the scene of warfare? If such a Commission is not on its way to the West one should be sent immediately, and the war terminated at once. If we were right in beginning it we are powerful enough to afford to be generous in granting terms of peace; if we were at fault—and there remains but little doubt of that—we ought to be for that reason more eager to conclude a liberal peace. It is very clearly understood that this, like all the previous Indian wars in the West, originated in disputes between the Indians and white settlers—that it is the natural contest arising out of the clashing of the adverse interests of the two races located on and each claiming the territory; and the surest way to settle this and prevent all similar wars, is for the Government to take its proper position as an arbiter between its sons and its dependents, and see that the latter have mercy shown them. It is not justice but mercy that the Government is called upon to exercise, for justice to the poor, contemptible, and degraded Indian would be severest cruelty. The Indian tribes, as regards numbers and nature, are in a dependent state; they prefer that idle and ignoble condition, and can be just as well, and much more cheaply, taken care of as our pensioners than as our antagonists. In every treaty which has been made with them for years past they have easily been induced to abandon their old homes for new reservations away from the white man's track; and there is nothing to prevent a sensible commission, properly authorized, from inducing all the belligerent tribes occupying the envied and contested ground between the Platte and Arkansas rivers to remove to more remote hunting-grounds by the judicious expenditure of a few millions in trinkets and annuities.

## CONTEMPT FOR TRAITORS.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, with as little good taste as sound judgment, has left the home in Canada in which he decided to pass his self-inflicted exile, and paid a visit to the loyal region of Northern Vermont. With some show of discretion, he entered the State at a point as remote as possible from the line of march taken by the Saint Albans raiders a few years ago. His experience in the village of Newport was hardly of a character to tempt him to call again; the incidents which transpired did not give his ride through the streets in the best turn-out which a few obsequious sympathizers could afford the semblance of a triumphal march. Boys and men hooted at him as he passed; crowds on the corners sang the refrain made familiar in war times, beginning with, "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree;" loyal gentlemen residing in the suburbs of the village declined in gentlemanly but emphatic terms to permit him to drive through their parks, and to enter their houses; and one, a woman, bitter with the recollections of a boy lost at Andersonville, hurled a stone at him as he dashed through the streets.

It is to be regretted for their own sakes that the Newport people should have for a moment lost their temper, even under the great provocation which they suffered; but, since the incident has occurred, it will be wise in the rebel leaders and their sympathizers at the North to regard it in its true significance, and forbear in the future to provoke a swifter, if not a harsher or surer fate than the one which must finally overtake them. Let them not suppose that it has been out of respect to traitor or treason that the people of the North have, with unparalleled moderation and magnanimity, permitted the leading spirits of the rebellion to pass unmolested and almost unnoticed along their highways. There exists among the loyal masses at the North no sympathy with the crime or the criminal; both are held in detestation. All hate, too, is not yet dead, and it may prove dangerous to provoke too far, by such offensive displays as that alluded to, the anger of even so wise and moderate a people. Nor should these men make the not less grievous error of supposing that the feeling at the South which has induced the people of that region to cling to their old leaders, to elevate them to positions of honor and places of trust, arises from any thing more than an erroneous idea of fealty, originating in generations of false and pernicious teachings, or that it is aught but a spasmodic burst of mistaken devotion. A few years only will elapse before the South will be thoroughly educated into a clear comprehension of the true issues of the war against slavery, and will come to look upon their former leaders as the enemies of republican liberty. Then Davis, and Lee, and the rest, taking their proper places in history, will go down to posterity in the same category with Arnold and Burr. Let Mr. Davis be urged to go quietly as the others are going and have gone.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S LIFE OF PRINCE ALBERT.

"The Early years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, compiled under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey," will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Harper. The Queen's share in the authorship of this book is much greater than is indicated in the title. No small part, and that decidedly the most interesting, is written by the Queen herself. The translations of the letters of Prince Albert have been made from German into English by the Princess Helena, the eldest unmarried daughter of the Queen. The original German is also given, and we may safely say that our own Miss Mary Booth would not have been ashamed to acknowledge renderings so faithful and spirited. Saving some historical details there is hardly a page of the book which could have been written without the immediate "direction of the Queen."

This volume was prepared solely for private circulation among the members of the royal family and a few persons who stood in personal relations with the Queen and the Prince. But it was soon foreseen that this privacy could not be certainly secured. Any one of a thousand accidents might any day put a copy, "surreptitiously obtained," into the hands of some unscrupulous person who would publish it, very likely in a garbled form. It was therefore determined to issue the volume to the general public in an authentic form. The decision was a wise one; for while the book does honor to the Prince Consort, there is not a word in it which will detract from the esteem and reverence with which Queen Victoria is held, not only in her own dominions, but throughout Christendom. Had the book been designed for general circulation it is quite certain that many things, of which the Queen herself only could know, would have been omitted. Such, for example, are the curious details of the royal courtship.

Before Victoria had fairly entered her teens it was quite sure that unless she died young she would wear the British crown. Her uncle, King William IV. had not, and was not likely to have, any legitimate children, though while Duke of Clarence he had fathered more than one "Fitz-Clarence." Of course there was great anxiety as to the marriage of the heir-presumptive. Before she was seventeen years old five husbands had been proposed for her. Her uncle, the King, favored a Dutch Prince. Wise old Leopold of Belgium fixed his eye upon his nephew, Albert of Saxe-Gotha, as poor a Prince as had blue blood in his veins. Leopold had been in that condition himself, and he had good reason to appreciate the advantage of marrying a daughter of England. A quarter of a century before he had espoused the Princess Charlotte, and a pension of $250,000 (£50,000) a year had been settled upon him. His consort had died not long after the marriage, but the pension was duly paid. He had already received some six millions of dollars, and, as he lived for another quarter of a century, he made in all something more than twelve millions of dollars by his lucky "Coburg match." Leopold was most anxious that his clever young nephew Albert should be the husband of Victoria, and he had more to do than any other person in bringing about the match. He was continually sounding the praises of his favorite nephew. As early as 1836 Albert, then only seventeen years of age, but looking five years older, accompanied by his brother, went to England. To a friend of his own age he confided in strict secrecy that he was going to make the acquaintance of the Princess Victoria, and if they liked each other they were to become engaged. The princes, two as fine young fellows as one would be likely to see any where, remained for a month as guests of the mother of the Princess. The Queen in this book writes of the favorable impression which Albert then made upon her. Nothing, however, seems then to have been said about marriage, at least between the two young persons. Yet there appears to have been a sort of tacit understanding that this should some time happen. But the pear was not ripe for plucking, and wise Leopold sent his nephew away to pursue his education. For three years following Victoria and Albert do not appear to have met, or even to have corresponded. Meanwhile King William died, and Victoria, a girl of eighteen, succeeded to the crown. According to her own statement, here printed, but really written for her own children, the young Queen came near being spoiled by her new dignity. Leopold had, in the mean while, been busy, and had gained from the young Queen a sort of assent to the marriage. Only she would not have it take place for several years. The Prince was too young (he was a few months her junior), and she wanted her freedom for a while; she was but twenty. She had, indeed, given Uncle Leopold to understand that she would some day marry Albert; but now she would not marry any body within less than four years. Albert took the matter rather philosophically. "I will," he said, "submit to the delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon; but if, after waiting, perhaps for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position." Prince Albert, writing to his trusted cousin the Prince of Löwenstein, tells how the matter stood. He says: "the Queen declares to my uncle of Belgium that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. I went, therefore, with the quiet but firm determination to declare on my part that I also, tired of the delay, withdrew entirely from the affair."

But luckily wise Leopold looked a little more deeply into things. Albert, who three years before had been a pretty fellow, had grown into a remarkably attractive young man. Wise Leopold judged that he had better go in person to England and see the Sovereign Lady to whom he had been already half-engaged. Late in 1839 he, with his faithful brother Ernest, went to England. To be precise in dates, they reached Windsor Castle on Thursday the 10th of October, 1839. Handsome Albert came, saw, and conquered. In two days the young Queen gave marked tokens of affection for her old flame—not old in years, for neither of them had yet seen twenty. On the fourth day—the precise date being October 15, 1839, Albert received an intimation that the Queen wished to see him in her own apartments. She had the day before made up her mind touching a rather important matter, and had told her jaunty Premier, Lord Melbourne, that she meant to marry her handsome cousin. Melbourne was much relieved. "I am quite glad of it," he said; "you will be much more comfortable; for a woman can not stand alone for any time, no matter what her position may be."

But the young Queen had a delicate bit of work to do. "Her position," we are told, "made it imperative that any proposal of marriage must first come from her." In plain words, the lady had to "pop the question." We can not quite see the necessity in this case; but we assume that there was no way of getting over it. At any rate the Queen thought this to be a necessity, and she met it "like a man." Of this scene, which seems to us so odd, we have in this work two accounts, both written by the only two persons who could have known any thing about how the thing was done. Albert, writing to his dear old grandmother, says:

> "The Queen sent for me alone to her room, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was, that she did not think she was worthy of me. The joyous openness of manner in which she told me of this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away with it."

"Barkis was willin," as indeed he had good reason to be. The Queen writes to good Uncle Leopold, who had so wisely helped the matter on:

> "My mind is quite made up, and I told Albert this morning of it. The warm affection he showed me on learning this gave me great pleasure. He seems perfection, and I think that I have the prospect of very great happiness before me. I love him more and more than I can say, and shall do every thing in my power to render this sacrifice (for such in my opinion it is) as small as I can. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I know hardly how to write; but I do feel very happy."

One does not often get so close to a courtship as this. If the Queen had before determined upon a long delay of any marriage, she now made ample amends. She "declared herself" on the 15th of October, 1839. The marriage was fixed to take place early in the next February—about three months after. It did take place on the 10th of that month, within less than four months. One can imagine what cutting and fitting, what basting and sewing, was required to get the "things" ready for bride and groom, for ladies and lords in waiting, and all that.

We doubt whether, taking it all in all, there was ever a happier marriage than this of the Queen of Great Britain and Prince Albert. There were indeed at first a few drawbacks, public and private. The young husband was in a way rather snubbed by the proud aristocracy of England. They fought in Parliament over the allowance to be given him, and the precedence to which he was entitled. He took this quite coolly. In all public matters he was content to be only one of the subjects of his wife. But this excellent young lady seems at first to have been inclined to "wear the breeches" at home. Three months after his marriage the Prince writes to his cousin: "In my home-life I am very happy and contented; but the difficulty in filling my place with the proper dignity is, that I am only the husband, not the master in the house." The compiler of the narrative, writing under the direction of the Queen, says that the Prince early "saw the necessity of his asserting and claiming the authority" that belongs to the husband in his own household. Whatever of difficulty existed was of short continuance. Things soon settled themselves rightly; and before long, "to those who would urge upon the Queen that, as Sovereign, she must be the head of the house and the family, as well as of the state, and that her husband was after all but one of her subjects, Her Majesty would reply that she had solemnly engaged at the altar to 'obey,' as well as to 'love and honor,' and that this sacred obligation she could consent neither to limit nor refine away."

All these and many other things are told in this book of the Queen. It tells, moreover, with what decorum, with what wisdom, the Prince ever bore himself; how, without people knowing it, he became a real power in the state; how whatever wise and good was done really belongs to Albert.

We are told that other volumes upon the life of the Prince Consort are to follow this one. These are to be written for the public eye; and we can scarcely expect the same affluence of personal detail; but they can scarcely fail to form a valuable addition to the history of our times.

Rev. M. N. Olmsted, 26 Maiden Lane, has just published, in a neat 12mo, "Walks and Words of Jesus; a paragraph Harmony of the Four Gospels," which has been strongly commended by the Rev. Bishop Thomson, Rev. Professor Northrop, Rev. Doctor Foster, and other distinguished clergymen.

Also, a Pictorial Chart of the Antediluvian and Patriarchal Periods and of the Holy Land.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Philip H. Sheridan, on July 30, removed J. M. Throckmorton from the Governorship of Texas, as he had been shown by the reports of General Charles Griffin, commanding in that State, to be an impediment to Reconstruction. Throckmorton was a Brigadier-General in the rebel army. E. M. Pease was appointed Governor in his place. Mr. Pease is a native of Connecticut, a lawyer of eminence in Texas, was Governor from 1853 to 1857, and was strongly recommended by ex-Governor A. J. Hamilton as a consistent Union man during the war.

In view of the unstable condition to which the credit of New Orleans has been brought by the action of the City Council, General Sheridan, on August 1, readjusted both boards of that branch of the municipal government by removing twenty-one members, among them the President of the Board of Aldermen, and appointing more loyal men in their places.

The majority of Brownlow in the Tennessee election, which occurred on August 1, is estimated at at least 40,000.

The Richmond Republican Convention resolved on August 2 to indorse the action of General Sheridan in executing the laws, notwithstanding the embarrassments thrown around him by the President, and give notice that when the time comes for nominating candidates all acts of protection to Southern loyalists will be given due consideration.

Registration has begun in South Carolina. In accordance with the order dated August 1, by Major-General Sickles, post-commanders are to be Superintendents of Registration within their respective commands, exercising, in addition to the functions specially conferred, a general supervisory authority, looking to the faithful execution of the several Reconstruction acts, the maintenance of order, and the protection of political rights. They will suspend Registers for malfeasance in office, neglect of duty, or incompetency, and promptly report their action, with the reasons therefor, to the Commanding-General. The regulations are severe against persons endeavoring to thwart the right of registration, the offense being punishable by the post court. Offenses perpetrated by white persons disguised as blacks are of frequent occurrence, therefore the attention of all the authorities, civil and military, is directed to this device as one adopted to escape detection, and to cast unmerited obloquy upon the colored people. In all cases where resort thereto shall be shown, the fact will be taken into consideration as aggravating the offense.

The rebels of Tennessee are discharging by the wholesale the negroes who voted the Republican ticket; and the streets of Memphis and Nashville are filled with men in want of employment. All the rebel press of the State, with the exception of the Nashville *Banner*, advocate this proscription as the best means of punishing the negroes who will not vote for the "Conservative" candidates.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The President, on July 30, caused instructions to be issued by the Attorney-General to the various District Attorneys and Marshals of the United States to observe with vigilance all persons suspected of unlawfully combining for expeditions into the territory of any foreign nation. This was aimed at the rumored filibustering Mexican movements in various parts of the country.

During the month of July 23,376 immigrants arrived at Castle Garden, nearly one-half of whom remain in the State of New York.

The Kentucky State election came off on August 5, and resulted in the election of the Democratic ticket for State officers by thirty thousand majority.

It was positively announced on August 6 that President Johnson had requested Secretary of War Stanton to resign his position, the reason being the continued opposition to the reconstruction policy of the President.

General Pope has ordered that all suits in civil courts against soldiers for acts performed by order of the military authorities shall be discontinued and not hereafter entertained.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

A dozen or two reaping and mowing machines from France, England, Spain, and the United States entered into competition for the International prizes, and were tried on Napoleon's farm at Vincennes on July 30. M'Cormick's reaper performed its allotted task in twenty-four minutes; Wood's mower in twenty-six minutes; and both American machines worked better and faster than any others on the grounds.

There have been, in spite of the Turkish official announcement of the suppression of the Candian revolution, some movements of a positive character looking to the relief of the Christians. While England and France have been toasting the Sultan and wishing his Empire success, little Greece has been preparing for war with the Turk, and has announced her intention to declare hostilities against the Sultan in behalf of the Cretans if the war against them is not abandoned by September 1, 1867.

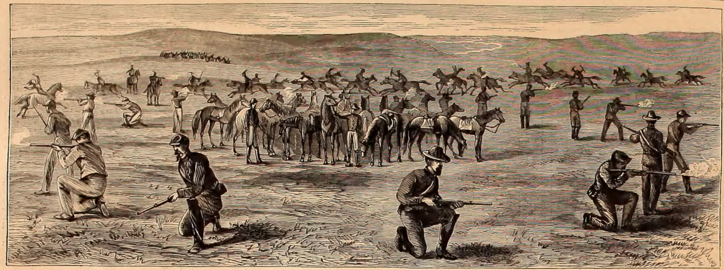
The *Dunderberg* arrived at Cherbourg, France, on August 3, after a run of 14 days and 17 hours through heavy seas and bad weather. The vessel proved herself a splendid sea-boat.

The Mexicans have decided on second thoughts not to give up the body of Maximilian.

Admiral Palmer, commanding the United States Gulf Squadron, has gone to Mexico City to demand the surrender of Santa Anna, who was captured by the Liberals on a United States vessel. He will also request the Juarez Government to deliver the body of Maximilian to the Austrian Government.

Garibaldi has temporarily abandoned his movements against Rome.

General Fariola, the "last of the Fenians" in prison in Ireland, has turned queen's evidence.



SIOUX INDIANS ATTACKING A COMPANY OF THE SEVENTH CAVALRY, June 24, 1867.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

CAMP PETS OF THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

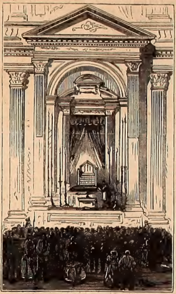
SIOUX AND CHEYENNES ATTACKING A WAGON TRAIN.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

THE MANGER FROM BETHLEHEM.

# CENTENARY FESTIVAL OF SAINT PETER AT ROME.

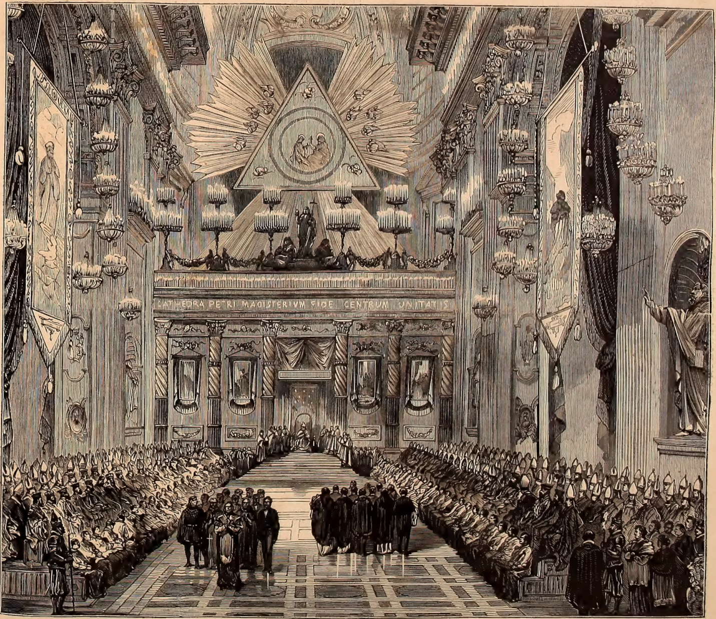
We give on this page several illustrations of scenes and objects connected with the celebration of the Centenary Festival of Saint Peter at Rome.

The statue of Saint Peter is of bronze, and is placed against one of the pillars of Saint Peter's, on the right of the grand nave, near the holy Apostle's tomb. It represents Saint Peter clad in a Roman toga, and in the act of bestowing his blessing. This statue was found in an ancient church, whence it was removed by Cardinal Oliver de Longueil in the fifteenth century. When Saint Peter's was constructed it was established in its present position. There is little doubt but that it was originally the statue of Capitoline Jove. Certainly it is very ancient. The drapery, the attitude, the modeling of the head, all remind us of the works of Byzantian art. Ordinarily an aureola of gold is placed upon the head of this statue; but on Saint Peter's day, and especially on the centennial festivals, it is crowned with a costly tiara, and is covered with pontifical ornaments of untold richness. On its finger is placed an enormous ring, with a very beautiful stone set in brilliants. The back of the seat on which it rests is covered with a cloth of gold plaited from the centre, as is shown in our illustration, and surrounded with a dais of brocade, like that which adorns the papal throne. Thus invested, the statue presents an aspect of life, notwithstanding the immobility of its bronze. It excites certainly in the minds of papists a sort of religious awe. Two torches blaze in its front, in chandeliers



SAINT PETER'S CHAIR.

KISSING SAINT PETER'S FOOT.




THE CENTENARY FESTIVAL OF SAINT PETER AT ROME—THE CANONIZATION OF SAINTS IN THE PRESBYTERY OF SAINT PETER'S, June 24, 1867.

of bronze, six feet in height, and splendidly adorned. The numerous crowd of the faithful surround it, and prostrate themselves before it, then approach and kiss the right foot, the great toe of which has been worn almost off by the kisses of ten or a dozen centuries. Even the popes go through with the same ceremony. This year there is an unceasing throng ever about the statue, which is guarded by *gens d'armes.*

The canonization of saints consists of a decree solemnly announced by the Pope, authorizing their worship by the Roman Catholic Church. The ceremony, in the midst of which this decree is announced, is preceded by a procession, in which banners are borne, on which are painted representations of the acts of ecclesiastics and martyrs, or the wonders performed by the persons canonized. This year the Pope and over 400 bishops or cardinals participated in this procession, which, at seven o'clock in the morning, descended the grand royal staircase, proceeding along the Swiss gallery, crossing the Place in front of Saint Peter's, and entering the church by the opposite gallery and vestibule. The Pope was carried in a chair, with his red robes and mitre of gold, holding a wax taper in his left hand, and bestowing blessings with his right. The cortége, on the conclusion of the procession, assembled in the *Presbytery* of Saint Peter's. This is that part of the church in which the officiating clergy hold their services. At the further end of the *absis* is the papal throne. On the right and left sit the bishops and cardinals, all in red robes and crowned with white mitres. A number of bishops surround the papal throne.

Before announcing the decree which will inscribe the names of twenty-five fortunate persons in the catalogue of saints, the Pope receives the triple supplication (*instanter, instantius, instantissime*). The reading of the decree is followed by a *Te Deum.* After this the Pope celebrates the mass of Saint Peter. He then pronounces a homily in Latin. Then follows the ceremony represented in our illustration on page 517. It is usual for the representatives of the canonized saints, those who have obtained the favor for them, to offer gifts to the Pope, as a sort of compensation therefor. These presents consist of tapers, two casks—one of water and one of wine—two loaves of bread, numerous cages containing doves, turtle-doves, goldfinches, and other birds. These are presented to the Pope with stately ceremony by the cardinals having charge of the process of canonization. The Pope touches the gifts as they are brought to him and then remits them to persons who have obtained them in advance.

The moment of offering the mass is the most interesting of the ceremony. The Pope is surrounded by his attendants, and the presbytery is crossed by those proceeding to the *offertoire* and returning. All the while a choir of four voices in the cupola and in the vestibule are chanting the anthem *Tu es Petrus*—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Then the ceremony concludes, and the Pope, now wearing the tira, is borne away in the midst of the throng of bishops and cardinals.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

**Book III.**

## CHAPTER XI.

### CLEMENT HAS NOT TIME TO ANSWER MR. JONES.

Clement Charlewood, as Miss O'Brien had shrewdly suspected, had not been detained by any business so urgent as to have compelled his presence at Hammerham, had he willed that it should be otherwise. He had, indeed, said a few words to his father respecting the blue square letter received that afternoon, and had told him that he (Clement) did not intend to join the picnic party, but would go down to the office and answer Jones—the sender of the blue letter aforesaid—about that matter of the new Corn Exchange at Eastfield. "I'm not at all sure that it will be worth our while to send in a tender for the contract, Sir," he had said, with his mind apparently full of the subject of Mr. Jones's communication. But then Clement Charlewood had walked to the office, and had sat down at his desk with the blue envelope before him, and leaning his head on his hands, had silently endured an hour's acute anguish.

Since the day on which he had last parted from Mabel Earnshaw at Eastfield she had seldom been absent from his thoughts. He had told himself before that final interview that if she should still persist in her intention of going on the stage, he would resolutely pluck from his heart all hope and intention of winning her for his wife. That should be the decisive trial, and if she should prove deaf alike to the pleadings of love and the warnings of friendship, it would become him to set himself resolutely to stifle his unrequited attachment. But that had been, as I have said, before his parting interview at Eastfield, and while the unacknowledged hope was yet glowing at the bottom of his heart, that Mabel would yield to his disinterested love. That the hope had been frustrated the reader knows; and yet Clement Charlewood had by no means kept his resolution of giving up all thought of winning Mabel for his wife. He knew that the step she had taken had put a still greater barrier between them than that which previously existed, and which was already sufficiently formidable in the eyes of his family; Mabel's lack, namely, of wealth or social rank superior to his own. These obstacles, indeed, he did not much regard, for his mind was quite clear as to this matter. And he could boldly argue his cause with his father, as long as the objections of the latter only related to Mabel's poverty and social obscurity. But as to this step which Mabel had taken, in despite of all counsel and warning, Clement felt that it would be more difficult for him to plead with others in her defense, inasmuch as his own judgment and his own often-uttered opinion went against her. Nevertheless, in some vague way, which he did not attempt to define to himself, all obstacles were to be surmounted, if only Mabel could be brought to love him. She was at least fancy-free; and as long as her heart continued disengaged, so long he should cherish a hope of winning her. In short, he loved deeply and hoped persistently; but with the habitual shy reserve of his character, he kept all this within his own breast. His father was comfortably satisfied that Clement had dismissed his love-fancy completely from his mind; and none of the family—save, perhaps, Penelope, who was occasionally troubled by a lurking suspicion that all was not quite well with her brother—imagined that the thought of Mabel Earnshaw ever caused him one second's uneasiness. The advent of Geraldine O'Brien at Bramley Manor had, indeed, given rise to quite other hopes and speculations. Miss O'Brien's fortune, it is true, was small, but she was well-born, well-bred, and well-connected, and—crowning glory in the eyes of the rich contractor—her grandfather had been an Irish peer. Man can not live by bread alone, nor even by bread with an unlimited quantity of butter on it. The most prosaic people have some faculty or aspiration or ideal, which craves to be fed in a quite different manner and on far different food from any recognizable by the five senses.

Mr. Charlewood was not highly imaginative, but he had some imagination; and his imagination, such as it was, declared that to be the father-in-law of a lord's grand-daughter must needs be a most desirable position, and an object of ambition for which it was quite worth while to strive very earnestly.

He therefore observed, with great satisfaction, that Miss O'Brien—besides the halo of aristocracy, which made her admirable in his own eyes—possessed a great many charms and qualities calculated to attract the admiration of people to whom the halo aforesaid was invisible or unimportant; and she had not been many days under his roof before Mr. Charlewood had resolved that, if it were possible, he would bring about a marriage between his eldest son and Miss Geraldine O'Brien.

"Clem likes her very much, I'm sure," said Mr. Charlewood to his confidante, Penelope; "and I'm sure I don't know how he could help it, for she's charming, quite charming, and they're a great deal together."

"Clem does like her very much, papa, and she is charming, and they are a great deal together; but still—"

"But what? Do you mean that she don't like him?"

"No, papa. I certainly don't mean that."

"Perhaps you think she would not be satisfied on the score of family; but, Penny, these high folks know the value of money every bit as well as the rest of the world. Wealth, my girl, can command every thing—almost every thing, at all events; and Miss O'Brien's too sensible not to see that."

Clement, on his part, was inclined to like the gay, clever Irish girl very much indeed; and it was true that he rode with her, walked with her, and talked with her, with a constancy that might have almost seemed to justify Mr. Charlewood's hopes. But if that gentleman could have overheard the conversations that took place between Miss O'Brien and her cavalier during their long rides in the pretty sylvan lanes around Hammerham, his complacent assurance that matters were going as he wished might have been somewhat disturbed.

Clement, as I have said before, had a very vivid and heart-felt interest in the wide-stretching business of the great firm of Gandry and Charlewood; and it was an interest, if not altogether apart from, yet much superior to, the mere money-grinding power of its vast machinery. He was proud of its high repute, its unblemished integrity, its daring and enlightened speculations. The view of trade and traders presented to the young Irish lady by Clement Charlewood's conversation was an altogether new one for her; and Clement found in Miss O'Brien an intelligent and interested listener to all he could say upon his favorite theme.

Perhaps it would be too much to say that Mr. Clement Charlewood would have found absolutely the same amount of pleasure in these equestrian excursions if his companion, however intelligent, had been awkward and ugly instead of being, as she undoubtedly was, a handsome, graceful, distinguished-looking woman. Miss O'Brien's power of understanding and appreciating Clement's conversation clearly did not in any way depend upon the jaunty droop of her feather, the admirable fit of her riding-habit, the small, well-shaped hand that held the bridle so lightly, or the perfect ease and skill with which she managed her horse. But Clement Charlewood was a mortal man, and I should be very loth to affirm positively that these things did not tend to make his self-imposed task of instructing Geraldine O'Brien as to the doings of Gandry and Charlewood more pleasant than its intrinsic merits might have done.

But any thought that was disloyal to Mabel, any faintest idea of love-making, was very far from his mind.

And the lady?

The lady took a very great deal of interest in the last new line of South American railway, and the plans for the erection of a large pile of government buildings in British India.

The reading of Lady Popham's letter had struck a severe blow at Clement's inmost heart. He alone of all the Charlewood family had been quite sure from the first mention of the charming Ophelia, that Mabel and no other was being described; for, although he was not aware that she was acting under a feigned name, he had learned from Mrs. Saxelby that she was to make her first attempt at Kilclare. Lady Popham's praise and patronage were distasteful to him, perhaps from the assurance they seemed to convey that Mabel was likely to continue in her present path; perhaps because they realized, and, as it were, brought home to him the fact which had hitherto seemed hazy and distant, that Mabel had in very earnest commenced a theatrical career. But what followed was worse; ten thousand times worse. The mention of Alfred Trescott, and the coupling of his name with Mabel's by the garrulous old lady, had cut Clement to the heart. As he sat with his arms folded on his desk he suffered the keenest pangs of doubt and jealousy, and the wounding of that sensitive shrinking delicacy—almost like a second and finer self-love—with which such men as Clement regard the image of the woman they love in their inmost soul. His pure, proud Mabel, his innocent, candid, unprotected darling, she to be soiled by contact with such a one as he knew Alfred Trescott to be! The idea pierced him like a knife. Again and again he told himself that it was impossible; that Mabel would never stoop to think for one moment of Alfred Trescott; that the romantic, credulous old woman had fancied or misunderstood the whole matter; that the wily and unprincipled young fellow had, for his own purposes, been using Mabel's name with a boastful lie in his mouth. It was impossible that this thing should be. Impossible, incredible; an insult and a treason to his love to give it one instant's credence. And yet, and yet, the gnawing doubt refused to be so stilled. It may be urged that where Clement had bestowed a perfect love he should have given also a perfect trust. But that perfect trust, which comes from a sure, almost intuitive knowledge, of how certain circumstances and conditions will affect another person, is usually the slow growth of years of intimate companionship. As far as an unwavering belief in Mabel's absolute pure-heartedness and goodness went, his trust *was* perfect. But might not her best and most generous qualities be worked upon to her own detriment? How was her clear youth a match for the dark cunning of one so unscrupulous as Alfred Trescott? Had he not himself, he, Clement, had he not been witness how the very unselfishness and unsuspecting nobility of nature that he so loved had led her to take this fatally mistaken step which it seemed was destined to lead her on to unimagined ruin and disaster?

"I wish to God," moaned Clement, clasping his hot head between his hands, "that she had never gone to the music meeting, never seen that child, never made the acquaintance of that accursed family! Would to God, would to God that she had never known them!"

By degrees came the thought, what was he to do in the matter? What step did it first behoove him to take to ascertain the truth of this rumor, and to avert its fulfillment should it prove well founded? Clement had given Mabel his solemn assurance that, let the result of his suit to her be what it would, he should ever be her true and faithful friend, holding himself bound to serve and aid her at all times, to the utmost of his power, and Clement Charlewood was accustomed to attach to his words the full and simple meaning that they would honestly bear, and to avoid rhetorical flourishes or vague exaggerations in his speech. When, therefore, he wrenched his mind away from the contemplation of his own sufferings, and began to consider what it were best for him to do, he had this promise steadily in his remembrance, and was resolved to keep it to the letter. His first idea was naturally to have recourse to Mrs. Saxelby. But on further reflection he abandoned that project for the present. His experience of the pretty gentle widow had taught him that, although she would accept his advice with the most flattering reliance on his judgment, and a profusion of graceful acknowledgments, she would certainly never have resolution to act upon it, if to act involved any vigorous exertion of her own will, or any prolonged opposition to the will of others.

"If she knows this wretched rumor," argued Clement, "I am too late to do any good with her. If she does not know it, it would be cruel and useless to reveal it to her."

What could he do? To see Mabel herself was out of the question. In the first place, the subject was one on which he felt it would be almost impossible for him to speak to her; and, in the next place, he was firmly resolved, with all the force of his manhood, not to be tempted by the sight of her into any present renewal of his suit. He had promised to be her friend, and he would be so. But, although he could act on her behalf as a loving brother might do, he knew that he could not so master himself in her presence as to speak to her face to face with weight or calmness. What could he do? What could he do? He sat motionless at his desk, with his eyes so riveted on Mr. Jones's letter that the confidential clerk, who presently opened the door of the private room, inly wondered what important communication it might be that Mr. Clement was poring on so intently.

"What is it, Stephens?" asked Clement, looking up with a start.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Clement; isn't the governor here?"

"No: my father is gone into the country for the day. Do you want him?"

"Why, yes, I did want him. But perhaps you can tell me, Sir, how is it settled about sending some one to see the chief engineer about the extension of the Dublin and Ballyhacket branch line to Dunscorthy? Mr. Charlewood said that some confidential person must run across for a couple of days and see how the thing looks. There's nobody fit for it but myself, and I really don't see how I *can* manage it just now."

Stephens was a trusted and influential personage, and his word went for a good deal in the doings of Gandry and Charlewood.

Clement looked vacantly at him for a moment, and then, suddenly jumping up, exclaimed: "It's all right, Stephens: I'll go myself."

"Will you, Sir?" said Stephens, with an unmistakable look of relief. It was no unprecedented thing for young Charlewood to undertake similar missions. "But," added the clerk, doubtfully, "it'll have to be done at once, Sir, whoever goes."

"I will start this evening. I shall get the night-mail to Holyhead, and be in Dublin tomorrow."

"That'll be famous, Mr. Clement. I'll telegraph to the chief engineer to say you'll meet him yourself."

"All right, Stephens. And be good enough to have a hansom sent for at once. I shall barely have time to put a few things into my portmanteau and drive down to the station before the express goes."

"You don't let the grass grow under *your* feet, Mr. Clem," said the old clerk, approvingly, as he left the room.

"Yes, yes: that is my best course, and best chance," said Clement to himself. "I will see this old lady, and ascertain the real grounds she has for her supposition regarding Mabel. Miss O'Brien speaks highly of her kind heart. She will pardon me when I confide to her the terrible danger that threatens my—my dear friend. At all events, I can not sit here inactive. Something I must do, or I should go mad."

The spruce hansom—and in Hammerham the hansom cabs are peculiarly spruce—rattled up to the door, and Clement jumped briskly in.

"Oh, by-the-by, Stephens," he called out, as he shut the folding doors of the vehicle, "just tell my father, will you, that I—I haven't had time to answer Mr. Jones's letter after all."

## CHAPTER XII.

### LADY POPHAM AT HOME.

The afternoon sun was already low, and was glancing brightly between the massive tree-boles, and shedding a soft green light through the leaves, when Clement Charlewood drove rapidly up the main avenue leading to Cloncoolin. His equipage was of a most nondescript kind. The vehicle was an outside car, the cushions of which were covered with very ragged and faded blue cloth, and the whole machine showed a long and complete estrangement from mop or brush. It was drawn by a tall, bony, shambling, ill-groomed quadruped, whose harness—which had seen better days—was eked out by ends of old rope and rusty iron buckles. The driver was a little, round-shouldered, bow-legged, talkative old man, whose costume was of an equally incongruous character with the rest of the turn-out. He wore fawn-colored breeches and gaiters, like those of a gentleman's groom, but had no waistcoat over his clean ragged shirt, and his outer garment was a heavy coachman's livery coat, with tarnished buttons, and so preposterously too big for him that he had been obliged to turn the cuffs of the sleeves half-way up his arms, in order to handle his reins. His wizened face, ugly, cunning, and mobile as that of some peculiarly vivacious old monkey—to which animal, indeed, he bore a strong resemblance—was surmounted by a desperately shabby and battered sugar-loaf hat, in the band of which was stuck a well-blackened dudeen.

This personage was the head hostler of the chief inn at Kilclare, and the outside car and the shambling horse equally belonged to that establishment. Clement had come from Ballyhacket by the stage-coach, and, on alighting at the inn, had asked for a vehicle to take him to Lady Popham's house with as little delay as might be.

When, some three-quarters of an hour after the appointed time, the "kyar" was announced as being in readiness, and Clement descended to the inn-yard, he stood aghast at the spectacle of the carriage, horse, and driver that were to convey him to Lady Popham's mansion.

"Do you mean me to go upon that thing?" said he, pointing to it in dismay.

A chorus of stable-helpers, chamber-maid, cook, waiter, and ragged urchins was in attendance, and joined in a voluble assurance that that, and no other, was the vehicle destined to have the honor of conveying his "lordship" to Cloncoolin.

"I—I'm afraid they won't let us in at the lodge gate," said Clement, staring ruefully at the ramshackle old machine, and speaking out with true Hammerham bluntness the thought that was in him.

"Divil doubt 'em," cried Tim Molloney, adjusting his preposterous coat-cuffs, and twinkling his keen monkey-like eyes with a sparkle of indignation. Loud and unanimous support for Tim Molloney from the chorus. "Sorra a fear of that at all, at all," pursued Tim, from his place on the car.

"Is it my lady's lodge-keepers that 'ud be afther refusing to let Mr. Donovan's kyar into Cloncoolin?"

The chorus loftily contemptuous of so wild a supposition.

"Sure don't they all know me, every mother's son of them, these fifteen years?"

The chorus ready to make oath—and making it—that every human being in Lady Popham's employ loved Tim Molloney like a brother.

"And haven't I druv lashins of the quality, the rale ould quality" (with an emphasis sufficient to point the application of the phrase to Clement's disadvantage), "to Cloncoolin behoind Brian Boroo?"

Final and overwhelming burst of enthusiasm on the part of the chorus, in the midst of which

Clement jumped into the car and was driven off with much ungainly shambling and clattering of hoofs on the part of Brian Boroo, and loud crackings of Tim Molloney's whip.

The old hostler triumphantly made good his boast as to the certainty of his admission within the park gates of Cloncoolin, and exchanged familiar greetings with the lodge-keeper and his wife.

As Brian Boroo, being incited to put forth his mettle, dashed up the avenue at a pace which threatened to dislocate the crazy old vehicle altogether, Clement's heart sank a little at the idea of the enterprise he was engaged in.

"I am afraid this lady will consider me guilty of taking a great liberty," thought he; and Clement, in his shyness, shrank from the prospect of the coming interview. But after all what did it matter? If he could only ascertain the truth respecting Mabel, and be the means of averting misery and ruin from her, it signified very little what Lady Popham's opinion of him might be.

The footman, in answer to Clement's inquiries, said that her ladyship was at home, but that he could not affirm positively that she was disengaged; if the gentleman would be kind enough to send in his name he would ascertain if her ladyship could receive him.

"Your mistress does not know me personally," said Clement, "but take my card to her, and say with my best compliments that I have come some distance expressly to see her, that my time here is limited, and that I should esteem it a great favor if she would grant me an interview to-day."

The servant showed Clement across a spacious hall, covered with large richly-framed oil-paintings—most of them very coarsely executed—and into a small room on the ground-floor, where he begged him to wait while he delivered the message.

There were drawings on the walls here, too, of no higher merit than the paintings in the hall, and over the chimney-piece hung a large portrait representing a handsome but effeminate-looking man, dressed in the costume of the days of the Regency.

In a few minutes the servant returned very hurriedly.

"My lady's compliments, Sir," said he, "and will you please to walk up stairs directly?"

The man led the way up a noble old oak-staircase, black and shiny as ebony, then through a long suit of shady rooms, rich with satin, velvet, and gilding, until they came to a small octagonal apartment fitted up as a lady's boudoir; and here, in one corner of a wide couch, sat a tiny old woman, clad in long rustling robes of violet silk, and with a gorgeous cobweb of antique lace hanging from the back of her jet-black wig.

On Clement's entrance the tiny old woman sprang off the couch with unexpected alacrity, and, clasping her hands, cried in a high, shrill voice, "For God's sake don't *prepare* me!"

Clement stood stock-still in dumb surprise.

"Don't *prepare* me!" repeated her ladyship, in great agitation. "There's nothing so dreadful as being prepared in that way. If any thing terrible has happened out with it at once."

"I assure you, on my honor," said Clement, earnestly, and still very much bewildered, "that nothing terrible has happened, and that you have no cause for apprehension."

Lady Popham fell back on the sofa with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I made up my mind that you had come to tell me Geraldine was dead," she whimpered.

"I am shocked beyond measure to have alarmed you thus," said Clement. But in his heart he was considerably relieved by this explanation of the little old lady's extraordinary behavior, for he had at the first moment entertained considerable doubts of her sanity.

"I came prepared to offer many apologies for my intrusion, Lady Popham," he said, "but I never thought of the possibility of your being so startled by my arrival."

"Of course not," said Lady Popham, wiping her eyes, and smiling quite cheerfully. "You couldn't be expected to know what an excitable, fluttering creature I am. Always was from a child. An aspen-leaf, moved with a breath. They used to call me an April sky at home. Clouds and sunshine, smiles and tears. There isn't an ounce of your terrible British sang froid in my composition. But I really beg your pardon, Mr. Charlewood. Luke, place a chair for Mr. Charlewood, and go away, and don't let me hear the creak of your shoes in the corridor."

When the servant had left the room her ladyship raised her eye-glass and surveyed Clement steadily for a few seconds, and then—apparently well satisfied with the result of her inspection—skipped up to him with the queerest little mincing gait imaginable, and holding out her lean, withered, white little hand, all ablaze with diamonds, shook his heartily.

"Welcome to Cloncoolin, Mr. Clement Charlewood," said she, and made him a low, sweeping courtesy.

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken, Lady Popham—"

"Liberty? Not at all. Since my dear Geraldine's first cousin is going to marry a member of your family—"

"My sister."

"Your sister? Really! Well then, you see, you and I are almost relations, ain't we?"

"Your ladyship is very good, but—"

"But? Now that 'but' is very uncivil. Surely you won't refuse to call cousins with me? But perhaps you'd have no objection to allow Geraldine's claim, though you don't want an old woman like me for a cousin. Aha, Mr. Clement!" And the old lady nodded and showed her double range of false teeth with surprising archness.

At another time Clement might perhaps have been amused by her ladyship's oddities. But his heart was now too full of anxiety and apprehension to allow him to think of any thing but the one object of his visit. Lady Popham having quite recovered from her fright, and being assured of Miss O'Brien's perfect health and safety, became so brisk and vivacious, and chatted away so incessantly, that Clement began to fear the time would slip by and the interview come to an end before he could approach the subject on which he desired to speak. Lady Popham asked if he were fond of pictures, and without waiting for a reply, began an extravagant eulogy on some in her own possession, the work of an unappreciated genius, whom she had patronized in Naples, but whom the world had steadily refused to crown as the modern Titian. Then she proceeded to speak of sculpture, and insisted on taking Clement into the great drawing-room to show him a marble bust of her late husband, executed by another of her artistic protégés, and which she pronounced to be a marvelous likeness. "You saw Sir Bernard's portrait in the little blue room down stairs?" said Lady Popham. "That was taken many years previous to this. And, do you know, Mr. Charlewood, what I have done? The fashion of wearing mustaches was not so general when Sir Bernard was living as it has become since. Now I adore mustaches. So manly, so distingué, and I *know* they would have been most becoming to him. So, about two years before I left Italy, I made them put on a pair of mustaches—cleverly done in plaster—to this bust, and there they are, as you see. The effect is very good, I think."

Whatever might have been thought of the effect, the fact was undoubted. There were the luxuriant plaster mustaches affixed to the upper lip of the marble face. And her ladyship stood contemplating the bust with perfect satisfaction and approval.

Clement was on thorns as the eccentric little woman skipped and rustled about the room, pointing out this and that chef-d'œuvre of art, and talking incessantly.

At last, being reduced almost to desperation, he stopped her in the full flow of her discourse, and representing that his time at Kilclare was necessarily limited, begged that she would do him the favor of allowing him to speak on the business which had brought him to Cloncoolin.

Lady Popham immediately assumed an attentive face, and, seating herself once more on the couch in her boudoir, desired him to speak.

"It is difficult, Lady Popham, because I feel that I have no right to trouble you on the subject. But I must crave your indulgence, and ask you to accept my strong anxiety on this matter as some excuse."

Lady Popham waved her hand with a courteous gesture, implying that no excuse was needed. And Clement went on rapidly.

"The day before yesterday Miss O'Brien received a letter from your ladyship."

"No doubt she did. I wrote her a long letter after having neglected her for some time."

"A portion of that letter Miss O'Brien read aloud at our luncheon-table."

A faint color—called up, perhaps, by some recollection of the "bricks-and-mortar people," and sundry similar phrases—flushed Lady Popham's withered cheek. But she said nothing, and merely eyed Clement curiously.

"Among other matters mention was made of a very dear friend of mine. One whose welfare I am bound to care for as far as I am able. And the mention of that friend was such as to distress me a good deal."

"Really? I am very sorry," murmured Lady Popham, looking steadily at Clement through her glass.

"From all I have heard of you from your god-daughter, Lady Popham, I was emboldened to hope that under the circumstances of the case you would overlook the conventional impropriety of my taking the step I have taken, and coming to speak to you in person."

Her ladyship nodded approvingly. "I'm very glad," she said, "that Geraldine knows me so well."

"To be brief, then," continued Clement, "you have shown some kindness to a young violinist named Alfred Trescott—"

"Alfred Trescott!" said the little woman, jumping up and clapping her hands enthusiastically. "Oh, he is the divinest creature! And has a genius for music, comme il y en a peu. And is he really a dear friend of yours? I am so charmed! But what could possibly have distressed you in my mention of him?"

"No, no," said Clement, almost savagely, "he is no friend of mine, Lady Popham. And, in truth, I have no reason to think well of him in any way. But you spoke also of a young a—a—actress."

He brought out the word with a jerk, and as if its very utterance were painful to him.

"Oh, to be sure, Miss Bell. She went to Dublin a fortnight ago at the close of the season. A very charming, interesting girl. Is *she* your very dear friend, Mr. Charlewood?"

Clement colored deeply, but answered at once, in a firm voice: "Yes, Lady Popham, that young lady, whom you call Miss Bell, is a very dear and valued friend of mine. I know and esteem her mother—who is, I assure you, an excellent person, and a thorough gentlewoman—and I have been placed by—by circumstances in a position with regard to them both, that warrants my asking you in confidence if there is any solid foundation for the insinuation you jestingly threw out with regard to Mr. Alfred Trescott and—this young lady?"

"Now, really, really, my dear Mr. Charlewood," said her ladyship, tapping his arm playfully with the handle of a large green fan that lay beside her, "I begin to be afraid that you have some intention of troubling that course of true love which is said never yet to have run smooth!"

"Good Heavens! Lady Popham, you don't mean to say—"

"Oh, Dio guardi! I don't mean to say any thing about the lady—that is to say, I have no right to do so. None in the world. But, I dare say, my young Orpheus—who is positively enchanting—wouldn't mind my admitting on his part that he is over head and ears in love with Miss Bell. And small blame to him, as they say here."

"But she—you don't believe for a moment that she thinks of him?"

Clement's forehead was knotted into an expression of intense suffering, and he was evidently struggling hard to master some violent emotion.

But Lady Popham, who thoroughly enjoyed the romance she had conjured up, went on rapturously to praise Miss Bell's beauty, and talent, and grace, and Alfred Trescott's picturesque appearance and musical genius, and to exclaim sentimentally what a charming couple they would make, until Clement was nearly beside himself.

"Lady Popham," he cried, desperately, "if you could only know, as I do, the real character of this young man, you would shrink with horror from the idea of encouraging such an alliance for one moment!"

"I beg you to understand, Mr. Clement Charlewood," said the old lady, drawing herself up, "that you are very much mistaken when you do me the honor to suppose that I have been instrumental in 'encouraging,' as you call it, any thing of the kind."

"I sincerely beg your pardon if I have said any thing offensive, but this matter touches me so nearly that I can not stay to choose my words. I tell you, Lady Popham, that this young Trescott is selfish, idle, unprincipled, and a gambler. His associates and his habits are low, and vile, and vulgar. A union between such a fellow as I know this young man to be, and the lady we are speaking of, would be in every respect a wretched and most ill-assorted union."

Lady Popham tapped her foot impatiently on the ground. She was terribly annoyed. Her ladyship had been so long accustomed to give free scope to all her whims and fancies, and had plunged headlong into so violent an infatuation for her new protégé—boasting of his talents to all her acquaintance—that to be told in this rough, blunt way that the young man whom she had admired and petted and received into her house was "low, and vile, and vulgar," was quite intolerable.

"Really, Mr. Charlewood," she said, sharply, "you are making very serious and disgraceful accusations against my young friend. You know best what your motive may be for so doing, but at least you should be prepared to find them received with some degree of—of hesitation, at all events."

Clement started as if he had been struck. Secure in the honesty of his own purpose, and in his knowledge of Alfred Trescott's character, it had never occurred to him that any one could possibly doubt either.

"Lady Popham," he began, greatly agitated, "if I could only explain to you—"

"Besides which," went on the old lady, heedless of his interruption—"besides which, it appears to me that all this fuss on your part is highly unnecessary. The young lady has, you tell me, a mother in every way qualified to take care of her; and she is at present under the guardianship of her aunt, a woman, as every one here will tell you, of irreproachable character."

"Thank God for that!" murmured poor Clement.

"In short, there is but one circumstance which, in my opinion, could justify your conduct. If you tell me that you yourself are engaged to Miss Bell—"

"I am not engaged to her," answered Clement, in a low voice.

"Then you must excuse me for saying that I do not recognize your right to interfere."

Clement arose with a deep sigh and stood before her. "If I could have known beforehand, Lady Popham," said he, with an unaffected simplicity of sorrow, which the old gentlewoman's ear was of sufficiently fine fibre to appreciate, "if I could but have known how worse than useless my visit would prove, owing partly to my own want of tact and grace, you would have been spared this intrusion, and I some mortification and disappointment."

The impulsive little woman, whose moods were as uncontrolled and vehement as those of a child, and but little more deep and lasting, sprang to her feet and seized his hand.

"Now, my dear Mr. Charlewood," said she, "don't think of going in this way. Don't, I beg of you. Do me the great favor and honor to remain here to dinner, and let me send to Kilclare for your portmanteau, and stay at Cloncoolin to-night. Geraldine will never forgive me if she thinks I have shown any want of hospitality to a member of your family, under whose roof, she tells me, she is spending such pleasant days. You see I am pleading quite selfishly." And Lady Popham bent her head, and looked up at him out of her bright sunken eyes with a little coquettish glance that seemed to conjure up the pale ghost of her forgotten girlhood.

Clement's feelings, however, were neither so fleeting nor so superficial as her eccentric ladyship, and he had got a wound which his pride and his love alike impelled him to bear in silence. He therefore excused himself with what grace he could, but with a fixed determination, against which Lady Popham's flattering, eager words beat their light wings in vain.

As he drove down the avenue again, now barred with long blue shadows and golden ingots of yellow evening sunshine, a gentleman with two magnificent Irish setters at his heels sauntered slowly by him toward the house.

"I should know that face, surely," thought Clement, feeling conscious at the same time that the said face had no pleasant associations connected with it in his mind.

"Who is that gentleman?" he asked of the driver. "Do you know him?"

"Is it the Captain?" said Tim Molloney, contemptuously; for he had not quite forgiven the Englishman's doubt as to Mr. Donovan's "kyar" being admitted into Cloncoolin. "Do I know the Captain? Faith, an' I do that same. Sure, he's my lady's great nephew. Her brother's daughter's second son. The Honorable Arthur Skidley, no less, on lave from Doblin, an' a foine high-spirited, affable gentleman he is."

"Arthur Skidley?"

"The Honorable Arthur Skidley," repeated Tim. "Does your Honor know him?"

"No," said Clement, brusquely.

"Oh!" ejaculated Tim; and plying his whip smartly he started Brian Boroo at a pace that brought them clattering and shambling into Kilclare before sunset.

"Oh, Mabel," thought Clement, looking out from the window of the poor inn upon the blue line of mountains wherein the silver Clare had its source, and behind which the great fire of sunset was slowly dying—"Mabel, Mabel, the hope of my life is fading, even as the redness fades out of the sky, and its last gleam only serves to show me what I lose, and to make the coming night more blank and cheerless."

## HEAD AND HEART.

"Heart," quoth Head, "thou'rt ever fretting,
Panting evermore,
Beating like a netted linnet
'Gainst its prison door.
Say, how can I give thee quiet,
All thy troubles say,
For this never-ceasing riot
Wears my peace away."

"Head," said Heart, "I'm very weary,
Living all alone,
Dwelling, like a sculptur'd maiden,
In a vault of stone.
Choose me some heart that will listen
To love's gentle lore;
Laugh and weep with, aye be near me,
Leave me nevermore."

"Heart," said Head, "I've cast about me,
Guessing at thy state,
Ransacked all the world of maidens
For thy fitting mate.
And, like hawk in air, I circle,
Watching how the shrike
Fears his victim, while I hover,
Doubtful where to strike.

"Now 'tis dark-eyed Leonora
I would win for thee,
Now 'tis thought of light-eyed Alice
Softly stirs in me.
So, like Mohammed, I waver
In the realm of love;
Shall I cage the soaring eagle,
Or the gentle dove?

"Juno-like is Leonora
In her haughty mien,
Flashing pride, and scorn and passion
Like the Ethiop queen.
Queen is she by beauty's birth-right,
Cold as distant star,
Conqueror-like, with trains of captives
Following her car.

"But the simple-nurtur'd Alice
Comes like summer morn,
With a zephyr herald stirring
Fields of bladed corn.
Dewy-fresh, with softened sunlight
In her guileless eye,
Trustful, truthful, daisy-natur'd
Born to love or die."

"Head," said Heart, "with Leonora
Pain would come, and grief,
Pride and coldness soon would sere me
Like a winter leaf.
But with Alice twined about me
All my woes would cease,
And a wail of trouble never-
More should cloud my peace."

## PARASITE ANIMALS.

No place in the wide domain of creation is tenantless except the fire; and Mr. Coxe, an enthusiastic scholar in natural history, about fifteen years ago announced the discovery of troops of insect formations in the very midst of burning coals. But as no one but the first discoverer ever saw them his observations could not be verified, and Mr. Coxe's reputation died a natural death. However, variously organized beings have been found in almost all of the different organs of man and beast—in the full enjoyment of unrestrained liberty in the livers of elephants, in the brains of sheep, in the kidneys of the musk-rat, in the eye of a horse, and, lastly, the *trichina spiralis* in the muscles of men and women. These last have been so carefully studied that it is a settled point they are introduced into the system by eating diseased pork. Their rapid multiplication from a few to millions is a matter of profound astonishment. And how they traverse through the solid flesh, first passing through the walls of the stomach, can not be clearly explained upon any known principles in science. But how an egg, which gives out an active, swimming worm, gets into the eye of a horse, the only place in all nature perhaps where it would hatch, defies the universities to illustrate. A horse was on exhibition a few years since in one eye of which the parasite was distinctly seen through the transparent cornea, swimming about in the clear aqueous humor as though it had sea-room for fantastic displays. Where the perfect insect resides which produces the egg is still as much of a puzzle as it was to the Indian boy who asked his brave father what became of the old moon when the new one appeared.

A PICNIC IN THE COUNTRY.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.

THE BEACH AT CONEY ISLAND.—[Drawn by Ben Day, Jun.]

## THE STEPPING-STONES.

By JEAN INGELOW.

THE racing river leapt, and sang
  Full blithely in the perfect weather;
All round the mountain echoes rang,
  For blue and green were glad together.

This rained out light from every part,
  And that with songs of joy was thrilling;
But in the hollow of my heart
  There ached a place that wanted filling.

Before the road and river meet,
  And stepping-stones are wet and glisten,
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,
  And paused to like it, and to listen.

I heard the chanting waters flow,
  The cushat's note, the bee's low humming;
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—
  How could I?—that my time was coming.

A girl upon the nighest stone,
  Half doubtful of the deed, was standing,
So far the shallow flood had flown
  Beyond the accustomed leap of landing.

She knew not any need of me,
  Yet me she waited all unweeting;
We thought not I had crossed the sea
  And half the sphere to give her meeting.

I waded out, her eyes I met,
  I wished the moments had been hours;
I took her in my arms, and set
  Her dainty feet among the flowers.

Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,
  Ah! still, methinks, I hear them calling;
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,
  The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

But now it is a year ago,
  But now possession crowns endeavor;
I took her in my heart, to grow
  And fill the hollow place forever.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

## Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

### CHAPTER I.

"IN YOUR PATIENCE YE ARE STRONG."

MISS HALLIDAY returned to the Gothic villa at Bayswater with a bloom on her cheeks, and a brightness in her eyes, which surpassed her wonted bloom and brightness, fair and bright as her beauty had been from the hour in which she was created to charm mankind. She had been a creature to adore even in the first dawn of infancy, and in her christening-hood and toga of white satin had been a being to dream of. But now she seemed invested all at once with a new loveliness—more spiritual, more pensive than the old.

Might not Valentine have cried, with the rapturous pride of a lover: "Look at the woman here with the new soul!" and anon: "This new soul is mine!"

It was love that had imparted a new charm to Miss Halliday's beauty. Diana wondered at the subtle change as her friend sat in her favorite window on the morning after her return, looking dreamily out into the blossomless garden, where evergreens of the darkest and spikiest character stood up stern and straight against the cold gray atmosphere.

Diana had welcomed her friend in her usual reserved manner, much to Charlotte's discomfiture. The girl so yearned for a confidante. She had no idea of hiding her happiness from this chosen friend, and waited eagerly for the moment in which she could put her arms round Diana's neck and tell her what it was that had made Newhall so sweet to her during this particular visit.

She sat in the window this morning thinking of Valentine, and languishing to speak of him, but at a loss how to begin. There are some people about whose necks the arms of affection can scarce entwine themselves. Diana Paget sat at her eternal embroidery-frame, picking up beads on her needle with the precision of some self-feeding machine. The little glass beads made a hard clicking sound as they dropped from her needle—a very frosty, unpromising sound, as it seemed, to Charlotte's hyper-sensitive ear.

There had been an unwonted reserve between the girls since Charlotte's return—a reserve which arose, on Miss Halliday's part, from the contest between girlish shyness and the eager desire for a confidante; and on the part of Miss Paget, from that gloomy discontent which had of late possessed her.

She watched Charlotte furtively as she picked up her beads—watched her with wondering eyes, unable to comprehend the happiness that gave such spiritual brightness to her eyes. It was not the old gayety of heart which had made Miss Halliday's girlhood so pleasant. It was the thoughtful, serene delight of womanhood.

"She can care very little for Valentine," Diana thought, "or she could scarcely seem so happy after such a long separation. I doubt if these bewitching women who enchant all the world know what it is to feel deeply. Happiness is a habit with this girl. Valentine's attentions were very pleasant to her. The pretty little romance was very agreeable while it lasted; but at the first interruption of the story she shuts the book and thinks of it no more. Oh, if my Creator had made *me* like that! If I could forget the days we spent together, and the dream I dreamed!"

That never-to-be-forgotten vision came back to Diana Paget as she sat at her work; and for a few minutes the clicking sound of the beads ceased, while she waited with clasped hands until the shadows should have passed before her eyes. The old dream came back to her like a picture, bright with color and light. But the airy habitation which she had built for herself of old was no "palace lifting to Italian heavens its marble roof." It was only a commonplace lodging in a street running out of the Strand, with just a peep of the river from a trim little balcony. An airy second-floor sitting-room, with engraved portraits of the great writers on the newly-papered walls: on one side an office-desk, on the other a work-table. The unpretending shelter of a newspaper hack, who lives *à jour la journée*, and whose wife must achieve wonders in the way of domestic economy in order to eke out his modest earnings.

This was Diana Paget's vision of Paradise, and it seemed only the brighter now that she felt it was never to be any thing more than a supernal picture painted on her brain.

After sitting silent for some little time, eager to talk, but waiting to be interrogated, Charlotte was fain to break silence.

"You don't ask me whether I enjoyed myself in Yorkshire, Di," she said, looking shyly down at the little bunch of charms and lockets which employed her restless fingers.

"Didn't I, really?" replied Diana, languidly; "I thought that was one of the stereotyped inquiries one always made."

"I hope you wouldn't make stereotyped inquiries of *me*, Diana."

"No, I ought not to do so. But I think there are times when one is artificial even with one's best friends. And you are my best friend, Charlotte. I may as well say my only friend," the girl added, with a laugh.

"Diana," cried Charlotte, reproachfully, "why do you speak so bitterly? You know how dearly I love you. I do indeed, dear. There is scarcely any thing in this world I would not do for you. But I am not your only friend. There is Mr. Hawkehurst, whom you have known so long."

Miss Halliday's face was in a flame; and although she bent very low to examine the golden trumpery hanging to her watch-chain she could not conceal her blushes from the eyes that were so sharpened by jealousy.

"Mr. Hawkehurst!" cried Diana, with unspeakable contempt. "If I were drowning, do you think *he* would stretch out his hand to save me while you were within his sight? When he comes to this house—he who has seen so much poverty, and misery, and shame, and—happiness with me and mine—do you think he so much as remembers my existence? Do you think he ever stops to consider whether I am that Diana Paget who was once his friend and confidante and fellow-wayfarer and companion? or only a lay figure dressed up to fill a vacant chair in your drawing-room?"

"Diana!"

"It is all very well to look at me reproachfully, Charlotte. You must know that I am speaking the truth. You talk of friendship. What is that word worth if it does not mean care and thought for another? Do you imagine that Valentine Hawkehurst ever thinks of me, or considers me?"

Charlotte was fain to keep silence. She remembered how very rarely in all those long afternoons at Newhall farm the name of Diana Paget had been mentioned. She remembered how, when she and Valentine were mapping out the future so pleasantly, she had stopped in the midst of an eloquent bit of word-painting descriptive of the little suburban cottage they were to live in, to dispose of Diana's fate in a sentence:

"And dear Di can stop at the Villa to take care of mamma," she had said; whereupon Mr. Hawkehurst had assented with a careless nod, and the description of the ideal cottage had been continued.

Charlotte remembered this now with extreme contrition. She had been so supremely happy, and so selfish in her happiness.

"Oh, Di," she cried, "how selfish happy people are!" And then she stopped in confusion, perceiving that the remark had little relevance to Diana's last observation.

"Valentine shall be your friend, dear," she said, after a pause.

"Oh, you are beginning to answer for him already!" exclaimed Miss Paget, with increasing bitterness.

"Diana, why are you so unkind to me?" Charlotte cried, passionately. "Don't you see that I am longing to confide in you? What is it that makes you so bitter? You must know how truly I love you. And if Mr. Hawkehurst is not what he once was to you, you must remember how cold and distant you always are in your manner to him. I am sure, to hear you speak to him, and to see you look at him sometimes, one would think he was positively hateful to you. And I want you to like him a little for my sake."

Miss Halliday left her seat by the window as she said this, and went toward the table by which her friend was sitting. She crept close to Diana, and with a half-frightened, half-caressing movement, seated herself on the low ottoman at her feet, and, seated thus, possessed herself of Miss Paget's cold hand.

"I want you to like Mr. Hawkehurst a little, Di," she repeated, "for my sake."

"Very well, I will try to like him a little for your sake," answered Miss Paget, in a very unsympathetic tone.

"Oh, Di! tell me how it was he offended you."

"Who told you that he offended me?"

"Your own manner, dear. You could never have been so cold and distant with him, having known him so long, and endured so many troubles in his company, if you had not been deeply offended by him."

"That is your idea, Charlotte: but you see I am very unlike you. I am fitful and capricious. I used to like Mr. Hawkehurst, and now I dislike him. As to offense, his whole life has offended me; just as my father's life has offended me from first to last. I am not good, and amiable, and loving like you; but I hate deceptions and lies—above all, the lies that some men traffic in day after day."

"Was Valentine's—was your father's life a very bad one?" Charlotte asked, trembling palpably, and looking up at Miss Paget's face with anxious eyes.

"Yes, it was a mean, false life; a life of trick and artifice. I do not know the details of the schemes by which my father and Valentine earned their daily bread, and my daily bread, but I know they inflicted loss upon other people. Whether the wrong done was always done deliberately and consciously upon Valentine's part I can not say. He may have been only a tool of my father's. I hope he was, for the most part, an unconscious tool."

She said all this in a dreamy way, as if uttering her own thoughts rather than seeking to enlighten Charlotte.

"I am sure he was an unconscious tool," cried that young lady, with an air of conviction; "it is not in his nature to do any thing false or dishonorable."

"Indeed! you know him very well, it seems," said Diana.

Ah, what a tempest was raging in that proud, passionate heart! what a strife between the powers of good and evil! Pitying love for Charlotte; tender compassion for her rival's childlike helplessness; and unutterable sense of her own loss.

She had loved him so dearly, and he was taken from her. There had been a time when he almost loved her—almost! Yes, it was the remembrance of that which made the trial so bitter. The cup had approached her lips only to be dashed away forever.

"What did I ask in life except his love?" she said to herself. "Of all the pleasures and triumphs which girls of my age enjoy, is there one that I ever envied? No, I only sighed for his love. To live in a lodging-house parlor with him, to sit by and watch him at his work, to drudge for him, to bear with him—this was my brightest dream of earthly bliss; and she has broken it!"

It was thus Diana argued with herself, as she sat looking down at the bright creature who had done her this worst, last wrong which one woman can do to another. This passionate heart, which ached with such cruel pain, was prone to evil, and to-day the scorpion Jealousy was digging his sharp tooth into its very core. It was not possible for Diana Paget to feel kindly disposed toward the girl whose unconscious hand had shattered the airy castle of her dreams. Was it not a hard thing that the bright creature, whom every one was ready to adore, must needs steal away this one heart?

"It has always been like this," thought Diana. "The story of David and Nathan is a parable that is perpetually being illustrated. David is so rich—he is lord of incalculable flocks and herds; but he will not be content till he has stolen the one little ewe lamb, the poor man's pet and darling."

"Diana," said Miss Halliday, very softly, "you are so difficult to talk to this morning, and I have so much to say to you."

"About your visit, or about Mr. Hawkehurst?"

"About—Yorkshire," answered Charlotte, with the air of a shy child who has made her appearance at dessert, and is asked whether she will have a pear or a peach.

"About Yorkshire!" repeated Miss Paget, with a little sigh of relief. "I shall be very glad to hear about your Yorkshire friends. Was the visit a pleasant one?"

"Very, very pleasant!" answered Charlotte, dwelling tenderly on the words.

"How sentimental you have grown, Lotta! I think you must have found a forgotten shelf of Minerva Press novels in some cupboard at your aunt's. You have lost all your vivacity."

"Have I?" murmured Charlotte; "and yet I am happier than I was when I went away. Whom do you think I met at Newhall, Di?"

"I have not the slightest idea. My notions of Yorkshire are very vague. I fancy the people amiable savages; just a little in advance of the ancient Britons whom Julius Cæsar came over to conquer. Who did you meet there? Some country squire, I suppose, who fell in love with your bright eyes, and wished you to waste the rest of your existence in those Northern wilds."

Miss Paget was not a woman to bare her wounds for the scrutiny of the friendliest eyes. Let the tooth of the serpent bite never so keenly, she could meet her sorrows with a bold front. Was she not accustomed to suffer—she, the scape-goat of defrauded nurses and indignant landladies, the dependent and drudge of her kinswoman's gynæceum, the despised of her father? The flavor of these waters was very familiar to her lips. The draught was only a little more acrid, a little deeper, and habit had enabled her to drain the cup without complaining, if not in a spirit of resignation. To-day she had been betrayed into a brief outbreak of passion; but the storm had passed, and a more observant person than Charlotte might have been deceived by her manner.

"Now you are my own Di again," cried Miss Halliday; "somewhat cynical at the best of times, but always candid and true."

Miss Paget winced ever so little as her friend said this.

"No, dear," continued Charlotte, with the faintest spice of coquetry; "it was not a Yorkshire squire. It was a person you know very well; a person we have been talking of this morning. Oh, Di, you must surely have understood me when I said I wanted you to like him for my sake!"

"Valentine Hawkehurst!" exclaimed Diana.

"Who else, you dear, obtuse Di!"

"He was in Yorkshire?"

"Yes, dear. It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened. He marched up to Newhall gate one morning in the course of his rambles, without having the least idea that I was to be found in the neighborhood. Wasn't it wonderful?"

"What could have taken him to Yorkshire?"

"He came on business."

"But what business?"

"How do I know? Some business of papa's, or of George Sheldon's, perhaps. And yet that can't be. He is writing a book, I think, about geology or archæology—yes, that's it, archæology."

"Valentine Hawkehurst writing a book on archæology!" cried Miss Paget. "You must be dreaming, Charlotte."

"Why so? He does write, does he not?"

"He has been reporter for a newspaper. But he is the last person to write about archæology. I think there must be some mistake."

"Well, dear, it may be so. I didn't pay much attention to what he said about business. It seemed so strange for him to be there, just as much at home as if he had been one of the family. Oh, Di, you can't imagine how kind aunt Dorothy and uncle Joe were to him! They like him so much—and they know we are engaged."

Miss Halliday said these last words almost in a whisper.

"What!" exclaimed Diana, "do you mean to say that you have promised to marry this man, of whom you know nothing but what is unfavorable?"

"What do I know in his disfavor? Ah, Diana, how unkind you are! and what a dislike you must have for poor Valentine! Of course, I know he is not what people call a good match. A good match means that one is to have a pair of horses, whose health is so uncertain that I am sure their lives must be a burden to them, if we may judge by our horses; and a great many servants, who are always conducting themselves in the most awful manner, if poor mamma's experience is any criterion; and a big expensive house, which nobody can be prevailed on to dust. No, Di; *that* is just the kind of life I hate. What I should like is a dear little cottage at Highgate or Wimbledon, and a tiny, tiny garden, in which Valentine and I could walk every morning before he began his day's work, and where we could drink tea together on summer evenings—a garden just large enough to grow a few rose-bushes. Oh, Di! do you think I want to marry a rich man?"

"No, Charlotte; but I should think you would like to marry a good man."

"Valentine is good. No one but a good man could have been so happy as he seemed at Newhall farm. That simple country life could not have been happiness for a bad man."

"And was Valentine Hawkehurst really happy at Newhall?"

"Really—really—really! Don't try to shake my faith in him, Diana; it is not to be shaken. He has told me a little about the past, though I can see that it pains him very much to speak of it. He has told me of his friendless youth, spent among unprincipled people, and what a mere waif and stray he was until he met me. And I am to be his pole-star, dear, to guide him in the right path. Do you know, Di, I can not picture to myself any thing sweeter than that—to be a good influence for the person one loves. Valentine says his whole nature has undergone a change since he has known me. What am I that I should work so good a change in my dear one? It is very foolish, is it not, Di?"

"Yes, Charlotte," replied the voice of reason from the lips of Miss Paget, "it is all foolishness from beginning to end, and I can foresee nothing but trouble as the result of such folly. What will your mamma say to such an engagement? or what will Mr. Sheldon say?"

"Yes, that is the question," returned Charlotte, very seriously. "Dear mamma is one of the kindest creatures in the world, and I'm sure she would consent to any thing rather than see me unhappy. And then, you know, she likes Valentine very much, because he has given her orders for the theatres, and all that kind of thing. But, whatever mamma thinks, she will be governed by what Mr. Sheldon thinks; and of course he will be against our marriage."

"Our marriage!" It was a settled matter, then—a thing that was to be sooner or later; and there remained only the question as to how and when it was to be. Diana sat like a statue, enduring her pain. So may have suffered the Christian martyrs in their death-agony; so suffers a woman when the one dear hope of her life is reft from her, and she dare not cry aloud.

"Mr. Sheldon is the last man in the world to permit such a marriage," she said presently.

"Perhaps," replied Charlotte; "but I am not going to sacrifice Valentine for Mr. Sheldon's pleasure. Mr. Sheldon has full power over mamma and her fortune, but he has no real authority where I am concerned. I am as free as air, Diana, and I have not a penny in the world. Is not that delightful?"

The girl asked this question in all good faith, looking up at her friend with a radiant countenance. What irony there was in the question for Diana Paget, whose whole existence had been poisoned by the lack of that sterling coin of the realm which seemed such sordid dross in the eyes of Charlotte!

"What do you mean, Charlotte?"

"I mean that even his worst enemies can not accuse Valentine of any mercenary feeling. He does not ask me to marry him for the sake of my fortune."

"Does he know your real position?"

"Most fully. And now, Diana, tell me that you will try to like him for my sake; and that

you will be kind, and will speak a good word for me to mamma by-and-by when I have told her all."

"When do you mean to tell her?"

"Directly, or almost directly. I scarcely know how to set about it. I am sure it has been hard enough to tell you."

"My poor Charlotte! What an ungrateful wretch I must be!"

"My dear Diana, you have no reason to be grateful. I love you very dearly, and I could not live in this house without you. It is I who have reason to be grateful when I remember how you bear with mamma's fidgety ways, and with Mr. Sheldon's gloomy temper, and all for love of me."

"Yes, Lotta, for love of you," Miss Paget answered with a sigh; "and I will do more than that for love of you."

She had her arm round her happy rival's beautiful head, and she was looking down at the sweet upturned face with supreme tenderness. She felt no anger against this fair enslaver, who had robbed her of her little ewe lamb. She only felt some touch of anger against the Providence which had decreed that the lamb should be so taken.

No suspicion of her friend's secret entered Charlotte Halliday's mind. In all their intercourse Diana had spoken very little of Valentine; and in the little she had said there had been always the same half-bitter, half-disdainful tone. Charlotte in her simple candor accepted this tone as the evidence of Miss Paget's aversion to her father's protégé.

"Poor Di does not like to see her father give so much of his friendship to a stranger while she is neglected," thought Miss Halliday; and having once jumped at this conclusion, she made no further effort to penetrate the mysteries of Diana's mind.

She was less than ever inclined to speculation about Diana's feelings now that she was in love, and blessed with the sweet consciousness that her love was returned. Tender and affectionate as she was, she could not quite escape that taint of egotism which is the ruling vice of fortunate lovers. Her mind was not wide enough to hold much more than that one image, which demanded so much space.

## AFTER DEATH.

The curtains were half drawn, the floor was swept
  And strewn with rushes, rosemary and may
  Lay thick upon the bed on which I lay,
Where through the lattice ivy-shadows crept.
He leaned above me, thinking that I slept
  And could not hear him; but I heard him say:
  "Poor child, poor child!" and as he turned away
Came a deep silence, and I knew he wept.
He did not touch the shroud, or raise the fold
  That hid my face, or take my hand in his,
    Or ruffle the smooth pillows for my head:
    He did not love me living; but once dead
  He pitied me; and very sweet it is
To know he still is warm though I am cold.

## BULLET MARKS.

I had a sort of second cousin, Gerald Ashton, who had been brought up with myself and my sister, my father being his guardian.

We had all been like brothers and sister, when one day he woke up to find he could not live without a nearer relationship to her. He spoke to the old gentleman, and there was a little family fracas.

He had only a hundred a year, and my father did not think that was enough, though Gerald did; there was no objection at all in other respects—let him earn some more and they would see—wait a little—you know the kind of thing an old gentleman would say. Well, it was of no use. He said he felt himself a burden; there was no scope for his energies, and he would go—and go he did.

I urged upon him that he should get something to do. He had been well educated, and a clerkship, or something of the kind, could be got for him if he still resolved not to go on at the hospital.

No—he would go. There was only one thing he did do well, that was shoot; and he would carry his abilities to a market where they would be appreciated. And so, at the mature age of twenty-two, he left us, his profession, his home, and his prospects.

He disappeared, and six months after we heard he was with the 40th Dragoons, in India.

We wrote and offered to buy his discharge, but he would "have none of us." He liked it very well: was already corporal; expected the three stripes soon; and was "Gentleman Jack" with his comrades.

Some six months after this I was sent out to India with a company; and as my sister was getting thin, and showing other signs of the desirability of a sea-voyage, and of a warm climate, it was agreed I should take her over.

We reached Calcutta, and in a few weeks settled down.

There was war going on, and I was placed in charge of one of the chief dépôts for small-arms and ammunition, besides having my regular duties with the company.

One day I was down at the store, when my sister arrived, pale and breathless.

"Look, Charles, poor Gerald's in dreadful trouble."

I put her into an office chair, and took the newspaper, and read:

"Yesterday evening as an officer of the 40th Dragoon Guards was returning to camp he was shot at from behind a clump of bushes; the bullet struck him in the thigh and lodged in the saddle. Although wounded so severely he had sufficient presence of mind to ride straight to the bushes, and there found one of his own men, a corporal of the troop, nicknamed 'Gentleman Jack' by his comrades, whose rifle was still smoking from the discharge. Fortunately, at this moment, the guard arrived, and the man was at once arrested. A court-martial will, of course, be held at once, and, although the man has previously borne a good character and is reported to be respectably connected, it is to be hoped he will receive the proper reward for so abominable a crime."

"Oh," I said, "this is all nonsense. Gerald's no murderer, or else he's very much changed. I'll see what they say at head-quarters."

"Do, for God's sake, go! If any thing happened to Gerald I should never forgive myself, for if I had run away with him when papa was so cruel he never would have enlisted at all."

"Don't talk nonsense, Maggie, but go home, and I'll come with the telegraph news."

I went to head-quarters; they gave me permission to use the telegraph for a question or two. The report was not encouraging.

It was our Gerald—the officer had seen the flash and heard the report—an extremely loud report, as if there had been two charges of powder in the carbine.

The bullet was found in the saddle, and one cartridge was missing from his twenty rounds. Court-martial had declared him guilty, and the general's confirmation of the sentence had just arrived. Fifty lashes in the camp-square, and four years' imprisonment in the civil jail. Sentence to be carried out on the 12th. Every body very sorry, but quite convinced he had tried to murder his superior officer. No one could understand with what motive.

I did not know what to think; there was more evidence forthcoming in a day or two, when we had the papers.

His statement in defense was, that he had just been returning from guard, when he remembered that he had forgotten to bring in a book one of the officers had asked him to bring in from the town, some three miles distant. Without stopping to think, he walked off at once, got the book, and was within half a mile of the camp, when he fancied he saw a tiger. He got behind the bushes to watch, and saw one making for the distant camp. Anxious to secure the prize, he incautiously broke open one of his packages and loaded to have a shot at it. He had covered the beast, and was firing at the tiger, when he heard another report simultaneously with that of his own carbine. He saw the tiger roll right over as if shot, and then bound away. In another instant the officer came round the tope bleeding, and ordered him into arrest. He was quite sure that he hit the tiger, and equally sure that another rifle was fired at the same moment that he pulled the trigger.

Of course such a lame statement had no effect, and he was sentenced.

I could not help thinking that there was a flaw in the evidence. How was it if there was, as agreed, a loud report—which meant a full charge of powder—that the bullet stopped at the saddle instead of going through both saddle and horse. That was a great discrepancy—a full charge would have made a loud report, and sent it right through any thing at a distance of 200 yards. I felt there was something wrong, and made up my mind to go on the spot. I had but six days to go in, but much might be done. Margaret insisted on going with me in spite of all I could do to keep her away.

"Have I not done all you wished me to do since we have been out here? Do, for Heaven's sake, let me have my way in this!"

So we went up the country in post haste.

I was, of course, as one of the staff, admitted to see poor Gerald, whom I found terribly cut up.

"I don't mind the imprisonment; it's the disgrace! The lashes! By George! I shall kill myself directly I get loose after it: I know I shall."

"No, no," said Maggie; "don't, for my sake. Oh, Gerald! if you knew how I have suffered for weeks past, you would live for my sake. I do not care about the brand of the lashes. I know you are innocent, and that there has been some horrible blunder committed in this matter. Oh, Willie, dear, do think of something to save him!"

"Oh, do; there's a good fellow! get me some stuff that will make an end of me."

"Don't talk like that, Gerald; there's some infernal mistake in it. Don't despair yet. Let's go over the ground again, step by step," and I made him tell me the whole story over again.

"It seems to me, Gerald, we want not a few things to show you are not guilty. We want the tiger you shot at, and that we sha'n't get; and we want the clew to the mystery of the other rifle."

"Oh, I've thought of it all till I'm sick. I don't care what happens now. I'll wait till the day before it's to come off, and then break my head against the walls."

"Don't be a fool, Gerald! I'm sure you are innocent. So is Margaret."

"Yes, so are a hundred others; but it's all no use. In three days I am disgraced for life, if I live."

"Well, I must leave you now, and see what I can do."

"Let me have five minutes with Maggie, will you?"

I left them alone for some ten minutes, and then told Maggie she must go home with me.

I was beaten; I could not see how I could get any fresh evidence, and without that a reprieve—a postponement—was impossible.

I went to the wounded officer, the captain of his own company, and got him to tell his own story; it was just the same thing over again—always the exceedingly loud report, and the fouled and still smoking carbine.

"I would," said the captain, "have given the price of my commission rather than have had it happen. He's as fine a fellow as ever sat a horse; brave, kind, and as thorough a gentleman as the colonel himself; I always made him my orderly when I could, so as to have company. I declare to you that I did my best at the court-martial for him, and got into disgrace with the general presiding for 'coloring my statements'—that was his expression—so as to favor the prisoner. I almost sniveled when I heard the sentence, as if he had been my own brother. The men are mad about it; there has not been a lash or public punishment of any kind in the regiment for the last twenty-five years."

I hardly knew how to pass the time. I tried to think, but my ideas only traveled in the same old grooves again.

I invited the assistant-surgeon to come up to my quarters, and introduced him to my sister. He was quite a young fellow, and seemed quite flattered by my simple attention, for in the army they have not quite made up their minds whether a medical officer should be treated as a gentleman; but the strangest thing I ever saw in my life was my sister's conduct. She laid herself out to please him to an extent I never should have thought my dear, grave Maggie capable of; sang to him, played to him, and made eyes at him till I thought her brain was turned. She said she should so like to see his quarters; asked him to ask us to lunch, and shut me up like a rat-trap when I ventured to hint that it might not be convenient.

Well, he went away at last as mad as she. I spoke to her after he was gone, and she fell into my arms, sobbing as if her heart was breaking, and then, without a word of explanation, ran out of the room.

Next day we went to his quarters, and nothing would satisfy her but that he should mix up some medicine for her out of the bottles of his little traveling-case. There she was, handling, and sniffing, and tasting every thing, like a child of ten rather than a girl of eighteen. She sent him about the room, made him bring books from the opposite side of it so that she might read about the properties of the drugs, and, in short, behaved so like a lunatic that I thought the trouble about Gerald must have affected her mind. I got her away at last, and intended to insist on her remaining in the house and putting some ice to her head. It was quite unnecessary; the minute we left the surgery she was calm and silent as a nun.

Well, the days passed in some sort of dreary fashion till the evening of the 11th. I had been asked during the day to go down with the officers to see some rifle practice, at some temporary marks, and I went down.

It was rather late when I rode up to the firing point, and they were just leaving off; and one of them came up and said,

"I say, captain, tell us the cause of these new bullets turning inside out?" and he handed me a bullet reversed.

"You see, when the point of the bullet strikes the target, part of the lead is melted by the development of heat caused by the sudden arrest of the bullet's motion and goes off in the splash, the rest of the bullet is softened by the heat; and inasmuch as the parts must stop in their order of succession, the edge of the cup of the bullet is driven in level with the base of the cup."

I had taken it just to explain the matter to him; but as I spoke a thought struck my mind like a flash of lightning.

"Saved!" I exclaimed. "Who's got that bullet out of the saddle?"

"What bullet?"

"Gerald's—my cousin's."

"Oh! 'Gentleman Jack's' affair. The doctor's got it."

"Where is he?"

"Don't know—quarters, I think."

"No, he's come into town; I saw him on the road as we came by."

I sped on into the town, leaving them to think what they pleased; and spent more than two hours finding the doctor. At last I caught him.

In another minute we were riding full gallop to his quarters.

He had the bullet—a little bruised and singularly flattened and blunted at the point—it must have been just spent when it struck.

I then went to the sergeant who had charge of the nineteen rounds of ammunition that were found in Gerald's pouch. About midnight I contrived to find him, and after some little delay I got possession of them.

I then returned to the doctor and we compared the nineteen bullets with the one found in the saddle. I then ran to the telegraph clerk, roused him out of bed, and told him to telegraph to the head-quarters in Calcutta to my lieutenant in charge of the magazines.

After an hour's waiting, ringing at the bell, an answer came that the night-watchman would fetch the lieutenant. I then sent message No. 1.

"Examine the books and see the date on which the last ammunition was sent for the use of the 40th Dragoons; find the same parcel and carefully remove one cartridge from each of twenty packets, selected at random; take out bullets and remove plugs; and send No. in base of cup of bullets."

The answer came back that he understood, and would rouse up the people to do it.

After an hour and a half the answer came back:

"All the bullets are numbered 5, with a dot on the right."

I then sent message No. 2:

"Examine what cartridges bear the No. 2 with a dot on the left and report to whom issued, and when—report quickly—a man's life depends on speed."

Again I waited another hour. No answer came.

It was getting late—half past two; at four the parade would take place. I urged more speed.

The reply came:

"We have ten men at work breaking open barrels, and searching. No No. 2 yet found."

At last it came:

"One barrel No. 2 in store; the rest of same shipment was damaged and useless, and sold in bulk to native dealers for value as old metal at one of the clearance sales some time ago."

I had learned all I could. I spurred back to camp with the bullets, from which I had never parted, in my pouch. I shall never forget the scene.

In the middle of the camp the men were drawn up in three sides of a square; in the centre of the square were the triangles, with Gerald lashed to them. I saw them as I came down the hill take off his jacket and lash his wrists. I sped on. I could see the old colonel, with the paper in his hand, standing alone, and then I saw nothing more, for a dip in the road concealed them; as I rose again to the crest at less than a quarter of a mile, I saw a woman rush in from between the ranks toward the triangles, holding something in her hand. I darted on, and rushed into the square, but just in time to seize the farrier's arm, as the lash was descending, and to see that the woman was my sister, and that she was being led away between two sergeants.

"Stop, colonel, for the love of God!" I cried, with my hand still grasping the farrier's arm; "I have evidence to prove the man not guilty."

I then showed the colonel the bullet that had come from the saddle and the others from the pouch, and pointed out to him that while one was marked No. 2, the others were all marked No. 5, with a dot. I assured him, on my honor as an officer and a gentleman, that it was almost impossible that a No. 2 bullet could by any chance get into a packet of No. 5 bullets. He was only too glad to hear me, and agreed to postpone the execution of the sentence till further orders from the general of his division.

I've heard some shouts, and I've seen some displays of enthusiasm in my time, but I never shall forget the shout that rose the minute that the colonel had pronounced that the execution of the sentence on Corporal Ashton would be postponed until further orders.

The men had been standing at "attention," many of them with the tears rolling down their cheeks, but when they heard "postponed," they broke ranks, rushed up to the triangles, cut the lashings, broke the cat, screamed, shouted, danced like madmen.

"Three cheers for 'Gentleman Jack' and his wife! Again! again, boys!"

Officers and all joined in for a few minutes. There stood the old gray-headed colonel in the midst of a scene that out-bedlamed Bedlam.

As for me I was like a man in a dream: I felt a hundred hands grasping mine. I had my sister sobbing in my arms, and then I heard the colonel say to the bugler, "Sound the assembly."

What a change! in less than a minute I stood by the fallen triangles in the centre of three lines of living statues. Not a sound; not a movement.

"Major Jackson, re-form your column and break off the men," said the colonel; and then walked away with myself and my sister.

My sister had promised Gerald that he should not suffer the disgrace of the lash; and had, during the hour I thought she was fooling with the doctor, managed to get hold of his bottle of prussic acid, and had rushed out with half of it for him and half for herself; and her appearance had so thoroughly surprised every one that she had reached the triangles, and almost raised it to his lips, when the doctor, recognizing his own blue bottle, struck her hand a violent blow, and dashed it on to the ground, besides disabling her from getting her own share.

I don't think the general of the division would have been satisfied with that evidence alone, and so we went about to hunt for more. I begged that, as we had found so much, Gerald might be permitted to accompany a party of search, under a guard, to find the missing tiger.

We went there, Maggie insisted on joining us. All the officers off duty went, and about half the men.

Gerald then pointed out the spot where he had stood, and where he shot the tiger; and from that point we started, crossing and recrossing, till there could not have been any thing as large as a half-crown that could be hidden.

Maggie and I were riding in front of the line, when Maggie exclaimed,

"What a horrible smell comes from that copse!"

"I don't smell any thing, Mag."

"You've lived here so long that you've no sense of smell left."

Of course as Maggie was with us, Blinkers, her dog, was there too. Blinkers advanced to the copse—paused—and rushed underneath the grass, barking as if infuriated.

"There's something in there, Willie."

Some of the others coming up, we pushed our way into the depths, guided by the frantic bark of Blinkers, and, after being much scratched and torn, found ourselves in the centre of a trampled circle of jungle-grass, with the half-devoured remains of a large tiger.

The doctor was sent for, and the wound discovered: the beast had evidently been lamed, the bullet breaking the fore-leg. It was also evident that, wounded as it was, it had lingered on till it was mere skin and bone, and had died only within the last few days. Assisted by some natives, the good-natured doctor commenced the horrible task of searching for the bullet, and, after half an hour's labor, the most disgusting he had ever undergone, it was found flattened against the large bone of the hind-leg, and handed to me.

Never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I saw on the rescued bullet the No. 5, with a dot as fresh and clear as if it had just come from the pressing-machine.

Great was the rejoicing that night in the camp of the 40th. Blue fires were burned, the band came and serenaded Maggie. The whole of the officers, including the old colonel, came as to a levee; but still I felt there was one thing more to be found out. How did the No. 2 bullet get into the saddle?

At length I inquired whether any of the officers missed any of their arms. Curiously enough, the only missing arm was a gun belonging to the wounded captain. I asked, did he remember the size. He did. It was just a shade smaller than the bore of the regimental carbines. You could get a government bullet down by a good deal of hammering.

I now propounded my theory, that the bullet No. 2 had been fired from the captain's missing rifle, for the point of the bullet was marked with rings, and considerably flattened. Now there was nothing in the flesh and nothing in the saddle to produce these marks, and they must therefore have been made before firing.

I then proposed that a full search should be made with dogs, for at least two miles round, from where the shot was fired, to see if any traces could be found of either the man or the gun.

We made the most careful search; presently I came to a stone on the road itself, marked in a most peculiar manner.

"What's the cause of these marks?" said I to the farrier of the troop, who had volunteered to help, and who said he never felt more grateful to any one in all his life than he did to me for squeezing his wrist so hard that day.

"What's the cause? It's been used as a hammer for something—a nail in a shoe."

"Nail-heads are square."

"True for you—these are round."

"Do you think a ramrod would make these marks?"

"It just would. Somebody's been driving down a hard bullet with it."

"So I think. Now take this stone and throw it straight over that gap into the middle of the copse, and I'll mark where it seems to fall."

He threw it, and marking the spot, we found our way into the jungle; and there, within a few yards of the stone, under the long leaves, we found what we sought—the remains of a native, stripped entirely of flesh and skin except on the hands and feet, and with a great gaping wound in the skull; and in the inside, which the ants had perfectly cleaned out, was a large piece of the breech of the burst gun that he had by his side.

The whole evidence was there; two empty cartridge-cases; another No. 2 bullet; eight untouched cartridges. It was clear enough that the man, whoever he was, had taken the captain's gun, and putting in two charges of powder, rammed down the too large bullet with the blows of the stone on the now bruised end of the ramrod; and the loud report that all the witnesses spoke of was as loud as the simultaneous report of the discharge of three charges of powder could make it. While the want of force in the bullet was accounted for by the bursting of the gun.

We took home the skull, and the burst rifle, and the cartridge-cases, together with some remnants of clothing; and we there found out the intended murderer to have been one of the syces, or grooms of the captain, that he had horsewhipped a month before for ill-using a horse of which he had charge.

Of course there was a new trial ordered; and, as the evidence was unquestionable, Gerald was discharged.

He and his comrades managed matters among them so well, that at the first parade of the regiment, in Calcutta, some six months afterward, the old colonel presented to the men a new officer, Captain Ashton, adding, "If he makes half as good an officer as he did a soldier there will not be a better in Her Majesty's service."

As for Maggie, I've just sent a little case, lined with velvet, and something inside engraved—"William Gerald Ashton, from his affectionate uncle."

HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE REBEL SOLDIERS, May 31, 1867.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 526.]

## THE LATE DOCTOR ANTHON.

CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in Columbia College, one of the most distinguished scholars and successful teachers in our country, who has by his various publications contributed more than any other to introduce among us the rich treasures of German classical learning, and who is more widely known in Europe than any other American commentator on classical authors, died at his residence in New York City on Monday, July 29, in the seventieth year of his age.

Professor ANTHON was born in the city of New York in 1797. His father, Dr. G. C. ANTHON, a native of Germany, was in the service of the British Government in various medical capacities, and finally as Surgeon-General of the garrison at Detroit (now metropolis of Michigan), from the commencement of the French war until about 1788, when he resigned his commission, removed to the city of New York, and attached himself to the fortunes of the new Republic. In that city he pursued his profession with great ability and success, until his death in 1814, at the advanced age of 83 years. The subject of this article, the fourth of six sons, having received the best education which the schools of that day afforded, in 1811 entered Columbia College, the institution to which he was so long attached, and on which he reflected so much honor. His under-graduate career was signally marked by diligence and scholarship, and he speedily became "facillime princeps" of a large class distinguished for its merit, and so continued throughout his college course.

The usage of the college at that time (which, however, has been since abandoned) honored the principal scholar by withdrawing him from competition, and, in thus announcing him "emeritus," stamped upon him the highest mark of her approbation. This very enviable distinction he reached at an early period, and graduated with it in 1815. His thesis at the public Commencement, when he received his first degree, A.B., was a learned and classical effort, highly honorable to him and to his alma mater.

Having left his college with all the honors she could bestow upon him, the next care of his friends was to guide him to a profession where his acquirements might be most useful to him and to the community. The profession of the law at that time held forth the strongest inducements to educated and ambitious minds, and he, after due consideration, determined to commence the study of the law. For this purpose in 1815 he entered the office of his brother, Mr. JOHN ANTHON, who had also graduated with distinguished scholarship at the same college, and who still retained an ardent attachment to classical studies. From him the first injunction he received, and to which he religiously adhered, related to his triumphant collegiate course, and required of him a daily attention to his classics: "Nulla dies sine linea" became the guiding maxim of his actions, and led him, during the career of his legal studies, to a maturity of scholarship seldom found among the followers of CÔKE even in the palmy days of the law. This advice, thus followed, marks one important period in Dr. ANTHON's history. It is worthy of remark that to the same adviser he is indebted for his entrance on another truly important field, thus marking in his course a second era. During his clerkship an eminent Lutheran clergyman, Dr. SCHAEFFER, having announced his intention to form a class for instruction in the German language, his brother strenuously and successfully urged him to avail himself of the opportunity, and add this to his other treasures. He became an excellent German scholar, and his precise and extensive knowledge of that valuable language enabled him with great success to unlock and disseminate the classical treasures it contains. The uses which Dr. ANTHON has since made of this language were not at that time contemplated either by him or his adviser; for, in truth, the scholars of Germany had not as yet invested their country with the bright halo they have since cast around her. The advice had more immediate reference to his professional advancement among the countrymen of his father, a body of citizens at that early time of great wealth and respectability, and very rapidly increasing in numbers.

In 1819 Mr. ANTHON was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and practiced his profession for some time with as much success as usually attends the early efforts of the barrister. We have reason to know that, when now left to his own control, the mighty masters of ancient lore continued to receive his daily devotions; and thus, at a time when the learning of the college is felt by the larger portion of graduates only in its humanizing effects, and when its special beauties by neglect have become dim, it shone in the subject of this article with increased splendor. Hence, when the trustees of Columbia College were seeking for a ripe scholar to assist the Professor of the Humanities in that institution, all eyes were turned to the young lawyer, and he received an unexpected and unanimous call to leave his profession and devote himself to a literary career. This offer found him with his classical learning bright from continued use, and with all his predilections running warmly and enthusiastically in that direction. After maturely weighing the subject, and advising with his earliest friend, he accepted the call, and was unanimously elected Adjunct Professor of Languages in Columbia College in 1820, and fondly bade adieu to Themis and the "fori strepitus." In 1830 he received the title and dignity of "Jay Professor," a title introduced in honor of JOHN JAY, the first and distinguished Governor of the State of New York; and in the same year was appointed rector of the College Grammar School, which, under his able and efficient supervision, increased in numbers from about 30 to nearly 300 pupils. At the annual Commencement in 1831 his college conferred upon Professor ANTHON the degree of LL.D.; and in 1835, upon the resignation of Professor MOORE, he was advanced to the position filled for many years by that gentleman, of Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages. In the year 1857, on the removal of the college from Park Place to its present location on Forty-ninth Street and Fourth Avenue, numerous changes were made in the distribution of the studies in the several departments, with an increase of instructors. A division was made of the principal chairs: the Professorship of Greek and Latin was divided into two distinct chairs; Dr. ANTHON preferred the department of Greek, which he filled to the time of his death.

Dr. ANTHON was unquestionably one of the first classical scholars of his age and country, and was the first native American who furnished text-books in the classics for the schools of the Old World. The general adoption of his works in the leading seminaries of Europe has made his name as familiar as household words to the students of the nineteenth century. The catalogue of his publications at the end of this article will show as well his classical attainments as his untiring and Herculean industry. His minute and copious annotations at first encountered some opposition, but so little effectual has been the force of prejudice, and so generally acceptable, both at home and abroad, have the Professor's comments approved themselves that many, even of those who at first were loudest in their denunciations of the system thus introduced, have been compelled, by the positive advantages and rich results of this same system, to adopt as far as possible a similar fullness of annotation in their own publications.

It is not believed that the subject of this article has ventured much into the field of general literature. The elegant and instructive dialogues prefixed to several of the works edited by him, cause a sincere regret that this field had not been more extensively cultivated by him. A classical biography from the same pen, and in this lively and interesting form, would have been a contribution of inestimable value to the literature of his country.

THE LATE CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Professor ANTHON's literary activity early displayed itself. Soon after his appointment to the adjunct professorship he undertook the preparation of a new edition of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. This work, which, under an alphabetical arrangement, contained a summary of Greek and Roman biography, mythology, and geography, though useful in design was very defective in execution, especially in the department of ancient geography. To the correction, enlargement, and improvement of this work Dr. ANTHON applied himself with such vigor and perseverance, and with such success, that his labors were speedily reproduced in England, and there, as well as here, have since enjoyed the highest consideration as an excellent condensation of the most valuable labors of the scholars who have written on the various subjects comprised in that work. It is certainly highly creditable to Dr. ANTHON, a native-born American, and whose life was spent in his native city, that he was able, by his own unaided efforts, to produce a manual involving the perusal, in part or whole, of several thousand volumes of authors, both ancient and modern, in many different languages, which for nearly twenty years had no rival at all comparable to it in point of accuracy or completeness, until the publication of the Dictionary of Biography and Mythology edited by Dr. SMITH, the combined production of more than thirty eminent German and English scholars. In 1830 appeared the larger edition of Horace, with a very copious and valuable body of annotations, and a learned original essay on the Seres and the silk-trade of the ancients. A small edition of Horace was prepared for the use of schools and colleges from this larger one by Dr. ANTHON, in 1833, which has been republished in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and has gone through a large number of editions in those countries. From this time Dr. ANTHON devoted his talents and great learning to the renovation of our classical school-books. In 1835, in connection with the publishing house of the Messrs. HARPER, he projected a classical series, which should comprise as well the text-books used in academies and schools preparatory to college, as those commonly read in our different colleges and universities.

To the execution of this plan the rest of his literary life was devoted. Though still performing faithfully and vigorously his college duties, as those who had the good fortune to be his pupils can testify; and though, after his two or three hours daily with his college classes, he devoted three hours a day to the grammar-school connected with the same, for many years hearing all the classical recitations of the most advanced class, he yet found or made leisure to publish more than a volume a year for the succeeding thirty years. Such labors were possible only under the conditions of an iron constitution and most systematic habits, and Dr. ANTHON possessed these in a remarkable degree. For years together he never left the city, and often, for several days in succession, his exercise would be a few turns around the college green when evening screened him from the notice of the passers-by. Vacation to him was acceptable, not for the rest and opportunity to travel it afforded, but as allowing him to devote himself more exclusively to his literary labors. In the earlier part of his professional career he was an early riser, but he gradually abandoned the theory and practice of early rising, and, instead, continued his studies till past midnight. With all this, his health was perfect until about three or four years ago, when the first symptoms of failing strength began to show themselves. He gradually remitted his exertions by resigning the rectorship of the Grammar School, and then by discontinuing his editorial labors—thus leaving incomplete several works on which he had been engaged. His guiding maxim had been the faithful performance of duty; and true to this maxim, even when the first attack of the malady which terminated his life fell upon him at his post in his lecture-room, he refused to leave till the day's work was done, though voice and mind both at times failed to perform their wonted office. This first attack occurred at the beginning of the year. The trustees of the College, at their next meeting, voted to the Doctor leave of absence for the ensuing session, and made provision for supplying his place. It was believed that a voyage would benefit him; but Dr. ANTHON had no desire in life beyond his college work, and his only answer, when urged to avail himself of the opportunity thus presented, was: "I shall feel better at my usual employment, in my lecture-room, than any where else." He resumed his duties in February, but continued them only to the end of April, when he was again stricken down, to return no more to the College he had loved so well and served so faithfully.

The decided improvement which has recently been made among us in the preparation of classical school-books, and the renewed attention devoted to the classics themselves, may be attributed, in no slight degree, to his example, and his unwearied exertions in the cause.—Besides the Horace referred to above, Dr. ANTHON has edited, with copious and valuable commentaries, Sallust, Cæsar's Gallic War, Select Orations of Cicero, the Eclogues, Georgics, and Æneid of Virgil, the Germany, Agricola, and Annals of Tacitus, Cornelius Nepos, Select Satires of Juvenal, Select Philosophical Works of Cicero, *e. g.*, Cicero's De Senectute and De Amicitia, Tusculanæ Disputationes, and De Officiis; of Greek authors, Jacob's Greek Reader (selections), Xenophon's Anabasis, and Memorabilia of Socrates, and six books of Homer's Iliad. Besides these he has published various elementary books for the study of the Greek and Latin languages, dictionaries, manuals of antiquity and literature, as Latin Lessons, Latin Prose Composition, Latin Prosody, Latin Versification, a Manual of Roman Antiquities; Greek Lessons, Greek Prose Composition, Greek Prosody, Greek Grammar, a Manual of Greek Antiquities, a Manual of Greek Literature, a Latin-English

and English-Latin Dictionary, and a Manual of Ancient Geography. He also edited, with additions of his own, Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities, Smith's New Classical Dictionary, and Riddle and Arnold's English-Latin Dictionary. His principal work, however, and that on which his reputation for learning and research will mainly rest, is his Classical Dictionary, on which he expended many years of faithful labor. Dr. Anthon was also an occasional contributor to the Reviews and Magazines of the day, but his desire to complete the series which he had projected gradually drew him away from other literary engagements. He has gone from us full of years and full of honors; and yet to hundreds of sorrowing pupils, who knew the vigor of his constitution and his wonderful energy, he will seem to have been taken prematurely.

## HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY AT RICHMOND.

On May 31, 1867, the citizens of Richmond, Virginia, acting under the auspices of the Hollywood Memorial Association, visited *en masse* the cemetery located on James River, near that city, and employed themselves for a day in decorating the graves of the several thousand Confederate soldiers who are buried there. Our engraving on page 524 is an illustration of the scene, drawn on the spot by W. L. Sheppard. The small picture on the left shows the grave of the rebel cavalry leader of the East, J. E. B. Stuart; and in the vault seen on the same side of the engraving reposes the body of the rebel cavalryman of the West, John Morgan, of Kentucky.

This cemetery is now about twenty years old. It was laid out by John Norman, of Philadelphia, in 1847, and was dedicated on June 25, 1849. Since the original purchase about twelve acres have been added, making the whole extent now 54 acres. The whole number of interments to the present time is about thirteen thousand, of whom over one-half were soldiers in the Confederate army. These, with few exceptions, are buried by themselves in a portion of the ground known as the Soldiers' Division.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Now that the Public Schools in our city are enjoying a vacation of comfortable length, a fitting opportunity is given to make such alterations and improvements in school-houses as the laws of health demand. The time has quite gone by—if ever such a time there was—for children to be suffered to breathe compound, concentrated carbonic acid gas five hours a day, their elders expecting all the while that they will grow into energetic men and women. Yet, judging from various recent unofficial investigations, one is forced to believe that oxygen is a rare element in the atmosphere of some of our crowded school-houses.

Many of these buildings, it appears, are constructed without any proper arrangements for ventilation, the windows being often the only medium by which fresh air is admitted. So that much of the time a choice must be made between inhaling poisonous gases and sitting in a current of air, which may bring with it colds, coughs, and consumption. A few items culled from a lengthy article on this subject, which recently appeared in one of our daily journals, will be of interest to our readers:

"Your class-rooms must be very unhealthy," a visitor remarked to the principal of the Boys' Grammar Department in a building where ventilation had not been dreamed of.

"Yes," he replied, "this room was formerly so suffocating that I made strenuous efforts to abate the discomfort. It required six months' complaining to get a window cut through into the assembly-room, and this I only succeeded in by shutting a trustee up in the room and desiring him to remain there five minutes. When he came out he promised that the window should be cut, and it was cut."

By this device the foul air of the class-room escapes into the general assembly-room, instead of finding an external outlet.

In a Primary Department of 1100 children, where not more than 500 should have been, the question was asked: "How do you manage?" "Well," replied the teacher, "we almost hang the children up. An addition is being made, but it is inadequate to our wants, as quite a number of tenement-houses are going up near here, each of which turns out a primary school."

One room in this building is entirely shut off from any communication with the external air; and one hundred children were sealed up in this box.

The following description gives an idea of the condition of certain class-rooms: "On the ground-floor is an unventilated, low, and dingy assembly-room, where 280 children, divided into three classes, recite simultaneously. Back of this are smaller rooms, equally objectionable, one having only one window, which window is a poor apology for the same, being obstructed by a staircase. On the story above the air and arrangements are better, yet so crowded are the rooms that we saw one little girl perched on the stove.

"Does that little girl sit on the stove in winter?" we asked.

"Oh no, then she stands up."

The principal of one Grammar School, in reply to some inquiries made by the visitor, said: "The hour for dismission is 3 o'clock, but it is oftener 4 and 5 o'clock before the girls in this department go home. They are ambitious, and our reputation as teachers depends upon our grades, you know. You are right in finding fault with the ventilation, but in the Primary Department you will find it much worse. I was down there fifteen minutes yesterday, and felt that I had remained fifteen minutes too long."

This teacher was correct. Five hundred and fifty little children were herded together in a space only large enough for two-thirds the number, and the two galleries were not only damp and dark, but in winter very cold, a condition of temperature that precludes the opening of windows. As whatever ventilation there may be comes from below only, the state of these galleries must be poisonous indeed.

Said another teacher, opening a dark, unventilated room, crowded with little helpless children, acquiring disease more rapidly than their spelling lessons, "*This* I call the Black Hole of Calcutta."

Even some of the best school buildings in the city are very deficient in all sanitary requirements. A teacher in one of our first schools, on being asked what was her proportion of absentees on account of sickness, replied: "Fourteen out of forty, and I am often obliged to excuse girls on account of headache caused by the bad air of the class-rooms. Our only means of ventilation is by the windows, so that in winter it is a choice between catching cold and inhaling poison. The girls generally prefer the poison."

A great deal has already been accomplished, by those who have the special charge of such matters, in general improvements in our public schools. While duly grateful for what has been done, we remember the old adage, "Delays are dangerous." Who can tell how many deaths will be the consequence if such crowded, ill-ventilated rooms as have been referred to are occupied, without alteration, another year?

The fashionable summer resorts are gradually filling up. The weather this season has been unusually cool, and many have postponed their ordinary flitting. But hot days must be expected in August; and now pleasure-seekers from all parts of the continent are rusticating among the White Mountains, refreshing themselves in the sparkling surf at Newport and Long Branch, and quaffing the healing waters of Saratoga. Ladies will be interested to know that fashion unbends in *one* place: hair is worn "any how" *on the beach* and *in the waves*; "the oil-skin-covered coiffure and wild-wind-disheveled locks, *à la nature*," are equally stylish. At Saratoga some wear their chignons "stuck on the back of the head, like a door-knob; others wear it on top, like a nine-pin."

A sad and singular death recently occurred in Hudson City. A boy nine years old, of exceedingly nervous temperament, having committed some fault, his mother threatened to report his conduct to his father, which she did on his return home in the evening. After tea the father took the boy into a room up stairs for correction, carrying with him a switch; after going into the room, and before the punishment had been inflicted, the boy, probably through excessive fear, was thrown into convulsions and died in an hour. The parents are much afflicted.

The temperament and disposition of children should be carefully studied by parents, and discipline modified accordingly. Every child demands individual training. A child of exceedingly nervous organization would rarely, if ever, require corporal punishment.

A young man of honest countenance was recently brought before a justice charged with stealing a valuable surveyor's instrument. He readily admitted his guilt, and confused by his unusual position, burst into tears, and pleaded a starving mother in extenuation of his offense. His tale, which was corroborated by a gentleman who had visited the mother after his arrest, was one of the most plaintive ever told in a court of justice. "I took the instrument," he said, "but I am no thief. I did not know its value, or what it was. I could get no work; my mother was starving and I was hungry." This plea could not, of course, be considered, and he was sent down to abide with hardened thieves and vagabonds, to await a trial at the Court of General Sessions.

If persons are resolved to commit suicide with powder and balls they had better study the science of gunnery. A woman in St. Louis, disgusted with life on account of ill-treatment from her husband, determined to commit suicide by shooting herself with a cannon-ball, which had been round the house for some time, a relic from Vicksburg. Having obtained half a dollar's worth of powder, she placed it on a plate on the floor, put the ball on the powder, sat down upon it, and touched a match to the explosive, fondly expecting instant death from the fatal ball. It did not "go off," however, although the powder did; and she is suffering from painful and dangerous burns.

A Boston paper sagely remarks: "Persons out of town wishing a supply of Congress, Kissingen, or Excelsior waters sent to them should first ask the permission of the State constables. The office is in Bromfield Street."

A new thing in the eating line has been discovered. It will doubtless prove a valuable and palatable addition to the bill of fare at first-class restaurants and hotels. The Japanese in Paris have taught the cooks at the Grand Hotel how to "bake" ice-creams. Freeze your ice as hard as possible, wrap it quickly in a very thin crust of pastry, and put it in the oven. The pastry will be baked before the ice melts (for the pastry is a good non-conductor of heat); serve hot, and you may enjoy the pleasure of eating hot pastry and ice-cream at the same time.

An exchange says: "In one of the fashionable churches in a certain New England city strangers are seated according to dress. If elegantly dressed they are placed near the pulpit; a moderate display secures a position half-way up the broad aisle; but a lady plainly attired is put as near the door as possible."

A new suspension bridge, intended for the accommodation of foot-passengers only, is now in progress at Niagara Falls. It will be situated but a short distance from the International Hotel on the American side and the Clifton House on the Canadian side. The structure will be of the usual wire cables, resting upon wooden towers. It will be abundantly strong and safe.

The "devil-fish"—that hideous sea-monster—has gained some notoriety from the vivid description which Victor Hugo gives of it in his "Toilers of the Sea." Recently two of these creatures have been taken and carried to San Francisco by some Italian fisherman. The head is about the size of a sturgeon's, is joined to a sort of sack, from which hang eight long pendents or arms, whichever they may be, that are covered with suckers or valves resembling in shape and size the human ear, and, like the main body, of a white gelatinous appearance. Take a large sturgeon and cut his body into strips from the gills to the tail; spread them out with the head in the centre, and you have some idea of the appearance of the devil-fish. They are found all along the North Pacific coast, but are seldom captured, owing to the danger attending that operation. The two in San Francisco measure six feet from the end of their noses to the tip of their arms.

A society has been formed at Munich for the collection of cigar ends. An appeal is to be addressed to all smokers in Bavaria to give their cigar ends to the society instead of throwing them away, it being intended to apply the proceeds arising from their sale to the clothing of poor children. It is calculated that upward of £500,000 a year may be obtained by this means. Economy is a good thing, and charity is to be commended. We suggest that similar societies be formed in America; for cigars, whether in fragments or otherwise, can never be more judiciously "used up" than in supplying the wants of the poor. Such a society would undoubtedly result in something better than smoke and ashes.

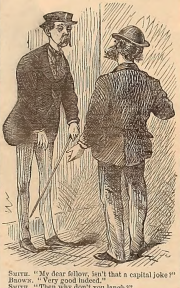
A German paper contains the following singular obituary:

"My husband is no more. He did not wish to live longer, and if he had it would have made no difference, for gout entered his stomach, and was soon followed by death. I shall marry the doctor who so kindly attended my late husband; I learned then to trust him. Soft rest the ashes of the departed one, whose wholesale liquor business I shall continue at the old stand."

In Italy about one-third of the whole number of laborers engaged in agricultural pursuits are women. In her manufactories 1,692,740 females and 1,379,605 males find employment. Out of 531,435 artists nearly one-fourth are women. There are 257,407 female landed proprietors there, and 313,497 maid-servants. In France nearly one-half the labor of almost all kinds is performed by females.

Phrenology is a very interesting study; and a comical thing it must be to have one's cranium examined and learn what you are, what you can be, and what you might have been under other circumstances. Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, a certain lady, who had successfully conducted a department of one of our leading daily papers, was caught in a shower on her way home from the office. She was near a noted phrenological establishment and stepped inside to wait for an omnibus. One of the *attachés* of the place, thinking her a rural customer, inquired whether she wished to have her head examined. "I have no objection," was the reply, "if you can do it quickly;" and, removing her bonnet, placed herself under the hands of the craniologist. After feeling her head for some time he said, very sagely, "Well, Madame, if you had only been educated, I think you might have been able to write something!"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.



Smith. "My dear fellow, isn't that a capital joke?"
Brown. "Very good indeed."
Smith. "Then why don't you laugh?"
Brown. "Impossible! I can't give way to any emotion. Consider the tightness of my pants!"

Over Sensitive.—We know a gentleman so guarded in his remarks, lest he should wound any body's feelings, that he will not even use a *Personal* Pronoun!

A short time since a surgeon was called as a witness for the purpose of proving damages upon an action of assault. He deposed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being asked if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered, "We always find it necessary to do something when sent for."

When did Ruth treat Boaz roughly?—When she pulled his ears and trod upon his corn.

### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Mine Cot! mine Cot! vot language dat!
I can not English spraken;
For shust so sure I speak him right,
So sure I bees mistaken.

For when I says I wants my beer,
I mean that lager fixen;
Bier means dem tings dat folks ride on
Ven dey go dead as blixen.

Dey say dey "raise" a building,
Den "raze" it down so cline;
"Rays" mean dem ting the sun trows
Ven it gits up to shine.

"Meat" means dem ting dat's coot to eat;
"Meet" also means ting proper;
'Tis only "mete" to measure dese tings
Ven steampoats "mete" the stopper.

Shust the same word means every ting;
It makes no business whether
You spell him dis or t'other way—
Von sounds almost like t'other.

Mine Cot! mine Cot! so sure I "knows,"
I can not English spraken;
For ven I "nose" I speak him right,
Py tam! I gits mistaken.

Gastronomical Discovery.—The hippophagists of France are said to have invented a new dish of horse soup, namely a *Consomme aux œufs*, in which the eggs have been obtained from a mare's nest.

A Spy-see Remark.—Why does a satirist treat his victims like telescopes?—Because he draws them out—sees through them—and then shuts them up.

A blind man had been sitting one day, and pleasantly chatting with some visitors for an hour, when one of them wished the company good-morning, and left the room. "What white teeth that lady has!" said the sarcastic blind man. "How can you possibly tell that?" said a friend. "Because," was the ready answer, "for the last half hour she has done nothing but laugh."

French Leave.—Master Freddy, being directed the other morning to go and study the French language, was detected immediately afterward at the strawberry-bed. His excuse was that he wished to pick up a few *fraise*-es.

### HOMEOPATHY.

Take a little wife,
The prettier the better;
Pat her cheek, and when
She wants to kiss you—let her.

Keep her in the house—
There she'll cook your mutton;
Darn your jacket too,
If she's worth a button.

Never mind the lots
Of her aunts and cousins;
Ask them to "drop in;"
Dine them all by dozens.

One of these odd days
You'll feel full one inch taller,
When you see her hug
A chopping little squaller.

Why is a hen immortal?—Because its *son* never *sets*.

"Pray, Sir," said a young Singalese, learning English, to his tutor, "am I raw when my clothes are off?" "Not unless you have rubbed your skin off. Tell me, why do you ask?" He opened a dictionary, and pointed to "*raw*, undressed."

A rascally old bachelor says the most difficult surgical operation in the world is to take the jaw out of a woman.

Brown, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, made a very natural quotation. "Ah," said he, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

It won't do to be so devoted to a tender-hearted wife as to comply with her request when she asks you, "Now tumble over the cradle and break your neck, my dear, won't you?"

A ball struck a little boy in the eye last week. Strange to say, the *bawl* immediately came out of his mouth.

### CAUTIONARY QUOTATION.

Marriage is like a flaming candle light
Placed in the window on a summer night,
Inviting all the insects of the air
To come and singe their pretty winglets there.
Those that are out butt heads against the pane;
Those that are in butt to get out again!

Thackeray speaks of a place in Ireland where the sense of elegance was so keen that the servants brought up the coals for the parlor-grate on a clean plate.

An Irishman, carrying a heavy bundle on his shoulders, was riding on the front of a cart, and was asked why he did not set down his load upon the platform. "Be jabers," was the reply, "the horses have enough to do to drag me; I'll carry the bundle."

What is the difference between a town and its people?—It is laid out at the beginning of its existence, and they at the end of theirs.

"Sam, why don't you talk to your master, and tell him to lay up treasure in heaven?"—"Wha's de use of layin' up treasure dar? He never see um again."

Quilp thinks it rather remarkable that while several thousand feet are required to make one rood, a single foot, properly applied, is often sufficient to make one civil.

A man in Chicago was prosecuted for kicking his wife out of bed. His counsel admitted the charge, but said there were extenuating circumstances. "What are they?" asked the magistrate. "She persistently scratched his back with a curry-comb, may it please your Honor." "It don't please me at all, and I dismiss the complaint," was the magisterial response.

An Irishman was speaking of the excellence of a telescope. "Do you see that wee speck on the edge of the hill yonder? That, now, is my old pig, though hardly to be seen; but when I look at him with my glass, it brings him so near that I can plainly hear him grunt."

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Worms in the Alimentary Canal**

Give rise to a chain of symptoms which may very readily be mistaken for diseases arising from causes altogether different. It is evident that when the sufferer from the presence of worms receives treatment for incipient croup, or for correction of the disorders of dentition, not only will the prime cause of trouble fail to be removed, but the health and life of the patient will continue to be jeopardized by the very failure of removing the exciting cause. In addition to the interruption worms offer to the progress of the contents of the bowels—the effects of which are experienced in the alimentary canal—various derangements of health follow, among the most common of which are nervous affections, such as fretfulness, irritability of temper, vertigo, temporary blindness, and partial deafness. And when an obstinate cough, spasm of the glottis, and extreme difficulty of breathing are observed—which is frequently the case—it may not appear so strange that practitioners of medicine are sometimes led astray in their opinion, and are induced to prescribe remedies which prove failures by reason of their inapplicability. It is a good rule to administer a remedy of known virtue in all cases where the existence of worms is even suspected. Such a remedy is offered in the preparation known as Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge. While it is offered as a specific, in all cases, for the expulsion of worms, it can work no evil effect should it be administered when no worms exist. The remedy started out more than thirty years ago on its own merit, and its uniform efficacy in thoroughly expelling worms is to-day the common verdict of the medical profession and the people at large.

☞ Be careful to procure Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge, manufactured solely by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburg, Pa., and now to be had at all respectable drug stores. All other Vermifuges are, in comparison worthless. None genuine without the signature of

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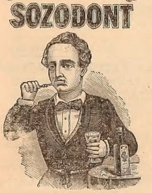

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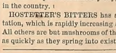

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.—[From a Painting by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 24, 1867.

## THE NEXT PRESIDENT.

It was inevitable that General Grant would be nominated by somebody for the Presidency. So great a fame and so universal a popularity were capital too promising to be unappropriated. If to be made President it were enough to be the hero of New Orleans, or the hero of Tippecanoe, or the hero of Buena Vista, it would seem that the conquering hero of the greatest of wars should be President, of course, and without a nomination. From the famous morning at Appomattox Court House, therefore, there have been longing eyes fixed upon the General, and unable longer to delay, fearful lest some nimbler body should name him, a committee of gentlemen, whose political distinction it is to have repudiated the policy which General Grant favors, have, as we lately mentioned, formally nominated him. The nominating body are the representatives of a few adherents of the Republican party who in the very moment when political fidelity was to be proved ratted to the Democratic party and President Johnson.

From neither of those powers, however, have these gentlemen received any comfort. They are therefore experimenting. Not to speak lightly of so grave and exalted a body, they are "bobbing round." They are, if the expression may be permitted, looking about for Morgans. Like a handful of shipwrecked sailors drifting in a boat which is not exactly "jolly," without food, and utterly without liquor, they are for any port that offers. Their nomination, therefore, although as we said formal, and more imposing than that of a single individual, is not one to which General Grant is very likely to make any formal response even if he were gravely apprised of it. It is, if we may again not speak lightly, an anchor to windward. It is, if an expression may once more be permitted, scoring a date. So that if some great party convention should hereafter nominate General Grant, and he should be elected, these worthy gentlemen would have an opportunity of reminding him in the distributing day of custom-houses and other fat things that they were up very early in the morning and brushed the sparkling dew caroling his name.

It is evident that General Grant is the controlling fact in the Presidential canvass, unless he absolutely and finally refuses to be a candidate. Usually it is not clear that any particular person *must* be a candidate. However warm and resolved a large and apparently dominant wing of a party may be, their preference, as in the case of Mr. Seward, may be set aside, and a wholly unsuspected and insignificant person, as in the case of Mr. Polk, may be nominated. So at the present time it is very easy to see that in a nominating convention Mr. Chase, or Mr. Colfax, or Mr. Stanton, or whoever the most promising man should be might be necessarily abandoned for an entirely new person. But it is not possible to see that if he be willing the reasons for General Grant's nomination should not prevail over all others.

The reasons indeed are of various kinds. There is, to begin with, the undoubted sense of national gratitude for his part in the war, and the genuine popularity that results from it. There is then the equally undoubted confidence in his judgment of the state of national affairs, and in his sympathy with the policy of Congress and the loyal country. There is the further feeling that he is already the choice of a powerful portion of the dominant party, and that his nomination is approved by some of the most eminent Republican leaders, and openly advocated by some of the most conspicuous Republican papers. Besides this, there is a reason which is felt to be of great weight as between the nomination of General Grant and that of Judge Chase, the chief candidate named with him. It is that the nomination for the Presidency of the Chief Justice of the United States would be a fatal demoralization of our politics, for nothing could well be more disastrous than to make the Supreme bench a stepping-stone to the White House. Beneath all these considerations there is also the feeling that in the present unsettled condition of the country a President of the military ability, moderation, and renown of General Grant would insure a peaceful and firm administration.

It seems to us undeniable that if he were nominated General Grant would be borne into the Presidency upon a whirlwind of popular enthusiasm. But there is one thing more important to the country than his election, and that is the continuance in power of the Republican party, not for a Presidential term, but for a long time in the future. The success of that party in the Presidential election is unquestionable unless some wholly unforeseen and incalculable change in public affairs occurs. Whoever it nominates will be the next President. But if it should nominate a candidate who was not sincerely and profoundly convinced both of the importance of the party principles and the necessity of the party ascendency, the next Presidential term would be a kind of no-party interregnum in which by means of a disastrous party impartiality, as it is called, or a policy based upon the theory that one party is about as good as the other, the dominant party would of necessity be demoralized and disappear. If it were clear that General Grant were likely to pursue such a policy, no folly could be greater than his nomination.

To the question whether it is desirable for the national welfare to retain the Republican organization it seems to us a sufficient reply to say that the Democratic organization, such as we see it in Kentucky, will not be relinquished, and to disband the Republican party would be to leave the party which has just been successful in Kentucky, and which supports the President against Congress, master of the field. It is a sufficient further answer to say that the truly progressive liberal men of this country, those who heartily believe in the American principle—not, of course, without exception, but the vast majority of them—act with the Republican party, and to their efficient action the party organization is necessary. Unless, therefore, we are willing to abandon the better direction which has been given to the Government and believe that those who have been bred in thorough contempt of equal liberty can safely be trusted as its guardians, we must maintain the organization of the party which was founded to withstand Slavery, which victoriously defeated the tremendous assault of Slavery upon the Government, and which is now restoring the Union upon the principles of liberty. Our candidate must consequently be a man thoroughly and earnestly persuaded of the truth of those principles, and who would be sure to administer the Government, not to please every body, but to secure the gains of the great struggle.

It is because he is felt to be such a man that General Grant should be nominated, if nominated at all, and not because of his great popularity and illustrious services, nor because of a fear that the Democrats will take him if we do not. What! the builders of the Chicago platform nominate "the butcher!" No, the Democrats can not nominate him. He is inflexibly hostile to their policy now as he was during the war, and he would not and could not be their tool. The assertion that he is an equally available candidate for both parties is just as untrue of him as it is of General Sheridan. Of a reticent man any thing may be said. His acts must reveal him. We doubt if there be any man in the country who apprehends more profoundly than General Grant the wisdom and necessity of a truly radical policy. The "Conservatives" who nominate and applaud him do so for two reasons: the first is, that some Radicals—General Butler, for instance—are unfriendly to him; and the second is, that they think him sure of success. Their nomination is merely Mr. Toots's opinion.

Finally, warned by terrible experience, let us be sure that our candidate for the Vice-Presidency be no less true and tried and capable and perfectly known than his companion. The best and wisest man in the country is not too good nor too wise for the Vice-Presidency. And as we value the peace of the country and its prosperous progress, let us take care to nominate no man for the Vice-Presidency whom we would not willingly and gladly elect President.

## THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

If the request of the President to Mr. Stanton that he would resign the Secretaryship of War means that he is about undertaking to change all the military personnel under the Reconstruction bill, substituting men like Steedman and Rousseau for Sheridan and Schofield and Sickles, the deluge will not be after Mr. Johnson, but upon him. We do not believe that the country will submit to such a plain paralysis of its purpose.

The services of Mr. Stanton to this country are incalculable. It is not easy to conceive of a more efficient Secretary of War at a time when that office was of the very highest importance. The faults which were popularly ascribed to the Secretary, his abruptness, his brusqueness, were often merely a necessary decision and rapidity of action. A man in such an office at such a time may be pardoned if he does not stop to make bows, and if he speaks too crisply for common courtesy. Coming into the War Department at a time when the head-quarters of General George B. M'Clellan were fast becoming the head bureau of the Government, and when even the President went to the General, instead of requiring the General to come to him, the Secretary of War taught General M'Clellan that the President was to be respected as his Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Stanton was never deceived in the character or the capacity of General M'Clellan. The Secretary's comprehensive grasp of the vast duties of his office, his unquailing energy, his exhaustless industry, his silent fidelity, were no less remarkable than his heroic faith in the people and his inflexible determination that the war should be fought to an unconditional overthrow of the rebellion. When that result was almost accomplished he instantly repudiated the immense error of General Sherman; and when President Lincoln was murdered, and there was a moment of inexpressible confusion, it was the steady hand of the Secretary of War which seized the government and passed it to Mr. Lincoln's lawful successor. During the melancholy and humiliating administration of Mr. Johnson, which has sought in every way to defeat the national victory and to demoralize the national mind, Mr. Stanton has tenaciously clung to the real issue, and he alone in the Cabinet has represented the national conviction and the national purpose. He, therefore, has been the especial object of the President's hostility, and after a thousand rumors of his designed or attempted removal the President has at last formally summoned him to resign.

Mr. Stanton's retirement would be a national misfortune. Upon the part of the President it would be another impotent blow at the purpose of the country, which he can not change. But if, as we said, he should go further, and by appointing his own creatures show an evident intention to defeat the objects sought by the Reconstruction bill, he would be hoist with his own petard.

## TENNESSEE.

The election in Tennessee proves once more the folly of the President's prediction that, if the colored men voted, there must be trouble at the polls. If trouble there was, it came, as every sensible man knew it would come, not from the newly-enfranchised but from the rebels and rebel sympathizers; and to refuse the ballot to loyal colored men because it would not be agreeable to ex-rebels is a fair illustration of the wisdom of the President's policy. The bitter hostility of those who call themselves Conservatives or Democrats in Tennessee to the voting of the colored citizens, the threats freely uttered against Union citizens and the personal peril in which they were often placed, we stated before the election. The result is in every way fortunate. Had the State fallen into the power of the Democratic party, with a man like Emerson Etheridge for Governor, its regeneration, progress, and prosperity would have been hopelessly postponed. As it is, its political organization is confirmed in the interests of loyalty, equal rights, and good order; and although, like every border State in which the Democracy and the rebel sympathizers do curiously blend, there must be for some time military supervision, there is no reason to doubt that Tennessee will now proceed to adapt herself to the Radical change which is fully proved to have taken place.

As for the conduct of the new voters it was as irreproachable as it was in the District of Columbia, and as it will be every where else. If the unimaginable degradation of thousands of white voters in other parts of the country does not seriously disturb the peace of the polls, it was not to be expected that the new voters of a race distinguished for its inoffensiveness would be turbulent and dangerous. Dr. Draper, in his new and striking History of the American Civil War, speaks of the slaves as emerging from a struggle in which every right of their humanity was involved as unstained by a single crime. Yet fearful crimes there were; and when Senator Murphy was painfully detailing in the Constitutional Convention his theory of the inferiority of the colored men, it was impossible not to remember that, if bones were carved into trinkets and skulls into drinking-cups, it was not by the inferior race but by men of the Senator's own "superior" color and kind.

The election in Tennessee proves the wisdom of the course which, in our judgment, was inevitable from the end of the rebellion. The enfranchisement of the freedmen was necessary to complete their enfranchisement; and they are nobly vindicating the policy to which the President has been inflexibly opposed, and which the loyal country has resolutely supported.

## THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL OF 1867.

The Reform Bill has passed the House of Lords, and is now the law of England. So extraordinary a political situation was never known in that country. A Tory Ministry have proposed and carried an enlargement of the suffrage beyond the efforts and beyond the wishes of Mr. Bright; and the same Ministry has reversed all the precedents of the British constitutional system by retaining office after the defeat of a measure of their own, and by conforming to the wishes of the Opposition majority of the Commons. The great change in the basis of representation—a change which, in the opinion of many sagacious men, is radically revolutionary—has been made also under the leadership of a man whom nobody credits with any political sincerity whatever. Conceding to him the utmost ability and ingenuity, great eloquence and knowledge, the English critics all agree that the brilliant Mr. Disraeli is as unprincipled as he is clever. Yet modern British history shows no political leader so adroit and so successful. To the doubts and fears of his opponents of all parties he replied in his final speech with an astonishing assurance, most eloquently asserting the continued grandeur of the empire; while every hearer must have felt that such assertions are truly persuasive only when they evidently spring from the profoundest conviction.

The striking peculiarity of the situation, however, is, that a most liberal Reform Bill passes Parliament with a hesitating support that seems almost opposition from Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone. But the explanation is simple. Mr. Disraeli stated it in his speech at the Merchant Tailors' dinner in London, the most thoroughly Tory of all the guilds. There is in England a large population ignorant and wretched beyond our experience in this country. In Mr. Olmsted's "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," one of the most delightful and instructive books of travel in that country, he mentions the remark of a liberal politician, that there was a very large population which was not even taken into the account when an English Liberal statesman spoke of "the people." But above this class, among the master mechanics and the more intelligent workmen, there are a very large number whom the Liberals have wished to admit to the franchise, and by degrees to include more and more as the area of intelligence extended. This was the intention of Mr. Gladstone's bill of last year, cordially supported by Mr. Bright; and both these Liberal statesmen do not deny that there is a great multitude whom, in their judgment, it would be unwise at present to enfranchise. Large numbers of these are, however, enfranchised by Mr. Disraeli's bill, and consequently neither Mr. Bright nor Mr. Gladstone can wholly approve it.

In his Merchant Tailors' speech Mr. Disraeli spoke of the Liberal leaders as selecting a special class of workmen to enfranchise, while he believed that by so doing they were unjust to the great mass of English working-men. In his mouth, of course, this is the purest demagoguery. It is intended to array the lower and larger class of the newly enfranchised against Mr. Bright and the Liberal party; and there is no doubt that the Liberal leaders fear that the result may be the continuance of the Government in Tory hands—a result much to be deplored.

When Mr. Lowe declared that Mr. Bright, in invoking household suffrage, was like Don Giovanni ("which," he said, "I am told is Italian for John"), who invited the statue to supper, not thinking it would come, and was appalled when he heard it thumping up stairs, Mr. Bright replied that he had always insisted from the beginning of his career that the permanent foundation of the borough franchise should be household suffrage. But Mr. Bright also said that he thought there was a class—he hoped constantly diminishing—to which the franchise could be of no advantage, and that he would therefore have consented to some proposition which fell short of household suffrage pure and simple. Mr. Lowe does not hesitate to say that the bill is the disappointment and shame of a perishing nation. Lord Cranborne warned the House not to borrow the ethics of political adventurers; and amidst the eloquent protest of the conscience Tories and the equally eloquent silence of the great Liberals the Reform Bill of 1867 was passed. Some such bill was inevitable. Whether this is wisely conceived and wisely supported only time can reveal.

## CIVILIZATION AND RAILROADS.

It is remarkable how very slowly the conveniences of railroad travel improve. There are still railroads leading from the chief centres of travel at the East—from New York, Boston, and Albany—upon which the abominable old-fashioned, low-roofed cars are sometimes used for accommodation trains and short distances; and there are still passengers who ignominiously submit to this and to every other kind of railroad tyranny. In the view of a railroad director and superintendent a traveler should be thankful that he is carried at all, and not trouble himself about the decency and comfort of his transport. "Happiness!" sneers Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in one of his most contemptuous bursts, "why should a wretched human being concern himself about happiness?"

One such being, however, has recently been found. He has had the temerity to think that the sum of happiness among travelers by rail might be increased by not being carried eight or ten miles beyond their destination, and he has invented a very simple and convenient method of enabling them to stop where they wish to. This is done simply by legibly printing the names of each station upon white cloth, moved by rollers, and placed at the end of the car. When the train leaves a station the conductor or brakeman moves a little handle, which unrolls the name of the next station, and by touching a bell calls the attention of every traveler, and enables those who wish to stop to make their preparations. This is a manifest improvement upon the present system, which is, that in the midst of the jerking and thumping of "breaking up," a brakeman thrusts his head into the car, shouts something, slams the door, and leaves the excited passenger to the

wildest conjecture. Who, for instance, in the deafening roar of the Hudson River Railroad, could be expected to know that the man who confusedly shrieks "Tie-vo-lie" into the clattering car means to say that the train is about stopping at Tivoli?

We are glad to see, also, that there is some hope of proper ventilation. The present misery of summer railway travel, the heat, the glare, the dust, the cinders, and the rattle, consequent upon open windows, are indescribable. A constant current of fresh air with closed windows is the desirable thing. When such reforms are accomplished in the cars we may hope that civilization will gradually creep into other departments of railway travel. The eating-houses, for instance—is a tolerable railroad eating-house quite beyond human genius? If a train stops at all, except to receive and drop passengers, why not stop long enough to eat a chop, and why should not the chop be ready? Instead of the unimaginable messes of sweet slop in tough dough, called pies, why not have cups of hot beef-tea? A counter covered with huge blocks of a heavy something called pound-cake, and thick squares of a mushy something else called sponge-cake, is not inviting. Flies frequent it, but not customers. Let the railroad eating-house tempt the passenger who is not hungry as well as compel the one who is, and its reward will be great.

These reforms and rumors of reforms must sound strangely to the luckless victims of Mr. OLIVER CHARLOCK'S Long Island Railroad. We have not lately experienced the horrors of that institution. Nothing but unavoidable necessity drives a man to intrust himself to that combination of discomfort and sense of recklessness. Are the hapless captives still boxed up in those direful pens that serve for cars? Do the airy conductors still signal the train to start while the travelers are struggling in? Are the passengers still dumped in a manure-yard at Hunter's Point? Is the whole affair the same outrage upon decency and common comfort that it was last year? Answer, O Sunday something! which we are told called the simple history of our own experience upon that dreadful road, faithfully narrated, a slander. When the Long Island cars are even tolerably comfortable, when the cheery conductors, with cocked hats, pleasantly smoking, do not run before the passengers down the platform exhorting them, as he starts the train, to hurry up, when the traveler from the island to New York is not dumped in a manure-yard, tell us, O Sunday something! and we will not fail to record the facts.

## COLOR AND OFFICE.

IN a recent article we must have expressed ourselves very obscurely to be so wholly misapprehended by so sagacious a critic as *The Nation*. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS having said something which was loosely represented as absurd, we undertook to explain what we supposed him to mean. He said that he should not be satisfied until a colored citizen was elected Vice-President of the United States; and we suggested that he did not mean to say that a dark skin was of itself evidence of official capacity, but that nothing would prove the feeling of caste to be fully extirpated except an equal willingness to elect to office any citizen irrespective of color. We astutely reserved our own opinion upon the subject and were wholly intent upon explaining that of Mr. PHILLIPS.

But we have no hesitation in saying that we do not think people should be elected to office because of the color of their skin or of their height or of the shape of their noses. We should also prefer in an election to consider the inside of the head of a candidate rather than to contemplate the outside of his heel. But it remains undeniable that the proof of the decay of the prejudice against the colored race in this country will be the election of colored citizens to office. The reason of that prejudice may not be their color alone, it may be, as the *Nation* suggests, partly an association of incapacity. But in this country, where the color of the skin has been always the badge of a servile race, there is naturally an immense prejudice founded upon color alone. Mr. PHILLIPS believes in the equal capacity of the enslaved race under equal conditions. But he does not think those conditions are possible so long as there is a public feeling which excludes them from office. Consequently he insists that he can not be satisfied until he sees them elected. The inferiority of race which the *Nation* asserts is the very point which Mr. PHILLIPS denies; and we presume he also denies that the fact of their enslavement is proof of their inferiority.

We were the more willing to say what we did because there is a disposition among those whom experience should have made wiser to criticise Mr. PHILLIPS as if he were merely a random talker. Those who are most destitute of political principle or insight are fondest of calling him a scold. But all liberal men, however they may differ at the time from his judgment of public affairs, must allow him a prescience which subsequent events are very apt to justify. When, in the early autumn of 1865, Mr. PHILLIPS spoke of "The South Victorious," there was a very general laugh and some excellent sarcasm. We leave it to the public consciousness to decide whether the political struggle of the past two years has not been to decide whether the North really understood its victory and meant to secure it. So when, at the same time, Mr. PHILLIPS denounced the President as false to the party which elected him, and meaning to betray its policy, there was an equally general feeling that he was malignantly unjust. We leave it to the same consciousness to say whether the massacre of New Orleans and the President's whole course did not vindicate the truth of the orator's assertion.

No man, indeed, however pure and earnest, can be always wisely followed. With the utmost confidence in his purpose, and the highest admiration of his powers, we must sometimes wholly differ with Mr. PHILLIPS in his judgment of the truly humane, prudent, and patriotic course. His relentless hostility to the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN, and the speeches he delivered during that campaign, for instance, seemed to us to have no conceivable effect but the creation of a distrust which was utterly unfounded and most perilous. But what public man among us has not also had what seemed to others his hours and words of weakness? At least this one is nobly independent. He has the high courage of his opinions. He is not bewildered by the glamour of renown, nor blinded by the necessity of party. It is inspiring to see a man who, amidst the constantly debasing tendency of mere political expediency, steadily strives for the moral ideal.

## THE TRIAL OF SURRATT.

THE Surratt trial is closed, and the jury have been unable to agree upon a verdict. It has been one of the most remarkable criminal trials of this country or age; remarkable alike in the magnitude of the crime and the dramatic development of the very singular testimony.

It is impossible here to lay before our readers all the details of the testimony which form the very singular chain of evidence against SURRATT so ably developed by Mr. PIERREPONT. His connection with the other conspirators was clearly proved; that he was in Washington at the time of the murder, as charged in the indictment, appears to have been doubted by the majority of the jury, and hence the disagreement. That SURRATT'S part in the conspiracy was as important as that of the other murderers is made equally clear. It was shown, by statements carelessly made by SURRATT long before the assassination as well as afterward, that the abduction or murder of LINCOLN occupied his thoughts. It is true that BOOTH intimates in his diary that the idea of murder had not been entertained before the 14th of April. But facts are more significant than the statement of a flying murderer, who would naturally desire to make it appear that his act was the result of sudden impulse rather than of a premeditated plan. It is clear that HAROLD was brought into the conspiracy because he was clerk in a drug-store, and in connection with an attempt to poison the President. That such an attempt was made and failed is shown by the following words found inscribed in BOOTH'S handwriting on a window-pane in the M'Henry House, in Meadville, Pennsylvania: "ABE LINCOLN departed this life August 13, 1864, by the effects of poison." The abduction scheme was plainly given up at an early period of the conspiracy. It is an unquestioned fact that Mrs. SURRATT'S house in Washington was the principal rendezvous of the conspirators. This woman also owned a tavern at Surrattville. In 1862 the husband died, leaving his family in poor circumstances, and in 1864 the removal to Washington took place. Some time before the assassination HAROLD deposited some carbines in the house at Surrattville, then kept by a Mr. LLOYD. Afterward JOHN H. SURRATT came to the house and concealed these weapons. And on the day of the assassination Mrs. SURRATT undertook a special journey to inform LLOYD that these weapons would be called for that night. It was proved, moreover, that SURRATT was in Washington on the 14th of April. He was seen by CLEAVER fitting the bar behind the door of the President's box. CLEAVER knew SURRATT, and, though a reluctant witness, testified that he certainly saw him. Others who knew SURRATT saw him on that day in Washington, and some of them talked with him. A servant of the family testifies that she saw him at home on that day. Sergeant DYE saw him from the steps in front of Ford's Theatre just before the murder, calling out the time for BOOTH. SURRATT'S face made so vivid an impression upon his mind that it appeared to him afterward in his dreams. In the evidence as presented his route to Washington was clearly traced from Elmira by the testimony of several witnesses. Immediately after the murder SURRATT flies. His name is registered in Montreal on the 18th of April, but he did not venture to stop there. Then we find him concealed with BOUCHER, a Romish priest, while his mother and fellow-conspirators are on trial in Washington. Here he remains until September, when he resumes his flight. He embarks upon a steamer under an assumed name. After relieving his natural anxiety by finding that there is no American detective on board, he grows bolder and tells his secret. He lands at length in Ireland, and is thence traced to Liverpool. Then he flies to Rome and enlists in the Papal Zouaves under the name of WATSON. But even papal Rome will not shelter him, and his flight is continued to Malta, and thence to Egypt, where he is captured and brought back to the city of his crime.

The testimony for the defense was not so voluminous nor so positive; the lawyers of the prisoner appear to have based all their hopes of proving an *alibi*, and little of their evidence went to clear the prisoner of the alleged connection with the conspiracy.

A new trial will doubtless follow at the next term of the court; and will doubtless result as all new trials do—in nothing.

## TENEMENT-HOUSE ABUSES.

IN almost every one of CHARLES LEVER'S novels may be found some allusion to the evils of the Irish "tenant system," and particularly to the sufferings consequent on the continued absence in England or on the Continent of the landlords or proprietors of the Irish estates. A few years ago, before the days when Fenianism made all stories of Irish suffering ridiculous, when the subject of English abuses of this sort in Ireland attracted more attention in England, and its victims met with more sympathy in this country, numerous plays were written and presented on the stage, in all of which the iniquities of inhuman agents of the Irish tenantry formed the basis of the plots, and won the sympathies of the audience. More than one novelist and more than one Irish comedian have made "a very good thing" out of this attractive and yet repulsive subject.

The very same abuses and sufferings are extensively perpetrated and endured in this country, and particularly in this city, at the present day. There are thousands of equally thoughtless or heartless landlords who trust their business to thousands of equally grinding, money-making, and criminal agents, who inflict untold horrors on as numerous a tenantry as that of Ireland, and it is generally inflicted too on those who have fled from that country to seek a better living in this. There are in the city of New York, according to the reports of the Police Superintendent, over four thousand dwellings constructed for the purposes of tenement-houses, in which there dwell one hundred thousand men, women, and children, and in which four thousand persons die annually from diseases generated originally by the filth in which they exist, and the imperfect ventilation to which they are forced to submit. And the records of Vital Statistics for the past year reveal the startling facts that about one in every four of the inhabitants of these tenement-houses are constantly sick, and that one out of every twenty of the tenement-house population die.

But this does not show half the horror which exists. According to the report of the Metropolitan Board of Health there are five hundred thousand persons in the Metropolitan District who live in less than sixteen thousand houses, besides ten or twelve thousand more who exist entirely in cellars, and four thousand "squatters" who live in shanties built on the bare granite or sandstone rocks in the vicinity of Central Park. This is at the rate of over thirty-two persons to a house. These abuses arise from the common practice of "subletting." The owners of real estate rent their dwellings with the privilege of subletting to "middlemen" who relet them. These men are frequently of the most heartless and unscrupulous character, and they make large profits by subletting. They leave no space unoccupied; they rent sheds, basements, and cellars to families and lodgers; they divide rooms by partitions and then place a whole family in a single room to be used for living, cooking, and sleeping purposes. Most of the houses thus let are the old family mansions in which resided the present owner's parents or grandparents; now, located in neighborhoods which have grown unfashionable, they are abandoned for Fifth Avenue houses, and thus criminally rented to persons who abuse the privilege of subletting, and who crowd them with dozens of families though originally constructed for only one.

Most of the regular tenement-houses are five and six stories high throughout, are built on lots twenty-five by one hundred feet without court-yards, and each is occupied often by as many as 400 or 500 regular tenants. It is simply impossible that houses thus constructed and crowded can be properly ventilated or kept clean; and it is criminal in landlords and agents to take advantage of the necessities of the poor and crowd them into such cess-pools of disease. Yet it is done every day. The owners are generally wealthy, and can afford, in a financial sense, to dispense with the doubtless unwelcome duty of personally seeing to the welfare of their tenants even when to their own interest; but can the wealthiest of them afford, morally, to abandon these poor wretches to the dangers of disease and the abuses of agents? An unwelcome duty truly, and therefore the more careful will conscientious men be to perform it.

It is interesting in this connection to notice that the Board of Health is now vigorously enforcing the new act of the Assembly, passed on May 14, 1867, regulating tenement-houses, and which went into effect on July 1. By this act a tenement-house is defined to be any dwelling in which there are four or more families living independently of one another. The act is more particularly intended to secure ventilation and cleanliness; and for these purposes the Board of Health is authorized to require a certain number of windows or other ventilators to each room and hall; to abolish cess-pools; to license the renting of cellars; to build or have built drains and sewers; to enforce the establishment of garbage boxes; to compel landlords to whitewash twice a year; and to enter, inspect, disinfect, or to order any tenement-house to be vacated and to revoke its license. After the 1st of July, 1868, tenement-houses of all kinds are to be licensed as liquor saloons are now, and are to be open to inspection and subject to police regulations in the same way. There is but one serious omission in the act—the Board is not authorized to prosecute owners who countenance the over-crowding of their houses by agents or "middlemen" as for a criminal offense.

## SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

JUST a picture of somebody's child—
  Sweet face set in its golden hair,
Violet eyes, and cheeks of rose,
  Rounded chin, with a dimple there;

Tender eyes where the shadows sleep,
  Lit from within by a secret ray;
Tender eyes that will shine like stars
  When love and womanhood come this way;

Scarlet lips with a story to tell—
  Blessed be he who shall find it out!
Who shall learn the eyes' deep secret well,
  And read the heart with never a doubt.

*Then* you will tremble, scarlet lips;
  *Then* you will crimson, loveliest cheeks;
Eyes will brighten and blushes will burn
  When the one true lover bends and speaks.

But she's only a child now, as you see,
  Only a child in her careless grace;
When love and womanhood come this way
  Will any thing sadden the flower-like face?

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL SHERIDAN has removed the New Orleans Chief of Police, and appointed a former officer of a New York regiment to the position. He has also removed the Judge of the Twelfth Judicial District of Texas for obstructing and refusing to obey the laws.

Governor Worth urges all the citizens of North Carolina who are not disfranchised to register.

The discharged soldiers of the Union army who are now living in Richmond propose calling a convention of all those in the State who have served in the same ranks.

The State Militia in West Tennessee has been ordered out of the service, on the suggestion of General Thomas.

### THE INDIAN WAR.

The Commission appointed to arrange a treaty of peace with the Indians assembled at St. Louis on August 7, and took steps to notify the Indian tribes to meet them in council in September next. In the mean time, General Hancock and the commanding officers on the plains are directed to suspend operations and hold a partial truce for the present.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Secretary of War Stanton was requested by President Johnson, on August 5, to resign his position, but declined, stating in substance that his sense of his duty to the country—"grave public considerations"—constrained him to continue at his post. On August 12 the President issued a positive order to Mr. Stanton to turn over his office to General Grant. The latter notified Mr. Stanton of the receipt of an order to assume the duties of Secretary of War *ad interim*, expressing at the same time "his appreciation of the zeal, patriotism, firmness, and ability" with which he had discharged the duty of Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton yielded under protest to the superior force of the President and General Grant, and retired from the War Office at three o'clock P.M. on August 12.

The jury in the Surratt case disagreed, standing eight for acquitting and four for condemning him, and were discharged on August 10. The prisoner was remanded to jail for trial in December. Seven of the jury who voted to acquit were men of Southern birth.

The shore end of the Cuban cable was successfully landed at Key West on August 3, and on the 4th twenty miles were payed out and attached to the buoy in one hundred and thirty fathoms of water. The cable fleet then proceeded to the Cuban coast, laid the shore end, and commenced paying out on the afternoon of August 6, and reached the buoy at five o'clock on the 7th, after using all the Cuban and nineteen miles of the Punta Rosa cables—one hundred and seventeen miles in all. While preparing to splice the two ends at the buoy at seven o'clock on the 7th the cable parted half a mile from the Narva, and the whole of Thursday and Friday were unsuccessfully spent in grappling for the lost end.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

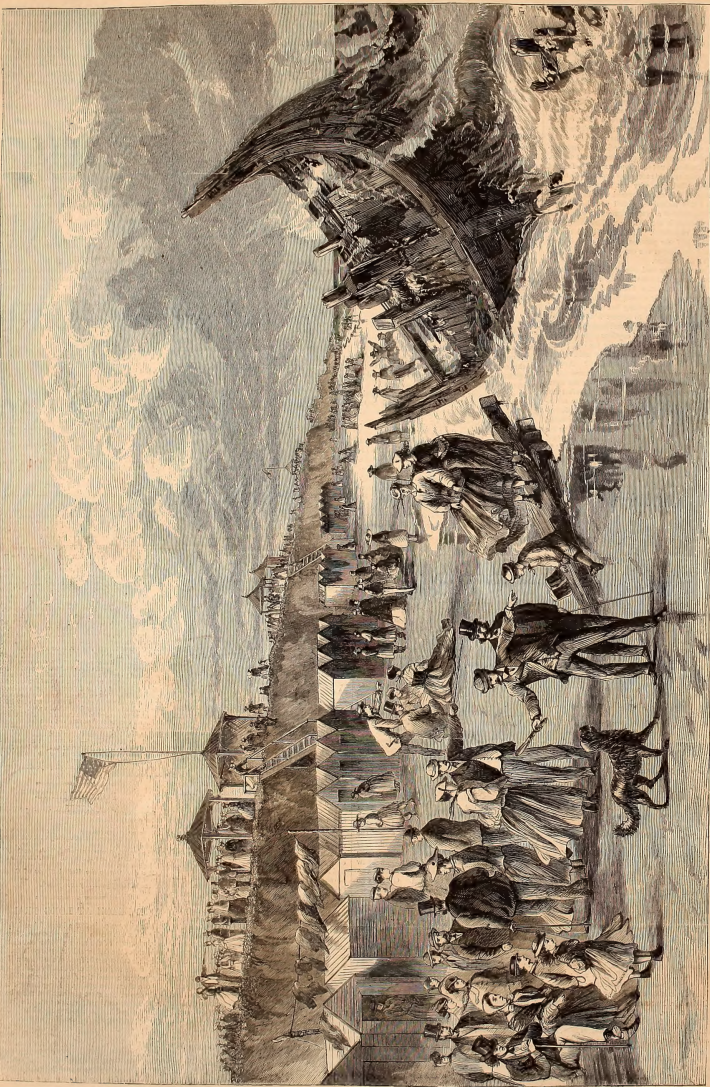
SIMULTANEOUSLY with the assembling of the second session of the North German Parliament demonstrations have been made by prominent members of the Southern German States, having for their purpose the agitation of the question of uniting with the Northern Confederation.

The Danish Government officially denies that it has any intention to sell the Island of St. Thomas to the United States.

The civil war in the United States of Colombia seems to be at an end, the Provisional Government of Acosta being generally recognized.

## THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.

WE give on page 532 a beautiful and faithful sketch on the beach at Long Branch, New Jersey, now one of the most popular and most frequented of the fashionable watering-places. The sketch is taken just in front of the Stetson House, and shows the wreck of a small vessel, probably a schooner named the *Dora Baker*, which went ashore there last spring. Long Branch is not only one of the most pleasant but most beautiful beaches on the Atlantic coast. In front of the principal hotels there are high bluffs, fifteen or twenty feet above the tide; and instead of being covered by the white sand glaring in the sunshine, are carpeted by a green sward, pleasant to the eye. On this lawn, in the cool of the summer's evening, thousands of pleasure-seekers of all ages and both sexes lounge and sport with all the abandon natural to the time and scene.



THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH—WRECK OF THE "DORA BAKER."—Sketched by Charles Parsons.—[See Page 531.]

THE LATE MISS CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.
[FROM A SKETCH BY FREDRIKA BREMER.]

## PUCK ON HIS WAR-HORSE.

ONE of the most attractive figures in the "Statuary Room" of the Academy of Design during the late Exhibition was the statuette of "Puck riding on a Grasshopper," which we reproduce on this page. It was designed by Mr. EDWARD F. KUNTZE: it was not his intention, we believe, to illustrate any particular passage in SHAKSPEARE'S "Midsummer Night's Dream," as has been asserted, but giving rein to his fancy he has represented "that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow," the "Jester of Oberon," and "the merry wanderer of the night," mounted on a grasshopper and playing the warrior. It has been proposed by a number of gentlemen to have this work cast in bronze and placed in the "Children's play-ground" which the Commissioners are now laying out in Central Park. It would make a beautiful and appropriate ornament for that locality. No appropriation for the purchase of statuary for the Park has ever been made by the city; the collection in the old Armory building and the few figures on the Mall and in the Ramble have been donated by private individuals; even the proposed statue of SHAKSPEARE is to be paid for by individual subscriptions. This is not right: each New Yorker takes an individual pride and pleasure in Central Park; there is no tax he so willingly submits to as that for its maintenance and improvement; and no citizen of the metropolis will object to the city authorities judiciously spending their money for the proper and discriminating ornamentation of the Park with statues and other suitable works of art. The present project with regard to the statue of "Puck" is to purchase it of the artist by individual subscription. The cost of the figure in bronze will be about $3500. A considerable sum has been already subscribed, but the books for receiving additional subscriptions is still open at the office of G. P. PUTNAM & SON, No. 661 Broadway. The opportunity to secure this work for the very appropriate purpose suggested should not be lost on those who take a pride in the decoration of the Park.

## DEATH OF MISS SEDGWICK.

MISS CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK, whose death near Roxbury, Massachusetts, on July 31 has been announced, was to the last generation what Miss MULOCK is to this. Her novels are of the same moral and domestic character—not, perhaps, as dramatically and artistically constructed as those of Miss MULOCK, but as instructive and charming; both authors have become standard, and the books of each are found in almost every family and school and public library in the country.

Miss SEDGWICK was born in 1789, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and was, therefore, in her 78th year at the time of her death. She began to publish in 1822, her first novel, "A New England Tale," being given to the public in that year. The majority of her later works are among the standard publications of HARPER & BROTHERS. Miss SEDGWICK'S last publication was a "Life of Joseph Curtis." She was the author, besides, of a great number of essays and stories in magazines, all pervaded and informed with her clear good sense and graceful style.

PUCK ON HIS WAR-HORSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

# BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

**Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.**

### CHAPTER II.

MRS. SHELDON ACCEPTS HER DESTINY.

MISS HALLIDAY had an interview with her mother that evening in Mrs. Sheldon's dressing-room, while that lady was preparing for rest, with considerable elaboration of detail in the way of hair-brushing, and putting away of neck-ribbons and collars and trinkets in smart little boxes and handy little drawers, all more or less odorous from the presence of dainty satin-covered sachets. The sachets, and the drawers, and boxes, and trinkets were Mrs. Sheldon's best anchorage in this world. Such things as these were the things that made life worth endurance for this poor weak little woman; and they were more real to her than her daughter, because more easy to realize. The beautiful, light-hearted girl was a being whose existence had been always something of a problem for Georgina Sheldon. She loved her after her own feeble fashion, and would have jealously asserted her superiority over every other daughter in the universe; but the power to understand her or to sympathize with her had not been given to that narrow mind. The only way in which Mrs. Sheldon's affection showed itself was unquestioning indulgence and the bestowal of frivolous gifts, chosen with no special regard to Charlotte's requirements, but rather because they happened to catch Mrs. Sheldon's eye as they glittered or sparkled in the windows of Bayswater repositories.

Mr. Sheldon happened to be dining out on this particular evening. He was a guest at a great City feast, to which some of the richest men upon 'Change had been bidden; so Miss Halliday had an excellent opportunity for making her confession.

Poor Georgy was not a little startled by the avowal.

"My darling Lotta," she screamed, "do you think your papa would ever consent to such a thing?"

"I think my dear father would have consented to any thing likely to secure my happiness, mamma," the girl answered, sadly.

She was thinking how different this crisis in her life would have seemed if the father she had loved so dearly had been spared to help and counsel her.

"I was not thinking of my poor dear first husband," said Georgy. This numbering of her husbands was always unpleasant to Charlotte. It seemed such a very business-like mode of description to be applied to the father she so deeply regretted.

"I was thinking of your step-papa," continued Mrs. Sheldon. "He would never consent to your marrying Mr. Hawkehurst, who really seems to have nothing to recommend him except his good looks and an obliging disposition with regard to orders for the theatres."

"I am not bound to consult my step-father's wishes. I only want to please you, mamma."

"But, my dear, I can not possibly consent to any thing that Mr. Sheldon disapproves."

"Oh, mamma, dear kind mamma, do have an opinion of your own for once in a way! I dare say Mr. Sheldon is the best possible judge of every thing connected with the Stock Exchange and the money-market; but don't let him choose a husband for me. Let me have your approval, mamma, and I care for no one else. I don't want to marry against your will. But I am sure you like Mr. Hawkehurst." Mrs. Sheldon shook her head despondingly.

"It's all very well to like an agreeable young man as an occasional visitor," she said, "especially when most of one's visitors are middle-aged City people. But it is a very different thing when one's only daughter talks of marrying him. I can't imagine what can have put such an idea as marriage into your head. It is only a few months since you came home from school; and I fancied that you would have stopped with me for years before you thought of settling."

Miss Halliday made a wry face.

"Dear mamma," she said, "I don't want to 'settle.' That is what one's house-maid says, isn't it, when she talks of leaving service and marrying some young man from the baker's or the grocer's? Valentine and I are not in a hurry to be married. I am sure, for my own part, I don't care how long our engagement lasts. I only wish to be quite candid and truthful with you, mamma; and I thought it a kind of duty to tell you that he loves me, and that—I love him—very dearly."

These last words were spoken with extreme shyness.

Mrs. Sheldon laid down her hair-brushes, while she contemplated her daughter's blushing face. Those blushes had become quite a chronic affection with Miss Halliday of late.

"But, good gracious me, Charlotte," she exclaimed, growing peevish in her sense of helplessness, "who is to tell Mr. Sheldon?"

"There is no necessity for Mr. Sheldon to be enlightened yet a while, mamma. It is to you I owe duty and obedience—not to him. Pray keep my secret, kindest, and most indulgent of mothers, and—and ask Valentine to come and see you now and then."

"Ask him to come and see me, Charlotte! You must know very well that I never invite any

DIANA PAGET AND CHARLOTTE HALLIDAY.

one to dinner except at Mr. Sheldon's wish. I am sure I quite tremble at the idea of a dinner. There is such trouble about the waiting, and such dreadful uncertainty about the cooking. And if one has it all done by Birch's people, one's cook gives warning next morning," added poor Georgy, with a dismal recollection of recent perplexities. "I am sure I often wish myself young again, in the dairy at Barlingford, making matrimony cakes for a tea-party, with a ring and a fourpenny-piece hidden in the middle. I'm sure the Barlingford tea-parties were pleasanter than Mr. Sheldon's dinners, with those solemn City people, who can't exist without clear turtle and red mullet."

"Ah, mother dear, our lives were altogether happier in those days. I delight in the Yorkshire tea-parties, and the matrimony cakes, and all the talk and laughter about the fourpenny-piece and the ring. I remember getting the fourpenny-piece at Newhall last year. And that means that one is to die an old maid, you know. And now I am engaged. As to the dinners, mamma, Mr. Sheldon may keep them all to himself and his City friends. Valentine is the last person in the world to care for clear turtle. If you will let him drop in sometimes of an afternoon—say once a week or so—when you, and I, and Diana are sitting at our work in the drawing-room, and if you will let him hand us our cups at our five-o'clock tea, he will be the happiest of men. He adores tea. You'll let him come, won't you, dear? Oh, mamma, I feel just like a servant who asks to be allowed to see her 'young man.' Will you let my young man come to tea, once in a way?"

"Well, Charlotte, I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Sheldon, with increasing helplessness. "It's really a very dreadful position for me to be placed in."

"Quite appalling, is it not, mamma? But then I suppose it is a position that people afflicted with daughters must come to sooner or later."

"If it were the mere civility of asking him to tea," pursued poor Georgy, heedless of this flippant interruption, "I'm sure I should be the last to make any objection. Indeed, I am under a kind of obligation to Mr. Hawkehurst, for his polite attention has enabled us to go to the theatres very often when your papa would not have thought of buying tickets. But then, you see, Lotta, the question in point is not his coming to our five-o'clock tea—which seems really a perfect mockery to any one brought up in Yorkshire—but whether you are to be engaged to him."

"Dear mamma, *that* is not a question at all, for I am already engaged to him."

"But, Charlotte—"

"I do not think I could bring myself to disobey you, dear mother," continued the girl, tenderly, "and if you tell me, of your own free-will, and acting on your own conviction, that I am not to marry him, I must bow my head to your decision, however hard it may seem. But one thing is quite certain, mamma: I have given my promise to Valentine; and if I do not marry him I shall never marry at all; and then the dreadful augury of the fourpenny-piece will be verified."

Miss Halliday pronounced this determination with a decision of manner that quite overawed her mother. It had been the habit of Georgy's mind to make a feeble protest against all the mutations of life, but in the end to submit very quietly to the inevitable; and since Valentine Hawkehurst's acceptance as Charlotte's future husband seemed inevitable she was fain to submit in this instance also.

Valentine was allowed to call at the Lawn, and was received with a feeble, half-plaintive graciousness by the lady of the house. He was invited to stop for the five-o'clock tea, and availed himself rapturously of this delightful privilege. His instinct told him what gentle hand had made the meal so dainty and home-like, and for whose pleasure the phantasmal pieces of bread-and-butter usually supplied by the trim parlor-maid had given place to a salver loaded with innocent delicacies in the way of pound-cake and apricot-jam.

Mr. Hawkehurst did his uttermost to deserve so much indulgence. He scoured London in search of free admissions for the theatres, hunting "Ragamuffins" and members of the Cibber Club, and other privileged creatures, at all their places of resort. He watched for the advent of novels adapted to Georgy's capacity—lively records of croquet and dressing and love-making, from smart young Amazons in the literary ranks, or deeply interesting romances of the sensational school, with at least nine deaths in the three volumes, and a comic house-maid, or a contumacious "Buttons," to relieve the gloom by their playful waggeries. He read Tennyson or Owen Meredith, or carefully selected "bits" from the works of a younger and wilder bard, while the ladies worked industriously at their prie-dieu chairs, or Berlin brioches, or Shetland couvre-pieds, as the case might be. The patroness of a fancy fair would scarcely have smiled approvingly on the novel effects in *crochet à tricoter* produced by Miss Halliday during these pleasant lectures.

"The rows *will* come wrong," she said, piteously, "and Tennyson's poetry is so very absorbing!"

Mr. Hawkehurst showed himself to be possessed of honorable, not to say delicate, feelings in his new position. The Gothic villa was his paradise, and the gates had been freely opened to admit him whensoever he chose to come. Georgy was just the sort of person from whom people take ells after having asked for inches; and once having admitted Mr. Hawkehurst as a privileged guest, she would have found it very difficult to place any restriction upon the number of his visits. Happily for this much-perplexed matron Charlotte and her lover were strictly honorable. Mr. Hawkehurst never made his appearance at the Villa more than once in the same week, though the "once a week or so" asked for by Charlotte might have been stretched to a wider significance.

When Valentine obtained orders for the theatre he sent them by post, scrupulously refraining from making them the excuse for a visit.

"That was all very well when I was a freebooter," he said to himself, "only admitted on sufferance, and liable to have the door shut in my face any morning. But I am trusted now, and I must prove myself worthy of my future mother-in-law's confidence. Once a week! One seventh day of unspeakable happiness—bliss without alloy! The six other days are very long and dreary. But then they are only the lustreless setting in which that jewel the seventh shines so gloriously. Now, if I were Waller, what verses I would sing about my love! Alas, I am only a commonplace young man, and can find no new words in which to tell the old sweet story!"

If the orders for stalls and private-boxes were not allowed to serve as an excuse for visits, they at least necessitated the writing of letters; and no human being, except a lover, would have been able to understand why such long letters must needs be written about such a very small business. The letters secured replies; and when the order sent was for a box, Mr. Hawkehurst was generally invited to occupy a seat in it. Ah, what did it matter on those happy nights how hackneyed the plot of the play, how bald the dialogue, how indifferent the acting! It was all alike delightful to those two spectators; for a light that shone neither on earth nor sky brightened every thing they looked on when they sat side by side.

And during all these pleasant afternoons at the Villa, or evenings at the theatre, Diana Paget had to sit by and witness the happiness which she had dreamed might some day be hers. It was a part of her duty to be present on these occasions, and she performed that duty punctiliously. She might have made excuses for absenting herself, but she was too proud to make any such excuses.

"Am I such a coward as to tell a lie in order to avoid a little pain more or less? If I say I have a headache, and stay in my own room while he is here, will the afternoon seem any more pleasant or any shorter to me? The utmost difference would be the difference between a dull pain and a sharp pain; and I think the sharper agony is easier to bear."

Having argued with herself thus, Miss Paget endured her weekly martyrdom with Spartan fortitude.

"What have I lost?" she said to herself, as she stole a furtive glance now and then at the familiar face of her old companion. "What is this treasure, the loss of which makes me seem to myself such an abject wretch? Only the love of a man who at his best is not worthy of this girl's pure affection, and at his worst must have been unworthy even of mine. But then at his worst he is dearer to me than the best man who ever lived upon this earth."

## CHAPTER III.

### MR. HAWKEHURST TELLS MR. GEORGE SHELDON HIS MIND PLAINLY.

THERE was no such thing as idleness for Valentine Hawkehurst during these happy days of his courtship. The world was his oyster, and that oyster was yet unopened. For some years he had been hacking and hewing it with the sword of the freebooter to very little advantageous effect. He now set himself seriously to the work with the pickaxe of the steady-going laborer. He was a secessionist from the great army of adventurers. He wanted to enroll himself in the ranks of the respectable, the plodders, the rate-payers, the simple citizens who love their wives and children, and go to their parish church on Sundays. He had an incentive to steady industry which had hitherto been wanting in his life. He was beloved, and any shame that came to him would be still more bitter humiliation for the woman who loved him.

He felt that the very first step in the difficult path of respectability would be a step that must separate him from Captain Paget; but just now separation from that gentleman seemed scarcely advisable. If there was any mischief in that Ullerton expedition, any collusion between the Captain and the Reverend Goodge, it would assuredly be well for Valentine to continue a mode of life which enabled him to be tolerably well informed as to the movements of the slippery Horatio. In all the outside positions of life expedience must ever be the governing principle; and expedience forbade any immediate break with Captain Paget.

"Whatever you do, keep your eye upon the Captain," said George Sheldon, in one of many interviews, all bearing upon the Haygarth succession. "If there is any underhand work going on between him and Philip you must be uncommonly slow of perception if you can't ferret it out. I'm very sorry you met Charlotte Halliday in the north, for of course Phil must have heard of your appearance in Yorkshire, and that will set him wondering at any rate, especially as he will no doubt have heard the Dorking story from Paget. He pretended he saw you leave town the day you went to Ullerton, but I am half inclined to believe that was only a trap."

"I don't think Mr. Sheldon has heard of my appearance in Yorkshire yet."

"Indeed! Miss Charlotte doesn't care to make a confidant of her step-father, I suppose. Keep her in that mind, Hawkehurst. If you play your cards well, you ought to be able to get her to marry you on the quiet."

"I don't think that would be possible. In fact, I am sure Charlotte would not marry without her mother's consent," answered Valentine, thoughtfully.

"And of course that means my brother Philip's consent," exclaimed George Sheldon, with contemptuous impatience. "What a slow, bungling fellow you are, Hawkehurst! Here is an immense fortune waiting for you, and a pretty girl in love with you, and you dawdle and deliberate as if you were going to the dentist's to have a tooth drawn. You've fallen into a position that any man in London might envy, and you don't seem to have the smallest capability of appreciating your good luck."

"Well, perhaps I am rather slow to realize the idea of my good fortune," answered Valentine, still very thoughtfully. "You see, in the first place, I can't get over a shadowy kind of feeling with regard to that Haygarthian fortune. It is too far away from my grasp, too large, too much of the stuff that dreams and novels are made of. And in the second place, I love Miss Halliday so fondly and so truly that I don't like the notion of making my marriage with her any part of the bargain between you and me."

Mr. Sheldon contemplated his confederate with unmitigated disdain. "Don't try that sort of thing with me, Hawkehurst," he said; "that sentimental dodge may answer very well with some men, but I'm about the last to be taken in by it. You are playing fast-and-loose with me, and you want to throw me over—as my brother Phil would throw me over if he got the chance."

"I am not playing fast-and-loose with you," replied Valentine, too disdainful of Mr. Sheldon for indignation. "I have worked for you faithfully, and kept your secret honorably, when I had every temptation to reveal it. You drove your bargain with me, and I have performed my share of the bargain to the letter. But if you think I am going to drive a bargain with you about my marriage with Miss Halliday you are very much mistaken. That lady will marry me when she pleases, but she shall not be entrapped into a clandestine marriage for your convenience."

"Oh, that's your ultimatum is it, Mr. Joseph Surface?" said the lawyer, biting his nails fiercely, and looking askant at his ally with angry eyes. "I wonder you don't wind up by saying that the man who could trade upon a woman's affection for the advancement of his fortune deserves to—get it hot, as our modern slang has it. Then I am to understand that you decline to precipitate matters?"

"I most certainly do."

"And the Haygarth business is to remain in abeyance while Miss Halliday goes through the tedious formula of a sentimental courtship?"

"I suppose so."

"Humph! that's pleasant for me."

"Why should you make the advancement of Miss Halliday's claims contingent on her marriage? Why not assert her rights at once?"

"Because I will not trust my brother Philip. The day that you show me the certificate of your marriage with Charlotte Halliday is the day on which I shall make my first move in this business. I told you the other day that I would rather make a bargain with you than with my brother."

"And what kind of bargain do you expect to make with me when Miss Halliday is my wife?"

"I'll tell you, Valentine Hawkehurst," replied the lawyer, squaring his elbows upon his desk in his favorite attitude, and looking across the table at his coadjutor; "I like to be open and above-board when I can, and I'll be plain with you in this matter. I want a clear half of Matthew Haygarth's fortune, and I think that I've a very fair claim to that amount. The money can only be obtained by means of the documents in my possession, and but for me that money might have remained till doomsday unclaimed and unthought of by the descendant of Matthew Haygarth. Look at it which way you will, I think you'll allow that my demand is a just one."

"I don't say that it is unjust, though it certainly seems a little extortionate," replied Valentine. "However, if Charlotte were my wife and were willing to cede half the fortune, I'm not the man to dispute the amount of your reward. When the time comes for bargain-driving you'll not find me a difficult person to deal with."

"And when may I expect your marriage with Miss Halliday?" asked George Sheldon, rapping his hard finger-nails upon the table with suppressed impatience. "Since you elect to conduct matters in the grand style, and must wait for mamma's consent and papa's consent, and goodness knows what else in the way of absurdity, I suppose the delay will be for an indefinite space of time."

"I don't know about that. I am not likely to put off the hour in which I shall call that dear girl my own. I asked her to be my wife before I knew that she had the blood of Matthew Haygarth in her veins, and the knowledge of her claim to this fortune does not make her one whit the dearer to me, penniless adventurer as I am. If poetry were at all in your line, Mr. Sheldon, you might know that a man's love for a good woman is generally better than himself. He may be a knave and a scoundrel, and yet his love for that one perfect creature may be almost as pure and perfect as herself. That's a psychological mystery out of the way of Gray's Inn, isn't it?"

"If you'll oblige me by talking common-sense for about five minutes, you may devote your powerful intellect to the consideration of psychological mysteries for a month at a stretch," exclaimed the aggravated lawyer.

"Oh, don't you see how I struggle to be hard-headed and practical!" cried Valentine; "but a man who is over head and ears in love finds it rather hard to bring all his ideas to the one infallible grindstone. You ask me when I am to marry Charlotte Halliday. To-morrow, if our fates smile upon us. Mrs. Sheldon knows of our engagement, and consents to it, but in some manner under protest. I am not to take my dear girl away from her mother for some time to come. The engagement is to be a long one. In the mean time I am working hard to gain some kind of position in literature, for I want to be sure of an income before I marry, without reference to Matthew Haygarth; and I am a privileged guest at the Villa."

"But my brother Phil has been told nothing?"

"As yet nothing. My visits are paid while he is in the City; and as I often went to the Villa before my engagement, he is not likely to suspect any thing when he happens to hear my name mentioned as a visitor."

"And do you really think he is in the dark—my brother Philip, who can turn a man's brains inside out in half an hour's conversation? Mark my words, Valentine Hawkehurst, that man is only playing with you as a cat plays with a mouse. He used to see you and Charlotte together before you went to Yorkshire, and he must have seen the state of the case quite as plainly as I saw it. He has heard of your visits to the Villa since your return, and has kept a close account of them, and made his own deductions, depend upon it. And some day, while you and pretty Miss Charlotte are enjoying your fool's paradise, he will pounce upon you just as puss pounces on poor mousy."

This was rather alarming, and Valentine felt that it was very likely to be correct.

"Mr. Sheldon may play the part of puss as he pleases," he replied, after a brief pause for deliberation; "this is a case in which he dare not show his claws. He has no authority to control Miss Halliday's actions."

"Perhaps not, but he would find means for preventing her marriage if it was to his interest to do so. He is not *your* brother, you see, Mr. Hawkehurst; but he is mine, and I know a good deal about him. His interest may not be concerned in hindering his step-daughter's marriage with a penniless scape-grace. He may possibly prefer such a bridegroom as less likely to make himself obnoxious by putting awkward questions about poor Tom Halliday's money, every sixpence of which he means to keep, of course. If his cards are packed for that kind of marriage, he'll welcome you to his arms as a son-in-law, and give you his benediction as well as his step-daughter. So I think if you can contrive to inform him of your engagement, without letting him know of your visit to Yorkshire, it might be a stroke of diplomacy. He might be glad to get rid of the girl, and might hasten on the marriage of his own volition."

"He might be glad to get rid of the girl." In the ears of Valentine Hawkehurst this sounded rank blasphemy. Could there be any one upon this earth, even a Sheldon, incapable of appreciating the privilege of that divine creature's presence?

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### JOHN WILMOT.

WHEN John Wilmot had parted with Ellen Bowden on the occasion of the latter's leaving for London he had bemoaned himself bitterly and openly, as became a loving, frank boy, and Ellen had shown superior self-command, and had developed that almost cruelly comforting manner which the one who is soundest at heart alone can show. He had been fearful, jealous, hopeless about her and her stability, and she had sought to assuage these various passions in her own sensible, affectionate, truthful way, and had failed while she was still present with him. But when they were wide apart, and John Wilmot was free from the painful excitement of hearing what might befall Ellen in London perpetually discussed, he began to reassert his own masculine superiority to absence, distance, and change—to console himself with the reflection that his own true instincts would have saved him from the snares of a false woman for his first true love, and to be generally sanguine.

So he continued for the first few weeks of Ellen's stay with her aunt, Mrs. Sutton; so he continued long after Ellen's letters became mere circulars apologizing for not having "written before," and for "not writing more now" (for the effusions whose frequent exit from her house Marian sagaciously ignored contained little more than these sentences); so he continued until further patient continuance would have been a weakness; and then he took thought as to the path it would be well for him to pursue, and finally decided on going up to see her.

He did not much care whether or not he would be welcome to the presiding powers of the house in which she was dwelling. He loved Ellen Bowden, and it was Ellen Bowden alone whom he had to consider. Such love as his for the girl he had known all her life her uncle and aunt would be powerless to compensate her for, if they caused her to lose it. So he went up with the determination fixed firmly in his mind that she should not lose it if fond efforts of his could teach her how to keep it still.

He was a good-looking young fellow, with the good looks of height and health, of honor and honesty; dark, clear-complexioned, open-eyed, with short curly brown hair and the upright bearing and slinging step of one who is no stranger to the carrying a gun and the breaking in of a thorough-bred colt. He had received greater educational advantages than the sons of yeomen usually receive, for he had been a private pupil in the house of the vicar of his father's parish, and the vicar was a gentleman and a scholar; and he was a young man gifted with the grace of making the most of these advantages, for he had kept his mind from rusting by going through a course of reading of the English classics, slowly but regularly, since he had come from the vicar's supervision. Accordingly he had shone as a star of some magnitude in Ellen

Bowden's little world. His selection of her had been deemed an honor; for report said that the vicar's daughter would have smiled upon him if he had sought her smiles. Altogether, Ellen Bowden was regarded by herself and others as a very fortunate girl, when it became generally known that she was going to marry young John Wilmot.

He had never liked the plan of her going up to London to be polished, as her mother called it. "She was quite polished enough for a farmer's wife," he said, "and he never wanted her to seem or to be thought more than a farmer's wife." They were young and happy, and they loved each other dearly, and there was nothing to stop their wedding immediately and being free to show how happy and loving they were—nothing to stop it, save this freak of Mrs. Bowden's that Ellen should go up to London to see life and be polished by intercourse with Martin's lady wife, Mrs. Sutton.

He kept up a hopeful heart about this girl with whom he looked forward to passing his life, until her letters, from being brief and cold, ceased altogether. That was her aunt's influence, he told himself, her lady aunt, who probably did not want further connection with rough country people, and who perhaps deemed Ellen pretty enough to command a better match in town. However, it was certainly not her aunt's mission in life to step between him and his wife, for that Ellen would have been by this time had she not gone up to be polished. Accordingly he resolved to go up and see how things were going—resolved to go up and battle for his rights against the subtle influence which was weaning his love from him.

He had many dark and angry thoughts about Mrs. Sutton in his mind as he traveled up. He pictured her to himself as a high-nosed, haughty-mannered, handsome, heartless woman, who would try to make him uncomfortable by being cold and distant to him. If she was this, he told himself he would put it plainly to Ellen that she would be wanting in some of the fine respect and consideration a woman should have for her future husband if she did not at once side with him and leave her aunt. It would be their lives—Ellen's and his—that would be welded together: no temporary alliance with her aunt ought to be maintained by the girl at the cost of a rift in their future permanent one.

He reached Mrs. Sutton's house about six o'clock in the evening, and before his appeal at the door was answered the trampling of horses made him look round to see Ellen, accompanied by a lady and gentleman, ride up to the steps. The lady was young, fair, bewitchingly pretty, and gentle looking. He never thought for an instant that she could be the terrible aunt whom he had come up to beard in her own den. Indeed he did not think of any thing, it must be acknowledged, for a minute or two, as Ellen stooped forward and held out her hand to him as he started forward to meet her, and exclaimed:

"Oh! John, how you frightened me! Aunt Marian, let me introduce Mr. John Wilmot."

"Quite a young Apollo," was Mrs. Sutton's mental remark as she bowed gracefully and languidly to the young man whom she feared might interfere with several of her present plans. Then she dismounted with the aid of her cavalier, and determined to "disarm Orson by courtesy."

"Let me hope that you will dine with us at seven, and go with Elly and me to a concert afterward," she said, sweetly. "You must have a great deal of home news to give your old friend, and I can not let her stay to hear it now, for we must go and dress; but dine with us at seven."

John Wilmot accepted the invitation with a greater amount of embarrassment than he had ever before believed it possible he could feel in the presence of any woman, even if she were a queen. He was not quite sure of what it behooved him to do. Should he go in at once—go in to the palace of this fairy queen? or should he retire to the depths of his hotel and dress himself in the most fitting array he possessed for the banquet?

"I will come—I shall be very happy," he stammered; and then he looked round to see whether or not Ellen was very happy in his acceptance of the invitation. But Ellen was springing from her horse at the moment, and he could not catch her eye.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MRS. SUTTON'S LITTLE DINNER.

John Wilmot had an extraordinarily good physique. He was one of those men with small heads, set well on between square shoulders, who, by reason of their bodily strength, rarely look mentally weak. For instance, on this occasion, though he had gone through several phases of nervousness between the moment of receiving Mrs. Sutton's invitation and the moment of his accepting it, there was no trace of the torture upon him when at length he walked into Marian's drawing-room. That lady herself, turning round to watch his approach and welcome him, acknowledged that the young yeoman might almost be a gentleman.

His nervousness had been a vague feeling, created by vague causes. Unlike a woman under similar circumstances, he had not sought to give form and substance to the experience that was about to come to him. He had only felt strongly convinced that he should that evening find himself in a society, and amidst surroundings, of the usages of which he was utterly ignorant. He had only feared that this ignorance might manifest itself and lower him in the eyes of Ellen.

But now, when he came into the room, he exercised so much constraint over himself as to seem, even to the keen blue eyes of Marian Sutton, to be very much at ease. The two ladies, the aunt and niece, felt the fact with a throb of surprise—the latter with a throb of pleasure that he bore himself as best became him; that the happy medium manner existed in a quarter where they could not reasonably have looked for it.

"It is like old days to see you again, John," Ellen said, as John Wilmot came over to the side of the chair in which she was lounging and fanning herself."

"Yes, it must seem as though you had only been separated for a day or two," Mrs. Sutton put in; "it always does seem so, I notice, when intimate friends meet unless either has altered very much."

"Then one of us must have altered very much," John Wilmot answered, decidedly; "seeing her in this way neither reminds me of old days, nor makes me think the old days any thing but long past."

"He shall mark the difference more before I have done with him," Marian thought: she said aloud,

"What nonsense we all talk about 'old times,' to be sure; when, if the truth were told, there is not one in a thousand who would wish to live them over again. I would not for one; would you, Elly?"

"The present is so pleasant to me that I can't wish for any change, Aunt Marian," Ellen said, deprecatingly; and then John Wilmot could not help feeling that the change from this room, with its delicately-papered walls, where glittering mirrors reproduced the profusely scattered beauties of art which Marian had delighted in collecting, to the best parlor of the house he sighed to make Ellen mistress of, would be great indeed.

His eyes mirrored his thoughts, as he let them fall questioningly, regretfully, lovingly, on the girl who had promised to marry him. She was changed; she was very much changed. His eyes told him that she was improved; but his heart rebelled against the improvement. It was not of an order to conduce to the comfort of the homely-appointed farm-house where her lines would be cast if she were faithful to him and to herself.

The change was too subtle for the blunt, honest mind of the young man to analyze it. It was expressed in every thing: in posture, in dress, in tone; and still, when he tried, he could not define it to himself. He had seen her in silks and muslins often of old; this robe that she wore now was only silk; and yet it seemed a far more exalted material than it belonged to women of his order to wear. As Ellen went on speaking to him, still leaning back lazily, with a self-possession that was new to him in her, still slowly waving the big black Spanish fan to and fro, he felt that she would be incongruous in his best parlor.

"My husband is away from home, Mr. Wilmot," Mrs. Sutton said, presently, "but we have not victimized you to the extent of making you our sole escort: Arthur Eldale is coming too; isn't it gorgeous of him?"

"Why?" John Wilmot asked.

"Oh, custom commands that gratitude be felt and shown when Arthur Eldale sacrifices himself at a concert and a quiet dinner to precede it," the lady replied, laughing.

Now a dinner at seven o'clock, and a concert to follow, represented much dissipation to John Wilmot's mind. It had been his proud and happy fate to attend three or four fifth-rate musical meetings in the market-town where Ellen used to live; and these had been gala-days to him. He had worn a flower in his coat on one occasion he remembered, and gloves that were too tight, and that hurt him in the wrist; but he had been happy in hearing "Come into the garden, Maud," sung by some one whom the local papers the next day declared to be a formidable rival to Sims Reeves. He could not understand why gratitude should be felt and evinced to Mr. Arthur Eldale for sharing such pleasures in such company. Before he could be instructed as to the reason, Ellen said,

"He will make dinner late, I know, in order to get out of the first part."

"I shall be very glad if he does," Mrs. Sutton yawned; "that trio for the piano, violin, and violoncello will be sweeter to me unheard."

"There's a fantasia, too, in the first part that will be an awful bore," Ellen said; "on airs from 'Trovatore,' I think."

"Why do you go if it's such an awful bore, Ellen?" John Wilmot asked; "you used to think enough of a concert, if it was good."

"I never heard a decent one till I came to town," she said, contemptuously. "Oh, Aunt Marian! you can't realize how our ears used to be tortured by people who would sing when they had neither voice, nor method, nor talent, nor any thing else: ours is such an overlooked corner of the world that it has cut out of the route of the stars."

Mrs. Sutton smiled languidly. "Poor child! I am so sorry that we can't do any thing you like better to-night; Eldale has made us discontented by talking of that new piece at the Adelphi."

"I suppose you have taken your tickets for this, and so you must go?" John Wilmot said, innocently.

Mrs. Sutton smiled again. "Unfortunately our tickets are given to us by the giver of the concert," she said. "A young lady, a friend of mine, makes her *début* to-night as a pianist: she is sure to be a great success, and I am much interested in her: that is our reason for going."

"Oh! and you know her?" John Wilmot said, with rather clumsy surprise. Just then Mr. Eldale was announced, and the four went in to dinner.

Then John Wilmot's surprise increased. He had expected to see a handsome room, and a good table; but Mrs. Sutton knew what she was about, and was resolved to make both him and Ellen mark well the difference that existed between them now. It was not a noble-minded thing to do; but Marian had not a noble mind, and so she did it.

The dining-room was brilliantly lighted, and the scent of mignonnette filled the room. The party was so small to-day that the lady of the house had ordained that the repast should be served on a small oval table near to the window—a glittering oasis in a desert of Turkey carpet. Mr. Wilmot had dined at audit dinners, and at other great agricultural feasts, but he was, for all these experiences, a little thrown off his balance by the sight of the means by which his hunger was to be appeased to-night. He felt himself—this son of the soil—to be large and common, as he sat down before the snowy damask, and wondered if he was to drink out of each one of the many-shaped and colored wine-glasses, that shone, and glanced, and gleamed at his right hand. And the vase of roses in the centre, and the graceful specimen glass, with a single rare flower in it standing by the forks, they made him feel how far more fittingly Ellen was situated among them, than she would be in a room whose floral adornments consisted of asparagus in the fire-place, and a conglomeration of many-colored flowers in what his mother called the bow-pot on the mantle-piece.

Mr. Arthur Eldale, also, was not a tranquilizing element to John in this party of four. He was a man of about thirty-five or forty, dark, distinguished-looking, and gifted with a glibness of utterance, a facility of articulation, that made John Wilmot feel as if his words would all tumble out of his mouth the wrong way. And Mr. Eldale talked of so many things, and had been to so many places, and was apparently "up" in all the sports that the young farmer had hitherto thought were specialties of country born and bred men.

The dinner went by like a dream to the young man, who had never dined in such a way before. Really like a dream; for only in a dream could he conceive the possibility of savory dishes being wafted before him, and white-clothed hands filling many-colored glasses with sparkling liquids that made the voices of the others sound far away. Only in a dream could Ellen turn from him impatiently to listen to a stranger! Only in a dream could it come to him to feel that he was unworthy in some way, though he had never in all his unspotted young life been guilty of one unworthy or lowering act.

It was over at last, that sparkling feast, whereat poor John Wilmot had been at such a disadvantage. It was over; and the two ladies were gone up stairs to get their cloaks, and gloves, and fans, and the two men were left alone. And then John Wilmot did indeed feel that all his good angels had deserted him, and that he was not feeling as man should feel before man in the presence of this stranger, who had the gift of being inoffensive offensively.

Just at first Mr. Eldale kept silence; and that sunk John Wilmot in his own estimation. Then Mr. Eldale spoke; and that sunk John still more, for he was not clear as to what it behooved him to answer. "I suppose you know your fate, eh?" the gentleman observed, coolly; and poor John Wilmot wondered whether Mr. Eldale meant his (John's) fate with Ellen, and what it would be well for him to say. At last he said:

"I am not sure that I do know it."

"You don't mean that they have trapped you in here without telling you what they are going to do with you, do you?"

Arthur Eldale laughed, turning round and carelessly leaning his arm over the back of his chair. "You're to be taken to hear a trio in C minor."

"What is that?" John Wilmot interrogated.

"The very devil when you have to listen to it when you would rather be somewhere else," the other replied. Then he added, quickly, "That will not be the case with us to-night though. Ah! 'I said she was fairer than Dian,'" he quoted, rising up and going to meet her with an air of homage as Mrs. Sutton, in diaphonous drapery, floated into the room, followed by Ellen.

Once more, while they were waiting for the carriage to be announced, John Wilmot felt strangely oppressed by the mystery of the difference that had come between him and Ellen. She looked kindly at him, and she spoke kindly to him, but she did these things without that sympathetically kindred air which had formerly existed between them. Ellen, playing with a fan and gloves, and a scent-bottle and a pair of lorgnettes, was an utterly different Ellen to the Ellen of old, who would probably have dropped half of them in country-girlish clumsiness had they been put into her hands when he saw her last. The change of manner in his old familiar friend, though that manner still lacked the subtle refinements and delicacies of Mrs. Sutton's, put Ellen and himself farther apart than he felt himself to be from Mrs. Sutton. It was strange, but it was so.

The dream-like influence of the dinner was about him still as he sat in the small room at St. James's Hall and listened to strains that made his ears tingle. They tingled with two sensations, those unsophisticated ears of his. In the first place, he felt compunction for having ventured to institute a comparison between the melodies that had been sweet to him in his native wilds with those that went swelling up and down in this gas-lighted hall, and that issued from the throats of those whom he was staggered to find "looked like real ladies and gentlemen." He did not dream of offending; he was only superbly ignorant of all things out of his own orbit, when Arthur Eldale bent forward to Mrs. Sutton, imploring her to give him an introduction to a young lady who had just won an encore from her manner of singing "Clear and Cool."

"Don't be impatient; you shall meet her at dinner at my house next Wednesday," Marian replied; and then John executed his error, and said:

"I thought Mrs. Sutton was a tip-top swell, Elly; does she visit such—?"

"Such what?" Ellen asked, sharply, and before he could explain himself she went on:

"Pray don't make speeches of that sort, John; you don't know, and I can't tell you now, but it's a great honor—well, not that exactly, but quite a thing to be proud of to know artists."

"Painters?" John asked, inquiringly.

"Yes, painters, and—and—oh! all sorts of artists who are any thing—great singers, and great actors."

"Our squire never takes any notice of them down in our parts," John argued, stoutly.

"Our squire is an ignorant, old-fashioned old frump," Ellen replied, heretically; "he's just a little king down among you farmers, but he would quickly find his level in London. You see you are his inferiors," she went on, in an explanatory tone, "but in society he would only mix with his social equals or his betters, and be no one."

"Who is Mr. Eldale?" John asked, when he had partially recovered about the most severe rebuff a girl could administer to a man who loved her.

"Oh, every body knows Mr. Eldale," Ellen replied, impatiently, and then she remembered that her young agricultural friend was nobody, and considerately added, "at least not to know him augurs yourself unknown; he knows every one and goes every where, and he is so clever ever so many ways—paints, and sings, and rides like an angel; and he has such a house, Orrey Court, near to Hyde Park, and such lovely horses; it was one of his horses I was riding to-day," the girl continued, blushing with pleasure.

"He's very rich, I suppose?" the young farmer asked, slowly.

"Immensely. Aunt Marian says he draws at least ten thousand a year from a great brewery."

"And so you're in love with a rich brewer." John Wilmot's attempt at jocularity was painfully clumsy.

"Don't call him that, pray," the girl said, scornfully. "Several noblemen, earls, and dukes have shares in things, monster hotels and things of that sort, in this speculative age. In love with him! I might as well be in love with the Prince Imperial. Mr. Eldale might marry any one, Aunt Marian says. Don't talk trash about him and me."

"And any one might be glad to marry you, Elly," John said, with the feeble infatuation of a lover; "I only wish I could to-morrow."

"Mr. Eldale is a gentleman; you're different, you know." And Marian heard her pupil say this, and thought it was time to come to the rescue.

She came so gracefully, according to her wont. These women who wound with silver knives and bind the same with fine linen are likeable, though they are dangerous. They are likeable because of that habit they have of passing their hands over rough or sore places tenderly, with the tenderness that comes of ease of manner and self-possession of mind, and that has nothing whatever to do with the heart. So she came forward now, just as though she had heard nothing, and saw no necessity for such coming forward, and put herself and her kindness in sharp contrast with Elly's ingratitude toward the old friend whom she loved, though she was ashamed of him.

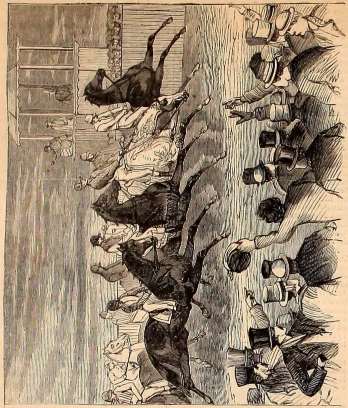
"What are you wishing about to-morrow?" she murmured. "Are you wishing what I wish, I wonder? are you wishing that we may all ride together to-morrow between twelve and two? I have heard of your powers on horseback, Mr. Wilmot, from Elly. You can show me how to make Cavalier change his leg; he's getting rough, you know, and it does worry me that he should lose his paces."

She said it all with an air of regarding Mr. Wilmot as one who was perfectly *au fait* with all that concerned herself and her horse. She was an adept in the art of putting men on good terms with themselves, which was only a preliminary step to their being put on good terms with her. She pleased that she might be pleased, in fact, and she generally got good interest for her outlay.

"I'm not much good 'cept cross country," he said, gruffly. How heartily he wished that he was going "cross country" now, undismayed by the slightly supercilious glances of Mr. Eldale and his own old love, Ellen; "and I have nothing to ride up here," he added, with an abrupt exercise of his reflective powers.

"You can get a capital mount from Blackman," Mrs. Sutton replied. "Go there to-morrow morning and suit yourself, and join us in the Row at half past twelve." Then she remembered that John Wilmot might possibly be ignorant of who and what Blackman was, and (unlike Ellen in this) she would not crush him by seeming to see his hesitating comprehension of the situation of the well-known stables. "Let me assure myself that you will be my escort, our escort, to-morrow, Mr. Wilmot," she went on, winningly; "let my groom take the responsibility of selecting a horse for you, and start with us from my house to-morrow at a quarter past twelve, will you?"

Would he? What man under similar circumstances would not have done the same thing as John Wilmot did gladly—namely, promised to be with Mrs. Sutton at any hour, and to ride with her on any horse she liked? And when he had promised—a little more loudly than was perhaps well in a temporary lull in the concert—he looked at Ellen, and tried to make her eyes speak approval of his acquiescence.



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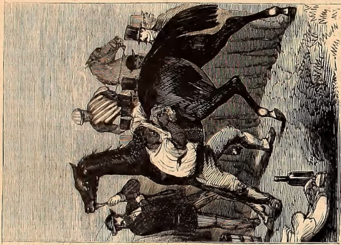

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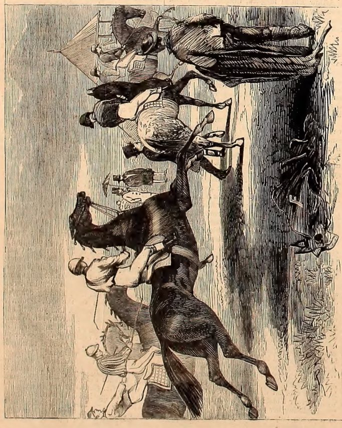

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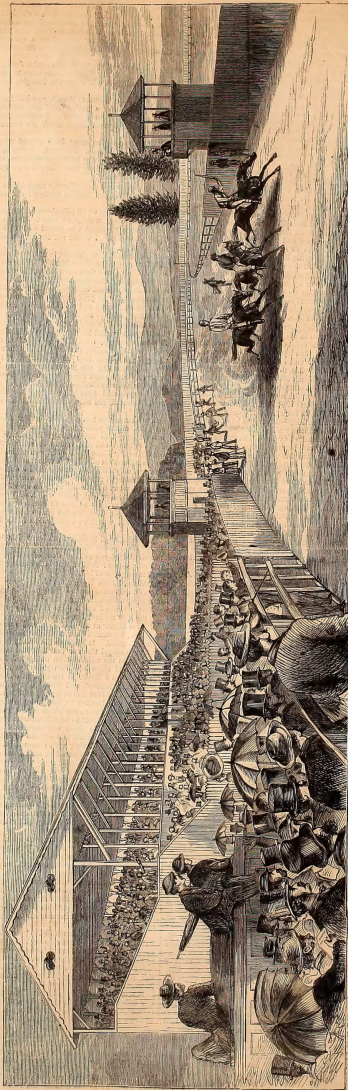


THE RACES AT SARATOGA, August 7, 8, 9.—Sketched by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 541.]

THE LANDLORD AND THE TENANT.—"A TENEMENT-HOUSE STORY."—Drawn by W. L. S. Jewett.—[See Page 531.]

## AT LONG BRANCH.

By day I stroll upon the beach,
  Where smooth and green the wide sward lies,
And watch the shining ocean reach
  To where it meets the azure skies.

Far off the white sails come and go
  All through the day; while fresh and free
Along the shore the light winds blow
  With briny odors of the sea.

The phosphorescent purple waves
  Flash back the hot sun's summer light;
The crested billow, murmuring, laves
  The broad sea-beach all level white.

Above, the pale clouds softly fling
  Their shadows over sea and shore;
The wild gull dips his pearly wing,
  The shrilly curlews dart and soar.

I see the bathers in the surf,
  I hear their ringing laughter sound,
As I sit where the water meets the turf,
  And all is green, not barren, round.

When mellow music weaves at night
  Her magic spell, and jewels glance,
Dazed with the ball-room's dazzling light,
  I mingle in the mazy dance.

In giddy circles, round and round,
  From farthest end to end I go;
While flute and viol, blending, sound
  With varied motion, fast or slow—

Till, tired at last, I leave the room,
  And one is there who goes with me;
And in the long piazza's gloom
  We watch the moonbeams kiss the sea.

## MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book III.

### CHAPTER XIII.

A SUDDEN CLOUD IN A SUMMER SKY.

Clement's abrupt departure had excited very little surprise at Bramley Manor. He was accustomed to make similar journeys, and to make them at equally short notice. His father, who had his own reasons—with which the reader has been made acquainted—for wishing to keep Clement as much as possible in the society of Miss O'Brien, grumbled a little at first, and asked Stephens crossly why the deuce he couldn't find some one else to send, instead of bothering Mr. Clement about the matter. And Stephens had answered bluntly, and with the sort of democratic familiarity prevalent in Hammerham, that there was no one who ought to have been intrusted with the business excepting himself and Mr. Clem, and that if he (Stephens) had absented himself from the office for two days just at that juncture, Mr. Clem couldn't have done *his* work meantime; so it was better as it had been managed. And then Mr. Charlewood had said no more, and on the third day Clement had returned and made his report, which was favorable to the undertaking of the contract. The preparations for Augusta's wedding were going on rapidly. All day long a succession of trades-people, milliners, jewelers, dress-makers, besieged the lodge gate of Bramley Manor. Augusta's room was constantly strewn with costly fabrics, and the fair owner of the apartment seemed to live in the midst of a billowy sea of silks and laces and cashmeres. Mr. Charlewood's rich friends—and nearly all Mr. Charlewood's friends were rich—vied with each other in the costliness and magnificence of the wedding presents, which poured in on all hands. The friends in question having assured themselves that the young couple would have ample means to purchase for themselves any article of beauty or luxury that could reasonably be desired, spared no expense in loading them with rich gifts.

The Reverend Malachi Dawson had, of course, presented his bride with several elegant—though by no means vulgarly expensive—offerings. And Mrs. Dawson, who had talked with a good deal of importance and mystery of the "family jewels" she intended to bestow on her future daughter-in-law, brought out one day a great leathern casket containing a necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of opals and pearls—the latter a good deal discolored—and made them over to Augusta with considerable pomp.

"I would not have them reset on any account," said Mrs. Dawson, "and I hope that you will not do so either, Augusta. They were worn by my grandmother on her wedding-day, and had already been in her family for two or three generations."

Augusta Charlewood knew quite as much as Mrs. Dawson about the value of jewelry; and she perceived very plainly that the stones were poor and inferior, and that their setting was old-fashioned and unmitigatedly ugly, and she inly resolved that her own bridal attire should never be disfigured by so mean a parure. But in showing her trousseau to such female friends as were privileged to behold its glories, Augusta, after dazzling them with the glittering contents of velvet cases, inclosing the choicest workmanship of London and Parisian jewelers, would open a drawer, and taking out the battered old leathern casket, would say, loftily, "But, after all, *this* is the gift that is of more value to me than all the rest. It was given to me by dear Mrs. Dawson, and belonged to Malachi's great-grandmother. As a memorial of his *ancestors* it is priceless; because, of course, you know"—pointing to the brilliant gems around her—"these things can be purchased at any time; but no money can buy an *heir-loom*. I look upon this casket with quite a superstitious reverence."

And, indeed, so great was Augusta's reverence for Mrs. Dawson's yellow old pearls, that she never could be induced so far to desecrate the *heir-loom* as to wear it.

Mr. Charlewood gave his daughter a very handsome marriage portion, and held out the prospect of her inheriting a still larger sum at his death. The Reverend Malachi Dawson, although not in the immediate possession of a large fortune, was the undoubted heir to considerable entailed property in Ireland; the present holder of which was an aged childless widower. There was, too, the income of the very comfortable living near Eastfield; so that, altogether, Augusta was making by no means a bad match in a money point of view, and as to family! All the generations of ancestors whose names, as Penelope Charlewood had said, had begun with O, were undoubted historical facts. And there were genealogical trees with more branches than could be counted in a long summer's day, to prove the unsullied and distinguished lineage to which Mr. Malachi Dawson could lay claim. And besides, was there not the *heir-loom?*—that precious heritage of by-gone days! Altogether, it was unspeakably satisfactory.

Clement's favorable report as to the projected branch line of railway from Ballyhacket to Dunscorthy had occasioned him to be plunged temporarily into an unusual press of business. There were plans to be examined, calculations to be made, correspondence to be conducted, and Clement threw himself into the work with even more than his wonted zeal.

"Mr. Clem puts the steam on, Sir," said Stephens, admiringly, to his master. "He's got a head on his shoulders, and plenty of good-will to use it, has Mr. Clem."

"There's no necessity to knock yourself up about this business, Clement," said his father. "It's only a comparatively small job after all. For my part, I was in two minds about having any thing to say about it. Our hands are pretty nearly as full as we can manage just now."

Miss O'Brien, observing Clement's pale face, declared he had grown thin since his return from Ireland, and that he was working himself to death.

"You've never looked like the same creature, Mr. Charlewood, since that day you ran away so shabbily and left us in the lurch," said Geraldine to him, one evening after dinner. They were sitting at one end of the long drawing-room, and the rest of the family had gathered to the other extremity of the room, round a table strewn with maps and guide-books, for the wedding-tour was being decided upon in full conclave.

"Haven't I, Miss O'Brien? Well, in some cases it may be an advantage to look like a different creature from one's self."

"Now, you don't imagine it's any use angling for a compliment from *me*, do you? And with such very clumsy bait!"

"I *am* clumsy, I suppose," said Clement, dolefully. Then making an effort to rouse himself he added, scarcely knowing what he was saying, "I hope you enjoyed the picnic."

Geraldine O'Brien looked at him for a moment searchingly out of her clear blue eyes, and then said, with a little toss of her head, and perhaps rather more enthusiasm than the occasion warranted, "Oh, *immensely*—quite immensely. I don't know when I've had such a pleasant day."

"I'm very glad of that," said Clement, simply.

Miss O'Brien colored; but hers was a face in which the roses paled or deepened easily.

"I hope you enjoyed *your* trip," she said.

"Why, that was hardly likely; not but that I have very often enjoyed my business missions. Do you know that I saw a great friend of yours in Ireland?"

"A great friend of mine? Do you mean Arthur Skidley? I know he's in Dublin. But I beg to say that, though we are second cousins, he is *not* a great friend of mine."

"No; I did not mean Mr. Skidley, though I saw him too. I meant Lady Popham."

"What, fairy godmother!" cried Geraldine, clapping her hands. "Oh, you sly, secret creature, never to tell me one word about it!"

Then Clement explained to her, as well as he could, that he had hitherto had no opportunity of speaking to her since his return to Hammerham, and that he had only paid a hurried visit to Clonecoolin, driving over from Kilclare and returning the same night by the train from Ballyhacket to Dublin.

"And what did she say to you? Didn't she give you any message for me? Isn't she charming?"

"She received me very kindly, Miss O'Brien, and asked me to remain at Clonecoolin; but that was impossible."

"And do your sisters know that you went to Clonecoolin? I must tell Penny."

Geraldine was about to call Penelope across the room and impart the news, when Clement stopped her hurriedly.

"If you would do me a very great favor, Miss O'Brien," he said, speaking quickly and in a low voice, "you would not mention to any one what I have told you. Not for the present, that is to say," he continued, meeting her astonished gaze; "of course my people may know sooner or later. I told *you* because—because I felt that Lady Popham would naturally mention my visit when she wrote to you next."

"Your confidence is flattering, Mr. Charlewood," said Geraldine, with a laugh that was not altogether free from a touch of bitterness.

"If to be trusted be flattering I suppose my confidence is flattering; because I ask you to be silent on this matter, and I have faith that you will be so, when I tell you that your silence will oblige me very seriously."

"I'll not say another word about it, and there's my hand on the bargain," said Geraldine, deftly slipping her small gloved fingers into his for an instant, under cover of the folds of a lace scarf she wore. Then she got up and walked to the table at the other end of the room, and gave her vote as to the best route from Paris to Italy.

The time sped on, whether employed in work or play, and brought the wedding morning. The weather was as bright and cloudless as if it had been expressly ordered and paid for, and the sun shed an appropriately golden light upon the rich equipages and brilliant toilets of the bridal guests. It even stole into the long dining-room, where a magnificent repast was set forth amidst abundance of hot-house flowers, and touched the gloomy, obdurate oak wainscot here and there with a streak of gilding. The bride and bridegroom went through the ceremony with well-behaved placidity, and Augusta looked exceedingly lovely in her costly nuptial robes. It was altogether a most successful wedding; and the only tiny cloud on the general brilliancy of the proceedings was occasioned by Miss Fluke, who insisted on making all the responses in a deep sepulchral voice, and who burst into a loud fit of weeping as soon as the final words of the ceremony were uttered. Jane Fluke—who was one of the bridesmaids—cried a little too, but in a modest, undemonstrative manner, and only as much as she thought becoming.

"My poor friend!" cried Miss Fluke, when they had all got into the vestry—"my poor, poor friend!" And she raised from her damp pocket-handkerchief a face so inflamed with weeping, and so red about the nose, as to present a startling contrast with her white bonnet.

"Upon my word, Miss Fluke," said Geraldine O'Brien, who was irritated by the despondent moan that was being made over the bride, "I don't see, myself, that Augusta is an object of so much pity. Your deep compassion for her is scarcely complimentary to my cousin Malachi."

"Ah!" rejoined Miss Fluke, with a choking sniff, "to the worldly and the thoughtless the ceremony we have just witnessed may not be so impressive; but to the Christian mind there is a deep solemnity in those awful words. My poor dear friend!"

In brief, Miss Fluke was not to be consoled. The party having returned to Bramley Manor, and being seated at the glittering board, Mr. Fluke—who had performed the ceremony with the assistance of two other clergymen—arose and uttered a grace before meat, which was so lengthy and so solemn, and pronounced with such a strenuous uplifting of the voice, as to make every body exquisitely uncomfortable, and to cause the company to feel vaguely that they had each and all done something to be very much ashamed of. Not till then did Miss Fluke begin to recover her spirits. Having joined in the final Amen with great relish, she fell to eating her breakfast with a cheerful countenance.

The banquet was over, the speeches were made, the toasts drunk, and the bride and bridegroom had departed for the Great Western Railway station, en route for London and the Continent. Walter, too, half hidden behind a pile of fur rugs and a bundle of walking-sticks, had taken a cab and driven away to another station, in order to catch the train for Holyhead, as his leave expired the following day, and he must rejoin his regiment in Dublin.

Then Mr. Charlewood put his head out of the door of his own private room which opened from the hall, and called Clement to come and speak with him. The old man's face—but recently flushed and glowing with excitement and gratified pride—seemed suddenly grown haggard.

"Is any thing the matter, Sir?" asked Clement, anxiously.

"Hush! Shut the door, Clem. Look here; this is not pleasant, is it?" And Mr. Charlewood put a letter into his son's hand, and watched his face while he read it.

"Good God! Benett and Benett!" said Clement, looking up hastily, before he had read two lines. Then he finished the letter in silence, and laid it down on the table before his father.

"When did this come?" he asked.

"Not a quarter of an hour ago—by the afternoon delivery. I found it on my desk, here, as I came back from putting Augusta into her carriage. Thank God she was comfortably away before I read it."

"Benett and Benett!" repeated Clement. "A house that one would have said was as safe as the Bank of England! It is terrible, father."

"It *is* bad, very bad, and we shall feel the pinch of it just now, with those India contracts on hand, and the strike among those fools of navvies in the north, putting us to all kinds of expense and botheration. But it might be worse, eh, Clem? It might be worse." And the old man looked at his son appealingly.

"Father," said Clement, resolutely, "it's no use deceiving ourselves or each other. This is a terribly bad business. If Benett and Benett is gone I don't know where to look with confidence. Hinde is sure to follow: he can't keep his head above water four-and-twenty hours unsupported. I tell you what I must do. I must go down to the telegraph-office and send a message to Dublin to say that we must decline the Ballyhacket and Dunscorthy contract. It is not too late for that, though in another week it would have been. We can't think of entering into any new undertaking until things look clearer. Send Stephens to the bank with a check for whatever you have there at this moment. It can't be much; but my belief is, you have no time to lose. This is the beginning of wide-spread trouble; I seem to see it all before me like a map. I know how many houses were propped up by Benett's. God bless you, father, don't be cast down; perhaps I see things blacker than they are, but it is best to face the worst. You won't distress my mother and Penny just now, of course. Good-by, God bless you!" Clement wrung his father's passive hand, and darted away, leaving Mr. Charlewood sitting with a white blank face gazing at the open letter on the table before him.

### Book IV.

### CHAPTER I.

ADIEUX TO KILCLARE.

The theatrical season at Kilclare, which had begun well, ended brilliantly. Mabel had indeed created quite a sensation among the good folks of that town and its neighborhood. Lady Popham's hint about Miss Bell's benefit held out too good a prospect of a crowded and fashionable audience for Mr. Moffatt to neglect it. The manager forthwith set about negotiating with Mrs. Walton on the subject. "I think," said he, patronizingly, "that as your little niece has done so nicely in Ophelia, it might be a good thing for her if I were to put up her name for a benefit before the end of the season. I like to encourage rising talent, and she really has great promise. I should say that in ten years' time or so she might positively do something very good indeed."

Mrs. Walton took no notice of the flattering hope thus held out, but went straight to the point in her reply.

"I couldn't think of allowing you to announce Miss Bell's benefit, Mr. Moffatt," said she, "unless you gave her some pecuniary advantage in it. There would certainly be a great house, and I think it would be only fair that she should get something in return for the attraction of her name."

The manager laughed his little grating laugh, which stretched his mouth without lighting up his eyes, and proceeded to debate the terms of the bargain.

Aunt Mary, who could always struggle better for another's advantage than for her own, made a good fight on Mabel's behalf, and succeeded in securing for her the promise of one-half the receipts of the benefit-night after a certain sum, which manager Moffatt was first to deduct for his nightly expenses. Hamlet was again chosen at Lady Popham's especial request, and, true to her word, her ladyship filled the boxes with a distinguished audience. In brief, the house was by far the best of the season, and when Mr. Moffatt's portion of the receipts was deducted there remained to Mabel the clear sum of twenty pounds.

Great were Mabel's delight and astonishment when Aunt Mary presented her with this mighty treasure; for Mrs. Walton had kept the bargain she had made with Mr. Moffatt a secret from her niece, hoping to give her a pleasant surprise.

Of course the first thing to be done was to repay her aunt and uncle the sum they had advanced for her journey to Ireland, and also her fare from Dublin to Kilclare. The disposal of the rest of her money was matter for weighty deliberation. Mabel would have liked to send it all at once to her mother, but she resolved to keep a small sum in hand, in order to supply herself with necessary articles for her stage toilet without applying to her aunt; and then the remainder was dispatched by means of a post-office order to Hazlehurst.

The little troupe that had acted together through the late successful campaign was scattered at the close of the season. Some of the performers remained with Mr. Moffatt, and proceeded with him to Dunscorthy, a neighboring town belonging to his circuit. The eminent tragedian from the principal theatres of the United States started for Liverpool, whence he was about to take a slight professional tour, embracing such promising and easily-reached localities as Van Diemen's Land and the Sandwich Islands.

The Trescotts, Mrs. Walton, Jack, and Mabel returned to Dublin; and Mabel was pleased to find, at the last moment, that old Jerry Shaw was going thither also. He was engaged at the Dublin theatre as what is technically termed "second old man." Mr. Shaw had his luggage forwarded to his destination by carrier, and set off with a knapsack at his back, his knotted stick in his hand, and Lingo by his side, to walk to Dublin.

"Are you going to walk all the way, Mr. Shaw?" Mabel had asked, in surprise.

"Every inch of it."

"But won't you be dreadfully fatigued?"

"Not at all. Why would I? Lingo and myself have tramped many a hundred miles together. He's great company on a walk when he's in spirits."

Mabel, on her return from Kilclare, was received by her uncle, Janet, and the Bensas with enthusiasm. A constant correspondence had kept them all thoroughly informed of the progress she had been making at Kilclare, and of her rapid advance in public favor; but they were never weary of hearing all the particulars by word of mouth, and of loading Mabel with praise and encouragement. Jack, too, had brought back solid and satisfactory evidences of industry and steady improvement in the shape of a port-folio full of studies and sketches. These were all laid before Janet, who examined them carefully, and translated them, as she called it, one by one, for her father's benefit. Although John Earnshaw always preserved a cheerful serenity, and protested that he saw the drawings as well as any body, through Janet's eyes, there was always a lurking melancholy in these moments, and Mabel frequently surprised the tears in Aunt Mary's eyes as she gazed on her sightless husband bending over his boy's pictures that must be blank to him forever. At such times Jack's high spirits proved invaluable, and he would presently have the whole family laughing till they cried, at his account of some ludicrous adventure at Kilclare.

Mrs. Walton lost no time in seeing the Dublin manager, and applying to him for an engagement for Mabel. She had taken care to forward to him the Kilclare newspapers with very flattering notices of Miss M. A. Bell's performance.

"My dear Mrs. Walton," the Dublin manager said to her, pleasantly, as he was giving her audience in his own business-room at the theatre,

"my *dear* Mrs. Walton, you and I are too old stagers not to know the value of all that!" and he tapped the Kilclare journals that were lying on the table with the back of his open hand.

"Well, Mr. Barker," answered Mrs. Walton, with great simplicity, "of course I don't expect that you should believe all they say, but at least it is a proof that Miss Bell was well received and successful."

"Well, well," rejoined Mr. Barker, "I'm content to take *your* word for that, Mrs. Walton. But about engaging the young lady—humph!—you see it's one thing to do very well at Kilclare, and, excuse me, quite another to be up to the mark for the boards of *my* theatre!"

"If, as you said just now, you are willing to accept my word as having some value, I don't hesitate to say that I should not be in the least afraid of her making the trial. My niece has a great deal of talent, I assure you."

"No doubt, no doubt, but raw. Come, now, Mrs. Walton, you can't deny that it *must* be raw—very raw."

Mrs. Walton proceeded to combat this terrible charge of "rawness" with what skill she could command; and the manager, who had heard enough from other people to convince him that there must be unusual promise about this girl, and to cause him to make up his mind to give her a trial, graciously condescended to allow himself to be persuaded to give Miss Bell an appearance at his theatre, and, moreover, to promise that, should her first performance be successful, he would forthwith engage her for the remainder of the season.

"I can't guarantee business, you know, Mrs. Walton," said Mr. Barker, as he shook hands with her. "I never do that to any body. Miss Bell must put her shoulder to the wheel, and be content to get a little bit of fat occasionally."

Mrs. Walton promised that her niece would not be exacting or troublesome, and that she would swallow such choice morsels of fat as came in her way with all modesty and gratitude; and then the good little woman betook herself to the small house in the suburban square, to convey the tidings to her niece.

And so the prospect opened out before Mabel of professional advancement and success. She might reasonably hope now to make her way. There was much to be done, much to be endured, no doubt; but the first step was taken, and well taken. If Mr. Barker would but engage her, at ever so humble a salary, she might venture to send for her mother and Dooley. The sum that now sufficed to keep the two latter at Hazlehurst would serve to eke out her own earnings into a fairly comfortable subsistence for them all. They would be together. Together! Was it strange that the joy of this anticipation should be dashed by an unaccountable sinking of the heart at the thought that all ties between herself and Hammerham would be finally broken by this removal of her mother from the old cottage at Hazlehurst? "They *are* broken already," said Mabel to herself—"quite broken." But yet as long as Mrs. Earnshaw should remain within three miles of Bramley Manor—for it was, after all, of Bramley Manor only, out of all the thousand of houses in Hammerham, that she had been thinking—so long there would seem to be a link of communication between her and her old friends there. "I should like just to know that he was quite happy and contented," Mabel told herself. She had been so ashamed of her first feeling of pain and depression on the receipt of her mother's news about Clement and Miss O'Brien, that she had resolved to think upon the subject frequently and courageously until all such unworthy grudgings should have entirely passed away. Whether any such fixed resolve on her part were necessary to make her think of Clement Charlewood, may, perhaps, be doubted; but in her self-reproach it is certain that, far from checking such thoughts, she encouraged them. Mabel always pictured Clement as happy and prosperous, surrounded by all the luxuries of his wealthy home, employing the energies of his mind in pursuits which he had thoroughly at heart, riding through the green suburban lanes around Hammerham with the beautiful young Irish lady by his side.

Poor Clement! At the very moment that Mabel's imagination was busied with these rose-colored pictures of his daily life he was tearing about Hammerham in hansom cabs, haunting the telegraph-office, burrowing in heaps of papers, plans, letters, circulars, contracts, or threading the narrow dingy lanes in the immediate neighborhood of New Bridge Street and the canal wharves.

There were no more rides in the green suburban lanes. Immediately after the wedding Mrs. Dawson and Geraldine had taken their departure from Bramley Manor. There was no evening music in the gorgeous drawing-room, no afternoon croquet on the great smooth lawn, no sound of silver laughter or glimmer of gay dresses through the garden-walks. Least of all was there any thought of love-making or the joyousness of a happy wooer about Clement in these days. A man, let him be ever so much in love, can not think about his affection as constantly as a woman does. He can not dedicate every thought and action of his life to the one divinity as she can, offering up her whole being at this paramount shrine, and mixing the remembrance of her idol with every trivial as well as solemn act of her daily existence, from the bright ribbon twined amidst her hair to please *his* eye, to the hushed prayer she breathes for him to her God. Therefore Clement at this time was assuredly thinking very much less of Mabel than she of him. Down at the bottom of his heart there was still the strong love, obstinately persistent spite of all discouragements; but his head was daily occupied with matters in which this love had no part. And, as to any second passion, any even slightest flirtation with the brilliant Irish girl, we know that the idea of such defection had never crossed his mind. But Mabel did not know it, and went on picturing all kinds of cloud-castles, of which Clement and Miss O'Brien were the happy tenants, and wishing all kinds of magnanimous good wishes whereof they two were the objects. And terribly vexed was Mabel to find that she could not be as heartily delighted at these bright visions as she ought to have been; and severely did Mabel reproach herself for not being more joyful in her friend's joy!

## CHAPTER II.

### IN MERRION SQUARE.

In the narrative of all that had taken place at Kilclare, which was copiously and faithfully repeated to Mr. Earnshaw and Janet, of course Alfred Trescott's violin solo, and the wonderful impression it had made, was not forgotten. Nor how Alfred had been sent for by the rich Lady Popham of Cloncoolin, and had played to her guests, and been praised, petted, and made much of.

"I am glad of it, truly," said Uncle John. "The fact is, young Trescott's playing is very remarkable, and I was quite sure that it only needed to be heard by competent judges to be highly appreciated."

"Well, do you know, John, the lad behaved so nicely at Kilclare—didn't he, Mabel?—and was altogether so improved that I have a much better opinion of him than I had. Indeed, I'm afraid I allowed myself to feel a great prejudice against the poor boy," said kind Aunt Mary, whose heart was full to overflowing of the charity that thinketh no evil.

"It's to be hoped that his good fortune may induce him to work hard, and confirm it," was Janet's practical remark. Jack averred that his prediction that Alfred Trescott would be playing a violin solo at the Philharmonic, in London, before long, would infallibly be fulfilled. Mabel said nothing. She did not like to seem churlishly incredulous as to young Trescott's success, but she could not overcome a secret conviction that there was something hollow and unstable about it all. "You don't seem quite converted to the Trescott worship, Mabel," said her cousin Janet, when the two girls were alone together in their bedroom.

"Oh, I think he is very clever, and plays very beautifully, but I fancy—of course I speak diffidently, because I am no judge—I fancy that he would have to work a great deal harder and more steadily before taking a really first-rate position. And I am afraid he hasn't much power of hard work in him. Poor little Corda, who idolizes her brother, feels that, child as she is."

"No," said Janet, dryly, "you see hard work is *not* pleasant in itself. The results of it are pleasant, undoubtedly. But to shut one's self up to dry solitary labor for five or six hours a day, without any admiring audience to cheer one, is a very tiresome and disagreeable thing. And if one could do without—"

"But *can* one do without, Janet?"

"I believe one can not be a first-rate fiddler without," said Janet, "any more than one can buy a new two-penny loaf for a penny."

Meanwhile, however, Alfred Trescott was basking with great enjoyment in the sunshine of Lady Popham's flattering praises. He had been twice or thrice at Cloncoolin since the occasion of the first soirée there, at which he had made so favorable an impression, and had played the enthusiastic romantic artist to the height of her ladyship's utmost expectation. It was all vastly delightful. The rich furniture, the lofty rooms, the noble park, the train of bowing servants, were charms which Alfred Trescott was thoroughly able to appreciate and to enjoy. To be praised was in itself a great pleasure, but to be praised by rich titled people, dressed in gorgeous robes and seated on velvet and satin, enhanced the sweetness of the praise ten-thousandfold. Nor was it the slightest drawback to Alfred Trescott's satisfaction that he had an intimate conviction that nine-tenths of his admirers were profoundly incompetent to judge his playing, and that he felt a secret mocking contempt for their ignorance.

In speaking to his patroness about Mabel he had in truth been warm, almost lover-like, in his praises. During the time at Kilclare they had been thrown more frequently and intimately into each other's society than had ever been the case before; and Alfred Trescott had not been slow to feel the charm of Mabel's refinement and fresh girlish beauty, and he had given himself up to the enjoyment of her society, until this first feeling had grown into as strong a passion as his nature was capable of. The idea of combating or controlling any strong desire of his own was one totally foreign to the young man's character; and, in the thought of winning Mabel Earnshaw, there was much that appealed to his worst traits, as well as to whatsoever spark of real love she had inspired him with. Setting aside the selfish gratification of his passion—the having that which he desired (always a paramount object with Alfred Trescott)—his vanity and his malice would be alike gratified by such a consummation. Mabel was a lady born and bred; possessing talents and qualities that could not fail to procure for her a foremost place in her profession; superior by her manners and education to any woman with whom young Trescott had hitherto been on terms of familiar acquaintanceship. So far vanity. And then Alfred had heard from Walter Charlewood a good deal, and divined by his own sharp cunning still more, of Clement's attachment to Miss Earnshaw. I have said that Alfred Trescott hated Clement Charlewood. He hated him because he was wealthy, because he was industrious, because he had been enabled by circumstances to confer upon Mr. Trescott and Corda some pecuniary benefits—which Alfred accepted as a debt, and yet resented as an insult—and partly also because he erroneously attributed to the rich Hammerham contractor something of that contempt for the Trescotts' poverty and profession which he himself would have felt in Clement's circumstances. If young Charlewood really loved Mabel, so much the greater would be the glory and the gratification of carrying her off.

Altogether, when Lady Popham spoke to him of the charming Ophelia, he was already well prepared to assume a love-lorn aspect for the old gentlewoman's behoof. And finding that the assumption of such aspect gave him an additional interest in the eyes of his patroness, and that she enjoyed the romance of a love-story between her two new protégés with infinite zest, he had no scruple in indulging her fancy to the utmost extent.

With Mabel herself he could not flatter himself that he had hitherto made any progress. "She's as proud as the deuce," said Alfred, "and keeps a fellow at an awful distance." Nevertheless, he by no means despaired. Although he was able to appreciate Mabel's artistic merits, and even the refinement and intelligence of her mind, it was not in the nature of things that he should do justice to her noblest qualities. A life guided and swayed by considerations of duty was incomprehensible and, indeed, incredible to him. "She'll do what she likes best, as far as she can, I suppose. Every body does. And I don't see why she shouldn't like me best when she finds I am rising in the world."

Such was Alfred Trescott's creed about the matter.

Lady Popham had set her heart on flaunting in the eyes of the world the jewel she had discovered. Her ardor was scarcely at all quenched by the many failures she had encountered in her pursuit of a "genius," and she resolved to introduce her new protégé first to the musical public of Dublin, and then in the following London season to take him to town.

Lady Popham had a house in Dublin—a large, old-fashioned, substantial mansion, which was always kept in readiness to receive its mistress whenever the fancy might seize her to visit the Irish metropolis; for Lady Popham prided herself on having emancipated herself from the shackles of routine in every possible way, and was wont to declare that she chose to have the full use and benefit of all her possessions at any time or season that might seem good to her. Accordingly her ladyship arrived in Dublin about three weeks after the Kilclare theatrical season had come to an end, and established herself in Merrion Square for the winter.

Alfred Trescott was engaged at the Dublin theatre, with his father, as a member of the orchestra. Some months ago the Trescotts had looked upon this engagement as a piece of great good fortune, but now Alfred treated the obscure position and humble salary with contempt. Had he been at all able to venture upon such a step, he would unhesitatingly have given up the engagement at once. But the weekly money was very desirable to enable him to make what he considered a good figure in the eyes of Lady Popham and her friends, and he coolly devoted the whole of his salary to his own personal expenses. Poor Corda, who was growing tall and thin, continued to be clad in the poor shabby frock that she had worn for half a year, and which was now sadly too scanty in its proportions. Her little straw bonnet was burned to a rusty brown, and her boots were not always water-tight; but Alfred's clothes were new and glossy, and well-made, and the loving child contemplated her handsome brother in his becoming attire with the most perfectly unselfish delight. Her father, at an early period of Lady Popham's patronage of Alfred, had been very desirous that the rich lady's favor should be extended to Corda. The child herself shrank timidly from the idea of being forced upon Lady Popham's notice, but Mr. Trescott, untroubled by any bashfulness or delicacy on the subject, would fain have had his favorite child share in her brother's good fortune. To the first hint of such a project, however, Alfred had returned a decisive, almost fierce negative.

"Look here, governor," he had said, in his coarsest manner, "you'd better stop this game at once. I'm *not* going to talk to Lady Popham about Corda. I'm not going to ruin my prospects by trying to fasten the whole family upon the old woman. It'll be much best for Corda and every body else, in the long-run, to let *me* get ahead. Of course, when I achieve a position, I shall take care of the kid."

So Alfred's visits to Cloncoolin, and subsequently to Merrion Square, were made alone; and whenever Lady Popham chanced to speak to him of his family she received the impression that his father and sister were heavy burdens upon his earnings, and that they somehow cast a shade upon the brightness of his talents and clogged his soaring wings.

Her ladyship was very full of business and excitement in these days, for she had resolved to get up a concert for the purpose of introducing Alfred Trescott, and the drawing-room of her house in Merrion Square became the afternoon rendezvous and lounge of several persons who found it conducive to their interest or amusement to second Lady Popham's hobby.

Mrs. Dawson and Geraldine O'Brien had returned to Ireland immediately after the wedding at Bramley Manor, and were staying in Dublin for a while. Arthur Skidley and his friend Walter Charlewood were also frequenters of the old lady's drawing-room, and she had pressed them into the service with her usual enthusiasm.

"You must bring all the young fellows you know, Arthur—every one of them. And I rely on your good offices too, Mr. Charlewood," said Lady Popham, àpropos of the projected concert.

Walter bowed and colored with pleasure, protesting that he would do the utmost in his power to make the thing successful.

The two young men had already met Alfred Trescott in the house of his patroness, and—thanks chiefly to the cool self-possession and ready shrewdness of Alfred—the meeting had taken place without embarrassment.

"I have had the honor of being slightly known to both these gentlemen in Hammerham, my lady," said Alfred, bowing with a nice adjustment of his manner to a golden mean equally removed from servility and impertinence. And then it had been thoroughly understood among them that no further allusion was to be made to Plumtree's or any similar scene of their former meetings.

"Oh, a success!" cried Lady Popham, gesticulating with both her withered little hands, after the Italian fashion. "A success it *must* be. Of that there can be no doubt. But voyons un peu, who shall we get to manage all the business part of the concert? If I had but my dear old Neapolitan Maestro di Capella here! Somebody suggest something! Mrs. Dawson, Geraldine, you are both on the committee; I allow no idle members."

Mrs. Dawson, who had come to spend the afternoon, was seated in a large luxurious chair near the window, engaged in embroidering a cushion with very cold, shiny, uncomfortable-looking white beads. She shook her head deprecatingly. "You must excuse me, dear Lady Popham," she said, with an icy smile; "I am totally unacquainted with such matters."

Lady Popham shrugged impatiently.

"Oh, I have it, fairy godmother!" cried Miss O'Brien; "there's that nice little man who used to give me singing-lessons last winter. What's his name—Bensa? Bensa, to be sure. I've no doubt he would undertake to manage it, and preside at the piano, and every thing."

"Brava la mia Geraldina!" said Lady Popham, jumping up, and saluting her god-daughter on both cheeks. "The very thing. He must be sent for instantly, and consulted without delay."

Alfred Trescott, who had been sitting silent, looking over a volume of Spohr's violin duets in apparent absorption, but losing no syllable of what was being said, now modestly suggested that he knew something of Signor Bensa, and would undertake to carry a message to him for her ladyship.

"A merveille!" cried my lady, "only it must be a note. One should always be careful of the convenances in dealing with artists. They are so extremely and so justly susceptible."

So a note was written, begging Signor Bensa, with Lady Popham's best compliments, to favor her by calling in Merrion Square at a certain hour on the following day, and requesting him, should that be inconvenient, to name his own time. And the note, when written, was intrusted to Alfred Trescott to deliver.

"Queer start, that fiddler fellow turning up here, Charlewood," observed the Honorable Arthur Skidley to his friend, as they lounged side by side along the sunny side of the square on leaving Lady Popham's house.

"Yes," answered Walter; "he's in awfully high favor with my lady, too, ain't he? By Jove! I thought at first you wouldn't speak to him, because, you know, at Hammerham you were always saying what a cad he was, and all that sort of thing."

"He's—he's immensely improved," observed Mr. Skidley, thoughtfully, stroking his mustaches.

It may be doubtful whether any very sensible amelioration had taken place in Alfred Trescott's demeanor since those Hammerham days when Arthur Skidley had found him so intolerable. But in our judgments of each other so very much depends upon the point of view.

## EXPANSION OF AIR.

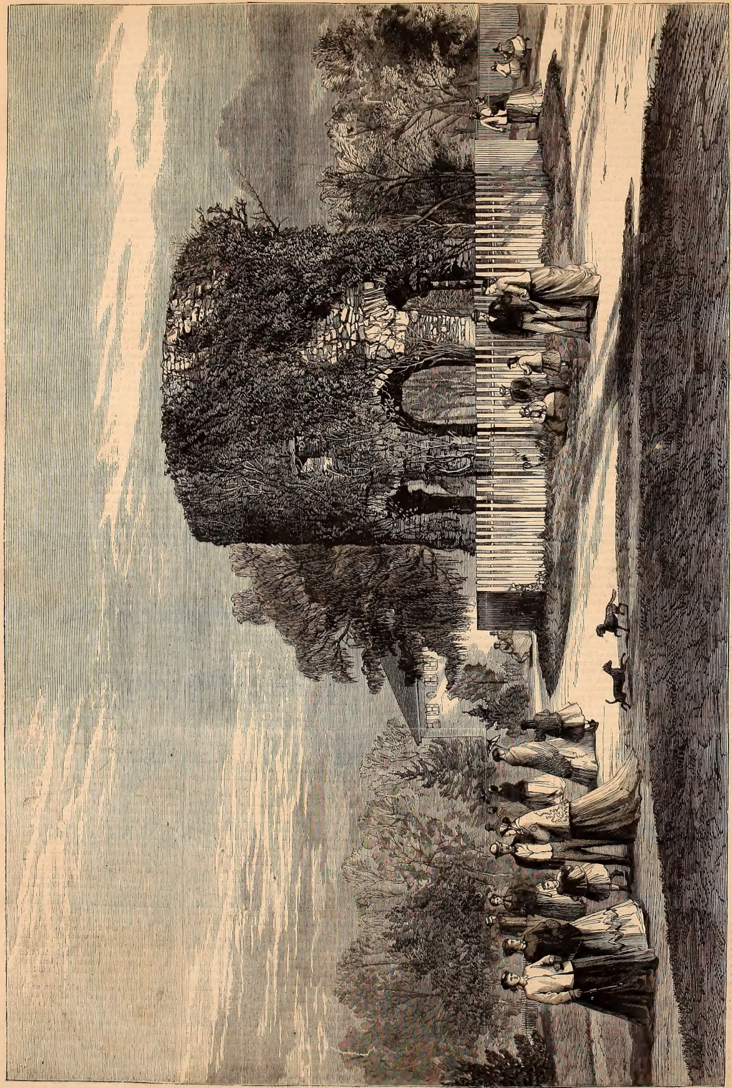
Were it not for the external pressure of the air on all sides the very blood-vessels of our bodies would burst from the expansion of the blood circulating in them. A reason why those who ascend very high mountains find respiration difficult arises from the rarefaction of the atmosphere. The higher they go the more impeded are the vital operations of the system. It frequently happens, on reaching an altitude a little above ten thousand feet, that the pressure is so much removed that the lips, ears, nose, and the conjunctional membrane of the eye actually bleed. On descending the pressure from the weight of the atmosphere restrains the further loss by hemorrhage.

People residing on the high mountains of Peru have a singular enlargement of the chest, which gives the lungs greater inflation, to meet the demands of the system for oxygen in a given time.

Market-men and fruit-dealers, in some places, avail themselves of this expansive property of the air to give plumpness to meats and withered fruits. Almost any fruits, which have become wrinkled by drying, put under the exhauster of an air-pump, plump up instantly and appear as fresh and inviting as when first plucked from the tree. Apples, pears, prunes, etc., bear the operation very well, but they soon begin to lose their artificial regeneration.

Horse-jockeys puncture old, poor, and worn-out horses through the skin, and with a fine tube blow in air, which runs from cell to cell, and gives the animal an appearance of roundness and good flesh. In a few days the air escapes without essentially injuring the horse, which is generally sold before the trick is discovered. The cells of veal, mutton, and poultry are inflated often just before being offered in the market. They look admirably fair and fine, and are usually cooked and eaten before the cheat is discovered.

An air-pump and the Magdeburgh hemispheres are beautiful instruments for demonstrating the weight, elasticity, and all other phenomena worth knowing on this subject.

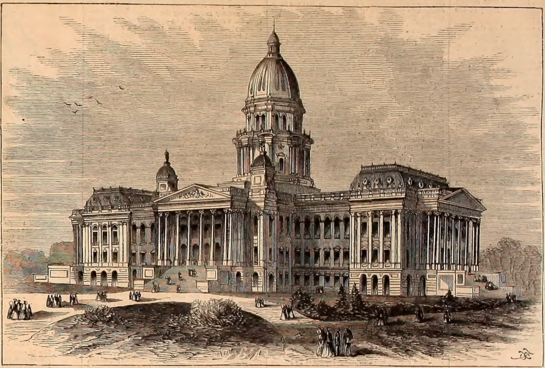


THE ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT.—Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway, New York.—[See Page 541.]

## ILLINOIS STATE CAPITOL.

OF late years the people of this country have evinced a highly commendable spirit in favor of fine and massive public buildings. Within the last decade Ohio and Tennessee have finished two magnificent capitols in Columbus and Nashville. South Carolina was engaged, when the war broke out, in erecting a not less magnificent structure for the same public purposes. The war put a stop for a time to extensive enlargements and improvements of the Capitol buildings at Washington. Massachusetts is adopting plans and making preparations to enlarge the old capitol at Boston; and Illinois has just adopted the plans for her new State House at Springfield. The architecture of some of these is not free from criticism, and of very little credit to the designers. But it is not our purpose to criticise, but to call attention to the development of this commendable spirit.

We give on this page a view of the new Capitol of Illinois at Springfield as it is to be. The successful architects, whose plans were accepted, and which we reproduce, are Messrs. COCHRANE and GARNSEY, of Chicago. The ground plan of the building is that of the Greek Cross, arranged to present four fronts of similar style. The style is in the Corinthian order. The northern, eastern, and southern fronts of the superstructure are each to be supplied with a portico of eight detached columns in front. The western façade presents the same exterior, excepting in entering the building you pass into the basement through a stylobate, the portico not projecting as far as on the opposite front. The dome comprises two stories, first ornamented with full columns, and the second with pilasters. On the top of the latter springs the dome proper, surmounted by a lantern. There will be a balustrade on the top of the entablature of the first story, consisting of pedestals and balusters. The entire dome, from the ground to the top of the lantern, is 254 feet; at its base 83 feet in diameter, outside of walls. The interior is to be finished in the same elaborate style.



THE ILLINOIS STATE HOUSE—VIEW OF THE PROPOSED BUILDING FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWINGS.

## THE SARATOGA RACES.

SARATOGA as a watering-place is second to none in the country, and the Saratoga Racing Association makes an annual display and provides an annual entertainment second only to that seen and provided every spring at the Jerome Park. The fourth summer meeting of the Saratoga Association commenced on August 7, and continued, with great success in racing and "brilliancy in display of youth, fashion, and beauty," until August 9. About eight thousand spectators were on the ground, and the Grand Stand was graced by the presence of several hundred ladies. The "Travers' Stake," a mile and three-quarters dash by three-year-olds, was won by the bay filly *Ruthless* in 3.13¼; the "Hurdle Race," a run of two miles over eight hurdles by all ages, was won by *Blackbird* in 3.57¼, the fastest time ever made in America in a hurdle race; the "Saratoga Cup," a two and a quarter mile dash by all ages, was won by *Muggins* in 4.03; and the "Saratoga Stakes," a three-quarter mile dash by two-year-olds, was won by *Eclipse* in 1.20.

Our several illustrations on page 536 represent "The Start," "Ringing to Saddle," and "After the Race"—the latter two familiar scenes on every race-course. The "note of (not) dreadful preparation" sounded on the bell of the judge's stand is a welcome one and familiar to all sporting men; it has even been commemorated by the poet, who sang thus of Epsom Races:

> Talk of trumpet, of drum, and of clarion, and all
> The peals that to battle belligerents call,
> A sound more exciting is borne on the air!
> 'Tis the bell that to saddle bids jockeys prepare.

The same poet, albeit not a SHAKSPEARE or MILTON, has not badly described "the start:"

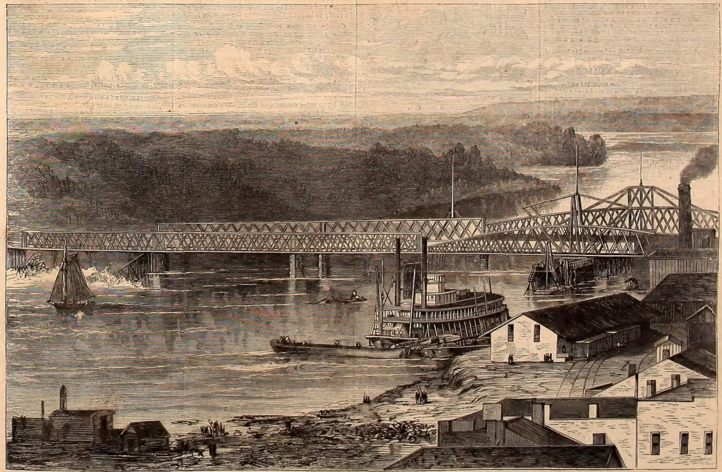
> They're off! they're off! the shout, the cry,
> Extend along the plain;
> And countless hearts are beating high,
> And countless eyeballs strain!
>
> Rebounding and resounding hoofs
> Are heard afar—now near!
> Yes, here they are! the gallant steeds
> Swift as the wind appear.

## ROUND TOWER AT NEWPORT.

WE give on page 540 an engraving of the "stern round tower of other days," which stands opposite the Atlantic House at Newport, Rhode Island, and which has been from time immemorial an object of interest and controversy to all visitors, and the subject of songs, legends, theories, and hoaxes without number. It stands about seventy-five feet above the high-water level in the harbor, and about a hundred and twenty rods from the shore. Various are the learned accounts of its construction and purpose. The society of Danish Antiquaries at Copenhagen decided that it was built in the twelfth century by Northmen, who coasted along the New England shore and called the country Vinland, from the abundance of grapes. It is upon this romantic hint, and the discovery of "a skeleton in armor" at Fall River, near Newport, that LONGFELLOW has founded his ballad of the same name. The Viking escapes with his mistress from her forbidding father and the Norsemen:

> "Three weeks we westward bore,
> And, when the storm was o'er,
> Cloud-like we saw the shore,
> Stretching to leeward;
> There, for my lady's bower,
> Built I the lofty tower,
> Which, to this very hour,
> Stands, looking seaward."

It has of late years been generally concluded, from direct historical testimony, the evidence of the material, form, quality of the lime, etc., that the ruin was originally an old "stone-built windmill," belonging to BENEDICT ARNOLD—not he of traitorous fame. It is alluded to in the will of that gentleman, executed in 1677. The form is that of English mills at the period, with which the builders would be most familiar. In the *Penny Magazine* for November, 1836, there is a picture of a mill in Warwickshire, designed by INIGO JONES, who died in 1652, of which the form is quite the same. Old sea-captains and travelers testify to having seen hundreds of similar wind-mills all over the north of Europe.



THE RAILROAD DRAW-BRIDGE OVER THE ILLINOIS RIVER AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. H. COLE.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

The vague romances concerning it totter under these direct blows of fact, and the true history has been hinted at in Greene's "Song of the Wind-mill Spirits:"

"How gayly that morning we danced on the hill,
When we saw the old pilgrims were building a mill!
Its framework all fell ere a century waned,
And only the shaft and the millstones remained.
It was built all of wood,
And bravely had stood,
Sound-hearted and merry, as long as it could
And the hardy old men
Determined that then
Of firm, solid stone they would build it again,
With a causeway and draw,
Because they foresaw
It would make a good fort in some hard Indian war."

Our engraving is from a beautiful photograph by Rockwood, 839 Broadway: it shows the ruin exactly as it exists at this time.

## RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

The people of the little but thriving western city of Peoria, Illinois, boast that they have at that point the longest draw-bridge in the United States. It spans the Illinois River at the southern extremity of Peoria Lake where the stream is unusually wide. It has only recently been built.

## THE STANTON IMBROGLIO.

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Washington, D. C.

Dear Weekly,—At the Cabinet meeting yesterday the President sent for me and told me that he wished a correct report of the proceedings taken down for publication, as the New York papers, as a rule, get their information about the Cabinet meetings from the different freedmen employed to wait about the White House, consequently they were highly colored and unreliable. Not feeling at liberty to decline an invitation so graciously given, and besides, being anxious to get you reliable news from the seat of war in the War Office, I took up my position at the meeting, note-book in hand,

AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE,

with the President on the right and the amiable Secretary of the Navy on the left. In this position we supported the President through the whole trial. Mr. Stanton was not present.

The President rose and said: "A few days ago I wrote to the Secretary of War that I wished to secure harmony in our meetings, and as we were always disposed to vote 'Yea' when he voted 'Nay,' and 'Nay' when he voted 'Yea,' that I thought he had better not have his feelings hurt by being obliged to sit here and see us all going contrary to his wishes. I sent words to this effect in a communication to him by the hands of Colonel Moore, my private secretary, but I have had no answer."

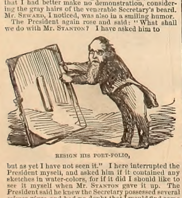
Mr. Seward here spoke up and said that perhaps he doesn't want any *more* communications from the President. [Great laughter by all but Mr. Welles.]

The President then added that he had since learned that Mr. Stanton was not at work, but was losing a great deal of time running to see Mr. Greeley and others with a view to ascertain what he should do, while at the same time his pay was going on. He would now move that the Cabinet "dock him" for his lost time, as the best way of bringing him to a sense of duty.

Mr. Welles here interrupted, and wanted to know if docking the Secretary of War was the same as docking any other man-of-war?

The President at this question could hardly restrain himself within the proper bounds of dignity for laughter. He halloed over to Mr. Seward, asking him what he thought of that, and leaning toward me he said, in a low tone, that that was the smartest thing he ever heard Mr.—what's his name—the Secretary of the Navy say. The only one who did not understand what was going on was Mr. Welles, who was unconscious of the joke, and after the confusion had subsided a little began to explain by saying that if the Secretary of War was to be docked he would have to be sent to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, as all of the other docks were occupied by larger craft. This, as you may conceive, made the thing no better, and the hilarity at the expense of the Secretary of the Navy and the Purveyor of the White House became general. Poor Mr. Welles's face got very red, and under his white top-knot looked very much like a well-filled decanter of brandy with a tall stopper. I had to explain to the Secretary myself the meaning of the term "docking," as applied to employed men, before he could be toned down to his natural color. He said he had never heard of such a thing in Connecticut, and, besides, his mind had been for so long a time running on ships he had quite got into their *ways*. The President here gave me a nudge, but I felt that I had better make no demonstration, considering the gray hairs of the venerable Secretary's beard. Mr. Seward, I noticed, was also in a smiling humor.

The President again rose and said: "What shall we do with Mr. Stanton? I have asked him to



RESIGN HIS PORT-FOLIO,

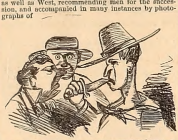
but as yet I have not seen it." I here interrupted the President myself, and asked him if it contained any sketches in water-colors, for if it did I should like to see it myself when Mr. Stanton gave it up. The President said he knew the Secretary possessed several *colored views*, and had no doubt that I would find some in his port-folio. As he said this he gave both Mr. Welles and myself punches in the ribs, and in glasses. I saw the joke immediately. Mr. Welles didn't see the joke, but took the punches in great good-humor.

The President then continued: "The Secretary of War has views incompatible with the Constitution. In my Message, when I argued for the discharge of 'Knuckle Ben' and 'Coppy,' so called, now confined in the Old Capitol Prison for bounty-jumping, murder, and counterfeiting, I then argued that the Government in pardoning 'Coppy' and his pals should pay all of their debts contracted previous to their incarceration, since they were prevented from paying them on account of their imprisonment. To this Mr. Stanton voted Nay! as you gentlemen all very well know. I, in that Message, also argued, as did the Attorney-General, that their past debts ought not only to be assumed by the Government, but they should have been paid all that they might have made if they had been properly employed during the time of their imprisonment. To this proposition the Secretary of War voted Nay! I also said further, that these men contracted these debts previous to their difficulties with the police, consequently when no such thing as an arrest was in prospect, and as such, are debts which I think the Government in discharging them is bound to pay. To this position of mine and the Attorney-General's Mr. Stanton voted Nay. These debts were shown to have been contracted by these parties in the laudable desire to improve their personal appearance and to develop their resources, and were in nowise created with a view to cheating their creditors. To this position, also, the Secretary of War voted Nay. Gentlemen of the Cabinet, I really believe that the Secretary of War voted Nay to these several positions of the Government because he saw that if he allowed the payment of these men's debts, or the assumption of them by the Government in the discharge of themselves and their pals from jail, he must, in like logic, allow the assuming of the debts of the bankrupt Confederate States so called, on our admitting them to any rights as part or parcel of the United States (strong symptoms of applause from Mr. Seward). To be sure, if we assume the debts of these fellows it may in a measure impair the credit of the nation by adding to a debt which Mr. M'Culloch tells me is already inconveniently large; but by not doing it, it would appear to be a violation of faith to the holders of these old accounts who are mostly hotel-keepers and other loyal citizens of our country."

Mr. Randall said the argument was exhausted, and he moved that the Secretary of War be requested to send in his port-folio as soon as the President could select another gentleman for the office; and he would take this opportunity to remind the President that the Great West had other men besides Mr. Stanton.

I whispered to the President that he might look on me as coming from the West. I had lately been to Pittsburg to sketch the iron-founders' strike, and to Columbus to see Mr. Wade about what he did say and does think about agrarianism.

The President said he had in his trunk several letters from gentlemen in all parts of the country, South as well as West, recommending men for the succession, and accompanied in many instances by photographs of



GENTLEMEN WILLING TO TAKE MR. STANTON'S PLACE.

He would in no case be troubled in getting a successor. If the Cabinet were willing he would move that the Secretary of War be invited to send in his port-folio just as it is.

Mr. Seward suggested that he tie it up with red tape before he send it in. Here the President gave me another punch under the ribs, also another under the table, and told me Seward was a first-rate fellow in a meeting of this kind.

A long silence now pervaded the scene as the members took the subject into consideration before voting. We had what is called in White House language

A PROTRACTED MEETING,

although quite a different thing, so far as mine went, to what I was taught a "protracted meeting" was when a boy, as we used to have them every winter at the old meeting-house.

I did not feel like sleep, so I took the opportunity to make a sketch of the Cabinet as they were debating a vote on the importance of the Secretary of War sending his port-folio to the President, as it is evident that the Secretary appreciates it, and the President on his part wants to look into it. I would rather look in Mr. Nast's port-folio any time, and I told the President so. He answered by saying there was no accounting for tastes, which I considered rather impudent to me, not to mention Nast.

Before I left Washington I called on Mr. Stanton, and he told me he was on the horns of a dilemma; but he did not tell me how he was going to get off. The President, I think, has of late been devoting himself persistently to other horns than those of

Your own C. O. W.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Dog-star is in the ascendant. The "dog-days"—that varying period of uncertain beginning and ending—are raging just as fiercely, for aught we know, as they did in ancient times, when the Romans were accustomed to sacrifice a dog to Sirius to propitiate his favor. Nowadays we sacrifice dogs by the hundreds; but still the relentless star continues to rise with the sun, blending, as it were, its influence with the heat of that luminary for a certain period. Still, just as much as in the days of Virgil,

"Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky."

These are sultry, dull, and heavy days. One may hold a pen, but ideas melt away like a piece of ice. You may speculate upon the probable number of Almanacs that reckon dog-days to close August 11, compared with those that compute them to continue until August 24; or you may wonder, since there are really two Dog-stars, why the little one, Procyon, never attained any great notoriety, especially as he is quite as early a riser as his rival; or you may query what will be the state of the weather when, a few thousand years hence, in consequence of the precession of the equinoxes, the dog-days proper will occur in the depth of winter; or you may, with languid curiosity, mentally discuss the important question, "What kind of beings inhabit the Dog-star?" But probably in the midst of your musings you will nod over your pen-point and pass into dream-land. At least we did while gravely considering the last-mentioned question, but were surprised, on opening our sleepy eyes after a short nap, to find on our table a brief document bearing unmistakable signs of having passed through illimitable space at the rate of about two hundred thousand miles a second. We opened and read as follows:

"What is the character of the inhabitants of the Dog-star?" is a very *Sirius* question, and must be answered seriously. Any attempt to make light of the stars is s-*candalous*, and therefore *wick*-ed. Nay, it is perilous to the stability of the solar system; for, as the stars are only kept in their orbits by their *gravity*, it will never do to introduce levity into Astronomy.

There are a number of *races* among the inhabitants of the Dog-star; but if you are asked whether you will "bet-or-not" on one of them, our advice is, that you had *better not*. These races do not differ so much but that the story of all can be told with a single *tail*. They are what naturalists call quadrupeds; which hard word means a beast with six legs—*fore* legs in front, and two behind. They have each a head; and are contented with one apiece, instead of being always anxious to get "a-head" of their fellows also, as humans are apt to be. They are of less *size* than men of Earth, *sighs* being less common among them than growls. They have *tales*, which are never to be continued, though they (the tales) usually attain a very good "circulation." These tales, by-the-way, very much resemble Dickens's—they display a good deal of *wag-gery*, and sometimes are "all-of-a-twist."

The inhabitants of the Dog-star are a polite people, meeting each other always with a *bow*, and not unfrequently with a *bow-wow*. Their style of conversation and oratory is good, though marked with a tendency to the employment of *paws* more than is always agreeable. They are also inclined to be *dogmatic*. Their habits are regular, except that they stay out late at night. The Dog-star is a healthy orb, its inhabitants being free from most of the complaints incident to man. Owing to their elevated and dry situation they are liable to "high-dry-phobia," and it is not uncommon to see one seized by the *collar-er*. For medicines they depend upon a tonic treatment, employing chiefly *bark* and *w(h)ine*. They maintain no physician, every one being his own *dog-tor*. The natives display a wonderful appetite for every thing that is good. They take eagerly every thing that is *meat* for them. They are not scientifically educated, but what one of them *nose* he knows thoroughly. They are deeply interested about "A-merry-cur," and indeed about any kind of a *cur*. They are devoted friends of *Turkey*, and many of them evince a love of *Greece*. They are all great admirers of the *Bony-parts*, and many of them are familiar with *Bacon* and *Lamb*.

Here the manuscript abruptly ended. Alas! that it was ever begun; for while deciphering it our dish of gossip, which we neglected to put into the refrigerator when we dropped asleep, had boiled over, and most of the contents were lost. But "accidents will happen in the best of families;" and apologies are worthless when the mercury is rapidly going up out of sight, and salamander safes are recommended as the only means of *safety*.

The elevated street railway, known as the West Side Railway, has been commenced. Workmen at present are engaged in excavating the earth in Greenwich Street, and several foundation blocks have been built. The process of excavating will extend from the Battery to Cortland Street. The public will soon have an opportunity of witnessing the working of the cars on the lower end of the route. The motive power will be obtained from stationary engines, erected at the distance of half a mile apart. The cars will be drawn over the rails by means of a rope passing over a drum and attached to the car. The machinery will be ready to be put up by the time the rails are laid.

Certain sanguine capitalists, styling themselves "The Aerial Steam Navigation Company of San Francisco," are striving to solve the problem of navigating the air successfully; and a machine is now being built in San Francisco which gives some promise of achieving this result. This air car is eighty-eight feet long, twenty high, and twenty-one wide. The shape is that of a hybrid between a fish and a short-billed, short-necked bird, with wings expanded. The motive-power is steam, applied by a series of propellers. The cubic contents of the gas-bag are fourteen thousand five hundred feet. This novel machine depends for its successful action on the buoyancy of the gas with which it is inflated, the support derived from its own bulk, increased by its wings expanded on either side, and the motion of its propellers when set at a suitable angle.

We often hear of people doing strange things during the excitement which a fire naturally brings; of looking-glasses being thrown out of windows, and feather-beds carefully carried down stairs. But a circumstance occurred the other day in this city which rivals any story of this kind we ever heard. During the excitement of a fire, a woman threw a small child from the upper story window of a tenement-house without any regard to what the consequences might be. Fortunately a police officer saw the movement, and caught the child, thus saving it from instant death.

It is said by those who have investigated the subject that the banana will produce more food to the acre than any thing else that can be cultivated in tropical or semi-tropical countries. An enterprising firm in California have imported from Nicaragua, by steamer, a lot of the mammoth white banana-plant roots, which are in fine condition and already sprouting out vigorously. And it is believed that in the warmer parts of that State the banana can be cultivated easily.

Pennies are sometimes dangerous playthings for young children. A little girl, three years old, recently died in Troy, from the effects produced by swallowing a nickel penny. All known remedies were applied without effect: but it was found impossible to keep any thing on her stomach. The symptoms were all those of virulent poison, not unlike those which indicate the presence of arsenic and strychnine. The little sufferer soon died in convulsions.

*Once a Week* suggests a new use for a wife:

"In rabbit shooting the best person you can take with you as a beater is your wife, if you have one. She will be flattered by your desire for her society, and the general adoption of crinoline has greatly enhanced the value of a steady woman on such an occasion. It makes just the right sort of noise, and, if its wearer walks quietly, just the proper amount of it to disturb the rabbit without overmuch terrifying him. Its gentle and continuous rustle makes him incline to the quiet of the wood, and keeps him, in the language of Scotland-yard, 'moving on.'"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Uncle Sam's Elephant—What will he do with it?

A well-known United States detective was riding in a street car when a well-dressed pickpocket entered. Judging from the detective's careless manner and genteel appearance that he was a pigeon worth plucking, seated himself beside the little man, and in a very dextrous manner commenced fingering his vest-pocket. The detective took hold of the soft hand of the thief, and shaking it cordially, said, "My dear friend, how do you do? I'm very sorry, but you will have to go to the other side of the car, as I haven't got a cent about me!" The pickpocket made his exit without waiting to ring the bell.

Why does a man with a wooden leg limp?—Because he's hobbly-gaited.

At an examination of some girls for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" one of them replied, "The baby, Sir."

### THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is cunning—sometimes witty,
Free and easy, but not bold;
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old;
Half-inviting, half-repellent,
Now advancing, and now shy:
There is mischief in her laughter,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in every art,
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of the heart!
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while!

Are you sad? oh, then how serious
Will her pretty face become!
You are angry; she is wretched,
Saddened, friendless, tearful, dumb.
Are you mirthful? how her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out!
She can lure, and catch, and play you,
As an angler does a trout!

Ah! "old fossils," nearly fifty,
Who are plotting, deep, and wise;
Ye "Adonises," of twenty,
With the love-light in your eyes!
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who can win and fool you *all!*

Divorces are said to be so common in Detroit that a citizen of that city held a reception party the other night, to receive congratulations upon having visited Chicago and returned without being divorced from his wife.

At a wedding recently when the officiating priest put to the lady the question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty that lent her beauty additional grace replied, "If you please."

There must have been some curious specimens of Scottish humor brought out at the examinations or catechisings by ministers of the flock before the administration of the Communion. Thus with reference to human nature before the fall, a man was asked:

"What kind of a man was Adam?"

"Ou, just like ither folk."

The minister insisted on having a more special description of the first man, and pressed for more explanation.

"Weel," said the catechumen, "he was just like Joe Simpson, the horse couper."

"How so?" asked the minister.

"Weel, naebody got any thing by him, and mony lost."

When cock-fighting was in fashion, a gentleman having a match in the country gave two cocks in charge to his Irish servant to carry down. Pat put them together in a bag, on opening which on his arrival he was not a little surprised to find one of them dead and the other terribly wounded. Being scolded by his master for putting them into the same bag, he said he did not think there was any danger of their hurting each other, as they were going to fight on the same side.

In a school, recently, a teacher took occasion to relate an anecdote of the little girl who tried to "overcome evil with good" by giving a New Testament to a boy who had ill-treated her. The story was appreciated, for, a few minutes afterward, one boy struck another, and, on being asked the reason, said he was "trying to get a Testament." This was a practical bearing altogether unexpected.

The Three Degrees of Comparison.—An excellent turn was made at dinner-table by Judge Hoar, of Massachusetts, too good to be lost. A gentleman remarked that ——, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Hoar, "he has reached the superlative of life—he began by seeking to get on, then he sought to get honor, and now he is trying to get honest."

The Irish Chief Secretary, being the owner of a fine ostrich, which some weeks ago was safely delivered of an egg, received the following telegram from his steward: "My Lord, as your lordship is out of the country, I have procured the biggest goose I could find to sit on the ostrich's egg."

A man and his wife fell on a Sunday evening into a critical dispute. The wife said she thought "David (King David) hadna taen much pains when he metred the Psalms;" on which her husband flew into a passion at her ignorance, and reminded her that it was George Buchanan who metred the Psalms.

In former times a wife regarded her husband as a companion; now he is her banker.

### EPITAPH.

Here lies a lawyer and an honest man;
Heaven works a wonder for us now and then.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

## An Incalculable Injury

Is sustained by many persons by the use of "bitters," which are advertised as "unfailing remedies in cases of diseased liver." The horrors of indigestion, or the miseries and wretchedness experienced by the debilitated sufferer from liver disease, leads him to inquire in every direction for aid. Chance throws him in the way of some one of the many decoctions called bitters, which are guaranteed to "strengthen the enfeebled, and improve the appetite." The stimulating properties of alcohol contained in them produce a temporary change of feeling, and the use and dose are continued and increased, when reaction occurs, and confirmed habits of drinking are the result. Meanwhile, what is taking place in the diseased liver? Are its functions restored? Are the close relations existing between it and the stomach and brain continued under the use of a cerebral stimulant? Let the misguided ones answer. We can only agree with the teachings of Him who spake like as man never spake, that we must make the *tree* good if we desire to have good *fruit*. Loss of appetite, general debility, constipation, indigestion and low spirits, are symptomatic of a diseased condition of the liver, and it is evident that, should we desire to remove the attendants, we should first remove the exciting cause. *Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills* are fully endorsed by the medical faculty as a remedy entirely efficacious to cure liver disease, and its experience of more than thirty years has not disappointed the expectations of its many friends. Testimony is received from all quarters in proof that these wonderful pills are the most successful remedy of the age.

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*None genuine without the signature of*
[27] FLEMING BROS.

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Mercutio said of his wound,

*"It was not as deep as a well, nor as wide*
*As a gate, but it would do."*

Plantation Bitters will not raise the dead,
But they cure the sick, exalt the depressed,
And render life a thing to be enjoyed.

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IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
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GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

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Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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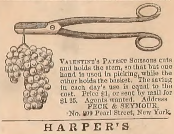

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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## SUMMER DAYS.

By FLORENCE PERCY.

Oh, summer days, dear summer days! how sweet ye are and fair,
When beauty smiles and fragrance breathes throughout the earth and air;
When all the birds have built their nests, in loving couples twinned,
And yellow butterflies in pairs come waltzing down the wind.

The morning-glories drape the wall with crimson, white, and blue,
Coquetting with the honey-bees the long sweet mornings through;
The humming-bird hangs poised above the lily's nectar-store,
And unfledged birdlings twitter in the nest above the door.

The grandsire sits beside the porch, where coolest shadows lie,
While all the bees and butterflies and moths go flitting by;
He never marks their flight, nor sees the swallows come and go,
But rests his chin upon his staff, and thinks of long ago.

I ask him if these summer days are not a rare delight,
They rise so fair, and glide so slow into the golden night.
"Ah me!" he says, "I dream upon the years which used to be;
The days, since I have grown so old, seem all alike to me."

I wonder if 'twill come to me—the time when I shall say,
I see no splendor in the sky, no beauty in the day;
When birds will sing above my head their chorus glad and clear,
Yet bring no flutter to my heart, no rapture to my ear?

I wonder if I too shall sit and dream an old man's dreams,
And vaguely meditate and brood on half-forgotten themes;
While all the hues and symphonies of sea and sky and earth
Pass vainly by my heedless sense, like trifles nothing worth?

Ah no! whatever change may come, that change can never be,
This lovely world can never lose its happy charm for me;
Not all the sorrows time can bring, not all life's mightiest woes,
Can take the odor from the fern, the color from the rose.

And though my senses fail with years, and lose their keenest power,
Yet when the sparrow comes and sings at early morning's hour—
Ah! he who once has heard the song can never cease to hear!—
I know the clear ecstatic voice will pierce my heavy ear;

And I shall see the roses blow, and note the pleasant hum
Of humble-bees, and wait at night to see the fire-flies come;
And though my eyes may have as yet their bitterest tears to shed,
I never can be wholly blind to evening's gold and red.

The flowers will not cease to glow because my cheek is wan;
The peach-trees will not fail to blush because my bloom is gone;
And all the mists which mournful age may bring to cloud my view
Can never hide the purple hills, the sea's delicious blue.

This beauteous world, which every year renews its youthful prime,
Will be as fair when I am old as in my childhood's time;
And age can never be a scene of loneliness and gloom
To him who sees the swallows build, the morning-glories bloom.

## THE LIFE-RAFT "NONPAREIL."

The American public had been so completely surfeited with accounts of the great ocean yacht race, the success of the *Red, White, and Blue*, and the still smaller Baltimore boat, that it took very little interest in the project of the American Life-raft *Nonpareil*, which sailed from this port on June 12 last, with the intention of crossing the Atlantic. Those who took any notice of it declared the project to be an insane idea; and when, after reaching the Lower Bay, the raft was run ashore at Staten Island and a part of the crew disgusted came back to the city overland, the public simply remarked, "I told you so," and took no further interest in the subject.

But the captain of the *Nonpareil*, obtaining a new crew, proceeded; he has landed his singular craft in safety at Southampton, England; and she is now as much the English as the *Dunderberg* is the French naval sensation.

We give below an illustration of the raft when laboring in a heavy gale; and also a description and a history of her cruise and reception in England.

The immersed portion of the raft consists of three India-rubber water-proof cylinders, with pointed ends, each 25 feet long by about 2½ feet in diameter, connected at their centres by a water-proof sacking; these are strongly secured by ropes to a wooden frame or staging, 21 feet long by 12½ feet wide. The base of this frame consists of seven stout 10-inch planks; and running fore and aft amid-ships, on the top of these, are three similar planks, the centre one projecting about 5 feet beyond the after part of the frame; and through the end of this plank the rudder is worked, the lower part being secured by iron stays. The raft has two masts, the foremast being rigged as a lugger, and the mainmast like a cutter. There is a bellows apparatus for filling the tubes with air. The shelter for the crew is a sort of tent formed of a water-proof cloth hung over a boom.

The three men who navigated the strange vessel were Mr. John Mikes, the captain, George Miller, and Jerry Mallene. Two slept under the tent, while the third watched at night. Except Miller, who was slightly ill but for two days only, they all enjoyed good health during their six weeks' voyage. They had an abundant supply of fresh water in a number of barrels lashed to each side of the raft, having thirty gallons of water to spare when they arrived. Their provisions were stowed in a locker under the tent. An oil lamp on board was their only means of procuring artificial light and fire. They had a fortnight's bad weather, and were seven times obliged to lay to; but the raft behaved exceedingly well in the sea, and the men never got wet. The last vessel they spoke at sea was the *John Chapman*, a week before they reached South-

THE AMERICAN LIFE-RAFT "NONPAREIL," WHICH RECENTLY CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

ampton. The captain of the *John Chapman* gave them a fowl, which they carried alive to that port. As they had no chronometer they sailed by dead reckoning, and corrected their position by the help of vessels they spoke. On their arrival at Southampton Mr. J. R. Stebbing, the President of the Chamber of Commerce at that port, hastened to congratulate them; and Captain Mikes, having landed, went to report himself to the United States Consul, Captain Britton.

Before laying up the raft in his yard, Mr. White towed her all round the harbor, and showed her to some of the Royal family, who were on board one of the yachts there. She was inspected by many experienced yachtsmen, and by Mr. John Macgregor, owner of the *Rob Roy* canoe, whose exploits in European waters have been detailed in most entertaining style in *Harpers' Magazine*. A fresh installment of this unique experience, of great interest to all yachtsmen, will be found in the September Number of the *Magazine*, under the title of "The *Rob Roy* in the Baltic." Mr. Macgregor, who took a great interest in the *Nonpareil*, is the owner also of the *Rob Roy* yawl, of three tons burden, in which he lately crossed the English Channel alone, and cruised along the French coast several hundred miles, recrossing from Havre to Littlehampton.

The members of the Royal Yacht squadron at Cowes gave Captain Mikes a hearty welcome, and entertained him at dinner a few days after his arrival. His extraordinary Atlantic voyage is looked upon by our English cousins as affording a fresh proof of the courage and enterprise of individual Americans in ocean navigation.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 31, 1867.

## THE PRESIDENCY AGAIN.

In speaking last week of the Presidency we said that the important consideration was the continuance of the Republican party in power. The Democratic party has been treacherous to the fundamental principle of the Government. Its teachings furnished the pretext and its ranks the leaders of the rebellion. In Kentucky the success of those who, if not ex-rebels, were sincere sympathizers with rebellion, is hailed as a great Democratic victory. In Ohio Mr. Pendleton and Vallandigham strenuously support the Democratic nominations and oppose the Republican policy of equal suffrage. In New York facts of the same significance are familiar to every resident who is interested in politics. During the war whatever opposition and embarrassment were offered to the measures of the Government came from the Democratic party, and its candidate for Governor presided at the Chicago Convention at which that party proclaimed the war a failure.

Since the event belied the words and the wishes of the party, as a party, its policy has been the immediate readmission to Congress of representatives elected by the rebels in the Southern States and the regulation of all the rights of the freedmen by their late masters. So long as the President was supposed to be unfavorable to this policy he was the Emperor's horse made consul, he was the falsest, meanest, most contemptible of men. The moment there is a hope that he may be used as a party tool for the Democratic policy he is nominated for the Presidency by Mr. John Van Buren to a Democratic meeting which vociferously applauds, and he is praised and encouraged by all the Democratic papers and orators in the land.

A party with such antecedents, which furnished the doctrines and the chiefs of the rebellion, which extenuated and encouraged it, which thwarted the Government in its war measures, which steadily and vilely maligned the President during the war, which announced its failure, and whose attempt to elect General M'Clellan was sustained by the hopes and prayers of rebels and opposed by those of the vast multitude in arms for the Government and those who lay tortured and perishing in rebel prison pens—a party which denies the right of the victorious Government to prescribe the conditions upon which the rebel States may resume their places in the Union, and which would leave the emancipated slaves wholly to the mercies of their defeated masters—is not a party to which the interests of free society and of a Government founded upon equal rights can be intrusted. It is of the utmost importance that the Republican party therefore remain in power.

We said also last week that this party would undoubtedly succeed at the election, and must therefore select a candidate who would not undertake a no-party administration, which could end only in the demoralization of the organization which elected him. Then we said that if General Grant should be nominated it ought to be not because of his great military service and popularity, but because of his known, open, unquestioned, and unquestionable fidelity to the principles and purposes of the party. The friends of Chief Justice Chase claim that for the very reasons stated in that article, and because of the fact that General Grant's political opinions are nowhere plainly stated, nor any where surely known, the nomination should fall upon a statesman of the highest and most approved ability; upon one of the pioneers of the political faith which now dominates the country; upon one of the earliest, most unwavering, and most radical of Republicans, whose opinions have always been known, whose acts have never been equivocal, whose public services as Senator and Secretary of the Treasury have been unsurpassed, and whose position upon the Supreme Bench shows the public estimation in which he is held.

For twenty years Mr. Chase has been one of the most conspicuous anti-slavery statesmen in the country. In the Senate he divided the leadership of the party with Mr. Seward, and while Mr. Seward has chilled and broken the hearts that beat for him and clung to him as a statesman of real insight and of earnest conviction, Mr. Chase has moved steadily forward with the advancing sentiment of the country, and is as fully in sympathy with the most liberal party to-day as he was with the same party twenty years ago. To this political character—consistency, perception, and progress—he adds an unspotted private fame, and the training and habits of a statesman. Perfectly familiar with the history and practice of our politics, it is urged that he would bring to his great task an ability and experience which would heal our civic wounds and secure the ascendency of the party which elected him.

These are very powerful arguments, and we do not quarrel with them. But great and persuasive as they are, is it not still true, as we said last week, that such is the confidence in General Grant's fidelity to the radical cause, if his name were presented in a Convention it would be irresistible? It is for that very reason that we speak. It is essential that the nomination should spring not from enthusiasm but from conviction. And from this time forward there should be a diligent concentration of the public attention upon the important point which is the permanent power of the party. Men who have diligently meditated that necessity and are resolved to effect it will not be the victims of enthusiasm, but will act from profound conviction. They have been too bitterly deceived heretofore to run any risk again. The Democrats could not nominate General Grant without destroying their party organization. *Nor could he be the candidate* of the party that opposed the war. The Republicans, if they feel perfectly sure of success in any case, will not nominate him unless they are confident beyond question of his entire sympathy. A third party, or a no-party nomination, would be hopeless, for the necessity of party organization was never plainer, and allegiance to it was never more decided.

## SECRETARY GRANT.

When the President as Commander-in-Chief directed General Grant to take charge of the War Department *ad interim* the General had the alternative of obeying or resigning. He chose to obey, and he chose wisely. Had he resigned Lieutenant-General Sherman would have been at the head of the army under Andrew Johnson, and that is a result which is not to be desired. General Grant in obeying the order to assume the charge of the Department avoids a consequence which we must consider a misfortune, and secures an element of confidence and safety in the Cabinet. The correspondence between him and Mr. Stanton shows a mutual respect and trust which are very agreeable to the country as well as honorable to themselves. The General informs the Secretary that he has been assigned as Acting Secretary of War, and, in notifying him of the fact, expresses his appreciation of Mr. Stanton's "zeal, patriotism, firmness, and ability." In reply, Mr. Stanton denies the right of the President to suspend him, yields to superior force, and cordially reciprocates the sentiments of the General.

General Grant is now Secretary of War. In that office he is no more subject to the dictation of the President than Mr. Stanton. He is to administer his office in the manner which he considers best for the interests of the service and of the country. If the President should order him to neutralize and oppose the policy of Congress, and to defeat the intention of the law by the appointment of officers notoriously hostile to it, General Grant will, of course, decline, as Mr. Stanton would, and upon the President will be thrown the responsibility of suspending him as he has suspended his predecessor. To suppose that General Grant is to be the tool of Andrew Johnson is simply to misunderstand him altogether.

If, after an interval longer or shorter, the President should appoint some such person as Rousseau or Steedman to the War Department, it will be impossible to accuse General Grant of complicity with his designs. That can be justly done only in the case we have mentioned of furthering those designs. If it should be alleged that, if General Grant considers that he has been "assigned" to the War Department by his military superior, he must therefore obey that superior's orders during his assignment, we reply that, with what is known of the General's character, it is impossible to suppose that he would take any serious step inconsistent with his views of the true radical policy of reconstruction. If he did—if his views of military subordination are such that he would not hesitate to do any thing which the President might order, the country would never have been so deceived in any man whatever; and the universal popularity of the General would be changed into an equally universal amazement and sorrow at his profound misconception of the popular feeling and purpose.

## A DESPERATE MAN.

Andrew Johnson is a desperate man. Conscious of the total failure of his administration and of the universal public censure, he would gladly do something to revenge himself upon fortune. His only opportunity is to remove the Generals of the Military Departments under the Reconstruction bills, and see what would follow the appointment of persons who would nullify the law. But the President has nothing to gain by such a course except impeachment and removal with the consent of the whole loyal country. Should he persist in the course which his suspension of Mr. Stanton implies, every man, who upon various grounds has opposed impeachment, would accept it as a choice of evils.

That the President would try other and more perilous measures, if he could, we can have no doubt. The story of the organization in Maryland that asked for batteries which the President wished to send and which Mr. Stanton refused, points to an armed organization upon which it has been rumored the President was willing to rely for ulterior purposes. Yet, although the tale as told be untrue, it will not be rejected because of its supposed inconsistency with the probable wishes or wisdom of the President. That there is some fire under the smoke every one will be willing to agree. But there is no great body of persons in the country so interested in renewing civil war as the vast multitude of the population are in trampling out the least spark of such an intention. This is not a truth which the President can apprehend, for he apprehends nothing. But it is the truth, nevertheless.

It is evident that those who distrusted Mr. Johnson most were the wisest men; and that Congress, having once discovered his character, should not have separated except to meet again promptly upon the proper summons. Had this course been adopted he would not have attempted the removal of Mr. Stanton, or, if he had, Congress would instantly have assembled to know the reason. No man can be considered harmless who holds even a restricted authority as President, when his spirit and purpose have been fully revealed. It is the old story. The Parliament that would check a false king becomes a long Parliament. The Congress that would protect the popular will from the interference of a hostile President must be always ready to lay its hand upon him.

The President may now proceed to thrust out his whole Cabinet and to replace them with whomsoever he will. He may remove the Generals in the unorganized States, and so delay the due registry and obedience to the laws of Congress. More he can not well do. He will hardly undertake forcibly to prevent Congress from assembling; and when it does assemble, if it finds that he has been palpably nullifying the laws which he is sworn to execute, it will impeach him, and the country, longing for peace, will cry Amen. It would not be a question of hair-splitting nor of technicality. The country would ask, through Congress, does he faithfully execute the laws, or does he try to paralyze and defeat them? The evidence which would be demanded would be and ought to be the most conclusive. And if such evidence were produced—if his whole career showed that he intended so far as possible to substitute his own will for the law of the land—he would be removed, and again the country would cry Amen.

## FAIR PLAY.

The *Tribune* evidently does not wish General Grant to be the Republican candidate for the Presidency. It is not difficult to imagine good reasons for its preference of another candidate; but it *is* difficult to understand why it should not oppose General Grant frankly and openly. Instead of so doing it attacks him by innuendo. "How happens it," asks the *Tribune*, "that every renegade from radicalism is so vociferous for Grant?" If the *Tribune* thinks Grant a "Conservative" in the sense that Mr. Weed and the Democrats are Conservatives, why not say so frankly? Again it says: "When General Grant agreed with the President and sent word to the Secretary that he had accepted from the President the position, Mr. Stanton had no choice left. Had General Grant refused to have any thing to do with the arbitrary and possibly the illegal suspension of an officer whose only crime has been fidelity to his duty, Mr. Stanton might have taken another course." If the *Tribune* again thinks that General Grant approves the President's policy, why does it not say so distinctly?

The reason is, that the *Tribune* wishes to damage the chances of Grant's nomination by insinuation, by suggesting doubts and suspicions, by shrugging its shoulders and lifting its eyebrows. Why should it condescend to do this? The very first covert assault of this kind upon the General revealed to the whole country that it did not approve his candidacy. Would it not then have been a thousand-fold better to say betimes and distinctly that, great as Grant's services in the field had been, it did not feel so sure of his political convictions and his policy, if elected, to support him for the Presidency? That is a perfectly honorable and intelligible position. It is one with which many of the best men in the country heartily sympathize.

The Republican party will not be deluded nor shoved into a nomination. Thoroughly alive to their power and to the highest interests of the country, they will carefully consider the advantages and the disadvantages of every prominent candidate. The merits and claims of Chief Justice Chase, of General Grant, of Mr. Wade, of Mr. Colfax, of whomsoever may be named, and the wisdom of the nomination of each, will be and ought to be carefully discussed. There is no need of insinuation, of meanness, nor of stabbing in the back. For ourselves, we mean to speak frankly and in the most friendly way of the comparative desirability of the candidates. Last week we spoke of General Grant; this week we speak of Chief Justice Chase: for they are really the two candidates upon one of whom the choice will probably fall. Whatever may be said of the wisdom of postponing a discussion, and of not canvassing candidates, the truth is, that if the papers are silent the people are not. We are all privately talking about the matter. For a long time the currents of public feeling have been setting. What we all want is the best man. But we shall not find him either by blinding our eyes or by blackening those whom we do not believe to be best for the place.

## THE LATEST "RADICAL PLOT."

There could not well be a more pitiful failure than the late attempt of the Deputy Attorney-General to startle the country with the revelation of a horrible "Radical plot" to suborn witnesses against the President. It was like the "Radical plot" last summer in New Orleans. The sole authority of the tale was the most notorious perjurer in the country—a man under conviction for the most enormous, systematic, and elaborate falsehood. It is comical to read the solemn statements of this man, implicating Mr. Ashley and General Butler in the most infamous crimes, followed by the grave comments of the astute Deputy intended to overwhelm his victims with public odium.

Does any body doubt that this futile blow at the good names of a high officer of the Government and of Members of Congress was struck with the knowledge of the President? It is another denunciation of radically loyal men in the spirit of the 22d of December speech reviling a Senator and Representative and a private citizen by name. But that outburst which startled the country made men grave. This ridiculous effort is lost in inextinguishable laughter.

How inscrutable is Providence! When Bull Run was lost it seemed a catastrophe; but it was really what the rebels tried to believe Sherman—"a blessing in disguise." Last year, when the Philadelphia Convention threatened to deceive some good men, the massacre at New Orleans, which the President might have prevented, and his reeling tour through the country, solemnized and concentrated the loyal sentiment of the country. And now that there shall be no chance of the least division among those men, or disintegration of their party, the same providential agent suspends Mr. Stanton, and reveals his unrelaxing hostility in the laughable performance of the Deputy Attorney-General.

## THE COOLY IMPORTATION.

During the week ending July 20 nearly eleven hundred coolies were landed in Cuba. Two thousand, whose terms of service have expired in Cuba, are to be introduced into Louisiana, and it is a matter to which public attention should be intelligently directed. Webster defines cooly as an East Indian porter or carrier. The name coolies is applied distinctively to the laborers of India and China. The former never emigrate spontaneously, as we learn from an elaborate article in the *Tribune*, but they are removed through the agency of emigration officers of the French or Danish Governments to the colonies of those Powers. Mauritius receives the larger number. In the year 1865 the British West Indies received about four thousand, which was less than an average supply. These coolies engage under a contract of five or ten years, and five-sixths of them usually return home at the end of their term. Their treatment in the colonies depends upon the local authorities. In Demerara the system has worked well. In Jamaica, where the planters seem to be the most impracticable of men, it has wholly failed.

The Chinese cooly emigration is much larger. Many go to Australia to dig gold, or to engage in trade. Many are drawn by the gold to California, and they are there monopolizing the railroad work. Thirty or forty thousand coolies are annually sent by agents to Peru and

Cuba. These agents, as may be supposed, are not of good character. Only males are sent, and they generally contract for eight years. The passage is a kind of middle passage of the old African slave-trade, and there are frequent mutinies. A late writer describes the Indian cooly as mild and tractable, and the Chinese as the reverse; but while the Chinese despises his white master as of an inferior race, the Indian hates him. The Indian is less bound to his native land than the Chinese, but he is less strong, and a more inefficient laborer. Their wants are few, they work steadily, and they are satisfied with small wages.

Is it desirable that the population of the Southern States of this country should be increased by such accessions? These people are the lowest and in every way the least desirable portion of nations the most alien to us and our civilization. They are not needed as laborers; and their introduction into a section of the country in which the traditions and habits of slavery are still fresh could result only in establishing a new form of slavery, and infinitely perplexing and delaying the natural and desirable consequences of emancipation. The acts of Congress of February 12, 1862, and July 4, 1864, were leveled at the trade in coolies by American vessels, and are plainly intended to prevent their wholesale importation into the country. It is ridiculous to treat the business of cooly emigration as the free and voluntary passage of foreigners into the country, and if the existing acts are not sufficient to prevent it new acts should be passed. No greater disadvantage to this country can well be conceived than the unnatural addition of hundreds of thousands of the worst kind of Hindoos and Chinese to the population of the Southern States, composed as at present half of newly emancipated slaves and half of a sullen, late slaveholding class, hostile to the Government, despising the freedmen, and the more willing to gratify their habits of absolute control over the laborer if it can be done in a way plainly perilous to the country.

Natural and legitimate immigration we would not, of course, repel. But a wholly artificial and unnecessary and pernicious increase of the population we would strenuously oppose. If it was an incalculable blunder as well as crime to allow the African slave-trade, it is not less so to tolerate the cooly importation.

## THE TRAGEDY OF CRETE.

ONE of the reasons why England, the European model of a constitutionally free country, is so cordially disliked by the whole liberal party in Europe, was lately very plainly shown. The Sultan of Turkey came to London. London cheered and feasted him. London complimented him, and he talked about fraternity and other fine things. And all the while that John Bull was kissing one of the Sultan's hands, as shown in a late suggestive illustration in the *Weekly*, the Sultan was throttling the Cretans with the other. Is it possible that Englishmen look upon Crete as a kind of Ireland, and think the Sultan justified in "stamping out" the rebellion—a process which the *Times* recommended for Ireland when the Fenian trouble looked threatening?

The horrors of Scio and of the Greek war of forty years ago are to-day repeated by Turkey in Crete. The whole civilized world then murmured with indignation. We believe it would lay a strong hand upon Turkey now if the facts were fully known. What the facts are can be known from the letter of Dr. HOWE to the London *Times*. The Doctor went to Crete a few months since as the agent of the United States charity to the suffering Cretans; and he finds the condition of the people and of the island so appalling that he thinks it his duty to make his appeal immediately to a nearer Christian people, and he therefore writes to England, at the very moment in which England is singing hymns to the Grand Turk.

At the beginning of the revolt all the Cretans who could escape did so, and some 20,000 fled. Of these about 13,000 are in Greece proper, where about 5000 pick up a living as they can, while the rest are fed by committees, and all suffer beyond description. There are then some 8000 Cretans who took refuge in the fortified towns upon the island, and these are utterly destitute, living in constant fear of their lives, and for the honor of their wives and daughters from the Turkish garrisons, who feed them so as barely to save them from starvation, and insult their religion and its emblems. The third division of the refugees is those who have fled from their burned villages to the mountains. Their number is estimated from 15,000 to 25,000. These unfortunates live in caves, and OMAR PACHA means to starve them. The island is closely blockaded, so that they can not escape—so closely that they can not even fish from the shores. They have no houses, and the caves are insufficient. Neither have they rags enough to cover them, nor roots enough to eat. OMAR PACHA systematically devastates the whole country, burning houses, destroying the crops, cutting down trees, and leaving no green thing. He is reducing the island to a desert, and exterminating the population by famine. It is women and children upon whom he wars. The men for ten months have maintained a struggle at dreadful odds, yet with such heroism, and tenacity, and success that they have earned the rights of belligerents.

According to Dr. HOWE, and all authorities except the Turkish, the treatment of the Cretan prisoners has been inhuman. Even boys, girls, and women do not escape. Yet the Cretans are indomitable. They have a blockade-runner which brings them supplies of food and ammunition, and two more steamers were looked for. But the Turks are equally resolute, and the war is among the most fearful of wars. To every request of the European Powers to permit inquiry, or armistice, or delay, the Turkish Government returns a polite and firm refusal. It is determined to suppress the rebellion, even if the human race upon the island must be obliterated. It asserts that its policy, if severe, is not savage, nor opposed to the customs of civilized warfare. It denies to Europe the report of authorized atrocities. But we must judge by what we know, not by the words of the Sultan's ministers. It is impossible not to believe the horrible tales which Dr. HOWE and others relate, and not to suppose that the time will soon come when civilized and Christian Europe must require the Porte to pause.

## REMOVAL OF NUISANCES.

IF we consider seriously the facts developed in our recent article on Health in the City and the Country we realize the importance of a thorough removal of the nuisances that render the air of a city impure. This is attempted to a certain extent, but the attempt is by no means sufficiently searching, and it is often directed toward the various nuisances in no just proportion to their relative importance. The worst of the nuisances—those which have the most influence in producing disease—are often left nearly or quite untouched, being partially covered up from view, while those which make the most outside show are vigorously attacked.

We see that just now a great deal is said in the newspapers of New York city about cleaning the streets. While we would not say a word to hinder this from being done, for it is a pressing necessity, especially now that the accumulated filth, seething in the hot sun after the occasional rains, is sending forth great volumes of noxious emanations into the air, yet it is comparatively of little use if the filth in the houses and their surroundings is left to accumulate without stint, as it often is. To clean the street alone is like washing the outside of the cup and platter.

Indeed that filth which is most productive of disease may not exist very largely in the street. It is not what is thrown out that does the most harm there, but it is the outflowing of the *human* filth from the houses. And this outflowing does not send forth such concentrated effluvia as the filth that is pent up in houses and yards. It is the crowded, filthy tenements with their foul overflowings that generate most of the gases which create diseases of various kinds and intensify those which come from specific causes.

Of course this concentration of filth produces its worst effects upon the inmates of the houses themselves. Disease riots in such places. But there are often cleanly people in the midst of dirty ones, and they have to suffer from the sins of their neighbors. The emanations from filthy houses and yards are carried by the air into the neighboring tenements of the cleanly, somewhat diluted, it is true, but not sufficiently so to prevent wholly their noxious influence. It often goes from one block to another. Suppose a block of filthy tenements has its yards in the rear bordering upon the yards of another block whose occupants are cleanly and are not unduly crowded. Disease may be generated in the latter by the foul emanations which come from the former. The evil extends even further than this. The corruption of the air may be wide, and the average condition of the air of a whole city depends upon the proportionate amounts of its cleanly and uncleanly portions. Every citizen has therefore a personal interest in promoting the cleanliness not only of his own immediate neighborhood, but of all other portions of the city.

From what has been said it is clear that more authority ought to be exercised on the part of the public in relation to cleanliness than has ever yet been. *The right which every citizen has to have a cleanly neighborhood around him has never been fully recognized.* To secure this right the utmost limit of lawful interference should be reached. There should be a thorough inspection of yards, with full power to have all filth effectually removed. There is more difficulty about houses; but even here much can be done by the public functionary in preventing them from being such nests of pollution and disease as they often are. At least should the strong arm of the law secure against that extreme crowding which is absolutely inconsistent with the maintenance of cleanliness. For this purpose there should be some legal restraint upon the mode of building, so effectual as to prevent any one from putting up tenements so arranged as to get all the money that is possible in rents without any regard to sanitary considerations.

We have said that it is *human* filth especially that is the most common agent in the diffusion and intensification of disease. This great fact is not sufficiently regarded in sanitary efforts. A slaughter-house is spoken of with abhorrence, and the effort to remove it from a neighborhood is entered upon with great zeal. It is true that its odor is very disagreeable, but it is nothing like as injurious to the public health as a cluster of filthy houses that does not give forth a tithe as much odor, and has perhaps escaped all sanitary alarm and attention. Indeed, it has often been questioned whether a slaughter-house is at all injurious to the health of a neighborhood, because butchers are proverbially healthy men. They are healthy, however, probably in spite of the putrefactive odors, because their life is so active and so much in the open air. The same thing may be substantially said of the odors that come from the establishments of glue-makers, bone-boilers, soap-makers, candle-manufacturers, etc. Our own opinion is, that the emanations from decaying animal substances are somewhat deleterious, and yet are nothing like as much so as those that come from the decomposition of animal excretions—in other words, personal filth. All disagreeable odors are unhealthy from the very fact that they are disagreeable, and especially when they affect the nerves to such an extent as to produce so decided a result as nausea. But in the case of human filth the odor is far from being the measure of the injury which is done. There is here a secret poisonous influence undermining the physical power, and preparing the way, therefore, for various diseases, especially those that are characterized by general depression and by derangement of the digestive organs.

The measures for securing cleanliness in a city should be systematically prosecuted, and not fitfully, as is often done. There should not be merely a great sanitary stirring up when cholera or some other epidemic threatens, nor at certain seasons of the year when the stench of filth gives the warning. The very removal of so much accumulated noxious matter is attended with danger. We want more constancy and thoroughness and system in sanitary management than have ever yet been achieved by any city before we can realize what a city ought to be in cleanliness and in health.

## WOODEN ARMS AND LEGS.

PERHAPS there never was a time when artificial limbs were so common as now. Warfare in all civilized countries necessarily maims many thousands yearly, who avail themselves of wooden arms and legs for the sake of appearance rather than from their positive utility. The perfection of the art of manufacturing substitutes for lost members is an extraordinary triumph of art. Some are actually walking about in patent-leather boots on a pair of artificial pedestals, and no one would suspect it if uninformed of the fact. Artificial arms make a coat fit a little better than none at all, and artificial hands make a very fine show covered with elegant gloves, but neither of them ever prove so decidedly useful as artificial lower extremities.

The Government of the United States seems to have been in advance of all others in providing its gallant but unfortunate soldiers with artificial limbs. It is creditable to the humanity and consideration of Congress that large sums have been appropriated for providing every one who has lost a limb in the public service with the best substitute the ingenuity of the best mechanics could devise. It has become a distinct profession in North America to fabricate artificial limbs, and consequently carried to a high degree of artistic perfection.

## AIR-PUMP FEET.

A FLY walks on the ceiling overhead with entire ease and safety, because each foot has a disk which excludes the air, and hence the pressure of the atmosphere holds it fast. A large proportion of the insects have that air-pump provision. The common tree-toad, very common West and South, which hops nimbly from one branch to another in quest of prey, has a complete air-pump at the extremity of each toe. If but the tip of one finger strikes a surface they can tenaciously hold on. Precisely the same mechanical contrivance is found in the arms of the cuttle-fish or squid, as it is commonly called. If it can fix one pad on any thing it holds on with a degree of strength quite astonishing. In the East Indies these cuttle-fish are represented to attain gigantic proportions, with a corresponding muscular power, dragging down very large animals for prey. It is related that a British ship lying at anchor in a region where these monsters abound, had a plank slung alongside on which eight sailors stood painting the hull down to the water-line. Unperceived, a huge cuttle-fish threw one of his long air-pump arms over the plank, broke the slings and consequently pitched the men overboard. Before they could be rescued the monster dragged them all under and probably feasted on their remains. Nothing short of instantly cutting the fleshy air-pump grapple in two, with a knife, can favor an escape. The remora, a beautiful Atlantic fish, has an air-pump on its head, while the long-armed hydra, on the coast of Florida, known as the sea-spider, has an air-pump at the extremity of each long leg by which it seizes its living food.

## LITERARY.

IN the "History of the American Civil War," just issued by the HARPERS, Dr. JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER has written the story of this country and interpreted our political development from an entirely new point of view. The historian's general theory of the controlling influences of civilization and of national progress are plainly set forth in his remarkable "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." In the present volume his ample knowledge in every department, his great stores of striking fact, are used in a manner of the utmost interest to every American. The chapters upon the physical characteristics of North America, its topography and meteorology, its geological formation, and the curious researches and speculations upon the modifying force of climate, are full of the most entertaining and striking information, applied with a fidelity and an earnestness of conviction which are admirable if not conclusive. The philosophic episodes spring naturally from the main thought of the volume; and the interest of the reader is never relaxed.

The work is to occupy three volumes, of which the first, issued in a dignified and attractive form, is now ready. It brings the history of the country down to the opening of the war; and relates it with singular lucidity of style, rising sometimes into a rhetorical richness which is almost unavoidable by a contemporary historian. Of this nearness to the events and times which he describes the author says: "Perhaps, however, it may be thought that the time has not yet come to deal with these events impartially—that we are too near their occurrence. In this respect the truth of history depends on two conditions—fullness of information as to the facts, and freedom from bias as to persons. But there never was a war in the course of which publicity was so freely permitted and the interior causes of movements so completely understood. As to bias, it is a mistake to suppose that time is any remedy for it. The life of CÆSAR might have been written in the reign of AUGUSTUS not less impartially than nineteen centuries subsequently."

The argument of the History is simply stated. There are three distinct periods in our national life: the first, that of the idea of political unity; the second, that of two geographical and hostile powers; the third, the conflict of those powers for supremacy. The first volume treats of the first two periods, and with a skillful compression of incident and suggestion of leading facts which show the training of an accomplished writer and thinker. It is a work which every intelligent American should very carefully ponder. Certainly we can not agree in many of its speculations. But its spirit is so thoroughly candid, the whole work is so free from party heat, its positions are so fortified and adorned with learning, its style is so clear and attractive, and its view so original and interesting, that it must necessarily be ranked among the most important and remarkable of recent works.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL SHERIDAN was removed from the command of the Fifth Military District by order of President Johnson, and under the protest of General Grant on August 19. He has been ordered to Missouri to succeed General Hancock. The latter goes to Louisville, Kentucky, to succeed General George H. Thomas, who is to assume command in General Sheridan's late department. General Thomas is a strong Republican, and is as little likely as Sheridan to compromise or affiliate with the New Orleans rebels.

General John Pope, in a long letter to General Grant, under date of July 24, complains of the pernicious influence exercised by B. H. Hill and other rebel leaders in their discussion of the reconstruction question in his district. He says that, although Congress did well in disfranchising them, it would have been better to have enforced their permanent absence from the country. Notwithstanding the drawbacks to a full reconstruction occasioned by these speech-makers, he believes that Alabama, Georgia, and Florida will give a heavy white majority for reconstruction, and that three-fourths of the colored votes in each State will be cast in favor of readmission under the law of Congress. But after reconstruction the baleful influence of the rebel leaders will prevail, and the evils which afflict Tennessee will be reproduced in the rest of the Southern States.

General Sheridan, on August 17, ordered an election of a Convention for Louisiana, to be held on the 27th and 28th of September, the Convention to consist of ninety-seven members. One section of the order directs that, where fraud or violence is perpetrated, the election shall be held over again under the protection of United States troops.

Registration in Louisiana having been completed the full returns foot up 44,732 whites, and 82,907 blacks.

### NEWS ITEMS.

John S. Pendleton, formerly a member of Congress and Minister to Chili, was arrested in Richmond on August 16 for alleged perjury in registering as a voter.

The cooly ship which recently landed a cargo in Louisiana has been libeled, and her captain held in $1000 to answer for a violation of the law.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

THE French elections have gone heavily against the Bonaparte party, and the Opposition counts large gains.

The Italians are displeased with Napoleon's protection of the Pope, and Victor Emanuel has been forced to ask a revision of the treaty of 1866, which left the city of Rome alone of all Italy under the temporal authority of the Pope.

Napoleon, Francis Joseph, and Louis of Bavaria dined at Salzburg, Austria, on August 18, and had a conference the next day. On the latter day the Vienna *Gazette*, the imperial organ of Austria, remarked that an alliance between France and Austria was possible, provided one was concluded between Prussia and Russia.

The reception of President Juarez at the capital of Mexico, on July 15, was a splendid ovation, and a great many sensible things were done, and not a few wise things were said, on the occasion. In a very moderate and sensible proclamation issued by Juarez he advises conciliation and clemency; and, indirectly alluding to the execution of Maximilian, he adds of his Government: "Its duty has been, and yet is, to weigh the demands of justice against considerations due to lenity. The moderation of its conduct, wherever it has resided, has demonstrated its desire to temper, as far as possible, the rigor of justice, by reconciling clemency with the stern duty of leaving the laws to act where they are indispensable to secure the peace and future prosperity of the nation. Let us now bend all our efforts to obtain and consolidate the benefits of peace." Tejada, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a speech used the following interesting language: "In Mexico there have existed two classes to which this war should be a lasting lesson: the clergy and the great proprietors. These two classes committed the error of intrusting the salvation of their interests to the absurd measure of suborning another corrupt class, the army; but the result proclaims that society can not be profoundly moved without danger to the interests that have their roots entwined in it, and the classes, which in Mexico invented revolutions, will no longer be guilty of the folly of persisting in their silly system. The triumph, then, which has been just consummated, involves mighty germs of consolidation and peace."

OLD BRIDGE AT MEACHAM OUTLET.

THE FALLS FROM BARTLETT'S BRIDGE.

LOOKING UP THE LAKE.

JOHN BROWN'S HOUSE.

COREY'S HOTEL AT INDIAN CARRY.

## THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

THE "happy hunting grounds of the Saranac" are little frequented by either white or red hunters now; the "woods and waters of the Adirondacks" afford sport to but few huntsmen and fishermen. In these days the scenery is the attraction which lures us there in "the heated term:" we angle for the sake of the accompanying sail or row; we hunt for the sake of the exercise and the air. We go in pairs in search of the picturesque and the beautiful, and find more pleasure in "shooting" the rapids of the lakes than the birds and beasts of the mountains; and more fun in flirting than in fishing.

Occasionally there are those who go armed in search of the picturesque; and their shooting is done with a camera. Some of the results of such a sporting tour, carried out by the photographers FAY and FARMER, of Malone, New York, are to be found in the several views on this page of the *Weekly*. These were taken by the photographers named in parts of the mountain less frequented by those from the metropolis than the eastern slope about Mounts Marcy, Seward, and M'Intyre. "Our artists" left Malone on June 4, and drove overland to Meacham Lake, a favorite resort for sporting parties from Malone and the northwestern corner of the Empire State. It is easy of access by stage lines, and game and fish are still plenty. From Lake Meacham a stage-ride brought them to St. Regis Lake, in the midst of the "Wilderness," the source of the little river of the same name. The scenery here is wild and picturesque; twelve or fifteen miniature lakes, each vying with the others in beauty, can be visited from "PAUL SMITH'S Hotel"—a model mountain way-side inn in the Wilderness—in a single day without fatigue. More adventurous sportsmen frequently penetrate, under the guidance of PAUL SMITH'S guides and by the aid of his boats, one hundred and sixty miles from St. Regis Lake into the Wilderness, to the sources of Racket and Bog rivers, and to Tupper's and Blue Mountain Lake.

In the vicinity of St. Regis Lake there are innumerable similarly small lakes or lakelets, many of them connected, or at least separated by such short distances that a party with a small boat, light luggage, and strong legs can easily make the trip to Saranac Lake, through these lakes, and over the "Carrys," as the land portion of the route is called. Saranac Lake—the principal source of Saranac River, and one of the most beautiful as well as the largest of these mountain lakes—is ten miles in length, and is filled with the largest and finest salmon, trout, and pike. Our party sailed across the "Upper Saranac," as the western part of it is called, in a few hours on a day in June, when the water was very rough; but their cockle-shell boat, weighing less than one hundred pounds, and freighted with three persons and luggage, dashed through the white caps like a life-boat. They landed, after a delightful sail, at the "Indian Carry," as the little settlement on the south bank of the westernmost part of the lake is called. Here one COREY enjoys like fame with PAUL SMITH, and keeps a hotel not less worthy of patronizing than picturing. Thence, by way of Bartlett's and the Falls, they reached "Round Lake," as the central part of Saranac Lake is locally designated; and sailing through it in a single day moored in the "Lower Saranac," at another hotel in the woods known throughout the neighborhood as "BILL MARTIN'S."

JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE.

Ten miles from this point is the spot where

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,"

and to this a pilgrimage was made. Daily in the summer large parties visit the spot from MARTIN'S hotel, and view the grave of the old Martyr with strange thoughts of the strange events which have elapsed since he was consigned to the tomb with sympathy for what seemed then his mistaken zeal, but which is now admitted to have been the foresight which is sometimes given to souls animated by great principles. There are also two other graves near by, and a single simple slab acts as the monument of all. The inscription reads as follows:

"In Memory of Cap^tn John Brown, who died at New York, Sept^r ye 3, 1776, in the 48 year of his Age. John Brown, born May 9, 1800. Was executed at Charleston, Va., Dec. 2, 1859. Oliver Brown, born May 9, 1839, was killed at Harper's Ferry, Oct. 17, 1859."

Near by the grave is the former home of JOHN BROWN, a frame hut of small dimensions and ignoble appearance, which we also illustrate. A portion of the JOHN BROWN family still reside here; but the younger members, male and female, aiding in completing the work which their father began, are engaged in the school service of the Freedmen's Bureau at the South.

Down the Lower Saranac Lake is another pleasant sail, and the traveler is brought to the picturesque village of Harrietstown, and is once more "out of the Wilderness," in the much less interesting but far more comfortable regions of Civilization.

HARRIETSTOWN, NEW YORK.

BIG CLEAR POND.

INDIAN CARRY, ON THE UPPER SARANAC.

## THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

"The shortest way by half a mile—
 I come so very often by it—
Is up the road, across the stile,
 And through the meadow. Shall we try it?"
The days were not without a charm
 When, talking soft and looking silly,
My Love and I walked arm in arm,
 And lanes were lone and fields were stilly.

We found so many things to say,
 That always in the shiny weather
We took the—well, the *shorter* way,
 To be a longer time together.
We spoke about—(but, goodness knows
 Our topics of confabulation)—
About the weather, I suppose,
 The crops, the harvest, and the nation.

At all events, although the talk
 Was neither wise nor very witty,
We ended each successive walk
 With "Home already—what a pity!"
We might have lost a little ground
 Through coming by the road selected,
But both agreed that we had found
 The journey shorter than expected.

Can Life's experiment support
 The paradox that Love proposes?
Does *any* path seem very short,
 Unless it be a path of roses?
We seldom find the nearer way;
 And if we hit upon and take it,
By creeping on from day to day,
 It seems as long as length can make it.

The road to Fame is never brief,
 The way to Wealth is dull and dreary;
All earthly routes, in my belief,
 Are very long and very weary.
Nay—*one* that leads through care and strife
 Is short, when mortals once begin it:
We take the "near cut" *out* of life,
 Although we take the longest *in* it.

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

### Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

### CHAPTER IV.

MR. SHELDON IS PROPITIOUS.

It was not very long before Valentine Hawkehurst had reason to respect the wisdom of his legal patron. Within a few days of his interview with George Sheldon he paid his weekly visit to the Villa. Things were going very well with him, and life altogether seemed brighter than he had ever hoped to find it. He had set himself steadily to work to win some kind of position in literature. He devoted his days to diligent study in the reading-room of the British Museum, his nights to writing for the magazines. His acquaintance with press-men had stood him in good stead; and already he had secured the prompt acceptance of his work in more than one direction. The young littérateur of the present day has not such a very hard fight for a livelihood, if his pen has only a certain lightness and dash, a rattling vivacity and airy grace. It is only the "giant boys," who come to London with epic poems, Anglo-Saxon tragedies, or metaphysical treatises in their portmanteaus, who must needs "perish in their pride," or stoop to the drudgery of office or counting-house.

Valentine Hawkehurst had no vague yearnings after the fame of a Milton, no inner consciousness that he had been born to stamp out the footprints of Shakspeare on the sands of time, no unhealthy hungering after the gloomy grandeur of Byron. He had been brought up among people who treated literature as a trade as well as an art; and what art is not more or less a trade? He knew the state of the market and what kind of goods were likely to go off briskly, and it was for the market he worked. When gray shirtings were in active demand, he set his loom for gray shirtings; and when the buyers clamored for fancy goods, he made haste to produce that class of fabrics. In this he proved himself a very low-minded and ignominious creature, no doubt; but was not one Oliver Goldsmith glad to take any order which good Mr. Newberry might give him, only writing the *Traveler* and the story of Parson Primrose *pour se distraire?*

Love lent wings to the young essayist's pen. It is to be feared that in roving among those shelves in Great Russell Street he showed himself something of a freebooter, taking his "bien" wherever it was to be found; but did not Molière frankly acknowledge the same practice? Mr. Hawkehurst wrote about any thing and every thing. His brain must needs be a gigantic storehouse of information, thought the respectful reader. He skipped from Pericles to Cromwell, from Cleopatra to Mary Stuart, from Sappho to Madame de Sablé; and he wrote of these departed spirits with such a charming impertinence, with such a delicious affectation of intimacy, that one would have thought he had sat by Cleopatra as she melted her pearls, and stood among the audience of Pericles when he pronounced his funeral oration. With the De Sablé and the Chevreuse, Ninon and Marion, Maintenon and La Vallière, Anne of Austria and the great Mademoiselle of France, he seemed to have lived in daily companionship, so amply did he expatiate upon the smallest details of their existences, so tenderly did he dwell on their vanished beauties, their unforgotten graces.

The work was light and pleasant; and the monthly checks from the proprietors of a couple of rival periodicals promised to amount to the income which the adventurer had sighed for as he trod the Yorkshire moorland. He had asked Destiny to give him Charlotte Halliday and three hundred a year, and lo! while yet the wish was new, both these blessings seemed within his grasp. It could scarcely be a matter for repining if the Fates should choose to throw in an odd fifty thousand pounds or so.

But was not all this something too much of happiness for a man whose feet had trodden in evil ways? Were not the Fates mocking this travel-stained wayfarer with bright glimpses of a paradise whose gates he was never to pass?

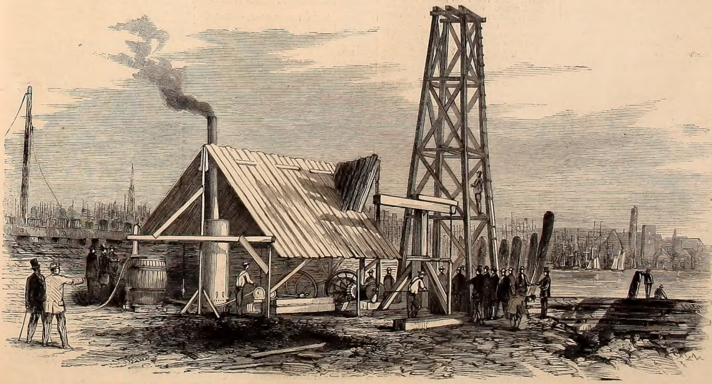
This was the question which Valentine Hawkehurst was fain to ask himself sometimes; this doubt was the shadow which sometimes made a sudden darkness that obscured the sunshine.

Happily for Charlotte's true lover, the shadow did not often come between him and the light of those dear eyes which were his pole-stars.

The December days were shortening as the year drew to its close, and afternoon tea seemed more than ever delightful to Charlotte and her betrothed, now that it could be enjoyed in the mysterious half light; a glimmer of chill gray day looking coldly in at the unshrouded window like some ghostly watcher envying these mortals their happiness, and the red glow of the low fire reflected upon every curve and facet in the shining steel grate.

To sit by the fire at five o'clock in the afternoon, watching the changeful light upon Charlotte's face, the rosy glow that seemed to linger caressingly on broad low brow and sweet ripe lips, the deep shadows that darkened eyes and hair, was bliss unspeakable for Mr. Hawkehurst. The lovers talked the prettiest nonsense to each other, while Mrs. Sheldon dozed placidly behind the friendly shelter of a banner-screen hooked on to the chimney-piece, or conversed with Diana in a monotonous undertone, solemnly debating the relative wisdom of dyeing or turning in relation to one of Georgy's silk dresses.

Upon one special evening Valentine lingered just a little longer than usual. Christmas was near at hand, and the young man had brought his liege lady tribute in the shape of a bundle of Christmas literature. Tennyson had been laid aside in favor of the genial Christmas fare, which had the one fault, that it came a fortnight before the jovial season, and in a manner forestalled the delights of that time-honored period, making the season itself seem a kind of anti-climax, and turkey and plum-pudding the stalest commodities in the world when they did come. How, indeed, can a man do full justice to his aunt Tabitha's plum-pudding, or his uncle Joe's renowned rum-punch, if he has ou[illegible] the steam-



BORING FOR FOUNDATIONS FOR THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—[See Page 551.]

ing bowl with the Seven Poor Travelers, or eaten his Christmas dinner at the Kiddleawink a fortnight beforehand? Are not the chief pleasures of life joys as perishable as the bloom on a peach or the freshness of a rose?

Valentine had read the ghastliest of ghost-stories, and the most humorous of word-pictures, for the benefit of the audience in Mrs. Sheldon's drawing-room; and now, after tea, they sat by the fire talking of the ghost-story, and discussing that unanswerable question about the possibility of such spiritual appearances which seems to have been debated ever since the world began.

"Dr. Johnson believed in ghosts," said Valentine.

"Oh, please spare us Dr. Johnson!" cried Charlotte, with serio-comic intensity. "What is it that obliges magazine-writers to be perpetually talking about Dr. Johnson? If they must dig up persons from the past, why can't they dig up newer persons than that poor, ill-used doctor?"

The door opened with a hoarse groan, and Mr. Sheldon came into the room while Miss Halliday was making her playful protest. She stopped, somewhat confused by that sudden entrance.

There is a statue of the Commandant in every house, at whose coming hearts grow cold and lips are suddenly silent. It was the first time that the master of the villa had interrupted one of these friendly afternoon teas, and Mrs. Sheldon and her daughter felt that a domestic crisis was at hand.

"How's this?" cried the stock-broker's strong, hard voice; "you seem all in the dark."

He took a wax-match from a little gilt stand on the mantle-piece and lighted two flaring lamps. He was the sort of man who is always eager to light the gas when people are sitting in the gloaming, meditative and poetical. He let the broad glare of common-sense in upon their foolish musings, and scared away Robin Goodfellow and the fairies by means of the Western Gaslight Company's illuminating medium.

The light of these two flaring jets of gas revealed Charlotte Halliday looking shyly at the roses on the carpet, and trifling nervously with one of the show-books on the table. The same light revealed Valentine Hawkehurst standing by the young lady's chair, and looking at Mr. Sheldon with a boldness of countenance that was almost defiance. Poor Georgy's face peered out from behind her favorite banner-screen, looking from one to the other in evident alarm. Diana sat in her accustomed corner, watchful, expectant, awaiting the domestic storm.

To the surprise of every one except Mr. Sheldon, there was no storm, not even the lightest breeze that ever blew in domestic hemispheres. The stock-broker saluted his step-daughter with a friendly nod, and greeted her lover with a significant grin.

"How d'ye do, Hawkehurst?" he said, in his pleasantest manner. "It's an age since I've seen you. You're going in for literature, I hear; and a very good thing too, if you can make it pay. I understand there are some fellows who really do make that sort of thing pay. Seen my brother George lately? Yes, I suppose you and George are quite a Damon and What's-his-name. You're going to dine here to-night, of course? I suppose we may go in to dinner at once, eh, Georgy?—it's half-past six."

Mr. Hawkehurst made some faint pretense of having a particular engagement elsewhere; for, supposing Sheldon to be unconscious, he scorned to profit by that gentleman's ignorance. And then, having faltered his refusal, he looked at Charlotte, and Charlotte's eyes cried "Stay," as plainly as such lovely eyes can speak. So the end of it was that he staid and partook of the Sheldonian crimped skate, and the Sheldonian roast-beef and tapioca-pudding, and tasted some especial Moselle, which, out of the kindliness of his nature, Mr. Sheldon opened for his step-daughter's betrothed.

After dinner there were oranges and crisp uncompromising biscuits that made an explosive noise like the breaking of windows whenever any one ventured to tamper with them; item, a decanter of sherry in a silver stand; item, a decanter of port, which Mr. Sheldon declared to be something almost too good to be drunk, and to the merits of which Valentine was supremely indifferent. The young man would fain have followed his delight when she accompanied her mamma and Diana to the drawing-room; but Mr. Sheldon detained him.

"I want a few words with you, Hawkehurst," he said; and Charlotte's cheeks flamed red as peonies at sound of this alarming sentence. "You shall go after the ladies presently, and they shall torture that poor little piano to their hearts' delight for your edification. I won't detain you many minutes. You had really better try that port."

Valentine closed the door upon the departing ladies, and went back to his seat very submissively. If there was any battle to be fought out between him and Philip Sheldon the sooner the trumpet sounded to arms the better.

"His remarkable civility almost inclines me to think that he does really want to get rid of that dear girl," Valentine said to himself, as he filled his glass and gravely awaited Mr. Sheldon's pleasure.

"Now then, my dear Hawkehurst," began that gentleman, squaring himself in his comfortable arm-chair, and extending his legs before the cheery fire, "let us have a little friendly chat. I am not given to beating about the bush, you know, and whatever I have to say I shall say in very plain words. In the first place, I hope you have not so poor an opinion of my perceptive faculties as to suppose that I don't see what is going on between you and Miss Lotta yonder?"

"My dear Mr. Sheldon, I—"

"Hear what I have to say first, and make your protestations afterward. You needn't be alarmed; you won't find me quite as bad as the step-mother one reads about in the story-books, who puts her step-daughter into a pie, and all that kind of thing. I suppose step-fathers have been a very estimable class, by-the-way, as it is the step-mother who always drops in for it in the story-books. You'll find me very easy to deal with, Mr. Hawkehurst, always provided that you deal in a fair and honorable manner."

"I have no wish to be underhand in my dealings," Valentine said, boldly. And indeed this was the truth. His inclination prompted him to candor, even with Mr. Sheldon; but that fatal necessity which is the governing principle of the adventurer's life obliged him to employ the arts of finesse.

"Good," cried Mr. Sheldon, in the cheery, pleasant tone of an easy-going man of the world who is not too worldly to do a generous action once in a way. "All I ask is frankness. You and Charlotte have fallen in love with one another—why, I can't imagine, except on the hypothesis that a decent-looking young woman and a decent-looking young man can't meet half a dozen times without beginning to think of Gretna Green or St. George's, Hanover Square. Of course a marriage with you, looked at from a common-sense point of view, would be about the worst thing that could happen to my wife's daughter. She's a very fine girl" (a man of the Sheldonian type would call Aphrodite herself a fine girl), "and might marry some awfully rich City swell with vineries and pineries and succession-houses at Tulse Hill or Highgate, if I chose to put her in the way of that sort of thing. But then, you see, the worst of it is, a man seldom comes to vineries and pineries at Tulse Hill till he is on the shady side of forty; and as I am not in favor of mercenary marriages, I don't care to force any of my City connection upon poor Lotta. In the neighborhood of the Stock Exchange there is no sharper man of business than your humble servant; but I don't care to bring business habits to Bayswater. Long before Lotta was out of pinafores I had made up my mind never to come between her and her own inclination in the matrimonial line; therefore, if she truly and honestly loves you, and if you truly and honestly love her, I am not the man to forbid the bans."

"My dear Mr. Sheldon, how shall I ever thank you for this!" cried Valentine, surprised into a belief in the purity of the stock-broker's intentions.

"Don't be in a harry," replied that gentleman, coolly; "you haven't heard me out yet. Though I may consent to take the very opposite line of conduct which I might be expected to take as a man of the world, I am not going to allow you and Charlotte to make fools of yourselves. There must be no love-in-a-cottage business, no marrying on nothing a year, with the expectation that papa and mamma will make up the difference between that and a comfortable income. In plain English, if I consent to receive you as Charlotte's future husband, you and she must consent to wait until you can to my entire satisfaction prove yourself in a position to keep a wife."

Valentine sighed doubtfully.

"I don't think either Miss Halliday or I are in an unreasonable hurry to begin life together," he said, thoughtfully; "but there must be some fixed limit to our probation. I am afraid the waiting will be a very long business if I am to obtain a position that will satisfy you before I ask my dear girl to share my fate."

"Are your prospects so very black?"

"No; to my mind they seem wonderfully bright. But the earnings of a magazine-writer will scarcely come up to your idea of an independence. Just now I am getting about ten pounds a month. With industry I may stretch that ten to twenty; and with luck I might make the twenty into thirty—forty—fifty. A man has only to achieve something like a reputation in order to make a handsome living by his pen."

"I am very glad to hear that," said Mr. Sheldon; "and when you can fairly demonstrate to me that you are earning thirty pounds a month, you shall have my consent to your marriage with Charlotte, and I will do what I can to give you a fair start in life. I suppose you know that she hasn't a sixpence in the world that she can call her own?"

This was a trying question for Valentine Hawkehurst, and Mr. Sheldon looked at him with a sharp, scrutinizing glance as he awaited a reply. The young man flushed crimson, and grew pale again before he spoke.

"Yes," he said, "I have long been aware that Miss Halliday has no legal claim on her father's fortune."

"There you have hit the mark," cried Mr. Sheldon. "She has no claim to a sixpence in law; but to an honorable man that is not the question. Poor Halliday's money amounted in all to something like eighteen thousand pounds. That sum passed into my possession when I married my poor friend's widow, who had too much respect for me to hamper my position as a man of business by any legal restraints that would have hindered my making the wisest use of her money. I have used that money, and I need scarcely tell you that I have employed it with considerable advantage to myself and Georgy. I therefore can afford to be generous, and I mean to be so; but the manner in which I do things must be of my own choosing. My own children are dead, and there is no one belonging to me that stands in Miss Halliday's way. When I die she will inherit a handsome fortune. And if she marries with my approval I shall present her with a very comfortable dowry. I think you will allow that this is fair enough."

"Nothing could be fairer or more generous," replied Valentine, with enthusiasm.

Mr. Sheldon's agreeable candor had entirely subjugated him. Despite of all that George had said to his brother's prejudice, he was ready to believe implicitly in Philip's fair dealing.

"And in return for this I ask something on your part," said Mr. Sheldon. "I want you to give me your promise that you will take no serious step without my knowledge. You won't steal a march upon me. You won't walk off with Charlotte some fine morning and marry her at a registry-office, or any thing of that kind, eh?"

"I will not," answered Valentine, resolutely, with a very unpleasant recollection of his dealings with George Sheldon.

"Give me your hand upon that," cried the stock-broker.

Upon this the two men shook hands, and Valentine's fingers were almost crushed in the cold, hard grip of Mr. Sheldon's muscular hand. And now there came upon Valentine's ear the sound of one of Mendelssohn's *Leider ohne Worte*, tenderly played by the soft, gentle hands he knew so well. And the lover began to feel that he could no longer sit roasting himself before the blazing fire, the heat whereof was multiplied to an insufferable degree by reflecting steel grate and fender, and sipping the stock-broker's port with a hypocritical pretense of appreciation.

Mr. Sheldon was not slow to perceive his guest's impatience, and having made exactly the impression he wanted to make, was quite willing that the interview should come to an end.

"You had better be off to the drawing-room," he said, good-naturedly; "I see you are in that stage of the fever in which masculine society is only a bore. You can go and hear Charlotte play while I read the evening papers and write a few letters. You can let her know that you and I understand each other. Of course we shall see you very often. You'll eat your Christmas turkey with us, and so on; and I shall trust to your honor for the safe keeping of that promise you made me just now," said Mr. Sheldon.

"And I shall keep an uncommonly close watch upon you and the young lady, my friend," added that gentleman, communing with his own thoughts as he crossed the smart little hall, where two Birmingham iron knights in chain-armor bestrode their gallant chargers on two small tables of sham malachite.

Mr. Sheldon's library was not a very inspiring apartment. His ideas of a *sanctum sanctorum* did not soar above the commonplace. A decent square room furnished with plenty of pigeon-holes, a neat brass scale for the weighing of letters, a copying-press, a waste-paper basket, a stout brass-mounted office inkstand capable of holding a quart or so of ink, and a Post-office Directory, were all he asked for his hours of leisure and meditation. In a handsome glazed book-case opposite his writing-table appeared a richly-bound edition of the *Waverley Novels*, Knight's *Shakspeare*, Hume and Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Gibbon; but, except when Georgy dusted the sacred volumes with her own fair hands, the glass doors of the book-case were never opened.

Mr. Sheldon turned on the gas, seated himself at his comfortable writing-table, and took up his pen. A quire of office note-paper, with his city address upon it, lay ready beneath his hand; but he did not begin to write immediately. He sat for some time with his elbows on the table, and his chin in his hands, meditating with dark, fixed brows.

"Can I trust her?" he asked himself. "Is it safe to have her near me—after—after what she said to me in Fitzgeorge Street? Yes, I think I can trust her, up to a certain point; but beyond that I must be on my guard. She might be more dangerous than a stranger. One thing is quite clear: she must be provided for somehow or other. The question is, whether she is to be provided for in this house or out of it; and whether I can make her serve me as I want to be served."

This was the gist of Mr. Sheldon's meditations; but they lasted for some time. The question which he had to settle was an important one, and he was too wise a man not to contemplate a subject from every possible point of sight before arriving at his decision. He took a letter-clip from one side of his table, and turned over several open letters in search of some particular document.

He came at last to the letter he wanted. It was written on very common note-paper, with brown-looking ink, and the penmanship was evidently that of an uneducated person; but Mr. Sheldon studied its contents with the air of a man who is dealing with no unimportant missive.

This was the letter which so deeply interested the stock-broker:

"HONORED SIR—This coms hopping that You and Your Honored ladie are well has it leevs me tho nott so strong has i coud wish wich his nott too bee expect at my time off life my pore neffew was tooke with the tyfus last tewsday weak was giv over on thirsday and we hav berried him at kensil grean Honored Mr. Sheldon I hav now no home my pore neece must go hout into survis Luckly there har no Childring and the pore gurl can gett hur living as housmade wich she were in survis hat hi gate befor she marrid my pore Joseff Honored sir i ham trewly sorry too trubbel you butt i think for hold times you will forgiv the libertey off this letter i would nott hintrewd on you iff i had any frend to help me in my old aig.

"Your obeddient survent
AN WOOLPER

"17 Little Tottles-yard lambeft"

"No friend to help her in her old age," muttered Mr. Sheldon; "that means that she intends to throw herself upon me for the rest of her life, and to put me to the expense of burying her when she is so obliging as to die. Very pleasant, upon my word! A man has a servant in the days of his poverty, pays her every fraction he owes her in the shape of wages, and wishes her good-speed when she goes to settle down among her relations; and one fine morning, when he has got into a decent position, she writes to inform him that her nephew is dead, and that she expects him to provide for her forthwith. That is the gist of Mrs. Woolper's letter; and if it were not for one or two considerations I should be very much inclined to take a business-like view of the case, and refer the lady to her parish. What are poor-rates intended for, I should like to know, if a man who pays four-and-twopence in the pound is to be pestered in this sort of way?"

And then Mr. Sheldon, having given vent to his vexation by such reflections as these, set himself to examine the matter in another light.

"I must manage to keep sweet with Nancy Woolper somehow or other, that's very clear; for a chattering old woman is a dangerous enemy for a man to have. I might provide for her decently enough out of doors for something like a pound a week; and that would be a cheap enough way of paying off all old scores. But I'm not quite clear that it would be a safe way. A life of idleness might develop Mrs. Woolper's latent propensity for gossip—and gossip is what I want to avoid. No, that plan won't do."

For some moments Mr. Sheldon meditated silently, with his brows fixed even more sternly than before. Then he struck his hand suddenly on the morocco-covered table and uttered his thoughts aloud.

"I'll risk it," he said; "she shall come into the house and serve my interests by keeping a sharp watch upon Charlotte Halliday. There shall be no secret marriage between those two. No, my friend Valentine, you may be a very clever fellow, but you are not quite clever enough to steal a march upon me."

Having arrived at this conclusion, Mr. Sheldon wrote a few lines to Nancy Woolper, telling her to call upon him at the Lawn.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### IN THE ROW.

MRS. SUTTON was already dressed for her ride when John Wilmot went into her drawing-room the following day. She was standing by the window gently switching her side with her whip, with a look of impatience on her face. She turned quickly as the door opened, and the impatient expression vanished instantly.

"Ah! it is you," she said; "I have been watching for you." Then she gave him her hand kindly, so kindly that it made him think how different the niece, his old love, was to her aunt, his new friend.

"Ellen is late," Mrs. Sutton went on: then they heard the sharp trot of a horse rapidly approaching, and Marian laughed, and added, "the signal for her to make her appearance is sounded."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Sutton?" the young farmer asked.

"Mr. Eldale's horse's hoofs," she replied.

It was on the tip of his tongue to exclaim—

"Does she care for him, then?" but he refrained, and only said, "Is Ellen going to ride his horse again to-day?"

"Yes," Mrs. Sutton said; and then she held her hand out toward him and asked him, "Is it not abominable that gauntlet gloves should only be made in sizes too large for me? These bag and make my hands look horrible."

"That they don't," he said, bluntly. Sore as his heart was about Ellen he could not help seeing Mrs. Sutton's hand, and, seeing it, he could not help admiring it. It was a lovely hand in truth, a far prettier hand than had ever been held out in friendship or flirtation to the young farmer before. Clearly it belonged to a class above him. He felt this, and sighed as he remembered that the lady who owned it was the aunt of the girl he wanted to marry. He recovered his spirits as he reflected that she was only the aunt by marriage, no blood relation at all, in fact.

"I wish Mr. Eldale would lend me such a mare as Ellen rides," Mrs. Sutton said, presently, a little complainingly; "my horse pulls at me cruelly always when I am riding with other people, especially when I ride with Ellen, for she lets her mare pull ahead of mine, and Cavalier can't stand that. Will you be my escort to-day," she said, winningly, "and so save my poor hands from being torn to pieces?"

"Yes, if you like," he replied, a little discontentedly, and then Ellen came down and they started, Mr. Eldale and Ellen falling behind at once, and Mrs. Sutton absorbing as much of the rustic Apollo's attention as she could by playing off (through the unsuspected influences of a spur) every trick of "riding" that she knew.

He felt aggrieved in a measure, this rustic Apollo, on whom this graceful woman of the world believed herself to be conferring a colossal boon by noticing him at all. He felt himself to be aggrieved for all this condescension. He had come up expressly to see Ellen, and to win Ellen back into the right way of thinking as regarded himself. He had come up for this end and for no other; and it had been in his programme that he would hold himself aloof not haughtily, but independently from such of her people as had chilled her heart toward him. These were the ends he had come up for, and he had not fulfilled one of them. How should he have done so, when he had nothing but his honesty of purpose, and his ignorance of all things beyond his farm-yard and turnip-fields to oppose to the subtlety of this gentlewoman bred and born who had set herself against his plans?

The dainty lady managed him well. The Row was crowded, and many of Mrs. Sutton's acquaintances pulled up to speak to her as she reined in close to the railings at the Piccadilly end of the ride. People were curious to know who Mrs. Sutton had caught in her toils, for Marian's peculiarities were no secrets. "Hand-

some, but bad style," was the verdict pronounced after the first keen, apparently careless glance bestowed on the young man whose seat, hands, and clothes were all perfect; but who lacked the nameless something which gentlemen possess.

John Wilmot was very silent, and for this Marian was heartily grateful. Had he insisted on talking before any of her friends, his pronunciation would have broken down her plans of keeping him away from Ellen, and so giving Ellen a chance with Mr. Eldale—whose money in the family was to be the family's salvation, Marian thought. But John Wilmot brooded over his inability to get speech with Ellen in silence when they paused by the railings, and when they were cantering down the Row, he might say what he liked, no one could hear him.

She was very like a cat playing with a mouse in her manners to this "son of the soil," as she called him to herself. She knew every art, every trick, every bit of finesse by which the taste of man can be touched, and his heart turned toward woman. And she practiced all she knew. Giving him attention, sweet smiles, kind words, asking his opinion on subjects of which he might reasonably be supposed to have one, and generally not suffering him to feel himself at a disadvantage while he was with her. And all these things which Marian did Ellen left undone, being deficient in that fine tact which would have made her aunt please and flatter both men under similar circumstances.

Meanwhile the foiler was being foiled. Externally the arrangement which clever Marian had made was carrying itself out beautifully; but in reality it was as complete a failure as it deserved. It was all a waste of time and talent that Mr. Eldale should have been lured into offering his horse to Ellen, and manœuvred into a position at her side in the crowded Row, for he was chafing in spirit the whole time, and laughing bitterly at the weakness which could conceive itself to be capable of compromising him into making an offer to the vulgar little country girl to whom he was only kind for the sake of her amusing, pretty, interesting young aunt. Mr. Eldale had an aptitude for many things, but he had no aptitude for being married against his will, and it would never be his will to marry Ellen.

Already the poor girl was beginning to pay the penalty demanded of those who play with fire. She had commenced by regarding Mr. Eldale as the stars above her, and as she had said to John Wilmot the night before, as the Prince Imperial. But at last he was so kind and considerate, and he seemed to wish her to ride his horse, and other versions of the King Cophetua story would obtrude themselves on her mind, and she was only a woman. At last love began to mingle itself insidiously with admiring reverence, and to poison all the future to her when she fancied that she might have to pass it with John Wilmot, instead of with the graceful gentleman who would sooner have cut his throat than marry her.

It made her tremble, and her heart went down with a dull thud, when after a sharp trot they pulled up at some distance from Mrs. Sutton and John Wilmot, and Mr. Eldale broke silence by saying:

"I suppose it is coming to a climax by *la belle* aunt devoting herself to him so entirely: he is a fine young fellow—when is it to be?"

"When is what to be?" Ellen stuttered out, with a mixture of pain and mortification that she had never experienced about the subject before. She knew what he meant quite well, and it hurt her horribly that he should speak of the man he supposed she would marry as "a fine young fellow," just as though John were nothing more.

Then pang the second smote her. He was "a fine young fellow," and he was nothing more. Her heart swelled with sorrow that it should ever have been given to one on whom Mr. Eldale looked down. "Why did he come up to shame her?" she thought, with the tears in her eyes. And then Mr. Eldale looked at her, and marked that she sat badly, and that her face was puffed up with heat and suppressed emotion, and wondered why he suffered himself to be seen with such a pair of bumpkins. "Why does not Marian get rid of them both; let them go back to their native wilds and marry; what can her little game be?" he soliloquized, as he saw and understood the full force of order of the little airs and graces which Marian was bringing to bear on the "rustic Apollo."

That morning's ride was not too pleasant to any of them, for each wished for another companion, or for that companion to be in another mood. Vague dread—vague depressing dread of an unhappiness to come which she could not avert, darkened Ellen's soul. Whatever out-look she gazed through she saw nothing but pain and disappointment for either John or herself. And this feeling of utter inability to avoid giving pain to one who is dear as friend still, who has been dear as lover, is agonizingly painful. If he would only "speak out," as she called it ("he" being Mr. Eldale), and John would only go away and wear his heart out in silence where she could not be a witness of his sufferings, the sun of happiness might irradiate her path once more. But, as things were now, it was as much as she could do to keep up a fair exterior, and not seem the despondent, love-sick, untrained-in-the-art of concealment country damsel that she was.

"What are your plans for to-night?" Mrs. Sutton asked of John Wilmot, when at about half past one they turned out of the Row, and wended their way homeward. "It's useless, I suppose, expecting you to sacrifice to us at kettle-drum at five?"

"What is that?" he asked.

"One of our latest, nicest follies; tea and talk before dinner. Will you come, though? of course you've a thousand other things to do?"

"I have nothing else to do," he replied.

"Now, Mr. Wilmot, I own I deserved that answer, for even appearing to suppose that I might charm you away from all your other claims; of course you have a great deal to do—still be with us at five, will you?"

"Would he?" of course he would, when the neatly-worded invitation was backed by such a pair of appealing eyes.

"Now—see how exacting we women grow in proportion to the concessions made: will you drive with us after luncheon? I can introduce you to the best ices in London, so I am worth going with, I assure you."

"Is Ellen going?" he asked, bluntly.

Mrs. Sutton nodded assent, and then John Wilmot felt that he had nothing whatever to urge against her proposition. Surely, during the course of the drive, he would be enabled to say those few potent words to Ellen which he had traveled up to town expressly to utter.

They went home to luncheon—to a well-ordered luncheon, that, like its predecessor, the dinner of the day before, made John Wilmot fancy Ellen far above him again while she was eating it. Still, for all his fidelity, he could not help comparing Ellen with her aunt. It came to him to see that the elder lady managed her figure and her movements in her habit better than his affianced bride. The narrow, clinging folds of cloth did not hamper or fetter Mrs. Sutton in the slightest degree—it became drapery of the most becoming description under her treatment. But Ellen looked far from at home in the garb: she was bewildered by it apparently as soon as she came off her horse, and this John Wilmot felt sorry for and surprised at; for he did not know that it is not given to one woman in a thousand to be a perfectly "free and fetterless thing" in a habit, when walking on the earth.

The luncheon occupied a long time; and then Mr. Eldale took leave of them, and the ladies went off to dress. By-and-by the carriage was ready, and Mrs. Sutton came down alone, and so exquisitely arrayed that John Wilmot almost forgot that she was alone for a minute or two. She had been a bewitching beauty to the unsophisticated Apollo in her hat and habit; she was simply bewildering to him now, in one of Hortense's highest triumphs.

"Won't Elly come?" he recovered his judgment to the extent of asking this question, as he followed the lady, who was flattering his boyish pride so deftly, down stairs. Mrs. Sutton just looked back over her shoulder—and the gesture she used was very graceful—and laughed.

"She has a headache, Mr. Wilmot, so you must accept my society alone, in default of better. Ellen will be better by five o'clock: can you put up with me alone?"

He made a clumsy effort to break the chain that was beginning to encircle him.

"You don't mean what you say," he blurted out; "you think I ought to be pleased enough to go with you, if you can put up with me; that's what you mean, is it not?"

He faltered a little as he asked this; it would have hurt him so much, poor fellow! to be told the truth, though he asked for it.

She was giving him her hand to help him in even as he spoke; and she gave him just a tiny pressure as he concluded.

"How exacting you all are!" she whispered, smiling; "you will have the compliment in words as well as in deed always. Why should I ask you to go with me if I did not wish it?"

"I hardly know," he exclaimed; and then he got in by her side, and the door was banged and the step put up, and they rolled off, he thinking what a blessed thing it would be for him if Ellen were only like her aunt, and she thinking that the farmer was not worth the candle; that her vanity would never receive sufficient gratification from the adulation and adoration of this rustic to compensate her for the strain it was on her to entertain what she denominated "merely a handsome clown."

John Wilmot thought it strange that, in what appeared to him to be an interminable, inextricable wilderness of streets and squares, they should meet Mr. Eldale. They had pulled up at Gunter's doors; and Mrs. Sutton was placidly eating an ice, and thinking what a superb footman John Wilmot would make; and John Wilmot was half blushing at being the escort of a lady who was committing what he had been taught to consider the solecism in manners of eating in the street, when Mr. Eldale sauntered out, and came up to Marian's side of the carriage.

"You hear?" she said, laughing.

"It surprises you very much, does it not?"

"No; nothing surprises me," she answered, carelessly handing the plate to John Wilmot to carry in for her royally—likewise royally leaving it to him to pay for her luxury. "Nothing surprises me that you do," she repeated.

"Do I not do what is pleasing to you now, Marian?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Mrs. Sutton, you mean," she laughed, holding up her hand warningly. "No, you do not do what is pleasing to me when you insist on remembering what you ought to forget, and on forgetting what you ought to remember."

"What do I forget?—very little, I assure you," he said, quickly; and Mrs. Sutton had only time to say, "Do be careful," before John Wilmot came back.

"Where now, Circe?" Mr. Eldale asked, moving from a recumbent to an erect position, and drawing on the one pale gray glove which he had taken off while he was speaking to Mrs. Sutton.

"What a simple one I should be!" she replied, shrugging her shoulders. "Where?—well, to tell the truth I have seen and been seen enough to-day. I shall go for a quiet drive in Richmond Park. Good-by: come to me at five and tell me the news."

And she drove off, nodding and laughing to her friend, causing John Wilmot to get dazzled, and (for some reason or other) to wonder where her husband could be all this time.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### SILVER-GILT.

LIONEL TALBOT and Miss Lyon had gone through the first, and perhaps the worst phase of an engagement. They had declared their intentions respecting each other to all whom it did concern, and to many whom it did not concern, even remotely. This latter statement must, however, be accepted as a truth without questioning; for if the subject were sifted, ingenious gossips would prove (or "nearly" prove, which with the majority of women is enough) that every body who has ever spoken to or seen a bride, or bridegroom, has a right to offer felicitations, so dubiously worded that they sound like condolences, and to suggest the existence of causes and impediments to the union of the principal powers.

It must be borne in mind that the neighborhood in which the fact broke out was a country one; that its interests were small; that its older inhabitants existed rather than lived; and that, socially and, above all, intellectually, stagnation reigned. These conditions fully understood and accepted, as one learns to accept measles, bores, and other drawbacks to life indifferently, the results are to be guessed with precision. No man or woman would be wronged by the marriage when it did take place; but for all that, when the first report of it was heard in the land that was so barren of news, the teeth of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness were gnashed upon the pair, who had not even the grace to smart under the bites.

While Mrs. Sutton, up in London, was trying to recover the ground her husband had lost through her brother in the monetary world, by flirting John Wilmot and Ellen asunder, for the sake of securing Mr. Eldale and his wealth in the family, Blanche and Lionel had been using their brains in a more legitimate manner. There was a strong family feeling—a good, true-toned chord of sympathy between the Talbot brothers, and Lionel did earnestly desire to see Edgar "on his legs again," as he phrased it; and Blanche shared Lionel's desire, for she was strongly possessed by the womanly weakness of liking for the man who would have loved her best.

He had taken the tidings of his brother's engagement in a far better spirit than they had dared to hope he would have done. Beatrice had been deputed to tell him about it; and Beatrice had done her duty well. That is to say she had told him quietly, and she had never seemed to see how pale he got, and then how flushed, and how his hands went up and covered his face for one moment of abandonment as he listened.

When they all meet in the evening, just before dinner, there was no parade of the fact that might be painful to him made. Blanche was speaking to Frank, who was as buoyantly happy on the occasion as it became Frank to be; and Lionel was reading a notice of an exhibition at Manchester, to which he had sent several of his pictures.

"*Place aux dames*," Edgar said, going up to Blanche; "my heartiest wishes for your happiness; but I was astonished."

"So was I," she said, laughing and blushing a little. And then Edgar turned to his brother, and gripped Lionel's hand; and the congratulations that would be the hardest to offer were over.

A great many people were good enough to declare it to be an "ill-advised match;" for Miss Lyon had the reputation, among the broad-minded denizens of the neighboring nooks and corners, of being "fast," because she was fascinating; and extravagant, because she regarded beauty, and would have it upon and about her if she could. Naturally their list of acquaintances was a small one, and they did not mark one "intimate friend" upon it. But when the few who knew them down here came, curiosity developed intimacy in a manner that was most marvelous—the battery of inquiry being chiefly directed against the mother, who was willing to tell every thing she knew, if only it would have appeased them.

"Rather a rash thing for Miss Lyon to do, is it not?" one asked. And when Mrs. Lyon, with a ghastly vision of Lionel's having a first wife in the back-ground, and being by-and-by transported for bigamy (else why would it be rash for Blanche to marry him?) asked, affrightedly, "Why?" the lady went on—

"Oh! unless he can maintain her, of course: if he can, as she has been accustomed to be maintained; but he must have more than any body supposes if he can."

"Five hundred a-year won't keep them, as she will want to live," another judicious friend observed; and when Mrs. Lyon repeated this prophecy to Blanche, the latter replied, brightly,

"We shall raise that between us easily enough, mamma, you can tell any inquiring friends."

"Between you?" Mrs. Lyon cried, in horror-stricken accents; "you're not going to disgrace yourself by going out as governess again, especially when you're married?"

"Never fear that, mamma; I shall never try to combine such conflicting elements again, believe me." Then she got up, rather nervously, and added, "I have a greater surprise for you than the announcement of my marriage. I have made my mark in a way that all who love me may be proud of. I have written a book that has put me on a platform where a queen might be proud to stand; and now I am going on to write in my own name, and to take all the honors that come to me to myself as my very own, to myself."

Mrs. Lyon did not understand her daughter's elation; only an artist can sympathize with one; but she was rejoiced to hear that the occupation into which her daughter had thrown herself with all the bright *verve* and vigor characteristic of her, was so glorious a one. And then Blanche, whose head was just a little turned by this success of hers, brought together a lot of reviews, and read them aloud, and believed in them, tyro that she was, when they flattered her for her skill in psychology, and prognosticated her rapid rise.

Her art life, her inner life, her other life; it would have been a mine of wealth to her even if her heart-life had been dull and void. As it was it was such a fitting accompaniment to the brilliant strain love made of life. The girl was almost too happy. Both as woman and artist she was being so well dealt with by fate. "And it will be dearer to me; it will come home nearer to me, when I get it in my own name, Lal," she said to her lover: "to read sweet phrases of one's self as the 'author of so-and-so,' is sweet; but it will be sweeter now that I have made up my mind to write under my own name; and it will be sweeter still," she added, "when it will be as your wife that I win whatever I may win."

"We had better live in town, that you may have the advantage of literary associates," he said.

"Yes, just long enough for me to get to know some of the stars in the literary heaven; then we'll come and settle here in some place near to Frank and Trixy (for that will be, Lal)."

"Won't you find that dull?"

"No; surely any one who cares for our society might come to us in the autumn; there are just three or four, Lal, whom I began corresponding with as strangers, when I commenced writing, that I should like to know more of when I am settled down here."

"A little of the Bohemian element down here will be like water in a dry land," Lionel said, laughing; "how will it ever arrive to you to entertain and be entertained in a country clique, Blanche? You're wishing more than you wot of, child," he added, seriously, "in proposing that this should be your permanent home."

"When I suffer 'more than well 'twould suit philosophy to tell' we can go off for a breath of more invigorating mental air; and, after all, Lal, in any place we can live for each other and ourselves; we need never be bored: whoever is wisest and brightest in this country-side is sure to be drawn toward the sole representative of current literature; and it's the mistress of a house makes the society of it, remember. My house can never be dull."

"People may say it is not decorous if you make it too pleasant," Lionel said, smiling.

"Then they will be stupid, and against stupidity even the gods fight in vain, as you know. I am not afraid of any one whose thoughts are worth my thinking about considering me aught but decorous; are you, Lal?"

"No," he said, "my darling; you are all that a woman should be, and that a man can want."

## GATHERING POND LILIES.

ALL along the grassy borders, amid the shining weeds,
Where the softly murmuring current flows sweet, and cool, and clear,
Close into the margin, among the slender reeds,
The white and waxen lilies with their golden eyes appear.

High and blue above us smiles the summer sky;
Here and there a cloud-shape lifts its snowy brow;
While the surface of the water, as we go drifting by,
Is stirred in glassy ripples by our gently gliding prow.

O, sweet and pleasant is it, in these heated August days,
To float upon the river, as oft in days before,
Ere yet the sun above us sheds his higher noontide rays,
And gather the fair lilies in the shadow of the shore.

Their leaves are white and waxen as Lilia's forehead fair;
Their stems are lithe and graceful as Julia's slender form;
And their eyes as purely golden as Marian's regal hair,
When in its wavy masses the sunshine glitters warm.

Along the river's borders the water-willows gleam,
Their silvery tapering branches inverted in the tide:
And each gently nodding lily that stirs the limpid stream
Seems of every passing ripple the fair enchanted bride.

O, sweet and pleasant is it, in these later summer days,
To float upon the water, as oft in days before,
Ere the sun from out the heavens sheds his higher noontide rays,
And gather the fair lilies that grow beside the shore.

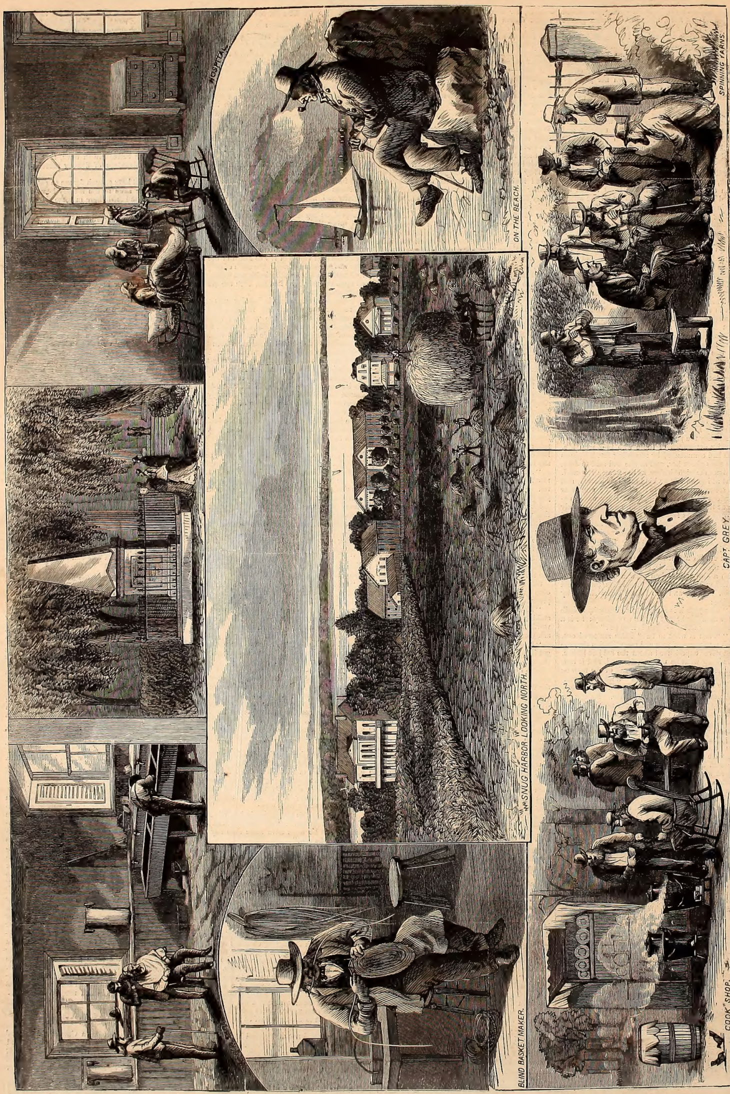
## THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

DURING the last session of the Legislature an act was passed chartering a Company, and authorizing the construction of a suspension bridge from Brooklyn to New York city. By the provisions of the act the bridge is to run, when completed, from Franklin Square, New York, to the intersection of Maine and Fulton streets, Brooklyn. The exact dimensions and plans of the proposed bridge have not as yet been made public; the distance between the points mentioned as the termini of the work is about 4600 feet—nearly seven-eighths of a mile.

With more than the usual vigor displayed by such chartered corporations, the Brooklyn Bridge Company has gone actively to work, and is now engaged on the Long Island shore in boring for a foundation for one of the piers which are necessary to the support of the wires. We give an engraving on page 549 illustrating the boring process. It is the same generally pursued in boring Artesian wells, and is conducted by Mr. SPANGLER, an operator who has had much success in Artesian and oil-well boring. At latest accounts the operators had reached a depth of 42 feet.

## SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

WE give on page 552 a view of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, a home for aged and disabled sailors, located on Staten Island. The "Snug Harbor" is a charitable institution endowed many years ago by the late Captain RANDALL, and its chief support at the present time is derived from the legacy of that gentleman. Our engraving serves to illustrate the life which the sailors lead in this quiet home.




THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR, STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK—THE HOME FOR DISABLED SEAMEN.—[See Page 551.]

"HIDE AND SEEK"—AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE JUVENILES.—Drawn by Frank Bellew.—[See Page 558.]

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book IV.

## CHAPTER III.

### ALFRED TRESCOTT PLAYS THE PATRON.

No such flourish of trumpets and tapping of kid-gloved hands as encouraged young Trescott heralded Mabel's first appearance in Dublin. She was announced simply as Miss M. A. Bell, from the Theatre Royal, Kildare, and came out in no more prominent a character than that of Hero in Shakspeare's play of Much Ado about Nothing. But that first attempt was sufficient to convince Mr. Barker, the manager, that his new recruit was an acquisition of no common value. He at once engaged her for the season at the munificent salary of two guineas per week! Mabel was transported with joy and gratitude. The great news was written at once to Hazlehurst, and the proposal made that Dooley and her mother should come out and join Mabel at once. Mrs. Saxelby had already mentioned to her daughter that Job Smith, the man who attended to her garden, had made an offer to rent the cottage whenever she should be disposed to let it. There was a lodging to be had in the square in which Mrs. Walton lived that would suit Mabel and her mother and Dooley. Circumstances seemed for once to arrange themselves favorably; nothing was wanting but Mrs. Saxelby's consent to the scheme.

"Why, Mrs. Philip is sure not to hesitate, Mabel," said Aunt Mary, "so anxious as she must be to be with you again."

Mabel, however, did not feel quite so certain about the matter. She knew that the responsibility of making any business arrangement, even the getting rid of such scanty furniture as still belonged to her, would appear very terrible to her mother. "If I could be with mamma for a day or two, I dare say it would all be settled very soon," said Mabel. However, she encouraged herself to hope that Mrs. Saxelby would resolve to make the effort.

And now began for Mabel Earnshaw—alias Miss M. A. Bell—a period of hard, anxious, unremitting toil. Such persons as suppose a player's life to be one of idleness and self-indulgence, or those stage-struck heroes and heroines who yearn for the theatre as an escape from such commonplace elements of success in life as patience, industry, steadiness, and attention, would have been mightily astonished if the faithful record of the work that Mabel put into one week could have been brought under their notice.

Mr. Barker soon found his account in putting forward Miss M. A. Bell as much as possible. And this circumstance—although, of course, desirable for her professional advancement—had the disadvantage of bringing down upon her head a great deal of ill-will and jealousy. With whatever outward serenity her proud self-command enabled her to bear it, this sometimes caused her very real pain. It was, too, unfortunate for Mabel that her two stanchest supporters were both peculiarly disliked by their comrades. These were old Jerry Shaw and Alfred Trescott. The former, indeed, was never popular with his fellow-actors, but was tolerated as a privileged person whose eccentricities were licensed by long custom, and who commanded a certain respect by his age and the rigid honesty of his character. But for Alfred Trescott there was but one feeling of distrust and dislike. The insolence of his temper, increased by prosperity to an intolerable and overbearing arrogance, was continually offending those around him to whom he could dare show his real nature; and as Lady Popham's patronage had filled his head with the most extravagant ideas of his own importance and the brilliant future that awaited him, he was careless whom he wounded, or whose animosity he excited among the people connected with the Dublin theatre. "What the devil do *I* care for these confounded show-folks?" he would say, in answer to any remonstrance from his father. "Do you suppose it matters one straw to me what *they* say or think? I don't believe, governor, that you quite understand or realize my position yet."

But though coarsely insolent to the rest of the performers, he made so great a difference in his manner to Mabel as to appear almost deferential by contrast. Her own occupations were so engrossing at this time, and the meditations of her few leisure moments so far removed from any considerations connected with Alfred Trescott, that it was long before she became sensible of the contrast that his behavior to her presented with his usual demeanor. When she did become aware of it, far from deriving any gratification from the fact of being singled out for this distinction, it caused her very great annoyance. Out of the theatre she did not see much of him. The promises he had made in the summer of coming to play for Mr. Earnshaw remained unfulfilled. He was so constantly occupied, he said, with preparations for his concert, and with hard practice; and John Earnshaw and his wife accepted these excuses as being perfectly natural and indeed inevitable. But there were several people in Dublin—the Honorable Arthur Skidley and Walter Charlewood among others—who could have accounted for a great many hours of Alfred Trescott's time that were certainly neither devoted to study nor passed in attendance on Lady Popham.

Young Trescott, however, did call at Mrs. Walton's residence late in the afternoon of the day on which it had been decided in Merrion Square that Signor Carlo Bensa should be applied to to conduct the concert. Alfred had told Lady Popham that he was acquainted with Signor Bensa, and would deliver the note to him. But, in truth, he did not accurately know Bensa's address, and had come to Mrs. Walton's house with the double purpose of obtaining the direction and of presenting himself in the character of patron, by skillfully conveying to the family the impression that it was owing to his suggestion that this piece of professional employment had been thrown in Bensa's way.

As Alfred approached the house in the half-built square where Mrs. Walton lived he heard the clear penetrating tones of a silvery soprano voice ringing through the slightly-built dwelling, and on being shown into the sitting-room found Carlo Bensa seated at the piano-forte, with Corda standing by his side, and singing a slow scale to his accompaniment. Mrs. Walton and her husband were listening with pleased faces, and Madame Bensa, seated on a low stool by the fire, was pretending to hush down her good-humored crowing baby, who, holding on by its mother's forefinger, was displaying a pair of very plump, mottled legs, partly clad in knitted woolen socks, and perseveringly executing a series of pawing steps with one foot, apparently under the impression that that was the ordinary method of locomotion.

"Oh, Alf dear!" cried Corda, when her brother opened the door. "Oh, Alf!" There was something affecting in the half-timid wholly loving action of the child as she ran up to her brother and took his hand. Alfred was by no means pleased to find her there at that moment, and his first impulse was to push her away impatiently; but, recollecting himself, he changed the movement into a sort of caress, and tapped Corda lightly on the shoulder.

"Signor Bensa," said he, after saluting the others, "you're the very man I wanted to see."

"Ah?" returned the Italian, with an interrogatory raising of his eyebrows and a slight inclination of his head.

"Yes; I came here, in fact, partly to inquire your address. I—I have a note for you."

Alfred found the performance of his new character of patron a little more difficult in practice than in theory. The very simplicity and unobtrusiveness that characterized the whole family made it difficult. However, he was not easily made bashful or embarrassed, and he put Lady Popham's note into Bensa's hands with a flourish.

"I told my lady that I would undertake to deliver it myself. My lady asked me to give you a message, but I thought it better that she should write. I mentioned to my lady that I thought you were the very man for her purpose."

Carlo Bensa read and understood English very well, but Lady Popham's cramped hand-writing and peculiar orthography puzzled him. He handed the perfumed note to his wife, who, cutting short baby at the culminating moment when she had just made the discovery that the art of walking was performed by the alternate movement of both legs, and not by the persistent and consecutive pawings of one, whipped that sweetest-tempered of infants in a highly undignified bundle into her lap, and began to read attentively.

"Wants you to go to Merrion Square at two o'clock to-morrow, Charles. All very polite and civil. Can you manage it, dear?"

"Oh, certainly," said Bensa, after a little thought. "At two? Yes; I can go to miladi Popham at two." And the little man referred for a moment to a well-worn leather-bound note-book, containing the list of his engagements.

"You may see a former pupil of yours there," said Alfred, feeling that it might be well to mention it beforehand, "a Miss O'Brien."

"Meess O'Brien? Davvero? Yes. A very amiable young lady; but for singing—!" The Italian made an indescribable gesture expressive of deep dejection, such as a Briton might have thought appropriate for the announcement of some dire misfortune; the death of a dear and valued friend, for instance.

"Ah, indeed!" rejoined Alfred, coolly. "Well, she is a charming girl, Signor Bensa, and a great—" he hesitated for a word, and finally brought out, "*friend* of yours. She agreed the moment I mentioned your name, and we persuaded Lady Popham to intrust the management of the affair to you. It's about my concert, you know."

"Ah, ah?" said Bensa, receiving the announcement with more self-possession than young Trescott could have desired. "Yes, ah, yes. We shall see, we shall see." And he made a memorandum of the appointment in his note-book.

"My dear Trescott," said Mr. Earnshaw, turning his sightless face in Alfred's direction, "we have been having a great deal of pleasure. Really a great deal. Charles has been trying Corda's voice, and speaks so highly of it. He says she ought to begin to study regularly at once."

"Umph!" said Alfred, rather sulkily, "I don't know about that. There's plenty of time yet."

"I shall speak to Mr. Trescott, your father, myself," said Bensa, very quietly. "I have a little word to say to him about Corda."

The child's face was radiant with pleasure as she looked up at the singing-master, but it was obvious that her brother's unsympathizing manner damped her; she watched him furtively, and stole up close to his side, and apart from the others, as though to disclaim any separation from him.

"I should like to learn, Alf, if papa liked—and you," she added, the last two words quickly and in an undertone.

Her brother did not answer her, but, turning to Mrs. Walton, said, with the faintest possible tinge of color in his clear dark cheek, "Miss—Miss Mabel is not at home, I suppose?"

"Yes; but very busy. She has had to study four new parts this week, and a rehearsal every day. They don't let her be out of the bill one night. However, it's all for the best, of course. And she is so happy just now, expecting her mother and the little boy."

"Expecting Mrs. Saxelby?"

"Yes; that is to say, hoping that she will come out here. Nothing is settled yet, though."

"Good-day, Mrs. Walton. Good-day, Sir. I must be going. I, too, am so busy just now, I don't know which way to turn. Put on your things, pussy-cat; I'm going home, and will take you with me." Alfred spoke hurriedly, and waited with an impatient frown and compressed lips while the child put on her shabby, scanty mantle and hat.

"You must have a warmer winter cloak, Corda dear," said Polly, wrapping the child up with kind motherly fingers, and quietly slipping a little knitted shawl round her slender throat as she spoke. "I shall ask your papa to get you one when I see him."

"Oh no, Madame Bensa, please. Indeed I—I don't want it; papa will be sure to buy me what I want, or—or Alfred," said the child, with a burning blush and a pained, uneasy glance at her brother.

"Nonsense, Corda. Gentlemen never think of these things. I shall tell Mr. Trescott that you must be taken great care of, because Mr. Bensa says that you have quite a valuable little gold and diamond musical-box inside that small white throat of yours. There, give baby a kiss, and don't let her pull your curls out by the roots; she means it well, but I'm quite aware it is not agreeable, although she *is* my baby."

Alfred with difficulty repressed his ill-humor and impatience until they had left the house; but the moment he got the child into the street he seized her hand roughly, and, pulling her along to keep pace with his rapid stride, said, with sudden harshness, "What the devil's the meaning of this singing foolery? How long has it been going on? Who began it? D—n it, can't you speak?"

It was, in truth, not easy for Corda to speak, but she made shift to answer, breathlessly, "Please don't be angry, Alf. I didn't think it was wrong. Papa always said that I should learn singing some day, and Mr. Bensa said I had a good voice, and he made me sing the scales two or three times, and—and—oh, I *can't* go quite so fast, please, dear Alf!"

He slackened his pace very slightly, still holding her by the wrist. "And when's this woman coming?" he asked, looking down at his sister with his sidelong glittering glance.

"What woman, Alf?"

"Confound it all, you can be sharp enough sometimes. Mabel's mother, Mrs. Saxelby. I suppose you hear all they say?"

"Oh, not directly, I think, Alf. But indeed I don't know any more than Mrs. Walton told you."

"You're a little humbug."

"Oh, Alf, I'm *not* a humbug; I'm not. And you know better, and it's cruel to say so."

"None of your cheek. I won't stand it. You learn nice behavior at that house altogether. What do you mean by sneaking and whining to Madame Bensa that you haven't clothes to keep you warm?"

"Oh, Alf!"

"You do whine; and it's a nice reproach to your father, whom you say you're so fond of. And to *me!* But what do you care? So long as you can snivel and curry favor, no matter what impudence you subject us to. Yah! I'm disgusted with your selfishness."

He loosed her little gloveless hand as he spoke, and pushed her from him roughly.

"Oh, Alf! oh, Alf!" The cry seemed to come from the bottom of the little creature's heart, but she uttered no defense, and made no further answer; but as she pressed onward by his side, almost running to keep up with him as he strode recklessly through the crowded thoroughfares, the tears flowed unrestrainedly down the pale face, half hidden in the shadow of her shabby sunburnt hat.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EVIL DAYS IN HAMMERHAM.

THE Hutchinses in their kitchen in New Bridge Street, Mrs. Hatchett in her genteel educational establishment at Eastfield, the Reverend Decimus Fluke in the course of his busy round of daily occupations, the mild old clergyman in his quiet study at Hazlehurst, even Job Smith digging among the cabbages, had all heard rumors of money troubles and disaster impending over wealthy houses, and involving the ruin of poorer ones. Throughout Hammerham, and for miles around it, such rumors circulated.

In drawing-rooms, rich with gold and velvet; in dingy counting-houses whence the gold and velvet came; in marts where busy merchants met, and talked with baited breath and mysterious half-words and nods about the "ugly look of things over yonder;" behind long rows of factory-windows jarring and trembling to the whirr of the unresting wheels; in poor, brick-paved courts, where women clattered in and out on iron pattens; among groups of navvies resting from their toil at mid-day beside yawning pits whose earthy bed revealed vast iron main-pipes for the conveyance of gas or water through the town; by spruce young clerks, and steady middle-aged cashiers; by doctors, lawyers, tradesmen, and servants—the failure of the great banking firm of Benett and Benett was discussed eagerly.

Benett and Benett were not Hammerham people; but they had a branch establishment in the great Midland town; and around the closed doors of this establishment little knots of people gathered and lingered, with a wistful interest in the barred window-shutters, and an insatiable curiosity about every body who gained admittance into the silent house. Once or twice during the day succeeding the public announcement that Benett and Benett had stopped payment a cab had dashed up to the closed door of the bank, a young man, carrying papers in his hand, had jumped out of the vehicle, and, after ringing at the bell, had been admitted, and the door again jealously closed behind him. This incident had been much relished at each time of its occurrence by the mob of idlers.

"It's young Charlewood," observed one.

"Ah, Gandry and Charlewood's eldest son," said another.

"Don't he look pale? I wonder if *they're* hit very bad!"

"Oh, not them! They're a long chalk too rich. It's the poor folks as suffers the most, allus."

"Very true, Sir. Why, do you suppose now as Gandry and Charlewood—or Benett and Benett either, for that matter—'ll go without their glass of port-wine at dinner to-day? Not a bit on it. Lord, they could swim in port-wine, if they liked to it."

"Ah, and the poor working man helps to pay for it all!" chimed in a lounging young fellow, who had passed the whole morning in a lethargy of idleness leaning against a post opposite the bank door.

It was a time altogether of gloom, oppression, and panic. There are many business-houses, stable and flourishing, among us at this day, the heads of which were racked with doubt and terror and uncertainty for weeks after the memorable failure of Benett and Benett. Hundreds were ruined irretrievably. The great house raised so dense a dust in falling that it was not until the cloud had begun to clear off a little that it became possible to ascertain the extent of the ruins that had come crashing down with it. The shock paralyzed all those who came within the region of its influence at first, and then there followed a confused sauve qui peut scramble amidst the rubbish.

Day after day brought fresh tidings of disaster. Clement Charlewood had been but too correct in his previsions of wide-spread mischief. There was no time to look around for help to prop the tottering fabrics, or even to depart from them unscathed. Shock succeeded shock, like those terrible South American earthquakes that lay waste wide cities in a few convulsive throes. Clement was indefatigable, energetic, thinking of every thing, sparing his father as much as it was possible to spare him, shielding his mother and sister, as far as in him lay, from the wearing suspense and anxiety he was doomed to suffer himself. They knew that much was wrong, but they did not guess the extent of the mischief.

"If matters come to the worst my mother and Penny will know it soon enough," he said to his father. "If Penny could *do* any thing I would advise you to be open with her at once; but as she would be powerless to help us in this matter we may as well spare her as long as there is hope of our tiding over. But I would recommend that you write a line to Walter, giving him a hint that he may shortly have to retrench very greatly. He is thoughtless, and has got again into that set of Arthur Skidley's, and he has had one way and another very large sums of money from you lately."

"Poor Wat," groaned the father. "Poor Wat, poor Wat! It's so hard upon him!"

"It isn't light upon any of us, Sir."

"No; but Watty has such a spirit; and he's never been taught to know the value of money; and then he's got into such a high set. There never was such a boy for making high friends as Watty. You'll stand by your brother, Clem? You—you won't desert him?"

"Desert him, father?"

"No, no; I'm sure you never will, my lad. You'll do better for them all than— You'll remember what I say, Clem, and stand by your brother. Poor Watty! Such high friends as he'd made!"

In the midst of these anxieties, and of the overwhelming occupations that crowded upon him, Clement received the following note from Mrs. Saxelby:

"DEAR MR. CHARLEWOOD,—It is so long since I have seen any of you that I hesitated to write lest you should have forgotten my very existence. But I am so harassed, and so in want of a little advice and assistance, that, remembering your many former kindnesses, and your promises of continued friendship, I venture to ask you to spare me half an hour at the cottage to-day or to-morrow, and at any hour that may suit you. I am leaving Hazlehurst to join Mabel in Ireland. Dooley sends you his love.

"Yours always sincerely,

"CLARA SAXELBY."

"I hear rumors of great disasters in the business world. I trust they do not in any way affect you.

"C. S."

The note was brought to Clement in the office, as he sat at his desk, heaped high with a mass of papers, and after a minute's consideration he hastily wrote a couple of lines, which ran thus:

"DEAR MRS. SAXELBY,—I will be with you at eight o'clock this evening. I can not command my hours, and that will be my only chance of seeing you.

"Yours always, C. C."

The day passed in unremitting anxious work on Clement's part. The afternoon post brought no relief to his mind. There came a telegraphic message from the north of England, importing that the strike among the railway navvies still continued, that hitherto no arrangement had been come to, and asking for instructions. If the matter were not speedily settled and the work resumed it would be too late to fulfill the contract within the specified time. Blow followed blow, until Clement felt stunned and dizzy.

"What does my father say, Stephens?" he asked.

"I can't get any thing out of the governor, Mr. Clem," replied the old clerk, gloomily shaking his head. "I don't like the look of the governor, Sir, at all. He's hit very hard, indeed, is

the governor. In seven-and-twenty years, Mr. Clem, since before you were born, I've never seen the governor any thing like he is now."

"If there were but myself to bear it," muttered Clement, passing his hand wearily over his hot brow, "I should wish that the worst would come without more delay." He remembered the words afterward with a sickening pang, to think how little he anticipated what that "worst" would be.

After dinner that evening Clement left the drawing-room, and was putting on his great-coat in the hall, when Penelope ran down stairs and beckoned him into a small sitting-room that opened opposite to the dining-room.

"I want to speak to you, Clem," she said, in a whisper. "Come here one moment. Where's papa?"

"I left him in the dining-room. He seemed to be asleep."

Penelope opened the dining-room door very softly and looked in. Then she shut it again as softly, and came and stood beside her brother.

"He is sitting quite still, with his head leaning on his hands," she said; "but I don't think he is asleep. The decanter by his elbow is nearly empty. Oh, Clem! tell me truly, what is the matter? I am not weak; I am not a child. I will do whatever you request; but don't, for Heaven's sake, keep me in the dark."

"Penny," said her brother, taking her hand, "things are very bad with us. The smash of Benett and Benett seems to have been but the beginning of the end."

"Is it ruin, Clem?" she asked, keeping her eyes steadily on his face.

"Not yet. It may be that we shall weather the storm. But from day to day, from hour to hour, there is no certainty. That is the truth as far as I know it myself. These days since Benett's went have seemed to me like years."

She put her hand upon his arm. "Clement, you are not going out again to-night?"

"I must go. I have promised. I will be back by ten o'clock."

Still she held him. "I—I wish you need not go," she said. "I feel so depressed, so nervous. Not like me, is it? But I have an unaccountable dread upon me that I can not describe."

"The natural result of all this strain and suspense, my poor girl. You must be your own brave self, Penny, for my mother's sake."

Penelope Charlewood shook her head and shoulders as one who throws off a weight.

"There isn't trouble enough for you, Clem," she said, with a momentary spark of her old keen spirit in her eyes, "not worry, not anxiety enough for you, but *I* must make a fool of myself. If it was of any use to say, 'Forgive me,' I'd say it. But it isn't. All I can do is to conduct myself with as much of your patient courage as I can imitate. God bless you, Clem! You're the best son, the dearest brother, the truest— There, there. I'm not going to make an idiot of myself. I shall be up when you come home, but I'll try and get mamma to go to bed."

She dashed the tears from her eyes with the gesture of one who was ashamed of their being seen there, and, with a parting pressure of her brother's hand, ran swiftly up stairs again.

Clement found Mrs. Saxelby awaiting him in the well-known little parlor. The floor was strewn with a litter of straw and torn scraps of paper. A half-packed trunk stood open in one corner of the room, and though the main articles of furniture remained, such small objects of ornament as had survived the old days at Jessamine Cottage were gone.

"Dear Mr. Charlewood," cried the widow, taking his hand, "it is good of you to come to me. I began to fear I should not see you again before I went away."

"You are going immediately?"

"Yes; I did not quite know how soon when I wrote that note to you yesterday. But I have made up my mind to start to-morrow morning, having heard that by so doing I shall be able to leave Liverpool by the boat that Captain Duff commands. He took Mabel over, and was very kind to her, and it will be a great comfort for me to be in his care. Good Heavens!" she added, in a startled tone, as the light fell fully on Clement's face, "what is the matter? How shockingly ill you look!"

"I am not ill, only harassed. But never mind me now. You sent for me to help you in some way. What can I do for you?"

Then Mrs. Saxelby explained that she had made up her mind to let the cottage, furnished as it was, to Job Smith the gardener and his wife. They had the chance of letting two rooms to a permanent lodger, and were steady, respectable people. They would purchase the furniture at a valuation. The old clergyman of Hazlehurst had been very kind, and had helped her. But there were two or three matters as to which she desired to consult Clement. "About those shares in the Gas Company, you know; and as to a suitable person to receive the rent for me," said Mrs. Saxelby. "I had half a mind to ask Mr. Charlewood to allow one of his clerks to look after it for me. But I didn't know. My late husband's other executor, Mr. Fluke, wouldn't have any thing to say to me now, I suppose. All his family so strongly disapprove of poor Mabel's going on the stage."

Then Clement asked her a few questions relative to her money affairs, and promised to see about a proper person whom she could empower to receive her rent from Job Smith.

"I am glad," he said, with a deep sigh, "that you are going to be with Miss Earnshaw. Have you—have you good news of her?"

"Excellent news, thank you. I begin to think, after all, Mr. Charlewood, that Mabel was right in acting as she has done. Right, at all events, in leaving Eastfield. The life there was killing her."

"I must be going, Mrs. Saxelby. I would not have come out at this late hour, but that it was, as I told you in my note, my only chance of seeing you. Give Dooley my love, please."

"You send no message to Mabel, then, Mr. Charlewood? Might not you and she be good friends again *now?*"

The "now" referred in Mrs. Saxelby's mind to Clement's supposed engagement to Miss O'Brien.

"If Miss Earnshaw would care to have me recalled to her remembrance, and to know that I —I— Good-by, Mrs. Saxelby. Think of me as one who will always be willing to serve you and stand by you as a friend as long as it may be in his power to do so."

"God bless you, Clement! I am very grateful for your kindness, and I wish you every—every happiness."

"Thank you. I must learn to be content with less than that."

"Must you? I believe there are few people with brighter chances of happiness than Clement Charlewood. But at this moment you are looking harassed and ill. Business troubles, I suppose? I hear of them on all hands."

"Good-by, Mrs. Saxelby."

"Good-by, Mr. Charlewood."

Clement had driven to Hazlehurst in a cab, but had dismissed the driver, meaning to return on foot. When he had gone some distance along the straight road he stopped and turned, fixing his eyes upon the light in the cottage parlor, that shone clear and bright through the darkness. He stood and watched it for some minutes, heedless of the cold, penetrating rain that had begun to fall. All at once the steady light moved and disappeared, then shone again for a moment out of an upper window, and then was seen no more. Clement turned resolutely toward the dull flare upon the night sky that was reflected from the great factory fires and household lights of Hammerham, and with a long, heavy sigh that came laboring from his breast, walked through the black, dreary weather toward his home.

## WAITING FOR THE HARVEST.

WHEN will the harvest come?
Not long to wait, upon the upland glowing,
Not long in valley rich with waving grain,
Not long to wait for profit of the sowing,
For crownèd sheaves of corn and heaped-up wain;
The fields have ripened in the sun of summer,
The sweet winds woo and kiss the laden ears,
Which bend a moment to the fragrant comer
And then again flash out as golden spears.
Soon will the harvest come!

When will the harvest come
Of toilsome action and of wearying thought,
Long waiting in the shadow of great sorrow,
Heart lessons oftentimes most dearly bought,
The anxious looking for a better morrow?
When will the harvest come of all our sowing?
When will the love be garnered into store
Which in old time seemed wasted in bestowing—
Will it return, increasing more and more?
When will the harvest come?

*When* will the harvest come?
The full fruition of the words once spoken,
The hopes we cherished and the prayers we sped?
It may be when the chords of life are broken,
When we who spake and hoped and prayed are dead.
The song we sang in triumph may be ringing
In ages yet to come when we are cold;
The future to our children may be bringing
The bread we cast upon the waves of old—
Then may the harvest come.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"TAKING TIME BY THE FORE-LOCK"—A late bacchanalian falling asleep with his latch-key in the front-door.

An Irishman being in an up-town church, where the collection apparatus resembled an election box, on its being passed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized, and could not vote, but he was ready to make a speech.

FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.—We read in a contemporary that it is the custom in Nevada to throw silver bricks on the stage when a favorite actress plays. We suppose a mistake has arisen in the translation of *bric-a-brac*, though doubtless few actresses would object to laying the foundation of their fame and fortune with the building materials in question.

### THE WANT OF THE WISE.

Would I could eat and drink at table
As much as ever I was able;
Including the last bit and drop
That would be good for me; then stop,
Informed, by some immediate warning,
That more would make me ill next morning.
A twinge, for instance, in the wrist,
Then I directly should desist,
And never more wake late in bed
Afflicted with an aching head;
Nausea, and loss of appetite,
From overmuch, bad overnight.
Attacks of bile, too, I should 'scape,
And all those ills, of every shape,
Which do derive, beyond all question,
Their origin from indigestion.

MOTTO FOR AN ARAB TRIBE—Up and Bedouin.

A lady was descanting on the virtues of her son, a young gentleman given to backing horses and bills, who had uttered many promissory notes to the small benefit of creditors. "Don't you think, my dear Sir," she said, addressing a friend who had suffered through this pleasing trait in his character, "that he is a very promising young man?" "Very promising, my lady, but—he never pays."

Ladies are anathematized for their folly in coloring their hair—or bleaching it, as the case may be. The following instance, from an English paper, is on the *other side:* A few weeks ago Sir George B—— was a stalwart, hearty-looking old gentleman, with gray hair. One evening, not long since, a middle-aged man with hair of the fashionable golden color presented himself at the door of the House of Commons, and insisted upon his right as a member to enter its sacred precincts. The door-keepers did not know him, the members did not know him. He said he was Sir George B——, and for a few moments he was supposed to be a lunatic. On cross-examination and close investigation it was at length discovered that he really was the man he claimed to be. When he entered the House and sat down his oldest friend did not recognize him, and for some time bursts of laughter prevented the Speaker from being heard.

### THE SARATOGA WATERS.

WHEN AND HOW THE DRINKING BEGINS.

MRS. SHODDY'S FIRST GLASS.—"I'M POISONED, SURE!"

MISS SHODDY TASTES SPARINGLY AND DOUBTFULLY.—"IT WILL RUIN MY BREATH!"

THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY'S GLASS.—"HERE'S TO FRED!"

THE VETERAN'S GLASS.—"I'LL HAVE SOMETHING STRONGER AFTER A WHILE."

An old negro woman in South Carolina gave a letter to a mail agent, and asked him to send it for her. The agent said the letter must be stamped. The old woman became indignant, said the darkeys were free, and "Whar de use of freein' de culled pussons, ef you don't free de letters, too?" and finally yelled out, "How many stamps he want, eh?" The mail agent said "three." Down went the letter and down went the old woman's heel. "Dar! dar! dar! Dar's three stamps; dat enuff, eh?" She was in angry earnest, and the by-standers were amused accordingly.

### INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

An American, after many *an-arrow* escape from the Indians, collected the following characteristics of the different tribes:

A litigious tribe—the Sioux.
Boasting characters—the Crows.
Half-civilized—the Semi-noles.
Industrious classes—the Diggers.
Sharp fellows—the Cheyennes.
Good pastry-cooks—the Pi-utes.
Individuals of capacity—the Sacs.
Holding to their pledges—the Pawn-ees.
Sly fellows—the Foxes.
A sluggish race—the Creeks.
A foul-mouth set—the Chick-asaws.
A filthy tribe, offensive in warm weather—the Black-feet.
Energetic men—the Kick-apoos.
Men of letters—the Wy-an-dottes.

A *striking* evidence of civilization is the number of *clubs* that are found among the Indians. Some of them were in quite a destitute condition. The Crows had eaten all their corn, and were unable to get even an Indian meal. The American had a little brush with the Foxes, and was nearly bagged by the Sacs, besides being peppered by the Cheyennes. Many of them wear rich ornaments, and he has had the war-whoop ring in his ears quite often.

THE ROCK AHEAD.—What a young husband foresees when the cradle is brought home.

In China there are seven grounds of divorce, of which the fourth is the talkativeness of women.

Hopkins was dining with Popkins the other day. Popkins fell a-talking to Hopkins about his cigars, which, he said, were of a peculiar brand. Hopkins wished to know if Popkins got his wine at the same place where he bought his cigars, since he noticed it was "brandied" too. Mopkins, who chanced to be present, laughed; but Popkins didn't see the point. Do you?

### IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Among the many pleasant words
That happy mortals hear,
From "How are you?" to sweet "Good-night,"
Or "Kiss me now, my dear"—
Among the hundred thousand words
Great Webster's tome within,
No doubt the very jolliest
Are these, "It might have been."

Bill Williams courted Pollie Smith,
He wooed, but she would not,
And therefore, tearing of his hair,
Bill left the wretched spot.
Fair Pollie loved another man,
(I think his name was Flynn),
And she's a slattern and a scold—
Ah, Bill, what might have been!

Do you remember Ben de Jones,
That languid, lazy swell,
Who was so perfectly *au fait*
In drinks and neck-ties? Well,
The sweetest girl in all "our town"
Admired him, "so 'twas said;"
Ben was too fickle to propose—
At least, they didn't wed.

The happiest of wives is now
The sweet girl that was then.
Do you suppose she has a wish
That she might have had Ben?
If she should meet, along the street,
That devotee of gin,
Perhaps she'd smile within her heart,
To think what might have been.

A Western editor thinks that if the proper way of spelling tho is "though," and ate "eight," and bo "beau," the proper way of spelling potatoes must be "poughteighteaux." The new way of spelling softly is "psoughtleigh."

"THE STUDENT'S GREECE"—The midnight oil.

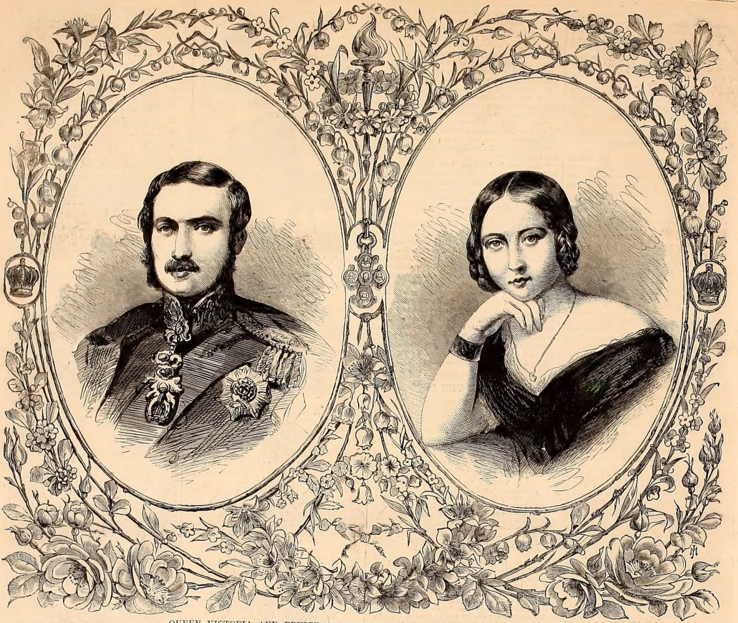
A HACKNEYED EXPRESSION.—"Riding the high horse."

## A ROYAL LOVE-STORY.

THE renewed interest in Queen VICTORIA and her late husband, which has been excited in England and this country by the simultaneous appearance there and here of the first volume of the Queen's book on the "Early Years of the Prince Consort," has induced us to present our readers with portraits of the Queen and Prince at the age at which they were married.

The story of the courtship and marriage of the illustrious pair, as related by the Queen, shows that the old adage that "the course of true love never did run smooth" applies to all grades of life. The marriage of the two was projected by the parents and relations of the Prince from his birth: his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, had arranged it when the two were in their cradles; and in her book the Queen records that the Prince used to relate that "when he was a child three years old his nurse always told him that he should marry the Queen, and that when he first thought of marrying at all he always thought of her." The two were first brought together in 1836, when VICTORIA was just turned seventeen—the Prince was three months younger—and were associated daily for a month at Kensington Palace under the eye of the Duchess of Kent. But the Princess felt herself "o'er young to marry yet;" and though LEOPOLD, King of the Belgians and the uncle of Prince ALBERT, was anxious to bring matters to an understanding, the Prince was allowed to go away without being told that the Queen loved him and intended to marry him. But the Princess *had* determined to give him her hand thus early, but she did not tell him so, though a *quasi* promise was given to LEOPOLD that she would eventually marry ALBERT. She says, in her book, that "she did not at that period wish to marry for some time yet. She thought herself still too young, and also wished the Prince to be older when he made his appearance in England." She had occasion to regret this delay, and says that "she constantly deplored the consequent delay of her marriage. Had she been engaged to the Prince a year sooner than she was, and had she married him at least six months earlier, she would have escaped many trials and troubles of different kinds." The ladies will recognize in this language very sound and sensible advocacy of early marriages.

In June, 1838, her great dignity came upon VICTORIA, and she was crowned Queen. It liked to have turned her head, as it might have turned the head of even wiser little women, and, according to her own confession, she came very nearly proving herself a flirt! She gave LEOPOLD notice that ALBERT must wait; that she could not marry then; that she had no intention of marrying any body for four years. But ALBERT was not as simple as he was young. He refused very decidedly to be put off in this way, unless a positive and binding betrothal was made. He declared he was not ready to wait on the Queen four years, and then be discarded for somebody she might like better. Such a position would make him look very ridiculous. On the contrary, knowing that "faint heart never won fair lady," he took a vessel across the channel, and on October 10, 1839, put foot in Windsor Castle, where the Queen received him very graciously. At this time the Prince, if we are to trust the Queen's doubtless partial description, was "eminently handsome." He was tall and manly, with a countenance full of a gentle expression, a peculiar sweetness in his smile, a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eye and expansive forehead that added a charm to the impression he produced in those who saw him far beyond that derived from mere regularity or beauty of features. The Queen was evidently at once smitten by his appearance, for, three or four days after his arrival, she took him to her room, and told him in a quiet and delicate manner that she loved him very much indeed, and begged him to make the sacrifice of marrying her. The Prince says that the Queen on this occasion acted with "a joyous openness of manner that quite enchanted him, and that he was quite carried away by it." The Queen says that the Prince behaved quite



QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT AT THE TIME OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

agreeably, receiving her offer "without any hesitation" (as well he might), and "with the warmest demonstrations of kindness and affection."

There was after this no more hesitation on Victoria's part: the betrothal was duly announced and approved; the Queen asked Parliament for an allowance for the young man; and the wedding took place on February 10, 1840.

The volume from the Queen's pen which has been published in this country by Harper and Brothers, gives a full history of this interesting period of her own and the Prince's life, and also the first few years of married life, to the time of the birth of the Princess Royal. Other volumes are to follow, in which the whole career of the Prince will be related.

GATHERING POND LILIES.—[See the Poem, Page 551.]

PARIS HEAD-DRESSES.

PARIS BONNETS.

CHIGNONS.

CHIGNONS.

## THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS.

PARIS—the city of elegance, luxury, and pleasure, which provides artistic taste and invention, modes and manners, plays and perfumes, sauces and sweetmeats for all the civilized nations of the world; which teaches youth how to waltz, men how to dine, women how to dress, and mankind generally how to enjoy themselves—is supposed to have been humbling itself in sackcloth and ashes ever since the news of the death of the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN interrupted its round of fêtes, and sent it, by virtue of an imperial decree, into three weeks' solemn mourning. The balls that were to have been given, and the festivals that were to have been held, have been certainly postponed or abandoned; nevertheless, in the toilets which give life and color to the daily réunions of the Bois de Boulogne and the gatherings at Enghien-les-bains, nothing melancholic in character can be detected. As regards the variety, the piquancy, and brilliancy of the present day costumes, we rival those of the last century, when brocaded robes were trimmed with straw or cherry-color satin, or apple-green striped with white; when the coquettish red-heeled shoes were bound with an emerald stripe called "venez y voir" (come and look)—a counterpart to the "suivez moi, jeune homme," those long streamers of ribbon flaunted by the belles of the present day.

In Paris the "mode of the day"—the rage of the hour is unquestionably the "*toilette en suite*"—the robe with either jacket or cape, and with a single or double skirt, but all invariably of one color and material. In that lighter, rich, warm, brown shade which is known over there as "*le Bismark malade*," though still somewhat warm-looking for the height of summer, the "*toilette en suite*" has a *distingué* appearance. Whatever trimming the robe or paletot may display will invariably be of the same shade of color as the robe itself; while the bonnet or hat will usually be of brown straw, wreathed with brown autumn leaves, slightly variegated, and bright metal or even gilt berries; and be trimmed perhaps with brown lace, with wide strings of brown net, edged with blonde, which fastens at the breast with a cluster of berries, similar to those forming the wreath, and having generally a second pair of strings of narrow brown ribbon tied beneath the chignon. The parasol will be of the same shade of color as the robe and bonnet, and so will the gloves and the boots. The main variation admissible in a toilet of this character is a golden sprig in the bonnet, and gilt ornaments to loop up the upper jupe of the robe, when the shade of the toilet happens to be violet, brown, or light-blue. With a violet toilet, in lieu of the gilt sprig, a single yellow rose will be occasionally worn at the left side of the chapeau, just as a pink rose will be worn when the costume is entirely blue. "*Toilettes en suite*" of very light shades of blue are occasionally trimmed altogether with blue of a deeper tint, just as the darker shades are now and then trimmed with a maize-color *passementerie*.

The *toilette en suite* is worn "*à queue*" or "*à deux jupes*;" but most commonly with the double skirt, the upper one being caught up with bands attached to the waist or with plaited cords, rosettes, tabs, buttons, bows, or tassels, fastened a short distance from the bottom of the skirt. Occasionally one or the other skirt will terminate "*à queue*," as shown in our illustration of this style. Here the robe is entirely of blue and white checked foulard. The jacket, which is closed in at the waist, has two long lappets, bordered with blue satin ribbon, of a deeper shade, and notched at the ends, so as to show a shell-shaped ornament, falling over the upper jupe both in front and behind. The upper jupe, the lower portion of which is similarly scalloped and ornamented, is longer behind than in front, and with the deep flounce of the under jupe forms a train of moderate length. The bonnet of white crape is

WALKING AND EVENING DRESSES.

THE SIAMESE HAT.

THE JAPANESE HAT.

TOILETTE EN SUITE.

PROMENADE TOILETTE.

BALL DRESSES.

trimmed with lace, and wreathed with forget-me-nots, and has white strings fastening in front, and narrow blue strings which tie behind under the chignon. A "*toilette de ville*" of a totally different character consists of a pardessus of black corded silk, made high at the neck, and trimmed down the front and at the back with double bands of yellow taffeta. The imitation facings which reach below the belt, which is bound at the edges with taffeta, are bordered with double bands of taffeta, and have a row of yellow silk buttons running up the centre. From beneath these facings fall five lappets similarly trimmed and varying in length. Above the shoulders are broad bands bordered with taffeta from which fall a series of small lappets. The under jupe of violet silk has a deep black band at the lower part, bordered at the top and bottom with double rows of narrow yellow taffeta, and with a similar trimming running round the centre; the tight-fitting sleeves, of the same color and material as the lower jupe, are turned up at the cuffs with black silk, bordered with yellow taffeta, and are ornamented with yellow silk buttons. The "*toilette de visite*" is, as the ladies are of course aware, only a more *distingué* style of "*toilette de ville*," with, however, this difference, that the robe is now almost invariably made "*à queue.*"

At the sea-side robes of white cambric, made "à deux jupes" and embroidered with wreaths of large double violets, hyacinths, heart's-ease, daisies, and other flowers, are very generally worn. A very pretty costume, which is much patronized at the bathing-places, and which is represented in the engraving entitled *Toilette en suite*, is of the favorite Bismark tint. It can be made either in silk or *poult de chevre*, or indeed any light material. The *jaquette* has large points at the sides and a small point at the shoulders. The upper jupe, cut round the edges into a series of alternate points and lappets, falls low at the sides and is raised behind in the centre, where it is folded to form a narrow tail; the whole being trimmed round the edges with black and white gimp. The upper jupe, which is of the same color and material as the *jaquette* and upper skirt, is perfectly straight round the bottom, and has no other trimming beyond a band of narrow gimp placed a few inches from the edge. The sailor-hat of brown straw is trimmed with a wreath of autumn leaves, the end of which falls gracefully down the chignon.

The robe of the *toilette de soirée*, represented in the central picture on the preceding page, is of pale rose-colored silk, with a tunic falling in sharp points behind and at either side over a jupe which is partially covered with puffed tulle bordered with a silver braid, and is ornamented with white roses up the entire front as well as at the bottom, where the tulle and silk meet. The tunic is bound with silver braid at the edges, within a few inches of which is a silver-and-white embroidery, the corsage being trimmed to correspond. The train of tulle bordered with deep lace can be dispensed with, if thought desirable, when this costume, which is more particularly adapted to grand receptions, is worn as a ball-dress.

It is in *toilettes de campagne* (walking-dresses), in the fantastic forms and trimmings of the jackets and the jupes, and in the piquant and daring contrasts of colors which these display, that the Parisian *modiste* shows the versatility of her fancy. What can be more charming than the *toilette de campagne*, as depicted in our engraving, with its upper jupe of delicate gray mohair shaped at the sleeves and at the bottom into alternate points and scallops, and trimmed with interlacing bands of straw-*passementerie* (ornamented with rosettes and tassels), and between which are placed insertions of light-blue taffeta. Round the waist is a blue taffeta band, bordered with maize color and tied behind in a most elaborate bow, from which hang long pointed ends finished with a couple of maize-colored tassels. The under jupe and sleeves are of maize-colored Japanese silk, the former being plaited at the bottom, and trimmed with two narrow bands of ribbon of the same color as the upper jupe, while the sleeves are ornamented with the small cuffs of similar ribbon. The hat, of fancy straw, is turban-shaped, and is trimmed at the back with a large bow of white lace, the long ends of which fall gracefully down the back. The parasol is of maize-color silk, and the gloves and high-heeled boots are of a delicate gray. White muslin dresses trimmed with rose-color ribbon are much in favor for *toilettes de campagne.*

The ball-dress of white puffed muslin shown in the illustration is worn over a jupon of white silk, and has rows of amber-satin ribbon arranged transversely from the waist to within a few inches of the bottom of the robe, where they terminate in large bows at every seam. Round the extreme edge of the robe is a deep flounce of white lace ornamented with amber beads. The bodice of white muslin is made low, and is trimmed with amber-satin ribbon and pearl and amber beads. The bracelet and pendent necklace are composed of similar beads, and a kind of ceinture formed of a double row of long pendent pearl and amber beads hangs down below the waist in front of the robe. Ceintures of this character formed entirely of beads or of lace worked into long points and embroidered over with pearl or amber or jet beads, and fitting tight to the waist, are the "haute mode" at the present moment. The coiffure of this toilet is composed of small white roses and amber beads.

The second figure in the engraving is attired in an evening dress of white foulard with broad pink stripes. The trimming round the bottom of the robe consists of large pink flowers made of ribbon, in the centres of which are small stars formed of pearls and beads of white jet; similar stars arranged between the flowers serve as "traits d'union," or connecting links. This trimming rises slightly toward the right-hand side, where it is fastened by a cluster of flowers, from which hang long pendent drops of white jet. The waistband of pink ribbon, bordered with guipure and fringed with small pendent drops, is fastened on the left side with a rosette, whence fall two long ends gradually widening toward the bottom, where they are ornamented by a deep fringe formed of pearls and white jet beads. The corset is bordered with small puffs of rose taffeta, attached to which is a row of beads, and the short sleeves are trimmed to correspond; a lace chemisette completes the costume, which is what one would style in this country extremely quiet and lady-like.

The promenade toilet, which we illustrate, is a striped cerise and white silk dress, with a long train skirt; a short skirt of cerise Chambéry gauze, bordered with a narrow flounce of the same material. This second skirt is a sort of wide long scarf, which commences in front of the waist, inclines somewhat toward the back, and is then looped over in a very graceful manner. The high striped silk bodice is completed with a corslet of Chambéry gauze, flounced at the edge, and with full short sleeves. White straw *toque;* ornamented with a wreath of cerise and white daisies.

To describe the fashionable bonnet is a difficult task, so prolific are Parisian *modistes* of the inventions both as regards the form and trimming of our summer chapeaux. The fashionable shape, when looked at sideways, is a half triangle. Poise a triangle on one end and cut it through in a perpendicular direction down the centre, and either half of it will give you the precise form of a chapeau à la mode; or rather of the side view of one. The perpendicular side of the figure will form the back of the bonnet, the diagonal side the front, and the horizontal edge the crown. The bonnet itself may be of tulle, lace, crape, or fancy straw, with broad tulle or crape strings bordered with lace, which fasten at the breast with the ends of the wreath that passes over the front of the bonnet, or else with a small gold sprig. Generally there are also long strings of narrow ribbon, which are tied in a bow beneath the chignon, and the long ends of which fall down the back. White bonnets are the most fashionable, and pearl and white jet beads are now very little worn. The favorite trimming is still a wreath of variegated leaves of almost any shade of color—even emerald-green, orange, cobalt, mauve, and magenta—though brown and dull green seem to be the tints generally preferred. Clusters of glittering metal berries of the most brilliant hues are usually worn with these wreaths. The first and second bonnets in the annexed engraving are encircled with wreaths of this character, one or both ends of which fall down in front, catching the wide lace strings of the bonnet loosely together. In the first wreath, formed of exceedingly brilliant small purple grapes and leaves, the markings on which are gilt, the bunches of fruit drop over the front of the white fancy straw bonnet, which, being poised flat on the crown of the head, needs no inside trimming. The broad violet tulle strings, bordered with lace, pass right over the back of the bonnet, and are fastened with the ends of the vine-wreath in front; while the narrow violet ribbon strings are tied beneath the chignon, as already described. The berries on the wreath which is arranged round the front of the second bonnet are of an unusually large size, and are of the brightest possible scarlet, the leaves themselves being a rich variegated green and brown. In the third bonnet the wreath is formed of some trailing plant and a few tea-roses; the broad maize-color tulle strings, which form a kind of curtain at the back of the bonnet, being fastened in front with the same flower, a bud of which secures the small bow beneath the chignon. Occasionally metal insects of the most brilliant hues, variegated and glittering as Nature's gaudiest productions—beetles, moths, etc.—will be fastened to these wreaths, and at other times the wreaths will be altogether dispensed with, and a small gold sprig, consisting of a wild-rose, an oak-apple and leaves, ears of corn, convolvuli or fern or lily leaves, with perhaps a golden beetle or butterfly, be substituted in their places. These golden sprigs, by-the-way, have delicate springs at one end to admit of their trembling and waving whenever the wearer of the bonnet moves her head.

Bonnets, both of black and white lace, crêpe, etc., are occasionally bordered in front with a narrow gilt rim; in which case they are usually encircled at the top with a series of interlaced gold rings, or a gilt wreath formed of the long, graceful leaves of the lily, or of a sprig of wild-roses, or of blades and ears of corn. Now and then the lace strings are ornamented with gilt beads.

The latest form of hat is that which the Siamese and Japanese visitors to the Exhibition have brought into fashion, and a couple of examples of which are shown in the engraving. It is, of course, only worn with *toilettes de campagne.* It is made of some white fancy straw, and is bordered with narrow black, or, indeed, any color velvet, and in its more common form has three fantastic ornaments of similar velvet on the top, with a tuft of flowers on the side. Occasionally a flower is fixed in the centre of these ornaments, and at other times the hat has a spike or nob in the centre of the crown, and has narrow velvet strings, which fasten with a flower beneath the chignon. One characteristic hat which is occasionally met with in the Bois is of the pork-pie shape, and has the space intervening between the rim and the crown filled up with bright green moss, from out of which peep scores of tiny flowers, forming a circular floral parterre round the crown, on which a humming-bird with open beak and one or two glittering insects are usually poised.

Chignons, which are still worn rather large, are now placed right on the crown of the head: the hair at the upper part of the neck being generally either frizzed into numerous little ringlets or else arranged to form a bunch of curls, in which case a "natte" of hair is usually disengaged from the under part of the chignon, and allowed to fall loose behind, or on one side over the shoulder. The front hair is worn very much over the forehead, at times nearly touching the eyebrows. It is either frizzed or waved, or heaped up in curls, generally about two and a half inches in length, and tapering at the bottom, and is puffed out by means of crêpes. Chignons are worn in a variety of shapes, sometimes composed of large plaits, or of a number of small curls secured by an invisible net, and at others of one long curl coiled round and round like a piece of rope. Occasionally the back hair is tied up in a bow and made up into long horizontal curls. One peculiar way of wearing the hair is to turn it from the back of the neck toward the right side, where it is fixed in a slanting direction with a handsome comb or bow of ribbon, the ends of the hair being allowed to curl round the chignon toward the opposite side of the head. The front hair, where a chignon of this description is worn, is arranged in either puffs or curls on the forehead, and usually terminates in several small curls or one long curl on each side of the head, or in a single curl, which generally falls over the left shoulder.

Among the more remarkable coiffures is one with the small smooth chignon placed very high, and having one long large curl springing from the top of it and falling down the back. Above this curl is a series of long narrow curls, which inclose it, as it were, in their midst; and over these again fall a number of little ringlety curls formed of the ends of the front hair, which is, of course, puffed out on the forehead. One chignon resembled a snake curled in and out an oval hoop, the end and beginning of which—snake or hoop—none but an experienced Parisian coiffeur could discover; and yet this chignon, which was elegantly waved, was perfectly natural-looking. Perhaps the most fashionable, as it is certainly the simplest, way of dressing an abundant head of hair is to friz it low down over the forehead; to slightly friz the chignon, the hair of which must be neither plaited nor curled; and to disengage a natte of hair, either from the side or from beneath the chignon. The place where the false chignon joins the natural hair is generally marked with a piece of ribbon corresponding with the trimming of the dress, and which, passing under the chignon, is tied beneath in a bow with very long ends, or at the side with short ones. Young girls commonly wear their hair turned back and plaited behind into two long tails, which are generally fastened at the ends with ribbons of a color that harmonizes with the rest of their toilets.

## OUR JUVENILE ILLUSTRATION.

No well-regulated family is ever found, we are told, without a babe in the house; no well-conducted family paper should therefore be without a department for children; hence we devote one of our pages in this issue to an illustration for the nursery.

Playing at "Hide and Seek" is a favorite amusement with most children, and few of those who see the *Weekly* will be at a loss to conceive a legend or frame a story to accompany the picture on page 553. Many of those who have the good fortune and happiness to live in the country will have little difficulty in localizing the scene to their own gardens; each will see in her who "hides" his or her own elder sister, and imagine perhaps that in the perplexed countenance of the little one who "seeks" a slight resemblance to themselves at certain times of equal perplexity. But certainly all will recognize at once the familiar game, and involuntarily exclaim, "Bo-peep!"

Perhaps, too, the elders of the family may find an interest in the picture, if they search with the same commendable spirit as that of the exiled Duke of SHAKSPEARE, who found

> "tongues in trees, books in the running brook,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Is not life one long game of "hide and seek?" The merchant seeks for wealth; the artist for fame; the soldier for honor; the toiler for rest; the starving for bread. We can assure the children who are impatiently hurrying forward to an age when they can indulge in this more exciting contest that it is a very tedious, perplexing, aggravating game; there is very little fun in it; that which is sought is very seldom found; and there are very few of those who engage in it who can truly cry out, "I spy Success!"

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOMEBODY has alluded to the present season as the "Summer of Floods." This language may be strong; but without any fear of being indicted for libel, we may say that it is a *damp* summer, and that the dampness has saturated every thing. Linen coats and muslin dresses hang limp and starchless; doors and windows are puffed out so that they will scarcely open or shut; and every time a man wants a clean collar he gets frantic while trying to force open his bureau-drawer, and then is disgusted to find the needful article droops like a willow. When it does not rain *all* day an inevitable shower comes up about five o'clock in the afternoon, just as people are planning to "go out somewhere."

Perhaps those who have "gone into the country" have the worst of it. They can not roam in the meadows, or ramble in the forests, or go "a blueberrying," or even take a walk comfortably in the streets, it is "so wet." Dresses are dabbled and polished boots are shockingly mudded at every attempt. Even driving is only a discomfort, for the mud splashes over every thing. In the city we get along better. The sidewalks dry quickly, and we can run out between the showers, rejoicing that such an efficient street-cleaner as the rain is exists.

We have no ground for complaint against the weather, however much we might enjoy a few more pleasant days. The season has been comparatively healthy and cool; the crops are said to be coming in well in different sections of the country; the dreaded cholera has found no abiding-place in our vicinity. Do not these things call for thankfulness?

"Berries of all kinds have been very abundant this year. Probably about five hundred bushels of blueberries are now picked daily in Maine, and the aggregate production for the year is estimated at nearly sixteen thousand bushels. The gathering of this large crop furnishes employment to hundreds of people, and the products of their labors will give relish to many a meal in many different States. The abundance of rain this year renders the berries larger and plumper than usual.

Madison Park has been wonderfully improved in appearance by a new iron fence of neat and tasty pattern. The ground, near the fence, has been prepared for plants and shrubbery, and by another season the Park will be in fine order. This condition of things will be a great satisfaction not merely to permanent residents in that neighborhood but to the guests of the hotels in the vicinity.

Peaches are abundant. The present season is represented as being one of the most prolific and successful, so far as peaches are concerned, that has been known for many years. Housekeepers have for the last month been deep in the mysteries of "making up" preserves and sweetmeats from berries chiefly. They will wait until the "height of the season" before commencing operations upon peaches, pears, plums, and quinces. Fruit for preserving should be gathered when fully ripe; it is not enough to gather it just before it is quite ripe, as at that time the amount of acid is at its maximum, and it consequently requires a larger proportion of sugar. Where fruit is gathered as required it is exceedingly desirable that it should be picked during dry weather; at that time there is less moisture in the fruit, and consequently less has to be got rid of by boiling. Preserves should never be allowed to stand in copper or brass kettles, as the acid of the fruit acts upon them, and the preserves become poisonous. Bell-metal vessels, or *tinned* bell-metal, are recommended as being safe for making sweetmeats in. The enameled preserving kettles are cleanly; but the high temperature necessary to be employed causes the enamel to crack, and then the iron below is exposed, and being acted upon by the vegetable acid, the preserves acquire an irony or inky taste and a bad color.

A gentleman in Portland recently aroused his wife in the morning by a complaint that he had not slept a single wink all night, it was so hot. When he went to dress he found his clothes in an unusual place, and on investigating, found that his watch, pocket-book, and other valuables in the room had disappeared. The robbers had borrowed a ladder from a neighbor and entered the window. He finally concluded he might have "lost himself a little" some time in the night.

An experiment is being made at the Morgue, of a new method of preserving the dead. The body of a drowned person, supposed to have been in the water three days before its recovery, has been inclosed in a metallic, air-tight case; and, although some weeks have elapsed since the commencement of the experiment, it shows no signs of decomposition. On the contrary, it appears to harden each day. This result is obtained by forcing the air from the case and supplying its place with a certain gas, which the discoverer claims contains the requisite preserving qualities.

In most European countries the beneficial influence which the art of swimming has on the general health, and its incalculable value in the hour of danger, are so well understood, that all large cities, and even most small ones, have their well-frequented Swimming Schools. New York is beginning to feel the importance of this art, and "Swimming Schools" are being established here. A few weeks ago we mentioned that a "Swimming Academy" had been opened at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street. Another private school, of a similar nature, has been established on the East River, at the foot of Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, and Sixty-sixth streets. The School is located on an attractive spot of the river, the water flowing pure. There are two large basins entirely separate from each other, one of which is for ladies and misses exclusively. The School is furnished with a great variety of apparatus of the latest improvement; and instruction will be given in all kinds of swimming, jumping, diving, etc.

Niagara Falls is well attended this season, and the hotels are fast filling up. There is the usual, possibly an *unusual* display of beauty and fashion. It is surprising, too, with what ease people "fall in love," not *with* the Falls, but *at* the Falls. A beautiful young lady from New York city is said, after only ten days' residence at Niagara, to have received twenty-five offers of marriage—an average of two and a half per day.

Long Branch is by no means deserted, since something like two thousand persons daily enjoy the luxury of a sea-bath there, not to mention the other thousands who only promenade the beach, and dreamily watch the breakers and the bathers.

Several new inventions have been announced. A man out in Ohio has invented a knitting machine with which a child can knit fifty pairs of stockings in a day. A handy affair to have in the house. A genius in Maine has invented and patented a "mustache supporter." But the latest invention is said to be ink made from India-rubber. It has been suggested that writers inclined to "stretch a story" will make use of the article.

In Paris a tenement-house is being built which is said to be eleven stories high from the street-level. The chief novelty in this house is the absence of any staircase, the place of that being supplied by a hydraulic elevator, ascending and descending noiselessly every minute.

A POWERFUL RIVAL.—There is a new patent sewing machine (called the Star Shuttle) manufactured in Cleveland, Ohio, by W. G. WILSON & Co., and sold for twenty dollars, that makes the lock-stitch similar to WHEELER & WILSON, and other first-class machines. The manufacturers claim that it is equal in size, finish, and workmanship to any other first-class machine, besides being able to do the same range of work.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY

Have sat in judgment on the several and combined ingredients contained in Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, and have been compelled to pass sentence in its favor as an entirely safe and infallible agent in expelling worms. The various medicinal compounds and articles of the Materia Medica used by the medical profession to effect the dislodgement of worms are far more numerous than the scores of theories advanced to fix their origin. Time has fully demonstrated the fact, however, that in none of them could absolute confidence be placed as an agent which, while it was uniformly certain in its action, wrought no injury to the system by coming in contact with its tissues. It has been found true of some of the agents used that it was necessary in many cases to

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others, as antidotes to the first, in order to save life. At length a remedy was discovered which combined all the essential qualities of an expellant, without the least possibility of affecting the life or health of the patient—save to prolong one and promote the other—and was sent out on its merits. After the lapse of a third of a century, during which time it has undergone the severest tests, it stands forth an acknowledged specific for the expulsion of intestinal worms. We need scarcely inform our readers that

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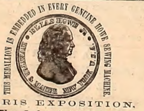


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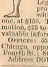

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The CASH can be paid to EXPRESS COMPANY.
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BAY RUM SOAP
Over 100 Styles Toilet Soaps.
NONE BETTER IMPORTED.

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AGENTS WANTED for "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion." Superbly Illustrated. Published in Parts. The most profusely and attractively Illustrated Volume ever published. Address
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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—NO. 558.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## THE PAWNBROKERS OF NEW YORK.

"THERE are one hundred thousand people who live [and die] in tenement-houses in New York city," says the record of the Police Board. "There are ninety-seven thousand criminals arrested every year in the same city," says the same interesting document; "and crime, particularly of the higher"—by which is meant the more serious—"grades, is on the increase." "There are nearly ten thousand houses where liquors are retailed, and thirty-three thousand arrests are annually made for drunkenness and the disorderly conduct which results therefrom."

To add to its interest and make the table complete the Superintendent of Police ought to have stated too the number of "disorderly" houses where Virtue is sold, the gambling-dens where Honesty is sacrificed, and the pawn-shops where the Pauper is robbed of what little he possesses, and where the Thief is harbored and his goods secreted.

There are, we don't know how many, but certainly a very great number, of these latter-named houses in the city of New York; and the scene which we illustrate is of frequent occurrence in the most public of our streets as well as in the most secluded and unfrequented of our alleys and by-ways. The scene represented is more especially a Saturday evening scene, and it is Poverty, not crime, who waits under the "three golden balls" to see the end of the Jewish Sabbath signaled by the opening at sundown of the doors of the pawn-shop. Those who wait impatiently to be fleeced are working men and women, who find their weekly wages inadequate to meet their wants or to cancel their indebtedness at the baker's, the grocer's, or, too often, at the bar-keeper's; and who have come with some little article of little worth to have it undervalued by the blustering broker far below its real worth, and then be gruffly tendered a mere pittance in exchange for it. As a general thing it is honest poverty which is seen waiting at such doors before sundown, afraid neither of the broad glare of day nor the sharp scrutiny of the policeman. Later at night the dissipated haunt the shops to pawn their clothing for enough money to replenish the bottle which carries them over the dreaded Sabbath day, when the police enforce obedience to the Excise, if not the Divine, law, which requires that the Sabbath shall be kept quietly if not holily. Still later at night the pawnbrokers' guests are the criminals, who come to dispose of their stolen goods and cover up the trail of their guilt.

These pawn-shops are unmitigated evils—there is nothing of good about them. It has been argued that they frequently temporarily relieve poverty, but it is not true; the very laws of the State which authorizes them take care that they shall be of no practical benefit to any class of people. By those laws they are not permitted to charge over seven per cent. interest on sums over $25, but may charge usurious interest on all smaller amounts; consequently they never allow depositors over $25 on any article no matter how valuable it may be. The poor man is thus twice fleeced; he loses in the undervaluation of his property and in the overcharging of interest—and all done legally.

But the great evil of these institutions is that they are receptacles for stolen goods. A sneak-thief steals an over-coat from a house-entry; in half an hour it is in pawn; in twelve hours it is altered by changing the buttons, turning the collar, etc. into another coat; in twenty-four hours it is offered for sale at a miraculously low price in some slop-shop or clothing-store; in forty-eight hours it may be on the back of an honest man. Watches and other articles of jewelry are received in the same manner, ostensibly in pawn, but in reality bought outright for such ridiculously insignificant sums that the thief is hardly paid for his trouble and risk. But he can not refuse to take what the pawnbroker offers him; he knows that the broker is aware that the property is stolen, and can denounce him if he refuses to take what is offered and attempts to go elsewhere with his booty. Tickets are never given the thieves for watches

WAITING FOR THE PAWN-SHOP TO OPEN—A NEW YORK STREET SCENE.

and jewelry—"they might convict you, you know," the brokers tell them. Watches thus received in New York are offered for sale in Boston or Philadelphia, and *vice versa*; and other articles of jewelry go instantly into the crucible.

And the Lawgivers at Albany—though these facts have been often dinned into their ears—suffer the evil to remain authorized and protected.

## SHERIDAN.

There's a wail through the land more of anger than pain,
From Florida's strand to the borders of Maine;
It rolls up from Oregon's prairies grand,
And its echo is heard in the far golden land.
And the burden it bears is, "Woe, woe to the knave
Who has aimed to dishonor our SHERIDAN brave."

For our nation remembers, with pleasure and pride,
That bold rider's deeds by Shenandoah's tide;
And ne'er will the soldier forget the proud day
When the famous black charger joined Winchester's fray;
When, with victory's ring in the tramp of his feet,
He forced Jubal Early, with shame, to retreat.

As true as the steel which he wears by his side!
He's the friend of the loyal, their glory and pride;
He stoops not to swerve from the just and the right;
As bold with his pen as he's valiant in fight.
No garbled dispatches can shelter the knave
Who seeks to dishonor our SHERIDAN brave.

A statesman in peace and a hero in war,
His course ever governed by loyalty's star;
He holds up our flag with a hand firm and true,
And forces all traitors to bend to it too:
No insult to it will he brook from the foe,
Whether renegade Wells or old rebel Monroe.

Then fling out the banner from loyalty's height
And blazon it over with justice and right;
Nor let him be struck in the dark to the ground,
Whom no open foe ever ventured to wound.
Their love and their faith let our people proclaim,
For Victory waits upon SHERIDAN's name.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.


## THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE removal of General SHERIDAN has deeply moved the country. The peculiarly brilliant service of General SHERIDAN in the war; his equally faithful service as military Governor of Louisiana and Texas; his frank and fearless spirit in every position, and a certain generosity and gallantry of nature, have endeared him to the popular heart. The name of no hero of the war, not excepting that of GRANT himself, so inflames universal enthusiasm as that of SHERIDAN. Painting and poetry have combined to celebrate his ride up the Shenandoah—a ride which turned the tide of a most important battle, at a most critical moment of the war. Young, modest, ardent; a trained soldier, an irresistible leader, the idol of his men, the cherished friend of his Commander, SHERIDAN came from the war beloved by the whole people.

When he was appointed to the command of the district of which New Orleans is the headquarters it was not known what his executive power in that kind might be, and it was supposed that, like most soldiers, he had, in the common phrase, no politics. But like every man who went into the rebel section without politics he very soon acquired them. During the summer of 1866, when by the complicity of inaction the President of the United States sanctioned the effort of the rebels to massacre Union men, General SHERIDAN was the man who told the whole truth to the country, and ANDREW JOHNSON has never forgiven him. From that time General SHERIDAN has wholly approved the Radical policy, and the President has inflexibly resolved upon his removal.

But General GRANT was known to sympathize with General SHERIDAN, and their published correspondence shows how faithfully the General supported his subordinate. It is therefore plain that General GRANT was as disagreeable to the President as General SHERIDAN. The President knew that there was no man more steadily hostile to his policy, no man more suspicious of his purposes, no man more desirous that he should be closely watched and checked by Congress than General GRANT. Moreover, it was becoming very evident that this man, so hostile to the Presidential policy, and of so vast a popularity, was very likely to be the next President, upon the nomination of the party which elected Mr. JOHNSON, and which he had betrayed. The President thus found himself face to face with Congress, with the vast loyal political organization in every part of the country, and with the great soldiers of the war, excepting General SHERMAN. In this position he has also and naturally found himself practically paralyzed. He has been conscious of the disastrous failure of his administration, and that he was drifting amidst universal distrust into the great and final contempt of history. For he has no friends. The Democrats use him only to perplex their political foes. The late rebels, like FORSYTH of Mobile, and others, reproach him with indecision and timidity. The New York *Herald*, which to-day tries to prop the Presidential purpose to withstand the popular will, yesterday cried lustily for his impeachment for resisting it. Those who appear to support him are more to be feared by him than those who unswervingly and frankly denounce and resist him.

Under these circumstances the President has naturally sought to take some course by which with one blow he could reach many enemies. And he has found it in the suspension of Mr. STANTON, and the direction of General GRANT to assume *ad interim* the duties of the Secretary of War, and to transmit the order of removal to General SHERIDAN. This at once excites a tendency toward distrust of General GRANT upon the part of the Republican party; it tends to poison the personal relations of GRANT and SHERIDAN; it raises SHERIDAN as a candidate for the Presidency; and it kindles the hope of that ludicrous political Micawber, the Democratic party, that something may "turn up." The President's double object is to ruin GRANT politically and to defy the Republican party.

But we suppose that nobody in the country, Democrat or Republican, doubts that General GRANT is as hostile as ever to the policy of the President, and that he warmly opposed the removal of General SHERIDAN. The only question is why he went into the Cabinet, and why he is willing to appear to acquiesce in the policy of the President. But it is not necessary to look far for the reason. General GRANT may have considered himself ordered by the Commander-in-Chief, or he may have wished to prevent the entrance of some one into the Cabinet less hostile than he to the President's system. It is folly to say that every member of the Cabinet must be presumed to sympathize with the President. Was Mr. STANTON presumed to be in such sympathy?

It is, therefore, it seems to us, unfair in the *Tribune* to insinuate that General GRANT has any sympathy whatever with the President. It does not say so, indeed, openly; but such is the impression it produces. As we have before suggested, this is not the way to defeat General GRANT as a Presidential candidate. That must be done, if at all, by showing that the Republican party does not know what he thinks or where he stands. It is evident that in the present condition of the country, which no one probably understands better than General GRANT, no man can expect to receive the nomination of the dominant party who is not willing to say that he wholly and heartily agrees with its policy, and feels the necessity of its ascendency. General GRANT has not yet publicly expressed himself upon this point, although all his actions show his general sympathy with that party. It is, therefore, premature both to insist that he must be the candidate and that under no circumstances can he or ought he to be the candidate.

If General GRANT would like to have the nomination of both parties, or if he would prefer to be nominated without expressing himself more plainly, then we should say that he certainly could not be and should not be the Republican candidate; and we greatly misconceive General GRANT himself if he expects the Republican nomination upon such terms. He knows, of course, that the party which is as sure as any thing political can be to elect its candidate will not nominate in the dark or for luck. He also knows, probably, that under the circumstances he could not be nominated by the Democrats. Would he then be likely to succeed upon a "people's nomination?" We think certainly not, because we do not believe that he would as a third candidate seriously reduce the Republican vote. Meanwhile we repeat that the important consideration in the Presidential campaign is the continued dominance of the Republican party.

## A PROBABILITY.

THE probabilities of the impeachment of the President are certainly greater than when Congress adjourned. If he should be impeached at the next session the probability is that he will forcibly resist. This is a contingency that should be calmly contemplated. If it be treated merely as a stroke upon the Radical tom-tom the consequences will be much more disagreeable than if the probability be fairly considered. It will certainly be conceded that the worst view of the President has always proved to be the truest. No subserviency to his will in the hope of moderating or restraining him is of the slightest use. We presume that Mr. SEWARD, and perhaps Mr. WEED, have learned this truth. Indeed, those who could not easily relinquish their admiration of Mr. SEWARD were accustomed to say that he remained in the Cabinet in order to avert the sure evils that he saw rising in the future. Whether he has averted them those reluctant friends can answer. Whether a truly sagacious man would have made the attempt it is not difficult to say.

What form the resistance of the President may take it is not easy to foresee. The probability is, that he would deny the authority of Congress as "a body hanging upon the verge of the Government," and refuse to recognize its summons or to submit to its judgment. He would wish to make a plain and simple issue. He would declare that he could not yield to an illegal process except upon compulsion, and that it would be his duty to use the whole force of the United States to save the Government threatened in his person. It would, therefore, be necessary for Congress before impeaching to provide by law for the suspension of the President during his trial. If the law were vetoed and passed by the necessary majority the President could have no reason to deny the validity of the law passed by an authority which he has constantly practically recognized.

Nothing can be done toward a real reconstruction during the Presidency of Mr. JOHNSON. He incessantly demoralizes every effort at the South, and it is he who makes New Orleans massacres possible, and he who really inspires the speeches of PERRY, HILL, and HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON. The tenacious rebel element clings to him as its hope. It believes that something may yet happen. It sees JOHNSON resisting Congress, and removing STANTON and SHERIDAN, and it reads in the New York *World* that there is a great reaction, and in the Albany *Argus* that the Democrats will probably carry New York, and in the New York *Herald* that the people are rallying to the President against "nigger supremacy." Upon such puffs of east wind the rebel hope feeds, and is able to keep its section in a state of sullenness and agitation, and to defer actual submission to the will of Congress until it sees a President who means to execute that will.

Meanwhile the President has no comprehension of the principle which elected him; no sympathy with the popular purpose, and he perpetually prates about the Constitution as if Congress and the people did not know the Constitution and its spirit quite as well as he. Whatever he designs to do will be done under the name of the Constitution. When the rebel Senators withdrew, it will be remembered, they told us that the Constitution forbade us to resist. JAMES BUCHANAN, the President, told us that they spoke the truth, that there was no Constitutional authority for the coercion of States. It was by the alleged authority of the Constitution that the Constitution was to be overthrown. And we may be very sure that if the President attempts mischief it will be attempted, he will inform us, to save the Constitution.

Great exigencies are not averted by denying that they exist. ANDREW JOHNSON will go just as far as he dares, and his daring will be limited only by inflexible opposition. We presume nobody supposes that he would not use violence if he could. Let him therefore be watched, and let him understand that he is watched. Let him learn by the plainest expression that every act of defiance of what he knows to be the loyal popular will of the country, however it may be technically authorized, is an act which reconciles hundreds of thousands to his impeachment who had always thought it inexpedient. Let him know that much of the opposition to impeachment sprang from the feeling that he had not deliberately set himself to defeat the will of Congress, and that those who opposed it until that intention was clear would earnestly advocate it when that intention was beyond doubt. His puerile plot to implicate Judge HOLT and other Radical men with a wretched conspiracy has ridiculously failed. He has done more than seemed possible for any man to do to increase sympathy with the extreme Radical tendency. He is a desperate man, and desperation dares any thing.

## CHARLES DICKENS.

IT is understood that Mr. DICKENS will again come to the United States. He will be welcomed as the greatest living story-teller in the language ought to be welcomed. Of course the enthusiasm of his first reception will not be repeated. The extravagant and grotesque excesses into which a truly loyal and beautiful feeling was betrayed by its own ardor will be succeeded by the temperate and sober admiration of long experience. Both he and we have grown older and wiser; and if since the quarrel of that younger passion we have sometimes been unjust to each other, we shall now see and recognize mutual merit without exaggeration.

DICKENS is a household word. To all native readers of English he is as much known and probably more familiar than any living author ever was. SCOTT and BYRON were the literary idols of their day, but the theatre and the cheap serial and magazine have carried the fame of their younger brother into a wider realm. And this popularity does not diminish. For thirty years, for a generation, he has held his position virtually unchallenged. During that time the greatest of female novelists, CHARLOTTE BRONTE, and the greatest of all proper novelists in English literature, THACKERAY, have risen into fame and died, and still DICKENS is not an old man, and still his genius seems unworn.

He comes to this country to give the readings which are as delightful and famous in London as his books are in this country. He selects scenes from his own stories, and reads them with such subtle and surprising dramatic power that the whole story lives and palpitates as actual life in the apprehension of the entranced listener. We have never heard him, but we remember a remarkable paper descriptive of his reading published in *Harper's Magazine* a few years since which was most vivid and admirable.

We observe that several Lyceums announce that they will make efforts to secure him. But we should imagine such an arrangement would be impracticable. There is no city in which Mr. DICKENS is likely to read in which he would not attract an audience as large as the largest hall could accommodate. He and his agent would receive the whole proceeds, at a high rate of admission. Under such circumstances there seems to be no reason why he should arrange with a Lyceum. But whether he does or not, what a delight is in store for us! At the great games in Greece the historians read their histories and the poets sang. So comes the story-teller to give us Olympian evenings. But, after all, can the creator of Pickwick, of Dick Swiveller, of the father of the Marshalsea, make them live more plainly in our imaginations by his tongue than by his pen?

And rumor answers, Yes!

## CARLYLE *vs.* THE HUMAN RACE.

MR. CARLYLE is the twelfth juror railing at all the others. He is the lunatic glaring through the bars and laughing at the world for being mad. His essay "Shooting Niagara: and after?" is merely an ebullition of impotent cynicism. The whole world, he says, is madly rushing to destruction; and for the English part of it the only hope is the British aristocracy, who must leave Parliament or reason, and save England by the drill-sergeant or brute force. As for us in America, we have ruined ourselves by an exquisitely silly sentimentality about freedom and emancipation of the "nigger," whereas the divine will is that the "nigger" shall be a slave; and men of about Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE's complexion are divinely appointed to drive them with whip and spur. Free labor is fol-de-rol. The best must govern. What kind of divine decision are you to get from a count of heads? Count of heads—when you can have such polite gentlemen to govern you as the English nobility, who have now nothing to do but to dispense hospitality with melancholy grace? Count of heads—when Providence and Mr. THOMAS CARLYLE have furnished such an example of a Heaven-appointed ruler as FREDERICK THE GREAT, and especially his father? Count of heads—when you see what has come to pass in these later days in England, in America!

Nothing more pitiful can be imagined than this ferocious and inhuman onslaught upon human liberty and civilization. Here is a man who hates and despises an unfortunate race whom his countrymen and their descendants have indescribably abused and degraded, stealing them from their country and trampling them under foot. He constantly and carefully calls them "niggers." He snorts at human reason as an efficient influence and power in civilization; and THOMAS CARLYLE ends by roaring out, as the only gospel of social salvation, the feeble drivel of Lord JOHN MANNERS, and the "Young England" of a quarter of a century ago:

"Let trade and commerce, art and learning die,
But spare, oh spare, our old nobility!"

It would be inconceivably comical if it were not unspeakably tragical. Let us cover the nakedness of our patriarch, and walk away with eyes hidden. His own imagination has not conceived, his own pen has not described a figure so mournful as his own. His cry is more than the "vanity, vanity" of the Preacher. It is not a lament; it is a shriek of scornful indignation. The world will not stop; April will bloom on to June; the seed will shoot and the blossom become fruit; the grain will turn from green to gold; the babe will grow into the boy, the boy into the man; "without haste, without rest," as his great GOETHE sang; the law of nature and of man fulfills itself, and THOMAS CARLYLE sits shaking his fist, and spitting out imprecations because mankind will not accept a brutal old German tyrant as the ideal man, and a slave plantation as the fairest type of human society.

## ON 'CHANGE.

MR. J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER denies, in a note to the New York *Times*, that he was introduced at the New York Stock Exchange, but says nothing of BEAUREGARD, who, we may infer, was so presented. If no such persons were introduced we are very glad. But if they were, we are very sorry that the person who introduced them was not formally censured by a vote of the Board. The names of the ex-rebels mentioned will serve, however, to illustrate what we wish to say upon the subject.

It is a profound mistake to suppose, because the loyal sentiment of the country does not wish to pursue every late rebel with the extremest rigor of the law, that therefore it is disposed to forget the individual offenses which it leaves unpunished. BEAUREGARD was the military chief of the assault upon Fort Sumter. MAGRUDER was the commander at Big Bethel, where WINTHROP and GREBLE, almost the very earliest victims of the war, were killed. Does any body imagine that the men of New York, whose sons, and brothers, and friends shared the fate of the first slain, are anxious to rush to grasp the red hands of those whose sole distinction is their rebellion against the Government of their country? Are their services such

that they should be thrust conspicuously forward to receive the social homage of loyal men?

It is precisely this kind of servility upon which men like MAGRUDER and BEAUREGARD and their masters, the political leaders of the South, counted before the rebellion. They had seen the sycophancy of "society" at the North; the nervous timidity of trade; the eager submission of the Democratic party; the careful explanations of the Republican party, and they said: "There is no danger; these people are already conquered in their souls, and a louder crack of the whip and a fiercer frown will bring them cowering to their knees." They made a mistake, for they had not seen the country. But what they had seen justified their scornful contempt; and there are plenty of such men at the South now who doubtless feel that we should like to atone in some manner for having conquered them.

Do we wish to keep the old wounds open? Certainly not; and therefore we do not wish them torn open by such performances as introducing noted rebels in public places. We wish peace in every way and at the earliest moment. But we do not believe that an honorable public reception of JEFFERSON DAVIS in this city would have tended to peace. There are such things as patriotism and honor; there are such things as hallowed remembrance of heroic devotion and self-respect; there are such things as great public crimes causelessly and cruelly committed; there are such things as immortal memories of the good and young and brave lately dead, and these forbid the grasping of notorious rebel hands, and the horrible pretense that the war was but a difference, "an unpleasantness."

If men like MAGRUDER and BEAUREGARD and QUANTRELL and WIGFALL and JEFFERSON DAVIS must come among us, then, let it be quietly and humbly. If they must be our fellow-citizens there is no reason that they should be our intimate friends. Do honorable men introduce to the Board of Brokers thieves and swindlers? Yet was the rebellion less a crime than stealing a handkerchief or borrowing money on false pretenses? If it were merely a gay little tournament, let us kiss and embrace. If it were a criminal effort to destroy a government which had in no manner harmed a single man who conspired against it, let those leaders feel that we know it, and that we do not forget it any the more easily because of the taxes it has laid upon us and the friends it has taken from us. We say now as we said two years ago of General LEE. While he remains in retirement we will not mention him. Whenever his friends begin to drivel about "the Christian gentleman" we will not hesitate to express our opinion of his Christianity.

## GENERAL THOMAS.

AMONG the great heroes of the war General THOMAS is the one who is least generally known. His modesty has been always as remarkable as his ability, and the newspaper gentlemen who make so much of contemporary fame have not devoted themselves to daily praises of him. His sphere of duty, also, has removed him from the immediate mention of the central journals. But his name is universally honored as that of a wise man, as well as a great soldier; and he is now likely to be brought into peculiar prominence before the country.

The appointment of General THOMAS to succeed SHERIDAN shows that the President was not brave enough to defy altogether the loyal feeling of the country. General THOMAS is understood to be in hearty sympathy with that feeling. He, too, has served long enough in the rebel section to learn that the Radical policy is the only wise one. The weak, vacillating course called conciliation is always the most destructive under such circumstances. It is precisely the situation in which Radicalism is seen to be the true conservatism. We mean, of course, by Radical a policy based upon the perception that where there has been a fierce and prolonged contest, and one principle has wholly triumphed, the peace that follows can be secured only by making the predominance of the victorious principle every where felt. The policy of what is called "magnanimity" is an attempt to avoid this; to say to the defeated party, "There, we are stronger, and we are right; but that being settled, just have things your own way."

This is the policy which the people of the country have, with instinctive good sense, repudiated. This is the policy of which Generals GRANT and SHERIDAN and THOMAS know the unspeakable folly. This is the policy which they all strenuously oppose. And this, of course, is the policy which the President tries to pursue. Those, therefore, who see in the removal of SHERIDAN a stroke of Presidential wrath, and another of the endless blunders of his official conduct, are warmest in their approval of the appointment of THOMAS to succeed him. His appointment, however, shows that the removal of SHERIDAN was an act of mere personal hatred. For, if he were removed because of the measures he adopted, why appoint a successor who would continue them? This was done not because the President feels any more kindly toward that policy, but because of his fear of too direct an outrage of public sentiment, and because of the protest of General GRANT.

While General THOMAS is military Commander of Louisiana we do not believe that ex-rebels of the Mayor MONROE school or their sympathizers will have any cause of rejoicing.

## THE MODERN FRENCH BABYLON.

WHEN the *coup d'état* was crowned with success NAPOLEON exclaimed, "The Empire is Peace!" In his last public speech, at the conclusion of the Paris Exposition, in another fit of enthusiasm, he is reported to have declared that "The Exposition is Peace!" A shrewd writer in the *Quarterly Review* attempts to show in a very entertaining manner that in France it is Paris which keeps the peace. He says:

"BALSAC relates that when, in 1815, BLUCHER and SACKEN reached the heights overlooking Paris, SACKEN exultingly doomed it to destruction. 'It will suit our purpose better to let it stand,' said BLUCHER; 'that great cancer will be the ruin of France.' The remark, if the gallant veteran ever uttered it, does credit to his sagacity. Paris is the head, the heart, the brain of the French people. She does more than govern and legislate; she thinks, feels, acts, and speaks for them. They are intuitively guided by her, as the human body is guided by the will. They are identified with her strength and her weakness, her glory and her shame. They reflect her grasping ambition, her spirit of self-glorification, like a mirror. They repeat her vain utterances, her half-truths, her wild sophisms, like a mocking-bird. The follies, the hallucinations, the social and political disorders, to which she seems periodically liable by the very law of her being, are diffused throughout the entire nation with the rapidity and virulence of poison in the blood. No matter how erratic or headlong her course, they are dragged along in it. It is as if a planetary system drew all its light, life, and movement from a comet. We see the centripetal force in full action, without the counterpoise of the centrifugal. Modern history supplies no parallel. To find a plausible one we must revert to Babylon, or to Rome under the Cæsars; and a capital standing in this relation to a nation of thirty-four millions is a perpetual source of alarm and perplexity, a standing menace, and a curse.

"'Why has Paris been rebuilt?' is often asked. To barricade the Government by supplying remunerative employment for the operatives, and to supply it in a way that should prevent its real character or probable results from being suspected or exposed. The revolution of February resolved to bestow charity on the laboring class; to spare their delicacy, to give alms the semblance of wages, it invented a species of work; it employed indiscriminately jewelers, goldsmiths, tailors, printers, saddlers, mechanics, in digging the Champ de Mars, in carrying the earth in wheel-barrows from north to south and then back again—an operation, the utility of which was so evident to them that, at the second barrowful they lighted their pipes and read the newspaper, all at the expense of the public. But now a hundred thousand workmen, *a hundred thousand electors*, receive their wages regularly every Saturday, and bless Providence from Sunday to Monday; and the best of it is that every body gains by the transaction. The workman gets a provision against want; the master a profit; the speculator a dividend; the population the beauty of the *coup d'œil;* the nurse a shady square to dandle her baby in; *the Government a guarantee for tranquillity;* for when the workman has work, he eats, and when he has eaten he thinks soundly; digestion is conservative; it is thought on spare diet that dreams of revolution."

## MOMENTUM.

WHEN two locomotives, having equal speed on a rail-track, meet from opposite directions the shock actually destroys the momentum of both, and therefore makes a dead halt. The force of the shock produced by the two bodies, say the philosophers, will be equal to the force with which either, being at rest, would sustain if struck by the other moving with double the velocity. Action and reaction being equal, both bodies will be as much moved by reaction as by action.

Should two railroad trains, running toward each other at the rate of twenty miles an hour, collide, the shock would be precisely the same as though one had been at rest and had been struck by a train moving forty miles an hour. Were two steamboats run directly together, head on—one going twelve and the other fifteen miles an hour, the concussion or shock each would suffer, would be the same as though struck by the other at a speed of twenty-seven miles an hour. Without stopping to philosophize upon the cause, boxers and pugilists know by dear-bought experience that the worst blows they ever receive in their combats are when a fist strikes a fist, because the force suffered by both parties is equal to the sum of the forces exerted by either arm. The adroit fighters, therefore, avoid encounters of that kind if possible.

## CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

SPECTATORS view with astonishment the balancing feats of a tight-rope performer. Yet walking, and above all, carrying a load upon the shoulders, is just as surprising when all the facts are analyzed. An infant creeps for months, giving a broad base of support for its body on its hands and knees. By-and-by it learns by actual practice to stand on the feet, by holding on to a chair at the same moment. Finally, after further practice, the hazard is run of supporting the weight of its precious body on a very small base—the two feet. As the *ne plus ultra* of success, at last one foot is raised and then the other, thus shifting alternately the centre of gravity, which is quite wonderful when one takes into consideration the immense number of muscles which have to be taught to contract harmoniously and in exact order to accomplish such a simple undertaking as walking on two feet. Quadrupeds may be taught to stand a moment or two on two legs, but it is impossible for them to shift the centre of gravity quickly enough to maintain that unnatural position but a few seconds.

Without knee-joints, ankle-joints, and a splendid ball and socket articulation at the pelvis, the centre of motion in the human body, walking, running, or even standing, could not be performed. A man on a wooden leg is immensely embarrassed in keeping the centre of gravity, unless he uses a cane to increase the base of support. Going up hill or down is an equally curious exhibition of constant shifting of the centre of gravity.

## TURNING INTO A BUTTERFLY.

AFTER crawling about a while as a caterpillar, thinly covered over with coarse, stiff hairs, feeding on tender leaves, which are masticated by jaws, it feels an instinctive revolution approaching in its system, and makes careful preparations accordingly. Some quiet, sheltered, sunny place is selected, usually with a southerly aspect, where it spins a sort of silken basket, glued by its margins to the wall, the eaves, or under side of a limb, in which it hides itself. This is an extraordinary piece of workmanship when analyzed. How it is accomplished seems not to have been explained. The caterpillar then goes into a profound sleep, which lasts from late in autumn until the vernal sun revives vegetation. While thus in a profound slumber the miniature legs, wings, proboscis, and other characteristic apparatus is developed. During the process the incipient butterfly is fed by absorbing the blubber, or thick, fatty, outside covering of the caterpillar. By the time it is all exhausted but the bare, dry, exterior tissue the new butterfly is perfectly elaborated. Respiration is never interrupted while the metamorphosis is going on. It continues to breathe through minute spiracula or holes in its sides. Those in the sides of the caterpillar correspond precisely with those that have gradually opened in the sides of the butterfly. When perfectly grown, and each and all its members are complete, it straightens out its heretofore untried limbs, breaks open the dry hulk in which it is inclosed, and floats away on a voyage of pleasure among the flowers, to feed on the nectar they exhale. Such is the process likened by poets to death and the resurrection. There is neither in this extraordinary transformation. It is a mystery of nature, however.

## LITERARY.

"The College, the Market, and the Court; or, Woman's Relation to Education, Labor, and Law," is the title of a valuable and interesting work recently published by one of the most diligent students and faithful friends of "the Woman question, Mrs. CAROLINE H. DALL. (LEE & SHEPARD.) From a very wide range of study and personal observation Mrs. DALL collects a treasury of facts, which she eloquently urges upon the most thoughtful attention of the reader. Indeed her book is singularly interesting, both from the material and the skill with which it is presented. It is a kind of *vade-mecum*, a manual, a hand-book of the subject which now attracts so general an attention. Indeed it is what Mrs. DALL in her preface claims that the world now wants—"a woman's judgment in matters that concern women." And whoever would know the scope of the "Woman question," and be made acquainted with its many aspects, its friends, its arguments, its progress, and its general history and literature, should ponder Mrs. DALL's attractive book.

## SHERIDAN'S CHARGER.

OH! the nag I sing is as fine a steed
As ever served a knight in his need!
No matter where he was born or bred,
His pedigree dates from the battle red,
Where, checking our lads in their flying track,
He dashed the rebel squadrons back;
And Jubal Early's columns ran,
With Death behind—and Sheridan!

When broken, baffled, beaten men
In time of peace make head again,
He mounts to lead the forlorn hope
Of loyal men who dared to cope
With the angry beasts in the rebel pit.
Then, with loosened rein and uncurbed bit,
See stride, as in the battle's van,
The steed that bears Phil Sheridan!

He's down to-day, but not for aye!
He'll mount again, and his banner high
Advanced shall shine a meteor, and be
The guiding-star of loyalty!
In action prompt, not slow to ire,
But Wisdom tempering Valor's fire;
See, now he's taking the broader track,
With a nation following at his back!

And woe to him who would check the course
Of the noble chief on his faithful horse!
And woe to him who seeks to still
The mighty voice of the people's will!
They'll lay the lash on the recreant's back
When he dares to swerve from the honest track;
And there's a hoof-mark broad on the faithless man
Who garbled the text of Sheridan!

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

GENERAL GRANT, in protesting against the removal of General Sheridan, said to the President: "It is unmistakably the expressed wish of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his present command....General Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress....There are military reasons, pecuniary reasons, and, above all, patriotic reasons why this order should not be insisted on." These reasons Mr. Johnson failed to perceive, and the order was issued. In giving the necessary instructions which accompanied the order General Thomas was directed by General Grant to execute all orders he might find in force in Sheridan's district, unless authorized by the General of the army to annul, alter, or modify them. Owing to the illness of General Thomas the order was subsequently suspended; and finally, on August 26, General Hancock was ordered to New Orleans to relieve Sheridan, and was explicitly authorized to change, alter, and modify any of the existing regulations of General Sheridan.

Several citizens of Plymouth, North Carolina, were lately sentenced to one month's imprisonment and fines of twenty dollars each, by one of General Sickles's post-courts, for beating a negro girl in a most inhuman manner because she had resisted and fought a white girl. One of the actors in the whipping was a magistrate, who made out a draft of articles of indenture, which the girl was made to sign, apprenticing herself to a woman in the neighborhood, who in turn gave permission to the committee to whip her, by this means, as they thought, filling all the requirements of the law.

General Daniel E. Sickles was removed from the command of the Second Military District on August 26, and General Edward R. S. Canby assigned to duty in his place.

Registration was completed in Alabama on August 26; the returns show 67,686 whites, 84,524 blacks; total, 152,210; black majority 16,838.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The official returns of the Kentucky election show how completely the State is in the hands of the rebels. The Democratic majority was 56,301 over that of the Republican candidate.

The National Labor Congress, which was in session at Chicago, on August 21 adopted resolutions looking to the nomination of candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United States by a party to be composed of the laboring classes.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT and his officers were received with grand ovations by the Russians at Cronstadt on August 23.

President Cabral of Hayti has sent a messenger to the United States offering to sell the port of Samana as a naval station to this country for five million of dollars.

The Cretan blockade-runner *Arkadi* was lately destroyed to prevent her falling into the hands of the Turks. A Russian war steamer on the Cretan coast, while taking a number of Cretan refugees on board, was attacked by a Turkish man-of-war, and only the interference of the Turkish Commander, Omar Pacha, prevented a serious collision.

The Russian Government has sent an order to this country for 100,000 Berdan rifles.

## PUBLIC GARDEN AND COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON.

IN one of the extravaganzas of ARTEMUS WARD, or NASBY, or some other of that comic ilk, there is a humorous account of the enterprise of a Yankee who, finding this continent a too contracted Utica, had cut down the Rocky Mountains and dumped them, quartz, gold dust, and all, into the Pacific, and was, at the date of the story, living one hundred miles west of San Francisco on "made earth."

Our Boston neighbors, laboring under the like disadvantage of too little room, have been for the past decade giving us a similar instance of like enterprise, though not exactly on the same extensive scale. Westward the Boston star of empire takes its way; and in order to get a footing in that direction, Boston has been filling up a part of Charles River; and the Public Garden and Commonwealth Avenue, which we illustrate on pages 568 and 569, are built entirely upon "made earth;" a locality once given up to the tides, and known to the map-makers as Charles River, but locally recognized as "Back Bay," having been filled up for the purpose of a site. This labor has been progressing for many years; and at this time "Back Bay," which is about a mile in width, is now more than three-fourths filled."

The Bostonians cherish an old legion which gives the Indian name of *Mashauwomak* to the peninsula on which the city is built, and which word they translate as meaning "free land;" but the Indians doubtless meant by it "unclaimed land." But nothing goes "unclaimed" in these days, particularly land, whether on the prairies or in Boston; and "Back Bay" was no sooner filled up than it was claimed, and, what is more important, built upon, with what result our engravings will show at a glance.

The city claimed the most valuable portion for a park or "Public Garden." This is located just west of Boston Common, and is separated from it only by Charles Street. The Garden is not extensive; it and the Common combined would not make more than one-fifth of our Central Park; and the improvements and arrangements of the latter are far superior to those of the Boston parks. But New York has not, nor is she soon likely to have, an avenue like that which Boston is building across "Back Bay," and which has been called Commonwealth Avenue. This avenue, as planned, is to be about 175 feet in width, and about five miles long, with a decorated and inclosed walk or garden, 50 feet wide, running through its entire length. It commences at the Public Garden, and runs west to and through Brighton. It is already built in the style shown by our engraving for a distance of five blocks from the Garden; and promises to be by far the handsomest boulevard in America. New York should accept this good example, and, taking time by the forelock, see at once that the proposed boulevard north of Central Park shall be something in every way worthy of the Park and the metropolis.

CHEYENNE INDIANS ATTACKING A WORKING PARTY ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, AUGUST 4, 1867.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

## OUR INDIAN SKETCHES.

THE work on the Kansas branch of the Union Pacific Railroad has been suspended; labor on

THEODORE R. DAVIS.

the route along the Platte is being continually interrupted; the Indians are up in arms, and ravaging on all parts of the frontier; the United States troops are lying idle in small squads in insecure forts; General CUSTER has marched and countermarched himself into arrest; General HANCOCK has been ordered to other duty; the Peace Commissioners are busy in blaming HANCOCK for inactivity; and General SHERMAN, in his usual original and elegant style, insists on declaring that the Commission is a "humbug." Every savage who is killed is found with at least twenty white scalps in his belt; and we are mournfully reminded while we gaze on his inanimate body that it cost one hundred thousand dollars to kill him! From every part of the frontier comes up the cry of distress; from every other part of the country are heard only the growls of dissatisfaction.

Our engravings this week will give the reader an idea of the circumstances under which the Union Pacific Railroad is being built. The "group of workmen" labor not merely with picks and spades; "Springfields" and "bowies" are a part of their working materials; and sentinels and guards are as necessary in constructing the road over the plains as are surveyors and engineers. The sketch of the attack of the Cheyennes on a party of these workmen on August 4 will illustrate how the tedious but secure drudgery of digging and delving is occasionally varied by the more exciting and also more dangerous work of repulsing the attacks of the savages.

From all the accounts which we have had from the plains, the only effective fighting which has been done by our forces has been accomplished by the negro troops. Our artist, writing from Fort Harker under date of August 3, says:

> A few months since you could not have convinced a ranchman that there was "any fight in the colored troops." It is different now. I have not met a single frontiersman who has seen the dusky patriots "go for Indians" but is loud in their praise. "Why," quoth one of them the other day, "plague gone my cats if they don't like it!"
>
> The Indians have come to regard a black man with holy horror. A body of them lately attacked Wilson Creek Station twice; each time a few colored troops were there. A few days since the savages made a third attack, evidently under the impression that the dangerous darkeys had left. There was, indeed, only a small squad of soldiers, under the command of a colored sergeant, present; but they had nerve and showed it. As soon as the Indians were observed in the distance the sergeant led his men away from the Station up a ravine near which the Indians would pass if they intended to attack. As soon as the red-skins came sufficiently near to be within easy range the black-skins rose and opened a rapid fire from their breech-loaders. The Indians turned and fled, shouting, "Nigger! nigger! nigger!" and ignominiously abandoned the field.
>
> In his "official report," which is a model of brevity and candor if not of grammar, the sergeant says: "All the boys done Bully but Corporal JOHNSON he flinked. The way he flinked was to stay back until the boys had drove the Injuns two miles then he hollered give it to 'em, me an the boys dont think that a man that would flink that way ought to have corporals stripes"

In addition to our other interesting matter we give also on this page a portrait of our artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, in his Plains costume. Mr. DAVIS has been a traveling correspondent of the

GROUP OF WORKMEN ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

*Weekly* since March, 1861. His first trip in our service, through the South with Mr. W. H. RUSSELL, was made a short time before the commencement of the war, and is considered by Mr. DAVIS as the most dangerous journey he ever made. During the war Mr. DAVIS witnessed the capture of Port Royal; the battle between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*; the conflict at Shiloh; the capture of Corinth; the first bombardment of Vicksburg by PORTER; the battle of Antietam; the surrender of Vicksburg; the seizure of Morris Island; the battle of Chickamauga; the siege and battle of Chattanooga; the Atlanta campaign and the Grand March to the sea, and thence through the Carolinas. He was present at the laying of the Atlantic Cable; rode 2600 miles in a stage-coach across the plains; and for the last six months has been roving over the plains with General CUSTER after the Indians.

COLORED TROOPS ATTACKING INDIANS NEAR WILSON CREEK STATION.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, THE POET.—[Photographed by A. Sonrel, Boston.]

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

One of the authorities which we have consulted for the data for a sketch to accompany the fine portrait which we give of Oliver Wendell Holmes, says that "he was educated a physician and poet." That Holmes was born a poet and educated a physician is what the writer doubtless intended to express, for it is on record that he "lisped in numbers" and was a fully fledged bard before he had left college. He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29, 1809, and graduated at Harvard in 1829; so that the reputation which he won by his contributions to the *Collegian*—a periodical conducted by the undergraduates of Harvard—was attained before he was twenty years of age. His father was also an author, and wrote and published an historical work entitled "Annals of America." He designed his son for the bar; and in 1830 young Holmes entered upon the study of the law, but in the same year abandoned it for that of medicine, for which he appears to have had as decided a predilection as for poetry, though he has made more national reputation with the pen than with the scalpel. In 1832 he went to Europe, and spent several years in the study of his profession at Paris and other large cities. On his return to this country, an M.D., in 1838, he was chosen Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College, and served in that capacity for nine years. During the same period he was not idle with his pen; but wrote and published his first Phi Beta Kappa poem—"Poetry, a Metrical Essay;" his second poem before the same society in 1843 was entitled "Terpsichore." Another of his early successes was "Urania," published in 1846.

In 1847 his *alma mater*, Harvard, elevated him to the Chair of Anatomy and Physiology, as the successor of the well-known Dr. John C. Warren, nephew of the Warren of Bunker Hill. He still holds the position; and has distinguished himself while in it by his researches in auscultation and microscopy. He has also published several works on the subject of medicine, the most important of which have been his "Lectures on Homœopathy and its kindred delusions," "Report on Medical Literature," and an edition of Hall's "Theory and Practice of Medicine."

His success as a *littérateur* has been even more distinguished. In 1850 he delivered, before the Yale chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society a fine poem, entitled "Astræa." His serials, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," won for him a national reputation as a humorist; and he is now developing some talent as a novelist. His great success has been as a song writer; and his lyrics, particularly the patriotic ones, are among the most vigorous and effective compositions of the present age. He equally excels in humor and pathos. His "Last Leaf," as a pathetic-humorous poem, and his "Old Ironsides," as a patriotic lyric, have few superiors in the language, and his various songs are often sung on festive occasions.

## MY WIFE'S WEDDING-RING.

"GOOD gracious, Augustus! what has become of my wedding-ring?" exclaimed my wife, in great trepidation, holding up the third finger of her left hand, bereft of that sacred token.

"Sure enough," I answered, "what have you done with it?"

"I don't know," replied my wife; "I suppose I must have dropped it. I'm sure I must have dropped it," added she, looking round in a circle of about five feet in circumference in the immediate neighborhood of where she was standing, hoping thereby that her divinely blue eyes might perchance fall upon it.

"I'm afraid it's gone," quoth she, when her search was concluded; "I'm certain it is gone."

"I think quite likely," I replied; "it wouldn't appear at all strange to me if it was, considering we've been tramping through the door-yard and into the garden for the last half-hour at least, and it may have dropped from your finger any moment during that time."

"Oh dear me! what shall I do, Augustus? My wedding-ring gone, and we married little over a year! You know it's bad luck ever to take one off, and I suppose it's the same if it happens to come off."

"Mammy, Melindy's been and gone and lost her wedding-ring—oh, mammy!" Such was the manner in which my brother-in-law, Thomas, more familiarly known as Tom Benson, aged eleven, communicated the intelligence to his mother, who was busily employed in the kitchen superintending certain domestic matters.

"Lost her wedding-ring!" almost screeched my respected mamma-in-law—"lost her wedding-ring!" And still carrying the spoon with which she had been beating some eggs as an ingredient for certain cup-cake—a specialty of hers—she made her appearance in the door-yard, wiping the perspiration, which stood in large drops, from her forehead, at the same time giving additional vent to her feelings by exclaiming, "Why, Melindy!"

"Why, Melindy!" echoed my sister-in-law—still a maid, though older than my wife by nearly four years—as she also made her appearance, bearing in her arms a round, dimpled little specimen of humanity about three months old, crowing in evident enjoyment of the prevailing excitement, albeit totally unconscious of its cause, the first-fruit of the union between Augustus George Wickham, the writer of this narrative, and Melinda, youngest daughter of Squire Jeremiah Benson, of Skimmertown.

"Los' yer weddin'-ring, Miss Melindy?" chimed in old black Susan, the cook, following close on the heels of her mistress. "Goodness gracious, chile, dat am der worst as can befall a pusson any whar."

"They say it's bad luck," assented my mother-in-law, "to take one off or even to have it come off."

"Bad luck!" continued Susan; "it am der worst sort o' luck. See yer, Mass Tommy; jes yer fetch me from der kitchen a lighted can'le, an' a live coal from der fire, an' der eel-skin dat yer kotched yes'day mornin'. Neber fear, Miss Melindy, neber fear, chile; 'tain't gwine to do you no harm, 'tain't; Susan work a spell wid der eel-skin, Susan will."

Whether or not Susan's "spell" would have been so potent as to have returned the ring at once to my wife's finger, or have warded off any contingent harm that might have resulted from the loss of it, I am unable to say, as at that moment the appearance of father Benson upon the scene, with a "Tut, tut, Susan; what are you talking about, girl?" put an end to the working of all spells, charms, and such like experiments in magic as might have been contemplated by the sable sorceress, apparently much to her discomfiture, she, doubtless, being actuated by the best possible intentions.

"Here, Tommy; here, Johnny" (another scion of the Benson stock), "you two boys make a search for that ring now; an' the one that finds it 'll get a dollar for his trouble. After it, both of you!"

So spoke my sensible father-in-law, commonly known as Squire Benson, from his having been at one time a justice of the peace, a well-to-do Connecticut farmer, at whose house my wife and I were making a visit. I married Melinda Benson for no other reason than that I was in love with her, the consequence of a three weeks' sojourn at Skimmertown; I, a city clerk, during my summer vacation. What ever took me to Skimmertown, unless it was fate, I am at a loss to know. I wandered off in that direction in quest of what shooting and fishing might be had, and finally brought up at the hotel in that place, where I cast anchor for the remainder of my holiday.

It isn't necessary for me to rehearse here the incidents of my courtship. I think none of my readers are sufficiently curious to wish to be made acquainted with them; suffice it to say that my wooing was completed in three subsequent visits to Skimmertown, each of shorter duration than the first, and all happening within the period of one year. On the last occasion we twain (Melinda and I) were made one flesh, and started on our wedding-trip a little over twelve months prior to the time at which my story begins, our second visit as man and wife beneath the parent roof.

That John and Tommy's search for the ring would prove futile I felt almost certain, so I was not surprised when they returned empty-handed.

"Might just as well look for a needle in a hay-stack as to look for that 'ere ring round these diggins or any wheres else for the matter of that," said Tommy. "I've searched every nook and corner, an' it ain't there."

"Reckon turkey-gobbler's gobbled it 'fore now," added Johnny; "eats every thing he claps his eyes on. Saw him t'other day swallow three big pebbles out of the path there in the door-yard, thought they was corn because the sun shone on 'em yellow. Shouldn't wonder if he thought the ring was corn too."

"Oh, Augustus," said my wife, "it is too bad! I declare, I must go in search of it myself. What shall I ever do without it?"

"Wouldn't another do just as well?" I asked.

"Oh, Augustus, you silly boy! how could another do as well? We would have to get married all over again, don't you see we would?"

"You wouldn't like that, I suppose?"

"You are always so ridiculous, Augustus, and take things so coolly," and my little wife appeared really put out at what she was pleased to consider very uncalled-for levity on my part.

The time was close on to the dinner-hour, and it was with difficulty that I could restrain her from starting immediately in search of the missing ring.

"It will never do to give it up, Augustus," she exclaimed, with an unusual display of energy, "it must be found!"

Just then the first notes of the dinner-horn sounded, calling the men from the field. Hardly were the welcome tidings heard than a bee that had for some moments been hovering over a magnificent tulip in the garden, occasionally manifesting a predilection for a dry bath by plunging bodily into the depths of the gorgeous flower, started in a direct line for the infant Wickham—no name other than the one inherited from its parents having been fixed upon by which to identify that juvenile prodigy—who, elated by the sound of the horn, with outstretched hands and open mouth gave utterance to various inarticulate gurgles, intended, doubtless, to express his entire sympathy with and unqualified approbation of every thing and every body about him.

On came the bee—possibly interpreting the call as an invitation extended to himself to make haste to dinner—never pausing for a moment to sip the sweets of the many honeyed flowers in its path, but making straight for "baby," conferring thereby a decided, though, perhaps, unintentional, compliment upon the aforesaid, whose white and dimpled arms extended in the air doubtless excited in the bee an appetite bordering upon cannibalism.

A prolonged infantile shriek arose at the moment, seconded by a scream from the lips of the mother hardly less piercing, the first subsiding into a wail such as only an infant with unquestionably sound lungs can give utterance to, brought from kitchen and dining-room first the somewhat over-solicitous grandmamma, pale with nervous apprehension; second, Jane Ann, my maiden sister-in-law; and third, Susan, no less alarmed than either of the others; while Squire Benson, in his shirt-sleeves, followed by several of the farm laborers, together with Johnny and Tommy, hastened homeward through the lane, all intensely eager to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

"What on earth is the matter, Melinda?" asked my mother-in-law, breathless with haste and hardly able to speak for excitement.

"The child will choke!" exclaimed Jane Ann, rushing frantically toward it, and blowing vigorously in its face, which had the effect, when a fresh installment of breath was had, of making it cry still louder. "What have you done to it?"

"What's happened der chile?" shouted Susan. "What's happened to der chile? Don't any body know what's happened to it?"

Here another prolonged shriek from baby, half pain, half rage; and father Benson's voice inquiring "what's the matter with Tootens?"—the only name except "baby" the child was known by.

"Jane Ann's been and pinched it!" shouted Tommy, between whom and his spinster sister there seemed to exist a feud.

"Go along, you young brat!" exclaimed his mother, dealing him a sound box on the ear.

"You know you did, Jane Ann," returned Tommy, dodging ineffectually to escape the blow.

"Oh, that abominable bee!" sobbed my wife.

"A bee, a bee, Melinda!" cried my mother-in-law.

"A bee!" chimed Jane Ann.

"A bee!" mumbled Susan.

"Been and gone and got stung," muttered Johnny, aside.

"Tootens stung by a bee?" said Squire Benson. "Put a little clay on the spot."

"Somebody go for the doctor," cried Jane Ann.

Here another howl from "Tootens" which words are all inadequate to describe.

"Dis yer all owin' to the weddin'-ring," observed Susan, shaking her head solemnly, and glancing furtively round upon us all; while Wickham junior still persisted in his deafening efforts at vocalism.

"What nonsense are you talking now?" said Squire Benson, turning suddenly upon Susan. "Get some dirt, I say, and put on the wound."

"Oh, Augustus!" sobbed my wife, the tears streaming down her face, "it's the wedding-ring, I know it's the wedding-ring. Baby 'll die; I'm sure he'll die!"

"Not if his lungs are any criterion," I replied.

"Oh, you cruel man! You are always so cruel. You haven't a particle of feeling, not a particle!" After which emphatic assertion Melinda went to passionately kissing "Tootens," who resented the proffered caresses as though they had been an affront; while mother Benson, Susan, and Jane Ann busied themselves in dressing the wound as the Squire had directed, much to the chagrin and apparent disgust of the youthful patient, who, wearied with loud crying, at last subsided, and sunk to sleep in the arms of its mother.

All this time dinner was waiting, and at Squire Benson's suggestion, the excitement being over, we repaired to the dining-room, Susan betaking herself to the kitchen to wait upon the laborers while at their meal, muttering to herself some half-inaudible jargon respecting the wedding-ring. The sleeping infant was with due care deposited upon a settee, a couple of chairs acting as guards against the possibility of a descent to the floor, which the doubly-watchful mother seemed to regard as every moment imminent in spite of the precaution which had been adopted—a degree of nervous apprehension on her part attributable, as I was led to reflect at the time, to the loss of the wedding-ring and the subsequent accident to her offspring.

Mother Benson seemed not altogether to have recovered from the depressing effect due to the same cause, and the natural reaction following upon excitement. Squire Benson ate heartily, and would probably have forgotten the occurrence, for the time being at least, had he been allowed to do so, it being the prevailing topic of conversation at table. Jane Ann, though apparently less apathetic than her paternal parent, nevertheless allowed it not to interfere with a due appreciation of the good things before her; while Tommy, in an occasional whisper to his elder brother, still put forward the theory that it was no bee at all, but only that fair maiden's fingers that had caused the mischief.

But poor Melinda! she appeared to have little or no relish whatever for her dinner. What with twisting her neck each moment to catch a sight of the innocent Tootens slumbering peacefully upon the settle all undisturbed by dreams of his late enemy, that abominable bee!—the maternal instinct that had suggested the precautionary expedient of the chairs, having been less fruitful in proposing the simpler one of shifting her place at table so that she might at any moment without inconvenience look upon the face of the unconscious babe—and, what with watching every fly that entered the room under the impression that it might be a bee, there was really little comfort in eating, even had she felt inclined. But the loss of the wedding-ring rested heavily on her mind.

"What am I to do, Augustus—get a new one? But a new one won't answer as well. We must find the old one; and where are we to look for it?"

"It'll turn up before long," I answered.

Scarcely had I uttered the words than I bit upon something uncommonly hard, and in another moment was choking violently. Melinda rose from her chair, pale with alarm. Father Benson dropped his knife and fork. Mother Benson advised me to take a drink of water. Jane Ann stopped eating and stared me in the face; while Tommy, half in jest, half in earnest, suggested the expedient familiar to his childhood of looking up at a supposed horse upon the ceiling.

Meanwhile I, the father of the idolized Tootens, was choking to death. The family were becoming alarmed, but not more so than I was. There was something sticking fast in my throat. Each cough I thought would finish me. I stood up, I sat down, I gasped, I struggled, I kicked, I turned blue in the face, but all to no purpose; whatever it was there it remained obstinately fast, and all I could do failed to dislodge it. I felt that my time had about come; I was sure it had. A moment more and I am convinced that such would have been the case. As it was the noise and confusion consequent upon my choking had aroused "Tootens" and brought Susan from the kitchen. Comprehending the situation at a glance she advanced straight toward me, and, lifting her horny, ebony hand high in air, brought it down upon my back with such force as to cause the obnoxious something that had lodged in my throat to fly like a bullet across the room.

Never before or since have I experienced such a sense of relief. It was like the sudden release from a halter that was being closer and closer drawn about the neck. I no longer struggled, gasped, or kicked. My breath came freely. I felt almost inclined to embrace my swarthy deliverer. As it was I caught Melinda in my arms and bestowed on her a hearty squeeze. I did the same with Tootens, who, on waking, had begun a vigorous cry, something in the same key as before.

"Reckon another bee's stung her," remarked Tommy.

"I'll sting you in a minute!" exclaimed Mamma Benson, thoroughly provoked with the boy.

"What was it, Augustus, that caused you to choke?" inquired my wife, now somewhat recovered from her fright, and doing all in her power to quiet Tootens.

"Dat yer weddin'-ring at the bottom of it all, sartain sure," replied Susan.

"You're right for once in your life, old girl," interrupted Squire Benson, stooping to pick up something from the floor, "or else I'm mistaken."

"By golly!" exclaimed Johnny, "it's the ring, as I'm alive; thought turkey gobbler'd gone and swallowed it sure; must have as big a throat as turkey gobbler pretty near."

"The ring!" screamed Melinda.

"The ring!" cried her mother.

"The ring!" shouted Jane Ann.

"Dat am der identical ring, sure as my name's Susy. All covered wid flour too," added old Susan.

And there it lay in Squire Benson's palm, the very ring I had bought of Tiffany prior to my marriage with Melinda.

"It must have worked off your finger in the dough this morning when you were mixing bread," remarked Mother Benson.

There, the whole mystery was explained! Sure enough, Melinda had been in the kitchen early in the forenoon professedly assisting her mother.

How fortunate I had not choked to death with the thing!

"All owin' to der spell dis chile worked," mumbled Susan, taking another look at the ring. "It was der eel-skin and der live coal what fetched it."

Suffice it to say that the wedding-ring which was the cause of so much trouble and anxiety that day has never left my wife's hand since; and that Tootens, who grows each hour more and more interesting, is at present engaged in cutting her first tooth, which promises to be a remarkably fine one.

## TOO TIMID.

You look into my face as if
  You had an anger in your heart;
Pray speak, and tell me if I have
  In waking it a part.

You say you loved me. Ay, indeed!
  You loved me as you loved your life;
And only waited time to ask
  That I might be your wife.

You waited time, Sir! Know that Time
  Turns liquid heat to frozen cold;
Withers fair flowers and rots ripe fruit,
  And changes young to old.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
  Your hand was always loose and chill;
It never closed and sent through mine
  A swift electric thrill.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
  You never struck one fervid blow
Upon the red door of my heart;
  Your knocking was too low.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
  You stood too far, and never came
To let the love-fire of your eyes
  Set my thoughts all a-flame.

You staid too long; another spoke
  And showed his love, a costly thing;
He looked it, lived it. Now I wear
  Upon this hand the ring.

If you had spoken as he spoke
  I might have answered to your claim;
But now too late. And not to me
  But you belongs the blame.

Learn wisdom, Sir. A woman sees
  All that a man may dare to show.
You showed me nothing. Now good-by;
  I leave you here, and go.

## AUGUST JOURNAL OF A DESERTED HUSBAND.

*Monday.*—I have just seen my dear wife off to Newport. Poor Bessie has been very far from salubrious for some time. Dark rings round the eyes, and she talked in her sleep, besides kicking spasmodically. Her physician, Dr. Giddiness, told me in private that the cheapest prescription he could give was change of air.

Dear Bessie took a couple of hundred with her to begin with, so that the prescription, though it may possibly prove efficacious, will not be particularly cheap.

I am left in town by myself. Heigh-ho! I feel lonely and dejected. The house never looked so miserable. I fancy I am reduced in circumstances, and obliged to look after a deserted mansion. Don't half like it.

At six o'clock rang the bell for dinner. "Cook was very sorry—no dinner had been ordered." Rushed out and dined at the nearest restaurant. Read yesterday's *Herald;* waiter couldn't find to-day's. When I am cast down I always read the Personals. I didn't eat much, and what little I did wasn't good. The waiter coughed over my potatoes, and has a wart on his thumb.

Walked about for two hours and whistled a good deal, not knowing what to do with myself. Noticed a policeman was following me. Asked him what he meant by it? Recommended to be careful—he "had got his eye on me!" It has come then to this, that I, the possessor of two votes, three children, and $25,000 in the bank, am taken to be a suspicious character, and have an "eye" on me! Laughed away my indignation, however, and strolled quietly home.

Knocked and rang—rang and knocked—but no answer. Repeated this, with all my force, for ten—twenty—thirty minutes, until my wrist was sore. Would have climbed over the railings, but I am not so young as I used to be, though my flesh is still as tender and sensitive. Heard the bell ringing as if it had a fit, and my knocks seemed to explode in the passage. Got so hot, I wonder my hat didn't jump up and down, like the lid of a sauce-pan on the boil; pumped at the bell and stretched the wire, hammered at the door and hit my little finger on my favorite nail. Here was a rich joke. I was locked out of my own house.

Same policeman, who had informed me he was keeping his "eye" on me, came up and wanted to carry me off to the station-house. He was good enough to make the following remark: "We can't have this here noise at this here time of night." He was an impudent man. Scuffle about to ensue, but interrupted in time by the appearance of the cook with a large brown jug in her hand. "Oh! please, she had just stepped out about the servants' supper." If I had answered the woman I should have forgotten myself. I kept my tongue quiet, but not so my eyes, which rolled like the German Ocean.

Besides, where were the servants whose supper she had been to get? Then out came the truth: every body had gone to the theatre. My servants at the theatre? sucking oranges and eating pea-nuts! The mice at the play because my cat's—I mean of course my darling wife's—back was turned! The way in which I slammed-to the parlor-door must have convinced the cook

that I was far from pleased. I regret now I had not sufficient courage to speak a few of the brilliantly-cutting remarks I thought of half an hour afterward.

Parlor cheerless, and all in the dark. The twelve chairs round the room looked very solemn, and frightened me. Desired the cook, to whom I could scarcely speak civilly, to light the lamp. The pampered female drew herself up and said she was not engaged as waiting-maid to light lamps— "It was Nann's place." Felt my blood bubble and my fingers writhe like snakes.

If she had been a man (and she was almost) I could, as she then stood, have hurt her considerably. The sensitive creature said I had used words unbecoming a gentleman. I can take my oath I went no further than "reptile." All my terms had been until then purely zoological; but now I was beyond myself. Wound up by ordering her to leave the room. Suspect the confounded hussy was drunk.

Knock at the street-door. Another knock louder, and again another rampagious. Half thought I was locked out again; so upset was my brain. Had to answer the door, at last, myself.

It was a man with a tremendous dish of oysters. I told him I had ordered none. "They was for the supper in the kitchen," said he. You might have knocked me down as easily as I afterward did a mantle-ornament. As the hall was in perfect darkness, the man put the dish into my hands, asking me savagely, at the same time, "To lay hold tight, and look a bit sharper next time he knocked." Flung the dish after him in a violent rage, and overwhelmed him in a shower of slippery bivalves.

The crash of the crockery collected a crowd round the door, boys and blackguards scrambling on the door-step up to my very boots for the fallen natives. Great excitement—neighbors right and left putting their heads out to see what was the matter. A fight, arising out of an undue division of the scattered fish, brought up my old friend with the "eye"—the policeman. Great zeal displayed by that officer in dispersing the combatants. Rapid metamorphosis of manner in his style of addressing me. It was nothing but touching his hat, and bowing, and scratching the pavement with his monster foot, and hoping I "wouldn't carry it any further; he was sure he didn't mean to offend me." Took the poor devil's obsequiousness in good part, and to prove that there was no ill-feeling smouldering in my breast, asked him, as it was rather a chilly night, if he "wouldn't like a glass of spirit to keep the cold out?" He did not surprise me when he said "Yes."

He followed me into the house, piloting the way through the dark by means of his bull's-eye. Assisted me also to light the new-fangled kerosene lamp, though the latter was a nasty, unpleasant job. We were nearly twenty minutes pottering over it. The wick had never been trimmed.

Little did my own pet at Newport dream of the suffering her George was enduring. The lamp was one of the last patents that take nothing short of a lifetime to understand, and of which you have no sooner learned the mystery than a better kind is invented. Disagreeable smell of kerosene about one's fingers, but one soon became impervious to the colza-aginous bouquet in the ardor of one's hunt after the keys to get the policeman his promised glass of gin. Very odd! Couldn't find those keys any where.

The hunt broken up suddenly by the lamp going out, and making a stench I could never have believed possible if it hadn't nearly made me ill. Went down stairs into the kitchen, accompanied by the policeman, his lantern throwing down before one a broad sheeting of light. It was like witnessing a performance of the magic lantern. It reminded me of driving about the house in a gig with the lamps lighted. Found cook in an arm-chair with her feet in the coal-scuttle, her head hanging down, frowning and snoring. Empty bottle on the table. No 1072 applied his nose to the neck and sniffed at it so vigorously that the bottle uttered a deep musical note.

Then he said, knowingly, "Rum, Sir!" Found a couple of clammy candles in a round tin box, not unlike a jam "rollypolly" pudding. On second thoughts, it is not in the least like a jam "rollypolly" pudding. Stuck the candles into two big candlesticks, such as I have never seen any where but upon the stage, in the hands of chamber-maids, showing a waylaid traveler to his room. Sauntered up stairs, policeman after me. Found the street-door wide open. I must have forgotten to close it when I let the policeman in. Was never guilty of such forgetfulness before. My poor head was turned with my troubles.

Renewed hunt for keys. Looked high (ridiculously high) and low (absurdly low) for same, and at last, half ashamed of my own helplessness, gave policeman fifty cents to get rid of him. Felt relieved when he was gone, as it was unpleasant to have a pair of strange eyes the prying witnesses of one's discomfiture. Wished that dear Bessie were at home. Candles gave a very bad light, and guttered all over the carpet and table, our Brussels covered with drops of tallow as if it had been strewn with shirt-buttons. Got no snuffers; and the wick like a tenpenny nail! Wouldn't use my fingers and couldn't the tongs, so endured a smell that set me forever against sprats and suet.

Eleven o'clock!—the servants not come home. Twelve o'clock! — still absent. Half-past!—I fancied I heard voices and laughter. Rang the bell. Jane—dressed to death, and inclined to be saucy. Asked her if she knew what time it was, when she looked at the hall-clock and told me to a minute. I inquired why she had not brought up the plate-basket. "Missus had locked it all up, to put it out of danger." Bessie should have remembered I hate eating with a steel fork.

Feelings any thing but enviable—fearfully low and melancholy—no keys; couldn't get even a glass of grog; about two o'clock went to bed, quite spiritless. Couldn't find my night-gown any where. At last got in between the sheets with my dressing-gown on. Much scrubbed by my night-dress. Dreamed I was running all night after a will-o'-the-wisp, who jingled before me a bunch of keys.

*Tuesday.*—Woke up at eight o'clock. Rang for hot water. Not a servant up. Never heard of such a thing. At last, after half an hour's violent ringing, Jane came to inquire, most innocently, "if I wanted any thing." Asked her what she meant by sleeping until that time. Fire wasn't lighted; cook, the tipsy toad, was ill in bed; and there was nothing in the house for breakfast.

Another hunt for the keys. Had a distinct remembrance of Bessie giving them to me in the carriage. Very strange. They could not have walked out of the house. Could not, for the life of me, recollect where I had put them. At last, in sheer despair, sent for a locksmith and had the store-room, ten drawers, six cupboards, and a couple of wardrobes picked open.

Couldn't touch my breakfast. The fish was too salt for human food, besides being powdered with a very fine coal-ash. The pieces of bacon, curled up as tight as a doll's curls, and ate as crisp as cinders. The butter, too, was rank, the bread stale, and the milk seemed to be laboring under a fit of the blues as badly as myself. Not thinking it safe to leave the drawers open, and so giving the servants an opportunity of helping themselves to any thing they liked, locked the doors of the rooms, and put the keys into my pocket.

Wanted to put on my business coat—that, too, was nowhere to be found. A capital coat it was, almost new, only just relined, and a fresh velvet collar. I intended that coat to last me two years longer. This came of leaving the street-door open. I saw it all at a glance. I had only myself to blame. Kept down one's rage, and found the umbrella had gone also.

Going out, was met at the door by Jane with the inquiry of "What would I have for dinner?" Took half an hour to consider, not being accustomed to these things; at last told the girl to get two mutton-chops and a few potatoes. Much time wasted.

Too late for the train that always carries me to business, and missed a most important engagement. On returning, found the carpenters and masons in the house. Asking for an explanation, was informed that "Missus had thought it was better to take advantage of her absence from town to have the roof repaired."

Dined, and found the chops so infamously hard, dry, small, and tainted, that I was obliged to send them away, and surfeit myself on bread-and-cheese. I have eaten nothing since Bessie has been absent. My waistcoat begins to bag.

On remonstrating with the cook, with the gentleness that an empty stomach generally inspires, she coolly said she would leave that instant. "She didn't mind being blown up by missus, but it was too much of a good thing to be blown up by master as well—one in a house was quite enough, and, once for all, she wouldn't stand it." This is a nice state of things, to be left all by one's self without a cook!

Jane, however, has volunteered "to do for us as well as she can." Gave her five dollars to get tea and sugar and other things that were wanted. She only gave me four shillings change. The girl seems very obliging, but has no idea of the marketable value of money.

House very dirty from the masons. Why will they wipe their huge feet on the stair-carpet? The noise they make is any thing but cheering, the clanging of the trowels sets my teeth on edge. Boy called for the payment of the broken dish and five dozen of oysters. Never remembered to have conversed with a more impertinent youth. Some of the expressions he used exasperated me so I had to kick him into the street.

Comforted myself with a glass of hot port-wine negus. No lemons in the house; gave Jane five shillings to get some. She tells me they are charging ten cents each for good lemons—they were not very fine ones either. Smoked a cigar in the dining-room, enjoining on Jane the strictest secrecy—not to say a word to her mistress.

Went to bed very early; disgusted at not finding my room in order. Jane very saucy: "How was she, pray, to make the bed when I had locked the door?" The reason seemed conclusive, and so I discreetly held my tongue. Ordered my breakfast over night, and gave Jane particular directions to have it on the table not later than nine o'clock. Gave her a dollar to get something nice.

Should have liked to have had some supper, as I felt uncommonly hungry, but I hadn't the pluck to order any thing for fear of giving too much trouble, and didn't like leaving the house at night in the possession of the servants.

*Wednesday.*—Awakened very early by the noise of the workmen overhead. It seemed to me as if they were playing nine-pins on the roof. Ring as I will I can not get Jane out of bed in the morning. No breakfast until ten o'clock. Her excuse is that "she had so much to do yesterday that she is afraid she overslept herself. Would I allow her aunt, please, to come and help her?" I don't like "aunts," but I assented sooner than have any words about it. I hope to goodness she will not require the assistance of her uncle or her cousin as well. I couldn't stand that. Late again for business, and two bills presented before I got to the office.

When I went back at night found three fellows in linen jackets busy painting the staircase. Nearly fell flat on the door-mat with horror and surprise. It was thoughtless of my dear Bessie not to arrange better, for half the staircase had been altered to a pale blue and the other was in its original dirty yellow. I gave way to their representations that "it was much better they should be allowed to go on now they had begun." But this nuisance is getting almost more than I can bear. I am already forgetting my multiplication table. My brain is affected.

*Thursday.*—Found it physically impossible to stop in the house with the noise, dust, and smell of the paint! Awoke with a headache. The beastly turpentine had brought on a severe cold. Couldn't speak plain. The faculty of smelling almost entirely obliterated. As I am starting for business stopped at the door by Jane, who again points at me the deadly question of "What will I have for dinner?" Tired of being forced in this manner to eat my dinner twice in the same day, I reply with considerable warmth, "I will dine out."

Affectionate letter from wifey, saying how much she is enjoying herself at the sea-side. She says she is *so* comfortable; her lodgings are *so* clean, and the servants *so* obliging. I wish I was comfortable. My lodgings and my servants are far from giving *me* satisfaction. Alas!

During my absence two papers were left with Jane, "to be given to me personally the moment I returned." The first, a summons to the Justices' Court for the oysters and broken dish. A most unfair demand is made for the crockery. A nice, pleasant thing for a man, tired with overwork, to have put into his hand the moment he reaches home! The second paper contains a notice of action for assault. I am in the hands of a Jew attorney. Upon my word, things are going on prettily! The scoundrel who served this paper had the impudence to say that the boy was laid up in the hospital, though I could swear I saw him that very morning in the village jumping over a post. Dined most indifferently at a restaurant. Had lemonade and cold mutton.

Jane wanted some money to get a little something for dinner for herself and aunt. Gave her a V, and very unwisely told her to get what she liked. I suppose she liked something rather expensive, for she returned me no loose silver.

Jones dropping in about eight o'clock sent for some oysters for supper. Shell-fish man sent back a most impertinent message, refusing to serve me. Could only offer Jones a few radishes. He seemed hurt.

*Friday.*—Pulled out of a most delicious sleep again by strange noises. Jumped up in bed, alarmed by a singular rattling in my fire-place. Armed myself with the boot-jack, and investigated. It turned out that "Missus had left orders that while she was away all the chimneys had better be swept"—at least, so Jane said. Scolded her well for having omitted to tell me over night. Told her that, had I been nervous, a fit might have been the consequence; but my harangue did not seem to have much effect on the woman, for I could detect a broad grin all over her face. Servants seldom sympathize with their master; they prefer humbugging their mistress—at least mine do.

Breakfast late again. Flesh and blood can not stand this. Luckily Jane did not answer the bell very rapidly, or she would have had a bit of my mind. As it was, I remonstrated with the girl in the most appealing manner, but she cut me short by saying she found it impossible to please, and so she would leave the house that very minute. Terrified at the prospect of being left without servants, and having to light my own kitchen fire, carry up my own shaving-water, prepare my own breakfast, make my own bed, boil my own potatoes, and fetch my own coals, I had to soften and pacify the jade. Eventually I succeeded in calming her, but not before I had given her another dollar.

She is to go with her aunt to the theatre in the evening, and I am to sit up for the precious pair. Jane came in again to say that the men about the house made so much dirt that she and her aunt found it quite impossible to keep it any thing like clean, and would I mind their having a char-woman to help them through that rough work? She knows I am in her power, and takes a mean advantage of my trouble. She shall have a nice character, I promise her.

Compromised that little matter of the oysters for $25 to the boy, and $5 for the damage done. The Jew attorney frightened me into terms. I know it would have ended in a Chancery suit if I had not settled—and that never would have ended! I hope the Jew will keep all the money and cheat his clients.

Loving letter from Bessie, saying that she never was so happy in all her life. Thinks she shall prolong her stay to a month at least. Gracious!

Dined off pork pies and sausage rolls at a second-class restaurant. Shall take a pill before going to bed.

Sat up reading till two o'clock, waiting for Jane and her aunt. Forgot what I read, such was my indignation. At last in they walked. Borrowed a dollar to pay for their carriage. My rage choked my utterance, or I should have read them a severe lesson. I am, I feel, in the power of the Jezebels. Fancied I caught sight of a policeman sneaking away. Could it be my old friend? He had better take care he does not rouse my suspicions or I'll call upon the inspector.

Went to bed—tired, discomfited, and profoundly unhappy. Couldn't sleep. At some hour of the night heard strange noises below. Threw on my dressing-gown, and stole on tip-toe down to the kitchen. There was Jane and her fat aunt in a state ten times worse than even cook. Two black bottles on the table, and, under it—yes! there I found the policeman, whom I had rightly suspected! Ordered them to leave the house instantly. Jane answered she should not think of going until the morning. Had a great mind to give the policeman in charge; but he must have taken himself up, for there wasn't another officer within call. To exasperate me, that fiend Jane demanded more money for wages due and disbursements for char-woman, eggs, flour, etc. Paid her, sooner than allow her an excuse for delaying her departure. Crawled up stairs to bed in a heart-broken state, impossible to appreciate.

*Saturday.*—By seven o'clock I was the only human being under my roof. Sent off a telegraphic message (by baker's boy) to Bessie, imploring her to return, or else I should go mad.

Received by the first general delivery a letter from Bessie, saying she was so delighted with the sea-side did not know when I should see her again. She hoped the servants had conducted themselves properly, and attended to my wants. I was to tell the cook this, and tell Jane that. Ha! ha! ha!

Sent, as a last alternative, a communication (per market-boy) to my mother-in-law, begging of her instantly to come and keep house for me. Dread her coming: but what am I to do? Couldn't go to business, as I was afraid to leave the place. Had no idea it was so difficult to light a fire. Sad dirty work: I am as black as a tinker. No butter in the house; and not a knife cleaned.

Tried to prepare my morning's meal, but there was nothing to prepare it with. Ate some cold potatoes. Sent another special message by electric-telegraph (per grocer's boy). Told Bessie if she didn't come to me directly I'd shut up the house and go into lodgings. Got the stomach-ache from those potatoes.

A long, lingering day. Amused myself a little by looking out of all the windows—many of them, I regret to see, very dirty. Wrote with my finger "Slut" upon several panes, to show I had noticed their disgraceful condition. Bought ten bunches of radishes and two dozen oranges to guard against starvation. Called philosophy to my aid, and walked over the house to cheer myself. The water comes through the roof of back attic. Felt so resigned I got out on the roof to enjoy a little fresh air. In the afternoon received a peremptory letter from Mr. P——, saying my two boys were seized very badly with the measles, and begging me to remove them instantly from school, lest the other boys should catch the contagion. How can I go? It only wanted this to complete my load. Now my cup can hold no more misery without slopping.

No dinner! only my radishes, my oranges, and some stale pieces of toast. Very odd, had no inclination to sleep after this dinner. I had reckoned upon my nap for shortening the time. Tried to read the first volume of the "Penny Encyclopædia" by the aid of the gas-lamp in the road. The wind was high, and I missed too many lines to get interested. Fancied I was sleepy, when it was only my eyes that were weakened.

Went to bed. It was just as I left it in the morning, and I could not get the sheets smooth. Restless sleep, feverish dreams. Shaken at about three o'clock in the morning by a man with a mask pulling my watch from underneath my pillow. Had sufficient consciousness to discern that he had my business-coat on. How could he have got it? The truth flashed upon me at the same time as he turned the dark-lantern, in full focus, upon my face. The rascal had stolen it out of the hall on the evening when, bothered out of my life fumbling over that stupid lamp, I forgot to close the street-door. My latch-key was in the pocket.

In my agony of mind, worn out by the sufferings of the day, it had quite escaped my memory to fasten the locks and bolts before going up stairs. The street-door had been left on the latch. Severe was my punishment. Terror threw me into a profuse perspiration, so perhaps it is lucky I did not spring to the ground and grapple with the midnight ruffian, for I might have caught cold. Allowed him to depart, and then, slipping on my trowsers, rushed down stairs after the vagabond.

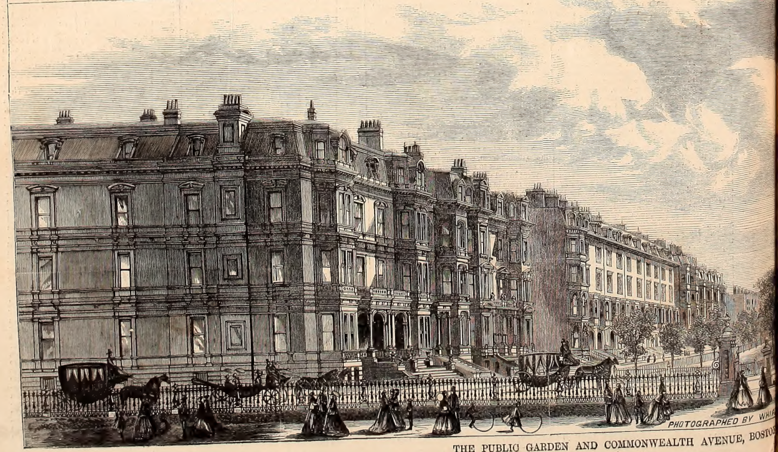
Carriage drove up as I was listening on the first-floor landing. Called lustily for help, when in rushed my dearest wife, my beloved Bessie, nearly fainting with alarm at finding the street-door open, and me in my night-gown, roaring for assistance. Grand tableau. Another day, and I believe fright and starvation would have done their worst, and my Bessie would, on her return, have found to welcome her home a poor corpse stretched out on the drawing-room rug—a poor corpse, black in the face from its last vain endeavors to light a fire.

CONCLUSION.—My old acquaintance—the policeman—caught the man escaping from the house. It was fortunate for him, as he thus preserved his own bacon. Recovered my watch and all my property, including the business-coat. In the pocket of the latter were found the lost keys.

Bessie extremely kind and attentive. She was excessively annoyed to think of the plunder Jane had extracted from me under the plea of housekeeping. Said I was close enough with her, my own wife. Seemed vexed, I thought. Said she only hoped she would send to her for a character.

She thought I was looking dreadfully thin and haggard—very likely I am. Bessie has faithfully promised me never to leave me all by myself in the house again. Her trip has done her great good; her spirits are excellent. She says I ought not to be trusted alone without my nurse.

She also adds that no one is so unhappy as a "pampered coddle" of a husband, who is left to manage for himself! I thought of adding that nothing is so selfish as to go out of town to amuse yourself, and take such little heed of the comforts of those left behind as to fill the house with masons, painters, and sweeps. Certainly it enabled her to avoid the noise of falling bricks, the smell of paint, and the dirt of soot. But, confound it! I don't like them any more than she does. However, to avoid words, I kept these thoughts to myself, and when she called me a "pampered coddle of a husband" I only smiled and said, "Yes, my sweetest."




THE PUBLIC GARDEN AND COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTO

ASSACHUSETTS.—From Photographs by Whipple and Allen.—[See Page 563.]

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

**Book IV.**

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PRINCESS PUTS MORE COTTON IN HER EARS.

Old Lady Popham, never very reticent in her speech, was especially confidential with Geraldine O'Brien; and the latter had not been very long in Dublin before her godmother had told her the whole story of Clement Charlewood's visit to Cloncoolin, and of his strong disapproval of the idea of a marriage between the pretty "Ophelia" and Alfred Trescott.

"I heard he had been to see you, fairy godmother," said Geraldine.

"Oh, you did? Well now, wasn't it an odd proceeding, child? Not his coming to see me. That, under the circumstances, was quite natural, and I'm sure I was charmed, and all that kind of thing. But the extraordinary motive of his visit—for he told me with refreshing candor that he had not made the journey to Cloncoolin on my account! I declare, I thought at first that the man was in love with 'Ophelia' himself. But he denied it when I asked him, point-blank."

It may be remarked, in passing, that this was one of those inaccuracies to which Lady Popham in her impulsiveness was liable. Clement, in his conversation with her, had merely asserted that he was not engaged to Miss Bell.

Miss O'Brien looked up with a bright blush on her cheek: "Did he, fairy godmother?"

"Yes, indeed he did. So I could only attribute his interference to a much less excusable motive—enmity to young Trescott. I don't like stabbing people in the back. Why should he try to injure the young fellow with me?"

"I'm quite sure that Cle——, that Mr. Charlewood would stab no one in the back, my lady," said Geraldine, indignantly.

"Andiamo, andiamo, signorina mia! But I tell you he did it. Yes; he did it. Told me all sorts of bad things about Alfred. And why should he interfere? If he isn't in love with Miss What's-her-name himself, his motive must have been hatred to young Trescott, as I said."

"He may have a friendly interest in the young lady, godmamma."

"Friendly fiddle-stick! A young man of his age don't act as Mentor to a pretty girl like Miss Thingammy from friendly interest. Che! che! I have lived seventy years in this queer world, Geraldina mia, and I've seen a good many queer things in it, but I never saw *that* yet! Besides," added the old lady, fanning herself violently, as she was wont to do when excited, "besides, even granting his friendly interest, for the sake of argument, there can be no good reason why he should object to his friend's marrying Alfred Trescott. It would be a highly suitable match."

"It seems so, certainly, so far as we know."

"As far as we know! Why, of course, I know all about it. Alfred is a genius—a genius, I tell you. And the girl, too, is very clever and charming, and likely to do well. Both young, both ambitious, both artists; it is perfect! quite perfect!" said Lady Popham, working herself up into one of her accustomed fits of enthusiasm.

"Yes," replied Miss O'Brien, thoughtfully; "Mr. Alfred Trescott is very clever, no doubt; but I'm not at all sure that I should like my—my sister, for example, to intrust her happiness to his keeping."

"Your sister!" cried my lady, stopping short in a quick, restless promenade up and down the long drawing-room. "*Your* sister! Ah, ce serait tout autre chose!"

Geraldine made no answer, but she thought within herself that Clement Charlewood would probably refuse to admit the existence of any such wide and necessary distinction between his friend Miss Bell and Miss O'Brien's hypothetical sister. There had been, for some time, a desire growing in Geraldine's mind to make the personal acquaintance of this girl, the mention of whose name had caused such commotion at Bramley Manor; and Carlo Bensa's visit to Merrion Square furnished her with the link necessary for her purpose. Lady Popham had never been accustomed to put any restraint upon the promptings of her curiosity with regard to the private history of her artistic protégés; and Signor Bensa's Italian nature was rather flattered than offended by the lively interest manifested by "miladi" in his family affairs. He could understand reserve and concealment upon points which he had an interest in keeping secret; but the idea of a reticence which had for its object merely the avoidance of a too easy familiarity with persons for whom he neither felt nor professed affection, was to him, as it would be to most Italians, completely inconceivable. He therefore chattered on with perfect good-humor about his wife, and his baby, and his pupils, and his prospects, and his wife's cousin, Miss Bell, who was so clever and so good, and so much beloved by them all. And after Lady Popham had given him all the necessary instructions about the arrangement of the forthcoming concert she proceeded to sound him a little as to his knowledge of Alfred Trescott's private character. But here she found herself suddenly baffled. The vivacious little man lost no particle of his vivacity, no sparkle from his eye, no brightness from his smile, but one might as well have attempted to grasp a will-o'-the-wisp as to get at his real opinion of the young fiddler. And yet Carlo Bensa could not be said to be a guileful man. He was good-hearted and well-intentioned. But to his mind and conscience the case was clear: "miladi" had taken a great fancy to the handsome Alfredo. Benissimo! She was a great lady, and could afford to indulge her caprices. Carlo Bensa might indirectly be benefited by "miladi's" patronage of this unknown artist. Benissimo again! He (Carlo) would do his best and earn his money honestly; but that he was to imperil his place in "miladi's" good graces, and risk losing a good engagement for the sake of expressing his candid opinion that Alfred Trescott was a selfish, idle, dissipated young rascal, incomplete as an artist, and hateful as a man—che! che! Was he a fool, or an Englishman, that he should do this thing? But about "Miss Bell" there was no such feeling. Of her he could talk heartily and frankly; and when Miss O'Brien, alleging as an excuse her family connection with some very old and intimate friends of Miss Bell's at Hammerham, proposed to do herself the pleasure of calling on that young lady, Carlo Bensa undertook to say that his wife's cousin would feel much pleased and flattered by such a visit.

It was arranged between Lady Popham and Geraldine that the latter should avail herself of the opportunity of her morning ride—which she was accustomed to take at a quiet, early hour, attended only by an old servant—to call upon Miss Bell. To her Aunt Dawson Miss O'Brien said very little about the proposed visit. That frigid lady shook her head and shut her lips closely when Geraldine told her she was going to see "Augusta's old friend and school-fellow."

"She is no longer a friend of my daughter-in-law, Geraldine," said Mrs. Dawson. "I must say that I thought Augusta expressed herself very properly about the young person that day at Hammerham."

"*I* did not think so, Aunt Dawson; but that's no matter. Lady Popham sees no objection to my going to call on this young lady."

Geraldine was quite aware that Mrs. Dawson would not put herself in open opposition to any proceeding that Lady Popham might choose to approve of. It was her *duty*, Mrs. Dawson told herself, and told other people, to keep Geraldine's rich godmother in as good humor as might be.

On the morning of the day on which Clement Charlewood had had the conversation with Penelope recorded in my last chapter, and had also visited Mrs. Saxelby at Hazlehurst, Miss O'Brien, followed by her old groom, rode quietly into Kelly's Square, where Mrs. Walton lived. Carlo Bensa had prepared Mabel for the visit. It was impossible to decline to see Miss O'Brien, even had there been time to do so; but Mabel would have given much to avoid receiving her.

Aunt Mary and Uncle John, quite unconscious of this feeling on their niece's part, were much pleased by the kind message that Bensa had brought, and by his report of the interest Lady Popham and Miss O'Brien had shown in Mabel.

"I think it is very nice, indeed, of the young lady," said Mrs. Walton, "and a very becoming attention to so old and intimate a friend of the family that her cousin has married into. I think Miss O'Brien's polite behavior puts to shame Mr. Walter Charlewood altogether. He has never taken any notice of you, Mabel dear, since he has been in Dublin. And you on such intimate terms with his family, almost like one of themselves!"

For Mrs. Walton had learned much about the Charlewoods, and about Mabel's intimacy at Bramley Manor, from Alfred Trescott. And though poor Mabel sometimes writhed under her aunt's speeches on the subject, she could not affect to deny the facts of the case. All she could do was to assure Aunt Mary that her going on the stage had put a stop to all familiar intercourse between herself and the rich, prosperous Hammerham magnates.

"I don't see why it should, at all," said Aunt Mary, stoutly. But then John Earnshaw had patted his wife's hand, and reminded her, smilingly, of the old lady in the Orkney Islands, who had found it necessary to renounce her third cousin, whom she had never seen, in consequence of his marriage with an actress.

The clatter of horses' hoofs in the square brought Janet to the window.

"Here is your visitor, Mabel," she said. "Jack, tell Catty to show the lady into the little parlor—there's a good boy. She's a fine, well-made girl, father, in a dark-blue habit, and riding a very pretty bay horse. The groom is quite an old man, and, as far as I can tell, better mounted than his mistress."

Mabel rose slowly and reluctantly, laying down a book from which she was studying. She was dressed with scrupulous neatness, and her rich dark hair was bound up in a multitude of shining plaits at the back of her head, but her gown was of very cheap and somewhat worn brown stuff.

"Why didn't you put on your black silk, Mabel?" said Aunt Mary, solicitously regarding her.

"It doesn't matter, dear auntie."

"Doesn't Mabel look nice, then?" asked Mr. Earnshaw.

"She always look nice," pronounced Janet, decisively, as her cousin closed the door behind her.

Mabel paused with her hand on the balusters, feeling her limbs tremble beneath her. "*Why* am I such a coward?" she asked herself, almost fiercely; and the next moment she had opened the parlor-door and stood in the presence of her visitor.

Geraldine O'Brien, with her bright cheek flushed with exercise, her blue eyes beaming with health, and the chestnut gloss of her hair, heightened by contrast with the black feather that drooped from her riding-hat, seemed to Mabel's eyes a very lovely creature as she stood in the full flood of the morning sunshine that poured in from the window. Geraldine, on her part, observed every detail of the slight graceful figure and pale face that remained for one instant framed in the open doorway before her, with the rapidity of true womanly perception. "She is *not* handsome," was the Irish girl's first thought; but as she advanced and held out her hand a delicate flush came into Mabel's pale cheek, her lips parted in a faint sweet smile, and the liquid gray eyes were raised candidly. "Yes, she is, though," was the contrary verdict formed in the second that sufficed to make those changes in the face she was looking upon. "This is a pleasure I have long been wishing for, Miss—Miss Earnshaw. I hope you don't consider it a liberty my not calling you by the name you assume at present."

"I prefer my own name under all circumstances," said Mabel, "and it was not by my own wish that I assumed another."

"I hope Signor Bensa was kind enough to explain to you, Miss Earnshaw, that it was he who, in a measure, gave me leave to call upon you at this unusual hour?"

"Thank you; Carlo knows that my occupations are so constant and engrossing that I can not be sure of any but the early morning hours."

Struggle as she would to maintain her self-possession, Mabel was conscious of an unusual flutter in her manner, and of a wandering attention. She, who was naturally and habitually simple and straightforward, could not regard Miss O'Brien with unalloyed simplicity and straightforwardness. In truth, she was not looking at her or speaking to her for herself, but with a constant reference to Clement Charlewood. That was the voice, those were the eyes, the smiles, the ways, the words that had pleased him!

"My godmother, Lady Popham, desired me to say for her that she would have been so glad to come with me and to make your acquaintance, but she is so busy at this moment that it was impossible."

Mabel bowed silently.

"If you knew Lady Popham, Miss Earnshaw, you would understand how wonderfully she gives herself up to any thing that interests her. And just now she is so busy and so occupied about this concert."

"Oh yes; the concert," said Mabel, absently. She was recalling the tone of voice in which Clement had whispered to her, "I love you, Mabel," on that night in the Eastfield inn, and wondering vaguely whether he had spoken so to the brilliant, lively girl before her.

"It takes place to-night, you know," Geraldine proceeded: "my lady will have it in her own drawing-rooms at Merrion Square. At first they thought of taking some public hall for the purpose, but there were so many difficulties that—but why am I saying all this to you, who, of course, know all the particulars!"

"I? No, truly. I did not know. I am so constantly employed myself. But I wish Mr. Alfred Trescott all success: he is very fortunate in having such kind friends."

Geraldine O'Brien opened her blue eyes widely for an instant and stared at Mabel. This was an odd tone for one whom young Trescott had spoken of as almost his affianced bride! "Either the lady or the gentleman is a most amazing humbug, that's all I have to say!" thought the frank-hearted Irish girl; "and I'd lay odds it's that handsome, snaky-eyed Alfredo that fairy godmother is coiffée with at this minute."

But Mabel made it apparent that, from whatever motive, she did not speak willingly about Mr. Alfred Trescott, and Miss O'Brien was too well-bred to persist in a topic that was evidently distasteful.

"There is an old friend of yours here now, Miss Earnshaw," she said, changing the subject.

"An old friend of mine?"

"Yes; Walter Charlewood. You know, of course, that he is half a cousin of mine now."

"I was glad to hear of Augusta's marriage."

"Malachi Dawson, her husband, is a very good sort of fellow, and I think they will get on very well together. As his cousin I may be allowed to say that I look upon it as a very good match for *him*. They are in Italy for the winter, have you heard?"

"Miss O'Brien, I never hear from any of the family now. Not that I complain of that in the least," added Mabel, proudly; "I chose for myself a path that naturally carries me further and further away from any chance of communication with people like the Charlewoods. And I wanted to say—I scarcely know whether you will understand me—but I wanted to tell you that, without anger or fault on either side, circumstances have sundered the course of my life from theirs completely. I wished you to know this clearly, because—because—you might, perhaps, suppose that you were showing kindness toward your friends at Bramley Manor in visiting me, and I should not like to accept your courtesy upon false pretenses."

So slight, so young, so tender as she looked, with the color fluttering in her face and a nervous tremor in the clear, sweet voice, and yet with such an indomitable spirit, so strong a resolution animating her girlish frame!

"My dear Miss Earnshaw!" cried Geraldine, impulsively taking her by the hand and kissing her forehead, "I came to see you to do a kindness to a person that I've a considerable regard for, and that's myself. Sure, why wouldn't we like each other on our own account? I never make friends by proxy, and I don't believe you do either!"

"Thanks," said Mabel, smiling; and the thought in her mind, as she looked at the winning face blooming out under the shadow of the riding-hat, was, "She is very sweet. It is quite natural he should love her."

"Now, I hope you'll let me come and see you again—may I?—and make Mrs. Saxelby's acquaintance. Signor Bensa told us you were expecting your mamma."

"I hope mamma will be here to-morrow or the next day, at latest."

"Well, good-by. I mustn't let my idleness steal any minutes from your industry. Oh, and I had nearly forgot to deliver my message! Godmamma—Lady Popham—sends you many kind compliments, and she hopes you will not fail to let her know when your benefit is coming off at the theatre, because she means to be present, and to give as many of her friends as she can muster the great pleasure of seeing you too."

"She is very good. I will let her know if such a thing comes off."

Mabel spoke more heartily than she had yet done. The frank recognition of her professional position was agreeable to her, and Miss O'Brien's manner was perfect; equally free from any attempt at patronage, and the still more offensive affectation of condescending familiarity.

"Oh, of course it will come off! You're making wonderful progress in public favor here, Miss Earnshaw. I could tell you heaps of fine things that I hear said about you, only I'm a little afraid of you, do you know?"

"Afraid of *me*?" Mabel looked up with such undisguised child-like wonder in her eyes that Geraldine burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"Oh," she said, archly, "you needn't look so astonished, as if nobody ever was afraid of you before! You've just a quiet way of icing yourself at a minute's notice that is quite enough to terrify hot-headed Irish folks like me. I'm sorry you can't be at this famous concert to-night; but I know you'll be acting, Mr. Alfred Trescott told us so."

"Did he?"

"Yes: by-the-way, what has Lady Popham's protégé done to offend Mr. Clement Charlewood?"

Mabel felt the blood rush to her face.

"To offend Mr. Clement Charlewood?"

"Yes; I don't mean to tell tales out of school, but the other day, when Clement was at Cloncoolin, he spoke very severely of young Trescott to my lady. I think, if there's any misunderstanding between them, you might, perhaps, put it right with a word or two."

"*I* put it right! Oh, Miss O'Brien, it is out of the question. I don't even understand—"

The two girls were now at the street door, and the old groom, perceiving his mistress, cantered briskly up from the other end of the square.

"Well," said Geraldine, "perhaps I had better have held my tongue; but I hope, at least, I have done no mischief. Good-by, Miss Earnshaw. Pray don't remain one moment at the door."

Miss O'Brien sprang into her saddle and rode off, waving her hand to Mabel as she went. As soon as she had disappeared the latter ran into the parlor again, shut the door, and sat down at the table, leaning her head upon her hands. Clement had been to Cloncoolin! Been so near to her, and had made no sign. Was this the true, constant friendship he had promised? Why, too, did this girl speak to her of Alfred Trescott, and suggest the possibility of her—Mabel's—interference between young Trescott and Clement Charlewood? What did it all mean? She longed to sit still and solitary, and to think of it all, and to fix Geraldine O'Brien's words and looks in her memory; and to picture her with Clement; and—but some one tapped at the parlor-door, and Catty put her head in and begged Miss Mabel to go to "the misthress." And then Aunt Mary had a great many things to say about the week's business, and consultations about a dress for "Viola" were held, and there were two new parts to study, and, in short, the old necessity for sternly refusing to indulge private and personal feelings, in presence of the great duties of life and of art, showed itself to Mabel unmistakably under manifold aspects. She answered a few questions—which they all had too much delicacy to make importunate—put by her aunt and cousins about her recent visitor, and then set herself steadily to her work. The hill was getting steeper and steeper as she mounted, and there on the summit above her head bloomed the singing-tree, and talked the fairy-bird, and flowed the golden water. "If it were only for myself," said Mabel, "I *must* stop and look back, and listen to the voices. But mamma, and Dooley—little Dooley! The sweet, loving, fatherless little fellow!" And then the young head bent itself again resolutely to the task before it.

"I shall rest and look back by-and-by," she said. "By-and-by."

## CHAPTER VI.

### LADY POPHAM'S CONCERT.

The assemblage of persons who filled Lady Popham's drawing-room in Merrion Square on that same Tuesday evening on which Clement Charlewood was tramping homeward from Hazlehurst with a heavy heart, and drawing nearer and nearer to the angry flare on the night sky over Hammerham, was composed of members of the most brilliant and fashionable society then in Dublin. Silks rustled, jewels sparkled, delicate perfumes filled the air. There was a liberal sprinkling of bright uniforms among the audience, for Walter Charlewood had worked zealously among his brother-officers, in obedience to her ladyship's commands, feeling that such commands were very glorious to him, and conferred a high distinction. And Arthur Skidley was present, and had even whispered a vague hint of the possibility of the concert being honored by the presence of his excellency in person. To which my Lady Popham had replied briefly, "Tant mieux if he comes, for Alfred's sake. But the fact is, his excellency is no connoisseur. I wouldn't give any thing for his opinion, you know, Arthur. I used to know him years ago when he was quite a young fellow at Naples; and he never appreciated poor Pizzicati the least in the world."

Pizzicati had been one of Lady Popham's nu-

merous "geniuses," who was confidently expected to eclipse Rossini, but didn't.

The rooms filled up rapidly. The company was seated chiefly in the large drawing-room opposite to the widely-opened folding-doors, but there were a few seats arranged in the second apartment of the suit, around a clear space, in the centre of which stood a grand piano-forte, and where the performers were to be stationed. The third and smallest drawing-room was used as a retiring room for the artists. Within this third room now stood Signor Bensa and Alfred Trescott. The latter was dressed with scrupulous care and even elegance. Ugly and unbecoming as a modern gentleman's evening costume is usually considered, it must be owned that the plain black coat and white neck-cloth set off Alfred's clear olive-colored face to advantage; and no one could have seen the young man that evening without being struck by the remarkable beauty of his face, and the lithe, picturesque grace of his figure. In one corner of the room, seated in an easy-chair, was a very stout, florid lady, glistening with ornaments, and attired in very splendid garments, made in so outré and elaborate a manner as is rarely seen except in those highly-colored works of art that illustrate the fashion-books. This was Madame Olga Boschka, a concert-singer of recent fame from London, who had been engaged, at Lady Popham's expense, to give additional éclat to her protégé's début. Madame Boschka sang in almost all European languages, but spoke none of them except English fluently. Her nationality was for a long time doubtful; but at length it was announced on her own authority that Madame Olga Boschka was a native of Wallachia. One ill-natured critic, remarking on her singular pronunciation of the English language, averred that he had heard something very like it in Lancashire. But every body else overwhelmed him with indignant asseverations that Madame Boschka's accent was purely and unmistakably Wallachian. So perhaps it was. This magnificent lady was attended by a meagre little woman in shabby attire, whose position appeared to be undefined—bordering sometimes on the confidential lady's-maid's, and anon partaking of the poor relation's. Her chief office appeared to be to solicit Madame Olga Boschka to partake of refreshment, which solicitings, coming from so spare a creature to one so evidently well-fed and robust as the distinguished contralto, had rather a comic character. There were also present four gentlemen belonging to the "Calliopean Choristers," a celebrated metropolitan glee and madrigal society. But they kept apart, and indulged in considerable hilarity of a private and personal nature, consisting chiefly of explosive bursts of laughter at certain choice anecdotes relating to various professional persons distinguished by nicknames, which anecdotes might have been entertaining had one possessed the key to them; but, wanting that, were "caviare to the general."

The concert began with a glee by the jolly "Calliopeans," which was—as indeed was a great proportion of the music selected by that cheerful choir—of a sentimental, not to say lugubrious, character. And when the alto, a very fat, short man, declared in a thin, piping tone that "For Chloe" he was "dy-y-ying," the effect upon several young subalterns placed within range of Lady Popham's awful eye-glass was extremely trying. Then came a scena in Italian, executed by Madame Olga Boschka, in a mellifluous, smothered voice, that suggested a nightingale singing through a feather-bed. And then the hero of the evening, the bénéficiare, Mr. Alfred Trescott, appeared, fiddle in hand, long-haired, bright-eyed, pale, interesting, every thing that the most romantic could desire. After him trotted little Carlo Bensa, his quick eyes and ugly intelligent face taking in every particular of the appearance and manner of such of the audience as came within range of his vision; and glancing hither and thither, while his hands were busied with the arrangement of his music on the piano-forte, with the sort of melancholy and grave vivacity which I have seen characterize a trained monkey on a barrel-organ.

Alfred had chosen his first piece cunningly, if not with the soaring ambition of a classical musician. He had selected De Beriot's fifth "air varié," one of the most graceful compositions of a graceful composer, who thoroughly understood the instrument he wrote for. Alfred had understood his own strength and his own weakness in making the selection. The purity of tone, general certainty of intonation, and singular delicate pathos (which was so startlingly at variance with the coarse cynicism of his moral nature) that distinguished his playing, were all advantageously displayed, while no overwhelming demand was made upon his mechanical resources. Every thing concurred to encourage and animate him to excel; and he played with great effect, and produced a marked impression. Perhaps some portion of the praise and applause he received was due to the audience finding him much better than they had expected; for Lady Popham's eccentric pursuit of geniuses was pretty well known among her friends, and any announcement of a new protégé was apt to be received with cold incredulity of his merits.

Lady Popham was in ecstasies. She led the applause and the "bravos," and at the conclusion of the bénéficiare's first piece she went skipping about among the audience, and expatiating volubly upon the exquisite performance they had just listened to. In short, Alfred Trescott drank deep of the sweet intoxicating draught of public flattery that night. At the conclusion of the concert Lady Popham retained a select number of her most favored friends to supper; and when the main stream of company had found its way down stairs, and had departed with much shouting of amateur linkmen, and clapping to of carriage steps, and rumbling of wheels, the privileged guests were shown into the dining-room, brilliant with a profusion of lights, and gay with hot-house flowers, where a very substantial repast awaited them. Alfred Trescott was there, of course, and Carlo Bensa, of whose steady, unobtrusive services as accompanyist and conductor my lady made ample acknowledgment. An invitation to remain and sup had also been given to Madame Boschka, but that lady had excused herself on the ground that she had to start early the following morning on a professional tour through "Hireland" (that being, it seems, Wallachian for the Emerald Isle), and had majestically departed, wrapped in furs by the hands of her assiduous attendant. There remained, besides Alfred and Bensa, Mrs. Dawson, Geraldine O'Brien, a very deaf dowager with two pale daughters, Arthur Skidley, Walter Charlewood, two or three young officers whom he had pressed into the service, and the colonel commanding Walter's regiment. Colonel Rose was an old Indian officer, tall, dry, and brown, and had been especially invited to join what Lady Popham delighted to call her "artist's *petit souper*," on the strength of his playing the flute and being a great amateur of music. The supper progressed merrily. As the Champagne began to exhilarate the party, compliments more and more flattering, and predictions of future glory, flew about Alfred Trescott's delighted ears. He was to be the Paganini of the day; he was to charm the metropolis and amaze the country. In the middle of the feast a servant brought in a large mysterious packet and laid it before my lady. The brisk old woman rose up in her place, and calling on the company to charge their glasses, made a speech proposing the health of her young friend Alfred Trescott, whose genius had that evening entranced them all. The proceeding was a rather *prononcé* one, and one or two of the guests looked a little astonished at my lady's eloquence. But she had long ceased to regard any such astonishment, and, indeed, perhaps delighted to provoke it. The queer little body took a great pride in what she considered anti-English demonstrations of this kind, although in the important matters of life—such, for example, as a matrimonial alliance for any of her relatives—she would have displayed as insular a contempt for the foreigner as any blue-blooded Anglo-Norman of them all. Walter Charlewood, who was seated next to the deaf dowager, had the honor of repeating my lady's speech to her, word for word as it was spoken. He was beaming with pleasure; for the deaf dowager was an earl's widow, and Walter overheard her say to her neighbor on the other side—as it is possible she intended he should hear, for the wealth of Gandry and Charlewood was not unknown in that part of the world, and the two pale daughters had been out five seasons—that that young man, Skidley's friend, was exceedingly "good style." Then the mysterious packet was opened, and found to contain a very fine Guarnerius violin, which Lady Popham, with her own generous little hand, presented to Alfred Trescott. The enthusiasm was at its height when the door was opened hastily, and my lady's butler, a staid, responsible man, came behind Walter Charlewood's chair and whispered in his ear with a disturbed countenance.

"For me? Are you sure?" said Walter, rising and turning pale.

"Quite sure, Sir. Your servant sent him on here from the barracks."

Young Charlewood left the room, muttering some confused and unintelligible apology to his hostess, and Lady Popham turned anxiously to the butler, who still lingered in the room.

"What is it, Mitchell? Any thing the matter?"

"It's a telegraphic message from England, my lady. Coming so late, and all, I'm afraid there's bad news."

The sound of a heavy fall in the entrance-hall outside the dining-room made every one start to their feet and hurry to the door. Colonel Rose, prompt and cool, headed the party, and almost before they had seen what was the matter he had raised Walter Charlewood in his arms and laid him on a large settee that stood in the hall.

"He has fainted," said Colonel Rose. "Don't crowd round him. One of you boys loosen his neck-cloth while I hold up his head."

"Where's my maid? Get some *eau-de-Cologne!* Take him into my own room! Send somebody for a doctor!" screamed Lady Popham, excitedly. "Can't I do any thing for him?"

"Nothing at all but be quiet. You'd better go back to the dining-room, and take the other women with you," said Colonel Rose, unceremoniously. "He'll be all right in a few minutes."

Lady Popham obeyed immediately. "You're quite right, Colonel," she said, hurrying off. "We're doing no good here. Poor boy!" she added, when she and her female guests had returned to the dining-room. "He has had some terrible shock. What can it be?"

"His father is dying," said Mrs. Dawson, "and he is sent for to go home instantly. Here is the telegram."

Mrs. Dawson, with characteristic caution and coolness, had picked up the telegraphic dispatch from the ground where Walter had let it fall when he swooned. The message ran thus:

"From John Stephens, Hammerham, to Walter Charlewood, —th Regiment of Foot, Dublin. Your father not expected to recover. Great trouble. Come at once." And it was dated 10.50 P.M. that same evening.

"Poor boy, poor boy! How awfully sudden," said my lady, wiping the ready tears from her eyes.

Geraldine O'Brien had sunk into a chair, and sat silent, covering her face with her hands.

"It is a terrible shock for Malachi and Augusta on their wedding tour," observed Mrs. Dawson, in an aggrieved voice. "I hope and trust Mr. Charlewood had made all the testamentary arrangements that he explained to me his intention of doing."

Presently Colonel Rose returned, and the other men dropped in one by one, and stood awkwardly at the door.

"He will be better directly, Lady Popham," said the colonel. "Don't alarm yourself. It's lucky, as things have turned out, that I happened to be here, for Charlewood tells me that his father is dying, and he must start for home at once, and I can give him his leave without more ado. I'll take him with me in my carriage, and see that he's got ready to start by the first train. I hope he may find things better than he fears."

The colonel took his leave, and departed with Walter Charlewood, who sent in a message to Lady Popham expressing his farewell to her, and excuses for not seeing her again.

The deaf dowager made many inquiries of Arthur Skidley, as the latter attended her to her carriage.

"This young man is not the eldest son, then?" said the dowager.

"No; but he's his father's favorite, and old Charlewood is one of those iniquitously rich fellows who'll cut up handsomely enough for them all."

"And those sort of people can always leave their property as they like."

"Charlewood can leave his just as he likes."

"Poor young man! Tell him, Mr. Skidley, how distressed we were about him."

Alfred Trescott and Carlo Bensa walked part of the way toward their respective homes together, the former smoking a cigar, and carrying under one arm the Guarnerius, which he told Lady Popham, enthusiastically, should never quit his side.

"Deuced wet blanket that message coming just then, when every thing was going so well, wasn't it?" said Alfred.

"Very wet blanket for the poor young man, the soldier," returned his companion.

"Oh yes; but of course he'd have *had* to get it, any how. That couldn't be helped; whereas, without my having any concern in the matter, *I* came in for a share in the nuisance, don't you see?"

"I see. Oh yes, I see."

"Well, you ain't over and above enthusiastic, Bensa," resumed Alfred, after they had walked some yards in silence. "You haven't said a word about the concert or about my playing. One would fancy you wern't best pleased at my success!"

They had now arrived at a street lamp, the light from which fell full upon Alfred's face. The Italian stopped short and looked at him.

"I think you have great success," he said. "Very great success. To say the truth, I was thinking of what you call the wet blanket. I am sorry. My wife's cousin knows these people well. She will be grieved. But you have great success; very great success. Good-night. This is my way home. Oh yes, without doubt, great success." And Carlo Bensa walked rapidly away.

"Little sneak!" sneered Alfred, jerking away the end of his cigar, and stopping under the lamp-post to take out and light another. "Little sneak! He's jealous. So my friend, the hodman's father, is dropping off the hooks. Well, the hodman'll have all the bricks and mortar to himself now." Suddenly a thought appeared to strike him, and his handsome face darkened into a black frown. "Yes," he muttered, "I was a fool not to think of that before. The chances are he *won't* stick to it now he can do as he likes, but still—I'll see her to-morrow. Coming with all this fuss, and praise, and success fresh on me—and Bensa, whether he likes it or not, can't but say that I made a great hit—she'll acknowledge, at all events, that I'm in earnest, and disinterested, and all that."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE day has been sweltering. Perchance you have been bending over puzzling documents, or vexatious accounts, with a stoical determination not to be conquered by the weather; but no breeze has been vouchsafed, and the atmosphere is overpoweringly hot; in short, you feel "used up." You are, it may be, the junior partner, and while the head of the firm is recreating in the country you must keep up the establishment. Trying, isn't it, some of these hot days?

But another day's work is gone. Throw aside pen and paper, and turn your face Parkward. The cars are crowded; but never mind—there is an end in view—standing up for a while. Ah! here comes a whiff of fresh air, an earnest of what is in store. Enter the Park at the Sixth Avenue, and take that shady path. This *is* luxurious! Refreshing breezes, fragrant flowers, charming walks, and plenty of nice-looking people enjoying themselves amazingly. You immediately feel complaisant toward every body. A tidy nursemaid, with a frisky boy in hand, accosts you: "And would you please to tell her the time?" Of course you would, but your watch has been boarding at "Ball & Black's" for the last fortnight. However, you make a shrewd guess, which is satisfactory, and pass on. What a pretty picture! A wee girl, in pure white, save the black velvet trimming of her broad-brimmed hat, carrying toward the Summer-House a silver cup of water! She is so little that she mounts the steps with difficulty, intent on her task. Evidently there is a party lunching in the Summer-House, and this tiny messenger has been to the pump.

Here is a shady seat, where you can quietly watch the incoming and outgoing throng. Those going toward the gates are almost invariably accompanied by from one to half a dozen weary children. Why can not children be allowed to take a slow and moderate walk in such weather, instead of being mercilessly dragged through the entire Park? "Don't give that child another drop, Susan!" screams nurse No. 1 as nurse No. 2 approaches the pump; "he will have the stomach-ache all night now!" But the child has clutched the mug and taken one eager swallow.

The over-weary ones are leaving; but here upon the Mall you watch the beauty and fashion coming in. You sit resting in quietude while a moving panorama passes on either side. Elegant carriages, splendid horses, and gayly-dressed people. *These* are evidently, from their exclamations of delight, strangers to our beautiful Park; *that* showy equipage, with its still more showy occupants, are here only to be seen and admired; notice that spirited Miss, who has usurped the driver's place, and, with dextrous hand, is guiding the horses; and those two youthful aspirants, not yet in their teens, sitting straight and prim as any fashion-bound lady, while the ebony coachman gravely attends their pleasure.

But suddenly you become conscious that you are dreaming vaguely, though restfully. You rouse yourself and wander into the Casino, and are refreshed vastly by an ice-cream. As you saunter toward the Lake the blood-red sun is sinking in the west; his fiery eye, piercing through the cloudless horizon, giving promise of another scorching day. But your blood is cooled, you feel new freshness and vigor and fear it not. The fountains are sending forth their dewy spray, the balmy breezes fan your cheek, a restful calm pervades every thing. Can *this* spot be akin to that hot and dusty "down-town" which has so vexed your spirit to-day? Oh! the blessings of an evening in the Central Park after an oppressive and weary day.

It is fast becoming the "height of the season" so far as mosquitoes are concerned. An exchange speaks affectionately of these "household pets" in the following strain: "They are the almost constant companions of man in town and country during the holiday season of the summer. No home without the mosquito. What affection! How they stick to us, closer than brothers! They often come a great way—hundreds of miles—to be with us. Most of those which greet us in this city have left their distant homes in Jersey, and have made the perilous journey across a wide river."

The newspapers continue to record frequent accidents from the use of kerosene oil. So common have these become that it would seem to be only a proper and needful precaution for those who burn kerosene in their houses to give special directions in regard to the use and care of it to children, servants, and all members of the household. A shocking accident recently occurred in Prairie City, Illinois, which resulted in the death of a little girl eleven years old. She attempted, during the absence of her mother, to build a fire to prepare tea with. To make the fire burn better she poured some kerosene upon it, when the fluid took fire, the can burst, saturating her clothing, and she was enveloped in flames instantly. When the neighbors, hearing her cries, ran to the house, the poor child's flesh was in a perfect crisp. A few days ago a young lady in Pelham attempted to extinguish a kerosene-oil lamp by blowing down the chimney. The gas ignited and exploded the lamp, scattering the burning oil on her clothing. She was terribly burned. Still more recently a woman in Jersey City was lighting a kerosene lamp, when the fluid became ignited, the lamp exploded, and the burning contents were scattered over and set fire to her clothing, burning her in a frightful manner.

From the vital statistics of last week it appears that the total number of deaths in this city was far below the average of previous years at a corresponding time of year. But it is sad to notice how large a proportion of the deaths are little children. They suffer greatly from impure air and improper diet. Out of the 640 deaths which occurred in New York last week not less than 413 were children under five years; and 289 were infants less than a year old.

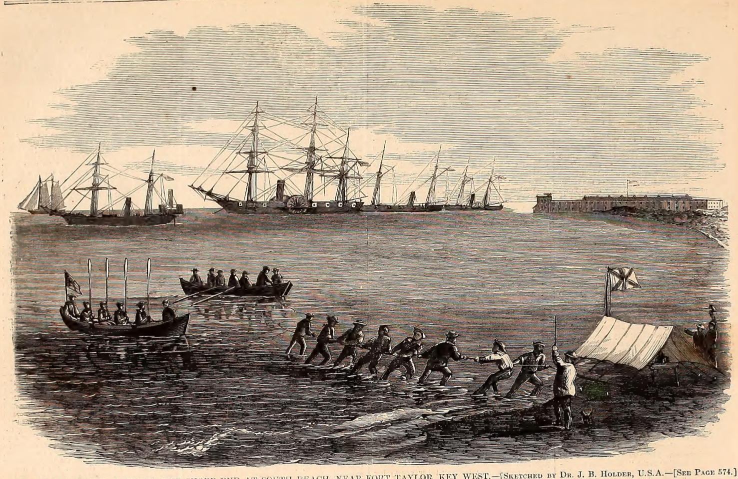
An English magazine, which is chiefly devoted to explanations of fashions and fancy work for ladies, says that tight-lacing is a fashion quite gone out in Paris; it is now a recognized fact that tight-lacing not only injures the health but quite takes off all grace from the figure. An easy corset, allowing of perfect freedom in all movements, while supporting the figure as it should, is now preferred by our most elegant Parisians to any other. To have a *graceful* figure is the object, rather than to have a very slender one, and no person who laces tightly can possibly look really graceful; she will be constrained in all her movements, and her figure will be stiff and straight instead of pliable and elegant.

The "freaks of lightning" are proverbial. One of the strangest recently occurred in this city. A young lady, after an evening party, while waiting for her carriage, removed her rings, bracelets, and other ornaments, and put them into a jewel box. A violent thunder-shower was in progress at the time; and while the young lady was arranging the jewels in the open case, and chatting with her friends, a blinding flash of lightning put an end to conversation, and half deprived the party of consciousness. The lady first recovered her self-possession, and discovered that her jewel case had dropped to the floor, and all the ornaments were gone! The most persistent search was fruitless; every person present insisted on being personally examined, but in vain. No trace of the lost jewels could be found; and the only explanation that could be offered was that they were instantaneously consumed by the electrical combustion in the atmosphere, acting upon them by some chemical affinity not yet familiar to us. Such is the strange story; and the strange explanation is based upon some similar instances which are on record.

Another curious freak the lightning played in the town of Berne, New York. The electric fluid struck an apple-tree against which a young man was leaning. It split the tree from top to bottom, making a gap sufficiently large to let him slip in about a foot, immediately after which it sprang to, and held him as tight as if he had been in a steel trap. Before he could be extricated a resort to axes and crow-bars became necessary.

A short time ago as a young man in a telegraph office of a certain city in Ireland was transmitting some messages the lightning struck from his hand an open penknife. The knife having struck against the wall of the office rebounded and struck him on the back of the wrist, which immediately became very much swollen.

The Emperor of the French has had erected in the Avenue Daumesnil forty-eight houses, as specimens of dwellings for small families, the plan of which may be seen in the Exhibition. Each house contains three stories and cellars, and each floor is composed of two rooms and a small kitchen. The buildings themselves cost altogether 320,000 francs, or somewhat over 6000 francs each; but, on adding the purchase of the ground and the expenses of leveling, the whole sum spent has been 510,000 francs. The Emperor has just made a gift of the whole to a co-operative society of working-men which is in course of formation for constructing cheap dwellings.



THE CUBAN CABLE—LANDING THE SHORE END AT SOUTH BEACH, NEAR FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST.—[SKETCHED BY DR. J. B. HOLDER, U.S.A.—[SEE PAGE 574.]

## THE FORMOSA PIRATES.

IN order to avenge the murder of a number of shipwrecked seamen of the bark *Rover* by the savage Malays of Formosa, Admiral BELL, on June 13, made a descent on that island with a force of 181 men and officers. They advanced a mile into the interior, encountering a few savages, who continually ambushed them in true Indian fashion. After penetrating a mile into the jungle, losing Lieutenant-Commander MACKENZIE killed, and a dozen or fifteen men prostrated by sun-stroke, killing none of the savages, and failing to destroy their huts, the troops returned on shipboard and abandoned the expedition. Rear-Admiral BELL concludes his report with the recommendation that the Chinese authorities be required to occupy the island with a settlement of their own; and this is to be effected, he says, through our Minister at Pekin.

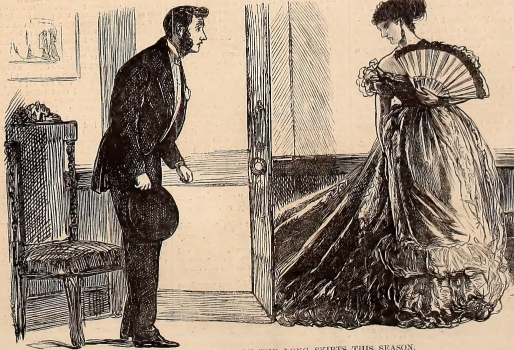
ATTACK OF UNITED STATES MARINES AND SAILORS ON THE PIRATES OF THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, EAST INDIES.

THE HUSBAND SHOW.

IMAGINATION AND MATTER O' FACT.

Affectionate Mother. "Only fancy poor Charles! Chained to his Desk in the City this Lovely Weather!"

Poor Charles. "Hand over the Rye, Bob, and give us a Light!"



POSITIVELY THE LAST OF THE LONG SKIRTS THIS SEASON.

Hostess. "Oh, how Tiresome! Somebody must be Standing on my Dress! *Would* you just run Down Stairs and see who it is, Mr. Brown?"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

### A HUSBAND SHOW.

This is the century of exhibitions. We have had flower shows, horse shows, donkey shows, poultry shows, and baby shows. These are good in their way, but they are pervaded by one dominant defect: Man has been left unrepresented.

Married man, in particular, has been relegated to an ignoble obscurity, as if there was something degrading in the possibility of buttonless shirts. *Hélas!*

Woman, his natural guardian, declares that this shall not be.

It is, therefore, proposed to hold, on or about the autumnal equinox, on the classic site of the Great Globe, within view of the two tea-caddies and the one mustard-pot of the National Gallery, an Exhibition of Married Men, open to all comers.

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, assisted by a committee of ladies, will judge the samples and distribute the following prizes:

1. To the husband who did not regret, on the evening of his wedding-day, that he had the misfortune to wake that morning—two tea-spoons and an ornamented boot-jack.
2. To the husband who, knowing his proper relations to society, never ventured to hint at the existence of a latch-key—A patent door-scraper.
3. To the husband who obligingly falls asleep at the theatre while his wife is absorbed in the masterly critiques of her military cousin—Two ounces of best Scotch snuff.
4. To the husband who, remaining at home to cook the joint on a rainy Sunday, still manages to present his wife with her umbrella at the church door—A pair of paragon pattens.
5. To the husband who never ventures to open his letters until his wife has first ascertained that they are fit for his perusal—A tooth-pick and a copy of the *Ledger*.
6. To the husband who feels honored in being esteemed a brute, and orders a bonnet in token of his gratitude—Three cheers from all assembled.
7. To the husband who affects to prefer each morning the supplement to the news sheet of the *Herald*—A port-folio of foolscap.
8. To the husband who calls his mother-in-law "My love!" and persists in prescribing gin-and-water as the legitimate remedy for sun-browning—A pint-bottle of precipitate of orange-peel and pump water.
9. To the husband whose fear of dying is solely from the apprehension that his widow may not survive him—Five leaves of stout elm, and twenty-score of carpet-tacks.

10, and last. To all husbands who subscribe cheerfully toward defraying the expenses of the Exhibition—A kiss from a matron, selected by her fellow-judges for her grave demeanor and length of years.

As it is expected that the application for show-room will more than exhaust the space at the disposal of the managing committee, it is earnestly requested that places be secured without delay. Husbands, in all cases, to be under the protection of their wives; and any evidence of fretfulness on their parts to be punished as the committee shall deem fit.

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Dr. Johnson was one day dining at the house of an English lady, when she asked him if he did not think her pudding good. "Yes," growled the great moralist, "it is very good for hogs." "Shall I help you to another plateful, then?" asked the polite hostess.

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The last "Rows" of Summer—The final Regatta of the Season.

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A laundress, who was employed in the family of a distinguished United States Senator, said to him, with a sigh, "Only think, Sir, how little money would make me happy!" "How little, Madam?" said the old gentleman. "Oh, dear Sir, $100 would make me perfectly happy." "If that is all you shall have it," and he immediately gave it to her. She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and before the old gentleman went out of hearing, exclaimed, "I wish I had said $200."

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### SLEEPS.

Above his fellows is he blest
Who wins by working welcome rest,
When life's accomplished labor bids
Sweet sleep descend on weary lids!

What comfort, too, 'mid wants and woes
To snatch a moment of repose—
In slumber's arms to find relief
From fading joy and growing grief!

And, ah, when sickness racks the brain,
How sweet is slumber after pain,
What strength renewed such slumber brings,
That comes with healing on its wings!

Nay, passing sweet in autumn weather,
After a day-long tramp through heather,
Tired limbs upon a couch to drop,
And fall asleep like any top.

Ah, sweet is this—and sweet are those
Fore-mentioned manners of repose,
But sweeter far, as I'm a sinner,
Are forty winks just after dinner!

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There are a great many laughable things upon the old earth, but she always keeps her gravity.

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Wanted.—To know the exact length of a rope used when a man is "tied to time."

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A coquette is fond of fancy for a moment—faithless for a year—fickle forever—a painted doll—a glittering trifle—a feather—a toy—a bubble—a transitory pleasure—an eternal pain—an embodiment of absurdities—and a collection of contradictions.

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In Luxemburg a favorite amusement of the inhabitants is cat-races. Each worthy burgher takes his cat in a bag two miles from town; at a given signal they all shake their bags, the cats leap out, scared to death, and run home as fast as they can go. The first cat that reaches the town gates is the winner.

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There is a man down East, a rather facetious fellow, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it was Something New; the next child was Nothing: it being Nothing New. And on being asked, "Why was the rudder of a steamboat like a public hangman?" he answered the question thus: "Because it has a stern duty to perform."

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In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she's all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoat.

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A country editor describing the bonnets now in fashion, says: "They have a downward slant that reminds one of a vicious cow with a board across her face."

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A young lady, being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to feel the sorrows of widowhood; to which he made the following ingenious and complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man that has a virtuous wife, for the number of his days may be doubled."

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Musical breast-pins in Paris produce Opera airs under the wearer's chin.

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What does a telegraph operator do when he receives the heads of important news?—Waits for details, of course.

## THE CUBAN SUBMARINE CABLE.

The ocean or rather Gulf cable from Key West to Havana was completed on August 18, and the first dispatches which were transmitted over it (on August 25) are as follow:

*The Mayor of Key West to the Captain-General of Cuba:*

As our facilities of intercourse so may our mutual interests and prosperity increase.

*The Captain-General of Cuba to the Mayor of Key West:*

I congratulate you upon the success of the enterprise which is destined to facilitate the most rapid communication, and I trust contribute greatly to the development of our mutual interest and prosperity.

The work of laying the cable was attended with much difficulty and one mishap. The steamer *Narva*, with the cable on board, and the attendant vessels, appeared off Key West on August 2, and on August 3 the shore end was landed at South Beach, near Fort Taylor, as shown in the sketch which we give on page 572. On the same day twenty miles of the cable were payed out, when it was cut and buoyed. The *Narva* then returned to Havana, where she arrived on August 8, and during the same day landed the cable at the hamlet of Chorrera. At five A.M. on August 6 she commenced paying out the cable, and having steered too far to the east all of the Gulf line was exhausted, and nineteen miles of the Punta Rassa cable was used to complete the connection. Precisely twenty-four hours after leaving Chorrera the *Narva* arrived at the buoy off Key West, when preparations were at once made to splice the ends. The *Narva* accordingly moved slowly for the purpose of drawing in the "slack," when the cable parted about half a mile distant from the stern of the steamer. Several days were spent in attempts at grappling for the lost end, but without success, and the work was temporarily suspended in consequence of severe weather. Finally, on the 18th instant, the end was found, the splice effected, and the line completed.

## THE PAINTED PEACHES.

The peaches in their basket
May o'er the canvas fall,
But it only mocks the summer
To hang it on the wall.

I sit and think of sunshine
In golden days of old,
When under cooling shadows
Such luscious beauties rolled.

I think of merry faces
That sought the shade with me;
They are not in the picture,
And I think they ought to be.

Again I taste their richness;
Again my memory sips
The fruit that broke so sweetly
Upon my eager lips.

Perhaps it was the peaches;
It may be that was all;
But need my memory mock me
By hanging it on the wall?

## SIBLEY BROTHERS.

There was a time when Sibley Brothers meant two little white heads who were always overturning work-boxes, crying for candy, and catching colds. That was past long and long ago, however, and "Sibley Brothers" means now a granite front, plate-glass windows, and gilt letters, each a yard long.

But my story begins half a lifetime back, when there was a Pa and a Ma Sibley, and when the Sibley Brothers were good for absolutely nothing but to keep milk from souring.

Ma Sibley, as it happened, was a nervous piece, while Pa Sibley, as it happened, had "not a nerve in his body," so he said, which made it the harder for poor Ma, who therefore had all the family worrying to do.

On a midsummer day long since, "added to the mass of buried ages," Ma Sibley sat by her open window doing the family mending as well as the family worrying. At that particular moment, it would seem to the ignorant eye, there was very little of the last to be done; for the young Sibleys were toddling about on the green before the window, stout and sturdy; eye-teeth all cut, well over the measles and whooping-cough, and in no particular pet for the moon just then. But that shows how little you know, my dear. Let alone a nervous mother for finding need of an umbrella under the clearest sky.

"Sara!" cried Mrs. Sibley, suddenly, with her needle suspended like Mohammed's coffin. "What is that child putting in his mouth? Run *quick!*"

The little nurse dropped the frogs she was making out of house-leeks for the amusement of one Sibley brother and ran after the other in frantic haste, her long braids of canary-colored hair sticking out stiff and straight like the legs of a flying stork. But the child, looking over his shoulder, started to run away with a mischievous giggle. Consequence was, he fell and knocked out a sharp white tooth which had lately cut its way into the world with no end of pain and worry; first biting his tongue through with it. Then there was a pretty pot-pourri for you of blood and tears and screams and fright.

"Oh, my child! He is killed!" cried the distracted mother; although any one *but* a distracted mother would have perceived at once by the strong crying there was a good deal of life left yet in the vigorous little body. "Which is it? Is it Timmy, dear, or Tity? Speak, darling, and tell mamma," continued Mrs. Sibley, imploringly, as though that made the least difference in the world.

But she put so much pathos in the question, and rung the changes on it so persistently and pathetically that I finally pushed my glasses up on my forehead and, calling the Sibley brother to me, who had not bit his tongue and lost his tooth, but stood looking on in wonder and curiosity, I asked him his name.

"Timmy Tity Tibley," he replied, positively.

"Well, then, who do you love?" I asked.

"Aunty Shaw," he answered, promptly.

"*This* is Titus," said I.

"Is that Titus? Oh, then, this is *Timmy!*" cried out Mrs. Sibley, with a fresh burst, as though that made it a great deal worse.

At this tender age the Sibley Brothers looked more alike than two potato blossoms; but at one period in his young days, while Timothy was suffering from a threatened attack of typhoid fever (or his mother fancied so, which was just the same for the time) Titus was sent to board for a while with old nurse Shaw, in another part of the town; and his affection for her fixed his identity ever after better than a dozen strings of coral.

This being thus established, the little Timothy was sighed over and cried over as though he had lost a head instead of a tooth. Mrs. Sibley kept the poor unfortunate tooth in her pocket, wrapped in a bit of tissue-paper, showed it to every body, and cried every time she looked at it as if it had been an onion. But that was nothing to the tears she shed and the lamentations she made over the wounded tongue.

"Mark my words, Aunt Dane! He will carry that scar to the longest day he lives," said she, solemnly.

"It is a good thing it is in his mouth then, all out of sight, where it will be no disfigurement to him," I suggested, in my blunt way, from under my cap-border.

"Aunt Dane! How can you be so unfeeling, even if you never *have* been a mother? Have you considered it *may* affect Timmy's speech?" replied Mrs. Sibley, reproachfully. Mrs. Sibley never allowed her clouds to be turned for her; and so, without a presentiment there might be a lining to this one, she went on lamenting the misfortune to the day of her death, which was long before there was a possibility of knowing whether this sand-heap held any gold dust or not; for Pa and Ma Sibley lived in "the grave-yard of America (if you do not know where this is, it shows you do not live in the State where I live). So cholera came, and Pa and Ma went.

Then the Sibley Brothers were taken by a distant kinsman to live on a prairie farm out of sight of even a neighbor's dog—which solitary life Titus took kindly to at once, and Timothy hated with all his might, mind, and strength.

"It is just plowing and planting and digging right over and over and over and over, with milking and chopping thrown in for diversion. I tell you I hate it, Tite: I can't stand it, and I *won't!* Now *that's* so; and I tell you what it is, I am going to quit it," said Timothy, a dozen times a day, till Titus minded it no more than he did the perpetual trill of the tree-toads in dog-day weather.

So he was taken as entirely by surprise as though he had never heard a word of it when Timothy really did leave one morning instead of coming back with the corn and potatoes he was sent after for dinner.

He left without a good-by, and went out alone into the world; the sunny, busy, generous world; the selfish, desolate, cold world; whichever he found it, it was all the same, he was swallowed up and lost in it for ever and for evermore.

Until at last Titus Sibley hardly remembered he ever had a brother, or, at most, thought of him as though he had died long before in his early boyhood. But he remembered to buy and sell and get gain, to fall in love like other boys, and marry in due season like other men; and so time buzzed itself away till a flourishing city had sprung up on the prairie about him, and the white hairs were decidedly in the majority on his head.

At last his blue-eyed daughter Blanche took the pretty notion of coming to her sixteenth birthday, and Mr. Sibley, being at New Orleans on business, went into a jewelry-store to buy a present for her.

"Will you warrant this not to be paste?" said he, holding up something which pretended to be a cluster of diamonds.

"Oh yes, that is genuine; no doubt about *that*," replied the lapidary.

There happened at the moment to be standing by the counter a man whom Mr. Sibley had seen at his hotel table, and talked with in a chance way over their coffee.

So Mr. Sibley handed him the ring, saying, "Are you a judge of stones, Sir?"

"I can judge with my tongue more accurately than with my eye. A stone, as perhaps you know, is cold to the touch, tested in this way," replied the man, taking the ring, and touching it with his tongue.

When, as heat brings out some sorts of ink, invisible before, there flashed into the memory of Mr. Titus Sibley a sudden and dim picture of frightened faces, a shaded yard, and a screaming child. For, as sure as you live, upon the stranger's tongue was the scar of the very bite which called forth the first of my story.

"Is your name Timothy Sibley?" asked Titus, abruptly.

"My name is Timothy Sibley," replied the other, with a polite stare.

"So I thought from the testimony of your tongue. I remember the fuss they made over you when you bit it, and how Aunt Dane sat there in her damask petticoat and short gown looking through her round-eyed spectacles, and saying, 'Faugh! That is nothing to the way I bit my tongue when I was a girl!' Don't you know she always had had every thing any body had, only a great deal worse?"

Timothy laughed. "Oh, Titus! Is it? Yes, I remember Aunt Dane and her spectacles, and her great, green velvet bag with coriander sugar-plums in it and a bead house on each side."

The brothers were matter-of-fact, cool-headed men of business, and there was no exchange of sentiment and romantic feeling at this late meeting. Each had gone his way till they looked no more alike now than two potatoes. One wore a full beard and the other wore no beard at all. One parted his hair behind, and the other dressed his like a porcupine's back. One wore a heavy gold chain and the finest velvet and broadcloth which money could be made to buy, and the other stood in a full suit of pepper-and-salt which oughtn't to be worth—the whole outfit of the man—over ten dollars before the war; that is, if you counted out his watch, and maybe his hat. One had the development of a milkweed-pod, and the other of a milkweed-stalk. Besides, the trails that time and experience had left on their faces were as unlike as the prints of snow-shoes and sandals; so now there was no need to find out which loved Aunty Shaw to know one from the other.

"What business are you in?" asked Titus, in the course of their morning's talk.

"I have been in flour pretty largely," replied Timothy; "but I sold out last month, and am looking around now to see what looks best. What are you doing?"

"I am in just your predicament, but I have my mind on crockery. There is a grand opening for a wholesale trade in this line in our place, and I am thinking pretty seriously of taking hold of it if I can get a partner who suits," said Titus.

So Timothy went home with his brother to the city which had sprung out of the prairie like Jonah's gourd, and, liking the situation much better than he did when he went on that endless journey after the corn and potatoes for dinner, the conclusion of the whole matter is the granite front, plate-glass windows, and gilt letters each a yard long.

And there they live to this very hour, side by side in square brick houses, with conservatories on the sunny sides, as nearly alike as their faces used to be; and the last time I was that way I saw young Timothy Sibley making eyes at his fair cousin Blanche, which I suppose promised no worse than a repetition of the romance of Isaac and Rebekah.

Now if it had not been for that lucky fall on a summer's day forty years before the brothers might have gone on strangers to the end of their lives, let alone the brother's son and the brother's daughter. Thus, you see—don't you?—we do not always know beforehand what germs lie in a seed?

## A FAIRY TALE FOR ALL AGES.

Little Denis had lived all his life among stern, gloomy people, in an ugly town. He was a high-spirited boy, fond of fun and noisy games; but for these he had little opportunity. He was taught by a grave, strict schoolmaster, who did not like children, and he was expected to make no noise even in play-time. He was a beauty-loving boy, too, who cared for sunlight, bright colors, and pretty faces; but he lived in a smoky, dull street, in a dark house, with old and shabby furniture; while for companions he had his guardian, a tall, hard man, with features that looked as if they had been cut out of wood, and an old woman, with a face just like a witch, and a very sharp, scolding tongue. Therefore Denis was not very happy, and he was always getting into scrapes. He had slid down the balusters and scratched the last inch of paint off the bottom stair; or he had made an enchanted castle of the clothes-horse, and rumpled all the sheets that were drying before the fire; or he had filled the sugar-basin with mould, and was trying to use it as a flower-pot, and grow a geranium in it. Very mischievous things perhaps to do, but he had so little to amuse him! Then he was punished more than he quite deserved, and that put him in a passion, and so he got the character of a very bad boy indeed.

Now, one day his guardian came and told him that he was to go away into the country, and stay with some friends there. Denis was glad, for he thought any change would be pleasant, but he did not know how delightful he should find the country till he really got there. It was evening when he arrived, so that he could not see what the outside of his new home was like, but, when the door was opened, kind people came to meet him, and drew him into a pleasant, cheerful room, and welcomed him as if he was a boy of their own. With them there was a little girl, with bright eyes that laughed and danced, and a color that came and went, and came again continually, when any thing pleased or excited her.

"I am glad you are come," she said; "I think I shall like you."

"I know I shall like you," Denis said, very decidedly. "You are pretty, and your eyes shine."

"I am glad of that," she said; "I think it must be because I am so happy." And perhaps it was.

Then she told him her name was Ellie; and she asked him what his name was, and where he had lived all his life. When he had told her all about it, she said:

"I am sorry for you; I think you must have been very unhappy. But you will forget all that now. To-morrow I will take you into Fairy Land, and we will be so happy."

"Into Fairy Land!" said Denis, and he opened his eyes quite wide with astonishment.

"Yes," said Ellie, "I go every day. You don't know how delightful it is. Only wait till to-morrow!"

Then Denis went to bed, and dreamed about Fairy Land.

In the morning Ellie opened the glass door of the drawing-room, and they went out together. Just before them was a broad turf walk, with trees on either side; the branches arched, and met overhead, and made cool shadows on the grass, and the sunshine lay between them, still and hot. Ellie took Denis's hand, and led him down, and at the end was Fairy Land. Denis did not know that it was Fairy Land at first, but he thought that it was wonderfully beautiful. "I never saw any thing like this," he said.

It was a glorious garden. There were no cankers in the roses; there was no blight on the apple-trees; there was not such a thing as a plum too sour to be nice, or a peach that tasted woolly: all the fruit was delicious, all the flowers were lovely. It was never too hot or too cold; the fairies kept the air just right for children; the turf was never too damp to play upon, and yet never burned up; and you can not imagine such beautiful colors as the fairies had put upon all the wet stones in the stream.

"Come," said Ellie, "I will show you all about the fairies."

She showed him the dandelion fairy clocks, and the way the little fairies whisked off the down with their wings to mark the time. Then they looked at the fairy spears in the rushes, and the magic butter-cups, that tell whether children are fond of butter by throwing yellow shadows on the chin when they are held underneath it. Next Ellie showed the rings where the fairy dance had gone on the night before; she found the big daisy on which the queen had sat, and all the mushrooms which she had made spring up for tents. "We may eat these," Ellie said; "The queen will make more for to-night; she never has the same tents twice."

Then they discovered the folded iris, in which one little fairy had gone to sleep during the heat of the day, but they would not look in, for fear of disturbing her, so they went and drank honey out of the fairy bottles in the clover.

Day by day the children came and played in Fairy Land. The fairies loved them very much, and each day they made the garden more beautiful for them. When they were tired of running about and seeing all the lovely things around them they would lie down on the grass and put their heads close together till the brown hair mixed, and you could scarcely tell where Denis's crisp curls ended and Ellie's wavy locks began. Lying thus with their eyes shut they could hear the fairy whispers all round them, and the rustle of elfin wings as they flew past; and so life passed happily and quickly as a long summer's day.

But after some months Denis was obliged to go back to the cold work-a-day world again. The children parted with many tears, as if it was forever, and indeed it was long years before they met again. Denis went to school, and worked hard, and gained prizes, and had many proud, happy moments, but saw no Fairy Land. He grew up, and then he lived a busy, harassed life, for he had his own way to make in the world. Sometimes he was successful, and rejoiced; sometimes he had great troubles, and fretted and chafed under them. But he never had time to think of any thing but the business of the moment; and as for the fairies and Fairy Land, he had come to disbelieve in them altogether. He had forgotten his childish experience of such things. Still he remembered sometimes his old kind friends and little Ellie, and was very glad when he was at last able to go back for a visit to his country home. The place seemed unchanged, he thought, as he approached, except that the house looked smaller than it used to look, and the drive up to it less wide. The rooms were the same, yet different. The furniture had not been changed, but stood each thing in its old place; but the great china vase of *pot-pourri* had lost the wonderful air of mystery there used to be about it, which made it seem as if all sorts of things might be hidden at the bottom of it. The picture, too, of the smiling lady in a riding-habit looped up, and a hat with a long drooping feather, no longer seemed so beautiful, or put such strange fancies into Denis's head as to her history, and whom she was going to ride with. She used to be, by turns, an enchanted princess; an ardent follower of Prince Charles Edward, just going to warn him against his enemies; a haughty lady, who had bid her lover achieve some wonderful deed before he dared appear again before her, and who was going out hawking in the mean while. Now she was merely a fantastic woman with a smirk. Denis's old friends, however, had not altered much, and they scarcely appeared to him older than when he was a boy. They welcomed him gladly, and then he looked round for Ellie, wondering what she would have become now she was grown up.

She was very pretty indeed. Her wavy hair was fastened up in coils round and round her head, and she walked now sometimes instead of running; but her step was as light as ever, and her eyes were as bright, and they still shone "because she was so happy." It was easy to see that she knew a great deal about the fairies, just as she used to do. As she looked at Denis, by his grave, sad face, she guessed that he did not remember them. This time she did not say to him, "I will show you the fairies." But when they went out of doors somehow or other their steps turned naturally down the turf-walk, where the changing sun and shade lay as they used to lie ten years ago. As they went they talked of all that had happened since they were last together. Denis told of his difficult struggling life—Ellie of her quiet, happy one. All the sadness melted away from Denis's heart, and he felt as glad and gay as when he was a boy.

"This must be enchanted ground," he said. Ellie smiled, and when he look round him, behold! he was in Fairy Land; but a Fairy Land ten times more beautiful than that of his boyhood. The garden was full of life, and of lov-

ing life; the trees twined their branches caressingly together; the roses bent to one another as the wind kissed their leaves; the heliotrope sent up its fragrance as a tribute of love to the sun. There was a fairy light over every thing that lent new beauty even to the lily, and made each dew-drop a magic prism filled with the colors of the rainbow. There was a fairy murmuring music all around, sweeter than any thing human. Fairy laughter sounded in the ripple of the stream, and fairy whispers of hope and joy floated in the air. In the midst stood Ellie, looking in that wonderful light more beautiful than a mortal.

"Marry me, Ellie," said Denis, "that I may always be with you and in Fairy Land."

So Denis and Ellie were married, for people always marry in Fairy Land, and for some time they lived in the enchanted garden. But people can not stay on that ground forever, though they wish it never so earnestly. By-and-by Denis went back to the world, and this time Ellie went with him. The world was cold and hard, often full of difficulties for Denis, often full of annoyances for Ellie. All day long he worked at his business, and because just then he had many anxieties he often could not help carrying the thoughts of them home to his fireside. While she, unused to household cares, grew worried by them. Then, too, friends and acquaintances took up the time in which they might have been together. They got caught into a busy whirl of life that carried away all the girl's sweet tranquillity. The sunny smile faded from her lips, and the brightness from her eyes, and Denis looked graver and sterner than he had ever done. Not that they were exactly unhappy; they had many pleasures, and they were fond of each other, but the wonderful joy they had known in the magic garden seemed so strange and different from their present life that not only Denis, but Ellie also, began to think that it could not have been real, and to believe that they had only fancied those beautiful things which they dimly remembered.

They had one child, a boy called Norman, and they loved him dearly. *He* lived in a magic world of his own, but he could not take his mother there. And Ellie smiled and sighed together when she saw him poring over marvelous adventures and tales of giants and enchanters, or finding for himself wonderful beauties, and difficulties, and dangers, all in one narrow strip of garden and tiny brook. She smiled, because she was glad that her boy had the same dreams that gladdened her childhood; she sighed, because she thought they were only dreams that could never return.

By-and-by there came troubles to the house—troubles great and small. First, money troubles—things which make Fairy Land seem very far away, and which brought still harder work for Denis, still more worries for Ellie. Then came sickness; the boy was ill, and his parents feared for his life, while Ellie also was ailing. Oh, what a dull, sad, wearying time was that! Their hearts sank within them, and all their life looked gloomy. Now it seemed to them very strange that they had not been more happy before real grief fell upon them. "Ah!" thought Denis; "if my boy and my wife are but once well again all will be bright, and I shall care for nothing else." And Ellie said to herself, "If my child were but strong, and I could again be a companion to Denis, I would grieve no more for my vanished Fairy Land."

For the two had grown dearer to each other in their anxiety, and they thought they had never really known how they loved till now.

At last the brighter time came. The boy recovered; once more his merry laugh was heard, the more joyful for the delight of returning strength after having known weakness. Ellie grew better too, and then came very happy days, such as Denis had hoped for in his sorrow. There were days when the three were much together, for now Denis would not allow work or any other claim to steal all the hours from the time that he loved at home; and Ellie, neither for cares nor for fatigue, would give up her sympathy and interest in all that interested him.

One summer evening she lay resting, while Denis was beside her, and the boy sat at her feet. Suddenly the child looked up with clear, big eyes, and said, "Mamma, here is such a beautiful story all about fairies, and a man who went into their country. *You* never went there, papa?"

Then Denis and Ellie looked at one another, and the same light came into both their faces, and a smile on their lips; both saw the same thing, and had the same thought in their hearts. For, though they could never tell exactly how or when it happened, Fairy Land had come to them. Yes, and a Fairy Land just as beautiful as that in the garden of their childhood and youth. Outside, upon the narrow strip of green sward, the evening shadows lay more still and calm than the changing sun and shade of the old avenue, but not less lovely. Through the large branches of the grand old elm without a fairy light streamed into the room that gave the well-worn covers of the household books an untold beauty, and lent to the words within a magic power. It made the picture on the wall, of a corn-field bathed in sunset light, show forth, through the glory of its golden sky, every lovely home-scene on which it had looked down. Through the open window the cooing of the household doves floated in upon a fairy-song of calm content, and the father and mother saw, through the sun's long, low rays, a fairy coronet of light upon the head of their boy.

From that day Fairy Land never left them. It staid with them till old age, when their children's children climbed upon their knees to hear the story of grandmamma's fairy garden, and found their own magic land, where all was goodness and peace, in that calm presence.


FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.


ADVERTISEMENTS.


## THE PECULIAR EXCELLENCE

Of Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, and the invariable benefit derived from their use, is due not only to the highly important fact that the remedy is offered as the discovery of a man of science and large medical experience, by whose critical observations diseases of the liver were properly located, and their remedies suggested; not alone to this, but also to the equally important fact that only the purest ingredients enter into their composition in due and just proportions. Not more carefully are the minute details of business transacted in the bank of England than are the every-day affairs of the extensive laboratory conducted where they are manufactured. To begin: no expense is spared in procuring the several ingredients in the original packages, escaping by this means the fraudulent adulterations of commerce. Under no circumstances are supplies of stock augmented from any other source, notwithstanding materials *could* be procured at a greatly reduced cost. Such ingredients, and only such, are used as will bear the closest scrutiny, and undergo the most thorough chemical analyzation in reference to unadulterated purity. The manufacture and sale of this great specific is not a mere matter of profit, but the proprietors are actuated as well by motives of the greatest good to the greatest number. They know that unequivocal virtue is attached to the remedy, and, knowing this, desire the race to experience the benefits of its use.

☞ Do not fail to procure DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, manufactured solely by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa. They are now to be had at all respectable drug stores.

None genuine without the signature of
[29] FLEMING BROS.

MRS. PARTINGTON INSULTED.—The White Mountains of New Hampshire are evidently a great institution—very high, heavy frosts, beautiful view, four dollar dinners. But the practical eye of a certain renowned Drake saw those smooth-faced rocks, and thereupon adorned and variegated the bridle path to the Tip-top House with his familiar S. T.—1860—X. PLANTATION BITTERS. This raised the ire of the Mrs. Partingtons composing the Legislature of the Granite State, who got their wise heads together, outlawed Dr. Drake, and made it a penal offence to ply the artistic brush on their beloved hills. Verily, the fine arts are at a discount in New Hampshire. Query.—Did Drake pay them for this splendid advertisement?

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

THE GREATEST PAIN-RELIEVER IN THE WORLD.—Warranted superior to any other, or no pay, for the cure of Chronic Rheumatism, Toothache, Headache, Sore Throat, Mumps, Burns, Cuts, Insect Stings, Pains in the Back, Chest, and Limbs, Sprains, Old Sores, Swellings; also, to take internally for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Spasms, Sea-Sickness, Vomiting, and Croup. It is perfectly innocent to take internally, if used according to the direction, and never fails, as thousands can attest. It was first introduced in 1847, and now millions of bottles are annually sold. Every one who has once used it continues to do so, and recommend it to their friends as the most valuable medicine extant. Certificates enough to fill a dozen newspapers have been received by DR. TOBIAS. His Medicine, THE VENETIAN LINIMENT, will do all that is stated, and more. No one will regret trying it. Those residing at a distance from a physician will find it a reliable medicine to have on hand in case of accidents. Ask for DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT, and take no other. Price 50 cents and $1. Sold by all druggists. Dépôt No. 56 Courtlandt Street, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—All kinds, sample and catalogue 25 cents. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

## PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE

For January, 1868, will be issued in December. It is intended to be THE National Magazine. Particulars hereafter. Send for G. P. PUTNAM & SON'S CIRCULAR AND LIST (free), and Suggestions for HOUSEHOLD LIBRARIES, 10 cents. G. P. PUTNAM & SON, Library Agents for purchasing books by the 1000 or single, 661 Broadway.

## TORTURE.

Who would endure the torture arising from Chills and Fever, when it can be easily cured?

Who would endure sleepless nights, burning fevers, and icy chills alternately, when a remedy can be obtained for a trifle?

Who would wander like an uncertain shadow, never knowing what moment they may be prostrated?

Who would be a burden to himself, and a burden to his friends, who are worn out in administering to his wants?

Who would live this life of agony, when the great alternative and tonic,

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,**

can be obtained at the nearest village. This long established and justly renowned medicine has never been known to fail in a single case, and none but the foolish and weak would hesitate to procure it at once, and save themselves from intense, life-long torture. Prepared after a long experience and deep study, it has received the encomiums of the most eminent physicians, as well as all classes, from every part of the country. To those who doubt its many virtues, all we can say is, TRY IT, and judge for yourselves.

Every day letters pour in upon us, testifying to its great efficacy in curing Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Languor, Nausea and similar ills.

## Superior Imitation Gold Watches.

*Oroide cases*, a newly discovered composition, precisely like gold in appearance and keeping its color as long as worn. The cases are *finished* equal to the best gold ones, the watches are of *superior quality*, excellent time-keepers, and are each one warranted, by special certificate, to run accurately. Improved Horizontal Watches, Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes, 4-holes, jeweled, hunting cases, $10. Patent Levers, full jeweled, hunting cases, gentlemen's sizes, $15. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold watch costing $150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6, according to weight. Sent by express, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., N.Y.

## 10,000 Agents Wanted

To sell CHASE'S IMPROVED DOLLAR MICROSCOPE AND DESCRIPTIVE NATIONAL BANK-NOTE DETECTOR. Sample sent by mail on receipt of $1 00. Address O. N. CHASE, 81 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., or FOWLER & WELLS, New York City.

$10 A DAY made by any one with my PATENT STENCIL TOOLS. I prepay samples free. Beware of infringers. My circulars will explain. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vermont.

## AGENTS WANTED

To sell Engravings and Prints; also stationery goods and Silver Watches. $30 invested will realize $100. Address HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

**FINEST NEW CROP TEAS**

**22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,**

**12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.**

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

**Great American Tea Company,**

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*HARPER & BROTHERS'*

## *SPECIAL TRADE SALE,* 1867.

*From Aug.* 15 *to Sept.* 20.

*Franklin Square,*
*New York, August,* 1867.

*We respectfully invite attention to our List of Books, which we will sell on the following terms, for Cash, from the* 15*th of August to the* 20*th of September, after which our terms will positively be as heretofore.*

On Orders of $ 100 at one time, 25 per cent. Discount;
" $ 500 " 30 " "
" $1000 " 33⅓ " "
" $2000 " 35 " "
And an additional deduction of Five per cent. for Cash.

*We shall not sell at any of the Trade-Sales this Fall.*

*HARPER & BROTHERS,*
*Franklin Square, N. Y.*

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for SEPTEMBER contains Portraits and Characters of Hon. R. D. CONNOLLY, Rev. NEWMAN HALL, Rev. THOMAS BINNEY, Orators and Authors; Mrs. HUSBAND and Mrs. HOGE; Studies in Physiognomy; Marriages; Memory; Conscientiousness, its true Functions; Our Religion; Gradations of Intellect; Races of Man, their Origin; A new Steamer, Spirit of the Age; Central Park and the New Boulevard—Illustrated. By return post, 30 cents, or $3 a year. S. R. WELLS, Editor, 389 Broadway, New York.

DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA, the best Juvenile Magazine. Every boy and girl that sees it says so; all the Press say so; and Parents and Teachers confirm it. Do not fail to secure a copy. A good Microscope, with a glass cylinder to confine living objects, or a good two-bladed pearl Pocket Knife, and other desirable objects, given as a premium to each subscriber. Yearly, $1 50. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 473 Broadway, New York. Try it, boys and girls. Single copies, 15c. mailed free.

MME. DEMOREST'S GRAND OPENING of PATTERNS, Sept. 2, of all the new and desirable styles for ladies' and children's dress for the Fall and Winter, 1867–8, at Nos. 473 and 838 Broadway, N. Y., No. 134 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, and all the other branches, on MONDAY, Sept. 2, will present at this Fall Opening the most brilliant display and extensive assortment of new shapes and designs for ladies' and children's dress ever exhibited.

1,000,000 persons. Clip! Club!! Clinch!!! $1 brings *safely, prepaid, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a Hymn Book*, and my *Quart Premium Ink*, &c. *Prize Packages*. Dr. COOK, 600 Broadway. Clergymen and others *gratis* for 10 cash subscribers.

## EMPLOYMENT AT HOME.

Male and Female. For full particulars, address WHITE & CO., 641 Broadway, N. Y., with stamp.

THE NEW THUNDERBOLT RIFLE and SHOT-GUN. For Circular, send Stamp to S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

TO LECTURE ASSOCIATIONS.—Mr. E. F. UNDERHILL, of New York, will accept invitations for the coming season for his popular Humorous Lecture and Entertainment, entitled "An Evening with Funny Folks." Information, with Programme, will be forwarded by addressing C. H. BOWEN, Agent, Box 965, Albany, N. Y.

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EXPERIENCED BOOK AGENTS wanted for a new religious Cyclopædia, edited by Rev. John M'Clintock, D.D., and James Strong, S.T.D. The most important religious publication in the language, forming a complete theological library within itself. To be completed in six volumes. Vol. I. now ready. Sold only by subscription.

AGENTS WANTED for "Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion." Superbly Illustrated. Published in Parts. The most profusely and attractively illustrated work ever published.

AGENTS WANTED for a new illustrated and very popular work on Natural History, of fascinating interest and novel character: a work that appeals to every family. Address

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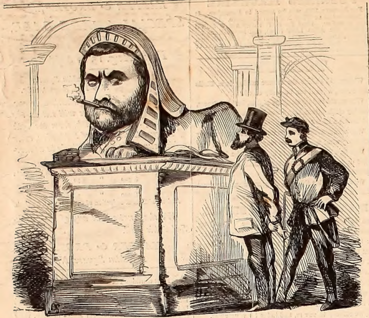

THE SPHYNX AT THE WAR OFFICE.

SOLDIER. "That's a grand thing."
CIVILIAN. "Yes—rather imposing; but *what does it mean?*"

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Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,

LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

A. W. RUSSELL, 67 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, Sole Agent.

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TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX, OR Universal Neuralgia PILL.

A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR NEURALGIA, AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.

*Its Effects are Magical.*

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package, $1.00, postage 6 cents; six do., $5.00, postage 27 cts.; twelve do., $9.00, postage 48 cts. Sold by all druggists.

TURNER & CO., 120 Tremont St., Boston.

**PRINCE & COS.**
**AUTOMATIC ORGANS AND MELODEONS.**
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

**EXPOSITION UNIVERSAL,**

PARIS, 1867.

The Howe-Machine Co.—Elias Howe, Jr.—699 Broadway, New York, awarded, OVER EIGHTY-TWO COMPETITORS, the

**Only Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and Gold Medal,**

given to American Sewing Machines, as per Imperial Decree, published in the "Moniteur Universel" (Official Journal of the French Empire), Tuesday, July 2, 1867.

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Burnisher, Pencil-Sharpener, and Pen-Holder combined. *Sells at sight.* Agents wanted. Sample by mail, 25c. Address Morse Eraser Co., 404 Library St., Philadelphia, Pa.

*LEGS and ARMS*

Invented by a Surgeon. Nine patents in Legs, ranging from $50, through all the improvements, up to the Anatomical Leg, with Lateral motion at Ankle, like natural one, at $150. Two patents in Arms, with new shoulder motion, $75 to $125. Send for pamphlet. It contains valuable information, and is sent free.

OFFICES: 658 Broadway, N. Y.; Rochester, N. Y.; Chicago, opposite Post-Office; Cincinnati, 148 West Fourth St.; St. Louis, 413 Pine Street.

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WILL MAKE

DELICIOUS JELLIES

With great ease. Also Blanc Mange, Charlotte Russe, &c. Directions for Use with the Packages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists. Depot, 17 BURLING SLIP, N. Y.

**Cheap Soap! Good Soap!**

NATRONA REFINED

**SAPONIFIER!**

OR

Concentrated Lye.

**2 cts. a lb. for Superior Hard Soap.**

TWELVE POUNDS OF SOFT SOAP FOR ONE CENT.

EVERY FAMILY CAN MAKE THEIR OWN SOAP.

ALL VARIETIES OF SOAP.

(AS EASILY MADE AS A CUP OF COFFEE.)

Is a new Concentrated Lye, for making Soap, just discovered in

GREENLAND, IN THE ARCTIC SEAS,

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BEST DETERSIVE SOAP IN THE WORLD.

1 Box will make 175 lbs. good Soft Soap, or its equivalent in superior Hard Soap.

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☞ FULL RECIPES WITH EACH BOX. ☜

**Dealers can obtain it wholesale in cases, each containing 48 boxes, at a liberal discount, of the wholesale Grocers and Druggists in all the towns and cities of the United States, or of**

**CLIFFORD PEMBERTON,**
General Agent,
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℞ If people who suffer from the dull stupidity that meets us every where in spring, and too often in all seasons of the year, knew how quick it could be cured by taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to purge the bile from their systems, we should have better neighbors as well as clearer heads to deal with.

*PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.*

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT,
ALTOONA, PA., *December* 15, 1866.

GENTLEMEN: The Watches manufactured by you have been in use on this Railroad for several years by our engine-men, to whom we furnish watches as part of our equipment. There are now some *three hundred of them carried on our line,* and we consider them *good and reliable time keepers.* Indeed I have great satisfaction in saying *your watches give us less trouble,* and have worn and do wear much longer, without repairs, than any watches we have ever had in use on this road. As you are aware, we formerly trusted to those of English manufacture, of acknowledged good reputation; but as a class they never keep time as correctly, nor have they done as good service, as yours.

In these statements I am sustained by my predecessor, Mr. Lewis, whose experience extended over a series of years.

Respectfully, EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
General Superintendent.

*American Watch Company, Waltham.*

*NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.*

LOCOMOTIVE DEPARTMENT, WESTERN DIVISION,
ROCHESTER, *December* 24, 1866.

GENTLEMEN: I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the great majority of locomotive engineers have found by experience that *Waltham Watches are the most satisfactory* of any for their uses. They *run with the greatest accuracy and steadiness,* notwithstanding the rough riding of an engine, and as I have *never known one to wear out,* they must be durable. I hope to see the time when railway companies will generally adopt your watches, and furnish them to all engineers and conductors. In my opinion it would greatly tend to promote regularity and safety.

Yours respectfully,
CHARLES WILSON, G. Chief Engineer,
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

*American Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.*

*EVERY WATCH FULLY WARRANTED.*

*For sale by all first-class dealers in the United States and British Provinces. For further information address the Agents,*

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
No. 182 Broadway, New York.

**$100.00 IN GREENBACKS Packed in this Brand Daily.**

P. & G. LORILLARD'S Century NEW YORK

$100 U. S. Note on Mondays;
2 Fifties on Tuesdays;
5 Twenties on Wednesdays;
10 Tens on Thursdays;
20 Fives on Fridays;
and
50 Twos on Saturdays.

CHICKERING & SONS'
**AMERICAN PIANOS TRIUMPHANT**
AT THE EXPOSITION OF ALL NATIONS.

In addition to

THE GRAND GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR,

The Emperor Napoleon, in person, accompanied the presentation with the decoration of

**THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR,**

THEREBY CONFERRING TO

THE CHICKERING MEDAL

the only distinction over the four other medals awarded for piano-fortes, all of which were exactly alike and of equal value, and thereby confirming the unanimous award of the THREE JURIES and the IMPERIAL COMMISSION placing the CHICKERING PIANO

**At the Head of All Others.**

WAREROOMS, No. 652 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

**Health and Economy.**

PATENT

**LEAD ENCASED BLOCK-TIN PIPE.**

Recommended by the Medical Faculty and approved by *Water Commissioners.*

**Costs Less than Lead Pipe,**

and is much stronger. Recent improvements enable us to supply *this* Pipe at a *less* price per foot than common Lead Pipe. To give the cost per foot, please furnish the pressure or head of water, and bore of Pipe. Pamphlets sent *free* on application. Address The COLWELLS, SHAW & WILLARD MANUFACTURING CO., foot of West Twenty-seventh Street, New York.

**ALL WANTING FARMS.**

Good soil, mild climate, thirty-four miles south of Philadelphia. Price only twenty-five dollars per acre. Best of grain and grass land. Also improved farms. Hundreds settling. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Proprietor, Vineland, New Jersey.

**TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT**

The great Remedy for all Bilious Complaints.

**White Steel Shirt Collar.** Enamel de Paris. $1, mailed free. INO. FOGGAN, 78 Nassau Street.

J. C. HULL'S SON, New York.

**BAY RUM SOAP**

Over 100 Styles Toilet Soaps.
NONE BETTER IMPORTED.

AGENTS WANTED to sell a new and original patriotic Campaign Song Book, just published. Universally popular. $10 to $15 a day readily made. Sample sent by mail on receipt of 25c. Address

S. N. HOLMES, Syracuse, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—$10 to $20 a day—to introduce our new patent STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price $20. It uses two threads, and makes the genuine LOCK STITCH. All other low-priced machines make the CHAIN STITCH. Exclusive territory given. Send for circulars. W. G. WILSON & CO., Manufacturers, Cleveland, Ohio.

**MERCHANTS, BANKERS,**

And others should send to all parts of the United States by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 65 Broadway.

**MAGIC LANTERNS**

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## THE OUTRAGE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THERE has been no minor incident of late occurrence at the South which has caused a more general expression of indignation throughout the country than the whipping inflicted by a set of ruffians in North Carolina on a poor, defenseless colored girl who had fallen into their power. No single act of inhumanity has more clearly indicated the animosity yet existing in Southern hearts against the former slaves; or shown how unwise it would be to trust the government of these people in the hands of their former masters.

The order of General DANIEL E. SICKLES approving the sentences inflicted on the perpetrators of the outrage, reviews the evidence and furnishes the following history of the affair. The General says:

The evidence in the foregoing cases discloses a deed of lawless and inhuman violence. It appears that a daughter of one of the prisoners, having attempted to beat a young colored girl, met with resistance which became successful, and resulted in the chastisement of the white by the black. This unlooked-for reversal of a long-accustomed relation filled the neighborhood with consternation and rage. Couriers passed to and fro from farm to farm, inflaming the temper of the people, and concerting measures to produce terror among the negroes. A meeting of citizens was convened at a school-house near the residence of the parties. The accused were among those assembled. The magistrate, Jenkins, was invited to lend the sanction of his presence, and did so. Phillis, the young freedwoman, was sent for. Dragged before this self-constituted conclave of angry men, whom she had been accustomed from infancy to call masters, some of whom she now heard urging her incarceration, while one swore she should be hung, and all agreed that she must be imprisoned or whipped, the frightened girl exclaimed that she had rather be whipped than go to jail. This was taken as the expression of the assent which they desired. Some sort of writing was drawn up, called an indenture, by which Phillis, having signed it, was made to bind herself as an apprentice to one Mrs. Harmon, who thereupon consented that her so-called ward should be flogged. Quite enough was thought to have been thus conceded to the mockery of legal formalities, and the impatient assemblage, consisting of all the prisoners who have been convicted except the magistrate, hastened to execute the penalty awarded. Phillis was conducted into an adjacent wood, where, at a spot some sixty yards remote from any road, she was halted and told to take down her dress. She not obeying with alacrity, one of the prisoners snatched it off her shoulders. Stripped to her waist, except of her chemise, she was then whipped by five of these men in succession, by whom, according to the testimony of one of them, one hundred and twenty-six (126) lashes were inflicted upon her half-naked body with rods three feet long and one-half to three-eighths of an inch thick. Her garment was cut through and through: blood run from the wales raised on her lacerated back; one gash in her flesh three days after showed four inches in length; the heavy blows fell upon her person at random: she was pushed, she was pulled, she was kicked in the abdomen; till at last it seems that one of the accused, an applauding-by-stander, not utterly insensible to the sufferings and sex of the wretched victim, was so far touched by the spectacle of her torture that the cry was wrung from him, "Boys, don't hurt her breast!" Having satiated their savage vengeance, her tormentors, fatigued by their exertions, withdrew; not, however, without considering the proposal of one of the number to return and give her ten more lashes each to stop her screaming. Finally the poor child, wounded and groaning, was permitted to make her way to the house of her mistress, where for days she suffered, scarcely able to crawl to her unremitted task, or even to wear her clothes without pain.

In the revolting crime thus briefly outlined all of these prisoners are shown to have been eager participants. In the interest of outraged justice it is to be deplored that the perpetrators have been adjudged to undergo punishment so inadequate to the enormity of their offense.

The sentences were as follow: JENKINS, the magistrate who authorized the whipping, was removed from his office, fined $25, and confined at hard labor for one month; DUNNING, COOK, and JAMES and JOHN EARLY were confined for two months at hard labor and fined $25 each; the other guilty participant, GEORGE MITCHELL, was fined heavily and imprisoned for three months, the common jail at Plymouth, North Carolina, being designated as the place of confinement.

In this connection we give on page 581 a portrait of General DANIEL E. SICKLES, who by his prompt and energetic action in this and similar cases in the South, and by the display of gallantry in the late war and patriotism and faithfulness to republican principles since, has endeared himself to the people of the country, and won the unequivocal compliment (coming from ANDREW JOHNSON) of a removal from office.

General SICKLES is still a young man, having been born in 1822, in this city. He rose to distinction in New York as a lawyer; and served the State in the Legislature and the country in Congress. When the war began in 1861 he raised a command, which subsequently became famous as the "Excelsior Brigade." He was nominated a Brigadier-General in March, 1862; but owing to the fact that he had, in peaceful times, been a leader of the Democratic party in

WHIPPING A NEGRO GIRL IN NORTH CAROLINA BY "UNCONSTRUCTED" JOHNSONIANS.

this city, the Senate rejected him. Mr. Lincoln immediately renominated him, and he was confirmed, his commission being dated back to the commencement of his military services. He subsequently won the then highest rank in the army; and after serving through all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac was disabled by the loss of a leg at Gettysburg. It was General Sickles who opened that battle while a council of war was discussing the propriety of retreating. Once speaking of the fact, General Sickles concluded a graphic account of the opening scenes of the battle by saying: "I had the honor to bring on the fighting, but"—glancing down at his crutches and the one leg left him—"I paid very dearly for it."

General Sickles was appointed by President Johnson with great reluctance to the command of the Second Military District, in obedience to the well-known and clearly-expressed wishes of the people. He has been removed in opposition to their desires; and retires amidst the approval of the people, who sent him to his field of labor, and the regrets of the emancipated people whose protection was his chief duty and delight.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 14, 1867.


## THE GENERAL AND THE PRESIDENT.

The Sphinx of our last week's picture has spoken, and to some purpose. General Grant's letter upon the removal of Sheridan is one of the chief of recent political events. It caused the New York *Tribune* to rejoice that his hostility to the President can no longer be doubted; while the New York *Herald*, which has been idolizing Grant for a year, suddenly advises him to surrender the War Department to "other and abler brains," and declares that he has thrown himself into Radical hands. The whole country has now read and pondered General Grant's letter. It has seen how heartily he sympathizes with the national purpose, how simply and strongly he urges the undoubted wish of the people as the rule of action when expediency alone is to be considered. In a few significant words he reminds the President that the removal of Sheridan can gratify only those at the South who are hostile to the Government; and the reply of the President shows how he was stung by the unquestionable truth. The letter of Grant is short, but it is decisive. We shall no longer hear that he is an equally available candidate for either party. We shall no longer read praises of his Conservative fidelity in the Democratic newspapers. We shall no longer hear them chuckle over the cunning of the President in dividing the Republican party by entangling General Grant. Two weeks ago we said that Grant would never be a tool in Andrew Johnson's hands, and a week had not passed before the words were justified.

So rapid is the progress of events that, before these words are read, General Grant may have ceased to be Secretary of War *ad interim*. Against the instructions which he gave to General Thomas to leave all the laws in force which he should find in the Louisiana District, the President orders General Hancock to change them as he chooses; and reverses General Grant's order to Sheridan to report at Washington by ordering him to proceed straight to Missouri. The General issues the orders; but these reversals and the tone of the letter of the President show that there is no kindly feeling between him and the General. And how could there be? The President knows perfectly well that Grant was most strenuous in his advice to Congress that Johnson could not be trusted, and the General knows equally well that the President ordered him into his Cabinet to ruin him. From this state of things some kind of rupture may very easily arise. By the publication of the correspondence the country has learned—what few doubted—that the present Secretary of War is just as hostile to the Presidential "policy" as the late Secretary. His presence in the Cabinet is, therefore, as reassuring as that of Mr. Stanton. It is now, consequently, equally obnoxious to the President. If General Grant remains in the Department he is endeared to the people as their official representative and advocate. If the President quarrels with him and removes him from his post, the popular enthusiasm for Grant will be simply irresistible.

The result of the removal of Stanton has not thus far been very consolatory to the President. If he thinks that he has forced Grant to speak he can not but see that, at the same time, he has forced him into the arms of those who can alone make him President, while by the method he has adopted the President has but deepened the national disgust with his administration. We are not of those who think that the General should not have entered the Cabinet. If it were right that Stanton should be there it can not be wrong for Grant. Moreover, it was clearly not a matter of discretion altogether in the case of the General. The President "directed" him, and in his own judgment he was "assigned." To refuse was to disobey, and the alternative was resignation.

Nor did he approve or support the policy of the President by entering the Cabinet, as his letter shows. Nor did he go there as a spy—which is a plain abuse of words. A spy is one who surreptitiously enters an enemy's camp. Grant was openly commanded by the enemy, to whom the Constitution gives authority to command, and who counted upon his subordinate's acquiescence to seal his ruin. We do not disapprove Grant's entering the Cabinet upon the same general grounds that we did disapprove the resignation of Mr. Hamlin. We would not assume in the one case that the various minor executive offices of the country are merely places to be held upon condition of servility to the Presidential will, and in the other we would throw the whole responsibility upon the President. If Governor Andrew were called to Andrew Johnson's Cabinet we can conceive of his going in order to protest against his course and baffle it as far as might be. And if he did go, would any sensible American suppose that John A. Andrew was false to his principles, or had ratted to the President?

We presume the event will show that in assigning General Grant to the War Department the President has outwitted himself. It were better for him that he had retained Stanton. On the other hand, it was certainly very unfair to General Grant upon the part of many, and notably the *Tribune*, to insinuate that in entering the Cabinet he showed that he had lost sympathy with the loyal party, and to sneer at him as a statue sashed and girded. The confidence of the national heart that insisted upon fighting the war to an unconditional national victory is stronger in General Grant to-day than ever.

## FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

The experience of the last six years should have taught us that even in the United States there is no security against civil trouble. A more appalling introduction to it no nation ever had. Yet to the very moment of the actual blow it was considered impossible. The republic was charmed. Other countries had suffered, but we were exceptional. Wars were over, and however loud the threat of violence it would pass as an idle word. The method of the Southern madness was not heeded. The plainest declarations were regarded as political "gag." The most evident preparations were unseen or unminded. It was said that Senator Seward would rise in his place, and, in the midst of the most courteous but crushing anti-slavery speech, turn to Senator Butler, who sat behind him, and hold out his thumb and finger for a pinch of snuff. The Carolina Senator, averting his head, would extend his box to his colleague from New York, who still could not see any thing in the Southern speeches but party rhetoric. It was a game they played in the capitol. It was supposed that they would vow secession and disunion until after election, and then nobody would be so sound and earnest a Union man as Senator Seward's excellent friend from Georgia, Senator Toombs. It is only a cry of wolf! wolf! said comfortable public opinion. But one day the wolf came.

Is it worth while to return to that ghastly self-deception of six and eight years ago? Is it any more foolish to believe that the President will push the present extremity to an armed solution, if he can, than it was to believe that the secessionists would take arms at the first favorable moment? Andrew Johnson is at bay. He is conscious of the contemptuous condemnation of his country, and of the doom to which history will consign him. He is ignorant, passionate, and headstrong. He is surrounded by the worst demagogues—by Fernando Wood, Jeremiah Black, and men in sympathy with them. He is the constitutional Commander-in-Chief of the National forces, and he has told us how he interprets the Constitution. After a long and exasperated struggle with Congress, in which it was supposed that he had been so bound by the laws as to be powerless, if not to have acquiesced in the inevitable, he suddenly assumes the defensive, defies the unquestionable public opinion of the country, quarrels, under polite phrases, with General Grant, and knows that within ninety days Congress will assemble and will probably impeach him. Has he done all this for the sake of being impeached? Has he done it with the intention of placidly yielding when he is impeached, and going humbly out of office? Or does he mean, if possible, to provoke an armed crisis?

We learn, upon good authority, that there are ten thousand men in Maryland called militia, armed and under the command of rebel officers. Not long before Mr. Stanton was suspended a requisition came from the Governor of Maryland to the War Department for batteries, which the Secretary refused. For what purpose is such a body of men so armed and so officered? We do not mention this to excite a foolish alarm, but an alarm which is not foolish. It may be an untrue story, but it is not in the least improbable that the President intends some action hostile to Congress. It may be in the guise of resistance to the process and results of impeachment. It may be in pursuance of a plan to issue an amnesty and to assemble a new Congress. The wildness of the plan and its futility do not make it improbable. If the President knew the feeling of the country he might pause. But he does not know it. He can not know it. He is surrounded and led by men who misrepresent it; and to General Grant, the true friend of the country in the Cabinet, he does not listen.

The times are grave. No man should deceive himself or "deride," with the New York *Tribune*, the imminence of trouble. To be forearmed against danger we must be forewarned. We need not, indeed, imagine that we are already Mexicanized; but we ought certainly to reflect that in a revolutionary period, when the country still trembles with civil war, and peaceful order is not yet restored, a desperate, ignorant, and obstinate Chief Magistrate may plunge us into very serious difficulty.

## THE NEW YORK CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The Constitutional Convention of New York has been in session since the 4th of June. Its duties have been incessant and pressing, and they have been discharged with remarkable fidelity. Albany is certainly not an ideal summer residence. Its hospitality is great; its feeling for strangers is friendly; the members of the Convention have been made conscious of courteous kindness all around them; but to pass the summer in Albany making a Constitution is not the most delightful task to which active and busy men could be summoned. There have been upon an average about four working-days in the week for the Convention. Upon Saturdays and Mondays little has been accomplished. This is not, however, surprising, nor is it to be regretted; for it is plainly impossible that a hundred and sixty men, engaged in every kind of industry, could be wholly withdrawn for three or four months from their business. Their personal attention to it was indispensable; and the real work of the Convention has not suffered from the recreation of the little change of scene and employment. It seemed to be the opinion of some members, or, at least, of one member, that it was the duty of the Convention to sit straight through, day and night, to devote six or eight hours to the discussion of the most vital subjects, then to call the previous question, vote, and adjourn *sine die*. This is one theory of the method of business in a Constitutional Convention. But it is not that which has been put into practice at Albany.

The summer has been peculiarly sickly, and a very large number of members have been ill. But the work has gone steadily forward. The routine of a day has been for most of the delegates as follows: At 8½ in the morning, committee; at 10 or 11, Convention until 2 P.M.; at 4, committee until 6; at 7½, Convention until 10½. If a member has had a large correspondence, or any duty excepting his official duty to discharge, it has been only by an anxious economy of time that he has been able to attend to it; while the labor of the committee-rooms has been extremely onerous. In truth, the Convention has been really industrious; and if its suggestions are not acceptable to the people it will not be for want of long and careful consideration. The complaint of slowness is a complaint of deliberation. If a fundamental law could be made as a pair of boots is made it would be fair to quarrel with the Convention for not sending home its work at the end of a month at farthest. But does any thing require a more thoughtful reflection, a more careful scrutiny, point by point, a fuller illumination by every ray of experience or sagacity that can be turned upon it, than the revision of the fundamental law of a State? It is of the very nature of a body assembled for such a purpose that it should talk until it is evident that the topic is exhausted; and no wise man will complain that the New York Convention has thoroughly discussed every subject laid before it.

Every member has probably been conscious of the advantage of this full debate. Unlike an ordinary legislative assembly, in which opinions are apt to be run in the mould of party or of interest before meeting, so that almost all discussion is but a speech to Buncombe, it has been perfectly easy to perceive the fluctuation of opinion in the Convention as debate proceeded. The subjects discussed were new to many minds. Members were literally open to conviction, and votes have actually been gained by speeches. The debates, too, have been real discussions; comparisons of various views; forcible and concise statements of principle or experience; and there has been very little mere haranguing or rhetoric, except in the suffrage discussion. There has been no personality, no acrimony, scarcely any purely party division, thus far, and consequently there have been no spicy details for the newspapers, and the Convention has been naturally derided by the sensationists as an extremely prosy bore.

The work thus far actually accomplished does not involve any serious changes in the Constitution of 1846, although we write before the decision upon several of the most important subjects. There has indeed been a tendency, which is by many considered wisely conservative, to keep as closely as possible to the present Constitution. A committee, after long and careful consideration, reports an article. The Convention immediately fall upon it in Committee of the Whole, tear it and trample it—if we may use such a metaphor of so very deliberate and tranquil a process—and when it has exhausted itself calmly adopt the article of the present Constitution as a substitute for the report. There are several explanations of this tendency. There is a natural unwillingness to change a familiar law, which has received judicial interpretation, and has become a tradition, unless very cogent reasons are shown. If there be no complaint of it, any change, however theoretically better or more harmonious with the general spirit and character of the government, is rejected as visionary. And there is the party policy reason—the apprehension that if this or that change is made some part of the party vote will be alienated. These and many other reasons are constantly operative to retain the present article, whatever it may be.

The great peril of the present Convention grows out of a fact which we mentioned long before it assembled, and it is that it is necessarily a party Convention. This, in itself, is not an evil, but it is the easy source of evils. The Constitution formed under such circumstances, and upon the eve of a general election, is really the party platform. The party, whether it will or not, must stand or fall with its work. But a platform so various, so extensive, and so important as a Constitution, offers a thousand points of attack which a mere political platform avoids. Hence to secure its acceptance by the people there is an almost irresistible tendency to compromise upon the part of the framers. "Log-rolling" begins. Tommy-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you. If you will vote for the life tenure of judges, I will vote to abolish the Metropolitan Police. The consequence is, that such a Constitution does not embody the real principles of government as held by the party, and while it is accepted nobody is enthusiastic.

We are not speaking of this as a fact of the present Convention, but as an undeniable tendency of all Conventions similarly composed. Indeed, if this Convention had done nothing but equalize the suffrage among the male adults of the State, its action could not but be considered a radical improvement of the Constitution of 1846. We shall return to this subject next week.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

In the speculations upon the Presidency we hope the Vice-Presidency will not be forgotten. Three times in our history the Vice-President has been called to the Chief Magistracy by the death of the President; and the three "accidental" administrations have been among the most humiliating in our annals. But the present is the most disastrous and disgraceful of all.

Soon after the accession of Mr. Johnson to the Presidency, we told in these columns the history of his nomination. It was effected by the friends of Mr. Seward, and was a "Conservative" movement. The substantial and plausible argument urged was that, as the Convention was a "Union" Convention, and contained many delegates who were "Union" men but not strictly Republicans, it would be unfair to insist upon renominating the Chicago ticket of 1860, which was a pure party ticket; and as Mr. Lincoln must inevitably be the chief candidate, the second place should be given to some well-known Democrat who had been perfectly faithful during the war. Having come so far it was very easy to go farther, and add that, if there were such a phœnix as a well-known Democrat, who was also a Southerner, if possible, also, an ex-slaveholder, and who had made himself especially conspicuous for loyalty during the war, then Providence was peculiarly kind, and we had only to name him and sweep on to victory.

Upon such general grounds, and certain private, personal considerations belonging to party intrigue, Andrew Johnson was nominated. It is, however, scarcely possible to know less about a candidate than was known about him. To the outbreak of the war he had been a Senator of the violent Southern type. Since the war began he had fiercely denounced his late political allies, and had been subsequently made Military Governor of Tennessee, where he was heard of chiefly by occasional vehement speeches. There were rumors of bad personal habits which were heard privately; but no one could speak with authority, for nobody knew. Apparently nobody cared. Sure of Abraham Lincoln, what mattered the rest? A Union party must have a Union ticket. The Vice-President is a name merely. We must get all the strength we can. Three cheers for Abe and Andy!

Does the Republican party mean to repeat this intolerable folly? Have we not learned—and if we have not we never shall—that the Vice-President should be as carefully nominated as the President? When Mr. Seward was defeated at Chicago, in 1860, his utterly dismayed and disappointed partisans said that it was no matter who was nominated with the rail-splitter; the country was lost in any case. We appeal to the sober, earnest men of the country that this shall not be the spirit that dictates the next nomination for the Vice-Pres-

idency. Let us resolve in advance, and declare aloud that no man shall be nominated for Vice-President whom we would not support for President. Wire-pullers, intriguers, crafty politicians, shall be put aside, and statesmen, tried and true, approved by the heart and the mind of the loyal country, shall be those from whom the choice is made. Local claims are to be despised. There are men in our ranks whom the whole loyal land honors and loves; who are identified with the long, long struggle for the true American principle of the Government; whose service in the war, in whatever station they may have been, showed the exact Presidential qualities. Among those men, whether in public or private position, let our search be made; as we resolve that none but such a man—no mere local politician—shall be the Vice-President to whom, in the inscrutable future, the government of the country may be intrusted.

## ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

IN the March Number of *Harper's Magazine* we gave a brief sketch of the life of this distinguished and successful merchant. An allusion was made to his patriotism and his strong devotion to the Union during the recent rebellion. Nominally belonging to the Democratic party, and also an adopted citizen, he yet never for a moment faltered or doubted in regard to his duty to that flag to which he had sworn allegiance in early manhood. No considerations of personal interest deterred him from the expression of his sentiments. When Sumter fell there was probably two millions of dollars due him from merchants and others in the seceding States. A few debtors were willing and anxious to pay their Northern creditors. Many were quite willing, if possible, to wipe out their debts by war, or to allow the debts to be confiscated by the Confederate Government. One firm, largely indebted to Mr. STEWART, announced its intention not to pay if the report should prove true that he was a loyal and patriotic man.

The following letter, addressed to him, explains itself:

"MEMPHIS, *April* 20, 1861.

"*Mr. A. T. Stewart:*

"DEAR SIR,—I inclose you a telegraph dispatch which was published in our city papers yesterday morning, stating you had offered a million dollars to the U. S.

"I have only returned home a few days ago from your city, and many of my friends, knowing the fact, have asked me if it were possible that 'you had done as represented by this dispatch.' My reply was that *I* did *not* believe such to be *the fact*. Yet it has had more influence than a similar dispatch would have had had it have emanated from any other person than yourself. Among the business men throughout the South there are many of large wealth, to whom you and others have given credit, and who are now considering whether or not it is expedient to pay their Northern creditors under existing circumstances, and the conclusion is, that in justice to ourselves and our section of the country, that we will no longer assist those who *we did* hope would not attempt to conquer, degrade, or govern us by force. In determining *not* to meet (as heretofore) our maturings, we *do not* wish to be understood that it is our intention to *repudiate* our liabilities, or that we are not able to meet each note as it may mature. Such is not the case; for as regards our promptness and ability to pay, your books will show whether we faltered in '57 and '58, or in '60 and '61, and in both instances *we* were considerably *more* indebted to your house than any other in N. York; and it is unnecessary to state whether we asked you either time to hold up a single note of ours. It is our intention, as soon as the present hostile state of the country is adjusted, to immediately meet all our liabilities; and it is also our intention that what we may possess shall not be used in unreasonable demands of our creditors during the present condition of affairs; nor shall we apply the pittance we may have to those who would deprive us of our privileges and make us bow in submission to their dictates.

"Yours most respectfully,
"J. P. STRANGE, of
"SPEED, DONOHO, & STRANGE.

"P.S.—We this afternoon permitted our first note to be returned, amounting to only one hundred ninety-three $\frac{89}{100}$ dolls."

To this letter there was a prompt answer, and one worthy of enduring record, and which would have done honor to the most distinguished patriot even of the Revolution, though "to the manner born:"

"NEW YORK, *April* 29, 1861.

"DEAR SIR,—Your letter requesting to know whether or not I had offered a million of dollars to the Government for the purposes of the war, and at the same time informing me that neither yourself nor your friends would pay their debts to the firm as they mature, has been received.

"The intention not to pay seems to be nearly universal in the South, aggravated in your case by the assurance that it does not arise from inability; but whatever may be your determination, or that of others at the South, it shall not change *my* course. All that I have of position and wealth I owe to the free institutions of the United States, under which, in common with all others, North and South, protection to life, liberty, and property has been enjoyed in the fullest manner. The Government to which these blessings are due calls on her citizens to protect the capital of the Union from threatened assault; and although the offer to which you refer has not in terms been made by me, I yet dedicate all that I have, as I will, if need be, my life, to the service of the country, for to that country I am bound by the strongest ties of affection and duty.

"I had hoped that Tennessee would be loyal to the Constitution. But however extensive may be secession or repudiation, as long as there are any to uphold the sovereignty of the United States I shall be with them supporting the flag.

"Yours, etc.,
"ALEXANDER T. STEWART.

"To Mr. J. P. STRANGE, Memphis, Tenn."

But there was an unceasing watch kept over that firm of merchants, and the moment Tennessee was *reconstructed* a mailed hand was laid on them. There was no escape, and they were compelled to *pay* the uttermost farthing. The mills of the gods had ground slow, but they had ground exceeding fine.

## THE RESPONSIBILITY.

THE Albany *Argus*, in a late article upon the situation, declines to take any responsibility of the President and his performances; and adds, that the Republican party is responsible for the present condition of affairs because it elected Mr. JOHNSON, and has had control of the Government for so long a time.

This is as wise as the assertion that the Republican party was responsible for the war because there was no war until that party came into power. It was not the Democratic President who declared that there was no authority to prevent secession; nor the Democratic Attorney-General JEREMIAH BLACK who furnished that opinion; nor the Democratic Secretary FLOYD who sent arms to the rebels; nor the Democratic Secretary TOUSEY who dispersed the navy; nor the Democratic Secretary COBB who stabbed the national credit; nor the Democratic Secretary JACOB THOMPSON who organized conspiracy; nor the Democratic leaders in the Senate and House who withdrew to take up arms against the Government; nor the State Rights doctrines of the Democratic party interpreted in the light of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions; nor the inexorable necessities and insolent ambition and unscrupulous conduct of the slave interest in this country—none of all these are responsible for the late war, but the Republican party is alone guilty.

This party had the audacity to insist that the will of the slave interest should not be the government of the country; that the equal rights of citizens of the United States should every where be maintained; and that the Government should not be destroyed by rebels if patriotism and valor could save it. When, therefore, the Republican President, constitutionally elected, found a vast armed conspiracy, under the leadership of the Southern Democratic leaders, defying the authority of the Government, morally supported by the Democratic press, and Democratic Tweddle Hall and other conventions in the Northern States, and at last heard the gun fired by that conspiracy at the flag of the United States, he called upon the country to defend its Government, and the country responded. This was the responsibility of the Republican party for the war.

The alternative was the surrender of the Government to the armed demand of open rebellion, the total and disastrous failure of the representative republican system, and the unquestioned domination of a party whose sole aim was the erection of a huge empire founded upon human slavery. This was an alternative whose only supporters were found among the members of the Democratic party who to-day declare that the Republican party is responsible for the war.

Continuing our retrospect, which is very familiar but also very useful, we find that, during the war waged by the Southern Democratic leaders upon the Union, the same moral aid was rendered by the Northern wing by embarrassing in every way the action of the administration, until at last after more than three years of the conflict the Democratic party in their National Convention declared the war a failure, and virtually insisted that the Government should surrender to the rebels. And what did the Republican party? Steadily prosecuting the war, cherishing an unswerving faith in the result, supported by its profound confidence in the constancy of the nation, it supplied means and sympathy to the great cause. We do not forget the patriotism and liberality of many Democrats; but we are speaking of party action.

In the midst of the war came the Presidential election. In an unhappy moment, as we have elsewhere in this paper remarked, and deluded by a wholly mistaken magnanimity, the Republican party nominated a Democrat for the Vice-Presidency. And from that fatal error springs the present situation. The Republicans brought a wooden horse into their camp, and from his prolific belly issue all our woes. If the country is distracted, if reconstruction is postponed, if bitterness of feeling is doubly embittered, if there are commercial apathy and impending panic, if there are grave perils immediately menacing the country, it is because of the enormous error of the Republican party in electing a Democrat to the Vice-Presidency. Except for that the country would be at peace. But it is their sole error of the kind, and will not be repeated. But if one Democrat can make so much mischief in reconstruction, what would the whole Democratic party do if it could get a chance?

## GENERAL SICKLES ALSO.

THE peremptory removal of General SICKLES is only another indication of the superlative folly of the President. Whatever may be the merits of General CANBY, every body knows that General SICKLES is removed because of the earnestness and ability with which he has executed the will of the people in enforcing the reconstruction law. He, like SHERIDAN, is removed because his course is not agreeable to the late rebels, and is approved by all faithful Union men. The only conceivable effect of his removal will be delay in reorganizing North and South Carolina. The smouldering embers of rebellion revive under the Presidential breath. The rebel chiefs who were taught by the old political associates of ANDREW JOHNSON at the North to despise the character and purpose and patriotism of the free States, will despise them all the more that they could have been so deluded as to place him in his present position. Those men will not believe that he can help them back to power. But they see that they can help him to defy Congress. And they despise him as thoroughly as ever.

When Generals HANCOCK and CANBY arrive at their new posts of duty they will be tried by these leaders. If they remain as firm and true as SHERIDAN and SICKLES they will be opposed but respected. If they yield, and become mush under rebel manipulation, they will be used and scorned. Men like LONGSTREET, who acquiesce in the decision of the war, and are as anxious for peace as they were earnest in fighting, can only regret the dull folly which postpones a settlement. But the valiant editors of the newspapers at the South, which daily lament the lost cause in the most elaborate and defiant rhetoric, will shake their terrible pens at Congress all the more fiercely, and rejoice that the heel of Despotism has been wounded by the doughty warrior of the White House.

Delay in the reorganization which was so well begun, continued suffering and hopeless agitation, postponement of peace, a consequent possibility of more rigorous measures, and universal disgust, are the only results of such removals.

## A PLEASANT PICTURE.

THE following testimony to the character of the freedmen we take from the correspondence of the New York *Times*. That paper will not be suspected of employing correspondents to write Radical letters; and we have not seen an apparently truer picture of the actual conduct and temper of this important class of citizens. From the beginning of the war until now they have constantly justified the efforts made for them and the confidence felt in them by the other loyal people of the country:

"When the war was over the question, 'What shall we do with the blacks?' agitated the whole country. The very fact that the negro had been held to work all his life under compulsion was taken as an indication that under freedom he would *not* work, and would become an unmanageable and unendurable burden on the community. This anticipated evil found expression, on the part of the South, in the negro codes—a system of legislation next only in infamy to slavery itself. The establishment of the Freedmen's Bureau—an institution which, in spite of some attendant evils, has been of incalculable benefit to the South—happily broke this up, and the blacks were left free to choose their own employers. Well, to the joy of his friends and the discomfiture of his enemies, the negro became an industrious laborer. It is true things did not work very smoothly the first year, but they were a great deal better the second, and this year the demonstration of the industry and fidelity of the colored class is complete. Throughout the South there is only one answer to the question as to how the negroes are doing: 'Very well; better than could have been expected; better than ever before'—variant in form, but so strong in its cumulative evidence as to leave no doubt in the mind of any dispassionate observer.

"Then there came that severer test to the negro—he was made a citizen. This was a measure the wisdom of which was gravely doubted by the majority, even of those who really wished well to the colored man. I confess that when I went South I believed the enfranchisement of the blacks would prove a mistake; but I very soon perceived that it was at least a *necessity*. And, indeed, I have seen no fair-minded Southerner who does not admit that when the negro was deprived of the protection of his master it was absolutely necessary he should have that other protection which comes from the possession of political rights. But here again a pleasant surprise met us. To justify the faith reposed in him, the colored man began eagerly to fit himself by education for citizenship. The progress in this regard has been most astonishing. Not only are the children being taught, but adults show a passionate hunger for learning; and if an educational qualification had been required for voting, I believe that before the next election there would hardly have been a black man in the South that would not have been able to read and write. I must add that equally gratifying has been the improvement in morals—in honesty, truthfulness, and chastity."

## PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

SUCH is the precise character of science that those who are most familiar with chemistry have no difficulty in imitating nature exactly in the production of odors, colors, and some other equally curious exhibitions of what were once supposed to be beyond the ingenuity of man. There is not a fruit grown the rich juices of which are not imitated in manufacturing establishments so as to be more desirable than the original article copied, on the score of economy. Apple, plum, cherry, peach, raspberry, strawberry, pine-apple, and others, prized in confectionery, are used in confectionery houses instead of the real natural juice. Why are they not equally good and wholesome? They are as really the same thing as the juice of two pine-apples are intrinsically the same. Nature makes by one process, and science teaches how the component elements may be mixed and instantly produce precisely the same fluid, with its characteristic flavor. Our ice-creams, when apparently charged with the fresh juices of fruits, as they formerly were, are now dependent on these artificial productions for their excellent flavor of some favorite fruit. Colors, beautiful as the rainbow, of every imaginable hue, and brilliant as the tints of a rose-leaf or a violet, are extensively produced from coal dug out of the bowels of the earth. Science is the strong arm of an advancing civilization.

## CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO.

REFORMATORY efforts of the most persevering character have been brought to bear upon smokers, chewers, and snuff-takers without the least effect. Notwithstanding prohibitory laws, enormous taxation on the growth and sale of the terrible vegetable narcotic, its use has extended over the globe. The savage and the Christianized philosopher, the king and the peasant, are alike slaves to tobacco. Neither the denunciations of His Majesty James I. of England, or a Sultan of Turkey threatening to burn out the eyes with the hot ashes of his subjects who should smoke the hateful weed, which he resolved to drive from his dominions, ever checked its onward progress. Writers, philanthropists, lecturers, learned physicians, and men and women of all orders have reasoned against it, appealed to the common-sense of the people, plead with their friends and fought with a common enemy, to no earthly purpose. Tobacco is triumphant. Even the last great tax on the luxury of cigars and pigtail, by Congress, which seemed likely to limit its consumption, has had no more effect than beating an elephant with a feather. But in the mean while people die prematurely of palsy of the heart, cancerous stomachs, and diseased lungs from its excessive use; and they will continue to do so if half the world is depopulated by this vegetable tyrant.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

A FEW of the freedmen of the first and fourth districts of Georgia are advocating the propriety of running men of their own color for Congress. A colored Conservative candidate has been put forward, it is believed by the whites. The colored men repudiate him, and on August 31 mobbed a couple of colored orators who advocated his claims. Governor Orr, of South Carolina, expresses the opinion that the prominence of negroes in politics will produce a reaction in the North. Something of the same idea appears to have inspired the unreconstructed of Georgia to nominate a conservative negro.

Wade Hampton prefers the present military governments at the South to reconstruction on the terms accepted in Tennessee. He favored universal suffrage.

### NEWS ITEMS.

We trust we have had in the disastrous ending of the ocean trip of the little yacht *John T. Ford* the last of all ocean adventures which are inspired by the desire for notoriety or are originated by the spirit of gaming. There is no true, lasting glory to be won in any enterprise, however daring, however innocent, which has not a good and noble purpose in view; nor is there any true courage evinced in crossing the ocean in miniature ships, perfect in every respect and strong and stanch in proportion as the largest. Experienced navigators assert that there is no greater danger to such vessels in mid-ocean than in the calmest of our inland bays; and the experience of the *John T. Ford* clearly proves this. That vessel, the smallest ocean vessel ever built, after safely crossing the ocean was capsized by a sudden squall in the English channel at the moment the voyage was being concluded. Captain Charles A. Gold, and Edmund Murphy were drowned; and the one passenger who was carried out was saved only to find himself set down as a foolish fellow for his venturesome spirit. At the time of the sailing of the *Ford* we gave an engraving of the vessel, and portraits of Captain Gold and the seaman Murphy. Those of our readers interested in the subject will find the engravings and particulars of the vessel in the *Weekly* for June 1, 1867.

The tunnel of the Central Pacific Railroad through the Sierra Nevada mountains, 1658 feet in length, was finished on August 29.

A brutal prize fight between two ruffians known as "Mike M'Coole" and "Aaron Jones" occurred at Busenback's Station, Ohio, on August 31. Two thousand persons witnessed it. Jones, "a professional," was deservedly well whipped, and the other, "an amateur," was soundly punished.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

NAPOLEON has lately been indulging extensively in speeches. At Arras, on August 2, he said in a very oracular manner: "Weak Governments often seek to divert public attention from domestic troubles by fomenting foreign quarrels. On the other hand, those Governments which rest on the national will, have strength, and need only resort to whatever shall tend to promote the permanent interests of the country, as a means of upholding the honor of the national flag." At Lille he expressed the hope "that commerce would improve with the certainty of peace." At Amiens he declared that the glory of France had not been tarnished in Mexico, and said he was certain the peace of Europe would not be disturbed.

Mosquera, of Columbia, and Santa Anna, of Mexico, after agitating their respective countries for many years, inciting and sustaining civil wars which have retarded their progress and placed them far behind other nations in civilization, power, and influence, have been indicted and are to be shortly tried for the crime of treason.

## SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

[WE reproduce on this page the interesting engraving of "Sheridan's Ride to the Front," published three years ago; and in connection with it we give the spirited verses of T. BUCHANAN READ, now well known and admired throughout the country. It will be seen by the following note from the distinguished author that the poem was inspired by the picture of Mr. EYTINGE:

"NEW YORK, *Aug.* 29, 1867.

"*Ed. Harper's Weekly:*

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your question, it gives me pleasure to acknowledge that the spirited picture which you published of 'Sheridan's Ride' inspired me with the final impulse to write the poem.

"Very respectfully, T. BUCHANAN READ."]

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray:
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

EMMANUEL CHURCH, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

## TALKING OVER OLD TIMES.

THERE is hardly a day passes in which we do not receive one or more manuscripts of war reminiscences, stories, or anecdotes; there are dozens of war histories now being published; the daily papers frequently publish war documents just unearthed; allusions to the late war obtrude into every conversation; and it would seem that the people can not forget, even in the midst of the present great political excitement, "the old war times." They never tire of reading and talking and hearing of it; and every village—almost every farm, can furnish a prototype for the soldier in our engraving who tells the story of "how we won the day." The picture will appeal to all.

## EPISCOPAL CHURCH AT CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.

WE illustrate on this page the parish church of Alleghany County, at Cumberland, Maryland. Emmanuel Church is built of a yellow stone obtained from a neighboring quarry. It is built on "Fort Hill," which is nearly in the centre of the city. A fine view is had from the church; the city with its steeples and winding ways is scattered beneath and around; mountain and hill, creek and canal, with the ever-busy railroad, are seen on either hand. The scenery of Cumberland, picturesque from any stand-point, is essentially so from "Fort Hill," once the site of a defensive work during the Colonial Indian Wars, and mentioned in the correspondence of WASHINGTON, who was frequently in its neighborhood. Cumberland, it may be added, is a place containing over 12,000 inhabitants; and on the latest map of the State is set down as the second city of Maryland, being next to Baltimore in population.

TALKING OVER OLD TIMES—"HOW WE WON THE DAY."—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

## Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

### CHAPTER V.

MR. SHELDON IS BENEVOLENT.

NANCY WOOLPER had lost little of her activity during the ten years that had gone by since she received her wages from Mr. Sheldon on his breaking up his establishment in Fitzgeorge Street. Her master had given her the opportunity of remaining in his service, had she so pleased; but Mrs. Woolper was a person of independent, not to say haughty, spirit, and she had preferred to join her small fortunes with those of a nephew who was about to begin business as a chandler and general dealer in a very small way, rather than to submit herself to the sway of that lady whom she insisted on calling Miss Georgy.

"It's so long since I've been used to a missus," she said, when announcing her decision to Mr. Sheldon, "I doubt if I could do with Miss Georgy's finnickin ways. I should feel tewed like, if she came into the kitchen, worritin' and asking questions. I've been used to my own ways, and I don't suppose I could do with hers."

So Nancy departed, to enter on a career of unpaid drudgery in the household of her kinsman, and to lose the last shilling of her small savings in the futile endeavor to sustain the fortunes of the general dealer. His death, following very speedily upon his insolvency, left the poor soul quite adrift; and in this extremity she had been fain to make her appeal to Mr. Sheldon. His reply came in due course, but not without upward of a week's delay; during which time Nancy Woolper's spirits sank very low, while a dreary vision of a living grave, called a workhouse, loomed more and more darkly upon her poor old eyes. She had well-nigh given up all hope of succor from her old master when the letter came, and she was the more inclined to be grateful for very small help after this interval of suspense. It was not without strong emotion that Mrs. Woolper obeyed her old master's summons. She had nursed the hard, cold man of the world whom she was going to see once more after ten years of severance; and though it was more difficult for her to imagine that Philip Sheldon the stock-broker was the same Philip she had carried in her stout arms and hushed upon her breast forty years ago than it would have been to fancy the dead who had lived in those days restored to life and walking by her side, still she could not forget that such things had been, and could not refrain from looking at her master with more loving eyes because of that memory.

A strange, dark cloud had arisen between her and her master's image during the latter part of her service in Fitzgeorge Street; but little by little the cloud had melted away, leaving the familiar image clear and unshadowed as of old. She had suffered her mind to be filled by a suspicion so monstrous that for a time it held her as by some fatal spell; but with reflection came the assurance that this thing could not be. Day by day she saw the man whom she had suspected, going about the common business of his life, coldly serene of aspect, untroubled of manner, confronting fortune with his head erect, living quietly in the house where he had been wont to live, haunted by no dismal shadows, subject to no dark hours of remorse, no sudden access of despair, always equable, business-like, and untroubled; and she told herself that such a man could not be guilty of the unutterable horror she had imagined.

For a year things had gone on thus, and then came the marriage with Mrs. Halliday. Mr. Sheldon went down to Barlingford for the performance of that interesting ceremony; and Nancy Woolper bade farewell to the house in Fitzgeorge Street, and handed the key to the agent, who was to deliver it in due course to Mr. Sheldon's successor.

To-day, after a lapse of more than ten years, Mrs. Woolper sat in the stock-broker's study, facing the scrutinizing gaze of those bright black eyes, which had been familiar to her of old, and which had lost none of their cold glitter in the wear and tear of life.

"Then you think you can be of some use in the house, as a kind of overlooker of the other servants, eh, Nancy—to prevent waste and gadding out of doors, and so on?" said Mr. Sheldon, interrogatively.

"Ay, sure, that I can, Mr. Philip," answered the old woman, promptly; "and if I don't save you more money than I cost you, the sooner you turn me out o' doors the better. I know what London servants are, and I know their ways; and if Miss Georgy doesn't take to the housekeeping, I know as how things must be hugger-mugger-like below stairs, however smart and tidy things may be above."

"Mrs. Sheldon knows about as much of housekeeping as a baby," replied Philip, with supreme contempt. "She'll not interfere with you; and if you serve me faithfully—"

"That I allers did, Mr. Philip."

"Yes, yes; I dare say you did. But I want faithful service in the future as well as in the past. Of course you know that I have a step-daughter?"

"Tom Halliday's little girl, as went to school at Scarborough."

"The same. But poor Tom's little girl is now a fine young woman, and a source of considerable anxiety to me. I am bound to say she is an excellent girl—amiable, obedient, and all that kind of thing; but she *is* a girl, and I freely confess that I am not learned in the ways of girls; and I'm very much inclined to be afraid of them."

"As how, Sir?"

"Well, you see, Nancy, they come home from school with their silly heads full of romantic stuff, fit for nothing but to read novels and strum upon the piano; and before you know where you are they fall over head and ears in love with the first decent-looking young man who pays them a compliment. At least that's my experience."

"Meaning Miss Halliday, Sir?" asked Nancy, simply. "Has she fallen in love with some young chap?"

"She has, and with a young chap who is not yet in a position to support a wife. Now, if this girl were my own child, I should decidedly set my face against this marriage; but as she is only my step-daughter, I wash my hands of all responsibility in the matter. 'Marry the man you have chosen, my dear,' say I; 'all I ask is that you don't marry him until he can give you a comfortable home.' 'Very well, papa,' says my young lady, in her most dutiful manner; and 'Very well, Sir,' says my young gentleman; and they both declare themselves agreeable to any amount of delay, provided the marriage comes off some time between this and doomsday."

"Well, Sir?" asked Nancy, rather at a loss to understand why Philip Sheldon, the closest and most reserved of men, should happen to be so confidential to-day.

"Well, Nancy, what I want to prevent is any underhand work. I know what very limited notions of honor young men are apt to entertain nowadays, and how intensely foolish a boarding-school miss can be on occasion. I don't want these young people to run off to Gretna Green some fine morning, or to steal a march upon me by getting married on the sly at some out-of-the-way church, after having invested their united fortunes in the purchase of a special license. In plain words, I distrust Miss Halliday's lover, and I distrust Miss Halliday's common-sense; and I want to have a sensible, sharp-eyed person in the house always on the look-out for any kind of danger, and able to protect my step-daughter's interests as well as my own."

"But the young lady's mamma, Sir—she would look after her daughter, I suppose?"

"Her mamma is foolishly indulgent, and about as capable of taking care of her daughter as of sitting in Parliament. You remember pretty Georgy Cradock, and you must know what she was—and what she is. Mrs. Sheldon is the same woman as Georgy Cradock—a little older, and a little more plump and rosy; but just as pretty, and just as useless."

The interview was prolonged for some little time after this, and it ended in a thorough understanding between Mr. Sheldon and his old servant. Nancy Woolper was to re-enter that gentleman's service, and, over and above all ordinary duties, she was to undertake the duty of keeping a close watch upon all the movements of Charlotte Halliday. In plain words, she was to be a spy, a private detective, so far as this young lady was concerned; but Mr. Sheldon was too wise to put his requirements into plain words, well knowing that even in the hour of her extremity Nancy Woolper would have refused to fill such an office had she clearly understood the measure of its infamy.

Upon the day that followed his interview with Mrs. Woolper the stock-broker came home from the City an hour or two earlier than his custom, and startled Miss Halliday by appearing in the garden where she was walking alone, looking her brightest and prettiest in her dark winter hat and jacket, and pacing briskly to and fro among the bare frost-bound patches of earth that had once been flower-beds.

"I want a few minutes' quiet talk with you, Lotta," said Mr. Sheldon. "You'd better come into my study, where we're pretty sure not to be interrupted."

The girl blushed crimson as she acceded to this request, being assured that Mr. Sheldon was going to discuss her matrimonial engagement. Valentine had told her of that very satisfactory interview in the dining-room, and from that time she had been trying to find an opportunity for the acknowledgment of her step-father's generosity. As yet the occasion had not arisen. She did not know how to frame her thanksgiving, and she shrank shyly from telling Mr. Sheldon how grateful she was to him for the liberality of mind which had distinguished his conduct in this affair.

"I really ought to thank him," she said to herself more than once. "I was quite prepared for his doing his uttermost to prevent my marriage with Valentine; and, instead of that, he volunteers his consent, and even promises to give us a fortune. I am bound to thank him for such generous kindness."

Perhaps there is no task more difficult than to offer grateful tribute to a person whom one has been apt to think of with a feeling very near akin to dislike. Ever since her mother's second marriage Charlotte had striven against an instinctive distaste for Mr. Sheldon's society, and an innate distrust of Mr. Sheldon's affectionate regard for herself; but now that he had proved his sincerity in this most important crisis of her life, she awoke all at once to the sense of the wrong she had done.

"I am always reading the Sermon on the Mount, and yet in my thoughts about Mr. Sheldon I have never been able to remember those words: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' His kindness touches me to the very heart, and I feel it all the more keenly because of my injustice."

She followed her step-father into the prim little study. There was no fire, and the room was colder than a vault on this bleak December day. Charlotte shivered, and drew her jacket more tightly across her chest as she perched herself on one of Mr. Sheldon's shining red morocco chairs.

"The room strikes cold," she said; "very, very cold."

After this there was a brief pause, during which Mr. Sheldon took some papers from the pocket of his over-coat and arranged them on his desk with an absent manner, as if he were rather deliberating upon what he was going to say than thinking of what he was doing. While he loitered thus Charlotte found courage to speak.

"I wish to thank you, Mr. Sheldon—papa," she said, pronouncing the "papa" with some slight appearance of effort, in spite of her desire to be grateful: "I—I have been wishing to thank you for the last day or two; only it seems so difficult sometimes to express one's self about these things."

"I do not deserve or wish for your thanks, my dear. I have only done my duty."

"But, indeed, you do deserve my thanks, and you have them in all sincerity, papa. You have been very, very good to me—about—about Valentine. I thought you would be sure to oppose our marriage on the ground of imprudence, you know, and—"

"I do oppose your marriage in the present on the ground of imprudence, and I am only consentient to it in the future on the condition that Mr. Hawkehurst shall have secured a comfortable income by his literary labors. He seems to be clever, and he promises fairly—"

"Oh yes, indeed, dear papa," cried the girl, pleased by this meed of praise for her lover; "he is more than clever. I am sure you would say so if you had time to read his article on Madame de Sévigné in the *Cheapside*."

"I dare say it's very good, my dear; but I don't care for Madame de Sévigné—"

"Or his sketch of Bossuet's career in the *Charing Cross*."

"My dear child, I do not even know who Bossuet was. All I require from Mr. Hawkehurst is, that he shall earn a good income before he takes you away from this house. You have been accustomed to a certain style of living, and I can not allow you to encounter a life of poverty."

"But, dear papa, I am not in the least afraid of poverty."

"I dare say not, my dear. You have never been poor," replied Mr. Sheldon, coolly. "I don't suppose I am as much afraid of a rattlesnake as the poor wretches who are accustomed to see one swinging by his tail from the branch of a tree any day in the course of their travels. I have only a vague idea that a cobra de capello is an unpleasant customer; but depend upon it, those foreign fellows feel their blood stagnate and turn to ice at sight of the cold slimy-looking monster. Poverty and I traveled the same road once, and I know what the gentleman is. I don't want to meet him again."

Mr. Sheldon lapsed into silence after this. His last words had been spoken to himself rather than to Charlotte, and the thoughts that accompanied them seemed far from pleasant to him.

Charlotte sat opposite her step-father, patiently awaiting his pleasure. She looked at the gaudily-bound books behind the glass doors, and wondered whether any one had ever opened any of the volumes.

"I should like to read dear Sir Walter's stories once more," she thought; "there never, never was so sweet a romance as the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and I can not imagine that one could ever grow weary of reading it. But to ask Mr. Sheldon for the key of that book-case would be quite impossible. I think his books must be copies of special editions, not meant to be read. I wonder whether they are real books, or only upholsterer's dummies?"

And then her fancies went vagabondizing off to that little archetype of a cottage on the heights of Wimbledon Common, in which she and Valentine were to live when they were married. She was always furnishing and refurnishing this cottage, building it up and pulling it down, as the caprice of the moment dictated. Now it had bow-windows and white stuccoed walls—now it was Elizabethan—now the simplest, quaintest, rose-embowered cottager's dwelling, with diamond-paned casements, and deep thatch upon the old gray roof. This afternoon she amused herself by collecting a small library for Valentine, while waiting Mr. Sheldon's next observation. He was to have all her favorite books, of course; and they were to be bound in the prettiest, most girlish bindings. She could see the dainty volumes, primly ranged on the little carved oak book-case, which Valentine was to "pick up" in Wardour Street. She fancied herself walking down that mart of bric-a-brac arm in arm with her lover, intent on "picking up." Ah, what happiness! what dear delight in the thought! And oh, of all the bright dreams we dream, how few are realized upon this earth! Do they find their fulfillment in heaven, those visions of perfect bliss?

Mr. Sheldon looked up from his desk at last. Miss Halliday remarked to herself that his face was pale and haggard in the chill wintry sunlight; but she knew how hard and self-denying a life he led in his stern devotion to business, and she was in no manner surprised to see him looking ill.

"I want to say a few words to you on a matter of business, Lotta," he began, "and I must ask you to give me all your attention."

"I will do so with pleasure, papa, but I am awfully stupid about business."

"I shall do my best to make matters simple. I suppose you know what money your father left, including the sums his life had been insured for?"

"Yes, I have heard mamma say it was eighteen thousand pounds. I do so hate the idea of those insurances. It seems like the price of a man's life, doesn't it? I dare say that is a very unbusiness-like way of considering the question, but I can not bear to think that we got money by dear papa's death."

These remarks were too trivial for Mr. Sheldon's notice. He went on with what he had to say, in the cold hard voice that was familiar to his clerks and to the buyers and sellers of shares and stock who had dealings with him.

"Your father left eighteen thousand pounds; that amount was left to your mother, without reservation. When she married me, without any settlement, that money became mine, in point of law—mine to squander or make away with as I pleased. You know that I have made good use of that money, and that your mother has had no reason to repent her confidence in my honor and honesty. The time has now come in which that honor will be put to a sharper test. You have no legal claim on so much as a shilling of your father's fortune."

"I know that, Mr. Sheldon," cried Charlotte, eagerly, "and Valentine knows also; and, believe me, I do not expect—"

"I have to settle matters with my own conscience as well as with your expectations, my dear Lotta," Mr. Sheldon said, solemnly. "Your father left you unprovided for; but, as a man of honor, I feel myself bound to take care that you shall not suffer by his want of caution. I have therefore prepared a deed of gift, by which I transfer to you five thousand pounds, now invested in Unitas Bank shares."

"You are going to give me five thousand pounds!" cried Charlotte, astounded.

"Without reservation."

"You mean to say that you will give me this fortune when I marry, papa?" said Charlotte, interrogatively.

"I shall give it to you immediately," replied Mr. Sheldon. "I wish you to be thoroughly independent of me and my pleasure. You will then understand that if I insist upon the prudence of delay, I do so in your interest and not in my own. I wish you to feel that if I am a hindrance to your immediate marriage, it is not because I wish to delay the disbursement of your dowry."

"Oh, Mr. Sheldon—oh, papa, you are more than generous—you are noble! It is not that I care for the money. Oh, believe me, there is no one in the world who could care less for that than I do. But your thoughtful kindness, your generosity, touches me to the very heart. Oh, please let me kiss you, just as if you were my own dear father come back to life to protect and guide me. I have thought you cold and worldly. I have done you so much wrong."

She ran to him, and wound her arms about his neck before he could put her off, and lifted up her pretty rosy mouth to his dry, hot lips. Her heart was overflowing with generous emotion, her face beamed with a happy smile. She was so pleased to find her mother's husband better than she had thought him. But, to her supreme astonishment, he thrust her from him roughly, almost violently; and looking up at his face she saw it darkened by a blacker shadow than she had ever seen upon it before. Anger, terror, pain, remorse, she knew not what, but an expression so horrible that she shrunk from him with a sense of alarm, and went back to her chair, bewildered and trembling.

"You frightened me, Mr. Sheldon," she said, faintly.

"Not more than you frightened me," answered the stock-broker, walking to the window and taking his stand there, with his face hidden from Charlotte. "I did not know there was so much feeling in me. For God's sake, let us have no sentiment."

"Were you angry with me just now?" asked the girl, falteringly, utterly at a loss to comprehend the change in her step-father's manner.

"No, I was not angry. I am not accustomed to these strong emotions," replied Mr. Sheldon, huskily; "I can not stand them. Pray let us avoid all sentimental discussion. I am anxious to do my duty in a straightforward, business-like way. I don't want gratitude—or fuss. The five thousand pounds are yours, and I am pleased to find you consider the amount sufficient."

Miss Halliday was not at all elated by the idea of coming suddenly into possession of five thousand pounds; but she was very much impressed by the new view of Mr. Sheldon's character afforded her by his conduct to-day. And then her thoughts, constant to one point as the needle to the pole, reverted to her lover, and she began to think of the effect her fortune might have upon his prospects. He might go to the bar, he might work and study in pleasant Temple chambers, with wide airy windows overlooking the river, and read law-books in the evening at the Wimbledon cottage for a few delightful years, at the end of which he would of course become Lord Chancellor. That he should devote such intellect and consecrate such genius as his to the service of his country's law-courts and *not* ultimately seat himself on the Woolsack, was a contingency not to be imagined by Miss Halliday. Ah, what would not five thousand pounds buy for him! The cottage expanded into a mansion, the little case of books developed into a library second only to that of the Duc d'Aumale, a noble steed waited at the glass door of the vestibule to convey Mr. Hawkehurst to the Temple, before the minute-hand of Mr. Sheldon's stern skeleton clock had passed from one figure to another: so great an adept was this young lady in the art of castle-building.

"Am I to tell mamma about this conversation?" asked Charlotte, presently.

"Well, no, I think not," replied Mr. Sheldon, thoughtfully. "These family arrangements can not be kept too quiet. Your mamma is a talking person, you know, Charlotte; and as we don't want every one in this part of Bayswater to know the precise amount of your fortune, we may as well let matters rest as they are. Of course you would not wish Mr. Hawkehurst to be enlightened?"

"Why not, papa?"

"For several reasons. First and foremost, it must be pleasant to you to be sure that he is

thoroughly disinterested. I have told him that you will have something as a gift from me; but he may have implied that the something would be little more than a couple of hundreds to furnish a house. Secondly, it must be remembered that he has been brought up in a bad school, and the best way to make him self-reliant and industrious is to let him think he has nothing but his own industry to depend upon. I have set him a task. When he has accomplished that he shall have you and your five thousand pounds to boot. Till then I should strongly advise you to keep this business a secret."

"Yes," answered Charlotte, meditatively; "I think you are right. It would have been very nice to tell him of your kindness; but I want to be quite sure that he loves me for myself alone—from first to last—without one thought of money."

"That is wise," said Mr. Sheldon, decisively; and thus ended the interview.

Charlotte accompanied her step-father to the City early next morning, and assisted in a little commercial juggling, in the form of signing and counter-signing, which was quite beyond her comprehension; after which operation she was owner of five thousand pounds in Unitas Bank shares, and that the dividends accruing from time to time on those shares would be hers to dispose of as she pleased.

"The income arising from your capital will be more than you can spend so long as you remain under my roof," said Mr. Sheldon. "I should therefore strongly recommend you to invest your dividends as they arise, and thus increase your capital."

"You are so kind and thoughtful," murmured Charlotte; "I shall always be pleased to take your advice."

She was strongly impressed by the kindness of the man her thoughts had wronged.

"How difficult it is to understand these reserved, matter-of-fact people!" she said to herself. "Because my step-father does not talk sentiment I have fancied him hard and worldly; and yet he has proved himself as capable of doing a noble action as if he were the most poetical of mankind."

Mrs. Sheldon had been told that Charlotte was going into the City to choose a new watch, wherewith to replace the ill-used little Geneva toy that had been her delight as a school-girl; and as Charlotte brought home a neat little English-made chronometer from a renowned emporium on Ludgate Hill the simple matron accepted this explanation in all good faith.

"I'm sure, Lotta, you must confess your step-father is kindness itself in most matters," said Georgy, after an admiring examination of the new watch. "When I think how kindly he has taken this business about Mr. Hawkehurst, and how disinterested he has proved himself in his ideas about your marriage, I really am inclined to think him the best of men."

Georgy said this with an air of triumph. She could not forget that there were people in Barlingford who had said hard things about Philip Sheldon, and had prophesied unutterable miseries for herself and her daughter as the bitter consequence of the imprudence she had been guilty of in her second marriage.

"He has indeed been very good, mamma," Charlotte replied, gravely; "and, believe me, I am truly grateful. He does not like fuss or sentiment; but I hope he knows that I appreciate his kindness."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SOME twenty years ago, when Taylor's Ice-Cream Saloon was first opened, and occupied the ground-floor of a common dwelling-house on Broadway, a couple of medical students started out one warm summer evening on a somewhat eccentric tour. They left their then "up town" dwelling-house with the resolution to walk down Broadway and take an ice-cream at every saloon they passed between home and the Park. When they reached Taylor's they had only one more establishment to visit—Thompson & Weller's we think it was—to complete their undertaking. Not a very severe or hazardous task was it in those days either. But if a body should start from an "up town" boarding-place nowadays, and walk down Broadway eating an ice-cream at every saloon till he reached the Park, we wonder how he would feel when he got there!

The time was, and not so *very* long ago, when the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan hotels were quite too far "up town" to suit the convenience of merchants—when a residence in Union Square was deemed altogether too much out of the way for business men. A gradual and steady progress "up town" has been going on during all these years; and within the past few months the changes which have taken place are striking and numerous. Union Square is rapidly becoming a popular business section. Private residences are being turned into groceries, restaurants, and clothing stores. Dr. Cheever's Church is being prepared for an exhibition of paintings this fall, and will be christened "Pilgrim Hall." A large carriage emporium is in progress of erection on the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

Every thing seems to be tending toward the Central Park. Churches, hotels, museums, opera-houses, theatres, charitable institutions, etc., etc., are rapidly being erected in the upper sections of the city. A new Methodist Episcopal church is in progress of erection at the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue. A Reformed Dutch church is to be built at the corner of Forty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. A handsome Club House is nearly finished at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue. Booth's Theatre, corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, is in progress; and many hotels, asylums, and other public buildings, indicate by their locality that the tide is pressing upward.

During the past season the Commissioners of the Central Park have afforded facilities for ball-playing to a large number of boys from the public schools of the city. It is intended next season to set apart one or more grounds where the girls of the schools can play at croquet and other games under regulations adapted to their amusement and protection. Also extensive arrangements have been made, and still are in progress, for the amusement and accommodation of a still younger class of children who are not able to engage in set, active games.

Those who have "Rooms to Let" should understand a "new dodge." Two young men, well dressed, and apparently respectable, recently called at a house and requested the lady to show some rooms which were advertised to let. One of them went up stairs to see the rooms, the other remained below. They soon left, and after they had gone it was discovered that a watch and several other articles were missing.

Sad cases of destitution are far more common than those who live in comfort and luxury ever suppose. A short time since a woman and a young child were discovered in a tenement-house in Brooklyn dying from sheer starvation. The wretched woman had been abandoned by her husband, and being taken ill, preferred to starve rather than expose her condition. Another woman, living in Williamsburg, was found in a helpless condition alone with one dying infant only a few days old, and another child lying dead in the room in a state of decomposition.

Madame Ristori will return to this city early in September, and about the middle of the month reappear at the French Theatre.

About the middle of October a singular trial of strength in walking is to be commenced. Weston, the young pedestrian, who created somewhat of a sensation in 1861 by walking from Boston to Washington, has arranged to walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, a distance of 1200 miles, in twenty-six walking days, the sum of $10,000 being the wager. This task is to be performed within thirty days from starting, Sundays being devoted to rest; the post-road is to be followed, and Weston is to walk 100 consecutive miles inside of twenty-four consecutive hours as a part of the feat, he being privileged to make five trials, on such days as he may select, provided he fails in his first attempt. He will be accompanied by sworn witnesses, who are to follow him in a wagon, and are to make statement under oath as to his progress. Exercise is a good thing, but this appears to be "too much of a good thing."

A certain enterprising young journal is accustomed to advertise as having "the largest circulation of any paper *of its class* in the country." Something similar said Johnny when his father asked him, "Well, my son, where are you now in the spelling-class?" "Next to the head." "And how many are there in your class?" "I and another little boy."

A patent has been taken out for a car which can be used in transporting fresh meats in warm weather without their becoming injured. Recently a car of this kind has been tested in bringing meat from Ohio, and with perfect success. The sides of the car are double, the space between being filled with strips of cork. At each end, near the top of the car, is a chamber filled with ice. A large fan works in a circular opening at the top of the car, forcing a current of air down through the ice. The cold air then rises up at the bottom, and circulates all through the car. As the ice melts the water and the impure air escape through the bottom of the car.

A distressed applicant for divorce in St. Louis states her grievances something as follows: 1. She was not allowed on the wedding-tour to have a fire at the hotel because of expense. 2. She had a tough beef-steak for breakfast. 3. Her husband would not furnish her with a feather-bed; and last, but not least, he did not pass her the mutton-chops and vegetables at dinner, but left her to help herself!

An "Elevated Bedstead" has been patented which may prove wonderfully convenient if house rents should increase. The object of this invention is to so arrange bedsteads in apartments where room is to be economized, that they may be completely concealed during daytime. The invention consists in suspending the bedstead by means of ropes or cords from the ceiling of the room, the ropes passing over pulleys that are provided in the ceilings, so that by pulling the ropes the bedstead may be elevated to the ceiling and be fitted in a recess provided therein for its reception.

Imagination has an extraordinary influence on the human mind and body. An example in point recently occurred. The Eastern Express Company received on board a Boston boat a long box, addressed to Halifax. It was marked "*head*" and "*feet*," and those who had any thing to do with it drew their own inferences. The hands, in putting the box on board, detected an unpleasant smell issuing from it, which was considered nothing unusual. The smell increased during the passage, so that every body shunned the box, and it was got rid of as soon as the boat reached her wharf. So offensive was the odor that it would not be allowed in the warehouse. The first teamster sent to remove it from the wharf would not put it into his wagon; and a second one was so affected by the smell that he became sick and giddy. Finally, it was got into the wagon, and hurried to the office; where somebody determined to investigate. A hatchet was procured, and one of the boards lifted. A very handsome carved Indian figure in wood was disclosed to the gaze of the crest-fallen teamsters, every thing about it as clean and as sweet as a new planed board! It was intended as a sign for some enterprising tobacconist.

In Paris the omnibuses are provided with stairs which lead to the top. The fare on top is three sous or cents; inside six sous. A sign at the end states the number of seats inside and on top, and when these are filled the sign "Complet" is exhibited, and no one else is allowed or even thinks of entering. A man is always stationed at the entrance, on the steps, to collect fare and see that all is conducted properly. The Paris cabs are a small covered carriage to accommodate from two to four passengers. Before you enter the driver is required to hand you a card containing the number of his cab and the price to be charged. The price for going to any one part of the city is one and a half francs; or if you wish the cab by the hour you pay two and a quarter francs. There are more than nine thousand such cabs in the city.

The following incident is said—with what truth we know not—to have occurred in a certain church in Scotland. One Sunday, at the close of the afternoon service, the good parson descended from the pulpit to the desk below, and said in a calm, clear voice:

"Those desiring to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony will now come forward."

No one stirred. The silence became almost audible, and a painful sense of awkwardness among those present was felt, when a young gentleman who occupied a seat in the broad aisle during the service slowly and deliberately walked to the foot of the altar. He was good-looking and well dressed, but no female accompanied his travels. When he arrived within a respectful distance of the clergyman he paused, and with a reverend bow stepped to one side of the aisle, but neither said any thing, nor seemed at all disconcerted at the idea of being married alone.

The clergyman looked anxiously around for the bride, who he supposed was yet to arrive, and at length remarked to the young gentleman in an undertone:

"The lady, Sir, is dilatory."

"Yes, Sir."

"Had you better not defer the ceremony?"

"I think not."

"Do you suppose she will be here soon?"

"Me, Sir?" said the young gentleman; "how should I know the lady's movements?"

A few moments were suffered to elapse in this unpleasant state of expectancy, when the clergyman renewed his interrogatories.

"Did the lady promise to attend at the present hour, Sir?"

"What lady?"

"Why, the lady, to be sure, that you are waiting here for."

"I did not hear any thing about it," was the unsatisfactory response.

"Then, Sir, may I ask you why you are here, and for what purpose you thus trifle in the sanctuary of the Most High?" said the somewhat enraged clerical.

"I came, Sir, simply because you invited all those desiring to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to step forward, and I happened to entertain such a wish. I am very sorry to have misunderstood you, Sir, and I wish you a very good-day."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN Irish priest wishing to explain the nature of a miracle to a skeptical parishioner gave the wretch a tremendous kick.

"Did it hurt ye?" asked the reverend father.

"Hurt!" exclaimed the victim, tenderly solacing the aggrieved region with his hand.

"Well, then," said the clergyman, complacently, "it would have been a miracle if it *hadn't* hurt ye!"

Why is a kiss like the creation of the world?—Because it is made of nothing, and is all very good.

A correspondent writes to ask if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled?—The only information we can give him on that point is, that we have often seen it furrowed.

An old bachelor remarks that though the Scripture says "the glory of a woman is in her hair," it nowhere says that the glory of any woman is in any other woman's hair.

### A CROQUET PROBLEM.

Given—the smoothest of lawns,
With the turf closely cut and elastic;
Given—the fairest of girls,
With spirits enthusiastic;
Given—a number of swells,
Of the type most delightful and pleasing;
Given—sides made up of these,
With the usual chaffing and teasing;
Given—the hoops duly placed,
And the mallets and balls all selected;
Given—the game has commenced,
Then this to find out you're expected:
What length of time will it be—
Allowing for feints and pretenses—
Ere, in the course of the game,
"Spooning" in earnest commences?

HIC, HEC, HOC.—When the Rev. Dr. Patton was in England he dined with several gentlemen who used a great variety of arguments to make him give up his cold-water principles. "Now here," said one—"here, Doctor, is some good old hock; surely you can't decline this!" "Can't?" replied the Doctor; "why, Sir, I learned to decline it when a boy; hic, hec, hoc." The table was in a roar, and the Doctor came off triumphant.

### SONG WRITERS.

The man who sang "I am Lonely since my Mother Died," isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his step-mother makes it lively enough for him.

The author of "The Old Arm-chair" is still in the furniture business.

The one who gave "The Old Folks at Home" to the world has recently taken them to the poor-house, as they were getting troublesome.

The author of "Life on the Ocean Wave" is gratifying his taste for the sea by tending saw-mill.

The disconsolate one who sings, "Have you seen my Maggie?" has heard of her. Another feller informs him through the music store that "Maggie's by my side."

"I'd offer thee this hand of mine" has been sued for breach of promise.

The author of "Roll on, silver moon" has opened a ball-alley. Silver moon can't roll on his alley without paying for it.

The author of "Three Blind Mice" has started a menagerie with them.

The man who wrote "Five o'clock in the morning" found that no saloons were open at that early hour where he could get his bitters, so he lies abed rather later now.

The author of "Shells of Ocean" is in the clam business.

A clergyman, one Sunday, at the close of his sermon, gave notice to the congregation that, in the course of the week, he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of his parishioners exclaimed, "Why, my dear Sir, you have never told us one word of this before! What shall we do?" "Oh, brother," said the minister, "I don't expect to go out of town."

DY(E)ING FOR LOVE.

ROSE. "I'll DYE for him."
ETHEL. "DIE for him; what nonsense!"
ROSE. "I mean my hair, dear."

THE LATEST FROM LONG BRANCH.

AFFECTIONATE WIFE (*in Town*). "And so you're sure there's no necessity for me to go down to Long Branch to see my poor dear husband?"

VISITOR (*assuringly*). "Oh, quite; I met him at Mrs. Tittup's little party the other evening, and his rheumatism was so much better, that I assure you he danced all the evening."

An honest dame in the town of Rome, standing beside the corpse of her deceased husband, bewailing in piteous tones his untimely departure, observed, "It's a pity he's dead, for his teeth are as good as they ever were."

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game."

"Just so," said the farmer, "as a general thing the less game there is the more hunting you have."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—A drowning pig.

### A TALE OF LOVE.

Two maids were walking in the grove
(They both were growing old),
The one to tell a tale of love,
The other to be told.

"He is not rich," the elder said,
"Nor handsome, nor high-born:
The man whom I propose to wed
Most other girls would scorn."

"What is he, then? you make me fear;"
The maiden's tears fell fast:
"He was the first to offer, dear,
And he may be the last!"

### RATHER HARD ON HIS BUTCHER.

"Uncle Enoch, what made the cats *ye-owe* so last night? I couldn't sleep, I was so afraid."

"Ahem! Ah! Yes. The meat the butcher sent us yesterday, you know, was so bad we couldn't eat it, so we threw it to the cats and dogs, and I 'spect it gave the cats the cholera."

"Well, why didn't it give the dogs the cholera too?"

"True, but don't you remember the dogs wouldn't eat it."

A QUERY.—An antiquarian of our acquaintance writes to inquire whether the patron saint of the showery season is called St. Swithin because he keeps us (S)within doors? We think our friend is a little out, as well as (S)within.

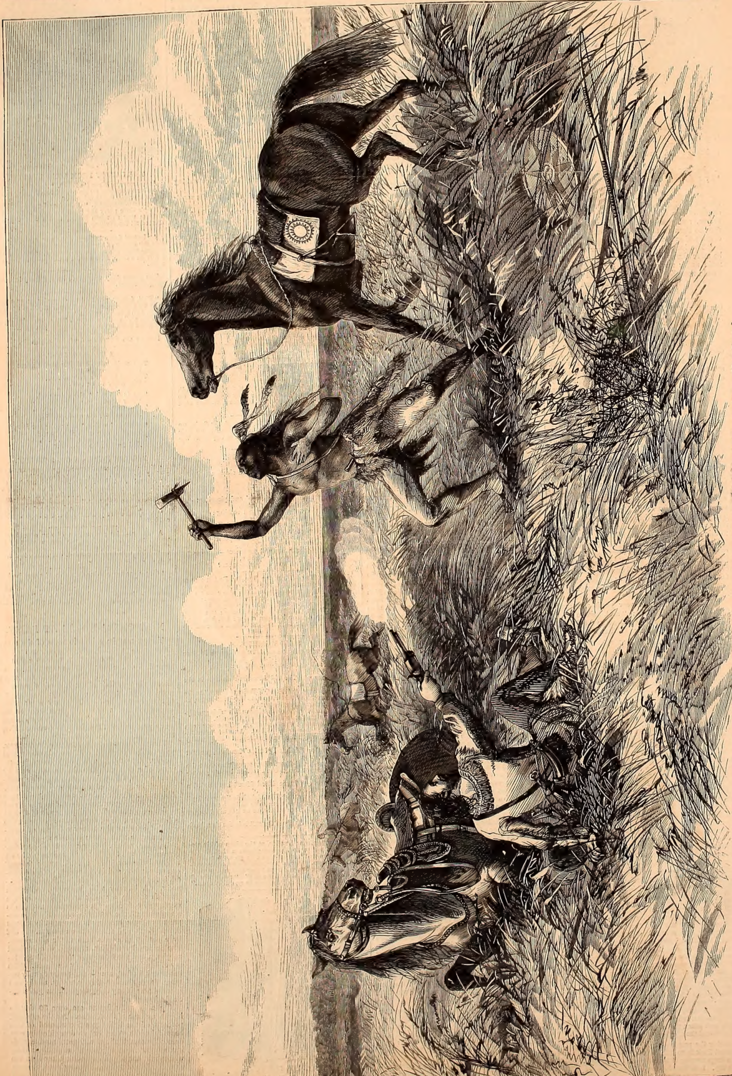
"There are some things which will never be hurt by falling," growled an old man in Washington Market the other morning. "What's *them*?" inquired a huckster. "*Prices*," said the old man; "they're so awful *slow* in falling that they'll never get smashed."

## NEW OPERA-HOUSE AT PARIS.

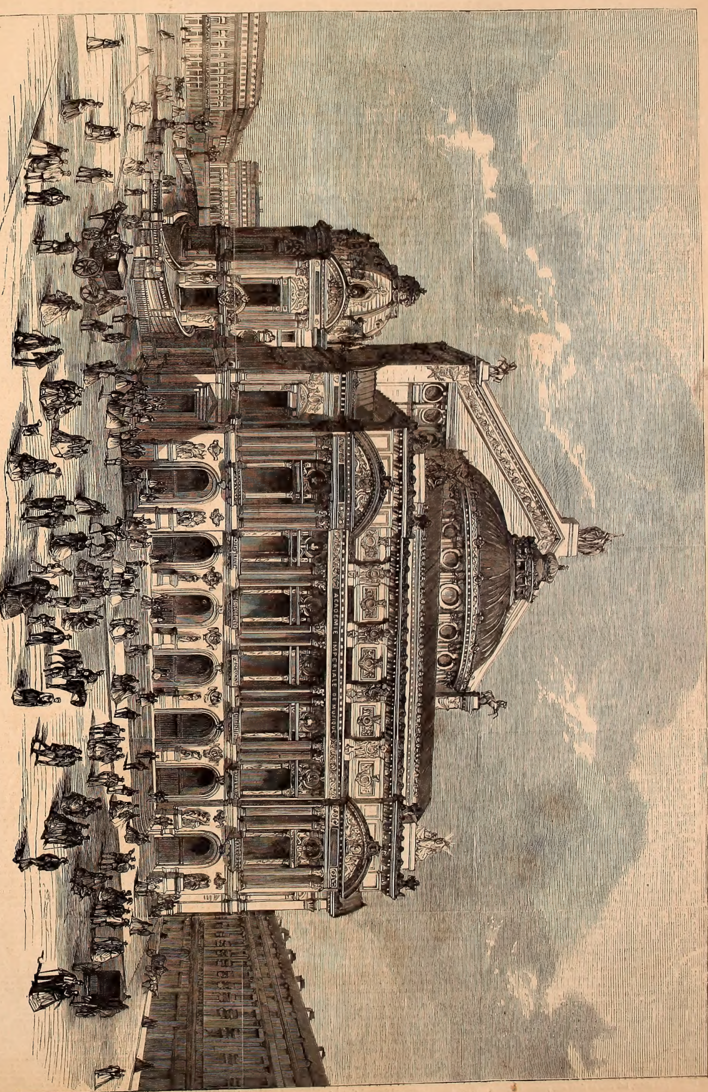
THERE may be a hint to some of the many projectors of opera-houses and theatres for New York City in the engraving, which we give on page 585, of the new Parisian Opera-house, the principal façade of which was publicly uncovered during the festivities of the 15th of August with great ceremony. Not one of the theatres and opera-houses of New York has any architectural beauty—in fact, very few of them front on the public streets—and their interior decorations and arrangements are of the cheap, and unattractive, and decidedly uncomfortable style.

The new Opera-house at Paris, on the contrary, possesses both external and internal architectural beauty. The *façade*, which we illustrate, is composed of a base with two abutments pierced by seven arches, the intervening spaces being ornamented by groups of statues and medallions. Above rises a colonnade of Corinthian columns coupled, dividing several immense openings, and forming what in Italian architecture is known as a *loggia*. In each of the openings between the coupled columns rise minor columns of variegated marble with Doric capitals supporting a *frise*, above which, between two brackets richly ornamented and terminated by bronze masks on a ground of colored marble, is a large *œil-de-bœuf* or oval window, and in the centre, upon a pedestal, is the bronze gilt bust of some illustrious composer. A balcony with balustrades of green Swedish marble, a superb material too seldom employed, completes the arrangement, which is repeated in all the *entrecollonnements*. The upper part of the building is decorated by groups of bas-reliefs, and terminates on the *ligne de ciel* by a cordon of masks both tragic and comic. The Imperial medallion, crowned with Finland porphyry, and the inscription "Imperial Academy of Music," are prominently displayed. The bas-reliefs, in fact, are divided pretty equally between the celebration of lyric poetry, music, and imperialism; if any thing imperialism gets a little the best of it.

The principal columns are over 30 feet in height, and are of Caen stone. All the essential portions of the building are composed of this beautiful white stone, but so diversified by cordons of bronze, bands of variegated marble, gilding, statuary, bas-reliefs, and medallions that, without the use of paint or color other than the natural colors of the materials employed, the vast surface of the *façade* is, as described by a French critic, "accentuated and warmed into one glowing, beautiful, and harmonious whole."



THE LAST SHOT.—[From a Picture published by Currier and Ives, 152 Nassau Street, New York.]




THE NEW GRAND OPERA-HOUSE AT PARIS.—[See Page 583.]

## MIRAGE.

THE hope I dreamed of was a dream,
Was but a dream; and now I wake
Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,
For a dream's sake.

I hang my harp upon a tree,
A weeping willow in a lake;
I hang my silenced harp there, wrung and snapt
For a dream's sake.

Lie still, lie still, my breaking heart;
My silent heart, lie still and break:
Life, and the world, and mine own self, are changed
For a dream's sake.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book IV.

## CHAPTER VII.

### "TEMPORARY INSANITY."

BLANK stillness without Bramley Manor. Blank darkness, or at best a gloomy twilight, within. Voices hushed to a whispering utterance, painfully distinct in the silence. Stealthy footsteps creaking hither and thither through the dim rooms. No sound upon the long stone terrace save the sighing of the wind amidst the leafless elm-trees, as if it came laden with sorrow and secrecy, or the ghostly echo of one knew not what voices, lurking in some angle of its antique flagged pavement. In the moist conservatories rich flowers drooped their heavy heads and died untended. Upon the unrolled gravel of the garden walks, here and there a weed began to peer between the pebbles, and to encroach upon the borders. The last withered leaves lay unheeded where they fell, and the damp black earth of the flower-beds smelled like a new-made grave. And but a few hours had sufficed to make this change, and cast this desolation over the prosperous mansion. Walter arriving at night in the large resounding Hammerham railway station, saw Stephens's haggard face under the bright gaslight, and leaping from the carriage while the train was yet in motion, ran to him and seized his hand.

"Am I in time? Am I in time?" It was all he could say, and in the giddy confusion of his head, and the noise and movement around him, he seemed unable to comprehend the old clerk's answer. But when they were seated in a cab together, and rolling swiftly toward Bramley Manor, Stephens spoke again. "I've met every train from Holyhead since I sent the telegram, Mr. Walter. Every one."

"I came instantly. It was impossible to be here sooner. I did not lose a moment. Not one moment."

"I know, I know, Mr. Walter. But it seemed to me to be the only thing I could do to hang about the station and wait for you. They had some hope the sight of you might rouse him. And I felt somehow that I shouldn't have been astonished to see your face in the crowd at any minute. Though I *knew*, mind you, that nothing short of a miracle could bring you here before this train."

"What is it, Stephens? It came upon me like a thunder-bolt. The last accounts I had had from home, all well and cheerful, and then, within ten days— Oh, father, father!"

The lad covered his face, and burst into a fit of weeping that shook him from head to foot.

"Hush, hush!" cried Stephens, clutching him by the arm. "For God's sake don't give way, Mr. Watty. You don't know—I was to tell you—you must be a man for the sake of your mother and Miss Charlewood. Heaven help the poor souls, they're in sore, sore affliction!"

"Is my father's case hopeless? Are they sure? Is there no hope?—none?"

"He was alive when I left the Manor at eight o'clock this morning. But—I—I— Oh, Lord, Mr. Wat, I don't know how to tell you, my poor lad. You must think of the others, you know, and look at Mr. Clement, how he bears up with all *he* has to go through! See now, Walter," added Stephens, as the cab swept in at the open lodge gate, unmindful of forms and ceremonies in the solemnity of the moment, and speaking simply as an old man to a younger one, "see, now, you must make up your mind to bear a heavy trial. There's death in this house we're going to. Walter—your father has—has hastened his own end. He took laudanum last night, and never spoke after they found him insensible."

The vehicle stopped before the portico that Walter Charlewood had last quitted on his sister's wedding-day; joyous, prosperous, rich in this world's goods, and the spoiled idol of indulgent parents. There, in the dimly lighted hall, stood Clement. *Was* it Clement, this white-faced, haggard man, with sunken eyes, and deeply cut lines of suffering round his mouth? He stood quite still, and looked at Walter impassibly. The latter almost staggered as he alighted from the cab, and was fain to lean on the old man's shoulder who accompanied him.

"It is all over," said Clement.

"Oh, Clem! oh, Clem!" The weak trembling lad fell on his brother's breast, who opened his arms to receive him, as he might have done when Walter was a petted wayward child, and would come in their school-days to his elder brother for comfort or protection. The action loosed the pent-up fountain of his own tears, and for a while the two young men sobbed in each other's arms, and those who stood by kept a reverent silence in the presence of that sacred sorrow. But Penelope had heard the cab stop, and came stealing down stairs; and at her footstep Clement roused himself, and whispered Walter to be brave and strong, for the sake of the mother and sister, left now to their sole protection and care. The three young people spoke together in whispers for a few minutes after the first sad greetings. Their mother had fallen into a heavy slumber; but the moment she woke Walter must go to her. As they turned to leave the hall Clement put his hand on the clerk's shoulder.

"Stephens," he said, "I beg you to go and have some food and a glass of wine. It is prepared for you, and you need it greatly. Since early morning you have eaten nothing."

Stephens looked after his young master as he walked away.

"He forgets nobody; nobody—but himself," said the old man. "Well, I hope the others 'll remember him. There are people in this world who are apt to think little of them that don't think much of themselves. More's the pity."

The wretched story that met Walter's ears was soon told. On the night of Clement's visit to Hazlehurst he had found the household in alarm and horror on his return home. His father had been found in an arm-chair in his own room insensible, and with a vial containing laudanum lying near him. He was still breathing, but spite of all efforts to rouse him, and the prompt attention of Dr. Brett and another physician, who were sent for instantly, he never rallied or became conscious more. He had drank much more wine that evening than usual, as was proved by the nearly emptied decanter left on the dining-table. Had he taken the poison by mistake, and being already in a state of semi-stupor from the effects of the wine? Or was the act done knowingly, and with a full consciousness of the certain death that must ensue? No one could say positively. Clement explained to their old friend and medical attendant, Dr. Brett, that his father's mind had been for some days strained and racked by anxiety, and that the news of their business prospects received that day had been increasingly gloomy and discouraging. The doctors looked at each other and nodded gravely. Their skill, powerless to restore that motionless figure on the bed, with the handsome massive features, expressive in their stillness of profound eternal rest, was needed for the poor bereaved wife, who fell from one fit of shrieking hysterics into another, until nature was exhausted, and she sank into a heavy sleep, that lasted until late into the evening of Walter's arrival.

In the wretched days that ensued, and as the terrible truth dawned on the family—to Clement it had become already apparent—that in addition to the grief of Mr. Charlewood's death, and the added horror and misery caused by the manner of it, they would have to face commercial ruin and disgrace, it was curious to behold the different ways in which these different human beings, all united by ties of affection, and all dwelling together in the closest familiarity, bore their lot.

After the first transport of genuine sorrow for his father's death, and as the prospect of the future began to unfold before him, the intense egotism of Walter's character—an egotism fostered by years of flattery and blind indulgence—displayed itself painfully. He would sit for hours over the fire in his mother's boudoir, sometimes silent and sullen, sometimes loudly bewailing his fate, always weakly craving for expressions of peculiar sympathy for *his* misfortunes. His mother, although she sometimes had an uneasy sense of his failure to appreciate Clement's noble self-forgetfulness, still could rouse herself from her own deep despondent affliction to soothe her petted boy's feelings by all the means in her power. She would listen with the utmost patience and sympathy to his account of the "swells" who delighted in his society, and the light of whose countenance would now be lost to him. By whose fault? By whose?

Little mention was made among them of Augusta. A letter had been dispatched to her saying that Mr. Charlewood was very ill, and that no hope was entertained of his recovery, and close after that another announcing his death. The newly-married couple would be in Rome by the time the letters reached them.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Charlewood, with a sob, "it's an awful blow to come upon her in her 'oney-moon. Breaking it all up, and bringing her back to a 'ouse of mourning like this."

Penelope Charlewood was not gentle by nature or habit, but she did strive to subdue the abruptness of her manner toward her bereaved mother as she answered, "Mamma, would it grieve you very much if Augusta did *not* hurry back to England at once?"

"Well, love, I don't know that she could do any good 'ere. You know poor Gussy was never much 'and at 'elping in trouble."

And then Penelope perceived that her mother knew Mrs. Malachi Dawson sufficiently well not to reckon largely upon any comfort or sympathy to be derived from that sensitive young lady.

Meanwhile it became evident to Clement that the disaster which had overtaken their house was of a nature that forbade any hope of retrieval. All must go. If even by abandoning every thing the firm could come out of the ruin free and clear from debt he would not complain. But that consolation was not to be his. The more he examined into the state of the firm's affairs the more hopeless it appeared to be to save any thing from the wreck, and he found that his father had launched into many dangerous speculations unknown to him.

I have said that Mr. Charlewood was fond of power, and jealous of it, and this feeling had shown itself lately in a growing tendency to keep Clement in a subordinate position in all their business relations, and even occasionally to act in direct opposition to his son's expressed opinion.

Clement broke the truth to his mother as gently as he could. He and Penelope had already talked openly together of their circumstances. When Mrs. Charlewood learned that she would have to leave Bramley Manor, to resign the luxuries to which she had of late years been accustomed, and perhaps to sink into a poverty greater than she had ever known in her life, she bore the tidings with so little apparent depression as to astonish her children.

"Law! my dears," she said, "don't it all seem like dust in the balance, the money and the finery, when real affliction comes upon us? If *he* had been spared to us I dare say I might have fretted over all this loss, and the come-down in the world, but now it don't seem as if any thing like that was worth thinking about."

But for her children she grieved heartily. Walter was obliged to confess to his brother that he owed already considerable sums of money in Dublin.

"I'm very sorry for it, Wat. Your allowance was a very ample one. However, I'm not going to reproach you. Of course we must see about the sale of your commission at once, and also get rid of your horses, and whatever valuables there may be belonging to you. I should think that would realize more than enough to cover what you owe."

"And what am I to do then?"

"Do, Watty?"

"Of course the debts of honor must be paid. I had a run of bad luck at loo, and that cleaned me out awfully. But as to the others—well, the tradesmen took the risk; and if other folks lose thousands they might make up their minds to lose twenties. Especially as they're a rascally lot, and charged me two hundred per cent. more than the things were worth, just for the month or two's credit."

"Walter," said his brother, sternly, "let me hear no more of that cant. I don't do you the injustice to suppose that it comes from your heart. I understand perfectly from whom you thoughtlessly imitate it. And I know, too, how you estimate those from whom you have caught it. The friends of Walter Charlewood rich who would give the cold shoulder to Walter Charlewood poor, I think you and I are both able to put down at their proper value. But our just debts must be paid as far as we are able, even though we have to sell the coat off our backs."

Walter was subdued by his brother's determined manner, and said no more. But he complained so bitterly to his mother of Clement's settling every thing as he chose, and giving him no voice in the matter, that Mrs. Charlewood ventured to speak timidly to her eldest son, and to sound him as to the possibility of the sale of Walter's commission being avoided. But Clement showed her at once, and conclusively, the complete fallacy of any such idea.

"Dear mother," he said, "if Wat could not manage to keep out of debt with the liberal allowance my father made him, do you suppose it is possible that he can live on his pay? No, no; it is out of the question, believe me. I will do all I can to make things fall as lightly on him as possible; but he must make up his mind to earn his bread now. There is no help for it."

There *was* no help for it. But Walter, beginning to make the astonishing and painful discovery—doubly painful when made so late—that the course of events shaped themselves without the smallest reference to his comfort and convenience, indulged in peevish grumblings against his brother, finding that more satisfactory and less absurd than to accuse the universe in general.

Once Penelope being present at one of these ebullitions, broke out into one of her old sharp stinging moods, and told Walter so many truths, conveyed with such searching, keen-edged words, that Mrs. Charlewood interposed to shield Walter from the storm he had provoked.

"There, there, Penny," said the poor, foolish, kindly woman, "don't be 'ard on your brother, love. If we can say nothing but 'arsh things to each other *now*, it is a sad, sad case."

"What things does he say of Clement?" retorted Penelope, casting a glance of withering scorn at Walter, who sat by the fire half-whimpering, half-defiant. "*He* to whine and complain of the special hardship of his case! Look at Clem. He has lost more than Walter ever dreamed of. The firm of Gandry and Charlewood was his idol. I don't say it is good to have idols at all; but at least his demanded some nobler offerings than can be supplied by tailors and billiard-markers. Clement's heart is cut—I know it, I see it—by the downfall of the great name and honorable supremacy of the house. He worked to maintain it. He will give his last crust to clear it of a stain before the eyes of all men. He has borne, in other ways, more than any of you know, without complaining. His first thought all along has been for others; but because he does not tear his hair and cry aloud like a spoiled baby, do you think he feels nothing? Walter Charlewood, I am full of faults, I know: I am neither meek, nor sweet, nor humble; but, as Heaven is my witness, I would rather cut off my right hand at this moment than give one needless pang to our brother's brave, constant, generous spirit by my poor, pitiful, selfish cowardice. If I were a man I would help those I love. Being a woman, I can but suffer for them; but I will do it silently and with some decent rag of self-control."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A COUPLE OF LETTERS.

THE portion of my story that must next be told will be, perhaps, best presented in the following letters, the last of which was received about a fortnight subsequent to the arrival of the first at its destination:

#### LETTER I.

*From Mrs. Malachi Dawson, in Rome, to Miss Charlewood, at Bramley Manor.*

"ROME, PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, *Nov.* 25, 18—.

"In my first hurried letter, sent in reply to the awful tidings then just received, I feel, my dear Penelope, that I did not express myself sufficiently at length, nor in any way make clear to you my state of mind. How, indeed was it possible to do so? So terrible and overwhelming a shock, to one whom you know to be such a sadly nervous, sensitive creature as I am, naturally incapacitated me from writing with any self-command. But Malachi thinks that my nerves are now sufficiently strung up (by means of powerful tonics and generous living) to attempt the task. In the present state of sorrow and distress that you are all in, of course it was to be expected that you should be a little inclined to put *me* in the back-ground, and to exhibit a very excusable selfishness in the proposition, which you make as coming from mamma, that we should return to England immediately. For myself (although I know I could be of no use to you, and, perhaps, on the contrary, shall cast on you the burden of an invalid, for I do *not* think my health would stand a return to Bramley Manor under the present circumstances)—for myself, I say, I would hasten homeward without an hour's delay. But Malachi is, I assure you, very delicate. His little troublesome cough that you always persisted in saying was a nervous trick, but which I, alas! fear is indicative of constitutional weakness of the chest, *requires* a southern winter. You know, Penelope, my *first* duty is now to my husband. And how do you think we should bear to take possession of our new house close to Eastfield, just at this moment, when all the country is ringing with this terrible calamity that has befallen us? And Eastfield is so close to Hammerham, that we should be in the very focus of it all. Even here we are not safe. I took up the *Galignani* yesterday for half an hour, thinking to distract my thoughts a little, for they all tell me that the complete dullness consequent on our present necessary seclusion is highly injurious to me, when my eye lighted on a circumstantial account of the great failure of Gandry and Charlewood, with other details still more dreadful. I threw the horrid paper from me as if it had been a scorpion, and I had a fit of hysterics that lasted three quarters of an hour. But, as I said, I don't blame *you* for not thinking of all these things.

"Malachi is the soul of generosity. Some men, in the natural disappointment of finding the woman they had married but half as rich as they had hoped, would visit some of their chagrin upon her. He, on the contrary, spares no endeavor to soothe my feelings. He sends his tenderest condolences to you all, and trusts that you are endeavoring to profit by these severe chastenings, and to turn your eyes from earthly matters to the only true source of comfort and consolation. If there is a sale of the furniture (*how* things can have reached such a pass is, I confess, a mystery to me; but, of course, Clement has managed for the best), I should like to have that little inlaid cabinet that stood in my dressing-room and the Gobelin fire-screen. Malachi would wish them to be bought in, and will pay Clement whatever price may be agreed upon. We expect to be in England in the spring, and then Malachi joins me in hoping that mamma will come and stay with us for a time. Or you; or, indeed, both of you if we find it possible to accommodate you together. Ah, my dear Penelope, if you could see the shocking idolatrous mummeries that go on here you would shrink from your high-churchism in alarm to see whither it leads. I do wish that you would cultivate a more evangelical tone of mind. Let me know what is decided upon for Clement and Walter. Poor Watty, it will come terribly hard upon him; he was getting into such excellent society. And Clement never had any taste for that sort of thing, had he? Now, my dear Penny, I have tired myself and must cease; although I could go on expatiating on our great affliction much longer if physical weakness permitted the effort. I send my fondest love to all. I hope you take every care of mamma: would that I could be with her! But, alas! the duty of a married woman to her husband is paramount. May Providence guide you all and comfort you!

"I am ever,
"Your affectionate sister,
"AUGUSTA DAWSON."

Penelope Charlewood read this epistle from beginning to end in silence; gave it to her mother, who also read it in silence; and then, taking it back, Penelope twisted it neatly and firmly into a tight roll, to which she set fire and held it until the flame scorched her fingers. Then she threw the ashes down and set her heel on them with a rigid, unmoved face.

#### LETTER II.

*From Miss Fluke, Hammerham, to Mrs. Dawson, Dublin.*

"HAMMERHAM, *Dec.* 14, 18—.

"MY DEAR MRS. DAWSON,—In reply to your letter of the 9th instant I sit down to give you all the information in my power. Believe me, my dear friend, that I sincerely sympathize with you and with your son, the Reverend Malachi, in this trial. I am sure that we should cordially agree in doctrine, and I regretted much that I had not an opportunity of becoming more closely knit with you in the bonds of Christian fellowship. Papa was well pleased with the Reverend Malachi's views, and found him extremely sound. Would that I could say the same of *all* our afflicted friends! But, alas! my friend, error is rampant among us (see Ephesians, vi. 12). However, I proceed to relate to you what I have been able to glean by diligent inquiry in accordance with your request. You ask if the failure of G. and C. is so total and hopeless as the world reports? Yes; I am led to believe that but a very small matter can be snatched from the jaws—if I may so express myself—of the creditors. This may well surprise you, as it does me. But I fear, I greatly fear, that much wild speculation and extravagance was going on for some time. To whom to impute the blame, if blame there be, I know not. There is much and sore trouble in Hammerham consequent upon B. and B. having stopped payment, which, indeed, they say was the immediate cause of the catastrophe of G. and C. Papa has himself been a loser to the extent of fifty-seven pounds ten shillings and sixpence in consequence of the panic, which caused a run upon a local savings-bank, of which he was one of the chief promoters. But he is strengthened to endure (see Psalm lxvi. 12). And, besides, we have reason to believe that he will ultimately get the money back again. There was a sale of furniture, plate, carriages, horses, pictures, etc., etc., etc., begun at Bramley Manor on Tuesday last. Many influential families here—members of papa's congregation—have expressed strong objections to the publicity with which the whole affair was managed. There was no attempt, they say, to make the best of things before the eyes of the world. A sale by private contract would, I have reason to believe, have been soothing to the feelings of many of our wealthiest merchants. G. and C. have so long stood at the head of our Hammerham mercantile world, that the blazoning forth in broad day of all these painful details—as if G. and C. had been little huckstering tradesmen, who, of course, naturally *must* (according to the inscrutable decrees of an overruling Providence) be sold up now and then—has caused a good deal of annoyance. I went as soon as I heard the first whisper of misfortune to offer my services, as a friend and as the daughter of a minister of the Gospel. Mrs. C. declined to see me. *Why*, I am entirely at a loss to imagine! The excuse she alleged was, that in the first days of her terrible bereavement she did not feel *strong* enough to see me. But that, of course, is obviously absurd. P. C. I did see. Also C. C. and W. The latter is much softened by misfortune. May it be blessed to him! I left him a suitable tract. P. is as hard as ever. At least she seems so, but it is not for us to judge (Matthew, vii. 1). But what can one expect of a person who abandons her own parish church, where the Word is preached in all its purity, to seek after strange idols with colored glass and candles (I have been told they are *lighted* on saints' days. But this I do *not* believe), and sermons that only last fifteen minutes? I attended the sale at B. M. the first day, from motives of duty, and

inspected *every thing*. I suffered a good deal the next day from swelled feet, not having sat down for more than four hours. I grieved—I deeply grieved—over the evidences of profusion and worldly vanity apparent in the most trifling matters. Of course, my dear Mrs. Dawson, I do not object—nor does papa—to the due and fitting expenditure of wealth on articles which add to the comfort of life according to our station. But what do you think of having patent spring mattresses on all the *servants'* beds? Every one of them. And the sheets linen. Coarse, I am willing to admit (Heaven forbid that I should bear hardly on my fellow-creatures), but all linen, every thread. I made a calculation when I came home of the sum that could have been gained by the difference between the price of these linen sheets and good unbleached cotton ones; and I found that five annual subscriptions to the *Christian Reminder* and a life governorship in Duckrell schools might have been got with the money! And then think of the souls of the poor servants! What can they make of their catechisms, when they are accustomed to such extravagance? C. C. has, I hear, accepted a situation as clerk, or something of the kind—managing man, some say, but he has *managed his* own affairs so shockingly that I should think that was not likely—to a builder's business in London. He might have got something to do here: but the family shrank from remaining in Hammerham. And no wonder! They leave to-morrow. I endeavored to worm out their address from P., but in vain. Ah, my friend, the nether millstone is soft compared with the hardness of the unregenerate heart! I hope you have good news of my Christian friend Augusta. Jane was much attached to her. It would be very agreeable for all parties if, when the Reverend Malachi and his wife return to England, Jane could stay with them for a time. She is ordered a little change of air in the spring. We are all going away (D. V.) from Hammerham for a short excursion; but we are seven, exclusive of papa, and it would be convenient for us to get even *one* member of our party disposed of elsewhere. Augusta would find it a great boon to have my sister Jane with her, especially if the Reverend Malachi's parish is a large and populous one. I believe I have answered all your questions. It will give me great pleasure to hear from you at any time; and to be the recipient of any charitable donation you may choose to make to the good cause. The Infant Bosjisman Baptism Mission is at the present moment in want of funds. Papa desires his kind regards to you; and

"I am,
"My dear Mrs. Dawson,
"Yours in all Christian sincerity,
"H. Fluke."

# A FORTUNATE ADVERTISEMENT.

Friday afternoon, in the first sultry days of June, the passengers who were fortunate kept the shady side of the car, while those who came on late pulled down the blinds, and resigned themselves, martyr like, to an uncomfortable situation.

Among the last to be seated was Annie Churchill. She had walked from her school-room to the dépôt—not a very long walk, but quite too long for such a day; she had walked fast, for her duties had detained her later than usual, and she feared she should be left. She came on faint and sick with heat. It was the last seat—a straight, uncomfortable one in the corner, and she must share it with a woman and baby, much to the inconvenience of sundry baskets and bundles that had occupied that place beside their owner. The last seat; and Annie looked despairingly around, but with the comforting reflection that it was only for twelve miles she sat down.

The air was stifling; but soon the motion of the cars brought a little breeze, and Annie leaned her head against the window, and grew cooler looking at the wealth of dark green leaves on the trees and the long creeping shadows on the grass. One little station passed, and now she held up her head and watched eagerly for landmarks toward home. The signal station, the stone culvert, the last crossing, and now Churchill, or Vermillion, the name the little town had lately aspired to.

Every body must think twice to call it any thing but Churchill, for so it was named, thirty years ago, when Annie's father built the first store there. It was a proud-sounding name then, but now it only meant an infirm old man, who, with his wife and daughter, occupied the square brick house just east of the town—once the finest house thereabout, but now, hidden by trees, it did not assume to rival the newer ones. Then, too, the eyes of business men saw a mortgage consuming it, and predicted that the house, like the ungrateful town, would soon disown its name.

"Ver-million!" was shouted in carefully indistinct tones at the door, and Annie was on the platform ready to be the first one off. There was her father, with "Juno" and the buggy waiting for her, and in three minutes more she had hugged her father's hand affectionately, and was in the rickety old carriage on the way home.

"Poor old Juno!" she said, gathering up the lines. "This was a hot sun to come in, old bonny, but it's growing cooler."

"Here is a shawl your mother sent, Annie: she thought it looked like rain," said Mr. Churchill, throwing the plaid over the back of the seat.

"What a mother it is to be sure!" said Annie, with a little laugh; "and how does she endure this terrible weather?"

"She's about as usual—a little more chirk and lively to-day because her little girl is coming home. And how goes school, Annie?"

"Oh, nicely! I've had the compliment they give me every term: the best C senior class in the city. Isn't that encouraging?"

"Why, yes, dear—I suppose so. I hope you deserved it."

Annie smiled. This was so like her father. An expression of praise or approval troubled him unless he was sure he had merited it. He was a conscientious man. The world he had trafficked with had been better for the enterprise, culture, and truth he possessed; he had dealt generously with it; easy with its faults, but sternly watchful of his own, and jealous lest a weakness be found in the integrity of those he loved.

"It seems to me though," he said, looking at her anxiously, "that you are not looking as well as you did a week ago."

"It is this heat. How can a body help fading with such a sun as this?"

They were passing through the busiest street in the village now, and received cordial bows and patronizing nods from the smart people on the walk.

"I'm afraid you'll be a little ashamed of your old father to-day, sis. Mother wanted me to put on the other hat, but I thought it was too heavy and warm."

"What do I care? Don't I know that you look better in your old clothes than these people do in their best?" said Annie, with a gay laugh. She was tired enough to be nervously happy at going home, and had a laugh for every thing.

Barton Churchill, Annie's brother, had died in California. When misfortune and losses had crippled Mr. Churchill's business it had not seemed strange that this young man, all life, hope, and ambition, should see in that golden west a promise for the future; but there was a little mystery covering subsequent events. Two years his letters home had been a monthly record of prosperity. Then came the sad news of accident and death. And here commenced the maze.

Andrew Riley, who had entered Mr. Churchill's store a poor boy, and left it a careful, calculating man, had accompanied the young adventurer to the land of wealth. It was on him, as something more than a friend, that the bereaved family had relied for a proper adjustment of Barton's business. Riley was a reticent, uncommunicative man always. His brief note, assuring them of his sympathy and readiness to serve them, and announcing his intended return, satisfied Mr. Churchill's expectations of him. Inclosed with his own Riley sent a long letter from the man who had been with Barton in his last days watching and caring for him.

During the year following Riley returned. Wealthy, some said; but he made no boast. His account of Barton Churchill was definite enough, perhaps; but nobody quite understood how it was that the result of the young man's labor there had vanished to nothing. Very suggestive hints were ventured by bold people; but Riley commenced a large business, and was fast becoming a popular man there, while Mr. Churchill mortgaged his house to meet an obligation that could not be longer deferred, and kept silently and feebly at work; and Annie Churchill sought employment as teacher in the city schools. So disinterested people who had talked of the justice or injustice they suspected found newer topics to discuss.

The loquacious villagers would have told you a longer story: of how the mortgage came into Riley's hands, alluding perhaps to a love-affair between Andrew Riley and Annie Churchill, of which they knew a little and surmised a great deal. They were certain that an engagement had been broken between this quiet man of thirty and the girl of twenty; but why or by whom was a disputed point. Neither had confided the facts, neither had shown signs of regret, and neither had married.

Mrs. Churchill stood in the door, waiting to welcome them as they drove in. She returned Annie's demonstrative greeting with kisses, and a wistful look into the pale face, while tears almost started in her eyes. It was a sad sort of joy to welcome this brave little girl of hers; she so longed to keep her folded in her arms instead of sending her off again.

"How nice every thing seems here!" said Annie; and she went wandering about the still house as gayly as if only glad thoughts visited her. "It is worth all the week to be home again."

"Can't you make it home where you are, Annie?" asked her father.

"No, not *home*. That is work. What is it they say about labor sweetening every thing? I believe it does; certainly it makes home more precious." Then noticing her father's dreary smile, she added: "And home, you know, is where mother is."

"We must try," said Mr. Churchill, with an effort to speak cheerfully, "to make home with duty rather than pleasure; then there will be no homesickness; and duty becomes pleasure when we discharge it faithfully."

"Yes, I have often thought of that in school. The harder I try to help my class the pleasanter the labor becomes. It is curious, though, how *we* are governed by modes and tenses. But here I am talking school again, and I promised myself not to while I was at home," she said, chatting away busily, trying to make her father forget his gloomy reflections.

"I believe," said Mr. Churchill, an hour later, "that I have an errand down street to-night."

Annie brought his hat and cane and watched him as he walked slowly down the path. "Now, mother," she said, bringing a low stool to her mother's side, "I must lay my head in your lap and be babied a little before father comes back; I think it troubles him; he thinks I am not so stout-hearted as I am. I see they have advertised a mortgage sale for our house."

"Yes, dear."

"He knows that if he should give us a little more time we could almost make the payment. I believe he is afraid we will."

"Yes, he means to get the house."

"He'd even been willing to take it encumbered by me," said Annie, with a scornful curl of her lip.

"You have never regretted that you did not marry him, Annie?"

"No, mother. It makes me shudder to think of it. Of course, it has not been easy to work so hard and deny myself so much trying to help father, and doing so little then to help him; and I can't help thinking how many happy things are possible for some people; and sometimes, when I get tired, and every thing that I want to do looks so heavy and large, and I feel like a little imbecile, I think how it would have been if I had pawned myself to that Jew. But in the morning I feel very mighty again, and am ashamed of it. But, mother," she said, locking her fingers across her forehead, "why *can't* I do something to save father from this trouble? It seems as if there *might* be some way, if we only knew it, of proving the dishonesty of it."

"I have thought so sometimes, but you know what your father thinks about overcoming evil with evil. And in this case he thinks there is nothing we could do if we would."

A creak of the gate told that Mr. Churchill had returned. Annie arose and lighted the lamp, and Mr. Churchill sank wearily down in his chair by the window. For a few moments there was a silence as oppressive as the heavy air of the evening. It was hard to speak of their trouble, hard to think of any thing else.

"I was thinking when you came in, father," said Annie, at length, "of how hopeful Barton always was. You know in almost his last letter he said—"

"Get his letters, daughter, and read some of them to us, perhaps they will help us to be hopeful."

Annie brought a bundle of letters; heavy, soiled, but precious letters they were, telling of a strange life, of hardships, adventures, and home yearnings. They were written in that buoyant, happy style, Barton's own; and as she read Annie's lips quivered in spite of her efforts, while her father shaded his dim eyes with his hand. In several of the letters he told of a friend he had made there—Benjamin Hart—whom he warmly described as a *true* heart, and gayly mentioned as his sweet-heart.

"It is this Mr. Hart that wrote us that long letter about his death," said Mrs. Churchill, wiping her eyes.

"Yes," said Annie, holding up a closely written sheet, "this, you know, came inclosed in Mr. Riley's note, announcing his death. He must have known all about Barton's affairs," she said, looking over the letter, "for here he writes: 'As his friend, Mr. Riley, arrived the day before his death, and will inform you concerning the disposal of his business here, I need not allude to that.' Father," she said, turning suddenly toward him, "do you suppose that Riley knows where this Mr. Hart is?"

"I presume not," said Mr. Churchill, with a half smile; "if he did he would not be apt to tell." Mr. Churchill opened the great Bible on the table and silently put on his spectacles to read his evening chapter. Annie watched him as he slowly and emphatically pronounced the words, but she did not hear him. A new thought had flashed upon her, and already her busy brain had developed a plan for action.

Long after Mr. and Mrs. Churchill had gone to sleep that night Annie sat bending over the table in her room, writing, correcting, and re-writing a few lines that contained a request something like this: "If Benjamin Hart, who was in Marysville, California, June 10, 1861, will communicate with Annie Churchill, Vermillion, New York, he will confer a great favor." She would have it inserted in some of the leading journals, East and West, hoping that it might catch the eye of her brother's friend. "It can do no harm," she said, as she folded and addressed the last note; "and for father's and mother's sake, for the sake too of exposing *his* villainy, I would do a great deal more."

Another Friday, two weeks later, found her waiting at the dépôt a little too early for the cars. It was a rainy, unpleasant time, and when the train came up she was crowded and jostled along by a score or more of the impatient people who had been gathering there. She had her hand on the railing of the steps at last, but a heavy satchel weighing down one arm and the unscrupulous crowd forcing their way in front of her seemed likely to prevent her ascent, when somebody at her side, taking hold of her satchel and offering his hand, said, "Let me assist you, Miss Churchill."

Annie started; she knew the voice; it was Riley's. She flashed an angry look at him. "Thank you, it is quite unnecessary," she said, retaining her satchel. And quite unconscious that she exerted any effort, she made her way up the steps. "How dared he?" she thought, pressing her lips together, and looking very defiant as she seated herself in the first unoccupied seat.

During the past two years she had seldom met and never spoken to or in any way recognized him, and this unexpected encounter stirred her. She had hardly time for a second thought when Riley passed, taking the seat immediately in front of her. For a moment her eyes almost blazed with wrath; then she thought of her advertisement, and understood these manifestations. He had seen it, evidently, and had a purpose to accomplish. Just then Riley turned his head, and made the seeming discovery of her.

"Ah! Miss Churchill, you are quite an independent traveler, I see. Few ladies are so competent to get along alone."

Annie only *looked* at him.

"I have been wishing to speak to you, Miss Churchill"—leaning toward her and speaking lower—"about a business affair. I would not intrude it upon you only that I know you understand perfectly about it. I have lately learned that this mortgage foreclosure is likely to distress your father considerably, and that he had hoped to be able to pay it. I should be sorry to occasion him any trouble, unless absolutely obliged to, and if we can agree upon some better arrangement I am willing to do so."

"It is unfortunate that you have only lately learned these facts," said Annie, scornfully.

"Really, Miss Churchill, I do not comprehend your meaning. Since it was my misfortune to become as an entire stranger my intercourse with your family has been limited to the necessary forms of business. I had much rather be considered as a friend, or I should not make this offer."

A sarcastic reply rose to Annie's lips, but she only said, "I will repeat your message to my father." The noise of the cars made further conversation as inconvenient as it was unnecessary.

"Have any letters come for me this week, father?" asked Annie, as they were driving home.

"Letters? No, I believe not." A dull, heavy sound the words had; she had been living so much on the hope.

Riley's offer was talked of that evening. "I don't quite understand it," said Mr. Churchill. "Why didn't he come to me? And why has he only now thought of it? Perhaps he may have thought he needed the money immediately. Or maybe his heart was better than his head, and he found it would not let him take our home from us so."

"*Heart?* Don't believe it! If he has any heart it is not involved in his pecuniary arrangements."

"Do not judge him too harshly, Annie. It is a cruel thing to suspect a man of evil when he intends good."

Saturday afternoon Annie was sitting alone, thinking rather gloomily of the one subject. Her father seemed encouraged by Riley's offer. Perhaps it was all there was to hope from, and she too ought to be thankful for it, contemptible as it was. Then she thought of how he would presume to patronize them, and—a glimpse of a figure passing up the steps, and a knock at the door. Had he already the assurance to come there? Her cheeks flushed a little in expectation as she opened the door. A brown, bearded face that was not Riley's met her there; a stranger with an honest voice and a clear eye.

"This is Miss Churchill?"—removing his hat—"Miss Annie Churchill? I am not mistaken," he said, with easy certainty.

"Mr. Hart?" queried Annie, involuntarily offering her hand.

"You were expecting me then?" he said, smiling, as he took the hand.

"Hardly. I had hoped to hear from you. I don't know that I expected you, but I am glad, oh! so glad, you have come."

She wondered at herself as she thought how strange this was. She had thought of but one way of meeting him; of the letters first, then of stiff, formal introductions, and a long explanation, and then of his evidence respecting her brother. Now he had come upon her like some rare good news, and been welcomed as gladly. He had walked in and shaken her hand like an old friend, and was saying that he should have recognized her any where.

"Because I am so like my brother? We were always said to resemble each other."

"The resemblance is not so striking, and yet I should have known you."

Then followed a long talk about Barton, in the midst of which Mr. and Mrs. Churchill came in. I need not remember what stories were told and what was said. The friend of their son had been welcome whenever and wherever met.

Mr. Churchill was roused from an absorbing conversation by the tall clock as it struck four, reminding him that he had an appointment with Riley for that hour. Mr. Riley had already more than half repented his proposed lenity. If Hart was to be found it was evident enough that Annie Churchill could not be wheedled from her purpose. If he was not found, what need of this compromise. He was interrupted in his meditations by the appearance of Mr. Churchill, accompanied by Mr. Hart. There was civility, nothing more, in the greetings exchanged.

"I learn from Mr. Churchill that there are some things connected with the settlement of his son's affairs in California that he does not understand. I have given him an account of that settlement up to the time that I left every thing in your hands, and shall have to depend upon you for the rest."

The two men looked at each other silently for a moment. "Perhaps," continued Hart, "I had better repeat my statements so that you can see if they are correct."

This was not said in a menacing tone; but Riley's lips were very white as he answered: "It will not be necessary. We all understand each other. Mr. Churchill, with your assistance, can probably make an estimate of the value of your evidence, and I of course shall acquiesce."

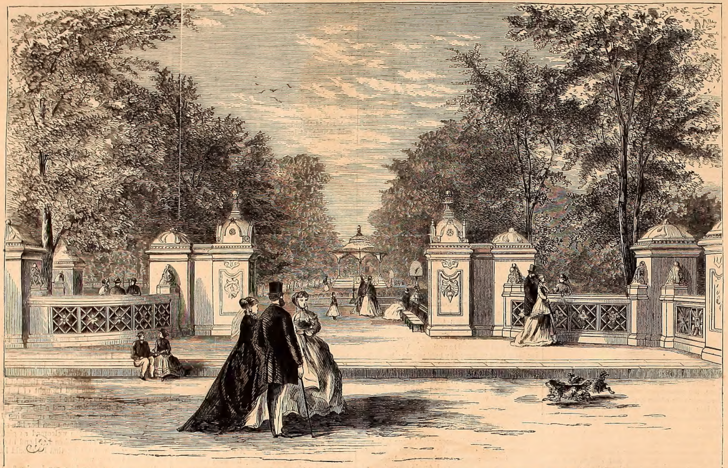
"I want nothing but what has honestly belonged to me, be it much or little," said Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Hart remained Mr. Churchill's guest until every thing was satisfactorily adjusted. He was telling Annie one evening about that first settlement. "And when it was all done," he said, "there seemed nothing for me to do but to go away and leave it in Riley's hands. He was your brother's friend, and I did not suspect his dishonesty. Your brother had given me this picture, all that I coveted of his possessions—all, unless it was a place in the heart of the original;" and he placed in her hand a miniature he had taken from his pocket.

Annie looked at it, and her cheek turned very pale as he continued: "I have kept it a long time," he said, placing his hand on the little trembling hand that held it, "hoping to some time prove my right to the original. This is no newly-born hope. I have been looking for you every where. In the streets, in the cars, wherever I have wandered, for months. I did not know the name of your town; but when I saw your advertisement it seemed like a call to me to come and claim my own. Do I assume too much?

Annie's reply was very indistinct; so low that he bent his face very close to hers to hear it.

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill live in their pleasant home more alone than before. Annie claims two homes now. One, the old home, a very dear one. The other, worth all the world beside, is her husband's love; and both she claims as the result of advertising.



THE TERRACE IN CENTRAL PARK, LOOKING TOWARD THE MALL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

## CENTRAL PARK.

THE Terrace in Central Park is a very simple but beautiful structure. On one side it looks toward the Mall, and on the other overlooks the Lake. Its ornamental work is constructed of Caen stone, delicately carved with designs in bas-relief. On the right, as you pass into the Mall, stands the Music Pavilion. The subjoined illustration represents a group on the Terrace.

The Park commissioners have for a long time been arranging a Zoological Garden; among the latest additions to it are a couple of dromedaries. These are employed on Saturdays for the benefit of the children, and the second scene which we give, like the first, is of frequent occurrence.

RIDING THE DROMEDARY IN CENTRAL PARK.

## THE NEW TYCOON OF JAPAN.

The Government of Japan consists of an oligarchy of feudal Princes, called Daimios, wielding absolute authority in their respective provinces, but subject to the general control of one of their number (selected from one of three great families), called the Tycoon, who, assisted by a Gorogio, or Great Council, presides over the affairs of the State in the name of the Mikado, or Spiritual Emperor, its supreme head. This system is based on their religious belief. The Japanese are the original spiritualists; they believe in the existence of an infinite number of spirits, exercising an influence over the affairs of the world, who are to be propitiated by prayers and the observance of certain rules of conduct, particularly by cleanliness of person and purity and cheerfulness of heart. The chief of these spirits is the sun, Ten Zio Dai Zin; he is the object of religious veneration to all true Sintos (spirit-worshipers), and after the sun the elements, who are called Dai Zin, "great spirits." The inferior spirits are chiefly heroes canonized for their worthy deeds or illustrious qualities. A Sinto temple is called a *Mya*, meaning royal residence. Hence the name of the city Mykao, the abode of the Spiritual Emperor.

The present Tycoon is an adopted son of the Prince of Mito, but a lineal descendant of one of the three great families to which the hereditary succession is confined. His name is Stots Bashi; he is what is called in Japan a handsome and able man, and is now in the thirty-second year of his age. The photograph which we have engraved shows him in full Court costume, which consists of white silk robes, with sleeves of white satin, having his crest embroidered in lilac silk; on his head is oddly perched a splendid cap of paper; he sits in a throne or chair adorned with gold decorations of a checkered pattern.

The usual abode of the Tycoon is in the huge palace at Jeddo, which occupies, with its annexed buildings, a vast space in the middle of that city; but he sometimes visits Osaca, where he has another palace, or castle, likewise an edifice of immense size, and fortified with massive walls around it. Several foreign embassadors have lately been presented to the new Tycoon, and their interviews left them with the most favorable impression of his amiability and intelligence. He gave them the fullest assurances of his determination to carry out the letter and spirit of the existing treaties, and to inaugurate a new epoch in Japan, marked by a free and friendly intercourse with the Western nations. There can be no doubt, by all accounts, of his abilities for government, and at no period have the prospects of Japan—now really thrown open to the commerce of the world—been more flattering than the present.

STOTS BASHI, THE NEW TYCOON OF JAPAN.

## VIEW OF SALZBURG

We give below a fine engraving of the city of Salzburg, where the Emperors of France and Austria lately met to discuss the state of Europe, and form new political combinations for their own protection and the injury of their neighbors; for, unfortunately for the interests of mankind, it is one of the false principles of European diplomacy that the prosperity of a nation is advanced by the retrogression of its next-door neighbor.

Salzburg is the capital of the Provincial Diet of the same name, and is situated on the Salza River. It lies at the feet of two precipitous heights—in fact it stands in a narrow defile of and is half encircled by the Alps, through an opening in which the Salza passes out to join the Inn. The rich fields and meadows through which the river winds, the wooded slopes and abrupt precipices on either side, and the ridges of hills rising tier above tier, and overtopped by the main chain of the Alps, form scenery scarcely inferior to the finest parts of Switzerland. The town is divided by the Salza into two unequal parts, which communicate by a wooden bridge above 370 feet long, and is surrounded by a wall with ten gates. The greater part is on the left bank, where it is overtopped by a lofty height, crowned by a magnificent old castle. The superabundance of marble employed in the construction of the houses has a striking effect, but the streets are narrow, crowded, and gloomy. The two finest squares are Residenz, or Haupt-Platz, and the Domplatz. The former is adorned with a beautiful statue of white marble, 45 feet high; the latter by a noble bronze statue of the Virgin, by Hagenau. Between the two squares stands the cathedral, a heavy Italian structure, 410 feet long by 250 feet broad, with a dome and two towers. Adjoining it is the Archbishop s Palace, an extensive edifice, now partly used as public offices. In the same neighborhood is the collegiate church of St. Peter, with a monument to Haydn; and a cemetery remarkable for the number of curious ancient tombs which it contains. Attached to this church is an elegant hall, with a library of 40,000 volumes, and an extensive collection of coins, engravings, and natural curiosities. The castle has long been dismantled, and serves only for barracks. In one of its towers is shown the torture-chamber, with part of the inhuman apparatus employed upon the Protestants, who were ultimately, to the number of 30,000, mercilessly driven out of the town. The castle was the residence of the Archbishops, who were at the same time Princes of Salzburg and of the German Empire, and had temporal sovereignty over 200,000 persons. It is a place of great antiquity. The Roman town was destroyed by Attila in 448. and was rebuilt by the Dukes of Bavaria.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF SALZBURG, AUSTRIA, WHERE THE EMPERORS OF FRANCE AND AUSTRIA LATELY MET.

## THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

Last night the sweet warm Summer died
From out the circle of the year,
And soft and low the night-wind sighed
In sorrow o'er her lonely bier.

No lovely flowers were there to grace
The grave where cold and dead she lies,
A smile still lingered on her face
When darkness came and closed her eyes.

The daisies long had passed away;
The last rose withered with the June;
The clover flushed the new-mown hay
When shone the earlier harvest-moon.

But all day smiled the blue o'erhead;
In emerald tints the fields were drest;
At eve with flaming gold and red
The sunset burned along the west.

From out the tall elm, earthward flung,
The linnet's carol sounded dry;
The blackbird held his saucy tongue
Because the sober Fall was nigh.

Although last night the sweet clouds shed
For her that died no sorrowing tears;
I mourn the summer that is fled,
For with it passed the love of years.

Ah, soon the Spring with gentle breath
Will deck with flowers each hill and plain;
But Love that once has tasted death
Can seldom rise to life again.

At shut of day the sad Night came,
A mourner from her earliest birth,
And blowing out the sunset's flame,
Hung her dark arms about the earth.

## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

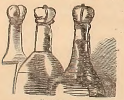
Washington, August 30.

Dear Weekly,—The arrival here of the famed Mutual Club of

BASE BAWLERS

created no little commotion in base-ball circles, and, as their bats were flitting around their head-quarters at Willard's, that famed hotel (the scene of so many ball circles, base and other kinds) was literally besieged by the members of the fraternity, all eager to catch a glimpse of the visitors. The report had somehow gone before them that they intended to elect Mr. Johnson as their "short-stopper," believing he had peculiar talents for stopping short. The Mutuals accordingly held a meeting at their rooms this morning, and elected President Johnson a member of the Club. Coroner Wildey of your city then asked me to take them around to the Executive Mansion and introduce them to the President, which I did. The Coroner informed the President that the Mutual Base-Ball Club were now on a friendly visit to this city, and were the guests of the National Club; that they were stopping at Willard's at a big expense per day; that this morning they had, on the eighth ballot, unanimously elected him a member of their Club in the position of "short-stopper."

The President here laughed heartily, and striking a bell he said that he would show us the only kind of



"STOPPERS"

he was any way familiar with. "Only don't make me a *pitcher*," said he, with a sly smile, "and I shall be satisfied." [Laughter.]

At this juncture an intelligent freedman, who must have understood that particular bell, arrived with a few decanters and Champagne bottles, and proceeded immediately to remove the stoppers. The noise of the popping soon brought Mr. Tom Florence up from the kitchen, and just as he was entering the room a Champagne cork struck him fair in the face. The President immediately exclaimed, with his ready wit,

"OUT ON THE FLY!"

which raised shouts of laughter from the Mutuals, who were not expecting such an appreciation of the points of their game by the President.

After several "corkers" had been given by the different members of the Mutuals in fine style, Coroner Wildey presented to the President the badge of membership.

The President replied that he was much pleased to accept the badge, and the honor of being a member of the Club. Tom Florence ran and got him a pin; he then attached the badge to the lappel of his coat. He said he held the game of base-ball to be a moral recreation, and of all recreations he thought the moral ones ought to be encouraged. He believed in morals. He thought any game that hadn't a moral connected with it ought not to be allowed any more than a tale in a newspaper without a moral. The game never attached any disgrace to the members. He had played the game when a young man, and was always delighted with it. But since he had left Tennessee he had had other games to play, of which the moral points were not so obvious. He said his little game with Congress might be called a base-ball match. They kept pitching into him balls in the shape of various propositions which took all his strength as a "batter" to knock beyond the range of the "fielders." He handled a favorite bat, which he called his "Policy," and with which he had given a "daisy cutter" to many a ball pitched at him by the Rads. He had tried his best to keep the Radicals out in the field while his friends made their innings count. He was now

AT THE BAT,

so to speak, and intended doing his level best in giving Sheridan, Sickles, Hancock, and others a few "skyers," as he had done Stanton. He told the Mutuals he wished they would also elect Grant a member of the Club, as he was afraid the Congressional Nine would make him their member, and he wanted to belong to the same crowd with the General. He had been practicing lately, he said, with Grant, giving him a few balls, which he struck amazing well, never once making a "foul," and he believed with a little practice he would make an excellent player. The President said he was not much on the catch; they would probably term him a "muffer." His best position was as a batter. He was a "King-pin" there. [Cheers.] He hailed with pleasure the admitted fact that the game was now designated a national one. He hated any thing sectional. He had tried to regulate his actions on the rules of a base-ball club. He had chosen Mr. Stanberry as umpire, and he thinks he has never made a foul strike, at least the umpire has never called one. Last July, at the extra session, he received many wild balls from the Radicals, when he struck every ball fair, and made, if not a home run, a change of base at every bat. He would now say to his friends, the Mutuals, that he was engaged in a little game where every shot must be sent "hot." The Congressional Nine were now having a game with the Presidential Nine for the championship of the Union. Stanton, the first base of the Congressionals, was put out at their last match as pretty as he ever saw a fellow; and the President thinks the scoring, when it is footed up, will show some good figures for the Presidentials. He said the Congressionals had good men in the field, but he thought the Presidentials would soon have equally as good ones. He had got Grant on the first base, but he did not know whether to trust him or not in that position. He didn't seem to be quick enough, and had already "muffed" one or two balls.

The Mutuals, after hearing these remarks by the President, shook hands with him, and invited him to witness their game with the Nationals that afternoon. They then retired.

Mr. Johnson, Tom Florence, and myself talked the matter over after the Mutuals had gone. Tom said he thought the President was about right regarding Grant, and he would move that if he staid in the Club he be put as catcher, and let some more active fellow be put on the first base; he thought Rousseau a good man.

The President appealed to me as to what I thought of Grant. I said I thought he was a little out of place myself; indeed, I did not think he understood the game well enough to take a position at all, but if he must have one let it be in the "*right field.*"

The President laughingly turned to Tom and said: "I suppose you know our young friend here is the Correspondent On-the-Wing of *Harper's Weekly*, and he feels called upon to make a joke whenever he can. I wish Seward was here, by Jove!"

Tom said he hadn't much of an opinion of *Harper's Weekly*, or of any body connected with it: it was too sectional for him.

The President said I must not be offended with any thing Mr. Florence might say. He was a good fellow, but impulsive.

I said "Yes; and that is not the only kind of *pulsive* he is."

"Ah!" said the President, "how's that?"

"*Re*," said I.

The President here closed the conversation by saying, "Let's all make an 'inning,' and meet this afternoon at the field of the Nationals."

After we set down our glasses I left. The President and Tom, I believe, intended taking some more drinks, and resuming the discussion about Grant. I should say Grant might properly be called "Our National Game."

Your own C. O. W.

## CHASED BY THE "MARIA."

"Where is the Captain?" asked somebody.

Well, *I* was the Captain, and there I *was*. Not really the *Captain*, either, but all one as the Captain; for I had just finished putting the machinery into the *Firefly*, and was to run it a month before it was accepted. So I was virtually in command for the time.

"Oh! you are the man I wish to see, are you?" asked the voice; and then the face behind the voice looked into the engine-room where I was sitting.

The face was bright and keen and pretty, and belonged, as I knew at once, to Mrs. Galloway, the wife of a coal merchant up in the city.

"Are there any boats faster than yours, Captain Burbank?" she continued, in her quick, business way.

"None, unless it may be the *Victoria*. The *Firefly* will beat out any other craft on the river; I can promise you that."

"Are you sure she is faster than the *Maria*?" asked Mrs. Galloway, anxiously.

"Oh yes! I will stand her against the *Maria* twice over," I replied.

"It is all right then. I wish to engage you and your boat to run over to Vancouver with a bridal party, at sunrise to-morrow. We shall be chased probably; but the *Maria* is the only other boat which can be chartered, I learn. We may depend on you, may we?"

"Certainly. I will have you there long enough before the *Maria* can make the passage, or I will blow up the boat," I replied.

"Punctually at sunrise, then!" she said, and ran off with the air of a woman who had the world on her shoulders, but felt entirely equal to it.

It was something new to see a woman doing business without saying the same thing over and over, to make sure—or a *man* either, for that matter; and I felt certain she would succeed in bringing her undertaking to pass, whatever it might be. And so she did. The party came on board just as the sun was making ready to rise over the Cascade Mountains, and directly we left the wharf with the never-ending puff and snort characteristic of all small river boats.

Down past the town; past the steamship wharf; past the saw-mill, and so along the river, with a high bluff on the right, and a narrow strip of low wet country on the left, between the river and the mountains; past Swan Island, with its low green banks and its one house, which is deserted at time of high-water; past mountain ranges farther down, covered with dark-green firs, with now and then a bit of clearing and a house; past two or three little villages; and then out of the sluggish Willamette at last, into the strong waters of the Columbia River.

I think in all the world—and I have been over it a deal in my day—I have never beheld a more beautiful sight than one sees from the deck of a boat at this point. The river is a mile wide, and upon the opposite side Mount St. Helens, though miles away, seems to rise a high, snow-crowned cone, from the water; while looking up the Columbia one sees Mount Hood, also snow-crowned and glistening, and also apparently rising from the water in an impassable barrier. Just make the picture in your mind. The swift, rough river, swollen by the melted snows of the far North and the Rocky Mountains; its banks covered with every shade of green, from the vivid brightness of spring-time to the dark heavy color of the ever-green firs—and the whole contrasted with and glorified by five mountains capped with perpetual snow.

And yet it is certainly true that the grandeur and beauty was all lost on the bride, who turned her handsome black eyes restlessly back the way we came and anxiously forward toward the little city of Vancouver, which appears in the distance on the farther shore as we round the corner.

Suddenly the shrill scream of a steam-whistle sounded from behind us. We had fairly made the turn of the river and already lost sight of the waters of the Willamette, but looking across the bend over the low cotton-wood and willows which covered the bank, we saw a line of puffing steam coming nearer and nearer on our track.

All this time the bride had been sitting close by me, aft in the engine-room away from her party, for I could not have them all below, and now with a frightened look that made her handsomer ever, she cried out,

"Oh, Captain Burbank! she is gaining on us; do you know it?"

"Guess not much," I replied, carelessly. "That must be the *Maria*, I am thinking; and I never considered the *Maria* a boat to be compared with the *Firefly* for speed. But, however, Miss, this is quite an important step you are about to take, and now is a grand opportunity to consider the matter over. Isn't it possible you have been too hasty? It is not too late yet to come back of it, but in half an hour it will be all over with you. Remember the knot you can tie in a minute you will be a long time untying."

But all the reply the silly thing gave was,

"Oh, Captain Burbank, they are gaining on us fast!" And then she grew pale, and began to tremble like a poplar leaf.

Putting two and two together I had made out the whole story to my own satisfaction. The bridegroom was a man from California who had been in Portland for the year past without any visible business that I had discovered, only, as it seemed now, to make love to this beautiful Miss Miriam Jacobs, who was an orphan and an heiress. Mr. Galloway was her guardian, that I always knew; and I also knew he had been opposed to her marriage with somebody, and had made legal prohibition of it.

So, of course, there was nothing left for true love in order to run smooth but to run out of the State into Washington Territory, the fashionable Gretna Green of Northern Oregon.

Yes, certainly, and if some one opposed it, especially her husband, that was enough to make Mrs. Galloway ready to move heaven and earth to bring a marriage to pass. So here we were—Miss Jacobs, the bridegroom, Mrs. Galloway, and the *Firefly*—two-thirds and more of the way from Portland to Vancouver, and there was Mr. Galloway and his prohibition in hot pursuit on the *Maria* behind us.

The *Maria* was really gaining rapidly, that was a fact; but I wasn't afraid of her. I knew what I was about, and was minded to have a little fun out of the trip for myself (I always did like to plague my sister's kitten when I was a boy). So I let the *Maria* come within a mile of us, in full view and still gaining; then she sounded three signal-whistles in token she wished to speak with us. The bride looked weak as a potato-blossom, and I confess I began to feel some as though I was a cat playing with a mouse. But I said nothing, and made no answer to the signal-whistles, which were repeated, only to move off leisurely and open out the engine, which, to tell the truth, I had throttled down when the smoke of the *Maria* first showed itself.

Then, with a sudden shiver and tremble, the wheels started as though a soul had been put in them, the boat shook in every plank and joint, and the glasses on the table began to jump and jingle as if they had just discovered they were invited to a wedding, and had a mind to get up a little dance among themselves upon it.

I wish you could have seen the change in the face and whole figure of the bride as the boat sprang forward with such eager life and power. She looked as though Atlas had suddenly come back and taken the whole round world off her shoulders, which he had left upon them while he went himself after some golden apple or another.

And I am thinking Captain Bookstaver, over on the *Maria*, got some new and sudden ideas into his brain about the strength and swiftness of the *Firefly*.

So of course, although I slowed down the engine once or twice after that till the *Maria* was close upon us, just for the sport of racing away from her again, we touched the Vancouver wharf before her; and the magistrate, who had been telegraphed for and was standing on the pier in waiting, came on board in the shutting of a fan.

The ceremony was not very long nor very impressive, I promise you, but it was stronger than a gate of brass in a legal point of view; Mrs. Galloway had seen to that.

"If you mutually promise to love one another, join your hands. I pronounce you man and wife by the authority vested in me as magistrate of this Territory," said he. And there they were, married as tight as legal power could do it.

Whish! Whish! Whish! screamed the *Maria*, scarcely more than a boat's length behind us. But she might as well have been leagues away.

It was all over, and there was nothing for Mr. Galloway but to make the best of it. So he came on board, and for aught I know gave his consent and his blessing. At any rate, they went back to Portland together, and that evening the ceremony was repeated at church with all due pomp and bridal array.

## OUR JOINTS.

Such is the perfection of the articulations of the bones entering into the formation of all our joints, that nature actually supplies a bland lubricating fluid, always running to prevent friction in the parts. A curiously constructed bag, called capsular ligament, embraces both ends of the bones making the joint, which prevents the sizy material from escaping. That is not all; there are generally an attachment of muscular fibres to the outside of the ligament to pull it away, so that it shall not be pinched in flexion or extension. Besides all those beautiful Providential contrivances for perfecting the joint, there are numerous muscles running from one bone to the other, which have the power of shortening themselves and then relaxing, alternately, which perfects the mechanism.

## THE SKIN.

As every body has one, and all are anxious to preserve it, it is well enough to understand something of its character and office. Learned doctors, who take other people to pieces for the ostensible purpose of ascertaining how they are anatomically constructed, say that we have three coverings, one over the other, beginning with the *cutis vera*, the deepest, which is thin, delicately organized, abounding with minute blood-vessels and nerves. Next, nearer the surface, is the *rete mucosum*, a very thin membrane, exceedingly elastic, soft, and abounding in minute cells that contain the pigment or coloring matter on which the characteristic color of individuals and races depend. It is white, yellow, copper-colored, tawny, or black, pierced by very fine orifices, obliquely arranged, for the passage of hairs, sweat-tubes, sebaceous follicles, and terminal nerve-loops. A current opinion is gaining prevalence that this tunic holds in its curious composition a large amount of nerve matter, on which the sense of feeling depends over the exterior of the body, rather than on individual nerve filaments.

Superficial and outside, exposed to the air, is the epidermis, or scarf-skin. It is simply the thrown-off skin below, which is constantly becoming dry and the cell becoming compressed, take the form of scales. This scarf-skin is always wearing away, and other scales rise up in its place, and hence the skin is always in the process of being renewed. Those who apply powders or liquid cosmetics with an expectation of improving their complexion actually interfere and retard nature in her purpose of furnishing a new skin.

## PARIS EXPOSITION.—SEWING MACHINE AWARDS.

WE recently published a brief telegram from Paris, announcing the award, over eighty-two competitors, to Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, of the Highest Premium, a Gold Medal, for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-Hole Machines. The following are copies of the official documents confirming the announcement:

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
PARIS, 1867.
COMMISSION IMPERIALE, CHAMP DE MARS,
*July* 16, 1867.

*Mr. R. Hunting, No.* 139 *Regent St., London:*

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your inquiry, I beg to state that the ONLY GOLD MEDAL for the manufacture and PERFECTION OF SEWING MACHINES and BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES was awarded to Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON, of New York. Yours respectfully,

HENRY F. Q. D'ALIGNY,
Member of International Jury, and Reporter of same.

Another letter, of the same date, says:

DEAR SIR,—Replying to your inquiry, I herewith give you the list of gold medals awarded to my class:

DUPUIS ET DUMERY, for Screw Shoe Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON, New York, for the manufacture and perfection of their Sewing Machines and Button-Hole Machines.

There is also in the list of "CO-OPERATORS" a Gold Medal granted to Mr. Elias Howe, Jr., personally, as PROMOTER of the Sewing Machine.

Respectfully yours,

HENRY F. Q. D'ALIGNY,
Reporter of Class No. 57 (Group No. 6), Member of the International Jury at the Exposition Universelle.

Extract from *Le Moniteur Universel*, official journal of the French Empire:

"The WHEELER & WILSON Company of New York, manufacturers of American Sewing Machines, have just received the GOLD MEDAL at the Exposition Universelle, for the good construction of their machines; the new improvement for making button-holes, applicable to their sewing machines; also for their machine especially for making button-holes. This award is accorded for the great development that Messrs. WHEELER & WILSON have given to the sewing machine industry in bringing their machines to the doors of all, by their cheapness and solid construction, which allows their employment with satisfaction in families, and with great advantage in work-rooms."—*Communicated.*

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

## ANCIENT FINE ARTS.

*To the Editor of the New York Herald:*

Respecting the relics of porcelain ware found in the late exhumations at Herculaneum, which have been forwarded to the Society of Antiquities in London, whereof your correspondent says the bottle resembling Drake's Plantation Bitters was undoubtedly placed among the ruins by the agent of Dr. Drake, we desire to state he is incorrect in every respect. If a bottle was found there bearing our lettering, the language of the ancient Romans was different from the accepted literature of that day. Our agent has other business than this in Europe, and has not been in Italy at all. No doubt Americans carry Plantation Bitters to Rome; but trying to impose upon a Society of Antiquarians in this way seems quite useless, and we do not appreciate the joke. It is unnecessary for us to spend money in Europe while we are unable to supply the demand for these celebrated Bitters here.

Respectfully,

P. H. DRAKE & CO.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If the entire correspondence from South America, Central America, and the West Indies received by Messrs. Hostetter & Smith during the last twelve months were published at length, it would probably be considered one of the most extraordinary collections of approbatory testimony on record. The letters, written in every variety of style, and emanating from individuals of almost every class, are, nevertheless, all of the same tenor. Physicians, priests, merchants, planters, military officers, artisans, lawyers, &c., tell one story, admitting, without reserve or qualification, that the tonics heretofore in use in those regions have been generally and justly superseded by

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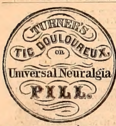


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We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine DR. MCLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine DR. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

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Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

# Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,

For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public DR. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

### Diseases of the Liver.

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of CONSUMPTION have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

### Symptoms of a Diseased Liver

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites,* or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

### Fever and Ague.

DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

# Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,

OR

# VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE MAY BE DEPENDED UPON TO EFFECT A CURE.

The universal success which has attended the administration of DR. MCLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that DR. MCLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of DR. MCLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. MCLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "DR. C. MCLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE RACCOON HUNT.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See next Page.]

## RACCOON HUNTING.

ONE of the favorite amusements of the country people of the South and West, and particularly the colored portion, is that of raccoon hunting, or, as they almost without exception denominate it, "coon hunting." The raccoon is a native of Canada and all North America, but it is not common now in the Northern and Eastern States; and the sport is not so popular as in the localities further south and west.

The mode of pursuit is with dogs, who follow the scent of the animal in the woods, and bring him to bay in the trees. The hounds who follow him communicate to each other and to the huntsman the fact that the coon is "treed" by a peculiar howl. The practiced huntsman will tell by the cry of the hound the exact moment at which the animal leaves the ground for the protection of the tree. When this cr[illegible] is heard all the huntsmen and the dogs, who have been previously scattered in the rapid pursuit, gather at the foot of the tree, and the former prepare, if the tree is not too valuable, to fell it. This is often a labor of hours. When the tree falls the dogs are at once in among the brush, the "coon" again takes to flight, but with well-trained dogs and huntsmen in pursuit he seldom escapes. Coon hunting is usually followed for the sport only; the animal is never eaten, though he is sometimes tamed, and cruelly too, for it is almost always at the cost to him of blindness. His eyes, only intended for use at night, are easily affected by the light of the sun, and blindness ensues.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1867.


## THE PUBLIC PERIL.

SOME of the Democratic papers are repeating their action of the autumn of 1860. When at that time it was very clear that the Democratic leaders at the South and in the Cabinet intended to plunge the country into war some of the Republican journals in the country called attention to the significant signs of the times, as portending trouble, and asserted that under all circumstances the laws must be maintained. The Democratic papers declared that such a strain was incendiary, and that the Republicans were stirring up civil war.

As we said last week the public apathy and incredulity were remarkable, and the country blindly lurched into war. If the circumstances which were known to some had been made public, if the tocsin of the press had loudly rung the alarm, the war might not indeed have been avoided, but we should have been somewhat prepared for the struggle. At the present time, as we also stated last week, there is reason for grave apprehension of trouble, and the country ought constantly to bear it in mind. Nobody can seriously doubt that the President would resort to an armed settlement with Congress, if he dared. It is mainly a question of his courage. Suppose the President, having issued a general amnesty, should proclaim that it restored political privileges, and should declare martial law in the District of Columbia and for as large an area around it as might suit his purpose. He would then be practically Dictator, and General GRANT would be officially his military Lieutenant.

This would be illegal, it would be revolutionary, it would be preposterous. Undoubtedly; but it is none the less possible and probable. The President is not a person who can be trusted, and when that is said all is said. He knows that Congress will meet on the 21st of November. He is very sure that there will be a vigorous effort for his impeachment. He is pretty sure that the effort will succeed, and he probably has very little doubt of the result. Now he also believes, for he has told us very often, that Congress as at present constituted is a usurping body. He acknowledges its authority, indeed, but that acknowledgment would not interfere with his action, for he is wholly inconsistent and illogical, and he is desperate. He insists that the late rebel States are entitled to representation; and it follows, in the Presidential mind, that a Congress which forcibly expels a part of the States is not a body competent to impeach, and not a body, therefore, whose action is to be respected.

Is there any thing in the career or character of the President which makes it unlikely that he would attempt to resist or disperse Congress, or do something to make trouble before it assembles? Common-sense, indeed, rejects such a course as stupid folly. But is that a reason for supposing that it would not be adopted by the President? It is tolerably evident to most sensible men that a great cause, a great faith, and skillful leaders are necessary to a great and successful revolution; and that there is no cause, no inspiration, no leadership, in ANDREW JOHNSON and his "policy." If he has any reliance, it must be upon the Democratic party. Is that party likely to support him in a *coup d'état*? No, for they are very careful to disown the President and the President's performances. But although a great revolution requires a great cause, a serious and bloody trouble may arise from a very small one.

In insisting, as we do, upon the possibility and probability of Presidential violence, we wish to persuade our readers that it is their duty to be awake and alert, and that no peace is to be expected while Mr. JOHNSON is President. It was universally supposed and asserted that Congress had bound him so closely that he could do no mischief. Does the event prove it? Is he not to-day in a position to do as much mischief, more mischief than ever? And is there any doubt that his doing it will depend solely upon his courage? He is undoubtedly urged by evil counselors, as Governor SEYMOUR of New York was in 1863. The Governor, upon reflection, did not directly resist the National Government. It was a very wise course, and it is useless now to speculate upon the reasons that ruled him. If the President is as wise as the Governor, we shall be very glad. If he is not, we shall not be surprised.

We think, however, that under the circumstances no truly patriotic man will regret that General GRANT is precisely where he is. Of his purpose as of his purity there is no question; and in any serious complication the same clear good sense will not fail him which has guided him safely through the difficult situations in which he has been heretofore placed. He is the sentinel of the people. If the President plunges the country into graver trouble he alone will bear the guilty responsibility.

## RADICALISM JUSTIFIED.

THE present situation is a striking vindication of the Radical instinct of the country. It has always felt that the President was false, and that the extreme remedy was the wisest. But the impeachment project has never enlisted very general sympathy; and for two reasons. The first was a want of confidence in the impeachment leaders, and the second was a feeling that Congress could bind the President so as to make him harmless, and so, also, as to spare the country the excitement of the trial.

General BUTLER and Mr. ASHLEY in Congress, conceding their ability and whatever else of patriotic service may be fairly claimed for them, are not men in whose wisdom the sober, thoughtful, influential body of the people confide. "Granting that their suspicions of the President are correct," said the general good sense—"granting even that it might be a good thing to impeach, yet we fear the necessary prominence of such men." We are not saying that this feeling was just, or this expression correct; but, of course, General BUTLER and Mr. ASHLEY know as well as the rest of us that this was very generally said.

So, in the Senate, Mr. FESSENDEN and Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. EDMUNDS and their friends regarded Mr. SUMNER as a visionary—an impracticable idealogue, who was abstractly hostile to the South, and who would ruin the country upon a theory. All the New England Senators, it was asserted by some warm Radicals, were fossil Conservatives except Mr. SUMNER. Now the country, with the heartiest admiration of Mr. SUMNER'S powers and the deepest gratitude for his services, undoubtedly shared the opinion held of him by the colleagues we have mentioned, and shrunk from a policy which Mr. SUMNER might dictate. "The President," said the Senators in question, "has denounced Mr. SUMNER, and Mr. SUMNER has denounced the President. The Senator insists upon impeachment before the country is convinced, before it is ready. He urges it through thick and thin, and he will plunge us all into confusion." So when the proposal to adjourn conditionally was brought forward, the Conservative sentiment of which we speak was opposed to it upon the ground that the President could be held within bounds, while the conditional adjournment would merely keep the country unsettled. It was with some difficulty, therefore, that the plan was finally adopted. Its wisdom was soon shown. Congress assembled in July; but despite the lesson, despite the apparently unavoidable warning, thinking, as it thought before, that it had securely bound the Executive, Congress adjourned until the 21st of November, nor is there any authority but the Executive which can assemble it sooner.

The event has justified the Radical view of the situation. The President, as the Radicals said, could not be trusted; and Congress, as Mr. SUMNER claimed, ought to have held itself in a position to watch him. Those members who said that public opinion did not approve the Radical view should have remembered that Congress, under the circumstances, makes public opinion. If Mr. FESSENDEN, and Mr. EDMUNDS, and Mr. SHERMAN, and their friends had reflected upon the whole career and character of the President, if they had recalled the experience of other times and similar situations in history, and if they had considered one general principle, and had agreed with the Radical distrust of the Executive, despite the bars and bolts of prevention they had provided, then public opinion would have been united, and the President would not have had the chance which he is now using to the utmost.

The general principle of which we speak is this, that you must fight fire with fire. Ever since the 22d of February, 1866, the situation itself has been Radical. It was clear that the President would spare no extremity of action upon his side. That was only natural. It should have been taken for granted, and our measures adapted to the emergency. The true course would have been not necessarily to impeach until the necessity was obvious and overwhelming, but for Congress to sit virtually in permanence. The point of the difficulty was the Executive denial of the authority of Congress. The practical answer was the constant exercise of that authority. And the moment impeachment seemed to be necessary it could have been carried without the least popular shock.

The maturer civilization of New England, the soberer temperament, the hallowed traditions of peaceful obedience to law, the solution of strife by the ballot, and the general intelligence in a certain degree incapacitate its sedate Senators from a vivid conception of the actual situation. They have not been brought face to face with rebels. They have not fought for years the tyranny of slavery immediately threatening property and life. They have not learned the ineradicable hostility of the spirit known as "the South" to the Union and the Government. They have forgotten how surely the STUART and the BOURBON under some form return. But the men of the border and of the West understand more truly that a BOURBON never learns; and it is upon the border and in the West that Radicalism prevails.

We do not say that therefore the technical Radical p[illegible]cy of any moment should be pursued, but [illegible] do say that its spirit should inspire the general policy of the party. Only a man who believes that the spirit of the President and of progressive civilization and development in this country are radically hostile, and that the President must be expected to act after his kind, is a statesman who comprehends the crisis.

## ANOTHER GLANCE AT THE CONVENTION.

WE said last week that the session of a Constitutional Convention in so large a State as New York must necessarily be long, and must seem unreasonably long to the impatient public mind. But nevertheless the duty of such a body is deliberation, and upon no subject ought deliberation to be so deliberate as upon a fundamental law. Those whom the people have chosen for their representatives must be allowed to speak for the people, and to show how the subject under consideration is regarded in different places and under different influences. The Convention therefore wisely decided at its opening that there should be no previous question. The rule has now been changed, but the change does not affect the debates, for they occur in Committee of the Whole, in which there is no previous question; and the subject is not transferred to the action of the Convention until every one who wishes to debate has been heard in Committee.

Whether the system of work adopted by the Convention was wise may be questionable. There are some reasons why it may be a great deal better to take up the old Constitution in Convention and proceed to consider in what points it needs amendment. This method is preferred by many as insuring a short session, and as limiting the discussions to the points which clearly require change. But, on the other hand, as a hundred and sixty persons might not agree upon those points, and as it is most probable that scores of them would, for various reasons, wish to change every article, it is doubtful whether time would be really gained; while it is plain that the discussions would be much more crude than when, by distributing the parts of the Constitution among Committees, ample time and opportunity are given for information. The plan adopted by this Convention was inherited from that of 1846; but some of the leading members of the present assembly preferred the more direct method.

Still, the Convention has been remarkably independent of its committees, and has not hesitated to reject their work, as we stated last week, and cling to the Constitution of 1846. The fault of that instrument is, that it was the work of a doctrinaire. Fearful of concentration of power, and alarmed by experience of a "regency," the framers of that Constitution seemed to suppose that no government was truly popular in which every office was not elective. Diffusion of power was the motto of Mr. MICHAEL HOFFMAN. But diffusion of power may often be accomplished more surely in other ways than by an immediate election. Unity and permanence are essentially conservative elements of government, and they are necessarily endangered by a constant popular reference. If the elections are limited to the legislative and the chief executive offices, leaving the agents whom the popular vote has selected to choose their subordinate agents, the substance of power remains, as it should, in the hands of the people, and the whole system is simplified. But, jealous of centralization, the men of 1846 fell into the other extreme, and this Convention inclines to perpetuate their error.

Like all Constitutions, this one will be found to be a series of compromises. Exactly what they are will not necessarily appear to those who are not close watchers of the course of the Convention. There were certain prominent subjects of discontent under the present system. The inequality of suffrage for colored citizens, the elective judiciary and the sl[illegible] terms, and the city government of New York were conspicuous among the alleged grievances. Then there was the financial policy allied with the canal-enlargement question, and various details in many other parts of the Constitution. Upon all these points strong party and private feelings and interests were excited, and it is by the consideration of these that the probabilities of the popular ratification of the Constitution must be determined.

The first great compromise appears in the Report of the Judiciary Committee. This was a large and able committee, and among its members were several from the city of New York. It was discovered at an early day in the Convention that the sentiment of the Republican rural districts was adverse to appointed judges, and to the life tenure. In those districts the best men were elected, and willingly served for short terms. At least this was the general assertion, and there was no reason to doubt it. But the city Republicans were opposed to the many different courts in the city, and to the short term, which they believed to be pernicious to the ends of justice and to the public welfare. The city Democrats, however, had sent to the Convention several of the judges of these very courts. The judges were naturally opposed to the abolition of their courts, and, as Democratic partisans, could not oppose the elective system. If the courts were abolished, therefore, it was a logical inference, assisted possibly by certain intimations, that the united Democratic vote would join the rural party, and continue the present election and tenure.

After much and long debate, there was a general yielding of certain points. The value of a harmonious report was deeply felt, and the advocates of a simple system descended step by step, until it was resolved to report to the Convention the continuance (by not abolishing) of the many city courts, the elective system, the life tenure, and a future popular decision whether the elective system should be discarded. There was but one dissenting voice to this report, although it did not at all fully express the feelings of some of the ablest and best members of the Committee. It is supposed, of course, if the plan be adopted as recommended, that the continuance of the elective system and the life tenure of the many judges in the city will enable their friends to skip nimbly over equal colored suffrage. So the Democrats who favor the anti-railroad consolidation clause, for whatever reason, are supposed to be much more friendly to that than they are hostile to the colored suffrage. The majority of the "city" Committee will carry the compromises still further. And of that report we shall hereafter speak.

The reported plan of the judiciary is a very great improvement upon that of 1846, and if not seriously changed by the Convention will be very welcome to the people. A very strenuous effort, however, will be made to shorten the tenure.

## PARTY UNITY.

WE hope that the result of the election in California, a State in which the Union majority is very large, will serve to show the absolute necessity of party harmony. The liberal party can not fight within its own ranks as well as with the common enemy and yet win the victory. And so we say to our friends in Massachusetts. You have no right to disorganize the party upon the issue of prohibition; and you do disorganize it throughout the country in dividing upon a foreign issue when the great common danger is immediately before us. The imperative duty of the great liberal Union party of the country is to hold itself united and firm until after the Presidential election. There is no episodical question which can properly divert our chief interest for a moment. The main question is national reconstruction, and until that is virtually settled by the election of a wholly harmonious administration, it is of the nature of treason to imperil by internal dissensions the results of the war.

But these results can be secured only by strict party organization and action. Nothing is finally effected in a popular system except by party agency. Public opinion is the real power, but it acts through parties. Party is the glass which compresses the rays to the burning point; and whoever in this country sneers at parties shows his perilous ignorance of the necessary methods of political action under our Government.

Nor was there ever a time when this truth was more evident. The full disaster of Mr. LINCOLN'S murder begins now to appear. The New York *World* lately labored to prove that Mr. JOHNSON was faithfully following the course of Mr. LINCOLN. But, to say nothing more, the striking difference between them is, that Mr. LINCOLN always deferred to the will of the people in Congress, while Mr. JOHNSON defies it. Had Mr. LINCOLN lived he would have co-operated with Congress, and reconstruction would have been already far advanced. But

under the chaotic administration of Mr. Johnson we are still, after more than two years, to decide whether the war was fought in vain. If the Republican party remains in unquestioned power, the Union will be restored upon principles approved by all loyal men. If the Democratic party could succeed, the rebel States would return upon terms dictated by rebels. Nor do we, therefore, accuse individual Democrats. We do not charge, and never have charged, all those who vote with the Democratic party with sympathy for rebels and rebellion. But we do charge the Democratic party, as a party, with the responsibility of being to-day, as it was six years ago and during the war, the hope of all who are disaffected to the Union and the Government.

The welfare of the country and the peaceful development of our liberties and progress depend, therefore, upon the defeat of that party. But that can be achieved only by the Republican organization; and to deprecate party action at this time is either ignorantly or wantonly to trifle with the permanence of the Government which is the hope of civilization.

## THE STATE NOMINATIONS.

Our State election has again a national significance. As long as the President persists in embarrassing the subject of reconstruction every general election must be first regarded as an expression of public opinion upon his conduct. The universal Republican victories of the last year were incalculable national blessings, for they showed the President and his counselors how deep was the popular condemnation of their course.

This year the Democrats inform us that they are very sure to carry New York. Last year Mr. Seward promised it to them by forty thousand majority; and they will succeed this year in precisely the same way, and by the same majority. But they are resolute, active, and unscrupulous. We are not, therefore, to beat them by going to sleep. We must have at our Convention a plain declaration of our good principles, and we must nominate good men.

The four present officers at the head of the State ticket, Generals Barlow, Hillhouse, Martindale, and Colonel Howland, have served the State with the utmost fidelity, ability, and diligence, and are all men of a spotless integrity. By virtue of their offices they are members of the Canal Board, but through the fire in which men of all parties have been consumed they have passed unseared, and have emerged without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. In all the storm of suspicion, insinuation, and open accusation that has beat upon the Canal management there has never been the least whisper against any one of them. As truly patriotic in civil service as they were in the field, of a virtue even more signal by contrast, is there any reason, principle, or policy, why they should be discarded?

If any of their associates should be dropped because of any kind of suspicion, truly or falsely entertained, there is the more reason for retaining those who are wholly untouched even by idle and inventive rumor. To sacrifice the worthy to the unworthy, or to those who are so considered, is an outrage upon public morality. If it should be urged that to retain some names upon a ticket is to stigmatize those who are omitted, the reply is, that not to retain them is to stigmatize them also. The Republican party knows very well that certain persons whom it has trusted with high office have fallen under a cloud. To omit them upon a new ticket is to say that the party recognizes that fact, and repudiates all attempts at shielding them or assuming the responsibility of their imputed offenses. But to omit with them their acknowledged incorruptible associates, members of the same Board, is to cast suspicion upon them, and to announce to the State that the party can not nominate proper men.

We trust that the Convention will renominate by acclamation the men who have served the State so well, and not be deluded by the argument that a new ticket accuses nobody. Under ordinary circumstances that may be true. But the situation is extraordinary. The Canal frauds are notorious; and to reject all the present officers together is, under existing circumstances, virtually to asperse them. Certainly the State and the party owe something to faithful service.

## A BLOW AT THE SPEAKER.

Some very impetuous and unwise person has published "Sixteen Reasons why our Republican party should not run General Grant for President in 1868." We take three of them at random as illustrative of the whole. They are numbered respectively 9th, 10th, and 11th.

"Because all the Democratic and rebel papers indorse him." We should be glad to know the name of one important Democratic or of a single rebel paper that does so.

"He has followed our drunken, Democratic Johnson in all his rebellious rows against Congress and our party." This is as laughable as the previous assertion.

"Because he has insulted the Republican party by indorsing the removal of the Secretary of War and accepting the position himself." This is simply untrue. General Grant did not approve and could not control the suspension of Mr. Stanton. But he has very wisely consented to keep out a bad man as long as he can.

We speak of this little sheet because it is widely circulated by mail, and published in the Copperhead papers, and because it is unkindly attributed to the friends of Mr. Colfax, with the hope of injuring that gentleman. No man has a higher regard for the patriotic services of General Grant than the Speaker, and we can understand his profound chagrin that his name should be drawn into such an association as this. No man knows better than the Speaker, and he will therefore doubtless attribute this performance to an enemy, that the prospect of no candidate can be brightened by aspersions upon General Grant. Even if such aspersions should injure the General, they could not help him for whose benefit they were ostensibly uttered.

## WISCONSIN MUSIC.

The Wisconsin Republican Convention recently met to nominate State officers, and passed resolutions which, as reported by telegraph, are an admirable epitome of the principles of the great dominant party in this country:

"They reaffirm the cardinal tenets of the political faith of the Republican party; the inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and no discrimination at the ballot-box on account of birth-place, creed, or color; the liberty of speech and the press; free schools; a prompt acquiescence with the decisions of the people at the ballot-box; the maintenance of the national faith as pledged to its creditors; the equalization of taxes so that they shall fall equitably on all classes. It was resolved that, as the chief purpose of the Republican Union Party during the war was to conquer the enemies of the Union and assert the supremacy of the Constitution and the laws, so now its chief object is to secure the fruits of the victory won, and restore the reign of civil law and constitutional order throughout the land, looking mainly to the representatives of the people in Congress, which is clothed with the power to make all laws necessary for carrying them into execution in the Government of the United States or any department thereof; and we heartily indorse the system and measures adopted by Congress for Reconstruction."

## SMALL-POX AND VACCINATION.

In remarking, in a recent article on the removal of nuisances, upon the rights of the public in relation to the prevention of disease, we stated certain principles that we will now apply to the prevention of that formidable and hideous malady, small-pox. So many die of it yearly, especially in our crowded cities, that it is a matter of great importance to prevent its ravages so far as possible. There are two means resorted to for this purpose. One is vaccination, and the other is seclusion of the sick. There is commonly altogether too much made of the latter and too little of the former. Let us look at this.

The seclusion is generally overdone. The alarm excited by the appearance of the disease occasions this. This is especially true of towns in the country. The course ordinarily pursued has been this: On the appearance of small-pox the members of the civil authority, so called, are assembled, and a vote is passed directing the obtaining of a house in some by-place to be used as a pest-house; and the sick are removed to this, often under circumstances which lessen the chances of their recovery. With this movement there is soon another, providing for a general vaccination. In the mean time there is much alarm, and the facts are so much exaggerated by busy rumor that even the business of the place may be temporarily injured. The disease and the excitement after a period pass away. Both might have been either wholly or almost wholly prevented by pursuing a proper course. Not only can the disease be prevented from spreading at all in the great majority of cases, but its outbreak can generally be avoided. By what means this can be done we will point out.

As to seclusion, this can commonly be adequately secured on the spot where the patient is. Separating him from the rest of the family, and exercising due care in regard to the clothing of those who attend on him, are all the measures that are requisite. The very common notions about the virus being readily carried in various ways, even in the smoke of a chimney, for instance, are altogether unfounded. In addition to the seclusion of the patient, there should of course be vaccination of all persons who have been in any way exposed, even if they have already been vaccinated.

But the grand means of prevention is *systematic compulsory vaccination*, practiced continuously, with the purpose of wholly shutting out the disease. Provision should be made for the vaccination of every child within a certain period after birth, and the fact should be certificated and registered as formally as is done with births, marriages, and deaths. It will not do to be content with making the neglect of vaccination a bar to admission to our public schools. This is far from reaching the whole difficulty. There will be evasions, it is true, with the most carefully constructed plan, but the object can undoubtedly be quite thoroughly secured. Of course provision should be made for the vaccination of the poor at the public expense, just as other needs of pauperism are cared for.

With such a plan efficiently carried out small-pox may be rendered a great rarity. For with the present very incomplete application of the preventive the occasional prevalence of the disease is very slight as compared with the extent of its ravages before the discovery of Jenner. How incomplete is the general application of the preventive is indicated by some statistics that have been gathered in England. In some quite extensive observations made in 1851 it was found that the highest percentage of vaccinations upon the births of the year was 21, and in many cases it was less than 6. With such a neglect of vaccination what an opportunity would the disease have to spread were there not an immediate application of the preventive at the time? But better by far would it be to be beforehand with our measures, for thus not only would the number of victims be less when the disease appears, but in the vast majority of cases it would be prevented from appearing at all.

We know that many object to using compulsion in such matters in this free country. But there are rights in regard to preventing the diffusion of disease which are not only consistent with full liberty, but are based upon it. No one has a right, by omitting a simple precaution, to inflict disease upon his neighbors. The law should compel him to do otherwise.

But some are opposed to vaccination because, as they allege, diseases are often communicated by it from one person to another. There are very few diseases of which this can be said to be possible, and surely ordinary care can prevent such a result from occurring. There is no necessity for taking matter from any but those known to be purely healthy.

Others doubt the protective power of vaccination. But nothing was ever more certainly demonstrated. The fact that we have already given in regard to the present compared with the past ravages of the disease proves it. It is true that varioloid, a stunted form of it, as we may say, sometimes appears in the vaccinated; but it is ordinarily very mild, runs a short course, and leaves no trace behind. Now and then, but very rarely, a vaccinated person has small-pox in full; but the vaccination may not have been a proper one, but even if it was, the occurrence is so very infrequent that it ought not to bring any discredit upon the protective power of vaccination. It comes as near to perfection as any thing does in this imperfect world. We may add that re-vaccination may prevent such occurrences. A single vaccination will indeed protect the great majority for a lifetime, but it will not all; and so, in order to attain the highest security, all had better be vaccinated twice—in infancy and on reaching adult life. We do not deem it, however, necessary that the second vaccination should be compulsory.

There are few that fail to be vaccinated from the objections that have been mentioned. The many that neglect it do so from sheer carelessness, or from lack of appreciation of its importance. Some, perhaps we may say many, wait to have it done at public expense when a general alarm shall call for a general vaccination.

Small-pox is not prevailing just now, but as there is danger of its breaking out as an epidemic at any time, we wish our readers to ponder well what we have said, and do what they can in so moulding public sentiment as to prepare it for the enactment and the successful enforcement of a law for compulsory vaccination.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

President Johnson issued on September 7 a new proclamation of amnesty. After a lengthy preamble the document recites that the full pardon described in the proclamation of May 29, 1865, shall be extended to all persons having participated in the late rebellion, with the restoration of all privileges, immunities, and rights of property, except as to property with regard to slaves, and except in cases of legal proceedings under the laws of the United States, on condition that such persons shall take an oath of allegiance, which oath is duly described. The chief or pretended chief executive officers of the late Confederacy, all heads of departments of the Confederate Government, all agents thereof in foreign States and countries, all having held military rank or title above the grade of Brigadier-General, or naval rank or title above that of Captain, all Governors of States, all persons having treated otherwise than as lawful prisoners of war persons in the military or naval service of the United States, and all persons who, while seeking to obtain the benefits of the proclamation, are actually in civil, military, or naval custody, or legally held to bail, and all persons who were engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the assassination of the late President are debarred from profiting by the amnesty. This proclamation really affects only about 400 persons in all the South; relieves only one-fourth of these; and was issued only for political effect.

General Canby relieved General Sickles of the command of the Second Military District on September 5. His first act was to confirm the orders and regulations of his predecessor. General Sickles has demanded a Court of Inquiry.

The Alabama Conservative Convention, at Montgomery, on September 5, passed resolutions adopting the platform of the late Philadelphia Convention as its own, and adding several clauses, one of which favors "charity and kindness toward the blacks, notwithstanding the prejudices instilled in their minds by bad men and recent events, and warns them to trust no strangers, but to place confidence in those whom they have long known to be honorable." Williams and Holmes, the colored conservatives, made speeches in front of the Convention hall; but they were not received pleasantly by the majority of the blacks in the audience.

General Griffin assumed command of General Sheridan's District on September 7, and began his labors by confirming all General Sheridan's orders.

The President has promised the office of Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau to General Gordon Granger in the event of the removal of General Howard, which is threatened. General Granger has been a supporter of the President's policy from the first, and had previously been rewarded by an appointment as Colonel in the Regular Army.

### NEWS ITEMS.

There have been since our last issue State elections in Maine, Vermont, and California. Vermont was carried by the Republicans by twenty thousand majority: the vote polled by both parties having fallen off slightly from that of last year. Owing to the split of the Republican party on minor and local issues, the Democrats carried California by about six thousand majority. The Maine election, which took place on September 9, resulted in considerable losses to the Republicans and some gains to the Democracy, but not of sufficient importance to materially change the complexion of the Legislature. The Republican majority is still very decided.

Pennsylvania canceled $1,794,644 50 of her debt during the year ending September 2.

A terrific boiler explosion occurred on September 9 at No. 258 West Twenty-eight Street, New York. The boiler was hurled through the air a distance of one hundred and fifty yards, falling upon the roof of a four-story dwelling and crushing its way to the cellar. The foreman, engineer, a man and two children were killed, and several others were severely injured.

The demonstration on September 9 in honor of General Sheridan was the largest outpouring of citizens ever witnessed in St. Louis.

John L. Helm was inaugurated Governor of Kentucky at Elizabethtown on September 3, and died on September 8.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

An armistice has at length been agreed upon between Turkey and the Cretans, and warlike operations have been suspended. A board of inquiry composed of Mohammedans and Christians has been sent to Crete to obtain a statement of the grievances of the inhabitants, and arrange if possible a settlement of the troubles. At the same time Turkey spurns all offers of mediation from the European Powers, and declines all projects of a joint inquiry.

The revolutionists in Spain under Prim have overrun Catalonia, and are in possession of Saragossa. The revolt has become so formidable that the Spanish fleet sent against Chili and Peru was recalled September 1.

Prussia and France have exchanged peace circulars, and both seem to be satisfied. The grand combinations of Salzburg, which were to have overthrown the balance of power in Europe, are declared to have never been arranged nor even contemplated.

Garabaldi was enthusiastically received at Geneva on September 9, and in a speech declared that his purpose to move on Rome was unalterable, and that the plan of action, though deferred, would soon be carried into effect.

## THE WHITE SEA DISASTER.

The full particulars of the shipwreck of sixty-four vessels in the White Sea last spring have just reached this country, and present a picture at once novel and awful. Very large trading fleets annually repair from England, France, Denmark, and other countries to Archangel, the northernmost sea-port of Russia, and situated on the White Sea, to obtain the corn, tallow, and other products which form the trade of that port and province. On June 16 a fleet of 250 vessels was collected near Archangel, and here came in contact with immense moving masses of ice floating about with the tide. The English consul at Archangel happened to be on board of one of the vessels, and has given a description of the disaster. He states that the vessel in which he was a passenger was "attacked" by the ice, and carried from Cape Orlov through the entire length of the sea, and finally by means of steam managed to escape. The ice was packed around the various vessels of the fleet to the depth of 20 feet above the decks. Many of the hapless vessels, being entirely at the mercy of the ice, were crushed in or entirely overrun by it. In some cases the stout beams and sides were broken as if the ship had been an egg-shell, while in others the ice mounted the vessel's sides, and, making a clean sweep of masts and bulwarks, buried the hull as it progressed onward. In one vessel the iron water-tanks from the lower hold were forced through the decks by the upward pressure of the pack; in another vessel the ice, having passed through both sides, sustained the upper deck and enabled the crew to seek refuge on the ice. On board this latter vessel were the master's wife and two young children, the younger seven months old, and they with the crew lived on the desolate Lapland shore for a period of eight days before reaching Archangel. The drawing from which our illustration has been engraved was made by Captain M'Dougall, and its truthfulness is vouched for by the masters of the wrecked ships. The number of ships abandoned amounted to sixty-four; of these fourteen eventually arrived at Archangel, so that the total loss may be assumed to be fifty vessels.

## SEAL-FISHING.

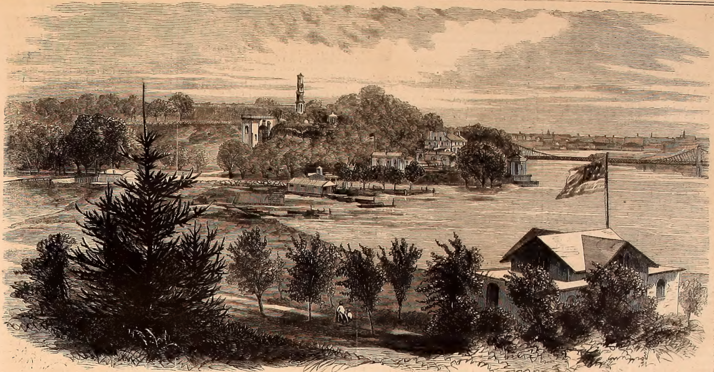
To cross the great prairies of the Far West without taking part in a buffalo-hunt would be high treason in a hunter. In the same manner, to travel in Norway without participating in fishing for seals—those amphibia from which the inhabitants derive their subsistence—would be an act of unpardonable forgetfulness. In the fields of the North Sea and Norway the harvest is the seal.

This strange animal constitutes the staff of life to the Norwegian; he feeds on its flesh, procures his fuel and light from its oil, makes his thread from its entrails, and stops up his windows with its bladder; while it likewise serves him for shirts, curtains, tents, and for the balloons which are fastened to the harpoons and other fishing apparatus.

The harpoon is generally used in fishing for seals on the icy coasts of Greenland. As soon as the fisherman spies the seal rising to the surface of the water to breathe, he leans from his boat in such a manner as to hide his face, and advancing to within thirty yards, seizes his harpoon with the left hand and hurls it with all his force. If he has aimed correctly the head becomes detached from the dart and unwinds the rope coiled in front of the fisherman stretched in his boat. The bladder, or "balloon," which is fastened to the end of the line, is immediately thrown overboard, and the seal plunges downward with great speed, while with a few strokes of the paddle the Norwegian reaches and picks up the floating, detached staff of the harpoon. It sometimes happens that the seal carries the bladder down with him, but he is soon forced to rise to the surface to breathe, and is readily discovered by the reappearance of the bladder. The fisherman then approaches, and inflicting a deep wound on the animal, soon dispatches him with his spear, and tows him ashore to be put to the numerous uses previously described.

DISASTER TO SHIPPING IN THE WHITE SEA.—[SEE PAGE 595.]

SEAL-HUNTING AS PRACTICED BY THE NORWEGIANS.—[SEE PAGE 595.]



FAIRMOUNT WATER-WORKS, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

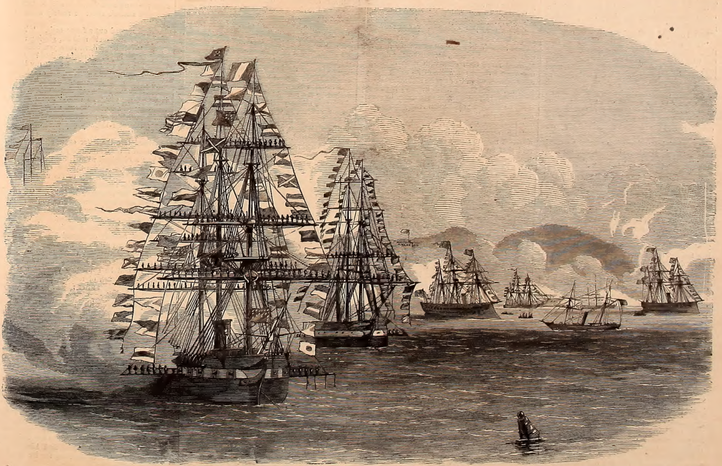
## FAIRMOUNT WATER-WORKS.

As Boston itself is the pride of Boston, as Central Park is the boast of New York, so the Fairmount Water-Works are the pride and boast of Philadelphia. Years ago they were also the envy of every city in the Union; and though there are now larger and more costly works in existence, the Fairmount Water-Works are unsurpassed in picturesqueness of situation by any other similar works. It would perhaps be difficult to point out any where a spot concentrating in the same space so many elements of the beautiful and picturesque. The ruggedness of the native rock, the view of the adjacent river and falls, Fairmount with its four reservoirs resembling so many silver lakes, the flowers and rich verdure of the level plat and of the hill-sides, added to the sparkling play of numerous fountains with which the grounds are adorned, all combine to form a landscape of exquisite and almost unequaled beauty. The present works were commenced in 1819, by the erection of a dam across the Schuylkill, 1248 feet in length, and in some places 30 feet deep below high-water. This water is turned into a forebay 419 feet long and 90 feet wide, from whence it falls upon and turns 8 wheels from 16 to 18 feet in diameter (and 4 turbine wheels), each having its separate pump, with power sufficient to raise 1,500,000 gallons in 24 hours. The water is elevated 92 feet, into four reservoirs, on the top of a partly natural elevation (but in some parts raised 40 feet above the original hill) immediately at the works, and which gives them their name. These reservoirs contain in the aggregate 26,896,636 gallons, and when full have 12¼ feet depth of water, and have supplied as much as 8,850,000 gallons in one day. Connected with these works is a reservoir on Corinthian Avenue which contains 37,500,000 gallons. The old city, and districts *south* of it (in which are laid 125 miles of pipe), are supplied from these works. The total cost, including laying pipes, etc., up to 1854, was $3,291,405.

WHALE CAPTURED NEAR TIVERTON, RHODE ISLAND.

## CAPTURE OF A WHALE NEAR TIVERTON, RHODE ISLAND.

AN incident of unusual interest recently occurred at Stone Bridge, in Tiverton, Rhode Island. Two whales came up the Seaconnet River on the 17th of August, and sported for some time in front of the Lawton House, at Tiverton, to the great amusement of the guests and others. Mr. A. T. LAWTON, the owner of the Lawton House, having offered a bounty



Franklin. Macedonian. Magenta. Queen Hortense. Flandre.

HONORS TO ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, AND RECEPTION OF THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE AT CHERBOURG, JULY 27, 1867.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

of $100 for the capture of the largest whale, a boat was quickly manned, and Mr. WILLIAM WANTON, an experienced whaleman, soon struck the monster with a harpoon. The huge fish dashed off at once, towing the boat after it with great velocity; but the strain was so great that the line parted, and the whale went off to sea with the harpoon in its side. Its companion, however, was wounded by a rifle-ball, and was taken the next day a few miles below Stone Bridge. It was what is called a Grampus-Spermaceti Whale, about fourteen feet long, and yielded a quantity of excellent oil.

A few days afterward a third whale was seen gamboling near Stone Bridge, and, after an exciting chase by various boats and sloops, was harpooned by Mr. FRANCIS WANTON. The creature quickly ran out a long line, which, for fear of the boat being drawn under, WANTON was obliged to throw overboard, after securing it to a large fence post, which fortunately he had taken along with him. The whale swam very swiftly down the Seaconnet River toward the ocean, whither it was followed by several boats, and was finally killed the next day by Mr. WM. WANTON, who towed it up in triumph to the shore in front of the Lawton House. It required five yoke of oxen, a pair of horses, and some fifty men to haul the monster up on the beach. It was found to measure twenty-four feet in length, six feet across the flukes, and fourteen feet in circumference. After remaining on exhibition for several days on Mr. LAWTON'S beach, where it was freely visited by crowds of people, its blubber was taken off and its oil rendered in scientific style by practiced whalemen, greatly to the edification of the guests at the Lawton House, who were enabled to witness the curious process without making a trip to Greenland. The yield was about seven barrels of excellent oil, of a quality nearly equal to the best spermaceti. Only once before is it remembered that a whale has visited this part of the waters of Rhode Island.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

## Book IV

### CHAPTER IX.

CONFIDENCES.

MRS. SAXELBY, on her arrival in Dublin with Dooley, was met by the news of Mr. Charlewood's sudden death, and of the calamity—now known to all the world—that had overtaken the great house of Gandry and Charlewood. The tidings shocked her greatly. She had seen Clement on the night before she left Hammerham, and he had then made no mention of his father's illness, or of the impending disaster. Yet this was the very evening on which Lady Popham's concert took place, and on which Walter had received the fatal telegram.

"It is true," said Mrs. Saxelby, musingly, "that Clement looked shockingly ill—quite haggard and old."

Mabel drooped her head wearily.

"You are pale to-day, Mabel," said her mother. She held her daughter a little away from her, with both hands upon the girl's dark shining hair. The face she looked on now was more beautiful than that from which she had parted at Hazlehurst. There was more depth of expression in the gray eyes, shaded by their thick lashes. The contour of the cheeks was, perhaps, somewhat less full, but the features looked more formed and set, and the graceful, lithe figure had become developed into the rounded outlines of early womanhood.

"You look better than when you left Eastfield, my child," said Mrs. Saxelby, regarding her fondly. "And yet you are working terribly hard here, too."

"Yes, mamma dear; but there is all the difference between free labor and the tread-mill! My work here is done willingly, and there is hope at the end of it."

The widow and her children were installed in the lodgings which had been taken for them in Kelly's Square, in the near neighborhood of Mr. Walton's house. Mrs. Saxelby had already taken the colors of the people about her with chameleon-like facility, and seemed to have forgotten her former doubts and objections to the theatre completely. She was never weary of listening to Mabel's theatrical experiences; or of hearing her daughter tell, with very innocent pride, of the favor with which the audience now received her, of the practice she was getting, and of the daily progress that she felt she was making in her art. But very often, and, as it were, in Mabel's own despite, the talk between the mother and daughter would come round to the topic of the Charlewoods altered fortunes.

"Dear, dear!" Mrs. Saxelby would say for the hundredth time, "to think—only to think of the Charlewoods coming to be poor!"

Once, when they had been sitting silent in the twilight of a Sunday evening, Mrs. Saxelby exclaimed, suddenly, "How strangely things come about in this world, don't they? Fortune's wheel! Yes, truly a wheel. And it turns and turns—only some people get shaken off into the mire, and never have a chance of rising again. Do you remember, my dear, that day of the music-meeting, and the accident?"

Mabel turned her head. Her mother could not see her face in the dim light, but her attitude was attentive.

"I will tell you what made me think of it, Mabel. I saw that little girl with your cousin Polly in church to-day, and it seemed so curious to reflect upon the changes that have taken place since you first saw her. Do you remember that day when Clement Charlewood—poor Clement!—tried to dissuade you from going to New Bridge Street?"

A little pause.

"Mabel! Do you remember?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And to think now that that child's brother should be received by such people as Lady Popham! By-the-by, I have never yet seen her brother. It is odd, considering that the little girl is to be apprenticed to your cousin's husband. How kind it was of Mr. Bensa to take her without a premium, was it not?"

This time the response was instant and hearty.

"Very kind, mamma. The Bensas are thoroughly good people."

"Of course," pursued Mrs. Saxelby, "Mr. Bensa will pay himself out of her earnings, if he succeeds in making a singer of her. But, then, look at the risks meanwhile! It *is* odd, though, that I should not have chanced to see the brother yet. I remember you mentioned these Trescotts once or twice in your letters from Kilclare, and I concluded that they were quite intimate with your aunt's family. Do they continue to like Alfred Trescott?"

"Oh, mamma," cried Mabel, hastily, "don't speak of him! The sound of his name is odious to me."

"Mabel! What do you mean?"

"I will tell you, dear mamma. I meant to tell you some time; but I did not want to annoy your ears with the tale the moment you arrived."

"But now that you have said so much, Mabel, you must say more," said Mrs. Saxelby, nervously. Mabel rose and paced about the room.

"Oh, don't frighten yourself, mamma dear," she said. "It was an annoyance—a great annoyance to me. But it is not worth distressing ourselves about further. The day before you arrived Mr. Alfred Trescott did me the honor to ask me to marry him."

"To marry him! *Him!* I never heard such presumption."

"I do not know, mamma, that I have any right to say so."

"Don't tell me, Mabel. A low, vulgar, worthless fellow. I remember so well what Clement Charlewood said to me of him long ago. Oh, it puts me past all patience! This is the consequence of being mixed up with such people. Ah, Mabel, Mabel, I wish you had staid at Eastfield, or done any thing rather than this!"

Mrs. Saxelby's unstable mind was already veering round again to the opposite opinion to that which she had begun to entertain respecting her daughter's line of conduct.

"But tell me what he said," she continued. "I need not ask how you answered him."

"It was more the manner in which the offer was made than the offer itself that offended me," said Mabel.

And then she proceeded to relate to her mother how Alfred Trescott, "with all his blushing honors thick upon him," had come to her, and laid them, with a flourish, at her feet. She had been much startled; but she had endeavored to make her positive refusal as gentle and as little painful as she could.

"I think you treated him a great deal too well," said Mrs. Saxelby.

"Mamma, I had no right to resent his offer. And I wished to spare him pain, if he really—if he had any—if, in short, he were truly in earnest," stammered Mabel. "But on my answer, repeated more than once with what deliberate assurance I could command of its being irrevocable—I was taken by surprise and agitated—he grew quite violent. I think I should have been frightened, had he not made me angry by something he said. But you know strong indignation drives out fear."

"Insolent wretch! What did he say?"

"Oh, some coarse insulting words about—about—I hate to repeat them, even to you. He said that he supposed I looked for riches, but that *now* I might find myself mistaken; for that Mr. Clement Charlewood—he spoke the name openly—would be shortly left independent and wealthy, by his father's death, and that it was very unlikely he would still think of me. I bade him instantly leave my presence, and never dare to speak to me again. Then he changed his mood, and threw himself into a wild state of excitement, imploring my pardon, and trying to fall on his knees before me. But I could endure no more. I left him without another word, and I have not seen him since."

Mrs. Saxelby poured out the vials of her wrath upon Alfred Trescott. It was a lady-like and not very terrible wrath; but it was real. Will not even a timid barn-door hen cluck and peck, and beat her wings, if one offers to molest her chickens?

A short time after this conversation Carlo Bensa informed them that Miss O'Brien was going abroad. Mrs. Dawson was to meet her son and his bride at Nice, on their homeward journey, Miss O'Brien was going with her aunt, and they would all return to England together. Lady Popham would depart for London in a few weeks, and young Trescott was to accompany his patroness to the metropolis. Such was the news that the singing-master brought from Merrion Square.

"Hum, going abroad?" said Mrs. Saxelby, musingly, when Bensa had gone away. "Ah, well, I suppose *that* is all over now. If the Charlewoods have come down in the world as much as people are saying, of course Clement's match will be broken off."

"Broken off, mamma?"

"To be sure. You don't suppose that people like these Dawsons would think of allowing Miss O'Brien to marry a ruined man? Penelope told me as much as made it plain to my mind that Augusta's husband considered his family a fair exchange for her wealth. But now, if there is no wealth! Don't you see, Mabel?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma, how hard it will be for him! If he really loves her, mamma, think how he must suffer!"

"As to that, my dear child, I suppose he will, in a measure; but I dare say it won't break his heart. Men get over these things with wonderful philosophy."

Poor Mrs. Saxelby had not been able quite to forgive Clement Charlewood for the easy way in which she supposed him to have got "off with the old love" and "on with the new." It was true that Mabel had refused him. Of course, that was quite true; but Clement ought to have pined and persevered a great deal longer, if even it would not more have become him to refuse consolation from that time forth for evermore.

Mabel said no further word on the subject, but her thoughts were busied with it often. Ay, often when her lips were mechanically uttering the words of her stage part, or her eyes were mechanically conning her task for the evening.

"*I* would not have abandoned him, though ten times his present ruin had befallen him, if—if I had been his affianced wife." So ran her meditations. "I would have been proud and happy to stand by his side in the face of all the world, even though we two had stood alone, hand in hand. It must be so sweet to give every thing to one whom we love!"

She started as a recollection pierced her. This sweetness of self-sacrifice, the joy of this lavish offering, she had denied to Clement Charlewood. He had once longed to give up every thing for her sake. He had been ready and willing to take her hand, and, if need were, to stand singly by her side before the eyes of all men. Her pride had repulsed the offer. She could not stoop to accept *every thing* from his hand.

"Ah! but then I did not—did not—love him."

Not then? Not *then*, Mabel?

It is said sometimes that the inner life of the soul is not measured by the progress of time, as is the outer life of the body; that we may pass through years of experience in one brief hour. Is it not, rather, that the results of that inner life are made apparent to our consciousness suddenly, and that the process by which the results are attained escapes us? No human eye can perceive the growth of the humblest weed. You may watch, and watch incessantly; no movement is perceptible. But all the time the sun shines, the dew falls, the winds breathe—and, on a sudden, lo! there is the perfect flower! And we say, "It seems to have arisen by magic." But there is no magic in the matter.

In the breast of Alfred Trescott rage, disappointment, wounded vanity, and bitter burning jealousy, struggled with some feeling that he called love, and that made him more than ever desirous of winning the haughty girl who had so decisively, and, as he thought, contemptuously rejected him. It mattered not that Mabel's manner, though cold, had been gentle and courteous, until her pride and womanhood had been outraged by his coarse allusion to Clement Charlewood. It mattered not that he had allowed his violent temper and ungoverned egotism to lead him into extravagant demonstrations of passion calculated to shock and offend a young girl such as Mabel past forgiveness. It mattered not that throughout he had thought of *himself* to the exclusion of any manly consideration for her feelings. She had refused him; had bade him quit her presence and never dare to address her more. He was furious. But his fury was directed less against Mabel than Clement Charlewood. His malignant pleasure at the news of the ruin that had befallen the family at Bramley Manor was dashed by the thought that Clement, ruined and disgraced, might yet be lord of that which he, Alfred, coveted in vain; and a revelation made to him by Lady Popham poured the last drop of gall into his heart, and filled it, even to overflowing, with hatred.

Alfred had now reached such a degree of confidential intimacy with his patroness that his love for Mabel was freely discussed between them.

"She is led away by dreams of ambition, Lady Popham, but she will not easily find a more devoted heart than mine," said Alfred, with well-acted despondency.

"Ambition, indeed!" cried my lady, tossing her head. "What does the girl dream of? Does she expect to marry a duke? Besides, that is not the question. She gave you encouragement. Strive as you will to shield her, you can't deny that."

Then my lady in her indignation told Alfred of Mr. Clement Charlewood's visit to Cloncoolin; and though she did not repeat the exact terms in which young Charlewood had spoken of him, she said enough to reveal the unfavorable nature of his words.

"I believe the girl has been playing fast and loose between you," said the angry old lady. She was raising a demon that she was powerless to guide or quell. How terrified would the foolish, kindly, impetuous old woman have been could she but have understood for one moment the real nature of the spirit that glared out at her from beneath those black silk lashes as she told the tale of Clement's visit to Cloncoolin!

### CHAPTER X.

CORDA CHOOSES.

ALFRED TRESCOTT left Merrion Square with a tearing passion in his breast, that even his practiced cunning was unable wholly to conceal from Lady Popham's observation.

"Poor fellow!" thought my lady. "All fire and feeling! Nothing shall induce me to believe that he has not southern blood in his veins. Those eyes and that temperament never belonged to an Anglo-Saxon pur sang."

The young man hurried through the streets with a swift foot, and a feeling as though he were borne along on wings. There was no familiar demon to buoy up his steps, but the evil spirit within himself was strong to sustain him. He scarcely felt the ground as he walked, and his face looked positively diabolical in its malignant beauty. The rage that possessed him, and that made him feel as though filled with an unnatural force, tore and burned the body which it animated. It was literally as though a keen-edged, deadly blade were piercing the frail scabbard that contained it.

He dashed into the little parlor where his father was sitting at his usual employment, with a pile of music-paper before him.

"Hallo, Alf!" cried Mr. Trescott, looking up on his son's abrupt entrance. "What's the matter? Bless my soul, you look as if you'd been committing murder!"

Alfred made no reply; but the face he turned toward his father certainly justified the startling exclamation. It was quite livid—Alfred always grew pale, and never red, in anger—and he was gnawing his under-lip with his sharp white teeth.

"I want to speak to you, Alf," proceeded Mr. Trescott.

"I haven't time," snarled his son, savagely. "I'm going out again directly. Do you suppose I've nothing to do but to maunder about all day in this beastly den?"

Mr. Trescott's impression was that Alfred had been drinking. Absolute intoxication was very unfrequent with him. Not because he was temperate, but because he seemed unassailable by the vulgar physical retribution that usually follows excess. He would walk away, cool and wary, from orgies that left older men prostrate, or flushed and maddened with strong liquor. Still there were symptoms which his father well knew and recognized that generally betrayed when Alfred had been drinking deeply—the white face, the glaring eye, the furious temper, tiger-like in its treacherous suddenness.

"I only wanted to say one word to you about Corda, Alf."

"What about Corda?"

"I told you that Bensa had offered to take her as his articled pupil without a premium; and to pay himself out of her earnings if he makes a singer of her."

"You did tell me; and I told *you* what I thought about it. I should say no at once. We don't want Mr. Carlo Bensa's kind assistance. Skulking little fox!"

"But Corda, Alf, Corda! This offer of Bensa's holds out a prospect for her that is not likely to recur. The child is fond, too, of his wife and all of 'em—"

"The child's a deuced sight *too* fond of whining and whimpering to strangers and carrying tales. I have told you over and over again that *I'll* look after Corda; but I'll do it in my own way and at my own time, and I won't be dictated to by any body."

"Well, Alf," said Mr. Trescott, looking up defiantly while his lame side twitched nervously, "I don't see that much good has come, or is likely to come, to her from your brotherly love and protection. We won't trouble you. I am Corda's father, and have a right to do as I like. And the long and the short of it is, that I have accepted Bensa's offer. I merely wished to tell you."

Alfred rapped out a fierce oath. "You have accepted, have you?" said he, glaring at his father. "What the devil have you been wasting my time for in jawing about it then? It will be better for *me*, no doubt. I wash my hands of her. Whether you haven't made a little mistake in your calculations time will show."

Mr. Trescott shrugged his shoulders. "Here is a note for you," he said, "that I got at the treasury this morning when I went for my money and yours. They gave me your week's salary, but I expect I know pretty well what the note is about."

Alfred tore the letter open, and, having read it, tossed it contemptuously across to his father. It was a dismissal from his situation in the orchestra of the Dublin theatre, couched in a few severe words, referring to his constant neglect of his duties there.

"It's a pity," sighed the father. "You might as well have had the money up to the end of the season. But I knew this would come. I was sure of it. Barker has been very waxy about you for this long time past."

Alfred audibly consigned Mr. Barker and all his company to the uttermost depths of destruction. "Did the fool think his twopence-halfpenny a week could keep an artist like *me* in his band? Did he suppose *I* was going to sit fiddling to his trash of raw-head and bloody-bone melodramas night after night? Ecod, its amusing!"

But the laugh with which Mr. Alfred Trescott concluded and emphasized his speech was by no means amusing. It so little amused Corda, who entered the room in the midst of it, that she stood trembling and astonished in the doorway, with her eyes fixed on her brother.

Her father called the child to him. "You look frightened, little one," said he, soothingly. But his countenance, too, was disturbed, and his hand shook as it stroked her hair.

"Oh, that's the latest thing, is it?" muttered Alfred, glancing at them with a frown. "She's frightened of me, is she? Go on. You're improving her education at a pretty rate, and she's an apt scholar in hypocrisy and humbug."

Corda broke from her father, who made a half-concealed effort to detain her, and, running to Alfred, took his hand and kissed it. She could not reach to his face, for he stood stiffly at his full height.

"Dear Alf," she said, "I am not afraid of you, and no one can make me so; no one tries to do so, indeed. I do love you, Alf; you know I love you!"

It may have been the mere soothing to his

self-love, sorely stung as it had been that day, or perhaps—God knows—some throb of natural affection not quite deadened in his perverted heart that made him stoop and kiss her. The child threw her arms around his neck and pressed him to her breast with all her feeble power. "There's my own Alf," she said, in her quaint, grave way, though her lips quivered and the tears were shining in her eyes. "You *will* be good, won't you, Alf dear?"

"Look here, pussy-cat," said her brother, suddenly. "I want to speak to you."

He seated himself and drew her to his side with one arm about her waist and his other hand on her forehead, so that he could read her upturned face at his ease. "I think you *are* fond of me." He checked her eager answer and went on. "Now, I am going to see whether it's all talk or whether there's any thing real in it; do you understand? I am going to London. You know that. Very well. There has been some talk of apprenticing you to Mr. Bensa. Don't interrupt me, father! You shall have your say afterward. Now, Corda, I don't like that scheme at all. I'm not fond of the Bensas, and I know very well that there's no love lost between us. If you stay here with them I shall wash my hands of you, get rid of you, trouble myself no more about you. You know what I mean. No need to cry. Listen. If instead of that you go to town with me and the governor, I will look after you. I have high friends, rich friends, who can help me, and help me to help you. Now choose for yourself. I give you till to-morrow to decide. But you know me, Corda; if I bid you good-by here, and leave you with the Bensas, it will be a good-by that may last your life-time."

Mr. Trescott broke in excitedly:

"I won't have this, Alfred. It is cruel. You are torturing the child to no purpose. She can not decide for herself. I—*I* must decide for her, judge for her, and think of her future."

He limped about as his habit was when strongly moved or irritated, and Corda looked from her father to her brother with sad perplexed eyes, blurred by tears.

Alfred ran up stairs to his bedroom, whence he presently returned with a gay silver-mounted cane, and a pair of fresh delicate-hued gloves. He had arranged his long hair picturesquely, and had effaced in a great measure the traces of anger and excitement from his countenance. He passed through the small parlor in silence; but when his hand was on the door Corda raised her face, which had been hidden in her hands, and said: "Alf dear, Miss Mabel is going to London too, isn't she? Should I see her there?"

The varying hues of the sea, when the wild wind drives the clouds above it, are not more swift and startling in their changes than were the expressions that flitted over Alfred's handsome, evil young face, as his sister spoke. For one instant he stood irresolute, his dark eyes blazing, and his whole mien that of one who was about to burst forth into some violent ebullition of anger. But he restrained the impulse. The straight dark brows drew together into a black frown; the well-cut mouth writhed itself into a sneer.

"Yes, Corda," he said, very slowly, and in a soft, sweet voice that was unnatural in its tone, "yes; if that is an inducement I think I can promise that you shall see—Miss Mabel, if you go to London."

When her brother had left the house Corda remained silent for some time, with her soft brown curls bowed down upon her hands. Mr. Trescott continued to move fretfully about the room, now and again uttering ejaculations of impatience and vexation. At length he took up his pen, and seated himself again before his music-paper.

Then Corda rose and crept up to him.

"Papa," she whispered, timidly.

"Well, my pet?"

"May I—will you let me do as I like?"

"I can not promise that, my little girl. You are not old enough to judge what is best for you."

Corda was silent for a few minutes, and laid a caressing hand on her father's shoulder. Presently a hot tear fell on Mr. Trescott's hand as he wrote; then another, and another. He turned and looked at Corda. The sight of her sorrow was unendurable to him.

"Why, my pretty, my gentle little girlie, you mustn't fret! Don't cry, Corda; for God's sake don't cry! I will—I— There, you shall do any thing you like, if you only will not fret."

She threw herself into her father's arms.

"Oh, papa dear, I am so sorry for Alf. Yes; yes, I know that he is getting on well, and all that. And, of course, he is quite sure to succeed in London. *Almost* quite sure, if—if he will practice a little more. But, papa, I sometimes think that Alf wants somebody to help him to be good, and to love him. You saw that he was kind to me just now, although he had been in one of his naughty passionate moods the minute before."

"Kind to thee, my little lamb! Who could be unkind to my Corda? But Alf doesn't treat you well. Nor me either."

"I don't mind, papa—not for myself, that is. I know he does not really mean it. And—don't be angry with me, papa—but I think sometimes that he sees you love me the best; and he may fancy, you know, that nobody loves him. And, papa, he is mamma's boy too, isn't he? Poor mamma, who died when I was a tiny baby! I never knew mamma; but, somehow, I feel so sure that she would wish me to stay with Alf, and to love him. Perhaps—don't be sorry, dear, it's only *perhaps*, you know—I might not live to grow very old. And if I died before Alfred, I should like to tell mamma when I see her in heaven that I loved her boy, and staid with him to the last."

The sweet voice faltered, and the delicate head drooped on her father's shoulder, and his tears were mingled with hers.

Truly Miss Fluke had found Corda an unpromising pupil, and had made many dismal moans over her dark and unconverted state of mind. But it may be—although the suggestion is doubtless a bold one—that there is a higher code of Christian ethics than even Miss Fluke's, a code which finds some echo in every human heart, and whose ruling law is Love.

When Alfred returned home that evening, Corda, who had been sitting up for him in her own little room, stole forth to tell him that papa had consented to let her go with him to London, and that she was very glad.

"The governor's come round to see which side of his bread the butter lies, has he?" said Alfred. "But, Corda, you sha'n't repent sticking to me. You shall be made a singer yet, if you've set your heart on it. I'll get you the first masters in London, men who wouldn't hire Bensa to play accompaniments for them. You shall ride in your carriage, and splash Bensa with the mud from its wheels, some day. By G— you shall!"

"Hush, *please*, Alf dear! Thank you very much; but I do think Mr. Bensa is very clever and very kind, and I love him and Madame Bensa very much. Only, of course, Alf, I love you better, and so does papa."

It had been a struggle for the child to resign the hope of a home with these kind people, and the prospect of being thoroughly instructed in the art she loved so well.

"But," said Corda, sagely to herself, as she took off and neatly folded her poor garments before going to rest, "being apprenticed to Mr. Bensa always seemed too easy and pleasant to be real. I liked it so much that I didn't believe it *could* come true. I want so very much to do right. I hope this is right, and I think it must be, for—it's an odd thing, but I have always noticed it—the things that are easy and pleasant, and that you like best, are so often wrong."

It was a hard saying for so young a creature. But Corda's life-lessons were being learned in a hard school.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE LONDON MANAGER.

"HAVE you it on authority?" asked Mrs. Digby Wylde, the leading lady, in a deep-toned voice. "Because it seems to me very, *very* improbable."

"To be sure," rejoined our old acquaintance, Mr. Snell, recently promoted to the position of second low comedian at the Theatre Royal, Dublin; "on the best authority. Oh, it's quite correct, you may depend upon it, Mrs. Wylde. You'll see our young friend's name in big letters at the Royal Thespian Theatre before next year's out. And *that's* a nice state of things for the profession to have come to, ain't it?"

Mrs. Digby Wylde smiled contemptuously.

"To me," she said, in her loftiest manner, "it matters little. For the sake of the profession in general, I own I think this kind of thing deplorable—deplorable!"

"Ah-h-h," exclaimed a stout old gentleman, in a court suit and powdered wig, drawing a long breath and nodding portentously, "I tell you what it is, ma'am, the London stage is going to the deuce as fast as it can go. The provinces, ma'am, the provinces are the home of the drama. I went to London for a fortnight during our last vacation, and I was astonished at the exhibitions they will tolerate on the metropolitan boards. By George, I should like to see 'em stand it here, that's all! Why, they'd fling the benches at you!"

"Umph!" grunted Jerry Shaw, who was squeezed into the darkest corner of the green-room, where this talk was going on one evening during the performance. "Aha! Well, it's a comfort for us who can't get to London to think of that, any how."

Mrs. Wylde merely shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. She had tried one or two passages of arms with old Jerry, and—being by no means a fool—had perceived the unlikelihood of any glory to be derived by her from such combats. She therefore preserved an attitude of armed neutrality in his presence. But the stout old gentleman, who was rather obtuse, did not imitate her wisdom.

"Mr. Shaw," said he, with some heat, "I'll trouble you to speak for yourself when you talk about people who *can't* get to London. I beg to inform you, Sir, that, as far as *I* am concerned, the difficulties have been all of my own making—all of my own making, Sir."

"Of course," said Jerry, in his sharpest tones, and jerking out his words in little short sentences, "no doubt of that. You wouldn't suit the Cockneys a bit. No more should I. You're too clever for 'em. And I'm not clever enough. That's a *quare* thing when you come to look at it."

Mr. Snell stood by, rubbing his hands, and maliciously enjoying the duel—a very unequal one, save that the stout old gentleman possessed that mail of proof which Napoleon ascribed to the British army—he did not know when he was beaten.

"Well," said Mr. Snell, "it is to be hoped that Miss M. A. Bell will prove clever enough, and not too clever. It's a fine thing to be a novice. I wish I was a novice. Perhaps a London manager would take a fancy to *me*, then."

"Perhaps he might," said Jerry, "because then there'd be some hope of your improving."

"Ha, ha! Not bad, Mr. Shaw, not bad," laughed Mr. Snell, coloring scarlet through his stage-rouge. "I'm never angry at any thing *you* say."

"Sorry I can't return the compliment. I'm angry at a good many things *you* say."

"Oh!" sneered Mr. Snell, "if you're angry with every body who doesn't admire Miss Bell you'll have plenty to do."

"But if I make friends with every body who does admire her I shall have a vast deal more to do. Why the devil—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Wylde—why in the world can't you let the girl alone? Isn't she as sweet and good-natured as a May morning? Does she ever carp, or back-bite, or say unkind things of or to any of ye? I was going to say, 'Isn't she a lady to the back-bone?' but on second thoughts I won't trouble you with that argument," muttered old Jerry, finishing his speech almost inaudibly.

"Mr. Shaw is of opinion," said Mrs. Wylde, majestically, "that his present hearers are incompetent to appreciate Miss Bell's ladylike qualities."

At this moment the call-boy summoned Mr. Shaw, and Jerry hobbled out of the green-room without deigning to reply to Mrs. Wylde's last speech.

"But is it really true, Snell," said the stout old man, as soon as Jerry Shaw had left the room—"is it really true that Allen has engaged Miss Bell for the Thespian?"

"I believe it is. I tell you how I heard it. My dresser is the landlord of the house where the Trescotts lodge, and he says that little Corda is full of some grand thing or other that's to happen to Miss Bell, and that she said she was going to London; and my dresser says, too, he suspects there's been some split between that conceited puppy Alfred Trescott and the Walton party. But the little girl won't say any thing about it, or can't. And I know, too, from another source, that Allen spoke very highly of Miss B. to Barker. And altogether, I should say there's no doubt that—"

The tide of Mr. Snell's gossip was cut short here by the entrance into the green-room of Mr. Alaric Allen, the London manager, whose supposed approval of poor Mabel had excited such commotion in the theatre. This gentleman, besides being the manager of a leading London theatre, was also one of the most accomplished actors of his day. He was at present performing in Dublin as a "star." And we may know positively what Mr. Snell could only make a shrewd guess at by dint of piecing together such scraps of second-hand information as he could gather, and which he was never deterred from availing himself of by any foolish scruples of delicacy or honor. It was true that Mr. Alaric Allen, lessee and manager of the Royal Thespian Theatre, London, had been so struck by Mabel's fresh grace and dramatic power that he had offered her an engagement for the following season at his theatre, promising to bring her out with every advantage that the resources of his establishment could command; for it was a time of peculiar dearth and barrenness in the theatrical field, and a novelty—above all a *young* novelty—was being sought for by more than one enterprising manager. Besides, too, the only successful début for a long time past had taken place at the theatre of a rival manager, whom Mr. Alaric Allen cordially hated, and to compete with Dobbs, and to beat him on his own ground, would be a very agreeable thing for Mr. Alaric Allen. Dobbs's débutante was a Pomeranian lady, who, oddly enough, talked with a slight brogue, and who—her spécialité being rather the pantomimic than the dramatic art—had pieces written for her in which she invariably crossed a ravine or a mountain torrent, or even simply passed from house-top to house-top, on the slack rope. This feat, very gracefully performed in a very airy costume, had taken the town by storm, and for a long time had brought large sums of money to Mr. Dobbs's exchequer. But at last the town appeared to have had enough of the slack rope; and, as Mr. Dobbs pathetically observed, even the tight rope—for the Pomeranian lady tried that—failed to pull the houses up again.

"I think we'll do a little better than the Pomeranian," said Mr. Alaric Allen to his wife, when they were discussing Mabel. Mr. Allen's theatre was really one of the best conducted and of the highest standing in London. He himself was a man of considerable culture outside his own especial art, and he had an honest love for acting, which made him desire to present his plays to the public interpreted by the best performers whose services he was able to command.

It was settled that Mabel should remain in Mr. Barker's company for a couple of months longer, and should then proceed to London to commence rehearsals, so as to be ready to make her début at a favorable period of the London season. Juliet was the character fixed upon for her first appearance.

"It's hackneyed," said Mr. Allen, "but there's nothing better. Above all, as you're so young, why the very idea of a Juliet under forty will be an attraction of itself."

Mr. Barker, a good-natured man enough, and very willing to oblige his metropolitan brother-manager, had promised that Mabel should have more than one opportunity of playing Juliet before leaving Dublin. As he could not keep the young actress in his own theatre, he had no objection to make her farewell performances as brilliant as possible.

"Well, all the world is going to London, I declare!" said Mrs. Walton to her niece. "There's young Trescott and yourself. Fancy that rich old lady taking him to town with her! They say that she expects him to do wonders in the musical world."

"And so he will, Mary!" said her husband.

"No doubt of it," cried Jack.

"We shall see," said Janet.

"But our Mabel is *sure* to succeed," said Mrs. Walton. There was a unanimous chorus of, "Sure—quite sure;" whereupon Madame Bensa's baby, who was present, swelled the sound with gurgling hilarity, and crowed and kicked again.

"If I do," said Mabel, between smiling and crying, "it will be thanks to you all. Do you remember the Arabian Nights story you told me when I first came here, Uncle John? Well, but I am no such heroine as the Princess was. She had to toil up the hill all alone. Now I have dear, loving voices to cheer my way, and drown the airy sound of taunting and derision."

"I'm not sure," said Janet, musingly, "that, although the way would be drearier, a woman might not be the more likely to come to the mountain-top if she *were* all alone."

"Well, cousin Janet, perhaps that depends upon what she wants to find when she gets to the summit. The magic tree has different sounds for different ears. And mine whispers me, waving its branches and rustling its leaves melodiously, 'Here under my shade is a rest and a shelter where you may abide in peace with the hearts that love you.'"

END OF BOOK IV.

## TO-DAY'S SINGING.

WEAVE me a rhyme to-day:
No pleasant roundelay,
But some vague, restless yearning of the heart
Shaped with but little art
To broken numbers, that shall flow
All dreamily and slow.
I think no merry fancy should belong
To this day's song.

Look how the maple stands,
Waving its bleeding hands
With such weird gestures; and the petals fall
From the dry roses—pale, nor longer sweet:
And by the garden-wall
The unclasped vines, and all
These sad dead leaves, a-rustle at our feet.

Dear bodies of the flowers,
From which the little fragrant souls are fled,
Beside you, lying dead,
We say, "Another summer shall be ours
When all these naked boughs shall be aflame
With fresh, young blossoms." Ay, but not the same!
And that is saddest. By the living bloom,
Who cares for last year's beauty—in the tomb?

Spring, blossom, and decay,
Ah, poet, sing thy day—
So brief a day, alas!....
Beloved, and shall we pass
Beneath the living grass,
Out from the glad, warm splendor of the sun?
A little dust about some old tree's root,
With all our voices mute,
And all our singing done?

## ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S RECEPTION ABROAD.

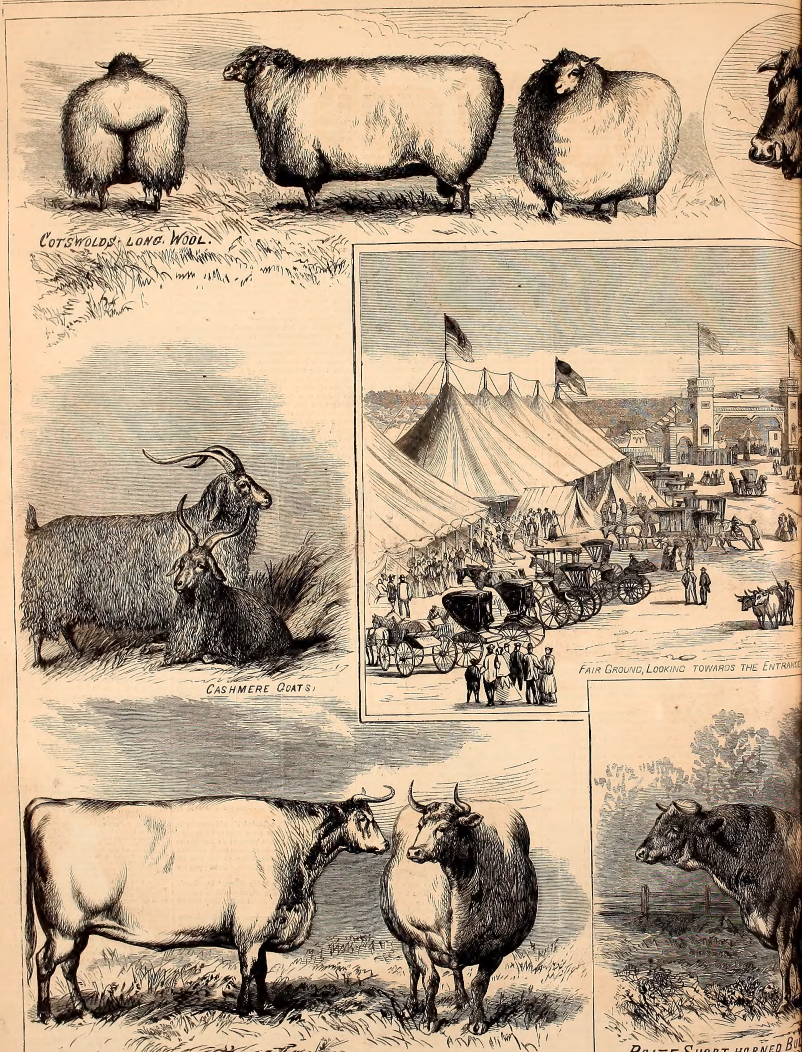
THE reception of our great naval hero, Admiral FARRAGUT, by the French and Russian authorities, can not but be as gratifying to his countrymen as it appears to have been to the Admiral himself. He has given a graphic description of his welcome by the Russians at Cronstadt; it appears, by the following letter and the accompanying sketch received from an officer of the *Franklin*, the Admiral's Flag-ship, that the honors paid him at Cherbourg were not less distinguished. The occasion described and the incident illustrated was that of the reception on July 27 of the Empress EUGENIE at Cherbourg, whither she had gone in her imperial yacht, *Queen Hortense*, to extend a welcome to Admiral FARRAGUT to French waters. Our correspondent says:

About meridian, on July 27, the imperial yacht, *Queen Hortense*, appeared off the western entrance of the harbor and steamed rapidly in to receive the ovation that had been preparing for her. The three French iron-clads, the *Magenta* (Flag-ship), the *Magnanimo*, and the *Flandre*, anchored on either beam, were connected by a chain of boats, with tossed oars and the crews standing up. Inside this line were the rest of the French fleet. Our vessels were to the left of the French, anchored in three lines, and consisted of the *Franklin* (Flag-ship), *Canandaigua*, *Ticonderoga*, *Savannah*, *Macedonian*, and *Dale*. All the vessels had their yards manned, and were dressed from truck to sky yard-arm with bunting, and the fortifications around the harbor displayed the national ensign.

The yacht steamed in, the Empress on deck and the imperial ensign flying overhead, down past the chain of boats, around the *Franklin's* stern, and came to anchor astern of the *Magenta*. From the moment the yacht entered the harbor until late in the afternoon fleets and forts poured forth their noisy notes of welcome, while the welkin rang with the French "Vive l'Imperatrice!" and the Yankee "Hurrah!" from the yards and decks of the two squadrons.

The Empress first visited the *Magenta*, when she was waited upon by Fleet-Captain W. E. LEROY, who invited Her Majesty to visit the Admiral's ship. In a little while two lines of boats were formed from the *Magenta* to our gangway, and the Empress was towed alongside in her state barge. She was received aboard by the officers in full uniform, with the marine guard drawn up on the port side of the quarter-deck, the drums rolling off, and the band pouring forth the strains of "Partant pour la Syrie." The Empress was attended by her suite, consisting of the chief "dame d'honneur" the Countess of Bassano, the Empress's two nieces and nephew, children of the Duke of Alba, the demoiselle d'honneur Mlle. MARION, M. DE COSSE BRISSAC, Chamberlain, Rear-Admiral DE DOMPIERRE D'HORNOY, and several officers of the imperial yacht. The Empress seemed very much pleased with every thing she saw aboard; and I can vouch that *we* were charmed with her sweet expression and affability.

After she visited the *Franklin* she made the tour of the Arsenal Asbon, and in the evening entertained some distinguished guests aboard her yacht, among whom were Captain A. M. PENNOCK, of the *Franklin*, and Fleet-Captain LEROY. In the evening the town was brilliantly illuminated, while the vessels in the harbor were one blaze of light. The rigging, masts, and spars were plainly distinct in the light, while the hulls of the ships themselves were penciled out in lines of fire. At 10 P.M. the bands commenced to play, and the night-air was resonant with sweet harmony. This, added to the "*hurrahs*" of the men, and the brilliant bursting of rockets, and the burning of colored fires, made the night one long to be remembered in the strong-hold of Cherbourg.




THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT NARRAGANSET PARK

ROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.—SKETCHED BY EDWIN FORBES.—[SEE PAGE 602.]

## THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

LITTLE Rhode Island, in spite of her comparatively sterile soil, and her long continued and constant devotion to manufactures and manufacturing interests, has been lately indulging herself in one of those specialties of her more agriculturally disposed neighbors, an agricultural fair on a grand scale. The little State has an Agricultural Society of her own, and devotes some portion of her sandy and rocky soil to growing "garden truck," but she does not really devote herself in earnest to agriculture; she grows hardly enough corn and wheat to feed her own numerous mechanics; and the Fair at Providence, at which all the rest of New England has been making a display of the horses and cows and bullocks and sheep and swine and poultry, is a sort of international affair, in which Rhode Island plays the part of France—Providence is Paris, and Senator SPRAGUE is cast for the part of the "LITTLE NAPOLEON."

Each State of New England has its special Agricultural Society, as has, indeed, each State of the Union; but the six New England States have an association known as the "New England Agricultural Society," and to which all citizens of each State are eligible, and to the displays of which each of the several States contribute. An annual fair is held in the capital of one of the six States; this year the point selected was Providence, Rhode Island. The grounds, on which the fair was held, are the private property of Senator SPRAGUE, but they have been long open to the public, and have been called "Narragansett Park." Illustrating at once the manufacturing spirit and wealth of Rhode Island, and the generous support extended to the Society by Mr. SPRAGUE in giving the use of his park, Dr. GEORGE B. LORING, the President of the New England Society, called the park the "playground of one of Rhode Island's manufacturers."

The illustrations which we give on pages 600 and 601 will better show the character of the display made than can be done by mere description in words. The centre of the cut represents the Fair grounds looking toward the entrance; and the various figures around it represent the prize animals. Among the sheep which were shown were fine specimens of the Merino, Cotswold, Cashmere, and South Down; and the Short Horns and fat oxen were very splendid animals. Dr. LORING, in his speech, stated that the collection of animals on the grounds showed that the care and intelligence devoted to the breeding of cattle in New England was almost unequaled on the continent.

The Fair began on September 3, and lasted until the evening of the 5th.

## COUSIN DRUZILLA'S TRUNK.

SOMEWHERE in the length and breadth of the land there may live a plainer woman than my cousin, Druzilla Pidge; but if such a miserable individual exist I have been spared her acquaintance. Miss Pidge is not one of the legion of unfortunate people who arouse the sympathies by their pitiful deformity; but she has a certain upright, downright ugliness of visage that I never saw equaled. Yet my cousin has the blessing of perfect health. Her cheeks, and, for that matter, all her features inclusive, bloom with perpetual roses; and there is about her withal an air of durability which makes it utterly impossible to think of her as subject to the changes and illnesses common to us mortals.

It was this same Druzilla, a cousin in the remotest degree, who appeared to me one bright morning in June, as with rolling-pin in my hands and crimping-pins in my hair I was making pastry for that evening's party. I heard the door-bell ring in the deepest recesses of the pantry, and felt a sudden chill creep over me, though at the moment I believed some aristocratic soap-man or importunate peddler was seeking admission. To the very wire she seemed to have imparted something of her own unflinching zeal and disagreeable persistency. The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes, so with a rueful consciousness of my bristling hair I answered the summons myself; and there on the front door-step stood Cousin Druzilla.

"How do you do, cousin?" I began; not that I really cared much just then *how* she did. But she cut short my greeting by exclaiming, in agonized tones,

"Laurry, I've lost my trunk!"

And seizing my hand as though it had been a lever to raise her from her misfortunes, she went on, drawing in her breath in gasps between the explosive sentences:

"It's my big black leather one with D. A. P. (Druzilla Ann Pidge, you know), in brass nails on the front. And I took and put all my best clothes into that trunk! There's my silk-velvet cape and changeable silk that I've had these ten years, for't I know, and not a brack in 'em! I sot my life by *them*. And my Dunstable bunnit that's only been done over twict. I wouldn't lose Grandsir Swiggins's rheumatiz liniment for the world, and that's in the led along o' my hair-oil. Oh dear!"

And Cousin Druzilla seated herself tragically like one bereft of all earthly hope.

"Then you didn't check your baggage?"

By way of reply my cousin wearily removed her left-hand cotton glove, revealing a check.

"What does that brass thing amount to?" said she, pathetically. "Why, Laurry, the up-train shifts over here at Camden and they change the baggage; but in the hurly-ba-loo they forgot my trunk!"

"How do you know they did, cousin?"

"Why, I watched with all my eyes. If it had been on the wheel-barrow don't you think I'd have seen it?"

"Perhaps not. You need have taken no trouble about it. All you had to do was to walk across the platform and change cars for Scarfield with the rest of the passengers. With that check in your pocket you are not responsible for your trunk. No doubt, cousin, it is on its way home this minute."

Druzilla shook her head till its fringe of short curls danced in despair.

"Why, Laurry Hammond, don't you know women folks will get imposed upon if they ain't on the look-out? It's Grandsir Swiggins's advice to me, 'Never get ahead of your baggage, Druzilly;' so I just asked the man with the wheel-barrow, 'Where's my trunk?' Says he, 'It's all right,' pointing with his finger to the Scarfield track. I was ready to burst out crying, but I looked up as chirk as I could, and says I, 'I suppose you calculate to be an honest man, but the best of us will make mistakes. How long do we wait here?' 'About five minutes,' he said. 'Well,' says I, 'I've got a cousin living here in Camden, and seeing as there's some mistake wouldn't you stop over till the afternoon train? And then if I don't find that trunk my name ain't Druzilla Ann Pidge.'"

"What did he say to that?"

"He only laughed, Laurry, as if he consaited 'twas very queer I should set such a valley on my trunk. Why, just you think," continued my poor cousin, crushing back the tears, "there's my white crêpe shawl and purple satin scarf, and—"

Druzilla began counting up her worldly possessions on her fingers. I waited till she came the second time to the thumb of her left hand and then I interrupted her.

"Cousin Druzilla," said I, "let us both go to the dépôt and make another search."

I had no doubt her innocent baggage was rolling along to Scarfield in a perfectly orthodox manner; but the poor dear soul was in trouble and needed sympathy—I would not desert her for the world. Still I was a little annoyed. Here was I with a party on my hands, and my mother suddenly called away by the illness of a friend. I was wretchedly tired by my unwonted experiments in pastry, for our cook had taken occasion to wound herself with the carving-fork and was in mortal fear of the lock-jaw, though, by-the-way, that did not prevent her from talking incessantly, sending me up stairs and down in search of materials for poultice and salve. But tired or not, here was Druzilla requiring attention. She was anxious to get home to Scarfield in the afternoon train, and, remembering my party, perhaps I was not altogether unselfish in trying to help her away.

After dinner accordingly we sallied forth, my cousin arrayed in a green figured silk, which had first begun its duties as a dress years before on its wearer's twenty-fifth birthday. Over this, and with a series of eddies and ripples at the neck, lay her high-colored shawl, surmounted by a blue bonnet with an aspiring bow perched upon the top. Thus attired, with a yarn carpet-bag on one arm and a green umbrella under the other, with anxious face yet determined air Druzilla entered the dépôt with me. We gave considerable annoyance to the busy officials, but finally obtained the key to the baggage-room, where we vigorously overturned boxes and bundles in search of the precious trunk, which we afterward learned was at that very moment at the Scarfield dépôt awaiting Druzilla's appearance. In the midst of our exertions the train arrived, and, in spite of my frantic efforts to hurry my cousin, it steamed away again before she was ready to give up the search.

"Well," said Miss Pidge, philosophically, as I watched in agony the retreating cars, "there's no great harm done. I've been a-lotting on making you a visit, Laurry, and I might as well do it now."

"Yes," said I, faintly, thinking of my party and the sensation she would make among my guests. And Joseph Mills would be sure to come. I cared more for his good opinion, I will confess, than for that of any other man living; and what would he, a person of cultivation and native refinement, think of the countrified Druzilla, and of me for having such a cousin? I knew nothing of his antecedents, for he had come to Camden a stranger, but I felt instinctively that his family-tree bore nothing but grafts, or, at any rate, no common fruit like this. One could see by his small hands and feet and his dignified bearing that he came of an aristocratic race. Probably his cousins to the sixteenth remove were pinks of perfection. It was in vain to reason that he was a man of sense, and that my social position, as daughter of one of the leading citizens of Camden, was secure. Cousin Druzilla stood before me an embodied mortification, and argument was useless.

"Seems to me you're rather low-spirited," said Druzilla, as we walked homeward.

"Oh no, only thinking about a little company I am to have to-night. I'm sorry they are to come this evening, sorry on your account, Cousin Druzilla, you must be very tired. Perhaps," added I, timidly, "you would like to retire early rather than meet so many strangers?"

But no, she was not fatigued at all. She should be "real glad," she said, "to have something to take up her mind, she was so anxious about her trunk." Poor distracted soul! I might have been willing she should "take up her mind" in any way that pleased her, had she not taken up my own also. If she could only sprain her ankle slightly, just enough to make her invisible for the evening! Or if Mr. Mills might be detained to make out somebody's will! But none of these things were to be. My cousin if not fleet was very sure-footed, and as for Mr. Mills, he was evidently not over-hurried with lawyer's cares, for he came among the first. I began heroically to introduce him to Miss Pidge.

"Laurry's cousin, you know," explained Druzilla. "How do you do, Mr. Mills? You look as if you enjoyed poor health. Depend upon it your liver is out of order. Don't you think yellow-dock—"

I hurried her away before she could finish the prescription; but I could not prevent her giving other medical advice to several different individuals. They might reasonably have inferred that she was a female physician from some benighted region, or a hospital nurse taking her first peep at society. How were they to know she was the Lady Bountiful of Scarfield, and really one of the salt of the earth?

And, as if to make herself the more conspicuous, she spoke in a very high key. Being herself a little deaf (or as she expressed it, "thick of hearing"), she seemed to imagine every body else must be so too, and it was quite impossible to engage in general conversation with her shrill voice perpetually ringing above all the rest. Looking over some engravings with Mr. Dalzelle at the centre-table, I could distinctly hear my cousin catechising Mr. Mills in the other parlor.

"Be you any relation to the Millses in Scarfield?"

Mr. Mills thought not, or so I interpreted the motion of his head.

"Abner was originally born in these parts. He makes soap now down to the Great Eddy. Maybe it was his being dark complect that made me think you might come of the same stock."

The theme was too suggestive. In imagination I heard the biography of all the Scarfield Millses, from the butcher down to the candle-stick-maker. In desperation I proposed dancing, reflecting that as a looker-on my cousin would be forced into silence.

"Do you approve of dancing, Miss Pidge?" Mr. Mills asked, casually, as I passed him in going to the piano. Alack-a-day! What mischievous sprite interpreted that speech to your dull ears, Druzilla, as an invitation to dance? Above the stir of forming cotillions I heard her reply in clarion tones:

"I'm obleeged to you, Sir, I *should* be real pleased to!"

And she seized his arm with an energy and promptness of action worthy a woman of the Revolution. For one instant Mr. Mills looked mystified, as if at a loss to know what she would "be pleased" to do; but the next he was politely leading her to her place in the set. There was a twinkle of amusement in his eyes as they met mine; but his mouth was preternaturally grave. I did not venture another glance at him, in fact, I was completely absorbed by my Cousin Druzilla. Literally she "had the floor," and was decidedly the centre of attraction. Conscientious even in dancing, she spared neither exertion nor even time in taking each separate step as she had learned it, and if she made a mistake in the figure she perseveringly went through it again. As her movements were entirely independent of the music, she could not help occasionally coming rather rudely in contact with others in spite of her partner's efforts to keep her in place, and once she narrowly escaped overthrowing slight Kitty Dalton.

"There, I'm afraid I've hurt you," cried Druzilla, stopping short to apologize.

"Never mind," said Kitty, gathering up her torn dress.

But my cousin did mind, and kneeling upon the floor to ascertain the extent of the mishap, succeeded, of course, in breaking up the cotillion.

"What a comical genius she is!" I heard Kitty say to her partner, Harry Downs. "Her features remind me of punctuation marks. Her eyebrows are shaped like carets, denoting something left out, perhaps brains; her retroussé nose is an interrogation point tipped the wrong way; and as for those deep wrinkles round the mouth, don't they inclose it in a parenthesis though?"

For my part I most fervently wished Druzilla's whole person had been inclosed in a parenthesis, for then she could have been "omitted," as the spelling-book says, "without injuring the sense." Would the evening never end? My cheeks were burning, my head aching, and my throat was dry and parched. Supper was yet to come; what might not my cousin do? Mr. Mills escorted me to the dining-room, giving Druzilla his other arm. I inwardly thanked him for devoting himself to her so exclusively; for I could not trust my voice, and was glad to be as quiet as the duties of hostess would permit. He harangued to such purpose that she was silent for some moments, with the exception of an occasional ejaculation of "Do tell!" or "How you talk!"

But farewell to cream-cakes! May they never grace my table more! My unsophisticated cousin, unconscious of their soft-hearted nature, broke one open, dripped the contents over Mr. Mills's coat-sleeve, and exclaimed, in deep disgust:

"Why, Laurry, this cake's all raw in the middle! You'd orter tried it with a knittin'-needle 'fore you took it out of the oven!"

I bore that like a martyr; but I did wince a little when she uttered a loud exclamation of surprise at her first taste of ice-cream, nudging Mr. Mills with her elbow to inquire if it were "wholesome," and confiding to him her fear that such bilious people as he ought to abstain from "cold victuals like that." I can not conceive why the man's clear brown complexion should have seemed so sickly in her eyes; but she evidently looked upon him as a candidate for medicine.

"As I was saying a spell ago—Did you ever try yellow-dock root and thoroughwort, half and half, simmered down in molasses? That would be complete for you, and clear your skin so't you wouldn't look like the same man!"

Mr. Mills thanked her politely for her gratuitous advice.

"'This also can be borne,'" I whispered to myself, perfectly conscious that I must sink under a very little more pressure. It came in time. We had adjourned to the parlors, and listened to good music—grand marches, dreamy waltzes, sparkling redowas—the musical of the party taking by turns a part in the entertainment; and then we glided into songs—solos, duets, and choruses. The company were taking breath after a spirited chorus, when roguish Kitty Dalton asked,

"Miss Pidge, you play, of course?"

"On the accordeon," answered Druzilla.

"But you sing?"

Ah! Kitty, was that well done in you?

"Well," replied Druzilla, modestly, "I do my own singing."

"Oh, then, you will favor us with a song!" urged the thoughtless Kitty.

"I don't justly know 's I'd better," said Druzilla, clearing her throat energetically. "I'm kind o' hoarsed up."

Kitty was about to insist quite unnecessarily, for Miss Pidge had already struck an attitude, and with neck protruding like that of an anxious camel on Sahara, and with eyes turned heavenward, she began to sing, with stentorian voice:

"Roll on, silver moon,
Guide the traveler his way,
While the night-in-gale's song *is* in too-oon,
Oh I never, never more," etc., etc.

Nothing could have been more absurd than that foolish love-song, chanted in deafening notes by such a singer! I stood utterly palsied till she concluded the last verse and moved toward me. I knew the audience were nearly convulsed with suppressed laughter, and was conscious that Joseph Mills was looking at me with eyes of pity. Druzilla intercepted the glance, and clutched my sleeve, saying, in her audible whispers:

"Mr. Mills is a proper nice man, Laurry! Isn't he keeping company with you?"

"This could *not* be borne!" The long window behind me was open, and I sprang out, rushing heedlessly over flower-beds and borders till I was away from the light of the parlors, and throwing myself down at the foot of a snow-ball tree I gave way to a freshet of tears. It is not often that I indulge in what we women call a "good cry;" but when I do, I give my whole attention to it—an earthquake would scarcely interrupt me.

This, I suppose, was why I was unconscious of Mr. Mills's approach till he startled me by saying, in the gentlest tones:

"My poor child, don't take it so to heart!"

The idea! Caught crying like a silly school-girl, and by this of all men! So he had seen my ignominious flight, had heard that polished speech of Cousin Druzilla's, and had come out here to find me buried in a pocket-handkerchief! I rose instantly, with an attempt at queenly dignity, but at the first word I tried to utter I brought on another paroxysm. Why didn't he go? Not that I cared much now; it made very little difference to me. This was the end of that pleasant little friendship of ours. The unspeakably-tactless Miss Pidge had alienated him from me forever by her low-bred insinuations. "Keeping company," indeed! Oh, Druzilla Pidge, may you never know how I ground your name between my teeth!

"Don't! pray don't!" entreated Mr. Mills, growing nervous.

"Oh! Mr. Mills," sobbed I, "I assure you it was her own idea!—I assure you," I repeated, determined to make one point clear; "I do assure you it was only her own idea!"

"What was her own idea? All her ideas are her own, I should judge."

He either had forgotten that speech or did not understand my allusion, it seemed. I felt a little relieved.

"You will wonder at my having such a guest, Mr. Mills; but she isn't idiotic and she isn't insane, so I couldn't shut her up, you know. She came, and what could I do?"

"What could you do? Just what you did, and not otherwise. We all understood your position, Laura?"

"Oh you did, Mr. Mills? And you have all discovered that I have some horrid relations hanging over me like the sword of Damocles, always ready to drop down without warning! And what do you think of me and my cousins?" added I, bitterly.

"What do I think of you?" returned he, rapidly stroking my hair the wrong way. "Why, I think you're a saint! That is what I always considered you; and now I think you are a martyr besides."

"Oh don't, Mr. Mills!"

"But I might never have dared tell you how dear you are to me if this 'horrid relation,' as you call her, had not given me courage. Tell me, may I go on?"

I made no reply, but he went on all the same.

"Your father, Laura, is a Judge, one of the leading men of the State; my father is a blacksmith, with nothing to recommend him but his good right arm and anvil. You were bred in luxury; I was the child of poverty. I am not ashamed of my birth; but it is said your father is an aristocrat, and—"

"There you do him injustice," said I, warmly. "He honors worth; he respects *you*."

"Laura," said Mr. Mills, eagerly, "choose your words. You don't know what hope you inspire! How often have I striven to overcome my ever-increasing attachment for you, goading myself with the fear that you too were one of the lofty ones who might regard my family as a little beneath you."

"Ah, Mr. Mills, and you seeming so proud all the while! Talk of aristocracy, Sir, to the cousin of Druzilla Ann Pidge!"

"Transcendently charming Miss Pidge!" cried Mr. Mills. "If it had not been for you—"

The reader will see the situation. I was taken at a disadvantage in the first place—caught crying. I ought to have been reserved and proper,

and hard to persuade; but I had so little self-possession that I was merely natural. Of course the consequence was we were engaged in a very few minutes, and Mr. Mills dipped his own handkerchief into the fountain that gushes out of the centre flower-bed, and himself wiped my eyes in order to make me presentable. Then I went back to my company with pink eyelids. But I was sure I managed very well; and when Mr. Mills came in five minutes afterward by a side-window we met as woodenly as a couple of chairs. I thought at the time we were both profoundly sly; but Kitty has told me since she read it all at a glance; but then Kitty is so sharp! At any rate, I got through the remainder of the evening victoriously, and smiled my visitors out of the door with a light heart, not at all dismayed to hear my cousin say to them one by one, with true country hospitality:

"Do stop to Scarfield if you ever pass that way! I keep house for Grandsire Swiggins, just this side of the Great Eddy. We should both be real pleased to see you, and so would Nathan's wife—she's a widow, bed-rid with the spine-complaint."

Joseph actually wished to invite this excellent soul to our wedding. "But for her dropping in at my party," he said, "there might have been no wedding at all."

Then I said, "But for her *trunk* there would have been no Druzilla at the party; and if he would go back to first causes he might send an invitation to the trunk."

He was overawed (this was before we were married, you know!). And as for me, I contented myself with sending Cousin Druzilla my largest piece of wedding-cake.

# BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

**Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.**

## CHAPTER VI.

### RIDING THE HIGH HORSE.

NEVER, in his brightest dreams, had Valentine Hawkehurst imagined the stream of life so fair and sunny a river as it seemed to him now. Fortune had treated him so scurvily for seven-and-twenty years of his life, only to relent of a sudden and fling all her choicest gifts into his lap.

"I must be the prince in the fairy tale who begins life as a revolting animal of the rhinoceros family, and ends by marrying the prettiest princess in Elfindom," he said to himself, gayly, as he paced the broad walks of Kensington Gardens, where the bare trees swung their big black branches in the wintry blast, and the rooks cawed their loudest at close of the brief day.

What, indeed, could this young adventurer demand from benignant Fortune above and beyond the blessings she had given him? The favored suitor of the fairest and brightest woman he had ever looked upon, received by her kindred, admitted to her presence, and only bidden to serve a due apprenticeship before he claimed her as his own forever. What more could he wish? what further boon could he implore from the Fates?

Yes, there was one thing more—one thing for which Mr. Hawkehurst pined, while most thankful for his many blessings. He wanted a decent excuse for separating himself most completely from Horatio Paget. He wanted to shake himself free from all the associations of his previous existence. He wanted to pass through the waters of Jordan, and to emerge purified, regenerate, leaving his garments on the furthermost side of the river; and, with all other things appertaining to the past, he would fain have rid himself of Captain Paget.

"'Be sure your sin will find you out,'" mused the young man; "and having found you, be sure that it will stick to you like a leech, if your sin takes the shape of an unprincipled acquaintance, as it does in my case. I may try my hardest to cut the past, but will Horatio Paget let me alone in the future? I doubt it. The bent of that man's genius shows itself in his faculty for living upon other people. He knows that I am beginning to earn money regularly, and has begun to borrow of me already. When I can earn more he will want to borrow more; and although it is very sweet to work for Charlotte Halliday, it would not be by any means agreeable to slave for my friend Paget. Shall I offer him a pound a week, and ask him to retire into the depths of Wales or Cornwall, amend his ways, and live the life of a repentant hermit? I think I could bring myself to sacrifice the weekly sovereign, if there were any hope that Horatio Paget could cease to be—Horatio Paget, on this side the grave. No, I have the misfortune to be intimately acquainted with the gentleman. When he is in the swim, as he calls it, and is earning money on his own account, he will give himself cozy little dinners and four-and-sixpenny primrose gloves; and when he is down on his luck he will come whining to me."

This was by no means a pleasant idea to Mr. Hawkehurst. In the old days he had been distinguished by all the Bohemian's recklessness, and even more than the Bohemian's generosity, in his dealings with friend or companion. But now all was changed. He was no longer reckless. A certain result was demanded from him as the price of Charlotte Halliday's hand, and he set himself to accomplish his allotted task with all due forethought and earnestness of purpose. He had need even to exercise restraint over himself, lest in his eagerness he should do too much, and so lay himself prostrate from the ill effects of overwork; so anxious was he to push on upon the road whose goal was so fair a temple, so light seemed that labor of love which was performed for the sake of Charlotte.

He communed with himself very often upon the subject of that troublesome question about Captain Paget. How was he to sever his frail skiff from that rakish privateer? What excuse could he find for renouncing his share in the Omega Street lodgings, and setting up a new home for himself elsewhere?

"Policy might prompt me to keep my worthy friend under my eye," he said to himself, "in order that I may be sure there is no underhand work going on between him and Philip Sheldon. But I can scarcely believe that Philip Sheldon has any inkling of the Haygarthian fortune. If he had he would surely not receive me as Charlotte's suitor. What possible motive could he have for doing so?"

This was a question which Mr. Hawkehurst had frequently put to himself; for his confidence in Mr. Sheldon was not of that kind which asks no questions. Even while most anxious to believe in that gentleman's honesty of purpose, he was troubled by occasional twinges of unbelief.

During the period which had elapsed since his return from Yorkshire he had been able to discover nothing of any sinister import from the proceedings of Captain Paget. That gentleman appeared to be still engaged upon the promoting business, although by no means so profitably as heretofore. He went into the City every day, and came home in the evening toilworn and out of spirits. He talked freely of his occupation—how he had done much, or done nothing, during the day; and Valentine was at a loss to perceive any further ground for the suspicion that had arisen in his mind after the meeting at the Ullerton station, and the shuffling of the sanctimonious Goodge with regard to Mrs. Rebecca Haygarth's letters.

Mr. Hawkehurst therefore determined upon boldly cutting the knot that tied him to the familiar companion of his wanderings.

"I am tired of watching and suspecting," he said to himself. "If my dear love has a right to this fortune, it will surely come to her; or if it should never come we can live very happily without it. Indeed, for my own part, I am inclined to believe that I should be prouder and happier as the husband of a dowerless wife than as prince-consort to the heiress of the Haygarths. We have built up such a dear, cheery, unpretentious home for ourselves in our talk of the future, that I doubt if we should care to change it for the stateliest mansion in Kensington Palace Gardens or Belgrave Square. My darling could not be my housekeeper, and make lemon-cheesecakes in her own pretty little kitchen, if we lived in Belgrave Square; and how could she stand at one of those great Birmingham iron-work gates in the Palace Gardens to watch me ride away to my work?"

To a man as deeply in love as Mr. Hawkehurst the sordid dross which other people prize so highly is apt to become daily more indifferent; a kind of color-blindness comes over the vision of the true lover, and the glittering yellow ore seems only so much dull vulgar earth, too mean a thing to be regarded by any but the mean of soul. Thus it was that Mr. Hawkehurst relaxed his suspicion of Captain Paget, and neglected his patron and ally of Gray's Inn, much to the annoyance of that gentleman, who tormented the young man with little notes demanding interviews.

These interviews had of late been far from agreeable to either of the allies. George Sheldon urged the necessity of an immediate marriage; Valentine declined to act in an underhand manner, after the stock-broker's unexpected generosity.

"Generosity?" echoed George Sheldon, when Valentine had given him this point-blank refusal at the close of a stormy argument. "Generosity! My brother Phil's generosity! Egad, that is about the best thing I've heard for the last ten years. If I pleased, Mr. Valentine Hawkehurst, I could tell you something about my brother which would enable you to estimate his generosity at its true value. But I don't please; and if you choose to run counter to me and my interests, you must pay the price of your folly. You may think yourself uncommonly lucky if the price isn't a stiff one."

"I am prepared to abide by my decision," answered Valentine. "Miss Halliday without a shilling is so dear to me that I don't care to commit a dishonorable action in order to secure my share of the fortune she may claim. I turned over a new leaf on the day when I first knew myself possessed of her affection. I don't want to go back to the old leaves."

George Sheldon gave himself an impatient shrug. "I have heard of a great many fools," he said; "but I never heard of a fool who would play fast-and-loose with a hundred thousand pounds, and until to-day I couldn't have believed there was such an animal."

Mr. Hawkehurst did not deign to notice this remark.

"Do be reasonable, Sheldon," he said. "You ask me to do what my sense of right will not permit me to do, and you ask me that which I fully believe to be impossible. I can not for a moment imagine that any persuasion of mine would induce Charlotte to consent to a secret marriage after your brother's fair and liberal conduct."

"Of course not," cried George, with savage impatience; "that's my brother Phil all over. He is so honorable, so plain and straightforward in all his dealings, that he would get the best of Lucifer himself in a bargain. I tell you, Hawkehurst, you don't know how deep he is—as deep as the bottomless pit, by Jove! His very generosity makes me all the more afraid of him. I don't understand his game. If he consented to your marriage in order to get rid of Charlotte he would let you marry her off-hand; but instead of doing that he makes conditions which must delay your marriage for years. There is the point that bothers me."

"You had better pursue your own course, without reference to me or my marriage with Miss Halliday," said Valentine.

"That is exactly what I must do. I can't leave the Haygarth estate to the mercy of Tom, Dick, and Harry, while you try to earn thirty pounds a month by scribbling for the magazines. I must make my bargain with Philip instead of with you, and I can tell you that you'll be the loser by the transaction."

"I don't quite see that."

"Perhaps not. You see, you don't quite understand my brother Phil. If this money gets into his hands be sure some of it will stick to them."

"Why should the money get into his hands?"

"Because, so long as Charlotte Halliday is under his roof, she is, to a certain extent, under his authority. And then, I tell you again, there is no calculating the depth of that man. He has thrown dust in your eyes already. He will make that poor girl believe him the most disinterested of mankind."

"You can warn her."

"Yes; as I have warned you. To what purpose? You are inclined to believe in Phil rather than to believe in me, and you will be so inclined to the end of the chapter. You remember that man Palmer, at Rugely, who used to go to church and take the sacrament?"

"Yes; of course I remember that case. What of him?"

"Why, people believed in him, you know, and thought him a jolly good fellow, up to the time when they discovered that he had poisoned a few of his friends in a quiet, gentlemanly way."

Mr. Hawkehurst smiled at the irrelevance of this remark. He could not perceive the connection of ideas between Palmer, the Rugely poisoner, and Philip Sheldon, the stock-broker. "That was an extreme case," he said.

"Yes; of course that was an extreme case," answered George, carelessly. "Only it goes far to prove that a man may be gifted with a remarkable genius for throwing dust in the eyes of his fellow-creatures."

There was no further disputation between the lawyer and Valentine. George Sheldon began to understand that a secret marriage was not to be accomplished in the present position of affairs.

"I am half inclined to suspect that Phil knows something about that money," he said, presently, "and is playing some artful game of his own."

"In that case your better policy would be to take the initiative," answered Valentine.

"I have no other course."

"And will Charlotte know—will she know that I have been concerned in this business?" asked Valentine, growing very pale all of a sudden. He was thinking how mean he must appear in Miss Halliday's eyes if she came to understand that he had known her to be John Haygarth's heiress at the time he won from her the sweet confession of her love. "Will she ever believe how pure and true my love has been if she comes to know this?" he asked himself, despairingly, while George Sheldon deliberated in silence for a few moments.

"She need know nothing until the business comes to a head," replied George, at last. "You see, there may be no resistance on the part of the Crown lawyers; and, in that case, Miss Halliday will get her rights after a moderate amount of delay. But if they choose to dispute her claim it will be quite another thing—Halliday *versus* the Queen, and so on—with no end of swell Q.C.'s against us. In the latter case you'll have to put all your adventures at Ullerton and Huxter's Cross into an affidavit, and Miss H. must know every thing."

"Yes; and then she will think—ah, no; I do not believe she can misunderstand me, come what may."

"All doubt and difficulty might be avoided if you would manage a marriage on the quiet off-hand," said George.

"I tell you again that I can not do that; and that, even if it were possible, I would not attempt it."

"So be it. You elect to ride the high horse; take care that magnificent animal doesn't give you an ugly tumble."

"I can take my chance."

"And I must take my chance with that brother of mine. The winning cards are all in my own hand this time, and it will be uncommonly hard if he gets the best of me."

On this the two gentlemen parted. Valentine went to look at a bachelor's lodging in the neighborhood of the Edgware Road, which he had seen advertised in that morning's *Times*; and George Sheldon started for Bayswater, where he was always sure of a dinner and a liberal allowance of good wine from the hospitality of his prosperous kinsman.

# HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"FOUR hundred and fifty men in New York who earn their livelihood solely by decoying fools to faro!" So it is stated. And surely there is need enough for a Society for the Suppression of Gambling when so many weak and foolish youths become the victims of knaves. Broken-hearted fathers and mothers, weary wives, and suffering sisters, mourn in secret places to-day over beloved ones who have been lured to destruction, and who, nightly, are sinking deeper and deeper in vice.

The poet teaches a lesson worth reading and remembering:

"Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasure in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth
Who rashly thus exposed his wealth?
Yet this you do whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.

"Whene'er the gaming-board is set,
Two classes of mankind are met;
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space."

Said a "victim," who has, though withholding his name, made some of his experiences known through the medium of our city journals: "I tell you, I have seen at a faro-table what would make your blood run cold; and every night in the week at some altar of Satan or another there is some poor devil devotee revolving in his mind the shortest way to end his miserable life." Still further he speaks: "Boys of 13 years are gambling here every night. Where does the money come from? Where are they going to? Why, in the name of God, can't this be stopped?....The gambler who pays $2000 rent, and keeps wine and cigars, and has only broadcloth at his table, fears no authority in the Metropolitan District.....It is not the loss of money which troubles me. It is the fact that for so long I have given myself up to a vice which enslaves the soul, makes life unbearable, except where the click of the ivory chips is heard, and in nine cases out of ten drags the infatuated man down, down, down, lower and lower, until he becomes meaner than the meanest thief."

The Board of Health has numerous and powerful foes to battle against. It is a great work, and necessarily a somewhat slow one, to bring this immense city into a sanitary state. Recently an ingenious contrivance has been adoped by one of the large lime-making establishments in the city, whereby the noxious effluvia generated by the burning shells is deprived of its poisonous qualities. The top of the kiln was formerly exposed to the open air; but now a chimney or ventilator forms an avenue for the escape of the gases, and there is a reservoir of water at the top of it by means of which the vapor is made innocuous before escaping into the general atmosphere. Can not some power remove far distant or some ingenuity mitigate still-existing nuisances?

A school of large sharks recently made their appearance in the East River, near Fulton Ferry, and occasioned quite an excitement in the vicinity. One of them was caught, killed, and exhibited.

There is a Swan somewhere in Maine that weighs four hundred pounds. We remark in explanation that the above-mentioned is a graceful young lady (named Swan) of—probably—about seventeen summers.

A conscientious prophet, who announced that the world would come to an end this year, says he has made a mistake in the estimates, which, when corrected, will postpone the event a million of years.

A new method of procuring a night's lodging was lately tried in Worcester. A man, having sought in vain to procure a decent resting-place for the little money he had in his pocket, at length calmly smashed a street-lamp, and stood patiently by the side of the demolished lantern until a kind policeman took him to the station-house.

An agriculturist has tried with success the following method of making peaches grow without stones: "Turn the tops of the trees down, cut off the ends, stick them into the ground, and fasten so with stakes; in a year or two these tops will take roots, and when well rooted cut off the branches connecting these reversed and rooted branches with the tree proper, and this reversed peach-tree will produce fine peaches without stones." The same experiment may be tried with plums, cherries, and currants.

Not long since a conductor of one of the cars of the Belt Line Railroad remonstrated with some unruly passengers in his car, whereupon the rowdies threatened him with personal violence. It was evening, and as the disturbers remained in the car when it reached the terminus of the route, intending to take the return trip, the conductor applied to the "starter" for another man to be placed on the car with him. This, however, was not considered necessary. When about half-way up town the brutal gang attacked the conductor, and inflicted such severe injuries upon him that, after lingering in great distress for some days, he died. What a sad comment upon the law and order of our city!

The public schools of the city have re-opened after a vacation of seven weeks. There are over two hundred and fifty of these schools. About two thousand teachers are employed, and during the last year the total number of attendants was not far from 227,000.

An absent-minded individual at Terre Haute, Indiana, after smoking, the other day, put his pipe into his pocket with a package of powder. He was seen shortly after looking a good deal surprised, and inquiring for his coat-tail and a large piece of his pantaloons.

Salt Lake City is suffering under the plague of grasshoppers, which have literally "become a burden." The air is filled with them, and report says they have stripped the trees of foliage, and are eating the apples to their cores, and apricots and peaches to their stones.

We recently saw it stated, on undoubted authority, that a Sabbath-school teacher, in addressing his class, gave the following warning: "Boys, you ought to be very kind to your little sisters. I once knew a little boy who struck his sister a blow over the eye. Although she didn't slowly fade and die in the early summer-time, when the June roses were blowing, with words of sweet forgiveness on her pallid lips, she rose and hit him over the head with a rolling-pin, so that he couldn't go to Sunday-school for more than a month, on account of not being able to put on his best hat!"

The Bankrupt Act has its patrons in Boston as well as elsewhere. At a restaurant in that city the other day a brisk, bustling waiter stepped up to a table where a quiet-looking individual had just finished lunching, and inquired:

"What have you had, Sir?"

"Had! I've had the stomach-ache like thunder eating your pies."

"I mean have you got a check, Sir?" said the waiter, fidgeting.

"No, nothing but currency," said the customer, opening a calf-skin wallet.

"I want to know what you have got to pay," said the attendant, loudly.

"Got to pay a note for five hundred dollars, and not a dollar yet," replied the imperturbable one.

The despairing waiter threw a "coming, Sir," at half a dozen impatient customers, and making a last effort, said, slowly, "H-o-w m-u-c-h are you going to pay?"

"Not a single cent: taken the benefit of the Bankrupt Act," said his tormentor, and, buttoning up his coat, he walked steadily out before the bewildered *garçon* could recover his senses.

A novel speculation of the Accidental Insurance character has been started in Buenos Ayres. A joint-stock hospital has been opened, to which subscribers who pay $1 20 in silver monthly are to be admitted free, and attended with the best medical skill in case of sickness or accident.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM IN THE EXPOSITION PARK AT PARIS.

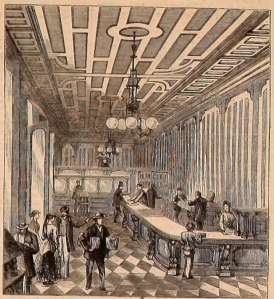
## THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT PARIS.

WE give on this page an engraving of the Grand Aquarium Maritime which has been erected in the park of the Universal Exposition at Paris, and which has been described as the most extensive and most elegant aquarium ever built. It is filled with salt-water and salt-water fish and molluscous animals, and with marine plants which keep the water pure. The largest aquarium hitherto attempted is that in the Zoological Garden, Regent's Park, London, which is 60 by 25 feet. The exact size of the one at Paris is not given, but it is several times larger than any other now in existence. The engraving will prove a sufficient description.

THE LUNCH ON THE HILL.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 606.]

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 606.]

GEORGE W. CHILDS, PUBLISHER, OF PHILADELPHIA.



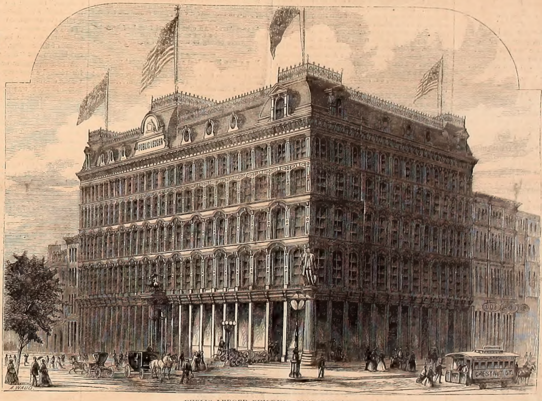
BUSINESS DEPARTMENT OF THE PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING.

## "PUBLIC LEDGER" BUILDING.

WITHIN a little more than a decade of years a few of the publishers of this country have erected not less than half a dozen establishments which might justly be considered as palatial—the "Palaces of the Fourth Estate." In 1854, immediately after the destruction of their establishment by fire, HARPER & BROTHERS erected the extensive and complete fire-proof building in which their business is now conducted, and a full description of which was given in this paper some weeks since. TICKNOR & FIELDS at Boston look out upon Boston Common from a small but complete building admirably adapted to the necessities of their business. The New York *Times* association built some years ago a splendid establishment at the intersection of Nassau Street and Park Row; and it is a legend of journalism that the notoriety given the paper by the general publication of the fact that the building which its proprietors were erecting was to be the finest newspaper publication office in the world had much to do with the firm establishment and prosperity of the paper itself. The *News* was in its later years the occupant of a marble front; and the *Herald* has lately gone into an imposing structure of stone and iron on Broadway, and boasts what is undoubtedly the finest composing-room in the country and probably in the world. Mr. DANA is remodeling Tammany Hall into a respectable newspaper office; and other daily and weekly sheets in this city are planning fine establishments which will be in their architecture at least a credit to the city. In Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago the same enterprising spirit is evinced, and the same signs of prosperity are visible in the existence of handsome buildings. Among the various establishments of this character, built and to be built, few equal in completeness and architectural beauty the publishing house of GEORGE W. CHILDS at Philadelphia, which we illustrate on this page.

This magnificent structure is on the corner of Sixth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. It was erected by Mr. DOBBINS from the plans of JOHN M'ARTHUR, Jun., architect, under the direction of Mr. CHILDS. Its dimensions are 84 feet on Chestnut and 165 feet on Sixth Street. It is of brown stone and iron, and is thoroughly fire-proof. It is 60 feet to the cornice; the handsome French or Mansard roof is 12 feet higher, and the dome 21 feet; while to the pen which surmounts the flag-staff, and serves as a vane, it is 150 feet from the sidewalk. The picture gives a better idea of the architecture than any description could.

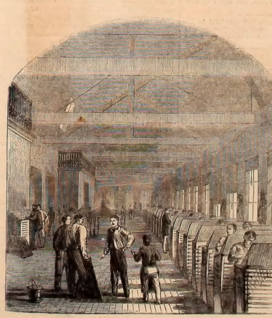
Over the main door-way is a carving in light Brunswick stone of the coat-of-arms of Pennsylvania, with the inscription "Public Ledger," and the monogram "G. W. C." Above this,




PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.

on the face of the middle dome, is another design, representing "Young America" resting upon clouds surrounding a globe, with a book of record before him, and lightning and the locomotive on either side. At the corner of the building is a beautiful column of stone 18 feet high, surmounted by a colossal statue of FRANKLIN, considered the best likeness in stone in existence. This and the other designs were cut by STRUTHERS & SON, from the models by the sculptor BAILY. The basement of the building contains the immense press-room, of an L shape and 9183 square feet of space. The ceiling of 24 feet is supported by fifteen large columns of rolled iron. The sketch was taken from the long covered gallery made for the accommodation of the carriers waiting for the paper. In this room are three of HOE's fast presses, ten folding-machines, a well with a never-failing spring, liberal allowance of wash-rooms, wardrobes, etc. The boiler-room is fitted up with two of HARRISON's boilers, each 50-horse power, steam-pump to lift the water to the tanks at the top of the house, and an engine of 66-horse power, a perfect model of mechanism.

On the first story, which is supported by 167 tons of wrought iron columns, is the publication office, a room 60 by 23 feet, finished in massive style, ceiling and walls of black walnut and butternut paneling with mouldings of ebony. The floor is marble. From the ceiling depends three fine bronze chandeliers. The room is divided into the office proper, the cashier's, and private offices, separated by handsome plate glass and black walnut screens. Carved furniture and fixtures, Wilton carpets in blue and gold, gorgeous marbles, etc., are the decorations of the private office. A handsome Swiss clock marks the time.



COMPOSING-ROOM, PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING.

PRESS-ROOM, PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING.

On the second story is the book publication, *Ledger Home Weekly*, and *Publishers' Circular* office. The editorial rooms, which are in the third story, comprise four elaborately appointed apartments. Also on this floor is the job office, provided with HOE's, GORDON's, and ADAMS's presses, etc. The large composing-room shares with the foundery the fifth story; here, also, are the proof-readers' and night editors' departments. In every story there is hose connecting with the tanks on the top of the building.

Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the proprietor, was born in Baltimore, and is the architect of his own fortune. At fourteen years he went to Philadelphia, worked in a bookseller's store for four years, and then set up business for himself in a very modest way. In another year he was a partner of PETERSON & Co., afterward better known as the firm of CHILDS & PETERSON. Mr. PETERSON retiring, Mr. CHILDS was for a short time in partnership with LIPPINCOTT, and then went into business for himself on Chestnut Street, till, in 1864, he

purchased the *Ledger* of Messrs. Swain & Abell. Mr. Childs has established a paper-mill to supply his own paper—that and the new building costing a fortune. He is now only thirty-seven years of age, of fair complexion and strong constitution.

## THE LUNCH ON THE HILL.

[*See Illustration on page* 604.]

O'er many a turnip-field and stubble,
By many a patch of weedy waste,
We sportsmen tramped with toil and trouble,
Nor quenched our thirst, nor slacked our haste.
Till, bent like Æsop with his hunch,
We climbed the hill in search of lunch.

Far up the slope, just where the park
And woodland meet in close embrace—
Where ferny dells are deep and dark,
Where foxgloves grow in stately grace,
And shy young fawns the herbage crunch—
Two Houris met us with our lunch.

"I know a bank," one Houri said;
And deftly was the hamper emptied;
And on the sward a feast was spread
That might Lucullus' self have tempted;
And then we sat and sipped milk-punch,
While those two sirens served the lunch.

And after ——? Midst that sylvan scene,
Two Merlins with two Viviens we were;
And slow must beat his heart, I ween,
Who could against such sirens beware—
A bovine, fit the grass to munch,
If proof against such girls, such lunch.

So were not we; for when we left
The solemn shade of elm and beech
New threads were woven in Fate's weft,
And pledged for life was each to each;
While red as roses in a bunch
Blushed those dear girls who brought our lunch.

## FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

[*See Illustration on page* 604.]

Forbidden now—and yet from childhood's days,
Increasing with each year our love had grown;
It seems but yesterday those downcast eyes
Were wont with looks of love to meet mine own.

I left her in a quiet country home,
Free from the taint of fashionable life—
A gentle, truthful, simple-hearted girl,
Fair promise of a loving, faithful wife.

A soldier's duty called me to the field—
For three long years war kept me from her side:
But ere we parted, clinging to my heart,
She told her love, and vowed to be my bride.

Through all the hardships of a long campaign
I cherished as my life that parting vow;
I little thought that, when we met again,
My love would greet me as she greets me now.

Alas! I find that beauty such as hers
Ambitious parents knew could well be sold:
What was our love to them? An honest heart
Weighed a mere trifle when compared with gold.

She yielded to her mother's harsh command—
Those charms have found the noble price they sought:
An aged lord with title-deeds and wealth
Her beauty—not her loving heart—has bought.

In vain she coldly tries to shun my gaze:
I know she loves me still, although we part:
Poor girl! a coronet will scarce repay
The life-long sorrow of a broken heart.

Alas! the world of fashion oft can tell
Of perjured vows and honest love denied;
Of youth and beauty tied to feeble age,
To gratify a parent's selfish pride.

## UNIVERSAL ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Apropos of and preliminary to the great abolition meeting which was held in Paris on August 26 and 27, Edouard Laboulaye thus discourses in the *Revue Nationale* on the universal abolition of slavery, the principal object of the assemblage:

The disappearance of slavery in the United States is an event of such importance as to dazzle all beholders. It seems as if the last vestiges of slavery were effaced from the earth, and the sun shone no longer upon any but freemen. Unhappily this is not so. In the East slavery is still in vigor; the White Nile is scoured by hunters and traders in human flesh who, sad to say, are not always either Turks or Arabs. In Africa and America, Brazil, Portugal, and Spain, three Christian countries, still have a great number of slaves. To speak only of Brazil, the subjugated negroes there number more than half the population: there are three or four millions, almost as many as in the United States before the war of secession. It is true that the most formidable bulwark of slavery is overthrown. After the example set the world by North America it is difficult to believe that enlightened princes, intelligent ministers, will refuse to rid their countries of this consuming leprosy. The Emperor of Brazil, the young King of Portugal, and the Viceroy of Egypt have testified the best intentions, and have uttered the most generous promises, but in the interval of the execution of these promises millions of men are suffering in servitude; they will die slaves if the voices of the free are not raised in their favor, if disagreeable but useful men do not importune with their complaints and prayers those statesmen who too often ask only to live at peace, by doing to-day what they did yesterday; that is, maintaining ancient abuses. Emancipation is always a difficult work; the slaveholders, even though indemnified, cry out against the universal ruin; the new freedmen are often idle and sometimes violent; the general interests suffer temporarily from the reform; this is enough to arrest politicians who live from hand to mouth, unless public opinion casts its irresistible weight in the scale, and secures the triumph of justice and humanity.

It is for the purpose of acting on public opinion that the adversaries of slavery in all countries have resolved to convoke a National Conference at Paris in order to deal a last blow to slavery, and to put an end to an abominable institution. The British Emancipation Society, the Abolition Society of Spain, and the French Committee of Emancipation have taken advantage of the Exposition to meet at Paris and lay before the public the state of the question. With the permission of the French Government, which is happy enough to have no other interest in this matter than that of humanity, these Committees will hold two public meetings at Herz Hall, Rue Chantereine, on the 26th and 27th of August. On the first day it will be shown that the slave-trade still exists, and prevents civilization from making its way into the interior of Africa; and the condition of the slaves in Brazil, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Portuguese possessions will also be set forth; on the second day an account will be given of the results of emancipation in the United States.

In France we are not accustomed to these voluntary gatherings, where men of all tongues and countries assemble, moved by no other impulse than the love of justice, to interest public opinion in favor of a noble cause. Our previous Governments have always treated us like children, who gather together only to make mischief.

Nevertheless, it needs little reflection to see that there is no political danger in these assemblies; on the contrary, the questions discussed therein are so great and noble that they soar above the petty quarrels of the day, and unite on one subject minds divided in all else. What better means could be invented to teach opposing parties mutually to esteem each other, and to understand that politics do not separate them to such a degree as to prevent them from acting in concert whenever the interests of humanity and civilization are at stake? At these conferences there will be Americans, Englishmen, Spaniards, Brazilians, Frenchmen, and perhaps even Prussians; there will be Catholics, Episcopalians, Calvinists, and Quakers; there will be monarchists and republicans, radicals and conservatives; but on the question of slavery there will be only one opinion, and it will be demonstrated that there is a power of union in the depths of the human heart which rises above all differences. They will quarrel perchance to-morrow on a political question; but they will do so with the less bitterness for having fought under the same flag the day before, and feeling that they may be called to do so again on the morrow. If the meeting in Herz Hall succeeds in convincing distrustful politicians of this fruitful truth, it will augur well for the vote on the law concerning the right of assemblage to be taken the next session.

These peaceful conferences will have another advantage. The English and American element will be largely represented therein. The Americans and Englishmen will bring us forms and habits of discussion, of which we stand in great need. We shall not only have fine speeches, but also substantial and carefully prepared reports.

The American Freedmen's Union Commission has drawn up a most excellent work on the Results of Emancipation in the United States, and important documents have come to hand from Brazil and Cuba. These documents will be summed up and submitted to the public. We shall not only be inspired with zeal for a great cause, but we shall be informed of its details and difficulties. This serious study, publicly and freely made, will be something new to Frenchmen.

Moreover, orators will not be lacking. The Freedmen's Union Commission sends three highly respected delegates from America, C. G. Hammond, William C. Bryant, and William Lloyd Garrison. The name of Bryant is familiar to all lovers of poetry. As to Garrison, it is well known that, thirty-six years ago, he was the first to demand the abolition of slavery. A simple journeyman printer, without friends or resources, in 1831 he commenced publishing the *Liberator*, which he composed and printed alone in his little chamber. "I know that I shall be reproached for the severity of my language," he wrote in his first number; "but is not this severity just? I shall be as harsh as truth; as impartial as justice. I shall speak in earnest. I shall seek neither subterfuge nor excuse; I shall not retract a word of what I say, and I shall find hearers." When a man begins in this strain, he is sure of having against him all who live by the abuses which he attacks. Garrison did not lack enemies. He had as many of them in the North as in the South. Long threatened, insulted, and maltreated by the populace, he well-nigh fell a martyr to emancipation. In Georgia, a price was set on his head—five thousand dollars to any one who would deliver up Garrison, dead or alive—in the North, he was hooted at as a dreamer, and persecuted as a dangerous revolutionist. But Garrison had the faith which removes mountains, he constantly relied on the final triumph of justice, and at the end of thirty-four years he stopped his paper on the day that a former mechanic, like himself, Abraham Lincoln, signed, amidst the applause of the whole world, that liberation of four millions of men which he had been the first to demand. A man who has devoted himself for thirty-four years to one idea, and has sacrificed his whole life to it, is too uncommon a thing in France for men not to have some curiosity to see the simple and courageous Garrison.

Spain, it is said, will send one of its most celebrated statesmen, Don Sallustiano Olozaga, the President of the Abolition Society of Madrid; London will give us the indefatigable Mr. Chamerovzow, always found in the breach; and the Hon. F. Buxton, whose name is historic in the annals of liberty. We are also promised the approval of Lord Brougham, and the presence of some of those orators who excel in public meetings; Bright's name is even mentioned. France will do its best to hold its rank in this interesting solemnity. On the Emancipation Committee figure the names, as is well known, of Messrs. Broglie, Guizot, Cochin, Henri Martin, De Pressensé, Monod, Coquerel, etc. This diversity of dialects and talent, devoted to the service of the same cause, will offer a piquant spectacle.

But to please Parisian curiosity is only the least care of this assembly. Its aim is to associate together all men who still believe in the reign of justice—to form a league of humanity, and to enlist therein all generous hearts, without distinction of church, government, or country. It is every where repeated to-day that the individual must be urged to self-government; it is added, moreover, that peoples should learn to transact their own business. I strongly approve of this idea. But, above individuals and peoples, why should not men, assembled together, transact the business of humanity? Why not expel from the whole world slavery, violence, ignorance, and want? This is a great work, but one which can only succeed through the co-operation of the humblest of mankind. To gain admission to Herz Hall a single title will suffice—that of the enemy of slavery and the friend of emancipation. No questions will be asked concerning rank, fortune, or age. Perchance there will be none there but obscure individuals; perchance the talent displayed there will be of the most modest kind; but it is never in vain that men assemble to claim the rights of their fellows, and to proclaim anew the eternal principles of justice and humanity. There is no doubt that the words uttered in this meeting at Paris will be repeated by faithful echoes throughout the whole world, bearing hope to the suffering, and making statesmen more deeply conscious of their responsibility. Therein lies the utility of these meetings: they arouse public opinion because they touch the heart-strings of the people. The hall and the orators matter little; the greatness of the cause makes the power of its advocates.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BROAD HINT.

Up-stairs Lodger (*bursting into the First Floor; time* 1.30 a.m.). "Nobody hurt, I hope? Oh, I beg pardon; but I heard such a shrill scream just now, I did not feel justified in remaining in bed!"

What is the difference between a railway train and a suspending bank?—In one case the brake causes the stoppage, in the other the stoppage causes the break.

Arab-e Aisy!—An ethnological friend of ours informs us that he has ascertained the fact that our street Arabs belong to the tribe of Never-go-to-Bedouins.

Not a Bad Hit.—If at your next Croquet party the girls are splendidly handsome and draw off the attention of the men from their game, carelessly quote old Herrick, and say that it is a case of "A lawn....thrown into a fine distraction."

LINES.

I know a bank—not one that nature decks;
Clothed—not in greenery—oh no, in checks!
O'er it no perfume balmy zephyr wafts—
Its scents are five per cents., its airs are drafts!
No wild thyme wanders *this* bank freely o'er—
Its hours are regular—from ten till four.
Fairer than slopes with pallid primrose set,
Or rich with clumps of nodding violet,
Richer than mossy banks or shady bowers,
Or sunny gardens bright with myriad flowers,
Or beauteous glade, or green and level lawn—
Stay! my account must not be overdrawn!

"We've lost a great many hogs this season, by the new disease," said an Indianian to a traveler. "The *new* disease! what's that?" "Lightnin', Sir; it takes 'em awful sudden, and they dies without a single squeal."

A gentleman going to the water-side to take a boat, cried out: "Who can swim?" "I, master," came from forty bawling mouths; but one fellow, turning about, said: "Sir, I can not swim." "Then you are my man," said the gentleman, "for you will at least take care of me for your own sake."

An Irishman who was reprieved the night before his execution, and who wished to get rid of his wife, wrote to her as follows: "I was yesterday hanged, and died like a hero; do as I did, and bear it like a man."

A "lovely girl," in Wisconsin, recently recovered fourteen hundred dollars damages in a breach of promise suit against a perfidious lover. Her lawyer congratulated her on the amount, when she exclaimed, with a ferocious glance at the mulcted defendant, and nervously clenching her fingers, "I'd give every penny of it just to have one good pull at his hair!"

A man named Tease has married a Miss Cross in St. Louis. He Teased her till she agreed she wouldn't be Cross any more.

Effects of Speculation.—A speculator at the West recently said to a friend: "When I first came to Chicago I had not a *rag* to my back, and now I am covered with rags."

"My boy," said a distinguished merchant to his son, who was meditating matrimony, "be sure, in making your selection, to get hold of a piece of goods that will wash."

Why is a fire the greatest paradox in existence?—Because the more it's *coaled* the *hotter* it gets.

Particular Gentleman (*exhibiting a singular-looking object in the soup-ladle*). "Waiter, do you know what that is?"
Waiter. "That, Sir? Looks like a mouse, Sir. We often find 'em in the soup, Sir. No charge for it, Sir."

THE CUT DIRECT-ED.

Elevated Being. "Zis'way t'Lill' Dropt'n?"
Matron. "Yes, Sir; straight on as ever you can go."
Elevated Being (*musingly*). "Oh; strai'onzev'ricango! Tha's not sayin' mush."

A young couple went to a clergyman to get married. The parson being a wag, by an innocent mistake began to read from the prayer-book as follows: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live." The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, you mistake, we came to be married!" "Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist, I will marry you, but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried."

"We see," said Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God thinks of riches by the people he gives them to."

"What is the reason of a blow leaving a blue mark after it?" asked an inquiring young gentleman. "It's easily accounted for," answered a medical student; "for you know that *blow* in the perfect is *blew*."

It was customary with a certain college professor to inquire of each graduating class what each proposed to be or do in the world. One would be a doctor, one a lawyer, one a merchant, and so on. "And what do you propose to be, Simon?" "I am going to be a Pithcopal minister," was the answer of the lisping graduate, "for three reasons—first, the prayers are all in print, and I can read them easily; second, the sermons of Pithcopal ministers are short, and them I can steal; and third, Pithcopal ministers generally marry rich wives."

## REMBRANDT'S ETCHINGS.

On the 23d of February, 1867, there was sold at auction, in London, an etching of Rembrandt, for the sum of five thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars in gold. Never before has such a price, or any thing like such a price, been paid for what, though unquestionably a very great rarity, is, after all, far from being unique. It is a memorable event, destined, perhaps, to hold the same place in the history of engraving that the sale of the Soult Madonna does in painting, or that of the 1471 Boccaccio in bibliography. The etching in question represents "Christ Healing the Sick," but is more commonly known among collectors by the name of the "Hundred Guilder," because a copy of it was sold during Rembrandt's lifetime for that sum. There is a special circumstance which gives a peculiar value to this impression—which is, that it, with seven others, are the only known examples of the "first state" of the etching. But all our readers may not know what "first state" means.

When an etcher or engraver was busy about his plate, he was very naturally in the habit of taking off impressions every now and then to see how his work was getting on. These impressions were called artist's proofs, and no doubt in most instances, after serving their purpose, were considered of but little more value than waste paper. But Rembrandt, finding that not only were his finished etchings selling well, but that some curious collectors eagerly laid hold upon these unfinished scraps, thought he could turn an honest penny—rather a failing of his—by multiplying the "states" of his etchings as much as possible. It is but perhaps fair to say that Rembrandt, fond of money as he was, was yet no miser. The large sums he obtained were not hoarded away, but spent in buying pictures and the requisites of his art to such an extent, that though at the death of his wife, the pretty Jantje, he was worth more than £4000, he left, when he died, only a few guilders for his funeral expenses.

In some cases there are not less than ten states known and described, one here and there being simply ridiculous. In the "Gold Weighers," for instance, the earliest and rarest state has the face blank.

Of the eight known impressions of the first state of the "Hundred Guilder," five are safe in public collections. The British Museum has two, the Imperial Libraries of Paris and Vienna—the latter having an inscription in Rembrandt's handwriting to say it was the seventh impression taken from the plate—and the Museum at Amsterdam, one each. Of the remaining three, one belongs to Mr. R. S. Holford, who gave £400 for it; the second to the Duke of Buccleuch, and the third has just passed into the hands of Mr. C. J. Palmer. The history of this last impression, which is described as a "magnificent impression, undoubtedly the finest known, on Japanese paper, with large margin, and in perfect condition," is thoroughly ascertained. From Rembrandt it was obtained by J. P. Zomers, and after gracing successively the collections of Signor Zanetti, Baron Denon, Messrs. Woodburn the printsellers, Baron Verstolke of Amsterdam, and Sir Charles Price, it has now found a resting-place in Bedford Row, London. At the Baron's sale in 1847 it was purchased for 1600 guilders (£133). The second state of the etching, which only consists in a few cross-hatchings introduced in one part of the plate, is by no means to be had for nothing. A splendid impression on India paper, with large margin, from the Dubois cabinet, sold for £160; and even this is not the highest price this state is known to have fetched. It is by no means certain, however, that these India-paper impressions, though the earliest, are the best in point of effect. Many collectors prefer those on plain paper.

Many others of Rembrandt's etchings bring very large prices. His portrait of Advocate Tolling—a very splendid work—cost Baron Verstolke £220, though it fetched at his sale only 1800 guilders (£150). It is worth at least twice that sum now. "Ephraim Bonus," the Jewish physician—perhaps Rembrandt's finest etching—was bought at the same sale for the British Museum for 1650 guilders. Only three other impressions of this state are known. "Coppenol," a writing-master, cost in 1835, though not in very good condition, 300 guineas, though it only produced 1250 guilders. Of "Rembrandt holding a Sabre" there are four impressions of the earliest state known—one at Amsterdam, one at Paris, one in the British Museum, purchased for £150, and one other which cost £600.

About one of Rembrandt's etchings we have an amusing story. He had gone to spend a day with his great friend, Jan Six, a burgomaster of

Amsterdam. As they were sitting down to dinner it was found the servant had forgotten to provide any mustard. He was sent off at once to the village close by; but Rembrandt, knowing that the favorite maxim of Dutch servants was "much haste, little speed," laid a wager with the burgomaster that he would etch the view from the dining-room window before the servant returned. He took up a plate, tried his etching-point upon it, sketched the view, and won his bet. The engraving is a very rare one. Baron Verstolke's impression sold for £17 10*s*., but he would be fortunate who could secure a good impression at that price now.

In Maberly's *Print Collector* is an account of another of Rembrandt's etchings which is worth compressing. One day that artist, struck apparently with the attitude of a dog lying asleep, determined to etch its portrait. The plate he took up was much larger than he required, so that the etching only occupied the left-hand corner. From this he printed an impression upon a piece of paper, which, though larger than was required for the etching, was not as large as the plate. The etching looked ridiculous enough, and the artist accordingly cut out the part of the plate containing the little dog, and the rest of the impressions were struck off in this reduced size. The first impression, fortunately or unfortunately, was preserved, and an account of the prices it has fetched at different times is a very instructive example of the mania of collectors. We first hear of it at Mr. Hibbert's sale in 1809, where it fetched thirty shillings, the purchaser being M. Claussin. He sold it at a small advance of price to a London printseller, who disposed of it to the Duke of Buckingham for £6. At the Duke's sale in 1834 it produced £61. But the purchaser made a good bargain, nevertheless. A Dutchman heard of it, offered the fortunate owner 100 guineas, then £150, then *any price he liked to ask for it*; but no, he was proof against all temptation, and kept possession of his treasure, till at last, with many really valuable prints from the same collection, it passed into the British Museum for the sum of £120; and in that print-room, where there are more treasures in the way of engraving to be found than in any other collection in the world, the visitor may see "a twenty-shilling print on £119 worth of blank paper," all in the space of three or four inches.

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## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XI.—No. 561.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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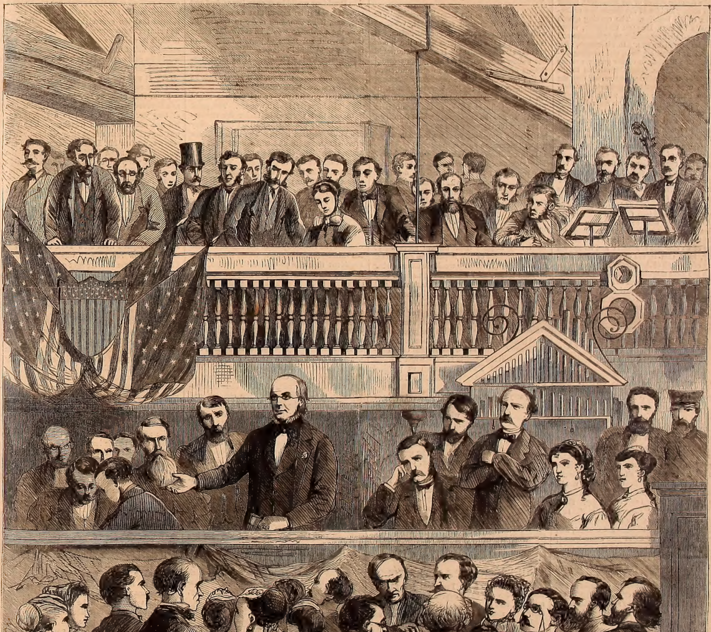


THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE—HON. HORACE GREELEY DELIVERING THE OPENING ORATION.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES G. BUSH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

## THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

THE American Institute was opened on Thursday, September 12, for its Thirty-seventh Annual Exhibition—a display of American industry, ingenuity, and manufacture which is to last for a month. This institution is an industrial fair—what is known in other cities by the more definite name of Mechanics' Fair—and was among the first organized of the many such institutions which exist in all parts of the United States. Goods of every description, and articles belonging to almost every department of labor, are herein exhibited. It is impossible in our space to enumerate the variety of articles displayed, or even to name the various departments of industry which are represented. Among the most attractive objects are a pneumatic railway, which is a model of the one it was some time since proposed to build in this city; and a steam-carriage, which it is thought will eventually become a substitute for all horse vehicles, which it is believed can be run at the rate of ten miles an hour on a common road or on our roughest streets, and which will run for several hours without attention other than that of a driver or pilot.

Our view on the front page is intended to illustrate the opening scenes of the exhibition, rather than to convey an idea of the dimensions or decorations of the building. The opening speech was made by Hon. HORACE GREELEY, whose interest in all that appertains to agriculture and mechanics is well known. In his speech, after stating many interesting facts, and recalling several incidents illustrative of the progress of the arts mechanical, Mr. GREELEY alluded to the prospects of the Institute, and stated that the members were "about to commence the erection of a Palace of Industry, which shall give place to a perpetual as well as to annual exhibitions—each better than the other. We pledge to it all our own savings of forty years, now amounting to nearly $200,000. We shall appeal to the capitalists, the property-owners, the successful inventors, artisans, artists, merchants, and mechanics of New York and of the country for generous contributions to the work. We hope to rear a stately edifice that will cover a block and embellish our whole city, at a cost of not less than $1,000,000. We mean to have therein galleries of art, lecture-rooms, conservatories, and, probably, exhibitions of models of inventions and machines from all parts of the world. When we shall be ready, when American art and industry shall have received due development, we mean to invite the world to a display of its choicest products; and on the 4th of July, 1876, that is, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of American liberty, we mean to open the most magnificent exhibition that the world has ever yet seen, and to invite the world to come and see what America has done and can do, and to place in competition with it all that has been done or can be done by the rival art and skill of the Old World."


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.


## THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE great truth for the people of this country to bear steadily in mind is, that the success of the Democratic party is hailed by all the enemies of the American Government and the American principle as their victory. If that party could now return to power the real result of the war would be indefinitely postponed, and our politics would continue to be a contest to settle the civil equality of all citizens. The old leaders, trained in the school of slavery, would renew the old debate upon the old policies which sprang from that fruitful root of iniquity. Even now their only cry is "Nigger equality!" In a country of more than thirty millions of people, of whom a scant four millions are colored, and the great majority of them just emancipated, the Democratic party appeals to the false pride and the prejudice and the passion of the white race to save the country in the name of Heaven from "nigger equality" and "nigger supremacy." It is as inexpressibly degrading and humiliating as every other cry and policy of the sullen feudal and reactionary spirit in this country which calls itself "the Democracy."

The conscious want of the country, of all the people and all the interests in it, is peace. But how shall peace be secured except by the will of the people as expressed in Congress? That will has defined the terms upon which the late rebel States may resume their places in the Union. The President insists that Congress has no right to declare terms, and that the rebels were entitled to be represented the moment they surrendered. The Democratic party supports his theory while it repudiates him personally. And the great fact, as we said, which every thoughtful citizen should remember, is that every act of the President and every success of the Democratic party stimulate the hopes of the rebels and prolong the confusion of the country.

The Democratic party, which had become merely a Propaganda of slavery, furnished the theories which masked the rebellion, the leaders who commanded it, the excuses which justified it, and the embarrassments which prolonged it. It was a party morally responsible for the war. Its method of avoiding it was submission to slavery. Its policy for ending it was a confession of conquest. Forced to use the phrases of loyalty, the party has nevertheless constantly betrayed its sympathies. Its recognized leaders in Pennsylvania, who are they? They are in the most comprehensive and offensive sense—Copperheads. In Ohio who are they? VALLANDIGHAM and PENDLETON. In New York? The most notorious and malignant opponents of the war. In Kentucky? Mr. HELM, whom the Democrats had just elected Governor, and who died a fortnight since, was known only as a rebel sympathizer during the war. The New York *World*, the chief Copperhead paper in the city, hailed HELM's election as a great Democratic victory, notwithstanding he was opposed by a party of 12,000 organized Democrats, who hated Radicalism, but who also hated rebellion. The Kentucky War Democrats the *World* would not recognize. The success of the rebel sympathizers it hailed as a great Democratic victory. And the same *World*, upon the news of the California election, unable to restrain its real sympathies and feelings, cried out, "Read this handwriting on the wall, ye Disunionists, who have squandered a third of the nation's wealth, a million of its lives, who have substituted a military despotism for republican liberty in ten of the sovereign States of the Union," etc.

This is worthy of the Memphis *Avalanche*, or of the most malignant rebel sheet, veneered with the thinnest appearance of patriotism. It is the men of the loyal States whom the *World* brands as "Disunionists." It is those who would not wallow with the *World* before the scornful threats of the slave lords who are murderers, and in the Union, whose supremacy has been maintained by the terrible war, the States, in the opinion of the *World*, are "sovereign." This is the political gospel of the Democratic party. This is the vital heresy which furnished the excuse for the war; and the success of that party is the reopening of every question which the war seemed to have settled.

Is this desirable? What do we gain by it? The conscience and intelligence of the American people are represented by the dominant party—their ignorance, viciousness, and hatred of progressive free government by the Democratic party. We speak of parties, of course, not of individuals. Now intelligence and conscience may be apparently invisible for a time in public affairs, but they are the great forces, and they will heave the whole frame of society until they acquire their natural ascendency. If the principles of the Republican party were thrown out of power they would do exactly what they did before, they would shake us until they returned to power. Displace them now, and what have we gained? Will the hereditary apologist and ally of Slavery secure equal civil rights? Will the traditional assertor of State Sovereignty develop a noble sentiment of nationality? Will the pander to the grossest and most prejudiced ignorance stimulate general intelligence? And as for the details of administration, will the disciple of FLOYD and TOUCEY and COBB and THOMPSON teach us political honor, or the managers of the New York city Ring common honesty?

A party in power, like the dominant party of the country, is embarrassed by its sense of security. It will have whimseys and fancies. But its members should look straight at the great commanding common cause, the pacification of the country upon the principles of the war and of the Government. The quarrels of leaders, the issues of prohibition, or of whatever special projects, should be sternly disregarded in view of the necessity of the hour. Every good citizen should feel, as after the shot at Sumter, that every consideration must be subordinated to the salvation of the country; that that salvation can be secured only by rigorous organization, and that it can not be intrusted to those who first caused and then palliated that criminal assault.

## THE PRESIDENT'S INTENTIONS.

THE conduct of the President justifies the alarm which we have expressed. He means mischief, and he will be restrained only by his fears. A man in his position, who simultaneously defies his opponents and surrounds himself with those who are known to be his devoted adherents, is a man who intends to resist. His word, even if he gave it, could not be trusted. The law does not restrain him, for he denies the authority which makes it. The real situation at present is that the President asserts his will against the will of the people in Congress, and will probably try forcible conclusions with them.

The steps are easily seen. Congress passes a reconstruction law. It is full of holes, and the Attorney-General drives a six-columned opinion through it. Congress reassembles, and, although it has had the fullest experience of the treachery of the President and of its own inaccuracy, mends its law and then ties up its own hands for four months, as if there could be no defect in its supplementary law and the President were now to be the most long-suffering of saints. The moment Congress is gone and safely out of the way for the third of a year, the President and his accomplices discover the weakness of the law. This once plainly seen, the President acts. The Secretary of War is suspended. The Department General dearest to the people is removed and sent to fight the Indians. A proclamation, enjoining obedience to the civil authority, follows, and then comes the amnesty. The civil authority proclamation was incomplete without the amnesty. The amnesty is pointless without a farther measure.

This measure, of course, is the reopening of the registry for all the amnestied class. The amnestied persons indeed can be registered only in direct contravention of the act of Congress. But what is easier than for a Commander to look at the amnesty, and at the proclamation, and to say that he can not exclude from the registry those who are eligible? The President will have done nothing about it. The Commander will simply have exercised the discretion which General GRANT advised General SHERIDAN to use. The State Convention will be held, the Constitution framed, and Congress will decline to receive it. The President will insist, and upon the persistence of Congress will in turn decline to recognize that body.

Or, again, suppose that the President directs the reopening of the registries, and the admission of those whom his amnesty restores. That would be a violation of the law of Congress. The President would be at once impeached and removed. But he knows that as well as any one, and, if he issued an order to reopen the lists, the conclusion would be inevitable either that he did not mean to permit Congress to meet at the Capitol to impeach him, or that he meant to resist the process. If he means nothing at all, why does he invite impeachment? If he invites impeachment, is it merely that he may be removed from office?

In what precise way actual violence might arise it is, however, idle to wonder. The point is to see that violence is, under the circumstances, highly probable, and that the country should be prepared for it. The time finds the President desperate and surrounded with evil counselors. The elections are interpreted in favor of his hostility to Congress. The Democrats carry California; the Republican vote is reduced in Maine; a Republican delegate to Congress is defeated in Montana. "It is approval of your policy," shouts the chorus to the President. And if equal suffrage should be defeated in Ohio; if the Copperhead candidate should be elected in Pennsylvania; if New York should falter at the polls, and even in Massachusetts the issue of prohibition should confuse our ranks—the same chorus would shout to the President that the people had repented, and that any extreme action upon his part would be supported by them.

Meanwhile we have no more doubt that the loyal people of the United States intend to secure the results of the war than we have that they fought it unconditionally to the end. The President will no more balk them than BEAUREGARD's shot at Sumter balked them, or the Democratic shout for surrender at Chicago discouraged them. Let us only fully understand the situation. Let us see that the President deliberately defies Congress, and assumes to make his arbitrary will, which he calls the Constitution, the government of the country, and he will learn, as he did a year ago, what the people really think and feel. It is useless, therefore, to suppose that he "would hardly dare" to go so far. He will dare any thing if his courage is sustained, and that is sustained by Democratic successes. The Democratic party despises him, but it gladly uses him. Its revenge upon him for his vehement Unionism during the war is to try to make him the instrument to restore the spirit of the rebellion to power. The way to peace is now what it has been since the open rebellion of the slave power against the Government, and that is the total defeat of the party which cherishes the traditions of that power. And if peace has been for two years delayed it is only because the treachery of the Executive has constantly stimulated the hopes of that party. Had the President been faithful to the principle which elected him that principle would have reorganized the Union. He may still further delay, but he can not defeat, its final triumph.

## MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

AMONG the rumors with which the air is filled is that of the probable return of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS to succeed Mr. SEWARD as Secretary of State. It is possibly a wholly unfounded report, but the fact that Mr. ADAMS's political position is now unknown, and that he is claimed as a supporter of the President, makes it worth while to consider for a moment the probability of the truth of such a claim. There was a time not many years ago when the liberal party of this country undoubtedly regarded Mr. ADAMS as a man who would probably fill other and higher offices than Representative in Congress and Minister in England. His conduct and words during the war inspired both confidence and admiration. His correspondence with Earl RUSSELL certainly did not leave him in the light of a vanquished opponent, and his political future seemed assured.

Of a reserved and tranquil temperament, a political thinker and scholar, the Free-soil candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1848, and the friend and coadjutor of the most advanced of the active politicians of his native State, it was yet not until he was a fully-matured man that he was elected to Congress and became an active part of the government in whose service his father and grandfather were so long conspicuous. The Congress which Mr. ADAMS entered was the last Congress before the war, and he was welcomed as one of the representative Republicans of the country. His chief speech during that eventful winter was very able. It was closely compacted, and thoroughly penetrated with the solemn conviction that tremendous trials were before us. But to the surprise of the country, while he declared that never with his assent should the flag of the United States become the banner of aggressive slavery, he yet expressed his willingness to leave to chance the freedom of a certain portion of the national territory.

The tone of the speech was that of Mr. SEWARD's in the Senate. It indicated a willingness to yield. Of course neither Mr. ADAMS nor Mr. SEWARD meant to yield any real advantage. They meant to show a willingness to compromise, if compromise were possible upon unimportant points. Their object was to avoid the imputation upon their party of having obstinately refused even the appearance of the least concession. But they seemed not to have considered that the quarrel had gone so far that no unimportant compromise could possibly tend to settle it, while the offer to do what could not seriously affect the question was insulting, and would be contemptuously rejected. Mr. SEWARD and Mr. ADAMS both made the same mistake. It was too late to compromise a little. The only course was to persist or surrender.

From that moment Mr. ADAMS was classed as a Conservative, in the unpleasant significance of that word when applied to a Republican. No one accused him of treachery. The way was dark. A man might stray without suspicion; and when Mr. LINCOLN came in and appointed Mr. ADAMS Minister to England the dominant party were satisfied, and knew that the true sentiment of the nation would be firmly and fully represented. How accurately they understood the ability of Mr. ADAMS we have already stated. When the contest between the people and the President began it was assumed that Mr. ADAMS, of course, sustained Congress. When the President belched his ribaldry upon a Senator and a Representative, and Mr. SEWARD telegraphed from New York to Washington that now the country was safe since its Chief Magistrate had brought a blush of indignation and shame to the cheek of every honorable and thoughtful man in it, every such man asked whether it were possible that Mr. ADAMS could understand the situation and what his feeling was. But Mr. ADAMS is a silent man, and there was no reply.

In the following summer, however, when the Presidential orgy reeled across the astounded land to Chicago, and MONTGOMERY BLAIR went to Boston to prove to Massachusetts and New England that not the people in Congress, but ANDREW JOHNSON, ought to settle the gravest national question we have ever encountered, it was the son of CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS who came forward and gave the emissary of the President the right hand of fellowship. That was all. Young Mr. ADAMS was not known in public affairs. His words and his acts were equally of no public importance. He had certainly the right of every citizen to hold and to express his opinions and his political sympathy. But when he gave his hand to MONTGOMERY BLAIR in Faneuil Hall, every body asked whether he would have done it without his father's knowledge and approval.

Since that time we have heard nothing of Mr. ADAMS—not even through Mr. GEORGE W. M'CRACKEN—until the sudden rumor in the worst days of Mr. JOHNSON's administration that he is likely to have a place in the Cabinet. If it could be supposed that he would go into that Cabinet as Mr. STANTON was in it, as General GRANT is in it, we should all cry Amen. But to go into it as Mr. SEWARD is in it—! That seems to us, we confess, impossible. The illustrious name which he has inherited Mr. ADAMS has still further illustrated. His public service has been pure and patriotic. He is nobly associated with the early movements which have ended in the great victory of liberty. We have plainly mentioned the facts which serve to indicate his probable present position. But we shall believe that absence has prevented his just conception of the situation, and that he can not sully his name by associating it approvingly with the deplorable administration of ANDREW JOHNSON until he himself compels us to confess our error.

## MAINE AND CALIFORNIA.

IF the Republicans in California had not been notoriously divided, and if the Maine election had not turned upon the prohibitory liquor question, the result in those States might fairly be claimed as the beginning of a reaction. The Democracy have indeed brought out their largest wooden guns, and have announced with the utmost satisfaction that the people at last begin to long for the good old glorious days of PIERCE, BUCHANAN, and the Southern oligarchy. But their loud salvos over these elections are but an energetic kind of whistling to keep up courage. For it is plain that if the question of reconstruc-

tion is finally settled by the party which believed in the war, and brought it to a successful end, the Democratic party will be wholly demoralized.

We do not deny that the result in California is cheering to the Democrats and the unreconstructed rebels, while it gives us the disadvantages of the depression which always accompanies defeat. Nor do we deny that parties perish from disintegration as well as from open and triumphant assault. If, as was undoubtedly the case in California, corrupt influences succeed in nominating candidates, no feeling of the necessity of party organization can save, or ought to save, a party. This is especially true of the Union Republican party, for its chief ends could not be secured by corrupt agencies. Corruption, universal and profound, if it exists in a party, is not one of the minor and episodical issues which we claimed last week should be sacrificed to the great cause to which a party may be devoted. While, therefore, every truly patriotic man must deplore the result in California, which gratifies only virtual rebels and their allies and apologists, let him not misunderstand it. The responsibility of defeat rests with those leaders who served personal and corrupt interests instead of the general good of the cause. The heart of the people of that State is unchanged; and, although the late election makes success more difficult to the Union party at the next trial, there is no reason to doubt that in the serious crisis which has fallen upon us they will be as true as ever.

In Maine our friends evidently supposed that they could indulge all kinds of private differences. The result has probably shown them that until they are ready to surrender to the united enemy in front they must fight only upon the great and real issues. It is unquestionably true that eight if not nine tenths of the strictest temperance men are also Republicans. But to make a prohibitory law the issue of a party campaign is to divide our own ranks and to do nothing else. Prohibition is not a measure of the party. If it could be made such to-day, the Republican Union party would inevitably dwindle, and the Democrats and the President would have their own way to-morrow. Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, for instance, is not a prohibitionist; but is there any truer or more representative Republican in the country? It is unwise, and it is certainly ungenerous, while the national interests demand as much as they ever did the united action of all loyal, liberty-loving men whether they are prohibitionists or not, to insist upon making prohibition a party issue. Would it be any satisfaction to any man in Maine who is as sincerely a Republican as he is prohibitionist, that his insistence upon his scheme might paralyze the party in every State, and bring into power not only the President with his perilous policy, but the party which is the sworn foe of any prohibitory law? The case is clear. If the prohibitionists hope to carry their point by the agency of any existing party, it must be by the Republican. If, however, they hope nothing of present parties, do they think the necessity of carrying their point so paramount that to reach it the country may be abandoned to the party of Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, and Andrew Johnson? That is the practical question. Let every prohibitionist contemplate the situation of the country and answer.

## THE CANALS IN THE CONVENTION.

The debate upon the Canal question in the Convention of New York has been very long and very interesting. It had been anticipated as one of the most vital and important of the questions to be decided, and the presence of many noted friends of the canals as delegates in the Convention, and among them the son of De Witt Clinton, gave it peculiar significance.

At the opening of the Convention there was a vigorous debate whether there should be a committee upon the canals and one upon finance, or whether, considering their necessarily intimate relation, there should be a division, leaving the question of enlargement to the finance committee and committing the subject of general management to another body. It was decided to appoint a committee upon canals and one upon finance. Mr. Sanford E. Church, formerly Lieutenant-Governor and Controller, and a Democrat, was made chairman of the finance committee, and Mr. Eldridge G. Lapham, an able lawyer of Canandaigua, was placed at the head of the committee upon canals. Both committees reported, and the reports were ordered to be considered together. Mr. Church proposed substantially that the canals, as they now are, should be kept in repair for ten years, and should then be enlarged if the people of the State by special vote should so decide. Mr. Lapham proposed that the work of enlargement should begin next year at a cost of not more than $8,000,000.

The debate opened upon a motion to substitute Mr. Lapham's plan for Mr. Church's. The question depended, of course, upon the settlement of one point, whether the canal was at present inadequate to do the work required of it. Is there a diversion of trade into other channels because of insufficient accommodation? It was certainly a most instructive debate. The speakers considered it from every point, both of broad and general consideration and of the utmost nicety of detail. The discussion ranged from the possible future transport across this continent of the produce of China and Japan down to the breadth of a canal-boat, and the possibility of two barges passing in a canal curve. But the confusing fact, early apparent, was that there were no facts—that is to say, no conceded facts. One careful report, based upon accurate examination, contradicted another careful report based upon equally accurate examination. There was indeed but a single point upon which all agreed—namely, that the canal must be retained by the State and enlarged—if necessary.

But it was also early felt that the proposition of both committees was too inflexible. That of Mr. Church directly imperiled the prosperity of the State by establishing a *status quo* for ten years. That of Mr. Lapham bound the State, already heavily taxed, to an immediate additional burden, possibly without actual necessity; and it is probable that the people of the State would prefer what Mr. T. W. Dwight called a more flexible system.

The debate was unusually warm, and developed some party feeling. Mr. Church was vehement, Mr. Lapham was forcible. There were political reminiscences revived with more ardor than wisdom by some of Mr. Lapham's opponents; but it was very clear that the canal policy of the State is not likely to be determined by its opponents.

## GOLD AS A BAROMETER.

In the early spring, when divers schemes, including that of the Secretary of the Treasury, were offered for the satisfactory adjustment of the national finances, this journal assumed that the chief impediment in the way of an early resumption of specie payments and a return to the even tenor of the olden time was our political troubles: these more than mere casual errors of financial policy. We do not perceive that the condition of the country has improved much since. The same disorders continue to press like an incubus upon all our material interests; the alarm and mistrust which were early engendered by the reckless course of wayward officials and unscrupulous politicians have measurably increased. The future has scarcely seemed so painfully uncertain at any previous period as it does to-day.

It has been truthfully asserted that the Gold Room is the infallible barometer of the political atmosphere. The recent extraordinary advance in the price of gold indicates an unusual disturbance of the public mind. It had come to accept the premium of 30 to 40 per cent. as a sort of fixed rate for the present, and business adjusted itself thereto, after a long and laborious effort. It could not reasonably look for a decline much below such rate until time should remove existing difficulties; but it was less prepared for an advance to a figure that recalled to mind vexed periods which all hoped had passed forever. Trade can not remain long unaffected by an increased rate of premium which reduces our paper dollar to about two-thirds of its apparent value. It is true that the market has declined some 2½ per cent. from the highest point reached a few days ago; but unless the causes which produced the derangement cease to operate, we must expect the premium to advance again and the natural consequences to follow. As it is, the country has already suffered beyond calculation. To impair confidence is to strike at the root of enterprise and prosperity. To excite political disturbance is to retard the work of reconstruction. To provoke or promote revolutionary schemes is to invite further conflict.

When the public mind becomes imbued with the apprehension that such contingencies are possible, it is susceptible to the slightest influences, and but small occasion produces a panic. It is to be deplored that persons in high authority should be so short-sighted as to institute ill-advised measures whose only effect is to interrupt the smoothly-flowing course of general adjustment. Injudicious action, even though in itself intrinsically right, may be more baleful than unconstitutional action. All measures which are ascertained to be injudicious should be abandoned. We start with the premises that if our domestic difficulties were settled, a resumption of specie payments would soon be practicable, and our burdens would sensibly diminish; hence, any course of action that tends to increase or complicate our difficulties interferes with the final and speedy settlement. President Johnson learned, long ago, that his measures did the South no benefit, while they only incensed Congress and kept the country in a turmoil. He is therefore blameworthy for persisting in his efforts to oppose the Congressional plan, which, whatever its merits, seemed to enjoy the approval of a majority of the people.

It is not probable that the public sense of insecurity will abate until after the October elections and the convening of Congress in November. It may be that some mischief-makers, who only await a favorable opportunity, may be encouraged by the course of events to spur the President on to revolutionary schemes. However, come what will, the coming elections will doubtless be contested upon direct party issues. We have small fear of the result, although there is especial need of watchfulness and earnest action. What we chiefly regret is the temporary obstruction to reconstruction, and the derangement of business which must afflict the country so long as existing difficulties remain unsettled. To remove those obstructions should be the aim of every true patriot, and of every business man who desires the return of commercial prosperity.

## HARPER'S BAZAR.

"It is estimated that three hundred million dollars are expended annually in this country for dry goods, which must then be transformed by human industry into articles of dress." So says the announcement of *Harper's Bazar;* and you have only to step into the street, to make a short journey any where into the country, to observe life in every direction all around us, to know how universal is the domestic industry which is engaged in that work of transformation.

But this country is unlike all others in the universality of obedience to fashion. There are no class costumes; no traditional costumes. You may go from a New York drawing-room to a Minnesota farm and you will find that the fashion has gone before you. The daughters of Wisconsin dress in the same general way with the daughters of Wall Street. The reason is the general equality of condition, the rapid equalization of intelligence, and the constant personal communication of all parts of the country.

*Harper's Bazar*, a new weekly paper, is intended to give system to this communication and precision to this intelligence. It proposes to enable the daughters and sons and grandparents of Iowa and Florida and California and New England to know the fashions almost as soon as they are known in Paris and Berlin. The most famous of all authorities upon the subject is the *Berlin Bazar*, which supplies information to the chief fashion journals of Paris, and with this *Bazar* arrangements have been made which will give the American publishers the fashions in advance. Nor is it merely with the most technically fashionable forms and material that the frequenters of *Harper's Bazar* will be furnished, but with plain and practical instructions for the cutting and making of all kinds of garments for every age and sex. The *Bazar* will furnish also the most elaborate pattern plates of bonnets, dresses, cloaks, etc., with the occasional large colored fashion plates of the size of *Harper's Weekly*. The plainest directions will accompany every drawing.

Besides this, the *Bazar* will offer such a variety of pleasant and valuable papers upon all kinds of domestic morals, amusements, manners, education, art—such simple and careful suggestions upon domestic economy, cooking, gardening, housekeeping, management of children, with literary papers, reviews, and general gossip, that it may be well called the Household Friend. Upon this *Bazar* no sectarian dispute or political difference will be suffered to intrude. There will be only the agreeable murmur of domestic and social interests and duties; and to this *Bazar*, in which the universal taste and curiosity will be gratified, the admittance is to be ten cents for a single ticket, or copy, and four dollars a year.

## PARTY PURITY.

The Albany *Argus*, in summoning the Democracy of New York to their State Convention, says: "We should make the contrast as strong as possible in the integrity of our standard-bearers as compared with the corruption, the utter rottenness that has characterized our State officials for a few years past.

If the Democratic party any where at any time have nominated or elected more incorruptible State officers than the present Secretary of State, Controller, Treasurer, and Attorney-General of New York we do not know them. And we hope sincerely that the Republican Convention at Syracuse will not justify the insinuation of the *Argus* by refusing to renominate the men of unstained reputation who have served the State faithfully and ably.

By way of preserving the Democratic traditions of official integrity, we suggest to the Democracy to decorate the hall of their Convention with portraits of those distinguished and historical Democrats, the scrupulous Swartwout, the honest Floyd, the faithful Thompson. If there is any pure farce in our politics it is the Democratic party attitudinizing, like the hypocrite in the picture, as a "high old moral party."

## LAW OF COMPENSATION.

According to Paley, when there is a defect in one part something is supplied in another. If the elephant, by reason of the shortness of his neck, can not put his mouth to the ground, the trunk performs all the functions of an arm and hand, which is a compensating mechanical arrangement that precisely meets all the circumstances of elephantine life. This same extraordinary system of compensation is exhibited in a prominent manner in the giraffe. It feeds on tender twigs and leaves, high up in the trees, and to enable it to seize and hold on to them the tongue is capable of prodigious elongation and contraction. Cranes, which actually fish for a living, have no webbed feet for swimming, but with their extremely long legs they can quietly wade about in marshes and still water, making agreeable selections of food, without at all wetting their bodies. Owls seek prey by night, and consequently are provided with eyes on the principle of a dark-lantern. The reflected rays of light, however feeble, are thrown upon the object, while the owl is unseen by the victim. But when the sun rises the intensity of its rays would soon make all the owls on the continent stone-blind, were it not for a third eyelid—*membrana nictitans*, which enables them to see as we see through ground glass, and thus their delicate organs are preserved intact. This is compensation, and in so marked a form, it would be idle to attempt proving it was accidental. It is as much an exhibition of Divine Wisdom as the economy of the starry heavens.

## LITERARY.

*Little Brother, and other Genre-Pictures.* By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. One would hardly suppose from any internal evidence that the three genial boy-pictures, with their back-ground of keen satire, embodied in this volume, were written by the man whose "Hasheesh Eater"—a chapter wrought out of his own life—contains passages worthy to stand by the side of the best in De Quincey's "Opium Eater," and the still more thrilling account of the life-and-death struggles of an opium eater, in a recent number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Ludlow, more than any other whom we can name, enters into the very heart of boy-nature: not the model good boy or the typical bad boy of Sunday-school books, the former of whom is sure to die young, and the latter, if he escapes drowning while swimming on a Sunday, is as surely fated to State prison or the gallows—but the real actual flesh-and-blood boy, with his quaint, loving, naughty, impish ways, the delight, and sometimes the torment, of father, mother, and sisters. The remaining story, "Fleeing from Tarshish," is of quite different character, and notwithstanding its power and vitality, we could have wished that it had been reserved for another collection, and its place here have been supplied by "The Cruise of the Two Deacons," or some other out of a dozen stories, fresh in our recollection, with which Mr. Ludlow has enriched the periodical literature of the day. (Published by Lee and Shepherd.)

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

Mr. M'Pherson, the Clerk of the House of Representatives, thinks (September 16) that there will be no impeachment of the President, on account of the divisions among the Republican members of Congress.

The result of registration in twenty-nine counties in Mississippi shows that 28,923 whites and 31,542 blacks had registered as voters. In South Carolina the lists on September 10 footed up as follows: whites, 18,399; blacks, 42,532; and the Charleston *Mercury* admitted that the blacks would probably carry six districts out of the seven throughout the State.

### NEWS ITEMS.

An explosion of a most frightful nature occurred in this city in the three-story brick building No. 258 West Twenty-eighth Street on September 9. A boiler used in the building, which is occupied as a turning and scroll-sawing establishment, exploded with a tremendous report, hurling bricks, timbers, and rubbish high in the air and demolishing the rear of the workshop, and also that of a building fronting on Twenty-seventh Street. The engineer and fireman were killed, and several of the workmen badly injured. The boiler was thrown by the force of the explosion about three hundred feet into the air, and in descending struck the rear of house No. 308 West Twenty-eight Street, occupied as a residence by Mr. S. Hausman, and passed through to the basement story. In passing through the building it made a clean sweep of every thing from the roof to the basement, making a sort of well or hatchway down through the building of about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. The entire southerly wall of the premises was demolished, and the heavy timbers of the floors wrenched off or snapped in twain as though they were plasterer's laths. Two children of Mr. Hauseman were killed; and two of his servants badly injured.

An election took place in Richmond, Virginia, on September 16, in which the negroes took part for the first time in that State. The question was on subscribing $2,000,000 to the Chesapeake and Ohio canal; it was carried by two thousand majority, chiefly by the vote of the colored men.

The Democrats have carried the elections in the Territory of Montana.

The engineer of the projected bridge over the East River states that the bridge will terminate at Chatham Square, in New York, and near Fulton ferry, in Brooklyn. Its total length will be 5862 feet, and the centre span will be 160 feet above high-water-mark. The total cost of the structure is estimated in minute figures at $6,675,637, and it will permit of the transportation of five hundred thousand persons over it daily.

There is now employed in Life, Accident, and Casualty Insurance in the United States $114,763,233 82 of capital; 433,755 policies are in force, and the amount insured is $1,195,583,205 11.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

In opening the North German Parliament, on September 10, the King of Prussia assured the members that the work of the session would be a work of peace and reform.

The Pope of Rome has called or resolved to call a general council of the primates, archbishops, bishops, cardinals, heads of orders, and other dignitaries of the Church. The principal subject to be discussed is as to the point to which the Pope shall emigrate when Garibaldi occupies Rome.

The Italian Government, determined not to have the treaty of 1866 overthrown, threatens to commence legal proceedings against Garibaldi if he persists in his preparations for attacking Rome.

## THE ZOUAVE MIRACLE-WORKER.

THE FRENCH ZOUAVE JACOB, THE MIRACLE-WORKER.

ONE of the lions of the day in Paris is a certain trombonist of the band of the Zouave Guard named JACOB, who is reputed to cure all diseases by the mere agency of his will. The halt, the blind, the deaf, the palsied, the sick, and the dying went to him, before the Government stopped him, in actual mobs, and came away, it is asserted, whole and well, without taking any medicine, or submitting to any surgical operation. The court-yard of No. 80 Rue de la Roquette, where he worked his miracles, bade fair for a time to rival the famous Cemetery of St. Médard. There was to be daily seen there almost as great a crowd of carriages and pedestrians as were to be seen in the same neighborhood when a criminal was to be guillotined. Two hours before the arrival of the Zouave the court was thronged with invalids, sitting, standing, and lying, who beguiled the time spent in waiting by relating stories of his cures. A score of policemen were always on hand to keep order. As the cured came out they were greeted with cheers by the spectators, many of whom would climb to the tops of the houses to get a nearer view.

The manner in which his cures were effected and his miracles worked is thus described by a correspondent of the Birmingham (England) *Gazette*, and, as the story of an eye-witness, is well worth perusal. He writes:

The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity, those who are led to the Rue de la Roquette by curiosity being compelled to remain in the waiting-room. Fortunately I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the scene. The Zouave was standing as if in a reverie when we entered, pell-mell, into the long, low apartment where the cures were performed. He was leaning against the wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of Sonnambula before entering completely into trance—the only difference being in the intense light shot out from the living orbs beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wooden benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner behind the door, amidst the timid whines of the poor frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely necessary to their safety. When all were seated thus, leaning the one against the other, the father, going close up to the son, whispered in his ear. He was aroused in a moment, and coming forward with a movement brusque and hurried, savoring of the military camp, and not in the least of the solemnity of the magician's sanctuary, he walked up and down for a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and as no objection was made in any one case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all. Presently, however, I observed him to stop suddenly, and fix his eye upon one of the patients who sat at the extreme end of the second bench, and after examining him for a moment, turn aside with a slight shudder, which I observed was neither of disgust nor dread, but a kind of involuntary recoil. He said abruptly, pointing with his forefinger straight into the face of the individual he addressed: "I can do nothing for your disease; it is beyond my power; go, and remember it is useless to return." This was all, but the words acted upon the man like a magic spell. He shook from head to foot, like the aspen leaf, and tried to gasp out a few words, but whether of prayer or expostulation it is impossible to say, for his tongue seemed paralyzed and clung to the roof of his mouth, while the Zouave turned aside with an indescribable expression of fear, certainly indicative of a kind of intimidation. But this was soon shaken off, and he again passed before the line, uttering simply the words, "Rise and walk!" The sound which simultaneously burst from the assembly could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of moaning whine, a kind of infantine wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar-woman, whose head had stopped its palsied shaking from the moment the Zouave JACOB had fixed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had evidently taken possession of them all. "Oh, how *can* I move without my crutches?" and, having turned a yearning look toward the corner where these old friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, she began to mumble and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for an instant down the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as he found that not one of the patients had obeyed his orders. No pretension to the sacred character of a prophet or inspired seer was there, for he stamped with such rude violence on the floor that the casement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unfinished, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their place. Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one did every individual seated upon those low wooden benches rise and stand erect. No words can describe the singular spectacle offered by this fearing, hoping, doubting crowd as each one found himself standing firm upon the legs which for years had ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in stolid wonder, while many burst into the most heart-rending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and bade them pause. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its necessity; and then the door was thrown open, and the crippled and the paralyzed, the halt and the lame of the hour before, walked from that long, low, half-darkened chamber, with somewhat timid gait, it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, as though no ailment had ever reached them. One or two among the number turned to thank their deliverer, but the Zouave dismissed them brutally. "Be off; don't stand shilly-shally. You are cured, ain't you?—that's enough—now *pietiez moi le camp!*" In plain English, "Cut your stick, and begone!" Before leaving the room I turned to look at the single patient whose case JACOB had pronounced as being beyond his power to cure—the man was paralyzed in both arms, and his neck twisted all awry. It certainly was a hang-dog countenance—worse than any I ever beheld—and the expression of rage, and hate, and fear which it conveyed was unmistakable. His feet were paralyzed likewise and twined outward. The Zouave's father searched among the sticks and crutches left in the corner for those which belonged to the only cripple destined to remain so, and as he touched each one, looked with inquiring glance toward the unhappy wretch, who answered with an awkward jerk of his wry neck, until he seized upon a sort of wooden shelf or go-cart upon wheels, which the cripple had been used to push before him. A boy came in to help him from his seat, and as he disappeared, supported by this aid, he uttered a poignant groan, which resounded through the place with the most weird and terrible effect imaginable. I subsequently inquired of the Zouave by what impression he was made aware of his inability to cure. He answered simply that in cases of this kind a veil seemed to fall before his eyes and impede his view of the patient.

A certain Count DE CHATEAUVILLARD has certified in the *Petite Presse* that he has been cured by JACOB, of a paralysis of long standing; through gratitude for which he has offered him part of his château wherein to work his cures.

This and all other stories of his success are to be received with many grains of allowance. Public rumor credited him with having cured the Prince Imperial of scrofula, and the Marshal FOREY of a palsy of long standing; but Aid-de-camp MAR, of General FOREY's staff, in a letter to the *Petite Presse*, emphatically contradicts the one, and the Government has repudiated the other rumor by interdicting the exhibitions in the Rue de la Roquette. General DE LA PEYROUSE, a French soldier, who has been suffering from a cruel malady—palsy, we suppose, though it is not so stated—walked, or rather dragged, himself to the quarters of the Zouave, and was carried into his presence, but came away complaining of being "very tired, and not cured." Several failures of this sort had somewhat impaired the reputation of the Zouave, but his quarters were crowded continually, in the manner illustrated in our engraving, until his performances were interdicted by the Government.

SCENES AROUND THE QUARTERS OF THE MIRACLE-WORKER AT PARIS.

## QUEEN ISABELLA II. OF SPAIN.

THE "last of the BOURBONS" appears to be in a bad way in her dominion of Spain. The reign, which began in a long civil war thirty-four years ago, promises to end in the same bloody manner, or else it is to be sustained at the cost of more blood. The revolution which has for the second time broken out, now promises to be, if not successful, at least very formidable; and the rebels, under the able leadership of General Don JUAN PRIM, Count of Reuss, have been gaining numbers and territory ever since the uprising of a month ago in Salamanca. The city of Salamanca, an important position, with a population of 15,000 inhabitants, and controlling a province which has a population of 240,000 souls, and distant only about 100 miles from Madrid, has fallen into PRIM's hands. The rebel forces have advanced from the direction of the Portugal frontier, and it is supposed that they are aided by LUIS I. of that kingdom. The family of the King of Portugal is connected with that of Don CARLOS, the pretender to the crown of Spain; and his son, the present pretender, is a cousin of the Queen of Portugal, and finds a home in that kingdom. LOUIS NAPOLEON has been suspected of a desire to carry out his favorite idea of the unity of the Latin race by putting an end to the BOURBON dynasty in Spain; and it is believed that he is also aiding and abetting General PRIM.

The world in general, and Spain in particular, would lose little if ISABELLA II. should indeed prove the "last of the BOURBONS." She is now the only sovereign of that race on any of the thrones of Europe. She was born at Madrid on October 30, 1830, and on the death of her father, FERDINAND VII., in 1833, was proclaimed Queen, and her mother, the profligate MARIA CHRISTINA, of the Two Sicilies, was announced as Regent. By the law of Spain the succession should have devolved on the brother of the King, Don CARLOS, and not on the daughter. Don CARLOS, the rightful heir, went to war for the throne; his followers, who became known as Carlists, continued in arms for six years. CARLOS was supported by the clergy; CHRISTINA promised a constitutional government to the people, and thus succeeded in obtaining the support of the Liberals. CARLOS was defeated and exiled as a pretender; and ISABELLA became firmly seated on the throne. The war of six years had developed and raised to great power a general named ESPARTERO, and when peace was concluded he took possession of the government, refused the promised Constitution to the people, declared himself Regent, seized the person of young ISABELLA, and banished her mother. ESPARTERO was overthrown in 1843, and the queen-mother returned to Madrid, but to find her daughter declared of age and crowned Queen by the Cortes. She remained in Spain until 1854, when Generals O'DONNELL and DULCE headed an insurrection, seized the capital and Queen, and banished the queen-mother to France. O'DONNELL fell from power in 1856, succeeded in regaining it in 1858, and now controls the kingdom. ISABELLA has little real power, and seems to care for nothing but her own pleasures,

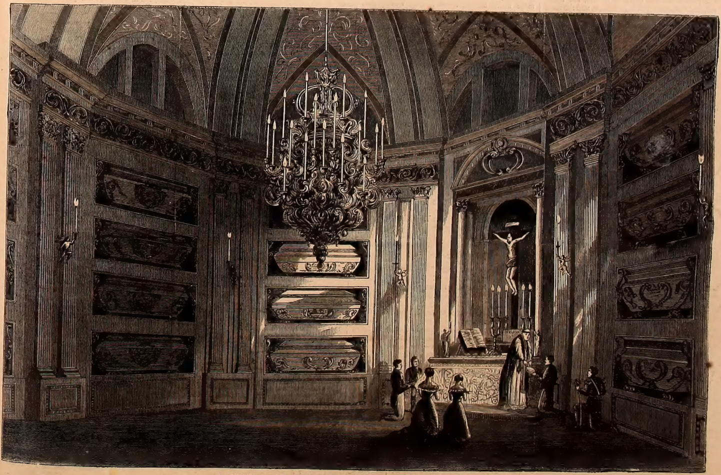
QUEEN ISABELLA II. OF SPAIN.

and has made for herself a very bad reputation.

Accompanying her portrait on this page the reader will find an engraving of the Royal Vault in the Escorial, at the village of El Escorial, near Madrid. Mr. J. D. SHERWOOD, who furnished the original photograph from which our engraving has been made, has also furnished the following interesting description of the Escorial and the Royal Vault or Tomb:

"Leaving our trunks at the station and entering the omnibus, drawn by four large mules, we were soon trotting up the steep road that leads to that world-renowned wonder, that stone illustration of the cold, gloomy character of PHILIP II., its founder—that Convent, Tomb, and Palace combined—the Escorial. It is a granite edifice of an architecture altogether unique. It was built in 1565–'84 in pursuance of a vow made by PHILIP II. at the battle of St. Quintin, fought on the 10th day of August, 1557. It is 744 feet from north to south, and 580 feet from east to west; covers 500,000 square feet, and cost $15,000,000. Grouped around, or rather on the south side of this huge mountain of granite, is the village of the Escorial, containing some 1800 people, an unnatural growth resulting from the brief and capricious residence of the Court here in former days. It is now deserted by the lascivious Queen, who comes here but once a year for a day or two to say high mass in the tomb to which she must soon descend.

"The first sensation which strikes one on gazing at the huge granite sides, dome, and towers of the Palace is as to its vastness, quickly followed by its twin impression of austere severity; and over both and overmastering them comes a feeling expressed by the exclamation, 'What a stupendous folly!' The riddle of the life and character of PHILIP II. is here condensed; his superstition, monkish austerity, proud and haughty ambition, and his sullen, stern, granite coldness and ascetic gloom. The enormous pile stands upon a platform paved with stones, around which some 50 feet from the edifice a wall runs. The interior of the church is simple, severe, grand; its vast proportions 320 feet long by 230 wide, its majestic dome soaring to the height of 320 feet, the massive pillars supporting the dome, all of granite, strike, arrest, and please. Obtaining a guide we descended by a stairway, lined on each side and over head by pale and polished slabs of porphyry; we soon stood in the famed Pantheon or Royal Vault, in the very centre of the Escorial, 30 feet below ground, and immediately beneath the high altar, so placed by order of PHILIP that masses might be daily said over his body. It is of an octagonal form, all of jasper and polished marbles, 36 feet in diameter and 38 in height, its sides occupied by niches of the same size, and each containing a bronze coffin. The coffins on the right of the altar contain the kings, those on the left the queens, and they are piled one above the other in formal rows of three tiers. 'Ashes and nothing,' here lie all the kings and queens of Spain, from CHARLES V. to the present time, excepting PHILIP V. and FERDINAND VI. There are six unfilled coffins, one of which is pointed out as the future one of the present queen, who, as I have said, once a year, leaves her profligacies and crimes, descends to this royal chamber and hears a midnight mass. The engraving represents the tomb at the time of such a ceremony. 17,538 masses are required to be said *daily* over these lifeless bodies, and funds are provided by taxation for the purpose of paying the expenses of the clergy thus employed!"



PANTHEON OR ROYAL VAULT OF THE ESCORIAL, SPAIN.

## APPEARANCE.

WHEN poverty our comfort screws,
Part with whatever else we choose,
What from no motive must we lose?
Appearance!

What chills the heart to pleasure strung,
And binds the childish prattling tongue,
Making old people of the young?
Appearance!

When the bell tolls the hour of prayer,
With measured tread and solemn air,
What brings, alas! too many there?
Appearance!

What makes the empty fool deemed wise?
What virtue's vacant place supplies,
Winning soft looks from dove-like eyes?
Appearance!

Yet though the vain world's favorite,
From what does He who dwells in light
Avert in righteous wrath His sight?
Appearance!

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book V.

### CHAPTER I.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

IT is in the early part of the London season, and the weather is bright and warm. Cautious people, who habitually distrust our perfidious climate, have ventured to assume light clothing adapted for summer wear. The watering-carts leave tracks of black mud down the middle of West-End thoroughfares, and splash the margin of the hot pavements with showers that raise an odor as of tons of damp slate-pencil. The draggled fringe of suburb that hangs upon the trailing skirt of the great city bursts into patches of dust-laden green behind the monotonously ugly iron railings, or the blackened brick walls that shelter "villa residences" from the profane vulgar. The profane vulgar, however, is very hard to shut out effectually. Even in the genteelest parts of the suburbs little grimy hands are thrust between iron rails to seize rich sprays of lilac or the gold laburnum blossom, and little grimy faces, pinched, pallid, and vicious, light and flush into something like childhood as they bury themselves in the fragrant, ill-gotten posies.

On miles and miles of wooden hoarding glare great bills, bearing, in gigantic characters, the most heterogeneous announcements addressed to all classes of the public. Blue letters on a white ground, red letters on a yellow ground, black letters on every imaginable colored ground, setting forth such varied luxuries and attractions for body and mind, and such infallible panaceas for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," as might, one would think, suffice to make a terrestrial Paradise of the great Babylon. The new book, the new medicine, the new bonnet, the latest scientific improvement in crinolines, and the most approved food for cattle, combining a minimum of price with a maximum of nourishment, appeal to the passer-by, side by side, in curious juxtaposition. Nor are there wanting appeals of a higher character. There is a monster meeting at Exeter Hall for the conversion and enlightenment of—every body who happens to differ on certain topics from the amiably-intentioned chairman and committee of that particular society. There is high mass, with a sermon in Italian by a cardinal, and a full band and staff of "eminent vocalists" from the two great Opera-houses. One especially conspicuous announcement flares in rainbow hues from wall and hoarding. It is the poster of the Royal Thespian Theatre. "Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet!" repeated over and over again in every imaginable type and color. "The new actress! Great and legitimate success! Crowded houses! Free list entirely suspended! Miss M. A. Bell will repeat the character of Juliet every evening until further notice; supported by Mr. Alaric Allen as Mercutio, and the company of the Royal Thespian Theatre!"

Hundreds, thousands of busy men and women passed the gaudy announcement every day. It was difficult to avoid seeing it; so it is to be supposed that the passers-by saw it. But its purport probably did not penetrate to the "mind's eye" of ten per cent. out of those whose outward sense perceived it. But of all the crowds of human beings who hurried or sauntered past the Thespian poster that brightened the neighborhood of the Great Northern Railway station, on one sunny afternoon at the beginning of June, 18—, one individual at least did stop before it, stood gazing at it a sufficient time to have not only read, but spelled, every word it contained, and, having once moved to go, turned, and stood, and gazed again, and finally moved away dreamily up the resounding slope of Pentonville, that vibrates to the rattle of wheels all through the weary day. Up the slope of Pentonville went this individual; a young man with a grave, sad face, and dressed in sober mourning garments. When he reached the top of the hill that overlooks a dusky realm of house-tops looming through the smoke and mist, he turned to the left, past the White Conduit House toward Barnsbury. He then walked more briskly for some distance, until he came to a small newly-built house, covered with buff stucco, that made it look as though it were made of pie-crust. The adjoining house on either side of it was unfinished. The houses over the way were unfinished. Behind it stretched a barren waste partially overgrown with rank grass, and plentifully bestrewn with fragments of broken pottery. It gave one the idea that the heavens must surely rain broken pottery in the neighborhood of De Montfort Villas. A costermonger's donkey was cautiously picking his way among the potsherds, and browsing on the soot-incrusted herbage. Two ragged men lay basking in the sunshine, at the extremity of the waste ground, hard by a tall post which bore the announcement that "This eligible piece of land was to be let for building purposes." All these details were visible from the back windows of No. 9 De Montfort Villas. It was the only completed house of the row, and looked as though it had been just baked and turned out, slightly underdone, from some colossal oven. It is hard to say why number nine should have been completed before number one; or, indeed, why this especial house should have been number nine at all, seeing that there were to be but six houses in the row. But so it was. And at the door of the house distinguished for some inscrutable reason as number nine the young man whom we saw contemplating the rainbow-hued poster stopped. He opened it with a latch-key and went in. The inside of the little house was clean and fresh, but wore the same aspect of underdone newness as the outside. The young man hung his hat upon a hook in the passage, and entered a little back-parlor. The room is tenanted by two ladies. Both look up as he enters. Surely we know those faces spite of the change that the last few months have made in each. That of the elder lady is still round and plump, but it bears traces of trouble on its formerly placid surface. The mouth is drawn, and quivers nervously in any surprise or emotion; and the eyes are sunken, and their orbits swollen with much crying. The younger woman is thin, and very pale, but as she raises her head from her work there is no mistaking that resolute, projecting chin, those steel-bright glittering eyes.

"You're home early, Clem," says Penelope Charlewood, for she it is. The rich, trailing, silken robes, and massive, costly ornaments that distinguished her attire in the old prosperous days, have been exchanged for a plain, almost coarse, black gown, neat and whole, but ill-fitting, and evidently home-made. The delicate white collar and cuffs at her throat and wrists are the only remnants of luxury in her attire; and her hands, busy with some needle-work of the most uncompromisingly ugly and useful kind, show traces of hard labor. Penelope had had handsome, fair hands, almost her only beauty. From the very beginning of their poverty she had exposed them unflinchingly to the roughest business she could find for them to do. Her mother had once or twice remonstrated with her, and urged the needlessness of such disfigurement. But Penelope had answered stoutly, "Never mind, mamma! If my hands are as white as Clem's I shall be quite satisfied. To tell truth, I did think a good deal of those paws of mine. They *were* pretty, you know. I might have caught myself shrinking from doing something or other to help Clem some fine morning, if I had allowed myself to care about the color of my hands. Think of that! So I just resolved to spoil their beauty at once, and have done with it."

"You're home early, Clem," said she once more, as her brother threw himself wearily into a chair, commanding a full view of the building-ground and the donkey.

"Yes, dear; but I intend to go back again to the office for an hour or two to-night. There will be some foreign letters to answer by this mail."

"'Ow tired you look, Clement!" said Mrs. Charlewood, anxiously. "It's 'ot, ain't it?"

"No, mother—yes, I mean it is, rather."

Penelope rose quietly and went into the little kitchen to prepare tea. They had a servant, but her abilities did not extend to the adequate preparation of the simplest meal. Indeed, I doubt whether Penelope, in her jealous devotion to her brother, would have consented to resign that office to the most accomplished cordon bleu.

As soon as her daughter had left the room Mrs. Charlewood drew near to Clement, and asked, in a suppressed voice, "'Ave you seen Watty to-day, love?"

"Not to-day, mother; but I will try to find him as I go back to the office. Don't fret, dear mother, don't fret." The tears were in Mrs. Charlewood's eyes.

"No, Clem, no, I won't. God knows I'm thankful to him every day and every hour, for 'aving you and Penny; but you know Watty's my child too, and I feel it 'ard sometimes to see him so seldom. Don't be angry with me, my boy; I can't help it."

"Angry, dear mother!"

"No, love, no. There! I knew you wouldn't be angry; but Penny is, sometimes."

"Penny has trials too, mother, and bears them bravely."

"Yes, to be sure, Clem, I know she does; and as to a good daughter— Well, there, I'm sure I never thought it was in Penny to be so kind and considerate as she is to me. And she's never sharp with me now—almost never; only she—she's 'ard sometimes on Watty. If he *did* get tired of living 'ere with us, and found it dull, and went into lodgings of his own in a livelier situation, why, law! I'm sure it was very natural."

There was a short pause.

"At all events, mother," said Clement, kissing her, "it is done, and we can't alter it. We must make the best and not the worst of poor Walter's doings."

Presently Penelope came back with the tea-pot in her hand, and the servant followed bearing a tray laden with cups and saucers. The mother, her son, and daughter took their meal together quietly, but without gloom; only Clement's unusual silence and absence of mind did not escape his sister's quick eye. No shade of manner in those she loved easily escaped her keen observation. The sun sank lower; the ragged men had arisen and were gone; the donkey still perseveringly mowed down the rank grass with his strong crunching teeth; a caravan of children was stumbling homeward over the desert waste, the leaders in front carrying babies, and the smallest bringing up the rear with tottering footsteps, much impeded by the fragments of broken crockery, and imperiously shouted to by a shrewish, hungry, little girl in the van to "come a-a-an!" To these cries the little ones responded by piteous, long-drawn wails and boo-hoos that gradually died away in the distance. It was not a cheerful scene, and its sights and sounds seemed to be reflected in Clement's face.

And it is possible that he may have got some unconscious impression of its dreariness, although, in fact, his thoughts were busy with far other things.

"Will you come out into the wilderness and have a cigar, Clem?" said Penelope, when tea was over.

"I've smoked my allowance for to-day, Penny. Don't assail my virtuous resolutions."

"No, I won't," said Penny, decisively. "If a man makes a promise to himself he ought to stick to it; but you may come into the wilderness for a quarter of an hour. We shall be within sight of the parlor window, if mamma should want us. Are you tired, though?"

"Not I, dear; and *you* look as if a breath of air would do you good. Get your hat on, Penny."

The brother and sister walked out together, and passed through the small back-yard into the waste ground which Penelope styled the wilderness. For a few minutes they walked on in silence, arm in arm. At length Penelope spoke: "You know our compact, Clem? I can't *do* any thing for you, nor *be* much, but I claim my share of the suffering. You are dejected and out of sorts. What is the matter?"

"Penny, when you claim your share, as you call it, of the suffering, there might something be said of your being and doing too; but perhaps there need no words about all that between you and me. I am ready to tell you, but I don't feel quite sure that I ought to add to your burdens by teasing you about—"

"There, stop! That's so like a man. They think they can do every thing themselves—fight and battle, and then brush off the dust handsomely, and come home smug and smiling to the women-folks, saying, 'There, don't distress yourself, my love; I've chopped off arms and legs in every direction, and borne the heat and burden of the day, but here is a diamond necklace, or a new bright sauce-pan, or something adapted to *your* capacity.'"

Clement smiled sadly.

"I'm afraid you don't get even the bright sauce-pan, Penny," said he. His sister pressed his arm with the hand that rested on it.

"Don't mind me, Clem, I must say my say; but it does seem to me that women are so often expected to be like the image of the Madonna that Browning wrote of:

> 'Our lady borne smiling and smart,
> With a pink gauze gown, all spangles,
> *And seven swords stuck in her heart.*'

Now, I can bear the swords, if I may but abjure the smiles and the spangles. What is the matter?"

"I have seen," he replied, very slowly, "another—"

"Not another of those letters, Clem?"

"Yes, dear, another of those letters."

"My God!"

"Mr. M'Culloch called me into his private office when I went there this morning, and put it into my hands."

"Oh, Clement! Oh, my dear brother!"

"M'Culloch has shown me every one of these infamous letters from the first. He says it is out of the question that they should make the smallest impression on him; that he treats all anonymous communications with contempt; and that his confidence in me is unshaken. Nothing could be better than the way M'Culloch has behaved. All his desire is, he says, that the miscreant who is endeavoring to stab me in the dark should be discovered and punished. He begged me again to-day to search my memory well, to try and find some clew to this mystery. But it is in vain. I have thought and thought; but who is there in all the world who can hate me so bitterly as to do me this iniquitous wrong?"

"Of course M'Culloch can not believe these lies. Who could believe them that knows you? After all, why should you grieve, Clem? The villain's aim is foiled. He can not hurt you."

"No, thank God, I hope he can not. I believe he can not. But yet, if you knew the anguish of mind I endure sometimes! There is a subtle, devilish ingenuity in these letters that fills me with amazement."

A brooding, anxious frown settled on Penelope's pale face.

"What was in this last letter, Clement?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Oh, the same old strings harped upon. My extravagance, my untrustworthiness, my want of honor, my passion for gambling in all its forms. The same aspersions cast on the memory of him who is gone from us. All our great speculations were but the reckless ventures of unprincipled gamesters. And—and—the great calamity of our lives is described as the voluntary escape of a cowardly criminal who finds detection imminent."

Penelope's face was already pale, but it grew death-like as she listened, and a faint, sick feeling caused her to lean heavily for a moment on her brother's arm.

"And then the wicked craft of attributing to *me* all poor Walter's follies and faults, blackened into crimes. The writer evidently knows that my brother has been placed in his present position in the bank on M'Culloch's recommendation and guarantee, and reckons on my desire to screen Walter to seal my mouth."

"It is monstrous!" burst forth Penelope, with flashing eyes. "Monstrous and cruel and wicked—yes, wicked—that you should bear this! Tell Mr. M'Culloch the truth, Clement; tell him that the transactions mentioned in these vile letters are your brother's, and that you have never in your life—"

"Hush, Penny; hush, my dear. Think of what my saying so would involve."

"It would involve justice being done to *you*, and that would be a righteous thing."

"Justice to me? Ah, Penny, it is my turn now to preach faith and patience. It is enough that M'Culloch, being an honest, upright man, despises these calumnies. But for Watty—poor, weak, misguided boy—I must keep him safe and clear if possible. Only a fortnight ago when I remonstrated with him about something I had heard, and spoke vaguely of the risk he ran of offending his employers if his conduct were known, he interrupted me with one of his wild fits of childish temper. 'If any blame is thrown on me by *them*,' he said, 'if I am lectured, or held up as an example, or taken to task like a servant, by Heaven! I'll leave the place that moment, and never set foot within the bank doors again.' Then he raved on about his being a gentleman, and how hard his fate was in being brought down so low, and finally he began to cry—began to cry and whimper, Penny, like a girl, until, I swear to you, the pain and shame of seeing him were almost more than I could bear."

Penelope set her lips together grimly.

"I think," said she, "*I* could have borne that, better than I can bear some other things. *Let* him leave the bank, as he has left two other situations already. We have done all we can. He is a mass of selfishness. He has cut himself adrift from our home, although he well knows that poor mamma—"

The mention of her mother seemed to check her, and she stopped short.

Clement took his sister's arm, which she had withdrawn from his, and pressed it gently to his side. "Penny," said he, "do you know, dear, I am going to confide to you what I have never yet told to any human being?"

Her face flushed, and she looked at him quickly, but in silence.

"I hope," proceeded Clement, "that I should have tried to do my duty by poor Watty in any case; but—on the day that—that *he* died, he said to me, as though there were a knowledge of what was to come upon his mind, 'Clem, you'll stand by Watty? Poor Watty; you *will* stand by him? Don't forsake him, my boy.' I gave my father my word, and so help me God, I will keep it."

The brother and sister walked side by side toward their home, where, through the gathering dusk, Mrs. Charlewood's face, in its doleful frame of widow's weeds, was peering from the window. The tears streamed down Penelope's wan cheeks as she raised herself to kiss her brother.

"God bless you, Clem," she whispered. "I *have* faith, and I'll never despond nor despair about you. The devil's a mighty clever fellow, but, thank God, he's not quite clever *enough*, my dear."

### CHAPTER II.

CLEMENT CUTS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

CLEMENT CHARLEWOOD walking back to his office in the summer twilight, and following a route that would take him past his brother's lodging, revolved many painful thoughts in his mind. And, strange to say, these painful thoughts were in no way connected with the subject of his recent conversation with his sister.

What impenetrable mysteries, and storehouses of strange secrets, are we human creatures to one another! The tongue and the eye at best translate our thought but imperfectly; but when these are silent—when the spirit is busy within the still locked chambers of the brain—what cunning sorcery shall draw forth its secret? What human soul—nearest and dearest though it be—shall fathom those dark recesses, and see and know us as we are?

If Penelope Charlewood had been asked to guess the subject of her brother's meditations during his walk to the City, she would undoubtedly have said, "He is thinking of Walter, and of those wicked letters." Very certainly she would have had no suspicion that Clement's brain was haunted by the vision of a huge red and yellow poster, whereon gigantic letters flamed in gaudy colors. And yet it was of this poster, and of the performance at the Royal Thespian Theatre, that Clement was thinking as he walked along. It was now three weeks since he had seen Miss M. A. Bell announced to play Juliet. It was the only intimation he had had of Mabel's being in London. How, indeed, could he have had any news of her, save such news as he might share with all the world? He walked on, down Pentonville Hill, and past the hoardings where the many-colored bills flaunted their tidings on the eye. "Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet! Romeo and Juliet!" Clement had, perhaps, not been to a theatre half a dozen times in his life, but he had been a great reader and lover of Shakspeare, and a wondering speculation stole into his mind as to how Mabel, *his* Mabel—(but no! that was all over)—would interpret the character of the love-lorn Juliet. How she, so proud, so cold, and so unmoved in her maiden dignity, would utter the passionate vows and caressing tender phrases of the poet's creation—that dazzling southern lily, with one bright bitter tear in its perfumed heart. For an instant the temptation crossed his mind to go and see her, himself unseen and unnoticed in the crowd. But he dismissed the notion. "I could not bear it," said he; "and it would do no good

to me or to any one else if I could." Still, as he walked, Mabel's face—so long unseen by his bodily eyes—haunted his memory; and his fancy was tormented by a fruitless endeavor to picture that face with the strong glare of the stage-lights on its modest beauty. It would not do. It was like trying to find a steady outline amidst the images reflected in rippling water. There was the form; but it moved and changed and melted, and could be fixed by no effort of his. So musing, he reached his brother's lodgings, whither he was bound in fulfillment of the promise given to his mother. Walter Charlewood occupied a room on the second floor of a very dirty, noisy lodging-house in a street near the Strand. A tall, sooty-visaged brick-house, the unwashed blank ugliness of whose aspect seemed to communicate itself mysteriously to each one of the long line of maids-of-all-work who successively toiled up and down its rickety staircase. It was an evil-smelling, shabby, out-at-elbows house, with a queer nomade population of lodgers. Its atmosphere was dense and heavy even in the brightest weather; and to a fanciful mind it might have seemed that the roar of mingled sounds—impossible to analyze—that surged up around it from the great neighboring thoroughfare, contributed as much as the smoke and fog to thicken and cloud the ambient air. Nevertheless, Walter had preferred its murky precincts to the clean little underdone stucco-house at Barnsbury. Uninviting as was his present abode, it did not offer the advantage even of economy. "I hate cheap and nasty things," said Penelope, "but Watty has ingeniously found something at once ineffably nasty and outrageously dear!"

However, the one compensation for all drawbacks in Walter's mind was, "the situation." "So central," said he; "one sees something of life. One is *get-at-able.* One can drop in at—at—different places, you know; and see a—a—different fellows, you know. And, by Jove! that lath and plaster shed at Barnsbury, overlooking a confounded dismal desert full of broken bottles, would have driven me melancholy mad in a fortnight."

Clement found the street-door open, and the maid-of-all-work (the third who had held office during Walter's brief tenancy) engaged in a wrangle with the pot-boy, who held a spreading bouquet of dirty pewter-pots in his hand, and clamorously persisted in demanding "them two other quarts as was sent to the back-parlors last night."

"Is Mr. Charlewood in?" asked Clement, interrupting the dispute. The slatternly servant looked round with a saucy toss of her dust-colored cap. "Dunno, Sir, I'm sure. Mr. Charlewood? Two pair back. Fust door on the left 'and as you go up stairs."

The girl had not been long enough in the place to recognize Clement, or to know that he stood in no need of her direction. He mounted the stairs to his brother's room. The door was closed, and he tapped on it with his fingers, but receiving no answer, went in. There was no one there, and the place looked littered and neglected. Clement looked about him for some means of writing a line to be left for his brother when he should return, but found no writing materials except a glass bottle thickly incrusted with dried ink, and containing at the bottom of it one drop of muddy black fluid. There was a wooden penholder, but no pen. Clement's face grew dark as he mentally compared this shabby frouzy room with the neatness, order, and bright cleanliness of the poor home over which his mother and sister presided. There were one or two personal luxuries in the chamber, contrasting oddly with the surrounding squalor. A massive leathern portmanteau stood in one corner; it was loosely strapped, but not locked, and the clothes within it were peeping forth in disorder. Two silver-mounted meerschaums were crossed over the mantle-piece, and an inlaid dressing-case of elaborate workmanship was open on the table, revealing one or two ugly gaps where gold and crystal had once glittered, and defiled with cigar-ashes sprinkled over its velvet lining. Clement tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote on it in pencil:

"DEAR WATTY,—Sorry to miss you. Do come to-morrow. I will call for you after banking hours as I come from the office, and we can walk to Barnsbury together. You *must* not fail, Wat. Mother is fretting at not seeing you so long. C. C."

This leaf he folded, and directed to his brother, and placed it beneath a box of fusees on the mantle-piece, thinking that in that neighborhood it could not fail to be observed. Then he left the close room, and shut the door behind him. As he came out on to the landing he heard voices, and a woman descended from the third story, speaking a voluble farewell to some one out of sight. "Good-by. You won't disapint me of my gown for Sunday! Don't you trouble to come down. I knows my way." She was a very untidy woman, with a faded smart bonnet, and rough light hair. She jostled against Clement as she came down the stairs with her eyes directed up toward the unseen person whom she was addressing. She had begun a sort of apology, when, looking at Clement, she stopped short, started, clapped her hands, and uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment. "Angels and ministers!" cried the untidy woman. "If it ain't Mr. Charlewood in proprius persony!"

Clement looked at her in surprise. "That is my name," said he. "Do you know me?"

"Well, I should rather think so, Sir, an' ever likely to! Don't you remember me? Party of the name of Hutchins—New Bridge Street—little Corda! Ah, *there!* You recollect me *now*, don't you, Sir?"

Clement did recollect her now. But as his recollection of Mrs. Hutchins was not an especially favorable one, and as any reminiscence of the time she alluded to was fraught with many bitter regrets in his mind, he merely gave her a brief though civil "good-day," and ran quickly down the stairs.

The woman stood on the landing looking after him.

"Hoity toity!" she muttered. "Come-downs in the world don't seem to *meeken* some folks. A nasty stuck-up fellow, as was glad enough to come to my house once upon a time, too. An' p'raps he'd have been glad to be a bit civiller *now*, if he'd have knowed all."

Mrs. Hutchins screwed her mouth into a cunning smile, and nodded her head. The good lady's old thirst for information had not left her, it appeared; for on her way out of the house she encountered the slatternly servant, and, assuming an insinuating fascination of manner, proceeded to cross-question her keenly. The girl was disposed to be communicative enough on the subject of her own hardships and wrongs, but was able to say very little regarding Clement. This much, however, Mrs. Hutchins drew from her; that a young gentleman named Charlewood lodged in the house, that he kept late hours, gave little trouble, and was, in the maid-of-all-work's opinion, "a rig'lar wild 'un."

"Lord bless me!" said Mrs. Hutchins, raising her hands and eyes in astonishment. "Well, live and learn, to be sure; but who'd ever ha' thought as my—ahem!—my young friend 'ud 'av turned out like that. I knowed him intimate in 'appier times, my dear, when the bloom was on his early brow, but now Otheller's occkypation's gone, and no mistake!"

"Lor!" said the slatternly servant.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Hutchins, warming into romance; "it's been a pretty considerable come-down for the lot of 'em. I was, I may say, 'and and glove with the famaly, *and* with the young lady as he kep' comp'ny with. But now things is changed. She wouldn't look at him now, Lord bless you, not she."

"More shame for her, if she was his sweetheart onst," said the dirty servant, with a spark of right womanly sympathy with misfortune, and respect for true love illumining her coarse face.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutchins, mysteriously, "you don't know all, my dear. There's famaly reasons as I *could* reveal, but my lips is sealed aromatically. So he lives here, quite by hisself, eh?"

"Mr. Charlewood do. Quite by hisself."

"I wonder what's got the others. Well, they was always a uppish lot. Sprung out of nothink, and returned back again to oblivium. Good-morning, my dear."

Mrs. Hutchins betook herself along some streets at the back of Drury Lane, marveling much at her recent encounter with young Charlewood, and still more at the account given of him by the lodging-house servant.

## NAPOLEON'S HAPPY FAMILY.

A LADY who has just returned from a visit to the East related recently to her friends an interview she had with a poor carpenter in Baalbek. The man was engaged on some trifling work—carving a door-post perhaps—when, pointing to the ruins of some grand old temple, she said to him, "Why do you not try to do some grand work like that?" "Ah!" replied the man, "that kind of work can not be done any more." "Why not?" "All that was done by the Djinn." "But where are the Djinn now, and why don't they work now?" "They have left this region long ago, and gone to Europe and the West; there they are building great houses, bridging streams, boring through mountains, and bearing men swift as the winds over land and sea."

The man's tone as he said this indicated that he expressed the popular belief of his country, and was surprised that the lady did not understand the state of the case. One would like to get at the reflections that were going on beneath the impassive faces of the Oriental monarchs and leading men who, during the month of July, were borne through the hills and over the waters of France and England, and witnessed the splendid displays of their wealth and power. They must, I fancy, have had some such feeling as that of the carpenter of Baalbek, and felt that they were in the living presence of the same forces which once built their temples and pyramids, but have now left them as bleached shells on a shore from which the tide has ebbed away. But if there were among them any man of insight, he must have felt that, after all, Europe had gained only new forms of the old forces; that no new Afreet had come with a higher power.

It is an old story that a Sultan, wishing to demonstrate to a European embassador his absolute power over his subjects, took him to the top of a high tower, and there ordered one of the sentinels to throw himself over the parapet, which the man did without an instant's hesitation. There is, indeed, a vast difference between that and the method by which the crowns of Europe have been trying to impress the Sultan with an idea of their power, but the difference is one of form and degree only; there was the same resort to the symbols of brute authority—reviews, flags, arsenals, war-ships. Nor was any new splendor shown him. The best thing any reporter had to say of the banquets at the Hôtel de Ville, Guildhall, and elsewhere was that it resembled something in the Arabian Nights. Europe simply attempted to extemporize an Orient for the Sultan, as if he had come here to see that which his own country has tired of. The thought did not strike any one, it seems, to try and acquaint these Oriental guests with what the really Western Djinn is accomplishing. There are laboratories in Paris and London where men of science could have chemically produced before him one of the organic tissues of the human body; where he might have been shown how fire will freeze, and ice will burn; explored the metallic mines of stars, and beheld the photographs of planets. It was supposed that his tastes were better satisfied by ballets at the opera, and by sitting in the rain to gaze on the troops which propose so soon as is practicable to inherit and occupy his empire.

There is no doubt that it was all very fine in its way. No Western man could, I think, have looked on so imperturbably as the little yellow brother whom it was all meant to dazzle upon that radiant day when Paris, as if touched by a nearer sun, blossomed into crimson and gold, and matched the sky with its galaxies. It was in vain that the Tuileries tried to outshine Paris; the city is always the finest court, and on the Sunday of the Sultan's arrival it was as if from the railway-station he passed through a continuous out-of-door palace. Indeed, for several days Paris had seemed a large ball-room, and the millions given up to an unbroken fête. Unceasing music filled the air; beautiful women, their costumes flushed with every sky, flitted along the streets; at night the darkness was abolished, and the stars eclipsed by the long arches of light, of transparencies, and many-hued illuminations. Brighter daily and nightly all this was glowing, and the city, like some wild Almée dancer, whirled each moment more madly in her ecstasy up to the day of the Fête of Prizes, when all the brilliant crowns and coronets of the earth were to be strung together like beads to grace the neck of Paris. It was about six of the evening before this climacteric fête when the Sultan passed up, through the crowd that stood like solid masonry each side, to the palace in the Champs Elysées which had been provided for him. The crowd then dispersed to the cafés and the theatres, and hardly a dozen spectators remained to see him with a few of his friends as they were driven swiftly two hours later back over the same avenue to the palace of the Emperor, where a brilliant assembly, limited to royalty, had assembled for dinner.

The announcement of the death of Maximilian and the event of the Court going into mourning was the means of giving the Sultan some glimpses of actual Parisian life which he would not otherwise have obtained. He has a face that needed only dimiss dissociation from badges and fineries to be utterly undistinguishable from the thousands of Oriental people congregated in Paris, and left to his own devices for a full week he went unrecognized wherever he pleased. Where Abdul-Aziz went during that week must be handed down for answer to the imagination of the future, which will doubtless make as much out of the Sultan's *incognito* adventures as the last generation made out of those of Peter the Great. To his librettist I transmit the fact that very early one morning I discovered him in simple Parisian dress gazing with interest upon the Titanic statue of Columbus and the Squaw (*alias* "America"). And that solemn little man is the Grand Turk! Why is it that we always think of the Sultan as the jolliest of mortals? "Do you feel like the Grand Turk?" asks Quilp, when he would appeal to a standard of bliss. Has not every moralized Sapon of us envied the turbaned Turk who scorns the world and struts about with his whiskers curled, with a thousand wives under lock and key for nobody else but himself to see—without pausing to reflect whether such a number of wives, even though under lock and key, might not furnish reasons for other than merry feelings? The Pope he leads a happy life, says the poet—it was some time ago—but, he adds,

> "The Sultan better pleases me,
> He leads a life of jollity."

But *why* jolly? "This hyena," said the traveling showman—"this hyena goes into the wilderness, and he laughs, and he laughs, and he laughs; but what the devil he laughs at I could never make out!" Similarly our information concerning the Sultan's chronic jollity has ended with the fact. But the fact is such no longer; Abdul-Aziz has put to flight forever our ideal Sultan. Unsmiling, wooden, not even his capital advantage of being a sick man, with large estates to bequeath, could make him as attractive to the public, or even in company, as the handsome pink Viceroy, whose vivacity, ease, and quick intelligence made all save the diplomatists (who prefer a dull Sultan for obvious reasons) wish *he* were the Sultan.

And here I may say that the potentates who visited Paris were, for perhaps the first time in their lives, carefully measured and labeled. The late caricature of the Prince of Wales as Hamlet, saying to the ghost of George IV., "I'll follow thee," is one of the effects of his late visit to Paris. While the Czar was followed as a lion the skin of a different animal altogether was plainly seen beneath, and Gortchakoff's rudeness, it was hinted, showed him a Russian who needed no "scratch" to reveal his race. Every one liked the King of the Belgians, a plain, unpretending man of about thirty-seven years, who, without great gifts, has common-sense and means to do his best. The King of Prussia has gained much in the general esteem by his visit. He is a venerable man, refined and courteous, but sheathing a true earnestness and a profound love of Germany under his mild exterior. He is in no sense a great man, or one from whom any broad scope of sympathy or action is to be expected; yet there is something kingly about him. But the man who has left the best impression on the large circle who met him, and the still larger before which he went in and out daily with freedom and unreserve, is Count Bismarck. Of all the officially distinguished visitors Bismarck alone—unless the Viceroy be included—was pronounced to be a man of culture. He was not prepossessing, as the many photographs of him render it unnecessary to remark; but these photographs do not report that wherein Bismarck's main ugliness resides, his complexion, which is changeable but always mottled. His eye, too, is cold, and his lips thin. But his manner is frank and kind; he is at once unreserved and unobtrusive; he is natural and sensible. His visit followed immediately after the still questionable adjustment of the Luxembourg difficulty, in which the *amour propre* of the French was tried to the utmost. Paris was prepared to give the King of Prussia a kindly reception, but had resolved to snub Bismarck, the scape-goat of Europe with some, at every step. But it was amusing to see how without effort the Count conquered all whom he met. The French can not withstand *bonhomie*, bravery, and intellect all together, and these were in the iron man. The ladies named their dresses after him: a dark brownish yellow is "Bismarck angry," a lighter shade of the same stuff is "Bismarck pleased;" nay, he went so close to the heart of the French that there was invented by the cooks an "entremet Bismarque"—and a very delicious entremet it is too. Yet it could not escape observation that the Count mingled much more freely with Parisian gentlemen than he did with the Prussians who were in Paris. When he walked through the Prussian department of the Exhibition hats were lifted, but there was no cordial reception given him. Nor was there any great interest in the Czar shown by the Russians. On the other hand, the swarthy Egyptians seemed to adore the Viceroy, who mingled with them on almost affectionate terms. The most interesting tableau of the Exhibition was perhaps the scene when he was entertained by the Egyptian exhibitors. They all sat or reclined together on rich divans and smoked their chibouks, each servant attending puffing two or three times at the amber before it was inserted in the mouth of his master. What they smoked was not tobacco but *toumbach*, a similar plant, the smoke of which they inhale through rose-water. At the same time coffee is sipped from porcelain cups.

## DEATH.

I WANT to tell her that I loved her well:
She knew it, but I want to tell her so.
Death is too strong, and I must let her go,
Unknowing if, where happy spirits dwell,
She hears my cry of grief. Within her shell,
White as the funeral marble's statue-snow
She lies, whose cheek had once so soft a glow.
Her dear brown eyes, whose meaning none could tell
Better than I, are closed for evermore.
How would they open, if she could but hear,
And look upon me with their loving light!
Too weak my voice to reach the immortal shore,
Too far her spirit has fled, my heart to cheer
With loving sound or visionary sight.

## HOP-PICKING.

"HALF a century ago hop-picking," says HORACE GREELEY, in relating the experiences of his youth, "was the rural carnival—the festive harvest home." He says it answered to the vintage of Southern France or Italy; but Americans will enjoy a more homely illustration, and recall the labor and the sport of hop-picking as more nearly resembling the "apple bees" of New England or the "corn huskings" (or as the colored folks always call them, "corn shuckings") of the South and West. "The hop," Mr. GREELEY goes on to say, "matures about the first of September, when the vines are cut near the ground, the poles pulled up and laid successively across forked sticks lengthwise of a large bin, into which busy fingers from either side rapidly strip the hops—each pole, when stripped, being laid aside and replaced by another. The bin having been filled, the hops are drawn to the kiln, wherein they are cured by exposure for hours to a constant, drying heat from a charcoal fire below; after which they are pressed, like cotton, into bales so compact and dense as to defy easy disintegration. The pickers are mainly young women—the daughters of neighboring farmers—and the older children of both sexes; while the handling of the poles demands masculine strength and energy; the work is pushed with ardor, often by rival groups employed at different bins, racing to see which will first have its bin full. The evenings are devoted to social companionship and rustic merry-making; friends drop in to enjoy and increase the festivity; and, if hop-picking is not now an agreeable labor, despite the sore eyes sometimes caught from it, then rural life in hop-growing districts has lost what was one of its pleasantest features half a century ago."

Hop-picking has been carried nearest to perfection by the English, who have engaged in it since 1524. In the county of Kent alone thirty thousand acres of land are devoted to its cultivation. In this country the cultivation of hops is not so extensive, nor so profitable, nor are as good hops as those of England produced. This country raised in 1850 about three and a half millions of pounds; but New York in 1855 produced 7,192,254 pounds, and Massachusetts 354,667 pounds in 1857. The product of the article has increased in like proportion throughout the United States, and in 1860 there was grown 10,991,996 pounds, of which New York State alone produced eight-tenths, or 9,671,931 pounds. Next to New York Vermont raises more hops than any other State, her product for 1860 being 638,677 pounds against 288,023 pounds in 1850. Hop-raising is, as will be seen by this statement, a specialty of New York; and even here its cultivation is confined to a few counties. In 1850 the county of Otsego produced 3,507,069 pounds; Madison, 1,520,657 pounds; Schoharie, 1,441,648 pounds; Oneida, 838,460 pounds; Herkimer, 707,910 pounds; and Montgomery, 515,584 pounds.

Our engraving, by ARTHUR LUMLEY, on page 616, will be found highly interesting in this connection.

HOP-PICKING—A WESTERN NEW YORK SEPTEMBER SCENE.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.—[SEE PAGE 615.]

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES IN THE OPERA OF LA GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN, AS PRODUCED BY BATEMAN'S PARISIAN OPERA TROUPE, NEW YORK.

## THE BITTERNESS OF JOY.

"O THAT this fervid flame of love,
That burns so vehemently now,
Would break upon the rock of some cold passion,
And 'neath its influence bow!

"O that the folded skirts of time
Would shed on memory's swift eye
A starless night, and, in some mystic fashion,
Dim it perpetually!

"O vision of the past, why rise
To fret me in the day and night?
Why rise to make me sad with joyless pleasure,
Why rise with false delight?"

Thus spoke I, resting in the place,
Where resting long, ah! long ago,
A cup of bliss was given in full, full measure,
'Twas like to overflow.

For there, what time the honeyed winds
Crept from the South with silent feet,
And laid on meads, already perfume-laden,
A rare, unwonted sweet,

Sat we, and whispered low sweet words;
The while uprose, bright as the noon,
From out the East, as from her bath, a maiden,
The splendor of the moon.

And now in sadness do I hear,
As music heard with bated breath,
The glad, sweet accents of a voice that later
Sank low in silent death.

There may be higher joys in heav'n,
But not, O! not on earth again
Will joy come, but the memory of greater
Will ever give me pain.

## LA GRANDE DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN.

AMONG the several grand carriage entrances to the late Paris Industrial Palace was one devoted exclusively to the Imperial family, and a second to the higher order of titled nobles. A short time before the close of the Exhibition an actress of the *Opera Comique*, whose grace, beauty, and accomplishments have made her (in the rôle of *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, in Offenbach's new opera) the rage of Paris, drove dashingly up to the gate of the nobles, and demanded admittance.

"But, Madame," said the courteous official, "this gate is open only to princesses."

"True, Monsieur," answered the beautiful Princess of the Opera, "and I am the Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein."

The portal swung open, and the actress passed in. The story soon got abroad, much to the chagrin of the officer at the gate, who was ridiculed as the only man in Paris who did not know the *Grande Duchesse* of the *Opera Comique*; and the duped officer swore to make no more such stupid mistakes. A few days subsequently the Empress Eugénie, attended by only one or two gentlemen, drove to the same gate and was refused admittance.

"Monsieur," she said, "I am the Empress."

The officer did not tell her so in so many words, but he intimated that he "had heard that story before," and referred her to the Imperial Gate.

The *furore* which has been created in Paris by this new opera of Offenbach's, and the above incident, are fair illustrations of what an American would call the *vim* with which Frenchmen devote themselves to the raging lion, whether of Fashion or the Opera. It reminds one of the days of Sophie Arnold and Camargo. The unweariable delight of the Parisians in the sparkling mixture of mirth and sentiment of which Offenbach is the greatest living master is phenomenal. His four favorite operettas, *La Belle Hélène*, *Barbe Bleue*, *La Vie Parisienne*, and *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, have produced in Paris a sum equal to $600,000. Of these the first has had 280 representations, the second 130, the third 271, the fourth 110. It still continues to run, and the houses are crowded on each occasion; and all Paris whistles or sings his songs and repeats his witticisms from morning till night, when it dreams them. The present sovereign of Paris, *La Grande Duchesse*, has reigned proudly during the whole of the present season, and now aspires to win our republican votes as she has already done those of her royal cousins. Those who see her represented in various artistic productions, and her name embellishing the pages of sparkling music, emblazoned on walls, hurrying by in stages, and finally placed over the portals of the French Theatre in this city, where she is to hold her brilliant court, have a natural curiosity as to who this royal personage is—whether a myth or a reality? For those who would penetrate this mystery we have prepared a due explanation.

Once upon a time—in 1620, or thereabouts—there lived a beautiful young duchess, early left an orphan, and whose little sovereignty had thriven under the astute guidance of her Minister, Baron Puck, a most earnest and sagacious counselor. While he wielded the sceptre in the name of his august mistress, and she was occupied with her dolls, and their tea-cups and saucers, all went well; but, alas! with lapse of years came a day when dolls and toys no longer amused her, and the Baron saw in the distance a little cloud which might soon overshadow the political horizon. It was the probability that the Grand Duchess might fall in love! To avert this evil he negotiated a marriage with the son of a neighboring Prince, and his Serene Highness Prince Paul appears in the story and the opera (like Prince Albert, in another not less popular story not yet dramatized and set to music) as a candidate for the royal prize. Prince Paul, unlike Prince Albert, was not the figure to win the female heart, too prone to dwell on externals. He sighed and sued in vain, and, like that other royal personage of whom every body has lately read, complained at last that his prospects were being ruined by this delay, and insisted that the happy day ought to be named, to prevent the newspapers from commenting on his very awkward position.

To all this the Duchess, unlike the Queen, turned a deaf ear; and her ennui seemed to increase so much in the august society of the would-be Prince Consort, that Baron Puck resolved, as upon a master-stroke of policy, a declaration of war against a neighboring kingdom of some forty odd acres.

With the campaign he intrusts General Boum, a veteran commander, General-in-chief—but *not* Secretary *ad interim* or otherwise—who musters his troops for a grand review previous to the commencement of hostilities. Ah, luckless diplomat! The very means resorted to to divert the mind of the Duchess cause the evil the Baron has striven to avert! Among the soldiers she remarks a handsome young subaltern named Fritz; and although he reveals to her with rustic simplicity his devotion to his betrothed—a peasant girl named Wanda—the Duchess, carried away by a passion she has never before experienced, bestows upon him unmistakable marks of her favor. Fritz has won the ill-will of his commander by his awkwardness and independence, and every effort is made to disgrace him in the royal eyes, but in vain; and when the Duchess is reproved for her familiarity with a mere private soldier, she rapidly promotes him to the rank of Captain; and not content with giving him this, and a patent of nobility attached to an unpronounceable name, she summons him to a council, and—like some other impulsive and unwise rulers—dismisses her Secretary of War, deprives General Boum of his command and its insignia, the *panache*; girds Fritz with her father's sword, and bids him, in her name, march forth to victory—and he does.

Like many other great (and otherwise) American (and otherwise) generals Fritz makes up in luck what he can not boast in experience, and a happy expedient enables him to gain a bloodless victory. His idea might be adopted in many a campaign to great advantage, and should find a place in modern tactics. He places bottles—ay, hogsheads—of wine (all marked "Revenue tax paid") over the battle-field where the engagement is to take place, instead of retaining them, after a certain style lately made familiar to us, in his own camp-chest; and the foe marching up to receive their opponents' fire, and observing the bait that has been placed for them, swallow it eagerly, and pop go the corks and empty barrels, but not the guns. The result is that the enemy is speedily placed *hors de combat*, and General Fritz and his heroes return triumphant from a bloodless victory. This absence, and the pride she feels in his achievements, add fuel to the love which consumes the Duchess as a fire; and she declares it to him in a manner which, in his rustic simplicity, he does not understand. At a moment when the Duchess, affecting to speak in the name of a friend, a lady of high rank like herself, has brought him to that point when he must answer her tender professions, an interruption comes in the shape of a letter from the Chief of Police or the Board of Health or Citizens' Association, informing her Highness that the General is to be married to Wanda that very day. Bewildered and jealous she retires to gain further information of the truth of this report, but returns just in time to overhear a conspiracy entered into by her former Minister and General and the unhappy Prince Consort (that wants to be), for the destruction of the favorite. To their astonishment the Duchess, having received confirmation of the report of Fritz's marriage by an application from him for her consent, joins the party, and vows vengeance upon her former idol.

Well has the poet sung, "Earth holds no fury like a woman scorned." The secret passage which communicated between the apartment of the Duchess and that of the General, unused since a former reign, is to echo the stealthy steps of the conspirators as they at midnight steal to the couch of the unfortunate Fritz, and leave him a lifeless corpse with their daggers bathed to the hilt in his plebeian blood. In the mean time he enjoys that immunity from the knowledge of coming events with which mortals are fortunately blessed, and dreams of entering, a happy bridegroom, that fatal chamber that is shortly to re-echo with his dying groans. On rehearsing more fully the plan of the conspiracy the Baron Grog, the Minister Plenipotentiary (the Uncle Leopold, in fact) from the court of Prince Paul's father, is admitted to the council, and his dignified presence wins from the Grand Duchess a consent to the long-delayed celebration of the royal nuptials with the illustrious aspirant for her hand. She therefore resolves that the blood of her former favorite shall not stain the record of her marriage day, but that he shall be degraded from the honors she had so hastily bestowed upon him. Poor Fritz is therefore rudely disturbed from all his plans of domestic joy by a summons to march at once against the enemy, who, like the Confederates, taking a positive delight in such "blessings in disguise" as their last defeat, have again taken the field. Loth to go, and hating the insignia of an office that demands of him the sacrifice of his happiness, he sallies forth to meet a battalion of his own troops at an appointed rendezvous; but, alas! he encounters instead the insults of a jealous husband, who, believing him to be General Boum, a former lover of his wife, falls upon him without mercy and beats him nearly to death. Crest-fallen, bruised, and discomfited, he returns to the palace just as the marriage of the Duchess has been solemnized, and finds no sympathy in his disgrace save from his little wife Wanda. His royal mistress deprives him of his titles, honors, and offices, and he finds himself—his brief dream of grandeur past—plain Fritz again. The Duchess, with a lingering spark of pity, gives him the appointment of schoolmaster in his native village, for which post he possesses the requisite quality of perfect ignorance; while the Duchess determines to forget the dream of love that cast a momentary halo over her conventional existence, and resolves to find in the management of her realm (and her spouse) a sufficient occupation of heart and brain.

Such is the plot of the new opera as played in Paris, and as it is to be produced here.

We had occasion in a previous Number, in noticing the new Opera-house at Paris, to suggest that some of the several managers now building in this city might with propriety pay some deference to the architectural taste of the New York public, and make our opera-houses and theatres a credit rather than a disgrace, in an architectural sense, to the city. There is another hint to the same class of individuals in the several illustrations which we reproduce of the characters and costumes of *La Grande Duchesse* as produced in Paris. There the opera is produced with all the care, all the correctness, all the magnificence which it deserves, because the public demand that attention shall be given to that which pleases the eye as well as that which charms the ear. An opera troupe passing through the city of Puebla, Mexico, a few years ago, was compelled by the citizens to perform *Don Pasquale* in a church, without scenery, and the actors were all attired in their traveling suits. But New York is not Puebla, and the metropolitans are not Mexicans. They have respectable opera-houses, and are used to troupes of good singers; and now they are insisting on another step in the right direction, and demand appropriate scenery and correct costumes. We hope that Mr. Bateman, who is soon to produce Offenbach's masterpiece at the French Theatre, has, as we hear he has, reformed this former fault; that his attention has not been entirely devoted to his singers, to the neglect of his costumer and scene-painter; and that for once the New York public is to *witness*, not merely hear, a good opera.

## THE BLUE RIBBON.

NATURE, not the schools, had made John Everdale a man. While other boys had studied or played truant he had worked—and yet I venture the assertion that, of ten college-bred young men of his native county, nearest his own age, not one could have been found better educated, in a certain true and practical sense, than he. In the absence of text-books he had thought for himself. The calculus might be beyond his comprehension, but he had learned long ago the ratio of honesty to success, and knew how to deduce from it the formula of upright living. He could not read a line of Homer or Virgil, but he did know something of the works of those great English thinkers, who have lain nearest the world's heart, thus catching and perpetuating its throbbings, and incorporating upon their own page the best of all past and present inspirations. A boy who kept a leaf of Shakspeare folded in his vest-pocket, to be taken out and learned by heart as he followed the plow, would not be likely to grow up with tastes wholly uncultivated.

Yet John Everdale loved his work. If all pathways had opened to him alike, I doubt if he would have chosen to be any thing else than the farmer he was. His aspirations, though not groveling in the soil, still arose from it, grouping themselves about a home, and friends, untarnished name, and sturdy service wherever needed most.

He found himself at twenty-two in possession of his patrimony, a small farm heavily mortgaged, together with the title to a tract of wild Western land. This last the specious representations of an agent had induced his father, always over-sanguine, to purchase, only to find it quite useless thereafter, for any immediate advantage.

John saw years of hard work and close economy stretching ahead before he could hope to stand with unencumbered hold upon his ancestral acres. No golden prospect, certainly; but with his brave, hopeful heart and rugged health he saw it unflinching. Besides, he loved Helen Darrell. From the times when he had gone, a boy, to Darrell Hall, on his father's errands, and the beautiful child, with her marvelous brown eyes and golden glory of curls, had flown out to learn from him how to tame the wild ponies her father bought for her, until now, when her more mature loveliness was the pride not alone of Squire Darrell's heart but of all Shelbyville, he could not remember when his love for her had not seemed a part of his very breath and being.

This fact was itself a key to his character. If he had been less than he was he could never have dared to love her. Not that he had any puffed-up certainty of success; but the manhood within him, humble and self-respectful, claimed for him the right to love the woman who embodied his noblest ideal of womanhood, and to be judged by her, irrespective of any untoward decisions of outward circumstances.

He hoped for no pledge as yet—would not if he could have exacted such. His native sense of the fitness of things forbade it, until his own hand, under a kind Providence, should have carved out for himself a more certain fortune. It might be a long labor, but the years of waiting, like Jacob's, would seem as "so many days," if only he were sure of Jacob's reward.

Meanwhile he wooed her at a distance, and had the satisfaction of knowing that at least she was not wholly indifferent to him. How much her manner meant he did not dare to guess; she was so kind to all. Forgive him if he watched all other admirers with jealous eyes; he was but human, and the daily fear went with him, "Will it not be too late when my turn comes to speak?"

All Shelbyville was shocked one morning to hear that good Dr. Mattison had been found quietly sleeping his last sleep in his bed. Every family felt a keen sense of personal loss in the death of the old physician, whose cheery presence and genial sympathy had always brought a healing influence into their sick-rooms quite independent of his careful prescriptions; who had presided at the birth of their children, and whose tender hands had closed the eyes of some of their loved ones when human care and skill could avail no longer.

The people, who came in great numbers to Dr. Mattison's funeral, saw in the place of chief-mourner his nephew, Dr. Alfred Lashley, who, it was understood, would now leave his position in a city hospital, in order to succeed to his uncle's business and estate. The good old doctor had been wont to speak proudly of this nephew, as a young man of uncommon talent and thorough education; indeed it had been his cherished plan to see his practice established in these younger and stronger hands while he himself yet lived.

Dr. Lashley found a hearty welcome to Shelbyville, for his uncle's sake as well as for his own. As days passed one and another of the friends of Dr. Mattison called to grasp the young man's hand, and speak words of hearty sympathy and encouragement.

"Come up to the Hall whenever you have time and inclination; the latch-string hangs outside," said Squire Darrell, with a blunt cordiality, to which Dr. Lashley was not slow to respond.

Calling soon at Darrell Hall he met Helen for the first time in some years. He was quite unprepared to find her what she was. The most beautiful woman he had ever met—he settled that at a glance—cultivated and refined evidently, and yet with a fresh, spontaneous manner as charming as rare. How could she have kept this childish simplicity, he wondered, through all the flattery and caresses which must have been lavished upon her. The truth was that Helen Darrell had been praised too much to be spoiled by it. There may be an extreme of adulation which shall hold in itself the germ of its own antidote. The homage which enveloped Helen like an atmosphere she accepted as a tribute of love, rather than as the reward of real desert.

Squire Darrell naturally spoke much of Dr. Mattison, whom he had dearly loved, and Dr. Lashley responded with a filial enthusiasm which quite won Helen's heart. As the conversation progressed he seemed drawn unconsciously to speak of his own plans and purposes of life; of his profession, which he considered second to none in means and opportunities of good.

Alfred Lashley was not intentionally dishonest, but he had a marvelous power of expressing more than he really felt. Some tell us that the absolute possession of any great virtue is necessary to its real appreciation; but this man combined with unbounded aspirations after true nobility a constitution ready to fail at the first great trial. He did not know his own weakness—would never know it, until some test-moment came suddenly upon him, and even then some loop-hole of expediency would perhaps broaden before his distorted vision into a great archway over the entrance of duty.

He knew how to use the words "work" and "mission," in a way that suggested to Helen's ardent imagination all the sublimest possibilities of moral heroism, while, in the same breath, he said he felt this to be an age for saying little and doing much. Helen felt, as did all others who met him, the spell of his magnetic presence, the fascination of his brilliant intellect and fine culture. She sang for him, and, looking up between her ballads, saw his dark eyes full of tears.

Poor John Everdale, riding slowly past Darrell Hall in the winter moonlight, saw the new doctor's tall figure bend gracefully in a parting bow to Helen in the doorway, and started with a sudden pang, for which he was angry with himself a moment after. But the vague sense of pain and loss was repeated so often in the weeks and months that followed, as to grow at last into a settled sorrow, blotting out his hopes, and threatening to darken all his life. By the time that the last snow-drifts had melted away in the spring sunshine John's dream of love had vanished with them. No engagement between Dr. Lashley and Helen had been officially announced, but rumor had settled the fact of such engagement with quiet certainty.

Night after night John Everdale lay sleepless, facing his trouble, and waging unequal contest with his own heart. He believed in Dr. Lashley with all the force of his generous nature, and his whole soul ratified Helen's choice. He felt that he could not willingly cast the temporary cloud of a knowledge of his own unhappiness across her perfect sunshine. So he found courage to meet her at Dr. Lashley's side, with his old, frank smile of greeting, though he was not strong enough to go any more to Darrell Hall.

The summer heats came on with an intensity almost unparalleled. The very air seemed scorching, and man and beast drooped with exhaustion.

Shelbyville proper was built mainly upon two hills, separated from each other by a low, marshy valley, now temporarily occupied by a collection of some fifty or more wretched cabins, which had received the name of "New Dublin." These huts were tenanted by the families of a gang of the lowest class of Irish laborers, then employed in excavating a tunnel for a new railway.

An occasional breeze brought some fresh vitality to the hill-side air, but the stagnant atmosphere of the valley was foul with the fumes of a poorly-drained soil and overcrowded living.

"Such weather must breed sickness, Doctor?" said Squire Darrell to Dr. Lashley, one day, as the two sat with Helen in the porch.

"In the valley, undoubtedly," was the answer. "The poor New Dublinites are ripe food for fever. I should greatly dread the appearance of any malignant form of disease among them. Their ignorant and unreasoning fears succumb to the first attack, and there is no lever by which to lift them."

"Can there be no means of prevention?" asked Helen.

"Can be? Yes. Will be? No. I rode down there only yesterday, and tried in vain to induce an effort at something like care and cleanliness. It's of no use."

Dr. Lashley's fears soon began to be realized in the breaking out of an obstinate and contagious fever in the valley. Within twenty-four hours after the appearance of the first case symptoms of the same disease manifested themselves in several others. The poor people were thrown into consternation, and showed the wildest inefficiency in ministering to the wants of those already stricken down.

Dr. Lashley found the work which seemed necessary among them in the last degree repulsive to his fastidious sense. He was unwilling to acknowledge, even to himself, how much he shrank from uniting the office of nurse to that of physician in these miserable abodes. He was anxious to leave nothing undone which duty and humanity could suggest in the case; still, as almost every day added to his list of patients, he found strength and courage failing.

Helen, going into her kitchen one morning, found Bridget Mahoney, her maid-of-all-work, sobbing bitterly over her wash-tub, and learned, on inquiry, that the poor girl's father and mother were both lying sick of the fever. Helen made Bridget dry her hands and eyes, while she herself packed a huge basket with articles useful in illness. Then, having sent the girl to her home, she put her own white hands in the tub, and finished the week's washing.

At noon Dr. Lashley made a hurried call, looking sadly worn and harassed. Helen, even while she noticed the pallor of his face, felt an indefinable disappointment that he spoke almost as much of his own sleeplessness and watching as of the condition of the poor sufferers, some of whom seemed vibrating between life and death.

"Tim Flaherty's child died this morning," he said; "and John O'Rourke, and Pat Reagan are quite past help. Oh, my dear Helen! I am utterly worn out with what I have seen and endured in those hovels!"

She did not see him again until the next afternoon, when, standing at the gate, she saw his chaise driving rapidly up the street. He wore a linen traveling suit, and a portmanteau lay beside him on the seat.

"Not going away, Dr. Lashley?" she exclaimed, as he drew rein and sprang out with extended hand.

"To the beach, for a few days," he answered, without noticing the tone of surprise in which she had spoken. "I am very sorry to be obliged to leave now; but I have not been well for some months, and the strain of the last two weeks has been terrible for me. I feel it to be an imperative duty which I owe to myself and my work in life to give myself the short rest which alone can save me from utter prostration."

"So you will leave those poor people to die?"

"My dear Helen!" Dr. Lashley looked both surprised and grieved. "Harris, my student, will give them the closest attention; besides"—he hesitated a moment—"there is Dr. Arnam, you know, at the Corners."

"The one an inexperienced boy, the other a heartless quack!"

"Helen! you are very hasty in your judgment of Dr. Arnam, and as for Harris—why, Helen, he has shown wonderful ability in these very cases, and I have spared no pains to make him fully understand the line of treatment I wish him to follow. Remember, it is only a careful balancing of the apparently conflicting claims of duty which has decided me to go."

He spoke earnestly, and with a look and tone which showed how entirely he felt himself misjudged.

"There comes the train, Dr. Lashley—you will be late!" said Helen, letting her hand rest on his a moment, and then drawing it away.

He stood an instant longer, with an expression of painful indecision on his handsome face; then he said, hastily, "Good-by, Helen! My dear Helen, I am sure that a moment's thought will convince you that I am acting for the best!" and so was gone.

Helen Darrell stood quite still for a few moments; then she turned and walked with a firm step up the garden-walk, through the hall, and into the pleasant library, where her father sat reading in his easy-chair. She stood behind him, and drew his head backward, looking into his eyes.

"Well, Lady Nell?"

"Papa, I am going to help nurse those sick people."

Squire Darrell gave a great start.

"Helen! Child! What are you thinking of?"

She put her soft hand over his lips.

"Not a word, little papa! I'm your spoiled daughter, you know. You can't deny me any thing—you have said so a thousand times."

"But, Helen, this is worse than folly—it's absolute insanity! What could *you* do?"

"A little, I hope; I wish I could do a great deal more. Papa! some of them are dying, and Dr. Lashley has gone away!"

"Gone away! and where?"

"To the beach—he's ill, he said, papa," in a low tone, with her brown eyes clear and steady; "if mamma were alive she would have gone before this time. Sha'n't I go?"

"My darling!" said Squire Darrell, and drew her down into his arms."

A few hours later John Everdale, bending over door Pat Reagan, and trying to arouse him from the deep stupor into which he was constantly falling, looked up to see Helen Darrell standing at the door. His face grew very pale for an instant, but there was no other sign of surprise.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Darrell," he said, with his bright smile transfiguring all his face. He did not say,

"You here, Miss Darrell?" His whole manner seemed to recognize her right and pleasure to be there, and Helen felt that his very silence paid her a truer and more delicate compliment than Dr. Lashley's most elaborate period could ever have conveyed.

"Tell me what to do, John," she said, using the old, familiar address of her childhood.

"I fear I shall make but a poor teacher," he answered; "but if you could take my place here I could go somewhere else where help is needed. Poor Mrs. Reagan is trying to sleep a little. Patrick is very quiet, as you see; there is little to be done beyond keeping his lips moistened with this sponge—and pray don't let him sleep too heavily."

Helen sat down by the bedside, and John went out, but soon came back, saying, "You know where Mary Morrison lives, Miss Helen? The next cabin but one is hers. Her little child looks badly—head and hands burning hot. If you could help her get it into a warm bath, and show her what to do, it might throw off an attack."

Helen went gladly to do as she was bidden, and came by-and-by, laden with the blessings of the anxious mother, to report the child sleeping sweetly.

Wherever she went the praises of "Mr. Iverdale" were sounded in her ears, and she realized, as never before, how much confidence and courage a strong will, clear head, and warm heart may infuse into an ignorant and suffering community.

"I hope Dr. Lashley is not very ill?" John said, anxiously, as they parted for the night; and Helen felt her cheeks flush hotly as she answered, "He will soon be able to come back, I think."

That night a strong tempest tore down from the mountains, terrible in the hour of its strength and fury, but leaving the atmosphere cool and pure behind it. The sick, except such as were past recovery, began to mend under the favorable change, and fresh life and hope were astir in "New Dublin."

Those few days in which John Everdale stood side by side with Helen Darrell at the couch of the sick and dying had been days of deep suffering as well as of cheerful work for God and man. The old struggle in his heart was aroused in tenfold strength by the sight of her noble and untiring ministry—the very touch of her hand and sound of her voice had power to thrill him to the very depths of his nature.

A sudden summons to the sick bed of her father's only sister took Helen from her self-imposed task, and she left Shelbyville on the evening before Dr. Lashley, refreshed and invigorated, came back to his "work."

Helen herself returned in October, on the first day of the County Agricultural Fair at Shelbyville. If any one of her accomplishments could take precedence of another in her father's eyes it was her daring and graceful horsemanship, and to please him she consented, year by year, to enter the list of lady-riders on the closing day of the Fair.

"I am afraid Wisp will be in poor training, papa," said Helen, as they sat together in the porch, on the evening of her arrival at home. "And, by-the-way, have you found a mate for Racer yet."

"No, unless John Everdale should sell me that gray of his. John is going to sell out his farm and leave—did I tell you? And sorry I am for it, too. There he is now! I'll call him in and ask him about the gray."

Between the gate and the house John Everdale steeled his nerves to meet Helen calmly and achieved a brave success. If he had been less preoccupied with his own emotions he might have noticed an unaccustomed tremor in her voice.

"So you are going away, John?" she said, as her father went indoors for a moment.

"Yes, I am talking of it," he answered. "I hear that a real city is being laid out at last on my Western—I had almost said my Spanish estates," he added, with a laugh that tried to be cheery, "and who knows of the fortune that may be stored for me in corner-lots? At any rate I'm going to look after my own interests on the ground."

"Why do you go away?"

He looked at her with all the hungry, hopeless yearning of his soul in his eyes. Sure enough! Why did he go away? Could he breathe the same air she breathed—be warmed in the same light that shone upon her, and yet—

Dr. Lashley's chaise stopped at the gate.

"Helen Darrell," said John, with a white heat smothered in his eyes, and the veins knotted on his forehead as if in some mortal pang, "I can not—*dare* not stay!"

It was not Dr. Lashley, but young Harris who handed to Helen a note and a little packet, and then drove away again.

"What is it, Nell dear?" said Squire Darrell, coming out.

"Only a note from Dr. Lashley," answered Helen, speaking rapidly. "He has but just heard that I am at home; would call to-night, but is sent for suddenly; will be at the Fair Grounds to-morrow, and hopes to see me wear the scarlet ribbon he sends me—his favorite color!" Then turning, with a quick lowering of her voice, she said, "What is your color, John?"

It seemed a cruel taunt, but all John's manliness and self-respect came to his aid as he answered, with a smile, "True-blue, Miss Helen!"

The next morning dawned without a cloud. From far and near the country-people crowded to the Fair Grounds. A great throng surged in and about the gayly-decorated booths, and in the cattle-yard the farmers were discussing the relative merits of Durham and Devonshire, Old English and Merino. At last the hour appointed for the riding arrived. The crowd arranged itself as best it might, surrounding the course, and the judges took their places on the stand.

John Everdale looked on wearily from a distance as the dash commenced. Nearer and nearer came the graceful riders—a little girl in a green habit and plumed jockey taking the lead; but just as they passed him, rounding the curve, the gray Arab, Wisp, shot ahead with Helen Darrell. John's heart gave a wild leap and stood still; but it was not the matchless face, flushed and eager, that had thrilled him so. He had scarcely glanced at the slender figure holding its seat in the saddle with a pliant firmness wonderful to see. There, streaming backward from her throat, a single dash of color on the black background of her riding-habit—not Dr. Lashley's scarlet token, but a ribbon that might have stolen its azure from some star-eyed violet in summer meadows.

When Dr. Lashley made his way through the crowd, mounted on his handsome black, and laid his hand with ill-concealed vexation on Helen's embroidered bridle-reins—the prize of the day's success—she bowed her thanks, but said: "I have another escort, Dr. Lashley!" and so rode out from the inclosure with John Everdale at her side.

Not a word was spoken; but, as if by instinct, they turned aside into a more unfrequented way, and as the trees of the grove shut out all curious glances behind them, they turned and looked into each other's eyes.

"I love you, Helen! it is all I can do," said John Everdale, simply.

A bright blush spread over Helen Darrell's upturned face. She touched Wisp quickly with her riding-whip, and as John looked after her wonderingly, backward on the breeze came the refrain of an old ballad:

"'And I've no heart to give him,
For he has it now!'"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I believe my fate will be like Abel's," said a wife one day. "Why so?" inquired her husband. "Because Abel was killed by a club, and your club will kill me if you continue to go to it every night."

Mrs. H. More was reproved by a gentleman for taking snuff. He observed he had never heard one good reason urged in favor of the practice. She replied she could give him half a dozen, and immediately repeated the following impromptu:

You say six reasons are enough
To justify my taking snuff.
First, you'll allow in every nation
The prejudice of education;
The fashion, too, you must confess,
Weighs with the ladies more or less;
When to dull company confined,
It serves to amuse the vacant mind;
It next affords us some protection
Against the dangers of infection;
And, though it may not suit your case,
It shows a hand, an arm, a grace.
And if you'll have another still,
What think you of a woman's will?

Pacific Males—Hen-pecked husbands.

A woman named Virtue Innocent has been fined in London for unjust weights.

A Dangerous Character.—A man who "takes life" cheerfully.

An Indiana paper says that ladies out here who wear number seven, eight, and nine boots—and such are the majority—oppose the new short-dress style.

A Wall Street Conundrum.—Why is a forged note like a whisper?—Because it is uttered, but not allowed (aloud).

An American traveler in Paris having occasion for a hair-cutter sent for one. At the appointed time an elegantly-attired person arrived, and the gentleman sat down before his dressing-case to prepare for the operation. The man walked round his "client" once or twice, and finally taking his stand at some distance, attentively scrutinized the gentleman's face with the air of a connoisseur looking at a picture. "Well," said the American, impatiently, "when are you going to begin?" "Pardon me, Sir," was the polite reply: "I am not the operative, but the *physiognomist*. Adolphe!" he cried out, and a sleeved and aproned barber entered from the hall: "*a la* Virgil!" With this laconic direction as to the model after which the gentleman's hair was to be arranged the artist retired.

A French marquis was riding out one day when he passed an old priest riding along contentedly on a donkey.

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed the marquis, "how goes the ass, good father?"

"On horseback, my son," replied the priest.

Jonathan presented himself and his intended to the minister for the purpose of being married. Being questioned if they had been published: "Oh, I guess so, for I told it to Uncle Ben, and he told his wife more 'an a week ago."

People who have been laying up for a rainy day ought this season to be found among the most liberal of customers.

### THE SINGLE STATE.

Come, all ye single gentlemen,
Listen while I relate
To you the blessèd pleasures
Of the happy single state.
First, you can go out evenings,
And you need not hurry home,
For you have no frowning Madam
To say, "How late you come!"

And if you meet with *friends*
Whose *health* you chance to drink,
You will never have to hear,
"You've been drinking, Sir, I think."
And then, when sick or tired,
You retire with your woes,
You have no crying children
To break your calm repose.

And if from your white bosom
You should sometimes chance to miss
A shining little button,
Console yourself with this—
That 'tis not a wife unfaithful
Who has left your bed and board,
To seek a "better climate"
With a handsomer liege lord.

Then, old bachelors, remember
All the pleasures of your life;
Live on in single-blessedness,
And never seek a wife.
But when life's journey's ended,
Be sure you seek repose
In a land that's free from *women*,
And all earth's other woes.

A matron, under cross-examination as a witness, turned up her nose at the insinuation that her daughter was inclined to wed a widower. "Very likely, indeed," said she, with a toss of her head, "that my daughter should marry a second-hand man!"

Abel P—— had a spite against Squire B——. Some one remarked in his hearing one day that the Squire was a mean man. "Mean!" said Abel, "I guess he is. A yard of black tape would make him a suit of mourning, and then he'd have enough left for a weed on his hat."

"Pa, are cannibals people that live on other folks?" "Yes, my dear." "Then, pa, Uncle George must be a cannibal, for ma says he's always living on somebody."

"My dear," said Mrs. Bumble to her daughter, "you must have something warm around you in the carriage." Miss B. mentioned the request of her mother to her beau, and he immediately complied with it.

Note by our Naturalist.—It is a fallacy to suppose that a fox is jubilant when carrying home a fat goose to his larder; on the contrary, he never feels more "down in the mouth."

A little four-year-old having heard her father call her younger brother "a little shaver," and desiring afterward to use the expression, could come no nearer to it than "*Oh, you little barber shop!*"

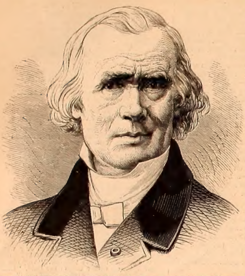
Current Literature.—"Books in the running brooks."

### LOVE'S LIMIT.

I'd swear for her,
I'd tear for her,
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her;
I'd lie for her,
I'd sigh for her,
I'd drink Big Muddy dry for her;
I'd "cuss" for her,
Do "wuss" for her,
I'd kick up a thunderin' fuss for her;
I'd weep for her,
I'd leap for her,
I'd go without my sleep for her;
I'd fight for her,
I'd bite for her,
I'd walk the streets all night for her;
I'd plead for her,
I'd bleed for her,
I'd go without my "feed" for her;
I'd shoot for her,
I'd boot for her
A rival who'd come to "suit" for her;
I'd kneel for her,
I'd steal for her,
Such is the love I feel for her;
I'd slide for her,
I'd glide for her,
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;
I'd try for her,
I'd cry for her,
But—hang me if I'd die for her.
N. B.—Or any other woman.

STREET CRITICISM.

*Ragged Damsel.*—"Lor, Sairer, I'm blessed if that swell gal hasn't dressed herself wrong side forrard!"



THE LATE ALFRED ARMAND VELPEAU, THE FRENCH SURGEON.

## VELPEAU, THE EMINENT FRENCH SURGEON.

THE French medical world has suffered severely this year in the loss of its brightest ornaments. The last bereavement was that of the celebrated physician and surgeon, ALFRED ARMAND LOUIS MARIE VELPEAU, who died on the 20th of August, and whose portrait we annex.

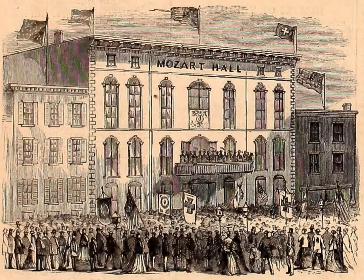
M. VELPEAU was a remarkable instance of a self-made man. The son of a farmer, he passed his earliest youth in assisting his father at his trade. He taught himself to read and write; ere long his intense love of study attracted the notice of wealthy patrons, who sent him to school, and aided him to enter his chosen career. He was always a hard worker; abrupt in manner and repellent at first sight, he was warmly loved by those who knew the goodness concealed under his rough exterior. He was wont to say that emotion was the stumbling-block of surgeons, in proof of which he would quote an anecdote of his friend and master, DUPUYTREN, who, while performing one of the simplest operations on a beloved friend, was overcome by his feelings, the knife slipped, and the patient expired in his arms. Innumerable stories are told of his abruptness, to which this incident may furnish a key. His reputation was world-wide, and his death calls forth universal regret.

## THE SANGERFEST.

THE Fifteenth Sangerfest, or Festival of the German Singing Bands of North America, was held this year at Indianapolis, Indiana. It is hardly necessary to tell our readers that these festivals of the Sangerbunds are demonstrations of a modern type, introduced into Germany about thirty years ago, and very popular with the musical people of that country. When the movement was first started in Germany the people engaged in it with the greatest zeal and enthusiasm—zeal not unlike but more constant than that which we Americans display in the pursuit of riches, the madness of politics, or the excitements of yachting, and like national outdoor sports. Naturally this national and rational amusement of singing came to this country with the German emigrants; and soon musical associations were established in all parts of the United States. Several years ago a union of these societies was arranged; and delegates from each now assemble annually at some central city and hold a festival, at which singing is the chief entertainment.

Our engravings show the exteriors of Sænger and Mozart Halls at Indianapolis, in which the Festival of September 2, 3, 4, and 5 was held. The front of Sænger Hall has figures representing Germania and Columbia in the centre, with Orion on the right, and Orpheus on the left. A flag-staff surmounts the centre of the building, from which the American flag floats. The interior of the building was richly decorated.

The Festival was opened on September 3 by Governor BAKER of Indiana, who welcomed the bands in a short but appropriate speech. He was seconded by the Mayor of Indianapolis; and a reply was made by the President of the Union. Four concerts were given, and the Festival ended with a grand ball.

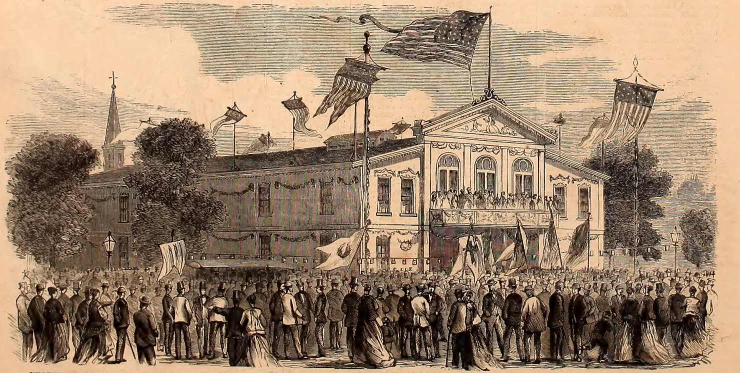



THE SANGERFEST AT INDIANAPOLIS—EXTERIOR OF MOZART HALL.

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN.

## DEATH OF GENERAL GRIFFIN.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN of the regular army, and temporarily Commander of the Fifth Military District, died at Galveston, Texas, on September 15, of yellow-fever. General GRIFFIN was one of the many young and adventurous spirits who made a reputation and won a position in the army during the late war. He graduated at West Point just in time to serve in Mexico, but when the late rebellion broke out he had only attained the rank of Lieutenant of artillery. He served through all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, winning his star at Bull Run and his double stars in the Wilderness under GRANT. After the removal of General WARREN by General SHERIDAN, at the battle of Five Forks, General GRIFFIN assumed command of the Fifth Corps and conducted it in the pursuit of LEE and until the end of the war. At the close of the rebellion he was placed in command of the State of Texas, and on the removal of General SHERIDAN succeeded him in command of the Fifth District, and was *en route* to New Orleans at the time of his death.



FESTIVAL OF THE GERMAN SINGING BUND OF NORTH AMERICA AT INDIANAPOLIS—THE SANGERFEST HALL.—[SKETCHED BY J. J. GRAFTON.]

REGISTRATION AT THE SOUTH—SCENE AT ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. THOMPSON.]

## REGISTRATION SCENES.

WE give on this page one of the scenes lately made familiar in the South—a registration, not an election, scene. The late slaves of the South have exhibited unusual interest in the work of registration, their first necessary step toward securing the privilege of suffrage which they estimate so highly. Our sketch was made from an actual scene in the little mountain town of Asheville, North Carolina, but it will as well apply to all parts of the South.

The work of registration has been going on for several months past, and has been completed in several of the States; and the result shows that in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and Texas the colored voters are in the majority, and, being united in opinion and policy, can easily control the elections in those States. The white majority in Virginia is not great; in North Carolina it promises to be less; and South Carolina, Florida, Arkansas, and Mississippi will probably be controlled by the colored vote; so that in all probability the colored voters, even without the assistance of the loyal whites, will carry in the approaching State, as well as in future national contests, eight out of the ten unconstructed States.

## PARIS FASHIONS.

IN the *Weekly* for August 31 we devoted very considerable space to an illustrated description of the then prevailing Paris fashions. It will be seen by our engraving in this Number that the changes have not been very great. Change in fashion at this particular season of the year has to be sought for at the watering-places rather than in the capitals.

### THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress à Deux Jupes*, in alpaca of some light neutral tint, the under jupe bordered with two narrow bands of mauve or rose color taffeta. The upper jupe, which is looped up very high behind, is trimmed round the bottom with a series of ornaments in taffeta, strung, as it were, upon a band, and diminishing in size as they approach the waist. A similar trimming ornaments the short mantle paletot round the bottom, at the collar, the shoulders and the cuffs, and the lappets of the long sash. The white hat is

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1867.

bordered with velvet, and a palm sprig of the same color as the trimming of the dress. The boots are light-gray, the tops turned over *au col mousquetaire*, and faced with mauve or rose color.

Fig. 2. *Robe à Queue*, of maize-colored taffeta, or of fine white mohair, over a lemon-colored jupon, the skirt shaped at the bottom and up the sides into teeth, which are bound with gold-colored ribbon, and edged with white guipure. The loose jacket, which is open at the sides and front, is similarly shaped at the edges, and trimmed to correspond. The hat is of rice straw, with a large white veil falling behind, and a bouquet of butter-cups in front.

Fig. 3. *Robe à Deux Jupes.*—The upper one, which has the corsage attached to it, is of black silk, and is made to wrap-over and fasten on the right side, which is ornamented all down with narrow bands of green passementerie, having buttons at each end. The jupe is bordered round with a double band of narrow green silk, between which is a row of buttons. Similar buttons run down the point of the corsage. The under jupe is of green taffeta, with a border round the bottom of a deeper shade. A Marie Antoinette fichu, also of green taffeta, is crossed over the breast and tied in a large bow behind, the long wide ends falling down the skirt of the robe. The hat is of tulle and black lace, trimmed with a wreath of green leaves, and with a small lace veil falling over the chignon.

Fig. 4. *Toilette de Visite* in pearl-gray taffeta, the long under jupe being trimmed at the lower part with five rows of blue ribbon. The upper jupe is caught up on the left side by a band of ribbon falling from the waist. The high, tight-fitting corsage has loose sleeves, caught up in somewhat similar fashion by a band which hangs from the shoulder. The chapeau, of puffed tulle, is trimmed with a small white ostrich-feather and a blue flower. Blue kid boots are worn with this toilet.

## A GAME THAT WAS PLAYED.

BEYOND the grove is the croquet-ground,
Guarded by solemn oaks around:
Half in the sunshine, and half in the shade,
Its carpet of mottled green is laid,
And above, in the branches, I've often heard
The song of some sweet-voiced singing bird.

It's the loveliest place in the world to play
The wonderful game we call Croquet;
So much like the greater game men call Life,
With its selfishness, rivalry, passion, and strife,
Its cheating and winking and flirting and fun,
Its plottings and plans, which are ever undone.

With its glad looks and mad looks, and chatter and charm,
This doing of good and this doing of harm,
This helping our friends and hurting our foes,
And all aiming straight for one stake at the close:
These strokes of good-luck and fortunate scratches,
This making fine runs, and this making of matches.

Its hard words and soft words, its love and its hate,
Apologies, pardons, and fights against fate;
With its stubbornness, gallantries, hopings and fears,
Its screams of delight, and its half-suppressed tears
At getting croqueted or missing an aim—
Its victors and vanquished at the end of the game.

Full many a game have I played in my day
Of this wonderful, charming, and cruel croquet,
But the chief one of all was one sweet afternoon
In the sad month, the mad month, the glad month of June,
Cousin Alice and Lulu, and Robert and I,
We played till the sun was croqueted from the sky.

Well, we won, Al and I, but through the dim wood
Lu and I wandered homeward in lover-like mood;
We had quarreled, repented—now I to Louise:
"We'll be partners to-morrow, if your ladyship please."
Then she: "I play better on your side, I know,
Because—well, because—I think you help me so."

"To-morrow not only, O love!" I replied,
"For ever and ever be thou on my side!"
O dim wood, O dark wood, O sky blushing red!
My heart pressed to hers felt the answer it made—
And above in the branches we both of us heard
The song of the sweetest-voiced singing bird.

## A VALUABLE NECKLACE.

"TALKING about cheap living."

We were sitting by the little stove in the little parlor of the little cottage that my wife and I had just moved into. It was the first house that we had occupied as sole tenants, and we were very proud of it. The first quarter's rent having been paid in advance, we felt that the premises were our own, and took liberties accordingly. Instead of keeping the parlor for state occasions we used it ourselves, considering it none too fine for that purpose, and were cracking nuts and drinking cider therein on this particular evening.

It is a great luxury to be able to do what one will in one's own house; and when my friend John came in with his wife to spend the evening, it gave me no little pleasure to offer him a cigar and to smoke with him, without fear of having some sharp-visaged landlady poking her outraged nose among the curtains and faughing and making unpleasant remarks about the "nasty smoke" for a week afterward.

And as we sat there smoking and sipping cider the conversation turned upon the cost of living—the high rents, the high prices that we have to pay for every thing, from butter to bonnets, from candles to cassimeres, compared with those of the good old days of hard money.

"Talking about cheap living," said John; "the cheapest that I ever found was among the Kanakas."

"Order!" said my wife, who attends the sessions of the General Assembly occasionally. "The gentleman from the Pacific has the floor."

"It was about eighteen years ago," continued John, "that I ran away from home and shipped on board a whaler bound for the North Pacific. We had not been out in blue water long when we found that our captain was an overbearing, tyrannical brute. How he could swear! The seventeen-cornered, high Dutch oaths that you read about are nothing to the torrent of curses that he let loose whenever things didn't suit him—which was always. The cat was his remedy for every thing that was wrong, and he kept it going lively. There was a little Portuguese who fell overboard one day, and as soon as we had rescued him the captain had him strung up and gave him a round dozen.

"So you see that we hadn't a very cheerful time of it, and you don't wonder that we watched for chances to run away. I found no opportunity to do this until one night while we were lying in a harbor about thirty miles above Honolulu, into which we had been driven by stress of weather. There were five of us on watch—four old 'shell-backs' to watch the ship and myself to watch them. As I was a mere boy the captain thought that I wouldn't dare to run away, and I had been made to understand that if any of the others did, and I didn't give the alarm, I should, as the captain expressed it, 'catch a little star-spangled h–ll.' But I had determined to leave with the rest, and prepared myself by stealing about five pounds of tobacco, which I put into a handkerchief and tied around my neck. You ladies may turn up your pretty noses at this, but it was the most valuable necklace that I ever wore.

"When all hands except the watch were asleep we quietly lowered a boat and pulled for the shore. The water was pretty rough, but we got along finely until we were within about half a mile of land, when a squall struck us and upset the boat. There was no use in trying to right her, so we had to swim for it. It was ticklish business, for the harbor was full of sharks, and the thought of furnishing one of them with the material for a midnight banquet was decidedly disagreeable. I would have given a great deal just then to have been at home in mother's kitchen. The tobacco was rather a heavy weight, but I knew how valuable it would be to me if I got ashore. If I didn't, it might sicken the shark that gobbled me—which reflection comforted me not a little. Don't be shocked, for I believe that I owe my life to this thought. The very ludicrousness of it amused me and kept me from becoming frightened and helpless. Think what a commotion five pounds of 'Navy' would cause among a shark's internal arrangements!

"I don't know how long I was in the water; but it seemed an age before I reached a little point of land that ran out into the bay. I found two of my comrades already there, and another joined us a few minutes afterward. Poor Sparling never reached the land, and we never found a trace of him. We were so exhausted after our swim that we lay down and slept till the sun, shining on our faces, woke us and we saw the ship sailing away. A fair wind had risen in the night, and the captain was doubtless afraid of losing the benefit of it if he waited long enough to send a boat's crew in search of us.

"There was a little river that emptied into the bay near where we were. We followed this up till we came to a Kanaka village consisting of about forty huts. We sought the chief, gave him a pound of tobacco, and so acquired all the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizenship.

"And now it was that my tobacco became useful. I had four pounds of it left, and it paid for my board and lodging during the whole time that I was a citizen of the island. For a piece as large as four of my fingers two natives went to work and put up a very comfortable hut made of boughs and leaves and grass. For a similar piece a Kanaka woman carpeted it with matting and furnished it with beds of dry moss. I gave a boy one small 'chaw,' and he brought us fish enough for supper; and for another built an oven of flat stones, fried the fish, and served them up with a dessert of wild fruits.

"Soon after our arrival I was taken sick, and before I recovered my comrades went down to Honolulu to ship again. The chief took quite a fancy to me, gave me a hut adjoining his own, and, when I got well in spite of his villainous prescriptions, offered me his daughter for a wife. I declined with thanks. She was short and squabby and too much a widow. She had already been the bonny bride of half a dozen runaway sailors.

"It was a lazy, quietly jolly, *sans souci* sort of a life that I led. You have an idea what *dolce far niente* means? That was the perfection of it. And sometimes, when I get bothered over my pleas and demurrers, and my head aches with studying some knotty question of the law of real property, I look back to it with not a little regret—or did before I was married. There was nothing to do but to sleep and eat and fish and swim; and if I had bad luck fishing, I only had to draw from my bank a piece of tobacco as big as a domino and buy all I wanted. There were no gas-bills or water-rates to pay, no butcher's bills to dispute, no enormous taxes to growl over, no notes falling due, no distress for rent, no scrimping and scraping to make both ends meet. We had no servant-girls to smash our crockery, abuse our wives, and leave us just when they were most wanted. While I was there I never knew what it was to feel a sinking sensation—a 'goneness'—in the neighborhood of the heart, caused by hearing the bowl clink against the bottom of the flour-barrel about the time that my rent was due, and I didn't know how I was going to raise it.

"I tell you, when I think of the way taxes and rents are piling themselves up, of the cavities that the butcher and the miller and the grocer make in a man's income—when I place my bank account before my mind's eye and think how nearly 'scooped' I am, I almost wish that I was back among the Kanakas with my five pounds of 'Navy.'"

"But, John," interrupted Mrs. John.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear; I'm not going back. Come to think of it, I suspect that I would lose more than I would gain. In the first place, I would be deprived of your society; for I couldn't take you with me. Unless you could swim like a fish and ride a half-wild bull, barebacked and 'man-fashion,' with a ring through his nose for a bit, you wouldn't shine in Kanaka society. And then, I couldn't have any Congressional debates to read, or any plan of Reconstruction to advocate, or any test oath or other 'Plantation Bitters' to take. I couldn't hear Anna Dickinson lecture or Parepa sing. I couldn't drop in and smoke your cigars and drink your cider. Besides, my Kanaka friends have become so civilized by this time that they would steal my tobacco as soon as I appeared among them. So I think I will stand our high prices for a while yet. And that's the end of my story."

"But," said my wife, who is not satisfied with an end that does not end every thing, "you have not told us how long you were sandwiched among the islanders" (my wife does better than this sometimes), "and how you got away."

"About three months," said John. "My supply of tobacco was nearly exhausted, and I went down to Honolulu for more. Finding a vessel there bound for Boston, I shipped on her and came home, bringing with me the last ounce of my tobacco, which I keep in a little numismatic collection that I have got together."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"TOWN meeting" in a quiet country village! What a bustle and stir it makes! Perhaps, good reader, you never happened to be rusticating in rural districts on the eventful day when votes were cast for Governor, and lesser officers of State, county, and town. But it is worth seeing—that eager crowd of well-to-do farmers, staid merchants, and hard-working mechanics flocking around the "polls"—and worth hearing the impromptu speech, the grave private counsel, the excited exclamation, the whispered *aside* of an electioneering candidate, or the earnest rebuke of a patriotic man. The village is full, the principal street is lined with horses and wagons, for from far and near the worthy farmers have come with a double object in view—first, to *vote*; secondly, to sell their butter, cheese, and apples at the highest market-price. So every wagon is laden with various commodities, and the patient horse stands waiting before the shops until his owner has cast his ticket. The Town House is the centre of attraction; motley groups cluster outside, orderly enough, yet in eager confabulation, not unmixed with loud words and rapid gesticulations. In these latter days modesty is not a characteristic of candidates, and electioneering and distributing votes for one's self is thought quite the thing *by some*. Watch a bit. That nervous-looking Democrat (you can class him on physiological principles), is "hail, fellow, well met" with that honest-eyed Republican. Listen. "How are you? Glad to see you. Have you voted?" "Yes, I have; but I didn't vote for *you!*" A rough diamond, it may be, but we need more for our country's sake. The day wears slowly away. While busy men are bustling through the streets quiet women in quiet parlors discuss the chances of the election, and throw their influence into one scale or the other. With evening come "returns" from the nearer towns, which are reported to eager listeners, grouped in the village post-office, shops, or taverns. But at ten o'clock a hush has stolen over the populace; the streets are still; and one after another the lights disappear from cottage windows. Election-day is over.

Once upon a time, during some revolutionary movement in France, an excited workman called at the banking-house of the Rothschilds and demanded that a division of riches be made, saying that no one had a right to be richer than another. The banker handed him a *sou* for his portion of what was in their hands, and the man feeling the absurdity of his demand at once left the banker undisturbed. More than one moral may be deduced from this incident. Without dwelling upon the most obvious, as many single *sous* make up the marvelous wealth of the Rothschilds, so every separate *vote* goes to swell the grand total for our country's honor or disgrace. "Let every man do his duty."

The magic letter "R" makes this month a hard one for the oysters after their long period of rest. People seem to be making up for lost time now that the "season" has come. It is stated that not less than 2500 vessels, and 8000 persons are engaged in merely the gathering and transportation of oysters for the New York market. In the city alone there are about 18,000 persons wholly engaged in opening, preparing, assorting, and packing.

Peaches and mosquitoes are uncommonly plenty this year. The potato crop in many sections of the country is being severely injured by rot. The cranberry crop in New Jersey is reported to be immense. In Louisiana the amount of sugar produced will be double that of last year. The season has been trying to the cotton crops, and in many sections disastrous.

The tower which has just been erected on Trinity Church, Brooklyn, is said to be the highest steeple either in New York or Brooklyn.

An enterprising mechanic in Illinois has built a buggy for the next President of the United States! A little ahead of the times.

The new cars which have been put on some of the city railroad lines are suggestive of cleanliness and comfort. They have no cushions, but the seats are made of alternate slats of oak and black walnut. This is a delightful substitute for the ancient and filthy upholstery which is still tolerated in some of the cars.

The Nicholson pavement is now being laid in Broad Street. If it proves a success in that street it will doubtless be adopted elsewhere.

A branch mercantile house is about to be established by A. T. Stewart in Boston.

After the union of Roxbury and Boston, which will, by the provisions of the Legislature, take place on January 1, 1868, Boston will rank in population the fourth city in the United States, New York, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn taking precedence.

A Bostonian has done a good deed in giving $15,000 to the Andover Theological Seminary for the formation of a tutorship in elocution.

An ingenious "Burglar's Detective" has just been patented. It consists of an alarm and combination lock, so arranged that, should a burglar attempt to enter a house, either through the door or window, it immediately sounds an alarm, indicates which door or window has been disturbed, and locks the door or the window, as the case may be. This contrivance seems superior to any thing of the kind hitherto invented. It will doubtless supersede the use of revolvers, for the burglar will run when the alarm sounds, and then it will be just as well to save one's powder. Consequently a variey of unfortunate accidents will be prevented. A Portland gentleman, the other night, thinking he heard burglars about his premises, discharged his revolver at somebody under a tree, and found upon investigation that he had shot his faithful dog which was snoozing comfortably in the front-yard. And we all remember about the lady who rose during the night to get some laudanum to relieve a distracting toothache, and was nearly murdered by her husband. Such mischances would never have occurred if the "Burgler's Detective" had been used.

*Apropos* of burglars, a pretty good story is told: A Brooklyn gentleman was aroused at midnight by a suspicious noise. As he arose in bed he saw standing in the room a rough-looking man with a bludgeon in his hand. "What do you want here?" inquired the gentleman. "I want your money or your life," suddenly replied the thief. "You do, eh?" and slipping his hand under his pillow, the intended victim drew forth a splendid revolver, sprang from the bed, and presented it at the head of the thief. "Now, Sir, I want your money or your life," he continued, still presenting his revolver. The thief "comprehended the situation at a glance," and fairly "shook in his boots" as he stammered, "I will go out, Sir." "No you won't, until you give me your money; then you may go." The thief drew from his pocket $10 and handed the sum over. "Now I want your coat." This was delivered. "Now I will take your shirt, boots, and pants." The thief hesitated. "If you don't take them off instantly I will shoot you dead where you stand, and throw your body out of the window." The thief complied, and stood naked. "Now you may leave," said the gentleman, "by the same way you came—through that window, down the shed, and over the fence. And if I ever see you within fifty yards of this house again, day or night, I'll shoot you dead." The thief took his departure; but when the hero related his adventure next morning to the family, who were entirely undisturbed by it, he was obliged to exhibit his captured clothing and money to induce belief.

Don't be too hasty in accusing your servants of dishonesty, although it is important to be watchful. A lady in Brooklyn, while walking in her garden, not long since, observed a neatly-made birds-nest in a cedar bush. On closer examination she was surprised to find that it was formed principally of Valenciennes lace, about seven yards composing the lining of the nest. She recognized the lace as some she had missed a few weeks before, and had suspected it had been taken by some of the servants in the house.

A mite of a Methodist preacher, only one inch taller than Tom Thumb, is causing a great sensation in England. He often has audiences of four thousand people. His name is Noble.

A New England journal gives an interesting sketch of a colored young man who, some twenty years ago, attended an academy in New Hampshire, and by his exemplary character and rapid progress in study won the confidence and affection of his teachers and fellow-students. On account of prejudices against his race in this country he sought a home in Liberia. He now owns a splendid farm of one thousand acres, under high cultivation, well stocked with cattle and agricultural implements. He is extensively engaged in the making and exporting of sugar and molasses. This enterprising farmer is also among the foremost public men of Liberia, is Speaker of the House of Representatives, and held in high honor by both natives and emigrants. His name is the Hon. Augustus Woodbury, and his old New England friends will be pleased to learn of his success.

It has been asserted that there are in the city of New York at least 7000 persons who wear false eyes. There are several places where false eyes are manufactured. What is called the optic is made from a peculiar white enamel, which closely resembles the white of the human eye. This optic is held and turned in the flame until it becomes red-hot, the glass being almost in a state of fusion. At this point the iris is introduced into an opening in the end of the optic, being melted in from the end of a small stick of glass of the color of the eye which it is wished to imitate. If the eye is brown, brown glass is used; if blue, blue glass is used. The pupil of the eye is always made with a drop of black glass imbedded in the centre of the iris. The blood vessels seen in the white of the eye are easily put in with red glass while the optic is glowing with heat. This eye, which is merely a thin glass shell, intended to cover the stump of a blind eye, can be made in less than an hour, and is at once ready to put in. After being dipped in water this shell is slipped in place, being held by the eyelids. The secret of imparting motion to it depends upon working the glass so that it shall fit the stump exactly. The operation is not painful; but a false eye should be removed at night, and in a few years becomes so worn that a new one is required.

There is a prospect that Mrs. Bishop, the wife of an American banker at Honolulu, will become Queen of the Sandwich Islands. Kamehameha, the present King, is slowly dying from the effects of a debauched life. He has no heir. Mrs. Bishop is an accomplished lady, and the lineal representative of a powerful chief who was overthrown by the ancestor of the present royal house.

Here's a chance for a poor young man. It is currently reported that there is a certain young lady at Cape May who is said to have refused four offers of marriage, her excuse being that her admirers were all too rich.

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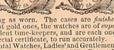

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The HUMOR DOCTOR cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Canker, Piles, Nettle Rash, &c. Numerous individuals who have used this remedy for Erysipelas give it the most flattering recommendations.
This preparation is composed entirely of vegetables, among which are Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Noble Pine, Mandrake, and Bloodroot.
When the originator lived in New Hampshire, for the space of thirty or forty miles around the Humor Doctor was well known and highly valued for the numerous and wonderful cures which it effected. Though manufactured in large quantities, the supply was frequently exhausted, and purchasers had to wait for more to be made. Erysipelas sores, or carbuncles—those ugly, painful ulcers—were entirely removed wherever this medicine was faithfully used. So it was with Scrofula and Salt Rheum. The Humor Doctor cured them.
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## Principal Portion of the Main Stem Line between the Two Oceans.

Its line extends from Sacramento, on the tidal waters of the Pacific, eastward across the richest and most populous parts of California, Nevada, and Utah, contiguous to all the great Mining Regions of the Far West, and will meet and connect with the roads now building east of the Rocky Mountains. About **100** miles are now built, equipped, and in running operation to the summit of the Sierra Nevada. Within a few days **35** miles, now graded, will be added, and the track carried entirely across the mountains to a point in the Great Salt Lake Valley, whence further progress will be easy and rapid. Iron, materials, and equipment are ready at hand for **300** miles of road, and **10,000** men are employed in the construction.

The local business upon the completed portion surpasses all previous estimate. The figures for the quarter ending August 31 are as follows, IN GOLD:

| GROSS EARNINGS. | OPERATING EXPENSES. | NET EARNINGS. |
|---|---|---|
| $487,579 64 | $86,548 47 | $401,031 17 |

Or at the rate of about two millions per annum—of which more than three fourths are net profit—on less than 100 miles worked. This is upon the actual, legitimate traffic of the road, with its terminus in the mountains, with only the normal ratio of Government transportation, and is exclusive of the materials carried for the further extension of the road.
The Company's interest liabilities during the same period were less than $125,000.
Add to this an ever-expanding through traffic, and the proportions of the future business become immense.

The Company are authorized to continue their line eastward until it shall meet and connect with the roads now building east of the Rocky Mountain ranges. Assuming that they will build and control half the entire distance between San Francisco and the Missouri River, as now seems probable, the United States will have invested in the completion of **865** miles **$28,592,000,** or at the average rate of *thirty-five thousand dollars* per mile—not including an absolute grant of *ten millions of acres* of the public lands. By becoming a joint investor in the magnificent enterprise, and by waiving its first lien in favor of the First Mortgage Bondholders, the General Government, in effect, invites the co-operation of private capitalists, and has carefully guarded their interests against all ordinary contingencies.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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## SIR FREDERICK BRUCE.

The sudden death, at Boston, on September 19, of Sir Frederick Bruce, English Minister at Washington, has served to recall many pleasant recollections of the distinguished gentleman. After various services in various diplomatic capacities in China, Newfoundland, Bolivia, Uraguay, and Egypt, Sir Frederick was appointed Minister to this country. He reached Washington early in April, 1865, at the moment the rebellion was going to pieces Mr. Seward was at the time confined to his bed by injuries occasioned by being thrown from his carriage; and the arrangements for the presentation of the new Minister to President Lincoln had to be made by the Assistant Secretary of State, F. W. Seward. After the Cabinet meeting on Friday, the 14th, Secretary F. W. Seward asked President Lincoln if he would receive Sir Frederick Bruce on the following day. President Lincoln replied, "Yes, at any hour you choose." The Acting-Secretary then inquired, "Shall it be at 2 o'clock, in the blue room?" "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "at 2 o'clock, and be sure to send up the speeches, as I like to read over those things beforehand." Promising to do so, Mr. Seward took his leave, and on the same day sent up to Mr. Lincoln the drafts of the speeches.

On the night of that day Mr. Lincoln was assassinated, and the attempt was made to take the life of both the Secretary and son. By this attempt the last-named was left totally unconscious and ill for many days. The first sign of returning consciousness exhibited by him was his asking, "Has Sir Frederick Bruce been presented yet?" On being informed that he had, he asked, "By whom?" The reply was, "By Mr. Hunter." Sir Frederick had been presented on the 20th of April to President Johnson by Mr. Hunter, who had in the mean time been appointed Acting-Secretary of State. Mr. F. W. Seward asked, "What day of the week is it?" The answer given was, "Tuesday." "What day of the month?" The day was named, which reply being unsatisfactory, he then inquired, "What month is it?" "The response was, "May;" and so he learned that it was the month of May. It was not until a month later than this that he was informed of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, and of the accession of President Johnson.

THE LATE SIR FREDERICK BRUCE.—[Photographed by Brady.]

Sir Frederick was about fifty-two years of age, though his bald head and white hair and whiskers caused him to impress a stranger as at least ten years older. He was one of the sprightliest and most lively of men, and was regarded as the most fluent and brilliant conversationist at Washington. He first came to this country in 1841, in connection with Lord Ashburton's legation, and he was at that time much admired for his personal beauty. Rufus Choate said of him that he was "the Corinthian part of the British legation." He always expressed great admiration and friendship for the United States, and it was principally the knowledge of this feeling which occasioned his appointment as Minister to Washington. The only one of our institutions he objected to was the railroad regulation which prohibited a gentleman entering certain cars unless accompanied by a lady. As the deceased Minister usually desired to ride in other cars than those filled with smokers and tobacco-chewers, whenever he traveled he was under the ludicrous necessity, being a confirmed bachelor, of taking his cook with him, as a means of obtaining admittance to the ladies' car.

The family of Bruce is one of the oldest in England. Like all the first families of England its head came over with William the Conqueror. Among the most illustrious members of the family was Robert Bruce of Scotland; and the royal lines of Bruce, Stuart, and Guelph are descended from the same stock. The first of the line of each of these houses was Robert de Bruys, a Norman.

COLLISION OF THE STEAMERS "DEAN RICHMOND" AND "CORNELIUS VANDERBILT" ON THE HUDSON RIVER, September 19, 1867.—[See next Page.]

## STEAMBOAT COLLISION ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

The *Dean Richmond* and *Cornelius Vanderbilt*, steamers of rival lines on the Hudson River, collided on the night of September 19 near Rondout, and the former immediately sunk to her upper saloon-decks. Our illustration on this page represents the two vessels at the moment of the disaster. The following statements of passengers on the *Richmond* will explain the nature and circumstances, and perhaps suggest the cause of the collision.

Professor Marsh, of Fort Hamilton, was sitting near the bow of the *Dean Richmond*, and saw the light of the approaching *Vanderbilt*. He says: "I watched her closely, and saw she was coming in a straight line for our boat; but I thought she would turn off, unless the parties on board were asleep. She did not, however, do so until, when within fifty yards of each other, one of the boats blew a whistle, and then both turned sharp, but in the same direction—to the left—toward the New York shore. I saw them approach each other, and when within about fifteen yards of the *Vanderbilt*, knowing the collision was inevitable, I ran for my friends, to get them up, and roused all the people I could, and told them to get up, as the boats were going to strike. I then ran toward the bow, and was about half-way, near the engine-house, on the first saloon, when the crash came—and such a crash I never heard before. The two boats then stuck fast in each other, and remained so until the *Dean* began to sink—when the state-rooms of the *Vanderbilt* were all broken—and it was only then the two steamers got loose, and the *Dean Richmond* went down. The *Vanderbilt* struck the other in the bow and crushed some of the first-class state-rooms, and as the *Richmond* was sinking all the cabins rested on the *Vanderbilt*. The two boats presented a very shattered appearance, and the bow of the *Vanderbilt*, which was a false one, was to be seen hanging in the water."

William H. Vanderburg, the pilot of the *Dean Richmond*, says: "The *Vanderbilt* was observed from the pilot-house of the *Richmond* fully 15 minutes before the collision, and the officers on duty had remarked, 'There comes the *Vanderbilt*,' thus proving that there was ample time to avoid the catastrophe. When about half a mile apart the whistle of the *Vanderbilt* was sounded twice—the legal signal of her desire to pass on the port, or left-hand side. The *Richmond's* whistle returned the signal in assent, and her head was put to the left to pass on that side. Just as she had veered to this new course, the *Vanderbilt's* whistle sounded again—this time a single blow, signifying that she wished to pass on the starboard or right-hand side. At this time the boats had approached so closely that it was impossible for the *Richmond* to alter her course, and she therefore sounded her whistle three or four times in succession, intimating a confusion of signals and that she could not change her course. At the same time her engine bell was sounded in rapid succession, first to 'slow' her, then stop, and finally to back. At the moment the two vessels came together the engines of the *Richmond* were backing hard, and her headway was entirely checked."

A colored porter on the *Richmond* was the only person lost by the collision; the 140 passengers on the same steamer, although in a great state of excitement and confusion, were safely transferred to other vessels.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 5, 1867.

## IMPEACHMENT.

The subject of impeachment has received a fresh impulse from recent events. The later action of the President has been so flagrant in its hostility to the plain intention of the laws that many persons who have hitherto steadily opposed the project of impeachment now begin to feel that there is no other remedy for the situation. But it by no means follows that those who have demanded impeachment were therefore right. It may be highly probable that a surly and willful man will break the peace, but it would be a great mistake to punish him for surliness. The criminal law must wait for overt acts.

The same reasoning does not altogether apply, indeed, to the case of impeachment, but its spirit does. When the cry for impeachment was first raised there was no general demand for such action, because there was no general conviction of its necessity. Certain persons were very sure that it would become a necessity, and therefore they insisted upon the measure. But they could not expect that the country would share their opinion without further evidence, and they probably did not. The wisest of them confided sufficiently in their own sagacity to believe that the President would show without much delay his intention to thwart the purpose of the people. The removal of General Sheridan was popularly accepted as the final proof of that intention, and it was understood, and even announced, that several prominent opponents of impeachment, including Mr. Wilson, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, were converted to the belief of its necessity.

Yet, technically and verbally, up to the present moment, the President has not violated the law. The law gave him authority to remove General Sheridan. Indeed, it was one of the objections urged against the Reconstruction bill that the President might appoint whomsoever he chose under the express conditions of the law; and when he named Sheridan, Sickles, and the rest his action was regarded as a sign of acquiescence, while it was not denied that he might have named others at his pleasure. So with his suspension of Mr. Stanton. It is not a literal violation even of the Civil Tenure bill, which was supposed to bind him so closely. The President has taken good care to guard that point, at least to the present time. Should he go further and direct the reopening of the registry, in order to admit those persons who are excluded by law, then, of course, unless Congress intended to surrender the government of the country, it would impeach the President for breaking the law.

But it is plain that a President may properly be impeached and removed without any technical or literal violation of law upon his part. The offenses for which he may be impeached are not criminal in the ordinary sense, nor is his punishment such. He is impeached, if at all, for political offenses, and his punishment is simply removal from a political office. His guilt must be determined, therefore, from the very nature of political offenses, not merely by verbal violations of a law, but by a conceded and evident and perilous obstruction of the execution of a law. If the plainly expressed sentiments of the President and his public action show that, deeming the law unconstitutional, he proposes to defeat its execution, and if his conduct accordingly exposes the nation to serious peril, Congress will undoubtedly act in the spirit and not merely by the letter of the Constitution which authorizes impeachment. The words of the fourth section of the second article of the Constitution of the United States are: "The President, Vice-President, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office on impeachment for and conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." What is a high crime in this sense? What is a misdemeanor?

We would not strain the words of the Constitution. We would not lightly interpret even so mild a word as misdemeanor, for the precedent would be dangerous and it would be surely invoked. But while Andrew Johnson is President it is impossible that the great work of reconstruction can properly proceed. The experience of two years shows that in every way he will thwart and embarrass it, and that he will not hesitate, as now, to hold the whole country in agitating suspense. The question is whether his continuance in the Presidential office, watched by a permanent Congress, is not a greater peril than the process of impeachment. If the conduct of the President is such that Congress can not safely adjourn lest he should baffle the execution of the laws, is not his conduct a misdemeanor within the intent of the Constitution? It is useless to say that if the elections show that the people still support Congress the President will change his course. Did not the elections of last year most emphatically show the feeling of the people? And are we now any nearer peace than then? Is there any less necessity of a permanent session of Congress than there was last year? Has not every election since the President's policy was understood rebuked it, and has he changed his course?

The precedent of impeachment, when there has been no technical violation of the law, is undoubtedly dangerous. But great political offenders, as we have seen in the case of the rebel chiefs, protect themselves and mature their designs under technicalities and literal interpretations. The part of a great statesman in a great emergency is to determine when to rely upon the spirit of the law, even without the letter. It is a risk, indeed, but in great emergencies risks must be taken. The execution of Strafford can, perhaps, hardly be justified, for the impeachment failed and he was reached by an act of attainder. In our time, as the latest English writer upon the subject, Goldwin Smith—whose paper upon Pym we commend to our readers—says, no just man would use it against the worst and most dangerous of criminals. Yet although his execution may not be justified, Strafford was intriguing to put an army under the king's command to subvert the fundamental law, and he was undoubtedly guilty of treason against the nation. Had it no right to defend itself in any manner whatever? Had it no right to lay hands upon Strafford and imprison him? Under the circumstances, would it have been a valid argument against it to say that hereafter Hampden or Pym might also be accused of treason against the nation and imprisoned? It seems to us to have been precisely one of the emergencies in which the risk must be taken. It was like the order of the New York police forbidding Fernando Wood to send arms to Robert Toombs. Wood asserted that they were private property going to a citizen of the United States. The police and the common-sense of the country declared that they were arms going to a rebel and stopped them. Strafford should not have been executed, but, in the highest interests of the public safety, he might have been imprisoned.

We believe that public sentiment would justify impeachment. But it is for the Judiciary Committee to determine whether the case can be so presented as to make conviction a moral certainty. If it can not, then the process should not be attempted. There must be something very different from Mr. Ashley's charges as the ground of action. Acts must be fully proved which are a violation of law, or which imply an unmistakable intention to thwart the honest execution of the laws and to endanger the safety of the country.

## GENERAL GRANT.

It is asserted that General Grant has been urged to write a letter defining his position. What kind of a letter? A letter for the purpose of saying that he is wholly opposed to the President's conduct and to his theory of the situation? A letter declaring his hearty adhesion to the principles and policy of the Republican party? But what kind of letter is it supposed would satisfy those who are still in doubt upon these points? If in times like these a man's conduct does not reveal his sympathies how can his words do it?

We said a few weeks since that the country must be in no doubt as to the position of the person whom the Republican party might nominate for President. We said also that we did not believe that General Grant—if he were to be a candidate at all—would expect the nomination of the Republican party so long as there was any obscurity as to his political views. Then in the course of his duty General Grant wrote a letter to the President deprecating the removal of General Sheridan. It was more than a letter, it was an act, and it was an act susceptible of one interpretation only. He is not likely to write letters for the purpose of writing letters, nor of saying what he thinks upon subjects upon which he is compelled to act. It seems to us that General Grant's temperament and training will determine the methods by which he will reveal his opinions. In so conspicuous a position, and from the necessity of his official conduct, he manifests himself and his sympathies exactly as Mr. Stanton did. Did he write letters? Did he constantly explain himself? Would he be required to state the reasons of his continuance in Mr. Johnson's cabinet if there were an intention or hope of nominating him for the Presidency?

We repeat that General Grant can not be nominated by the Republican party unless that party is satisfied of his sympathy with its views and measures. But a letter only is not satisfactory evidence to any thoughtful man. We want the sincerity of the act as well as the verbal assent. Whether the General writes or does not write, there is a very decided opinion of his position in the mind of every honest Republican. It is that opinion derived from many sources which will determine the nomination.

We do not think that they are very wise who are trying to persuade the General to write a letter for the purpose of defining his position. No man in such a condition of the country as the present should be willing to nominate a President because of any letter written for the purpose of affecting the nomination. When words are acts, and when letters written in the course of duty are harmonious with the whole impression given by a man's conduct, then indeed his letter is important, and will necessarily be influential.

It seems to us that we know all of General Grant's opinions and feelings that we are likely to know. We do not believe that a letter will change the public impression. He is a man without political antecedents, as they are called, who as an army officer, bred in the traditions of the army, eschewed politics, and, as we understand, never voted but once, and then for Buchanan, and has been heartily sorry for it ever since, with a great many other good men who did the same thing. From the beginning of the war he has evidently been under no misapprehension of its scope and meaning. When the war was over he went a little way into the rebel States, and upon his return recommended a generous policy. That he did not mean by generosity weakness or folly is evident enough. As General of the army, upon invitation of the President, he accompanied the contemptible and melancholy procession of the summer of 1866. But in the midst of it he spoke the few sharp, clear words reported by the Chicago or Cincinnati journal, which showed precisely where he stood, and which rebuked more powerfully than any other censure the effort of the President. Since then, during the last sessions of Congress, he and Mr. Stanton have been united not only in intimate personal friendship but in steady opposition to the whole policy of the President. No man more earnestly than he has labored with Congress not to trust an Executive who had shown himself utterly untrustworthy. Upon this subject he was just as positive as Mr. Stevens or Mr. Sumner.

These things are fully known to the country. General Grant, indeed, has not himself said much about them or about any other of his actions and opinions. But by such impression as he has already made upon the national heart and mind he must stand or fall if he is a Presidential candidate, and with that impression he may be satisfied. He can not disturb the past any more than Andrew Johnson. The loyal people wholly trust him now, or they never will. And we wonder if those who most warmly deprecated his going into the War Department now condemn his action, and whether his removal or suspension under the circumstances would not cause much more alarm even than the suspension of Mr. Stanton. Does not the loyal national heart wholly trust him? And if it does not, would a letter convert it?

## "THE EVE OF EVENTS."

It is the height of folly to suppose that the President does not meditate, under certain circumstances, a violent solution of the present situation. We have already endeavored to alarm our readers. Better a false alarm than a fatal apathy or a smiling incredulity. We have also endeavored elsewhere in these columns to show that the question of violence depends very much upon the result of the elections of the autumn. If, from any indifference of feeling, the Republican party declines to poll its full strength, and the Democratic party regains power, the President will undoubtedly forcibly resist a process of impeachment, should Congress think fit to proceed with it.

Nor is it wise to regard such a warning as a mere electioneering trick. The Democratic papers, whose interest it is to lull public apprehension, may loudly say this, but no man who has watched the President, and who understands the force of human passions, will think so. Nor is it of any importance to demonstrate that violence upon the President's part would be hopeless and utterly futile. Men in his position do not reason. They do not clearly calculate chances. A desperate and ignorant and passionate man strikes indeed blindly and wildly, but he strikes. Does the country fully understand this? Do the people perceive that the peril is vital and imminent? Do they see that it is not enough to wait for impeachment by Congress, because a Democratic success at the polls would be interpreted by the President as a popular verdict against Congress? Do they feel that the peace of the country depends upon the elections of this autumn as much as its safety hung upon that of 1864? If Ohio and Pennsylvania and New York fully understand this we have no fear of the result. If they do not, every man and woman in the country ought to fear the worst.

We commend to our friends in all those States the following extract from a letter which we have just received from Washington, written by a perfectly calm and capable observer, who served through the late war: "Do people up North appreciate that we are on the eve of great events? Straws show which way the wind blows, and from little things that I am enabled to see in military circles it is evident that they think it not at all unlikely that their swords may have to fly out at any moment; and they keep them well-sharpened and loose in the scabbards, ready for the contingency."

## THE MAIN QUESTION.

Is the will of the President the law of the land? That is the question which the people of this country are now summoned to answer. He calls his will the Constitution, and his persistence obedience to the Constitution. But by what authority does the President insist that his view of the Constitution shall prevail, after Congress has declared against his view in the manner which the Constitution prescribes? When Congress has passed a law or approved a policy to which the President objects that, in his judgment, it is not constitutional, Congress must reconsider its determination, and can not make it lawful except by a majority of two-thirds. But when that is done the President has but two constitutional alternatives—one is resignation, and the other is a faithful execution of the law.

These are the most elementary truths of our political system, and the intention of the Constitution is evident. It is to avoid a conflict of authority. It is to confine the President to a purely executive function when his objections have failed to defeat the law. An honorable man of profound convictions, who, as President, had vainly opposed what he deemed fatally unconstitutional and perilous to the country, might resign, and by his resignation impress upon the country, as nothing else could, the gravity of the emergency. But no honorable man, who, as President, had objected in vain, and who did *not* resign, would attempt, either directly or indirectly, to thwart the will of the people in Congress constitutionally expressed. To do that would be to attempt a revolution, and that is precisely what the President is now attempting. He has not, indeed, as yet technically violated the law, but he is hedging and temporizing so that the law may be violated; and he is responsible, with the Democratic party supporting him, for the paralysis which has fallen upon the subject of reconstruction. Let us see how.

Congress has passed a law providing for registry and election in the late rebel States. The President vetoed the law. He declared that he thought it wholly unconstitutional and de-

structive of civil liberty. Congress passed the law over his veto. Instead of resigning or faithfully executing the law in its spirit and for its declared purpose, the President began to prevaricate, to perplex, and to denounce. He repeats in public and in private his conviction that Congress is virtually treasonable to the Constitution, and appeals, as he says, to the people against Congress; that is to say, he appeals to the people against their representatives. Such a course plunges the whole country into confusion. The President arrays himself against a law constitutionally enacted; issues proclamations and makes removals of officers intended to defy and delay the will of the country as expressed by Congress, upon the ground that Congress does not represent the people, and that he, elected two years before Congress, *does* represent them. This brings him into an attitude of hostility to Congress, which the Constitution does not contemplate, and which no honorable officer would assume. So long as that hostility lasts it is impossible to foresee its issue. It will depend very much upon the personal character of the President whether it will not end in violence. Meanwhile it is impossible for the country to become tranquil. Industry and trade are both disturbed. The States in question are universally agitated. Immigration ceases. Capital refuses to invest. The spirit of rebellious hate to the Government and the Union is kept awake. A true loyalty is discredited and depressed, and the social disturbance of the war is indefinitely prolonged.

This is precisely the situation into which the President has thrown the country. Instead of resigning he has chosen to remain and to evade the execution of the law, hoping that a reaction might arise which would justify him in his opposition to the law. In other words, he erects his will as law, and defies Congress and the Constitution. Now what one President does any President may do. If upon a difference between the Executive and Congress the Executive may defeat the operation of a law, the whole government is substantially concentrated in him. Do the people of this country mean to approve such a view? On the contrary, if the present situation is fairly understood by them, there is no conceivable doubt that they would express themselves as they have during the war and in the last year's election.

It is to this point that we would draw public attention. The State elections, locally important as they may be, are, of necessity, in the present situation of the country, mainly significant in their national relations. This may be a matter of regret, but it is nevertheless a fact, and we must deal with it. If the party which does not agree with the President that Congress is "a body hanging upon the verge of the Government" should be defeated even upon the local State issues, the President would not fail to regard it as a popular decision in his favor, and he would wage his war with Congress more fiercely than ever. The one point, then, which should be plainly kept in view by the country, and constantly and earnestly presented by orators and journals is, that in the coming elections we are all voting for or against the settlement of reconstruction by Congress. Wherever the Union party is defeated, the defeat will be interpreted to mean support of the President against Congress. Wherever it is victorious, the people will be understood to decide that the President's will is *not* the law of the land.

## THE MONETARY DISTURBANCES.

Our readers in the rural districts, whose even course of trade and business is scarcely rippled by the spasmodic eruptions that disturb the large commercial centres, have little conception of the degree of excitement and disorder that attend these financial disturbances in our city. They read, betimes, of sudden and unaccountable flurries in Wall Street, of panics at the Stock Exchange, and of rapid fluctuation in the gold premium; or, quite possibly, these perturbations of the monetary atmosphere arise and pass away altogether without their notice. They are quite beyond the influences of mere temporary derangements of the market. The manipulations of speculators and the results that flow from hidden causes, the tricks of the trade, the reciprocal effect of shrewdly-concocted financial schemes upon political party measures, are alike incomprehensible to their minds. It is not the province of this paper to watch and report the course of the money market from week to week; yet, while we prefer to deal in more comprehensive topics, it is well to occasionally advise our readers of the financial situation.

Upon the eve of important elections, or when great constitutional changes are contemplated through legislative action, then all manner of wild schemes are sprung upon the public to influence the measures proposed; alarming rumors circulate and multiply; apprehensions of public calamity not clearly defined are excited. Acutely sensitive to slightest indications of danger, the money market tightens, government securities decline, stocks tumble, and the gold premium advances. The ocean cable telegraphs the alarm to Europe, and holders of our bonds anxiously calculate the chances of repudiation. Wiseacres offer all sorts of explanations of this strange state of affairs—this sudden clouding over of the sky of promised prosperity. High public officers at once become targets of accusation; direct accusations of patriotic men of open schemes of repudiation are made. The Secretary of the Treasury is charged with collusion with speculators; and the strong hints and stronger facts of preparations for armed revolution in high places are used to disturb the markets. At such periods of excitement no rumor is too wild or too improbable for belief. But the storm is but generally of few days' duration. The wave of panic gradually subsides, and business resumes its wonted channels. The fever is intermittent and not dangerous, though the symptoms are often alarming. In this country, fortunately, revolutions are not easily ignited, although the popular system is nervous and sensitive.

One of such periods of panic has just overborne the market, we can not justly say without apparent cause. There are political influences at work which justify alarm and apprehension of trouble to come, and which the popular sentiment ought to crush before they produce greater mischief; but, as is always the case, the trouble is aggravated by speculators of all stripes. The pressure for money is increasing, call loans on "Governments" having advanced to 7 per cent. Efforts are continued to make the market even more stringent. The opinion is, that the tightness will continue until the quarterly bank statement is made up. "Governments" show a slight decline. The increased pressure for currency has caused a further decline in gold; gold is now 3 per cent. below the recent highest point. The policy of the Secretary of the Treasury works in behalf of the Bear interest, with a large idle cash balance on hand, pressing sales of gold and selling Five-Twenty bonds. A sound financial course would be to sell when the money market is easy. These large sales of gold and Five-Twenties require legal-tender notes in payment; thus the banks, being largely depleted of their legal tenders, are compelled to call in their loans extensively. The advance in the rate of interest checked the upward movement in stocks, and the market has suffered a very considerable depression, Erie taking the lead with a decline of 8 per cent. in the last few days. Reading holds on best, with a decline of only 1 per cent.

This ascendency of the Bear interest is likely to be strengthened by the general distrust of the future. There seems to be a growing belief that Congress, at its next convening, may adopt measures for winding up the National Banks, the pressure in that direction having increased. Such a course would only tend to complicate present difficulties, although its advocates claim that the substitution of legal tenders for National Bank notes need occasion no inflation of the currency. Our disordered finances are in danger of still greater derangement from the hatching of a new batch of so-called schemes for their better regulation. We trust that the derangement of the money market may be only temporary and not seriously affect general business, though the prevailing opinion seems to be that more trouble is to follow.

## ANTIETAM AND GETTYSBURGH.

The dedication at Antietam was an occasion which, although utterly different in spirit and impression, inevitably recalled that at Gettysburgh, and the grateful honors that were tenderly paid to the heroes of the one field were renewed in the public heart to those of the other. The battle of Antietam under another commander than M'Clellan would have been the turning-point of the war. It was contested with wonderful bravery by our men; and the work of Hooker in the morning and of Burnside at the bridge were but illustrations of the universal valor. It should have been a great and glorious victory. That was what the invincible courage of the soldiers and the skill of the officers made it. But the peculiar temperament of M'Clellan turned it into a mere check and delay of the enemy. The instinct and knowledge of a whole people are not unjust. They do not err in their estimate of the quality of Thomas at Chickamauga, of Grant in the Wilderness, or of Sheridan in the Shenandoah; and they do not mistake in their judgment of M'Clellan at Antietam. He failed in an extraordinay emergency. It is not necessary to accuse his loyalty. His conduct accuses itself.

There is nothing in the performances of the other day at Antietam that is particularly inspiring. The speech of Governor Fenton was the best of the speeches—simple, earnest, and uncompromising. The remarks of the President were, as usual, pointless, egotistical, and humiliating. They concluded with the same dreary twaddle about the Constitution which he has repeated until it is impossible not to remember what he himself said of a man who is perpetually prating of the Constitution—"Spot him for a traitor." His speech was neither simple, nor solemn, nor appropriate; it was merely commonplace prosing.

When Abraham Lincoln went to Gettysburgh the war was not over. The great responsibility hung heavily on that tender heart, that patient brain. "*Must* I speak?" he said to a gentleman who told him that a speech would be expected; and upon learning that he could not be excused, he went to his room for a little while and wrote. Then he came out, and the services began. The day was soft, and still, and hazy—an exquisite Indian Summer day and atmosphere. The hymn was sung, and Edward Everett, evidently remembering the discourse of Pericles over the Peloponnesian dead, delivered the oration. It was elaborate, and scholarly, and appropriate. But still the reality of the occasion demanded something that had not been said—something to satisfy a conscious want. Then, baring his head, Abraham Lincoln stepped to the front of the platform, and the great crowd gave one hearty shout and closed about him. In the profound silence that followed he spoke. The very winds were still, the air was a benediction, and his voice sounded clear and full to the furthest limit of the crowd. The people stood throughout without a sound, almost without motion. He ended, and for a short time the rapt silence was unbroken. Then another great and seemingly ceaseless shout arose: the Cemetery of Gettysburgh was consecrated, and the world had gained one of the noblest of human discourses.

Let us who were not at the late Antietam service renew our tender remembrance of those who fell there, and our hearty fidelity to the cause for which they died, by recalling the words of Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg: "In a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is rather for us to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the people by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

## THE ADJOURNMENT OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

The Republican members of the Constitutional Convention with the best intentions made a mistake at their caucus in refusing to resolve upon adjournment.

The framing of a Constitution for the State of New York is a very grave and difficult matter. The law calling the Convention should not have seemed to limit the time of its deliberations by providing for the submission of its work at the November election. If the people of the State were not willing that the Convention should take as much time for its duties as it thought necessary, they should not have called it together. But under the law as passed the Convention assembled on the 4th of June, and from that day forward, with the exception of a week's vocation at the 4th of July, it has faithfully continued its work. It was neither to be expected nor desired that it should meet upon Monday morning and sit until Saturday evening. The necessary work of such a Convention is too arduous for such incessant devotion. Physical and mental prostration would inevitably interfere with the proper performance of duty. Nor was there any imperative necessity of pressing the labor of the Convention beyond reason, nor of depriving the members who came to their work, already fatigued from their various avocations, of all the recreation to which the summer invites.

There has been a great deal of debate, some of it undoubtedly unnecessary, but very much of it important and instructive. More independence of thought and action upon the floor, more intelligent diligence in the Committee rooms, are not easily to be encountered in any deliberative body. But it has been for some time evident that the work could not be properly finished in time to be submitted at the election of this autumn. After the middle of September this became so sure that delegates of both parties did not affect to deny it. There was a suggestion of united action of the two parties for an adjournment. But whatever the reason, it was finally understood and frankly stated by leading Democrats that they preferred to await Republican action. As the majority, therefore, the Republicans consulted, and decided to do nothing until further consultation.

The mistake was in not perceiving that, when all the members of the Convention were fully convinced that their work could not be done in time for the election and that an adjournment was inevitable, further serious work, under the circumstances, was not to be expected. And what were the circumstances? In the first place, there was the general exhaustion and consequent half-indifference; in the second place, the imminence of party nominating conventions which would probably take away a quorum; and, thirdly, the fever of the party contest which had already begun, and which destroyed that tranquil frame of mind in which a great Constitutional work should be wrought.

The consideration that decided the caucus undoubtedly was the expectation founded upon assurances that the Democratic members would probably join if there were a little delay of the adjournment. But it was clear that if they were not ready to co-operate then they would not be ready at all. Whatever the individuals might think or say, the party necessity was imperative. And so it appeared upon the following day. There was general disappointment at the result of the caucus. The Democrats were vexed that the Republicans had not taken the whole responsibility, and the Republicans saw, too late, that they had vainly endeavored to avoid it. Both were posturing before an imaginary remorseless tyrant called "The People," who was sure not to see what every body saw, nor understand what every body understood. The truth is, that all that is necessary in the situation in which the Convention found itself is to suspend its work in such a manner and for such a time as seems wisest to it, provided only that it be done also in such time and manner that the people may fully understand the circumstances.

We hope, therefore, that before this paper is issued the Convention will have adjourned until early in the spring. Such an adjournment will cost the State no more, if the Legislature does not choose to increase the appropriation. The members will have time to learn the opinion of the whole State upon the sketch of a Constitution contained in the Reports of the Committees. They will come together taught by experience to make all possible haste, and a Constitution will be submitted to the people which is not the work of jaded minds, but of renewed energy and larger knowledge.

## A NOTE FROM SPEAKER COLFAX.

In speaking of the circular against the nomination of General Grant for the Presidency, which has been very widely disseminated, we ventured to say that the effort to make it appear to be issued in the interest of Speaker Colfax was a gross slander upon that gentleman. The following note shows that we had not misapprehended him:

"South Bend, Indiana, *September* 14, 1867.

"My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for having anticipated my denial of any knowledge of the 16 Reasons Circular, as well as of any sympathy with its charges, in your editorial, which I have just seen. I am satisfied that it was the weak invention of an enemy, intended to create the impression which it did. But the suspicion by any Republican that I sympathized with it has been very annoying; and I am the more grateful that with your wide circulation you so kindly and promptly expressed your opinion.

"Respectfully yours, Schuyler Colfax.

"To the Editor of 'Harper's Weekly.'"

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Ord, commanding the Fourth Military District, has forbidden assemblages of armed citizens, and requiring rebels returned from voluntary exile to report and be paroled.

General Ord has appointed a former slave and business-manager of Jeff Davis to be a Justice of the peace.

A negro judge presided at a recorder's court in New Orleans on September 18.

The colored majority in Charleston, South Carolina, is 1801.

The election in Virginia is to take place, according to General Schofield's order, on October 22; that in Georgia on October 29, 30, and 31.

The official vote of Tennessee is as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Brownlow, Republican | 74,484 |
| Etheridge, Democrat | 22,550 |
| Brownlow's majority | 51,934 |

### NEWS ITEMS.

General Ben. F. Butler, in a speech at Saulsbury Beach, Massachusetts, on September 18, declared that before the Government could become perfect it must declare equality of rights for all men, equality of taxation, every one bearing his proportion of the debt, and equality of punishment for traitors.

Clement L. Vallandigham, in a speech at Defiance, Ohio, on September 20, declared the pensions and bounties to the soldiers to be a sacred public debt, and that the National Banks were gross swindles.

A most important right was ceded to an American Company by the Colombian Government on August 15. On the conditions of the payment of $1,000,000 in cash, and the annual payment of $250,000 rental, the Panama Railroad Company is granted the exclusive right for ninety-nine years to construct and run railroads and canals across the isthmus of Panama; thus controlling a great portion of the European and East India trade.

Senator Thayer of Nebraska, in a speech at Cincinnati, Ohio, on September 22, alluding to the statements which have been made of the arming in Maryland and other preparations of Mr. Johnson to resist Congress, declared, "upon his responsibility as a Senator of the United States, that to-day Andrew Johnson meditates and designs forcible resistance to the authority of Congress."

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The "situation" in Italy would be laughable if it were not a matter of such serious importance. Garibaldi has begun in earnest his movement to overthrow the tyranny of the Pope and restore Rome to united Italy as its capital. Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, has proclaimed Garibaldi a "filibuster," while the Pope has denounced Victor Emanuel for selling the church lands outside of the Eternal City, and declaring the decrees null and void.

The late advances of the allied armies in Paraguay, which were heralded as a triumph over the Paraguayans, has turned out to be a very negative advantage to the allies. Humaity and Curapaity still hold out, and the allies are deep in the swamps of the Parana. The only change of note is the removal of the Marquias Copias, the former allied commander, and the succession of President Mitre of the Argentine Confederation to the chief command.

The body of Maximilian was delivered to the Austrian Admiral Tegethoff at the city of Mexico on September 7; and is now *en route* to Miramar.

## THE DRIFTING BOAT.

It had floated away from the beach and bay,
  Out of sight of tower and town,
An empty and a battered boat;
  But that boat would not go down.
The morning rose on the waters wide,
  And the night fell cold and dark,
Yet ever on with the wind and tide
  Drifted that battered bark.

The sail had passed from its broken mast,
  And its painted pride was dim;
The salt sea-weed clung round its bows,
  Which had been so sharp and trim.
Where were the merry mates and free
  Who had gone with it afloat
We never learned; but the world's wide sea
  Hath lives like that drifting boat—

Lives that in early storms have lost
  Anchor and sail and oar,
And never, except on Lethe's shore,
  Can come to moorings more;
Out of whose loveless, trustless days
  The hope and the heart have gone—
Good ships go down in the stormy seas,
  But those empty boats drift on!

They had hearts to sail in the wind's eye once;
  They had hands to reef and steer,
With a strength that would not stoop to chance,
  And a faith that knew no fear;
But the years were long and the storms were strong,
  And the rainbow-flag was furled,
And they that launched for the skies have grown
  But the drift-wood of the world.

## REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

"It is not oratory—it is oratorio," said Dr. Bellows, describing a sermon of the preacher-poet, Robert Collyer. "He is a poet, artist, and singer in spite of himself. His broad, sweet soul has dived into the deeper truth of things, and when he speaks, as he always does, out of his experience, his dainty lips refuse all superfluous or unfit words, while tender, Burns-like images cluster round his thoughts, and his voice melts into a kind of song that, without the periods and pauses of ordinary speech, flows into the ear and heart with the effect of a fugue by Bach."

Rev. Mr. Collyer, of whom Dr. Bellows speaks, and a portrait of whom we give on this page, is one of the first preachers, one of the sweetest poets, and one of the most elegant orators in the country. He was born near Leeds, England, December 8, 1823, and at the age of 14 was apprenticed to a blacksmith. His thoughts were early turned into religious channels, and during the last year of his English life he frequently exhorted in Methodist meetings. After his arrival here in 1850 he preached regularly in the Methodist pulpits of the circuit, receiving during ten years' services a large return of grateful affection and enriching experience. During the last two years of his blacksmith life Mr. Collyer became acquainted with Lucretia Mott, the gifted Quakeress, and Dr. Furness, the well-known preacher and philanthropist, of Philadelphia. In 1859 he received an invitation to preach in the Unity Unitarian church at Chicago, and has since filled that position. With a natural perception of the beautiful, rare spiritual insight and tenderness mingled alike with sweetness and strength, he gives a freshness and glow to all subjects he touches. Both his thought and style are peculiarly rich and beautiful.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER, OF UNITY CHURCH, CHICAGO.

## THE BIBLE AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Some of the most interesting and attractive departments of the late Paris Exposition—the Gospel Hall, Missionary Museum, Bible House, and other religious stands—have been hardly alluded to by the American papers. We give on this page an illustration showing the buildings devoted to the uses of the Protestants of all countries, and the manner in which the distribution of Bibles by the agents of the various American and English societies for the propagation of religion was effected.

Rev. Samuel I. Prime writing, on April 16, to the New York *Observer*, says of these buildings and this labor:

"Entering the Grande Porte, the chief gate of the Park, we are in the midst of many curious, picturesque, some outlandish and some splendid edifices, arranged with no arrangement, but stuck in here, there, and any where, to destroy all uniformity, and give that charming variety that marks all the plans of this world's bazar. On the right of the entrance is a range of buildings, devoid of external ornament or grace, devoted to the uses of Protestant Christians. Religious tracts are given away at the windows of the first, and a wandering Arab in full costume acts as a colporteur, and distributes others in all languages. Who he is I do not know. He is doubtless a converted Oriental who has been employed in this work because of his attractive dress and his pleasant manner, which give him easy access to all. An army of colporteurs are at the same good work continually. They have a prayer-meeting every morning, and then go out to sow the seed of the word among the multitudes. A great part of it is sure to fall among thorns and soon to be choked; some, it is hoped, will come to fruit.

"Then comes the Bible House full of unopened boxes—not a Bible yet ready for distribution or exhibition. Then comes the Missionary Museum. All the Protestant Missions of Europe have their cases filled with curiosities, and to these I will return. Then comes the 'Saile Evangelique,' the Gospel Hall, which yesterday was dedicated. It is a neat, plain building, to seat four hundred or more people; too sombre within in its coloring, but convenient for its purpose. A platform is across one end, a gallery in the other over the door, and a small room behind the platform. Notice had been given the day before in the Protestant Churches, and now the house was thronged. Every available spot was occupied, and many must have been unable to get in. Next Sabbath day there will be religious services at different times in the English, the German, and the French languages, and from day to day there will be meetings for prayer and conference—thus the 'Salle Evangelique' will be a Christian exchange for all nations while the Exposition lasts.

"It was built with the knowledge of the inevitable facts that the Palace will be more thronged on Sunday than any other day in the week; and however much we from the United States and they of England may desire it otherwise, the French would as soon think of closing their streets and squares on Sundays as a place of entertainment like the Great Exposition."

Since the above was written the labor has been begun and completed; the Bibles no longer remain boxed, but have been widely distributed. No official statement has been published of the result of these labors. The committee of the "Kiosque Biblique" have published a card in which they state that they have distributed more than 1,500,000 copies of the Bible in sixteen different languages. Of this number the French soldiers received about 50,000 copies; the remainder have been distributed among Jews, Arabs, Spaniards, Italians, French, and Russians.

DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES AND TRACTS IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES BY PROTESTANT CHRISTIANS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

A VILLAGE OF THE SANTEE INDIANS NEAR FORT THOMPSON, MINNESOTA.—[Sketched by J. D. Howland.]

## THE INDIAN COMMISSION.

We have heretofore given full illustrated accounts of the warlike Indians of the Plains, and the war going on for their subjugation and removal to reservations more remote from the important lines of railroads now being built through Kansas and Colorado. In this issue our illustrations are of the more peaceable Indians of Dakota, and are designed to mark the progress of the Peace Commissioners who are trying to settle the war which, under General Sherman's management, promised to continue indefinitely.

STRONG WALKER, CHIEF OF THE PONKAS.

The present Peace Commission was authorized by Congress at its July session, after it became clearly apparent that General Sherman's operations were effecting nothing. It consists of Hon. W. G. Taylor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs; John B. Sanborn, of Minnesota; Senator John B. Henderson, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs; Samuel F. Tappan, of Colorado; Lieut.-General William T. Sherman; and Major-Generals Wm. T. Harney and Alfred H. Terry. They are authorized to conclude a peace, settle all existing difficulties, and locate the various tribes on permanent reservations.

The members of the Commission met in St. Louis on August 6, and made arrangements for a fall trip. Runners were sent to call in the tribes in Nebraska and Idaho at Fort Laramie, Dakota, on Nov. 10; and the tribes in Kansas and Colorado at Fort Larned, Kansas, on Nov. 20. In the mean time the Commission started (August 13) up the Missouri River, in the steamer *Saint John*, and on August 19 held a council on the steamer, at Fort Thompson, with the head chiefs of the Ogallas, Brules, and Yankton tribes of Sioux, and the Santee Indians.

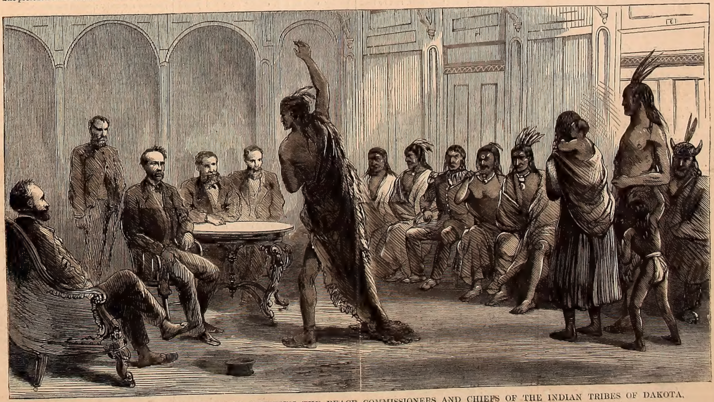
Our illustrations are representations of this Council, a Village of the Santees, and portraits of Chiefs of the Poncas and Santee tribes. The latter tribe is the one which committed the Minnesota massacres of 1862, and Big Eagle, whose portrait we give, was one of the most prominent in that outrage. Mr. Lincoln pardoned him, with several others, and he returned to his tribe, in which, though nominally deposed, he controls a powerful faction. Big Drum and Strong Walker are chiefs of the Poncas, a tribe now numbering about 900 souls. Big Drum is the "exquisite" of his tribe, and in the Council appeared very proud and vain of his head-gear. He has a nobler ambition than most dandies, few of them aspiring to look like any thing fiercer than a poodle; but Big Drum gets himself up to look as much like a buffalo as possible. He has put his whole mind on the subject, and has evidently succeeded to his own satisfaction.

BIG EAGLE, CHIEF OF THE SANTEES.

All the speeches of these chiefs, and indeed all which the Commission have thus far listened to, have been composed solely of appeals for help during the coming winter. The Indians unite in saying that their crops have failed, that their agents have no money or supplies with which to aid them, and that they must again throw themselves on the clemency of their Great Fathers, by whom, one of them said, they meant "the white people of the country." These Indians have farms and do a little at farming; but it is evident that they are idle and shiftless, and unable to take care of themselves.

The original intention of the Commission was to have reached Fort Larned as early as October 20, and to have completed their labors very soon thereafter; now the probability is that they will not be able to report to Congress until near the close of the ensuing winter session, or at least until it will be too late to devise any action for the mutual relief of Indians and settlers, and the proper legislation will have to be longer and indefinitely postponed.

BIG DRUM, CHIEF OF THE PONKAS.



COUNCIL ON THE STEAMER "SAINT JOHN" BETWEEN THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS AND CHIEFS OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF DAKOTA.

[Sketched by J. D. Howland.]

## A SEPTEMBER SONG.

THE sad September gale sobs o'er the sea:
 The wave curls darkly with a sound of dread;
 The breaker moans around as for the dead;
And all the ocean sighs a dirge to me.

The sweet September sleeps along the shore,
 Drunk with the breath of thousand summer flowers;
 But all are faded from their greenwood bowers,
And summer dies as all have died before.

Where are the summers of ten thousand years,
 Their golden light, their tribes of living things
 That bloomed, or crept, or basked on silken wings,
Then perished with their cares, delights, and fears?

Where are the countless millions of green leaves,
 That budded, whispered green, then died in flame,
 Chased by the lonesome winds, till soft snows came,
Mourning in white—the hue when Nature grieves.

Gone, gone. Unnumbered summers, as the past,
 Ages of sunshine, fragrance, leaves, and bloom—
 O Earth, thy broad warm breast is still the tomb
Of all thy children, as of this, thy last.

Of all? Why then the joys the pangs of birth,
 Plowed with keen frosts, satiate with summer showers,
 Teeming with harvest's raptures through glad hours
And sun-bright months—to be a grave, O Earth?

Nay, not of all, O Earth; thy forms, though fair,
 Are but the moulds of clay for things of thought
 Fairer, diviner, lovelier than e'er wrought
By all the witchcraft of thy summer air.

For mind, though born on earth, as flowers are born,
 And taught by these thy hieroglyphics bright,
 Scales with thy love heaven's steeps of opal light,
Where all thy summers mix in endless morn.

REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book V.

### CHAPTER III.

A ROMEO INCOGNITO.

CLEMENT, meanwhile, profoundly unconscious of the emotions of anger and curiosity he had excited in Mrs. Hutchins's breast, was strolling along the hot, dusty streets with some leisure on his hands which he did not well know how to dispose of. He had been to his office, and had found that the expected letters that he was to have answered had not been received. They could not now arrive until the following evening. He would have returned to Walter's lodgings, but his knowledge of his brother's habits forbade him to expect to find him at home so soon. He had turned westward, and was wandering on in a purposeless way, when his progress was arrested by a crowd assembled beneath a portico blazing with lights, and in front of which cabs and carriages kept drawing up in quick succession, and with a mighty clatter.

Looking at the building, toward which a steady tide of people was moving, his eye was caught by the words "Romeo and Juliet" in conspicuous letters. With a blind impulse, scarcely conscious of what he did, he entered the pit door with the stream, and in a few seconds had paid his money, and was pressing onward for a seat like the others.

The performance had commenced with a short, trifling piece, and the green curtain had just fallen, preparatory to rising on the tragedy. The band was playing a lively waltz, with much sharp clashing of cymbals, and metallic braying of wind instruments. The music was strangely out of tune with Clement's mood, and yet it strung his nerves to a pitch of high excitement. His heart beat quickly, and his foot mechanically kept time to the rhythm of the dance tune. He had found a place close against the dress-boxes at one side of the theatre, and had pressed the soft felt hat he wore down over his eyes, with a dread of being recognized, which his reason told him was groundless and absurd. Two young men of the smart clerk species were seated immediately before him, and kept up a running fire of talk. The performance they had come to witness appeared to be the last thing in their thoughts. Clement listened vacantly to their babble, in which one "Jim" played a conspicuous though unintelligible part. As the music drew to a close, winding up with a final crash like twenty tinsmiths' shops in full work, a white-haired man near him, seeing him without a play-bill, offered his own, and began to speak.

"Seen the noo Juliet, Sir?" asked the white-haired man.

"No."

"*Not* seen her? Ah! more have I. But I'll tell you what; I've seen Miss O'Neil, Sir, and I don't think we shall look upon *her* like again in a hurry."

Clement having nothing to say, said nothing.

"Much of a play-goer, Sir?"

"No."

"*Not* much of a play-goer? Ah! more am I, now. But I'll tell you what, Sir; I used to be in the *parmy* days—the good old times—the days of yore, Sir, as I call 'em, when acting *was* acting. Days of yore indeed, Sir; too truly yore, as I say."

The white-haired man continued to repeat the word "yore" with an unction apparently derived from his own very hazy comprehension of its meaning. Clement, feeling strongly averse to being drawn into a discussion on the present state of the British drama, was relieved when a little tinkling bell sounded, and the great curtain rose slowly with a rustling, creaking sound.

The first scenes of the play passed quietly. Mr. Alaric Allen, as Mercutio, was received with a burst of applause, and his brilliant, picturesque costume, and spirited, easy manner, were much approved of by the white-haired man, who yet made comparisons, not wholly to the advantage of the modern actor, between him and some forgotten celebrity of the "days of yore."

As the time for Juliet's entrance drew near a little thrill of excitement ran round the house. Even the two smart clerks ceased their whispered conversation about "Jim," and addressed their smug faces to the stage. The critical play-goer folded his arms, and settled himself in his seat with the air of one whose weighty duty it now was to give judgment on the new performer. As to Clement, when the nurse called "Juliet!" he was seized with a sensation of terror, strong enough to have induced him to rise up and run away had such a proceeding been in any way possible. But a moment more—a hush of expectancy—and the theatre rang with loud, reiterated plaudits, and his eyes were fixed spell-bound upon the stage. No running away now. He could not have stirred to save his life.

A slight, girlish creature, lithe and graceful of form, with a shining, pearly, satin robe falling around her in rich folds, whereon there was a delicious, ever-varying play of light and shade. A round, well-poised head, whose pure outline was well displayed by the simple arrangement of her dark hair. A face, not perfectly regular in feature, but so instinct with genius, lighted so manifestly by a bright soul within, as to impress all those who looked upon it with a sense of the highest beauty. The brow was candid and smooth; the eyes innocently vivacious as a child's. Only in the delicate mouth there was a suggestion of sadness; a little drooping curve that told of capacity for suffering, and hinted all the pathos and the passion which that bright countenance had power to express. This was Juliet—Juliet as she might have been seen in the flesh centuries ago in old Verona, and who now stood bowing with a sober, modest grace in acknowledgment of the loud greeting of a crowd of nineteenth-century Englishmen. Then there was silence, and she spoke.

There are voices that speak to the ear, and flatter the sense with sweetness, yet move one no more than the melodious tinkle of a musical-box. Other voices vibrate subtly through the hearer's heart, and steal upon his inmost sympathies. Such a voice was Juliet's, pure, fresh, thrilling; with, at times, a little natural tremor in its tone like the *shimmering* of the air on a sultry summer's day. Upon one hearer's heart, at least, that voice fell like sweet music, and thrilled it to the core. Was it pain or ecstasy to see her once again? To see her thus, beautiful, brilliant, wielding the sceptre of genius in her girlish hand, compelling all around to own its power for the moment, even though the spell were but of brief duration—and as far removed from *him* as the silver moon that was shining then above the flaring gas-lights of the theatre! He sat like one in a dream throughout the whole play. The white-haired man vainly tried to elicit his opinion of the new actress. The young clerks' prating fell unheeded on his ear. Once only was he aroused from his trance. It was when at the termination of the second act the door of a private box was thrown noisily open, and the sound attracting his attention, he involuntarily looked up and beheld the entrance of the new-comers. The next instant he started back and shrank down into the shade. In the front of the box sat Lady Popham, bewigged, bejeweled, bedizened after her manner, with the great gold eye-glass in full force. Near to her, with his back to the stage, sat Arthur Skidley, negligently scanning the house through an opera-glass. And behind her ladyship's chair, his pale handsome face and black hair relieved against the dark red lining of the box, lounged Alfred Trescott. His mood seemed to be unusually subdued and silent, and he bent down now and then to listen, or reply to the restless old lady's remarks, with a kind of languid deference that did not ill become him.

Clement's pulse beat quicker on the next occasion of Juliet's coming on to the stage. "Will she betray any consciousness of his presence?" was the first thought that flashed through his mind; and then he contemned himself bitterly for a fool. The question was soon answered. Juliet was Juliet still. All her faculties were absorbed in the portrayal of the varying, swiftly changing passions of love, joy, grief, terror, despair. With every scene the enthusiasm of the audience rose; until, at the final fall of the curtain, the cheers were overwhelming. The heroine of the night was led forward to bow her thanks, and to receive sundry bouquets tossed in quick succession on to the stage. These she took simply; without either exaggerated demonstrations of gratitude, or offensive indifference. Absence of affectation, indeed, marked all she did. As she left the stage, the actor who had been playing Romeo perceived one flower lying neglected—a crimson camellia of great beauty—and seemed about to return for it, but she held back his hand, and with a last low courtesy, disappeared. Clement rose to go with a dizzy throbbing head, and eyes dimmed with tears, that the pathetic close of the marvelous love-story had drawn from him. A stream of people poured out of the theatre pell-mell. The white-haired man (who had been blubbering unrestrainedly behind a yellow pocket-handkerchief) now asserted himself by much severe criticism and allusions to the "days of yore." The young clerks had returned to their one absorbing topic. The last words Clement heard them utter, were expressive of a conviction that "Jim" knew what he was about. That others might be wrong, or might be right, but that "Jim" was safe "to run on the right side of the post, to know when he was well off, and to recognize on which side of his bread the butter lay." Shakspeare's tragedy of Romeo and Juliet had apparently caused but slight and temporary interruption to the thread of this interesting discussion. As Clement reached the doorway and felt the cool pure air (cool and pure by contrast) upon his forehead, a stately equipage drew up beneath the portico. Into it, escorted by her great-nephew, skipped Lady Popham. On the pavement stood Alfred Trescott, bowing "good-night." The over-coat that he wore was thrown back, and in the instant that he looked upon him, it flashed on Clement that he missed a flower from Trescott's breast, and that the neglected crimson blossom lying on the stage had been thrown by his hand.

It was long past eleven o'clock when Penelope Charlewood, sitting alone in the comfortless little parlor with her work in her hand, heard the key turn in the door, and went into the passage to receive her brother. They spoke in whispers, for Mrs. Charlewood had gone to rest, and every sound penetrated through the slight building.

"Penny, I'm so sorry you sat up, my dear."

"I had to sit up, Clem, to finish stitching these collars. This is the last of the set. You're late. Very busy at the office?"

"No; not very. I went to Watty's. He was not at home, but I left a note to say he *must* come and see mother to-morrow."

"Oh!" said Penelope, dryly. Then she looked wistfully at her brother. He had drawn back the blind, and was standing by the window, looking on to the waste ground, mysteriously transformed beneath the moonlight. "You are awfully fagged, Clem, and so pale! Or is it the moonlight on your face? No; you do look shockingly harassed. I'm sure you are worrying yourself about those anonymous letters. Shake it off, Clem. Why don't you good people have faith in the power of goodness?"

"No, Penny; no, indeed, my dear girl, it is not that. It is—I—I do feel a little fagged. But I don't need or deserve so much sympathy. Good-night, dear; you must be tired. I will go to bed at once."

"Ah!" said Penelope to herself, lying wakefully in her bed, "he can't deceive me. I know Clem so well. Every tone of his voice, every trick of his face; and I am *sure* he has been bothering himself about Watty and those letters!"

No. The locked, silent chambers of her brother's brain kept their secret even from her keen scrutiny. Walter might never have been born, and the anonymous letters never written, for all the part they were playing in Clement's thoughts. What were the visions that flitted through the hot head he laid upon his pillow?

A shining satin dress; a pale, passionate face leaning down from a high quaint balcony; a white-robed figure huddled hopelessly upon the ground, with its dark hair streaming over the breast of a dead lover. And then a solitary crimson flower lying unheeded on the stage, and the sweeping flow of long trailing garments, as their wearer bowed "farewell."

### CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

MABEL EARNSHAW lived with her mother and Dooley in a pleasant house in one of the most sequestered of the Highgate lanes. Her great and assured success, surpassing even the expectations of those who most highly estimated her talent—for, as Mr. Alaric Allen said, "there's a certain element of chance in these things always, and if you miss fire at the first attempt the public seldom has leisure to allow you a second trial-shot"—had enabled her to take this pretty residence, to surround her mother with many long-disused luxuries, and to enjoy the happiness of seeing her little brother frolicking on a green lawn instead of being mewed up in the small, close rooms of their Dublin lodgings. Dooley was in high delight. He had parted from kind Aunt Mary and her family with regret, and had particularly missed Jack, with whom he had formed a close friendship, and whose versatile talents had impressed him deeply. But to be with mamma and Tibby was in itself a balm for any sorrows Dooley had yet known; and when, after a few weeks' sojourn at a London hotel, he was taken to the Highgate cottage, embowered in trees, and shut in from the noisy world by thick, fragrant green hedges, his joy and excitement knew no bounds. Mabel's face grew bright as she watched the little fellow's eager interest in all around him, and the investigations throughout the house and grounds which his spirit of inquiry led him to make. There was a small white-curtained, fresh, cozy nest of a room, with ivy leaves tapping at its casement, that was reserved for "Master Julian." And there was a ruddy-faced country-girl standing at the door of it to welcome him, who ran and caught him in her arms, and hugged him, and laughed and cried altogether, and who proved to be the faithful Betty, secretly sent for from Hazlehurst to surprise him. And in the kitchen there was—yes, there was indeed—a kitten; smooth and beautiful of fur, and bright of eye, and with a collar round its neck, to which a little bell was fastened that jingled cheerfully. "She are a very nice pussy-kitten," said Dooley, stroking her, with a thoughtful face. "A bootiful pussy-kitten; but I *tan't* love her quite so much as my own old pussy-kitten, tan I, Tibby? Because my own old pussy-kitten was *so* sorry when I did go away. And dis little pussy-kitten has never been sorry. And I must love de sorry one best, mustn't I, Tibby?"

Mrs. Saxelby nestled down into the pleasant home provided for her with child-like satisfaction. Her natural taste, and love of refinement and beauty in all her surroundings, were gratified to the utmost. And then her mother's heart exulted with the proud thought, "This is my Mabel's doing! All these good things represent her energy, industry, and genius, and the public recognition of those qualities." For all trace of horror and disapproval of the means by which Mabel was earning fame and fortune had vanished from Mrs. Saxelby's mind long ago. Not precisely on conviction—although an intimate knowledge of Mary Walton's life and home might have sufficed to modify on strictly logical grounds the sweeping condemnation that Mr. Saxelby and the Flukes were wont to utter against stage-players—but simply because Mrs. Saxelby had now been living for some time under the influence of people in whose eyes the actor's calling was an honorable one. In the first days of Mabel's appearance as a London actress Mrs. Saxelby had accompanied her daughter to the theatre each evening, and had sat in her dressing-room, or had occasionally ventured into the green-room for ten minutes at a time, never remaining there an instant after Mabel had quitted it for the stage. But for a day or two preceding Clement Charlewood's unpremeditated visit to the Thespian Theatre Mrs. Saxelby had been suffering from a slight cold and sore-throat, which made it desirable for her to avoid exposure to the night air. Therefore Mabel had driven to the theatre for several evenings with no other escort than the faithful Betty, who came provided with a large worsted stocking to knit. Betty had never sufficiently got over her awe and admiration of the glittering stage-garments to venture upon handling them. As to acting the part of lady's-maid to her young mistress, that was entirely out of the question. But there was, luckily, no need of her services in that respect, for a dresser belonging to the theatre, a woman experienced in her business, was in attendance each night in "Miss Bell's" room. On the evening succeeding that spoken of in my last chapter Mabel and her somewhat uncouth-looking Abigail, the rustic ruddiness of whose cheeks defied even the glare of the gas-lights, arrived at the stage-door of the Royal Thespian Theatre at their usual hour.

The interior of a theatre by daylight is always taken to be a strange anomalous scene; but I doubt whether the same scene, just before the hour of opening the doors to the public in the evening, be not in its way as singular to an unaccustomed eye, and equally far from revealing any promise of the bright pictures to be presently exhibited to the many-headed now waiting outside in the summer evening sunshine.

There is a bustle and a constant succession of arrivals at the stage door, it is true. That dingy portal swings to and fro ceaselessly; the well-worn cords running swiftly over the pulley as the great leaden weights fall and cause the door to slam to with a creaking jar. Servants, supers, carpenters, dressers, scene-shifters, crowd in with a careless nod or hasty "good-evening" to the door-keeper, who sits in his own small pen hung round with play-bills, and takes note of each one as he or she enters. By-and-by the performers begin to arrive, and occasionally a letter or newspaper is reached down from the little pigeon-holes in the hall, each with a letter of the alphabet painted over it. The narrow wooden staircase leading up to the stage is feebly lighted by a single gas-burner. The various employés of the theatre troop up it one after the other, dispersing at the top each to his separate department—scene-room, dressing-room, property-room, or wardrobe. But on the great stage itself all is silence. The scene is not yet quite set, and the depth of the spacious stage is revealed even to the back wall of the building. There are great chasms and caverns of shadow, for the theatre is not entirely lighted up, nor the gas turned on to its full power. The front of the house is vast and ghostly, with a ray of light shining in here and there from the lobbies through the half-open box doors. The dingy holland covers that shield the gilding and velvet from dust still drape the wide semicircle like a pall, and glimmer spectrally through the gloom. The orchestra is a black gulf, like a giant grave newly dug, and yawning just in front of the crimson stalls. Up above in the lofty roof the great chandelier looms vaguely with an undefined outline. It might be floating self-poised over the wide space beneath for aught that can be discerned of its supports. By-and-by it will sparkle and flash like an enormous diamond, and the boxes will shine in scarlet and gold and white. The black orchestra will be full of light and sound, and careless fiddlers will laugh and chat, and glance nonchalantly about them as they tune their instruments. There will be no shadow, no vagueness, no mystery. Only the great canvas act-drop will shut out the audience from the actors, and divide two realms differing as widely from each other as any kingdoms that were ever sundered by a political boundary line!

Mabel arriving at the theatre with her country servant on this especial evening of which I write, and going into her dressing-room, found it lighted up, and the toilet-table set forth, but the woman who usually attended on her was not there. She began to dress, however, with Betty's assistance (rendered very tremblingly, and with an overpowering sense of her own unfitness for the task), and it was not long before a tap at the door announced the arrival of the dresser. "Come in, Davis," said Mabel. But it was not Davis who entered. The person who came into the room bearing a large shallow open basket containing Juliet's satin train, was a tall woman in a bright print gown, the body and skirt of which had parted company in sundry places. She had an elaborate gilt comb in her tow-colored hair, and was extremely smart, but not extremely clean.

"Is Davis not here to-night?" asked Mabel, seeing the unexpected figure in the looking-glass, without turning her head.

"No, miss; she is not, miss. Davis is bad with influenzy, and the housekeeper has sent me as her substitoot. I dresses the ladies in number three, miss, but there's nobody in my room to-night, so—"

While the woman was speaking Mabel turned to look at her, struck by something familiar in the sound of her voice.

"Surely I know you, do I not?" she said.

"Oh yes, miss. Most *unconvertibly* you know me, sure enough! Hammerham, miss."

"To be sure!" cried Mabel, into whose cheeks a tide of recollections caused a bright color to mount and then to fade as quickly. "I remember you now quite well. You are Mrs. Hutchins. But how strange to find you here!" she added, wonderingly. For Miss Fluke had not failed to sing loud pæans over Mrs. Hutchins's conversion from novel reading, and such like iniquities, and to hold her up as a bright example of the admirable results of her own eloquence. Indeed, Mrs. Hutchins had been at one time a kind of recruiting sergeant under that spiritual Amazon; and had harried her neighbors and friends in the good cause with much zeal. During the progress of Mabel's toilet Mrs. Hutchins proceeded to give a voluble account of the causes that had led to her leaving Hammerham. In the financial crash which had ruined great houses, little ones had suffered also. Mr. Hutchins was suddenly thrown out of work by the failure of his employer, and was glad to be taken on temporarily by the head carpenter of the Hammerham theatre. Thence—being a sober, steady man who knew his business—he got to London; his friend, the theatrical head carpenter, having procured him a situation. "Hutchins was at a East-End house at first, miss," said Mrs. Hutchins, winding up her recital. "But we've been at the Thespian now goin' on for three months. I had long been wishful of getting some occkypation for myself. And hearing of a dresser being wanted here I applied, and the housekeeper she conferred the vacation upon me immediate."

It was odd to see how Mrs. Hutchins's old passion for the high-flown and romantic had survived the Flukian era, and was still strong and vigorous. Only her affections had been transferred from Rosalba of Naples and that interesting sisterhood to the heroines of the drama. Mrs. Hutchins generally had in her pocket a small paper-covered book—one of the gems of Cumberland's acting edition, or Mr. Lacy's more modern dramas. And these she devoured in the old manner that belonged to her; a manner that may, perhaps, be characterized as the slatternly-sentimental. Betty, knitting away at her stocking, regarded Mrs. Hutchins from time to time with a stare of stolid surprise. I have done but scant justice to that good lady's narrative. As given by herself it was embellished with many rhetorical flourishes and elegant flowers of quotation. After Mabel had left the room Mrs. Hutchins still lingered; trifling with the toilet articles, arranging the dressing-case that needed no arrangement, and so forth. Betty watched her shy and glum behind her stocking.

"Been with Miss Bell long?" asked Mrs. Hutchins, with airy condescension.

"Ah; a goodish bit."

"Nice young person, ain't she?"

"*What?*"

"A—a—pleasant young—lady, I say; ain't she?"

"Yes, she is."

Betty's manner was unpromising; almost threatening. Mrs. Hutchins changed her tactics.

"You are not a Londoner, are you?"

"No; I ben't."

"Indeed! Well, no more ain't I. I come from Hammerham myself. Ah, deary me! To look upon what I have seen when I sees what I do see! Miss Bell and me was acquainted in old days."

"*Was* you?"

"Oh laws yes! And me and others was acquainted too. Only yesterday I seen a old friend of Miss Bell's. She didn't go by the name of Bell when I first knowed her. But *you* know what's in a name, don't you?"

"No; what?" demanded the literal Betty.

"Oh, nothing. *He's* a instance of the ups and downs of life. I've knowed the time when him or any of his family might have ate bank-notes betwixt bread-and-butter. And now a two-pair back is his sphere of action. Well, there's no making silk purses out of sow's ears. The Charlewoods was sprung up out of the kennel. There's a deal in blood, *I* think."

Betty's face had relaxed from its rigidity. There was a sparkle of curiosity in her eye. But with rustic cunning that was wary of Mrs. Hutchins's town-bred cuteness she asked no point-blank question. "I heerd as they'd come to London," she said, clicking her knitting-needles.

"Oh, you know the family, then?"

"By hearsay. I was born and bred nigh to Hammerham, and every body knowed the Charlewoods there. Gandry and Charlewood they were called. I used to think, when I was little, as it was all one name."

Then Mrs. Hutchins leaned her folded arms on the dressing-table and poured forth a flood of gossip. She related all she had heard from the lodging-house servant, and colored the tale with a warmth and boldness that ought to have made her fortune in half-penny numbers. Poor Clement! Had there been any truth in the saying how his ears must have tingled! Mrs. Hutchins did not spare him. Her rancor seemed strangely disproportioned to his offense. But mean minds are apt to expend more spite on slights than on injuries. There is some dignity in being injured; but a trifling offense, of which the offender is unconscious, envenoms petty malignity. Betty listened stolidly. She was surprised and puzzled, but at the base of her cogitations was a rooted distrust of the glib Mrs. Hutchins; the kind of instinctive suspicion that a dog or a child might feel.

The meeting with the Hammerham landlady was not the only surprise destined for Mabel that evening.

Mr. Alaric Allen prided himself on the strictness with which he enforced the prohibition against admitting strangers behind the scenes of his theatre. But there were nevertheless a few exceptions made in favor of literary men, dramatic authors, critics, and so forth. Occasionally, too, at rare intervals, an idle good-humored fine gentleman gained admission. Such persons would subject themselves to unheard of snubbings and humiliations, and to yet more intolerable patronage in order to gain the privilege of passing an hour behind the scenes of the Thespian Theatre. It is to be feared that the end when gained was scarcely satisfactory. An idle man in a crowd of workers is never at his ease. And it was a spectacle to awaken pity in the feeling breast to behold a courteous, amiable person, a peer of the realm it might be, or "curled darling" of drawing-rooms, with a vacant uneasy smile on his face, pushed about by surly, scowling scene-shifters, sternly hushed down by the prompter, driven hither and thither, getting into difficulties with "set pieces," tripping over black coils of gas-pipe, scraping his glossy evening coat against whitewashed walls, and finding every body (from the call-boy upward) too much occupied to spare any attention for his civil little speeches! Now and then there might come a lull between the acts, when the principal performers sat and chatted in the green-room. Then the visitor, perhaps, would have a chance of exchanging half a dozen words with Lady Teazle or Rosalind; or of complimenting Coriolanus on his "admirable performance." The great tragedian meanwhile answering very civilly, and very much at random, with his eyes fixed on the large psyche mirror, rearranging the classic folds of his toga, and mentally debating whether his wig had the right Roman severity of outline. Perhaps the true gust and enjoyment of the thing came afterward, when the fortunate visitor would carelessly allude to "the other evening when I was behind the scenes at the Thespian, you know. Ever been behind the scenes? Not easy to get in *there*, but it's awfully good fun."

Mabel, entering the green-room with the unexpected encounter with Mrs. Hutchins fresh in her mind, was accosted by a gentleman whom she already knew slightly; a well-known musical critic. Behind him stood a young man in full evening costume, who made Mabel a profound bow. There was another man in the room who stood leaning on the mantle-piece, with his face turned away.

"Allow me to present my friend, Captain Skidley," said the musical critic—a fussy, pompous personage—introducing the young man who had bowed. Then, turning and touching the other man on the shoulder, he went on: "I think you two have met before. Miss Bell, Mr. Alfred Trescott."

## ONCE ON A TIME.

Oh, it was in the summer weather;
Her hand in mine we walked together
Through fields where bloomed the purple clover;
And I was her accepted lover,
Once on a time.

The sky shone brightly blue above us;
The yellow sunshine seemed to love us—
To love us both as we together
Strolled on amid the summer weather,
Once on a time.

The happy birds were blithely singing;
With music all the air was ringing;
With youth and hope our hearts were beating,
The oft-told tale of love repeating,
Once on a time.

Through sun and shade our pathway tended,
With loitering steps the way we wended,
It was so sweet to walk together
Amid the golden summer weather,
Once on a time.

Nowhere were lovelier roses blowing
Than those that on her cheek were glowing—
Nowhere was goldener sunlight sifted
Than through that curl the light wind lifted,
Once on a time.

The sky above us seemed no bluer,
The earth we trod to me not truer
Than her soft eyes that, my eyes meeting,
Answered with love's unuttered greeting,
Once on a time.

Now sad and low the winds are calling;
The faded autumn leaves are falling;
And years have flown since we together
Walked the green fields in summer weather,
Once on a time.

A word, a look, and Love lay dying;
Ah! little use is there in sighing;
Sorrow and joy alike are fleeting,
Then cease, my heart, cease thy repeating
"Once on a time."

## CHARITY *versus* SLIPPERS.

"Yes, rest is a great blessing, particularly when well earned; and certainly, if there is one thing conducive to rest, it is a pair of comfortable slippers."

Be it known that I was addressing no one in particular, unless, indeed, my slippered feet, as they towered above me on the mantle-piece, could be supposed to constitute a listener. I think it is as well to explain that I am not in the habit of elevating my toes in our favorite American fashion, or indeed of compromising in any way the dignity of a fashionable clergyman; but now and then I indulge myself a little, and on this particular day I had been performing my Christmas charitable duties with a zeal which I thought deserved reward. This by the way.

"Yes," I continued, with no small satisfaction, "if ever I discharged my yearly duties aright I have done so to-day, and that with great bodily and mental fatigue. I think my Christmas text will be, 'But the greatest of these is Charity.' I could preach feelingly on those words."

"Rubbish!"

"Eh!" and I stared round the room; but nothing unusual met my gaze save the waxy Christmas rose that my little daughter had placed on the table to gladden the eyes of papa. "Rubbish, indeed!" I echoed, indignantly. "I wonder what can have put such a notion into my head. Rubbish! I only wish my hearers may follow their pastor's example. There will be no lack of charity then."

"Nonsense!"

There was no mistake about it this time, and as I again glanced at the innocent-looking flower I perceived a little wretched sprite in yellow attire nodding and grimacing at me from behind its white petals. "Pray, Sir," quoth I, rather testily, "what may you be pleased to term 'nonsense?'"

"Your charity," and he grimaced again.

"Indeed! Perhaps you do not like good works?"

"Excuse me, I was merely insinuating that what you term charity is not the genuine article."

I felt myself getting rather hot. "Perhaps you would favor me further with your opinions," I retorted, with terrible irony.

"Certainly. I am Charity's clerk, looking after her interests, and I don't consider that they flourish in your part of the world. You may have been doing your duty, but as for Charity—ugh!" and he snapped his fingers at me.

I was too astonished to speak, so he continued.

"Charity, indeed! Was it charity that induced you to hand over a larger gift than usual to the F.'s, because they lived in a dissenting neighborhood, and could laud to advantage the Church's liberality? Or, again, was it charity that made you dole out a smaller bounty to Widow B. and her family, because you suspected her of prejudice in favor of the Methodists? 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind'—was it charity, then, which made you neglect N., whose son was so uncivil to you? Or, again, was it charity which made you forget Mrs. A., who lives such a long way off from that bazar where you stepped in to buy some things for your children?"

"Really," I stammered, with blushing consciousness, "I could not forget my family. 'Charity begins at home.'"

"But it does not end there," quoth my mentor; "and 'Charity seeketh not its own'—that is Scripture, and your quotation was not."

"But I really forgot Mrs. A. and N. I regret it extremely."

"Do you? Then why don't you start off at once to amend your errors?"

"Really," I remonstrated, the mere suggestion sounding most unpleasantly—"really, I am quite exhausted with my day's work;" and I looked wistfully at my slippers, and the said slippers, encasing my feet, looked placidly at their owner from their marble resting-place.

"Exhausted! Very likely; so are N. and A., and L., with all his little children, who will not taste meat on Christmas-day if you don't go to him."

"But I can go to-morrow," I groaned.

"Not at all. To-morrow you have to superintend your children's Christmas treat, after writing your sermon. Think of L.'s little children, with no treat at all, not even the natural one of food! Go at once."

I thought of my own happy little ones, and I reluctantly thrust my feet into walking boots, preparatory to departing on my charitable expedition; but, a few minutes later, my hall door was slammed in a very uncharitable fashion.

I wonder by whom!

I was very cold and tolerably cross when I returned to my study, and to my fire, which had dwindled down to its last embers, and to my much-esteemed slippers, which last, toasting cozily on the rug, looked far more comfortable than their owner. Nevertheless, I settled myself in my arm-chair with the agreeable satisfaction of a man worn-out in the performance of his duty, and who feels that, come what may, none can reproach him; and forthwith I began to soliloquize on the ingratitude of some of my poor people. "There," I reflected, "was John A., who only greeted me with black looks, as if my advent were a bore; and B. took the relief as a matter of course. As for that garrulous widow N., I thought I should never hear the end of her long complaints; not a thought as to my bodily fatigue in ministering to their wants. The only one who at all appreciated my doings was Mrs. P., the Irishwoman, who compared me to the Angel of Mercy—flattery, no doubt, but still very pleasant to a frame wearied in the exercise of charity."

"Hum," quoth my little friend, peering over the petals of my rose.

"So you are still there, my small mentor? Well, you may have your say now without incommoding me, as you can certainly not now reproach me with a want of charity."

"Oh, indeed!" was the curt rejoinder.

"Well, and pray what have you to object to now?" and I settled myself back haughtily. "I am sure I have been very busy carrying out your injunctions. Pray what is troubling your mind now respecting my proceedings?"

"Not much. I was only remembering, 'Charity seeketh not its own.'"

"And of course I was seeking my own while plodding about those weary streets! You are remarkably cool in your conclusions."

"You were seeking praise."

"I!"

"Yes; praise from those you ministered to."

"I dare say," I replied, sharply, feeling all the more nettled that I could not deny the fact. "Perhaps, if you were tired to death, you would not object to a little sympathy."

"It was not sympathy you wanted—it was praise."

"You are a little demon; and I have done with you," I retorted, as I whirled my chair round, with my back to the tiny monitor.

"Demon or not," urged the voice behind me, "demon or not, I have not done with you. Do you hear your children shouting over their work in the next room?"

"Yes; they are preparing their Christmas-tree for to-morrow."

"Why are your brother's children not with them?"

"My brother's children!" I faced angrily the impertinent questioner. "Perhaps, since you know so much about my affairs, you are aware that my brother and I have not spoken for years."

"Yes."

"And pray what do you mean by asking why his children are not with mine?"

"Are you going to let another Christmas pass, and enter upon a new year, without making up that quarrel?"

"Make it up? It is more his doing than mine. Let him make it up; I have no objections."

"He is the offended; and you may be sure he will not come forward."

"He ought to."

"You have not to concern yourself with his duty, but with your own. Go at once to him, and strive to make up the breach."

"I have no such intention," I replied, sulkily; "it is not my place."

"And yet you are a clergyman, and intend preaching a sermon upon charity! Shame upon you. That is not charity."

"It is—the highest."

"'Charity thinketh no evil,' says the book you ought to know well. 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind.'"

"I am sure I suffered long."

"'Charity beareth all things.'"

"Dear me. I am sure I have borne long."

"Yes, but not forgivingly."

"Well, if I were to attempt a reconciliation, I am sure Tom would frustrate my intentions: he would be most unwilling to make it up."

"'Charity hopeth all things.'"

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Every thing, if you are wishing to practice the virtue."

I mused: "Well, it is worth trying. I shall think of it to-morrow."

"To-morrow has plenty of work of its own; and first and foremost, that said sermon on charity."

"Ah, well; I can see about it next week."

"Then you will have lost the opportunity of a Christmas reconciliation."

"What matter, so long as a reconciliation *is* effected?"

"Did you never hear that 'procrastination is the thief of time?'"

"Well, I certainly can not think of going out to-night."

"You can if you choose."

"I can't if I don't choose."

"No, certainly not. Hark!"

It was my wife and children trying over their new Christmas chant, and the sweet voices rang out to the notes of the harmonium. I felt the sacred words echo through my heart, "On earth peace, good-will toward men."

Good-will, ah! and with a sudden determination I seized my hat, and again departed on an errand of duty.

Our friends are always more ready for a reconciliation than we fancy. Need I say that my long-estranged brother greeted me with open arms, that his wife received me warmly, and that before half an hour was passed there were little ones climbing on the knee of their new uncle?

An hour later I was telling my wife of the additional guests to be at our party.

"Your brother?" she said, greatly startled; "you don't mean Tom?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to him?"

"Yes."

"James," she said, with a proud loving look, "you are a saint!"

I knew it was the partial commendation of an affectionate wife, but still it greeted my ears pleasantly. "At least, I try to be," I said, as I re-entered my study; "I try to be, and I trust success may attend me. Well, small one, are you satisfied?" This to the sprite in the flower.

"Not quite."

"What in the world do you want now?" I cried, quite aghast.

"The most difficult thing of all—that you should not make such speeches, or think such thoughts, as those of a moment ago."

"Eh?"

"'Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up.'"

A pang of remorse twitched me, and almost for the first time in my life I uttered a fervent prayer for humanity.

It was a very merry party next evening, and we elders watched with delight our children gamboling round the gift-laden tree, but amidst all our glee the true words of my little mentor forced themselves on my thoughts.

"James," said my wife to me late in the evening, "I forgot to ask you what your text for to-morrow is?"

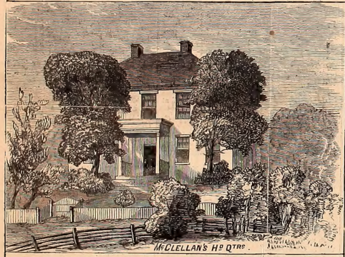
"'Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up.'"

She looked puzzled a moment. "Well," she said, "it is a very good text, and one to which I am sure you can do justice."

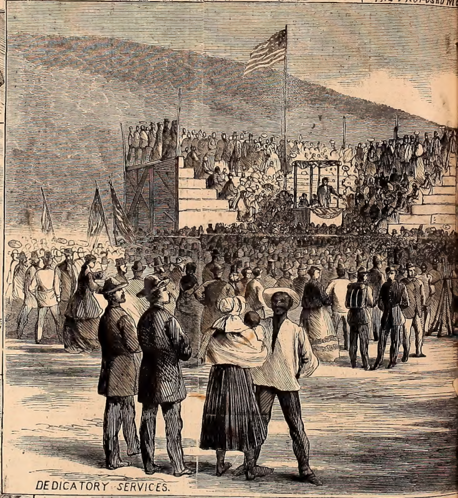
"Can I?" Next day I was complimented on my sermon. I trust that one of the most earnest listeners was the preacher.

ON THE ROAD TO THE CEMETERY.

THE PROPOSED M

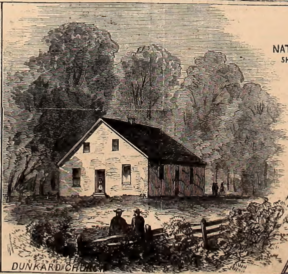


McCLELLAN'S Hd QTRS.

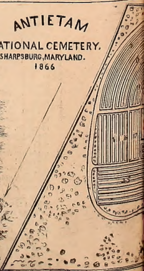


DEDICATORY SERVICES.

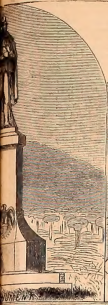
LAYING CORNER STONE OF THE MONUMENT.



DUNKARD CHURCH




THE CEREMONIES OF DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY ON THE BATT



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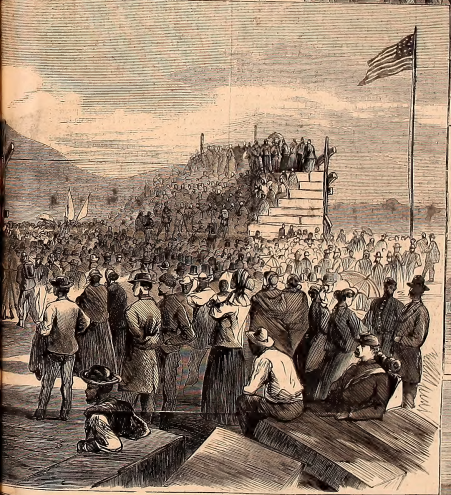
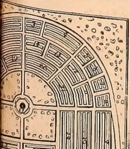
A STORY OF THE BATTLE.



LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.



SEDGWICK'S HOSPITAL.

A COMRADE'S GRAVE.

FIELD OF ANTIETAM, MARYLAND.—Sketched by Charles G. Bush.—[See Page 634.]

## THE ANTIETAM DEDICATION.

The National Cemetery which has been laid out, and is now being built, on the battle-field of Antietam, Maryland, was dedicated, as far as living man can dedicate such hallowed ground, on September 17, the fifth anniversary of the engagement. We devote two pages of this issue to illustrations of the locality, the grounds of the Cemetery, and the incidents of dedication-day.

The ceremonies of dedication were highly interesting. A procession of military, Masons, Odd Fellows, and citizens, was formed at Keedysville, and marched to the grounds amidst the booming of cannon. At the Cemetery speeches were made by Governor Swan and ex-Governor Bradford, and a poem, by C. F. Buhler, of New York, was read. President Johnson was present, and made a short speech, in which he said he had appeared only to give his countenance to the ceremonies, and express his approbation of the purposes of the Committee, and to intimate to his fellow-citizens that all his efforts to preserve the Union, to restore peace and harmony, had been heretofore expended, and that for the future he intended to devote himself solely to the vindication of the Constitution!

Our illustrations show the procession to the grounds, a view and also a diagram of the Cemetery, and the dedicatory services. On the right and left are views respectively of the head-quarters of Generals Lee and M'Clellan. At the top of the picture is a drawing of the proposed monument; below, on the right, is an illustration of the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone, and on the left views of Sedgwick's Hospital and Dunkard Church. The "Story of the Battle" and "A Comrade's Grave" are beautiful and suggestive incidents happily illustrated by our artist.

The diagram of the Cemetery shows, by the aid of the following table, the resting-place of the soldiers of each State:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Ohio. | 15. Unknown. |
| 2. Unknown. | 16. Connecticut. |
| 3. Unknown. | 17. Massachusetts. |
| 4. Unknown. | 18. Michigan. |
| 5. Minnesota. | 19. Maryland. |
| 6. Iowa. | 20. West Virginia. |
| 7. Illinois. | 21. Vermont. |
| 8. Delaware. | 22. Indiana. |
| 9. Maine. | 23. U. S. Officers. |
| 10. Wisconsin. | 24. U. S. Regulars. |
| 11. New Jersey. | 25. New York. |
| 12. New Hampshire. | 26. Pennsylvania. |
| 13. Rhode Island. | 27. Monument. |
| 14. West Virginia. | 28. Porter's Lodge. |

There are now 3580 officers and privates of the Union army who fell in this engagement buried in this Cemetery. The sum of nearly $40,000 has been thus far expended on this work.

## MR. SNOOKS'S HOBBIES.

Mr. Snooks was a rider of hobbies. Not that he was an oddity in this respect. The wisest and best men that ever lived have had their hobbies; and though most of them were pretty thoroughly snubbed during their lifetime, and had their "new-fangled notions" laughed at by their friends and acquaintances, some of the grandest discoveries that have blessed the world have been the result of them.

But there was a wide difference between their hobbies and those of the subject of our sketch; for while those of the former were controlled by their riders, and made to serve the attainment of some fixed purpose, those of the latter invariably ran away with him, either dropping dead from pure exhaustion or else landing him unceremoniously into a snow-bank or mud-puddle.

At such times the dear friends of Snooks (most of whom had private hobbies of their own, though perhaps of a more quiet temper) would shake their heads, and volunteer the hope "that poor Snooks would now see the folly of his conduct." Not a bit of it; the next day Snooks would be mounted on another one, if any thing more wild and erratic than its predecessor. Instead of Mr. Snooks taking possession of his hobbies, his hobbies took possession of him, and while the fit lasted he had neither ears nor tongue for any thing else.

Now if he had been content to take his rides alone nobody would have complained; but he wasn't. With a benevolence not at all appreciated by his immediate circle of acquaintances he insisted that the rest of the world should follow his example. He set traps for their unwary feet, and seemed to take a cruel pleasure in witnessing their frantic efforts to escape him. He button-holed them in the street, waylaid them on their way to their business. If there was a time most inconvenient, a place most unsuitable, Snooks was sure to choose that very time and place to expatiate upon the one idea that had taken full possession of his brain. It was in vain that his victims, in self-defense, introduced some other topic, apparently as remote from it as the poles from each other. Snooks was not to be thus turned from his course. By a species of "hocus pocus" incomprehensible to the sufferer he would deduce from said topic some argument or illustration to show why they and the world in general should be as completely run away with by his hobby as he was himself.

Mr. Snooks's ideas, if allowed their natural run, generally died a natural death; but if they met with much opposition they struck in, like the measles, and were not got rid of so easily. As might be expected, he did not always find his road a smooth one; his hobbies would come into violent contact with those of other people, who didn't relish having their pet ideas thus rudely assailed, and which occasionally resulted in certain energetic demonstrations, necessitating the wearing of rather more court-plaster upon his face than was quite agreeable or becoming. But our hero took these little mishaps very philosophically, even if he did not inwardly exult that to his renown as a reformer was added the prestige of martyrdom.

Mr. Snooks was an ardent advocate for early marriages, and that he did not put his theory into practice was certainly no fault of his. The damsels of his acquaintance must have been incomprehensibly stupid in regard to the matrimonial prize within their reach, for various were the mishaps and rebuffs that he met with in his efforts in that direction. Though eager and persistent in his efforts, he disdained the weakness common to his sex, and was never known to go into rhapsodies over a sparkling eye or rosy cheek. Indeed, as far as any lover-like raptures were concerned, the several objects of his devotion—if we may use such a term—might as well have been lay figures in some milliner's shop.

Neither did he appear to make any special effort toward winning their hearts. Indeed this organ, if recognized at all, was of secondary importance in his eyes. His sole attention was directed to the head. Not to the wealth of tresses that adorned it; this was often a serious bar to his investigating spirit, and he was more than once heard to lament that the style in which it was dressed should so frequently not only conceal the "bumps" of the fair owners, but give them so many more than they were entitled to.

Craniology was one of the numerous ologies on which he placed implicit faith; and this test he applied to each and all of the fair aspirants to the honor of becoming Mrs. Snooks. Those that failed were remorselessly dropped from his list; for high as was his opinion of the married state, he was determined never to enter it unless he could find some one whose temperament would so harmonize with his, and the bumps of whose cranium were so counterbalanced by corresponding ones on his own, as to produce that equilibrium and perfect whole that could alone insure matrimonial felicity.

As can well be imagined, Snooks had no easy task before him. Could he have had a cast taken, and then had a head modeled from it "according to order," it would have saved him a world of trouble and perplexity. But as this, in the present state of the science, was impracticable, he was obliged to trust entirely to his powers of research and discrimination.

He was very careful in all this not to allow himself to be influenced too much by appearances, except they were decidedly in favor of his theory; then, indeed, his mind could hardly be more open to conviction. It was in vain to tell him that Miss A—— was of a kind and generous temper, when it was so evident to him that her organ of benevolence was in such a shockingly depressed condition; or that Miss B—— was an excellent housekeeper, when he could see at a glance that she was woefully deficient in the bump of order. All that he heard, all that he saw himself, only served to convince him that, in addition to the rest of their deficiencies, they were the most artful of their sex.

In view of all these wiles and blandishments, he often inwardly congratulated himself on the possession of an infallible test which could divest the fair masqueraders of their borrowed plumes, and show them to him as they really were.

But in spite of all his persevering researches he met with nothing but vexation and disappointment until fate brought him into contact with Miss Tryphena Tadpole. Here, apparently, was the head he had been so long in search of, and whose possession would make him the happiest of men. He immediately laid siege to it; and after some parley it surrendered at discretion, and both head and hand were placed at his disposal—we say nothing about the heart, that not being mentioned in the articles of agreement.

For a while Snooks was supremely blest. But as his bachelor career began to draw to a close he grew restless and uneasy. He was but a novice in the sublime art; supposing he had made a mistake in his calculations, and should find, when it was too late, that the head he had won was not the head he thought it was? If he could only get Professor Quacumburg's indorsement of his choice he should feel safe.

Snooks had read this great man's works, and was indebted to him for many of the expansive ideas that so filled his head as to leave room for little else, but had never consulted him personally. He had an office in a neighboring city, where, for the trifling sum of five dollars, one could have their mental and moral capacities mapped out with startling minuteness, and which the reader will acknowledge was ridiculously low, considering the amount of information guaranteed.

Anxious to have his fears confirmed, or else forever silenced, Snooks suggested to Tryphena that she ride over to the city with him the next day and have her chart taken. To which the unsuspecting girl, little dreaming of the trap that was set for her, consented.

Now, unknown to Snooks, Professor Quacumburg had just sailed for Europe for the purpose of inspecting the cast said to have been taken from a skull found some distance below the earth, in Sweden, and whose singular conformation had set the whole craniological world by the ears. Some of the learned *savans* declared that it belonged to an extinct race; another was equally as sure that it was one of the ancient Scandinavians; while still another insisted that it was of a more modern date. But however much they differed as to its origin, they all agreed on one point—that it had once been the temple of an intellect of unusual compass and vigor.

It was afterward ascertained to be a cast from a Swedish turnip, but not until it had elicited thirty-three pamphlets, besides innumerable discussions, to the great satisfaction of their respective authors and the edification of the public.

But though the great Professor had departed he had not left his place vacant. He had a son, who, if he did not exactly follow in his footsteps, was certainly no unworthy bearer of his name.

Likewise the fair Tryphena had a brother. According to Mrs. Tadpole's account, "Feenie and Tim" did nothing but fight through their interesting childhood; and when they arrived at years of discretion, and better things were expected of them, they simply "changed their base," continuing their warfare, though in a less open manner. The expression of Tryphena's opinion upon any given point was the signal for Tim to range himself unhesitatingly on the other side, and *vice versa.*

This being the case, the very fact that the gentle Tryphena was beginning to set her maiden affections upon Snooks would have been sufficient to have made Tim his sworn enemy, even if he had not been particularly disgusted by his continually dropping in evenings, and monopolizing the warmest seat and choicest good things in the paternal mansion. He immediately went to work to break up the match, succeeding about as well as people generally do in such an undertaking—that is, he made the parties concerned tenfold more resolute upon the attainment of their object.

Now it happened that Tim Tadpole and young Quacumburg were great cronies; and when the former heard of the proposed ride and its object, a bright idea entered his head, which was followed by a secret confab between the twain, in the private office of the great absentee, that was ominous of little good to the unsuspecting pair, who the next morning sought its hallowed shades.

They were informed by the grinning office-boy "that the Professor was busy, but would soon be at leisure," and were invited in the mean time to take a peep at the "Museum."

The room dignified by this title might more aptly have been called "Golgotha—a place of skulls;" for, ranged upon shelves on either side of it, they grinned down upon their startled visitors a ghastly welcome that made their teeth chatter from pure sympathy.

One side was devoted to those of celebrated criminals, most of whom had undergone the extreme penalty of the law, and on which were tickets duly setting forth the extent and nature of their crimes. Interspersed with these were plaster casts of certain dead celebrities whose originals were not so easily procured.

In the language of the proprietor, "this unique and valuable collection had been procured at great expense and trouble, and arranged and classified under his own personal supervision." And so far as the latter was concerned, it was easy to perceive that the collector was not unmindful of the effect of contrast; for from among the distorted heads of idiots and savages rose the sublime front of Webster and Shakspeare, while in the corner set apart for cannibals, pirates, and their ilk, were the serene, benevolent countenances of Wilberforce and Howard.

In the mean time, in the private office at the rear, Tim Tadpole was engaged in assisting Quacumburg junior into one of his father's old dressing-gowns. His luxuriant hair was concealed beneath a huge gray wig, and his eyes shorn of their youthful lustre by means of a pair of green glasses provided for the occasion by Tim, who, when the last finishing touches were given to his toilet, declared with a chuckle "that he looked enough like the old gent to be his own father!"

Tim then subdued the light of the room, and betook himself to the retreat he had prepared—a dark closet, where by the aid of a stool he could reach and look through a crack at the top of the door, and see all that was going on. He had barely time to make good his retreat when Snooks and his dulcinea entered.

The impressive and overwhelming manner with which the Professor *pro tem.* arose to receive them quite put into the shade his father's most successful efforts in that line, and so excited Tim's risibilities that the door against which he leaned shook with his suppressed laughter.

"Mercy on us! what was that?" exclaimed Tryphena, whose nerves were not a little shaken by the relics of mortality she had been viewing, and which it was her private opinion had been obtained by robbing grave-yards, if not by worse methods.

"It's my dog, that I just shut out," said the newly-fledged Professor, rather more hastily than comported with his dignity. But he made ample amends for it by the tone in which he added:

"Come to get a chart of your head, I suppose? Please take that seat, Madam."

The awe-struck Tryphena sank into the chair toward which she was majestically waved.

After gravely staring at her head for the space of one minute, the Professor deliberately unrolled a tape and took a careful measurement of it, the result of which he noted down upon a slip of paper. He then passed his hands over it, turning it this way and that as unceremoniously as though it was a globe, and apparently with the same object in view.

Suddenly he started, regarding his blissfully unconscious subject with a look of consternation and horror.

"Can't be possible; must have made a mistake," he muttered.

Again he measured the head, going through with the same manipulations as before, and apparently with the same result, for he shook his own gravely.

"Nothing wrong, I hope?" said Snooks, who had been intently regarding him.

The Professor frowned at this presumptuous interruption, and, without deigning a reply, jotted down some more notes upon his paper.

"That will do," he said, laying down his pencil, another wave of his hand planting Tryphena again upon her feet and assisting her toward the door.

"A most extraordinary head!" he added, partly to himself and partly to the expectant Snooks, and speaking in the concise, sententious manner of one who believes his words much too valuable to be wasted. "Must have time to consider. Call again to-morrow at half past two."

"But, my dear Sir," ventured Snooks, "just one word. Did you—"

"Have no time to explain now, Sir. Several persons waiting to see me. To-morrow, at half past two," interrupted the inexorable Professor, bowing them to the door, and through it, to the no small relief of Tryphena, who asserted "that she was too glad to escape with her head to say any thing about the chart of it."

Snooks passed a restless night, disturbed by dreams of direful import. We hardly need say that he was punctual to his appointment. More than punctual, in fact, by a full hour, which was spent among the cheerful objects gathered together with so much care by the renowned Professor.

He found the oracle he came to consult if any thing more lofty and inapproachable than before, and there was a mysterious reserve in his words that struck a chill to his heart.

"Sir, as I intimated yesterday, I find the head of your young lady friend to be the most singular one that ever came under my personal observation; but as the subject is living, and probably has friends who might take exceptions at such a disclosure, I must decline stating in what respect. Upon her death I should be willing to give almost any sum for it, as it would be, indeed, a valuable addition to one department of what I may truly call my unique and unrivaled collection."

For a moment Snooks sat bewildered. He then said, with a desperate air:

"Really, Sir, I must insist on knowing your reasons for this extraordinary, and I may well say alarming language."

The Professor did not seem to share in the impatience of his visitor. He deliberately took a pinch of snuff, surveying him in the mean time with a grave, commiserating aspect.

"I can but hope that you take no particular interest in this young person?"

"But I do, then," was the emphatic response; "and for the best of all reasons, that she is to be my wife, Sir."

"Good Heavens! you don't mean to say that you intend marrying her?"

"Yes—that is to say, that was my intention. And now that you know my reasons for pressing the point, I beg that you will keep me no longer in suspense."

"That indeed alters the question, and makes my duty plain. But before I proceed further you must pledge yourself to keep what I shall disclose strictly confined to your own bosom."

"I will never lisp a syllable of it, so help me God!"

At this assurance the Professor left the room, returning almost immediately with a skull, which, after carefully polishing it with his handkerchief, he placed on the table directly before Snooks, saying,

"Do you see that?"

To this rather superfluous question, as his visual organs were in nowise impaired, Snooks replied in the affirmative.

"Perhaps you will have the goodness to examine the card upon it?" said the Professor, blandly, and with the air of one advancing an unanswerable argument.

With a perceptible shudder Snooks read these words:

"Madge Haggerty, the Famous Poisoner. Executed June 10, 18—, confessing to the murder of her father, mother, two sisters, and four husbands."

"Very well, Sir," said Snooks, with as much show of impatience as his awe of the great man would admit, "and pray what has *that* to do with the head of Miss Tadpole?"

"Every thing, my good Sir," said the Professor, again resorting to his snuff-box, and speaking in a low, confidential tone; "which you will readily perceive when I tell you that the head of that young lady and the one on the table before you are, in size, form, and calibre, almost identical; that if there is any difference it is in favor of the latter."

A cold moisture broke out upon the face of Snooks.

"You must be mistaken," he gasped. "Why, her mother declares that she'd starve before she would kill a chicken! If you could have seen her when their old family horse died—'pon my word, cried like a baby, Sir."

"I can easily imagine it. Why, Madge Haggerty, at the same age, was said to have been remarkable for the tenderness of her heart, and yet you see what she became. And we read that Nero, that monster of cruelty, shed tears at the first death-warrant he was called to sign. I could cite you a dozen more modern instances. In some temperaments the ruling propensities, for a time, lie dormant; but the science is never at fault, is never mistaken, Sir. Whatever is here"—tapping the skull with his forefinger—"must sooner or later show itself. I have long been of the opinion that such are not fit subjects for punishment.

"Why, Sir, a person with a head like this," continued the eloquent Professor, taking it in his hand and surveying it with an air of affectionate interest, "can no more help being a murderer than a philanthropist can resist the benevolent instincts of *his* nature. Our wonderful, our glorious science is still in its infancy. I have no doubt but what a method will yet be discovered by which the head can, in childhood, be so moulded as to give every organ its proper place and proportion; but I regret to say that time has not yet come."

"But what am *I* to do?" exclaimed Snooks, whose mind was hardly in a condition to take in the extensive scope and general bearing of these words. "Good Heavens! what a discovery for a man to make only a month before his marriage!"

"That is not for me to determine," said the Professor, rising from his seat; "but were I in your place I should consider myself fortunate in

making it the month before rather than the month after. Excuse me for reminding you that my time is not my own; it belongs to the great public, whose servant I am. Shall be obliged to charge you a double fee for a double interview. Thank you, Sir. Hope every thing will be arranged to your satisfaction."

Snooks walked down stairs into the street like one in a dream; but before he reached home his chagrin was lost in thankfulness at his escape, and admiration at the wonderful power that had effected it. He spent the entire night in inditing an epistle to Miss Tadpole. We are sorry that its length (eight closely-written pages) prevents our giving it to the reader, as it contained some quite novel ideas on the rather hackneyed, but always interesting subject of matrimony. It wound up with the writer's regrets "that the duty he owed posterity, himself, and the world in general should demand the sundering of their engagement."

It was "baking-day" at the Tadpoles, and the post-boy found Tryphena in the kitchen, deeply immersed in its various mysteries. But a letter was no usual occurrence, and with one eye on the oven she sat down to read it. After floundering through the long words and ponderous sentences, strung together with so much care by her quondam suitor, until she came to the concluding paragraph, which contained the gist of the matter, she put it into her pocket, and, with an expression of contempt "that the man couldn't say what he wanted to without all that rigmarole," returned to her pies and puddings.

When her pa came home to supper she coolly informed him, in the elegant diction for which she was noted, "that all was up between her and Snooks."

She then addressed herself to the cold pork and cabbage with an energy which, to those unacquainted with her usual achievements in the victualing department, might seem to be born of desperation.

But if Tryphena was inclined to take it thus coolly, not so with the author of her being. "What! were the affections of his darling child to be trifled with, her heart broken, and her whole life blighted, and the wretch go unpunished? Not while he was a man and a father. He was rich, and should suffer for his villainy—where such men were most sensitive—in his pocket."

Such was the origin of the famous breach of promise case, "Tadpole *vs.* Snooks," which afforded so much amusement to the public, and was such a godsend to the reporters for the dailies.

Tryphena was duly instructed in her *rôle* of the broken-hearted maiden, which, to do her justice, was performed with great skill and effectiveness, especially considering the short time she had to learn it in. True, it seemed to agree with her on the whole; instead of pining away she grew plump and rosy on her grief. But as her counsel, Peter Flummery, Esq., said in his appeal to the jury—his voice faltering with emotion, and his eloquence bringing tears to every eye—"Who has not seen some goodly tree putting forth its buds and blossoms in rich profusion, while all was decay and hollowness at the core?"

He also made use of the original metaphor of the wounded dove clasping its wings over the arrow in its side. And though it was hardly applicable to the fair plaintiff, who seemed not at all reluctant to unveil her sorrows to the world, it produced a strong impression on the soft-headed as well as tender-hearted jury.

Eloquent as Mr. Flummery invariably was, he quite outdid himself on this occasion. The blighted affections of his client were spread out before the public in all their desolation, and her broken heart presented to the jury in a most solemn and affecting manner, in order that they might decide upon its original value, and be able to calculate to a nicety the amount it would cost to repair it.

Not content with this, he seized the luckless defendant, and, after painting him in the blackest and most diabolical colors, held him up to the scorn and derision of the world.

The lofty and aspiring mind of Snooks disdained any such commonplace measure as the aid of counsel. He defended himself by an elaborate argument, first, to prove that the heart was nothing but a force-pump used by nature to propel the blood through the system; second, that the head was the seat of the affections as well as the intellect; winding up with the plea that as there was no place on the plaintiff's for the affectional element, it was impossible for him to have done her the injury alleged.

At this novel and ingenious defense the judge frowned, the jury looked at each other significantly and shook their heads, while a murmur of indignation ran through the audience. And the result was that Snooks was ordered to make a fitting atonement to the plaintiff in the form of a large roll of "greenbacks," which, being applied to her broken heart, effected a miraculous cure. It immediately became as good as new. In fact, a great deal better; for whereas it formerly was rather below par in the market matrimonial, it was now at a premium, quite a number of bachelors and widowers being moved by the moving story of her wrongs and sorrows to attempt to console her. But Tryphena was not ungrateful. In the language of a paper chronicling the happy event, "a fortnight later, Peter Flummery, Esq., as successful in the courts of Cupid as of law, bore away the charming prize."

Snooks is still a bachelor, not having yet found the ideal head that can alone realize his expectations. At the last accounts he was about memorializing Congress upon the manifest injustice of punishing criminals for acts that the laws of their organization compel them to commit, and to advise the tearing down of jails and penitentiaries, and the erection of hospitals where such unfortunates can have the scientific treatment they require.

He has been engaged for some time past in certain chemical experiments tending to the discovery of some subtile, penetrating emolient, by which their heads can be so softened as to be easily remodeled; thus making them perforce "peaceful, law-abiding citizens." He has not as yet succeeded, but is confident of an ultimate triumph. We can not too highly estimate his unselfish labors when we reflect that the consistency of his own head renders any such process entirely unnecessary.

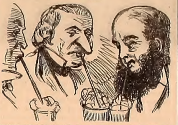
## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Washington, D. C.

Dear Weekly,—There never was a time when the National Capital was more full of rumors or the hotels more full of rummers than at present. Every day there is some new excitement or Presidential candidate turning up, and some old one turning down. Newspaper reporters are in a ferment, and the readers in a state of fermentation, all of which throws the public into the height of expectation, and lets them come down again, only to be caught out on the first bounce.

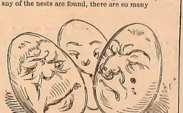
The fact is, there is a fierce political storm brewing, the brewer is Andy Johnson, and the White House is the mash-tub. As "straws show which way the wind blows" (though they be in the mouths of Mr. Johnson, Tom Florence, and Jerry Black), we may expect that while the President is thus



UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRITS OF "TOM" AND "JERRY,"

there must be a row with Congress.

On one side is a President firm in his purpose, but shaky in his actions. On the other side is a Congress shaky in its purposes, but firm in its actions, as far as they go. Congress is trying to throw cold water on the President, who never deals in the article, if he can help it, and the President is trying to infuse his spirit into the Cabinet as being something stronger than the Congress water; thus we have a pretty kettle of fish—including the "suckers." If these two contending powers are in earnest, there are, indeed, dark days ahead, in which the Capitol will have to be lighted at four o'clock in the afternoon instead of half past seven as at present; fresh trials and tribulations, not to mention those in pickle, are in store for the nation. In the confusion and excitement of the hour it is no easy matter to get into the nest where these plots and counterplots are said to be hatching, and indeed, when any of the nests are found, there are so many



BAD EGGS

in them that you dismiss the idea of their ever coming to any thing. It has, however, long since passed into a proverb that "whatever is fowl will brood." So we may expect an increase of the foul elements in the National Incubator. Many of the rumors that are mysteriously circulated are of the wildest imaginings, and, if false, are, as the counterfeit detectors say, "well done, and calculated to deceive." Thus they shove the queer in all departments of traffic, whether in "promises to pay," or those with no pay attached.

After carefully striving to get at the truth, so far as the controversy with the President is concerned, I have arrived at the conclusion that both Congress and the President, in the language of the ring, "mean mischief." I have talked with the backers of the President about the coming match, and they say their man and money are ready. They seem confident that their pet will be on his pins at the call of time, and will be found to be an ugly customer. He will strike out straight from the shoulder, bear down on his adversary, and crowd him to the ropes. On consulting with Ben Butler and other trainers and backers of Congress, I found them equally sanguine. They speak of the weight of their champion, the size of his mauleys, never known to "come up groggy," but always "smiling," to the call of time. So you see the way the thing now stands we may expect a very pretty fight, and some nice punishment all round. The President has gone into training already, and Congress will soon follow. The first forfeit, I understand, has been put up.

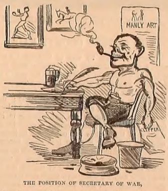
In the fight to come for the championship the rules of the P. R. will be in a measure set aside. The parties claim the right to strike below the belt if they please. There will be no referee; consequently the fight will be kept up, irrespective of foul blows or tumbles, until the defeated adversary is unable to come up to the scratch; not till then will the sponge be thrown up by the official spongers. The challenge lately issued by the President, under the name of an Amnesty Proclamation, is regarded by the trainers of Congress as a decided invitation to try the prowess of their chicken in the ring, and they mean to do it.

Now taking it for granted that the Radical leaders are in earnest, and that their loud threats are not mere boastings, it becomes a matter of interest to know how the President will act in the event of his impeachment, I am reliably informed that he will walk into the House while in session, put out the lights, then put out the livers on the Government; which, with his Cabinet in fighting trim, led by Grant in person, he is perfectly capable of doing. He will next walk over to the Senate Chamber, tearing down on his way half a dozen of those monster national transparencies, called historical paintings, and rush in flushed with victory. The Senators will immediately fraternize with him and his conquering attendants.

Each one of the Cabinet will then draw

HIS POCKET-PISTOL

and treat the crowd to its contents, which will beget such a spirit of good fellowship that the Senate will immediately *re-treat*, and the thing is done. Florence will then take possession of the Senate and Morrissey of the House, which they will run by getting volunteers from this city for both branches. Laws will be made disfranchising Schuyler Colfax and Bill Kelley, those two perambulating Rads, and Sumner will be put in Fortress Monroe. Sickles will be tried for cruelty to secesh processions and hung on the same gallows that finished Wirz. The President will then commence to elevate the *Blacks* by putting Jeremiah in the Cabinet, while Mr. Seward will be given the position of Consul to Sitka. Mr. Welles will be ordered to report on board the receiving-ship at Quarantine in the Lower Bay of New York, while Hammill of Pittsburg will be given the position of Secretary of the Navy, and will proceed at once to reduce the establishment to a peace footing by inaugurating races every Monday at the different naval stations with the ships of rival nations. Mike M'Coole, of St. Louis, champion of light weights, will be offered




THE POSITION OF SECRETARY OF WAR,

while Grant will be sent out to fight Spotted Tail on the plains.

This, I am satisfied, is the programme at present of Messrs. Johnson, Black, and Florence. I shall continue to hang around the back gate of the White House, and if I learn any thing more reliable I will make no delay in sending it on.

Your own C. O. W.

## SET FREE.

### A PRISON INCIDENT.

I was sitting with an old friend, the governor of a county jail, and we had been talking over his manner of living—one to which he seemed perfectly reconciled.

"Well," he said, "yes, it is a dull life, perhaps; not that I feel it, for, according to my way of thinking, it is not the occupation, but the man's heart, which makes him dull. Depend upon it, hands and a thoughtful mind were not given us for nothing, and the more I think the nearer I come to the conclusion that the busy life is the happy one after all. Now here am I, with plenty to take up my time in my duties, and plenty of studies of character within reach shut up all ready for me in the different cells.

"Gloomy place this, you'll say, barred and bolted to keep any friends from getting in unasked; but there, you know what old Milton said about the mind being its own place, and in itself able to make a heaven of its abode. I'm contented enough, and too busy generally to find fault.

"Yes, you may depend upon it your busy man is the happiest, for I've seen it again and again. The greatest punishment you can inflict upon a man is to shut him up with nothing to do, nothing to employ his time with, nothing to hinder the constant drag, drag of his thoughts, pulling him toward the past.

"Not always sorrow and contrition, but recollections of drinking-bouts and successful robberies and their profits, debaucheries, and then longings for liberty once more. Of course now and then we do get a really repentant fellow—not one of your cringing, fawning rascals, who turn up their eyes and feel so much better for the chaplain's words, and so carefully learn all his texts; but comparatively honest rogues—men who have been sent here for their term of imprisonment, and who feel the bitterness and shame of their position.

"I had such a man here not long back now—Ridding, in for poaching—and how that poor fellow beat against his cage bars! Poor fellow! I believe he was not a bad one at heart, but he had got himself mixed up with a poaching gang, and a keeper having been half killed, Amos was taken, and, rightly or wrongly, sent here for six months.

"I can soon pick out what I call the canters, and act accordingly; while where I see a poor fellow taking his confinement to heart, why, knowing how it tells on his mind, I do all I can for him to brighten him up—setting him at odd jobs about the place, gardening, and so on.

"But this poor fellow was unmanageable; he would work as hard as I liked, and as long as I liked, but the moment he was by himself he was pining again, fretting for his wife and children, and wearing himself away to skin and bone. I did not know what to do with him, and grew quite troubled at last, for I began to be afraid of having a summons from one of the warders, telling me that, in a fit of that weary, despairing madness which comes upon men, poor Ridding had made away with himself.

"The summons came at last, but in a different form; for one morning I was roused at five o'clock to be told that the bird had beaten down the wires and had escaped.

"'Why, how did he manage it?' I exclaimed, angrily.

"'Come and see, Sir,' said the warder, and I went to the cell where the prisoner had been locked in the night before at eight o'clock, and then apparently he must have gone to work at once with an old nail at the setting of one of the iron bars in the window till he picked it slowly out, and then wrenched out first one and then another, leaving a passage big enough to allow his body to pass. The blankets and rug were gone, while a piece of one of the former yet hung to one of the bars, evidently having been used to let the prisoner down into the yard below.

"We were not long in reaching the lesser yard, which was about twenty feet beneath his window, and surrounded on all sides by high buildings. Here it was evident that he had made his way into the lo[illegible]g passage between the work-shops, a place co[illegible]d in for the whole length with iron bars. But about half-way down we found where he had leaped up and caught the bars, and evidently by placing his feet against them and forcing, while he held on with his hands, strained till the iron gave way sufficiently for him to force his body through, when he would be able to lower himself into the large yard, where the high wall is, whose top is covered with loose heavy bricks, which are sure to fall if an attempt at escape is made.

"Not a brick was out of place, though, as far as I could see, till one of the men pointed out where three had fallen, and then, feeling satisfied in my own mind that the prisoner had escaped, I returned to my office, and sent out notices to the police.

"All at once one of the men ran in. 'Found him, Sir,' he said.

"'How? where?' I said. 'Is he in a cell?'

"'No, Sir,' said the warder, 'he's a-top of the prison.'

"I jumped up, and hurried into the yard, to find men at watch, for some people had caught sight of the poor fellow's head from a neighboring house, and given notice to the gate-keeper.

"It was now plain enough that the prisoner had reached the top of the high wall, and then, probably from its being daylight, been afraid to descend, so he had climbed from thence, by means of a water-pipe, right on to the top of the prison, and was now lying concealed in one of the gutters.

"I'm too old and stout to take part in such matters, so I sent up three men to the top of the prison, and then went up one of the buildings to see the capture made. I did not have to wait long before first one head and then another appeared above the trap-door, till the three men were upon the roof, which is rather extensive, consisting of high slated ridges, separated by wide lead gutters.

"The noise they made must have aroused the prisoner, for I saw him start up all at once as if from sleep, and stand facing his pursuers.

"'Of course he'll give up, poor fellow,' I muttered to myself; but I was mistaken, for the next moment I saw him scramble up one side of a ridge and slide down the other, in a way which showed that submission was far from his intention.

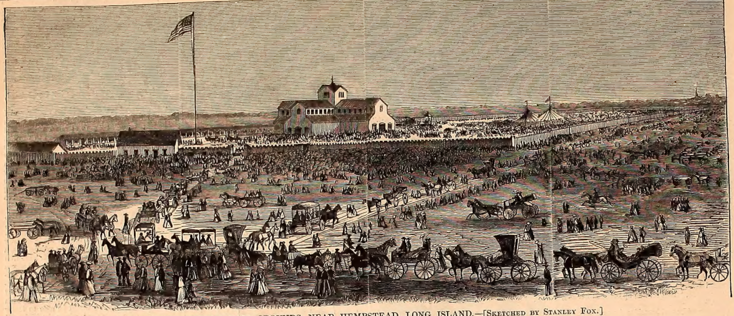
"Not to be outdone the three men separated, and as one followed in the prisoner's steps the others tried to cut him off right and left.

"But for duty I felt so much sympathy for the poor fellow that I should have said, 'Let him go.' But all I could do was to gaze horror-stricken at the scene going on about thirty feet from where I stood. Once a warder was near enough to touch the prisoner, but he eluded the grasp, and led his pursuers right to the end of the building, each man, in the excitement of the chase, running fearlessly along the coping of the parapet, or darting up and down the ridges in a way that chilled me with horror, as I thought of a fall full fifty feet into the stone-yard below.

"'Thank God!' I ejaculated at last, for at the second race round the building I saw one of the men drop behind a projection in hiding, and then, as the prisoner came round, the warder leaped up, caught him by the throat, and I thought all was over. But directly after I shuddered as I saw a deadly struggle going on within a foot of the parapet, and felt that the next moment must see the pair falling headlong to the ground; while it was almost a relief to see them go down heavily into the gutter, and the prisoner leap up and continue his flight, pursued by the other two men, who had lagged behind to cut off their quarry.

"But a new plan was now being adopted by the pursuers, who crawled on hands and knees between the ridges, one going one way, the other another way, while to my astonishment I saw the prisoner stop at the corner where the brick-burdened wall touched the building, and let down a rope of knotted blanket, hitherto hidden in the lead gutter, to which it was somehow secured. The next instant the poor fellow was over the side, swinging backward and forward, and turning round and round as he lowered himself quickly, staring upward at the men, who now came up and looked over at him.

"I'm governor of this jail, and I know my duty; but in that moment of peril I could do nothing but look on, for I felt, I may say, that something was going to happen. My hands were wet, the big drops stood upon my brow, while, when Ridding swung round, and I saw his di-



QUEEN'S COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR HEMPSTEAD, LONG ISLAND.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

lated eyes, I shuddered again, just as the fragile rope parted, and he came down with his back striking the wall, and dislodging some of the loose bricks, when I turned away from the window to run down; but not quickly enough to avoid hearing the sickening crash of the poor fellow's fall upon the hard flags in the yard.

"The doctor was standing over Ridding when I went into his cell, and then, answering my inquiring look with a slight raising of the eyelids and a shake of the head, he went out and left me with the poor fellow, who smiled as I leaned over his bed.

"'Are you in much pain?' I said.

"'Only in one place, Sir,' he whispered, touching his breast; and then no more was said for a minute or two, when I spoke a few encouraging words.

"'No use, Sir, no use,' he murmured. 'Don't be cross with me. I couldn't bear it any longer. I wanted to be with the wife and little ones once more. Tell 'em how it was.'

"The next morning the poor fellow was free—free from prison bonds—earthly bonds—all; and I was so upset with that affair that I sent in my resignation. It was returned to me with a note begging that I would reconsider my determination; and I did. But we have some most heart-rending cases at times under our care."

## THE QUEENS COUNTY FAIR.

When one goes by way of Oliver Charlick's railroad through the "coarse sand and gravel of Hempstead Plains" he is not apt to be favorably impressed with the internal improvements or the natural soil of Long Island. The railroad *is* slow, and the soil *is* sandy; but though the railroad agents of Long Island lack enterprise, the farmers are not wanting in industry and energy; and though a close investigation of the first is not calculated to induce many to risk their lives or lose their tempers thereon, searching inquiry will convince all that the Queens County farmers know how to make great crops and a great deal of money out of their poor soil. Twenty-five years ago a distinguished Senator of New York, who had been in the habit of looking at Long Island's sea-girt shores in a superficial manner, read the first report of the Queens County Agricultural Society, and was astonished to find that four towns of that single county raised more wheat than he had credited all Long Island with producing. And these four towns were in the centre of that "bed of coarse sand and gravel" which is known as Hempstead Plains. The permanent exhibition-grounds of the Queens County Agricultural Society have been built in the same locality, and its twenty-fifth annual exhibition, which ended on September 27, was a fair illustration of what educated farmers, modern machines, and improved tillage can accomplish even in "beds of coarse sand and gravel" like Hempstead Plains.

We give on this page an illustration of the grounds and exhibition-hall of this association. The grounds, which consist of 40 acres, were donated by the town of Hempstead. They have been inclosed and otherwise improved, with a spacious exhibition-hall, business office, stables, drives, etc., at a cost of $18,847 40. The exhibition-hall is built in the form of a Greek cross, equal to five rooms of 40 feet square each, and contains 8000 square feet of flooring. The tables are so arranged that each department may be kept separate. In the centre is a tasty iron fountain, around which are tables for flowers. At one corner of the centre is the speaker's stand, from which position every person in the building can be seen; at another corner is the entrance to the ladies' saloon.

The exhibition of 1867 was one of the most successful of the society; a large number of exhibitors were present, and a large amount of money was expended in premiums.

## A FOUR-IN-HAND ELK TEAM.

It has frequently been maintained that the buffalo, the elk, and the moose-deer could all be made subservient to practical uses as beasts of burden; and it is not an infrequent sight upon the plains to meet with the elk or buffalo in harness, while the backwoodsmen of Aroostook occasionally compel the unwieldy moose to answer the purposes of a horse. But the extreme viciousness of the males, and mulish obstinacy of the females, would seem to prevent them from ever superseding that most willing, obedient, and subservient of all known creatures, the horse. Accordingly, in civilized communities we find these animals used only by way of experiment and in the pursuit of novelty.

About fifteen years ago a daughter of the late General Wadsworth was accustomed to drive a pair of elk about the County of Genesee; but since then an elk team has been unknown until Mr. Starks made his appearance on the grounds of the New Hampshire Agricultural Fair at Nashua, on September 12, with the fine four-in-hand team which we have illustrated on this page.

How much speed can be got out of such animals is quite uncertain, although it is stated that the above team has made *seventeen miles* in *two hours*. But, notwithstanding all this, we think its chief merit is in its novelty, and in the amusement afforded those who have the time and means to devote to it. Viewed in this light, Mr. Starks's four-in-hand elk team is a great curiosity, showing much skill and perseverance on the part of its trainers.

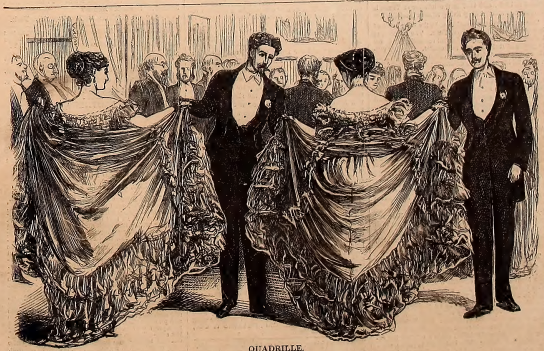
FOUR-IN-HAND ELK TEAM OF MR. STARKS AT THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FAIR AT NASHUA.—[Sketched by H. W. Herrick.]

AN OBJECTIONABLE OLD MAN.

YOUNG LADIES. "Going to make a Flower-Bed here, Smithers! Why, it'll quite spoil our Croquet Ground!"
GARDENER. "Well, that's yer Pa's orders, Miss. He'll hev' it laid out for 'Orticultur', not for 'Usbandry!"

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

NURSE. "Oh, Miss Nelly! Whatever *are* you about?"
MISS NELLY. "I'm only Dipping Dolly, like the Bathing Woman Dips me!"



QUADRILLE.
ANOTHER REMARKABLE STUDY FROM NATURE.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A VERY unpopular officer for ladies—General Housework.

A NEW READING—Uneasy lies the head that lacks a crown.

A STRANGE METAMORPHOSIS.—When a sportsman fires into a covey of partridges he makes them all quail.

A Yankee captain was caught in the jaws of a whale, but was finally rescued badly wounded. On being asked what he thought while in that situation, he replied, "I thought he would make about forty barrels."

A very corpulent gentleman, traveling in Minnesota, was walking backward and forward in front of a tavern while the horses were changing. One of the gapers, an inhabitant of the place, had a mind to be witty; viewing the gentleman's person, he accosted him with, "I see, Sir, you carry your portmanteau before you." "Certainly," said he; "I always think it requisite to have it under my eye when passing through a suspicious-looking place."

Why is wit like whisky-toddy?—Because it never gets into a Scotchman's head.

When Hugo Himmelman was going to get married to Gretchen Kulp, he went down to Parson Rogers, at Digby, to get a license.

"Parson," said he, "what's the price of a license?"

"Six dollars," said he.

"Six dollars!" said Hugo, "that's a dreadful sight of money! Couldn't you take any less?"

"No," said he, "that's what they cost me at the Secretary's office."

"Well, how much do you ask for publishing in the church, then?"

"Nothing," said the parson.

"Well," said Hugo, "that's so cheap I can't expect any change back. I think I'll be published. How long does it take?"

"Three Sundays."

"Three Sundays!" said Hugo; "well, that's a long time, too. But three Sundays only make a fortnight, after all; two for the covers and one for the inside like; and six dollars is a great amount of money for a poor man to throw away."

So off he went a jogging toward home, feeling about as mean as a new-sheared sheep, when all at once a bright thought came into his head, and back he went as fast as his horse would carry him.

"Parson," said he, "I've changed my mind. Here's the six dollars; I'll tie the knot to-night with my tongue that I can not untie with my teeth."

"Why, what in natur' is the meaning of all this?"

"Why," said Hugo, "I've been a cipherin' it out in my head, and it's cheaper than publishing after all. You see, Sir, it's potato diggin' times; if I wait to be called in church, her father will have her work for nothing; and as hands are scarce and wages big, if I marry her to-night she can begin to dig our own to-morrow."

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE—The one that is always last to see the joke.

FULLY ACCOUNTED FOR.—When people are "sworn" in a court of justice they kiss the outside of the book; doubtless because they consider an oath a "binding" matter!

### THE OUTSIDE DOG IN THE FIGHT.

You may sing of your dog, your bottom dog,
Or of any dog that you please,
I go for the dog, the wise old dog,
That knowingly takes his ease,
And, wagging his tail outside the ring—
Keeping always *his* bone in sight—
Cares not a pin in his sound old head
For either dog in the fight.

Not his is the bone they are fighting for,
And why should my dog sail in,
With nothing to gain but a certain chance
To lose his own precious skin?
There may be a few perhaps who fail
To see it in quite this light,
But when the fur flies I had rather be
The outside dog in the fight.

I know there are dogs—injudicious dogs—
Who think it is quite the thing
To take the part of one of the dogs,
And go yelping into the ring;
But I care not a pin what all may say
In regard to the wrong or the right,
My money goes, as well as my song,
For the dog that keeps out of the fight.

HOW TO WORK ON A WOMAN'S FEELINGS—Give her a Sewing-machine.

It is said that Baron Platt, when once visiting a penal institution, inspected the tread-mill with the rest, and, being practically disposed, the learned Judge philanthropically trusted himself on the tread-mill, desiring the warder to set it in motion. The machine was accordingly adjusted, and his lordship began to lift his feet. In a few minutes, however, he had had quite enough of it, and called to be released; but this was not so easy. "Please, my lord," said the man, "you can't get off. It's set for twenty minutes; that's the shortest time we can make it go." So the Judge was in durance until his "term" expired.

THE UNIVERSAL WATCHWORD—Tick

NOT WORTH SO MANY PINS!—A young man committed suicide in Paris lately by running fifty pins into his bosom, stating in a letter that he did so because his life had been a series of disappointments, and adding that he flattered himself his mode of suicide was quite original. At all events, if his life was disappointments, in his method of quitting it he carried his point—and fifty pins' points besides.

### A NEW METEOROLOGICAL SYSTEM,

*Being an ingenious method of predicting the various changes in the weather.*

First catch a pretty girl, then place her before a mirror. This will denote—*Fair.*
Request her (politely) to be seated—*Set Fair.*
Tell her (not politely) that she paints—*Change.*
Announce her lover—*Hail.*
Make them quarrel—*Wet.*
Show her a rival—*Much Wet.*
Disarrange her chignon—*Stormy.*

"A QUESTION OF TIME"—"What's o'clock?"

An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish up under his coat-tail. But the garment was too short to cover up the theft, and the merchant perceived it. "Now," said the customer, anxious to improve all the opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant, I have traded with you a great deal, and have paid you up promptly and honestly, haven't I?" "Oh yes," answered the merchant, "I have no complaint." "Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by." "That's so," replied the merchant. And the customer turned to depart. "Hold on, friend!" cried the merchant. "Speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you. Whenever you come to trade again you had better wear a longer coat or steal a shorter codfish."

## NAPOLEON'S UNPOPULARITY AT HOME.

One morning I was conversing with an intelligent Frenchman on the top of an omnibus. As we were passing the Louvre I observed that it would be difficult from without to say which half of it had been built by the present Government, as the color of both seemed the same. I had heard, I said, that when the new buildings were completed the engines were employed to throw a mixture of soot and water over their walls so that it might look as old as the rest. "It is true," said the gentleman. "That is the way we have been going on in Paris for this fifteen years, living d—d lies!" His face as he said this so plainly expressed the color of his principles that I was anxious to draw him out, and managed to assure him that he was safe in saying what he pleased to me. He declared, however, that he was in the habit of saying what he thought without fear. "We are" (I follow his train of remark, not noting my own questions), "an instinctively truthful people. Our very name is 'frank.' Yet our Government is simply a lie systematized. 'The will of the people' —a musket close to every breast made it—and what then sustained it? The Emperor sends an agent around to every ignorant tradesman or mechanic in France, to every peasant in the provinces, to every man who has a bit of property of any kind whatsoever. This agent prints on every man's title to his property, though it be the smallest patch, the name and guarantee of Napoleon III. and a big seal, and tells him that if any thing happens to the present dynasty his title to his little garden, his hut, or whatever he owns, is gone. A manifold lie! Then abroad we are mainly known by our lies. We swear we will not touch Nice or Savoy; to-morrow we have pocketed both. We assure America that we have no thought of interfering with the Government of Mexico: to-morrow we raise a Hapsburgh throne there. In Paris, if the Emperor wishes to have a thing believed he is compelled to publish the opposite. The *Moniteur* forgot itself last summer and declared the cholera was *not* in Paris; the day after Paris was deserted by all who could leave it. This is a symptom. Paris is no longer deceived. When the peasants in the country comprehend the import of the name and seal on their title-deeds the lie will end."

It seems to be quietly understood by every body in Paris that the general opinion of the present dynasty is that which was expressed by this gentleman. Recently two men were overheard by the police denouncing some third person, whose name was not mentioned by either, as a "scoundrel." A policeman marched up to the man who had used the epithet and arrested him, saying, "You are speaking of the Emperor!" An equally amusing case of this official naïveté occurred a few days ago. There was exhibited for some days in the window of a print-shop on a certain boulevard a picture of one large and six small donkeys feeding at a trough; although there was not an explanatory word on the picture the authorities were uncomplimentary enough to the Emperor and the six members of his cabinet to assume that it referred to them and ordered the picture to be removed!

It is plain that the all-absorbing ambition of the Emperor at present is to secure the succession of the Prince Imperial. There is no doubt that there is a wide-spread disbelief in Paris of this boy's being really the son of Napoleon and Eugénie; as yet it is expressed only in significant wonders that there should have been no further addition to the royal family, but were the Emperor to die the matter would be investigated. Certainly the lad bears no resemblance to either of his reputed parents. He is a good-looking, lively, delicate fellow, and may be frequently seen examining the articles in the Exhibition under the direction of his instructor, Dr. Cheysson. One morning he and young Prince Arthur of England met on the main avenue and greeted each other cheerfully, then parted, the former to explore the military departments, to which indeed the most of his attention was given, and the English boy to study the machines, among which he was generally to be found.

So far as France is concerned the more I see of it the more I observe the feverish twitches and starts of a people about to wake. The French people have no admiration for monarchs. They did indeed come in vast numbers to see the Sultan; chiefly, I believe, from curiosity. There was something fresh even for the boulevards to see a hundred magnificent polygamists settling down in the streets of Paris. But the monarchs whose crowns were their only distinction were left by them to the admiration of Americans. As the Czar, the King, the Prince, the Emperor passed along there were some "Hoorays" but no "Vivas." "Is it not odd," I asked of a friend, an imperialist, "that the crowd does not cheer your Emperor?" The Emperor had just passed, bowing to an utterly silent throng of (chiefly) French people. "Oh," said he, "a French crowd never cheers." Whereof there was a striking illustration in the evening at the theatre where Victor Hugo's *Hernani* was given. The crowd thundered out the name of Hugo—it stamped, clapped, roared, until the contagion of fury got into the hands of Prince Napoleon, who burst out his gloves by clapping, and into the breast of the mild Etienne Arago, who shouted out a *Vive Hugo*, for which he half-apologized in the papers next day. I wonder what M.M. Sarcey and Barochi, who, pale and troubled, looked upon this scene of Hernani, not in the programme, thought of the alleged inability of the French to cheer. Had Victor Hugo been in the theatre that night there would have been for the first time an historical parallel to that night when Voltaire was dragged from his box in the same building and crowned upon its stage. As it was, every shout was a poisoned shaft for the Emperor, whom nobody loves. Many a time have I seen the sneer curling upon silent lips when foolish Americans have attempted to please French people by adulations of their Emperor; and I regret to say that I encountered every where an impression that Americans more than the people of other countries are prone to a certain servility toward the crowned and titled whatever their characters. Perhaps the touch of the imperial will, which compelled them on the Fourth of July to give up their fête at the Pre-Catelan *while a dozen other fêtes went on*, and to spend Independence Day mourning for the downfall of the Hapsburg invader of Mexico, may have given such a needed lesson. That the people of France are hoping that the Napoleonic dynasty may be thrown off without revolution I believe; but I am still more certain that they are determined that it shall end, that it shall not be inherited nor replaced by a legitimist monarchy, and that their government shall be the fit raiment of their splendid culture and fraternal society.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

September, "the heart's month," as well as "the harvest month," is passing from us. June, with its bursting buds and softly-scented air, comes with charming freshness after long, cold months; but there is a mellow maturity about September that is luxurious to body and spirit. The glorious days, so bright and sunny, the deep, green foliage, the ripening fruit hanging in thick clusters from the bending boughs, the yellow corn bursting from the husk, the nodding grain, and withal a certain indescribable atmosphere of *rest* encircling every thing, give a peculiar charm to this first autumn month. We are speaking of September in the country; for, turning from the city just as the fashionable world was re-entering it, in a quiet nook we have been whiling away these hours in delicious, dreamy laziness. Roaming unmolested through forest, lawn, and garden, a book in hand for company, now lounging on the grassy bank, now plucking the white and purple plums that hang so temptingly low, slowly eating the luscious fruit while gazing dreamily into the deep blue sky, such restful reveries have stolen over us that even the dinner-bell would sound unnoticed until the old family Tabby, who is fully posted in all signals respecting the serving of meat and milk, rubbed her soft head wistfully against the hand that listlessly clasped a volume of Longfellow.

To be sure, about the middle of the month, there came a "cold spell," chilly nights and crisp mornings; and one bright, still Sabbath, at early dawn, the ground was white with frost. It was too soon for this silent blighter to make his appearance, and many a cherished nursling and tender herb withered at the sharp touch. There was much anxiety also among farmers lest the corn had received its death-blow. But after this, September, as if regretting such severity, became milder, mellower, gentler even than before. And though the rich, fresh green of many a growing thing was gone, the gold and crimson gleaming in the forest foliage added new beauty to the landscape. Gentle September, farewell! October, bearing rich and varied pleasures, is just at hand. Yet reluctantly we bid adieu to this beautiful month, so full of recollections, joyous and pleasant, as well as sad and tender ones.

The nutting season is a favorite one among the young folks in the country. The chestnut crop in Connecticut promises better this year than for a long time. When the early frosts have opened the burs there will be plenty of merry-making in their vicinity.

The Goodrich potato is an excellent variety of this indispensable vegetable. One bushel and a half of this kind, planted last spring in Fishkill, have this fall yielded one hundred and twenty-six bushels.

We can not believe it is true, but report says that a minister of New Haven, who has been faithfully laboring in his office for twenty-five years, has been obliged to leave his pulpit and go to work as a carpenter to obtain means to support his family.

A train on the Northwestern Railroad in Iowa was recently delayed an hour and a half on account of grasshoppers, which so thickly covered the track that the engine-drivers slipped on the rails.

In Kansas they have corn-stalks twelve and eighteen feet high; and beef in the interior of Texas is 3½ cents a pound. Cheap living in such localities!

The coming season promises to be the most brilliant in the musical annals of New York. The concerts at Irving Hall will supply delightful recreation and rest to people of real taste and refinement. Genuine music of the highest class is truly ennobling, and affords a safe and healthful amusement to young and old.

Tomatoes, it is said, were first introduced into this country as an article of food on the table of the Astor House in 1830. In less than two years they were eaten all over the country. The tomato is considered one of the most healthful fruits or vegetables—whichever it may be regarded.

The organist of St. Paul's M. E. Church, in Fourth Avenue, commenced his career when a child of six and a half years, by playing the organ of the Bedford Avenue church in Brooklyn. His name is Walter Russell Johnston. He is now but twenty-three years old, and has held his present position for ten years. He is a fine performer and a talented composer.

Seventeen missionaries recently left New York in the steamer *Denmark*. Among them were several whose names have long been well known as laborers in evangelizing the world.

At a late session of the American Institute Farmers' Club, a young miss of nine years proposed to bet with any boy that she could beat him in paring apples. If she beat, he should buy her a new dress; if he beat, she would make him a shirt.

The Howland Will Case, which has excited so much interest in Boston, and indeed throughout the country, is one of the most remarkable causes on record. The amount involved exceeds a million of dollars. Miss Sylvia Ann Howland, a lady of great wealth, died in 1865; and Miss Robinson (now Mrs. Green), her niece, although reputed to be worth $5,000,000, contested her aunt's will, by which she was to receive only an annual income of $70,000. Miss Robinson affirmed that her aunt, in consequence of a quarrel with her (Miss Robinson's) father, made a will leaving every thing to her niece; Miss Robinson, in return, making a will which excluded her father from all share in *her* property. The will of each was deposited with the other. But a subsequent will was made by Miss Howland, without the knowledge of her niece. A strange addition was, however, attached to the will which was in Miss Robinson's possession—a paper sewed with fine thread to the first page—stating in substance that nothing would induce Miss Howland to make a will unfavorable to her niece, and that *that* was her true will, whatever other disposition of her property she might afterward be compelled to make. This document was, apparently, properly signed. The genuineness of this signature, however, was denied; it being alleged that it was copied by tracing from the signature of the original will. This singular document, being executed in duplicate, there were three signatures; and, on examination, they were found to coincide with mathematical accuracy, not only letter for letter and space for space, but also that *each had the same slant to the base line of each paper*. It was proved that a wonderful similarity existed in all of Miss Howland's signatures. But the most curious testimony given at the trial was that of Professor Peirce of Harvard College, one of the best mathematicians of the age, on the doctrine of chances. Having ascertained the relative frequency of coincidence by comparing numerous signatures of Miss Howland, he concluded that, in her case, "this phenomenon (of coincidence) could occur only once in two thousand six hundred and sixty-six millions of millions of millions of times—a number which far transcends human experience. So vast an improbability is practically an impossibility." And his conclusion from these data was thus expressed: "Under a solemn sense of the responsibility involved in the assertion, I declare that the coincidence which has here occurred must have had its origin in an intention to produce it." Strange application of mathematical science to determine the chances of coincidence while writing one's name!

It is reported that the object of the meeting of the Emperors at Salzburg was to arrange a marriage between the Prince Imperial and the Princess Gisete of Austria. She is said to be a charming little creature, eleven years of age, amiable and intelligent, and even now a sort of good fairy to all around her.

Exposition Universelle.—We learn by recent advices from Paris that the name of Elias Howe, Jr., heads a list of petitioners to the Imperial Commission for a reconsideration of the Sewing Machine Awards—a significant commentary upon the protestations of the Howe Company that the Gold Medal has already been awarded for that machine.—*Communicated.*

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**It is the Duty of the Public Press**

To assist in opening the eyes of the people to the fact that innumerable medicinal compounds are being offered under the name of "remedies" of various kinds, which, if not composed in part of ingredients which are absolutely poisonous and hurtful, are totally ineffectual to perform what is claimed for them. Humbuggery is not confined to "gift enterprises" and "art associations." It is not to be wondered at that intelligent and scientific physicians have long hesitated in announcing the discovery of a truly valuable medicine, such is their repugnance to any system which has the least semblance of empiricism in its composition. A double sense of duty, however, prompts them to go before the public: first, to expose the gross frauds and fallacies of pretenders, and, secondly, to give the largest number of persons the benefit of a discovery, which, tested by time, has proved the salvation of thousands of human lives. While "confection" has succeeded confection, and "comfit" has followed comfit, each in its swiftly fleeting life proclaiming the vanity of empiricism, and the just punishment following cupidity, DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE stands to-day where thirty years ago it was pronounced and placed by competent physicians and hosts of relieved sufferers, as a specific for the expulsion of intestinal worms.

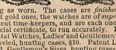
☞ Procure this great specific, and be convinced that it is all that is claimed for it. DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is manufactured by FLEMING BROS., of PITTSBURG, Pa., and can now be had at all respectable drug stores. All other vermifuges are, in comparison, worthless.

None genuine without the signature of
[30.] FLEMING BROS.

"While the Lamp holds out to Burn" there is a chance for restoration of health. If, therefore, the constitution has been weakened by disease or excess, the nerves shattered, the stomach weakened, the appetite gone, and all the world appears gloomy, pour some fresh oil into your lamp in the shape of Plantation Bitters, which will make the flame of life again burn brightly, and illuminate a once wretched existence. For ladies it is an elegant and gentle stimulant, exactly such as they require. Many families will not be without it. It has an immense sale throughout the world.

Magnolia Water.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the cost.

**Superior Imitation Gold Watches.**



*Oroide cases*, a newly discovered composition, precisely like gold in appearance and keeping its color as long as worn. The cases are *finished* equal to the best gold ones, the watches are of *superior quality*, excellent time-keepers, and are each one warranted, by special certificate, to run accurately. Improved Horizontal Watches, Ladies' and Gentlemen's sizes, 4-holes, jeweled, hunting cases, $10. Patent Levers, full jeweled, Gentlemen's Sizes, hunting cases, $15. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold watch costing $150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6, according to weight. Sent by express, to be paid for on delivery. *Customers must pay all Express charges.* C. E. COLLINS & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., New York.

BOOKS—all kinds. Sample and catalogue, 25 cents.
PHOTOGRAPHS—all kinds. Sample and Cat., 25 cts.
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**460 MILES**
OF THE
**Union Pacific Railroad,**

Running west from Omaha across the Continent, are now completed, and it is expected that the remaining 57 miles, to carry the track to the base of the Rocky Mountains, will be finished early in October. The work is being pushed forward with equal energy on the California end of the route, under the direction of the Central Pacific Company, commencing at Sacramento, and it is confidently expected that the two roads will meet in 1870, thus completing the entire grand line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

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Mr. J. Ross Browne is a lively off-handed American, with quick eyes, good legs, and a ready sense of fun, that he can express fairly in words and more perfectly in pictures. In this book he first lands at St. Petersburg, with a knapsack on his back and a hundred dollars; and after giving about half his volume to talk of the Russians, illustrated by many clever and amusing woodcuts, he proceeds to Scandinavia, shows us something of Sweden and Norway, illustrated still with good sketches, some of scenery and more of character seen from its comic side, looks at Copenhagen, and goes also to Iceland. It is thoroughly entertaining, and its clever woodcuts, of which there are more than a hundred, are picturesque and comic.—*London Examiner.*

Of all the indefatigable American travellers who go knocking about the world, spying out the peculiarities of countries and peoples, studying up governments and societies, and deducting philosophical conclusions and practical theories from every thing they see, and then put their observations in print for the benefit of the stay-at-homes who would study continents without the trouble of exploring them—decidedly the most entertaing, in a general way, is J. Ross Browne. —*Albany Journal.*

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*A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.*

In a few days we shall commence the publication of "Harper's Bazar," a Weekly Illustrated Family Journal, devoted to Fashion and Home Literature. Our aim is twofold: to supply the existing need of a Weekly Fashion Newspaper, and to combine therewith a first-class literary journal, which will be indispensable to every household.

It is estimated that *three hundred million dollars* are expended annually in this country for dry-goods, which must then be transformed by human industry into articles of dress. Reliable and practical instructions as to the best methods of fashioning this vast amount of raw material can not fail, therefore, to be of immense value to the intelligent women of America, especially in the country, where dressmakers and milliners are scarce, and where the people are thrown to a great degree on the resources of their own ingenuity.

Various monthly Fashion Magazines, of more or less merit, are already in existence; but thus far no Weekly Fashion Newspaper has been published in the United States, though many are found in Europe. Arrangements have been made, at an immense cost, with the most celebrated of these papers, especially with the famous "*Bazar*" of Berlin, which supplies the fashions to the leading journals of Paris, to furnish the same to us in advance, so that henceforth the fashions will appear in "Harper's Bazar" simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin—an advantage enjoyed by no other journal in the country. We shall thus be in a position to furnish plain and practical instructions, accompanied with illustrations, which will enable every lady to cut and make her own and her children's entire wardrobe, with much of that of her husband. Illustrations and descriptions of all kinds of fancy work, etc., will also be given.

The patrons of "Harper's Bazar" will receive every fortnight large pattern-plates, containing from forty to fifty full-sized patterns of ladies', misses', and children's bonnets, cloaks, dresses, under-clothing, and other articles, accompanied with the necessary descriptions and directions; and occasionally an elegant colored fashion plate of the size of "*Harper's Weekly*:" all of which will be arranged and executed in Paris and Berlin, and will surpass any thing of the kind ever before published in this country. These pattern-plates will be found of great value. In the extensive variety of patterns which they will present almost every one will find something especially adapted to the wants of the moment; while they will be arranged with such simplicity that any person of ordinary ingenuity can use them without the slightest difficulty. In the country, where it is often difficult to obtain patterns, this feature of the paper will be thoroughly appreciated. Practical articles will also be given respecting the fashions most in vogue in New York; for in point of fashion New York is to America what Paris is to the world.

While we design to make "Harper's Bazar" the leading Fashion Newspaper of America, we do not mean to make it *only* a Fashion Newspaper. On the contrary, it is intended that its literary merit shall equal its practical utility. In this it will have a decided advantage over the European journals, which are devoted almost solely to fashion. Ours will be a true Bazar, replete with an endless variety of all that can charm the eye and delight the fancy. We wish it to be emphatically a home journal; and while, in pursuance of this design, every thing sectarian and political will be omitted, we shall endeavor to embody all subjects that will amuse or instruct the family circle, taking care that they shall be treated in a spirit of high-toned and pure morality. Apart from the Fashion department, the paper will contain original and selected Serials, Poetry, Novelettes, articles on the Topics of the Day, Literature, Art, Familiar Science, Morals, Education, Amusements, Hygiene, Etiquette, the Management of Children, Housekeeping, Cooking, Gardening, Architecture, Book Reviews, Home and Foreign Gossip, etc., etc. Pains will be taken to secure the best talent, and to make the new journal such as no family can afford to be without.

"Harper's Bazar" will contain 16 folio pages, of the size of *Harper's Weekly*, printed on superfine calendered paper, and will be published weekly, at ten cents per single number, or four dollars per year.

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COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

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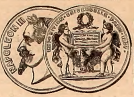

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## THE CIRCUIT PREACHER.

We give this week a picture of "The Circuit Preacher," the spirited design of which can hardly fail to arrest attention.

The title is synonymous with "Methodist Chivalry." Individually the character is most interesting, but historically it is of much more importance, for the historians of Methodism vindicate its mission in America chiefly by the fact of its "Itinerancy," its "Circuit System." The denomination, they tell us, began in this country when the Revolution was beginning; it fought its first battles contemporaneously with the Revolutionary battles, and it was constitutionally organized just before the organization of the Republic by the Federal Constitution. The Revolution opened the whole continent for the ingress of population. No Protestant prelate had hitherto lived upon the continent; it now presented not merely a church without a bishop, and a state without a king, but a state territorially larger than any other in the civilized world without an ecclesiastical establishment. The State separated from the Church, enfranchising it by divorcing it. Religion was to expect no more legal support, except temporarily in a few localities where the old system might linger in expiring. The novel example was contrary to the traditional training of all Christian states, and might well excite the anxiety of Christian thinkers for the moral fate of the New World. How were Christian education, churches, and pastors to be provided for this boundless territory and its multiplying millions of souls? If the "voluntary principle" were as legitimate as its advocates believed, yet could it possibly be adequate to the moral wants of the ever-coming armies of population which, under the attractions of the new country, were about to pour into and overspread its immense regions; armies far surpassing the northern hordes, whose surging migrations swept away the Roman Empire, and with which was to be transferred to the New World much of the worst barbarism of the Old?

Evidently the usual provision of stated pastors, with long preparatory training, could not meet the religious necessities of the country. Methodism entered the great arena at the emergent moment. It was to be literally the founder of the Church in several of the most important new States, individually as large as some leading kingdoms of the Old World. It was to become at last the dominant popular faith of the country, with its standard planted in every city, town, and almost every village of the land. Moving in the van of emigration, it was to supply, with the ministrations of religion, the frontiers from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, from Puget's Sound to the Gulf of California. It was to do this indispensable work by means peculiar to itself; by districting the land into circuits which, from one hundred to five hundred miles in extent, could each be statedly supplied with religious instruction by but one or two traveling evangelists, who, preaching daily, could thus have charge of parishes comprising hundreds of miles and tens of thousands of souls. It was to raise up, without delay for preparatory training, and thrust out upon these circuits thousands of such itinerants, tens of thousands of local or lay preachers and exhorters, as auxiliary and unpaid laborers, with many thousands of class-leaders who could maintain pastoral supervision over the infant societies in the absence of the itinerant preachers, the latter not having time to delay in any locality for much else than the public services of the pulpit. Over all these circuits it was to maintain the watchful jurisdiction of traveling presiding elders, and over the whole system the superintendence of traveling bishops, to whom the entire nation was to be a common diocese. It was to govern the whole field by quarterly Conferences for each circuit, Annual Conferences for groups of circuits, Quadrennial Conferences for all the Annual Conferences. It was to preach night and day, in churches where it could command them, in private houses, school-houses, court-houses, barns, in the fields, on the highways. It was to succeed, until one of the best authorities in the statistics of the country, himself of another denomination (Dr. Baird), was at last to "recognize in the Methodist economy, as well as in the zeal, the devoted piety, and the efficiency of its ministry, one of the most powerful elements in the religious prosperity of the United States, as well as one of the firmest pillars of their civil and political institutions." The historian of the Republic (Bancroft) records that it has welcomed the Methodist itinerants "as the pioneers of religion;" that "the breath of liberty has wafted their messages to the masses of the people; encouraged them to collect the white and negro, slave and master, in the greenwood, for counsel on divine love and the full assurance of grace; and carried their consolation, and songs and prayers to the furthest cabins in the wilderness."

We have said that individually the circuit preacher is a most interesting character. He is the impersonation of religious romance and ministerial chivalry in Methodist history—the most spirit-stirring of ecclesiastical annals. Most of the early Methodist bishops and itinerants remained unmarried through life, that they might give themselves with entire devotion to their travels and labors. They had no homes but the homes of their people, among whom they were ever welcome, not only as pastors but as the most companionable of men, abounding in anecdotes of their own strange adventures, in news of the brethren and churches of their far-reaching circuits, and particularly in harmless humor; for their acquaintance with the world, their contact with all classes of men, gave them a facility, a bonhomie, an aptness for repartee, which became quite generally characteristic of them as a class notwithstanding their religious earnestness. They have been pronounced the best humorists of our Revolutionary period. They were mighty workers; they usually preached two, often three sermons daily—at one place or "appointment" in the morning, at another in the afternoon, at another in the evening. They kept the whole Western frontier resounding with their evangelic trumpets when few other clergymen could be found there. They kept pace with emigration—kept in its very front. Many of them were the prized companions of Boone, from Kentucky to Missouri. Their salary was but seventy dollars a-year, and they seldom received half of it. The people fed them, often clothed them, cheerfully; and all they seemed to need besides was for occasional traveling expense, books, etc. Our artist has not forgotten the "saddle-bags." That article was the very symbol—the invariable accompaniment—of the "Old Itinerancy." In it the circuit preacher carried his slight wardrobe, his Bible and Hymn-book, and what room remained was usually crammed with Methodist books for sale; for Methodist preachers were all practical "colporteurs"—the best "diffusers" of religious knowledge this country ever knew. Their Discipline expressly enjoined upon them this duty; they were all agents for their 'Book Concern," and have made it the greatest religious publishing house in the world. "Scatter the books every where," said Wesley to them; "leave not a stone unturned in this work."

In the West, every where indeed, they became real heroes. Nothing could turn them aside. The hardest field was the field of greatest honor; persecution and mobs only inspirited them. They confronted fearlessly the perils of Indian hostility from the Lakes to the Gulf; their people often convoyed them with arms from "appointment" to "appointment," singing hymns on the way, but "keeping their powder dry," and a wary lookout. Their great bishop, Asbury, the greatest of itinerants, was usually accompanied, on the other side of the mountains, like a captain at the head of a troop. To the early Methodists of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio he was the greatest hero of the nation next to Washington.

Richard Nolley was one of the most famous circuit heroes of the South, and is now venerated as a martyr. He labored sturdily against fierce persecution. Fire-crackers were often thrown upon him in the pulpit, and while he was upon his knees praying; but he would shut his eyes, that he might not be distracted by menaces, and preach and pray on with overwhelming power, a habit which, it is said, lasted through his life. His voice was as a trumpet, and no man of the Southwest proclaimed the Gospel with greater energy. He penetrated to the newest settlements on the Tombigbee, Alabama, where he was beset with Indian perils. For three years he ranged there over a vast extent of country, preaching daily, stopping for no obstructions of flood or weather. When his horse could not go on he shouldered his saddle-bags and pressed forward on foot. When the settlers flew from the Indians into isolated forts and stockades Nolley kept abroad, hastening from post to post, preaching continually, comforting the refugees. He "kept the Gospel sounding through all the country." It was in this wild region that happened the fact often cited as an illustration of the energy of the primitive circuit preacher. Nolley came to a fresh wagon track in the woods and soon found an emigrant family, which had just pitched on the ground of its new home. The man was unlimbering his team and the wife was busy about the fire. "What," exclaimed the settler, on hearing the salutation of the preacher, and glancing at his unmistakable appearance, "have you found me already? Another Methodist preacher! I left Virginia to get out of their reach; I went to Georgia and thought to have got a long whet, but they got my wife and daughter into the church; then in this purchase (Choctaw Corner) I found a piece of land, and was sure I should have some peace of the preachers, and here is one before my wagon is unloaded!" Nolley gave him small comfort. "My friend," he said, "if you go to heaven you will find Methodist preachers there; if you go to hell you will find some there, I fear; and you see how it is in this world, so you had better make terms with us and be at peace."

Nolley made his way at last quite into the interior of Louisiana, and there, after wading one day a flooded stream, he fell exhausted to the earth in the heart of a forest. He crept to the shelter of some favorable trees, got upon his knees, prayed, and, lying down to die, composed his limbs, closed his eyes, and was found the next day by a traveler, who bore him away and had him buried. His knees were muddy, and their prints upon the ground showed that he had been praying in this last scene of his heroic life.

The circuit preacher has disappeared, almost, from our Atlantic regions, but he is still abroad in the Valley of the Mississippi and on the Pacific Coast, doing brave battle for his Church.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 12, 1867.

## THE STATE CONVENTION.

The New York Republican Union Convention was a very unanimous and enthusiastic body. The signs of "the great reaction" were not evident. Many of the best men of the State were delegates. The President was Senator Roscoe Conkling. The Chairman of the Committee upon Resolutions was State Senator Andrew D. White. The spirit of the assembly was harmonious and inspiring, and the nominations were amply satisfactory to the Convention as they will be to the people of the State. We had hoped, indeed, that certain gentlemen now in office would be retained, both because of their spotless character, ability, and fidelity, and because we thought good policy demanded their renomination; but not because we supposed there were not plenty of other men in the party good and true. Among those the Convention decided to make its choice, and has presented an entirely new ticket. The names of Mr. Hulburd of St. Lawrence for Controller, and of Mr. Van Cott of Kings for Attorney-General, are an earnest of the quality of the candidates and of the resolution of the Republicans of New York that they will fight their battle under truly representative leaders.

The speech of Mr. Conkling was a fervid and eloquent assertion of the principles and purpose of the great dominant party of the country. "It is a party of ideas, not of privilege for a few, but of human rights for all." But a party must vindicate its claim to support by able and successful administration. This the Republican party did first against all odds, against the sneering incredulity of Europe, the treachery of Copperheads, and the often hesitancy of many friends, by the unconditional triumph of the war. And this it was next doing in the peaceful reconstruction of the Union, when the work was arrested and paralyzed by one man, and he the executive of the laws. Now the Constitution does not provide for a constant watching and restraining by Congress of the Executive. But if it is found necessary to do it, the Constitution does provide a remedy for such a situation in impeachment. When it is evident that such is the situation let the Executive be impeached. It may be avoided perhaps by an authoritative expression of the people in the elections, and therefore it is of the utmost importance that there be no doubt of the popular will. The President will go as far as he dares, and he will dare the last and worst if the people falter. This was the general argument of Mr. Conkling's speech, which was admirable for its clear method, firm thought, and impassioned rhetoric. It gave the key to the tone of the Convention, which was fearless, confident, and lofty.

The resolutions presented by Senator White were not less worthy the party and the time. It will not, we are sure, be to him the least agreeable recollection of his political career, that it was his happy fortune to proclaim officially, in the name of the Republican party of New York, that suffrage is "a right which ought not to be limited by property or color." Not less emphatic is the resolution pledging the party to the most thorough investigation and exposure of official corruption every where; that which utterly repudiates repudiation and insists upon economy every where; that which unreservedly supports Congress in whatever measures are necessary to place liberty and peace on lasting foundations; which remembers the soldiers and sailors, warmly commends Mr. Stanton and denounces the removal of Sheridan and Sickles, and which demands equal protection for naturalized American citizens in foreign lands. The Convention expressed its full confidence in Governor Fenton and in Senators Morgan and Conkling, and thanked Generals Barlow, Hillhouse, Howland, Martindale, and Inspector David P. Forrest for their able and faithful discharge of their duties. It also heartily approved the action of the Constitutional Convention for providing for impartial suffrage and building barriers against corruption, and at midnight with loud cheers adjourned.

## A COPPERHEAD HISS.

It is very amusing to observe the fury of the Albany *Argus*, the chief Copperhead organ in the State of New York, over the recess of the Constitutional Convention. It has been the fond hope of the amiable *Argus*, from the moment that submission of the new Constitution at the election of this autumn became evidently impossible, that it would go over until the next autumn. The *Argus* counted upon great advantages to the cause dear to the rebel heart from mingling at the same election the issues of the State Constitution with the simple national issue. But it now foresees a thoughtful completion of the Constitution and its submission to the people when they can decide upon its various provisions without the perplexing excitement of a Presidential canvass; and in its rage it throws off the mask and frantically denounces a Constitution which is not half completed, and which is still to be wholly revised.

When the *Argus* contemplates a separate submission of the instrument to the calm and unbiased popular judgment it froths in the most comical manner. "Shameful and impotent conclusion! These men think that they can escape the people thus! They rely upon this juggle to cheat the people out of power, and to impose upon future generations a costly, arbitrary, centralized government against their will, without their consent, by the sleight of hand of a mountebank trick." Now, as the Convention has no power whatever but to offer a Constitution to the vote of the people, as its whole work is lost unless the people approve and adopt it, to say that the Convention imposes a government upon the people against their will is simply silly. To call the submission of a fundamental law to the people at their town meetings, for instance, a sleight of hand, and a mountebank trick, and a juggle to cheat the people, is laughable. The furious paper has just said that the Convention can not escape the people. That means, if it has any meaning, that the people will reject its work. Very well, if the people reject it the new Constitution is not adopted, and that is the end of it. What becomes then of this horrible arbitrary centralization imposed upon the people? Who imposes it? The Convention? The Convention has no more power to do it than General Tom Thumb; and the *Argus* has already said that the people will not do it.

That the intelligent voters of New York may have a luminous idea of the conduct of the majority of their delegates in the Constitutional Convention in proposing and considering certain amendments to the fundamental law, and in adjourning to November to complete what could not be done in time to submit at the autumn election, we quote from the mild *Argus*: "Their course is the last phase of that 'Higher Law' drama which, opening in fanaticism and hate, and dragging on through tragedies of blood and woe, now drifts toward anarchy and chaos, and that night of despotism that lowers beyond!" After this there can be no doubt as to what the Convention has been doing.

## GARIBALDI AND THE KING OF ITALY.

Garibaldi's recent appearance at Geneva and loudly announced descent upon Rome are perfectly harmonious with the enthusiasm of his nature, but they are not very illustrative of his good sense. The proceedings at Geneva were those of utter visionaries and theorists. What man of ordinary sagacity would think of intrusting the public welfare even of Geneva itself to such an assembly? The vaguest rhetoric was put forth as political philosophy, and the merest declamation as a system of principles. Difference of opinion was not tolerated, and freedom of speech was practically forbidden. The chief topic of the Peace Congress was the forcible overthrow of the Papacy. "The federation of the world" was to begin after a few more wars were fought, in which the members were personally interested.

Garibaldi offered a statement of views which remind the reader of the exalted days of the French Republic of '87. They were simple and frank like all that he says or does, and greatly shocked many people who do not like the association of the word religion with the names of Galileo and Newton, apparently from a secret conviction that science is atheistic. Having manifested himself, Garibaldi left Geneva to attack Rome. The assault was as well advertised as a new opera or a Fenian surprise; and it was not astonishing that Garibaldi was arrested. It was hard that the arrest should come from King Victor Emanuel. It was only the other day that the two were hand in hand advancing upon Venice. It is not a year since Venice received them with raptures of welcome. But the King is bound by treaties. He could not pretend ignorance of what the whole world knew. Garibaldi, indeed, made no secret of his purpose; and it compelled the King either to break his word pledged in treaties, or to arrest the best beloved of Italy. He chose the latter.

Victor Emanuel is said to be reactionary. He has been, it is asserted, dallying with Rome, and his Ratazzi ministry is known to be friendly to Louis Napoleon. He has made pledges of some kind in regard to Rome, but they were the condition of the departure of the French troops. Doubtless Garibaldi was entreated and warned. He was told that he was merely inviting the foreign troops again into Italy. We do not wonder that he persisted, for he does not take counsel of prudence, but who can be surprised at his sudden arrest? The truth is that, in the matter of Rome, Italy is not a free agent. Victor Emanuel, we have no doubt, hopes and expects to be crowned King of Italy at Rome. But it must be through the action of other powers, the declaration *Italia farà da se*—Italy will take care of herself—is not practicable. The great Catholic states which depend upon the church within their dominion as a police, can not suffer the Pope to be violently dethroned. It would be a demoralizing and dangerous shock to their priesthood and people. Therefore, when Garibaldi marches against Rome he attacks Catholic Europe. Victor Emanuel would have annexed Rome long ago, except for that.

We do not agree that Victor Emanuel ought to have supported Garibaldi's enterprise. The great point in Italian statesmanship at present is to accustom the people to the absence of foreign soldiers. In no other way can a people so situated acquire the true sentiment of independence. The longer those soldiers are absent the more difficult it will be for them to return; and the more probable and practicable becomes the peaceful temporal abdication of the Pope. If, indeed, the people of the States of the Church should rise in revolution against the tyranny that degrades them, they would have the hearty good wishes of all lovers of liberty. In that case, if Victor Emanuel announced that he was pledged to

hold the Pope upon his throne at all hazards, he would be forced to abdicate. But that case is very different both in fact and in principle from the present.

## REPUDIATION.

WHEN the black flag of repudiation is deliberately hoisted by politicians of note, like BUTLER and PENDLETON, who boldly and without shame advocate raids upon the national credit, it becomes necessary that the public dissent should be manifested in a way that can not be misunderstood; not so much because there is absolute danger that bad counsels may prevail—the integrity of the nation is too sound for that—but because there is a disposition in some quarters to entertain the idea of their possible success. The fault of those who handle the matter gingerly, is in giving it any consideration whatever beyond an instantaneous and scornful rejection. The first whispered intimation of so vile a scheme should provoke an outburst of honest indignation, just as the virgin cheek mantles with its first blush of shame.

The national good faith is the chief cornerstone of the national life, and he who aims a blow thereat is the enemy of our common unity and existence. It is these extreme measures, so constantly sprung upon the people, that we have most to deprecate and most to fear; but so long as the public sense of honor remains unshaken we have a safeguard which will always afford us secure shelter. Our present debt was contracted under circumstances of no ordinary character, and the national obligations became of the most sacred nature; for the war could never have been fought to a successful issue without a pledge of the national credit. The blood of every soldier who fell in battle cries out from the ground against Repudiation, no matter in what shape it comes; whether a wholesale wiping off of the slate, or the payment of gold obligations with paper. Our foreign creditors—the holders of our bonds—have had such confidence in our plighted faith, that they have deemed Five-Twenties the most desirable of securities, and their market-price has ruled higher at Frankfort and London than in New York. These creditors never dreamed of United States repudiation, although they had heard of Mississippi and other individual State delinquencies. They are now sharply scrutinizing the American physiognomy to discover with what temper these schemes of the political agitators are received. Should the national credit receive serious damage at home and abroad, the first result would be a return of our stock from Europe to an amount which, with our importations, would drain us of every available dollar of coin. It might be different if our debt were any thing less than a thousand millions. We could then, perhaps, afford to strain our credit a little; but such experiments just now are dangerous, and might prove ruinous.

We do not exactly see by what peculiar signs of the political heavens the mischief-makers are encouraged to present their vile schemes just now. It is true that very general symptoms of restiveness under existing oppressive burdens have been manifested. The public does not conceal its desire of relief from high tariffs and heavy taxation; but it never thought of looking for it through the door of Repudiation. When relief is afforded (which it soon will be), it will result from judicious statesmanship and sound views of national policy. It is by no means improbable that public opinion will reconcile itself to the plan of leaving the larger part of the principal of the debt for succeeding generations to liquidate. These thoughts, however, are irrelevant to the gist of this article. The people will await in patience t e developments of the future. They have every reason for confidence in their ability to meet their current obligations, even when swelled inordinately by official mismanagement and political intrigue. The customs revenues (gold) are more than adequate for the payment of the interest on our funded debt, and are specifically pledged to that object. Current expenses must be met in great part by taxation. An income such as the country has enjoyed the past two years, and applied as it has been, has proved sufficient, not only to meet all requisitions, but to cancel a very considerable portion of the principal of the public debt, as the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury show. Such satisfactory results do not point toward the disgraceful make-shift of repudiation. Certainly we do not need to pay interest on our Five-Twenty bonds in greenbacks because of a lack of coin. Where, then, is the urgency for so doing, as set forth by the political extremists? There are really no pretexts for any such measures, unless it be the cry which the pickpocket raises in a crowd when he proposes to pursue his dextrous manipulations. No doubt the plan will receive some advocates, such as Copperheads who never invested a dollar in "Governments;" cormorants of any party who thrive most upon the public disorders; sharpers and speculators of all kinds; and the small gamblers of Wall Street. But so long as our countrymen are proud of claiming American citizenship, they will spurn all suggestions that squint toward Repudiation.

## FALSE DOCTRINE.

THE most dangerous political doctrine ever preached in this country was that of Mr. DOUGLAS, that a majority has the right to do what it pleases. Upon this preposterous ground he justified the absolute enslavement of a minority, which was not even consulted. Should such a theory be accepted as the principle of our government, it is impossible to conceive a more hideous state of society than ours would be.

It is therefore with the utmost surprise that we find this immoral d trine urgently asserted and repeated, but we are sure with no evil intention, by the *Evening Post*. It reasons that because the people have a right to govern they have therefore "a right to misgovern if they choose." But suppose we state the doctrine in another way. A man has a right to act; he has therefore the right to do wrong if he chooses. Is that true? Does the *Post* really think that because the Government has a right to tax, for instance, it has the right to tax unjustly? Because the Government has the right to imprison a citizen, has it the right to imprison him without reason? Because the Government may have the right to take life, may it rightfully hang an innocent man? It certainly may, if the doctrine of the *Post* be true, that the people "have a right to misgovern if they choose."

The *Post* is wholly mistaken. No man and no nation has a right to do wrong, and that settles the matter. A majority of voters may pass a law that all red-haired men shall lose their right hands, and the majority would probably have physical force enough to execute the law. That would be misgovernment. And to the indignant protest of the conscience of mankind would the *Evening Post* reply: "The people have a right to govern; they have a right to misgovern if they choose; and no part of them has the right to step in with pretensions to finer morality or greater wisdom, and claim the right to govern the mass." (?)

Of course we do not suppose that the *Post* means what its words imply. We presume it really intends to say that in a system of government by the majority there will often be misgovernment. But does it not see that nothing is more essential, for that very reason, than to show that misgovernment is wrong? Slavery, for instance, was misgovernment. But slavery was for a long time supported by the people of this country. The *Evening Post* fervently denounced its wickedness and its consequent impolicy. Does it now regret its noble advocacy of freedom on the ground that it had no right "to step in with pretensions to finer morality or greater wisdom, and claim the right to govern the mass?" How is political progress ever to be achieved if reform must hold its tongue until it is in the majority? We presume that nobody claims the right to govern the mass. But he is a very poor American citizen and a very immoral man who tells the "mass" that it has a right to do what it chooses.

In this opinion we have no doubt that the *Post* concurs, but its language justifies a totally different view; and as it is the view which the most dangerous class of soc is very ready to take, it should be refuted whenever it is uttered.

## PARTY REGULARITY.

CERTAIN gentlemen appeared at the late State Republican Union Convention as delegates from the city of New York, who last year worked and voted against the Union nominations. To say that they differed in opinion at that time is certainly a sufficient reason for their not acting with the Republicans, but as the Republicans put forth a platform from which these gentlemen departed, and nominated candidates whom these gentlemen strove to defeat, upon what conceivable ground do they claim seats in a Republican Convention this year, and ask to have their private organization in the city of New York recognized?

The case is perfectly plain. If they are persuaded that they were in error last year in voting for the friends of the rebels, they can vote with loyal men this year. If they wish to belong to any Republican organization they can join that which the State authority of the party has recognized and approved. They know, of course, that there can not be two organizations in a party, and they know equally well that they can not fairly ask for prominence in a party which they opposed twelve months ago. It is, of course, very desirable that the Republicans should have all the votes they can get, because, somehow, party success depends very much upon the number of votes! But it would be political and party destruction to follow yearling leaders. It would be much better party policy to be beaten in any election provided that the party were compact and planted upon a principle, than to succeed by means which necessarily demoralize the party, and which therefore insure not only defeat, at the next trial, but destruction.

The Republican Union party rejects no one who wishes to vote with it. But if any body has a vote to sell, the party, if it is expected to buy, must be allowed to consider the terms. Votes are very desirable, but they may be held at "too high a figure." Mr. ANDREWS, who spoke for the gentlemen who wished to be admitted to the Convention, expressed his satisfaction with the result. His claims were referred to a Committee, and this he said was equivalent to a recognition, which was all he asked. But if those for whom he spoke were recognized as Republicans, and intend, as must be assumed, to act fairly, they can not longer maintain a separate organization. They must now blend with the great body of the Republicans, or undertake a hopeless struggle. All the gentlemen in question understand the great necessity of a certain party discipline if you would have party success. The point of organization, indeed, is the very point they make. Now the highest party authority in the State, the State Convention, settled the question of regular organization last year. That decision must be acknowledged or reversed. It very clearly will not be reversed. Is it not the part of shrewdness for the gentlemen concerned to acknowledge it?

## LIGHT YOUR FIRES.

THE unexampled wet summer, followed by a warm, dry autumn, has produced its natural and disastrous effect upon the general health of the country. The earth, first deeply saturated with moisture, and its surface subsequently baked and cracked with heat, has become a veritable Pandora's box, with an open lid, from which is escaping its plentiful supply of diseases. Thus in the Southern portion of our country the intense miasmatic poison has generated yellow-fever, with a virulence hardly ever before equaled; and in the North and West, where congestive and intermittent fevers usually prevail in a mitigated form, even in seasons most favorable to health, they have this year become more rife and severe. So intense is the miasmatic poison, and such its diffusive force, that there is reason to believe that it is exerting its baleful power in places which have been hitherto proof against its influence.

Habit, it is said, will so accustom an eel to skinning that it will submit to it without squirming; and thus ague, when once become familiar by frequent visitations, so loses all its awe, and is received, if not with welcome, with indifference. The story is well known of the traveler who, meeting in the West a pale, emaciated creature, who had shaken apparently all his clothes into tatters, asked him what was the matter. "N-n-n-o-thing," was the reply. "Then why do you tremble so?" "I-t-s n-n-n-o-thing bu-bu-bu-t th-th-the sh-sh-sha-kes!"

The fever and ague, however, though its immediate effects can be readily removed by that blessed remedy, quinine, is by n means a disease that should be regarded with indifference. Repeated attacks of it are sure to engender affections of the vital organs, and so undermine the constitution as to render life miserable and hasten the approach of death.

There is a simple and most effective means of weakening, if not of annulling, the force of the miasmatic poison. Where this is less intense such means will of course be more advantageously applied, although they will be of use even in the presence of its most virulent manifestation. The means alluded to consist merely of a good blazing fire, lighted at least every morning and evening, but still better, kept burning the whole day. In spite of our sunny autumnal days, and seductive Indian Summers, it would be advisable for every family in town or country to have daily a fire of wood or coal in each inhabited room of the house. No furnace will do; there must be a blaze in the open fire-place, so not only that the apartment may be dried by the heat, but that it may be thoroughly ventilated by the current set in motion by the burning fuel exposed to the air. Don't be governed either by your sensations, your thermometers, or the date of the month in first lighting the fires. Light them betimes, even *now*, and keep them burning long. If the heat should force you to open the window, so much the better, for thus you will have a stronger and purer current of air. If you wish to escape agues and fevers, we repeat: "Light your fires."

## THE ISSUE OF THE STATE ELECTIONS.

OUR friends of the *Evening Post* say that "the work of reconstruction in the Southern States has nothing to do with our November election." It seems to us, on the contrary, that it is the real issue. If the State elections of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio should result in a Democratic success, the President and his advisers could not help supposing it to be an approval of his policy, and a condemnation of the laws under which reconstruction is now progressing. It is comparatively a matter of indifference in itself whether an honest Democrat or an honest Republican is a State officer of New York for two years; but it is of the utmost importance whether New York falters in supporting the Congressional plan of restoration and the principles declared at Syracuse. When Mr. SEWARD last year promised the State of New York by forty thousand majority to the reaction, he was thinking of national not of local politics. And so long as the national question is of overpowering importance every voter will think of the greater and not of the smaller interest.

As for the local issues in New York, it is the Republican party which has boldly grappled with the canal frauds and relentlessly exposed them. It has expressed its sympathy with all humane and generous movements, without binding itself as a party to individual views. It has earned the right to declare for economy by its canal investigations, and it has nominated men of high character and ability. The State can not suffer by their election, and the country will inconceivably gain. But if their opponents should succeed, the whole subject of reconstruction is reopened. Nothing will be considered settled. The apologists of the rebellion, the enemies of equal rights, the advocates of repudiation, will take heart, and national peace will be indefinitely postponed.

We beg no man to imagine that the State elections have no national significance. Every vote cast this autumn is a vote for or against ANDREW JOHNSON and his administration.

## A SPECIMEN "BRICK."

A PERSON who is called "BRICK" POMEROY is the editor of the La Crosse *Democrat*, in Wisconsin. He is an acceptable orator at Democratic meetings and delegate at Democratic conventions, and his paper is sustained by Democratic subscribers. In the following extract his paper speaks of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in a manner which the New York *World* feebly imitates whenever it alludes to the late President. We presume, of course, that the La Crosse *Democrat* was "a War Democrat" of exactly the *World's* kind:

"Every thing concerning the departed cuss possesses a fascination and charm for us, which we make no effort to resist—we wouldn't if we could—we feel his loss more than most people, for he was such a nice, sweet, beautiful man—possessed of such winning ways and charming characteristics—and he was snuffed out of existence *so easy*—he was a human first-class rocket, and every body used to admire him so—they didn't think there was any touch-and-go in him—that th was so much of that 'divinity which doth hedge about,' etc. But one day a naughty boy, J. WILKES BOOTH by name, came along, and *he* admired the rocket, and *he* said: 'Oh, what a beautiful rocket!' and *he* scratched a match, and touched its flame to the nice, first-class rocket, and before any one could say, 'Let me kiss him for his mother,' it went off with a fizz, pop, and bang—his sou to glory, we reckon—and all that was left of the amusing rocket was a nasty, blackened, broken stick, and an empty case, of no account to any body or any thing!"

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

THE following table shows the result of registration in those Southern States in which the work has been completed:

| | White. | Colored. |
|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 72,737 | 88,243 |
| Georgia | 95,303 | 93,417 |
| Louisiana | 44,728 | 82,365 |
| Mississippi | 51,154 | 70,019 |
| Virginia | 115,157 | 101,490 |

It will be seen that the colored men have undisputed majorities in three of these five States. In Georgia and Virginia, where the registered whites have small majorities, the loyal whites who will vote with the colored men are sufficiently numerous to overcome the apparent rebel majorities. The following table shows the result of registration thus far in those States in which the work has not yet been completed:

| | White. | Colored. |
|---|---|---|
| Arkansas | 40,000 | 35,000 |
| Florida | 4,733 | 9,388 |
| North Carolina | 44,508 | 40,605 |
| South Carolina | 21,176 | 46,019 |
| Texas | 40,000 | 50,000 |

The final result of registration will not, it is believed, materially change these figures. Here the colored men have majorities in these States; and thus it is apparent that they will control the State elections in eight out of the ten Southern States, and probably in all.

It is probable that the Loyalists of Louisiana have failed to carry the election in favor of a Convention to revise the Constitution on account of a clause in the call for the election requiring that a majority of all registered voters was requisite to carry the question. The rebels refrained from voting, and the number of votes cast was below the required number.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The Constitutional Convention of New York adjourned on September 24.

The following are the nominations of the Republican Convention which met at Syracuse on September 25:

*Sec. of State*.......Gen. James B. M'Kean of Saratoga.
*Controller*.........Calvin T. Hulburd of St. Lawrence.
*Treasurer*.........Gen. T. C. Gates of Ulster.
*Attorney-General*..Judge Van Cott of Kings.
*State Engineer*....A. C. Powell of Onondaga.
*Canal Commiss'r.* John M. Hammond of Alleghany.
*Prison Inspector*...Gilbert Delamater of Genesee.
*Judge Ct. Appeals*..Judge Charles Mason of Madison.

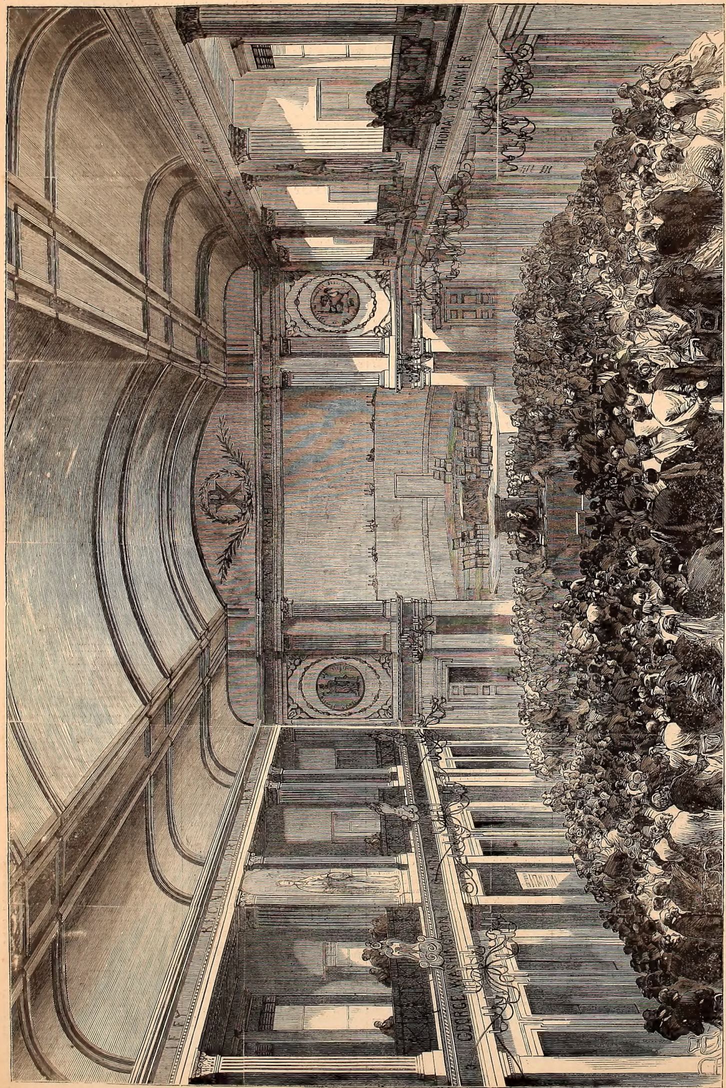
The grand reception of General Sheridan in New York took place on Sept. 30, and in Brooklyn Oct. 1. In reply to the address of the President of the Union League Club, General Sheridan, after hoping that his future actions would deserve the approval conveyed in the reception, added that he certainly knew that heretofore he had not, and he believed that hereafter he should never by any act attempt to make rebellion honorable.

General Grant lately refused to issue artillery to the Maryland militia on Governor Swann's demand. Governor Swann has since purchased several 12-pounder Napoleons, and organized three artillery companies, all under command of late rebel officers.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

BISMARCK, in a speech in the North German Parliament, declared in very significant terms that "if all Germany" (meaning the whole of the 27 separate States of North and South Germany, with their total population of 36,999,430 souls), "wished for union there was no power strong enough to prevent it."

The movement of Garibaldi on Rome was brought to a sudden termination on September 24 by his arrest by order of Victor Emanuel. The arrest was based on Garibaldi's address, to which we have before referred. The arrest caused such excitement that serious riots prevailed in Florence and other parts of Italy, and were only suppressed by the troops. Garibaldi from his prison urges his compatriots to reorganize and aid their fellow-citizens in Rome.




CONFERENCE OF THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE TERRACE AT CENTRAL PARK, VIEWED FROM THE LAKE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

## THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT AMSTERDAM.

THE fifth annual conference of the Evangelical Alliance was held at Amsterdam during a week or ten days, ending with the 27th of August. Meetings were held thrice a day, morning, afternoon, and evening, to receive reports on the state of Christianity in different countries of Europe and America, and to discuss a variety of theological and religious topics. The morning meetings were held in a large hall, which had been handsomely fitted up for the purpose, and the interior of which is shown in our illustration. In front of the galleries around the hall were inscribed the names of several of the most illustrious men of every nation, such as MARTIN LUTHER, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Archbishop CRANMER, and others, renowned as patriots, saints, or reformers. The Evangelical Alliance has been invited by the delegates from America to hold its conference next year in New York city; a disposition to acquiesce was manifested; and it is not improbable that this metropolis will then witness a convocation of the most renowned divines of the Old and the New Worlds.

## VIEWS IN CENTRAL PARK.

THE Central Park of New York, the most perfect in design of all the parks of the world, becomes more and more attractive with each succeeding year. The improvements which are continually going on, and the changes in detail but not in the general plan, so alter it in the space of a few months that inconstant visitors are forever discovering new beauties.

Among the most pleasing features of the Park which have been latterly most improved are the Terrace near the Lake and the collection of animals in the old Armory building. We give views of these localities on this page. The Terrace is a Caen stone piazza at the north end of the Mall and overlooking the lake. Two broad staircases form the descent to the Lake, on which thousands of visitors daily sail in the small craft provided by the Commissioners. At the Armory a large number of birds and beasts have been collected, and the Park now possesses the largest collection of the character in the country, and additions are being made daily. Most of these are of animals not native to North America, and are for that reason greater objects of interest to the visitors.

THE ANIMALS AT CENTRAL PARK.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

## THE INDIAN AUTUMN.

SEE across the smiling valley,
  Where the yellow corn-fields stand
Fruitful with the red man's blessing,
  Rise the mountains tall and grand,
With their cloudy purple summits
  Gazing far across the land.

Seem they like great chiefs in council,
  Stern and thoughtful every one;
Like a big eye, downward peering,
  Through the cloud-rifts looks the sun
On the broad vale, fair and shining,
  Where the silver rivers run.

There the smoke of many wigwams
  Like a soft haze hovers blue;
There beside the lisping river
  Safe is moored the birch canoe,
That with light stroke, quick and steady,
  Glides the glassy waters through.

Hither comes the dry-voiced robin,
  With the sunset on his breast,
Deepest dye of happy crimson,
  Borrowed from the glowing west,
That with flaming color kindles
  When the great sun sinks to rest.

Yonder see the forest's monarch,
  See the oak-tree burning red,
Like a warrior in his war paint,
  Lifting high his fearless head,
With his tall crown plumed with feathers,
  And his giant arms outspread.

See the beech-trees gathering russet
  By the shady woodland stream;
Like the young men of our people,
  Supple, hard, and strong they seem,
Like my warrior, my true lover,
  Beautiful as any dream.

See the maples, bright and golden,
  Like the gay queens of our race;
And the young ash, tall and slender,
  Bending lightly in its place,
Like a youthful Indian maiden,
  Full of beauty and of grace.

Yonder on the sloping hill-side,
  Misty with the floating seeds,
In the wind like gay plumes nodding,
  See the yellow golden-reeds;
See the sumach's fiery berries
  Shine like strings of golden beads.

Soon will come the sad wind, sobbing
  In these leaves of gold and red,
Like the sound of mingled voices
  Mourning for a spirit fled,
Voices raised in lamentation
  When a mighty chief is dead.

Soon will come the pattering rain-drops,
  Slowly falling, chill and damp,
Like the tread of stealthy footsteps,
  Like the dull and muffled tramp
When our warriors, for the war-path,
  File from out their silent camp.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

**By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.**

**Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.**

### CHAPTER VII.

MR. SHELDON IS PRUDENT.

VALENTINE found the apartments near the Edgware Road in every manner eligible. The situation was midway between his reading-room in Great Russell Street and the abode of his delight—a half-way house on the road between business and pleasure. The terms were very moderate, the rooms airy and pleasant; so he engaged them forthwith, his tenancy to commence at the end of the following week; and having settled this matter he went back to Omega Street, bent on dissolving partnership with the Captain in a civil but decided manner.

A surprise, and a very agreeable one, awaited him at Chelsea. He found the sitting-room strewn with Captain Paget's personal property, and the Captain on his knees before a portmanteau, packing.

"You're just in time to give me a hand, Val," he said, in his most agreeable manner. "I begin to find out my age when I put my poor old bones into abnormal attitudes. I dare say packing a trunk or two will be only child's-play to you."

"I'll pack half a dozen trunks if you like," replied Valentine. "But what is the meaning of this sudden move? I did not know you were going to leave town."

"Neither did I when you and I breakfasted together. I got an unexpected offer of a very decent position abroad this morning—a kind of agency, that will be much better than the hand-to-mouth business I've been doing lately."

"What kind of agency, and where?"

"Well, so far as I can make out at present, it is something in the steam-navigation way. My head-quarters will be at Rouen."

"Rouen! Well, it's a pleasant, lively old city enough, and as medieval as one of Sir Walter's novels, provided they haven't Haussmanized it by this time. I am very glad to hear you have secured a comfortable berth."

"And I am not sorry to leave England, Val," answered the Captain, in rather a mournful tone.

"Why not?"

"Because I think it's time you and I parted company. Our association begins to be rather disadvantageous to you, Val. We've had our ups and downs together, and we've got on very pleasantly, take it for all in all. But now that you're settling down as a literary man, engaged to that young woman, hand-in-glove with Philip Sheldon, and so on, I think it's time for me to take myself off. I'm not wanted; and sooner or later I should begin to feel myself in the way."

The Captain grew quite pathetic as he said this; and little pangs of remorse shot through Valentine's heart as he remembered how eager he had been to rid himself of this Old Man of the Mountain. And here was the poor old creature offering to take himself out of the way of his own accord.

Influenced by this touch of remorse, Mr. Hawkehurst held out his hand, and grasped that of his comrade and patron.

"I hope you may do well, in some—comfortable kind of business," he said, heartily. That adjective "comfortable" was a hasty substitute for the adjective "honest," which had been almost on his lips as he uttered his friendly wish. He was too well-disposed to all the world not to feel profound pity for this white-headed old man, who for so many years had eaten the bread of rogues and scoundrels.

"Come," he cried, cheerily, "I'll take all the packing off your hands, Captain; and we'll eat our last dinner and drink our last bottle of sparkling together at my expense, at any place you please to name."

"Say Blanchard's," replied Horatio Paget. "I like a corner-window, looking out upon the glare and bustle of Regent Street. It reminds one just a little of the Maison Dorée and the boulevard. We'll drink Charlotte Halliday's health, Val, in bumpers. She's a charming young person, and I only wish she were an heiress, for your sake."

The eyes of the two men met as the Captain said this; and there was a twinkle in the cold gray orbs of that gentleman which had a very unpleasant effect upon Valentine.

"What treachery is he engaged in now?" he asked himself. "I know that look in my Horatio's eyes; and I know it always means mischief."

George Sheldon made his appearance at the Lawn five minutes after his brother came home from the City. He entered upon the domestic circle in his usual free-and-easy manner, knowing himself to be endured, rather than liked, by the two ladies, and to be only tolerated as a necessary evil by the master of the house.

"I've dropped in to eat a chop with you, Phil," he said, "in order to get an hour's comfortable talk after dinner. There's no saying half a dozen consecutive words to you in the City, where your clerks seem to spend their lives in bouncing in upon you when you don't want them."

There was very little talk during dinner. Charlotte and her step-father were thoughtful. Diana was chiefly employed in listening to the *sotto voce* inanities of Mrs. Sheldon, for whom the girl showed herself admirably patient. Her forbearance and gentleness toward Georgy constituted a kind of penitential sacrifice, by which she hoped to atone for the dark thoughts and bitter feelings that possessed her mind during those miserable hours in which she was obliged to witness the happiness of Charlotte and her lover.

George Sheldon devoted himself chiefly to his dinner and a certain dry sherry, which he particularly affected. He was a man who would have dined and enjoyed himself at the table of Judas Iscariot, knowing him for the traitor he was.

"That's as good a pheasant as I ever ate, Phil," he said, after winding up with a couple of legs and a wing or so. "No, Georgy; no macaroni, thanks. I don't care about kickshaws after a good dinner. Has Hawkehurst dined with you lately, by-the-way, Phil?"

Charlotte blushed red as the holly-berries that decorated the chandelier. It was Christmas-eve, and her own fair hands had helped to bedeck the rooms with festal garlands of evergreen and holly.

"He dines with us to-morrow," replied the stock-broker. "You'll come, I suppose, as usual, George?"

"Well, I shall be very glad, if I'm not in the way."

Georgy murmured some conventional protestation of the unfailing delight afforded to her by George's society.

"Of course we're always glad to see you," said Philip in his most genial manner; "and now, if you've any thing to say to me about business, the sooner you begin the better. You and the girls needn't stay for dessert, Georgy. Almonds and raisins can't be much of a novelty to you; and as none of you take any wine there's not much to stop for. George and I will come in to tea."

The ladies departed, by no means sorry to return to their Berlin-wool and piano. Diana took up her work with that saintly patience with which she performed all the duties of her position; and Charlotte seated herself before the piano, and began to play little bits of waltzes, and odds and ends of polkas, in a dreamy mood, and with a slurring over of dominant bass notes, which would have been torture to a musician's ear.

She was wondering whether Valentine would call that evening, Christmas-eve—a sort of occasion for congratulation of some kind from her lover, she fancied. It was the first Christmas-eve on which she had been "engaged." She looked back to the same period last year, and remembered herself sitting in that very room, strumming on that very piano, and unconscious that there was such a creature as Valentine Hawkehurst upon this earth. And, strange to say, even in that benighted state she had been tolerably happy.

"Now, George," said Mr. Sheldon, when the brothers had filled their glasses and planted their chairs on the opposite sides of the hearth-rug, "what's the nature of this business that you want to talk about?"

"Well, it is a business of considerable importance, in which you are only indirectly concerned. The actual principal in the affair is your step-daughter, Miss Halliday."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You know how you have always ridiculed my fancy for hunting up heirs-at-law and all that kind of thing, and you know how I have held on, hoping against hope, starting on a new scent when the old scent failed, and so on."

"And you have got a chance at last, eh?"

"I believe that I have, and a tolerably good one; and I think you will own that it is rather extraordinary that my first lucky hit should bring luck your way."

"That is to say, to my step-daughter?" remarked Mr. Sheldon, without any appearance of astonishment.

"Precisely," said George, somewhat disconcerted by his brother's coolness. "I have lately discovered that Miss Halliday is entitled to a certain sum of money, and I pledge myself to put her in possession of that money—on one condition."

"And that is—"

"That she executes a deed promising to give me half of the amount she may recover by my agency."

"Suppose she can recover it without your agency?"

"That I defy her to do. She does not even know that she has any claim to the amount in question."

"Don't be too sure of that. Or even supposing she knows nothing, do you think her friends are as ignorant as she is? Do you think me such a very bad man of business as to remain all this time unaware of the fact that my step-daughter, Charlotte Halliday, is next of kin to the Rev. John Haygarth, who died intestate, at Tilford Haven, in Norfolk, about a year ago?"

This was a cannon-shot that almost knocked George Sheldon off his chair, but after that first movement of surprise he gave a sigh, or almost a groan, expressive of resignation.

"Egad, Phil Sheldon," he said, "I ought not to be astonished at this. Knowing you so well as I do, I must have been a confounded fool not to expect some kind of underhand work from you."

"What do you mean by underhand work?" exclaimed Mr. Sheldon. "The same newspapers that were open to you were open to me, and I had better opportunities for tracking my step-daughter's direct descent from John Haygarth's father."

"How did you discover Miss Halliday's descent from Matthew Haygarth?" asked George, very meekly. He was quite crest-fallen. He began to feel that his brother would have the upper hand of him in this business as in all other business of this world.

"That is my secret," replied Mr. Sheldon, with agreeable tranquillity of manner. "You have kept your secrets, and I shall keep mine. Your policy has been the policy of distrust. Mine shall be the same. When you were starting this affair I offered to go into it with you—to advance whatever money you needed, in a friendly manner. You declined my offer, and chose to go in for the business on your own hook. You have made a very good thing for yourself, no doubt; but you are not quite clever enough to keep me altogether in the dark in a matter which concerns a member of my own family."

"Yes," said George, with a sigh, "that's where you hold the winning cards. Miss Halliday is your ace of trumps."

"Depend upon it I shall know how to hold my strength in reserve, and when to play my leading trump."

"And how to collar my king," muttered George, between his set teeth.

"Come," exclaimed Philip, presently, "we may as well discuss this matter in a friendly spirit. What do you mean to propose?"

"I have only one proposition to make," answered the lawyer, with decision. "I hold every link of the chain of evidence, without which Miss Halliday might as well be a native of the Fiji Islands for any claim she can assert to John Haygarth's estate. I am prepared to carry this matter through; but I will only do it on the condition that I receive half the fortune recovered from the Crown by Miss Halliday."

"A very moderate demand, upon my word!"

"I dare say I shall be able to make my bargain with Miss Halliday."

"Very likely," replied Mr. Sheldon; "and I shall be able to get that bargain set aside as illegal."

"I doubt that. I have a deed of agreement drawn up here which would hold water in any court of equity."

And hereupon Mr. Sheldon the younger produced and read aloud one of those dryasdust documents by which the legal business of life is carried on. It was a deed to be executed by Charlotte Halliday, spinster, of Bayswater, on the one part, and George Sheldon, solicitor, of Gray's Inn, on the other part; and it gave to the said George Sheldon, as securely as any deed can give any thing, one-half of any property, not now in her possession or control, which the said Charlotte Halliday might obtain by the agency of the above-mentioned George Sheldon.

"And pray, who is to find the costs for this business?" asked the stock-broker. "I don't feel by any means disposed to stake my money on such a hazardous game. Who knows what other descendants of Matthew Haygarth may be playing at hide-and-seek in the remotest corners of the earth, ready to spring out upon us when we've wasted a small fortune upon law-proceedings?"

"I sha'n't ask you to risk your money," replied George, with sullen dignity. "I have friends who will back me when they see that agreement executed."

"Very well, then. All you have to do is to alter your half share to one-fifth, and I will undertake that Miss Halliday shall sign the agreement before the week is out."

"One-fifth?"

"Yes, my dear George. Twenty thousand pounds will pay you very handsomely for your trouble. I can not consent to Miss Halliday ceding more than a fifth."

"I shall go to Miss Halliday herself," exclaimed the indignant lawyer.

"Oh no, you won't. You must know the danger of running counter to me in this business. That agreement is all very well; but there is no kind of document more easy to upset if one only goes about it in the right way. Play your own game, and I will upset that agreement as surely as I turn this wine-glass bowl downward."

Mr. Sheldon's action and Mr. Sheldon's look expressed a determination which George knew how to estimate by the light of past experience.

"It is a hard thing to find you against me, after the manner in which I have toiled and slaved for your step-daughter's interests."

"I am bound to hold my step-daughter's interests paramount over every consideration."

"Yes, paramount over brotherly feeling and all that sort of thing. I say that it is more than hard that you should be against me, considering the special circumstances and the manner in which I have kept my own counsel—"

"You will take a fifth share, or nothing, George," said Mr. Sheldon, with a threatening contraction of his black brows. "If I have any difficulty in arranging matters with you, I will go into this affair myself, and carry it through without your help."

"That I defy you to do."

"You had better not defy me."

"Pray how much do you expect to get out of Miss Halliday's fortune?" demanded the aggravated George, with angry abruptness.

"That is my business," answered Philip, quietly. "And now we had better go into the drawing-room for our tea. Oh, by-the-by, George," he added, with delightful carelessness, "as Miss Halliday is quite a child in all business matters, she had better be treated like a child. I shall tell her that she has a claim to a certain sum of money; but I shall not tell her what sum. Her disappointment will be less in the event of a failure if her expectations are not large."

"You are always so considerate, my dear Phil," said George, with a malignant grin. "May I ask how it is you have taken it into your head to play the benevolent father in the matter of Valentine Hawkehurst and Miss Halliday?"

"What can it matter to me whom my step-daughter marries?" asked Philip, coolly. "Of course I wish her well; but I will not have the responsibility of controlling her choice. If this young man suits her, let her marry him."

"Especially when he happens to suit you so remarkably well. I think I can understand your tactics, Phil."

"You must understand or misunderstand me, just as you please. And now come to tea."

### CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTMAS PEACE.

VALENTINE HAWKEHURST did not make his appearance at the Lawn on Christmas-eve. He devoted that evening to the service of his old ally. He performed all friendly offices for the departing Captain, dined with him very pleasantly in Regent Street, and accompanied him to the London Bridge terminus, where he beheld the voyager comfortably seated in a second-class carriage of the night-train for Newhaven.

Mr. Hawkehurst had seen the Captain take a through ticket for Rouen, and he saw the train leave the terminus. This he held to be ocular demonstration of the fact that Captain Paget was really going to the Gallic Manchester.

"That sort of customer is so uncommonly slippery," the young man said to himself, as he left the station, "nothing but the evidence of my own eyes would have convinced me of my friend's departure. How pure and fresh the London atmosphere seems now that the perfume of Horatio Paget is out of it! I wonder what he is going to do at Rouen? Very little good, I dare say. But why should I wonder about him, or trouble myself about him? He is gone, and I have set myself free from the trammels of the past."

The next day was Christmas-day. Mr. Hawkehurst recited scraps of Milton's glorious hymn as he made his morning toilet. He was very happy. It was the first Christmas morning on which he had ever awakened with this sense of supreme happiness, or with the consciousness that the day was brighter, or grander, or more holy than other days. It seemed to him to-day, more than ever, that he was indeed a regenerate creature, purified by the influence of a good woman's love.

He looked back at his past existence, and the vision of many Christmas-days arose before him: a Christmas in Paris, amidst unutterable rain and mud—a Christmas-night spent in roaming the boulevards and in the consumption of cognac and tobacco at a third-rate café; a Christmas in Germany; more than one Christmas in the Queen's Bench; one especially dreary Christmas in a long bare ward at Whitecross Street—how many varied scenes and changing faces arose before his mental vision associated with that festive time! And yet among them all there was not one on which there shone the faintest glimmer of that holy light which makes the common holiday a sacred season.

It was a pleasant thing to breakfast without the society of the brilliant Horatio, whose brilliancy was apt to appear somewhat ghastly at

that early period of the morning. It was pleasant to loiter over the meal, now meditating on the happy future; now dipping into a tattered copy of Southey's *Doctor*, with the consciousness that the winds and waves had by this time wafted Captain Paget to a foreign land.

Valentine was to spend the whole of Christmas-day with Charlotte and her kindred. He was to accompany them to a fashionable church in the morning, to walk with them after-church, to dine and tell ghost-stories in the evening. It was to be his first day as a recognized member of that pleasant family at Bayswater; and in the fullness of his heart he felt affectionately disposed to all his adopted relations; even to Mr. Sheldon, whose very noble conduct had impressed him strongly in spite of the bitter sneers and covert slanders of George.

Charlotte had told her lover that her step-father was a very generous and disinterested person, and that there was a secret which she would have been glad to tell him, had she not been pledged to hold it inviolate, that would have gone far to place Mr. Sheldon in a very exalted light before the eyes of his future son-in-law.

And then Miss Halliday had nodded and smiled, and had informed her lover, with a joyous little laugh, that he should have a horse to ride, and an edition of Grote's *Greece* bound in dark-brown calf with beveled edges, when they were married; this work being one which the young author had of late languished to possess.

"Dear foolish Lotta, I fear there will be a new history of Greece, based on new principles, before that time comes," said the lover.

"Oh no, indeed; that time will come very soon. See how industriously you work, and how well you succeed! The magazine people will soon give you thirty pounds a month. Or who knows that you may not write some book that will make you suddenly famous, like Byron, or the good-natured fat little printer who wrote those long, long, long novels that no one reads nowadays."

Influenced by Charlotte's hints about her step-father, Mr. Hawkehurst's friendly feeling for that gentleman grew stronger, and the sneers and innuendoes of the lawyer ceased to have the smallest power over him.

"The man is such a thorough-going schemer himself that he can not bring himself to believe in another man's honesty," thought Mr. Hawkehurst, while meditating upon his experience of the two brothers. "So far as I have had any dealings with Philip Sheldon, I have found him straightforward enough. I can imagine no hidden motive for his conduct in relation to Charlotte. The test of his honesty will be the manner in which he is acted upon by Charlotte's position as claimant of a great fortune. Will he throw me overboard, I wonder? or will my dear one believe me an adventurer and fortune-hunter? Ah, no, no, no; I do not think, in all the complications of life, there could come about a state of events which would cause my Charlotte to doubt me. There is no clairvoyance so unerring as true love."

Mr. Hawkehurst had need of such philosophy as this to sustain him in the present crisis of his life. He was blest with a pure delight which excelled his wildest dreams of happiness; but he was not blest with any sense of security as to the endurance of that exalted state of bliss.

Mr. Sheldon would learn Charlotte's position, would doubtless extort from his brother the history of those researches in which Valentine had been engaged; and then, what then? Alas, hereupon arose incalculable dangers and perplexities.

Might not the stock-broker, as a man of the world, take a sordid view of the whole transaction, and consider Valentine in the light of a shameless adventurer, who had traded on his secret knowledge in the hope of securing a rich wife? Might he not reveal all to Charlotte, and attempt to place her lover before her in this most odious aspect? She would not believe him base; her faith would be unshaken, her love unchanged; but it was odious, it was horrible to think that her ears should be sullied, her tender heart fluttered by the mere suggestion of such baseness.

It was during the Christmas-morning sermon that Mr. Hawkehurst permitted his mind to be disturbed by these reflections. He was sitting next his betrothed, and had the pleasure of contemplating her fair girlish face, with the rosy lips half-parted in reverent attention as she looked upward to her pastor.

After church there was the walk home to the Lawn; and during this rapturous promenade Valentine put away from him all shadow of doubt and fear in order to bask in the full sunshine of his Charlotte's presence. Her pretty gloved hand rested confidingly on his arm, and the supreme privilege of carrying a dainty blue silk umbrella and an ivory-bound church-service was awarded him. With what pride he accepted the duty of convoying his promised wife over the muddy crossings! Those brief journeys seemed to him in a manner typical of their future lives. She was to travel dry-shod over the miry ways of this world, supported by his strong arm. How fondly he surveyed her toilet! and what a sudden interest he felt in the fashions that had until lately seemed so vulgar and frivolous!

"I will never denounce the absurdity of those little bonnets again, Lotta," he cried; "that conglomeration of black velvet and maiden's-hair fern is divine. Do you know that in some places they call that fern Maria's hair, and hold it sacred to the mother of Him who was born to-day? so you see there is an artistic fitness in your head-dress. Yes, your bonnet is delicious, darling; and though the diminutive size of that velvet jacket would lead me to suppose you had borrowed it from some juvenile sister, it seems the very garment of all garments best calculated to render you just one hair's-breadth nearer perfection than you were made by nature."

"Valentine, don't be ridiculous!" giggled the young lady.

"How can I help being ridiculous? Your presence acts upon my nerves like laughing-gas. Ah, you do not know what cares and perplexities I have to make me serious. Charlotte," exclaimed the young man, with sudden energy, "do you think you could ever come to distrust me?"

"Valentine! Do I think I shall ever be Queen of England? One thing is quite as likely as the other."

"My dear angel, if you will only believe in me always, there is no power upon earth that can make us unhappy. Suppose you found yourself suddenly possessed of a great fortune, Charlotte; what would you do with it?"

"I would buy you a library as good as that in the British Museum; and then you would not want to spend the *whole* of your existence in Great Russell Street."

"But if you had a great fortune, Lotta, don't you think you would be very much disposed to leave me to plod on at my desk in Great Russell Street? Possessed of wealth, you would begin to languish for position; and you would allow Mr. Sheldon to bring you some suitor who could give you a name and a rank in society worthy of an angelic creature with a hundred thousand pounds or so."

"I should do nothing of the kind. I do not care for money. Indeed, I should be almost sorry to be very rich."

"Why, dearest?"

"Because if I were rich we could not live in the cottage at Wimbledon, and I could not make lemon cheese-cakes for your dinner."

"My own true-hearted darling!" cried Valentine; "the taint of worldliness can never touch your pure spirit."

They were at the gates of Mr. Sheldon's domain by this time. Diana and Georgy had walked behind the lovers, and had talked a little about the sermon, and a good deal about the bonnets; poor Diana doing her very uttermost to feign an interest in the finery that had attracted Mrs. Sheldon's wandering gaze.

"Well, I should have thought you couldn't fail to see it," said the elderly lady, as they approached the gate; "a leghorn, very small, with holly-berries and black ribbon—quite French, you know, and so stylish. I was thinking, if I had my Tuscan cleaned and altered, it might—" And here the conversation became general, as the family party entered the drawing-room, where Mr. Sheldon was reading his paper by a roaring fire.

"Talking about the bonnets, as per usual," said the stock-broker. "What an enormous amount of spiritual benefit you women must derive from church-going!—Consols have fallen another eighth since Tuesday afternoon, George," added Mr. Sheldon, addressing himself to his brother, who was standing on the hearth-rug, with his elbow on the chimney-piece.

"Consols are your 'bonnets,' papa," cried Charlotte, gayly; "I don't think there is a day upon which you do not talk about their having gone up, or gone down, or gone somewhere."

## NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

The twilight's length'ning shadows
Fall darkly across the floor,
And autumn's withering leaflets
Creep through the open door;
And I clasp my hands while the dying sun
Sinks and the bright day is ended and gone,
Troubled and weary.

Not that my life is barren,
Not that my lot is low—
God has given me blessings
That many never know;
But over them all a shadow clingeth,
While in my heart one voice e'er ringeth,
Mournful and dreary.

Oh! I have tried to conquer
The tempter of my life;
But I'm weary with this toiling—
I'm weary of this strife;
And my soul leaps forth to the hills of gold,
With a yearning anguish it never hath told—
Hushing its moan.

Oh! for Thy help, my Father,
To labor firm and true—
To learn this precious lesson—
There's *work* for me to do;
Then shall I never again sink down,
But, cheered by the thought "No cross, no crown,"
Bless every day.

Again the autumn shadows
Gleam brightly across the floor,
And lightly the crimson leaflets
Dance through the open door;
For I sit no more with my mournful dreams—
I have found my work, and the sunshine streams
O'er all my way.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Bread and cream, strawberries and cream, peaches and cream, bananas and cream—yes, and possibly too that delicious mixture known only to a favored few, trout and cream—*may* be familiar to you; but, gentle reader, did you ever try *mountains* and cream? We don't mean in the same dish, but mountains for the first course and cream for the second—glorious mountains, and genuine, old-fashioned country cream! A judicious alternation of these courses, with various accompanying *entrées*, is delightful, as we ascertained by actual experience last week.

A drive of twenty miles, in part through wild ravines, deep gorges, and over rocky, precipitous heights, brought us to the romantically situated village of Weld, which the Gazetteer says is a "post-township of Franklin County, Maine, about 44 miles N.W. of Augusta"—a description which affords positive proof that the Gazetteer never went to Weld, or it would not have uttered any thing so prosaic, and "*nothing more.*"

Passing through the quiet village, nestling in a valley, and gazing, now on the liquid pond upon the left, where the "mountain shadows" were "neither broken nor at rest," now upon the more wild and rugged scenery on the right, we ascended the upland beyond, and soon reached a pretty little white cottage, where good Mr. F—— and his hospitable wife gave us a cordial welcome. Having refreshed ourselves with the "good cheer" provided, our little party, numbering five, abandoned the house, and gave ourselves up to unrestrained enjoyment of the exquisite views. It was afternoon of a perfect September day. Not a cloud floated in the unbroken blue of the heavens. Just far enough above the valley to enjoy the view of that we were encircled by a chain of mountains, whose distant peaks seemed bathed in sunshine. On the west Old Saddleback and "Tumbledown" overlooked the pond: on the south Sugar-Loaf and Mount Abraham; while midway, far in the distance, rose a peak which we fancied was Mount Katahdin; on the east and north were Bald Mountain, of blueberry fame, and Old Blue, looking grand and rugged, with a diminutive "Little Blue" at its foot.

Reclining on the grassy carpet beneath the apple-trees we watched the lengthening shadows in dreamy restfulness. But when the sun neared the distant tips, and slowly dropped behind, tinging with golden radiance the sky, and bathing Old Blue in a flood of glory, every nerve thrilled with the rare beauty of the scene. It was glorious. We had promised ourself a treat in the sunrise next morning. In fact, we slept with one eye open so as not to miss it. But a dense fog veiled the mountains, which even the sun could not penetrate for some hours. Were we therefore gloomy? By no means. We turned our attention to the *cream!* That big blue and white bowl filled with richest cream! How it passed from hand to hand at breakfast, with many a joke and jest! Yet it reappeared on the dinner-table, its contents undiminished, and the subject of renewed attacks. Except for that delicious *cream* we might have fretted about the fog; as it was, we waited with the utmost content until a little past mid-day, when the veil was lifted grandly. Entering our carriages we drove around that silver sheet of water—by name Webb's Pond—famous for its beauty and its salmon-trout. Some fifty years ago—so the story is—a hunter named Webb frequented these then even wilder scenes. Dog and gun were his sole companions. He cared for no one, perhaps none cared for him. But one day he was missing. He was never seen again. Did he perish in the mountain passes? Or did that quiet water prove his grave? None knew. But Webb's Pond was christened about that time. Many a fisherman has lingered on its banks since then with hook and line—many a pleasure-party sailed upon its sparkling surface, but it has never proved treacherous to any one. And as we cast a last lingering gaze upon it we fondly hoped that next time no fog would prevent our enjoying—in addition to mountain views, rich cream, and sundry rarities—a sail upon Webb's Pond.

The mosquitoes in some sections of the country have been frost-bitten; but an attempt has been made to exterminate the huge variety that frequent some parts of New Jersey by the use of carbolic acid. A small cloth, saturated with the acid, was hung in a room where the mosquitoes had been very troublesome, and in two hours they entirely disappeared. Carbolic acid is a "good invention" if it can serve this purpose.

It is announced that there will be a series of Oratorios at Steinway Hall during the coming winter. Steinway Hall has undergone extensive alterations and improvements during the summer season.

Can it be true? It is said that Thirty-ninth Street, between First and Second avenues, has not been swept for seven years, and that the pavement is covered with dirt from six to twelve inches deep! If this is so the wonder is that half the dwellers in New York did not die with cholera and typhoid fever during the hot season.

New Hampshire is resolved to enforce obedience to the Fifth Commandment. A boy in Manchester has been imprisoned thirty days for insolence to his mother.

An exchange remarks that "a gentleman in Connecticut, after reading every article of every number of *The Journal of Commerce* for fifteen years, has just died." Without disrespect to the said journal, we wonder the poor fellow had not died long before.

What next? An American spiritualist has applied for a patent for seeing ghosts! The invention consists in the use of a chamber to which air (for the ghosts to breathe probably) is admitted by a stop-cock, and light by a small piece of dark blue glass. If ghosts could only be made useful, in keeping off burglars for example, this would be a valuable invention.

The fiat has gone forth, and Fashion declares that gentlemen are to wear pantaloons "as tight as possible," and ladies the smallest crinoline and the narrowest dresses. Most fashionable color for pantaloons, green; for dresses, brown. Business and morning coats will still be worn short, the variety with short tails prevailing: so also walking and even morning dresses will continue to be worn short: Eugénie has adopted them, and that settles the question, if there was any doubt about the matter before. Gentlemen will wear hats with low crowns and broad brims: and ladies will wear—what they please, provided it belongs to the *Brown* family. Full-dress vests for gentlemen will be low in the roll, and have but three buttons; ball dresses will also be low "in the roll"—if we may be allowed the expression—and ladies will exhibit as many buttons on their attire as the material will admit. Dress shirt bosoms will not be plated, but highly embroidered; the same may be said of the silks and satins designed for grand toilets. Both sexes seem to agree in adopting the coat sleeve. On the whole, there is quite as much similarity in the latest fashions for ladies and gentlemen as could be expected.

A new method of burning kerosene oil, which is said to produce a clearer and softer light than gas, at about one-third of the cost, has been discovered. It consists in burning the oil from common gas-pipes, conducted through the building in the same manner as for gas, and fed from a reservoir placed in the attic, cellar, or out-building near the house. This light is stated to be much less trying to the eyes than gas; and if it is so, it will be welcomed by the many who suffer from weak eyes. Those also who are monthly presented with an enormous gas-bill will be glad to make use of a really good substitute.

Pike's new Opera-house, at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, will probably be completed in about two months. It will then undoubtedly rank first among American Opera-houses. It will seat comfortably between two and three thousand persons, and is to be finished in the best style and adorned with paintings and statuary. The entire cost of this magnificent building is estimated to be nearly a million dollars.

The new Tammany Hall on Fourteenth Street is to cost $275,000, exclusive of the $80,000 paid for the land. It is 121 feet deep, and has a front of 116 feet. It is to be of brick, trimmed with marble, and will contain a hall capable of holding over 9000 people, also a theatre and concert room which will seat 800 people.

Queen Victoria, it is said, will devote the profits of her Memoir of Albert to a German Hospital at Dalston, one of the suburbs of London, in which the Prince had been much interested.

Paris is the cleanest city in the world. There are no stagnant pools—the water in the gutters is clear and pure. There are no heaps of ashes, mingled with decaying vegetable matter, standing all day long in the streets—an offense to sight and smell. All garbage is removed before seven o'clock in the morning; and it is not the fashion there to throw every thing into the streets at all hours of the day.

Some years ago, so the story goes, a farmer living not a thousand miles from New York, gave one of his sons some money, and told him to go out West and remain two years; at the end of which time, if he would return to a specified place, one of his brothers would meet him. The young man went, and returned and met his brother according to appointment, although no communication had taken place between them during the time. While going homeward together the wanderer, after relating some of his adventures, inquired whether any thing had happened since he left home.

"No, not a single thing," said the other, "every thing is just the same as when you left—except that the old crow died."

"Indeed," said the wanderer, "and is the old crow dead—what killed him?"

"Why, he ate too much meat when the matched horses died."

"Good gracious! are the matched horses dead—what killed them?"

"Well, you see when the house and barn burned they overdid themselves in hauling water."

"Good gracious! are the house and barn burned down—how did it happen?"

"Well, you see when daddy died, they were carrying lights about and were careless."

"Good gracious! and is daddy dead—what was the matter with him?"

"Well, you see when Sal ran away and got married against daddy's wishes he just pined away and died."

"Good gracious! so nothing has happened since I've been away?"

"No, every thing is just the same!"

The "misery of buttons" is thus described by an English writer: "Sartorial ingenuity has not yet attained to the manufacture of masculine garments unencumbered with the dire nuisance of buttons. It is not too much to say that a man's whole comfort during the day is dependent on the state of his buttons. The sudden defection of a button, when the sufferer is beyond the reach of all remedial assistance, puts him to misery and perhaps to shame."

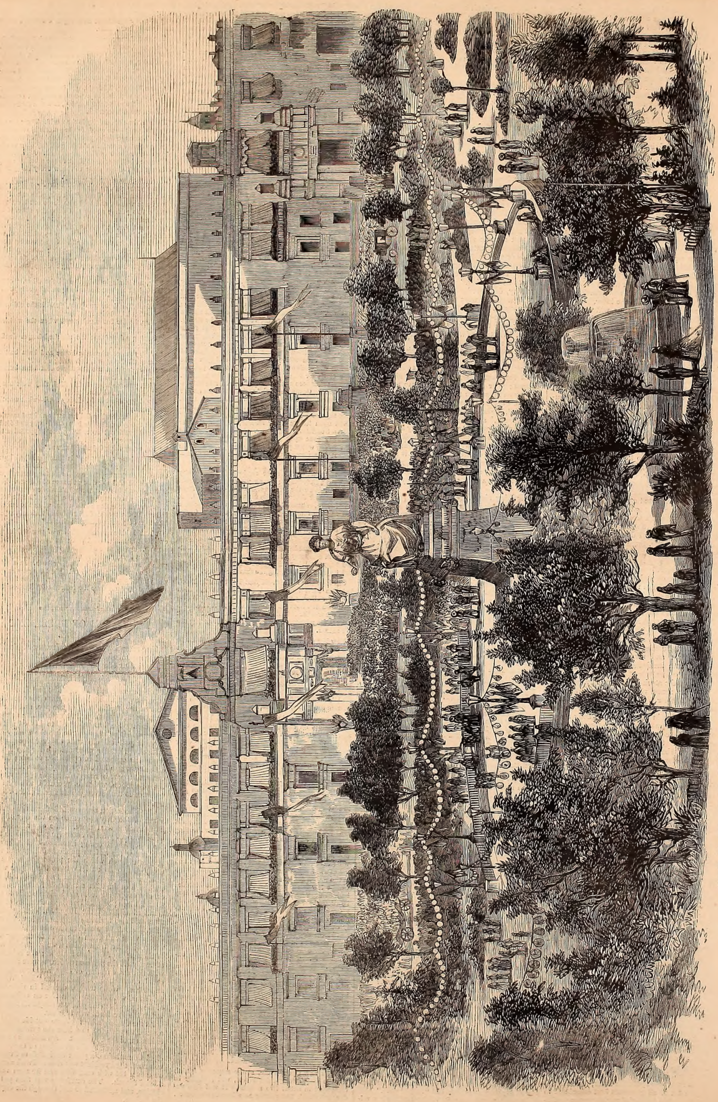
It is said that a common solution of gum-arabic is an excellent absorbent and will remove dirt, etc., from marble. Apply with a brush a good coat of gum-arabic, about the consistency of thick office mucilage, expose it to the sun or dry wind, or both. In a short time it will crack and peel off. If all the gum should not peel off wash it with clean water. If the first application does not have the desired effect it should be applied again.

## RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT JUAREZ.

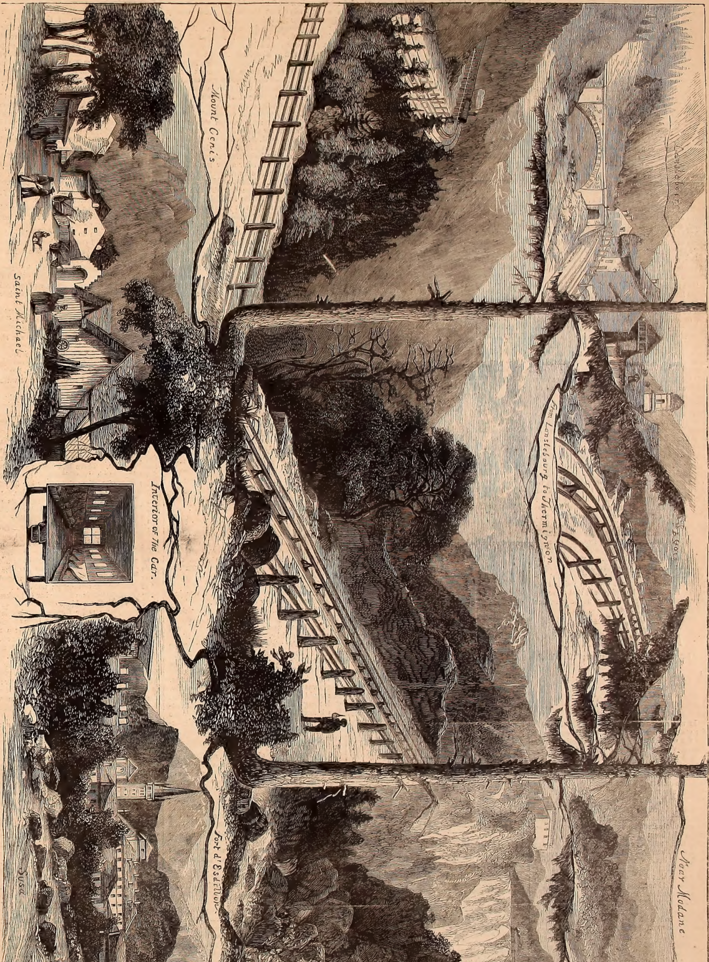
The reception of President Juarez of Mexico, in the capital of that republic, on July 15, marks the beginning of another, and it is hoped a brighter, era for Mexico. On that occasion the restoration of the Republic was pronounced completed; it is hoped and believed that the restoration is a permanent one. President Juarez is one of the best educated Mexicans of the age, and one of the most benign rulers that unfortunate country has had. He has returned to his capital in peace, and it appears that he has the usually discordant political elements under his complete control. Thus far no candidate for the Presidency has appeared in opposition to him; Diaz and Escobedo have apparently given him their earnest support in reorganizing the country, and his re-election, which is probable, will greatly conduce to the thorough settlement of the country.

Our illustration on page 648 shows the Grand Plaza of the City of Mexico on the day of the President's arrival there. The city authorities of Mexico City made extensive preparations for the reception, erecting immense arches, gayly decorating the various public buildings and the streets through which the procession was announced to pass on its way to the palace with thousands of flags, fastened to poles placed on each side of the streets two rods from each other, and extending from the Belem *garita* to the Grand Plaza; tablets bearing the names of the principal cities of the Republic, distinguished men, and also various engagements in which the Liberal armies are said to have been victorious. Cords were run from one pole to another the whole distance, from which were suspended tens of thousands of Chinese lanterns; the balconies of nearly all the private residences were adorned with flowers, curtains, or flags, among which, as usual, conspicuously appeared the "Red, White, and Blue," while troops, dressed in their new uniforms, were drawn up in line on either side of the streets from the palace to the *garita* through which the President was to enter.

At the *Passo de Maximiliano*, outside the city, a stand was erected, and here the procession of citizens met the President. An address of welcome was spoken by the President of the Municipal Commission, a poem dedicated to Juarez was read, the President was *crowned* with a golden crown set with emeralds, and he then made a brief speech. The cavalcade was then put in motion, and advanced to and through the city to the Palace.



SCENE IN THE GRAND PLAZA OF THE CITY OF MEXICO ON THE OCCASION OF THE RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT JUAREZ.—[See Page 647.]




THE MOUNT CENIS RAILROAD—SCENES ALONG THE ROUTE TO THE SUMMIT OF THE ALPS.—[See next Page.]

## THE MOUNT CENIS RAILROAD.

The civil engineer is certainly the great Djinn of the age; and his works are far more marvelous than those of the imaginary fairies and fiends, goblins and hobgoblins, of the Eastern tales. This nineteenth century is certainly the era of engineering marvels; and it would seem that the feats of this year of A.D. 1867 have been most marvelous of all. This year has witnessed the tapping of the bottom of Lake Michigan and putting a faucet there for the benefit of Chicago; the Sierra Nevadas have been penetrated as an outlet for the gold of the Pacific and the silks of the Island World for the benefit of the New World; and now, for the unity of the Old World, the Alps are being leveled or overcome, and a locomotive has ascended where only adventurous tourist went before!

On the 26th of last August, just about the time that daylight began to shine through the Sierra Nevadas, a locomotive, dragging a train of ten cars with forty passengers, ascended Mount Cenis, and Mr. Fell, the Djinn of the occasion, had the satisfaction of looking contemptuously down on the Graian and Cottian Alps on either hand, and smilingly on the fair land of France behind him and Italy before him, and with something of the air of the good fairy in the tale, or the forgiving father in the play, pronounced them united, and blessed them and bade them prosper in peace and unity, and increase in power and influence and liberty.

The tunnel through Mount Cenis will be eight miles long when completed. Only about a mile a year can be accomplished by the force which can be practically employed; hence it will take six or seven years yet to complete it. In the mean time the French and Italian roads have been temporarily connected by a system of inclined planes by which the ascent and descent of Mount Cenis is accomplished. As the mountain is several thousand feet high—the plateau is 6773 feet above the sea, and the peak rises to the height of 11,454 feet—the grades of the ascent are very heavy, and to overcome them a system had to be invented and adopted. The engineer who invented the system is named Fell, and he is, we believe, an Englishman; but very little is positively known in this country either of him or his peculiar system. Our engravings on page 649 and the following meagre description, which we find in a French paper, may give the reader an idea of the manner in which the ascent is made.

The locomotive used is composed in reality of two machines, each having its boiler, cylinders, and regulator. One of these machines acts by the natural adhesion produced by the weight of the locomotive on the lateral rails, and the other by the supplementary adhesion obtained by the pressure of the oblique and almost horizontal wheels on the central rails. The original feature of the Mount Cenis Railroad is indeed a third rail, placed between the other two, and on a little higher level. The average rate of speed on the occasion of the first ascent was about ten miles an hour, and it is believed that this average can be exceeded. The success of the experiment is an important event in railroad annals. It may now be safely said that there are no mountain barriers which can not be overcome by the locomotive.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book V.

### CHAPTER V.

"FOR AULD LANG SYNE."

It was an awkward meeting. Mabel's pride for once did her good service. She would not for the world have betrayed any emotion to the strangers' eyes then fixed upon her. She returned Arthur Skidley's bow with so freezing a salutation that that usually self-satisfied gentleman was quite abashed for a minute or two. To Alfred Trescott she bent her head slightly, but without any marked hauteur. "I have known Mr. Trescott," she said, quietly.

Alfred played his part to perfection. He was silent, unobtrusive, respectful; though whenever he was unobserved he watched Mabel stealthily, like a wild beast in ambush. He listened modestly to the musical critic, who at once began to talk very fluently. All this gentleman's speech was about himself, which circumstance afforded the others breathing-time to collect their thoughts. The critic was flattered. He acknowledged to himself that he seldom found an audience so completely attentive. By-and-by other persons came into the room, and the conversation became general. Captain Skidley had been so frozen by Mabel's bow that he edged away to the other end of the room, and endeavored to get himself thawed under the bright glances of a pretty walking lady who had been playing in the little opening piece. Presently Alfred Trescott seated himself near Mabel and spoke to her. "I was afraid of presenting myself before you to-night," he said, in a low voice; "indeed, I should not have had courage to do so, had not my friend urged me to come. You know you once forbade me ever to appear in your presence again. Have you forgiven me yet, Miss—Bell?"

Mabel's voice betrayed some emotion as she answered, "I am willing to forgive, Mr. Trescott, if you will allow me also to forget."

"I would sooner die than offend you, indeed I would. I was so rejoiced, so proud, to hear of your brilliant success. I *may* say that, may I not? for old acquaintance' sake, and the memory of your kindness to Corda. I was in the theatre last night with Lady Popham. How exquisite it was! You—you did not see *me*, of course?"

If he had thought to lay a trap for her he had miscalculated. The warm blood rushed over her cheeks and brow, but she replied, with the unhesitating truthfulness that was habitual with her, "I did see you. Lady Popham's figure attracted my attention to the box."

"Then," said Alfred, humbly, "I was right. I fancied, I feared, that you purposely left my poor flower to die at your feet. You need not have been so severe, Miss Bell. I threw it among the other bouquets as a tribute to the *artist*. My camellia was meant for Juliet, not for you." It was subtly said.

Mabel felt a pang of mortification and shame. She had placed herself in the position—so painful a one to a modest girl—of having attributed to the passion of a lover a mere act of courtesy. At the same time the seeming candor of his words struck an answering chord in her frank nature. "Juliet thanks you," she said, looking full at him with her clear, innocent eyes.

"If Corda could but know with whom I am speaking now!"

"Dear little Corda! Is she well? Is she in London?"

"Yes; she is here. You know, of course, that your cousin's husband, Signor Bensa, offered to take her as articled pupil? Silly child, she could not bear to leave her father and me; and we, perhaps more silly, let her have her way. If I make any success she shall share it."

"You have not yet appeared in London?"

"Not yet. Lady Popham is trying to make some arrangements for me. I dare say my fate will soon be decided."

Mabel was here called away to go upon the stage. When she next entered the green-room young Trescott was not there; but she saw him once more that evening. It was after the conclusion of the tragedy, as she was going to her room.

"Miss Bell," said Alfred, stopping her, "one word—only one. Would you—may Corda come to see you? It would make her so happy."

Mabel hesitated. He read her thought instantly. "Corda, Corda *alone*," he said, quickly. "*I* should not think of intruding on you; besides, I am really busy and anxious about my début. But the child, it would be such a joy to her to see you. She is very lonely for hours together, poor pussy-cat."

Mabel's heart melted directly. "Oh, let her come," she said. "I shall like to look on her sweet little face again."

"And—pardon me, one instant—your address? They refuse to give it at the stage door, you know."

"Mamma and I are living at Desmond Lodge, Highgate." Then she said "Good-night," and was gone."

"Betty on their way home in the fly retailed all Mrs. Hutchins's gossip to her young mistress. At first the latter was a very inattentive listener, but the mention of Clement's name roused her.

"Mr. Charlewood in London?" she said, with involuntary eagerness.

"Yes, miss, and ever so poor; and he's living by hisself, and going on awful. Any how, that's what that woman said, miss."

"She is a gossiping, untruthful person, Betty. You must take no heed of what she says."

"No more I doesn't, miss. I thought as how she were a lying, for all it comed out so slippy."

A few days later Corda Trescott appeared one morning at Desmond Lodge, Highgate. The maid-servant who answered the bell found the child alone at the gate. She asked timidly for Miss Bell, and was shown into the garden at the back of the house, where Mabel, and her mother, and Dooley were assembled. Mabel was walking up and down with a book in her hand. She was studying Beatrice, which was to be her next part. Corda advanced on to the lawn, and then stood still, too diffident to make her presence known. Mabel, turning in her walk, saw the patient little figure, and ran to welcome her. The child clung to her with a low cry: "Oh, Miss Mabel, I'm so glad!" Then Dooley marched up to them with a wooden spade over his shoulder, and his nose and chin, out of shelter of the brim of his straw-hat, burned chocolate color. He put his small paw into Corda's hand patronizingly.

"'Oo *is* glad to see Tibby, isn't 'oo?" said he, comprehending that Corda's tears were not tears of sorrow.

By-and-by, when Corda had shaken hands with Mrs. Saxelby, and was seated on a garden-chair making a long daisy chain for Dooley, Mabel, observing the little girl closely, was pained to see how thin and pale she was, and how she flushed and trembled at the least word. "You have been growing very fast, Corda," said Mabel; "almost too fast for your strength, I'm afraid. I declare you are as tall as I am."

Corda smiled shyly. "Not quite, am I? But indeed I am very well; only I don't feel extremely strong, you know."

"*I*'m 'trong," observed Dooley, tugging at the garden-chair. "I can tip 'oo yight up."

"Be quiet, Julian. Is that the way you behave to a lady, Sir? And how is the voice, Corda?"

The child's bright hazel eyes filled with tears. "Oh, *I* think it's quite well, thank you, Miss Mabel; but they won't let me sing. Sometimes I do long to sing."

"Why do they not let you sing, dear?"

"Because sometimes it makes me cough a little. Only a very little, though."

Mabel said no more, but she watched Corda anxiously when the child was not observing her. Corda's hat was quite new, and so were her boots, and the little silk mantle that she wore. Her frock was shabby, and considerably too short for her. Mabel's womanly observation taught her that only such articles as could be bought ready-made were fresh and bright, and she drew the conclusion that Corda had been hastily rigged out for the visit.

"Here's something for you to see. An invitation, Mabel!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, suddenly. That lady was seated in an easy-chair under a tree on the lawn opening letters. One of the first results of the young actress's sudden leap into notoriety had been to make her a mark for the pursuit of a host of odd people whose existence she had never dreamed of. Lion hunters, begging-letter writers, anonymous critics, enthusiastic admirers, saintly persons with an irrepressible desire for her conversion, enterprising tradesmen, unappreciated authors, and stage-struck aspirants thirsting for public favor. The pile of letters left for Miss M. A. Bell at the stage door of the Royal Thespian Theatre were bewildering in their number and the heterogeneous character of their contents: and after a few trials Mabel found that she must give up all attempt to read and reply to them all. It became Mrs. Saxelby's daily employment to open and sift this mass of correspondence, reserving for Mabel's perusal only such grains of wheat as were discoverable in the heaps of worthless chaff.

"An invitation, Mabel. And such a singular little note! I can scarcely decipher it."

Mrs. Saxelby handed to her daughter a tinted envelope of the newest pattern and fashion, sealed with an enormous coat of arms. The envelope contained a formal card of invitation to a conversazione at Lady Popham's house, and a note in her ladyship's queer cramped characters. "There is a card for me also," said Mrs. Saxelby.

Mabel read the note with some difficulty. It ran thus:

"My dear Miss Bell,—I hope you will dispense with my presenting compliments, or any thing of that sort, because really, after witnessing your most exquisite performance of Juliet the other night, it is quite impossible for me to bridle my enthusiasm sufficiently to third-person you. Enchanting! Quite enchanting! Such a finish, such a grace! I had the pleasure of witnessing your début at Kilclare, and take some credit to myself for discovering *then* that a new planet had swam into the ken of play-goers. Now *will* you come to me on Thursday after the play? You sha'n't be lionized (more than a charming girl must be prepared to endure every where), because almost every body else will be a lion too. I have an assembly of artists and authors, and clever people of all kinds, who honor my house every Thursday evening. I know I ought to have called on Mrs. Saxelby, and would have done so, but your Cerberus at the stage door wouldn't give me your address, so I send this to the theatre. I shall positively await your reply with *trembling* anxiety. With my sincerest admiration, believe me to be, my dear Miss Bell,

"Your faithful servant,

"Laura Popham."

Mabel had read thus far with a resolve to decline the invitation. Her mother looked over at her wistfully. "What do you think, love?" she asked.

The answer was on Mabel's lips, when she perceived that on the fourth side of the sheet of paper there was a postscript. "I hold out as a *bait* the fact that my god-daughter, Geraldine O'Brien, will be in town and at my house on Thursday. She has just come home from foreign parts.—L. P."

"Well, Mabel?" said Mrs. Saxelby.

"Dear mamma, to tell the truth, I was just about to say 'No' very decisively. But—"

"Why 'no,' Mabel? Why 'no very decisively?'"

"I said there was a 'but,' mamma. We will discuss it by-and-by. What do *you* think?"

Mrs. Saxelby wished to go, and wished to be persuaded to do as she liked. Nothing ruffled Mrs. Saxelby's smooth temper more than having to make it apparent that she was following her own good-will and pleasure in trifling matters. There was no set purpose of deceit in this, either. She would acknowledge having enjoyed such and such things, but could rarely be induced to confess beforehand that she desired them. "We will speak of it by-and-by, as you say," she replied, plaintively. "I will do as you wish, my dear child, but I don't know how my throat may be by Thursday."

Corda spent a day of seemingly unalloyed enjoyment. Dooley had imbibed the notion that she was delicate and must be cared for; and he displayed his manliness and gallantry in various well-meant attentions, which, however, were occasionally of an embarrassing nature. For example, he insisted on carving her meat for her at dinner, as was done for himself when he was sick. He hacked the roast mutton with his little blunt silver knife, and heaped the salt in an avalanche on the side of her plate.

"'Oo must have some *pork* wine," pronounced Dooley, magisterially. "*I* had pork wine when I was ill. Tibby gave it me in a 'poon. It's nasty. 'Oo *must* have some."

Then he brought the kitten up stairs for his guest to see, and conscientiously explained to her why, though he liked that pussy-kitten, he could not regard her with the same affection that he had bestowed on the old one at Hazlehurst.

"Yes, Dooley, dear," said Corda, gently stroking the little animal that purred aloud in the enjoyment of her soft touch. "Yes; I think *I* should love the 'sorry one' best, too."

When the time drew near for Mabel to go to the theatre, she asked Corda if she should set her down any where, or how she should send her home. "Oh no, thank you," replied the child. "We live a long way off, across Blackfriars Bridge. Papa will call for me at six o'clock."

"Who brought you here, my dear?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

Corda blushed scarlet. "I promised not to tell, ma'am."

"Not to tell? How extraordinary!"

"It was a very kind person indeed; but he made me *promise* not to tell. I don't know why. But I did promise, so I ought not to tell, ought I?"

Mrs. Saxelby and Mabel of course refrained from any further question on the subject, though the former was very curious about it. Mabel had her own solution of the mystery. She guessed that Alfred had brought his sister to Highgate himself, and had put this prohibition on the child in order to avoid even the suspicion of wishing to force himself on Mrs. Saxelby and her daughter. The supposition placed him in a favorable light, and softened Mabel's heart toward him more than she had once thought possible.

Mr. Trescott came punctually to claim his little girl. He waited in the hall, and declined to come in, as he was pressed for time, and must be in the orchestra of the theatre at which he was engaged before seven. Corda said "farewell" with shy, heart-felt thanks, expressed and understood.

"You must come again and play with Dooley, my dear," said Mrs. Saxelby.

"An' I will wheel 'oo yound de garden in my barrow!" shouted that young gentleman. The barrow in question was about a foot long; but Dooley spoke in perfect good faith.

"You must come and stay a week with us, Corda," said Mabel. "The fresh air and the flowers will do you good."

"Oh, thank you so very much, dear, darling Miss Mabel; but I can't do that."

"Can't do it, Corda? You like being here, and you have plenty of time."

"It is like heaven here, I think," returned the child. "It would be beautiful; but I can't, indeed. I must stay as much as I can with—*them*. Perhaps, you know, I may not have so *very* much time after all."

When Corda was gone Mrs. Saxelby returned to the subject of Lady Popham's note. "Do as you please, Mabel. I will make any effort you wish, only decide." To decide was the one effort Mrs. Saxelby could not make.

"You would have no objection to accept the invitation, mamma?"

"I, my darling? Even if I had—but I have not—for *your* sake I would accept it willingly. Don't mind *me*."

"Then, mamma," said Mabel, abruptly, "we will go."

### CHAPTER VI.

MISS O'BRIEN MAKES AN ODIOUS COMPARISON.

There was a strange "combination" in the musical world, said Lady Popham, against Alfred Trescott. There had been from time to time several such "combinations" to quench the flame of genius when fanned by her ladyship's jeweled hands. It was very singular. "Almost," said Lady Popham, in moments when cloud predominated in her April skies, "almost as though one were pursued by a Destiny Like Œdipus, and those kind of people, you know."

Lady Popham had "lain in the lilies, and fed on the roses of life," and I think she found some satisfaction in this idea of a stern Destiny that pursued her. A stern Destiny that was not too stern; that did not make her hungry, nor ragged, nor mad, nor drunken; neither moved her to commit murder or forgery; nor even took the shape of kleptomania, causing her to hanker unlawfully after silk stockings on her hosier's shop-counter. But a polite Destiny, admissible into the best society, that just gave a little artistic relief, and prevented her life from being a mere Chinese picture, without any shadows at all.

She had invited all the most competent critics of music to her house to hear Alfred play. She had fêted these people, and courted them, and flattered them, but without avail. Some of them were soft, and some were stern in manner; but in the main they agreed in their verdict upon the young man's playing. Great charm, wonderful tone, sweetness, purity, and admirable intonation, but—it wouldn't quite do.

"Why not?" insisted my lady. "Why, why, *why* not?"

Well, Mr. Trescott had better have another year's first-rate teaching, and, above all, another year's *hard work*. There was unsteadiness in his passage playing, occasional want of breadth and finish in the style. It was very good. At times admirable. But, upon the whole, not exactly up to the mark for one aspiring to the position of a first-rate solo player. Lady Popham must be aware that the standard was now a very high one. His competitors would be men of European fame, who had devoted their lives to their art. Mr. Trescott had natural abilities and gifts of an exceptionally high order. He might do any thing, *if*—etc., etc., etc.

All this annoyed Lady Popham mightily. It annoyed her for two reasons. Firstly, because, being in her butterfly way a kindly, generous, compassionate old woman, she felt for the mortification thus inflicted on her protégé. Secondly, it annoyed her because the chief vanity and ambition of her life was to be reckoned a high and competent judge of art and artists. She had never before met with this stiff-necked and open opposition to her own expressed opinion. Her old friend, the Neapolitan Maestro di Capella (who was so valuable and confidential an ally of hers in her favorite pursuit that he might with justice have described himself on his professional cards as "Purveyor of Geniuses, by appointment, to Lady Popham"), would never have thought of contradicting her in this way. And *he* was a clever musician, and a learned, and a profound, and, above all, an Italian; which was in itself a diploma of connoisseurship. Old Altalena always pronounced miladi's taste perfect. And she supposed *he* had a professional reputation to maintain as well as these Messieurs Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

Lady Popham had never seen Aitalena wrinkling up his well-shaped snuffy old nose behind her back, in contemptuous amusement at her ignorance. And as to professional reputation—why, all the virtuosi in Naples knew that miladi

was an English woman; and what artist could be said to risk his professional reputation by merely encouraging a baby's admiring delight in its penny whistle?

But what was merely an annoyance to Lady Popham was to Alfred Trescott a serious misfortune. His prospects of fame and money seemed to fly before him like the mirage. It was characteristic of this young man, that while his practical knowledge and artistic instinct confessed the justice of the critics' adverse verdict, he hated them for pronouncing it, as bitterly as though they had conspired to malign him. He grew gloomy and discontented, and betrayed that he was so, in his manner. Alfred's was essentially a nature in which "familiarity breeds contempt." And when once he had become habituated to the manifestations of luxury and wealth which surrounded his patroness, and which at first had kept his insolence somewhat in check, he began to show glimpses of the native ferocity of his temper even to her. During all the time that they had been in London Lady Popham's purse had supplied Mr. Alfred Trescott very liberally with money for his weekly expenses. He had no money of his own, and his father's poor earnings barely sufficed to feed and clothe himself and Corda. Alfred had accepted all these benefits from Lady Popham as loans to be repaid when the golden opportunity should arrive of dazzling the world with his talents, and receiving solid coin of the realm in exchange for them. He had artfully contrived to convince Lady Popham that she had unsettled his life, torn him from the enjoyment of a modest competence earned by his own industry, and beguiled him with ambitious dreams, the onus of fulfilling which now rested with her. She began to be afraid of Alfred Trescott—afraid of what he might say to her. Frivolous and superficial as she was, she began to know that there were dark places in Alfred's character which she shrank from exploring. He had already dropped one or two hints that substantially amounted to a threat of what he might be driven to do if he found things going badly against him. The poor old woman was quite unhappy about him at times, and cast about in her mind for some means of permanently benefiting him, and frustrating the "combination" that opposed his success. She had hitherto found that the most efficacious temporary panacea for his ills was a bank-note. Up to a certain point this was a remedy easy to administer. But then it *was* but temporary. Alfred would—metaphorically—gulp down his bank-note in the morning, and appear again in the evening gloomy and misanthropic, as became an unappreciated genius. Besides the uncertainty attending his début there were other circumstances contributing to embitter him. Mabel was as far removed from his pursuit as ever, and Clement Charlewood was dwelling in the same town with her. Alfred's resentment and desire for vengeance, on the score of Clement's disparaging mention of him to Lady Popham, had by no means cooled. If he had been brilliantly successful—if he had taken the town by storm, and leaped into notoriety—he would still have hated Clement Charlewood, and would have desired to injure him. But the desire would have been dulled a little, and put out of sight to await a favorable opportunity of satisfaction. Now, however, all the mortification and checks that his vanity and egotism were suffering served as fuel to the fire of his evil passions. In this posture of his affairs he persuaded Lady Popham to invite Mabel and her mother to one of her weekly assemblies. His motive in doing so was by no means a single-minded desire to pass some hours in Mabel's presence. His feeling for her—though he still professed himself "in love" with her—was by this time very close on the border-land of hatred. But at least it was very far removed from indifference. He wanted to have her *within his reach*; whether to avenge himself for her repulse of his proffered love, or to fall at her feet in a paroxysm of devotion, was not quite clear even to himself.

Lady Popham's weekly conversazione was always very crowded. There was wont to be a large proportion of second-rate lions in her assemblies, and a sprinkling of third-rate ones also. But these lesser animals contributed a liberal share to the evening's entertainment, lifting up their voices in a way that seemed by contrast to make the big lions "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." My lady's eccentric pursuit of genius, and her not very solid judgment in art matters, combined to fill her saloons with a crowd from the ranks of the unappreciated: a numerous body, it would appear. But some celebrities, with whom the world had dealt kindly, were to be found there too.

Mabel and her mother arrived at Lady Popham's mansion soon after eleven o'clock on the Thursday evening fixed upon, and found the spacious rooms brilliantly lighted and filled with a heterogeneous crowd. As their names were announced, my lady sprang from her chair and hurried to the door to meet them. Mrs. Saxelby had never seen Lady Popham, and although Mabel had warned her to expect something eccentric, she almost started with astonishment at the first sight of their hostess. The little woman wore a long train of rich blue satin covered with fine old lace. Jewels glistened on her withered throat, in her ears, and on her arms. She had a round patch of rouge exactly in the centre of each cheek. Her eyebrows were thickly blackened, her wig dressed into a luxuriant mass of curls, and on the top of it she wore a delicate, fragile, dew-besprinkled wreath of wild flowers and ferns. It was the airiest, lightest, most graceful thing in the world, just adapted for a very young and lovely girl, with whose fresh beauty it would have harmonized admirably. Nodding and trembling as it did on Lady Popham's head when she came forward with quick mincing step and extravagant gestures, it rather suggested associations with Bedlam. But Lady Popham could assume a very winning manner when she chose, despite her absurdities. And she bestowed so gracious a welcome on Mrs. Saxelby as to put that lady at her ease immediately.

"Arthur, give Mrs. Saxelby your arm, and take her to my sofa in the little drawing-room."

Captain Skidley advanced somewhat timidly. Bashfulness was not usually his most marked defect, but he had not forgotten Mabel's bow. However, on seeing the gentle, lady-like widow, looking very fair and pretty in her dove-colored silk dress, his spirits rose again, and he conducted her to the sofa with much gallantry. He even remained by her side talking to her for some time, and as she listened with seemingly absorbed attention to every thing he said, and looked very sweetly at him out of her soft blue eyes, the Honorable Arthur Skidley was afterward heard to declare that you might say what you liked about Miss Bell, or whatever her name was, but that, in his deliberate judgment, she wasn't a patch upon her mother.

Lady Popham drew Mabel's arm through her own, and made the tour of the rooms with her.

"Are you tired?" she asked, at length. "You are very pale. So good of you to be here. Come into my little drawing-room; Mrs. Saxelby is there. I have a special sofa there off which bores are warned more or less civilly. I retain a body-guard of lads for that service. They find it amusing. The average boyish intellect is not of a high order, I find."

So chatting, she made her way to the special sofa, where Mrs. Saxelby was already installed. As Mabel was about to seat herself a young lady pressed forward through the throng and took her hand. "Dear Miss Earnshaw," she said; "welcome!" It was Geraldine O'Brien. The two girls interchanged a few cordial words in a low voice. "I want to talk to you comfortably," said Miss O'Brien. "Can't we get out of this mob for five minutes? There is a quiet nook in the conservatory behind the hall; will you come with me?"

Mabel glanced at Lady Popham, but that lady was occupied with a new arrival—a poet who dated the decline of English poetry from Chaucer, and was anxious to found a school for the revival of the golden days of literature. He had written some very pretty things, and had had them printed in black letter. He had brought with him a copy of his latest production to present to Lady Popham, who inspected it through her eye-glass. "Charming!" she murmured. "I can't make out a word of it. How quaint!"

"You would soon read it with a very little practice," said the poet. "As a mere question of beauty it is vastly superior to our square, angular type."

"What's this word?" asked my lady. "Chancery?"

"Oh no, not Chancery, certainly! By no means. It is—let me—see, 'chauntynge.' Chanting—singing, you know."

"To be sure: Chauntynge! *Very* quaint."

Seeing the old lady thus occupied, Mabel ventured to glide away with Miss O'Brien. But they had not gone many steps before Lady Popham's shrill voice called to them to stop. "Where are you going, you two?" she screamed. "Now, Geraldine, that's *your* doing. Méchante! Why are you picking my pocket of Miss Bell in that manner?"

"Godmamma, I don't want to steal her; only to *borrow* her for five minutes. May I not?"

"Umph! It's uncommonly bad manners, but I suppose you may. Bring her back punctually, scioccherella!"

The two girls walked away together. They descended the stairs and entered a little conservatory opening from the hall. It was full of perfume and color, though the latter was subdued by the faint light of a single alabaster lamp that hung in the doorway.

"I was so glad to hear of your coming here," said Geraldine.

"I dare say you were surprised too, Miss O'Brien. But I hope you will not think me guilty of any disrespect to Lady Popham, when I tell you that my great—nay, my only—inducement to come was the prospect of seeing you."

"Was it, indeed? And I wished to see you so much! And to say a word about our friends the Charlewoods."

It was the very subject on which Mabel had desired to speak. She had been debating in her own mind how she should introduce the topic, and Geraldine broached it thus simply, and at once.

"Oh, Miss O'Brien," said Mabel, "are they in London? Are they doing well? I heard, by an odd accident, something of Mr. Clement Charlewood. But he was said to be quite alone, and in great poverty. You, of course, have heard all particulars respecting the family while you were abroad with Augusta."

"Augusta! Don't talk to me of Augusta! She is the most cold-hearted, selfish— Well, perhaps it does not become me to speak of it, but her indifference to her family disgusts me. It was a very long time before I could prevail on her to let me know their address in London. I do not think she would have given it to me at all but for her husband. Malachi at last laid positive commands on her; and then she apologized for the vulgar neighborhood in which they were living! Is it not incredible?"

"Then they are *all* in London?"

"Oh yes; all of them. I went to see Mrs. Charlewood directly I got to town. There were only she and Penelope at home. Both looked worn, but Penny especially so. She was pale and very thin, but as full of courage and energy as ever."

"Are they—is Mr. Charlewood likely to do well in his new engagement?"

"He? There can be no doubt of his doing well any where, I should say. But there is trouble about that wretched boy Walter. His poor mother confided the whole story to me when Penny was out of the room, engaged in some household duties. Walter is clerk in a West-End bank. His employers have been for some time dissatisfied with his carelessness; but the other day there was a serious inquiry into some of his accounts. A sum of money could not be accounted for. It was not a large sum, but—"

"Good Heavens! You do not mean that they suspected his honesty?"

"I can not say that, exactly. Mrs. Charlewood did not tell her story very clearly; and she was crying very much, poor soul! But the matter ended in Mr. M'Culloch being spoken to. He is the head of the building firm that employs Clement, and had given some kind of guarantee to these banking people for Walter. Clement managed to persuade him that his brother had been merely guilty of inaccuracy. The money was forthcoming, Walter was sharply admonished, and the affair blew over. But Mrs. Charlewood said they had lived in constant dread and anxiety ever since."

As Miss O'Brien spoke the idea dawned on Mabel's mind that her manner and language were not those of a girl who had once been Clement Charlewood's affianced wife. Could it be that she should be on such terms of unembarrassed friendship with the whole family if she had broken an engagement of marriage with Clement on the score of his ruin and poverty? While she was so thinking, Geraldine said, abruptly, "I *wonder* what the truth was about that money!"

"About the money?"

"The money that was missing at the bank. I have a private theory of my own about the matter, that I can't help believing to be the true one."

Mabel turned pale, and looked at her inquiringly.

"My theory," pursued Geraldine, in a low voice, "is that Walter took the money for some temporary need, intending to return it; that he was unable to do so; that Clement suspected the truth, and, at the cost of a hard struggle and sacrifice, himself replaced— What's that?"

"What?"

"A rustling noise among the flowers there by the door. Did you not hear it?"

They listened. All was still until the opening of a door up stairs let forth a gust of sound—voices talking and laughing, and the crisp notes of a piano-forte.

"Come," said Geraldine, "I shall be scolded for having detained you so long. I return to Ireland at the end of this month. I may come and see you before I go away, may I not?"

As the two girls left the conservatory and advanced to the staircase they found Alfred Trescott on the lowest step, having apparently just descended. He bowed, and stood aside in silence to make way for them. Mabel, mindful of Corda's visit, spoke to him.

"We were so glad to have your sister, Mr. Trescott," she said. "You must let her come again soon."

Then the ladies passed up the stairs. Geraldine pressed Mabel's arm to her side impulsively.

"Forgive me," she whispered, "for speaking of it, but I can not refrain from saying how rejoiced I was to hear that you were not engaged to that young man."

"*I* engaged to him? What in Heaven's name do you mean?"

"No, no; godmamma said that you had refused him. She was a little angry at first, but I suppose he has talked her over."

"It is due to him, Miss O'Brien, to say (since you have heard so much) that Mr. Trescott has behaved well since—since making that unfortunate mistake. I believe he now regrets it as much as I."

"That's well," replied Geraldine. "But yet—don't trust him, don't believe in him, don't be off your guard with him. I can not tell you why, but I have a shrinking horror of him. Did you ever *catch a snake's eye?* I did once. Don't laugh. I am perfectly serious. It was in some exhibition or other that I saw the brute coiled up quite motionless in a glass cage. The people with me were lost in admiration. It was a richly-marked reptile, covered with bright waves and bands of color, with lines of fine black tracery running through them. My friends were holding forth on the beauty of its speckled skin. *My* attention was caught and bound fast by the creature's glittering eyes that were fixed upon me. Cold, bright, venomous, cruel. There was such a pitiless wickedness in their fixed gaze that I understood for the first time the stories of little birds giving up all hope and fluttering helplessly into the jaws of a serpent. Ugh! I was cold with horror. Well—I never look at Alfred Trescott's beautiful eyes without a sensation of *dread*. They are so exactly like that snake's!"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"MOVE ON."—Policemen make capital mimics—they are so very clever at taking people off!

About the year 1685 the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a resolution that "no member thereof should come to the House *barefoot, or eat his bread and cheese on the steps.*"

ONE FOR THE TOPERS.—A Drunkard's face has been described as "a cluster of carbuncles, with a ruby sceuter."

"Dr. W—— on one occasion received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and meeting them several months after at a social gathering, took up their baby, and exclaimed:

"I believe I have a mortgage on this child!"

Baby's papa, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a V.

A LIMITED CIRCLE.—When the celebrated Lord Castlereagh was stopping once to change horses at some very poverty-stricken post-station in Ireland, his carriage was surrounded by beggars, who implored him in all the eager accents of native entreaty for charity. Taking no notice of their appeals, he sat cold and unmoved till the horses were ready to start, when a very miserable-looking fellow approached the carriage and said, in a voice of persuasive entreaty, "One sixpence, my lord—only one little sixpence, and it will treat *all* your friends in Ireland!"

A MAN OF LOW EXTRACTION—A cheap dentist.

A great big salmon-colored lady, of the African persuasion, weighing something less than a ton and a half, dressed "to kill," and a "hornet's nest" sticking out upon the back of her head, was waddling along the streets of a Southern city. She was "observed of all observers." A young lady whose back hair was pulled so very tight that she looked as if she was walking on her toes, and as if she had been driven too far into her short dress with a sledge hammer, stopped to view the "cullud lady" with a critic's eye, not to "pass her imperfections by." Both stopped and grinned at each other a moment, when the "lady in black" struck a theatrical attitude, and said: "Law me, Miss, you needn't be standin' dar grinnin' at me, kase the Lord knows you'se a bigger curiosity to look at than I is." They parted in peace.

LEGAL.—Talent alone avails our lawyers, and an humble origin is no *bar* to the bench!

A farmer's boy advertises in a Kentucky paper for a wife. He says:

"He wants to know if she can milk,
And make his bread and butter,
And go to meeting without silk,
To make a show and splutter;
He'd like to know if it would hurt
Her hands to take up stitches,
Or sew the buttons on his shirt,
Or make a pair of breeches."

A SHOCKING THING TO THINK OF!—A galvanic battery.

Some people can not take a joke even if it is thrown at them. A very good story is told in connection with Mr. Griswold, a humorous writer and lecturer, who is known under the *nom de plume* of "The Fat Contributor." In the course of a burlesque lecture on the discovery of America, he said: "Columbus, after thinking of the matter for an hour by the town clock, turned off the gas, and went to bed." After the lecture, a man gravely remarked, "Mr. Griswold, I liked your lecture very much; but you made a mistake in saying Columbus turned off the gas. America was discovered in 1492, and they didn't know any thing about gas until long after that. I guess they used petroleum in those days."

"Very good," laughed Griswold, "very good, indeed; I owe you for a hint. I'll work that in some time."

"It's no joke, Mr. Griswold," returned the man; "I can show you your mistake in a history, if you'll walk over to my house."

For the first time the lecturer perceived his companion was really in earnest, and half an hour was required to explain that the whole lecture was a burlesque.

"Ah, yes," was the response, "I see now; but why didn't you say so, my friend?"

The Rev. Dr. P——, visiting a country clergyman, requested permission to preach to his congregation, which his friend consented to, on condition that he adapted the language of his sermon to the illiterate capacities of his parishioners, and that he used no hard words. After the sermon was over, Dr. P—— asked his friend whether he had not strictly observed the conditions? The other replied that he had used several words beyond the comprehension of his hearers, and instanced the word *felicity*, for which he would have substituted *happiness*. Dr. P—— contended that one word was as plain as the other; and, to prove it, proposed calling the plowman, and putting it to him, which was done.

"Well, Robin, do you know the meaning of the word *felicity?*"

"Ees, Sir," said Robin, scratching his head, and endeavoring to look wise, "ees, I thinks as how I does."

"Well, Robin, speak up."

"Wy, Sir, I doesn't disactly, but I thinks it's some'at inside of a pig."

An inebriated correspondent wishes to know if young ladies who like to see their own reflections in the mirror are properly described as being "a little too fond of their glass?"

"Papa," said a bright-eyed little girl one day, "I believe mamma loves you better'n she does me." Papa held doubts on that subject, but concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing her father's silence as unfavorable to her side. "Well," said she at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the biggest, and *it takes more* to love you."

STRIKING.—The only men whom strikes benefit—Clockmakers.

An exquisite at Saratoga had a diamond pin of great magnifying power, and seeing a man with a large diamond said to him, "That's a nice diamond." "Yes." "A first-rate stone." "Yes." "Now, I s'pose that stone must be worth fifteen hundred dollars, but then *I'm no epicure!*"

Why is a king who can't talk like his dominions?—Because he is a *king dumb*.

Punch reports the speech of an Irish M.P. who thought Ireland was overtaxed. "Take a tenth of our income, Sir? Ay, they do, and they'd take a twentieth, if they dared."

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric handkerchief."

A cross old bachelor says: "The reason why women do not cut themselves in two by tight lacing is because they lace around the heart, and that is so hard they can not affect it."

Is "chaff" the more reprehensible in old or in young people?—In young people, certainly; because, although it's bad-in-age, it's most unquestionably worse in youth!

FROM THE EAST.—The Sultan has had his first ride behind his new locomotive, inaugurating a new line of policy in conservative Islam. The Turkish ladies are also about to adopt Parisian fashions, and, in this age of steam, are going to take to long trains.

When is it difficult to get one's watch out of one's pocket?—When it's (s)ticking there.

"May I have a word in private?" inquired a respectable-looking man of a Bostonian warden at the close of a recent election-day. "Certainly, Sir," was the reply; "happy to accommodate you." "May I ask you who keeps open house over this election?" He was informed that the station-house would probably be open all night, but if he wanted oysters and Champagne he would be obliged to pay for them.

## MICHAEL FARADAY.

Michael Faraday, the eminent chemist, whose portrait we give on this page, died on August 25. In him Europe has lost one of the men who have most promoted its civilization—a man whose sole aim in life was the pursuit of truth; who, in the most difficult, the most abstruse, the most laborious questionings of nature, such as strain to their utmost tension all the powers of the brain and all the energies of the physical constitution, sought for no other reward than the right understanding of the works of nature; than the true interpretation of those immutable laws of force which make the deepest mysteries of nature intelligible to the thinking mind, and which, by substituting distinct facts for vague apprehensions, gradually relieve humanity from the errors of superstition, with its necessary accompaniments of fear and cruelty. It was the sustaining hope of Faraday's soul to bring light into dark places.

In 1812, when nineteen years of age, Faraday was presented with a ticket to attend Sir Humphrey Davy's chemical lectures at the British Royal Institution. He took full notes of the lectures, and, panting to be emancipated from his almost mechanical occupation as a book-binder, and to be enlisted in the service of science, he ventured to send his notes to Sir Humphrey, and to explain to him his views and wishes. The way thus opened led to the gradual fulfillment of all the young student's aspirations. In 1813 Faraday was appointed Davy's assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, with which his name has ever since been identified. In 1821 he made the discovery of the reciprocal relations of electricity and magnetism, which may be taken as the commencement of the long-continued researches in electricity which have made that science what it is, and have perhaps most largely contributed to Faraday's scientific reputation.

In 1823 came his admission, as corresponding member, to the French Academy of Sciences, and in 1825 his election as Fellow of the Royal Society. The "Chemical Manipulation" was published in 1827—a book of the utmost value to those engaged in chemical experiments, and from which the most practiced might have learned as well as the youngest beginner. His methods of experimenting were always beautiful and simple, and his resources boundless, while, at the same time, he indulged little in the luxury of expensive apparatus, and the damage done by breakage of glass in his laboratory was incredibly small. His handling was as careful and delicate as the conception and general management of his experiment were far-sighted and original. The result of his chemical discoveries were announced from time to time in a series of papers with consecutively-numbered paragraphs, which commenced in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1831, and which were collected and republished in three volumes, appearing respectively in 1839, in 1844, and in 1855.

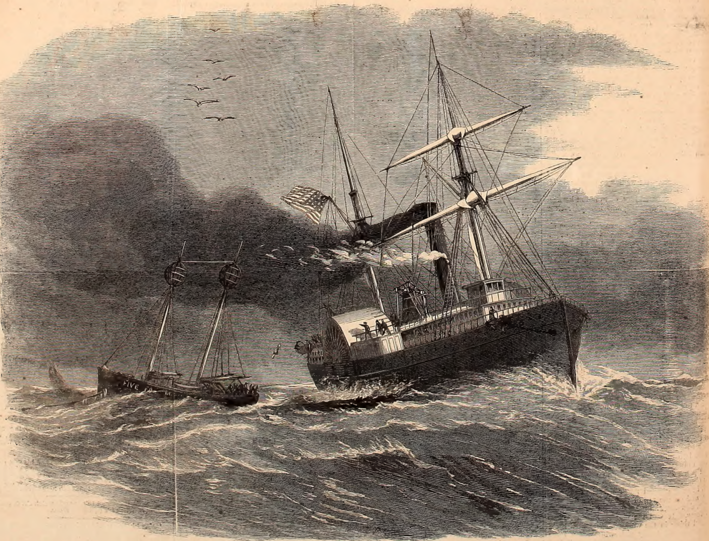
THE LATE MICHAEL FARADAY.

## NEWS FOR THE LIGHT-SHIP.

In the "good old times" before the cable was laid the frequently occurring scene which we illustrate on this page, showing a passing steamer delivering newspapers to a Light-ship, was one which interested and concerned almost every body. The picture illustrates one of the means by which the country got its news in advance of a steamer's arrival. In the old times, for instance, a vessel passing Sandy Hook look-out on its way to New York would deliver a file of its latest papers, and the news agent at Sandy Hook would telegraph the points of the news therein contained, so that not only was the coming of the ship announced before she had reached port, but the more important facts of the news which she brought were published throughout the country. Instances are on record where a vessel has given its news to the Sandy Hook Light-ship and before she has been moored at her dock, not only was Wall Street convulsed by her intelligence, but New Orleans and San Francisco have been reading it. Since the laying of the cable the glory of the steamships have, in this respect, departed; their news is anticipated, and the courtesy of delivering the papers to Light-ships is one which concerns only the keepers thereof. But as any thing unusual is a relief to the monotony of a sea voyage this courtesy is one which is frequently practiced.

## WRECK OF THE "JOHN T. FORD."

We have already given a full account of the disastrous voyage of the four American seamen who undertook to cross the Atlantic in a small boat, called the *John T. Ford*, which capsized in the open sea on the 19th of August, with the loss of three lives, the sole survivor being afterward picked up and brought into the port of London. We give on page 653 a view of the wreck of the little vessel, which went ashore on the Wexford coast of Ireland. It appears by the latest accounts that the *Ford* was capsized once before her final disaster, but immediately righted again. She lost all her oil, however, which was necessary for the light at her compass, and the crew suffered much from cramp and the loss of water. The hands then cut up the boards that secured the ballast and the internal fittings, in order to burn and obtain a light for the compass. Heavy gales from the S.W. to E.N.E. were experienced, with a cross sea, and on Monday, the 19th of August, she bore up for Cork, when, about 10.30



"NEWS FOR THE LIGHT-SHIP"—A PASSING STEAMER DELIVERING PAPERS TO A LIGHT-SHIP.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]

P.M., a terrific sea struck the boat and turned her over, and, the ballast boards being gone, the ballast shifted and was thrown into the water, and the boat kept turning over as the four persons endeavored to get on her, until the lad got entangled between the rigging and the mast, when she was kept steady. The men were upon the boat until noon of the following day, though frequently washed off by the seas. Ultimately, however, the mate Shering, the lad Murphy, and Captain Gould, one after another, were washed off the bottom of the boat and drowned. Armstrong alone remained on her until 4 A.M. of the 23d, when the ship *Aerolite*, Captain Alleyne, of Liverpool, discerned the shreds of canvas flying from the oar which he was enabled to raise, and bore down to him In a very exhausted condition, and almost insensible, he was taken off the bottom of the boat and got on board the *Aerolite*, where he received every kindness. On the following day he was transferred on board the *Mary Blake*, from Antigua, which brought him on to London. He was then taken care of by the American Consul, and has been well attended to at the Sailors' Home in London.

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER "JOHN T. FORD."

## A VOICE THAT CHARMED.

Since his father's death Guy Britton, with his old housekeeper, had lived alone at the Elms. A naturally retiring disposition had combined with the circumstances of his early training to make him avoid society; and although still young, he seemed to the villagers already middle-aged. A less healthful nature might have preyed upon itself, growing morbid and morose with solitude, but Britton's mind and hand were alike too busy to droop for lack of exercise. Indoors he had his books for company; outside there were his farm-laborers to be directed, and a hundred plans of improvement to be arranged and matured. Nature, whom he loved, opened for him a page of wonderful illuminations. His lands stretched along a river valley unsurpassed in quiet beauty full of still places where, shut in by the thick foliage of the wood from all inharmonious sights and sounds, one might sit, as it were, between two heavens, the one reaching far and blue above, the other mirrored in the smooth stream below.

It was in these years of self-contained and active restfulness—to use a seeming paradox—that Britton gathered strength for a very different after-life. But it is not of that after-life—striking its roots deeply into the foundations of society, and overarching so many burdened and sorrowful ones with its beneficent shadow—that my short story has to do.

Adjoining the Elms was the summer residence of the Gibsons, a family of little education or native refinement, who, having been suddenly made rich by speculation, devoted their best efforts to the task of maintaining an appearance becoming their wealth. Season by season Britton dreaded the opening of the house. The very presence of his neighbors, with their train of company, their showy dress, and boisterous mirth, seemed to hurt the simplicity of his own home. Mrs. Gibson, confusing her servants with contradictory orders, or scolding them for real or fancied remissness, little suspected that the tone in which she exercised her brief authority was itself a proof of her unfitness for the circles to which she aspired.

The familiar friendship of the master of the Elms was a good upon which her heart was set, and she plied poor Guy accordingly with her most transparent blandishments—he groaning in spirit, meanwhile, at her inability to see how utterly they were wasted.

Going, one day, to speak with Mr. Gibson on some business, Guy, as he came near the house, heard a voice singing. He could not distinguish the words, but the melody seemed familiar. He thought he must have heard it long ago, and as he listened the perplexed memory shaped itself into a vision of his mother rocking back and forth in the summer twilight, and singing him to sleep. His eyes grew moist with the rush of tender recollections, and still the sweet, thrilling voice sang on. Who could it be? Could such a voice belong to any inmate of that house? Impossible! And while he wondered the song ceased, and a face appeared for a moment at the window. He had just time to take it in at a glance—the delicate, high-bred features, informed throughout with a sad thoughtfulness; the large blue eyes half veiled by their dark lashes; the brown hair pushed back in wavy masses; the clear skin, its fairness heightened by the effect of the mourning-dress below.

The girl who answered Guy's ring showed him into the parlor, where Mr. and Mrs. Gibson sat over their lunch. Mrs. Gibson's face glowed with pleasure.

"My dear Mr. Britton, we're so glad to see you! Just to think," with a reproachful smile, "that you haven't been in before since we came down! Why, 'twas no more than yesterday that I was telling Mr. Gibson that I didn't believe there was a man living with more of a literary taste than Mr. Britton. It's a lovely trait of character, indeed, I said. But then there's a body's health to be thought of, and the claims of society, you know, Mr. Britton."

Guy found it quite impossible to resist the pressing invitation given him to lunch; and being seated, an unwilling victim, with plate and napkin on his knee, he was treated to a running fire of conversation.

"I heard some one singing very finely as I came in," said Guy, bringing in his short sentence by a dextrous flank movement.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Gibson, delightedly; "that was Miss Deane, the new governess that I've got for the children. They do say that her voice is remarkable, and I'm glad to find you think so, Mr. Britton—so good a judge as you are; as I tell Mr. Gibson, 'What a genteel taste Mr. Britton has in every thing!' My children all have a taste for music—you ought to have heard Professor Grindelwald compliment Janetta's voice, Mr. Britton! And when I think how necessary it is that they should have the best teachers that money can procure I do feel that it's a real Providence to have found Miss Deane."

"Who is she, Mrs. Gibson?"

"Oh, she brought the very best of references, Mr. Britton. I make it a point never to take any one into my service"—emphatically—"that don't bring the very best of references. She came to me from the Hartsteins—you know the Hartsteins, Mr. Britton—one of the first families in the city. A minister her father was; she's an orphan. Her only fault is, that she's inclined to be a little above her business; but I sha'n't be troubled with that. As I tell Mr. Gibson, when I hire any body and pay them with my money I just give them to understand that they and their time belong to me."

There was a hardness underlying the smile on Mrs. Gibson's florid face as she spoke that made Guy shudder at its possible connection with the delicate, refined face at the window.

"Just walk into the music-room, Mr. Britton; I would admire to have you hear her."

"I hope I shall not intrude upon Miss Deane?" answered Guy, rising with some hesitation.

"Intrude?" Mrs. Gibson raised her eyebrows in surprise; "of course she will be pleased to do whatever I wish."

Lura Deane stood at the piano, patiently following the slow movements of little Flora Gibson's weary fingers over the keys.

"Miss Deane," said Mrs. Gibson, imperiously, and without deigning any other introduction, "I want you to play and sing one of your very best pieces for my friend Mr. Britton."

Miss Deane's cheek flushed faintly as she returned Guy's bow, and sat down at the instrument. She struck a few chords and sang "The Captive Knight." At first, like Tennyson's Lelia, she "struck such warbling fury through the words" that Guy saw the gleam of spear and banner, heard the peal of the trumpet, and the rush and clamor of the host; then came the wild, impassioned longing of the captive, and at last the wail of despair over his dead hope of liberty.

Guy had never before been more profoundly stirred. This girl sang her very soul into her words. Such expression could not be mere art, he thought—it must be an outgrowth of her own experience.

"You have given me a wonderful pleasure, Miss Deane," he said, in a low tone, as she finished; and Mrs. Gibson, in the full tide of voluble discourse, led the way from the room.

Sitting alone that evening in his pleasant library Guy was conscious of a vague sense of loneliness quite at variance with the soft light and warm coloring of the room. Miss Deane's face seemed to mingle itself indefinably with his unrest; and the words and melody he had heard sang themselves over and over in his memory. He rose and went out-of-doors, and looking over the hedge, saw her slender figure pacing slowly to and fro in the moonlight. She moved wearily, he fancied, and he thrilled with a longing to speak to her and comfort her. Some great sorrow had set its seal upon her face, he thought. Had not Mrs. Gibson called her an orphan? What a sad fate to be thrust out homeless into the great world

WHAT A MISTAKE.

Aunt. "Have you brought my Gloves, Polly?"
Polly. "Yes, Aunty, and your Long Curl too, which was Lying on the Table."

A CRUEL TEST.

Widow Gay. "Ah! Mr. Fitzborus, is that you? Before you come in will you be so kind—I've dropped my Reticule out of the Window—if it's not too much Trouble, will you Pick it up for me, Please?"—(*Does he look as if he could?*)

—a nature so fine as hers must be subject to the coarseness and caprice of an employer like Mrs. Gibson! The very idea was revolting. Then there floated in a vision of a face like hers opposite him at his solitary meals, or beside his study-fire in the long winter evenings—a face from which all traces of sadness should be gone, and in their place the brightness of new hope and trusting love. But while he dreamed, an unconscious smile softening his features, the figure disappeared in the shadow of the tall mansion; and the voice of his housekeeper at his elbow broke the unwonted spell.

The next day he saw Miss Deane walking in the garden with the young Gibsons. He hoped she might come near enough for him to speak to her; but she did not seem to see him, busy with his pruning-scissors at the hedge. He could only look on from a distance, noting her graceful, quiet mien, and her gentle patience with the wayward children. Yet he found that, as time passed, even such transient glimpses had wonderful power to brighten his days. Occasionally there was a bow of recognition, a word or two of courteous commonplace—once a longer conversation, which charmed Guy by its revelation of a mind richly stored—no more than that until one evening, strolling down to the water's edge, he came suddenly upon Miss Deane, sitting with her port-folio on her lap, making a little sketch of the river and the opposite bank.

"Pray don't rise, Miss Deane. You sketch, I see."

"Only a little, I am quite untaught." She held out the unfinished penciling as she spoke.

Guy looked at it in the light. "You have a native aptitude in that direction, then," he said; "but if you will permit me a suggestion, I think I can show you a better position than this. Here, that group of trees hides from you one of the very finest points of the landscape, but just inside my gate is a rustic seat, from which the whole view opens up most charmingly. Will you come?"

Miss Deane accepted the invitation with unaffected pleasure, but scarcely was her paper adjusted again, under Guy's superintendence, before Mrs. Gibson appeared upon the river-path in front of them. Guy saw a look of surprised displeasure darken over the lady's face, and walked quickly to the gate, hoping to avert the rising storm.

"Walk in, Mrs. Gibson," he said, with his most winning smile, "you have not seen the view which I have had opened up through these pines. I have just persuaded Miss Deane to bring in her paper and pencil and make a sketch."

"Thank you, Mr. Britton, I haven't time just now." She looked at her watch, shutting the case with a spiteful snap. "Miss Deane, do you know that it's very near school time?"

"I will go in directly," was the quiet answer. "I must have mistaken the hour."

As the two walked away together Mrs. Gibson said, in a tone which, though not intended for his ears, Guy could not avoid overhearing, "Miss Deane, I never was more astonished in my life! Such boldness as this from a person in *my* employ! Going alone into a gentleman's grounds like that! Making a sketch indeed!"

The reply was inaudible. Guy flushed to his very finger-tips with anger, but reflecting that Miss Deane's mortification would doubtless be increased by the knowledge that he had heard the cruel words, he pressed back the indignant sentences that rose to his lips.

From the moment his resolution was taken. "She shall not long be subject to that woman's petty tyranny—not if I can win her for myself," he said, closing his lips tightly as he walked up the garden path.

Early on the following day he saw the Gibsons drive away with a party of guests, followed by a light wagon packed with all the equipments of a rustic picnic. Miss Deane was not of the number: indeed he had noticed that she very rarely shared any of their frequent pleasure excursions.

"She is alone; I will speak to her this very day," he thought.

As he passed up the avenue that afternoon he started to hear her voice again as on the first day when he had met her. He stood still a moment, and the words came floating to his ear on the wings of a melody sadder than any thing he had ever heard:

"Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still!
Too late! Too late! ye can not enter now!"

Following with his eyes the direction of the sound, he saw her sitting on the grass, half hidden by a trellis which supported some clambering vine. The last note died away in a tremulous sob, and burying her face in her hands she burst into a spasm of weeping.

Guy stood irresolute, fearing to startle her by a sudden approach; but as a dry twig broke beneath his foot she turned quickly and recognized him. She rose hastily, dashing away her tears, and her face glowing with painful embarrassment. Guy was at her side in an instant.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he said, hurriedly; "indeed I did not mean to come upon you so suddenly!"

"The family are absent for the day, Mr. Britton."

"I know it—I don't wish to see them. Miss Deane, they are miserably unkind to you here!" said Guy, impulsively.

"No, no, it is not that! they do not mean it," she answered, striving to regain composure; "it is because I am so utterly alone—alone! Believe me, I am not often so weak as this!"

"Oh, Miss Deane! if you would only take a place in my heart and home! Tell me that you will give me the right to guard and comfort you! Be my wife!"

Her face lit up for a brief moment with strange radiance, then the light passed and left her calm and pale.

"Mr. Britton," she said, "I need not tell you how totally unprepared I am for this. You do me a great honor—I thank you, but this can not be. You are not the man to be content in a marriage that had its origin in a mere sympathy, however noble; and forgive me that I say it, lonely and poor as I am, I should want more than that in my husband."

Guy would have interrupted her with passionate protestations, but she silenced him with quiet firmness.

"I am almost a stranger to you," were her parting words; "sometime you will thank me for what may seem now like rank ingratitude." She held out her hand with a sorrowful smile. Guy pressed it to his lips.

"Miss Deane," he said, "I don't wonder that my wretched abruptness has ruined my cause. Forgive it—and me. I am going away to-morrow, on urgent business. I shall be at home in a fortnight, then I shall ask you to answer me again."

The end of the fortnight brought Guy Britton back; but Lura Deane had been gone a week.

"I don't know where she went," said Mrs. Gibson, with something like a sneer, in answer to his anxious inquiry. "I didn't trouble myself to ask, and no references did she get from me either. The ungrateful piece! Wasn't her quarter finished, did you say? What if it was? She knew I depended on her. After all my kindness, too! It's always the way with such people; as I tell Mr. Gibson, I might have expected it!"

One Sabbath evening, two years later, Guy Britton walked up the broad aisle of a fashionable city church, and taking the seat which the usher gave him, leaned back against the cushions with half-closed eyes, listening to the soft, sweet prelude of the organist. Suddenly a single voice rose up strong and clear. Her voice! it must be hers! The wide world could not hold such another! Still soared the strain, above the fretted arches and the vaulted roof, aspiring, adoring—like the lark alone with the morning, or the eagle bathing his fearless head in the very sunlight of heaven!

Lura Deane, coming down the stairway of the orchestra, at close of service, saw Guy Britton waiting at its foot. There was no demonstrative greeting; to the by-standers they might have parted but the day before.

"Do you walk home?" he whispered.

"Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Dinsmore," said Miss Deane, aloud, "you need not mind to go my way to-night—I have found a friend here."

She took his proffered arm, and they passed out into the lighted street.

"My weeks have been years," said Guy. "I have come for my answer."

She flashed one eager, questioning glance upon him, and as the lamplight shone full upon her face he saw it transfigured by a look that nothing but death would ever take away—a look of perfect love and trust and rest, the home-coming of an exiled soul.

## A TRUE AGRARIAN.

They call me a vagrant—well, what if they do?
Am I any the worse because of the name?
Little difference it makes if they only knew
How a century hence 'twill be all the same—
All the same, whether rich or poor,
Gentleman, vagabond, knave, or fool;
Little of aught in this world we are sure;
Take all you can get—that's the safest rule.

This sunlight here in the grass at my feet,
The free wide air where the blithe birds call,
And the broad blue heavens that smile so sweet,
The Lord, as we name him, made for all;
But yon mansion there with the terraced grounds,
And the graveled garden closely walled,
Belong to the cove who just now passed,
And are his exclusive by right so called.

Now here's a paradox—so you see
I've something of learning by that word;
For, although a vagrant, I claim to be
Just a trifle above the vulgar herd—
This earth, my friend, you will not deny
Was made for all: yet this swell with his gold
These goodly acres all round may buy
For him and his heirs to have and to hold—

To have and to hold as pleases him best,
While I, by this path that leads to the gate
Where the twin stone lions are couched at rest,
Stand gazing down on his broad estate;
Not a blade of grass, not a leaf or flower,
Nor an apple that grows on a single tree,
Is mine to have except by his leave,
Though God made them all for him and for me.

What is he better than I, forsooth,
Though he rides in his carriage and takes his ease?
Not a whit, I say; for, to tell the truth,
I'm as free as he is to do as I please,
And, save in these grounds that he calls his own,
I may stroll wherever my footsteps tend;
Ah! the goods of this world by our creed 'tis shown
Are strangely parceled, my worthy friend.

There's a brook down yonder that winds along,
Sparkling out into fifty curves,
Sweetly singing its glad free song,
As hither and thither it gently swerves;
Under his window, curtained with lace,
The same brook murmurs with sweetest flow,
And all last night through my sleep it sang
As I lay in the hedge there just below.

So here's one thing, at least, that we two men
Have in common, this swell and I;
Lord of this broad estate, but then
It is all I know of under the sky.
I'll take, for my share of the house, say the whole—
Two cocks in a hen-roost my taste doesn't suit;
Of the grounds—well, the garden, in which to stroll,
And the apple orchard because of the fruit.

I'll divide in my turn—let's see—a knife
With a broken blade, and this bit of twine;
The first will answer to finish up life
If your morbid fancies that way incline.
Here's a fish-hook, too, and a crust of bread—
The crust I'll eat, the hook is for you.
There's the gardener coming this way, I see,
So I'll pull up stakes without further ado.

## A RACE EXTRAORDINARY!

Some years ago a race was run at the Hague, in Holland, which for its novelty excited more than ordinary interest. It was between a fast-trotting horse in harness and a full-grown *hog*; single heat—distance, six English miles—for a wager of one thousand guilders.

The circumstances which led to this unique trial of speed were as follows: At a sporting club at the Hague a young member of the club expatiated upon the beauty, symmetry, and extraordinary speed of a trotting horse he had that day purchased, expressing an eager desire to get up a match to prove the superior qualities of his horse. A gentleman, engaged in a hand at cards, but whose attention had been attracted by the ardent and impassioned remarks of the speaker, quietly remarked: "Come, Sir; don't be bragging so much about the swiftness of your horse, for I have a hog which, for a trifling wager, I would not hesitate to run against him." Peels of laughter greeted this strange proposal, to which—when partially subsided—the owner of "Grunty" quietly interposed: "Well, gentlemen, I now challenge to run my hog Nero against that gentleman's fast trotter in harness, one straight heat, six English miles, for one thousand guilders a side." "Done!" "Done!" was the eager response from many voices. "Provided," the challenger resumed, "that the horse carry two persons, and that fourteen days' time be allowed me for training my animal." "Agreed!" "Agreed!" resounded all round; for the joke was deemed too good and too novel to give it the go-by.

Preliminaries being satisfactorily arranged, and the stakes deposited, it was agreed that the match should come off that day fortnight at 11 o'clock A.M. precisely; and the beautiful avenue leading from the Hague to the sea-shore at Scheveningen was selected as the course. The news of this extraordinary match for a trial of speed between a fast-trotting horse and a full-grown porker spread like wild-fire, and caused the most intense excitement, not alone in sporting circles, but among the people generally—all eager to see the fun. The day was anxiously looked for, and the training of Nero began.

On the first day poor Nero was starved; strict orders having been given by his owner that no one should feed him, himself alone attending to that matter. On the second day Nero was pretty sharp set, when, punctually at eleven o'clock, his master made his appearance. A rope was securely fastened to one of his hind-trotters, and his master drove him, with many a kick and forcible persuasion, all the way over the course to Scheveningen, where he fed him upon a scanty meal of two herrings, which Nero ravenously devoured; after which he had to trot it back to the Hague. It may be proper here to remark that the hog prefers fish to any other kind of food.

On the third day Nero felt perfectly ravenous, but he had to bide his time, and his master had to resort to the strictest hog-discipline to start him off when, at eleven o'clock, he presented himself to drive him over the course. After a liberal and energetic application of the booted foot, and a little loud and angry discussion between the respective parties, they arrived at their journey's end, where Nero was regaled with three herrings, being one extra, and which he dispatched voraciously in double-quick time, looking for more, but in vain. He was then, with much coaxing and kicking, persuaded to resume the return trip homeward, and which was safely accomplished, although not without considerable opposition, accompanied by vigorous squeeling and determined grunting on the part of Nero.

On the fourth day, punctually at eleven o'clock, when his master presented himself, Nero seemed to understand somewhat the object of his calling; he walked off not only without compulsion, but with considerable alacrity, at a good round pace, to get to his journey's end, where his master regaled him not alone with his coveted dinner of three herrings, but, as a reward for his tractability and good conduct, with one herring extra, and which Nero devoured with incredible velocity as soon as they came within reach of his grinders.

On the fifth day Nero was fully up to the game, and his master experienced considerable difficulty to keep up with him. At Scheveningen the usual allowance, now, of four herrings was placed at his disposal and disposed of by him in short metre.

On the days following, and up to the time of the race, his master had no further difficulty with Nero but to keep up with him; Nero invariably taking the lead; although on the return trips the same difficulties always recurred. A vigorous application of boots was in such case the only convincing argument with Nero, who never could see the point nor comprehend the necessity of this back-track movement, and ever obstreperously squeeled and grunted his objections, deeming this extra exercise probably superfluous to his health, as he had never shown any signs of either dyspepsia or indigestion. But, be that as it may, Nero had to submit to strict discipline, his master intending to thus train him up to fame and renown.

On the ninth day Nero had become perfectly trained, and having grown extremely thin upon his scanty meals he now ran like a race-horse, a veritable Eclipse, invariably distancing his master, who followed with a fast trotting horse in harness. Both exercise and spare diet were, however, strictly adhered to up to the day preceding the one on which the race was to come off. On that, the thirteenth day, as on the first day, poor Nero was again starved. At the usual hour of eleven his master appeared, but Nero was doomed to disappointment—no trot, no herrings on that day. With eager eye and impatient grunt he signified his desire to be released from his pen, but alas, it was not so to be; he had to submit to a day of fasting and prayer—or, at least, *prepare* for the race.

On the fourteenth day both horse and hog appeared at the starting-post, eager for the race. It was a beautiful day, and the road was lined the entire distance, on both sides, with anxious and delighted spectators eager to see the sport. Punctually at eleven o'clock, at tap of drum, off they started, amidst shouts and hurrahs of the multitude. The first two miles were closely contested—it was emphatically a neck and neck race; but Nero, light as a feather (and having in his mind's eye, probably, his delectable meal), now fairly flew over the course, gradually leaving the horse behind, keeping the lead the entire distance. Amidst shouts and hurrahs, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the wildest excitement, he reached the ending-post, beating the horse by half a mile and winning the race triumphantly.

For this extraordinary performance Nero was rewarded with a pailful of herrings, which, having feasted upon to his heart's content, he waddled back to the Hague, in the care of his master, "the admired of all admirers." His master, pocketing the purse of one thousand guilders, generously spent one hundred guilders for Nero's portrait, and which is now preserved at the sportman's club at the Hague.

## THE CHILDREN.

The little children were in mercy sent:
The winning beauty of their happy smiles
Is Sorrow's antidote; their artless wiles
Lure gladness from the wrinkled brow of Care;
The ills of life were more than we could bear,
Had not kind Heaven the little children lent,
Fair as the angels, and as innocent:
They are a fount of love that faileth never—
Oil on the waters of Life's discontent—
Links in Love's chain that bind fond hearts forever—
The blessed crown of holy wedlock's joys—
An unpolluted spring that never cloys.
Happy that hearth and home kind Fortune blesses
With the rich treasure of their sweet caresses.

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They have for years stood in the front rank of Manufacturers of Sewing Machines in this country, and their name has become a household word throughout Europe.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 564.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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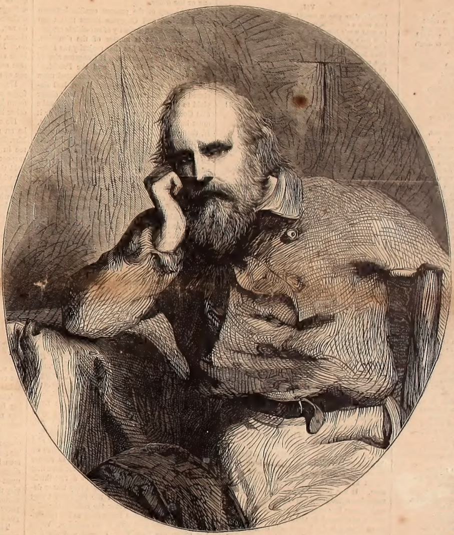
## THE ITALIAN UPRISING.

A YEAR ago, when the perfect unity for which Italy had agitated and fought for years appeared to be suddenly attained, French intervention patched up a hasty peace which relieved Italy of the presence of all foreign troops, but which, unfortunately, acknowledged the temporal power of the Pope in Rome, and bound King VICTOR EMANUEL to protect the Papal States from invasion by the party which had elevated him to the throne, and whose rallying cry had always been "Italian unity." At the moment when that unity was practically attained, when Italy, garrisoning the Quadrilateral, was virtually in possession of Rome, VICTOR EMANUEL, either over-politic or false to his party and people, abandoned their cause, and Rome has since been ruled by the Pope. The party which had elevated VICTOR EMANUEL to power naturally murmured at this apparent treachery. Their first protest against the treaty was the election of GARIBALDI to Parliament from half the provinces of the kingdom; and the old enthusiastic agitator on taking his seat at once became the leader of the opposition party. In the first session he made strong efforts to annul the treaty of 1866, but in vain; and he and his party have now resorted to more violent action.

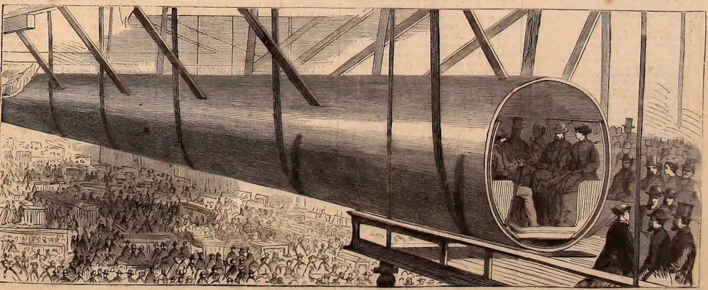
For some months past it has been known that GARIBALDI was planning and preparing a descent upon Rome by force of arms in the hands of the volunteers who formerly followed him; and on September 22 he gave the signal for the uprising which Italy and the world are now witnessing. GARIBALDI is more enthusiastic than cautious, more principled than politic, and his plans were arranged and his campaign begun with a great deal more of boldness and a great deal less of secrecy than was advisable or necessary. The consequences were that his plans became known; the Pope appealed to France and all Catholic Europe for protection; NAPOLEON reminded VICTOR EMANUEL of the treaty of 1866, and the Italian monarch had no alternative but to arrest and confine GARIBALDI, and thus bring the invasion of the Papal dominions to an abrupt conclusion. The arrest of the leader and the obstruction to the schemes of the "party of action" created a profound sensation in Italy; angry growls and fierce cries were heard from all parts of the kingdom; and VICTOR EMANUEL was glad to release GARIBALDI from prison without insisting on his parole and send him to his quiet home in Caprera.

But it seems that the people of the Papal States were deep in the plans of GARIBALDI, that they have long been ripe for action, that GARIBALDI had at once arranged an invasion and provided for a revolt, and that though the organized invasion has failed the more secretly planned revolt has not. No sooner had the signal been sounded than the subjects of the Pope rose in revolt, and, taking possession of a portion of the Province of Viterbo, awaited the coming of GARIBALDI and his volunteers. The leader has not appeared, and is forced to confine himself to words of encouragement published from his guarded home in Caprera; but it is more than probable that many of his men are across the frontier of Viterbo, and were engaged with the insurgents in the first battle with the Papal troops which took place near Baquarea, in Viterbo, on October 3. Under what leadership they are serving does not appear, but the fact that their first engagement was an undisputed victory argues favorably for the early occupation of Rome.

We give on this page a portrait of GARIBALDI, who, if not the leader in person, is the inspiring spirit who has roused the enthusiasm and organized the party which demand the unity of the state before all the considerations of religion which in former and less enlightened and less liberal ages controlled all Catholic nations, and particularly the Italian people. JOSEPH GARIBALDI is now sixty years of age; nearly forty of which have been spent in revolutionary efforts to attain the end now speedily promised. He was banished in 1831 for a revolt against CHARLES ALBERT of Sardinia; he was condemned to death in 1834 for a like offense but escaped to France; warred in the cause of the Republic of Rio Grande against Brazil in a "man-of-war" of thirty tons and a crew of sixteen men and his wife; in 1847 he fought against the Papacy on the elevation of PIUS IX. to the Papal throne, and defended Rome when the French and Austrians captured it; fled to this country in 1850, and



JOSEPH GARIBALDI, THE ITALIAN PATRIOT.



MODEL OF THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY ON EXHIBITION AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 667.]

was a soap and candle maker on Staten Island until 1854, when he went to England; thence in 1859 to Italy, and began the war which made Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, the King of Italy; in 1862 and 1863 he engaged in several futile efforts to expel the Austrians from Venetia and Lombardy, but in vain, the only results being the increased enthusiasm of the people in the cause and his own banishment to Caprera. In 1866, when war was declared against Austria, he was instantly at the head of the Italian volunteers, and with them entered Venice. Since then his efforts have been directed, as stated, to the relief of Rome from Papal rule.

## The Death of President Lincoln.

By EDOUARD GRENIER.
Translated by Mrs. Anne C. L. Botta.

[The following poem obtained the prize at the *Concours de Poésie*, opened this year by the French Academy.]

"Dignum et justum est,
Æquum et salutare."

I.

To chant thy dirge in fitting, worthy words,
Our time is too perturbed, our souls too vain;
Where may we find, O Lincoln! accents strong
Wherewith to paint thy rugged, wondrous traits?
Can our own tongue, nursed at the feet of kings,
On whom it pours unceasing flatteries,
Can it in verse plebeian and robust
Sing the death-song of a great citizen?
Let me essay—thy virtue be my theme;
Inspire me thou with accents worthy her,
In which, without or pomp or splendor vain,
Simplicity shall into grandeur rise.

II.

Ere yet an age had passed the Atlantic saw
The new America born on her shores
Springing to life and growth, the arena vast,
Fruitful and free—free to all human-kind,
Where the old world her swarming millions sent,
And where in Nature's bosom man again
Returned to freedom, as the metal grows
Pure in the crucible. Now striding on
With rapid bounds did the young nation reach
The great Pacific, there to set a bound
To the Colossus of the frozen North,
Who casts his threatening shadow over us,
Whose icy feet tread on three continents.
Thus to despotic power God seemed to say,
"No farther go!" Eternal justice now
Holds its divine balance o'er the globe,
Making this free young land to rise and bloom,
And show the astonished world the spectacle
Of a great State self-governed, self-sustained.
But in her greatness lurked the germ of death,
A deep, devouring canker gnawed her breast;
Slavery most hideous all her laws deformed;
She whose foul chains outrage two souls at once,
Victor and victim bind in one dread bond,
Branding the master deeper than the slave.
The nation saw the curse that grew with time,
Tend onward to its fatal end, and knew
That she must cast it off or perish there;
Then, like a hero, with firm hand and sure
She plucked the iron from her dreadful wound,
And bravely washed away the stain in blood—
Alas! how freely and how pure it flowed!

III.

When Lincoln to the helm of State was called,
America was drifting toward the rocks,
Like a disabled, storm-tossed ship at sea;
The day of dreadful reckoning had come,
The winds of discord whistled through the sails,
And rent the flag of stars; doubt and dismay
Seized on the gallant ship about to plunge
Into the yawning gulf which opened wide.
He came, sad and alone—God his sole guide—
With firm, intrepid gaze saw the dire ill;
Without reproach or fear he seized the helm,
And through four years, four dark, tempestuous years,
Calm in defeat as calm in victory,
He saw at length the fearful storm subside.
The waves retire, lulled by his sovereign voice,
The sound of discord stifled dies away,
And the brave pilot sights the distant port.
To him the slave holds forth his unbound arms,
And peace and mercy wait on all his steps.
But the grand drama has a bloodier act,
Blind hatred now to the vast hecatomb
Of martyrs slain the last great victim adds—
Lincoln falls bleeding at the assassin's feet.

IV.

Die then, but die content, since ere they closed
Thine eyes beheld the day of Justice dawn,
And at thy bidding a whole race oppressed
Rise up and gain the dignity of man,
Of family, of citizen, of law.
A nation's crime to expiate thy life
Thy great soul offered as a sacrifice,
And God accepted it. Oh! happy thou,
The glory of thy country, thy great name
The legacy to our degenerate age,
Supplanting the false grandeur of the Past;
A model rare with moral beauty crowned,
Gentleness, justice, and simplicity.
Hero and Christian, Child of Liberty,
Our age is proud of thee, great honest man!—
Honest and dear! The heroes of old Rome
Thou dost not pale before. Democracy
Shall to thy virtues point, and say with pride,
I too my Cincinnatuses can boast!
Upward and onward was thy course of life,
Whose every step was nearer to the goal:
The hewer of wood, the unlettered laborer,
Self-taught, set his firm foot on the first round.
Ardent and eager on he took his way,
Higher and higher, to a wider field;
Up from the forum to the height of State,
Made by the people's love Chief Magistrate.
But not enough—one higher step remains,
One glory still—the palm of martyrdom!
'Tis his; and now, O Lincoln, thou canst die,
Earth and its grandeur hath no more for thee

V.

Thus didst thou die; but why did mocking Fate
Reserve for thee a Cæsar's destiny—
Scorner of freedom and of human-kind?
Upon what sacred right hadst thou laid hand?
When didst thou seek thine own wrongs to avenge?
When did thy covetous lust of power lead thee,
In the State's name, to trample on the weak?
Thou didst not blight nor veil fair Liberty,
Type of a nation's head, great citizen!
Good, simple, grand, thou only knewest it not.
Alas! when thou didst fall, at that dread stroke
Evil had done its work, the hour had come
Of triumph for thy heart's great clemency,
The crowning glory of all conquerors.
Oh, with what filial care, what tenderness,
Wouldst thou thy bleeding country have raised up,
And in her bosom, rent with nameless wounds,
Have poured oblivion, pardon, and peace.
How gentle was the soul in thy rude form,
What hidden sweetness lay in thy great strength;
How simple, childlike, guileless was thy heart,
Thou gentle statesman—lion nursed with milk!

VI.

For thee, thou mime, fired with the assassin's part,
Blind criminal, whom Ravaillac awaits
Among the parricides, didst thou not know
That step by step does vengeance follow crime?
That thought, immortal thought, no sword can harm,
No power can conquer not like it divine;
That who would slay it only aids its growth?
Did the blow struck by Brutus save the world
From the oppressor's chain? No; Cæsar's blood
The royal purple of Octavius dyed;
In Plato Socrates still lived and spoke;
Luther, Melancthon, Huss bequeathed his foes;
Joan of Arc, upon her funeral pyre
Transformed, became the angel of the land;
And Christ, in dying on the shameful cross,
Saved a lost world, that henceforth hailed him God!

VII.

Lincoln, sleep now in peace! Thy memory,
Girt with a double halo, will remain;
In good men's hearts thy name will ever live,
And toil's poor sons, soldiers to duty vowed,
The lowly, simple, meek ones of the earth,
Shall find in thee the hero of their dreams.
The worship of those ancient ravagers
Of states and cities, whose triumphant feet
Trampled to dust alike the child and sire,
Scourges of God, in history now shall pale
Before the growing splendor of thy fame.
O gentle hero, wise and great plebeian,
Sleep thou in peace! we bless thee! sleep thou well!
The great good man lives for all time, all men,
And when he dies his country not alone,
But all the world his memory inherits.
To thee man owes the slave's dissevered chain,
Thrones the example of a duty done;
Thy country owes to thee peace, strength restored;
Europe an ideal grand and undefined;
And future ages shall thy name inscribe
Higher than Cæsar's—next to Washington.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 19, 1867.

## SUSPENSION DURING IMPEACHMENT.

THE President is reported to have said to a Tennessee friend that if Congress should impeach him and attempt to suspend him during the trial he would resist. He would endeavor to justify such a course, probably, upon the ground that the Constitution—which is so precious to him and to the Democratic allies and apologists of the rebellion—provides for the removal of the President only on conviction. But if Congress, upon assembling, should pass a law providing for the suspension from their functions of all impeached officers of the Government, from the moment of impeachment until the end of the trial, what then? The President would, of course, veto the bill; Congress would pass it over the veto, and it would become the law of the land. Would Andrew Johnson then undertake armed resistance to the law?

Undoubtedly he would if he thought he should be supported, and very possibly he would under any circumstances. It must be remembered that the President is not only an ignorant, obstinate, and passionate man, but—if common report may be trusted—he is an intemperate man. It has been publicly stated that he intended to relieve General Grant and make General Frank Blair Secretary of War. Now the habits of General Blair are notorious. Jeremiah Black is the President's confidential adviser, and Jeremiah Black is a patriot of the school of Fernando Wood and Robert Toombs. It is idle to say that such men will not dare to do this or that. They will dare to do any thing. They would undoubtedy prefer the form and letter of law, but they could very readily devise any pretext. There can be no more stupendous folly, with our recent experience, than to insist that it is a mere partisan trick to say that violence is very possible and probable upon the part of the President.

He is besotted with the notion that it is his business to defend what he calls the Constitution—in other words, certain theories of his own—against Congress. Now, as a matter of fact, under the Constitution there is no power whatever to oppose the action of Congress, when the veto has been outvoted. To the extent of the veto the President has a constitutional check upon Congress. Beyond that, he is as powerless as the man in the moon. When, in opposition to his veto and by the Constitutional provision, the will of Congress has become law, the sole constitutional duty of the President is to take care that it be faithfully executed in such manner as Congress may have appointed. The President may think that it is a law destructive of the Government, of civil liberty, and of the rights of human nature. But under the Constitution, when he has vetoed it in vain, he must see to its faithful execution or resign. If he will do neither—if he remains merely an incumbrance and paralysis upon the law—Congress may, at its pleasure, constitutionally proceed to impeach him for high misdemeanors.

The truth is, that, under the Constitution, Congress, when it has a two-thirds majority against the President, is the really superior and supreme branch of the Government; and the only final check of its action is not the will of the President but of the people. One very great advantage of the present political situation is, that it dispels some of the vague traditional untruths about our Government. One of the most common theories has been that it was a government of three co-ordinate branches. Co-ordinate means not subordinate; and the theory, therefore, was, that ours was a government of three equally supreme departments. Such a fallacy might be entertained until it was tested. Then, of course, it was sure to be discovered that three supremacies in the same system was a mere fiction. When an actual contest arises between all of them, or any one of them and the other two, it must either be compromised—which settles nothing, and leaves the essential question still open—or one must wholly yield—which establishes its inferiority—or each must persist to the last—in which case force would determine the superiority of one or the other.

The history of the present conflict between the President and Congress shows that when Congress has not a majority of two-thirds against the President he is master of the situation. But when Congress has that majority the President is utterly powerless. If Congress should pass a law over his veto, and the President should refuse to see it faithfully executed upon the ground that the Supreme Court had declared it unconstitutional, Congress must either yield to the Supreme Court, which would make that Court the government of the country, or it must impeach the President despite the Court. If, then, the Chief Justice refused to sit upon the impeachment, there must be a compromise or a forcible solution. Or suppose Congress and the President united, and the Court opposed to them. Congress passes a law, and the President sees that it is executed, while the Supreme Court declares it to be unconstitutional. What can the co-ordinate supremacy of the Court do? Does the Constitution require the President to ask the Court before he sees to the execution of a law, or does it require him to refuse to execute it because the Court declares it unconstitutional? May every law be held invalid until the Court legitimates it? Such a theory subordinates both Congress and the President to the Supreme Court? In any case the fiction of the co-ordinate branches is exposed.

Take another possible case. The President has issued an amnesty. Certain ex-rebels demand to be registered under it and are refused. The Supreme Court decides that they may be registered and vote. They are permitted to vote by authority of the President, sworn to see that the laws are faithfully executed. But such voting is against the law of Congress, and the President is impeached for authorizing a plain violation of the law. There is again no alternative but submission or resistance. There is certainly no equal supremacy. The truth again is, that the will of Congress must prevail despite the President and the Supreme Court, or the Supreme Court is the real Legislature.

It was this combination of the Executive and the Supreme Court upon which the leaders of the Democracy relied ten years ago to secure the nationality of slavery. They were sure that the opposition could not obtain a two-thirds majority in Congress, and they every where declared that a decision of the Supreme Court settled finally and forever the constitutionality of a law. Therefore Buchanan in his inaugural announced the Dred Scott decision. When it came, the New York *Express* and the other slaves of the slave-power insolently asked "What are you going to do about it?" Mr. Douglas asked Mr. Lincoln the same question upon their stumping contest through Illinois. Mr. Lincoln, as usual, answered for the intelligence and conscience and determination of the country in replying that the decision of a court might be reversed as decisions often had been.

If Congress shall think it wise to impeach the President, after having provided for the suspension of all impeached officers pending their trial, there will be no letter of the law even upon which the President could hope to justify resistance. Resistance would be mere revolution. Even if he pleaded that he was persecuted for opinion's sake—which would be ludicrously untrue—there would be no course for him but submission or resistance. All that Congress and good citizens can do is to take care that he has no excuse for violence. For the violence itself, however, they ought to be prepared. If it is not attempted it will be chiefly because it is anticipated.

## Mr. GREELEY UPON SUFFRAGE.

Mr. Greeley has written a letter to an English friend, in which he says that the key-note of his political creed is, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that this consent may be and often is tacitly given. He then proceeds to say that, in his judgment, three-fourths of the women of New York do not wish to vote, and he accepts that fact as decisive against the voting of any one woman.

By the same reasoning, of course, if three-quarters of the slaves had not cared to be emancipated he would have doomed the other million to slavery. But why John should not be free or vote because James is too stupid to wish to Mr. Greeley does not inform his English friend.

If Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, upon what principle are those of the governed who do not wish to give a tacit assent prevented from expressing their will in the usual manner? There may be reasons of expediency, and Mr. Greeley suggests some of them. But nothing could be more fallacious than his assertion that a million of competent and intelligent persons should not vote because three millions of their neighbors are ignorant and indifferent.

Mr. Greeley says that he reported "in favor of enfranchising the blacks because they do wish to vote." But he merely assumes this, just as he assumes that three-fourths of the women do not. Justice to his own theory requires that he should submit the question of suffrage to the colored citizens, and ascertain if three-quarters of them wish to vote. If they do not, the others, however competent and desirous, must, according to him, wait until they do. Mr. Greeley also says that "we shall have very hard work to ratify any Constitution that enfranchises the blacks." That is a reason of expediency, and is legitimate.

He also says: "Had we extended the suffrage to women we should have been voted down by hundreds of thousands." That is another legitimate reason of expediency.

He says further, that "when Mr. Biggs shall be an active member of the Democratic, and Mrs. Biggs of the Republican County Committee in one of our excited political contests, I suspect that it will soon take two houses to hold them." But if two people seriously differ which course tends to peace, allowing each an equal expression, or compelling one to submit wholly to the other? Take the case of a drunkard and his wife. Are the family peace and the general welfare best subserved by permitting the husband to vote for free rum and refusing to his wife any voice whatever? or by giving her the same chance to save her family that he has to ruin it?

Governments justly exist by the consent of the governed; but Horace has no right to deny a vote to Henry, and then assume that Henry "tacitly" consents to Horace's government because Hiram does not wish to vote.

## THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND POLITICAL PURITY.

The leaders of the Democratic party hope to confuse and blind the people of the country to the vital issues of the situation by denouncing the corruption of the Republican Union party. What are the facts?

They are simply that the Union party, having been for some years the dominant party, has naturally been joined by all manner of camp followers, while the war has produced a system of taxation requiring an immense increase of the number of government offices. To some of these offices doubtful and dishonest men have been sometimes appointed, and the disgrace of their exposure has of course fallen upon the party. This is a misfortune. It is a pity that the dishonest men will not go with the minority, and that the agents appointed by a party of good principles should not be always good men.

That there is great corruption in politics every where is not doubted. The practical question is whether that corruption is peculiar to any party, as such, and whether the antecedents of the Democratic party are such as to justify the expectation that it would purify politics? To ask the question is to laugh. The politics of the city of New York are an epitome of those of the Democracy. Is it possible to conceive a more utterly rotten and degraded system? It is notoriously a matter of bargain. Even Judges are known to have bought their way to the bench, and the prices which they have paid are known. Moral worth, intelligence, capacity, fitness, are official qualities wholly disregarded in the bargain of Democratic politicians, which results in filling by enormous majorities the various municipal offices.

Or look at the States in which the Democratic ascendency is unquestioned. Is it supposed that the politics of Democratic Kentucky and Maryland are purer than those of New England or Wisconsin? The Republican party has been the dominant party in New York since the election of 1864, when Horatio Seymour was happily defeated. Of late there has been a loud outcry against Legislative corruption and rotten canal management. But no man has ever heard that the Democratic members of the Legislature were not, in proportion, quite as venal as the Republican, while the Republican majority did not hesitate to investigate and expose the frauds in the canal contracts without inquiring whether or not the scrutiny might not implicate some Republican agents.

Or, viewed nationally, it was the Democratic party whose agents gave us the synonyms of

swindlers and corruptionists. It is enough to suggest SWARTWOUT and PRICE, FLOYD and FOWLER, and the whole Cabinet of BUCHANAN. JOHN SLIDELL in the Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana merely repeated the "repeating" system practiced and taught in the City of New York.

We do not mention these things as "you're another" argument. We speak of them to recall to our readers the character of the Democratic party in the matter of political purity, and to remind them that if that party does not very widely steal at present it is because it has no opportunity. It is out of office. Even ANDREW JOHNSON keeps it out. The New York *World* complains that the President expects the support of "the Democracy," and yet keeps Democratic fingers out of the Treasury.

Indeed, what right is there to expect peculiar honesty of a party which shouts and sneers with contempt at "moral ideas?" Why should the people of New York, or of any State, anticipate integrity in the management of public affairs from a party whose leaders preach repudiation openly with Mr. PENDLETON, or stealthily and tentatively in magnifying the debt as crushing, and paralyzing, and insupportable, with Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH? Men who constantly enlarge upon the horrible oppressiveness of taxation, upon the awful price of bread, and upon the pinching and starving of the working-man's wife and children, but who have never a word to say of the blessing that was bought with that price, and the incalculable advantage to every working-man which was secured by the war which he is taxed to pay for, is a man who is willing that the word should be said which he does not say, and the debt repudiated whose repudiation he does not verbally advise.

The Democratic party will promise retrenchment, reform, and all the cardinal virtues as their policy. Having heard their protestations, let every voter look at their history and at the character and views of the men whom they can not shake off as leaders, because their hold is vital—men like PENDLETON and VALLANDIGHAM. Let every voter consider the tendency of Democratic supremacy everywhere, its hatred of equal rights, its servility to ignorance and prejudice, and then determine whether this is the party from which political purity is to be expected.

## THE NATIONAL BANKS.

SEVERAL months ago the Hon. Mr. RANDALL, we believe, introduced a proposition in Congress for the repeal of the existing National Bank Act and the substitution of legal tenders for the national currency. We do not remember that he then made any serious complaint against the soundness of the system. If there was any special point of dissatisfaction it was that the bank circulation, being based on Government bonds, all the benefits were enjoyed by the banks without any participation in them by the Government. His ostensible object was to save the country the eighteen or twenty millions of gold which was paid to the banks in annual interest on their bonds deposited with the United States Treasurer. Fortunately the proposition met with little favor at the time, and was but little discussed. It has become more popular of late. Moreover, the discovery has suddenly been made that the whole system is rotten and specially open to abuses of all sorts, and that the public interests demand a radical change. As is always the case when new measures of reform are suggested, there are a great many persons, wholly ignorant of the first principles of finance, who join in the sweeping condemnation; and each successive failure among the weaker banking institutions elicits a renewed cry of alarm. Reports are circulated unfavorable to their credit and general management, most of which have no foundation in truth, but which nevertheless tend greatly to create popular mistrust.

No doubt some of the banks are shaky and will break, as others have already done; but when have there been so few failures as under the present system? When have there been fewer frauds and defalcations, or fewer revelations of corruption among bank officers? There will always be temptation, under whatever system, to use the credit of the banks for individual profit, and no safeguards can be made wholly secure against dishonesty. The truth is, that no system has been devised during our existence as a nation so nearly perfect or so well adapted to the public necessities and the public protection. All the objections now raised against it were brought before the notice of Congress when it was under consideration. They were fully discussed then, and the fact that the National system was adopted in face of all objections is the strongest argument against any change now.

Great stress is laid upon the assumption that the banks are specially favored by drawing interest upon their deposited bonds, while they receive additional interest from loaning out their circulation; whereas they enjoyed the same privilege under the safety fund banking law of New York, only that they issued notes to the *full* amount of the stocks deposited to secure their circulation, instead of only ninety per cent. as now. In other States the advantages were equal, or greater. But the National Banks do not receive the full interest on their three hundred millions of circulation, because fully one-fourth is kept constantly in their tills, to meet the daily requirements of their business.

One very serious thought to be considered by those who would force the Banks into liquidation is, that the Banks hold more than one-fourth of the national debt in bonds deposited for their circulation, and as security for public deposits. Should these bonds, which are now kept permanently from sale, be suddenly thrown upon the market, it would very seriously affect the public credit. The real fact is, that this proposed measure for a forced cancellation of the national currency is but one remove from a violation of the public faith; it is nearly akin to that other measure of semi-repudiation which would pay the gold interest on the Five-Twenty bonds in paper currency. The public should be cautious how they indorse any of these plausible financial schemes which shrewd speculators are so fond of conjuring up for their approval.

We have now a uniform currency, which is a blessing of itself; the Government being responsible for the circulation, bill-holders are secured against loss. Even when banks fail, as they have done, their notes are just as good as any others, for the Government must redeem them. The safety of depositors, to be sure, is only assured by the successful character of the business done by the banks, although beyond the capital they have a further security in the individual responsibility of the stockholders. In this respect they are as well off as under any previous system. In addition to the salutary checks provided by law, there are examiners appointed by the Treasurer to make periodical investigations. It is doubtful if any change in the present system could be made for the better, though it has its defects, and may possibly be improved upon. Most of the intelligent portion of the community have a general idea of its operation. They may well question the policy of the measure proposed. That a forcible withdrawal of the National Bank circulation would be alike injurious to the interests of those banks and the general interests of the country is beyond peradventure. One effect at least would be to retard for an indefinite period the resumption of specie payments. Indeed, forced contraction of any sort, even when limited to $4,000,000 a month as authorized by law, is not calculated to produce the effect anticipated, as the result proves. We are certainly no nearer specie payments now than when the Enabling Act was passed. Political quiet and confidence is needed more than new measures of finance.

## "THE REACTION" IN NEW YORK.

THE Democratic State Convention does not seem to have been a very brilliant sign of "the great reaction." The only striking point in the whole proceedings was Mr. JOHN M'KEON's denunciation of the craven-heartedness of the managers, and his prophecy that their ticket would be beaten by twenty thousand majority. Alarmed at his energy the managers called the previous question and secured the result they intended. The ticket nominated has no familiar Democratic name, and the resolutions are malignant, but merely negative and protestant. The sole reliance of the party is evidently upon possible divisions of the Union party, and ANDREW JOHNSON is not even named. As he reads the melancholy record of the performance he will probably not forget the New York Democratic Convention of two years ago, which had some hope of rousing popular enthusiasm by the nomination of General SLOCUM and JOHN VAN BUREN; and he will ruefully remember that JOHN VAN BUREN, in his speech in the Capitol Park, nominated ANDREW JOHNSON for President. It probably will not occur to him that the Democratic party hoped to use him as a wedge to split the Republican Union party, and having for that purpose knocked him lustily on the head, and all in vain, now leaves him without a thought. The Convention showed that the Democratic party is the same party controlled by the same leaders as for the last ten years. Mr. HOFFMAN, indeed, made a little speech; but he is merely the metropolitan pet, he is not "a heavy weight" in the party. HORATIO SEYMOUR was the spokesman of the party in the Convention as he has been its chief for some years. He was the chosen representative of the spirit of "reaction," which is to undo the work of the war.

And who is this representative? It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who, in December, 1860, at the notorious Tweddle Hall Convention, tried to defeat the Government in advance and secure the triumph of the rebellion. It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who declared that if it came to a choice between the Union and slavery he was for letting the Union go and for saving slavery. It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR whom the apologists of the rebellion made Governor in 1862, and who appointed JOHN A. GREEN, known only as one of the most malignant of Copperheads, military commander of a large part of the State, for what purpose it is not difficult to imagine. It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who, in the New York Academy of Music, on the 4th of July, 1863, when LEE was pressing into Pennsylvania, taunted the Government with its failure, asked contemptuously for the "great victories" that had been promised, and warned it that the mob could be lawless as well as the Government. And even while he spoke thousands of brave men were pouring out their heart's-blood at Gettysburg and Vicksburg, securing the victory of the nation over JEFFERSON DAVIS and HORATIO SEYMOUR. It is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who, when the mob of New York obeyed the word he had given them and ravaged the city, stood before them at the City Hall and calling them, still flushed and reeking with the wanton and barbarous massacre of helpless and innocent men, women, and children, "My friends," promised them not that the laws should be executed, but that he would try to have them changed as his "friends" desired. And, finally, it is the same HORATIO SEYMOUR who presided over the last National Convention of the Democratic party which joyfully declared the war a failure, and stimulated the expiring rebellion to one more struggle.

This is the man whom the Democracy of New York selects as its mouth-piece. He is unchanged, and they are unchanged; unable to defeat loyal men in the field, they hope to prevent the natural result of their victory. This is the great reaction which they so ardently expect. Hating and opposing the war, they still hope that the country will repent and give them the settlement of its consequences. Enemies of equal liberty, they strive to put the loyal freedman at the mercy of the rebel master. Under the plea of State rights, with which they virtually justified secession, they would now retain the spirit and form of caste and slavery. The alliance of the Democratic party with slavery, its pandering to ignorance and vice, its utter scorn of public morality, plunged us into the war. Is the party of to-day a new party? Is it in the least repentant or purified? Does any thoughtful man trust its patriotism or its honesty? But the choice must be made between the "reaction" and the logic of the war.

## A VOICE FROM ALABAMA.

IT is pleasant to hear a note of simple patriotism and loyalty to the Government ringing out from the interior of any of the late rebel States, and such is the prospectus of the *Union*, a campaign paper issued in Moulton, Alabama. It is intended to discuss the great political questions until and during the session of the Alabama Constitutional Convention.

"In our sense," says the prospectus, "the Union is the territory over which the laws of the nation prevail, and within which its citizens are entitled to reside and have its protection and assistance.......We have no very great devotion for State boundaries, except as a part of the machinery of organization. So long as they are good they will be preserved for that reason, when they become bad it is time to let them go." Rebellion against the Union it considers a crime against liberty.

These are not very familiar doctrines, probably, in Alabama. But they are not very surprising in Wisconsin, for instance, or Iowa, where the State limits are merely a surveyor's line upon the prairie. The doctrine of State rights has been so exaggerated in the Southern States that a candid consideration of the subject will be wholesome and refreshing. The prospectus of the *Union* speaks for every truly American heart in saying: "One part of our great territory is just as sacred to us as another; and it is all sacred."

## THE PERILS OF THE HUDSON.

IN the early part of the summer we warned our readers that the racing between the steamers upon the Hudson River made the river travel very dangerous. One boat, the *Drew*, left New York at six o'clock in the evening, and, racing with a Troy boat, reached Albany between one and two o'clock in the morning. It was said that the *Drew* was never put to her speed, that she could easily run at that rate, and that there was no danger whatever. The sufficient reply was the simple question, what man would trust his family upon the *Drew* if she ran at that rate every night? The ordinary perils of night travel upon a crowded river are enough without adding to them the crime of racing.

But the fearful disaster of the *Dean Richmond* will serve, we hope—and do not believe—to arouse public attention to the recklessness with which the river travel is managed. Upon a perfectly quiet night, when the moon is just past the full and is shining brightly, two steamers signal each other, and then one crashes into the other so that she sinks in a quarter of an hour. The horror of such a moment can hardly be imagined. The loss of life is not known. It was said that no life was lost, and we shall probably never know the truth. But hundreds of lives were endangered, and it was wonderful that no more were sacrificed.

The necessary dangers of travel may be calmly contemplated and bravely encountered, but wanton and inconceivable carelessness nobody can consider without alarm. The statements of those in control of the *Richmond* and of the *Vanderbilt* at the time of the accident can not, of course, be trusted. If one be correct, the other is wholly wrong; and each has every reason to make the best of it for his own side. There is undoubtedly ill-feeling between various lines upon the river. The new railroad terminus at Athens has not been highly praised by the papers of Albany and Troy, and the loss of the *Richmond* is considered a fatal blow to Athens. We do not say, of course, that these rivalries caused the disaster, but we observe that boats of the same line do not run into each other, and the pilots of such boats contrive to understand the signals.

Public decency demands a rigid investigation into the details of this accident. That no lives—if none—were lost, should but stimulate the inquiry in order that none may be lost. If a hundred men, women, and children had been destroyed the whole country would have rung with a cry of indignation, and the most stringent demand for the most satisfactory examination of the whole case would have been made. It was a mere chance that the hundred were not lost. The carelessness was as great. The duty of investigation is as imperative.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENCY IN 1864.

WE find the following statement in the Albany *Evening Journal*:

"PARTON says that ANDREW JOHNSON was the choice of Mr. LINCOLN for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. WEED, in the *Commercial Advertiser*, corrects this, and says that DANIEL S. DICKINSON was the choice of Mr. LINCOLN, and that he would have been nominated had not Mr. CURTIS, in presenting him to the New York delegation, avowed that the object of the nomination was hostility to Mr. SEWARD. This induced a majority of the delegation to go for Mr. JOHNSON. Mr. WEED says that he derived his knowledge of President LINCOLN's preferences from his Private Secretary, who was present at the Convention to communicate, discreetly, his views."

There is some mistake here. When it became evident that a former Democrat was to be nominated at Baltimore for Vice-President Mr. CURTIS, in the caucus of the New York delegation, supported DANIEL S. DICKINSON, and he stated what was perfectly well understood, that some delegates felt that Mr. DICKINSON's election would involve the resignation of Mr. SEWARD, on the ground that New York could hardly expect to have both the Vice-President and the Secretary of State. This was a result undoubtedly designed by some who supported Mr. DICKINSON, but it was expressly repudiated by Mr. CURTIS, who alluded to it for the purpose of disowning any such intention. He was one of the very last of the Radical Republicans to acknowledge the defection of Mr. SEWARD; and with the feeling that Mr. CURTIS had for him in June, 1864, it was simply impossible that in an assembly of New York Republicans, whose SEWARD sympathies were known to him, he should support Mr. DICKINSON with the avowed object of displacing Mr. SEWARD. Mr. CURTIS, in supporting Mr. DICKINSON, differed from his SEWARD friends, and they carried the nomination of Mr. JOHNSON not because of any declaration of hostility to Mr. SEWARD, but because they knew before the caucus that Mr. JOHNSON was Mr. SEWARD's choice. Upon the death of President LINCOLN the friends of Mr. SEWARD were very anxious to have it known that they nominated Mr. JOHNSON; and an article in *Harper's Weekly* some two years ago frankly gave them all the credit of their work.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

CONTRARY to expectation and to our announcement of last week the returns of the Louisiana election leave no doubt that a sufficient majority of votes has been cast to insure the assembling of a convention to frame a new constitution for the State.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The New York State Democratic Convention met at Albany on October 3, and nominated the following candidates for the various State offices which are to be contested in the election on November 5:

*Secretary of State* ..................Homer A. Nelson.
*Controller*..........................William F. Allen.
*Treasurer* ..........................Wheeler H. Bristol.
*Attorney-General* ..................Marcus B. Champlain.
*State Engineer and Surveyor* ...Van R. Richmond.
*Judge of Court of Appeals*......Martin Grover.
*Canal Commissioner* ............John D. Fay.
*Inspector of State Prisons* ......John Schen.

Elias Howe, Jun., the inventor of the sewing machine, died in Brooklyn, New York, on October 3, aged forty-eight years.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

SINCE our first page, giving an account of the Garibaldian movements, went to press, later and important news has been received. A second engagement between the insurgents and the Papal troops took place on October 6 in Frosinone, a province southeast of Rome, in which the Pope's troops were again badly defeated. It was also known that the volunteers of Garibaldi were crossing the Papal frontier in great numbers, and the early occupation of Rome appeared certain. The most important intelligence, however, is that Victor Emanuel refuses to aid the Pope, and asks to be released from the treaty obligation not to occupy Rome as his capital, and that Prussia announces its intention to support this demand of its ally in Italy. The "September Convention," of which the reader will hear much, was the treaty of 1866, by which Italy agreed that, in order to secure the removal of the French flag from Pontifical territory, it would renounce all forcible means of planting the Italian flag over that territory. In asking to be relieved of this obligation Victor Emanuel asks, virtually, that he may make Rome his capital. If he should announce his intention to reoccupy Rome Napoleon would declare war against Italy, and, since Prussia supports the demand of Italy, against Germany too.

THE LATE CHARLES KING, LL.D.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

BOILER EXPLOSION AT NEWARK, N. J.—THE RUINS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. H. ROSE, NEWARK.]

## PRESIDENT CHARLES KING.

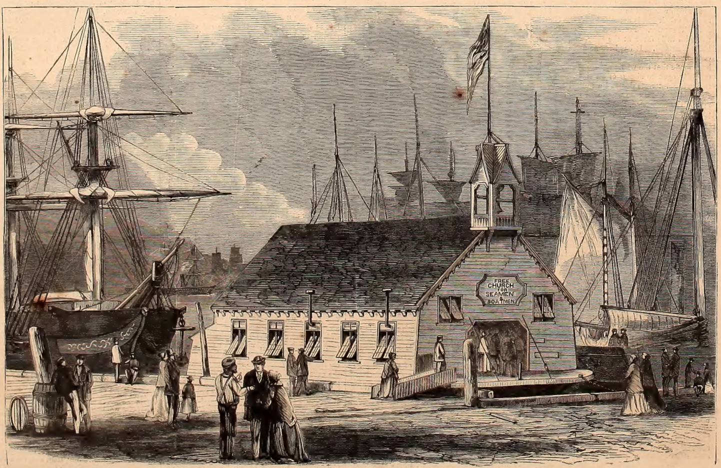
PRESIDENT CHARLES KING died at Francate, near Rome, on September 27, 1867, aged seventy-eight years. He was born in New York, and was the son of the late RUFUS KING. During his father's residence in England as Minister to the Court of St. James he was sent to Harrow school, and subsequently to a preparatory school in Paris. Returning to New York he married, in 1810, ELIZA, a daughter of ARCHIBALD GRACIE, a leading merchant of this city, with whom the deceased was associated in business. In 1813 Mr. KING was a member of the Legislature, and although a Federalist in politics supported the war with Great Britain, and served as a volunteer during the autumn of 1814. The failure of the firm of which he was a member in 1823 caused him to abandon mercantile pursuits and to engage in journalism, for which he had much taste and ability. In company with JOHNSTON VERPLANCK he established the New York *American*, a conservative newspaper, which attained much political influence. After the retirement of Mr. VERPLANCK in 1827 Mr. KING continued to conduct the paper until the publication was discontinued, when he became associated with the *Courier and Enquirer*. As an editor of this paper he remained until 1849, during which year he was elected President of Columbia College. This position was filled with great ability and with satisfaction to all concerned, the wealth and usefulness of the College being greatly increased during his presidency.

## BOILER EXPLOSION AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

ANOTHER of those terrible boiler explosions, like that which lately occurred in this city, took place at Newark, New Jersey, on September 30. It was the bursting of a boiler in a brewery in that city. The southeastern corner of the brewery, in which the engine and boiler were located, was converted into a mass of ruins, the pieces of the boiler forcing their way both forward into the middle of the street and backward through the rear of the building, making an aperture of thirty feet high and as many wide. Pieces of the boiler and the débris were also thrown about the surrounding neighborhood to the distance of three or four blocks, but fortunately injuring no one in their descent. It is miraculous that the loss of life was no greater, for a large number of men were employed in the various parts of the building. Only two persons were killed. Our illustration shows the ruins after the accident.

## FREE CHURCH FOR SEAMEN.

WE give on this page an illustration of one of the Churches, or Bethels, for Seamen which are to be found in considerable numbers in the North and East rivers, and which are used for divine service by the missionaries to the seamen. The "Free Church for Seamen and Boatmen" which we illustrate is located in a dock at the foot of Herbert Street, New York, and is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in this harbor.




FREE CHURCH FOR SEAMEN AND BOATMEN, NORTH RIVER, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

DEBRA-TABOR, ABYSSINIA, THE RESIDENCE OF KING THEODORE.

## THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

Great Britain is indulging herself in one of those follies which we had supposed to be exclusively characteristic of this Government, as illustrated in its last senseless job of an Indian war. Great Britain is about to put in jeopardy the lives of several thousand veteran soldiers, like those under Hancock and Custer, in an expedition against just such savages as those of the plains, at the expense of many millions (not of greenbacks, but actual hard, shining gold), and for the protection of a dozen or two settlers, who, as far as we can make out, had no more positive rights in the territory of the savage King Theodore of Abyssinia than our settlers have in the Indian reservations. Great Britain, it seems, has her shoddy contractors as America has, for whom she must provide; she has also, unfortunately for humanity, a false and foolish sense of national honor, not unlike America, and a still baser pride of national prestige—somewhat unlike America in this regard we are happy to say; and she has gone to war with a small savage power in Africa, in order to effect the release of a few captives whom she might have ransomed for a few dozen pence instead of a few million of pounds, or even by the expenditure of a few kind words instead of insulting demands made through a blustering consul. The dusky King Theodore is no doubt a brute, without reason or Christian humanity; but this does not justify the British Lion in showing that he is one also. It does not appear from all we can glean that any peaceful means have been employed to secure the release of the unfortunate captives. To the demands which have been made by Consul Cameron the Ethiop answered by adding him to his list of captives, and sending word that he would release them all on condition that the Queen of England would marry him; and at once England rushed off into the wildest preparations and most enormous expenditures for a vigorous prosecution of the war on the Blue Nile, and is now throwing 10,000 men into the abyss of Abyssinia.

One of our illustrations on this page represents the fleet of transports which are to convey these 10,000 veterans to Massowah on the Red Sea, the chosen base of operations, as it lay in the Mersey, loading with munitions of war, preparatory to sailing. These munitions of war are of the queerest character. In the list are 700 tons of pig iron; a vast horde of mules, which could have been had cheaper in Abyssinia, several thousand camels, which are absolutely useless in a mountainous country like that to be invaded; any quantity of patent pack-saddles, made for use in the Crimean war and long since discovered to be worse than useless; and like unserviceable articles or animals. The preparations for this useless and undignified war have been made on the most dignified scale as if King Theodore were the Emperor Nicholas come again, and Abyssinia was to be another Crimea.

Our other illustration on the same page shows the residence of the savage King Theodore, the capture of which is the object of the expedition.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—FLEET OF TRANSPORTS LYING IN THE MERSEY.

Debra-Tabor, the village which is the capital of Abyssinia, is situated far in the interior of the country, and in the midst of the lofty mountains in which rise the Atbara and Bahr el Azrek or Blue Nile, two of the principal sources of the river Nile. It is a small village; and the houses are neatly-thatched huts of inflammable material, as represented in our engraving.

The chief obstacle to be encountered in the expedition is the difficulty of penetrating through the country; and the style of warfare to be waged will greatly resemble, doubtless, in result as well as in the manner of its prosecution, the late attempt of our marines in the island of Formosa.

The dusky monarch against whom all this British rage is to be expended is an Ethiop chief named KASSAI; but elevating himself to the chieftaincy of the various tribes of Abyssinia, he has since christened himself "THEODORUS, King of Ethiopia." In the little feudal confederation out of which his empire is formed he was nobody at all. His cunning, courage, and physical strength alone raised him above his fellows. The warriors of Abyssinia, seeing in him a good leader, a dreaded chief, with whom there was always probability of victory and certainty of plunder, followed him in preference to another. Some Europeans who happened to be with him or near him on the Egyptian frontier gave him much advice and a few arms. All these fortunate circumstances combined enabled him to beat his numerous rivals in detail. It must be added that in knightly fashion he himself slew some of them with his own hand.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

## Book V

### CHAPTER VII.

VISITORS AT DE MONTFORT VILLAS.

AFTER the disagreeable business in which Walter Charlewood had been involved at the bank Clement insisted that his brother should return and share the family home. It was in vain that Wat rebelled and implored; there was no resisting Clement's strong steady will. "It must be so, Watty," he said. "Trouble and danger have come from your leaving us. Worse shall not follow if I can by any means prevent it. Mother and Penny will receive you gladly. The quiet, peaceful home-life will, after a while, be much sweeter to you than—"

"Oh, home-life!" answered Walter, bitterly. "I don't care to go back to a home where I'm looked upon as a monster—a foil to your virtue—neither have I any fancy for playing prodigal son, and being cried over by the women." Then, with a sudden change of tone, he whined out like a chidden school-boy, "I say, Clem, *don't* make me go back there, old fellow! I'll be as steady as a rock, and I won't forget what you have done for me, and I will keep all square and right; indeed I will! But—but—it's so *beastly* dull at Barnsbury!"

It was all in vain. His rent (discovered to be in arrear) was paid at the dingy lodging-house, and himself and his portmanteau were conveyed in a cab to his mother's home. Mrs. Charlewood was so overjoyed to see her boy once more under her roof, that it is to be feared she was scarcely as much shocked as she ought to have been at the immediate cause of his being there. Clement did not needlessly distress her; but of course it had been impossible entirely to avoid imputing blame to his brother in the matter, nor would he have deemed it right or wise to do so had it been possible. But [illegible] to his sister Penny did he impart all he kn[illegible] the extent of Walter's misconduct. Whatever that was, it remained a secret between the two brothers.

For a time things went on quietly. Walter was cowed by a sense of disgrace. Although Penelope, at Clement's earnest request, refrained from uttering any reproaches to her youngest brother, the very fact of her unwonted silence and forbearance stung him. He was conscience-stricken, and interpreted every word and look as a stab aimed at himself. The little household was peaceful, but sad. Walter's presence among them had a depressing influence. There was no longer that candor and confidence in their home-talk which lightens all burdens. Clement usually returned from his office early, but there were occasions when he was detained later. Walter had demanded a key with which to let himself into the house whenever he would; but this his brother had rigidly refused to allow him. Walter made a hard struggle for this privilege, but suddenly ceased to ask for it, and took the habit of going to bed early—as early sometimes as half past eight or nine o'clock. He professed that the dullness and stupidity of his home-life made him sleepy, and wished he were dead outright rather than buried alive. "But, Wat," Penelope would say, "you are always in such violent extremes. Why can you not go out occasionally and amuse yourself, and return home at a reasonable hour? I would always sit up for you until eleven. I, too, think it is not good for you to be altogether buried alive. But why need you be? It is your own fault."

To such speeches Walter would reply that he was not a child, although Clem, having got the upper hand, tried to treat him like one, and that if he could not come in and go out without being spied upon and lectured he would stop at home for good and all, and he hoped Clem would like *that!*

Mrs. Charlewood was singularly silent during these discussions; and whenever Penelope spoke to her privately on the subject, would say nervously, "There, love, don't talk about it; let us be thankful that we have got the lad at 'ome again. I know, dear, Clem is very good and wise; but—*isn't* he a bit stern with Wat now and then? Well, there; I dare say I'm all wrong. Don't scold me, Penny; don't, my dear! All I want is to keep peace and good-will among you all."

One morning at breakfast Clement said to his mother, "Our little servant has one most singular propensity—she is not generally apt to originate any service, or to do any thing in the way of work that she can leave undone; but she keeps the lock of the street door oiled and cleaned in the most wonderful way—the hinges too. When we first came here the door creaked terribly; now I enter positively without noise. I wonder what put it into her head to do this!"

"Why, Clem!" cried Penelope, "Ann wouldn't think of such a thing, I am very sure. Whoever oils the lock it is not she; besides, the only oil we have in the house is salad oil, and that I keep locked up in the kitchen cupboard."

There was a momentary silence. Then Mrs. Charlewood said, tremulously: "It is not Ann that oils the lock, dear. It's—it's me."

"You, mother? What on earth for?"

"I—I found it fidgeted me so to have it creaking and grating. I've nervous fancies now, you know, that I didn't 'ave once upon a time; so I just keep it well oiled with a feather, and—and—I didn't want to bother any body about it."

"Well, you have been uncommonly sly in your proceedings, mamma," said Penelope. "I have never once chanced to see you near the lock."

Mrs. Charlewood appeared so confused, and unwilling to pursue the subject, that Clement signed to his sister to say no more. The matter was thus allowed to pass off for the time, but Penny referred to it afterward in speaking to Clement.

"It was odd of mamma, was it not, Clem? I have noticed several rather strange fancies she has taken lately, and a kind of secret way that used not to be usual with her at all."

"Her nervous system has been greatly shattered," said Clement. "We must be gentle and tranquil with her."

Miss O'Brien's visit had been a surprise and a break in the Charlewood's monotonous life. She brought the latest news of Augusta and her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Malachi Dawson had arrived in England, and were traveling to town by easy stages, paying one or two visits en route. The elder Mrs. Dawson occupied for the season a small, dark, stuffy house in a cul-de-sac in Mayfair; and there her son and daughter-in-law were to remain during their brief stay in London before going down to take possession of their own home near Eastfield.

"Augusta told me to say that she should certainly come and see you," said Miss O'Brien, blushing in delivering the message as Augusta had *not* blushed in giving it.

"Augusta 'as not written to me for a long time," said Mrs. Charlewood, gently.

"She says that she—that you—that her last letter was never answered."

Penelope checked Mrs. Charlewood in a reply, and said, slowly, "I hope Augusta *will* come to see her mother. Her mother will be glad to see Augusta."

About a fortnight afterward a hackney-cab drew up before Number Nine De Montfort Villas. It had stopped at several doors before, and the driver only succeeded in finding the right house by the zealous assistance of a chemist's boy with a basket on his arm, who, having been sent on a pressing errand in a precisely opposite direction, eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded by the cabman's inquiries to accompany the vehicle to De Montfort Villas.

From the cab alighted a lady in rich mourning robes, with a thick black veil covering her face. She was followed by a ruddy-faced, broad-shouldered man in clerical costume, and lastly came forth another lady dressed in a pale lilac muslin of the lightest fabric and most delicate color, and wearing a close straw bonnet trimmed with white ribbons. The lady in mourning rang the bell, and after a word or two with the little servant the whole party was admitted into the house and ushered into the small back-parlor. "Missis would be down directly," the servant said, "and so would Miss Charlewood."

The lady in mourning raised her veil, revealing the handsome face of the late Miss Augusta Charlewood. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed, fanning herself with her handkerchief, "how frightfully hot I am. That veil has nearly suffocated me." As she was speaking the door opened, and Mrs. Charlewood and Penelope came into the room.

"Oh, Gussy! Oh, my child!" cried the former, taking her daughter in her arms. Penelope gave her sister her hand, and bent forward as though to kiss her, but Mrs. Malachi Dawson offering her cheek, Penelope omitted the salute altogether.

"And do you see who I have brought with me?" said Augusta.

Mrs. Charlewood turned round and wiped the tears from her eyes before she recognized her visitors. "Why, goodness me!" she exclaimed. Mr. Fluke, and *Miss* Fluke! Well, this is a surprise. 'Ow d'ye do?"

The Reverend Decimus Fluke shook hands with the widow. He was not an unkindly man, and he put a good deal of friendly cordiality into the grip which he gave her hand. The sight of her black gown and altered face moved him to pity her very sincerely. But his voice was as loud, and his manner as boisterous as ever when he spoke to her. Could he have been convinced that the assumption of a soft tone and gentle manner would have been in this case a real act of benevolence he would have striven to perform that act. But the idea was a wholly inconceivable one to him. Miss Fluke, I am inclined to believe, was much less accessible to emotions of compassion. She had, as she would have expressed it, "*to save her own soul;*" and that aim she pursued according to her lights with entire singleness of purpose, plunging onward in a straight line, and treading down sensibilities and susceptibilities and delicate little flowers of feeling with as little ruth as a bullock might be expected to feel for the daisies crushed by the plow he was drawing. The "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" would have appealed to Miss Fluke's imagination quite in vain.

"How are you, my dear afflicted friends?" said Miss Fluke, solemnly. The weather was warm, and Miss Fluke's face was very red, and her simple straw bonnet with white ribbons framed it in an incongruous manner. Her delicate lilac muslin, too, was scarcely in harmony with the very tough and stalwart character of her figure. "My dear afflicted friends," repeated Miss Fluke, "*how* are you?"

"Pretty well, thank you," said Penelope, coolly, "and how are you, poor creature?"

Miss Fluke opened her eyes very wide indeed. "Poor creature!" she repeated, in a puzzled manner.

"Yes; poor creature. Are we not all poor creatures? I didn't know that you had any dispensation from the common lot."

"No, no," interposed the Reverend Decimus, with obtuse cheerfulness. "To be sure not. Quite right, Miss Charlewood. We are all—one and all—*miserable* sinners. But, alas! all have not our glorious privilege of knowing that we are so."

The little lath-and-plaster house seemed to quiver as the brassy tones of Mr. Fluke's voice rang through it.

"What a horrid place this is!" said Augusta to her mother. "And that bare, dreary field at the back! I thought I never should find the house."

"So *we* thought," said Penelope, dryly.

"Well, Penny, now I really think that very uncalled for and unkind. We have only been in town eight days, and it was impossible to be here sooner. This morning, just as I had made up my mind to make an effort and come to mamma, Mr. and Miss Fluke called. I told them of my intention, and they offered to accompany me."

The truth was, that Augusta, who had not got rid of her sensitive horror of "scenes," had considerably dreaded the meeting with her family, and had gladly accepted the Flukes' offer, thinking that any very confidential or agitating conversation upon family affairs would thereby be avoided. Penelope understood it all perfectly.

"And are you not surprised to see me and Hannah in this great city, my dear friends?" said Mr. Fluke. "You have not yet inquired what brings us hither—eh?"

"Papa is going to preach a charity sermon at the request of an old friend," struck in Miss Fluke. "Papa and my sisters and I have been at the sea-side recruiting our strength for our winter duties."

The idea thus conjured up, of a fresh stock of vigor having been taken in by the whole Fluke family, was calculated to appall a weak mind.

"We had to pass through London on our way home, so papa has the precious opportunity of sowing the good seed among a very low and numerous congregation on the Surrey side of the river, *without* incurring any serious expense."

"Ah," observed Penny, "sowing the seed for them comes cheaper than giving them bread, doesn't it?"

"And where are my brothers?" asked Augusta, languidly.

"At work," responded her sister, with brevity.

"Oh, ah, yes, of course. I know. But I mean, where do they live? You don't mean to say that there is room for you all *here?*"

"Well, love," said Mrs. Charlewood, "it *is* close quarters for 'em. But we 'ave just bedrooms enough, with the servant girl going 'ome to sleep. Watty finds it a bit dull, love."

"I should think so, mamma! Poor Watty! With his habits and tastes—and poor Clement, too, of course," added Augusta, hastily, catching her sister's eye.

Mrs. Charlewood's maternal heart had yearned toward her absent daughter, despite the cold selfishness of her letters. Now the meeting had come, and there was a leaden sensation of disappointment in the mother's breast. Augusta made it apparent in fifty ways that she was henceforth apart from the rest of the family. She invited her mother to come and see her, but it was in a suppressed, dry manner, as though she were undecided whether to be ashamed or proud of the condescension. Augusta shrank from contact with poverty as she shrank from exposing her delicate skin to an east wind. And, to her, her mother's present circumstances meant great poverty. Mrs. Charlewood had most of the material comforts which she needed or desired; but to Augusta, born and cradled amidst great wealth, the absence of luxuries appeared privation. Penelope, with brave self-sacrifice, and it may be with a certain enjoyment in the long unused pleasure of whetting her keen tongue upon Miss Fluke's solid, self-satisfied dullness, engaged the visitors in conversation, thus leaving her mother free to talk with Augusta. At length the latter rose to go. The Flukes rose also.

"We have been trying to induce Penelope to come and hear papa's sermon next Sunday," said Miss Fluke, impressively. "I hope *you* will come, at all events, Mrs. Charlewood. You were always a faithful member of papa's flock."

"It's a long way off, isn't it?" said Mrs. Charlewood, hesitatingly.

"Not at all," pronounced Miss Fluke, in her *infallible* manner. "No distance whatever. Papa preaches in the morning, and again in the evening. There is the name of the church written down."

"Well, we will think of it," said Penelope, shaking hands with Mr. Fluke. Augusta lingered to say a word or two to her mother, and then they all went out to the front-door together.

The cabman was half-reclining on the box, with one elbow supported on the roof of his cab. He had a pipe in his mouth, and was reading a Sunday paper.

"What are you reading, my good man?" demanded Miss Fluke, marching up to the vehicle.

"All right, mum," answered the cabman. He folded up the newspaper, thrust it into his pocket, and scrambled down in a stiff, bow-legged fashion to open the cab door.

Augusta entered the vehicle, and Mr. Fluke stood waiting for his daughter to do the same. But Miss Fluke still remained immovable, with her eyes fixed on the cabman, and one hand fumbling in her pocket. "What were you reading, my good man?" she repeated, glaring at him.

"Where to, Sir?" asked the cabman, huskily, of Mr. Fluke. The reverend gentleman gave Mrs. Dawson's address in Mayfair.

"Here," said Miss Fluke, no whit abashed, and drawing a tract from her pocket, "here is a beautiful little story that I wish you would promise me to read in your leisure moments, my friend."

"All right, mum," rejoined the cabman, scrambling on to his box again.

"Take it, my good man; it is for you. Take it and put it in your pocket."

"Thankee, mum," said the man, looking at her for the first time as he gathered the reins in his hand, "I won't deprive you."

Mr. Fluke handed his daughter into the cab somewhat hastily, for the horse made a sudden plunge, and evinced an unexpected desire to start.

"I think," said Miss Fluke, with much solemnity, after they had ridden some distance in silence—"I think that I should *very* much like to be connected with a mission for the conversion of the London cabmen!"

### CHAPTER VIII.

CORDA MAKES A DISCOVERY.

A CROWD of people was pouring out of a large oblong brick church in a populous neighborhood on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge. It was a hot evening, and the faces of the congregation bore evidences of the high temperature within the church. Even the dusty streets and tainted atmosphere outside appeared cool and fragrant by contrast. The daylight had not yet faded from the sky, although the sun had gone down, reddening the haze and smoke of London until he looked like a golden ball cast into a flaming furnace. The Reverend Decimus Fluke had been preaching a charity sermon for the benefit of some ragged schools in the oblong church; and the Reverend Decimus Fluke's name had traveled beyond the limits of his own parish and his own town as that of a zealous and powerful preacher of sound evangelical doctrine. He was looked upon as a shining light of the Low Church party, and the announcement of his name had attracted a large congregation. It was a well-dressed, well-to-do congregation, assembled from a wide circuit round. From Camberwell, Clapham, Brixton, and even Peckham Rye, the citizens and the citizens' wives and daughters had made long pilgrimages to hear what one old lady called "a good strong sermon;" and, it is to be hoped, also with some design of benefiting the ragged scholars on whose behalf they were appealed to. But Miss Fluke's pious hope that the good seed would be sown by her father's instrumentality among the very wretched population of the neighborhood seemed likely to be frustrated, for even the ordinary frequenters of the oblong church did not belong to any thing like so poor a class as the majority of the inhabitants of the district. The very poor, the real laboring people, did not go to church, or at any rate did not go to that church. The incumbent, an old friend of Mr. Fluke, had invited that gentleman and his daughter to pass the remainder of the evening at his house. Mr. Lubbock, the curate, also an old acquaintance of the Flukes, and formerly of Eastfield, was to be of the party. They all came out of the vestry together, avoiding the crowd. At the gate a close carriage was drawn up, and some ladies and gentlemen were making their way to it across the stream of people.

"There," cried Miss Fluke, "are Augusta and the Charlewoods." The party from the vestry paused to accost them. There were Mr. and Mrs. Malachi Dawson, and Clement with his mother on his arm. When greetings had been interchanged, and a word or two said about the sermon, Miss Fluke demanded to know why Penelope and Walter had not availed themselves of that opportunity of edifying themselves. Mrs. Charlewood looked nervous. Augusta raised her eyes and gave a little sigh, intended to express the hopelessness of her brother's and sister's spiritual condition.

"My sister Penelope prefers attending a place of worship in our immediate neighborhood. I am unable to inform you why Walter did not think fit to come with us," said Clement, gravely.

"I'm going to Augusta's 'ouse with her," said Mrs. Charlewood. "She 'as asked me to stay the night there, and Clement will call for me to-morrow."

It was, in fact, Malachi Dawson who had invited his wife's mother to accompany them home; but poor Mrs. Charlewood was eager to exhibit Augusta in an amiable light. The three got into the carriage that was waiting.

"Can we set you down any where, Miss Fluke?" asked Augusta, as the servant was putting up the steps. Miss Fluke drew herself up rigidly, shut her eyes very tight, opened them

very wide, shook her head violently, and replied with emphasis:

"Oh no, thank you; oh dear no. Not on any account whatever. I never ride in a coach on the Lord's Day. 'Thy cattle,' you know, Augusta. It's expressly mentioned. 'Thy cattle,' and 'thy man-servant,' too, you recollect."

"Good-by, mother," said Clement. "I will come for you on my way home to-morrow."

"And, Clem dear," cried Mrs. Charlewood, leaning out of the window, and speaking very earnestly, "don't, above all, forget to tell Watty that I shall not be 'ome to-night."

"No, no, mother."

"Remember, love, *you've promised.*"

The carriage drove away, and left the little group standing just outside the church gate.

"If you are going home your way lies for some distance in our direction, Charlewood," said Mr. Fluke.

Then the two elder clergymen moved away arm in arm, and the curate, with incomprehensible want of gallantry, hurried on to join them. Miss Fluke and Clement were left standing side by side. Under the circumstances there was nothing for it but for Clement to offer her his arm. She took it. If I were to say she seized it, the expression might not be too strong to convey the energy of Miss Fluke's action. They walked on in the wake of the three clergymen, tracking their black-coated figures through the crowd of passers-by. All the world seemed to be in the streets enjoying the twilight after the sultry glare of the day. It was not a quite easy task to steer Miss Fluke through a London thoroughfare. Her mode of progression was uncompromising. She turned neither to the right nor to the left, but pressed on valiantly with squared shoulders. This led to occasional complications of an unpleasant nature, and the frequent repetition of the angry question, "Where are you shoving to?" Presently they lost sight of the three black coats before them.

"I suppose you know the address of the house you are going to?" said Clement.

"No; I do not," replied Miss Fluke, in a firm cheerful voice.

Clement stared at her. The position was not an agreeable one.

"Had we not better press on, then, a little, and try to rejoin your party?" he suggested.

"I *know* we have to go across Blackfriars Bridge," said Miss Fluke.

It was at least a point to steer toward, and they hastened on at a round pace. They were now in a labyrinth of poor streets. Long lines of one-story houses, their fronts smeared with grime in streaks like the traces of tears on a dirty face. Most of the doors were wide open, and children swarmed up and down the steps. Men in their shirt-sleeves stood at the open doors, smoking. At one house which they passed a tall, dark, melancholy man, with tangled black hair, was leaning against the side-posts of the front-door. He had a pipe between his teeth, but it had either never been lighted, or had gone out. He stood quite still with folded arms, and they saw him from a long distance as they came up the straight narrow street. When they were within a few yards of him his eyes fell upon Miss Fluke and her companion, and quite suddenly he turned and entered the little house, shutting the door after him. Miss Fluke stopped short, with a cogitating expression of countenance.

"Now, *where* have I seen that man?" she said. "His face is familiar to me—*most* familiar."

"I don't know, really," said Clement, trying to urge her forward again. "We had better be moving; it will be so exceedingly disagreeable for you if you lose your friends."

Miss Fluke continued to stand still in a meditative manner. You could not say she looked *placid;* she was always too obviously brimful of latent activity for that; but she appeared as impervious to the fact that she was blocking up the narrow foot-pavement as a steam locomotive might have been. A large dog that had tried to pass her, first on one side and then on the other, now made a rush, and squeezed himself between Miss Fluke's muslin skirts and the wall, causing her to stagger for an instant. Clement took advantage of the circumstance to pull her forward by the arm that rested on his, so they got under way again.

"That dog is going to the house where the man was," said Miss Fluke, looking over her shoulder and speaking very loud. "Yes; see, he is sitting on the door-step waiting for somebody. Now I *wonder* where I can have seen that man's face! It is *most* familiar."

If it were difficult to steer Miss Fluke through the streets when she looked before her, it became almost impossible to do so when she walked with her head turned over her shoulder. Clement was almost in despair, when he spied a black-robed messenger of deliverance coming toward them. It was Mr. Lubbock, sent back to fetch Miss Fluke and guide her to her father.

"We missed you, and feared that you might not know the way," said Mr. Lubbock, saluting Clement.

The latter resigned his precious charge to the care of the curate. "My road lies in the opposite direction," he said—I am sorry to record—untruthfully. Miss Fluke shook hands with him and walked off with Mr. Lubbock, whom she speedily involved in dire confusion by reiterated and all-embracing questions as to the spiritual state of the poor in his parish.

Clement stood for one instant watching them, and was turning to pursue his own way, when the big dog bounced up to him again, and at the same moment a small hand was put into his, and a sweet voice said, timidly, "Mr. Charlewood, won't you speak to me?"

"Corda?" he cried, in surprise. "Corda Trescott!"

"Yes," said Corda, smiling and panting, with the delicate color changing in her cheeks, "it is Corda Trescott, that you were so good to."

"Are you alone, Corda?"

"Oh no; that gentleman has been taking me for a country walk. He is very kind, and often takes me out when papa has not time to go with me."

Corda pointed down the street to the house where the dog had been waiting, and at the door of which a queer hatchet-faced old man was standing, leaning on a knotted stick.

"This is his dog," continued Corda. "*Such* a clever dog! See, he knows I'm speaking of him; and he knows that you are a friend of mine too, else he would bark at you."

"Do you live in that house?" asked Clement. He was pleased to see the child, but yet there was a pain in it too.

"We don't live in this street, but close by. That house is where the gentleman—the dog's master—lodges. And who do you think is his landlady, Mr. Charlewood? You'll never guess, I'm sure. Mrs. Hutchins! She and her husband have come to live in London."

Clement was less surprised than Corda had expected. "And do you know, Corda," said he, smiling, "that you have narrowly escaped seeing another old friend of yours? Now I challenge *you* to guess who it was." Corda's face grew burning red, and she cast down her eyes.

"I know," she said, in a whisper. "Yes, I saw her with you. It was Miss Fluke. I hid till she had gone away. I hope it wasn't wrong. Lately I feel so frightened, and my heart beats so when any one talks loud to me, or—or—goes on like Miss Fluke. But I know she means to be kind."

Clement was in no mood to blame Corda's avoidance of Miss Fluke with great severity.

"Good-by, Corda," he said, taking both the child's hands in one of his. "Or stay—shall I give you into your friend's charge, or shall I take you home myself?"

Corda hesitated for a moment. Then she said, "It would save him the trouble if you wouldn't mind."

"Not at all, Corda. Kind Fate has ordained that I shall be a squire of dames to-day; but, thank Heaven, there are dames and dames—eh, Corda?"

The child ran on in advance, and said a few words to the hatchet-faced old man. He slightly touched his hat to Clement as the latter passed, and then went into the house, calling his dog in after him. Clement was struck by the oddity of the old man's appearance. He was shabby and grotesque, and yet the manner in which he had saluted Clement had been that of a gentleman. Altogether, he seemed to belong to a class of which Clement had no knowledge.

"What is your friend, Corda?" he asked of the little girl.

"He is a second old man, Mr. Charlewood," replied Corda, innocently.

"*A second old man!*"

"Yes; he used to be a first old man in Ireland. He is very kind in reality, though he may seem cross at first, when you don't know him."

"Oh, he is a stage performer," said Clement, on whom the little girl's meaning had flashed suddenly.

"Yes; but we are nearly at home," cried Corda, eagerly, "and I haven't told you about my seeing Miss Mabel. I went to her house at Highgate and staid the day. And I am to go again. And they were so kind to me. And Dooley is very well and strong now. And oh, Mr. Charlewood, isn't Miss Mabel sweet? When she smiles I think she is like a picture. Don't you?"

Clement made some inarticulate sound that Corda accepted as an affirmative. "I shall tell her," she went on—"I shall tell her that I have seen you. You and she are my two best friends. I'm so glad! I always think of you when I am with Miss Mabel."

"No need to trouble her about me, Corda. She would not care—we never see—I have no opportunity of seeing Miss Earnshaw now. Is this your house? Good-by, Corda."

"Good-by, and thank you so very much," replied the child, in a subdued manner. Her quick sensibility had detected that something had jarred on Clement's feelings. She had not entered the sitting-room many minutes when her father came in from the street.

"Got back all safe, little one?" said he.

"Yes, papa dear. Where's Alf?"

"He won't be home to dinner, nor perhaps to-night. I have just left him, and he asked me to answer a note for him. It's from the music-publisher that Lady Popham wished to consult about Alf. Alf said the note was in the pocket of the old coat he wears at home. You'll find it in his room. Bring it down, my darling."

Corda, delighted to be of use, ran up stairs, and, taking the coat from the chair on which it lay, put her hand into the breast-pocket. The lining was torn, and Corda's slender fingers slipped down, not into the pocket, but between the cloth and the lining. She felt a paper and pulled it out. "I suppose this is the right one," said she to herself, and unfolded it to assure herself that it was so. The child had not read ten words before she became deadly white. Her hands and her whole frame trembled violently. She stood rooted to the ground, with her bright eyes distended and fixed upon the paper. Mr. Trescott, meanwhile, was drumming irritably with his fingers on the table down stairs.

"Corda!" he called at length, standing at the foot of the stairs. "Corda, are you coming?" Then he limped up to Alfred's room. As Corda heard his footstep approaching she thrust the paper in the breast of her frock, and seeing her white face in the glass, she rubbed the pale cheeks roughly and hastily with her hands, to bring the color back.

"My child, what in the name of fate are you doing? Where is this note?" asked Mr. Trescott, impatiently.

"I can't find it, papa."

Corda's voice was husky, and she panted for breath as though she had been running quickly.

"Can't find it? Nonsense! Here it is in the outside pocket, the very first thing I come to! You are not apt to be so stupid, little one."

"Papa, I'm so—so tired—and I feel—giddy."

He caught her in his arms as she reeled forward. He laid her tenderly on the bed, called for assistance, cried over her, kissed her, and reproached her, all in a breath.

"Come here," he said to the servant who ran up stairs at his loud vehement call. "Come here and undress her. Put her into the bed, quick, quick! But gently, gently. Don't be so rough, woman! Good God, she's the tenderest little creature! Ah, Corda, naughty wicked Corda, you have been walking too far; overtaxing your strength! My darling pet, it's not your fault. It's that infernal fool of an old man. Why did I let you go with him? I'll get her some wine. There is some of Alfred's down stairs. Don't stir from her, woman, until I come back. Corda, Corda, my pretty one! My little gentle darling!"

The child was conscious, and tried to smile and thank him. When the servant began to undress her she put her hand into her breast, drew it out fast clenched, and kept it so. They made her swallow some wine, and she lay very still and submissive in the bed. "Go and write your note, papa," she said. "I am quite well now. I will be very still, but I should like to be quite by myself, please."

"No, no: Mary must stay with you."

"*Please* not, dear papa! I shall not want any thing."

He remonstrated, but she begged so hard that he had not the heart to refuse her. He could never be obdurate to Corda's pleadings.

"Go to sleep, my little lamb. That will be best for you. Go to sleep."

In the course of an hour or so he came up again, listened at the door, and then softly entered and looked at her. She seemed to be peacefully asleep. But the moment after he had left the room her large hazel eyes were unclosed, and her pale lips formed inaudibly the reiterated sentence: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" over and over again for hours.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A *snow-storm* was a rarity quite unlooked for when we slipped away into the country to spend the early autumn. "Variety *is* the spice of life," and vastly agreeable in the main; but it certainly did occur to us while watching the snow-flakes whirling through the air last week that Nature was seasoning September in a very *unseasonable* manner. Yes, it was actually on the very last day of "gentle September" when this unwonted occurrence transpired—sometime ago, it is true; but that only makes the phenomenon the more strange. We have heard a good aunt, now aged eighty-two, tell of an old-time snow-storm that came the latter part of June, 1816, whitening the ground, blighting the buds, and killing the tender little birds. And this September snow-storm will be remembered as one of the rare weather items.

The day previous had been delightfully warm and pleasant. Evening brought a sudden change. Black clouds hid the stars that had twinkled brightly even in the twilight; and all night the wild winds whistled fiercely through the leafy boughs as though it were bleak December. Morning brought rain, hail, and finally a genuine snow-storm, lasting for hours, though the flakes melted on the ground. The hills and mountains, however, were capped with snow, and an irrepressible shiver came over us at the sight. October seemed bewildered at this strange freak of September, and attempted to keep up the farce; but after one day's efforts was exhausted, and settled down into a mild and gentle state of mind and manner.

The recent violent hail-storm in Philadelphia is estimated to have destroyed not less than $200,000 worth of window-glass. The hail-stones were of extraordinary size, but the exhibition was an expensive one.

"The Forest City" and "The Garden City" are the names of two splendid passenger cars recently built under the supervision of George Platt, architect of this city, for the use of the Southern Michigan Railroad. They are designed to run between Cleveland and Chicago, and are emphatically *Palace Cars*, being most exquisitely finished, and furnished with every convenience and luxury which can promote a traveler's comfort.

Some lazy rogue, who had better use his brains in inventing another way to earn his living, recently demanded fifty cents from two unsophisticated country women, who crossed the Broadway Bridge, stating that it was the established toll for crossing. The fee was paid, though considered rather exorbitant.

It is becoming not uncommon for large dealers in different mercantile departments to connect their various business places by private telegraphs. Orders for goods are taken in one city, or in one part of a city, and instantly transmitted to head-quarters, far distant. Such is the progress of the age.

A quiet town in staid Connecticut is convulsed with the question of the color of its Congregational church, which is to be newly painted. The money is all raised, but some of the men want a white church, while others insist that it shall be yellow, and both have agreed to leave it to the women to decide.

In an address before the Border State Convention at Baltimore the speaker narrated the following, which is too good to lose: "I know but one black man in Maryland whose position is doubtful. His name is Abe Corts. Some one came to me some time ago and said Abe Corts was a Copperhead. 'Oh,' said I, 'I think that's very true.' The next time I saw Abe I told him. 'They say you're a Copperhead, Abe.' 'Oh yes, Massa John, I'm a Copperhead.' Says I, 'Abe, you're a fool.' 'No, Massa,' says he, 'I'm no fool. Just hear what this nigger has to say. You know I am a pretty old man, and can't read nor write, and ain't got sense enough to learn, and besides, I'm mighty fond of whisky. I never thought I was fit for any thing but to be a Democrat.' That sort of reasoning overcame me, and I surrendered at discretion."

A terrific occurrence recently transpired at Minneapolis, Minnesota. As a citizen was approaching his house, a day or two since, he heard issuing from within screams of terror. His heart sank within him, he sprang forward to the rescue, and rushed frantically into the parlor. The scene which met his eyes beggars description. The sister of his youth, with one of his children frantically clasped in her arms, was standing upon the sofa, apparently upon the verge of hysterics, and the wife of his bosom, with the other child in her arms, was crouched upon the piano, and, oh, horror! in the opposite corner of the room, panting with fright, entirely unconscious of the terror he was the cause of, and trembling for his own safety, was—a *mouse!*

At a recent meeting of the Farmers' Agricultural Club one of the members exhibited an ear of black sweet corn, from the Department of Agriculture at Washington. He said they called it Black Republican sweet corn. He also showed a very small ear of sweet corn, about like pop corn. Whether they call it Democratic corn he did not say.

A colored correspondent of the New Orleans *Times* thus expresses his ideas: "In a few years it will not be a question whether there will be schools for colored children, but it will be whether white children will be admitted to our institutions of learning. The bottom rail is on top, and Yankees, as well as all the minority, *must take a back seat.*"

Railroads in Minnesota have met with a violent opponent. An old farmer in Ramsey County, Minnesota, named O'Conner, determined that a railroad should not be built on his land, took an old blunderbuss and drove off the laborers who had commenced to break ground. The attorney of the road thought to pacify him; but when he appeared the old man raised the terrible instrument, whereupon the attorney cried out, "H-h-h-old—don't shoot!" and retired from the ground behind his law-book barricade. A constable next essayed the task; but he, too, beat a hasty retreat. At last advices O'Conner was still there, having been on guard forty-eight hours without relief.

A Western daily journal contains a column headed "Woman," in which sensation items connected with the sex are placed. Quite as good a column, headed "Man," might be made up, if a smart editor would give his mind to the subject.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The late Rising in Spain.—Spain is asleep in more ways than one. We have heard enough of her "late rising." When shall we hear of her "early rising?"

Question for Mr. Borrow.—Is the bread used by Roman peasants made from the Romany Rye?

To what inn should hungry cattle be sent?—To Gray's.

### ON TAKING A WIFE.

Said Sheridan, meeting his son on the way,
"I am thinking 'tis time you were settled in life,
And so, without dally or foolish delay,
I do hope I may hear of you taking a wife."

"Very well," said the other, "your will shall suffice
To decide me what future arrangements to make:
I'll do it; and therefore by way of advice,
Won't you tell me, dear father, whose wife I shall take?"

Answer to a Query.—No. Sir Isaac Newton was not called "The Laughing Philosopher" until he discovered gravity.

A colored preacher at the South recently said in a prayer: "O Lord, be pleased to shake your great table-cloth over your hungry children dat dey may be fed with the crumbs of your love!"

### A LOVE LYRIC.

I miss her at the break of day,
And muse upon her name;
In all my moods, or grave, or gay,
I miss her just the same.
And when at dusk the zephyr light
Breathes o'er the rippling air,
I wander lonely through the night,
And yet she is not there.

I think of her, and wonder much
With whom she now may be;
The memory of her tone and touch
Alone remains to me.
Another sits beside her now,
Another hears her sighs—
Toys with the ringlets on her brow,
And gazes in her eyes.

Say, shall I groan beneath my grief?
Tell me, shall I repine?
Sink to the sere and yellow leaf—
Since she's no longer mine!
Good gracious! nothing of the kind;
I miss her, it is true;
I miss her, certainly—but, mind,
I'm precious glad I do!

A good story is told of Camp-meeting John Allen. At a social gathering of ministers of different denominations, a Baptist brother made a display of objection to the Methodist polity, because, as he said, there was "too much machinery to it." "Yes," responded Brother Allen, "there is a good deal of machinery, but it don't take so much *water* to run it as the Baptist does."

An essence that yields most—Acqui-escence.

The best stimulant for the Hare—A Greyhound.

A "Tall" Artist.—An artist has painted a dog so natural that the animal had the hydrophobia during the hot weather. He's the same man that painted a copy of a beer-bottle with such skill that the cork flew out just as he was finishing it. And after he was married, he painted a picture of his first baby so lifelike that it cried, and his wife spanked it before she discovered her mistake.

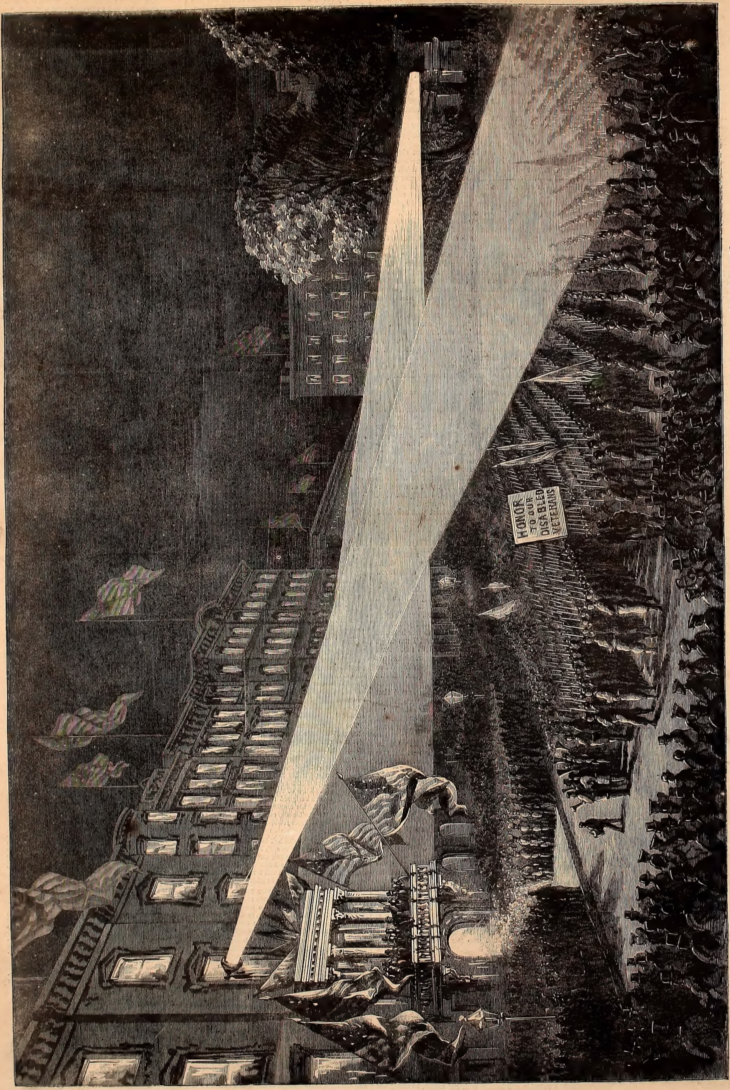
The Peace Congress has terminated most satisfactorily. All the members have been sworn to keep the Peace.

A Tea party—A Chinaman.

Young Henry's in love, I declare!
How the insect keeps fluttering by!
I think, nay, I'd venture to swear,
If I were to frown he would die!

Not wishing the youth any ill,
If he woo me in form for his wife,
As the Bible says "Thou shalt not kill,"
I'll say "Yes," and *transport* him for life!

An Irish bachelor seeing the words "Families supplied" over the door of a shop, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.




THE SHERIDAN RECEPTION—SCENE AT NIGHT IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Sketched by D. C. Hitchcock.—[See Page 667.]

A DROVE OF TEXAS CATTLE CROSSING A STREAM.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 666.]

## TEXAS CATTLE RAISING.

The fine alluvial lands of Western Louisiana and Texas are well adapted to stock-raising; and the latter State is the main source from which the Southwest obtains its beef. Stock-raising is the chief occupation of the people; and every man one meets is either a stock-farmer or a stock-drover. Of beef-cattle, oxen, and milch cows, Texas owned, and in 1860 paid taxes on, 3,535,768 head, nearly twice as much as the number raised in New York, and one-seventh of all raised in the United States. Sheep-raising is an occupation in which large numbers of persons are also employed in Texas, and the State annually raises nearly a million sheep. The expense of sheep-raising in the State is so insignificant that many engage in it for the great profit it affords. The shepherds are generally small Indian boys; a couple of whom with the assistance of a sheep-dog will attend to a herd of 2000 head of sheep. The Texas sheep-dogs are a fine and valuable breed; and are so trained that the sheep will follow their bark as they do a shepherd's call. The "keep" of a good dog and a couple of shepherd-boys are the only expenses necessary to sheep-raising in Texas, the animals grazing wherever and on whose lands they like.

Owing to the unsettled condition of the State many peculiarities of interest are noted in the manner of raising the animals. The existence and duties of a stock-farmer of Texas are very different from those of a New England breeder of beef-cattle and sheep. Where a New England farmer owns a dozen cows a Texas farmer raises a hundred. For every fence which subdivides a New England farm a Texas farm can boast hardly a rail: there are no pounds there, no laws against vagrant cattle; the animals rove over the vast prairies unattended, but not unclaimed. As there is no confining them within inclosures, and no watching them as with shepherds, a system of brands is used to identify them. Each owner has his private mark with which he brands, with a red-hot iron, every calf or colt which belongs to him, and he then turns it loose into the prairie. Many of the animals stray to a great distance from "home," and the owners are obliged to keep standing advertisements in the paper offering rewards for their return. These advertisements are generally headed by a *fac-simile* of the brand of the owner, something in the style of advertised trade-marks, and they not only form a unique column of the Texas newspaper, but is also its chief support. The most of the advertisements, after calling attention to "My horse and cattle brand," and offering the "regular price for bringing up cows with young and unbranded calves," generally wind up with a notice to all unauthorized persons not to "sell my beeves or *milk* my cows."

Vast numbers of these cattle are driven on foot to the Mississippi River, and, after crossing it, into the interior of the cotton States. Our illustration on page 665 shows a drove of them crossing a stream. A drove of five hundred cattle is usually accompanied by a dozen men, drivers, cook, etc., mounted upon mustang ponies, a wild set, who plunge in and out of rivers, or rush in among stampeders in the most reckless way. At night the cattle rest and feed, some of the men sleeping under a smudge of smoking grass and brush to keep off mosquitoes, while others ride around the herd upon watch. If the weather is very hot it is not unusual to travel part of the night and rest by day.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

### Book VII.—Charlotte's Engagement.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(*Concluded.*)

After luncheon the lovers went for a walk in Kensington Gardens, with Diana Paget to play propriety.

"You will come with us, won't you, dear Di?" pleaded Charlotte. "You have been looking pale and ill lately, and I am sure a walk will do you good."

Valentine seconded his liege lady's request; and the three spent a couple of hours pacing briskly to and fro in the lonelier parts of the gardens, leaving the broad walks for the cockneys, who mustered strong upon this seasonable Christmas afternoon.

For two out of those three that wintry walk was rapture only too fleeting. For the third it was passive endurance. The agonies that had but lately rent Diana's breast when she had seen those two together no longer tortured her. The scorpion sting was beginning to lose its venomous power. She suffered still, but her suffering was softened by resignation. There is a limit to the capacity for pain in every mind. Diana had borne her share of anguish, and to those sharp throes and bitter torments there had succeeded a passive sense of sorrow that was almost peace.

"I have lost him," she said to herself. "Life can never bring me much joy; but I should be worse than weak if I spent my existence in the indulgence of my sorrow. I should be one of the vilest wretches upon this earth if I could not teach myself to witness the happiness of my friend without repining."

Miss Paget had not arrived at this frame of mind without severe struggles. Many times, in the long wakeful nights, in the slow joyless days, she had said to herself "Peace, peace," when there was no peace. But at last the real peace, the true balm of Gilead, was given in answer to her prayers, and the weary soul tasted the sweetness of repose. She had wrestled with the demon, and had vanquished her foe.

To-day, as she walked beside the lovers and listened to their happy, frivolous talk, she felt like a mother who had seen the man she loved won from her by her own daughter, and who had resigned herself to the ruin of all her hopes for love of her child.

There was more genial laughter and pleasant converse at Mr. Sheldon's dinner-table that evening than was usual at that hospitable board; but the stock-broker himself contributed little to the merriment of the party. He was quiet, and even thoughtful, and let the talk and laughter go by him without any attempt to take his part in it. After dinner he went to his own room, while Valentine and the ladies sat round the fire in the orthodox Christmas manner, and, after a good deal of discursive conversation, subsided into the telling of ghost-stories.

George Sheldon sat apart from the circle, turning over the books upon the table, or peering into a stereoscope with an evident sense of extreme weariness. This kind of domestic evening was a manner of life which Mr. Sheldon of Gray's Inn denounced as "slow;" and he submitted himself to the endurance of it this evening only because he did not know where else to bestow his presence.

"I don't think papa cares much about ghost-stories, does he, uncle George?" Charlotte asked, by way of saying something to the gentleman, who seemed so very dreary as he sat yawning over the books and stereoscopes.

"I don't suppose he does, my dear."

"And do you think he believes in ghosts?" the young lady demanded, laughingly.

"No, I'm sure he doesn't," replied George, very seriously.

"Why, how solemnly you say that!" cried Charlotte, a little startled by George Sheldon's manner, in which there had been an earnestness not quite warranted by the occasion.

"I was thinking of your father—not my brother Phil. He died in Philip's house, you know; and if Phil believed in ghosts he would scarcely have liked living in that house afterward, you see, and so on. But he went on living there for a twelvemonth longer. It seemed just as good as any other house to him, I suppose."

Hereupon Georgy dissolved into tears, and told the company how she had fled from the house in which her first husband had died immediately after the funeral.

"And I'm sure the gentlemanly manner in which your step-papa behaved during all that dreadful time, Charlotte, is beyond all praise," continued the lady, turning to her daughter; "so thoughtful, so kind, so patient. I'm sure what I should have done if poor Tom's illness had happened in a strange house I don't know. And I have no doubt that the new doctor, Mr. Burkham, did his duty, though his manner was not as decided as I should have wished."

"Mr. Burkham!" cried Valentine. "What Burkham is that? We've a member of the Ragamuffins called Burkham, a surgeon, who does a little in the literary line."

"The Mr. Burkham who attended my poor dear husband was a very young man," answered Georgy; "a fair man, with a fresh color and a hesitating manner. I should have been so much better satisfied if he had been older."

"That is the man," said Valentine. "The Burkham I know is fresh-colored and fair, and can not be much over thirty."

"Are you and he particularly intimate?" asked George Sheldon, carelessly.

"Oh dear no, not at all! We speak to each other when we happen to meet—that's all. He seems a nice fellow enough; and he evidently hasn't much practice, or he couldn't afford to be a Ragamuffin, and to write farces. He looks to me exactly the kind of modest, deserving man who ought to succeed, and who so seldom does."

This was all that was said about Mr. Burkham; but there was no more talk of ghost-stories, and a temporary depression fell upon the little assembly. The memory of her father had always a saddening influence upon Charlotte; and it needed many tender *sotto-voce* speeches from Valentine to bring back the smiles to her fair young face.

The big electro-plated tea-tray and massive silver tea-pot made their appearance presently, and immediately after came Mr. Sheldon.

"I want to have a little talk with you after tea, Hawkehurst," he said, as he took his own cup from Georgy's hand, and proceeded to imbibe the beverage standing. "If you'll come out into the garden and have a cigar I can say all I have to say in a very few minutes; and then we can come in here for a rubber. Georgy is a very decent player; and my brother George plays as good a rubber as any man at the Conservative or the Reform."

Valentine's heart sank within him. What could Mr. Sheldon want with a few minutes' talk if not to revoke his gracious permission of some days before—the permission that had been accorded in ignorance of Charlotte's pecuniary advantages? The young man looked very pale as he went to smoke his cigar in Mr. Sheldon's garden: Charlotte followed him with anxious eyes, and wondered at the sudden gravity of his manner. George Sheldon was also puzzled by his brother's desire for a *tête-à-tête*.

"What new move is Phil going to make?" he asked himself.

The two men lit their cigars, and got them well under way before Mr. Sheldon began to talk.

"When I gave my consent to receive you as Miss Halliday's suitor, my dear Hawkehurst," he said at last, "I told you that I was acting as very few men of the world would act, and I only told you the truth. Since giving you that consent I have made a very startling discovery, and one that places me in quite a new position with regard to this matter."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Mr. Hawkehurst: I have become aware of the fact that Miss Halliday, the girl whom I thought entirely dependent upon my generosity, is heir-at-law to a large fortune. You will of course perceive how entirely this alters the position of affairs."

"I do perceive," Valentine answered, earnestly; "but I trust you will believe that I had not the faintest idea of Miss Halliday's position when I asked her to be my wife. As to my love for her, I can scarcely tell you when that began; but I think it must have dated from the first hour in which I saw her, for I can remember no period at which I did *not* love her."

"If I did not believe you superior to any mercenary motives, you would not have been under my roof to-day, Mr. Hawkehurst," said the stock-broker, with extreme gravity. "The discovery of my step-daughter's position gives me no pleasure. Her claim to this wealth only increases my responsibility with regard to her, and responsibility is what I would willingly avoid. After all due deliberation, therefore, I have decided that this discovery need make no alteration in your position as Charlotte's future husband. If you were worthy of her when she was without fortune, you are not less worthy now."

"Mr. Sheldon," cried Valentine, with considerable emotion, "I did not expect so much generosity at your hands."

"No," replied the stock-broker, "the popular idea of a business-man is not particularly agreeable. I do not, however, pretend to any thing like generosity; I wish to take a common-sense view of the affair, but not an illiberal one."

"You have shown so much generosity of feeling that I can no longer sail under false colors," said Valentine, after a brief pause. "Until a day or two ago I was bound to secrecy by a promise made to your brother. But his communication of Miss Halliday's rights to you sets me at liberty, and I must tell you that which may possibly cause you to withdraw your confidence."

Hereupon Mr. Hawkehurst revealed his share in the researches which had resulted in the discovery of Miss Halliday's claim to a large fortune. He entered into no details. He told Mr. Sheldon only that he had been the chief instrument in bringing about this important discovery.

"I can only repeat what I said just now," he added, in conclusion. "I have loved Charlotte Halliday from the beginning of our acquaintance, and I declared myself some days before I discovered her position. I trust this confession will in nowise alter your estimate of me."

"It would be a poor return for your candor if I were to doubt your voluntary statement, Hawkehurst," answered the stock-broker. "No, I shall not withdraw my confidence. And if your researches should ultimately lead to the advancement of my step-daughter, there will be only poetical justice in your profiting more or less by that advancement. In the mean time we can not take matters too quietly. I am not a sanguine person, and I know how many hearts have been broken by the High Court of Chancery. This grand discovery of yours may result in nothing but disappointment and waste of money, or it may end as pleasantly as my brother and you seem to expect. All I ask is, that poor Charlotte's innocent heart may not be tortured by a small lifetime of suspense. Let her be told nothing that can create hope in the present or disappointment in the future. She appears to be perfectly happy in her present position, and it would be worse than folly to disturb her by vague expectations that may never be realized. She will have to make affidavits, and so on, by-and-by, I dare say; and when that time comes she must be told there is some kind of suit pending in which she is concerned. But she need not be told how nearly that suit concerns her, or the extent of her alleged claim. You see, my dear Hawkehurst, I have seen so much of this sort of thing, and the misery involved in it, that I may be forgiven if I am cautious."

This was putting the whole affair in a new light. Until this moment Valentine had fancied that, the chain of evidence once established, Charlotte's claim had only to be asserted in order to place her in immediate possession of the Haygarth estate. But Mr. Sheldon's cool and matter-of-fact discussion of the subject implied all manner of doubt and difficulty, and the Haygarthian thousands seemed carried away to the most remote and shadowy regions of Chancery land, as by the waves of some legal ocean.

"And you really think it would be better not to tell Charlotte?"

"I am sure of it. If you wish to preserve her from all manner of worry and annoyance you will take care to keep her in the dark until the affair is settled—supposing it ever should be settled. I have known such an affair to outlast the person interested."

"You take a very despondent view of the matter."

"I take a practical view of it. My brother George is a monomaniac on the next-of-kin subject."

"I can not quite reconcile myself to the idea of concealing the truth from Charlotte."

"That is because you do not know the world as well as I do," answered Mr. Sheldon, coolly.

"I can not imagine that the idea of this claim would have any disturbing influence upon her," Valentine argued, thoughtfully. "She is the last person in the world to care about money."

"Perhaps so. But there is a kind of intoxication in the idea of a large fortune—an intoxication that no woman of Charlotte's age could stand against. Tell her that she has a claim to considerable wealth, and from that moment she will count upon the possession of that wealth, and shape all her plans for the future upon that basis. 'When I get my fortune I will do this, that, and the other.' *That* is what she will be continually saying to herself; and by-and-by, when the affair results in failure, as it very likely will, there will remain a sense of disappointment which will last for a lifetime, and go far to embitter all the ordinary pleasures of Charlotte's existence."

"I am inclined to think you are right," said Valentine, after some little deliberation. "My darling girl is perfectly happy as it is. It may be wisest to tell her nothing."

"I am quite sure of that," replied Mr. Sheldon. "Of course her being enlightened or not can be in no way material to me. It is a subject upon which I can afford to be entirely disinterested."

"I will take your advice, Mr. Sheldon."

"So be it. In that case matters will remain *in statu quo*. You will be received in this house as my step-daughter's future husband, and it is an understood thing that your marriage is not to take place without due consultation with me. I am to have a voice in the business."

"Most decidedly. It is only right that you should be deferred to."

This brought the interview to a close very pleasantly. The gentlemen went back to the house, and Valentine found himself presently seated at a whist-table with the brothers Sheldon, and Georgy, who played very well, in a feeble kind of way, holding religiously by all the precepts of Hoyle, and in evident fear of her husband and brother-in-law. Charlotte and Diana played duets while the whist progressed, with orthodox silence and solemnity on the part of the four players. Valentine's eyes wandered very often to the piano, and he was in nowise sorry when the termination of a conquering rubber set him at liberty. He contrived to secure a brief *tête-à-tête* with his Charlotte while he helped her in the arrangement of the books on the music-stand, and then the shrill chime of the clock on the mantle-piece, and an audible yawn from Philip Sheldon, told him that he must go.

"Providence has been very good to us," he said in an under-tone, as he bade Miss Halliday good-night. "Your stepfather's conduct is all that is kind and thoughtful, and there is not a cloud upon our future. Good-night, and God bless you, my dearest! I think I shall always consider this my first Christmas-day. I never knew till to-day how sweet and holy this anniversary can be."

He walked to Cumberland Gate in company with George Sheldon, who preserved a sulky gravity which was by no means agreeable.

"You have chosen your own course," he said at parting; "and I only hope the result may prove your wisdom. But, as I think I may have remarked before, you don't know my brother Phil as well as I do."

"Your brother has behaved with such extreme candor and good feeling toward me that I would really rather not hear any of your unpleasant innuendoes against him. I hate that 'I could an if I would' style of talk, and while I occupy my present position in your brother's house I can not consent to hear any thing to his discredit."

"That's a very tall animal you've taken to riding lately, my friend Hawkehurst," said George; "and when a man rides the high horse with me I always let him have the benefit of his *monture*. You have served yourself without consideration for me, and I shall not trouble myself in the future with any regard for you or your interests. But if harm ever comes to you or yours through my brother Philip, remember that I warned you. Good-night."

In Charlotte's room the cheery little fire burned late upon that frosty night, while the girl sat in her dressing-gown dreamily brushing her soft brown hair, and meditating upon the superhuman merits and graces of her lover.

It was more than an hour after the family had retired, when there came a cautious tapping at Charlotte's door. "It is only I, dear," said a low voice; and before Charlotte could answer the door was opened, and Diana came in, and went straight to the hearth by which her friend was sitting.

"I am so wakeful to-night, Lotta," she said; "and the light under your door tempted me to come in for a few minutes' chat."

"My dearest Di, you know how glad I always am to see you."

"Yes, dear, I know that you are only too good to me—and I have been so wayward, so ungracious. Oh, Charlotte, I know my coldness has wounded you during the last few months."

"I have been just a little hurt now and then, dear, when you have seemed not to care for me, or to sympathize with me in all my joys and sorrows; but then it has been selfish of me to expect so much sympathy, and I know that, if your manner is cold, your heart is noble."

"No, Lotta, it is not noble. It is a wicked heart."

"Diana!"

"Yes," said Miss Paget, kneeling by her friend's chair, and speaking with suppressed energy; "it has been a wicked heart, wicked because your happiness has been torture to it."

"Diana!"

"Oh, my dearest one, do not look at me with those innocent, wondering eyes. You will hate me, perhaps, when you know all. Oh no, no, no, you will not hate—you will pity and forgive me. I loved him, dear; he was my companion, my only friend; and there was a time—long ago—before he had ever seen your face, when I fancied that he cared for me, and would get to love me—as I loved him—unasked, uncared for. Oh, Charlotte, you can never know what I have suffered. It is not in your nature to comprehend what such a woman as I can suffer. I loved him so dearly, I clung so wickedly, so madly to my old hopes, my old dreams, long after they had become the falsest hopes, the wildest dreams that ever had power over a distracted mind. But, my darling, it is past; and I come to you on this Christmas night to tell you that I have conquered my stubborn heart,

and that from this time forward there shall be no cloud between you and me."

"Diana, my dear friend, my poor girl!" cried Charlotte, quite overcome; "you loved him, you—as well as I—and I have robbed you of his heart!"

"No, Charlotte, it was never mine."

"You loved him—all the time you spoke so harshly of him!"

"When I seemed most harsh I loved him most. But do not look at me with such distress in your sweet face, my dear. I tell you that the worst pain is past and gone. The rest is very easy to bear, and to outlive. These things do not last forever, Charlotte, whatever the poets and novelists may tell us. If I had not lived through the worst I should not be here to-night, with your arm round my neck and his name upon my lips. I have never wished you joy until to-night, Charlotte, and now for the first time I can wish you all good things, in honesty and truth. I have conquered myself. I do not say that to me Valentine Hawkehurst can ever be quite what other men are. I think that to the end of my life there will be a look in his face, a tone of his voice, that will touch me more deeply than any other look or tone upon earth; but my love for you has overcome my love for him, and there is no hidden thought in my mind to-night as I sit at your feet, and pray for God's blessing on your choice."

"My darling Diana, I know not how to thank you, how to express my faith and my love!"

"I doubt if I am worthy of your love, dear; but, with God's help, I will be worthy of your trust; and if ever there should come a day in which my love can succor or my devotion serve you there shall be no lack of either. Listen, dear; there are the waits playing the sweet Christmas hymn. Do you remember what Shakspeare says about the 'bird of dawning' singing all night long, and how no evil spirit roams abroad at this dear season—

'So hallowed and so gracious is the time?'

I have conquered my evil spirit, Lotta, and there shall be peace and true love between us for ever more—shall there not, dearest friend?"

And thus ends the story of Diana Paget's girlish love—the love that had grown up in secret, to be put away from her heart in silence, and buried with the dead dreams and fancies that had fostered it. For her to-night the romance of life closed forever. For Charlotte the sweet story was newly begun, and the opening chapters were very pleasant—the mystic volume seemed all delight. Blessed with her lover's devotion, her mother's approval, and even Mr. Sheldon's benign approbation, what more could she ask from Providence—what lurking dangers could she fear—what storm-cloud could she perceive upon the sunlit heavens?

There was a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, but the harbinger of tempest and terror. It yet remains to be shown what form that cloud assumed, and from what quarter the tempest came. The history of Charlotte Halliday has grown upon the writer; and the completion of that history, with the fate of John Haygarth's fortune, will be told under the title of

Charlotte's Inheritance.

## LOISETTE.

It was a divine May morning when I set out to walk to Summerfield, and I felt more hopeful of success than I had ever done before. I had determined that that day should decide my fate. All through the winter and the early spring I had loved Loisette, and a hundred times I had longed and yearned to tell her so, and to ask her to be my wife, and each time something—I could hardly say what—struck me silent.

She liked me, I knew, but did she love me? Something in her eyes seemed to lead me to hope she did; such eyes they were, loving, and tender, and shy. When I looked into their soft depths all the most delightful descriptions of eyes I had ever read used to come across me, "les portes de l'amour," "des bluets doux comme les yeux;" above all, Calderon's tender refrain,

Sweetest eyes were ever seen.

When she looked at me with those eyes, then it seemed to me I might "tell her all that was in my heart," and take her to mine unforbidden. But the next moment, as if she guessed and half feared my thought, she turned away slyly, and her manner altered, and my heart shrunk back in fear and sorrow.

But at last I felt I could endure this suspense no longer. I must know the best or the worst. If she were to be mine, such a home and such a life as I had planned, and hoped, and dreamed of ever since I first knew her, should be prepared; if she were not for me, then I should leave England, and break away from that and all other home-ties, and try to bear it like a man somewhere away from all that should unman me.

But that May-day, as I started forth and walked along briskly through the up and down lanes of the lovely Hertfordshire country; now, shut in between banks tufted with ferns, overrun with the exquisite small-leaved ivy, crowned with lavish May; now, emerging upon sweeps of hill and dips of valley, crossing commons ablaze with gorse, traversing woodland paths where bluebells spread their sheets of azure, and lingering primroses starred mossy banks; Heaven! how I remember it all! That May-day hope seemed as strong and as full of spring and life and vigor as my own limbs. I strode on, thinking of the eyes that would look up their soft welcome to mine, and of the warm little hand that I should clasp, and perhaps then claim as mine, my very own, while life should last. It seemed to me that such feelings could not but be prophetic.

"If I find her in the garden," I thought, "I will look upon it as a good omen; I will not let the time go by, I will seize the opportunity and speak to her at once."

I got to the cottage and opened the garden-gate. As I stepped inside I saw her, a little way down the path, in her dainty morning gown and broad garden hat, filling the basket that hung on her arm with flowers, and softly singing to herself. I stopped on the lawn; I wanted to come upon her unawares, and test the effect of my sudden appearance, which I could not do if the sound of my foot on the gravel should betray my approach: thus I got close to her before she knew I was near. She started violently, and the color rushed to her cheek. The slightest thing would bring it—I have seen her flush at the sudden rising of a bird from the thicket. The next moment she smiled and held out her hand. "Oh, it is you! You startled me. I had no idea any body was near," and the sweet eyes were raised to mine trustingly. "Won't you come in?"

"Not if I may stay out—unless you are tired?"

"Oh no, I am never tired of being in the garden. So you'll help me to gather my flowers; see, you can reach up to those sprays of honeysuckle; get some of the best, the rosiest, for me."

"Ah, how delicious!" she said, inhaling the fragrance with deep ecstatic inspirations, and she held up to me the blossom that had just touched her face. I kissed the flower; I took the hand that held it; I told her all I had to tell. She stood still, her head bent so that the hat hid her face from me, and I knew not in what spirit she listened till a sigh that was half a sob checked me.

She looked up with a face so full of pain, of pity, of perplexity, of deprecating appeal, that though the hope in my heart sank down I almost felt more for the sorrow in her face than for that in my own soul.

"Forgive me," she said. "I am so grieved. I ought to have told you. I did not know that you—that you cared for me *that* way. I have been engaged these two years. He is in India, and coming back in August. Oh, you don't think I have been coquettish—that I have been knowingly leading you on to this—*do* you?" In her earnestness she laid her hand on mine, and lifted her face with a tremulous mouth, and eyes brimful of tears.

If I had died for it I must have snatched the consolation the moment offered—the last, the only one. I drew her on my heart, holding her close, close; and I stilled the quivering of the lips with twenty kisses.

When I released her she turned her back to me, hid her face in her hands, and sobbed till her frame shook.

"Loisette, Loisette, forgive me! I could not help it! I swear I could not help it, Loisette!"

She shook her head.

"Loisette, think how I love you; think what I feel in knowing all the hope I had of you is gone—gone forever! Loisette, I am going away, where I can never offend you more. Think that what I have done was done in parting with you for the last time—a last farewell, Loisette."

She tried to speak, but sobs made her inarticulate, still I knew she was bitterly reproaching me.

"Yes; I know I have no right to expect forgiveness. I will go. I won't distress you further. But we have at least been friends, dear, and you can not think of that, and let me go forever, without one word."

Still she was silent. I paused and waited; then I flung up my arms, as a man does who has lost all; and with a great groan I turned to leave her. I heard her move, I heard her attempt to speak, and I looked back. Her face was still averted, still covered with one hand. But the other was held out to me, and springing back I took it reverently, and bent my lips upon it.

"God forever bless you, Loisette, the one and only woman in His earth for me!"

"And God bless you and comfort you," she said. "I wish I could have been a better friend to you—I meant to be. Always believe that."

"I will, I do."

And so Loisette and I parted. The May morning was darkened as I passed through the garden gate again. I turned my steps I knew not whither—away where no one could see me. That was the only wish or instinct I had.

I walked miles, seeking rest, and finding none. At last I stopped at a gate, and leaned my arms on it, and looked blindly over the wide landscape spread before me.

As I gazed a dull numbness fell on my sorrow, and my perceptions of outward objects slowly returned.

I watched some children gathering blossoms of the May, and thought what a pity it was they should tear the boughs down so, and destroy so much to secure so little. I watched a stealthy cat creeping through the long undulations of the grass, on the hunt for the poor little tender young rabbits. Up sprang a lark, bursting into ripples of song, and my eye followed him, rising, hovering, rising again, pausing, balancing on the wing, soaring up once more, darting away obliquely, resting a while, but always singing—singing as if he could not cease for his life—then dashing down like a stone and vanishing.

And then my great grief seized me once more, and I dropped on the turf and hid my face in my arms, and cried as I had never cried since I was a boy, when my mother died, and when I thought the world held no more happiness for me.

When our great griefs fall on us we treat them as boys do bonfires. It seems that they can not burn fiercely enough; we heap on them every thing that comes to our hand in the way of fuel; all the tenderest recollections, all the sweetest hopes, all the most blessed anticipations, that made the joy and glory of our lives—that were as wings, lifting us above the earth we trod on. All these are brought out from the store-house of memory and thrown on the pile, making it blaze with inextinguishable fury, or what seems to us so, and we feel a bitter relish in the anguish, and seek to make it more, rather than less, as we stir the heap into fiercer conflagration.

Ah me! Ah me! what a miserable fool I had been, and how was I punished!

I had thought, when in my hopefulness that morning I had contemplated the whole affair, that I had been prepared for this possibility, and could bear it. But, strangely, it had never entered into my calculations that if Loisette were not for me, it could be that she was promised to another; *there* was the sting, the thing so impossible to endure without every fibre of my heart being torn by the agonies of jealousy, in addition to grief. Loisette engaged, Loisette with no love for me, all her love for another! Loisette thinking of him, writing to him, calling him all those tender names that lips like hers seemed made to utter! And in August—in three months—he was coming back, doubtless to claim his bride!

At that thought I sprang up as if a serpent had arisen from the green turf and stung me. I started away so far that it was not till dark that, utterly worn out and exhausted, I reached home. I shall never forget that night, nor the waking in the morning, after a couple of hours' dead sleep.

That day I wrote to my cousin, Sir Edward Haldane, who had just been appointed Governor of New Brunswick, to offer myself as his private secretary: a post he had suggested my taking when his nomination to the place had first been talked of. The answer came. He would be delighted; in less than a fortnight I left England.

"I am so grieved," Mrs. Hamilton had written before this, "so grieved in *every* way." I had not been wrong, then, in fancying I had had her good wishes. "I should have been so glad to have bidden you God-speed by word of mouth before you went, but I feel I ought not to ask you to come. Any way, you have our best wishes, now and ever." Not a word from Loisette. Well, better so. What could she say?

I often look back now on my sojourn in that black, miserable, raw colony, ice-bound for half the year, sun-scorched for a few weeks, with something like a shudder.

The great cold staring barrack of a Government House, with its flat unshaded gardens; the unpicturesque village that was the seat of government, and prided itself accordingly; the country that was nothing but dense forest, bare clearing, studded with blackened stumps or quaking morass! The interminable winter, white, still, silent, fettered with a frost that was unrelenting as death, that chilled the blood and nipped the flesh into blains, and checked the current of life in the veins of childhood, of age, and of all tender beings!

Oh, the desolation of those winter forests! No tongue can tell it! No breeze, no voice of bird, no rustle of leaf, no color: a broad white floor, a hard blue roof, black stiff iron trees standing up motionless and stark. All so like my life in desolateness! only this nature felt no pain!

I staid there till the sickly, tardy spring, often driven back by fresh snow-falls, came to loosen the spell that winter had laid on the suffering land, and then I resolved to bear it no longer, and, come what might, to return to England, and learn tidings of Loisette. It seemed to me that any thing would be more endurable than this dead silence regarding her.

So I turned my back on New Brunswick for evermore, and reached England in March; March, wild and gusty, but at least alive with birds singing, and grass and buds upshooting in field and hedgerow.

I went at once into Hertfordshire. I dared not go to Mrs. Hamilton's; I dared not ask any thing about the family, lest I should learn what I had come there to know.

I wandered about among the lanes where we used to wander, hoping, dreading, longing, oh, how intensely! At last I came upon Loisette and her sister. I did not meet them, but a turn of the road brought me in sight of them, walking slowly before me.

I hastened my steps: I *must* see her once more, must look into her eyes, must hear the tones of her voice, let the cost be what it would.

As I approached she turned with a start, a look half expectant, half alarmed; she felt who was coming, and the blood rushed over face and neck and brow. Mrs. Hamilton, following her sister's movement, was the first to speak; she came forward, both hands extended, with joyous welcome; then Loisette greeted me with shy kindness, passed to the other side of her sister, and walked on silently: while Mrs. Hamilton questioned me as to my travels, my movements, my plans.

"You'll come and see us, you will promise? I know you are a man of your word, and that if you promise you will keep your word. Come and dine to-morrow, will you?"

I promised. I could not be more miserable than I was, and I must learn all I wanted to know. But I would not go to dinner; I remembered too well the last time I had dined there, so I said I would go in the morning.

When I entered the drawing-room what a rush of memories at sight of the familiar place, of the two women sitting by the fire as they had a year ago—all but I, apparently unchanged!

I know not how it all came about, but in a few minutes I found myself making one in the circle as of old. I could not speak. Loisette was silent. Mrs. Hamilton talked for us all.

Presently she glanced at the clock on the mantle-piece. "Three already. You *must* excuse me. Dear! I shall barely be in time to meet Mrs. L. at the station. You won't go, or I shall think you are offended. When shall we see you again? Settle it with Loisette. Good-by. No, à revoir!" And she was gone, and Loisette and I were sitting side by side, silent.

Loisette was sitting, very pale and calm, looking into the fire.

"Loisette!"

She gave an almost imperceptible start, her color rose slightly, and she turned her eyes on me for a moment—I could not tell whether in reproach or mere surprise—and then resumed her gaze on the fire.

"Miss Vane—are you still Miss Vane?"

"Yes."

"When—how long—?" I could not find words in which to put the question.

"When am I going to be married? you would ask," she said, with a calm that was almost rigid. "I am not going to be married. I have been jilted."

"*You* jilted, Loisette!"

"Do you pity me? Don't. I am glad of it; glad, at least, to be free; glad that I have nothing to blame myself for in obtaining my freedom. Long before I gained it I felt we had made a mistake, and while I was thinking of how I might suggest the idea to—to him, he cut the knot by marrying a half-caste damsel with several lacks of rupees. Though what sort of a fortune that may be I have not the faintest conception." A faint gleam of the old, sweet archness came across her face.

I bent forward, looking with all my heart in my eyes on the soft, half-averted profile, watching the conscious blood rising slowly. I laid my hand on the little, cold, rigidly-clasped hands; I felt them relaxing; gently my arm wound itself round her waist; her head dropped on my shoulder, nestled there, and was still.

So we sat until the pony-carriage stopped at the gate. Mrs. Hamilton came in in a somewhat demonstrative manner. She glanced at Loisette, then at me, and understood it all.

"So you bore my absence with what equanimity you might!" she said, lifting her bright face to mine with a world of congratulation in her eyes. "*Now* you'll stay to dinner."

Loisette turned and fled.

"God bless you, you dear woman!" I said. "I never expected to be so glad to get rid of you as I was an hour ago."

"And God bless *you!* It was *you* I wanted for a brother all along. I always hated the notion of Loisette marrying that man. Poor child, she did not know her own heart, and was persuaded into accepting him! If she had listened to me she would have thrown him over long ago; but she was too conscientious while she thought he loved her. Perhaps it's better as it is? I will tell you something. She knows there is no mistake this time."

## THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY.

On our first page we give an illustration of the model of Mr. Needham's Pneumatic Railway which is on exhibition at the American Institute, and which is attracting great attention from the thousands who visit the Fair. This invention is one of great value and importance, and it is impossible to imagine the extent of the revolution which it may yet produce in passenger transportation in our great cities.

This invention is really only an improvement on the Pneumatic Railway which has been in successful use for some years in London for the conveyance of parcels; and it demonstrates the practicability of conveying passengers in a tube with speed, safety, and comfort. When it is known that two tubes, seven feet in diameter, can be laid for about $50,000 per mile, and that once laid the cost of operating it is less than that of a horse railroad, it will attract the attention of capitalists.

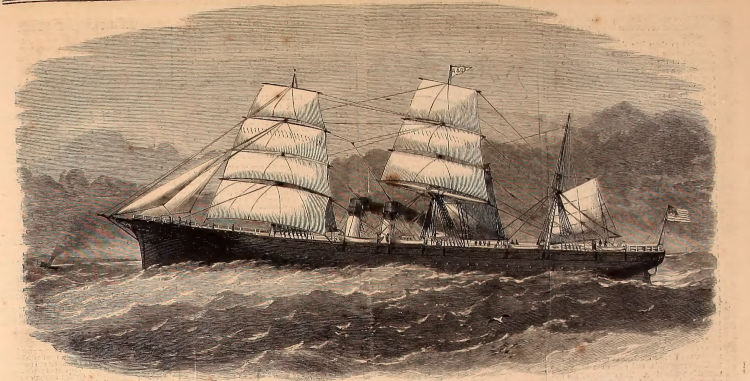
The principle of propulsion in Mr. Needham's invention differs from that of the London or Rammel invention in that while the latter only *drives* the car by the force of air compressed and blown into the tube, the former also *draws* it by the power of suction. While one engine fans the air in at one end another sucks it out at the other; and thus the car is at once propelled and drawn with great velocity through the tube. This is the great power, and will act for great distances; and when the resistance is removed from the front the propelling force is proportionally increased in the rear.

## SHERIDAN'S RECEPTION.

We have before alluded to the reception of General Sheridan in this city on October 1. We give in this issue of the *Weekly* an illustration of the scene in Union Square on the night of his reception by the Union League Club of New York. The reception by the League Club was the chief ovation to Sheridan while in New York, and was as enthusiastic as it could well be. The League House was handsomely decorated, the main hall being festooned with flags and banners. On one of the latter the name of the Club was inscribed, and on another "Unconditional Loyalty." Fronting the staircase was the banner "Shenandoah," and above this a bust of Washington, on each side of which was an American flag. The dome over the staircase was filled with small banners, on which were the inscriptions: "New Orleans," "Winchester," "Strasburg," "Five Forks," "Petersburg," "Mission Ridge," and other well-known battle-fields. The windows of the Club and of the adjoining building were brilliantly illuminated, and a calcium light on the balcony, and one from the opposite side of the street, lit up the faces of the unusually patient crowd who waited for a passing peep at the hero.

The reception ceremonies consisted of a speech and its response, a grand banquet, a serenade, and a parade of the militia and a Division of the Grand Army of the Republic.

SURVEYING IN CENTRAL AMERICA FOR A RAILROAD ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF NICARAGUA—FLOATING DOWN THE RAMA ON A RAFT.—[See Page 669.]



THE STEAM-SHIP "ONTARIO," OF THE NEW BOSTON AND LIVERPOOL LINE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.]

## THE AMERICAN TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP "ONTARIO."

ABOUT three years ago the Boston Board of Trade appointed a special committee to consider and report upon the causes which have within the last ten years given the supremacy in, and almost the monopoly of, transatlantic steam commerce to Great Britain; and particularly to take the necessary steps, if judged expedient, to organize a new line, under the American flag, to ply between Boston and Liverpool. The Hon. EDWARD S. TOBEY, who had had long and successful experience in steam upon the principal coastwise routes, was appointed chairman. As the result of the deliberations of this committee the American Steamship Company was organized, under a charter granted by the Legislature of Massachusetts, and of which Mr. TOBEY was elected President, and Chairman of the Building Committee.

The Company determined to build first-class vessels, of large size and capacity, and of good speed, and to be propelled by the screw, in accordance with what has been ascertained to be the most safe, speedy, and economical method of navigating the North Atlantic. The contracts were made with as little delay as possible for two vessels with which to commence—the *Ontario* and the *Erie*—in the hope and expectation that the means requisite for the construction of two more will be provided as soon as these shall have demonstrated their capabilities. The *Ontario* has just made the pioneer trip to Liverpool and back again, and she has more than fulfilled all the expectations of the Company in reference to her. She accomplished the run from Queenstown to Boston in ten days, under circumstances less favorable than the average of wind and weather for making a quick passage. She is of about the same size and class as the *China* and *Cuba*, of the Cunard line, the *Ville de Paris*, of the French line, and the *City of Paris* and *City of London*, of the Inman line; all of which are favorite steamships in the European and American transit service. Her commander is Captain FRANKLIN HALLET, who has sailed for many years between New York and Liverpool, and who has achieved high reputation. Boston is entitled to no little commendation for the endeavor she is thus making to renew the position which the mercantile marine of the United States formerly held upon the Atlantic, and which at one time it seemed as though we never could recover, particularly as our Government has yet rendered no assistance or encouragement in the work. The Cunard and the French lines have been made what they are by the liberal subsidies of the Governments whose flags they bear.

We subjoin a description of the *Ontario*, a representation of which we lay before our readers to-day, taken from the Liverpool *Post*, preferring to give the impressions of critics abroad, to what might seem to be the too partial judgment of any of our own countrymen, in reference to work of American artisans and to the plans of American merchants. "The *Ontario* is a large and remarkably handsome vessel, being three hundred and fifty feet in length over all; she is forty-four feet in moulded width of beam, and is twenty-nine feet deep in the hold from the main deck; and she is of three thousand tons register. Her lines are remarkably fine, and, without any leanness, she has a very fine cut-water, and a clear and clean run aft, her general appearance being eminently suggestive of great buoyancy and a high rate of speed. The ship is divided into five water-tight compartments by four strong bulk-heads, those inclosing the engine space being of iron, and all strongly framed, and, like the hull of the ship, diagonally braced. This admirably-built vessel having been specially designed for the passenger trade has been constructed and fitted up with the most thorough consideration for the convenience and comfort of passengers."

## THE OTTAWA REGATTA.

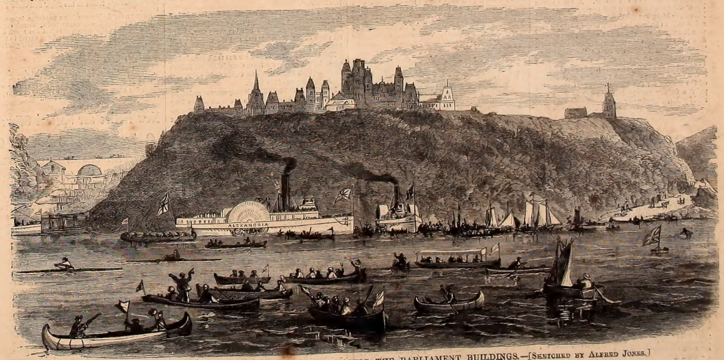
OUR Canadian friends are engaging with the same animation as ourselves in all the outdoor sports, and though they do not affect our "National Game," as we have dignified "base ball," they are fond of boating, and have lately had at Ottawa an amateur regatta of more than usual brilliancy and success. It came off on the Ottawa River on September 26, the course being from opposite the Rideau Canal Locks through deep water, without any current, to near the mouth of the Gatineau River. A large crowd of spectators in all kinds of crafts, from a cockle-shell to a steamboat, were alongside the judges' barge, and the banks of the river at prominent points were covered with people.

There were several races. The six-mile open boat sailing race was contested by the *Undine* and *Who's Ahead*, and was won by the latter in 43 minutes. The club race, two pair sculls, two miles, was won by the *Tip-Top*—time 18 minutes. The double scull skiff race of two miles, open to all comers, was won by the *Lady Jane*, of Toronto, in 19 minutes and 15 seconds. The race for the championship of Canada was contested by TENNING and LEE, of Hamilton, and was won by the former, but LEE protested that his opponent fouled the buoy and also fouled him in the water. The time was 19 minutes and 45 seconds. Our illustration on this page shows the scene at the moment the contestants in this race passed the new Parliament buildings, which are shown in the centre back-ground of the engraving.

Toward the end of the regatta it was found that the buoy had drifted some distance from its original position, making each match nearly two miles and a half in length. The races were followed, and the regatta ended, by a grand ball.

## THE NICARAGUA ROUTE.

A RAILROAD across the Central American Isthmus has been a project which has been urged ever since the great success of the Panama route demonstrated the fact that any and every line of communication between the two oceans would be immensely profitable. American enterprise and American engineers built the Panama route, though British capital controlled it in the interests of British trade for many years. American enterprise and American engineers are now building, principally with American capital, a route across the plains and the mountains of the West direct to the Pacific gold shores.





BOAT REGATTA AT OTTAWA—THE CONTESTANTS PASSING THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.—[SKETCHED BY ALFRED JONES.]

American capital has lately overthrown the British agents in Colombia, and obtained the control of the Panama for the next ninety-nine years, which is as good as forever; for, of course, Colombia will before that time be a part of the great republic.

Owing to these late demonstrations of the Americans the English have again turned their attention to the Nicaragua route, and are contemplating a railroad across that isthmus. Our engraving on page 668, and the following report of one of the engineers engaged in the last survey, will give the reader an idea of the difficulties to be encountered.

The report was made by a Lieutenant Oliver, who stated that he joined a party under a Captain Pim of the British navy in February, 1867, and was employed three months in exploring the banks of the rivers and the lakes of Nicaragua and Managua. Except the shores of the Lake of Nicaragua, and a few small clearings of the Mosquito Indians, near the mouth of the river Rama, the whole country traversed by the party is covered with dense forest and jungle, which, for the greater part, is so close as to exclude the sun's rays. Here and there, indeed, are "wind-rows," or small oases, as it were, in this solemn obscurity. These are to be found in the more exposed spots, where some hurricane has torn up the vast trees and piled their trunks one upon another, letting in the light from above. The timber trees are magnificent. Among them are the mahogany, eboe, and India-rubber trees, palms of numberless descriptions, and bamboos of several kinds. Their vast limbs and trunks are netted together by tangled lianas and parasites, monkey-ropes, and vines, similar to ropes and cables inextricably confused. An innumerable variety of air-plants, orchids, and ferns cover the trunks and branches; and pendent creepers, mosses, lichens, and fungi make even the dead limbs and fallen branches brilliant with the rich hues of tropical vegetation. Besides timber and rubber, the forests are rich in dye-woods; and vanilla, sarsaparilla, and cacao are indigenous vegetable productions. The density of the forest may be imagined when a mile a day was the utmost rate at which the expedition could cut its way. It often happened that, working hard, the rate did not exceed half a mile a day. The native Caribs are great adepts at cutting through the dense undergrowth, as they use the machete and axe with remarkable skill. The cutting commenced at San Miguelito on February 25. A dépôt was established there, whence provisions were forwarded by mules, horses, and cargo-oxen to the party in the woods. At first no difficulties were met with beyond the want of water, the high price of labor, and the ill-will of the half-bred Spaniards, who placed every possible hindrance in the way. As the cutting advanced, however, the track led through more difficult ground, nowhere exceeding 400 feet elevation. It was a difficult business to keep up the supply of stores required. Many of the oxen and mules died on the way from sheer hard work and bad food. On April 7 murmuring commenced in the camp, and three Spaniards deserted, followed on the 16th by six of the Caribs, reducing the party to the three Europeans, two Caribs, one Creole, and four Nicaraguan Spaniards. Fortunately, two days after, some additional hands arrived; and the whole party started by the Lake and the San Juan River to meet a party under Mr. Collinson, which had started from the Atlantic side. Meantime the cutting went on with spirit, though the force of a great hurricane had piled the huge trunks upon each other so as to make progress a matter of time. All communication from the Lake was now cut off, and desertion was put a stop to by the fear of having to retrace the road without provisions. On May 1 the greater part of the beasts engaged in transporting the provisions and camp had died, and the track met a river of some magnitude, which was presumed to be the upper stream of the Rama. All the stores being expended except a few beans, on Sunday, May 5, calculating that they ought to be within a few miles of Captain Pim's relief party, a raft was launched, and six of the expedition started down the river. Our sketch illustrates this raft. They reached Captain Pim on the third day, when provisions were sent up the river, and a junction of the parties effected. It required but a few days' more work to complete this section of the survey on the Rama station, from which point a former survey had previously been carried by Mr. Collinson.

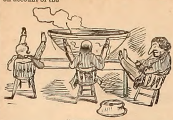
## WINGLETS

### FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

Rooms of the Loyal League, New York, *October* 9.

Dear Weekly,—In response to the invitation of a Committee of the members of the Loyal League for me to accompany them to Washington to invite General Sheridan to visit this city I accepted, and rendered them that service, of which, no doubt, they feel thankful. As things stood at the time of the proposal to me "Sheridan was two hundred miles away." We repaired to Washington, however, and calling on the General at Willard's, we were not long in making the arrangements that put a second edition of Sheridan's Ride to press. Getting the General into our carriage, immediately after breakfast, we hurried through the City of Magnificent Distances in true warlike style; paying no attention whatever to the corner apple-stands, we arrived in good condition at the railroad dépôt, where we took the Through Train for New York. Here we were greatly annoyed by finding a deputation of Baltimore Aldermen, who wanted to share some of the honors of the ride, and who had their pockets full of greenbacks, furnished them by their city government. Their entreaties to the General to stop at the Monumental City failed of success. The General, however, in the cars held a levee with the "Monumentals," and asked them about their city, Governor Swann, the "plug-uglies," and other objects of interest, and seemed to be much pleased with the interview. He said he remembered the time when it was not safe for a loyal man to travel through that city; but he thought he could "*go through it.*" [N.B. Nobody seemed to see this joke but your own C. O. W., not even the General himself.]

During the entire trip General Sheridan entered freely into conversation with all who desired to converse with him. When the conductor came to punch his ticket he gave it up as readily as any other man; and in viewing the hole he remarked that "that ticket was something like Mr. Johnson, unfit to be used again on account of the

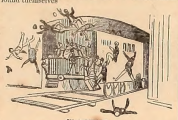


"PUNCHING."

At this the Loyal Leaguers laughed most immoderately, and the Baltimoreans pressed the General more than ever to stay over night with them.

Upon arriving at Baltimore the train was besieged by several thousands of excited men, at the sight of which the General drew his pistols, evidently doubting the nature of the demonstration. The Baltimore Aldermen told him he had nothing to fear, that the city was loyal, and these were shouts of welcome. The cavalry General then put up his "Colts," when the crowd rushed into the car through doors and windows, and down the ventilator holes, to see the great man who had once sent their friends "whirling" through the Valley of the Shenandoah.

The huzzas of the multitude at this time were deafening; so much so that the locomotive signal to draw up into the dépôt was not heeded, and many of them found themselves



IN A SCRAPE

by being scraped off the top of the car on to the heads of the crowd on the ground.

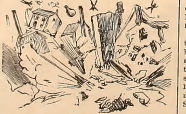
At the President Street dépôt Sheridan was introduced to the people by General Richardson, who moved three cheers for the hero of Five Forks and of New Orleans. Fred Douglas of New York, the hero of Five Points, shook hands with the hero of Five Forks, as did many of the colored residents of Baltimore. After the

GENERAL HAND-SHAKING

the train moved off, when commenced another chapter of Sheridan's Ride.

At the city of Havre de Grace the General was called out to the rear platform to make a speech to some raftsmen that had got together at this enterprising stopping-place. The bridge-tender was very demonstrative, and moved three cheers for Jubal Early. "My enthusiastic secesh friend," replied the General, "it was the *Early* bird that got his *Phil*;" which joke was greatly appreciated by the Loyal Leaguers on account of its newness.

At Perryville, another flourishing city, that subsists mainly by the accidents to shallops passing under the bridges, the car containing our party was switched off—the only time the General said he remembered of having been *switched* off his track [Great cheering from the Leaguers], though he had done a little of it himself to others—and a special train was provided for the party, which was now joined by the Wilmington Councils and Mayor Valentine of that city. As I introduced the General to the new deputation he asked them if they were not a little premature with their *Valentine*. Upon this joke the Wilmington committee pressed him hard to stay with them some time, as things were very dull at present in that town, and more so since Dupont's Powder-Mills were not working to their full capacity. The General said that he understood they depended mainly upon the explosions at these mills to make



THINGS LIVELY

in their city; but he hoped to see the time when all *reports like these* would end only in smoke. With these encouraging words the Wilmington chickens seemed more satisfied. At Claymont, the boundary line of the State, the representatives of the Delaware "hundreds" left us.

Now we were again afflicted by a deputation of Philadelphia City Councils, one of whom made a speech in this style:

"General! I welcome thee to the land of Penn, that apostle of peace of whom the poet has said, 'Thee, Penn, is mightier than the Sword;' and though thee is a soldier, we are a patriotic people, and can appreciate a great soldier. We welcome thee, and hope thee will be pleased with us. Where is thy horse?"

General Sheridan replied, "I thank you kindly; in the corral at Giesboro." On nearing Philadelphia he asked the committee if their Mayor had yet got home from the sea-shore. On being told that he had he seemed more easy.

Passing on rapidly we arrived at Trenton, New Jersey. Here the ovation was on a large scale. It was one formerly used by the railroad company for weighing freight-cars upon, and was capable of holding several tons, but was now out of order. Upon this scale a deputation of Jerseymen stood and extended their hands to the gallant Sheridan. Here the Governor of New Jersey joined us, and our Philadelphian Friends left.

No special interest accumulated around our principal until we arrived at Newark. Here an attempt was made by the crowd, when the General got out of the cars into a chaise, to take the horses out of the harness and hitch up themselves in their place; but the Mayor desired them to desist, as a jackass team would excite more attention than was necessary for the quiet of the town, and they had better let the horses remain in; which they did, to the mutual satisfaction of the General and the horses.

On the arrival at Jersey City a number of gentlemen from the Loyal League met us and took us in charge. The President of the League on crossing in the ferry-boat recited the following ode, which was highly applauded:

### SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

By a Loyal Leaguer of New York.

As he lay in his bed at break of day
A waiter came pounding in great dismay,
And frightened the chief, did this early *bore*,
Who kept up with his pounding more and more,
With a terrible thumping, rumble, and roar,
Shouting, "Some gemmen am here at de door,
Who lib more den two hundred miles away."

Wide opened his eyes the man of war,
Saying, "Show the gentlemen down to the bar;"
And then again into bed he rolled,
With feelings of anger quite uncontrolled,
Swearing for being called out in the cold:
For he thought of the sleep he'd have that day,
And wished the "Committee" miles away.

But there is a way in that Capitol town
Of bringing the highest of officials down.
And so they began with the morning light
(They having arrived in the mid of the night),
And said he must come in his everyday plight;
And in their haste they urged the need
Of his shaving and dressing with the greatest speed.
When he stepped on the stairs their hearts were gay,
For they'd soon be with Sheridan miles away.

They into a cab, then into the cars,
The Loyal Leaguers and this "Son of Mars,"
When the train, like a comet's, faster and faster,
Rushed over the ground, risking disaster,
Like a slave running away from his master.
The hearts of the "Leaguers" within the car's walls
Were beating with pride as they thought of the calls
There would be for them to tell of their stay,
As they rode with Sheridan miles away.

Under their feet was the cindery road,
Over their heads the fiery sparks flowed,
As the Capitol's dome was left behind,
Like the half of a melon stripped of its rind;
And the "lokey" a Cyclops, roused in his ire,
With its one eye in front, blazing on fire.
As they left the city with their hearts' desire,
Smoking and joking in the roaring fray,
Sheridan and them well on their way.

Arrived at New York, seen were the groups
Of boot-blacks, policemen, news-boys, and troops,
Which told him at once that he had seen both
The beginning and end; when, with an oath,
He dashed out of the cars, 'mid a storm of huzzas
From the crowd at the Ferry, when the applause
At the sight of the Mayor came to a pause.
Then we brushed off the dust that made him so gray,
Made a place for each Leaguer, to give them full play;
While their dry, dusty throats were trying to say,
"We've brought you Sheridan all the way
From Washington here in a single day."

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah for us and for our man!
And when his statue is placed on high,
Ours with his will point to the sky.
The Loyal Leaguers in the Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious General's name
Will stand out in letters both bold and bright:
"These are the men that spent a day
In bringing Sheridan on as a sight
From Washington—two hundred miles away."

And the next time Sheridan takes a ride, may I be there to see. Your own C. O. W.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

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McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the Tape-Worm. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

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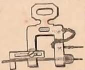

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Master Adolphus, overhearing his Mother and Sister Julia discussing the question as to the probability of Mr. Oldbuck's wearing a Wig, takes the first occasion to settle the matter conclusively. It happens to be a most critical and decisive moment for Mr. O.; for he is still a Bachelor.


**Thos. Russell & Son,**
Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
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Manufacturers of GRAND, SQUARE, and UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES, were awarded at THE PARIS EXPOSITION the FIRST GRAND PRIZE, the LEGION OF HONOR, and a Grand GOLD MEDAL, making 59 First Premiums during the past 44 years.
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Showing the Stitch on both sides alike.
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MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing from 1 to 72 different tunes, and costing from $5 00 to $2500 00. The most complete stock ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. M. J. Paillard & Co., Importers, 21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

MONITOR CORN HUSKER. Agents wanted in every town. Sells at sight. Can make $50 a week. Used by man or boy. Do two men's work. No sore fingers. Sample sent prepaid, 60 cents, or two styles for $1. Address MONITOR CORN HUSKER CO., No. 413 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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VERY STRONG
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These METAL EDGE CARDS are intended for advertising all kinds of business; also for THEATRES, CONCERTS, CIRCUSES, SHOWS, BALLS, &c.

PUBLISHERS of Books, Periodicals, Newspapers, &c., and MANUFACTURERS of Druggists' Articles, Yankee Notions, Stationers' Goods, Inks, &c., Hardware, Tools and Implements, Machines and New Inventions, or specialties in any line of business, will find the Metal Edge Cards both effective and attractive. Supplied either plain or printed. Send for Price-List.
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SEND $1 00 to Box 2781, St Louis, Mo., for new Secret to make Best Ink at four cents a gallon.

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TURNER & CO., 120 Tremont St., Boston.

## IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS, FARMERS, and PLANTERS.

We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills

Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, Pittsburg, Pa.

# Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,

For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

### Diseases of the Liver.

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of Consumption have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

### Symptoms of a Diseased Liver

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites*, or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

### Fever and Ague.

Dr. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

# Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,

OR

# VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE may be depended upon to effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that Dr. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of Dr. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "Dr. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

PREPARED ONLY BY

**FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,**

SOLE PROPRIETORS OF

**Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS and VERMIFUGE.**

**Sold by Dealers Every Where.**

The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 565.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## THE MUSIC OF THE STREET.

It certainly requires a very considerable quantity and a very brilliant quality of imagination to see any poetry in the life of a street organ-grinder; but our artist, Mr. W. S. L. Jewett, who has drawn the beautiful engraving which we present on this page, is evidently of a romantic turn of mind, and able to see sentiment of a serious sort even in the common, everyday scene which he has reproduced. And yet, easy and idle as the life appears to be, it is by no manner of means all sunshine. The able-bodied organ-grinders of New York are nearly all Italians, who have left their native hill-sides with strange ideas of this blessed land of liberty, and reaching here are very much astonished to hear the first official authority in the land declare that "freedom means the liberty to work," and that men have actually to work for their daily bread. Naturally they seize upon pursuits that require no previous preparation or acquaintance with the language, and become either fruit-dealers, image-peddlers, or organ-grinders—generally the latter. It has long been a custom both here and in Europe for speculative Italians to induce their countrymen to emigrate by paying their passage and loaning them organs for street music. The conditions are that a certain sum shall be brought home nightly, the overplus being retained by the employé. This business has been conducted in past years with great success, and has in many instances realized moderate fortunes. In this city there are establishments also where organs are loaned for about twenty-five cents a day, to itinerants, who often realize from two to three dollars daily by their use. All these people are apt, on arrival, to betake themselves to the vicinity of the Five Points, where both sexes, to the number often of a dozen or more, occupy promiscuously one room, and sleep in an atmosphere of dirt, grease, and onions, mingled with the fumes of bodies more or less diseased. The floor, or a thin, filthy mattress, is their only bedding, with a covering either of their day-clothes or a ragged blanket of the most repulsive kind. In the hot nights of summer they fly from this atmosphere of vermin and suffocation to the roof, while their fellow-lodgers, Irish and colored, resort to the carts lying in the street or to the sidewalk. Sometimes for a brief hour of prosperity they escape from these purlieus, but oftener they have no roof of any sort under or on which to seek shelter or cooling breezes.

But every body does not look on the subject in this sentimental light, as witness one of our poets on the same subject, but in a very different strain:

Yes, the war-whoops of the Indian may produce a pleasant thrill
When they're mellowed by a distance that one feels increasing still;
And the shrilling of the whistle from the steamer's brazen snout
May have minor tones of music, though I haven't found them out.

In the orchestra of Nature—in the wind, the wave, the cloud—
There are harmonies unnumbered, though the style is rather "loud."
Nay, I'm willing to acknowledge that, throughout the realms of sound—
With one dreadful reservation—there may melody be found.

But oh, human fellow-creatures, of the cheering faith possessed
That there lurks a charm in music to beguile the savage breast,
Now I put it to you meekly, did there ever bosom beat
With a throb of joy responsive to the Music of the Street?

Did you ever know a brother, whether civilized or wild,
From the pale-faced son of Europe to the dusky Afric child,
Who could find a charm of music in the strangulary wheeze
That is twisted from the organ of the nomad Genoese?

Was there ever human tympan so inveterately hard
That it was not wrenched with torture by the strolling Savoyard,
When with grimy little talons he is plucking at the sharp,
Tintinnabulating catgut of his wretched little harp?

Ah! no wonder fabled Orpheus moved the stolid rocks and trees,
If his efforts "held a candle" to such fearful ones as these;
Nor that Pluto, in the anguish of his music-troubled sleep,
Sent Eurydice to stop him, and believed the bargain cheap!

Up and down the highways gathered in a Heaven-ascending pyre,
Should those dreadful organs perish in a holocaust of fire,
And if any swarthy beggar thenceforth broke the rest of sound
I would grind him, by the Powers, finer than the tunes he ground!

"THE MUSIC OF THE STREET"—THE ORGAN-GRINDER.—[Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.]

## GRAPE CULTURE IN AMERICA.

Mr. Peter B. Mead, an authority on grapes, says in his work on American Grape Culture, lately published by Harper & Brothers, that "there are few material interests that at present claim a larger share of public attention than the culture of the grape;" and that it is "fast working itself up to the first position among the productive interests of the country. The capital invested in it may already be counted by millions; and a time will come when the products of grape culture will be found among the exports of the country." Disclaiming any idea of asserting that Americans will make better wines than Europe, the same able writer goes on to say that we shall, however, make better wines than those which Europe sends us, and that "our best wines will possess a fruity bouquet natural to but few of the wines of Europe—a bouquet that grows upon the taste, and which will make our wines sought after by all connoisseurs."

There are immense grape vineyards in California, and the "California wines" are sold in large quantities in this city; the "Grape Garden of Ohio" is extensive and profitable, and Nicholas Longworth's Catawbas are drank in Europe; while the "Grape Vineyards of the Hudson" are even more productive and profitable, though less extensive, than those of the other named localities. The vineyards of Dr. Grant, in the Highlands, and Dr. Underhill, at Croton Point, are among the largest of those on the Hudson; but there are numerous other vineyards on the river at Hastings, Dobb's Ferry, and elsewhere; and indeed it may be said that almost all points along the Hudson are finely adapted for grape culture.

The grapes are gathered at about this season of the year; and as appropriate to the season and subject, we give on page 680 an interesting and picturesque view illustrating the process of gathering grapes. The view was taken on the vineyard of Dr. R. T. Underhill, at Croton Point, Westchester County, New York. A portion of the large tract of 60 acres which he has under cultivation is seen in the fore-ground. The Hudson is seen on the left.

The Point, where the vineyards are located, is about sixty feet above the water, with a soil some twenty-two feet in depth, and entirely of a mineral formation, being composed of granite, gneiss, hornblende, isinglass, and silex, with a small mixture of oyster-shells, being the disintegrated rock washed down and deposited by the Great Northern Drift. The vineyards show a gentle easterly and southerly slope, with a belt of woods running around the westerly sides, sheltering the vines from storms and cold winds, and allowing the fruit to fill out and ripen to its greatest perfection and sweetness. To bring the grapes used for wine to the highest perfection, from three-quarters to four-fifths of those which form on the vines are destroyed in June, and those which remain are allowed to get exceedingly ripe and sweet; they are then picked and assorted with the utmost care, that no unripe or imperfect berries or foreign substance may get into the wine-press.

As a companion picture to that of "Grape-Gathering," we give on page 681 a picture illustrating a scene now to be witnessed on almost every farm in the country—that of "Gathering the Pumpkins." "Pumpkin culture" is not quite so important as that of grapes, perhaps not so pleasant or so romantic; nevertheless, it is a process which imperatively demands the attention of the farmers for a few days of every year, and our picture is one which will interest thousands of our readers.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1867.


## THE ELECTIONS.

THE moral of the late elections is plain. Even the Democratic papers do not dare to claim it as an approval of the Democratic policy or a vote of confidence in Democratic leaders. The Republican majority is reduced in Ohio; but who supposes that the falling off means trust in VALLANDIGHAM and PENDLETON who conducted the Democratic campaign in that State, or desire for the national shame of repudiation which they advocated? The figures show, not that the Democratic vote is every where largely increased, but that the Republican vote is passive. That is the significant sign. That is the instruction and the warning.

The election shows general dissatisfaction among the Republicans; and the causes we suppose to be a want of confidence in the comprehensive political ability of many who have become conspicuous as leaders, and discontent with the method in which the great purpose of the party is being worked out, as well as with the corruption and intestine feuds which are always to be found in great parties. But there is no indication whatever of any disposition to adopt the Democratic policy of reconstruction. That policy is founded upon the theory that the war was a mere riot, and that its end left every thing except slavery as it was at the beginning. The practical result of this theory is that the ex-rebels are the only legal voters in the late rebel States, that there can be no others without their consent, and that the civil and political rights of the loyal freedmen are wholly at the mercy of the ex-rebel class. There is no indication whatever of any such significance as this in the late elections; and to suppose it is to suppose that the people who have won a great victory at so tremendous a cost are ready to surrender it to the enemy.

There are those in the Republican party who have long felt dissatisfied with many who filled the place of leaders. For ourselves, for instance, while declaring our admiration for the indomitable tenacity to principle of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, we have more than once expressed distrust of his sagacity as a party chief. Of General BUTLER and Mr. ASHLEY we said a month ago, as often before, that whatever their ability and party service "they are not men in whose wisdom the sober, thoughtful, influential body of the people confide." Certainly Mr. WADE and Mr. CHANDLER, with all respect for the sincerity of their convictions and the ardor of their eloquence, do not inspire an equal respect for their good sense, which is the indispensable quality of a party leader. We will mention no more names, and we speak of these merely as of those which have become very familiar. But this very popular familiarity inevitably makes the party responsible for all the whimseys and propositions of these gentlemen. That it really may not agree with them is of no importance; and hence the paramount good policy, to say no more, of selecting men as representatives of whose intellectual ability, general wisdom, discretion, and good sense, as well as personal honesty and political principle, the party is perfectly sure.

The present defeat will be of the utmost benefit to the Republican party if it suggests this truth. It is nothing more than a warning to remember by what a delicate tenure political supremacy is held. In 1862 the Union party lost Ohio by five thousand majority, in 1863 it carried it again by a hundred thousand. Does any body imagine that such figures indicate so immense a change of purpose? Did the vote of 1862 show hostility to the war, and that of 1863 support of it? Not at all. Ohio steadily supported the war; but there were enough who were dissatisfied and disgusted, for a hundred reasons, to stay at home or even to protest by voting against their party. So now nobody need suppose that the loyal people of this country are sorry for the war, or wish again to place in power the men and the policy which caused it. But they do wish that the results of the war should be wisely secured. We do not believe that they are tired of the sublime American doctrine of equal rights; but they do not necessarily approve all methods by which their establishment may be sought. Th watchwords uttered by the State Republican Convention of New York are those of the party throughout the Union: "National Reconstruction through Liberty and Justice. State repose through integrity and economy."

## THE TWO PARTIES.

IN commenting upon the late elections the New York *World* says, after enumerating certain acts of the Democratic party in former days: "In complaisance to its Southern wing it made mistakes on the slavery question, and lost the advantage of leadership. In its attempts to prevent opinion advancing too fast it fell behind, and there could not be a more fatal blunder at present than an attempt to carry the public opinion of the country back to the point where it stood when, to save the train from destruction in moving down a declivity, the Democratic party went from the engine to the brakes."

It is simply too late. The debauchee of sixty, shaking with ruined nerves, and tortured with "the horrors," looks back to his youth, and sighs that if he could only be rid of his nerves, and purged of his delirium, and if his veins were once more filled with healthy young blood, he might be a well man. The *World* forgets that the best men of its party left it when it fell behind and became the tool of the slavery interest; that from that moment the Democratic party has existed first as a pander to slavery, and second as a paralysis of the loyal war. The earnest, vigorous youth of the country, inspired by the great idea of liberty, have justly learned to associate the name of the Democratic party with all that is reactionary and anti-American. They saw that no man could openly and heartily denounce human slavery and remain a Democrat. When the war came they saw that no man could wholly support it as a hopeful movement for human liberty as well as the Union without being discarded by the Democratic party. They read in the *World* apologies for treason and traitors rebelling to save slavery, and incessant sneers at the President and the Government, which, to save the Union, sacrificed slavery. They saw the Democratic opposition to the draft, to taxation, to all vigorous efforts for National safety. They saw the Democratic party in the East nominating THOMAS and HORATIO SEYMOUR, and in the West VALLANDIGHAM; and finally heard it shout with exultation at Chicago that the war had failed. This was the Democratic party before and during the war, deserted by the older men, who had given it conscience and a true popular sympathy, and despised by the younger, whose political life began with the campaign of 1860.

And what do we now see? The Chairman of the Democratic National Committee is AUGUST BELMONT—one of the most notorious of Copperheads during the war; the man who rebuked a young Union officer for his natural wrath with an English nobleman who wore a rebel badge in M. BELMONT's house—the facts of which were made public at the time. In the State of Ohio the political campaign just ended was conducted for the Democrats by VALLANDIGHAM and PENDLETON, and Judge THURMAN the Democratic candidate for Governor was a Copperhead of the same school. The Chicago *Times*, a rebel sheet through the war, and of unchangeable malignity, is the chief Democratic organ in the Northwest. In New York HORATIO SEYMOUR, who preferred to sacrifice the Union rather than slavery, is the great Democratic leader—and the city of New York illustrates the purity of Democratic politics. Meanwhile the Democratic national policy, as revealed in Democratic speeches, resolutions, and editorials, is to retain just as much of the spirit of slavery as possible; to talk of the necessity of conciliating the Southern brother, if he be a white ex-rebel, and to ridicule and despise him if he be a colored loyal man: while virtual repudiation of the national debt is openly advocated by the representative Democratic leaders of the West.

Now for the future political development of this country there are but just two fully organized parties. Every man must act with one or the other of them. One is the Democratic party, so officered and with such a policy. It is instinctively supported by the disloyal, ignorant, and vicious element of the population every where. The other is the Republican party, of which many of the best Democrats of the days before the total servility of the party to slavery were among the founders and are now leaders. This party is with equal instinctiveness supported by the young, generous; thoughtful, progressive, intelligent, and truly American element of the population. Its history is the record of the triumph of the Union and of emancipation. Its purpose is equal rights and fair play for every man. The noble impulses of human nature, the course of civilization, the sympathies of good men and of the truest liberal party in every land, are with it. It has made mistakes, like all parties. It has been used by well-meaning and ill-meaning adherents. But it is still full of energy and youth. Its great purpose is still unachieved. And why should any man to whom that purpose is precious leave a party of such a history and of such an impulse to ally himself with the other? If the Democratic party would reorganize itself in the hope of future success, it can only be upon the principles upon which the Republican party is already organized and has always stood. When it throws "Copperheadism" overboard, and abandons a stagnant Conservatism, and cuts loose from its pro-slavery affinities, it throws away what strength it has, and in becoming wisely progressive, and in seeking justice and equal rights ceases to be the Democratic party. A few men may see that its only chance as an organization lies in becoming more Republican than the Republicans. But the sinner is already past sixty. His nerves are hopelessly shattered. He sees snakes, and he can only weep and sigh for the youth which returns no more.

## THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE minority report of Mr. J. M. FRANCIS, a member of the Committee on Cities in the Constitutional Convention, is a very strong and conclusive statement of the question at issue.

The majority report proposes the election of a Mayor for three years who shall be ineligible for the next succeeding term, and who may be removed by the Governor for cause. Heads of Departments, and all other executive officers, are to be appointed by the Mayor and removed by him at pleasure; and the Legislature is to have no power to interfere whatever may be the situation.

So vast and hopeless a despotism erected in the State appalled even Mr. HENRY C. MURPHY, who knows what influences control, and in the nature of man and society must control, a popular election in the city of New York, who sees also that such a Mayor will name his successor, and he protested in another minority report against this crushing one-man power.

The debate upon this astounding proposition has not yet been reached by the Convention; but it will be opened soon after the reassembling, and we trust that all good citizens of New York will make their opinions upon the subject very audible.

This majority city report is undoubtedly intended to be one of the great compromises of the new Constitution. Some of the Republicans, we presume, hope to buy Democratic support of equal suffrage, or of some other vital Republican reform by delivering the city of New York alive into the hands of FERNANDO WOOD, JOHN MORRISSEY, and "the Ring." And we further presume that they feel that they might as well gain what they can, because, in their opinion, no effort of theirs or of the Convention can save the city of New York from the anarchy and Vigilance Committee to which it is inevitably tending.

But whatever the reason of the extraordinary proposition of the majority report, it is one which can not be adopted without the most deplorable consequences. The city of New York, in which the population is purely exceptional, reinforced every year by an immense ignorant immigration of which only the worst part remains in the city, will always be controlled by the party which panders most basely to ignorance and vice.

There is no charm in the mere form of popular government—the value lies in its exercise—and it can be exercised beneficially only by virtue and intelligence. Education and the constant elevation of political morality; that is, constant insistence upon bringing politics and politicians to the test of common morality, are the only means, therefore, by which a republic can be made more helpful to mankind than any other form of government. The chances of virtue and intelligence are undoubtedly greater in a republic for manifest reasons; but a mere sense of self-interest will not supply their place, although it is a powerful auxiliary to them. The truth is, that ignorant men do not know their interest, and passionate men willingly sacrifice it to gratify passion. What enraged slaveholder ever spared a slave a personal injury because it was against his interest to hurt his property? With an ignorant and debased constituency it is also in vain to suppose that good government can be attained by concentrating responsibility in a single officer. Let such a constituency, for instance, elect a Mayor like FERNANDO WOOD, does any thinking man really suppose that his sense of responsibility to those who elect him will give New York an honest, decent, efficient, and economical government? The experiment has been tried. Was it successful?

Knowing these simple facts, if the people of this State should deliberately surrender a part of it, so important to the whole as the city, to the indisputable supremacy of local ignorance and vice without an effort forcibly to correct that ignorance, and with a judiciary system which necessarily increases that vice, it would do an incalculable wrong to itself as well as to the city. If the people of the State wish to cherish consistent respect for the popular principle, they are to remember that that principle lodges power in the whole people, not in any portion of it. The whole may, indeed, delegate to a portion such part of the power as they choose, but they have no moral right to delegate any such power unrestricted to an ignorant and vicious portion. Therefore, in our judgment, it is the duty of the State to retain through the Legislature the supervision of the city of New York, and to exercise that supervision whenever and however it seems to them the good of the city and of the State may require it.

Mr. FRANCIS justly shows that a city has no more claim to independent government than the smallest town in the State, and most cogently urges the view we have set forth. Editor of the Troy *Times*, one of the ablest and most energetic papers in New York, resident in a city which has experienced like New York the immense advantage of the metropolitan police system, and a thoughtful and sincere student of great public principles and questions of administration, he has taken a position upon this vital point in the new Constitution in which we sincerely trust he will be heartily sustained by the Convention.

## RAIDS UPON OUR BONDS.

TWICE within a fortnight the money market has been unsettled by vicious attacks upon the Government securities. The excitement respecting the Five-Twenties had scarcely subsided, and the bonds had barely time to rally from their temporary depression, before it was discovered that the Seven-Thirties had been tampered with. Attention was first drawn to the fact at the Treasury Department, where duplicate numbers were received of those bonds that had been sent in for redemption. These notes were so well executed as to baffle critical examination; indeed, experts among the heavy dealers in "Governments" were the chief sufferers by the imposition. It was scarcely possible to determine the precise nature of the fraud, whether a counterfeit or an over-issue, whether an exquisitely correct imitation of the original, or a transfer from the genuine plate purposely a little defaced. Those who attempted to penetrate the mystery became yet more mystified, and the opinion soon obtained currency that the roguery had its birth-place in the Treasury Department itself; otherwise, the execution of work requiring such exquisite skill would not have been possible in this country. Employés in the Department, who naturally wished to remove suspicion from themselves, maintained that the fact that no engravers in this country outside of Government employ could produce such a job was proof that the plate had been prepared in Europe, and a conclusive argument in favor of the integrity of the Department. Investigation has not yet succeeded in positively locating the crime; nor is it ascertained what amount of spurious notes has been issued, though it is believed to be but a few hundred thousands. Less than two hundred thousand have been detected so far.

Although the excitement in financial circles which attended the discovery of this fraud was very considerable for a time, causing a material depression in the class of securities tampered with, it has now nearly passed away, and the temporary decline has been recovered. No difference is made in the price of the 2d series of Seven-Thirties and any other series. What better proof need we of the people's confidence in the national credit than this astounding elasticity of its securities under the most crushing blows?

This is not the first time that the Seven-Thirties have suffered from fraudulent attacks. Some months ago an over-issue was detected, but the public excitement was quieted as quickly then as now. The Compound Interest Notes have also been counterfeited heretofore. These circumstances, in themselves, need occasion no alarm; United States bonds are not less exempt from the attempts of counterfeiters than other notes and bonds of this or other countries. But that which most naturally excites apprehension is the simultaneousness with which these attacks upon the public credit have been made of late. Coupled with the assaults upon the National Banks and other schemes well calculated to derange our finances and impair public confidence, it looks as though some conspiracy was afoot to undermine the national credit. When we see the joy with which the slightest indications that the United States will break down under its debt is hailed in England, and the efforts there made to prejudice the public mind against our securities, we become suspicious that there are enemies both within and without. Possibly ten centuries of peace-making and hand-shaking would not eradicate the innate jealousy which England and European nations have of the American growth and prosperity. This feeling of jealousy is but natural. It may not manifest itself so long as the national sky is unclouded, but so soon as signs of tumult or storm appear it gleams forth in unmis-

takable intensity. We have not forgotten how European capitalists predicted, when the war broke out, that we should presently be on our knees to them for aid, and how they gave us to understand in advance that application would be useless; how they chuckled over the prospect of our being weakened through disintegration, and the benefits they were to receive therefrom; nor how the castles they had built dissolved into mist when the magnitude of our resources was developed; nor how very humble they became when the national flag waved in triumph over the crushed rebellion and cemented Union. We have heard their cries of wonder at the ease with which we carry and reduce our debt, and we have seen the facility with which our bonds are disposed of in foreign markets; and we now see as plainly how prompt and eager they are to throw up their cap over the possibility that we may still fail and go to the dogs of repudiation.

But we shall disappoint the expectations of all enemies at home and abroad. There is no possibility of so base a consummation. The fact is, the country has already passed the severest test to which the national debt is likely to subject its financial machinery; the people do not wish to escape the payment of the debt; ingenious projects of repudiation will win no favor except among the base and unscrupulous who always fatten upon public disorders; our bonds are not to be depreciated, nor will it be permitted that the national credit shall be jeopardized to answer any party political end. It has been urged as a wise policy upon the part of Congress to set the Five-Twenty question at rest by a short supplementary act, declaring that the payment of the interest on these bonds is a specie obligation. This would give renewed confidence to investors abroad. As to the Seven-Thirties and all other classes of securities, there will be less pecuniary risk to holders and purchasers the sooner the consolidation of the public debt is completed. Whatever expedients are adopted to insure greater security, one thing is certain, the integrity of the nation is as unassailable through its bonds as it was through traitorous political counsels.

## A WISE COUNSELOR.

We commend to all Democrats who may be called upon to draw resolutions for political meetings the letter of Rufus Barringer, of North Carolina. During the war Mr. Barringer was good rebel enough to be hugged to the most constitutional Democratic heart. He improved all the opportunities which Democratic treachery lavishly offered him and his friends to destroy the Government and ruin the country. But, having done his best and failed, he has acquiesced in the result, and it is in that wise conduct that his example is so sadly needed by the Democratic party. From April until August, 1865, Mr. Barringer was a prisoner of war in the Northern States, and carefully observed the temper of the Yankee mind. He says that he came to the following conclusions:

1. That there was no vindictive feeling whatever, and a universal disposition to treat the vanquished kindly if they, and especially their leaders, "came up fairly and squarely to the great results of the war."

2. That "negro suffrage was destined to come." Many Democratic papers conceded it. It was a simple act of justice, and a mere return to the principles of 1776. It was also the opinion of President Johnson, as shown in his dispatch to Governor Sharkey and his conversation with Major Stearns.

3. "That the Republican party was the power with which the South had to deal." It contained the live men of the North. Its principles and policy had ended the war victoriously, "and shed lustre and renown on the Northern name." It was inconceivable that a people which had seen and shared the glorious triumphs of such a party would intrust their cause, their honor, the fate of their colored allies, the safety of the Southern Unionists, the hopes of Europe, and the payment of their debt to the mercies of their recognized foes, the Copperheads and Confederates.

4. That not only the existence of the South, but her truest and highest interest required the sincere acceptance of the progressive ideas of the successful party. It was better that these ideas should extend Southward naturally than be forced at the point of the bayonet. If the South welcomed the principles the best Northern element of population would come. If not, the worst.

More sensible conclusions it would be difficult to imagine, and they were shared probably by the great multitude of people at the North. But when Mr. Barringer returned to his home he found the people there, especially the political leaders, totally blind to the great facts of the situation. Mr. Barringer proposed some of the natural and inevitable changes—qualified colored suffrage, universal education, the welcome of Northern immigrants, modification of the old laws to the new situation, a gradual subdivision of the great landed estates, adoption of the currency and pledges to maintain the National debt. "But the politicians clung to their old habits of pandering to sectional pride and caste." They lashed the ignorant public mind into fury. Instead of acquiescence there was the most stupid resistance to the results of the war, and a reaction naturally took place at the North. After waiting two years for the conquered party to confess their defeat, and accept the consequences which defeat implied, the Republicans lost all faith in the Southern leaders, and they passed the Reconstruction bill. If the resistance continues, in Mr. Barringer's opinion, worse will come, for he does not believe that the people of the Northern States are fools enough to be tired or cheated out of the fruits of a victory which has cost them so dearly.

His counsel is, therefore, that the white people of the Southern States should stop yelping at Yankee emissaries, and cease their hostility to the political rights of the colored citizen. When this is done the colored vote will be found to be in the best sense conservative, and will unite with that of the Southern whites in the protection of common interests and principles. Mr. Barringer mourns the troubles that press upon his section, but rejoices that they are no worse. "Fierce and savage as the conflict was while it lasted (such are all civil wars), thus far we have had no executions for treason, no edicts of banishment, no confiscations. When before did a great war and revolution thus terminate? For one, I have not despaired of the country, and have not lost all faith in free institutions. I hope ere long to see our people restored to all their rights and privileges—all fear of confiscation removed; and in the incoming tide of immigration and enterprise a new era will dawn upon our desolate land."

Compare this view of the war, its consequences, and the present situation, by a late rebel, with the speech of Horatio Seymour, an unchanging Copperhead, at the Albany Democratic Convention. One is the expression of a clear-sighted, generous, and sagacious citizen; the other of a snarling, sour partisan. One is the view of a statesman, the other of a demagogue.

## DEMOCRATIC FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SOLDIERS.

The height of impudence is touched by the last resolution of the New York Democratic Convention, expressing "profound gratitude" to the victorious soldiers of the war. Those soldiers know better than any one else what kind of friend to them the Democratic party was during the war.

The Union soldiers remember very well that it was a Democratic Secretary of War who put hundreds of thousands of arms and tons of ammunition into the hands of rebels.

The Union sailors have not forgotten that it was a Democratic Secretary of the Navy who sent all the national ships out of reach.

The soldiers and sailors remember that they were Democratic leaders who told the rebels that the war should not be confined to the South.

They remember that it was the Democratic papers and orators who called the Union army and navy "Lincoln hirelings," "minions of a satrap," and "bummers."

They remember that it was the same Democratic authorities which called the summons to arms "usurpation" and "tyranny."

They know that they were Democrats who organized "Knights of the Golden Circle," and "Sons of Liberty," to aid the rebels; Democrats who resisted the draft; Democrats who incited the riots; Democrats who asked sneeringly, with Horatio Seymour, "where are those victories?"

They have not forgotten that they were Democratic Legislatures which refused a vote to the soldiers in the field.

They have not forgotten that, after one Union army had bravely struggled through the Wilderness, and the other was heroically pressing toward Atlanta, when the great movement that triumphantly and unconditionally ended the war was in progress, it was the Democratic National Convention, the same Horatio Seymour presiding, which declared the war a failure.

The soldiers and sailors of the Union know that if any thing could have made the war a failure, and the deaths of hundreds of thousands of their brave comrades a useless sacrifice, it was the treachery and malice and hatred of the Democratic party.

And now, when the leaders of that party wish to win the votes of the soldiers and sailors to undo the victory of their arms, they declare in convention—the same Horatio Seymour presiding—that the soldiers and sailors have won "imperishable honor."

So they have, over rebels in the field and Copperheads helping them at home.

## "JUSTICE AND GOOD FAITH."

General Butler's letters upon the payment of the public debt have certainly not deepened public confidence in him. His last point is, that when the Five-Twenty Loan Bill was passed it established the interest at six per cent., payable in gold, but said nothing as to the currency in which the principal was to be paid. He adds, that the law providing for the issue of greenbacks made them a legal tender for every debt *except* duties on imports and the interest on the public debt. If they were not to be received for principal of the public debt, why except the interest, asks General Butler. His conclusion is, that the Five-Twenty bonds are payable in currency, and he prefaces it with the remark that his "most earnest desire is that the Government shall fully, honestly, and exactly meet every one of its obligations according to the exact and equitable condition of every contract it has made with its creditors. I would advocate nothing short of this, and justice and good faith require nothing more."

Now justice and good faith require the interpretation of the contract in the exact spirit in which it was understood by both parties when it was made. The sole question then is this: Did the Government when it borrowed mean to pay at maturity in gold, and when the money was lent did the lenders understand that they were to be paid in gold?

Or to put it in another way, would the Government when it wanted to borrow have been willing to announce that it meant to pay in the manner now indicated by General Butler?

And if it had done so, would the people have lent their money?

There can be no doubt of the answer to these questions. There is, therefore, no doubt of the mutual understanding between the Government and its creditors. That understanding is, "the exact and equitable condition" of the contract which "justice and good faith" require us to fulfill.

## A MASSACHUSETTS MAN.

The "Life of Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts by his son, Edmund Quincy," just published by Ticknor and Fields, is one of the most delightful of biographies. It is written with perfect temper and taste, without filial exaggeration, and with an unobtrusive and humorous quaintness of manner which will not be strange to those who are familiar with the shrewd wit of the author, who maintains both the honor and the character of the name he bears. The narrative is continuous and skillful; and it is of the greatest interest and value, for Josiah Quincy's public life fell upon a time with which this generation is little familiar, and upon political contests in which those of our day had their origin.

Mr. Quincy went to Congress in 1805, and left it in 1813. During all that time he was one of the straitest Federalists. Carefully trained for public life, no man upon the floor was more independent, more incorruptible, more uncompromising, of deeper convictions, of a readier wit, or of a more flowing eloquence, than he. The chief question when he entered public life was the purchase of Louisiana. Mr. Quincy approved of the purchase, but he earnestly opposed the introduction of the territory into the Union as a State without the express consent of the people of the old States at an election especially called. He believed that the consent would be given in the case of Louisiana, but that Jefferson, in the interest of slavery, wished to establish the principle that Congress alone might multiply States. In a letter to Levi Lincoln of the 30th August, 1803, Jefferson himself said: "Congress should do what is necessary in silence. I find but one opinion as to the necessity of shutting up the Constitution for some time." When the final question came up in Congress on the 14th of January, 1811, Mr. Quincy made a speech which is very famous. The slavery party always quoted it as the original declaration of the right of secession, and delighted to assert that it came from a New England blue-light Federalist. Hildreth, in his history, confirms this view.

Mr. Quincy, in the opening of his speech, said that if the bill passed "the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved," and that it would be the right and duty of the States to prepare definitely for a separation, "amicably if they can, violently if they must." This is very unmistakable. The biographer, however, makes the distinction between this position and that of the slave-party afterward that Mr. Quincy did not assert that the Constitution itself granted the right of any State to withdraw from the Union; but that when the Constitution was violated in the interest of a section and against the welfare of the whole nation, the right of revolution might be invoked and each State resume its individual independence. It seems to us clear, however, that Mr. Quincy did not mean to declare the right of resort to revolution as usually understood, but to assert the dissolution of the Union by a violation of its terms. And that, of course, brings us to the old question, who shall decide? There is no doubt, however, that Mr. Edmund Quincy speaks truly when he says: "The secessionism of Josiah Quincy was the vindication of the rights of freedom against the unconstitutional aggressions of slavery; that of Jefferson Davis the vindication of the rights of slavery against the constitutional restrictions of freedom."

When the war of 1812 was at hand Mr. Quincy, although a Federalist, voted to make preparation for it, because he considered any war a less evil than the anti-commercial system of Jefferson. He made a noble and memorable speech for a navy. But he did not wish war. He wished only to remove the commercial restrictions and stand, if necessary, upon the defensive. Therefore he voted against the declaration of hostilities, and he wrote the address of the minority, which was the official argument of the Federalists against the war. The next year Mr. Quincy opposed the invasion of Canada as "cruel, wanton, senseless, and wicked." The force and effectiveness of this speech were so great that Mr. Speaker Henry Clay came down from his chair to punish the ardent orator, and declared that he soiled the carpet on which he trod! This from Henry Clay to Josiah Quincy is exquisite. Mr. Quincy's retort was pungent and conclusive.

These politics of a past day have a peculiar freshness and timeliness in our own; and both the public story and the private society of the time are vividly touched by the biographer. What Mr. Quincy was in Congress he was in every position to the end of his long and stainless life. The same energy, independence, purity, and large intelligence marked his whole career. He was eighty-nine years old when the rebellion began. But he was probably the least surprised man in the country. He had foreseen it and foretold it half a century before. Nobody knew the inherent necessity of the war more fully than he, and he lived to see its great consummation, in emancipation, although he died before Lee's surrender, on the 1st of July, 1864, in his ninety-third year. There are few finer figures in our history than Josiah Quincy, nor ought any book to be more precious to every American than one which, like this, illustrates the triumphant career of a thoroughly honest, disciplined, and devoted American citizen.

## AN EX-REBEL VIEW OF COPPERHEAD PROPHECIES.

Those who perplex reunion at the South are the objects of Democratic pity: not the ex-rebels who truly acquiesce. The real opinion of the Democratic party, which is now held by many of its old allies in the Southern States has been heard from Governor Orr and others, but there is a very neat statement of it made by Mr. Barringer. It is in the following words, which may be meditated at this time with peculiar profit: "The treacherous utterances of the Copperhead press, which has ever fed and fattened on the follies of the South, and which has ever led us to death and destruction, are again gathered up. People forget 1861, when at the first shock of arms the 'mudsills' were to rise; 1862, when M'Clellan in his rage and despair was to seize the Government; 1863, when the Northwest was to resist; 1864, when the Peace Democracy was to triumph; 1865, when Mr. Johnson would certainly crush Radicalism; and finally 1866, when the Philadelphia Convention was to sweep the country. *Behold the result of all these prophecies!* And yet when a Southern man dares to rise above the passions of the hour and tell the people the unvarnished truth he is denounced as a traitor to his race and section."

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Elections were held on October 8, in Ohio, Iowa, and Pennsylvania. The race was closely contested in Ohio, where the Republican candidate for Governor was elected by a majority of only about 3000. The Democrats gained several members of the Legislature; enough, it is thought, to secure the return of a Democratic Senator to Congress in the place of Mr. Wade. The negro suffrage amendment was, we regret to say, defeated by a considerable majority in consequence of the apathy of its friends. In Pennsylvania the contest was merely over a judgeship, and was less exciting and interesting, politics not entering so largely into the issue as in Ohio and Iowa. The Democratic candidate was elected by a meagre majority—the vote of the city in which he resided, and in which he was personally very popular, turning the scale in his favor. In Iowa the Republican candidate was elected by the usual heavy majority.

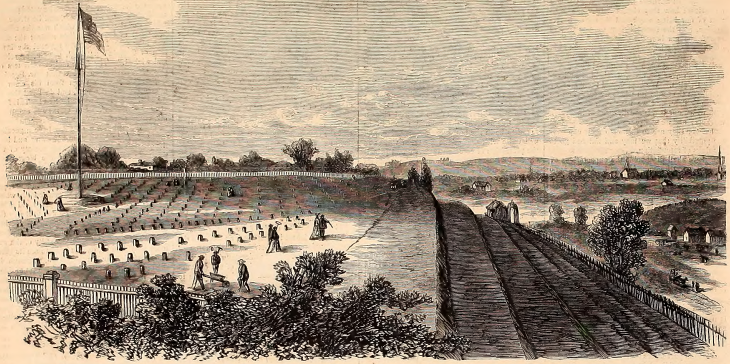
New Orleans is building school-houses for her colored children, and has lately appropriated $75,000 for that wise purpose. White and black are to be educated separately.

Statistics of colored education in Virginia show that ten thousand negroes in the State have learned how to read during the past year.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Roman insurgents and their Italian allies have been uniformly successful in their efforts against Rome. Since our last record closed they have gained two victories over the Papal troops, and have advanced considerably toward Rome. The most important movements, however, have been the political ones of Victor Emanuel in asking to be released from his obligations of the year before, and the significant reply of Prussia, to the effect that the demand is just, and that Italy will be supported in taking possession of Rome in the event of its capture by the insurgents. The announcement of such purpose on the part of Prussia induced Napoleon to agree with Austria that the occupation of Rome by Italy might be made, the present Pope to retain his temporal power in the city, but all temporal authority of the Papacy to end on the death of Pius the Ninth.

Bavaria, the largest and most important of the states of South Germany, strongly favors the proposed union with Prussia, or North Germany. In the Diet, on October 8, Prince Hohenlohe, chief minister of the Bavarian Cabinet, declared that "the true policy of Bavaria was to seek union with the North German states under the Presidency of the King of Prussia, and at the same time to take steps for the establishment of a firm and enduring alliance with the Empire of Austria." It may be said that, as goes Bavaria, the most Southern and most *Austrian* of the South German states, so goes Wurtemburg and all the rest.



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT FREDERICKSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[Sketched by W. L. Sheppard.]

## OUR NATIONAL CEMETERIES.

We believe the country is indebted to General Oliver O. Howard for the organization of the Burial Corps which has so systematically and skillfully collected and buried the fallen soldiers of the late war for the Union. National cemeteries have been laid out and are in course of completion on every great battle-field of the country; and monuments have been erected to the memory and in honor of the men who fell thereon. The most extensive of these burial grounds of the nation are at Gettysburg, Antietam, Nashville, Chattanooga, Andersonville, Vicksburg, Fredericksburg, and Hampton.

Our illustrations on this page relate to the last-named two. The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the monument for the Hampton Cemetery took place on October 3. This cemetery is located in the rear of the famous Chesapeake Seminary Hospital at which Miss Dix, the philanthropist, devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers of the country. The monument which is to be erected will owe its existence in a great measure to Miss Dix's efforts in raising the necessary funds for its purchase. When completed it will have cost $12,000, of which $10,000 have been collected, leaving $2000 yet to be made up by contributions. The monument will be a plain shaft, built of Quincy granite, about 70 feet high, erected on a broad pedestal, engraved and carved into various designs and military emblems. The cemetery itself—containing the remains of some six thousand soldiers, fallen heroes of all the Peninsula campaigns, from M'Clellan's advance to the fall of Richmond, on the banks of the James, and in skirmishes and retreats all over those sections of the State—is laid out in a beautiful and systematic manner, adorned with grass-plats and gravel walks, and from the progress being made in improving the grounds by the burial corps service detachment it will soon be one of the finest National cemeteries in the country. The cemetery at Yorktown, and the smaller ones in the vicinity of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Portsmouth are being rapidly broken up, and the bodies reinterred in the Hampton Cemetery, which, when finally

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AT HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, October 3, 1867.—[Sketched by F. Dietman.]

THE SUEZ CANAL—VIEW FROM THE PLATEAU OF EL GUISR.

completed, will contain about ten thousand bodies.

The National Cemetery at Fredericksburg, Virginia, is located on Marye's Hill, and contains at this time the bodies of nearly twenty thousand Union soldiers, gathered from all the neighboring fields of the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania Court House, etc. The sketch shows Falmouth Heights and Fredericksburg in the distance. The house seen just to the right of the flag-staff is MARYE'S, on the famous hill of the same name. This picture will have peculiar interest for every soldier and officer who fought at this battle, as it will serve to explain the terrible repulse which SUMNER'S men met with at this point. It shows in the centre foreground the sunken road and stone-wall which were the key to the whole action on this part of the field. This road and wall rendered the rebel position of great strength, and is thus described by General KERSHAW, who held it against SUMNER'S attack: "Marye's Hill falls off abruptly toward Fredericksburg to a stone-wall, which forms a terrace on the side of the hill, and the outer margin of the telegraph road which winds along the foot of the hill. The road is about twenty-five feet wide, and is faced by a stone-wall, about four feet high on the city side. The road having been cut out of the side of the hill in many places, this last wall is not visible above the surface of the ground." This road, invisible from the direction whence the attack was to come, was precisely like the ditch of a fortress, affording perfect protection to the men posted in it. Parts of two rebel brigades, numbering in all not 2000 men, were stationed here, and yet so small was the space that they stood four deep; so that our troops, on reaching the foot of the hill and charging it, were met by a sheet of fire from an invisible foe, before which they melted like a snow-bank before a jet of steam. This interesting spot has never before been illustrated; and it is worthy of note that the existence of this sunken road seems never to have been known to the Union commanders, even up to the date when they prepared their reports.

## FARRAGUT'S FLAG.

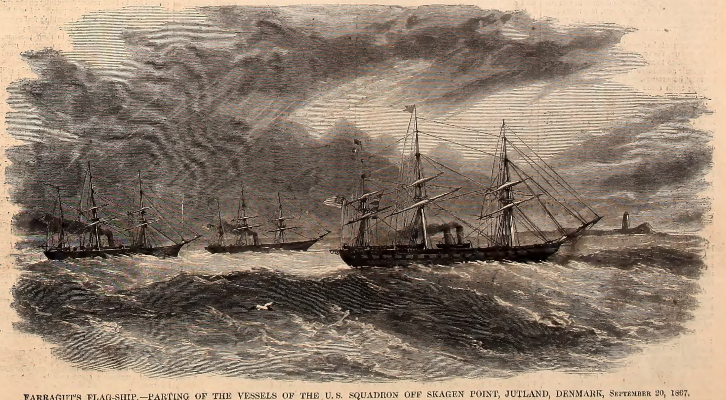
OUR artist, who has followed FARRAGUT'S flag to Russia and witnessed there the honors paid the old Admiral, and through him the country which he represents, has furnished us with a sketch of the parting of the *Franklin* from the *Ticonderoga* and *Canandaigua* off the bleak and rugged but by no means inhospitable shores of Denmark. The scene is off Skagen Point, Jutland; and the vessels parted company on September 20, the *Franklin* for England and the other vessels for Copenhagen. The Flagship is about making signal for the vessels to proceed to their destination. This sketch gives a view of three of the handsomest vessels of our squadron, and well worthy to represent so great a government as ours. The squadron is seen steaming out into the equinoctial gale, which was raging at the time, and in which the *Franklin* behaved in such a manner as to make all hands proud of her.

## THE SUEZ CANAL.

WE gave lately some interesting particulars and illustrations of the Mount Cenis Railroad, and the engineering triumph lately accomplished in the ascent of the Alps by a locomotive, and the union of France and Italy by that means. We give this week some equally interesting facts regarding the Suez Canal, by which Europe and Asia are to be commercially united.

The Isthmus of Suez, lying between the Mediterranean and Red Seas, connects the continents of Africa and Asia, and is a barrier to inland water communication between the two seas and continents mentioned. For many ages projects have been originated to overcome this barrier by a canal. King DARIUS of Persia completed a canal from the Red Sea to the River Nile near Cairo, but all trace of it is now nearly lost. NAPOLEON projected a canal across the Isthmus, avoiding any connection with the Nile, but did not succeed in any thing more than attracting the attention of all commercial Europe to the project. The present work, which has been in progress since 1852, is in the hands of a French Joint-Stock Company, of which M. LESSEPS is the chief manager, with a capital of $40,000,000. It obtained, some years since, very favorable concessions from the Viceroy of Egypt, including grants of land on either side the canal and its branches, and the right to compel the laborers on either side to contribute a portion of their labor to the work. Thus assisted the Company went to work with energy; and have since had not less than 20,000 laborers constantly at work.

The canal when completed will be about 100 miles long. It passes through lagoons and plains on a level with the sea, broken by a few plateaus, more or less elevated above the plain, and a few depressions, originally dry, but now transformed into artificial inland lakes. It was at first attempted to perform much of this immense work by manual labor; but steam has since been substituted, and the Company at present employs steam apparatus equivalent to ten thousand horse-



FARRAGUT'S FLAG-SHIP.—PARTING OF THE VESSELS OF THE U. S. SQUADRON OFF SKAGEN POINT, JUTLAND, DENMARK, SEPTEMBER 20, 1867.
[SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "FRANKLIN."]

power. The débris is carried out by locomotive trains; and dredges complete the work after the water has been let into the canal.

Our illustration on page 677 presents the view from the summit of the plateau of El-Guisr, a few miles from Lake Timsah, the central point of the canal, now filled by a temporary canal with water direct from the Mediterranean. The great canal here passes through a plateau some six miles in length, and sixty feet above the level of the sea. On reaching the edge of the plateau a striking spectacle meets the eye; the ground seems to give way beneath the feet, and an immense valley stretches from the south, northward, as far as the eye can reach. On the right, at the foot of the Asiatic bank, to be rendered still higher by the débris, flows the temporary canal, a long ribbon of greenish water from seventy to eighty feet wide; while on the left long trains of cars, loaded with dirt, come without ceasing to the foot of the slopes, where they are connected by long chains with the locomotives at the top. The steam noisily escapes; the cars swiftly ascend the heights, discharge their load over the edge of the precipice, and run down by their own weight to be filled anew. The work is carried on in this way till the water-level is reached, as is shown in the illustration, when the dredges complete the task, and give the maritime canal its length and breadth. Lake Timsah is now in full communication with the Mediterranean.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### QUICKSANDS.

There can be no doubt about the fact of weddings being very wearying things to all whom they concern. From the moment that it was openly decided upon that Lionel Talbot and Blanche Lyon should take one another "for better and worse," very soon bustle and confusion reigned lords of all in the two families. Mrs. Lyon shed a few tears as soon as the matter was mooted, relative to the impossibility of her getting things ready for the marriage.

"You *must* be married from your mother's house, Blanche; and I have no house for you to be married from," the old lady said, piteously, when Lionel pleaded for an early day being named; and then when Blanche urged that all that they either of them deemed essential was a church, a ring, and a priest, Frank Bathurst started forward with the announcement of his intentions concerning the nuptials of his friend.

"My cousin must be married from my house, Mrs. Lyon," he said, eagerly. "I am her nearest male relative, though we don't bear the same name (unfortunately," he added, *sotto voce*). "I'm bound to give the wedding breakfast and her away, and I will do both very jollily. It is settled so, eh?"

"Yes," Blanche said, quietly, "settled and sealed with our heartiest thanks." And when she said that, Frank rejoiced in having had the resolution to brave the pang it cost him to offer to give her away to another man.

It was useless to delude himself with the assertion that it did not cost him a pang. It did cost him one, and a very sharp one too; but he bore it manfully, betraying it only to Lionel, not to the woman who caused it. The love he had felt for Blanche, slight as she deemed it, and superficially as it had been shown, had made him very loyal. Lionel's wife should have no reason for thinking with a too pitiful tenderness of Lionel's friend.

Beatrix was to be the only bridemaid. Blanche Lyon was not the type of girl who has made sacred promises to at least a dozen dearest friends as to their attendance upon her at the altar on the most important day of her life. This rather pleasing truth came out when Frank Bathurst said, one night—

"The auspicious event is so rapidly approaching that it's getting time for us to make preparations to meet it. Those big boxes that are always arriving mean that you're doing your part well and truly, Blanche; but how about the procession?"

"There will be ourselves to go," Blanche answered. "It doesn't much matter how we go, provided Lal and I get there."

"Why, don't you have a regular army of beings in tulle, to see your train safely up the aisle, and you safely through the service?"

"Indeed no," Miss Lyon said, laughing. "I never played Hermia to any one's Helen; I never make undying friendships, that last as a rule one month. Trixy is my most intimate friend."

"Blanche never would see the advantage of being popular with her own sex," Mrs. Lyon said, lamentingly. "I always tell her that it is a pity, and that she will find that I am right some time or other; but Blanche is very obstinate, very obstinate indeed, Mr. Bathurst."

"Don't impress that truth too much upon Lal, mamma," Blanche said, laughing. "Frank may hear it with safety; but Lionel might feel obstinacy to be an impediment, and I might be ignominiously jilted."

"If I thought that of him I would not trust my happiness in his hands, if I were in your place," Mrs. Lyon said, with as much severity as she was capable of expressing. Severity was not Mrs. Lyon's forte. Blanche was not crushed by it; but it is irritating to be told by a person whose knowledge of the case in question is slight, what he or she would do were he or she in your peculiar plight. In spite of the real, genuine joy she was knowing in the realization of her love-dream, Blanche was irritated out of all happiness for the moment by her well-meaning mamma.

"If I didn't think every thing that is good of Lionel I should not marry him. You may be very sure of that."

"Ah, one never knows a man till one marries him," Mrs. Lyon replied, shaking her head. "They seem all that's fair and plausible beforehand; but afterward—"

Here Mrs. Lyon paused and shook her head, as though her recollections of what happened afterward were the reverse of agreeable.

"Well, mamma, what arrangement would you suggest that might remedy that evil?" Blanche said, when her mother hesitated. "The good old rule that we take each other upon trust can not be amended, in my humble opinion."

"Ah!" the old lady said, shaking her head in a way that was a burlesque on wisdom, "girls don't know when they're well off, or they'd stay as they are, and not be in such haste to marry, wouldn't they, Mr. Bathurst? But so it is: they are glad to leave their mothers, who have thought for them and waited on them from the hour of their birth, for the first stranger who asks them."

"You see, Frank, mamma desires you to understand that I have 'jumped' at my first offer, as my enemies would say," Blanche said, laughingly. She had recovered that seldom-lost good-humor of hers, which could stand any strain that was made on it now save aught that might be interpreted as a slight on Lionel. That she could not tolerate. All the love-loyalty within her rose up in rebellion against the bare idea, causing her to feel, and to make others feel, that love was lord of all with her, in a way that did make Frank regret her very keenly for a minute or two. So, having recovered her good temper, she gave a reading of her mother's speech that she would not have given if it had been the right one; and Frank accepted her allusion in the way she intended him to accept it, and replied:

"Poor girl, couldn't she get any fellow to make it what the gentle bard of modern domesticity calls 'his chief aim in life' to win her for his wife before Lal fell into the snare?"

"My daughter has not been so utterly devoid of opportunities of marrying as you seem to imagine," Mrs. Lyon said, quickly, bridling her head as she spoke. "Of course every one now will imagine, from the hastiness of the whole of this affair, that she was anxious to get a husband, and that I was impatient to see her settled. It's not at all the aspect I like—not at all."

"What a lucky thing it is that Lal and I am indifferent to the aspect!" Blanche said, carelessly. "My dear mother, you do cause yourself such cark and care for nothing. Life would not be worth having if we all paid such a price to the *vox populi* as you do."

"Blanche will find in time that she can not disregard the opinion of the world, lightly as she esteems it now," Mrs. Lyon said to Frank, in a tone of toleration for her daughter that was touching. "I have seen more of life than she has; but she never would take my advice."

"My dear mother, what part of it have I disregarded?" Blanche asked, quietly; then she added, more quickly, "Certainly I went out as a governess when you thought it better I should stay at home in sublime seclusion, and starve, rather than lose caste; but in what else have I opposed you?"

"She is not a bit fit to be the wife of a poor man," Mrs. Lyon said, petulantly, to Frank, as if he was in a measure responsible for Lionel's poverty and for Blanche's predilection for sharing the same. "Not a bit fit for it. What they will do I don't know."

"The best we can, mamma," Blanche said, buoyantly.

"Ah, it's easy to say that," Mrs. Lyon replied, crossly. "You have not tried it yet. Well, there, my advice never is taken, so I may as well hold my tongue."

And Blanche, who could not help remembering that her mother's advice had never brought her any thing but boredom, and that she (Blanche) had been her own sole maintenance, chief counselor, and only guide, for many years, entirely coincided with her mother's latest opinion.

"Look here, Blanche," Frank Bathurst said, somewhat nervously, a few hours later in the same day; "Lal and you must start clear and comfortable, that's certain. You won't be too proud to accept a wedding present from me, will you."

"I should be very much disgusted with you if you did not give me one," she replied, laughing. Then remembering that Frank's liberality might lead him to give more than either Lionel or she could comfortably accept under the circumstances, she hastily added, "Let me choose my present, may I?—a tea-service—because I'm fastidious to a fault about china, and I feel that your taste will be perfect."

"All right," Frank said, dryly; "you shall have that. But you must let me exercise the brother's privilege, and give you what I think you ought to have."

"You're too good to me," she said, in a low voice. The recollection that this man had wanted her for his wife smote her at times, and saddened her a little; he was so very generous to her in his disappointed love.

"Too good to you? That's impossible. Come, Blanche," he went on, as Lionel came and joined them, "I'll say my say to you before Lal, and have done with it. He has won you and I have failed; and I don't like either him or you one bit the less for it. I can bear my defeat, and can tell Lal that I think him the luckiest fellow in the world, and that I am glad he is so lucky. You in return must show me that you don't think my love for you both is an utterly worthless thing by letting me use my own judgment in giving you what I think best. Say, will you?"

"You want us to give a promise blindly," Blanche said, affectionately; "and I think we may dare give it to the one who has fulfilled my old conceited fancy about 'Bathurst's boy,' and taken such a fancy to me as I am proud to have inspired."

"That's neat," Frank said, approvingly. "Waste of words, though, rather. If you had said 'I will,' it would have saved trouble. Naturally, what you will Lal wills also. Well, then, Miss Lyon, my idea is, that it's best for a woman to be independent of her husband, so far as money-matters are concerned, so I shall make you independent of Lal."

Lionel Talbot's blood rushed to his face as his old friend spoke. The proposition could never be acted upon. He felt that at once; but he also felt that the rejection of it must emanate from Blanche. All his fine sensibilities were in revolt at the notion of his wife being offered, by a man who had wooed her, that which he (Lionel) could not give her—an independent settlement; but he could not, for his pride's sake, make manifest that he was so revolted. He must trust to Blanche to show to others that his right to her was a real one with which no man might interfere.

"Frank wants to find out whether or not I am the unpleasantly strong-minded woman mamma most undesignedly represents me as," Miss Lyon said, quickly; "so he tests me by offering me what women who go in for their sex's rights sigh for—a state of independence. Dear Frank, how disgusted you would have been if I had fallen into your trap, and had not had the courage to aver that I belong to the old, weak, womanly order, that prefers being indebted to a lawful lord."

"By Jove! you're right," Frank cried, heartily. "You're right, and I was wrong to think for a moment that you could accept an ungraceful offer. Can you forgive me, Lal? You may, I think, for my folly brought out a bit of Blanche's best—her pride in you, old fellow!"

"That shall never be decreased by any fault of mine," Lionel replied. "Forgive you? Yes, I think I can forgive what flatters me so much as your appreciation of Blanche's deserts does; but for your comfort's sake I will tell you, Frank, dear old fellow, my wife won't be beholden to me for any thing, as old women call it. She has a mine of independence within herself in the making of many books."

"I'll give her a plot for her next," Frank said, laughing; "the story of a modern Damon and Pythias loving the same lady, and Damon surrendering her, and bearing no malice about it. She can draw from the life—the *dramatis personæ* are before her."

He gave a half-questioning, half-pleading glance at Blanche as he spoke. His bright, light love for her was not dangerous, and Lionel felt that it was not dangerous; still, the avowal of it was only a touch less than painful to the one who thought so humbly of himself that he deemed he had only won by a head.

"Damon would never be guilty of the meanness of mentioning it if he meant it," Lionel said, quietly; and when he said that Blanche realized that the love of the one man and the liking of the other would give her a hard part to play.

"And Pythias would never be sensitively jealous if Damon did," she put in, hurriedly; "at least not if he respected the lady of his love as the loved of Damon and Pythias deserved to be respected. Since Frank is kind enough to give me the materials for a story, Lal, you must let me tell it in my own way. I shall handle it all so harmoniously for the lady, and for Damon and Pythias too."

"And when shall we read it?" Frank asked, eagerly. The moment for half sentimentalizing with him was gone, and he could be blithely gay about the business again.

"When? Always when we are together, and I hope that may be very often," she said, gayly; and then both men felt that however it had been before, her heart was wholly Lionel's now—so wholly that she had no fear of herself. She had got herself past some terrible quicksands in safety; and it was no slight thing to have done. Had she steered one half point to the right or left of that straightforward course which it had been her choice and policy to pursue, she would have brought the little bark in which Lionel and herself had shipped for life into troubled waters. As it was, she had, by means of a steady hand and an eye undimmed by vanity or deceit, gone direct to the harbor of refuge Lionel's love made for her.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### MARRIED.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sutton came down to Haldon the day before the wedding, accompanied by their niece Ellen Bowdin, in whose favor Blanche had relented, in so far as allowing her to be a bridemaid went. Not one of the party, including the bride herself, were in very brilliant spirits on the marriage morning. Now that it had really come to the point, the two men who had loved Blanche felt it to be harder than they had fancied to lose her.

"I hope from my heart, old fellow, that you will be as happy as you both deserve to be," Frank Bathurst said, clapping Lionel on the shoulder. "Don't you feel shaky about it, though."

"Not a bit," Lionel replied.

"Then you've a bundle of nerves. I should."

"What should you do?" Edgar Talbot asked, as he came in to his brother.

"Feel awfully nervous if I stood on the brink of a similar precipice to the one Lal is on just now."

"So should I," Edgar said, "especially if I were no more sure than Lionel is that I could keep my wife as my wife ought to be kept."

"Oh, as for that, Lal will be as right as a trivet," Frank said, hurriedly. The conversation had taken a turn that might reasonably be supposed to be the reverse of agreeable to Lionel; and Frank was sorry for this, and also sorry for the cause of its being thus turned. There must be a considerable amount of bitterness, he knew, in the heart of a man who could utter so thinly-veiled a reproach to a brother on his wedding morning.

"Any way, I am not going half-way to meet any trouble, much less one that Blanche will bear with me," Lionel said, coolly.

"You will be obliged to work a trifle less conscientiously, that is all," Edgar said, laughing.

"That I shall never do. I will pay my wife the respect of, at least, not deteriorating."

"You will do well enough, probably, old fellow," Edgar said, with sudden heartiness; "quite as well, and better too, than most men; but you'll study the simply expedient a little more attentively than you have done hitherto, if I'm not mistaken."

"You are mistaken. I can not stay to try and convince you of it just now, for we must be off."

Then they went away to the village church, the bells of which had been clanging in hilarious dis-harmony all the morning.

To be married in a large town, in the midst of a concourse of people who are superbly indifferent as to whether one is going to be married or buried, is a calm and comfortable proceeding when compared with being married in a village, where every one has some pet theory to account for every change of complexion and variation of expression in the faces of the chief objects concerned. The bridal party would have deemed themselves blessed had the inspection lasted only during their progress through the church; but the church-yard gateway was too narrow to admit a carriage, consequently they had to get out and walk between rows of observant fellow-creatures, on a rough gravel path, that was, as Mrs. Sutton felt with anguish, detrimental to her boots and train. Ellen Bowden, to whom, six months before, the scene would have been one of fairy-like beauty and splendor, had dreamed a more gorgeous dream lately, and so rather looked down upon this reality.

"If I am ever married, it shall not be in the country; I am quite determined about that," she whispered to Trixy; and when Trixy replied:

"I dare say Mr. Wilmot will agree to any place that seems good to you," Ellen blushed with confusion, and said:

"One never knows how things of that sort may turn out, does one, Miss Talbot? Aunt Marian says it is so foolish to speak about engagements ever, for fear they should be broken off. Do you know Mr. Eldale, Miss Talbot?"

"Only by repute."

"Oh, I'm sorry you don't know him," Ellen said, in disappointed accents. She wanted to talk about him more than she had wanted to talk about John Wilmot for many weeks. It was hard upon her, she felt, that Miss Talbot could not take the wild interest in her subject which knowledge of him would surely have given.

"I am very sorry," she repeated. "He is so charming."

Then her poor little foolish heart throbbed high at the thought of how grand a thing his wealth and taste would make her wedding with him, if she were so fortunate as to have won him as he seemed to be won by her; and this thought caused her to look rather scornfully on the small band that stood around the pair. "I will have twelve bridemaids; and I shouldn't feel married in such a plain white dress as she wears; but it's all right enough for people in their position, I suppose," the daughter of the deceased grazier thought of the daughter of an old and honorable house.

"It was not half as bad as I expected; still I am very glad it is over—so glad and happy, Lal," Mrs. Lionel Talbot exclaimed to her husband, the instant they were out of the church.

"And I shall be glad when we're off," he replied, tenderly; "for Edgar is breaking down fast. If he does utterly, my darling, there must be a gulf between us; no man, not even my own brother, must show love for my wife. Let us leave them to eat the wedding breakfast without us; let us be off at once."

"As you will. Whatever you wish to do I shall be sure to like to do," she said, tenderly. So they were off at once, after just shaking hands with the others, on the brief trip that was to be the prelude of that earnest battle of life they were bound to fight together.

"The artist and his wife had a very humdrum wedding," Ellen Bowden wrote to John Wilmot. He had forced her to write to him from Haldon; and she kept her promise, though she kept it unwillingly. "There was no style about it at all. I couldn't endure such an affair; but I suppose it was the right and proper thing for people without money. Some people blame them very much for having married on next to nothing: such matches never turn out well. I hardly know when we go back to town; so I should be sorry for you to waste more of your time in waiting to see us on our return. My uncle and aunt unite with me in kindest regards.

"Yours very truly, Ellen Bowden."

"I don't think that Arthur Eldale can think that a compromising letter, if he should ever chance to see it," Ellen thought, and a self-complacent expression crept over her face as she thought it. She had violated no truth in averring herself to be his "very truly;" at least she had not violated truth in the letter, though she had in the spirit. She was his very truly, in so far as being well-disposed toward him as a friend

went; but to herself she confessed that she would prefer being a friend to him at a distance for the future. Her retrospective regard for him in the abstract was a colossal thing; still, colossal as it was, it was liable to collapsing suddenly into the most diminutive proportions under the influence of the dread she had that it might mar her future prospects with another.

Meanwhile the newly-married people whom she was pitying were well on their way to the place they had determined to pause and take breath in before commencing the actual fight for fame and fortune which they both were resolved to make. It was a sweet, quiet, secluded village, in a midland county, where they made their first halt, a village about half a mile from the banks of the Thames, in the heart of the fairest of that flat, fair, midland county scenery, which is so fascinating in its park-like prettiness and quiet. Sheets of silvery moonlight flooded the scene when they reached the little inn that stood on the brink of one of the tributary streams that fall into the Thames. The house itself was gable-ended, thatched, covered with creeping plants, redolent of the presence of roses. As they stood together at the casement-window, looking out over the flower-bed-studded slope of grass, and on the shining river, the deep, tender happiness of love, realized so fully that it idealized every thing, flooded the hearts of both, and the woman spoke:

"Lionel, what have I done to deserve this; to be placed here in the midst of such beauty; to be enjoying it with you?"

"According to my idea, you have done every thing to deserve it," he replied. "You have made me supremely happy by giving me your love and the right to enjoy it."

"Such a poor return for the wealth of yours," she said, rather sadly. "Lal, the one thought that crushes me a little now and then is that I may be, not a 'burden'—I won't insult you by suggesting that you could ever feel me to be that—but a sensibly-felt weight. If I hamper you? If I impede your progress? The mere thought of it half maddens me."

Then he put his arms about her with that air of tenderly protecting strength which comforts a woman against her will—against her reason, very often—and told her that he was so strengthened and elevated by her love that his progress must be an upward one; and that even if it were not, she would be by his side to share it, and to see him make it.

"But if you are impoverished by your marriage, Lal? Life is a little harder to the man who has to fight for a wife as well as for himself."

"Harder perhaps; sweeter undoubtedly. Listen, my child," he said, putting his hand on her brow, and holding her face up to fairly meet his gaze. "Listen, and believe me, Blanche. I never lied to any one yet—do you think I should lie to the one I love best? Believe me when I say that I meant the words I uttered this morning. Whatever comes to me of sorrow or joy, of wealth or poverty, I thank God that you have vowed very solemnly, my sweet, to share it with me."

"Oh, Lal! what a lovely opening chapter it is!" the easily-consoled woman—who showed her love by being thus easily consoled—replied, as she let her head nestle forward trustingly upon his shoulder. "What a lovely opening chapter it is!" she repeated, earnestly.

"Yes," he replied, laughing; "and, as is right, there are only two figures in it. In the earlier stages of romances, whether of real life or not, it is well that the two chief figures should stand quite alone—should be clearly outlined."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### FAMILY AFFECTION.

IT was late in the autumn before the young married people left the little inn on the brink of the stream for a settled home of their own. "The prettiest, quietest place we can afford, without giving a thought to the social consideration it is held in, will be the place for us," Lionel said to his wife, when the question of their future abode began to be first debated seriously between them; and Blanche agreed with him in this, as indeed she did about most things.

"I think you are right, Lionel. I will go to Highgate, if you like, or to Camberwell, or to any other out-of-the-way district in which you may see fit to place me; it will be all one to me, so long as you are with me, and I have something nice to look at from the window. We have no old swell friends to be affected by our decline and fall from the West." Then, as she finished speaking, she remembered that Marian Sutton had, with recently-developed sisterly affection, promised to call on them as soon as they (the Suttons) came back to London; and she added, "Even Marian will forgive the locality for her brother Lionel."

"Marian and you will never be sufficiently intimate for the distance between you to be felt as a trial," Lionel replied.

"We are better apart, I think," Blanche said, heartily. "Nothing would give me the necessary amount of faith in Marian to make constant or even frequent intercourse between us desirable. I do—"

She paused, and her husband said: "You do what, dear?"

"Maybe I had better reserve my judgment. Speaking it can do no good."

"But I would rather that you did speak it to me, even though your judgment of my sister may be severe. You are my wife, and I have a right to share your thoughts. Tell me, darling!"

"Lal, what a mean-hearted wretch I should seem to myself if I, by a thoughtless word or two, made you think less well than you do of your sister. I will own to not liking her; but I will add, in justice to her, that I believe, at first, I only disliked her because she did not like me. My vanity was piqued; I was weak."

"At first that was your reason, but how about now?"

"Now I don't think her true; that is why I do not take to her, as we women call it. I think she has a good deal of scratch in her, and if her soft, easy-going existence were disturbed, I think she would let her nearest feel that she had it without the faintest scruple. Lal, how can I dare to say that of a sister of yours? What a wretch I am!"

"At least you can love Trixy," he said, evading answering her direct question as to how she dared to question the moral veracity of his sister.

The young, loving, tenderly-regarded wife went down gracefully on her knees before the low lounge-chair in which her husband was sitting.

"Shall I confess, Lal?" she asked, sweetly.

"To me, always, or Heaven help us both!" he answered, solemnly.

"Well, then, love is a gorgeous gift, and I don't give it readily. I have liked, and liked warmly, and been deceived and disappointed, and seen the object fall short of that which I expected of it, ever so many times. Now, for some time, I have left off lavishing it. I like what pleases me, and interests me, and sympathizes with me; but I should scorn myself if I were to say that because a woman is your sister, for that reason alone I loved her."

"And can't you love Trixy for herself?" he asked, in a hurt tone. "She at least might command the highest sympathies; she is good, true, and clever; what do you want more?"

"'Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself; it is not bought,'"

Blanche said, shrugging her shoulders. "I'm wrong morally, I have no doubt, but I am mentally right. You must know that when I first took to loving you better than myself, Trixy and I were antipathetic to each other to the last degree, on account of another man for whom she did care, and for whom I didn't care, and who did care for me, and who didn't care for her. Now our 'relations are altered,' as political reporters say; nevertheless, I can't afford to say that Trixy is the one female being in the world who can make life sweet to me simply because she is your sister."

Lionel Talbot was silent. Conventionally he knew his wife to be wrong. She was refusing to take up the regulation burden of family affection for "the people" of the one whom she had married; but rationally he knew her to be right—there was no sufficient cause for it.

"Trixy and you will right yourselves in time," he said, stooping forward and kissing her brow. "Meanwhile, don't imagine that you owe me any thing that your own true heart is disinclined to pay."

## GARIBALDI.

### BY CHARLES GATES.

DEEP through the fiery heart of Sicily
Another murmur than of earthquake ran,
As leaped on her bright shores from Caprera
The Hero and the Man.

No banners over countless legions streamed,
No triremes with war's engines piled the shore,
But the great lever Archimedes dreamed
In heart and hand he bore—

Freedom to man! It seeks not where to stand
Upon some orb in separate circle whirled,
But plants its fulcrum in the patriot's hand
And lightly lifts the world.

And vintners, goatherds, fishermen arose
In might and mien like grandest kings of men,
As if the Roman and his Punic foes
Had leaped to life again.

Such influence lay in that rough-vestured form
To rout their shames, and burst their old control,
And through their vacant being send a storm
Of resurrected souls.

The blind volcanoes of unquenched desire
For freedom, in man's breasts no longer pent,
Welled wider, deeper streams of living fire
Than Etna ever sent.

And the grim hand last left but one, erewhile
From Bourbon throne Briarean, stretching o'er
Dumb, prostrate nations, from that lovely isle
Fell off for evermore.

The south wind came from out the Middle Sea
To kiss the hero's brow, and bear his fame
Again to lovely, passionate Italy,
Whose heart was all aflame.

Etna to blue Vesuvius thrilled the word
*Freedom*, through waveless under-seas of heat,
And watching peasants on the slopes who heard
Sprang armed upon their feet.

And Naples—earth's ennobled paradise,
The bride, the queen, the captive, and the slave,
The fairest triumph, basest sacrifice,
The heaven, the hell, the grave—

More beautiful than man's divinest dream,
With influences of earth, and sea, and sky,
Defiled, polluted as a stagnant stream
Whose waters never dry—

Naples, from centuries of mute despair,
Oppression, priestcraft, beggary, and tears,
Rose, as an eagle to his native air,
After long captive years

To welcome Garibaldi—soul, and breath,
And being of the ideal unity,
Embodied aspiration, hope, and faith
Of the new Italy.

Along the Apennines the welcome flew,
On Tuscan groves it broke a sunrise flame,
Another life the unbound peoples knew,
And bore another name.

Beside the man high thrones came toppling down,
And kingly lines passed to oblivion dim;
He gave to Italy the laurel crown
The world had given to him.

Of fullest triumph ne'er was grander close;
The captains of the earth stood up to scan
How high above the stainless conqueror rose
The greatness of the man.

His name awaked the nations, far and strange,
And trembling kinglets waved him off their lands,
Lest men should feel upon their lives a change
Come with his clasping hands.

Time ripens slow: thrice hero he who waits
Till its deep-hidden fruit is opened bare,
In humble guise, at action's outer gates,
Nor asks an entrance there.

Thrice coward he who sees the golden ear,
And hears the call its waiting harvest brings,
But folds his hands in weak, uncertain fear
At voice of banded kings.

He waited on his rocky isle afar,
Lost in the shadows that around him sailed;
Yet he was steadfast as the Polar star—
He knew time never failed.

While we, with bleeding feet and outstretched palm,
Strained with loud trouble toward our nearer goal,
'Twere well we felt some measure of the calm
That hung around his soul.

He saw with joy the whitened harvest spread
To marbled Rome, and the pale Hierarch stand,
A corse among the shadows of the dead,
Upheld by alien hand.

He struck in vain. The world was awed to see
How even failure failed on such a man;
And of the great triumphant ones to be
It placed him in the van.

And now again the pale Priest sees the hand
Of Garibaldi on his palace wall,
Writing in fire humanity's demand
That he and his shall fall.

Oh Italy! thrice blest that such a soul
Should keep the truth unto the world and thee,
And teach thee that the mitre and the stole
Belong not to the free.

Oh life! whose light no bulk of shade bedims,
Upon whose gifts no inward stay is laid,
Around whose luminous path a glory swims
Where others trail a shade!

Oh man! apostle of the world's great need,
The earnest of its triumph yet to be!
We bid thee and thy cause of right God-speed,
God-speed in Italy!

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SIX months ago a Japan house sent out a cargo of five hundred hoop skirts to Japan as a venture. The Japs put a cover on them and used them for umbrellas.

Bricks are rising in price. Mr. Peabody is a regular brick, and worth a great many thousand.

A SLOW MARCH.—The march of intellect.

MOTTO FOR BARRISTERS.—"Brief life is here our lot."

What roof covers the most noisy tenant? The roof of the mouth.

At a school examination a young tyro in declamation, who had been told by the teacher that he must gesticulate according to the sense, in commencing a piece with "The comet lifts its fiery tale," lifted the tail of his coat to a horizontal position, causing roars of laughter.

Somebody says that the best way to get rid of weeds is to always put your cigar case and its contents at the service of your friends. Jones says that the most effective means he ever tried was by squeezing the hand of a plump young widow in black. The next day she was in half mourning, and a second kindly pressure resulted in a pink gown with a white bonnet. Farmers, please notice.

A little girl, once hearing the remark that all people had once been children, artlessly inquired, "Who took care of the babies?"

KID-NAPPING—Baby asleep!

It was a clever thing of the English army officer who visited the London Zoological Gardens the other day, and leaning gracefully over the chairs of his lady acquaintances—talking soft nonsense the while—applied his magnet-headed cane to their hair-pins till he had drawn them all out! Of course there was great tribulation, when on rising from their seats their waterfalls tumbled off! It is said the ladies called the captain a "brute;" but what else does one go to the Zoological Gardens for but to see brutes?

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of a tattered coat a loaf of bread and half a dried codfish, and holding them up, with a triumphant look and gesture to the magistrate, exclaimed, "You don't catch me that way—I'm no vagrant! Ain't them wisible means of support, I should like to know?"

A lady out with her little girl and boy purchased him a rubber balloon, which escaped him and flew up in the air. The girl, seeing the tears in his eyes, said, "Never mind, Neddy: when you die and do to heaven you'll dit it."

A kind-hearted and witty clergyman, entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad about fourteen years old, and at once commenced interceding for the boy. The deacon defended himself by saying that youth must be early trained in the way it should go. "It was best to make an impression when the wax was soft." "Ay," said the pastor, "but that don't hold here, for the whacks were not soft." The deacon let the boy go.

CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN.—A republic.

A TOUCHING APPEAL.—Being tapped on the shoulder by a sheriff's officer.

The sale of donkey-flesh for human food has, it appears, just been legalized at Lyons. If, according to the proverb, "Like breeds like," a man who is already a fool will become more of an ass by partaking of asinine flesh, and even the horse-laugh he was wont to practice will be no longer got out of him.

"A key that often hampers the lock"—Whis*key*.

A DIRECT INSULT—Asking a baker if he knows the "Language of Flours."

New silver lodes have been discovered in Colorado. This is just what we wanted—loads of silver and lots of gold.

"GROUND TUMBLING"—An embankment falling in.

Why is a widow's costume like a field of turnips!—Because it's (s)wedes!

What is the best remedy for a "dead-lock?"—Why, a "skeleton-key," of course.

OF COURSE.—May it not be reasonably presumed that a plagiarist writes with a steal pen?

The sheriff's religion—Writ-ualism.

A SMART RETORT.—The following anecdote used to be related by the late William Hazlitt. He was out visiting Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montague, when Sir Anthony Carlisle came in, apparently in a state of more than his usual self-complacency, having just received a complimentary testimonial from the Apothecaries' Hall. In answer to the inquiries of Mrs. Montague, he said, very pompously and somewhat profanely, "Madam, the glorious Company of the Apothecaries praise me!" "But," retorted Mrs. Montague, "what say the noble army of martyrs, your patients, Sir Anthony?" Sir Anthony was so nonplused by this witty rejoinder that he somewhat suddenly took his leave.

A minister having preached the same discourse to his people three times, one of his constant hearers said to him after service, "Doctor, the sermon you gave us this morning had three several readings; I move that it now be passed."

JOYFUL.—An insurance agent, urging a citizen to get his life insured, said, "Get your life insured for ten thousand, and then, if you die next week, the widow's heart will sing for joy."

THE WEATHER.—A "close morning." To-morrow morning is the closest at present.

### NORAH'S REMONSTRANCE.

"Now, Terence, have done wid yer taising,
Do you be aisy, and let me alone:
It's the skin from me fingers ye're squaizing,
Sure ye think they're as hard as yer own!

"I'm worried to death wid yer prating,
And frightened clane out of me life;
So pray don't be idly consalting—
You'll never catch me for a wife.

"What is it ye say?—that I'm joking?
That ye won't budge an inch from my side?
Indade, now, ye're mighty provoking,
And I don't know which way to decide.

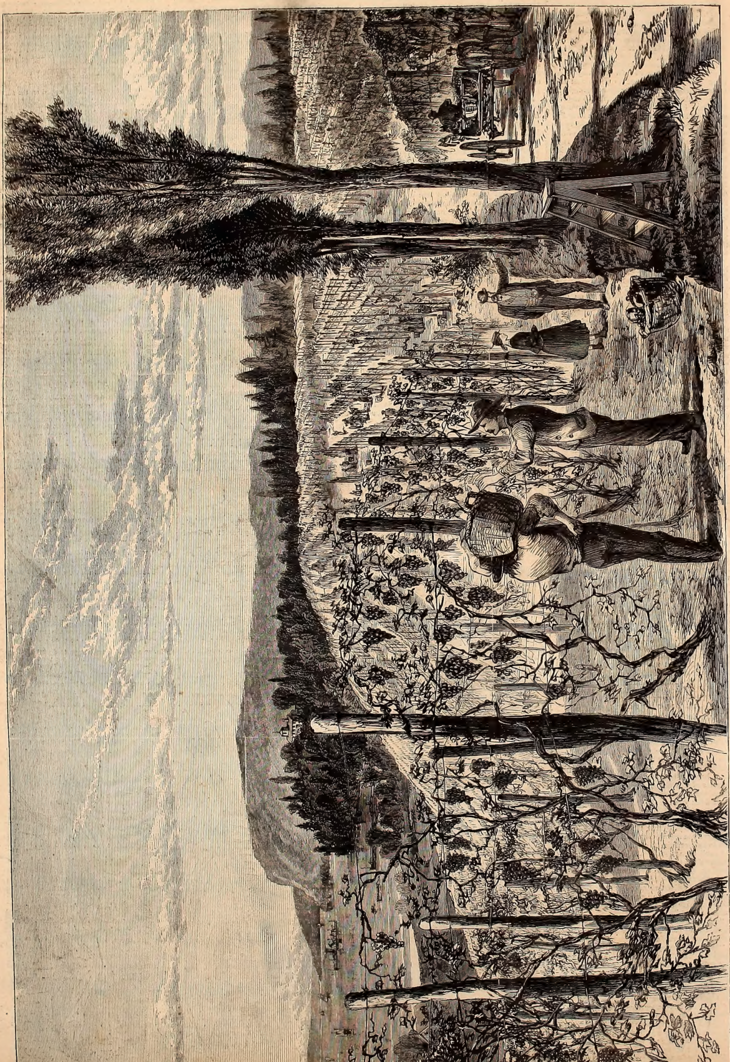
"I'm just like the bird that the fowler
Is coaxing down into his snare;
Och, Terence! ye sly, schaimin' prowler,
Ye're hunting me lips, I declare!

"Leave off, Sir! how dare ye to do it?
I suppose, as ye will have yer way,
I'd better (but mind me, you'll rue it!)
Please yer whim by jest naming the day.

"Don't think it's for love I'm consenting—
Och, murther! ye're stoppin' me breath—
But only in hopes of preventing
Meself being bothered to death!"

SERIOUS.

COUSIN GEORGE. "Look here, Cousin Grace, it's my last Half at School, and if you'll only throw over that Major Pendragon, I'll Marry you at Christmas!"



GATHERING GRAPES—AN OCTOBER SCENE ON THE HUDSON.—Sketched by D. C. Hitchcock.—[See First Page.]

GATHERING PUMPKINS—AN OCTOBER SCENE IN NEW ENGLAND.—Drawn by J. W. Ehninger.—[See First Page.]

## OCTOBER.

The solemn fires are lit again
Upon the mountain's altar-places;
They rise above the kneeling plain,
And front us with unchanged faces.
The holy time of all the year
In silent worship there is flowing;
The autumn festival is near,
The bright October days are going.

Their tokens shine along the steep
Where every breeze is shaking splendor,
And where the sunshine lies asleep
On leaves with valley-shadows tender.
Into October's vintage cup
The last and richest wine is flowing;
And while the draught is brimming up
The bright autumnal days are going.

And but that every year doth hold
Its summers by a winter parted,
And every fiery autumn fold
A death beneath it, frosty-hearted,
Too perfect were these crowning days—
So rich the ebbing life is flowing;
Each dying in a sunset blaze,
The bright October days are going.

And in his royal robe and crown
The year awaits the spoiler hasting;
And scarce will lay his glory down
Before the foe whose touch is blasting.
Too few the golden days, alas!
So much with them is outward flowing;
They take the sunshine as they pass—
These bright October days, in going!

Carl Spencer.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book V.

### CHAPTER IX.

CLEMENT UNDERSTANDS WHY THE LOCK WAS OILED.

It was barely nine o'clock on that same bright summer Sunday evening of which I have written in my last chapter when Clement Charlewood reached his home. But Walter was already in bed.

"He went up stairs half an hour ago," said Penelope, "and locked his door. I wanted a book that he had carried to his room, and knocked at his door to ask for it, but he would not answer for a long time, and at last called out that he was in bed, and that it was useless to knock and disturb him, for he should make it a rule not to take any notice of such interruptions. Civil, wasn't it?"

"It is very strange," said Clement, thoughtfully. "Watty was always pettish and quick-tempered, but it seems to me that his disposition is changing lately into moroseness and brutality. This freak of shutting himself up in his own room, too, is unlike his old self."

The brother and sister chatted together some time longer. Clement said a few words to his sister about his chance meeting with little Corda; but he did not, in repeating what the child had said, mention Mabel's name. It seemed impossible to him to talk about her even to Penelope. He was sure of Penny's fullest sympathy for himself, but the risk of provoking a sharp word against *her* involved too painful a possibility.

Long before twelve o'clock all was profoundly quiet in the little household at Barnsbury. Mrs. Charlewood was with her daughter in Mayfair. The little servant had gone home to sleep. Clement and his sister had supped quietly and had retired to rest. A little after midnight, Penelope, who slept lightly, raised herself on her elbow to listen to an unusual sound in the basement story.

"It is just as though some one were trying the street-door," she said to herself. Then she listened more intently. For a few minutes all was still, then again came the sound. This time it was unmistakably the noise made by a key in the lock of the street-door. Penny promptly wrapped a shawl round her shoulders, thrust her feet into slippers, and ran softly and swiftly to Clement's door.

"Clem!" she cried, "Clem, get up for an instant. There's an odd noise down stairs. I'm not desperately frightened, but I should like to satisfy myself what it is. I will wait for you on the stairs."

She stood still, looking out of the staircase window into the darkness, and in a few minutes her brother joined her.

"What is it?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"Some one tampering with the lock of the house-door. Hush! There again! Don't you hear it?"

"Yes; I hear it distinctly enough, but I don't think there can be any cause for alarm. I secured the fastening myself. Besides, house-breakers don't come to one's door and announce themselves in that way, and Heaven knows we have little to tempt thieves. However, we will see what it is."

As he spoke he struck a match and lit a candle. The noise down stairs grew louder. A key was being violently moved about in the lock, and the door shook and rattled.

"Shall I call Walter?" asked Penelope.

"Yes," answered her brother, after a moment's thought; "call him."

She knocked loudly at Walter's door, calling him at the same time by name, and urging him to rise. There was no response.

"If the house were on fire Wat would infallibly be burned in his bed," muttered Penelope, running down stairs. Clement was already in the passage, and the noise without had ceased. Penelope took the candle and held it while her brother undid the fastenings of the door. As soon as it was opened a man pushed into the passage and staggered against the wall. The flare of the candle fell full upon his face. It was Walter Charlewood. Clement had already raised his hand to repulse the intruder, but, on recognizing his brother, stood still, transfixed with surprise. Penelope gave a great start, but uttered no sound, and the three remained for some seconds silent and motionless.

"Where's my mother?" demanded Walter, at length, glaring wildly at the others. His face was pale, his hair disheveled, his dress disordered. He spoke thickly and huskily, and leaned against the wall behind him to support himself.

"Walter!" cried Clement, fixing his eyes upon his brother's face, "can I believe my senses! You here? *You*, whom we supposed to be asleep in your room hours ago, stealing into your home like a thief in the night! Oh, Wat, Wat! Why is this? What have we done that you should bring this sorrow and shame on us?"

Walter only replied by an oath, and folding his arms across his breast, looked doggedly at his brother.

"Clem," whispered Penelope, "say no more to him at present. The wretched boy is not himself. You see he has added drinking to the list of his vices. Let him get to rest now, and to-morrow we can speak to him more calmly."

"Thank God," murmured Clement, "that my mother is not here!"

"Ah, Clem," said Penelope, with a sigh, "I hardly dare to say what I suspect; but I greatly fear that my poor mother has witnessed similar scenes often before, when you and I supposed her to be peacefully at rest. Heaven help her—and us!"

During this whispered talk Walter had stood leaning against the wall, swaying to and fro, and frowning and biting his white lips. Now he looked up defiantly, and said: "Are we to stay here all night? Or do you mean to allow me to pass you and go to bed?"

Without a word Clement drew aside, and Walter, with a visible effort, straightened himself and walked to the stairs. He stumbled and staggered as he began to mount them, and Penelope covered her eyes with her hand to shut out the humiliating spectacle. They heard him open the door of his chamber and enter it.

"His own door was locked, you see, and he had the key with him," said Penny. Clement examined the street-door. There was a latch-key remaining in the lock outside, but owing to the inside fastenings having been secured, Walter had not been able to gain access to the house. Clement took possession of the latch-key, made all secure once more, and then turned and looked at his sister. Their eyes met, and Penelope, with a sudden impulse, seized her brother's hand and kissed it. "Oh, Clem, my dearest brother, such a return for your generous forbearance! Such a reward for your patient striving to shield and save him!"

Clement wrung her hand hard, but his face was still and stern. "Get to bed, dear," he said. "Try to sleep, Penny. There is to-morrow to come."

They parted and went to rest. All was again silent in the little house, except the loud ticking of a clock in the kitchen. But though there was silence there was not peace. Walter had fallen almost immediately into a heavy slumber, and his sister heard him breathing stertorously as she lay in the chamber over his. But Clement sat half-dressed, as he was revolving many thoughts in his mind, until daybreak; and Penelope lay wakeful and anxious in her bed, starting if a board creaked, straining her ears to listen to every sound; and when at length she fell into an uneasy sleep it was peopled with painful images.

A ray of bright sunshine falling on her face awoke her in the morning, and she started up with that vague feeling which most people have experienced on awaking after some sorrow or disaster; a consciousness of distress combined with a lurking hope that it will prove to have been all a dream.

It was no dream, however, as poor Penelope acknowledged to herself presently. She dressed quickly, and went down to the kitchen. It was yet so early that the little servant had not arrived. Penelope opened the shutters, lit a fire, and began to prepare the breakfast. While she was thus occupied Clement joined her.

"My poor boy!" she cried, seeing his haggard face, "you look as if you had been dead and buried since yesterday."

"If it were not for you and mother I should say no matter how soon I *am* dead and buried, Penny. It's weary work. Every thing that I set my heart on seems to crumble into dust."

He stood at the kitchen window, looking out on to the dreary crockery-bestrewn field, with its patches of rank grass, and its tall, gibbet-like posts, with their announcement respecting "this eligible plot of building ground," blistering in the sunshine. His sister was silent. She knew that no words of hers would sweeten the bitterness that was in his heart; but she had faith in him, and knew that the natural ebullition of hurt, angry feeling would leave him still brave, honest, and true-hearted at the core. By-and-by, when Penny was staggering under the weight of a great kettle she had just filled and brought from the scullery, he took it from her and placed it on the fire. As he did so his eyes fell on her hands, discolored, coarse, and dragged out of shape.

"Poor Penny," he murmured, absently, "how your hands are spoiled! They used to be so white and pretty."

The words touched some little feminine chord in her heart. Tears that real deep grief could rarely wring from her sprang into her eyes. She bent her head over the fire to hide them, but they dropped and dropped more and more thickly, until she covered her eyes with her hands, and, sinking into a chair, sobbed aloud. Her brother came to her, stroked her hair, and spoke soothingly, but she continued to weep for some time. At last the paroxysm wore itself out, and she wiped her eyes and composed her countenance.

"I hope you don't really suppose that I was crying in that idiotic manner over the departed beauty of my hands, eh, Clem? Because, however appearances may be against me, I have not yet reached *that* pitch of imbecility. But what you said seemed just to—to bring all kinds of troubles so vividly before my mind again, that—that— But I don't often indulge in this fashion, do I?"

"You're the best and bravest girl in the world, Penny."

"No, I'm not; but I like to hear you say so. Now, while we are waiting for the kettle to boil, would you mind telling me, Clement, what course you think of pursuing with that wretched, degraded boy up stairs?"

Penelope's face grew very hard as she spoke of Walter.

Clement had been thinking of little else during all those weary hours, and had shaped a plan in his mind, which he now proceeded to unfold to his sister.

Before the Charlewoods had left Hammerham, and while Clement's plans were yet undecided, old Stephens, the chief clerk who had grown gray in the service of the firm, had made some proffers of assistance to his young master. They were made with a good deal of hesitation, and with more delicacy than a cursory acquaintance with the brusque, dry-mannered Hammerham clerk might have led one to anticipate. He had first, in a somewhat roundabout fashion, offered to supply the family with any ready-money of which they might stand in need. On Clement's earnest and grateful assurance that such assistance was not necessary, Stephens had then broached a project which he thought promised well for Clement's future career. The old clerk had a brother who had been settled for many years at Rio Janeiro, and was a wealthy, thriving merchant there. "He's quite a great man there, is George," said Stephens, "and he hasn't forgotten old times nor old friends either, as great men do sometimes. If I was to write half a line to George he'd be proud and glad to have you in his counting-house, Mr. Clem, you may take my word for that, Sir. Now, you needn't to shake your head and smile, Mr. Clem. George was once a very poor helpless bit of a lad, not knowing quite certainly where next day's dinner was to come from; and the governor—Mr. Charlewood, Sir"—the old man's voice grew husky, and he turned away his head—"well, Sir, our governor, he gave him a helping hand. He knew the value of his money, did the governor, in those days, Mr. Clem, and he wasn't one to make ducks and drakes of it for the sake of making a flourish of generosity; but he gave George a helping hand, Sir; he *did*. The lad had a chance of a good berth out in those foreign parts, but he was too poor to take advantage of it; and, to make a long story short, Mr. Clem, the governor rigged him out with a good outfit, and gave him a pound or two in his pocket, and set him afloat. And that was the beginning of George's fortune, and if you asked him he'd tell you the same, Sir. It's five-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Clem; you were a toddling little chap in petticoats at the time. And I don't say but that the money was all paid back honorably many a long year ago. But there's some things that ought never to be forgotten if it was a thousand years. And I've never forgotten *that*, Mr. Clem; no more has George, either."

Had Clement been alone in the world he would doubtless have accepted the old clerk's offer and have tried his fortune abroad. But it would have been out of the question to take his mother and sister with him on such a venture, and he could not make up his mind to leave them. Besides, there was Walter, and the promise he had made to his father respecting him. So, considerably to Stephens's disappointment, the idea was abandoned, and Clement, as we have seen, obtained a situation in the house of Messrs. M'Culloch & Co., a building firm in London. But in his painful and anxious meditations about his brother, the recollection of Stephens's proposal had flashed on Clement's mind, and had seemed to offer a ray of hope, and a possible career for Walter, far away from the evil influences which appeared to surround him in England.

"It's only a very great deal too good for him," muttered Penelope, whose face, nevertheless, grew brighter as she listened to her brother.

"Whether it is good or bad for him—whether any thing can be good for him any more, infatuated boy—remains to be seen, Penny. But I think it is the only chance left for him. Of course we must tell Stephens the truth, painful though it may be. We can not let him send Walter to his brother's counting-house on any false pretenses. We must ask that he may be received on trial, and as a favor for which we should all be deeply grateful."

Penelope Charlewood—although all that was fine in her nature had ripened and mellowed under adversity—had not entirely freed herself from the influences of many years passed in money-worship, and among money-worshipers.

"It does seem hard," she said, half aloud, and with the steely glitter in her eyes—"it does seem *very* hard to have to ask a favor—and such a favor—from old Stephens!"

Clement looked at her reproachfully.

"The occasion of our asking the favor is hard enough, Penny," he said. "But surely it is good to know—"

"Oh yes, yes," she broke in, hastily. "I know it all, every bit. It's good to have a faithful friend, even though he be a Hammerham hired clerk, who wears high-lows and white cotton stockings. It's perfectly true, and I'm a good-for-nothing ungrateful creature. But, Clem, I *can't* get up to your moral altitudes, and it's no use trying. I only get a kind of moral crick in the neck by straining upward. I suppose there is *no* hope of Wat doing any good here?"

"I fear, none. I thought when I got him to return to our home that he would be comparatively safe, and under my own eye. But the discovery of last night has shown me that things are ten times worse than before. You see, there is no doubt that poor mother, in her weak affection, has connived at the vile deception, the practical lie, that Walter has been acting all this time. We can't deny that to ourselves."

Penny bit her lips, and checked an angry exclamation.

"When I think," she cried, "of her stealing down tremblingly night after night to unfasten the bolts, so that he might enter undiscovered with his key. Ah, poor mother, poor mother!"

"Yes, Penny; poor mother. She has been terribly misled by her indulgent love for Walter. But it is useless to say more on that head. One thing clearly results from this discovery, that there is no safety for Walter or for any of us so long as he remains at home."

Before the little servant rang to be admitted Clement and Penelope had breakfasted, and had agreed that it would be well for the former to have an interview alone with Walter before going to his office.

### CHAPTER X.

SECRET SERVICE.

Chance had brought Mrs. Hutchins again into contact with the Trescotts. Her lodger, Mr. Shaw, was engaged at the same theatre with Mr. Trescott, and had renewed his acquaintance with Corda. Lingo's protecting regard for the little girl had, Jerry Shaw maintained, influenced his master in her favor. "We often talk of the time at Kilclare," said Jerry to Mr. Trescott, with inscrutable gravity, "and Lingo has always the kind word for your little white colleen."

With Corda's father and brother Mr. Shaw steadily refused to form any close acquaintance. Alfred, indeed, would have contemptuously rejected all advances toward intimacy on the part of Jerry Shaw, had any such been made. If he had any feeling at all for the old man it was dislike. But Jerry troubled neither father nor son, and limited his attention strictly to Corda. He would escort the child on long excursions into the country. They usually proceeded in the following manner: Corda was put into an omnibus, bound for some distant outskirt of London. Mr. Shaw would mount on to the top, and Lingo, if disposed for much exercise, would run by the side of the vehicle. Arrived at their destination, Mr. Shaw and his young companion would alight, and strike across some pleasant path through the fields, or along a pretty high-road, bordered with tangled hedges, and with a rustic inn or dwelling-house here and there breaking its monotony. Lingo trotted before them or beside them, or sometimes walked solemnly at their heels with a responsible air. These walks were very pleasant to Corda. She and her oddly-matched companion chatted together with quaint gravity. Jerry Shaw was well acquainted with the country, and with the hidden treasure-houses of delight and interest to be found in hedgerow, meadow, and coppice. He had wonderful stories to tell of his boyish days in Ireland (for to Corda he had long ceased to deny the land of his birth, as he sometimes chose to do to the rest of the world), of tramps over wide bog and barren mountain, of fishing in sequestered streams, of dangerous boating in the rock-bound bays and creeks of the blue Atlantic, of wild mad gallops over long desolate tracks of country on a half-broken spirited blood-horse.

Once Corda had said to him: "Then you must have been rich when you were young, Mr. Shaw, if you had a horse to ride upon." Jerry had thereupon shut his lips as with a spring, and for an hour had uttered no articulate sound, only the long sniff, which Corda had learned to interpret as a sign of dissatisfaction. But thenceforward the child's instinctive quickness and delicacy made her keen to avoid such occasions of offense. Jerry kept a scrupulously accurate register of the cost of all these excursions, and presented it weekly to Mr. Trescott for the payment of his daughter's share. Jerry was very poor, though, as he often boasted, he and Lingo did not owe a farthing in the world. The weekly account between himself and Mr. Trescott, however, was simply a homage to Corda's feelings. The old man perceived her to be uneasy at the idea that her father should allow her to be a burden on Mr. Shaw's slender purse. Corda was well enough acquainted with poverty to look upon sixpences as serious things; and the payment of her omnibus fare, performed in her presence with much ceremony, was a great relief to her tender conscience, and made her feel free to enjoy the pure air and pleasant rambles thus obtained; but there was no record kept of the cool leaves full of fresh dainty fruit, the bowls of rich milk, and slices of sweet country bread with which Corda was regaled on these occasions.

"I'm a peculiarly greedy old man," Jerry would say, in his jerky manner. "I never can see fresh fruit without wanting to buy some. Same with milk. Did ye ever taste buttermilk? Well, perhaps this is better, but it's a matter of taste, ye know. Ate up the rest of those cherries, Corda machree, and take warning by me. I'm so horribly greedy that when I see 'em, I think I want 'em, and when I've got 'em, divil a one of 'em can I swallow! It's a very bad thing to be greedy. Ate 'em up, colleen bawn."

Mrs. Hutchins's opinion of her lodger was very

fluctuating. The rent for his one room was paid with exemplary punctuality, and the room itself was kept in a state of neat cleanliness that was a standing reproach to the slatternly condition of the rest of the house. But Lingo was a subject of unceasing wonder and curiosity in Mrs. Hutchins's mind; and his relations with his master appeared to her so mysterious as to warrant grave doubts whether Mr. Shaw were not some weird magician in disguise, and Lingo his familiar spirit.

"Talk of dogs of Montargis!" Mrs. Hutchins would say, argumentatively. "Show me the dog of Montargis as 'll go to the butcher's for his three-penn'orth of liver, and bring it home in his mouth! I think there's summat queer about the beast. I do raly."

"Something queer," in Mrs. Hutchins's vocabulary meant something that she did not quite comprehend; and whatever Mrs. Hutchins did not quite comprehend she invariably supposed to be evil. Mr. Shaw was, however, a favorite with his landlord. His punctuality, his neatness, his honesty, and his taciturnity, recommended themselves favorably to Mr. Hutchins. The latter had himself a great command of silence, which was one of his wife's cherished grievances; and the dumb nod that passed between him and his lodger whenever they chanced to meet, appeared to be in consonance with Mr. Hutchins's feelings, and to draw him toward old Jerry with an attraction that neither cordiality of manner nor eloquence of speech could have exercised. Jerry's opinion of the saturnine, elf-locked carpenter, was confidentially expressed to Lingo, and was not unfavorable. "Ay, ay," said he, in the tone of voice that a man uses who is unable to cope with another in argument but retains a stubborn conviction struggling for utterance, "ay, ay, I know he's not *your* sort. Too dry. No warmth of manner. You're as explosive as a rocket yourself. Touch and go; and, I often tell you, your weak point is betraying your feelings. The fact is, you're all wag with your friends." (By which phrase Mr. Shaw intended no reference to Lingo's buoyant sense of humor, but merely alluded to his tail.) "But Hutchins isn't a bad fellow. Any man married to that woman *must* end by being either a mute or a murderer. By George! I'd like to know which you'd have done yourself under the circumstances? Aha!"

Lingo blinked with one eye, gave a lazy thump of his tail on the floor, and, opening his jaws in a prodigious yawn, showed a formidable range of strong yellow teeth, in exceedingly good condition.

"Of coorse ye would!" exclaimed Jerry, triumphantly, and as if he had received the fullest categorical reply. "Of coorse ye would, divil doubt ye!"

This conversation—if the word may be so used, in Jerry's imagination it was decidedly so—was taking place on the Monday succeeding the evening made memorable by Mr. Fluke's charity sermon. Jerry Shaw was seated at the table, spectacles on nose, mending a pair of trowsers with great neatness and dexterity, and Lingo lay stretched at his feet. Suddenly the dog pricked up one ear attentively, there came a tap at the door, and the next moment Mr. Hutchins put his head into the room.

"Talk of the ——umph!" muttered old Jerry aside to Lingo. Then he nodded at his landlord, and motioned him to enter. Mr. Hutchins peered at his lodger from beneath his tangled black locks with a helpless perplexed expression. He had seen the old man daily for three or four months, and had never yet spoken to him. It appeared to require a great effort to begin. At length, however, he said, in a strong Hammerham dialect, "Her's very bad."

"Her! Who?" asked Shaw, looking up.

"The little wench. Cordy they calls her."

Before he had well uttered the words Jerry had sprung to his feet, and the dog, seeing the sudden movement, ran toward the door in violent excitement.

"Now, now, now," said Jerry, hastily buttoning his coat, "be aisy—be cool. Don't be putting yourself into this state. I know. I'm going. But take my advice and lie down for two seconds."

The docile beast obeyed, keeping his intelligent eyes upon his master's face, and obviously ready to leap up again at a moment's notice.

"What's the matter? Who told you?" asked Mr. Shaw.

"Well, it wur the young woman where they lodges. I see her this mornin'. And her says the little wench wur took bad last night, her says. Her's abed now, her says."

The delivery of this address—Mr. Hutchins being almost entirely unaccustomed to private as well as to public speaking—took some time. When it was finished Mr. Shaw was already making his way down stairs. Lingo, conscious of some unusual excitement, bounded eagerly before him. Mr. Hutchins opened the street-door with his strong workman's hand.

"Her's a—a nice mild little wench," said he, hesitatingly. "Niver blethers nor bounces, *her* doesn't. I wish—I shud like—I—"

"Thank ye," said Jerry, with a sparkle in his stolid gray eye. "I understand. I'll tell her that you asked kindly for her, and send your duty, and hope she'll soon get better."

Mr. Hutchins nodded expressively. Hammerham artisans do not habitually touch their caps to their superiors. Mr. Hutchins, however, made some approach to doing so by pulling a straggling lock of hair that hung over his eyes. The action was intended to convey his consciousness that the shabby old man, who lodged in his house at the weekly rent of five shillings, and who mended his own trowsers, was a gentleman. A fact to the perception of which his wife's finer poetical faculties had not yet attained.

Jerry Shaw, preceded by Lingo, arrived at the Trescotts' lodgings. Mr. Trescott was out. Corda was still in bed. The doctor had just left her. The servant didn't think there was much the matter. Did not know what her illness was. Hoped it was nothing catching. Could not tell whether the child might see any body or not. She was alone now.

Mr. Shaw stood hesitating in the narrow passage, and the servant, holding the door in her hand, was trying to edge him out into the street again, when a loud bark from the upper story was followed by the tinkle of a cracked bell.

"Lord bless us!" cried the servant, a low-browed, cross-grained woman, "the little gurl's a ringin'. *I* ain't got time to be nursery-maid."

Jerry silently—he did most things silently—hung his hat and crooked stick on a peg in the passage, and walked softly up stairs. Corda was still occupying her brother's room. Alfred had not been home since she had fallen ill, and the doctor had desired that for the present, at least, the child should not be moved. The old man stood at the half-open door for a minute, tapped softly, and then went in.

Corda was lying in bed, with one thin blue-veined hand outside the coverlet. Lingo was sitting on his haunches at the bedside, and in this posture his head just attained the level of the little frail hand into which he had thrust his nose. Corda's face was turned toward the door. Her cheeks were flushed, and her large eyes blazed feverishly. The gold-brown curls were thrown back from her forehead, as though they had heated it.

"Oh, *good* Mr. Shaw!" she cried when she saw him, and big bright tears gathered in her eyes, and rolled down her face on to the bed-clothes.

"I knew you were here, because Lingo came up stairs to tell me. He startled me a little at first by barking, but he didn't know that I must be quiet. When I told him what the doctor said he was very still and gentle, weren't you, Lingo?"

Lingo's tail, stretched on the floor at right angles with his body, vibrated with suppressed emotion, but he remained otherwise motionless.

"Colleen bawn, this won't do," said Mr. Shaw, abruptly, but in a subdued voice. "What's to become of *us* if ye fall sick on our hands, will ye tell me that?"

Corda smiled. "Oh, I am not *very* sick, Mr. Shaw. I shall soon be better. And I am not crying because I'm sorry," added the child, with sensitive apprehension lest he should be hurt, "but because I'm glad to see you. It's debility, the doctor says. Do you think it *is* debility?"

"If the doctor says so, Corda asthore, it's probably—true," replied Jerry, ending his speech with an air of saying something unexpected. "But what knocked you over so sudden, mavourneen?"

Jerry's lips had been long unused to accents of tenderness, and with their resumption came the familiar phrases of his boyhood. Caressing words that had been crooned into his ear by nurse or mother in the old, old time. Corda looked up at him with solemn, searching eyes—eyes that had *forgotten themselves*, and were intent on seeing, with no idea of seeming. A thought flashed up into her face as she looked, and trembled over the sensitive countenance like sunlight on clear waters. "I wonder," she said; and then ceased, and dropped her eyes.

"If I would do something for you? Is that your wonder, you mysterious little Leprechaun?"

"Yes, partly. And if—if it would be right to ask you."

"Sorra a fear of that, machree, if you think you'd like to ask it."

Corda shook her head doubtfully. "I wish I was sure," she said. "Isn't it hard to be *sure*, Mr. Shaw? I thought and thought all yesterday evening, and nearly all night, and then at last I said my prayers, and afterward I felt—I *hoped* that God would let me do what was right, if I tried *really*, you know."

Jerry Shaw watched the child keenly. He was puzzled. "What can be troubling that pure tender conscience?" thought he.

Corda pushed her hand beneath the pillow that supported her head, and drew forth a letter.

"Would you," she asked, "would you get me a pen and ink from the parlor, Mr. Shaw? They would not let me have them yesterday."

"Did you want to write, then?" cried Jerry, more and more perplexed.

"Only the direction. The inside of the letter is written. I did it with a pencil."

"But, Corda, is that all the great favor you had to ask of me? It's a mighty little matter to make such a fuss about!"

"No; not quite all. If you would please to get me the pen and ink first, I will tell you what I want to ask afterward."

Mr. Shaw descended to the parlor in silence, took up the inkstand and a pen that had seen long service, and returned to Corda's bedside with them. She thanked him, and sitting up in bed, scrawled a direction on the envelope. Then she turned to Mr. Shaw, still holding the letter firmly in her hand, and said: "This is the favor, Mr. Shaw. Will you put this letter in the post for me? I wouldn't ask you if I was able to go out and do it myself. And—stop a moment, please, that's not all. Will you promise not to look at the direction, and never to tell any body about the letter, not—not even papa?"

"Corda!"

"Indeed, I think it's right. Indeed, indeed I do. I know it seems sly and secret, but I hope I am doing what is best. Pray believe me."

She was so excited, and trembled so much, that the old man made her lie down, smoothed her hair from her brow, and bathed her forehead with some eau-de-Cologne that stood on the table. The sweet water was the property of her brother. Alfred Trescott was prone to indulge in such personal luxuries. But old Jerry neither knew nor cared any thing about that. Presently Corda spoke again.

"If you think you can't promise, Mr. Shaw, I shall know it is because you think it would not be right. And you are much older and wiser than I, and I shall be sure you are not a bit unkind."

"I can promise, Corda, and I do promise. There's my word on it."

"Oh, thank you—thank you a thousand times! And I hope—I do hope you don't think ill of me for it." Corda glanced up very wistfully into his face as she spoke.

"Lingo," said Jerry Shaw, "exert your fine common-sense and good feeling. Don't be sitting there on end like a china dog on a chimney-piece! Bedad, you're a quare fish: there's times when I can scarcely make you out myself. Tell Corda what we think of her."

The dog, who had watched his master's face unwinkingly during this address, rose up with his fore-paws resting on the bed, stretched out his rough head, and gently pushing aside her sleeve with his nose, licked Corda's fair slight hand and arm affectionately.

"I'm proud of ye, Sir," said Jerry, seizing Lingo's bushy tail, and shaking it with much heartiness. "You're a fine fellow, and I'm proud of ye. Now I'm going to do my errand. I sha'n't be long gone, and, meanwhile, you will remain with this lady and take care of her; d'ye hear me, now? Your behavior this day has done equal honor to your head and heart, let me tell you that!"

Jerry took Corda's letter, carefully abstaining from glancing at the address on the cover.

"Oh! which letter-box will I put it into, asthore? Town or country?" he asked, pausing with his hand on the door.

"Town, please, Mr. Shaw," answered Corda, faintly, a bright blush flitting over her face.

"Very good, Corda. Now take my advice and lie still, and go to sleep if you can. You're worried and overwrought altogether. And, Lingo, don't bother her with talk; d'ye mind me, now? Be aisy and quiet, and watch her silently."

Old Jerry's hobbling footsteps died away down the stairs, and the street-door was heard to shut behind him.

Lingo gently withdrew his head from Corda's caressing hand, gave it a final hearty lick as an assurance of his unaltered regard, and then stretched himself on the floor with his nose between his fore-paws, as motionless as a stone, save for the heaving of his shaggy sides.

END OF BOOK V.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

More than twenty years ago the "Millerites" fixed the time when they believed the wicked would be destroyed, and Christ would come to reign in person upon this earth over all the good. Some even went so far as to fix the exact day and hour of His appearance; some erected tents upon the open plains, and prepared robes which they deemed fitting to be worn upon such an occasion. But the appointed time passed—a mistake had been made in the calculations—and another time, a few years later, was announced. This, again, having passed without any thing unusual transpiring, 1867 was fixed as the year of the Second Advent of Christ. Some looked for the event in April, and then again in September. A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon this sect, who are now generally known by the name of "Second Adventists." But the truth is, that, while some of them have fanatically fixed the day and hour, most of them, without fixing the date, merely expect the personal coming of Christ *soon*. And, however mistaken they may be in this and in other points of their creed, it is certainly both unchristian and unwise to *burlesque* their religious faith, or that of any who are sincere. Ridicule will embitter the feelings, but seldom convince of error.

In many sections of the country the Adventist's have been holding camp-meetings this fall. We recently chanced to be in a place where the session was continued nearly a fortnight, and the tent was often crowded, numbers of the town's people attending the meetings out of mere curiosity. For the same reason we dropped in one evening about nine o'clock. There happened to be but a small attendance that night, and the tent was not half filled. There was no disorder apparent, unless the lazy lounging of some village youths on the back seats could be called such. When we entered the speaker was concluding a discourse, the design of which was to prove that the wicked would eventually be utterly destroyed. On the conclusion of this sermon, another Adventist briefly gave his reasons for believing that the earth would be the place of reward to the good—and that the devil would be destroyed as well as other wicked beings. He stated that he believed every word of the Bible, but that he understood it as it read—that the word "immortality" occurred only five times in the Bible, and in no instance did he consider that it referred to the soul as immortal *in itself*—that God had implanted in man a strong desire for life and a dread of death; and that eternal life was to be the reward of the good, and eternal death the punishment of the bad. He ended his remarks by an earnest appeal to sinners to seek eternal life.

Thus much we individually learned of the Adventists' creed in the course of half an hour. They preach, however, many other peculiar points of belief, and, we are told, are not always so quiet and reasonable in their ways and words as in this particular instance. They have attracted considerable attention in many localities, and not unfrequently strangely-crazed men follow in their path. While the camp-meeting was holding its session in the place above referred to, there appeared at one of the village churches, on Sunday, a mild-looking man, whose long, flowing hair attracted universal attention. He sat quietly throughout the service, but at the Sabbath-school, which followed, he begged permission of the Superintendent to address the school. He said he had a "revelation of love" to those children; that *he* was Christ, and had been crucified; and that the Advent people were dangerous and wrong. It was with some difficulty that he was prevented from carrying out his design, and he assured the Superintendent that the sin would rest upon his own head. The next day he called at several private houses to warn the people of dangerous doctrines, and to declare himself to be Christ.

There are certainly no indications that the millennium has commenced; "the old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan," is by no means bound nor shut up. On the contrary, he seems to be roaming about with great freedom, and if actions are any criterion "many are possessed of him." Villainy and crime are rampant. Forgeries and embezzlements are everyday occurrences. The streets of quiet country-places are becoming unsafe at night. Young girls are drugged, and little children forcibly abducted. From many similar instances we mention one, so that parents may more carefully guard their little ones. A bright, lively little girl, living in Millbury, Massachusetts, while returning from school recently, was seized by a strange man, gagged to stop her screams, and put into a carriage. Most fortunately just at this crisis a traveler passed by, and the child was rescued.

Boston thinks that New York will have to be a little more deferential toward the "Hub" now that its borders are enlarged, and a prospect ahead that it will grow still more next winter. Dorchester has made proposals of union, and Bostonians are generally delighted, and regard this as an easy mode of growth.

A man in Hendricks County, Indiana, named James Adams, recently ate thirty-two peaches, a couple of musk-melons, one raw sweet potato, and drank two gallons of buttermilk. He leaves a widow. Should suppose such a glutton would *re-lieve* the poor woman.

It seems almost incredible that such beauty and perfectness as some chromos exhibit can be attained by a process of art. A chromo-lithograph is a picture printed in colors from stone. Every different color requires its own printing from its own stone. By passing the same prepared paper through ten or even twenty successive printings, from as many different stones, a finished result is obtained which almost exactly resembles the original painting. A last impression is made to leave upon the surface a canvas-like look, which renders the resemblance to an oil painting almost absolute.

The Episcopal church of St. Paul, Buffalo, is said to be undergoing repairs to fit it for the new bishop, Cox. This edifice is an imposing structure, and has a chime of bells which cost $15,000.

Some things can be carried safely in a gentleman's hat, and some things can not—at least not when it is upon his head. This was recently demonstrated by a Worcester gent, who, when carrying home a dozen of eggs in his hat, happened to meet a young lady of his acquaintance. He politely lifted his hat to her, when smash went the eggs at her feet! The poor man says he never wants to see an egg again.

A story is told of a French lady who exclaimed, as she took a glass of water in her hand, "Oh, if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would be!" That is just human nature. If children are gratuitously told not to do a thing they are pretty likely to experience an intense desire to do it which was unfelt before; and somehow we never wholly outgrow this curious inclination.

In Buenos Ayres bread is now a special luxury, quite out of the reach of any but the most wealthy persons. Flour was $500 a barrel at the last accounts and still on the rise. Fortunately money is plenty and meat abundant and cheap, so the people will not starve.

The Chicago *Advance* advocates naturalness in religion, and apparently approves of a suitable use of humor, even in sermons. It quotes one of Spurgeon's pointed sayings. He was insisting on brief and varied exercises in meetings for prayer and conference, when he remarked: "I never like to have one of my deacons pray for half an hour, and conclude with asking the Lord to forgive our *short comings!*" The pun doubtless cured many of the habit in question more effectually than any grave rebuke would have done. The *Advance* goes on to say: "We may as well learn to be natural in religion, and to laugh at laughable things, as well as to weep over those that are mournful. Isaiah once preached on the folly of idolatry, and drew a picture of the ridiculous conduct of the man who selected a log of wood, and made a god out of one part and cooked his dinner with the remainder! We suspect it was one of the most effective of his discourses, even if it excited a smile when delivered."

"Carleton," in writing to the Boston *Journal*, speaks of a recent visit to Brougham Hall, Penrith, the residence of Lord Henry Brougham, who has been an actor in English political life for half a century. Visitors are permitted to ramble freely over his estate, on which there is no lavish display of wealth, but ease and comfort is every where manifest. Lord Brougham is in his ninetieth year, and still in vigorous health. "My lord is quite well for an old man," said the gardener, in answer to some inquiries; "he rides out three times a day, which is pretty well for a man of his years. He has a fine estate, but he must soon leave it. His children have gone before him—two daughters, both dead. His brother will take his title. Men can't carry their titles with them."

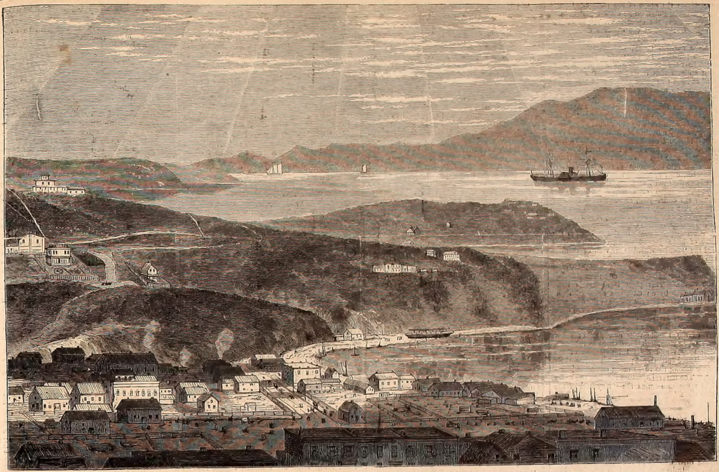
A great deal has been said in the newspapers about "false ears"—among numerous other falsities—and a thousand stones have been thrown at the poor ladies for their vanity and folly in attempting to beautify their auricular organs. Doubtless they have deserved for *something* all the criticism they have received; but not for this special foible, it seems. According to the *Queen*, the great sensation which this "ornament" has produced in Paris and London has been quite unnecessary. Neither French nor English ladies have ever worn false ears—that is to say, manufactured ears instead of natural; and the only coloring that can be given to this *canard* is as follows: An enterprising patentee considered that people sometimes suffer from rheumatism, earache, toothache, and other aches dependent on the nerves of the face, and also that it is very uncomfortable to get the ears full of water while bathing, or nipped up with cold during the winter. In order to obviate these inconveniences, he invented an India-rubber covering, moulded exactly to the natural shape, which he introduced to the Parisian world as a simple covering for the ears. Hence the false scent on which so many journals have been running; hence all the caustic remarks on woman's vanity and caprice, and hence the delight of editors at such a subject during the dull season. The inventor's object was simply to afford a covering to the ear, and not by any means to supplant that organ which nature has supplied.

According to a Swiss journal a means has been discovered of utilizing cock-chafers, or, as they are more commonly called, "June-bugs." It is stated that between four and five millions of these insects were recently sent to Friburg for the manufacture of gas, and the residue forms an excellent carriage grease.

THE CHAMPION NINE OF THE UNION BASE-BALL CLUB OF MORRISANIA, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Grotecloss, 226 Bleecker Street.

[See Page 685.]

Mrs. LINCOLN'S WARDROBE ON EXHIBITION IN NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 686.]



SAN FRANCISCO AND ITS OUTER HARBOR, LOOKING TOWARD THE GOLDEN GATE.]

## THE BASE-BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

Have we not of late had something too much of these "championship" follies? It was natural that prize-fighters and men of such ilk should run into beastly extremes and become champion bruisers and gamblers; but it is not pleasant to witness young gentlemen racing across the Atlantic with only dollars and cents as incentives; or to see young collegians animated in the pursuance of their sports by any other than a generous rivalry, or condescending to bet upon their respective fellow-students as on so many favorite horses; or to find young men, whom it was supposed took part in outdoor sports for the exercise they afford, demeaning themselves by small trickeries, and by indulging largely in desperate gambling. So common has betting become at base-ball matches that the most respectable clubs in the country indulge in it to a highly culpable degree, and so common have been the tricks by which games have been "sold" for the benefit of gamblers that the most respectable of participants have been suspected of this baseness. Even in the last match for the championship, between the Atlantics of Brooklyn and the Unions of Morrisania, there have been vague hints of treachery and trickery, and the players who win, as well as the players who lose, come forth from the contest without honor to be told of "stained escutcheons" and similar unpleasant things.

We give on page 684 portraits of the "Nine of the Union Club" who won the championship in the game referred to. It took place on October 10, and was closely contested, the score resulting in 13 innings for the Atlantic and 14 for the Union Club. The latter now holds the champion ball, but is pledged to play all comers, and may therefore not hold it a great while.

## CALIFORNIA VIEWS.

We give on this page two views in the bay of San Francisco, California. The first is taken from the west slope of Telegraph Hill, in the city, looking toward the "Golden Gate," as the narrow entrance to the bay is called. It shows the outskirts of the city, along the North beach, and the mountainous shore on the opposite side. The further promontory, covered with a thick growth of dark, native shrubbery, is known as Black Point, and is fortified. The two other forts for the protection of San Francisco do not

THE SEAL ROCKS AND CLIFF HOUSE NEAR SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

come within the scope of the picture. One is opposite Black Point, on an abrupt island called the Alcatraces; the other is on the same side with Black Point, at the extreme entrance of the harbor—the well-known "Golden Gate." That the narrow, rocky, mountainous passage into the principal harbor of the Golden State should bear that beautiful name is appropriate; yet it appears that it was called the "Golden Gate" at least two years before gold was generally known to exist in California. There is a letter extant in this city, from a ship-master who traded at San Francisco, bearing date April 30, 1846, in which he states that he hopes "to sail in at the Golden Gate by the middle of September," evidently meaning his arrival at San Francisco. It would not be strange if the five hundred people who then lived there used to speak of the "Golden Gate," as the words golden and silver enter into the names of many lakes, rivers, mountains, etc., in regions where no gold or silver have ever been found. Besides, the almost daily phenomenon of clear, flaming sunsets through the entire year, as seen from the city through that steep, narrow opening to the sea, seven miles away, would of itself, it seems, suggest the name "Golden Gate."

A short distance south of the "Gate" is the cluster of huge, jagged rocks, near the shore, called the "Seal Rocks." Our view of them is taken from the "Golden Gate," looking south. Among these rocks great numbers of seals may be heard and seen at almost any time sporting in the waves. This place is accessible from San Francisco by an excellent artificial road, and is much visited by the people of the city, who drive out to enjoy the entertainments of the Cliff House, to roll in their carriages over the hard beaten sea-beach where the long, smooth undulation of the Pacific rolls and plashes softly along; or, in stormy times, to listen to the loud-talking surges and doleful intonations of the seals. These animals are protected by law, their presence among the rocks being esteemed interesting. The natural aperture through the outer rock is sometimes called the "Key-hole of the Golden Gate."

## MRS. LINCOLN'S WARDROBE.

NOTHING can be more distasteful than the very reprehensible course which a majority of the papers of this country have pursued in accompanying their notices of the sale of MRS. LINCOLN'S wardrobe with scandalous tales and vituperative language respecting the lady's private character; nor can we understand the logic by which so many of them conclude that MRS. LINCOLN is not merely without good taste but actually guilty of gross misdemeanor in endeavoring to sell her wardrobe.

A rich and extensive wardrobe was absolutely necessary to her position as mistress of the White House; its domestic arrangements and social hospitalities could not be conducted in the blue jeans or linsey-woolseys of her native State. Suddenly, by a national calamity, doubly severe as a private bereavement to her, she was transferred to another and more private station, in which the widow's weeds which she had assumed were most appropriate, and in which station of life, in a small interior town of a Western State, with but a small fortune (not five times greater in value than the wardrobe she now desires to dispose of), she could have no use for rich silk and satin robes and lace and cashmere shawls. Naturally enough she endeavored to dispose of them. New York is the *only* market in this country for such an extensive assortment of such goods; and here she sent them. It appears that she endeavored to dispose of them with the greatest secrecy; in her excessive desire for secrecy she inconsiderately committed the indiscretion of coming to the city under an assumed name. The disguise and its object were betrayed or discovered; a number of the obscurer papers of the city exposed them; and many of the most respectable journals of the country have been thoughtless or partisan enough to follow their bad example and mingle fact, fiction, and scandal in a manner calculated to offend all decent readers and disgrace the journals.

We have given on page 684 an illustration of the wardrobe in question as it appears on exhibition in Broadway, not for the purpose of retailing the scandals against the lady who owns it, but in order to call more general attention to it in the hope of doing something for its disposal. The articles consist of several camel hair, point lace, and Paisley shawls, point lace dresses unmade, sable cape and boa, point lace parasol cover, several diamond rings, etc., etc. The articles on exhibition and for sale cost over $15,000.

## DRONES IN A BEE-HIVE.

ABOUT eight thousand bees, on an average, are supposed to constitute a good working family. Drones are large, clumsy-looking insects, with stings, and destitute of apparatus for gathering honey. They are males, whose presence is tolerated by general consent till the eggs give evidence of being fertilized. Till that point is fully established the drones are permitted to range throughout the interior, and feed luxuriously from cell to cell without restraint. But the mandate is issued for their utter destruction when the existence of life is discoverable in eggs. By united action a fearful slaughter ensues, and no cessation is discoverable till every drone is absolutely dead. Sometimes a poor wretch escapes from the hive and falls to the ground, but he is hunted for with savage energy, and stung and restung in the most vital parts till death terminates his sufferings. Order and systematic labor immediately recommences, and her majesty the queen is at peace with her living subjects.

## A BUSINESS-FIRM OF ENGLISH SHARPERS.

THE "Long" Firm is an old-established house, with head-quarters in Manchester, branch establishments in most of the principal cities and towns in the United Kingdom, and correspondents all over the world. Originally founded by three brothers of the name of Long, it has since passed into other hands, though, like most old and reputable establishments, the firm is still designated by the name of the founders.

The principle on which its business is conducted is extremely simple, and calculated to result in large profits—to buy every thing, and to pay for nothing. The firm has never yet been through the Bankruptcy Court, and it passed scathless through the recent commercial crisis, which resulted in the ruin of so many less securely constituted establishments. Having had commercial relations with the concern to the extent of upward of a hundred pounds, I can testify to the tact and energy with which their business is conducted. Friends of mine have also been honored with the favors of the "Long" Firm.

I am a provincial coach-maker, with a large export trade. In September, 1864, a well but not over dressed man, about thirty, of Hebrew descent, and of very gentlemanly address, entered my office, and presented this card:

*Messrs. Jondermain & Co.,*
**Shippers,**
*Gracechurch Street,*
*London.*

The time of day was afternoon, two hours before banks closed.

"You are acquainted with my firm, I believe, and have had previous dealings with them?" he remarked.

I well remembered the familiar card of the house. Three years previously I had had dealings with Messrs. Jondermain, to whose agents in the West Indies I then exported largely. But I had done nothing with them since that time.

"My name," he continued, "is Alfred Harris. I am Messrs. Jondermain's agent in Havre. They are extending their connection in various quarters, and I have been associated with the firm but recently—much later than the period at which you formerly did business with them."

I then inquired after the health of the junior partner, which I knew had been very delicate.

"Young Mr. Jondermain is still in a most precarious state; he has been in Madeira for the last few months, but is sinking rapidly, and we fear will never return."

All this tallied with what I knew of the young gentleman. If I had had any suspicion at the time (which I had not) this would have dispelled it.

"A widow lady at Havre, a friend of Mr. Jondermain's," Mr. Harris proceeded, "newly returned from the West Indies, and accustomed to use one of your carriages there, has commissioned me to purchase a similar carriage of your make for her present requirements. I left Mr. Jondermain in London this morning, who has indorsed the order, and, in fact, given me a draft to pay for it."

Mr. Harris was then taken into the show-room, where he immediately selected the carriage required. This again looked right, for it was one of the kind previously sent, per Messrs. Jondermain, to the West Indies. It was a large door-cab phaeton. I informed Mr. Harris that this carriage was already sold; that it would take some weeks to finish another like it; and that the price was one hundred and forty pounds. He appeared much disappointed; told me that the lady could not wait, and that he must get a carriage of that particular sort immediately. I showed him smaller carriages of the same sort, but without doors, at a hundred guineas. For some time he was sure one of these would not do. At length he said that on his own responsibility he was unable to buy any thing except exactly what was ordered, but he would go and telegraph to Messrs. Jondermain to ask if they would sanction his taking the smaller carriage. With this decision he left, promising to return in a few hours, as soon as he could get a reply from his principals.

When he was gone my clerk told me that Mr. Harris *knew* this particular phaeton he appeared anxious for to be sold, for that he had been told so. I attached, however, but little importance to the fact at the time.

In about three hours—one hour after banks closed—Mr. Harris again presented himself, with a telegraphic reply from his firm, to the effect that, as he best knew the lady's requirements, they would leave the matter to his judgment.

On this Mr. Harris agreed to take the smaller phaeton at one hundred guineas, and requested an account to be made out and receipted. The customary discount to the firm having been deducted, he begged very hard for a commission on the transaction for himself; indeed, he was nearly a quarter of an hour haggling over this question with true Israelitish skill; but the claim was not allowed.

Thereupon protesting it was a very hard case, Mr. Harris produced a check, given him that morning, he said, by his employers, with which to pay for the carriage. The amount of the check was one hundred and thirty pounds, intended, as he explained, to purchase the larger phaeton. After the amount of bargaining he had previously displayed, it appeared reasonable enough to suppose that his first intention had been, after beating me down as low as he could, to have finally offered this draft for one hundred and thirty pounds in payment for the one hundred and forty pounds carriage. So far it looked natural and in accordance with Hebrew business. In the present instance, however, he required thirty pounds change from his check.

Always accustomed to regard with suspicion any thing like an exchange of checks, more especially after banking hours, I made an excuse respecting the situation in which the crest should be painted, in order to get Mr. Harris down stairs into the show-room with my clerk, so as to give me five minutes to myself with the check. I made the most of this time. Turning out from my pigeon-holes the bundle of correspondence for 1861 marked J, I drew out three or four of Messrs. Jondermain's letters of that date. One of them happened to be an advice of forwarding money, as follows:

"Herewith we have the pleasure to hand you our draft on English and Irish Bank," etc.

Mr. Harris's draft appeared so far in order that it was also on the English and Irish Bank. Next for the signature. As nearly as I could recollect, the previous checks I had received from the firm had been signed "Jondermain & Co." Mr. Harris's draft was signed "John Jondermain." This might have been suspicious but for two reasons: first, the signature "John Jondermain" was, to all appearance, written by the same hand which had signed my letters "Jondermain & Co." I satisfied myself of this by comparing it with three or four letters. The handwriting in the body of the check was also the same. Secondly, it was not improbable that his son being away and not likely ever to return, Mr. Jondermain might have taken to sign drafts in his own name. At all events, having compared the handwriting, I saw no reason to doubt its being the same as the handwriting of many similar drafts I had received from the same firm.

Taking into consideration the familiarity of Mr. Harris with the son's illness, and some other circumstances about the establishment of Messrs. Jondermain; which I have not thought needful to particularize; his giving me the card of the firm; and the plausible reason for which he required change of the check (namely, being unable to get the larger carriage he wanted); and then adding to that, the similarity of the handwriting; I had no doubt of the genuineness of the draft. So when Mr. Harris returned to the office I began to write out a check for the thirty pounds change. I mentioned that my former drafts were signed Jondermain & Co., adding, that I had no doubt this one was correct enough.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Harris; "since his son has been given over, Mr. Jondermain does every thing in his own name."

I was about filling up the check "to the order of the firm," when my customer begged me to insert his name instead, giving as a reason that his account was debited by Messrs. Jondermain with the total amount of the draft for one hundred and thirty pounds when he received it in the morning, and that consequently my check would go into his own bank account. That this was not unreasonable those most conversant with business transactions of the kind will allow. Moreover, as he professed his indifference, after all, about the matter, I did as he requested, at the same time crossing the check to make it payable only through a banker.

With this last precaution, I was satisfied that, even supposing any thing could possibly be wrong, there would still be plenty of time to telegraph to Messrs. Jondermain, and get their reply, before the bank opened in the morning, when at worst I could stop my check. Accordingly, I agreed to deliver the carriage on the following day, and then had a quarter of an hour's chat with Mr. Harris, whom I found remarkably well informed on most topics. I smoked one of his cigars—a fine-flavored Regalia, but expensive; for it cost me exactly thirty pounds.

When he left I telegraphed thus to his firm:

"*To Messrs. Jondermain & Co., Gracechurch Street, London.*

"Received your check, a hundred and thirty pounds, for carriage, from Alfred Harris, and gave change thirty pounds. Reply if all right."

At nine o'clock that evening I got a reply as follows:

"We know no such person as Alfred Harris. Check forged."

I was about to take my hat to get a private interview with the bank manager to stop my check, when a neighbor, a jeweler in the town, dropped in. I told him of the circumstance; when my story came to the check, he said:

"I see it all; you're done. I changed your check this evening."

"*You* did!"

"I did. A gentleman called on me, purchased a small diamond ring for five pounds ten, and handed me your thirty-pound check in payment. 'I suppose you know that name?' he asked, with a smile. 'Oh yes,' said I, with another smile; and without more ado I gave him change. Wouldn't you have done the same, though it *was* crossed?"

It only remains to offer an explanation of Mr. Harris's manner of working this swindle.

I learned from Messrs. Jondermain that when I was doing business with them in 1861 they employed an office-lad for a short time to copy letters, and that, having found him out in pilfering stamps, and having also had information that he was a relative of the "Longs," they dismissed him. On turning to their letter-book of the date in question they found several pages torn out, among them the pages containing copies of letters to me on the subject of carriages. Supposing the boy to have stolen, in addition, a few cards of the firm, and a blank check or two, it is easy to make out the sequel. He takes them to his employers, the Longs, who hand them to one of their staff to study. Furnished with all the information required, and a fac-simile of Messrs. Jondermain's signature, "Mr. Harris" wanted nothing but an opportunity to use his knowledge.

If it be asked why I did not endeavor to trace Alfred Harris, the answer is that I did so the same night, and ineffectually.

## WHAT PEOPLE USE FOR FOOD.

No two countries pursue precisely the same customs in regard to the materials used for food or the manner of preparing their meals. Statute laws vary too, amazingly, in defining what is suitable or unsuitable for the stomach of man. In the United States veal is good if the animal has lived long enough to have some firmness and development. In Ireland veal of the best quality is when the calf is slaughtered immediately after its birth. In England and in Naples snail soup is a great luxury. Sea slugs, a disgusting soft worm five or six inches long and nearly an inch in diameter, under the name of *beche le mere*, is in such demand in one part of the world that a very large body of men and vessels are employed in procuring them for home consumption and foreign demand. In Greece they eat five-fingered jacks, or, as they are better known, star-fish, cooked very much as lobsters are prepared. Who but a Chinese would have thought of cooking a birds-nest? In Paris there are markets for the sale of horse meat. If a market-man should attempt selling it in New York his name would be execrated by an insulted population, besides being punished severely for an outrageous violation of the laws of health. A luxury in Lapland is pemmican, which is frozen liver of seals, eaten raw, washed down by a stout bladder full of whale oil! There is no standard of universal acceptance in dietetics. Eat or be eaten is the unrepealed law of nature.

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*Franklin Square, New York, October*, 1867.

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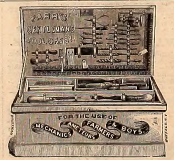


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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 566.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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## "KENTUCKY."

THE sensation of the late racing season at Jerome Park was the race of Kentucky against time, in which the latter steady old goer won easily, or in which, rather, Kentucky lost by several seconds. The race was the result of a wager of $5000 on the part of Mr. LEONARD W. JEROME, the owner of Kentucky, that that animal could run four miles in seven minutes and twenty seconds. Mr. JEROME and his friends, who were very confident, backed the horse largely; the regular turfmen generally bet on time; and a large crowd gathered to see the contest.

The race took place on October 17. De Courcy was the horse selected to accompany Kentucky for the first mile and a quarter, and the word was given as, with a running start, they galloped past the judges' stand, De Courcy twenty lengths in front. Away they flew around the course, Kentucky galloping in his old familiar grand style, and as they passed the score on the first mile the chronometers of the timers recorded 1 minute and forty-eight seconds. Near the quarter pole, on the second mile, De Courcy's mission was done, and Luther took his place in "carrying on the running," and as he approached the judges' stand he in turn dropped off, and Clara Clarita took up his task, with Kentucky a dozen lengths behind. As he passed the score on the second mile the unerring hands of time recorded 3.36, the second mile being run in 1.48, precisely the same as the first. The time of the first two miles was the fastest ever made in the North, and only half a second slower than that of Lancaster, carrying 104 pounds, at Lexington. The third mile was run in 1.53, or an aggregate of 5.29 for the three, and now the backers of Kentucky began to tremble, for his stride began perceptibly to shorten, and suddenly he seemed disposed to bolt and cut it altogether. His rider, however, kept him going, but he was laboring perceptibly on the third quarter, and as he came up the stretch his rider had to rouse him with whip and spur for the first time in his career. But it was all in vain, for as he crossed the score the 7 minutes 31¾ seconds was called, and "Time" thus won the match by 11¾ seconds.

The following is the lineage of Kentucky: Sire, Lexington; dam, Magnolia by Glencoe; granddam by Marmeduke. He was foaled in 1861; and was bred by JOHN M. CLAY of Kentucky. In his racing career Kentucky has made some very fast time, but has never excelled that made on this occasion at Jerome Park.

Our portrait of Kentucky is from an engraving published by M. KNOEDLER, 772 Broadway.

## CALEDONIAN CLUB AT RANDALL'S ISLAND.

THE Caledonian Club of New York, anxious to encourage the boys of Randall's Island in their fondness for Scottish games and other athletic sports, on October 11 visited the island and witnessed their exercises. They were received by about 250 boys and a number of young girls.

The exhibition on the part of the children began with a race of 300 yards, in which several of the youths participated. The race was won by JOHN QUIGLEY. The second best competitor was WILLIAM TRAIL. The next game was a race of 600 yards, in which JAMES MILLS and WILLIAM YOUNG received the prizes. At this point the guests proceeded to the Superintendent's house and partook of refreshments, and on returning to the drill building were entertained by the boys with a game of "Hop, skip, and jump." The prize medals were given to JOHN COSTELLO and EDWARD DALY. The distance jumped was 22 feet 3 inches. In "putting the stone," CHARLES LELER and ROBERT DOOLEY were the winners. The latter threw the stone 19 feet 9 inches. A running rope race, by a dozen little girls, secured prizes for MAY LITTLE and KATE M'COOL.

The Caledonians were then shown through the various departments occupied by the children, and were further entertained by hearing the girls sing and seeing the boys perform feats of strength and agility. This ended the day's proceedings, and the visitors re-embarked on their homeward trip, highly pleased with all they had witnessed on their visit to Randall's Island.

We publish, in connection with the several

MR. LEONARD W. JEROME'S FAST RACE-HORSE "KENTUCKY."—[FROM A COLORED PRINT BY M. KNOEDLER, 772 BROADWAY.]

sketches of these games, on page 692 a portrait of Mr. JOHN STRAITON, the Chairman of the Board of School Trustees and President of the Thistle Benevolent Association. It is to his influence that the children are indebted for the very pleasant day's amusement, and for the prizes so generously given by the Caledonian Club.

Our illustrations of the exercises at Randall's Island are by Mr. H. L. STEPHENS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

## TO THE VOTERS OF NEW YORK.

THE Democratic party would gladly obliterate its war record. It claims now, as it did during the war, to have a special regard for the Constitution. It asks to be restored to power. But ought it to be supported by those who believe in equal rights as the only sure foundation of a restored and peaceful Union until it offers some evidence that it will be a safer guardian of those rights than the Republican party? If the Democratic party is now substantially the same as during the war, if it acknowledges the same leaders, if it arouses the same sympathy among those hostile to the Government, if it displays the same contemptuous hostility to equal rights, if it appeals to the old prejudices and passions engendered by slavery, can any honorable man, who sincerely wishes that the enormous sorrow and expense of the war shall have settled something, vote to intrust such a party with political power? Let us look, then, at a few facts.

General DENNISON of Baltimore was recently examined by the Congressional Judiciary Committee upon the subject of the Maryland militia, especially the Baltimore regiment. He stated that the Governor, staff-officers, and many of the chief regimental officers, were either rebels during the war or strongly sympathized with the rebellion. He added that the rank and file were divided between loyal and disloyal men, and that the troops generally could not be relied upon for any hostile demonstration against the Government! Does any man doubt that those of the officers who are still rebels at heart, and those soldiers of the ranks who *could* be relied upon to attack the Government, are all ardent supporters of the Democratic party? Kentucky casts a great Democratic majority. Every fierce newspaper in the Southern States which can scarcely smother the expression of its devotion to "the lost cause" bursts into frantic joy at the result of the late elections. The Copperhead press of the Northern and Western States, which denounced GRANT in the Wilderness as "a baffled butcher," are in ecstasies. Are these the signs of the success of a truly patriotic party?

Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM led the Democratic campaign in Ohio for Mr. THURMAN, a "peace" man like themselves during the war. Mr. PENDLETON was the Democratic candidate for Vice-President in 1864, and seriously expects to be the Democratic candidate for President in 1868. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1863, and the controlling genius of the Democratic National Convention of 1864. He has been declared their candidate for the United States Senate by a portion of the Democrats of Ohio; and there is no doubt that he and Mr. PENDLETON are the true representatives of the Western Democracy. Yet they both advocate the dishonor of the Government by an enormous and incredible swindle which would hopelessly ruin thousands of innocent persons. Meanwhile the politics of the city of New York illustrate the purity of Democratic administration in detail. Are these the signs of an honest party?

Or has this party changed since the war? With its love of repudiation has it repudiated its old leaders, its old sentiments? Has it sincerely acquiesced in the result of the war? Who are now its representative men? VALLANDIGHAM, PENDLETON, HORATIO SEYMOUR, Judge WOODWARD PIERCE, and all the subordinates, whose names are more or less familiar. What man is there who was truly conspicuous even as a "war Democrat" who is now a recognized chief of the party? Its present chiefs all opposed the war, and for the basest of reasons. HORATIO SEYMOUR said that "if slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that government." Now that the war is ended and slavery abolished the same Mr. SEYMOUR declares that we are crushed and paralyzed by an overpowering debt and an intolerable taxation. He paints the sorrow and misery of a people staggering under taxes. *He* does not so much as whisper the word "repudiation;" but how neatly he prepares the ear to hear brother PENDLETON in Ohio, who shouts it!

Judge WOODWARD, too, whom the Pennsylvania Democrats have just elected to Congress, said, when Mr. SEYMOUR was declaring for slavery rather than Union, "We must arouse ourselves and reassert the rights of the slaveholder, and add such guarantees to the Constitution as will protect his property from the spoliation," etc., etc. Now that "the rights of the slaveholder" have disappeared, the party which elects Judge WOODWARD declares that the ex-slaveholder shall have exclusive charge of the ex-slave, otherwise the Constitution is gone.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM proposed to divide the Union into four parts instead of two, as DAVIS and TOOMBS wished. This excellent Democrat was as good a rebel as his fellow-Democrats WIGFALL and JAMES M. MASON. They could not have their way. The Union was neither split into two pieces to gratify Mr. SLIDELL of Plaquemine, nor into four to please Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. And the Union being maintained Mr. VALLANDIGHAM now takes his old place at the head of his party line in Ohio, and to a county nomination for the Senate says, exquisitely, "No party which violates the great, sure principles of justice can long survive;" and then recommends repudiation, and proudly declares, "One of the reasons why I opposed the war was because I believed, if successful, it would end in the abolition of slavery."

These are not men in a corner, obscure men, rejected men. They are the most prominent leaders of the Democratic party. They and their followers are indispensable parts of that party, and determine its policy. That policy in finance is repudiation; in reconstruction, obedience to ex-rebel dictation. Does any man honestly believe that the success of that party will really settle any question? If at the close of the Revolution the Tories had all been recalled from Nova Scotia and England to take charge of public affairs, would the natural results of the war have been rapidly and peacefully secured? If Mr. PENDLETON or Mr. SEYMOUR were President, and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and his friends Senators, and FERNANDO WOOD Mayor of New York, and Mr. DANIEL VOORHIES the leader of a Democratic majority in the House, and JEREMIAH BLACK Secretary of State, and BEAUREGARD and Mayor MONROE Secretaries of War and of the Navy, and the State authorities throughout the Union were in hearty political sympathy with these persons, could those who had helped them into power congratulate themselves upon having aided honest, intelligent, and good government; the cause of liberty and equal rights; and the restoration of the Union upon enduring principles? Or would they have done all they could to undo the work of the war, to dishonor the nation, and to disgrace our dead heroes?

These are the questions which every New York voter should consider. It is of little importance, so he be an honest and capable man, who is State Secretary or Controller. But it is of the greatest importance whether New York even seems to sympathize with men who advocate dishonor, and with a policy which makes the war a crime.

## GENERAL GRANT AND HIS ADVISERS.

IT is very amusing to hear FAGIN warning a detective to look out for pickpockets. Or, to put it in another way, it is very comical to hear the New York *World* tell General GRANT that he must beware of political shysters and tricksters. "You dear man," says the artless friend of humanity, "those naughty politicians will be the death of you. Stop your ears at once, and don't listen to their wicked stories; and if they should ask you to be President, run as fast as ever you can, and tell them to go to the bad place where they belong. If you want to know whom to trust come and ask your grandmother."

General GRANT has not yet found it necessary to avoid or to attract the politicians. He is of necessity and from reasons entirely superior to ordinary party control the master of the situation. There are certain movements of the public mind which may always be predicted. And one of them is the popular tendency to exalt and honor the military leader who without the least selfish ambition has been the successful hero of a war, and especially one which has saved the nation. This tendency has been illustrated four times in our own history. General WASHINGTON was the spontaneous choice for the first Presidency. General JACKSON, General HARRISON, and General TAYLOR followed, and they were successful, not from any remarkable fitness for statesmanship or experience of public affairs but because they were successful soldiers.

This tendency, indeed, is the traditional peril of republics. Some day, say the enemies of free government, there will come a war. Then the people become an army. They win a victory. They deify the successful leader. He suddenly turns into Mr. CALEB CUSHING's man on horseback, and by the aid of the people overturns popular liberty. There is a fatal defect in this logic, and our history is the illustration of it. It is, that when the people are the army their liberties are pretty safe. It is the standing army which is the enemy of Liberty. But the army of the people with which WASHINGTON secured our national existence, and that with which GRANT maintained it, dissolved in the moment of victory. And during its existence it was not a public danger, but a public defense. "If General M'CLELLAN," said one of his staff officers, "had undertaken to march upon Washington the army would have marched upon him."

Thus with us the great soldier becomes the great citizen. The instruments with which he has done his military work disappear, and only the gratitude and admiration which his work excited remain. And they exalt him. We do not give him a peerage, nor an estate, but what we can do is done. And when his service has been not only unselfish but especially wise; when he has shown in his whole career that supreme and steady good sense, which is so much rarer and greater than the mere brilliant daring in which a true discretion and prudence are wanting, a profound confidence springs in the popular heart which makes it willing to trust the same wisdom in untried spheres.

It is with such facts that politicians and all men who would secure public results must reckon. The true advice is not to bid such a man beware of politicians, but to exhort the politicians to consider him and his relation to the country. The secret of the *World's* amusing advice to General GRANT is fear lest the party that sustained the war should nominate the General who victoriously ended it. It is indeed natural that those who excused rebellion, and who declare the action of Congress revolutionary and anarchical, should fear to see the victorious chief who approved that action, and the most popular man in the country, the possible candidate of loyal men. It is also natural that MONTGOMERY BLAIR, a man known of all men, should undertake to reveal to a crowd of Washington Copperheads and rebels the opinions of General GRANT; counting upon the General's habitual silence not to expose such foolish falsehood. It is also natural that a President who means if possible to restore the Government to the old political allies of the rebels should resolve to remove from the Department of War the General who crushed the rebellion.

Meanwhile human nature remains the same. The purpose of the loyal people of the United States is not changed by the performances of the President; and their faith in the General whom they have watched and tried is not shaken by any assault yet made upon him.

## RECIPROCITY.

IT is time that more serious thought were given to the matter of renewing reciprocal trade with the British American Provinces. The country has now had two years' thorough trial of the high tariff policy, and the results are far from satisfactory. Those who advocated and succeeded in securing the abrogation of the treaty of 1854, are now seen to have acted upon mistaken views. The repeal of that treaty has not only seriously diminished the trade between the two sections, but it has shut up the shops and ship-yards of our own workmen. More than this, it has driven the Provincials to manufacture for themselves those articles which they have heretofore been in the habit of purchasing from us, thus depriving us of a valuable market. Protection has not profited our manufacturers. It gave them a spasmodic flush of good fortune, but the huge dividends which they enjoyed for two or three years have now ceased to gladden them. The July dividends of the New England companies showed changes the most radical of any for a long previous period, and there is no probability of the January exhibit manifesting any improvement. When the factories—the pets of protection—can not make more than a living profit, who can reap advantage from high tariffs? It is strong evidence of a change of opinion upon this subject, that New England papers are now earnestly advocating a renewal of commercial relations with our northern neighbors upon terms similar to those of the old treaty. One Boston paper says the question is "vital to the interests of New England, which, almost without exception, have been seriously compromised and injured." While we do not fully indorse the free trade doctrines that obtain in certain quarters, we agree with those who believe that the old arrangement was mutually advantageous, and the sooner renewed the better for the prosperity of all concerned.

It is understood that a strong pressure will be brought to bear upon Congress at its next session, by Americans largely interested in the coal-fields of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, to secure the importation of Provincial coal free of duty. It is likely to prove successful. We are now paying vastly too much. The cost of importation is so excessive as to amount almost to prohibition. Some idea of the state of the coal trade may be gathered from the figures of Major NORTON, the American Consul at Pictou; these show that he has had only *one* American vessel this year, against seventy during the last year of the treaty! Other branches of commerce languish in less degree.

An industrial exhibition has just closed at St. John, New Brunswick, after a successful term of five days. The variety of domestic manufactures exhibited there surprises those who have supposed that New Brunswick built only ships. These embraced steam-engines for steam-ships, factories, and locomotives, cotton and woolen fabrics, spinning, knitting, and sewing machines, stoves, cutlery, carriages, manufactured tobacco, and many other products that would do credit to Yankee skill and inventive genius. The impetus which manufacturing has received the past two years in the Lower Provinces is something remarkable. There are now nearly 100 factories in St. John alone. Halifax, Nova Scotia, has gone largely into tobacco manipulation and sugar refining, branches of industry scarcely known there heretofore—the direct effects of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty. We need not, however, enumerate; we shall merely confine ourselves to stating general facts.

We have heard it confidently asserted by residents of the New Dominion that a resolution would be brought forward at the approaching session of the Canadian Parliament, to ask upon what terms the United States would consent to restore the provisions of the former treaty. There is no denying that the Provinces have suffered less from its repeal than this country has done; still they are anxious for its renewal, and are ready to make overtures. It is to be hoped that at least a modification of the existing law may be secured. The political transition which the Provinces are now undergoing favor a change. The facilitating of commercial intercourse with them would favorably influence the people toward the United States, and hasten the consummation of annexation, which most of them look forward to as ultimately certain. The progress of the "European and North American Railway," which is to connect New Brunswick with Maine, and of other lines of intercommunication, strengthen the reasons for renewing the Treaty. While we are spending forty millions to develop trade with the Pacific coast, taking steps to secure reciprocity with the Sandwich Islands, and sparing no means to secure commercial intercourse with far-off Japan, we are certainly justified in forming a closer connection with our next-door neighbor, the benefits of which are already assured by a ten years' experience. A single word is all that is necessary to accomplish that which will increase our revenue and inspire a hundred drooping branches of industry. As the subject is to be broached this winter in the Legislative bodies of both countries, it would be easy to effect a mutually satisfactory negotiation. The present time is most appropriate for a thoughtful consideration of the question. American enterprise is not naturally drawn toward the Provinces by a community of interests and political sympathy. What is needed is, that commercial gravitation assert its power to influence political attraction.

## UNFAIR CENSURE OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THE New York *Times* and the Boston *Advertiser* complain that the Constitutional Convention of New York has done nothing toward the reformation of the Judiciary or the government of cities. But as the Convention had reached neither of these subjects the censure is wholly premature. The Judiciary Report and the City Report are both upon the table for consideration. If, indeed, they should each be adopted as they stand, the *Times* and *Advertiser* might perhaps justly complain. A more preposterous plan for city government than that reported by the Committee could not be conceived. Should the Convention pass it without radical modification we presume that thousands of the most intelligent and substantial residents of the city would instantly sell out their whole property interest within its limits.

The new Constitution is in a manner sketched by the various reports. But the outline will of necessity be essentially changed in many ways; and it seems to us that it was extremely wise for the Convention to take a recess, and inform itself of public sentiment upon the proper character of such changes. But it is very unwise to speak of the particular reforms that were expected of the Convention. The members themselves have a habit of alluding to what they were expected to do, as if they were acting under specific instructions. But nothing is more erroneous than such a view. The New York *Times* perhaps supposes that the great reform demanded is that of the Judiciary system. Yet it would probably find that the very point which seems the key of the whole—the elective system—is that which its own political friends from the interior are the least disposed to touch. The *Times* may accuse such delegates of want of courage and determination. But it forgets that it speaks wholly from the experience of the city. That of the rural districts is entirely different; and the rural delegates do not want courage, surely, because they represent the public opinion which sends them.

So with city reform. The Convention *may* be timid and irresolute, but it has not yet shown itself to be so. The Committee's report is certainly not so. It is very courageously and resolutely wrong. But the subject is wholly new to such a Convention. The delegates did *not* come instructed to make any specific changes, and those from the interior were much disposed to abandon the city of New York to its own destruction. Such a disposition showed neither timidity nor want of determination upon their part. They had not especially considered the subject, and the facts and arguments were not familiar to them.

Indeed the common theory is utterly untenable that the Convention assembled to make cer-

tain specific reforms. One delegate, or newspaper, says that the chief business is the reform of the Court of Appeals; others say that it is the equalization of the suffrage; others, that it is to secure good government for great cities; others, that it is to regulate and reform the management of our public works. Each has his theory of the special duty of the Convention. But the truth is, that its business is to revise the Constitution, and to suggest to the people such amendments as it thinks desirable, or to draft a new instrument. The whole Constitution, in all its parts, is intrusted to it for revision, and it is not timid because some reforms which seem very important to others are of little weight in its own estimation; nor is it irresolute because it deliberates at length upon serious changes.

The *Times* says, the Convention "seems incapable of properly grasping the subjects with which it has to deal. It either fails to appreciate their importance, or it lacks the courage to treat them on their merits." But no man who heard the debate upon the canals and finances will doubt the ability of the Convention to deal with the most vital topics of State interest. The canal, oddly enough, is a dry subject, and it is understood familiarly by very few city readers of the *Times* or any other paper. Moreover, the reports of the debates were belated two or three weeks in the Albany *Evening Journal* and *Argus*, and are very long. There was no report of them in any New York paper, except a mere abstract in the *Tribune*. Therefore very few persons know whether they are able or not. But those who say that the importance of the Canal debate, for instance, was not appreciated by the Convention, or that its treatment lacked courage or ability, merely speak at random.

When the Convention shall have gone over the whole ground of the task intrusted to it, and framed a Constitution, it will be in order to censure or to approve it. But with many of the most important reports not yet taken from the table or considered in the least, however much the Convention may be criticised for its long debates, it can not fairly be condemned for what it has not done.

## "DISREGARDING" THE LAW.

One of the most preposterous reports that has been lately sent from Washington is the assertion that the President proposes to disregard the Tenure of Office Bill, and treat it as a nullity until the Supreme Court decides whether it is constitutional. "Here's richness" again; and the Copperhead Doctors shake their heads approvingly over the report, and exclaim, "Nothing could be more absurd than to dispute the right of the President to bring laws which he believes unconstitutional to a judicial test."

The President, as President, has nothing whatever to do with the constitutionality of laws after he has opposed them by his veto. His sole duty in regard to them after they are passed over his veto is to see that they are faithfully executed. Then, if any body feels himself to be aggrieved, he will bring an action in the Supreme Court. But if the President, having exhausted his veto, proposes to treat all laws which he does not approve as unconstitutional, and refuse to see to their execution until they are legitimated by the Supreme Court, nothing can be plainer than that every law passed by Congress must be sent into the Supreme Court room and approved before the President will take care that it is faithfully executed. Nothing could be more absurd than such a view of the duty of the Executive except all the rest of the President's theories.

Of course, as the Copperhead Doctors truly remark, this appeal to determine the constitutionality of a law "is a right possessed by every citizen." But to say that nobody is bound to obey a law until some Court has decided it to be constitutional, is simply to declare chaos come again. The Tenure of Office Bill is a law—and not a very wise one; and the President has just as much right to disregard it as he has to nullify every other law upon the statute-book. He is a citizen of the United States like the rest of us; and if he disobeys the law he will inevitably suffer the penalty.

## "HARPER'S BAZAR."

Our sprightly companion *Harper's Bazar* begins its career with a brilliant fulfillment of all its promises. It is not only the most complete and various and elaborate journal of fashion that we have, but it is also a miscellany of entertaining and sensible literature. We advise all our readers to look at it, and to reflect upon the real value and excellence of such a weekly visitor. Especially in the country so unquestionable a fashionable authority, and so plain and careful a guide in the making of every kind of garment, will be singularly useful. There is no longer any excuse for clumsy or tasteless dress. If the material be tow cloth it may be cut as gracefully and made as prettily as if it were brocade. And it is as a missionary of good taste, and therefore of beauty, that a journal like *Harper's Bazar* can be made of great service. It is not every body who can afford to have costly clothes, but for the price of *Harper's Bazar* every body can have neat and graceful and pretty clothes. The new paper is beautifully printed, and has already the air of prosperity and success.

## THE DEAN RICHMOND VERDICT.

The coroner's jury which viewed the body of William Ryan, the fireman drowned upon the steamer *Dean Richmond*, found that his death was caused by the sinking of the steamer after the collision with the *C. Vanderbilt*, "the said collision being caused by the culpable carelessness and *criminal intent* of those navigating the steamer *Vanderbilt*; and we find that said collision was occasioned solely by the mismanagement or evil intent of the officers and crew of the steamer *C. Vanderbilt*, and in no other way; and the jurors aforesaid on their oath do say that the said William Ryan so came to his death by the acts of the said officers and crew of the said steamer *C. Vanderbilt*, and not otherwise."

It remains now for the Grand Jury to indict the captain and officers of the *C. Vanderbilt* for manslaughter or murder, and the public will have an opportunity of ascertaining whether the lives of the passengers and crew upon a vessel are wholly at the mercy of the commander and his subordinates. It would be interesting to know whether "those navigating" the *C. Vanderbilt* now are those who ran down the *Dean Richmond*.

## MARRIAGE AND THE INHERITANCE OF DISEASE.

Some talk about the regulation of marriage, which shall prevent it on the part of those who have some taint of constitution, as the consumptive or the scrofulous, as if it were the grand means of improving the condition of the race and adding to the general health. We demur to this. We think that altogether too much is made of this point. We do not believe that the course of true love should be interrupted by grave inquiries into constitutional tendencies that may have been inherited and may hereafter be developed. When actual disease exists the subject, indeed, demands consideration; but we do not believe in setting lovers to work hunting up liabilities which may have descended from parents or grand-parents, with the idea that if any indications of their transmission are found love should fall back into mere common friendship, and the bans be forbidden. Let us see whether we are right about this.

Commonly there is no inheritance of actual disease, but only the disposition to it is transmitted. Thus in the case of consumption or scrofula there is no poison or taint communicated from parent to child. There is no specific transmission, but there is impressed a certain cast of constitution which is attended with certain tendencies or liabilities. The same is true of insanity and epilepsy. Here the nervous system is mostly involved in the transmission.

But these tendencies or liabilities may be obviated, at least for the most part, and often wholly, by proper hygienic training. This is a grand fact—it is the fact which renders marriage advisable under circumstances which would otherwise render it wholly improper. We see this strikingly exemplified often in families that have decided consumptive tendencies. We call to mind many such families in which all the females died of consumption, but not one of the male members. Why the difference? Simply because the latter pursued such an active life as to invigorate the system and thus enable it to cast off inherited tendencies of a morbid character. So also when in such families any of the male members have succumbed, very commonly it has been seen to be the result of sedentary habits and other debilitating influences.

Such facts exhibit finely the power of hygienic measures. They show in the most distinct manner the tendency which the system has to right itself—to rid itself of all bad tendencies, whether inherited or acquired. But to do this it must have fair play. It must not be hampered by habits and customs that restrain or prevent its capabilities. There is no mystery about this. The laws of health are very simple. Nature should be the guide, and her directions or indications are plain and easily read.

There is not enough thought of this power of training. Its very simplicity often causes it to be overlooked. Men are fond of getting hold of something which is occult, and far to seek. They have too much faith in the power of medicine, and too little in the safeguards and recuperative powers of nature. We see this often in the treatment which the recommendations of the physician receives. His strictly medical directions for the invalid are scrupulously followed, but those which relate to the habits of living are apt to be more or less neglected. And if the patient recovers his health, and measures of hygiene be prescribed for the invigoration of the system that a return of the malady may be prevented, little heed is generally given to his advice.

It is very clear from what we have said that caution as to matrimonial alliances can do but little for the promotion of the public health. The observance of the rules of hygiene is the grand means of doing this. With this strong men can be raised from a feeble parentage, and without it the progeny of strong parents will become feeble and diseased.

Let us not be understood as speaking lightly of the transmission of diseased tendencies. The evil is a serious one, and especially when such tendencies are made to accumulate in force in generation after generation. But we would have the means of prevention and of remedy to be clearly understood. Let every parent look at this subject in earnest, and so train up his children that they may be healthy and vigorous fathers and mothers. The duty is an imperative one, and is not to be lightly put aside from indolence, or indulgent fondness, or, as is more often the case, from the demands of fashion.

We have said that disease itself is not ordinarily transmitted. But there is one exception of a peculiarly marked character. It is that disease that comes as a curse upon libidinous indulgence. Sad, exceedingly sad, are some of the cases in which this disease is transmitted to children. As this sin is against that in our nature which makes the basis of the social state its saddest results are social. And he who has had this corruption fastened upon him should not dare to enter upon the matrimonial state. His foul blood should never be allowed to poison the blood of others.

## A SOUTHERN VIEW OF DR. DRAPER'S HISTORY.

It is as true now as it was before the war that a better understanding of each section, Northern and Southern, by the people of the other would allay political animosities and conduce to harmony of sentiment. This understanding, however, can proceed only from a candid consideration of all the physical and moral laws involved in the conflict. It is in this view that Dr. Draper's history of the war is so interesting and significant. How strongly it impresses those who had not thought of the varied character of the influences that control human action may be seen in the following letter of a correspondent in South Carolina:

"I have read Dr. Draper's first volume with more interest than I have read any book since Macaulay's 'History of England.' Every thinking man should read it. There is a greater variety of facts, grouped together in a truly philosophical arrangement, than can be found any where else. It may truly be said that had the knowledge of these facts been generally diffused throughout our country the civil war he has essayed to describe could never have begun. Had the South been better informed as to the relative strength of the two sections, had she known that the current of thought and opinion at the North was the result of natural and physical causes, which gave a resistless momentum to its development, she would never have undertaken the hopeless task of forming two separate nations, where God and nature intended there should be but one.

"Some of Dr. Draper's theories are so new and startling that the mind does not readily yield assent to them. But he maintains these theories with such a plausible array of facts that the longer we dwell upon them the more reasonable they appear.

"While many of the lessons taught by Dr. Draper come too late, as regards the tendency which they would have had to avert the late strife, they still have an immediate and practical value. No one can doubt that one result of the war is suspicion and distrust on the part of the North, and, on the part of the South, resentment and ill-will. We must look to time and to such teachings as those of Dr. Draper to remove these feelings. When the people of the North understand the influences of climate and the progress of a different set of ideas, working on men, who, although of the same race, had become widely separated by pursuits, apparently or really antagonistic, they may come to believe that the civil war was a moral and physical necessity. By the illustration of the influences which operated upon the two sections respectively, Dr. Draper's work (which every Northern and Southern man should read) teaches indirectly and silently the lesson of *charity*—that charity which alone can heal the wounds made by the war, and reconcile to each other the hostile sections. Our country needs a union of sentiment as well as of government, and every book which furnishes a firm foundation for a real Union, based on natural and physical as well as on moral and educational influences, should be hailed with delight, and studied with care by every patriot and Christian.

"The North should forgive the South for simply yielding to the influences of climate, soil, and education; and the South should forgive the North for the hard lesson which influences of the same character compelled her to bestow on her erring sisters. Both sections were guided by the instinct of self-preservation. In such an antagonism *power* alone could settle the controversy; and it has settled it in favor of the North. Both sections, therefore, may profit by Dr. Draper's book, and learn the lesson of mutual forgiveness. Let every reflecting mind ponder the facts and theories so ably grouped and developed by this painstaking and suggestive author, who, having the faculty of seeing the errors of both sections, is far more competent than any mere politician to write an impartial history."

To the suggestions of our correspondent we will add that Dr. Draper's work, as it progresses, will consider the necessities developed by our civil war as candidly and philosophically as it has those which produced it. The necessity of securing the fruits of this great struggle, and the principles which should control our whole people in the readjustment of the harmony so violently disturbed by rebellion, are subjects which should be well weighed by both Southern and Northern men. The difficulties and animosities attending that readjustment would vanish, and leave a clear sky overhead, if the teachings of a true philosophy could take the place of selfish partisanship, and of all the lower motives which inflame, disturb, and disjoint the nation.

## THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

Of course every one who wishes to be witty must, some time in the course of his life, drag in the seven sleepers, which is about the same as a reference to seven senses. But to the matter. The story of the seven sleepers was an old piece of irony, very old indeed, and very much, in essence, like Rip Van Winkle's long slumber. The seven sleepers were reputed to be inhabitants of Ephesus—perhaps they were aldermen. However, six, it is stated on ancient authority, were persons of local consequence, and the seventh a servant. During the Decian persecution they retired to a cave, from whence the attendant was dispatched occasionally to the city for food. Decius, hearing of their course, ordered the mouth of the cave to be closed up by masonry while the whole seven were taking a nap. No doubt it was just after dining. After a lapse of several centuries a part of the wall tumbled down by reason of age, so that light penetrated the interior and actually awoke the whole of them. Feeling refreshed by sleep, the servant was sent off as usual for a basket of provisions, their appetites being keen. He found Ephesus so singularly changed since the last trip he was amazed at the alterations. No one knew him, nor could he recognize a single familiar face in the city. The money offered for what he purchased was an oddity. No one had ever seen any such before. A citizen accused him of having robbed an antique treasury, and had the poor fellow arrested. The story reached the emperor, who visited the cave to ascertain if what he related was true. It was corroborated by the six men, who died on concluding their story.

## COLORS MADDENING ANIMALS.

What reason can be assigned for the well-known fact that red, more than any color, excites many animals to the highest point of desperation? Many persons have unquestionably lost their lives in consequence of wearing articles of dress which provoked domesticated animals to such a pitch of fury as to lead to melancholy results. Females, for example, in attempting to cross a pasture, wearing a red shawl, a red covering for the head, a scarlet dress, or flowing scarlet ribbons, where bulls are grazing, hazard their lives. Oxen, otherwise peaceably disposed, become intensely infuriated at some seasons by the sight of bright-red handkerchiefs, or almost any article of female dress of that particular hue. It is equally curious that turkeys manifest the same restlessness and ultimate excitement at red flags or red dresses. The turkey cock on such occasions assumes extraordinary dignity, gobbling most uproariously, and creating immense excitement in his family, not accustomed to the sight. Nearly all the wild grazing animals exhibit extreme surprise, if not positive fright, when a red cloth floats before them. Perhaps the carnivorous quadrupeds feel the same annoyance under like circumstances; but, at all events, as a cause for all this turbulence has not been satisfactorily explained, it is always safe not to provoke the ire of animals which are thus affected.

## ECHO.

Come to me in the silence of the night;
  Come in the speaking silence of a dream;
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright
  As sunlight on a stream;
    Come back in tears,
O memory, hope, love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter sweet,
  Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,
Where souls brimful of love abide and meet;
  Where thirsting longing eyes
    Watch the slow door
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live
  My very life again though cold in death:
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give
  Pulse for pulse, breath for breath:
    Speak low, lean low,
As long ago, my love, how long ago!

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### SOUTHERN RECONSTRUCTION.

General Mower, commanding in Louisiana, has issued his order declaring the result of the late election to have been in favor of the Convention by 70,992 votes. The order also designates the 23d of November as the time and the Mechanics' Institute Hall as the place for the assembling of the delegates. This hall is the one in which the riots of July, 1866, began.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, advises the young men of his State to become farmers and do their own work. His motive is not as wise as his advice. He says that by doing this they will get rid of negro and foreign emigrant labor. On the contrary, they will have greater means wherewith to employ such labor.

The great Democratic majority in Pennsylvania had dwindled on October 19 to less than one thousand, and was finally officially announced at 922.

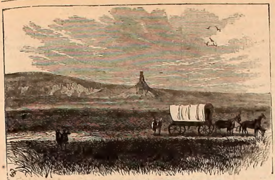
The Republican majority in the late election in Iowa is ten thousand greater than in that of 1866.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, the leading Democratic paper of the West, nominates George H. Pendleton as a candidate for the Presidency.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

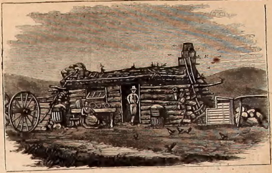
Napoleon appears determined to interfere in the Roman question. This step was decided upon at a special session of the Council of State on October 16. A few days subsequently France called upon Italy to enforce the September Convention, and the fleet of France was put under sailing orders. About the same time a French pamphlet, attributed to "a great personage," was published in Paris. It foreshadowed a general European war, by which the treaties of 1815 were to be obliterated and the frontiers of France rectified. The Papal insurgents have meantime been pushing toward Rome; and twelve thousand of the inhabitants of the city have petitioned the Pope to admit the Italian troops without further opposition.

The Caledonian Club at Randall's Island.
Boys Race.
Putting the Stone.
John Straiton, Esq. Presdt. Thistle Society.
RANDALL'S
Girls Race.
Cavalry Tactics.
Distributing Candies.
Highland Fling.



CHIMNEY ROCK, ON THE NORTH PLATTE RIVER.

UTE INDIANS OF UTAH.



OVERLAND PONY EXPRESS STATION AT CHEESE CREEK, NEBRASKA.

## THE OVERLAND PONY EXPRESS.

LESS than ten years ago the "Pony Express" was new to this continent, though not to the Old World. Its use there has not been forgotten or abandoned; but its day is already nearly ended with us. It came into existence here as the forerunner of the telegraph and the railroad: it is still used in the old countries in default of these more rapid means of communication and transportation. Three years after the pony first began to run express in America the harnessed lightning distanced him on his own track; and the decade will have hardly expired before the "iron horse" will have entirely superseded the Mexican mustangs and Indian ponies of Butterfield's Overland Express Company. Old GENGHIS KHAN, of Tartary and China, originated the first pony express, and MARCO POLO tells us that he had stations every twenty-five miles, and that his riders regularly made their three hundred miles a day over the unmacadamized pavements of Toorkistan and Thibet; and the same system is used to this day not only within Chinese walls, but even in European Russia and Austria, and even in enlightened, liberalized Prussia. We of young and vigorous America, who have nearly if not quite 40,000 miles of railways in actual operation, find it difficult to understand that the old countries of Russia, Austria, and Turkey are comparatively without such means of communication. Austria, though moderately provided along her western frontier, has but one line extending eastward. Through the entire extent of Turkey there is only one line about 45 or 50 miles long. Russia has on her western frontier a single railway, that from Vilna to Warsaw; the southern portion is worse off still; and internal communication in these countries is little improved on what it was fifty years ago. There is a story which well exemplifies the need of railways in Southern Russia. During the Crimean War, an officer came before the Czar NICHOLAS with important dispatches from Sevastopol. So exhausted was the messenger with incessant sledge-traveling for many days and nights together that he dropped into a heavy sleep in the Imperial presence. The emperor spoke to him, touched him, shook him—all in vain; at last he bent down and shouted in the sleeper's ear, "Vâshe prevoschodîtelstvo, lôshadi gotôvi!" ("Your excellency, the horses are ready.") At the sound of the words which had been constantly in his ears for the last fortnight the officer instinctively started to his feet; and on discovering where he was, amused the Czar not a little by his boundless confusion and dismay.

The Overland Pony Express from the Missouri to the Pacific was established in 1859, and from its first inauguration was splendidly run, sometimes carrying letters from Atchison, Kansas, to Sacramento, California, a distance of about 2000 miles, in eight days—that is, averaging two hundred and fifty miles per day. Once important dispatches—election news, of course—were carried from Saint Joseph's, Missouri, to Denver City, Colorado, 625 miles, in sixty-nine hours; the last ten miles being made in thirty-one minutes. The posts were originally 25 miles apart, and the steeds employed were the small, fleet, hardy Indian horses. The rider kept his pony on the full run, and when he reached a new station, whatever the hour of day or night, another messenger, ready mounted and waiting, took the little mail sack, struck spurs to his steed, and was off like the wind.

Our centre engraving on this page is from a painting by GEORGE M. OTTINGER, of Great Salt Lake City, who has finely illustrated the spirit of

THE OVERLAND PONY EXPRESS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAVAGE, SALT LAKE CITY, FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE M. OTTINGER.]

UTE SQUAWS OF UTAH.

SNAKE INDIANS OF UTAH.

this age and this people in both the choice and the execution of his subject. The chosen scene of the picture is near Chimney Rock, on the North Platte River; the express rider is cheering the men who are raising the telegraph-poles. It adds to the interest of the picture that it represents an actual and frequently-recurring scene, as, in the summer of 1862 while the telegraph was in course of erection, the flitting by of the express boy was a daily sensation for the workmen.

The other illustrations surrounding this suggestive picture may be said to be scenes and persons with whom the express rider and his pony are intimately acquainted. "Chimney Rock," the same as that indistinctly seen in the back-ground of the large picture, is a curious sandstone formation near the North Platte River; and is now fast decaying, and, as it were, "chipping away." The Ute Indians, of whom we give two pictures, are located near Salt Lake City—a small peaceful tribe fast dying out. The same may be said of the Snake Indians, whom we also illustrate. We give also one of the abandoned overland stations in Nebraska. The railroad already extends beyond Cheese Creek, on which this station is located, and the station is therefore abandoned as "a thing of the past."

We are indebted for the original photographs of these several engravings to Messrs. Savage & Ottinger, photographers, of Salt Lake City, Utah.

## SEA VENTURES.

I stood and watched my ships go out
Each one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbor fill'd
With flood tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy,
She spread a smooth, white, ample sail;
And eastward drove with bending spars
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope,
No cargo in her hold she bore;
Thinking to find in Western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love,
She showed a red flag at the mast—
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And she sped South right fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith,
Slowly she took her passage forth;
Tacked and lay-to: at last she steered
A straight course for the North.

My gallant ships they sailed away,
Over the shimmering summer sea,
I stood at watch for many a day—
But *one* came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain—
Hope ran upon a hidden reef—
And Love took fire and foundered fast
In whelming seas of Grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo safe she brought
A Crown linked to a Cross.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book VI.

### CHAPTER I.

HOW JACK FOUND A PATRON.

Mabel's brightest dreams of success in the art she had chosen were more than realized. The second character she appeared in—Beatrice, in Much Ado About Nothing—charmed the town. Juliet had afforded no scope for the display of a certain buoyant playfulness of manner which belonged to her, and which robbed the saucy sallies of the brilliant Beatrice of all bitterness while preserving their point and sparkle. And then her tenderness and indignation on behalf of her wronged cousin, and the half tearful, half fiery, wholly womanly and passionate manner in which the famous "Kill Claudio!" was delivered, were pronounced by the critics to be quite admirable. Mr. Alaric Allen was in high content. His theatre was crowded nightly; and the audiences showed no symptoms of falling off, even though the end of the London season was rapidly approaching. Mabel was re-engaged for the following year at an increased salary. Her income was already a large one.

"I am growing quite a rich woman, mamma!" said Mabel; and then she gave a little sigh.

Her life outside the theatre was quiet and uneventful. She and her mother and Dooley lived in as retired a manner in the pretty cottage at Highgate as though Miss Bell, the brilliant actress, the idol of the public, the magnet that attracted admiring crowds to the Royal Thespian Theatre night after night, were a personage utterly unknown to them. Opportunities were not wanting, had she been minded to avail herself of them, of shining in society as the lion of the season, the latest novelty, the spoiled child of the public for the passing hour; but Mabel would have none of this. Without any romantically high-flown notions as to the exalted character of her art, and regarding it chiefly, as she did, in the matter-of-fact light of an honorable means of employing her faculties to win a subsistence for herself and for those dear to her, she yet shrank from any such abasement of her profession as would have been involved in the acceptance of many of the invitations she received. She resented the implied assumption that she, who amused vacant fine ladies and gentlemen, and cheated them into some fleeting ghost of an emotion on the stage, would be flattered by the honor of being permitted to gratify their more or less impertinent curiosity in their own drawing-rooms. Not that there were wanting kind words and pleasant encouragement from many persons whose rank was their least title to respect and honor; or still more precious opportunities of seeing and conversing with men and women illustrious in literature and art, the mere mention of whose names had made Mabel's pulse beat high in the days of her early girlhood, and had conjured up a crowd of deathless images. Still, on the whole, Mabel saw but little of the small great world of London that came to gaze at her, and criticise her, and admire her from its cushioned stalls.

"It is very odd to me, Mabel," said Mrs. Saxelby, one day to her daughter, "that you don't seem to be a bit less shy than you were at fifteen. Nay, upon my word, I think you are absolutely more shy now than you were then!"

"I think I absolutely am, mamma. But why does that seem so very odd to you?"

"Why? Good gracious, Mabel! is it *not* very odd? You, so admired and successful, and accustomed to be the cynosure of all eyes for so many hours night after night, is it *not* very odd that you should shrink from strangers like a bashful school-girl? To me it is incomprehensible, I confess."

"But, mamma, do you not see that it is not me, not my very self, whom those eyes are gazing at in the theatre?"

"Not you? What nonsense, my love!"

"No, mamma. It is Juliet, or Beatrice, or Imogen. I assume those characters of the poet's imagination, or, to speak modestly, my humble conception of those characters, precisely as I assume my stage costume. I put on, as it were, another individuality which conceals *me* like a mask. To all that crowd of strangers who fill the Thespian Theatre Mabel Earnshaw is an utterly unknown personage, I assure you. You understand, mamma?"

Mrs. Saxelby did by no means understand.

"Umph! It is one of your fine-spun fancies, my darling," she said, smiling placidly, with a little self-satisfied consciousness of her own superior common-sense.

"Perhaps so, mamma," said Mabel, "but without some such fine-spun fancy I should never set my foot on the stage again."

It must not be supposed that in her prosperity Mabel was neglectful of Aunt Mary and her family. A constant correspondence was kept up between them, conducted chiefly by Janet and Mabel, although Mrs. Walton would send a letter now and then containing all the family news, and Mrs. Saxelby occasionally covered an elegant monogram-surmounted sheet of paper with her delicate lady-like handwriting, which looked so singularly clear and regular, and was so provokingly difficult to decipher. The news from Dublin was extremely good. Polly and her husband were prospering greatly. Carlo Bensa had been made conductor of a society for the cultivation of vocal part-music, and had almost more teaching than he could manage. Uncle John was permanently engaged as a contributor to the scientific journal which had already accepted some of his papers on chemistry. Janet, as of old, was her father's faithful indefatigable amanuensis. But of Jack's prospects the accounts were positively brilliant. He had been painting and studying industriously, and, with such good results, that he intended to send a picture to the Academy next year. But this was not all; he had found a patron!—a patron who praised his pictures, and, moreover, *bought* them at a liberal price!—a patron who prophesied for Jack a high position among English landscape painters, and who had invited him to come and stay at his house in London. It was incredible good fortune; and Janet, who communicated the pleasant tidings, departed from the usual sober moderation that characterized her style to dilate upon the success which seemed at last about to crown her brother's cheerful steady perseverance. "And only think, dear Mabel," she wrote, "to whom we are indebted for having introduced this discerning person (*we* think him a miracle of acumen, and you will think so too, for Jack's sake) to our family! To dear old Captain Duff, in whose ship you came across to Ireland! Jack's Mecænas is a brother-in-law of the captain's, and a Scotchman like himself. He lives in London, and is in some trade or business there, and has plenty of money. But, what is better, he has the good taste to cultivate an acquaintance with the fine arts, has a well-chosen little collection of paintings, and is reckoned—Captain Duff says—a very competent judge of modern pictures. He is delighted with Jack's efforts, so he *must* be a competent judge, mustn't he? The first thing that struck him in Jack's port-folio was that pretty view on the river Clare, just above the town. I remember your telling me that you were studying Ophelia that morning while Jack was making his sketch. Have you forgotten? He bought it immediately, and gave Jack a commission for an oil painting; and what do you think Jack did when Captain Duff and his brother-in-law were gone? He is looking over my shoulder and says I must not tell you, but I will, to let you see that he is just the same harum-scarum Jack that you and I remember when we were children. Well, Mabel, the door had scarcely closed on our visitors when Jack came rushing up to the drawing-room, three stairs at a time, hugged mother and me frantically, danced round the table, and finally stood on his head and knocked his heels together! Don't you recollect how he used to frighten us by his acrobatic performances in the old days?"

The letter went on to say that, his services not being needed at the Dublin theatre for a few weeks, Jack would probably take a holiday and come over to London shortly. Mabel had written to Aunt Mary by return of post congratulating them all warmly on the good news, and saying that she and her mother should feel quite hurt if Jack installed himself under any other roof than theirs during his stay in London, and that his room should be prepared forthwith.

Dooley was highly excited on learning that "Cousin Dack" was expected, and set about making various arrangements for his entertainment—such as appropriating a certain number of square inches in his own particular garden-bed to Jack's use, and giving up his best wooden spade to the expected guest. He also collected together a perfect menagerie of legless, headless, and otherwise mutilated wooden animals, which Jack was to mend and paint into renewed beauty. "Dack may have my nine-pins to play wis. Do 'oo sink Dack likes nine-pins?" said Dooley, with much earnestness, and was greatly gratified on being assured that Jack would doubtless derive exquisite enjoyment from that amusing game. At length one morning a ring was heard at the garden-gate of Desmond Lodge, Highgate, and Jack, carrying his modest valise in his hand, was ushered into the little hall. His cousin received him affectionately, and Mrs. Saxelby with the soft gracious urbanity that became her so well.

"Dear old Jack!" cried Mabel, holding both his hands, "the sight of your bright pleasant face is gude for sair een, as Captain Duff would say."

"But how did you come? Where is your luggage?" asked Mrs. Saxelby, with the very slightest flavor of patronage in her tone.

"My luggage? Oh, that little valise in the hall constitutes my 'luggage,' Mrs. Saxelby. And I walked here from the corner of the lane where the humble 'bus put me down. I arrived in London last evening, but I would not disturb you so late. I knew Mabel would be at the theatre, so I took a bed at a hotel, and went to the Thespian to see Miss Bell as Beatrice. And didn't I feel just proud sitting there in the pit, when the audience expressed its opinion in the unmistakable manner to which I suppose Miss Bell is tolerably well accustomed by this time! And didn't I wish mother could have been there to see it and hear it, bless her heart!"

There was so much to be told on both sides, and so many discursive episodes in their talk, that the morning slipped away with wonderful rapidity. Dooley did the honors of the garden, and, half shyly, half proudly, showed Jack the arable land set apart for him, and the garden-tools wherewith to cultivate it.

"I tell you what, Dooley," said Jack, contemplating the little bed of earth with a gravity that delighted the child, who watched him furtively with sidelong, wistful looks, "I tell you what, this is a light soil, I fancy, and we must grow mustard-and-cress on it. That's the crop adapted to flourish here, you may depend."

Then the invalid menagerie was passed in review, and marvels in the way of surgery were effected. Jack produced a color-box from the valise, and touched up horses, lions, camels, and cows, in a very striking manner. Dooley's favorite white charger was ornamented with sky-blue eyes and a rose-colored mane and tail; and Dooley himself—in his zealous co-operation—bedaubed his hands and pinafore with all the hues of the rainbow.

At dinner, Jack announced his intention of calling on his new friend and patron that evening.

"And I shall have to go and stay at his place for a day or so," said he. "The old gentleman took a wonderful fancy to me, and made me promise to be his guest if ever I came to London. Only, when you were kind enough to write and say that you expected me to make your house my home—"

"Most happy," murmured Mrs. Saxelby.

"Though it seems almost a shame to quarter myself in this way—"

"Why, Jack!" exclaimed Mabel, with heightened color, "what are you talking about? We were 'kind enough,' and 'a shame to quarter yourself!' I didn't think you could have been so unkind. Where should Aunt Mary's son be at home if not here? Aunt Mary, who fed me and clothed me and sheltered me when I was a helpless, fatherless little child!"

Mrs. Saxelby put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I beg your pardon, Mabel," said Jack, simply.

Dooley had laid down his little knife and fork, and was contemplating the scene attentively.

"Dive him a tiss, Tibby," said he, softly. "Dack *is* sorry, isn't 'oo, Dack?"

Mabel smilingly bent forward and kissed her cousin's forehead; and Dooley resumed his dinner with a good appetite.

"And where does this gentleman live, Jack?" asked Mabel.

"Why—it's the oddest coincidence in the world—but he must be a neighbor of yours."

"A neighbor of ours? Really!"

"Yes; stay, here is his address. The Hawthorns, Desmond Lane, Highgate."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Saxelby, "that is the pretty house over the way, Mabel. I know it well. I used to see a tall thin man, with iron-gray hair, going down the lane toward London punctually at nine o'clock every morning. But latterly I have missed him."

"Yes; because he has been in Dublin on business. But he was to be in England again by this time."

"And his name, Jack? You have not told us his name."

"His name," said Jack, putting his note-book back into his pocket, "is M'Culloch."

### CHAPTER II.

SEEKING.

Penelope had been stirring so early that it was not yet eight o'clock when Clement went up to his brother's room, resolved to break to him the project of sending him abroad, and prepared for a very painful interview. He knocked at the door. There was no answer, and trying the handle it yielded at his touch, and he entered. The room was empty. The bed had been slept in, but was now untenanted, and some of Walter's clothes were scattered about the floor. Clement ran down stairs again hastily.

"Penny!" he cried, "Penny, Walter is gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"He is not in his room. The bed is empty, and the door open. Come and see!"

They searched through the house—not a long process at De Montfort villas—but no Walter was to be found. And, finally, the little servant-of-all-work, with the rapid intelligence peculiar to her class, volunteered the statement that she thought Mr. Walter must be gone to the bank, for that she had see'd him a-walking down the road to the place where the 'buses went from as she was a-coming to her work that morning.

"Why in the world did you not say so at once, Ann?" demanded Miss Charlewood, sharply.

To which query Ann's only response was a grimace compounded of a grin and a gasp, and expressive of such utter vacuity of mind that Penelope felt it to be useless to say more to her.

"It is odd, his going off in that manner?" said Clement. "It makes me uneasy."

"My impression is," observed Penny, "that on awaking this morning, and remembering the scene of last night, he felt so thoroughly ashamed of himself, and so afraid to face you, that he stole away with the idea of avoiding an interview until your anger should have cooled a little. He'll sneak home this evening after banking hours, you may depend upon it."

After some discussion, they agreed that it must be as Penelope supposed, although neither of them could shake off a lurking anxiety which each endeavored to conceal from the other.

"I will call at the bank for him on my way home," said Clement.

"For my part," said his sister, "I dread seeing mamma. What *are* we to say to her? And she must know the truth, must she not?"

"Oh, Penny, you remind me well—this wretchedness has driven every thing else out of my head. I think that I promised to call for my mother in Mayfair. I think, my dear, that you had better go there yourself and accompany her home. You need say nothing in Augusta's presence about this business. Only break it to mother on your way back. I shall have Walter on my hands."

So it was settled between them; and Clement betook himself to his office with a heavy heart.

Penelope's task was in truth a most painful one. Her brother had urged her to spare their mother as much as might be, and indeed she herself desired to be merciful if it were in any way possible to be so. But strong indignation fought with pity in her breast, and it required all her self-command to avoid reproaching her mother for the part she had played. The only vent she allowed to her feelings, however, was to abuse Walter, and this she did in no measured terms. Poor Mrs. Charlewood wept and moaned, and hid her face in her handkerchief, and confessed her own fault, and tried to palliate Walter's, all in a very piteous and humble manner.

"Don't ask pardon of *me*, mamma," said Penelope. "It is Clement, your good, true, noble son Clement, that you should ask forgiveness of. Or, at least—I—I—don't quite mean that *you* should ask forgiveness, mamma, but Walter—Walter ought to go down on his knees in the dust at his brother's feet. Thankless, hopeless, heartless wretch that he is!"

"Oh, Penny, Penny! Don't ye, my love. *Don't* ye say so!"

"But I must say so. It was not enough to disgrace us all by his conduct at the bank; not enough to drain his brother's pocket of every penny he had to pay his vile debts; not enough to pursue his own selfish course without one instant's thought or regard for his family; but when all was generously forgiven, when Clement had screened him, and saved him, and brought him home, and Walter had given his solemn word of honor—*his* honor!—to reform, and reward his brother's kindness and affection, he gets a false key to the door, and comes stealing into the house like a thief—yes, like a thief in the night—and acts a base, contemptible lie through every hour of the twenty-four."

And still Mrs. Charlewood sobbed and moaned, and cried, plaintively, "Don't ye, Penny. Oh, *don't* ye say so, my love!" over and over again.

As the time drew near for Clement's return, the mother and daughter grew quieter, and sat silently listening, full of nervous anxiety, for the expected footsteps. The unfinished street they dwelt in was seldom disturbed by the noise of wheels, and very few foot-passengers frequented it. Clement's quick, decided tread could be heard distinctly on the gravel. The sun began to sink, and burnished the parlor-window where Mrs. Charlewood and her daughter sat, making the former shrink and shade her tear-swollen eyes.

"They're late," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Not very, mamma," replied Penelope, instinctively adopting the same subdued tone. "I have known them to be a full half hour later than this."

Slowly the half hour went by, and Penelope was compelled to acknowledge that her brothers were now behind their usual time of reaching

home. "Clem has the agreeable task to go through of telling a few stern truths to Mr. Walter Charlewood. That is detaining him. Poor Clem!"

Mrs. Charlewood's lips framed "Don't ye, my dear," but she uttered no sound. At length a noise of footsteps was heard approaching. They listened. Nearer and nearer came the tread.

"There's only one person!" exclaimed Mrs. Charlewood, trembling violently. "Only one!"

Penelope started up and ran to the street-door.

Clement stood there alone. Penelope turned deadly pale at sight of his face. "Where's Walter?" she asked, with a strained assumption of her old hard manner, though her voice shook. "I suppose he refuses to return home at all now. That is the latest thing!"

Clement came into the passage and closed the door behind him. "Walter is not at the bank," he said; "has not been there all day. I have made inquiries at every place I could think of where they were likely to know any thing of him. I went to his old lodgings near the Strand. All in vain. I do not know where he is."

"Clement!"

"Hush! Is mother there? I am going out again to search for him. But I thought I would come home first, or you would both be so alarmed at my prolonged absence."

The brother and sister entered the parlor together, and confronted Mrs. Charlewood standing opposite to the door. She was not crying now. Her face looked stern, almost menacing, as she fixed her eyes upon Clement.

"Where's my boy?" she asked, harshly.

"Mother dear, I have been seeking for him. He is playing us some trick. He will come home to-night—"

"Find my boy, Clement. Bring me my boy. Whatever he may be to others he's the child of my bosom, my latest born, the darling of your dead father. If any 'arm befalls him you're answerable. Your cruelty has driven him away. Find my boy, I say, or woe be to you."

She seized her son's shoulder roughly as she spoke. Clement took her hand and passed one arm gently round her. "Mother, dear mother," he said, soothingly, "try to calm yourself. There is no cause for fear, please God. I will not rest night or day until I bring you your boy again."

The poor woman melted into tears, and fell sobbing on his breast. "Oh, forgive me, my son, my own good son!" she cried; "I'm a foolish, wicked woman to speak so to you. But oh, Clem, you'll find my boy, won't you? You *will* bring me my boy!"

Clement went forth again, and returned late at night, still without his brother. He had not been seen or heard of in any of his accustomed haunts. "He may still return to-night," said Penelope. "It may be simply bravado, to show that he will not be controlled." They watched and waited until the gray dawned in the sky, but there came no tidings.

The next morning Clement went straight to his office. It was yet so early that there was no one there except an old woman employed in sweeping and dusting. Mr. M'Culloch, who had been absent from town, was expected back that morning. Clement left a note for him, excusing himself from attendance at the office that day, and also a few written instructions to the subordinate clerks. As he went out he saw the morning's letters lying on a desk. Among them was one directed in the handwriting of his anonymous enemy. He started as though he had been stung, and turned away his head. Then he stood a moment in the street, irresolute which way to direct his course. "I will try his old place once more," he said. "Some of his companions may be known there." And he went rapidly toward the dingy-lodging house in the Strand. The slatternly servant—whose tenure of office had been unprecedentedly long—was still there, but had given notice, and would leave to-morrow. She took care to inform Clement of this fact before she answered one of his inquiries, and added, superfluously enough, that mines of gold should not tempt her to remain another day.

"And you have not seen or heard any thing of Mr. Charlewood since he left these lodgings?" asked Clement.

"Nothink at all, Sir. Left 'em! Ah, an' I should like to know who'd stop in 'em as could provide theirselves otherways? I wonder as the rats an' mice and the very black-beetles doesn't go, I do." The slatternly servant was evidently under a strong sense of injury, and rubbed the hearth-stone with which she was cleaning the door-step round and round as if she found some relief to her feelings in grinding it down spitefully.

"Then you can tell me nothing? I am very, very sorry. We are in great trouble respecting my brother at home, and I should have been grateful for any information that might enable us to find him."

Clement had touched the right chord. The girl looked up with a ray of sympathy in her coarse face.

"In trouble, Sir, are you? Law, now, I'm sure I'm very sorry, and if I knowed anythink I'd tell you in a minute. Oh my!" she exclaimed, after a moment's pause, clapping her hands together, "I wonder if she could give any information?"

"Who? Who, my good girl? For God's sake tell me at once!"

"Well, Sir, it's a party as comes here sometimes to see a dress-maker as lodges in our attics. She bounced a good bit about knowing your famaly one day when she see you on the stairs. Not as I swallows quite everythink as she says, Sir. But she's been here once or twice since your brother left, and allus talks as if she was quite intimate like with all on you."

"Met me on the stairs here? Do you mean a woman named Hutchins?"

"Yes, Sir. That's her. But as true as I'm here, I can't tell you where to find her, so it ain't much use after all!"

"I happen to know her address," said Clement, remembering his encounter with Corda. "But it is incredible that *she* should have any knowledge of my brother's whereabouts. However, it is a chance, and I'll try it. Thanks, my good girl."

He offered to slip a shilling into her hand, but she drew back and shook her head.

"I couldn't, indeed, Sir, thank you all the same. I've got brothers and sisters of my own, and I couldn't do it, Sir. I'm a going to the Eating 'Ouse next door, and if any time as you was passing you'd jist ask for Sarah and let me know as it was all right about young Mr. Charlewood, I should take it kind. He was a pleasant-spoken young gentleman."

Clement set off for that poor region he had traversed so recently in Miss Fluke's sweet society. He easily found the street, but it was a long one, and all the squalid little dwellings resembled one another. "I haven't the least idea of the number," said Clement to himself, and stood gazing about him. A door opened on the opposite side of the way, and a tall, round-shouldered man, with a paper cap on his head, and carrying a basket of tools, came out of it. "Come," thought Clement, "I owe Miss Fluke something. If she had not insisted in such an impressive manner that she knew that man's face, I should not have recollected it so distinctly. But that is Miss Fluke's acquaintance without doubt, and there is the house."

He crossed the street and knocked at the door. After some delay it was opened by Mrs. Hutchins herself in an unexampled condition of untidiness, who uttered a faint exclamation, and changed color when she saw Clement.

"Don't let me startle you," said Clement, looking at her keenly. "I have merely called to make a few inquiries of you."

Mrs. Hutchins stood with the door in her hand, and muttered something about not understanding what he meant.

"If you will allow me to come in for one moment I will explain to you."

"I don't know about coming in, I'm sure," she answered, sulkily. "My 'usband ain't partial to strange faces."

"Your husband is not at home; I have just seen him leave the house," said Clement, making a guess.

"Well, an' if he is not at home! I suppose you don't think it shows a manly 'art to come and try to frighten one of the soft sex with your 'inquiries,' do you?"

"My good woman, you are strangely ill-humored. One would think you had done something to be ashamed of, you are so alarmed at the idea of an inquiry!"

Mrs. Hutchins's face grew visibly pale through the dirt that obscured it. "I—I—meant no offense, Sir," she stammered, whiningly.

"Very well. Since, however, you will not allow me to come into your house, I must ask what I have to ask on the door-step. I have some reason to suppose it possible that you may know where my brother, Mr. Walter Charlewood, is staying at present. I—I have mislaid his address," pursued Clement, with a sudden instinctive mistrust of the false face before him, "and I wish particularly to communicate with him without delay."

Mrs. Hutchins looked at him curiously, with her head on one side. "Oh," she said, slowly, "was *that* what you wanted to make inquiries about?"

"Yes; and I tell you plainly, that if you can give me any information—and I shrewdly suspect by your manner that you can—you had best do so at once."

"Had I really?" she returned, with rapidly returning self-possession. "And supposing I *can't* give you no information, what then, Mr. Charlewood?"

"Then I must seek it elsewhere. But you won't refuse to tell me where my brother is, if you know. It is very important that I should find him."

Mrs. Hutchins threw the door wide open, and pointed into the house as she had seen the indignant heroine do at a minor theatre. Any one who labors under the delusion that affectation is the exclusive property of fine ladies and gentlemen, would have been undeceived on beholding Mrs. Hutchins's behavior. She turned her eyes on Clement with an expression of languid scorn.

"Search my 'ouse," she said, loftily; "cry 'avoc on my very 'arthstone. Never blench, Mr. Charlewood. I am pore and lowly, and of course 'ave a right to be insulted."

"You foolish woman, I have no thought of insulting you. If you know where my brother is, say so in Heaven's name, without more ado. If not, it is useless to waste my time here any longer."

"Sir, I may be a foolish woman—thanking you for the compliment—but I do *not* know where your brother has betook himself to. How *should* I know? I'll ask you that, Mr. Charlewood, and doubtless in your superior wisdom you will frame a answer!"

"How should you know, indeed?" said Clement, with a sigh. "I came here on a forlorn hope, and God knows I can not tell where to turn to next." He walked away despondently, and quite insensible to Mrs. Hutchins's parting shot.

"Returning your polite salutes, Sir, and don't mention the trouble you've gave, I beg!"

The woman watched him with an evil smile on her face. "Who sent him here, I wonder!" she said, pondering. "And how did he find me out? You're a nice genteel amiable gentleman, Mr. Clement Charlewood, and joy go with you, for a stuck-up, proud, overbearing, low-minded— Ah, but there, sprung up from the kennel, and what can we expect! It ain't the money as does it. In his rich days he was always a low, plodding, vulgar fellow, and never took no notice of me in my own house. While for heighth and poetry look at Alf! But it ain't," added Mrs. Hutchins, with modest candor, "it ain't every one as has my fine feelin's. I can't abear lowness. Nor yet meanness."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A STORY is circulating in various newspapers throughout the country, which, if true, *ought not* to be true, and if false should be corrected for the credit of public charities of New York city. We give the story, in substance, as it has appeared in the journals of the day; and we have seen no explanation of it, although we can but believe there is a mistake somewhere: "A poor woman, whose husband was killed in the war, accompanied by two children, recently applied to the Commissioners of Charities in New York city to have her children taken care of until she could earn enough to provide a home for them. She was refused all assistance unless she could pay $5 for each child; and the poor mother, without a penny in the world to keep herself and children from starvation, heart-sore and despondent in soul, could obtain no aid except from the more charitable police authorities who relieved her immediate wants."

Just at this time it will interest the public to know something definite in regard to the property left by our late President Lincoln. The Springfield (Illinois) *Journal* has published an inventory of his estate, signed by Judge Davis, the administrator, which is, of course, the only authoritative method of placing the facts before the public. The amount invested in United States bonds and securities on November 29, 1866, was $79,482 70. Notes for various amounts, with the $25,000 given by Congress on account of President Lincoln's salary, make the total value of the personal estate about *one hundred and ten thousand dollars.* This is independent of real estate in Illinois and Iowa. This simple statement shows that Abraham Lincoln did not leave his family in the deplorable condition of "want" and "destitution" in regard to which such astonishing revelations have recently been made.

A comparison between the prices of staple articles of food in New York, Philadelphia, Paris, London, Berlin, and other prominent cities, indicates that New York is the most expensive in this respect of any city in the world. This great misfortune is due to the fact that the food itself comes to the consumer through so many dealers, all of whom make their profits.

During the disastrous prevalence of the yellow-fever at New Orleans, about sixty workmen have been employed in laying street pavement there, working all day amidst the fumes of tar. No one of them, it is said, has taken the fever.

A German in Chicago recently married a Norwegian bride. He knows nothing of the dialect of his wife, and she knows nothing of the dialect of her husband. Not much chance for disputes in that family.

A Portland paper illustrates the Copperhead campaign by the following anecdote: Old Captain S—— of Nantucket was a perfect marine philosopher, and no amount of ill luck ever dampened his faith or good spirits. Coming into the harbor once, with an empty ship, after a three years' cruise, he was boarded by a townsman, who inquired: "Wa'al, cap'n, how many bar'ls? Had a good v'yage?" "No," responded the skipper, "I hain't got a bar'l of ile aboard; but"—rubbing his horny palms with satisfaction, while his hard features relaxed into a smile—"*I've had a mighty good sail.*"

A birch bark canoe is on exhibition at the old arsenal in the Central Park. It was presented by the proprietors of the Memphemagog House, Newport, Vermont, and was built this summer by some Indians from St. Francis, Canada, of an entire sheet of bark, sixteen feet long by four feet wide.

Benjamin Franklin is a candidate for Senator in Winona, Minnesota. A Republican paper says that "the people of Winona County will send him a great deal higher, figuratively speaking, than the kite which his illustrious namesake used to draw the lightning from the clouds."

A resident of Brattleborough, Vermont, is in mourning for a daughter who died a few days since at the age of 80. The old lady is only 97, and retains her faculties and her interest in current events to a remarkable degree. At the age of 22—seventy-five years ago—she was left a widow with four children.

Not long ago a young man was arrested in New Haven on the Sabbath for being intoxicated. Whether he offered the usual pleas for release in vain report doth not state. But finally he produced from his pocket a marriage-certificate, which he fondly hoped to make use of that very evening. The policeman was affected by this view of the case, and the expectant bridegroom was released, and directed to the residence of his waiting bride.

There are now in process of erection in the burnt district at Portland not less than two hundred buildings, including some fifty first-class stores and three hotels.

To the disgrace of Hoboken a church has been lately opened there which bases its creed on disbelief both in God and the Bible. It is said that the officiator at the inauguration remarked that the little edifice was to be the "mausoleum of Jehovah."

It is often said "there is nothing new under the sun." Many things seem to favor the truth of the proverb. A fire and burglar proof safe, which has been subjected to a volcanic eruption, has been discovered among the ruins of Pompeii, its contents uninjured. It very much resembles modern safes.

It may be conceded, we suppose, that a woman has a "right" to catch a thief if she can. About a week ago a Mrs. Wooding, in Woodbridge, Connecticut, on returning to her home after a short absence, saw a man with tools standing in front of her outside cellar-door. She, being a woman of nerve, went up to the door and looked in, when the form of another man, in the cellar, met her eye, and a second glance revealed the fact that he had some of her husband's garments upon his arm. She at once grappled with the thief, who, not relishing capture by a woman, made desperate efforts to get away. He clambered up the stairs and out into the yard, Mrs. Wooding retaining hold of him, at the same time calling vigorously for help. The confederate in the mean time stood looking on, apparently not knowing whether to go or stay. Help at last came, and the two thieves were secured.

They have a method of constructing railways in some parts of Germany which might suggest a valuable improvement in this country. The rail is made about nine inches high, with a broad, flat base, which rests on a well-prepared bed of ballast, and when properly placed is further supported by a layer of gravel. Thus constructed, the jerky motion of a train, occasioned by numerous cross-sleepers, is done away with; the hammering sound becomes a steady, continuous roar; the longitudinal bearing is distributed over a greater distance, and the need for repairs occurs but rarely.

Dr. Hall, while in the frigid regions, dines daily off of nine pounds of frozen meat to keep him warm. Whether the meat is thawed in the process of cooking is questionable.

The only way to form the habit of early rising is to jump out of bed the moment you awake. The man who hesitates when called is lost. The mind should be made up in a minute, for early rising is one of those subjects that admit of no *turning over.*

A case of mistaken identity has been interesting both the press and the courts. The parties most concerned, however, are the New York *Evening Gazette,* and the New York *Evening Mail.*

Joseph Dion, billiard champion of America, has challenged John Roberts, the English champion, to play three games, English, French, and American, for ten thousand dollars in gold each and the championship of the world.

Webster says that butter is "an oily, unctuous substance obtained from cream or milk by churning." But recent investigations have shown that it "consists of the fragrance of green grass, the aroma of the mellifluous clover-fields, the exquisite nectar of new-mown hay, collected in glowing globules, like sparkling dew-drops on the petals of May roses, by fairy hands that are never soiled by dirt and offensive odors; and the delicious essence is impailed in an atmosphere as sweet and pure as ether, and wrapped in a napkin as clear as the unsullied snow-drift." This is an age of progress, and whether it is the genuine Websterian butter or not, we hope to obtain a supply of the above-named, elaborately-defined substance for winter use. We think the "exquisite nectar" might taste well on fresh bread.

A most singular freak of nature recently occurred in Illinois. About twelve years since a wealthy farmer in the vicinity of Beardstown was waylaid by ruffians, and in the encounter was stabbed in the back, under the left shoulder-blade. He was treated by physicians, and in a short time the wound healed over. A few years since he began to cough, and since that time had all the appearance of a person in consumption, and his friends despaired of his recovery. About three weeks since, in a violent fit of coughing, he threw up a piece of the knife-blade with which he was pierced, about one inch and a half in length, and about half an inch in width. It had passed during that long interval from his back into his stomach, through his lungs, and upward through the bronchial tube. He is now doing well.

When once revenge has taken possession of the heart it hesitates at nothing. Lately numerous incidents have come to light showing the fearful workings of this passion. Two women in Pennsylvania, after various unsuccessful attempts, poisoned a little girl of four years, because she had called them "old maids." A fiendish wretch—we forget where he lived, and hope never to see or hear his name—entered the stable of an enemy at night, poured kerosene oil over one of his horses, and set fire to it. Could any thing more diabolical be conceived? In Maine several instances of mean revenge have occurred. Thirty choice fruit trees, belonging to a gentleman in Gardiner, were girdled one night. And at Cape Elizabeth a miscreant entered a garden one night and pulled more than a hundred hills of sweet corn, and several bushels of turnips and carrots. The vegetables were left upon the ground, indicating that mere revenge was the motive.

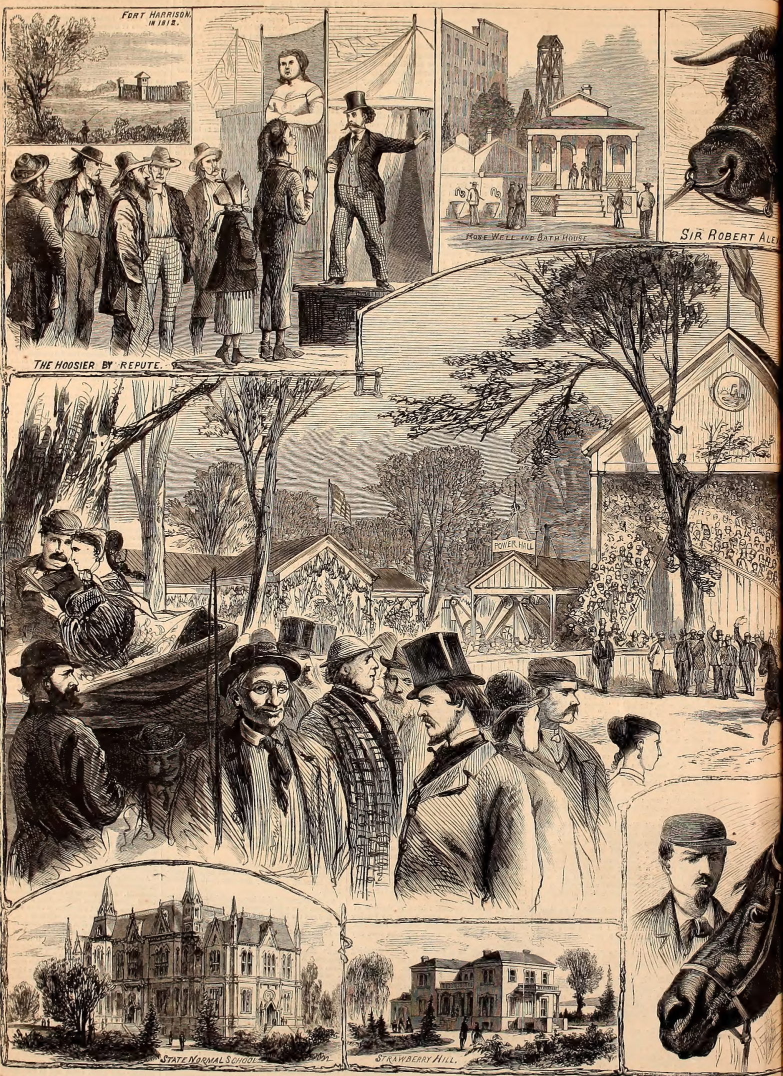
Peruvian ladies of the "upper crust" are noted for their small feet, the secret of which is said to be that infants of the female sex undergo amputation of the little toe on each foot. It is rumored that a famous Peruvian surgeon is going to San Francisco, in the hope of reaping a rich harvest—*of toes.* He warrants to very young ladies the tiniest foot by means of the above-named amputation and a week's confinement to the house. Might not small hands be produced by a corresponding process with the little finger?

A man living in Delaware, Richard Greenwell by name, recently committed suicide. It is certainly not strange that he did so, and the world has no cause to regret him. Some years ago, after helping to lynch a negro in Maryland, Greenwell is said to have "cut and carved him as though he were a beef," and then roasted and burned the pieces to ashes, preserving the right hand to carry home as a trophy. He had suffered of late from a series of calamities. He was an infidel, and did not believe in a future state of existence, and, the local papers say, "would stand up with an open Bible in his hand and curse the God that made him, contending that blind chance formed and ruled the world."

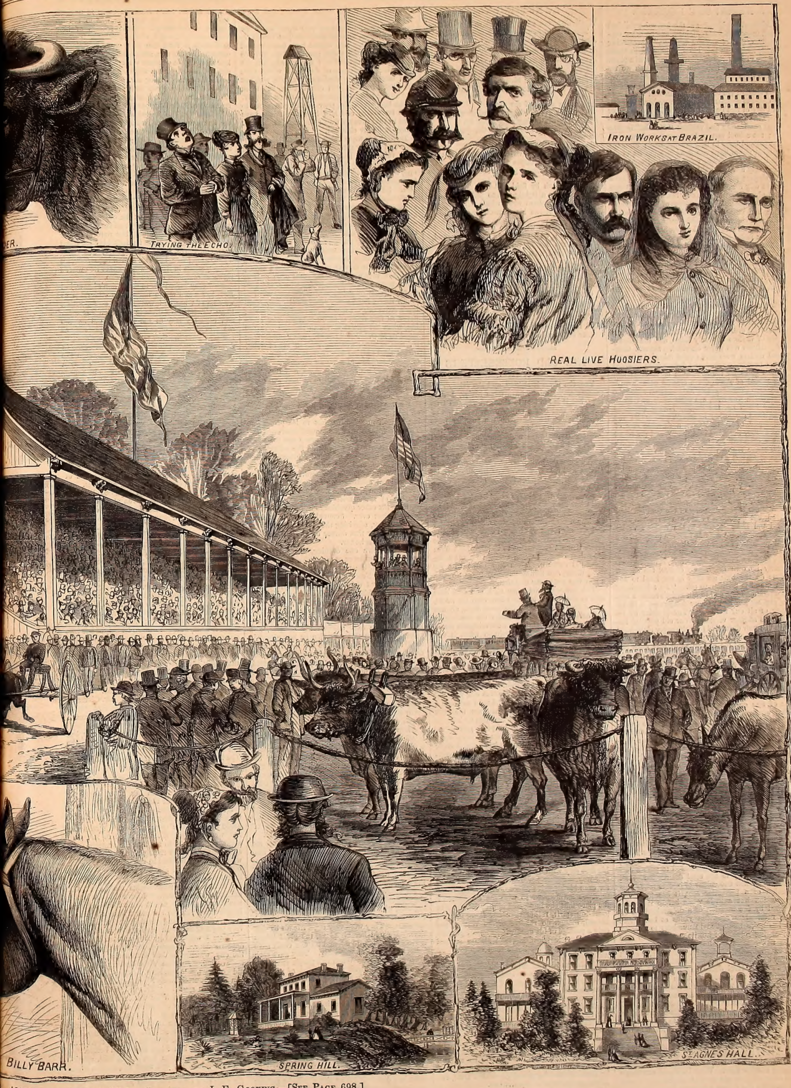
A singular exhibition of strength was lately made in Chesterfield, England, by a Mr. Evans, native of Australia. He claims to be the strongest man in the world. Among other performances a fifty-six pound weight was dropped a distance of about a yard on his bare chest, and the weight rebounded as though it had come in contact with a piece of India-rubber. A piece of stone, four inches thick, was placed upon his chest, and a blacksmith smashed it with two blows into fragments. The feats concluded by the modern Hercules lying flat upon the floor and allowing the blacksmith to strike him, with all his strength, with a sixteen-pound sledge-hammer. The blow was met by Mr. Evans, and the hammer rebounded without leaving a scratch upon his body. So it is said.

It is said that a lake named Neepignon exists in British Columbia which is larger than Lake Superior. It abounds with fish.

A museum is now being established at the Springfield (Mass.) Arsenal, which will contain an almost endless variety of guns, American and foreign, federal and rebel, muzzle and breech-loading. A valuable feature will be specimens of the scores of breech-loaders which were presented to the Commission for examining such arms, which met in Springfield some time ago; also, photographs of every part of each. War relics will comprise a prominent part of the collection.




INDIANA STATE FAIR AT TERRE HAUTE, October 1, 2, 3, 4, and




—AMONG THE HOOSIERS.—Sketched by J. F. Gooking.—[See Page 698.]

## AMONG THE HOOSIERS.

A PREVIOUS Number of this journal, published some months since, contained, among other caricatures, that of a "real Hoosier," representing a tall, lank, lean individual, holding, with ague-stricken hands, the dilapidated handles of a plow. Many were the indignant letters which we received from Hoosierdom, and numerous the varied caricatures of ourselves which came to hand. The modern Hoosier repudiates, and very justly too, the old popular impression; and on pages 696 and 697 of this issue of the *Weekly* we endeavor to do the Indianians justice. The day of the ancient ruminating and verdant "Hoosier" is gone by; the school-master has been for a long while abroad and busy in that favored land; the new-fangled plows have run deep into the fat of the land, and dug riches from it; picturesque but decidedly uncomfortable cabins have made room for elegant homes, and blackberry patches have made way for elegant lawns, in which evergreens and pines take the place of "black Jacks." The real live Hoosier is a gentleman of taste, and culture, and refinement, and the women are beautiful and charming beyond description—that is, with the pen; the pencil of our artist, however, has not failed to do them justice.

The double-page picture on pages 696 and 697 is the result of a week's sojourn of our artist in the Wabash Valley, at Terre Haute, and has been chiefly drawn from observations at the State Fair, which was held at Terre Haute on October 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. As in the Eastern States, the Western people take great pride in their State Fairs, and gather annually at the chosen rendezvous from all parts of the State. The Indiana State Fair at Terre Haute this year was the most successful ever held in that State. The attendance of visitors was very large, and the display of products was never excelled. Several thousand dollars were given (and taken) in premiums; twenty-one thousand dollars were received at the gates for the admission of visitors; and the Board of Agriculture cleared over $6000. The Vigo County Society's grounds, on which the Exhibition was held, are extensively and beautifully fitted up, the Society having expended $20,000 in erecting buildings. They lie two miles east of Terre Haute, a thriving city of twenty-four thousand inhabitants, and the centre of a magnificent agricultural and mineral region. The entire Wabash Valley is noted for the richness of its soil and the value of its agricultural products. Radiating in any direction from the city of Terre Haute, within a distance of three to five miles horizontally and fifty to two hundred feet perpendicularly, one strikes the coal region. Veins of five and six feet in diameter abound, and such is the superior quality of the coal obtained that great quantities of ore are sent from Missouri and Lake Superior to the Wabash Valley to be smelted. Very fine iron ore is also native and abundant, and is worked profitably.

It is really useless to describe Mr. GOOKING'S admirable and interesting picture, it tells so completely its own story. Of course, the central scene on the Fair grounds is not local to any State, and is familiar to all. "Fort Harrison" is a relic of 1812, and in our artist's hands a hint at pioneer life and pioneer dangers—the beginning of all our States. "The Hoosier by repute" is another version of our old popular impression now discarded; on the upper right-hand corner of the engraving will be found in "Real Live Hoosiers" the correction of that false impression. "Sir Robert Alexander" is the first prize bull of the collection at the Fair. A very remarkable echo, which reverberates a sound seventeen to twenty times, exists near the "Rose Well" (a sulphur well 1728 feet deep, from which flows a white sulphur water shown by analysis to be of fine curative properties), and visitors to that attractive spot are "Trying the Echo." The "State Normal School" is a superb building soon to be completed at a cost of $160,000. "Strawberry Hill" and "Spring Hill" are illustrations of the style of "Hoosier Cabins" of the present day. "Billy Barr" is the animal which won the thousand-dollar premium on a green turf half mile track in 34½, 34, and 37½.

With these indications and explanations every one will be fully able to understand and enjoy Mr. GOOKING'S picture.

## EQUILIBRIUM OF SPECIES.

THAT law by which an even balance is maintained throughout the domain of nature is admirable in its effects. No one order of insects, reptiles, or animals are permitted to gain a perfect ascendency to the total destruction of all others. When one colony of insects takes possession of a particular spot it has peaceable possession but a little while before it is disturbed by the invasion of a determined foe of the race. It resists, but yields at last before it has quite multiplied in numbers to defy an advancing column of hostile enemies. In turn the new-comers are hunted by another troop of exterminating phalanxes, that are also swept away by others. Thus each species is kept down to a specific level which just insures their perpetuity, but never permits them to gain a permanent ascendency. Such is the natural law in regard to plants. Scarcely any animal will touch the nettle, yet fifty species of insects take their turn in feasting upon its needle-covered skin. Some take to the leaves; others to the seeds and so on, and from their greediness it looks at first as though the poor nettle was in danger of extinction. But just before that point is gained a change of temperature kills all the revelers, and just seed enough is spared to keep the nettles going another year. Were its insect annoyants to suspend labor six weeks in any season nettles would get the mastery in spite of the ingenuity of man.

## IN NUTTING TIME.

WITH lingering glints of gold and red
The waning autumn woods are gay;
And in the deep blue overhead
The sun shines clear and soft to-day

The late October winds are bland,
Their voices whisper low and sweet,
While far away the blue hills stand
With valley vapors round their feet.

Across the azure of the sky
The milky cloud-shapes, wandering, sail;
Southward the roving song-birds fly,
And from the stubble pipe the quail.

Along the winding path we go,
Through fields in which the aster nods;
And over breezy slopes where grow
The yellow-painted golden rods—

Along the path by field and hill,
With many a lightly-spoken jest,
Past golden orchard rows where still
The robin shows his crimson breast—

Until at last the woods we gain,
And there, with shout and crashing sound,
We beat the boughs till downward rain
The ripened nuts upon the ground.

All other sounds around are hushed,
There is no note of any bird;
But through these aisles with autumn flushed
Our voices far and wide are heard.

With lingering glints of gold and red
The waning autumn woods are gay,
And though the summer months are fled
Our hearts make summer of to-day.

## THE OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S STORY.

YES, the place is rickety, and the salary only moderate. I might have done better, I dare say; but it is too late to change now, and I do not know that I care to. An irregular kind of housekeeping, I know—with the peculiar ways of the family it could scarcely be any thing else—but I have always understood and humored them, and I believe there is a kind of freedom in our *ménage* that I like myself. You can put up with a great deal when no one interferes in *your* affairs, and for years and years I have been sole mistress here, as far as the old place has had a mistress.

Mr. Wyatt was always considered eccentric, and when his young wife died he seemed to have renounced all obligations to act like an ordinary Christian. This room became a sort of library, that a study; one was littered over with papers, another was sacred to specimens. I suppose he found it more convenient to indulge his whims here than elsewhere, and so kept up the rambling old concern. Then Roy came with his guns, flutes, and fishing-lines—system with such a pair was out of the question.

The boy was wild, they said, and had been sent by his friends to study law with his uncle, whom they thought most likely—a stern, austere old fellow—just fit to manage the headstrong young gentleman. But they were mistaken there. He gave his nephew his opinion when it was asked, treated him as an equal, and let him alone. Roy, in return, showed him unusual deference, visited the office when it suited him, and did much as he pleased generally. He never pleased to do any thing long, would take a world of pains with some outlandish notion, and then throw it away in disgust. He was old, very old in some things; had known and seen more than was good for him, I think; had not the least particle of reverence for any one, and took a perverse delight in shocking people's prejudices. Sometimes his manner was even contemptuous, especially if his victim was the least conceited or unused to contradiction; and really it was amusing to see with what an impudent tact he could put them in a ridiculous light. Yet, now I think of it, there were some things he did respect, all the more simply and touchingly, perhaps, because they were so few. One of those people who, with all their faults, have every one's good-will. If you were his bitterest enemy, judging him for a great wrong, he could have disarmed you with the look I have seen in his great brown eyes. But I am a foolish old woman, and, may be, judge others by myself. Roy was my favorite, I know.

Lewin was a child when he came, and during his first stay with us one rarely crossed the other's way. Either her reticence was too great for even his intrusive attacks, or her pale, silent presence harmonized so with the character of the place that she impressed him as its ghost or presiding spirit, rather than any thing human. Indeed, though no relative of the Wyatts, but only a protégé of his dead wife, a legacy of some early, romantic friendship, she always seemed more to belong to the house than any other of its inmates.

She haunts it still. The white lilies, and the dark, cool myrtle-leaves, and mosses, growing there in the shade, and which I tend still for her sake, look like her. I can see her in the old-fashioned rooms on summer afternoons, one shaft of sunbeams crossing the faded carpet at her feet, and sinking in the dark, heavy furniture that supported her leaning figure, or flitting up the dim staircase to her own room, on a level with the tree-tops. I have fancied the stir in them at evening a mysterious conference about her. The house itself, in some of its moods, gray and wan in the winter moonlight, barred by the shadowed boughs of its sentinel trees, reminds me of her as I saw her last.

Her life had been as much out of rule as the rest. She had attended the convent occasionally, could play the organ a little, and for a while took long daily walks for the sake of studying with an old German who lived under the hill, and whose acquaintance she had picked up in her rambles. She should have been learned with the time she spent among books, but she never had the reputation, I think. She was not domestic; some taste of that kind would have been better for her, doubtless, but she was not the kind of person you could order, and there was no one to appreciate such efforts on her part.

She had very little, poor child, but seemed to want no more; and how long she might have lived in that dreamy way I can not tell, had not things suddenly changed.

Roy, of age three years since, had left his uncle's and his law studies, and was now spending what fortune he had in European cities. His letters were very fitful; now a long, glowing one, then a hasty line; but for some time they had ceased altogether, and we had lost trace of him. Lewin had reached the years and stature of womanhood. I recall her on one particular evening. We were on the lawn, looking at a new flower that had just bloomed. Mr. Wyatt was stooping down to examine it, and she, looking down with a half smile, stood beside him.

It was a pretty picture: the old man, with his gray hair, and her graceful, light-draped figure, standing out from the dark shrubbery. She had an unconscious dignity of manner, and a sweet, pure face, if it was not a beautiful one; only in voice, attitude, and smile there was a too perceptible tinge of sadness—a something alien to youth that I have never recognized again without a sense of pain foreshadowed. But she was never so free from it as on that summer evening, when the fate that was to make it a reality stood so near. Am I the only one to remember it? that summer evening, with its air of quiet, sunset tints playing in the west, and the breath of honey-suckle and roses on the air?

There was a step on the grass, and Roy, travel-stained, valise in hand, older and somewhat changed, but with a comical grimace that sufficiently identified him, stood before us.

He was tired of roving, and had come to wear off his rustiness with Uncle Wyatt before applying himself in sober earnest to his profession. These intentions were announced afterward, and I seriously believe his appearance was the result of mere chance, his plan being the offspring of subsequent cogitations. I noticed that he bowed low to Lewin, and that when she withdrew his eye followed her across the lawn.

The local aristocracy of B—— had always been partial to Roy, and now that he added the prestige of spendthrift and gentleman of the world to his other qualifications, he was more in demand than ever. Scented billets-doux were left every day, soliciting the pleasures of his society at this or that dinner or fête, often given especially in his honor.

Coming down one evening, apparently contemplating attendance at some affair of the kind, he asked, with the most perfectly feigned innocence, if Miss Neele was not going. I answered shortly that "I didn't think it likely," for he knew the neighborhood well enough to be perfectly aware that the very existence of a mere penniless protégé of those Wyatts would be ignored by the set who loaded him with their courtesies. But he only enjoyed my chagrin, and persisted. Was this seclusion he had observed usual? Then what could be her motive for indulging in, or his uncle's for allowing it. "True," with a slight sneer, "the company was insipid, beneath her natural level, but any thing was better than the life of a recluse." Just then Lewin entered, and he repeated his question, but I noticed that he dropped the sham before the surprise in her truthful eyes, and her quiet answer, "Oh no, I never do." She was leaving the room again, with the pile of music she was seeking. "Allow me," starting to her side, and carrying it off in triumph into the long dim parlor. He did not go to B—— that night. He had ceased to find his old acquaintances entertaining; besides, they were leaving for the lakes, the mountains, or the sea-side, and after the day's study no place was so resting as our old parlor. And it really grew more home-like; the lamps burned with a soft radiance; flowers found their way to the windows, and through them the moonlight made fairy tracery on the floor; and as I sat knitting in my room I caught the echoes of young voices and laughter, new sounds there.

Sometimes he would saunter in, and amuse me with some odd quaint thing, or tease Lewin into talking until she was upon the verge of becoming something not herself—something weirdly beautiful, with that faint flush on her cheek, and the fitful light in her eyes.

He treated her with a strange deference, and she received his little attentions in an unquestioning way, with a proud gentleness that was peculiar to herself. So the summer went and the winter came. They were very good friends by that time. He told her his plans, the great things it seemed possible to do, and no one could have believed them more implicitly. They gave each other sage advice. When two people read their futures, it is difficult not to think of them as one. And I, wisely thinking I saw the end of it all, said to myself nothing is fitter.

We had had another guest since Christmas—Mr. Stuart, an old college chum of Mr. Wyatt's. They were employed in settling some business, which detained him longer than he had expected. He was an easy, good-humored old gentleman, rather out of his element at the Hill, with his social, luxurious habits; still he made himself very agreeable. His chief preoccupation seemed to be a little daughter he had left at home—his "little girl," as he called her. He must run down there, or she would be getting lonesome. He had promised, too, to take her "on East" this month, to visit some friends there, and did not see how he was to get off.

One day he came from the office in unusual spirits. Who did we think he was to see to-night? Puss herself. Some friends of hers were passing through, and she thought it would save delay to meet him here, as he had already outstaid his furlough, and he laughed and chuckled at his little Captain's spirit. By-the-way, she had as many titles and characters as he had occasions of mentioning her.

So we made a room ready, and sent the carriage for the child, knowing, of course, that her father would like her near him, and Lewin and I only lamented the limited means of amusement our house afforded a juvenile guest.

It was late when they arrived, and we could not see out into the dark; but, although I remarked a vast amount of flutter in alighting, it was only when the little figure, petite and dainty in its long trail and costly wraps, but graceful and self-poised as no child could be, swept out into the stream of light, that we comprehended our mistake.

Roy's reception was the only one perfectly free from embarrassment. Our moment's discomfiture amused him, as well as the quick look with which she took her inventory and summed us all up. It was a roguish look, but natural to her fresh, pretty face. With its dark, kindling hazel eyes, and naïve, frank expression, it was really a bewitching face, but with something intelligent and imperious in it, that would exact its owner's rights as orthodox heiress and belle.

How they bribed her to stay I don't know, but Mr. Wyatt told me to make it as endurable as we could for her, as it would never do for Stuart to go off and leave them in the lurch just then, and certainly stay at the Hill she did for the space of an entire month. She was perfectly at her ease from the first moment, and relieved us from all anxiety in that respect. She broke in upon the old lawyers' gravest confabs, kept the whole posse of servants busy, and gave Roy a thousand and one commissions, which he executed with great gallantry. It was his duty to give Lewin any assistance in entertaining their guest.

She left this duty to him more and more, especially as stylish neighbors soon began to call. There was a fresh shower of invitations, the opportunity of including Roy in them being, of course, too good to be neglected. So Kahta had due attention abroad.

Of all the household the two girls remained the most distant. Miss Stuart, free and friendly as she was, seemed repelled by Lewin's reserve, and I think Lewin shrank from the touch of patronage that characterized her advances.

On one occasion she accompanied Roy and Kahta to a private concert given at Mrs. Keith's. The lady was very select and an old friend of Mrs. Wyatt's, and they had insisted so strongly on her acceptance that it became ridiculous to refuse. I saw them off. Kahta enjoyed such things, and, with her warm, glowing face and happy voice, carried a holiday air with her. In the late afternoon sunlight, the rose-hues in her fanciful dress floating about her, she reminded you of a rich, translucent jewel, and Lewin as much of a piece of marble.

I was afraid Roy would see that she was old-fashioned, she looked so pale and quiet, with only some dark, cool leaves in her hair, and a plain, pearl-tinted muslin; but his face wore the smile it always had for her as he helped her into the carriage.

I knew then that it was a mistake, that she would not enjoy herself with them, and when that night she threw herself on the bed, drooping and wilted, with a weary petition that I would never say any thing about going again, I made up my mind that I never would.

I do not think she was strong. Dr. Clemens, I remember, always spoke to her in that gentle, cautious tone he used with his patients, and I have seen him watch her curiously.

She rarely joined them in the parlor now, but passed most of her time in her own room, the one in the northeast corner of the third story. The light always burned there last. Toiling up the slope in the desolate winter weather, you would have thought it the spectral light in some goblin-haunted hall.

Roy used to jest with her about some Sir Launcelot's shield she hid there.

After they were gone she would slip down and wander about the house and grounds. I have heard the flute-like organ notes hours after the rest were asleep. We were used to it. One night, going round to see that the shutters were all closed, I saw her sitting alone near the open window, which reached to the ground. A book was in her lap, but she was not reading. The light burned dimly, and her chair swayed to and fro with a slight, monotonous motion. I felt uneasy seeing her there. I have said the house was old and gloomy, and to-night it had a faded, by-gone look you did not notice when Roy's and Kahta's lightsome laughter rang through it. The very pages of her book were yellow and musty.

While I was looking, Roy entered from an opposite door. I started, for I thought him in the city, whither he had driven the Stuarts in the evening. He came close beside her, but she did not start. "You here, Lewin? Where do you keep yourself lately?" She looked up, but did not even speak. "This is like old times," glancing round, as if he felt indifference too. The faintest shadow of a smile, as she toyed with the leaves of her book. He took it up, and I recognized a volume they had planned reading together that summer. He said nothing, but bowed his head, and when he raised it there was a trouble in his face I had never seen before.

"When we are gone, Lewin," he said, speaking constrainedly, "you must not neglect these interrupted studies. You must keep them up for your own sake—you need employment here—and for mine. It will be pleasant to think of you here in your hermitage."

She had risen, and stood away from him, her

brown hair fallen back with a half-proud gesture, her form and countenance animate with a strange beauty.

"Thank you; you are very kind. I shall remember."

Eyes and voice answered more than words. Those clear, delicate tones, in whose sweetness there was a vibration of pain. Long after they had died away and the place where she had stood was void their impression remained. When I looked at Roy he was sitting alone, his head supported in his hands. How long he staid there I can not say, for I had seen enough.

Soon after the Stuarts left, and Mr. Wyatt and his nephew taking their vacation about the same time, the house relapsed into its humdrum habits. It was long before they were again infringed upon; to both Lewin and myself it seemed a relief to be left alone, and the summer glided slowly and smoothly by, as the surface lives of those around me.

In the fall a letter came to say that the two parties having united, were *en route* for the Stuart plantation, and might possibly call at the Hill on their way. Lewin also went to see an old aunt who had once faintly acknowledged her relationship. Mr. Wyatt, however, came back alone. It was not difficult, from his few hints, to understand the state of affairs. The two old gentlemen had evidently arranged them to their satisfaction. It was time Roy settled down, and Kahta's wealth would give him just the room and position he needed. Then she had life and character, and would be a wholesome check upon his vagrancies. His suit seemed to prosper, and there could be no advantage in delay. But the news came sudden after all. Kahta's father had fallen the victim of a short but fatal malady, and in compliance with his wish they had been married by his bedside. Roy was going immediately South with his bride, who was in great grief.

I had written nothing to Lewin of all this, and her manner on her reappearance was so peculiar that I scarcely knew how to do so. I am positive now that she must have divined the truth; some chance word may have given her the clew, but then it only puzzled me; it had something in it like the silent meaning face that frightens you in dreams. She asked no questions, and she would have no fire in her room, although it was bitter cold, and the winds shrieked, and raved, and wound the white snow high against windows and doors, yet I found afterward that she must have sat up the whole of that night. She had not come to stay, only to get a few winter things, and the next evening I saw her come down in her traveling dress, heard her "Good-by" given in the same odd, mechanical way, saw the uncouth stage disappear, the sound of its wheels muffled by the snow; and it was not till the convent bell, preternaturally deep and distinct, rang out gone, gone, gone, on the stillness, that I realized, now that it was too late, my mistake.

I have never seen her since. When her long, unexplained absence, after her abrupt departure, had roused even Mr. Wyatt from his indifference to seek its cause, he only learned that the aunt had lately left for foreign parts, and it was supposed, as a matter of course, that Lewin had accompanied her. The fact of the old woman's being rich accounted for it in a measure, and perhaps he was naturally offended at what he deemed a capricious renunciation of a home that had sheltered her so many years that he made no further inquiry.

Myself I never believed it; the arrangement was contradictory to all that I knew of both Lewin and her relative. The aunt was close, disagreeable, tyrannical; it was not like her to offer, or Lewin's morbid independence to accept, her protection. No, I always imagine her alone, struggling, lost somewhere in the crowds, away from us all, seeking to forget and be forgotten. Trifles that perhaps would not have the same significance to others have confirmed me in this view, and I fancy I am not alone in my suspicions. It was in the following spring that Roy made a hasty call for papers of which he had immediate need. He was tired, and had thrown himself on a sofa, while I unlocked an escritoire in a little ante-room beyond. Long, slow-falling rains had made every thing damp and disagreeable; the rooms had scarcely been entered since the summer before, and the chairs stood where their last occupants had left them. A bunch of autumn leaves, the crisp, withered relics of the last year's growth, crumbled away on a stand. He leaned forward and wiped his forehead. "This air is oppressive," he said; and then, as if compelled to utter the words, "What is this about Lewin?" I told him the story as it was current, without comment. He looked at me hard, doubtingly, asked a few keen questions, and muttering "Humbug," walked with a resolute tread straight up stairs to her old room. All her things, and many of his that she had used, were scattered round there, and I thought of Sir Launcelot's shield. He said nothing when he came down, and I would not help him with a word; but as he left, he said so sorrowfully I could not but listen, "Auntie, if I were you I would leave it so; she may come back."

They are not fond of visiting here, Roy or his wife; their time is probably too taken up, for they live happy, prosperous lives. Years and years have passed; all outside the Hill seems another world now; that is growing aged too, as if it knew its palmy days were past, and declined the sham of rejuvenating. I had hoped that the world, hard to all, but most of all to such as her, would drive my poor motherless child back again to her old rest, and that I might make up with love and care for the neglect of those past years; but it is growing very feeble now. I begin to see that return is a word not written on realities; that with many another record of my heart another life must write its conclusion, or seal it unfinished forever.

## REST.

A CRIMSON cloud all fringed with sunset fire
Hung like a curtain in the burning west,
And seemed to yearn with languor and desire
Toward the earth's cold breast.

The purple mountain reared its giant's head,
Flushed at the summit with its roseate glow,
The valley at its feet, like something dead,
Lay silent far below.

A wind from out the portals of the sun
Blew cool o'er desert fields and groves of pine,
And in the blue empyrean, one by one,
The stars began to shine.

Weary with toil, oppressed with grief and care,
I longed for rest. Near to her highest noon,
By vapory isles, through purple seas of air,
Floated the harvest moon.

The hour went by; soft strains of music, made
More sweet with distance, o'er the landscape wide
Stole like faint odors on by copse and glade,
Then swooned, and swooning died.

I slept; next morn, refreshed and calm, I woke
From pleasant dreams that held me through the night,
And saw where in the east the young dawn broke
The dusk with shafts of light.

## A COSTA RICA DUEL.

"No man who can possibly avoid it ever consents to be born in Mobile, Alabama. Few persons who can avoid the necessity visit Costa Rica. Perhaps they are wise in this. Nevertheless it is a great misfortune for that country. It is a misfortune because the rarity of strangers tends to confirm an idea deeply implanted in the Costa Rican mind, but considered by me to be erroneous, that their folks are the sole inhabitants of this earth, excepting such small wretches as drag out existence on the soil of the neighboring republics.

"Society in Costa Rica pretends to enormous culture and vast liberty of thought. With an air of patronizing encouragement it asks the amazed stranger whether he live on the London or Paris bank of the New York River. Nay, when very drunk indeed, society will quaver out sentiments of reckless infidelity in matters of religion, and, shuddering at its own sinful duplicity, will declare that some heretics may even be called Christians as a matter of politeness. For my own part I prefer the unaffected ignorance and the honest fanaticism of Nicaragua. Only two points can I see of good in this pretentious little state: their coffee and their road. For the rest the peons are churlish, and the rich are—what did Mr. Thackeray call that class of persons which he particularly disliked? There is but one amusement in Costa Rica—gambling. You may gamble with dice, with cards, with fruit-stones, or with fighting-cocks. You must gamble somehow, or what on earth can be done with the money?—unless you should choose to get drunk. For this amusement government retains the monopoly, but it retails cheap. Consequently the population is about equally divided in its choice, and very many combine the two pleasures."

Laughingly I read these passages from a letter in trotting along the road alluded to. It is indeed a creditable work in that thriftless region; a work without a rival, without an imitation between the frontier line of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama. At the same time a turnpike company in New England would certainly be indicted for neglect of duty if it left any country road in such a state. Macadamizing is, of course, an unknown art in that quarter of the globe, but the merest common-sense would suggest the advantage of removing roots eighteen inches high, of filling holes a foot deep, and of cutting down *some* of the trees which block the middle passage. Yet let us be just. If indeed it be found impossible to construct a road broader than twice the width of a bullock-cart, it is of course desirable to have some sort of barrier in the midst to prevent oxen from straying to their wrong side. But it might be urged again that the thorniest species of American bamboo is not altogether the best material for a hedgerow into which one is driven each instant by passing vehicles; when we use bamboo in China and the East there is always a ditch intervening.

But such is the Pacific road, and I repeat that nothing like it exists between Chiapas and Panama. It is neither a torrent, nor a precipice, nor a mudhole, nor the ridge of a stone-wall, which are the usual routes in Central America. It is broad and smooth, except for roots; two feet deep lies the dust, it is true, but that was of small weight with us after our weary tramp backward and forward from one gold-field to another. So we trotted along merrily toward Esparsa, under the shadow of vast trees hung with lianas, between hedges of lacelike bamboo. Being much better mounted than my companions, I threaded the crowd of bullock-carts, horsemen, and shouting children at a pace they could not support, and toward sundown, when the "peons" were unyoking their oxen in long camps by the roadside, I found myself quite alone. I had a long, steep hill to climb before reaching Esparsa. The short twilight of the tropics settled down upon the hills; then soft mists began to rise, and the creatures of darkness to appear. Flat and large-winged and noiseless, like enormous butterflies, the night-hawks floated along the path, alighting in front of me. Weirdly and ghostlike they took wing again when about to be trampled, causing my mule to start backward with a frightened snort. The great goat-suckers cackled hoarsely overhead as they circled round. Here or there a lonely fire-fly glinted among the boughs, flashing and waning; a gentle wind from the near Pacific sighed along the hills; all was still and dark and lonely upon the road, save in the sheltered hollows, where fires gleamed among the black trees, and long lines of coffee-carts were drawn up beside. It was startling to come suddenly from the darkness and silence into one of these camps, where all was bright and noisy and active. The women were singing or cooking, the men drinking or feeding their oxen, or mending harness. Through them all I trotted on up the long hill-side.

Crowning the summit was a small house, or rather shanty, such as line the whole road from Punt Arenas to San José; a public house where the luxurious traveler can order Bass or Allsopp—it depends on circumstances whether he get it or no—and the thirsty "peon" can imbibe just so much as he may please of the government monopoly at the price of a dime a drink! That's cheaper than vitriol, you know.

I was hesitating whether to wait here or press on to Esparsa. The shed was full of brawny Costa Ricans, white-skinned and thick-bearded, and the false tones of their voice and laughter showed that the government had profited considerably already. In a hollow by the road-side stood the loaded carts, with fires already lighted between them, and the stately oxen munched their sugar-cane behind. While I hesitated a wild oath rang out above the confusion, the "peons" were scattered from the doorway, and a tall fellow, in colored shirt and high boots, ran up to me.

"You come 'long in here, mister! We've been alookin' for a Christian to drink with this two hours. Now don't you think to say no! Them noes don't smell nice. If you was the President himself, you should stop an' take a drink!"

I looked at the speaker as closely as the red fire-light would permit. He was very tall and broad-shouldered, upright, bearded, and lithe-looking. His face, hairless on the cheeks, was sallow and dry, mouth firm, and his dark eyes sparkled with reckless spirit. It was a type common enough in Texas and Missouri—the type of a wild Bohemian, to whom life, his own or another's, is of no more value than a charge of powder. I recognized him at once.

"Now, Jem," I answered, "it's no good! I've spent all my plunder, and I'm now going to crack 'huacas' on the Chiriqui. You can't get a cent out of my belt, and that being so, I'll drink with you as long as you'll keep it going. Who's your mate?" I added, dismounting.

"Great thunder! Why it's J——! What, in the eternal world, has brought you to huaca-cracking? When I left La Vergen, they said you was sweating bullion on the Mico."

"Did they?" I answered. "Then they took advantage of your trustful disposition, Jem. If I may give a hint to a Texan boy, I'd recommend you to handle these Costa Rican peons a little more gently, or you'll lose your beauty pretty soon. They're not Nicaraguans, you know."

"Aren't they? They're cusses just about as mean then. I shall treat 'em much as I please, I guess. How goes the game, boy?"

"Dropping on every card, by thunder!" growled his mate.

The shanty was crammed. Four thin candles, with long wicks, lit up as great a variety of savage faces as ever I saw in the worst "faro-hell" of California. From the dark half-breed, and insolent-looking Mulatto, to the yellow-haired Spaniard of blood unmixed, every variety of color was represented in the crowd of gamblers. The "gandin" was there, uncomfortably grand in a chimney-pot hat and coat of broadcloth; the trader, in fringed Guatemalan jacket; the stalwart "peon," with broad Panama hat, and loose drawers rolled above the knee. All passers-by had been magnetically drawn into that little shed, and some, I found, had passed the day there. Such wretched furniture as the place could boast had been carried away, except one table and one stool. The padrone and his wife sat cross-legged on the counter, keeping within their reach the square bottles of "Ginevra," and the long-necked flasks of "aguardiente." Beside them dozed a boy, wearied out with long attendance and exposure to the sun through the open front. The air was thick and hazy with smoke and liquor fumes, which rolled out into the black night in volumes. Floor there was none, but the ground was strewn with empty bottles and fragments of cigars. The heat was terrible. But all faces were drawn and fixed and feverish; the curses rolled up to heaven in an unbroken stream. Como no? These Costa Ricans were enjoying the national game in a national manner.

At the table, to which Jem rudely crushed his way, an old man sat, supported on either side by a ruffianly fellow armed with machete and knife—as, indeed, were five-sixths of the company. Upon the board lay four cards, surrounded by little piles of gold and silver. He was not ill-looking, that old man, though the big spectacles, cased in tortoiseshell, did not well set off his eyes; slow-moving and silent was he, like most gamblers of profession. He glanced up sharply as Jem pushed forward, and his eyes fixed themselves upon me curiously, but he recognized in an instant the digger down on his luck, and, bowing slightly, bent over the cards again. The bank was in a golden vein; when stakes were high the old man always turned a winning card; when low, he lost. From the passionate cries on every side, I found that the play had been so running all day; many of the peons were utterly broken, but not the less did they continue to take interest in the game. Jem Whately and his friend, who were also "sportsmen," or professional gamblers, had lost heavily, and a savage look was gathering in the face of either. "Look at those Yankee mules," whispered a Costa Rican beside me; "there will be mischief soon, and murder likely enough. Let us get out!" I knew that course was wisest, and yet I staid, held by that fascination of coming danger which had ever been powerful to me. And the mad oaths rang out more savagely in the soddened air; the threatening glare in the sportsmen's eyes grew more eager; and still the bottles of aguardiente were passed round at the banker's expense.

A little wizened man, who had lost very heavily, attracted my eye by his peering, excited movements. Placing three ounces of gold upon the table, he leaned forward with intense eagerness to mark the turning of the cards. "Do you watch the hatch of your chickens as close, señor?" asked one of the grim guardians of the bank, with an unpleasant smile. The old man calmly turned the card, and the three ounces were lost. A ghastly sort of chuckle escaped the dwarf's lips. Then his feverish eyes peered round the table. They rested upon me for a moment, then upon Whately and his mate. The little mis-shapen wretch began edging through the crowd toward us.

"That's the last cent we own in this world," muttered Jem to himself. "Great thunder! What a run of luck! Seems to have struck 'considerable ile' to-night, that old cuss! We must take to 'huaca cracking' with J—— here, Sim. That will be our game for the next month or so. I'd like to have a 'muss' for the dollars before we go, an' I'd not be dang'rously surprised if that little event was to come off right slick quick time. Eh? What?" The last words were addressed savagely to the wizened little man, who could scarce reach Jem's elbow.

Barely ten words were exchanged. Quick as thought the Texan stretched his long arm over the table, and seized the cards in the banker's hand. There was a roar and a swift surge in the crowd. Like lightning the old man drew a pistol and fired; but Jem's mate dashed the table against his body, and the ball struck a priest standing beside. The candles were stamped out in an instant, and a rush for the door ensued. There was a fierce clash of steel as every man drew his machete against an unknown foe. Three pistol-shots were fired almost simultaneously; and by the flashes I could mark the course of the fight. Two bodies were already on the ground; the banker was powerless in Jem's arms, while his protectors were at bay before the other Yankee, who stood, revolver in hand, protecting his friend. High over the din of clanging steel, and shouts, and frightened cries, the Texan's voice rang out shrill:

"Cl'ar the door there—cl'ar the door! The cards are waxed! Let me out with him into the open! By the etarnal! I'll crush his ribs in if you don't cl'ar away!"

The whole row did not occupy ten seconds. I vaulted over the counter behind me, and alighted in the road with a crash of bottles swept off. Though determined to protect my acquaintances, I could do them no service in the shanty, where they were quite capable of defending themselves; but with pistol cocked I awaited their appearance in the open. There, I knew, would be the real fight. Another shot—a yell of pain, and they dashed through the door.

"J—! J—! Where are yer? Sim's down on the lintel! Thunder and lightnin'! Range off, you yellow cusses!"

Sim staggered up, streaming with blood, from a terrific cut in his shoulder. We stood together in the middle of the road, the centre of a circle of savage faces and flashing machetes. Not all were hostile, for the dwarf had never ceased to yell that the cards were waxed; and as nearly all had lost to the bank, there were very few who were sorry for this chance of regaining their cash. But the banker had a means of arousing the peons to his help.

"A thousand dollars to the man who frees me!" he panted.

The words ended in a shriek, for the Texan crushed him like a bear. He dropped from those terrible arms, and lay moaning on the ground. Jem snatched the cards from his pocket, and beckoning to the respectable men of the crowd, who stood together at a distance—"Come ye here and look!" he shouted; "the faces are waxed all over. See! I can stick two together, an' turn up what I please."

"Es verdad!" assented the lookers-on. "Don Juan has cheated."

"Give us back our money!" was now the yell, and a dozen peons dashed at the banker.

"No, yer don't!" cried Jem, standing across his body. "I guess we'll fix this matter more reasonable fair than that. Don Gregorio, you and J—— here shall count his money first, an' then we'll divide."

But things were not to be so easily arranged. One of the bank bullies pushed through the ring, followed by half a dozen peons, the poorest and most dangerous looking of the crowd. Prefacing his declaration with a string of oaths, he shouted:

"Those are not Don Juan's cards—they are your own, you Yankee mule! Don Juan Zumbado is known as a sportsman over all Costa Rica, and never a word was said against his honor. He is a Rico and a member of Congress, and he can pay those who help him, and avenge himself on those who do him injury. Amigos! will you let these filibusters murder two of your countrymen in your very sight? Don Juan, who is the spirit of honor, has offered a thousand dollars a piece to all who help him—come on then! Death to the filibusters!" But the muzzles of our pistols deterred the shouting crew, which was evidently convinced by the bully's eloquence.

"We must end this," said Jem to me: "Sim's bleeding to death from that cut in his shoulder. I have a notion we can fix the matter up neat enough if that yeller-head has the pluck of a coyote. 'Twas me as began the muss, an' I guess it's me as should put it through. Look hyer, hombres," he called to the crowd in Spanish, "this caballero an' I don't spice in our notions—what then? I've allurs heerd that the men of Costa Rica was notably distinguished by a love of fair play, an' a nice regard for manly virtoo. The caballero has a machete an' a thundering big one; give me another, a fair field, an'

we'll settle our diff'rences so quick as you sha'n't see!"

This proposition, quite usual in Spanish America, was received with a cheer. Half a dozen weapons were instantly offered, and in a minute the champions stood opposite to one another, armed with the heavy guardless sword called a "machete." Delivering Sim to the care of the padrone and his wife, I took my station in the ring formed round the combatants.

Jem stood square and firm, holding the weapon from his body in a hanging guard. The Costa Rican took the cramped attitude chosen by his countrymen in such a case, the machete along his thigh and his left arm wrapped in a cloak. Full five minutes they moved warily about the ring without striking a blow; then, quick as a pistol flash, the guarded left arm was thrust on the point of Jem's machete, and a furious lunge from the hip almost pierced his body. But the Texan was too quick. Too many times had he seen a countryman so entrapped by the wily swordsmen of the South. He expected this play when taking the guard. Drawing his machete back by a bend of the elbow, he swept it round in a parry delivered with all his force. The Costa Rican stumbled forward, thrown off his balance by the weight of the blow—Jem's sword swung through the air and cut deep into his neck and throat.

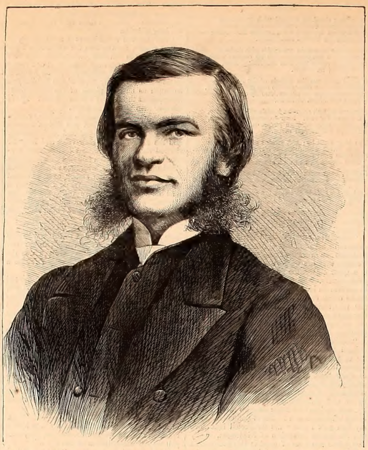
He dropped his machete and fell upon one knee; then, like a jaguar he sprang up, and, heedless of a thrust that pierced his chest, buried a knife in Jem's body. This weapon the villain had concealed in the folds of his mantle. The champions fell together.

We dug a hole beside the road, and there we buried poor Jem Whately, as Christian sepulture is denied the heretic in that enlightened country. We bound up his mate's wound, and made what arrangement was possible with the padrone, and then we trotted on to supper at Esparsa.

"They say the bank had won about twenty-five ounces," observed Paisley, over his evening pipe. "Three men were killed stone-dead, and three dangerously or mortally wounded. That gives rather more than twenty pounds a piece for a life, and ten pounds for a bad hurt. That's about the market-price, I suppose."

"It's not a bad price as things go here," I said; "the worst of it is, *no one was paid.* The gay old banker wriggled himself off while the fight was progressing. Poor Jem! I never much took to 'sportsmen,' but it's a wretched thing to die in a rowdy fight and be buried in a ditch."

I never heard that Jem Whately had a more sympathetic epitaph.



REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun., RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, N. Y.
[Photographed by Brady, corner of Broadway and Tenth Street.]

## REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, Jun.

Public attention was lately directed to the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., in consequence of his presentation before the diocese of New York, charged with a breach of discipline in preaching in a Methodist church in New Jersey; and the subject still interests and agitates the Episcopal Church. The standing committee to which the charges were referred lately found that there was "cause for trial," and sent Mr. Tyng a copy of the charges and specifications—the usual preliminary steps to a trial. On October 13 Mr. Tyng preached an informal defense of his action, taking as his text the language of Christ—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." He argued that, considered in its intellectual relations, an abridgment of the liberty of preaching had a tendency to dwarf the minds of the ministry; and that, considered in its ecclesiastical relations, a bridle upon the right of preaching was at war with the extension of the Church, and therefore of the Gospel through it. He claimed that its tendencies in the Church were secularizing, and declared that the theory and office of the ministry is actually degraded by local restrictions of this liberty of preaching the Gospel to every creature. "The divine commission is first robbed of its universal responsibilities and then of its sanctity. Under such canonical restraint how can the minister maintain or fulfill his errand of mercy 'to every creature?' His efforts, and with them his sympathies (for they always go together), are authoritatively limited. Does he submit to these restrictions? Then his sense of obligations and convictions of duty will accommodate themselves to the action of his will. His parish is his world. There is no permission, and soon no heart, for work beyond its narrow boundaries. Now it is plain enough that under such a system the ministry must become a mere secular profession, and can not fail to educate a secular, sordid, selfish spirit."

Mr. Tyng is now only twenty-eight years of age. He was born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on June 28, 1839; and graduated at Williams College, Massachusetts, in 1858. He was in attendance at the Episcopal Seminary in Fairfax County, Virginia, when the war opened, and was compelled to leave that State. While attending this theological college he had charge of a mission church at Georgetown, District of Columbia. He was ordained a deacon on May 8, 1861, at St. George's Chapel, in this city, and a priest at Poughkeepsie, New York, on September 11, 1863. From May 1861 to May 1862, he was assistant to his father, and then accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Mediator, a small congregation worshiping in Lexington Avenue. He subsequently organized a new parish up town, under the title of the Church of the Holy Trinity, and a tasteful edifice was erected on Forty-second Street, and consecrated in 1865. He has gathered a numerous congregation, which promises to be one of the most influential of the city. As chaplain of the Twelfth Regiment, N.Y.S.M., Mr. Tyng, in 1864, accompanied the regiment to Harrisburg, when the New York troops were called to the defense of the border.

## THE SARDINE FISHERIES.

The sardine fisheries are among the most important, extensive, and profitable of maritime employments, ranking next to the cod, mackerel, and herring fisheries (not counting, of course, the whale and seal fisheries). The sardine is, in fact, a member of the herring family, and is usually alluded to as a part of that trade; but the mode of taking, preserving, and packing these miniature herring is so different from that employed in capturing and drying the larger fish of the same family that it may be treated separately. We give an illustration on this page which will show the French method of catching sardines.

The nets used are from thirty to forty fathoms long, and from six to eight feet high, according to the depth of the water. The meshes are arranged in such a manner that the fish, on entering, are caught by the fins. A bolt rope is run in the top and the bottom of the net, that of the top being furnished with corks, and that of the bottom with leads.

The nets are cast into the water at the approach, with the flood-tide, of the huge "banks," or schools, of sardines, from two to three feet in height, and of a length which is often prodigious. In half an hour they are drawn again, and legions of captives are taken on board amidst the huzzas of the fishermen. Sometimes the sardines swim on the top of the water, and sometimes five or six feet beneath its surface; sometimes they are found only in the top of the nets, and sometimes only in the bottom. Whether this difference arises from the temperature or the position of the animalculæ on which they feed is unknown. The fishery is carried on by day and night, and the profits thereof are immense.

THE SARDINE FISHERIES—THE FRENCH METHOD OF CATCHING SARDINES.

## AN OPEN QUESTION.

Beautiful young Lady tries. Fails, of course.

Swell tries to do it gracefully. Ditto.

The Fat Passenger tries. No go.

Awkward Passenger tries. Creates confusion.

Positive Gent thinks it easy enough, but finds it isn't.

Experienced Conductor finds no trouble.

PLEASURES OF PICNICS.—Aunt Jemima (*who has been rather fidgety for some time, and hates dining out-of-doors*). "Well, Girls, *YOU* may do as you like, but *I* don't intend Sitting upon Ants' Nests any longer."

Slender Party (*who is not very comfortable*). "These 'busses ought to charge by weight."

Stout Party (*sharply*). "Ah! if they did, they would never stop to pick you up!"

POOR PET!

"James, you've put no Sugar in Monarch's Bread and Milk to-day! You see he can't touch it!"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Ireland's (s)trop-ics.—On what do the Irish people sharpen their wits?—Their "och *hone!*"

Medical Diet—Doctors' Commons.

Clerical.—May not a Bishop's "Charge" be designated "A Message from the 'See?'"

### A CONUNDRUM.

Given, a Hair-dresser, a plate:  
When is the former like the latter?  
The answer is, I beg to state,  
This: when the Hair-dresser's a *platter*.

A farmer from the western part of Pennsylvania tells the following hen story. There may be those who will doubt its accuracy, but the relator is a well-known man of veracity: "I make maple sugar every season, and for that purpose have a small furnace with several kettles. These kettles remain idle and empty during all the year, except the sugar season; and last summer a favorite old hen of ours made her nest in one of them, and furnished us with an egg every day or two. One day when the sugar season first came on the kettles were full of boiling sugar-water, and the hen came along as usual, and without noticing the fact, flew into the customary kettle and *laid a boiled egg.*"

That's the Point!—We often hear the expression, "A quotation within a quotation." For our own part, we are rather curious to know how there could possibly be a quotation *without* a quotation.

How happy is his life,  
Who is blessed with a wife!  
Be she ne'er so fair or comely;  
Be she fair, or be she homely;  
Be she blithe or melancholy;  
Have she wit, or have she folly;  
Be she prudent, be she squandering,  
Be she staid, or be she wandering,  
Yet contented is his life  
Who is wedded to a wife.

An editor wrote an article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux." When the paper was issued he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of *beans!*"

From "the Miller and his Men."—Corn is rising. Bread is dearer. Even the better classes appear to be falling into dreadful destitution, for it is no uncommon sight now to meet their wives and daughters wearing nothing but sacks.

"Papa, please buy me a muff when you go to Boston?" said little three-year-old Ruth. Her sister Minnie, hearing this, said:

"You are too little to have a muff."

"Am I too little to be *cold?*" rejoined the indignant little Ruth.

"Buy any butter here?" said a country customer, who walked into a dry-goods store in a certain city, and looked much like a character who knew a great deal more of himself than he cared to tell.

"No, Sir," replied the merchant, "we don't wish to buy any."

"Want to buy any eggs?"

"No, Sir: we keep a dry-goods store here."

"So! Wa'al, then, maybe you'd like to buy some chickens—fat as pigs, and a mighty sight nicer tew."

"No, Sir; I tell you we don't deal in any thing but dry goods."

"Couldn't I sell you a nice fat shoulder of pork?"

"I tell you, Sir, we deal in dry goods exclusively here."

"Wa'al, what'll you give for *dried peaches?*"

### AN IRISH QUERY.

Och! when gay sparks the swate young ladies woo,  
Their little hearts catch fire in raal quick fashion,  
And isn't it becase they're victhims to  
The *tinder* passion?

Why are young ladies like arrows?—Because they never go off without a bow (beau), and they are always in a quiver till they get one.

The Modern "Free Lance"—Gratuitous Vaccination.

### MODEL RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Universal Right-Restoring and Wrong-Exterminating Association, the following resolutions were presented:

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of the Association, every body must and shall have their rights.

*Resolved*, That women shall have their rights, whether married, single, widows, or otherwise, and that the laws of Nature, which compel beings to be women against their will, are repugnant to all fundamental ideas of justice, and ought to be abolished.

*Resolved*, That all negroes shall have their rights, and ought, in justice, to be entitled to white skins and straight hair, as well as any other man.

*Resolved*, That Free Lovers, Mormons, Shakers, and soldiers (provided they be not too old) shall have their rights.

*Resolved*, That contractors, jobbers, and speculators of all kinds (provided they be of the right political stripe), shall have their rights.

*Resolved*, That homeopathists, hydropathists, botanists, steam doctors, mesmerizers, and spiritualists and rappers shall have their rights.

*Resolved*, That medical education is a humbug.

*Resolved*, That military education is a humbug.

*Resolved*, That all education is a humbug.

*Resolved*, That all men are equal in all kinds of knowledge.

*Resolved*, That every body knows as much about any body's else profession as they do themselves, and a little more.

*Resolved*, That every body knows as much about their own business as every body else does.

These resolutions were passed unanimously, and the meeting adjourned, but not *sine die* by a jugful.

"Bill o' the Play."—An ingenious Yankee has invented a new style of programme for the theatres. It is made of light pastry, and the letter-press is printed in chocolate paste. The notion is pleasant, and will be very popular at Christmas, when Master Hopeful will look forward to his pantomime with more than even his ordinary "devouring anxiety." Puff paste will of course be the popular medium for advertising stars, while a heavier hand will be needed for the production of programmes for dough-mestic dramas. One comfort is that, even in cases where a new piece won't go down, its bills can be swallowed.

## POOR OLD POLLY STEEN.

"Now, I would like to know, Aunty, if you ever heard of such a thing before?"

"As what, pray?"

"There, it is always so. I have been talking this half hour, and you have not heard a word!"

"Well, young lady, it is sometimes the case that elderly people have something more important to think of than the nonsense that younger people may be saying. But I confess my impoliteness, and am now all attention. What is it all about that you have been telling me?"

"Why, there is that dreadful old woman, Polly Steen—"

"Stop a minute, Anna. *Dreadful!* Why is Polly Steen dreadful?"

"Well, I don't mean dreadful exactly, but queer."

"Queer? Queer is indefinite—but we will not be critical. Polly *is* eccentric. What has Polly done?"

"Did you notice her at the funeral the other day? She was whispering and fidgeting about all the time; and Sarah Smith told me that Mary Jones told her that while the people were waiting for the minister to come Polly Steen was actually bespeaking customers for her hair pomade—bear's grease, she calls it. And Sarah Smith says she only wonders that Polly did not ask the mourners to buy, or the minister himself."

"Indeed! Between what Mary saw, and Sarah said, and Polly did, and Anna heard, my little girl's head is frightfully full of nonsense this morning. Polly's lard is very nicely scented, and, no doubt, smells sweeter by its ursine than its porcine name. But who *knows* that poor old Polly committed any such breach of the proprieties? Did she ask *you* to buy?"

"No, Aunty; but Sarah says that Mary told her that Polly Steen came into the village yesterday with a basket of bottles, and that she went home with none; and the funeral was the day before yesterday, and Mary is sure that Polly must have had a bespeak for her wares, and—"

"I am sure that a certain young lady of my acquaintance is in a very bad way; and if she goes on listening to the wonderful stories of cooks and house-maids, and hearing and retailing their say-so's, she may even become like Polly Steen herself!"

"Why, Aunty! They do say that Polly is a witch, almost; that she knows every thing, and can tell any thing—"

"The truth is, Anna, that poor old Polly is a gossip. But that is quite enough. I can remember her when she was as fresh and blooming as a certain young lady who shall be nameless. We were school-girls together, and playmates. Queer as you think her now, Polly had wit, vivacity, and cleverness enough to make her a universal favorite. But she was a gossip even then, and the weakness has grown with her years till she has become what you see her. She had in her youth every body's good opinion and good wishes. No party was complete without her. And all who knew her then have a kind leaning in their hearts to poor Polly in her old age. Her story is a sad one."

"Oh tell it, Aunty!"

"I will; not to gratify an idle curiosity, or myself be counted among the gossips, but that my niece may be warned in time, and not, at Polly's age, be classed among the queer.

"It is expected that a certain degree of folly should accompany all youth. It is a necessary, and still not necessarily an unpleasant feature of early character. Wisdom is the result of experience, and experience comes later. But the young should not be self-willed. Not even to the beautiful is this permitted. And if, by grace of person, brilliance of mind, and sparkling talents for conversation, they carry on successfully their self-willed folly, so much the worse for them.

"While we look not for the wisdom of age in the young, we do look for deference to their elders on the part of those who, as yet, know nothing of the world, its trials and temptations. And we expect them to submit their conduct to the judgment of their friends. This, I am sorry to say, Polly was never inclined to do. And, in her erratic freaks, she was encouraged by the laughter and admiration of those who should have known better than to sacrifice her character for their amusement.

"There is a great deal of short-sighted objection on the part of young people to what they call the unnecessary restraints and conventionalities of life. They have yet to learn that these rules of propriety are the safeguards of society, and that without them social intercourse would be rude, unregulated, and uncomfortable.

"Young people are always inclined to extremes, and to the pushing even of good and harmless customs into nonsense and extravagance. Because a young lady looks well on horseback, and enjoys the exercise, she need not live in the saddle. Croquet is nice till it becomes perpetual, and the young people are so fascinated as to croquet by torch-light. Skating gives a fine glow to the face and a spring to the blood, but our young women are neither Laplanders nor Esquimaux, nor are they Dutch market-women. So of all amusements which become a passion when they should be but an occasional recreation. Dancing is well enough, and best of all is the impromptu, got up without pomp and circumstance, long preliminaries, ver-dressing, and flirting. Music is elevating and refining, but the opera may become a nuisance when it makes a weekly drain upon the father's or the husband's pocket.

"In a word, youth itself is charming; but the young, whom we are predetermined to love and to admire, may become disagreeable in spite of spirits, of beauty, of every advantage which they possess. There is nothing so sad as the waste of youth, and its privileges and advantages. Polly Steen wasted her youth."

Anna listened with a sort of roguish look of confession. She felt that her aunt was introducing a running admonition to the listener while she told her tale. And as Anna could not deny that the reprimand had some show of justice, she was too wise to point it by any comment or reply. Aunt Sarah went on.

"And, what was worse than waste, Polly presumed upon her beauty and her accomplishments to take liberties not only with herself and her health, her friends and their patience, but she took unwarrantable liberties with the truth."

Anna's conscience acquitted her here; but she blushed as she thought that she had indulged in a little, just a little concealment, and, perhaps, a mere shade of prevarication.

"People said that Polly was a spoiled child; but, like many another, the fault of her spoiling was all in herself, though her poor parents, as usual, had to endure the blame of it.

"When Polly Steen was at your age there was a poor old body, as much as possible like what Polly is now, whose livelihood was picked up in the same mode as that by which Polly Steen wins her crusts. She went through the village vending pins, needles, nostrums, and—scandal. She was a mischief-maker generally, and turned the foolish heads of the young people by a pretense at fortune-telling—a folly more common in those days than now. She would have been hanged for a witch had she lived about one hundred years earlier."

Anna's ears tingled. Sarah Smith had *almost* made her promise that "some day," just for fun, she would let Polly Steen tell *her* fortune.

"The wretched woman was quick of hearing, and shrewd at suspicion. Imagining where she did not see, and lying whenever a lie would serve her purpose, she was full of all subtlety and mischief, though her shrewdness was, it must be owned, sometimes sufficiently amusing. I remember one bleak day she came to our house half clad. Mother, without saying a word, went up stairs, and came down again with an old but serviceable shawl, which she offered her. 'Go back,' said the creature, 'and bring me the shawl you took first in your hand, and then laid back again!' 'That or none,' said my mother; 'and take it and go at once.' '*Did* you have another in your hand?' I asked. 'Certainly,' said my mother. 'And how did she know it?' I inquired in a sort of half terror. 'You little goose,' was the answer, 'how could I select the most proper article to give away without handling the others?' Yet these are the sort of shallow tricks with which such creatures impose upon the weak and foolish."

The glamour of Polly Steen was fast fading away from the mind of Anna.

"Polly Steen as little thought, when she looked at this poor old woman, that she could herself become one day like her, than you think now that you can ever resemble Polly Steen. The charitable bought of her, as they now do of Polly, because they felt that, in some way, she must be kept from starving. Many, as the cheapest mode, gave her presents outright, rather than be imposed upon with her inferior wares, at twice the valuation of good articles. There are vexation and disappointment in poor implements and materials for which no cheapness can compensate, but when you have knotty cotton, no-point needles, soap all rosin and grease, ill mixed and worse scented, and pay two prices for such things, the infliction is rather trying to one's patience.

"All this, in her case then, as in Polly's now, might have been borne with the relief of some grumbling, if, in addition, she had not retailed slanders and silly gossip among her wares. Yet, with a large number of people, including not a few of those who denounced her as an insufferable pest, these very bits of mischief were her welcome. They listened to her spontaneous inventions, and, by remarks and questions, suggested more that she never would have thought of. Little did they consider that while she was emptying her pack she was at the same time filling it. There is an old proverb which it were well to remember—That those who bring tales carry them.

"Songs, ballads, lives of gipsies and highwaymen, murder-trials, dream-books, and such miserable trash, formed part of her stock-in-trade. Of course, she knew better than to exhibit this trumpery to the elders in the households. The domestics, and the children and young persons, were her customers for this part of her stores; and the surreptitious purchase gave the first lessons in deceit to young people—lessons which Polly Steen was not slow to learn."

Anna's conscience was almost clear at this point. She was too well educated to be tempted by this kind of cheap literature. But there was a little twinge. She had told Sarah Smith her dreams, and Sarah, just for fun again, had stated what the book revealed.

"Polly Steen's father was a physician in good practice, and in comfortable circumstances, and Polly might have been to-day as well established in life as any of her old friends and schoolmates. But she had the weakness of delighting in low company, and of seeking the society of those who flattered her vanity from selfish motives. She was a prize, of course, to such a designing cormorant as the old basket-woman. Quantities of nostrums, worse than useless, she persuaded her to buy, assuring her that they would benefit and improve her appearance. I have not a doubt that Polly Steen learned of this old creature the components of the very compound which Sarah Smith told you that Mary Jones told her that Polly takes orders for at funerals.

"When Polly Steen and I were young this village, which you think so dull and lifeless, was even quieter than it now is. Yet, we young folk could always find our own amusement though croquet had not come in; and skating parties of girls and boys were never dreamed of. We had our sleighing and our dancing, our strolls in the woods, and our singing schools, and much more that I can not now remember; all very pleasant and proper when properly indulged in. And Polly, into every thing in which she participated, contrived to infuse a dash of piquancy which always amused and sometimes frightened us.

"The old bridge over the creek was built in those days. Fine fun we used to have with the ferry before the bridge was built. I well remember how Polly Steen once managed, by a pretended accident, to push into the water a young fellow who admired her. It effectually cooled his passion; and now, I guess, if she would confess the truth, she would say, 'More's the pity!' For he is comfortably established in life with sons and daughters round him, while poor lonely old Polly Steen is just what you see her. Strange that those who start in life together, and on equal terms, should diverge so far, so very far apart!

"The building of the bridge brought, for a few months, quite a new population among us; and the watching of the progress of the work was the town's amusement. The engineer's room at the tavern was the great attraction for all our young men. The Engineer, as he styled himself, was an individual who put on foreign airs over his native graces, and fancied himself an architect and an artist of no mean pretensions. He talked of 'sections,' and 'elevations,' and 'spans,' and 'arches,' and nobody knows what. Our young men were astonished.

> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

But with all his pretensions, it must be admitted that he did build a good bridge. It was a pity that it did not carry the builder safe over.

"His room was hung round with plans of all sorts of public works; from the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, and the Temple of Solomon, down to the bridge in our village, as it was designed to be. The room seemed, to us unpracticed folk, quite an architectural art gallery; and the plans, and drawings, and diagrams, and estimates which covered the large table were quite a wonder to behold. You may think it strange that I should know all about this apartment and its treasures. But Polly Steen contrived that the Engineer should be prompted to invite the ladies of the village to spend an evening with the young gentlemen in inspecting his collection of drawings.

"We were rather scandalized when, at nine o'clock, a late hour for those days, we were ushered into another room to a splendid collation. We were still more confused and astonished, while we tasted the viands (the wiser of us under protest), when a band of music struck up in the tavern hall, and we were invited and expected to go into an impromptu dance. Not all Polly Steen's persuasion could make this go down, however; though she was aided and abetted by all the young men. There was one contra-dance, led off by Polly and the Engineer; but no ladies could be found to make up the second set. We were confounded at the man's assurance, a stranger, with no credentials, unreceived into our social circles, and yet playing the Don Magnifico in this way; as if we were a troop of pretty savages, whom it was his royal pleasure to entertain.

"It was all Polly's work; and her father was justly and seriously indignant. The Doctor was not deficient in penetration. The stranger had a *blasé* look (I would not use a French word if I could find an English one as appropriate), which put the elder and more experienced of our little community on their guard. And from the gross and sensual appearance of the Engineer our village maidens shrunk with instinctive modesty—all but poor, infatuated, self-willed Polly Steen. The young men were at first attracted by the air of dash and freedom and the unquestionably interesting conversation of the stranger. Much of this charming talk, it afterward proved, was pure romance; or, in plainer words, absolute falsehood. As he grew in intimacy with the gentlemen he rapidly developed; and his conversation at length became so gross and abominable that all men who respected themselves withdrew from him. His companions in his tavern orgies were at last narrowed down to those who had no character to lose.

"Dr. Steen positively forbade him his house, into which he had attempted to intrude. And the Doctor furthermore enjoined his daughter to hold no further intercourse with a person of such questionable character. The prohibition was well known, and every body, except Polly, commended its wisdom. She, with characteristic folly, every where defended the adventurer, and ridiculed the caution of her father and 'the prudish affectation of the saints.' Still, she seemed to be obedient to her father's injunctions, in letter, if not in spirit; and we congratulated ourselves that the foolish girl was saved from destruction in spite of herself.

"But, in the midst of our quiet rejoicing that the bridge was almost finished, and that the Engineer would soon be gone, and our young men saved from his pernicious example, we were startled with the intelligence that Polly Steen had eloped with him, and that her father had gone in pursuit. Painful was our suspense till, on the evening of the same day, the Doctor returned with his daughter. It transpired that he had traced them direct to the house of one of those wretched couple-beggars, who disgrace the sacred profession by their readiness to aid in all runaway and scandalous marriages. He reached the place just as they were pronounced man and wife. The bridegroom looked round with a malicious leer, and remarked that the father must concede that the sacred ceremony (a scamp!) had terminated his authority in the premises. 'Authority—yes,' replied the Doctor, 'but it has not canceled the claims of affection.' And he conjured his child, if she had any respect for herself or her friends, to return with him. He promised, in six months, if no insuperable obstacle intervened, to give her to her husband, to cause her wedding to be decently solemnized by a respectable clergyman, and to settle upon her such a provision as his daughter was entitled to.

"The bridegroom furiously resisted and stormed. But he overdid the matter. Polly was shocked at his profanity and abuse of her father; and was confirmed in what she had feared—that the fellow had drank more in the morning than it was prudent to get angry upon. Brandy and fury are unsafe together. She threw herself weeping into her father's arms. The disappointed bridegroom was left, cursing, where he stood, and the mercenary parson was left wondering whether his fee would cover the disagreeableness of such a scene, and compensate him for the merited rebuke he had received from the justly incensed father.

"The Engineer swaggered back into the town next day. Trouble number one met him in the claim of the stable-keeper, who thought it high time that the large arrears of horse-hire were paid. And the landlord, feigning a welcome, suggested that the liquidation of his account for liquids would be acceptable. Even the bill for the princely collation had not yet been adjusted; nor has it indeed ever been paid to this day. The people he met in the streets could not see him. His very tavern cronies, for whose entertainment he was in the landlord's books, turned a cold shoulder on the swell, who had so shrunk that he could order liquors and suppers for them no longer. It was a decided case of collapse; and the pet of the potators was manifestly in the blue stage. For the blue demons held him fast.

"Firm as was their grip there was one grip even firmer. If people in the village 'could not see him,' there was one person who could. A podgy, dirty, dowdy, red-faced woman, accompanied by her brother, appeared and claimed the gallant, gay Lothario, as her lawful husband, and he was marched away, minus his baggage. 'Much good may it do you!' cried the graceless varlet to the landlord at parting. 'I'll throw in the keys!' and he tossed them to him. But I don't think the baggage did *much* good. All stones are not auriferous. But every body, landlord included, was glad to be rid of the rascal at any price.

"It subsequently appeared that while Polly Steen was apparently obedient to her father, she was meeting the appointments of the vagabond stranger, and maintaining with him a constant correspondence. Of course the agent and the go-between was the wretched old woman of whom I have told you. All her arts of fortune-telling, dream-reading, and miserable gossip were plied in favor of the impostor. Polly did not, indeed, believe such stuff. But evil communications corrupt good manners; and listening to such an artful and insidious woman had at least this influence—that it lowered the tone of the young girl's mind, and blunted that sensitive delicacy which is a fair maiden's best safeguard.

"I must not forget to say that the Engineer proved to be no engineer at all. He was a fair workman employed to superintend the job by the contractor. Great was the shame of all the dupes when the actual Engineer came.

"Polly never recovered from the shock. She had ceased to be a fit companion for the young; and had no warrant of welcome in the families of those whose mate she would have been had she married well, or kept the equally honorable position of a respectable maiden lady. Few people can live without companionship, and as Polly Steen had lost the countenance and the confidence of her equals she sought that of her inferiors, and became what I have said, a gossip; and not a gossip of choice language or respectable themes, but of the baldest scandal. When her father died it was found that his spirit had been so broken by the incapacity of his daughter to preside over his household and to maintain its former respectable position that he had fallen into evil courses, and left his affairs in hopeless confusion. And so Polly Steen descended to what you now see. But you need not think her quite as bad as was the woman whose mantle seems to have fallen upon her. She is pinched by poverty, unguarded in her talk, and not over-scrupulous in her dealings. That is all. But it is a depth quite low enough for one before whom life and hope were once as bright as they are now before my darling Anna."

Anna drew a long breath and answered not a word. But she never since has dawdled in the kitchen to listen to foolish conversation, to hear fulsome flattery, or to recount dreams for the solution of the oracle of pans and porringers.

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CONTENTS:


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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Carrying Ore to the Furnace.—Silver Mountain of Santa Eulalia.—El Real de Santa Eulalia.—Silver Washing among the Slag.—One Mode of Washing for Silver.—Another Mode of Washing for Silver.—Entrance to San Domingo.—Mouth of Mine Dolores.—Profile of San José.—Entrance to the Mine San José.—Mexican Ore-Crusher.—Bringing Ore from the Mines.—Entrance to the Mine Guadalupe.—Entrance to the Mine Negrita.—Smelting Furnace.—Mexican Bellows.
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With an Illustration.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR.—(*Ninth Paper.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home at Last.—Blackberrying.—She won't give down.—Catlett's Station.—Head-Quarters "en Bivouac."—Manassas Junction.—No Skulking.—Death and his Brother Sleep.—Teamsters.—Humiliation.
AN OLD APPLE WOMAN.
With an Illustration.
A DAUGHTER TO SPARE.
MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.
TFE HUNGRY HEART.
OUR MAN BARNABAS.
POE AT WEST POINT.
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BLIND PEOPLE.
THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.
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Vol. XI.—No. 567.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL TEACHER.—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See next Page.]

## THE DISTRICT SCHOOL TEACHER.

THE social statistics of the United States Census Bureau do not give us any table showing the proportion of male and female employés in any branch of labor; and they do not therefore positively declare, but there is reason to believe, that one hundred thousand of the one hundred and fifty thousand two hundred and forty-one teachers in the one hundred and fifteen thousand two hundred and twenty-four public schools, colleges, and academies in the United States are females. Two-thirds of the grand army which Lord Brougham was proud to see on the march, armed with primers, and of which he justly anticipated such grand and glorious and progressive, though peaceful triumphs, are Amazons; and, singularly enough, they have formed the van-guard. The women have really been pioneers in education, and have been among the earliest to penetrate the new fields, the opening Territories, and to invade those forbidden States of the South where education a few years ago was proscribed to certain classes and colors, but where now the school-teachers form a mighty army of invasion and are peacefully accomplishing a mighty revolution. Our picture on the first page will therefore apply, for the first time in our history, to *all* parts of the country; it is, in fact, a national design, and will appeal to an army of teachers and a nation of scholars.

Every "village school-marm," every district teacher, has a dual existence—the life in and the life out of school. She is supposed to be an epitome of all knowledge, and a combination of "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Her conversation is supposed to be a sort of abstract of all the wisdom of Solomon put into plain English for plain country folks. No subject is considered too abstruse for her discussion, and none too trivial to command her attention. In the little world in which she moves she settles all vexed questions in ethics, mathematics, geography, etc., and perhaps the next moment gives her decision as to the shade of a ribbon or the fit of a garment. She writes the business-letters of the farmer with whom she is temporarily boarding, and is often expected and called on to carry on the love correspondence of the neighborhood, frequently writing on both sides of the story, and entering deeply into all the quarrels of love-lorn couples. She reads the newspaper to the old folks, conducting all the literary affairs of the family except the morning and evening service. It is popularly supposed that brain-work is not fatiguing, and that, as she is not a field-laborer during the day, she can nurse the sick at night without fatigue. She is, in short, the cherished confidante of the troubles, real and imaginary, of the whole village; at once "guide, philosopher, and friend." She is usually of city origin, and has been educated at the "Academy," and is popularly supposed to know every body and every thing in "the city" as well as in the books. Local habitation in the village she has not, but is "boarded round" among her patrons, leading as migratory an existence as the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and is therefore looked upon as the fortnightly newspaper, and is apt to give offense if she does not take to her newest home the news, and often the scandal, of her last.

Her legitimate sphere is the school-room. There she is paramount; there she reigns supreme, without a rival, monarch of all she surveys. Over the minds of the little ones she has a wonderful influence. They regard her with amazement and awe, and place the most implicit faith in what she says. They can not understand how she ferrets out every wild prank, discovers every shirking of lessons, and sees through every sham; they only know that "playing sick" is played out, and "peeping on" is lost labor.

These are bright sides of the picture. Let no one suppose either position is a sinecure. Only they know the strange isolation they endure, the heart-sickening lonesomeness they feel, surrounded by hundreds of friends but not one of their own condition of mind, not misunderstood but unappreciated. Let those who imagine this life in the school a pleasant one try it; and when the novelty has worn off, when each day becomes a counterpart of the preceding, when the mistakes that were amusing at first have become monotonous, when the interesting faces have lost their brightness in poring over books too deep and wise for their little minds, when children that at first were overanxious to please have with increased intimacy grown provokingly careless and stupid, they will be ready to admit that these and innumerable other petty annoyances require a teacher to possess her soul in patience. Talk about Job's patience! He never taught school! True he endured a severe ordeal—loss of friends, destruction of property, treachery, disease. We nerve ourselves to endure great sorrows; it is the lesser ills of life that overflow the cup of bitterness, and many of these are crowded into each day's experience of the "District schoolmistress."

And yet the life has its joys as well as its vexations; and our picture will recall many little pleasantries to many a teacher's mind. The picture speaks for itself. The teacher's face tells of so much patience, firmness, and sweetness that we know the happy, eager children are in good hands. That tall girl is a controlling impulse in the school, and has already a womanly air. The long-haired lassie is a merry sprite with laughing blue eyes and golden hair. She is full of fun, yet a good pupil, and evidently a favorite with her teacher, whose hand is raised as if to give her a gentle admonishing pat on the shoulder. The round baby-face in the centre has just finished its first day at school, while the little fellow on the left has an earnest, serious face, as though he were revolving in his mind some matter of grave importance.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1867.

## COMMON-SENSE IN RECONSTRUCTION.

THOSE who have supposed that a new plan of reconstruction was likely to be adopted because of the result of the autumn elections have neither observed the facts of those elections nor reflected very maturely upon the character of the American people. The elections do not show a substantial increase of the Democratic vote; and nothing less than that could be fairly interpreted as a change of the popular sentiment and purpose. Republicans have abstained from voting, indeed, and the result will be a wholesome correction of many errors into which a party with an enormous majority is very likely to fall. Good and generous men—men who are earnestly devoted to various moral reforms—naturally ally themselves with a party whose fundamental principle is that justice is the best policy. And such men naturally wish to advance their reforms by means of the great party organization. But those who adhere to the party for its especial and legitimate purpose are repelled by such efforts; and feeling the objects of the party to be endangered by the want of wisdom of some of its members, they do not hesitate to rebuke them by suffering the party to be defeated upon some minor issue. This brings the whole party to its bearings, provided its real purpose is yet unachieved; and, like a confident army worsted in the skirmishing of the outposts, it feels the necessity of care and discipline, and its victory is assured.

Now the great purpose of the Republican party is the reconstruction of the Union upon the policy of equal rights. The war left the rebel States without civil government and without slaves. The national authority thus being obliged to provide local State governments proposes to found them upon the consent of all the people expressed in the usual way, and excepting a certain inconsiderable number whose disability may be removed at any time by Congress. It further proposes that in this State government no person shall be disfranchised on account of color. This is the Republican scheme of reconstruction. It intends the restoration of all States peaceably and securely, as soon as possible. This can not be done by creating arbitrary political distinctions among the inhabitants of the State; least of all by giving political power to the most disaffected class. No sane man supposes that there can be any effective reconstruction until there is a majority of truly loyal voters in every State, or a minority so large and important as to hold the majority in check. There was but one way to have this number, and that was to enfranchise the whole population, with certain conspicuous and notorious exceptions. Such a system admitted the ignorant white and the ignorant colored inhabitants to vote. It was a great pity that all were not intelligent, and that the matter could not be delayed until all were educated. But delay was indefinite military occupation, which must be avoided if possible. Public impatience must also be considered. The law was therefore passed, every honest man feeling that a man who could not read, but who was instinctively loyal, was a safer citizen than a man who could read and was disaffected.

The result has proved the justice of this view. The recent elections in the Southern States show that this majority or large minority of loyal votes has been developed in every State. Unfortunately it has also taken the aspect of a division by color. But that is not the fault of the reconstruction policy. It is the natural consequence of the situation. The former slaveholding class was white, and it fought against the Government in order to perpetuate slavery, the basis of its political power. It failed, and nobody knew the purpose of the rebellion better than the slaves. When, therefore, they were made free against the will of their late masters, was it likely that they would instinctively turn to them as to their best friends? But having made the slaves freemen, what was the Government to do? Should it leave them, under the plea of State rights, wholly to the mercy of the master class? or should it guarantee the civil rights which it had conferred in the only effectual way, by giving the new citizens political power? There can be no serious question upon this point. It is mere folly to say that there are people who have civil rights and who are protected without participation in political power. Does any competent person believe that the colored inhabitants of Louisiana or Texas would be so protected? Does not every American citizen know that they were not?

The Republican policy of reconstruction is that of practical common-sense, and it will therefore be maintained. Its strength and security do not rest upon any partiality for the colored race, nor upon any remarkable love of justice, nor upon any vindictive feeling toward rebels, but upon precisely the instinct and determination that carried the war to an unconditional triumph. The people of this country do not believe that the Southern States can be safely and economically restored by giving them wholly into ex-rebel hands, and they therefore will not bring into power a party which has no other policy. Men are not very logical in politics, and great multitudes are seldom controlled by a perfectly pure principle. It must have the alloy of interest, of prejudice, of some baser emotion, as in nutritious substances the fibrous woody part is larger than the saccharine element. Thus Ohio rejects negro suffrage. The question, indeed, was complicated. But concede that Ohio does not wish the colored population to vote. It is a sorry fact. It shows how poorly Ohio understands the relation of justice to good policy. But it by no means shows that Ohio would not vote for negro suffrage in Louisiana. The question there is wholly different. In Ohio it is a point of principle; in Louisiana, of policy. It is not necessary that colored men should vote in Ohio to keep that State steadily in the Union. But in Louisiana it is essential. If the Louisianian should reproach the Ohio voter with inconsistency, he would reply that he was not inconsistent, for if Ohio were in the condition of Louisiana he would vote accordingly.

It is not likely, therefore, that the people will suddenly decide that the only safe and permanent method of reconstruction is to paralyze the loyal element in the late rebel States, and commit those States wholly to the charge of men like Mayor MONROE, Governor PERRY, and the malcontents. The country is heavily taxed, as Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR perpetually reminds it, and it therefore wishes something to show for its money, and that something is reconstruction upon its own sensible, conclusive method, and not upon terms dictated by unrepentant rebels, assisted by Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, with his abolition of the Senate, and Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, with his repudiation of the national debt.

## ITALY AND EUROPE.

ITALY is all tinder to the spark GARIBALDI. His peculiar influence upon the Italians is an interesting illustration of the condition of the people. The whole story is like that of earlier, mythical times. A simple hero, with a generous aspiration for liberty, but apparently with little conception of the facts of human nature and life, of an unbounded enthusiasm and poetic purity, he inspires a nation with a word and confounds the astutest politics of the most experienced statesmen. Indeed a country in the condition of Italy, so long subject to foreign power and to the withering hand of the Church, can only be effectively aroused by the inspiration of the deepest sentiment, and that can proceed only from an enthusiast or fanatic. Hence it is GARIBALDI who plays the first part in Italian regeneration, although he is a stumbling-block to the King and the politicians. No king could grasp by sympathy the popular heart like GARIBALDI, and the character and life of the present monarch chill the national ardor which his attitude of leadership against the foreigner excited. GARIBALDI'S feeling for VICTOR EMANUEL exactly mirrors that of the Italians. Now it has been for him, now against him; but it was never a hearty trust or continuous co-operation. GARIBALDI in prison is more powerful and effective than the King in his palace.

Besides, the situation in Italy is that of an arrested revolution, and a revolution of which the logical end is evident however remote. A national movement which had swept the Austrians out of Venice, which had obliterated the division between Piedmont, Tuscany, and Naples could only pause before Rome for very extraordinary and peculiar reasons. And that is the case. The blending of the ecclesiastical with the temporal power in the Papacy, and the intimate relation between the Romish ecclesiastical system and the police of the European nations, make the political situation of the little States of the Church the concern of Europe. It is natural for the Italians to declare Rome to be the capital of Italy, and to insist that the movement of a great national unity shall not be baffled by an insignificant section of the country. But it is also natural for the Romish priesthood in Europe to denounce the forcible overthrow of the temporal throne of their religious sovereign, and equally natural for monarchs who count upon the co-operation of that priesthood to remonstrate and even to interfere. Moreover, the movement of GARIBALDI is not merely political. His war-cry is not only "Down with the King of the States of the Church!" but it is "Down with the Pope and his creed, and up with the religion of science and reason!" This in the ears and minds of Europe is not only Protestantism, but it is sheer atheism and anarchy. The Pope's political tenure is like the poise of a huge boulder in a field. It seems as if a child's finger or a breath of the breeze would topple it over. But the fiercest storms beat upon it in vain.

If the Roman people had risen and dethroned the Pope as king we do not believe that the king of Italy could have resisted the popular will. And if his ambition alone were to be consulted, VICTOR EMANUEL would cheerfully see the Holy Father unseated by an Italian movement from without the papal states. But he must consult Europe. He is a king bound by treaties. When, therefore, the meek and lowly "eldest son of the Church," LOUIS NAPOLEON, points to the September treaty, and says, if you do not observe it I will myself hold the Pope upon his throne, VICTOR EMANUEL must decide to renounce his word and head a republican movement, or to see the foreigner again mingling in Italian affairs. The worst enemy of Italy, however, could desire nothing more earnestly than to see the army of VICTOR EMANUEL actually fighting the red shirts of GARIBALDI. That would destroy the dream of the unity of Italy, and it is easy to see that every patriotic Italian would avert so melancholy an event.

General CIALDINI, who has been called into the ministry, is not only the ablest of Italian soldiers, but he has the instinct of the statesman. In 1862 he said distinctly that war must decide between Austria and Italy. In 1864 he said that "a mysterious force pushes Italy along a determined way, and our revolution follows its slow, peaceful, but irresistible course." In the same speech he exhorted the Senate to forget differences, and think only of the fatherland; nor did he fail to pay his tribute to "the gray coat of the regular soldier," and "the red shirt of the volunteer." At that time CIALDINI valued the French alliance, and his lately reported wish that RATAZZI should remain Prime Minister seems to show that he is still favorable to it.

Meanwhile BISMARCK probably sees that the attitude of France alienates Italy, and renders the Prussian alliance more secure. He would, of course, gladly see a united Italy upon exceedingly cool terms with Austria and France. But speculation is useless, the only certainty is that while GARIBALDI lives he will perpetually inspire Italy with the determination that Rome shall be the capital of a united country.

## EDUCATION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

IN the New York *Tribune* of October 18 there is a very valuable communication upon education in the South. It is not possible to overstate the importance of this subject in the present condition of the country, for if it were essential that the freedmen should be enfranchised, which is indisputable, it is not less necessary that they should be educated. Moreover, as their enfranchisement came from the free States so must their education come. To abandon them to the class which lately held them enslaved, which is the policy of the Democratic party, is not only to leave them without any safeguards of civil rights, but it is to condemn them to hopeless ignorance.

The article of which we speak truly states the situation of the country in this respect at the beginning of the rebellion. Of the 8,000,000 Southern whites in 1860 only 300,000 owned slaves, and only 90,000 of the owners had more than 10 slaves each. Other small slaveholders and a few hundred thousand merchants and professional men of some wealth were the adherents of the great slaveholders who controlled the 7,000,000 poor whites and 4,000,000 blacks. Thus 1,000,000 men, owning the land and capital and monopolizing the education in their section, ruled 11,000,000 laborers without property or education, and, by the abject subservience of the Democratic party of the Northern States, governed the Union.

The two chief methods by which the despotism at the South was maintained were the discouragement of education both among the poor whites and the blacks, and the fostering of prejudice and hatred between these two classes. The free schools of the South educated one in every thirteen of the population; the free States one in every four and four-fifths. The slave States also especially encouraged the high-priced academies, which only the children of the oligarchy attended. From the last census it appears that Alabama gave about $60,000 to colleges and academies which were untaxed, and no endowment to the public schools. Virginia did not tax her higher academies and colleges, which was a good thing, but she gave only $4446 to her public schools. The fourteen slave States, excluding Delaware and including Missouri, which in 1860 was fast ceasing to be a slave State, and contributed $41,525 of the whole amount, gave only $136,251 in endowments to free schools. This tells the story. The alphabet is an abolitionist. If you would keep a people enslaved refuse to teach them to read. When the British Reform Bill passed Mr. ROBERT LOWE, who had strenuously opposed it, said, bitterly: "And now, Mr. Speaker, let us entreat our masters to learn their letters," showing that he, at least, knew that the people had not been taught them before.

The despotic spirit which instinctively disliked free schools also sought to exclude books and newspapers except for the aristocracy. It actually proposed a "Southern literature," for the literature of all modern Christendom was incendiary to slavery. It struck also at the tongue. It abhorred free speech. It knew

that knowledge is power, and it trembled. The article of which we are speaking traces the means by which mutual hostility was inflamed between the poor whites and the blacks. But nothing could save the slave region from Christianity, a real Democracy, and the nineteenth century; and the war "has resulted in the emancipation of 11,000,000 of deceived Democracy from the rule of the aristocracy." But the danger of the Southern section is in the still pernicious influence of the former aristocracy. It ruled through ignorance, from which spring hatred and prejudice; and if we can strike at that ignorance we wound the tap-root of all the national sorrow and suffering. This is now our great duty. It must be, under the circumstances, simultaneous and co-operative with political action.

Our author gives most striking and interesting facts upon the present condition of the movement for the education of the freedmen. The chief superintending agency is the Freedmen's Bureau. On the 1st of January, 1867, there were 1496 schools, 1737 teachers, and 95,167 colored and 470 white scholars actually in school, besides those studying elsewhere. "Many of my pupils," writes a teacher in Southern Virginia, "teach white children at home who are too prejudiced to come to our school." The colored people are wholly alive to the importance of the work. In Georgia they have organized 175 private schools. In 1860, within an area of twenty miles around Chattanooga, there was no school of any kind whatever. Now Chattanooga has six colored schools besides others, and there are numerous others in the neighborhood. Near Corinth, in Mississippi, an old gentleman says: "My little contrabands have been picking up bullets on the battle-field, and have sent them to me to buy spelling-books." The reports of the capacity, as well as the ardor of the new scholars are most encouraging.

Now what is the duty of an honest man who wishes peace, and good order, and good feeling in this country? Is it to be forever idiotically roaring about the inferiority and barbarism of "niggers," and "nigger equality," and "nigger supremacy," or to reflect that there is a very large ignorant population in the country, who can not be expelled nor exterminated, and who must therefore be educated, that they may be more valuable citizens? The demagogue at the North who was the former political ally of the slaveholder will pursue the slaveholder's policy of encouraging hostility of race and the ignorance of the laborer. But the man who believes with Washington that the security of this Government is in "the virtue and intelligence of the people" will strive to promote that intelligence and develop that virtue. Fraternal feeling among the citizens is the surest bulwark of the State. Who encourages that feeling? Those who denounce a part of the population as "niggers," or those who treat all men as men? Those who would leave the recovered States sunk in ignorance, or those who would set a school-house at every cross-road?

## THE GRAIN MARKET.

This year's harvest is of such inestimable value to our well-being, that grain may be justly styled the staff of our national life. How would fare the national exchequer, how the general business of the country, but for the wheat and corn that has filled the granaries of the South and West this fall? On what other staff could we have leaned? Crushed by a long period of commercial depression superinduced by causes which all saw but which none seemed able to remove—embarrassed by pecuniary losses through derangement of trade, we looked in vain for ways and means to meet our maturing obligations. The cotton crop no longer sufficed to pay for our importations; gold alone could not do it; and American ships had almost ceased to earn money abroad, for our carrying trade has been donated to other nations. The spring season was late, and the promise of an abundant harvest by no means flattering. In the midst of this dilemma a starving South had to be fed for many weeks until the ripening of its crops. No one anticipated that lapse of time could bring such good fortune as it did. As the summer advanced there passed from one end of the country to the other a universal report of superabundance. Such crops had not been realized for many years. It fared badly with the speculators then—those who had been holding grain against anticipated scarcity. Moreover, the reports from Europe were equally favorable with our own, and under their influence the price of produce fell. Grain-dealers lost heavily, and failures were frequent. The anxiety then was, not how we ourselves should be fed, but how we were to dispose of our extraordinary surplus—where we should find a market. The commercial face grew long again; it became gloomy when it contemplated its accumulated liabilities and the prospect of a tight money-market. Then occurred a combination of causes to create a scarcity of money. The rate of interest advanced, and collaterals were closely scrutinized. But the pressure was of short duration, and the scene has shifted yet once more. The sky is brightening again.

Let us contemplate with becoming serenity the rapidity of these strange mutations, and mark how all things have worked together for good. It now appears that the European crop is by no means abundant. It is absolutely short. Correspondents tell us that there is scarcity, even famine, in places in the north of Europe; that snow and sleet have fallen in Scotland upon grain still unripe; that thousands of people in the Gulf of Bothnia are making bread of bark, mosses, and similar substances; that any surplus in America will find a ready sale in any part of Europe. In Hungary alone there is plenty.

Under the circumstances we discover increased activity in the grain market. Prices are advancing; the foreign demand increases rapidly; freights to Europe are stiffening; shipments are large and vessels are scarce. Dealers are holding back for an advance in price, and hope to more than recover their losses of mid-summer. This disposition to hold for an advance is further increased by less favorable accounts from our Northern States. It now appears that the Northern crop is not nearly so large as was expected. The East and West have really raised little more than enough grain for their own consumption. And yet we have a surplus! Just here comes the strangest part of the year's strange experience. The poverty-stricken South which appealed to us in the spring to save her from starvation now actually comes to our relief and furnishes that surplus for export. The shiploads of corn which the North liberally sent to the sufferers was "bread cast upon the waters," and is now returning after many days. Influenced by the political condition of affairs and the imposition of the three cents tax upon cotton, the South determined this year to put more acres in grain and less in cotton. They could not make a living profit on cotton, they said. Although trustworthy estimates show that the cotton product this year will, nevertheless, be largely in excess of last year's, yet we are reaping incalculable benefit from their increased production of corn. We are indebted to their resolve to plant more grain. Grain will sell to better advantage this year than cotton. Europe could make shift without American cotton by filling her requirements from the various new sources of cotton supply in India and elsewhere; but she could not supply her food wants without American grain. That surplus of grain which the West has been accustomed to send to feed the South is this year returned by the South for exportation across the Atlantic.

But a foreign market for our grain is by no means an annual certainty. We have lost control of the cotton markets of the world, and are by no means sure of a grain market. Russia is gradually encroaching upon American prerogatives. Prices here are already influenced by the Russian harvests, and were it not for the high cost of transportation within her rugged empire, Russia would be even now competing with us in the grain markets of Europe. How are we to recover our lost prestige and emoluments? Not by encouraging that restrictive policy which crushes the life out of our industrial pursuits and pays to foreigners a bonus to come in and carry off our birth-right. Why, a first-class freight-ship, called the *Great Republic*, which was sold a short time since by Abbott Low, was actually sent to St. John, New Brunswick, for repairs, because the work could be done there for fifty per cent. less than here! Here we have freights advancing, shipments of grain increasing, with a scarcity of vessels to load for Europe: and yet Americans must sit with folded hands, and see their own rightful profits go into others' pockets, because the Government policy has destroyed the shipping interest! It is time there was public clamor for a change. Events occur daily to show that the times require it. Our diminished revenues show it, and our tradesmen and mechanics feel it.

## A CLEAR NOTE FROM MARYLAND.

Two days after the October elections the Republicans of Maryland, the brave border guard, nominated for Governor Judge Hugh L. Bond, one of the most tried and able of the Union men of the State, and resolved that the Republican party of Maryland adhere firmly to the principles of manhood suffrage, universal and uniform education, and the payment of the national debt, and pledge themselves "to fight it out on that line!" Their second resolution advocates universal education for the children of the State.

As Judge Bond is a man for whom every truly loyal citizen in Maryland will vote with all his heart, so these resolutions will receive the cordial Amen of every patriotic man in the country.

The Maryland Convention, by a vote of 17 to 64, also recommended to the Republican party of the Union General Grant as their candidate for President. Such a nomination is very significant, for the Maryland Union men have been tried as by fire.

The Democratic candidates in Maryland are, of course, of the "unreconstructed" kind. The election is on the same day with ours in New York, and, whatever the result, it is good to reflect that all who helped to win the victory of the Union, and who love freedom, will vote for the Republican, Judge Bond; while all who secretly wish that Davis, and Wigfall, and Benjamin, and the Andersonville pen had succeeded, will vote for his Democratic opponent.

## JAMES HAGGERTY.

We must say one good word for a good man. Major James Haggerty is the Republican candidate for County Clerk in the County of New York. A young Irishman, who has been eleven years in the country, and who was educated in the true Democracy of John Bright, he asked, when he reached these shores, "Which is the party of equal rights and fair play for all men of every race and creed and color?" and to this party he gave himself with all his heart. When it marched to defend the Government and the Union, which were the security of equal rights for Europeans as well as Americans, he marched with it. In the field he helped to win its victory, and when the battle was over, with his eloquent tongue and his ardent soul he sought to secure its fruits. Amidst the multitude of his countrymen, who, upon coming among us, are either deluded by the name of Democracy, or who consciously betray the great, good cause of equal rights, James Haggerty has stood conspicuous and erect. A poor man, he has been bribed and tempted, but his faith has never faltered. He has never believed that a man was less a man because he was poor or oppressed. He has always bravely declared that a man was not less entitled to liberty because he was black and enslaved. When to these facts, which so warmly commend him to a great party, are added his blameless life and capacity for the special post to which he is nominated, every loyal voter of New York, who would gladly see official purity even in the city, and honor an Irishman's fidelity to the popular cause of Ireland and Europe as well as of America, will vote with all his heart for James Haggerty.

## THE EXCISE LAW.

In Mr. Seymour's late speech at Brooklyn that statesman informed his audience that the system of interference in private affairs of which the excise law was an illustration, could be seen in perfect operation at Sing Sing. At that institution every body rises and goes to bed, breakfasts, dines, sups, and is clothed according to stringent rules. The great Democratic statesman forgot to mention only two things: first, that the Sing Sing prisoners do not themselves make the rules to which they are subject; and, second, that the Republican party does not propose to regulate private conduct by public law.

The Republican party in the State Legislature has indeed regulated the sale of intoxicating liquors in such a way as to secure quiet Sundays and a handsome revenue to lighten the taxes of the people for the support of the police and for public education. It does not prohibit the sale of liquor, but it regulates the traffic, and the law has been pronounced Constitutional by the highest court in the State.

The right to regulate this traffic has never been seriously denied, for it springs from the right of society to keep the peace. It is of the same nature as the right to regulate the storage and sale of gunpowder. The cry raised by demagogues against the invasion of private rights is wholly unfounded. If we are not mistaken, Mr. Seymour himself, when Governor, signed a law regulating the liquor traffic. Did he imagine that he was reducing the citizens of New York to the condition of Sing Sing prisoners? The careful and thorough investigations of those who have made the subject a special study reveal the pleasing fact that since the passage of the present law public disorder upon Sunday has very remarkably decreased; while the new licensing system has produced a very large sum, and more than the old system would have produced in twenty years. Would those who declaim so vehemently against this "tyranny" have intoxicating liquor sold without any license at all? If not, if they acknowledge the justice and propriety of a license law, would they have one which is efficient and productive, and which serves to relieve the community of some of the burdens which the sale of liquor imposes, or would they continue the foolish farce of the old system? Neither is the regulation of the traffic upon Sunday a new thing. The old law had fallen into decay, and with its decline "a quiet Sabbath" was becoming impossible. In the interest of public order, therefore, the regulation was revived.

Men like Mr. Seymour struggle to make this legislation appear to be an innovation upon private rights, that they may cast the odium upon the Republican party. They ingeniously mingle the regulating and licensing policy of New York with the "prohibitory" policy which is sometimes advocated, that they may persuade their audience of the intention of the Republican party to regulate eating and drinking. But the ingenuous Mr. Seymour knows perfectly well that while "temperance men" are generally Republicans, yet the Republican party has not, even in Massachusetts, adopted prohibition as a party policy. Governor Andrew is probably as good a Republican as there is in the United States, and he is as sincerely opposed to a prohibitory law as any man can be. But Governor Andrew, in common with all orderly citizens, is the earnest friend of a wise regulation of the traffic. That is the real point of division. Shall the State regulate the sale of intoxicating liquor so as to lighten the taxes, or shall every man sell when, where, and how he chooses, and enormously increase taxation for keeping the peace.

## THE CONTROLLER.

The State of New York has never had an officer of more spotless character or of greater fidelity and capacity for his post than Controller Hillhouse. His name was presented to the Syracuse Convention for renomination against his personal inclination, but in obedience to what seemed to many of the truest men in the State the highest expediency. Another view of the public necessity, however, prevailed, and Mr. Hulburd was nominated. This gentleman was in Europe at the time, and upon his return declined the nomination. The State Committee then chose Mr. Hillhouse to fill the vacancy upon the ticket. He has accepted in a manly and admirable letter, in which he says:

"If the emphatic expression in favor of new candidates had fairly reflected the wishes of the party, or imported that those who were set aside had forfeited its confidence, my acceptance of a renomination by your Committee would reduce me to the level of a common office-seeker—a mere soldier of fortune, to whom all times, and occasions, and opportunities are alike. Assured, however, that the course pursued was the result of a supposed necessity, and involving no censure of the official conduct of the officers rejected, personal considerations must give way to the solicitations of my friends, and to what appears to be the general desire of the party."

We heartily congratulate the State and the party upon the acceptance of General Hillhouse.

## THE BILL LIBRARY.

There are few men who like Astor, Cooper, Cornell, Peabody, and Vassar can devote hundreds of thousands of dollars to the purposes of public good. Yet there are thousands who upon a smaller scale can aid in the same general purpose. Mr. Henry Bill, of Norwich, Connecticut, has set an example in this way which we trust will find not a few imitators. To his native town of Ledyard he has in the first place given a well-selected library of about 1000 volumes, together with a further sum of a thousand dollars, the income of which is to be devoted to the purchase of new books. This is, of course, only the nucleus of a Town Library; but it is a nucleus around which accretions can not fail to gather. We have before us the Catalogue of the Bill Library as now established. It is remarkably well chosen, and may be fairly taken as a model for the imitation of others. The man who, like Mr. Bill, lays the foundation of such a library builds for himself a monument more enduring than brass or marble.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### NEWS ITEMS.

George Wilkins Kendall, for many years the editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, died on October 21.

A treaty had been concluded with the Kiowas and Comanches by which those tribes agreed to go upon a reservation of 6000 acres on Red River, in consideration of receiving $25,000 annually in clothing and provisions. The most important provision of the treaty secures non-interruption to laborers on the Pacific railroads.

The Virginia election on October 22, 23, and 24 resulted favorably for the Republican candidates. The official figures show that in sixty-five counties 70,777 votes were cast for a Convention against 44,950 in opposition. Thirty Conservative and sixty Radical candidates were elected. Eighteen of the latter were colored.

The Tennessee Legislature has enacted a law making it a crime for common carriers to make any distinction on account of race or color among their passengers.

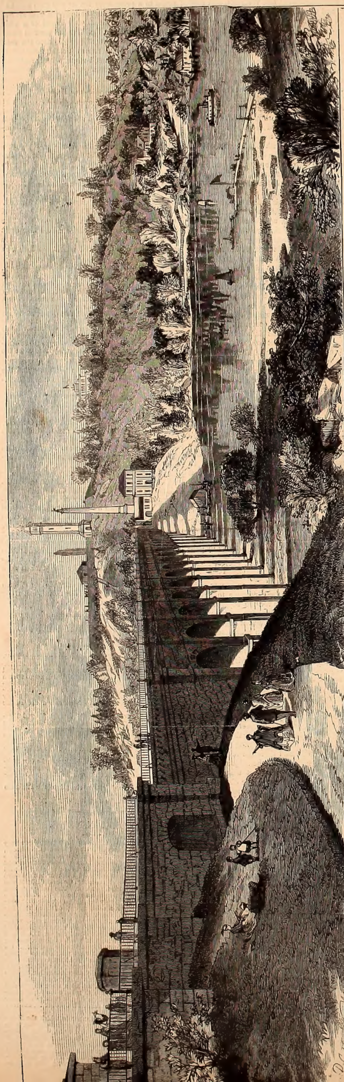
Fourteen of the delegates elected to the Alabama Convention are colored.

November 28 will be Thanksgiving Day.

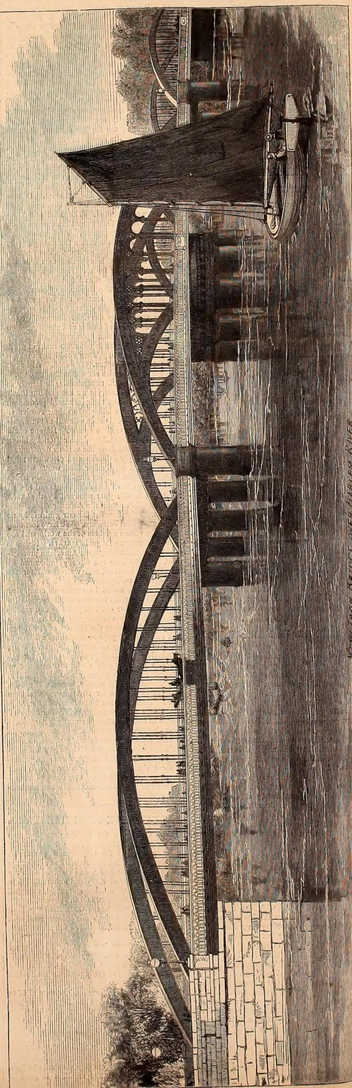
## FOREIGN NEWS.

The latest developments in Italy have been very important. On October 19 the French Government, through its minister at Rome, assured the Pope of its protection. The public announcement of this caused great excitement throughout Italy; and the Ratazzi Ministry, which was supposed to favor the schemes of Garibaldi, was dissolved, and General Cialdini was called upon to form a new one. The feeling against France and the opposition to the longer observance of the September treaty became so intense that Cialdini failed to form a cabinet, and declared that Ratazzi ought to be retained. About the same time Garibaldi escaped from Caprera, and crossing Italy, entered the Papal States, where he assumed command of 4000 men and marched directly upon Rome, and on October 26 was within 16 miles of Rome, moving upon the open highways from Viterbo and Rieti. On the same day the French fleet which is to protect Rome left Toulon. As it is three hundred miles from Toulon to Civita Vecchia (the sea-port of Rome), and as troops can not be rapidly disembarked in the face of an enemy, it is probable that Garibaldi will be in Rome before the French, unless a siege ensues and the French arrive in time to relieve the papal garrison. Some demonstrations by the citizens of Rome in aid of Garibaldi were made on October 22, but they afforded no material aid.

The quiet and orderly manner in which the Mexicans have conducted their presidential election is as significant as it was unexpected and unusual. Escobedo and Corona, the principal military chieftains of the republic, declared their preferences for Juarez; and the old school-teacher and civil judge was elected by a large vote over General Diaz. The latter received only 75 out of 245 electoral votes. No disturbances took place in any part of the country.



HIGH BRIDGE AND NEW CROTON AQUADUCT.



NEW IRON BRIDGE OVER HARLEM RIVER

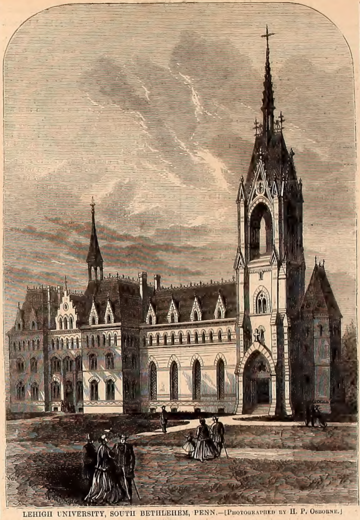
HARLEM RIVER BRIDGES.—"HIGH BRIDGE" AND "HARLEM BRIDGE."—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 717.]

## MENOTTI GARIBALDI.

THE commander of the Italian Volunteers and Papal Insurgents who lately twice defeated the forces of the Pope, MENOTTI GARIBALDI, is a young man of twenty-eight, son of the illustrious JOSEPH GARIBALDI and his devoted wife, ANITA.

MENOTTI GARIBALDI.

He was born in South America while his parents were battling for the Republic of Rio Grande against the empire of Brazil. Like his father, he is an ardent and zealous Republican, and the whole of his young life has been devoted to the cause of Italy. In the Italian struggle of 1859, though only twenty years of age, he was with his father in the various battles in which the *Cacciatori delle Alpi* ("Chasseurs of the Alps") engaged. He also engaged in the war of 1866, in which Italy regained Venetia; and when his father was arrested on the opening of the late campaign for the possession of Rome he took his place as commander.



LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PENN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY H. P. OSBORNE.]

## COLONEL KELLY.

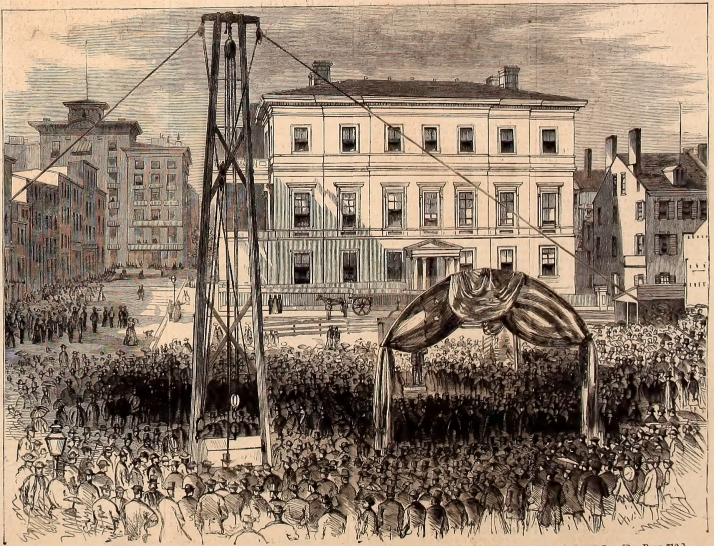
WE give on this page a portrait of Colonel KELLY, the Fenian Head Centre, whose arrest and rescue led to the Manchester (England) riots of September 19. Colonel KELLY had lately gone to England from this country. He

COLONEL KELLY, THE FENIAN HEAD CENTRE.

is an Irishman by birth, and had lived many years in America. He served for some time in the Union army during the late war. Since his rescue by the mob at Manchester nothing is known of his whereabouts, though the whole English police force has engaged in the efforts for his capture.

## LEHIGH UNIVERSITY.

THE Lehigh University, which we illustrate on this page, is located near South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The people of that State owe its



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW CITY HALL AT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY P. K. M'MURRAY & CO.—[SEE PAGE 710.]

existence to the munificence of Hon. ASA PACKER, who, in 1865, appropriated $500,000 and an eligible ground site of fifty-six acres for the founding of an educational institution in the valley of the Lehigh. The purpose of the founder in making this endowment was to provide the means for imparting to young men of the Valley, of the State, and of the country a complete professional education, which should not only supply their general wants, but also fit them to take an immediate and active part in the practical and professional duties of the time. The principal structure is from the designs of E. T. POTTER, Esq., of New York, architect. It presents an imposing façade of handsome stone, and consists of a belfry tower on one end, contains the President's room and the archive room, all fire-proof; a large advanced wing on the other, in which are the lecture-rooms, the two being connected by a long central portion, containing the chapel, library, and museums. The whole building is two hundred and ten feet long, and bears the name of Packer Hall. The University was opened in September, 1866, and is now in full operation, with Professor HENRY COPPÉE, a graduate of West Point, as President, and a full staff of experienced professors and instructors.

## BALTIMORE CITY HALL.

BALTIMORE has lately resolved on plunging blindly, as New York has done, into the expensive business of building a new City Hall. The work was begun, on October 18, by the laying of the corner-stone, as illustrated on page 709 of this issue of the *Weekly;* when it will be completed is a question not so easily answered.

The ceremonies of laying the corner-stone were conducted by the "Grand Lodge of Masons" of Maryland, in presence of the Common Council, Board of Aldermen, and the various other officers of the city. The City Hall is to be built of white marble quarried near Baltimore; it is to be located in the square bounded by Fayette, Holliday, and North streets, and the principal façade will be on Fayette Street.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book VI.

### CHAPTER III.

JACK'S TIDINGS.

JACK'S reception by his newly-found friend and patron was most kind and cordial. The young painter was highly delighted with Mr. M'Culloch's collection of pictures, and with the old Scotchman's shrewd, apt criticisms on them. "He doesn't talk technical jargon, you know," said Jack, eulogistically; "doesn't knock about chiar-oscuro, and middle distances, and breadth of handling, or any thing of that kind. Neither does he go in for High Art, nor make himself unintelligibly imposing by kicking up a dust of words that convey nothing to commonplace people like me. But, for all that, he practically knows a good picture when he sees one; and he's moreover an uncommonly jolly old blade in his douce Scotch fashion, and can take off his tumbler of punch—toddy, he calls it—in first-rate style."

One morning Jack, lounging into the garden of Desmond Lodge from the Hawthornes (at which latter place he had taken up his abode for a day or two), found Mabel alone on the lawn with a book open on her knees, and her eyes fixed on the distant city seen through an opening between the trees. She was very still, and was unaware of his approach until he was quite close upon her.

"I wonder," said Jack, looking over her shoulder at the smoke-veiled roofs of London, "what new triumphs the popular actress was contemplating so earnestly in the future!"

"I was contemplating nothing in the future, Jack. I was looking back, back—oh, a long way! Not so exhilarating a view, perhaps. But it has a sad charm of its own, and is not without its value in this busy work-a-day world."

The cousins remained silent for a while, side by side; Jack looking at the landscape with a painter's eye, and Mabel gazing in dreamy abstraction before her. After a time Jack spoke abruptly, and put the unexpected question:

"Do you know any thing about handwritings, Mabel?"

"About handwritings? I know whether I can read them or not."

"Of course; but I mean—can you judge character by the handwriting, or do any thing of that sort that people profess to do?"

"Nothing whatever."

"You couldn't give a guess at the kind of person who might have written such and such a hand, for example?"

"Good gracious, Jack, certainly not! Why do you ask?"

"A conversation that I had with Mr. M'Culloch last night put it into my head to do so. He was telling me such a queer story—by-the-way, you knew some people of the name of Charlewood, in Hammerham, did you not?"

Mabel's heart seemed to stand still for a moment, but she answered quite quietly, "I knew them well."

"Yes; I remember hearing my mother talk of your rich friends; and that handsome Irish girl who came to see you in Kelly's Square was a relation of theirs, wasn't she? No! Well, no matter. It seems these Charlewoods fell into terrible misfortune. The firm smashed up, owing to those great bank failures, and they say that the father, old Charlewood— Ah, you know the story. But that's not what I had to say. The eldest son, an uncommonly plucky fellow, gave up every thing to the creditors in the most straightforward manner, and came to London in a position of trust in old M'Culloch's house. They're builders, you know, and Charlewood understands the whole thing thoroughly, and is in every respect a first-rate chap, from all I hear."

"What was the strange story Mr. M'Culloch related to you, Jack?" asked Mabel, with her hands clasped nervously together, and her pale face turned away from her cousin.

"Oh, to be sure. About the writing. Well, it is the most mysterious thing you can fancy. For the last two months and more M'Culloch has been receiving anonymous letters accusing young Charlewood of every kind of vileness. Drinking, gambling, peculation, hypocrisy, and so forth. The queer thing is, that Charlewood can't pitch upon any enemy he has in the world likely to attack him in so abominable a manner. And yet the letters are written by some one who knew the family well, for there are little details of their life at Hammerham, and since they have been in London, all given correctly. M'Culloch is warned not to trust Charlewood in the smallest degree, and indeed, is urged to get rid of him without delay."

"And this gentleman—the—the employer, does he credit the anonymous dastardly villain?"

"Who, M'Culloch? Not he! Bless you, he is a fine, honest-hearted old fellow. He loyally showed these letters to Charlewood from the very first. But at the same time it *is* an irritating, anxious thing to have these kind of accusations constantly and perseveringly made. You see Charlewood is in a very responsible position, and has the command of large sums of money belonging to M'Culloch, and—"

"He can not suspect his probity! It is impossible. No one who knew Clement Charlewood could doubt him for an instant."

Mabel had risen and faced her cousin with eyes in which tears of indignation were glistening.

"Why, Mabel! I did not know that you would take it so much to heart."

"I do take it to heart," she answered, bravely, though the bright color mounted to her brow. "Clement Charlewood was a kind and true friend to us, and I know him to be as honorable and good a man as any under heaven."

Jack looked at her thoughtfully for a minute or two.

"I did not know that you had so much regard for these people, Mabel," he said, gravely. "I fancied they had behaved ill to you in some way. I suppose I got that impression from our 'snaky-eyed' friend—you remember? But any way, one can't help feeling very sorry for these Charlewoods, for they are in terrible trouble just now."

"Oh, Jack, what is it? Tell me; pray tell me at once!" She spoke very quietly, but her knit brow and parted lips betrayed the eager anxiety with which she awaited his reply.

"Well, the younger brother—I forget his name—"

"Walter—Walter."

"Yes; Walter is missing."

"Missing?"

"Disappeared from his home; and they've been searching every where for these two days past, putting advertisements in the papers, and doing all they can to discover him and induce him to come back; but in vain, hitherto. From what I can hear, it would be no great loss to society in general if he never did turn up again. M'Culloch says that he was an extravagant, dissipated young scamp; and it comes out now that he was over head and ears in debt, unknown to his family, and that Charlewood has been half-distracted by the discoveries that have been made since his brother's disappearance."

"Poor Clement!" murmured Mabel. "Ah! how he must suffer!"

"But you see," pursued Jack, "his mother, naturally enough, is not of my way of thinking. She is on a sick-bed—has got a kind of low nervous fever from anxiety—and they're all in a most pitiable condition."

"Jack," cried Mabel, with sudden resolution, "Will you do me a favor? Get the Charlewoods' address from Mr. M'Culloch. I will go and see them. I may not be able to help them, and probably shall not; but I know that the mere attempt to do so will be welcome to Mrs. Charlewood. It will be sweet to her to feel that she is remembered and cared for. She is a kind-hearted, affectionate-natured woman, and I was a great favorite of hers—long ago."

Mabel and her mother alighted from a cab at the beginning of the street called De Montfort Villas on that same afternoon. They had judged it better not to drive up to the Charlewoods' door, for fear of disturbing and exciting the sick woman. The little servant—on whom Penelope's impressive injunctions to be very quiet had produced such an effect that she stole about the house on tip-toe and with much elaborate action of her elbows, and spoke in a hoarse whisper, which appeared to cost her exquisite pain—admitted the visitors, and promised to send down Miss Charlewood to them forthwith. Mrs. Saxelby looked round the poor parlor, and then out on to the waste ground.

"What a change for Mrs. Charlewood!" she murmured. "She who was surrounded with gilding and finery like an Indian idol—to think of *her* coming to be poor!"

"Her poverty is the least part of her sorrows, I should think, mamma," said Mabel.

As she spoke the door opened softly, and Penelope Charlewood entered the room. She was not prepared to see them, for they had desired the servant merely to announce some old friends of Mrs. Charlewood. For a moment she stood still, surprised and irresolute; then she advanced and took Mrs. Saxelby's proffered hand, but with some coldness and constraint.

"I hope you will forgive our coming, Penelope," said Mabel's sweet, thrilling voice. "I thought—I hoped, that mamma's face, as that of an old friend, might not be unwelcome to Mrs. Charlewood."

"You have come to a miserable house, Mabel Earnshaw," replied Penelope, turning toward her, and speaking in a tone rendered almost stern by the resolute repression of the emotion that was striving to master her self-possession.

"We heard of your trouble, and of your mother's illness," said Mabel, timidly laying her hand on Penelope's arm, "and I ventured to come—not intrusively or unfeelingly, believe me—but because I did so truly wish to see dear Mrs. Charlewood, and to beg that you would do me the great favor of letting me show in some way, however trifling, that I am not unmindful of your mother's goodness to me in the old days."

She spoke humbly, almost pleadingly, and there was no trace of the haughty curve on her lip which Penelope remembered so well. A thought of the last interview they had had passed through Penelope's mind, when the two girls had walked side by side up the little garden at Jessamine Cottage, and Mabel's sensitive pride had taken alarm so quickly at the hint respecting Clement.

Penny's rigid face relaxed; she put out her hand, and took Mabel's with a grasp that was almost painful in its strong pressure.

"Thank you, Penelope," said Mabel, softly.

Mrs. Saxelby seated herself beside Miss Charlewood, and proceeded to question her gently about her mother's illness, and to express her sympathy in a commonplace, well-behaved way, which was more agreeable to Penelope, and helped her to regain her self-control more quickly than the manifestation of any strong emotion could have done. Mrs. Charlewood was still very ill, suffering from nervous depression, and an exhausting kind of low fever. "She thinks," said Penelope, almost in a whisper, "that Walter is dead. No one else believes so. There is really no reason for any such apprehension, but there is no removing it from her mind. I dare scarcely leave her for a moment. When she is alone she falls into violent fits of weeping that reduce her strength frightfully. Yesterday I believe she was light-headed for some hours."

"May I see her? Or do you think it is better I should not do so?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"No; my impression is that it would be good for her to have her thoughts diverted even for a moment from the one topic. I will tell her you are here."

Penelope left the room, and after a short time returned, saying that her mother would see Mrs. Saxelby.

"And I? May I not see her too?" said Mabel.

"Not at present. You shall come afterward, if she bears your mother's visit well."

Mrs. Saxelby and Penelope left the room, and Mabel sat alone there, contemplating the dreary waste of building ground. Some men were beating carpets on it, and she watched them with apparently intense interest. But her thoughts were far away. A key turned in the street-door, a soft footfall was heard in the passage. Mabel looked round, and found herself face to face with Clement Charlewood.

### CHAPTER IV.

UNFORGOTTEN.

CLEMENT stood gazing at the unexpected apparition in silent amazement. Indeed, for a second he half believed Mabel's motionless figure to be a delusion conjured up by his heated, weary brain. He was worn down in body and mind with fatigue and anxiety. She rose and advanced toward him with extended hand. She tried to smile, but her lips quivered, and she struggled against violent agitation. How changed he was! Ah, how changed!

"I have startled you, I fear, Mr. Charlewood."

"My God, Mabel, is it you?"

His voice went to her heart, there was such sadness in it, such a yearning regret.

"I heard this morning about—about your brother. We were so sorry. Mamma wished to see Mrs. Charlewood. She is with her now. I—I hope you are not angry."

All this time she had been holding out her hand, of which he had taken no heed. Now she dropped it, and looked at him piteously, like a chidden child.

"Angry! No, Mabel, I am not angry."

He answered like one in a dream.

"May I speak to you as an old friend? As one to whom you were always kind and good, and who would serve you—if she might—with all her heart?"

He did not reply, and she went on rapidly.

"You will not be angry with me for saying what is in my mind? or I shall think you have not forgiven me—for—for some pain I caused you once."

He looked at her with a strange melancholy smile.

"I have forgiven you, Mabel. You need be under no apprehension of my anger, if that be of any importance to you."

"Then—I scarcely know how to say it—but—this is the great favor I have to beg of you. In this trouble about Walter, and your mother's illness, if there is any way—*any* way in the world—in which we can help you, you will not refuse to allow—"

She stammered and hesitated so as to be almost inarticulate. While she was yet speaking Clement put up his hand hastily to check her, and walked to the window, turning away his head.

"What is it you mean, Mabel?" he asked, after a short pause, which seemed to her to endure for hours. "Is it," he added, in a constrained voice—"is it money that you are offering me?"

"I—I meant—I hoped—oh, Mr. Charlewood, how can you speak so bitterly!"

All the self-command she was capable of exercising—and it was not a little—could no longer avail to keep back the tears that filled her eyes. She let fall her face upon her hands with a little choking sob.

"If it *be* money which you are proffering," pursued Clement, in the same constrained tone, "I am able to assure you that I do not need your assistance. But I am grateful to you for your kind intention."

"You are cruel," she sobbed out—"you are very cruel. You are resenting some fancied slight, or avenging a wound innocently inflicted long ago. God knows I came here to-day in all singleness of purpose; filled with respect for you. I know—I well know, how you have borne unmerited misfortune, and with the deepest sympathy and compassion; such compassion as a woman may feel for a friend whom she honors, or a dear brother. Any thought of hurting you—of—of what your words and tone seem to attribute to me, was as impossible to me as I once believed you would have known that it must be. You said once, that come what might you would be a true friend to me and mine if ever we needed your help. I had hoped that our next meeting would have been at least kindly; at least free from bitterness or anger, and now—now—"

Once more sobs choked her utterance, and she hid her face.

"Mabel, Mabel!" he cried, seizing her hand almost roughly, "you drive me mad. You force me to say what I had never thought to utter more. When you speak of friendship and sympathy you speak words that sound like an empty mockery in my ears. Coming from others they might be dear and precious; from *you* they are utterly valueless to me."

She drew back, trembling from head to foot, and looked at him.

"What have I done—how have I so fallen in your esteem that you should dare to say so?"

"Mabel, you *will* not understand me. What I desire, what my soul thirsts for, is not your friendship, not your compassion, but your love. I know it is all vain and wild. I know—I have long known, that there is no hope for me; and that if there were I should be a wretch to seek to bind you to the lot of a ruined man, who seems destined to meet sorrow and failure at every turn. But I love you, Mabel. I love you as I shall love no other woman to the last hour of my life!"

"I think, my dear child, that we must be going. Penelope is remaining up stairs, and Mrs. Charlewood is really much more composed now, and—good gracious, Mr. Charlewood! Clement! I should scarcely have known you! Ah, anxiety tells upon one with astonishing rapidity, as *I* well know to my cost."

Mrs. Saxelby had softly entered the room, and stood opposite to Clement with a dismayed countenance.

"Why, Mabel," she resumed, turning to her daughter, "what is the matter? You have been crying!"

"I have distressed Miss Earnshaw by the recital of my miseries," said Clement, sadly.

"Oh, but I hope they will soon be at an end, my dear Mr. Charlewood. It is impossible to suppose—as I have been endeavoring to impress on your mother—that Walter's absence can endure much longer. You will hear from him, or of him—most probably from him, I should say—in a day or two, I have no doubt."

Mrs. Saxelby had no reason in the world for making this confident assertion, but she conceived she was doing her duty in making it. It was her idea of consolation.

When Mabel and her mother were on their way home in the cab together Mrs. Saxelby observed, in a plaintive voice, "I am grieved that you should have been moved so much, my darling; but it is in truth a sad household to visit—most depressing."

Mabel, strange to say, did not appear to be altogether depressed. There was a dreamy light in her eyes, and a bright flush on her usually pale cheek.

"I feel for them with all my heart, mamma," she said.

"No doubt you do, love. But the hardest part fell on *me*. I'm glad it did. I don't complain. To have passed the half hour I passed at that poor woman's bedside would have quite unfitted you for your duties this evening. Such a pitiably weak condition of mind I never saw. And the worst is, Mabel, that there is no hope for her."

"No hope, mamma? How do you mean?"

"I have a firm presentiment—an instinct—a *conviction* almost—that Walter has drowned himself!"

"Oh, mamma! For Heaven's sake—"

"My pet, it is very shocking; but I can not help the feeling. You know it is whispered that poor Mr. Charlewood, the father— Well, and that sort of thing frequently runs in families."

When they reached their home Betty informed her young mistress that a person had been there asking for her, and that on being told she was from home, but would return to dinner, had said that he would call again. "He wouldn't leave no message nor nothing," said Betty.

"What sort of person was he, Betty? Any one whom you know?"

"Well, I can't hardly say for sure, miss. He were a strange-looking old fellow as ever I clapped eyes on. But somehow I think he was gentlebred too. And as for seeing of him, why cook and me we have seen him once or twice, or oftener maybe, walking about the lanes close by with his dog. And I believe it must have been

him as brought the little girl here that day, miss; for the instant after I'd let her in at the garden-gate I heard the dog a barking, and next minute I see the beast tearing down the lane full tilt."

Mabel hardly seemed to listen to Betty's voluble speech. There was a tumult within her breast that deadened her senses to outward things. She shut herself in her own room, and leaned her throbbing head upon her hands. For a long time she could not think. She could not even remember clearly. Only one sentence kept ringing in her ears: "I love you, Mabel. I love you as I shall love no other woman to the last hour of my life."

"Can it be?" she murmured, with lips that scarcely parted to let the words pass them. "Ah! can it ever be?"

Beatrice had never been so brilliant, so vivacious, so charming, as on that evening. The Thespian Theatre vibrated to peal on peal of thunderous plaudits.

"By George!" cried Mr. Alaric Allen, contemplating Mabel admiringly from the wing, "what an actress that girl is! She improves night after night. Such nerve, such spirit, such—such *go!* Bravo, bravissimo, Miss M. A. Bell! The town owes me something for having discovered you. And I'll venture to predict that you have the greatest career before you of any actress that has come out in my day!"

## CHAPTER V.

### A RAY OF LIGHT.

MABEL'S anonymous visitor returned the following morning to Desmond Lodge, accompanied by his dog; and she was surprised and pleased to recognize Jerry Shaw and the faithful Lingo.

"He knows me! I do believe he knows me!" she cried, patting the dog's rough head.

"Knows ye! Is it *knows* ye, Miss Bell? Upon my word you must suppose us to have uncommonly short memories if we'd have forgotten ye in this time!"

"But," said Mabel, apologetically, "I have not seen Lingo since Kilclare."

"What matter? Don't *I* know ye again? Though, indeed, we have both of us seen you since then, although you may not have seen us. Many an evening I've watched you getting into your little carriage to go down to the theatre. Lingo was afraid you'd be detecting us some time; but you didn't."

"What, Mr. Shaw, you have been so long in London, and never came to see an old friend? That was not kind. I look upon myself as a pupil of yours, do you know."

"My dear Miss Bell," rejoined the old man, drawing himself up and speaking with some dignity, "you are a very sweet young lady, and a kind, and a generous; but my experience of life has taught me that even very sweet and amiable young ladies may be unwilling to claim acquaintance, in their prosperity, with any shabby poor devil with whom chance has made them acquainted under other circumstances. Now, I don't say that's your case," he added, seeing that she was about to interrupt him; "on the contrary, I am sure, quite sure, from your reception of me to-day, that it is not; but, now, looking at the thing from a common-sense point of view, why would I have intruded on ye? Would it have done you any good, or given you any pleasure? Not the least. It is so long since I have been used to the society of my fellow-creatures, that I have ended by being unfit for it. Time was, indeed, when I might have been no disgrace to your drawing-room; but that's all over. Lingo and I jog on together; and let me tell you that it has seldom been my lot to be in better company than Lingo's!"

"I am very glad to see you and him."

"But you're wondering why, after keeping away so long, I've made up my mind to come and bore you at last. Aha? Well, this is the state of the case, as briefly as I can put it: You're fond of little Corda Trescott, and have been kind to her. She worships you. The child is ill and weak and fading. I've reason to suspect that she has something preying on her mind which is undermining her health just as a canker eats up a poor little half-blown rose-bud. I try to talk to her and win her confidence, but my crabbed old fingers are too harsh and rough to play upon such a delicate instrument as Corda's heart. There needs a woman's touch to bring the full music from those strings. In short, I—I've suffered myself (like an old fool as I am) to grow so fond of the little white slip of a thing, that I am made miserable by the sight of her sad, sweet face, looking so wistfully at me day after day; and I resolved to come to you and ask you to spare an hour—only one hour now and then—to go and see the poor darling. She is not happy in her home, Miss Bell, as I dare say you know as well as I do; and the sight of your kind face would be a better cordial to her than all the wine."

Jerry finished his speech behind his blue checked pocket-handkerchief, and then gave an unusually prolonged and defiant sniff, as though to explain the gesture.

"The dear child! Poor, gentle, pretty little Corda! Thank you a thousand times, Mr. Shaw, for coming to me! I reproach myself for not having inquired for her before now. I will go to her this very day—this very hour. Will you accompany me?"

Jerry gladly consented, and they set off together.

"It's a great deal to ask of ye," muttered Jerry, as they walked down Highgate Hill side by side. "And it's too far for ye to walk, I'm afraid. Over the water on the Surrey side of Blackfriars' Bridge."

"Not at all too far for me, Mr. Shaw. But it is a question of time, is it not? The sooner I reach Corda the longer I shall be able to stay with her, so I think we will take a cab, if you have no objection."

"Does Corda know that you were coming to me?" asked Mabel, presently, when they were seated in the vehicle.

"No. I didn't like to run the risk of disappointing her."

"The doubt did me a little injustice, Mr. Shaw."

"It did you a great injustice. I'm ashamed of it now."

"And tell me, is it likely that— Mr. Shaw, I will speak frankly to you. I do not wish to meet Mr. Alfred Trescott; and I should be glad to hear that it is probable he will not be at home now."

"I think I may say you will certainly not meet him, Miss Bell. He is very seldom at home at all. As for his sister, he takes no more heed of *her*, the darling, than if she were made of wood. Just a careless kiss, or a word now and then, when he happens to think of it. Ah, he's— I'd rather not say in your presence what he is. But the little girl's affection for him is the most pathetic thing I ever saw in my life."

They reached Mr. Trescott's lodgings, and Jerry Shaw went in first to prepare Corda for the visit, while Mabel waited in the cab. Very shortly the old man reappeared, and beckoned her to enter the house. Corda was sitting on a low chair near the window to have the light upon some needle-work she held in her hand. Her head was bent down, and the rich curls of her bright hair half concealed her face. At Mabel's footsteps she jumped up, and ran to her, holding out her arms. In the first moment Mabel thought her looking not so ill as old Jerry had represented. Her cheeks had a red glow, her eyes a liquid brightness. But she was so weak that she tottered as she crossed the room, and she was thin almost to emaciation. "So good, so good of you to come," she whispered, laying her cheek against Mabel's shoulder.

"It was Mr. Shaw who brought me, Corda."

"He's always good. How many good people there are! I wish—do you think *every body* will be good, some day, Miss Mabel?"

"It is to be desired, dear," Mabel answered, smilingly, but Corda's face was very grave.

"I sometimes hope they will. Every body, every body good! That will be in heaven, won't it?"

"Yes, darling."

"And don't you think," pursued the child, sinking her voice to a whisper, "that the good people in heaven will be let to help to make those on earth better? Oh, I hope they may! I do hope it!"

Jerry Shaw, standing behind Corda, made Mabel a sign unseen by the former; and Mabel gently led the child away to other topics. It was not long before she was laughing gleefully at some anecdote about Dooley. "And do you know who is in London, Corda? My cousin Jack, from Dublin! Mr. Walton, as you call him."

Corda was full of interest directly, and asked a hundred questions about her kind friends in Ireland. "I have written to them," said she. "You must not think I was ungrateful. I did write to Mrs. Walton, and to Madame Bensa too. And they answered me. But I have not written lately. I have felt so tired."

Mr. Shaw had professed that he had an errand to perform in the neighborhood, and had left Mabel alone with the child, promising to return shortly. As he left the room he had given Mabel a beseeching glance intended to recall to her mind what he had said respecting Corda. The little girl seemed cheerful enough now, holding Mabel's hand, and chatting almost gayly. "How long have you been ill, Corda, dear?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, not very, very long, thank you." There was a shade of constraint over her manner all at once.

"And what made you so ill? Was it sudden?"

"Oh no, no. It was not that, indeed. I am quite sure I was not strong before."

"Not what, Corda? What are you alluding to, dear child?"

Corda grew more and more constrained and shy. "I mean, I should have been sure to be ill whatever happened. It was no one's fault."

"No one's fault! No, dear, I suppose not. But Mr. Shaw tells me, Corda, that he fancies you are not quite happy; that there is something distressing you. If it is so—if any trouble is preying on you—will you not confide it to me, Corda? Perhaps by consulting together we might find a way to cure it. Won't you trust me, dear little Corda?"

The child withdrew her hand from Mabel's clasp and shrank away. "No, no, I can't, indeed. Don't ask me," she said, beseechingly. "There is nothing to tell."

"Nothing, Corda?"

"Nothing—or at least—I mustn't tell a story even to do good, must I?"

"Stories never do good, Corda. Be sure of that."

"No: I will speak the truth. But keeping a secret is different. Something did make me a little unhappy, but—I—I hope it is over now. And I can not tell it to you, nor to any one. I have no right to do so. I found it out by chance." Then, as if fearing she had already said too much, she clasped her hands tightly together, and repeated, "No, no. I can't tell. I can't tell any one."

"Dear Corda, I will not urge you to do so," said Mabel, surprised and troubled by the child's agitation. "But you will promise me to let me help you if I can do so, will you not, Corda?"

Corda made an affirmative sign of the head, and slipped her small palm into Mabel's once more.

"You are weak and ill now, and sick people often have distressing fancies, you know, and see the dark side of things. When you get stronger your trouble may seem less terrible."

Corda smiled faintly and shook her head. "When I get stronger," she repeated.

Jerry Shaw returned at this moment, and Mabel rose to go away. "I must leave you now, Corda," she said. "You know my time is not at my own command. But I will come again soon, and bring Dooley to see you. He often asks when 'Torda' is coming again to be wheeled in his barrow! Shall I give him your love?"

"Oh yes, please! And to Mrs. Saxelby, if—if I may send it."

"You may certainly, Corda. Now tell me the exact address of your lodgings. Mr. Shaw conveyed me hither, and I do not know the name of the street."

"I will write it down," said Corda, eagerly taking up a pencil and a scrap of paper. "And—there—I have written one line to Dooley. Tell him it is a letter from me. He is always so delighted to get a letter. I remember, in Dublin, your cousin, Mr. Walton, used to send him little notes by the post on purpose to please him!"

"Thanks, Corda. It shall be duly delivered. And now, good-by, dear child. I will come again soon. Meanwhile, be as cheerful as you can, and get very strong."

Corda clung to her friend in a parting embrace, but with habitual docility, and the habit so strangely familiar to so young a creature of resigning her own will, and, as it were, suppressing herself for the sake of others, she let her go without any effort to detain her, or a word of complaint.

"I think you are right, Mr. Shaw," said Mabel, as the old man was putting her into the cab which was in waiting. "The child's mind is ill at ease. But it may be, after all, no serious matter that is troubling her. Corda has a most singularly sensitive nature, and a conscience painfully tender. She is surrounded, I fear, by many things that jar on her high sense of what is right and good."

"She made no special confidence to you, did she?"

"None. I invited her to do so as gently and as tenderly as I could. But I thought it would have been cruel and unwise to persist, when I saw how the attempt distressed her."

When Mabel returned home, she found her mother in as near an approach to an ill-humor as she ever indulged in.

"My dear Mabel!" she exclaimed, reproachfully, "why did you go out in that manner? I have been so uneasy about you!"

"I am very sorry, dear mamma. You were not at hand, but I left word where I was gone to."

"Oh yes; it was not *that*. I did not fear that you were lost. But really, my child, you will wear yourself out. Running about from one sick house to another in this way! Every body we know seems to be plunged into affliction. I'm sure it's dreadful. You might as well be a Sister of Mercy at once!"

Mrs. Saxelby pronounced the last words as though they conveyed something very shocking indeed.

Mabel made what excuse she could, and proceeded to give such a moving account of little Dora Trescott's state, that her mother was melted into sympathy at once. Then Mabel asked if her cousin had been to Desmond Lodge that morning, and whether there had been any news of Walter Charlewood. Jack had been, and would come again. Mr. M'Culloch said there had been no tidings as yet. In the afternoon Jack appeared. Mabel hurried into the garden with an anxious questioning face.

"What news, Jack? Has any thing been heard?"

"Nothing of Walter. It begins to look bad, I think. I should not wonder if he had gone off abroad. But—you remember what I told you of those anonymous letters? Well, M'Culloch has just been telling me the crowning mystery of the whole affair. There has arrived at his office—it had been misdirected, and had gone astray—a letter (also anonymous), begging him in the most earnest manner not to give any heed to calumnies against Mr. Clement Charlewood. The writer evidently knows something of Charlewood's secret enemy, whoever he is. But it is the queerest composition. M'Culloch showed it to me, and I could make nothing of it, except that the person who wrote really seemed anxious that no injustice should be done to Charlewood. And at the same time there seems an odd desire to screen his anonymous persecutor!"

At this instant Dooley came up to Jack's side with a face of great importance, holding a paper in his hand.

"I've dot a letter," he cried, triumphantly.

"Go away now, dear boy," said his sister. "Cousin Jack will see it by-and-by."

"Won't 'oo 'ook at my letter?" persisted Dooley, holding it up.

Jack cast his eyes on the paper, and, with a loud exclamation, snatched it from the child and examined it closely.

"Who wrote this?" he asked.

"Corda—Corda Trescott," answered Mabel, gazing at him in bewilderment.

"Then," said Jack, emphatically, "as surely as you and I are standing here, Corda Trescott is one of M'Culloch's anonymous correspondents!"

"Jack, what are you saying? It is impossible!"

"If Corda Trescott wrote this, Corda Trescott wrote the letter I saw this morning. I would swear to it. They are both written in pencil too, which renders it easier to identify the hand. Dooley, old fellow, you must lend me this letter of yours for a time. And if I'm not much mistaken, it will prove to be the most valuable bit of correspondence you ever got in your life!"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

RICH CONSOLATION.—One who had espoused an old and ill-tempered, but extremely rich, wife used to say, "Whenever I find my temper giving way, I retire to my study, and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes?—They correspond, but never meet.

### BROKEN VOWS.

Promises are lightly spoken;
  Vows on which we blindly build
(Uttered only to be broken)
  Go forever unfulfilled.
Oft betrayed but still believing—
  Duped again and yet again—
All our hoping, all our grieving
  Warns us, but it warns in vain.

From the cradle to the coral—
  From the sunny days of youth—
We are taught the simple moral,
  Still we doubt the moral's truth.
When a boy they found me rather
  Loth to do as I was bid.
"I shall buy a birch," said father.
  Broken vows! He never did.

Grown extravagant, when youthful,
  In my tailor's debt I ran;
He appeared about as truthful
  In his talk as any man.
Let me tell you how he sold me;
  "Look you, Mr. What's-Your-Name,
I shall summon you," he told me—
  But the summons never came.

Through the meadows, daisy-laden,
  Once it was my lot to stray,
Talking to a lovely maiden
  In a very spooney way;
And I stole a kiss—another—
  Then another—then a lot.
"Fie!" she said, "I'll tell my mother."
  Idle words; she told her not.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.—Prospects of getting married for ladies who are past thirt— "aged."

A-LA-MODE.—What perils ladies will encounter to be in the fashion! They are generally supposed to show timidity in the presence of wild cattle, but they would rather face a mad bull than not to have their dresses *gored*.

IRISH NEWS.—We see it reported that recently the usual celebrations commemorating the *raising* of the siege of Derry were held, and in a fitting and Hibernian manner—by the singing of "Derry *Down!*"

### PEACE IN PIECES.

What strange notions of its object the Peace Congress at Geneva had! But how could the members and representatives of the various nations hope to agree, except to differ, when—

Garibaldi's Peace is a Piece of the Sword.
Prim's Peace is a Piece of Humbug.
Louis Blanc's Peace is a Piece of his Mind, and the chance to speak it.
Victor Hugo's Peace is Piece-work—long.
Italian Peace is Church Lands—a Piece apiece.
Spain's present Peace is a Piece of Luck.
Louis Napoleon's favorite Peace is a Piece of Ordnance.
Prussia's Peace is a Piece from each neighbor.
Abyssinia's Peace is to be a Battle Piece.
Geneva's Peace—in getting rid of the Congress so quickly—is a Piece of good Fortune.

AN EBONY RULER—Theodore.

What sweetmeats did they have in the Ark?—Preserved pairs.

### A DANDY.

A dandy is a thing who would
Be a woman if he could:
But, as he can't, does all he can
To make folks think he's not a man.

At a Methodist meeting the singer who led the psalm tune finding that the concluding word, which was Jacob, had not syllables enough to fill up the music adequately, ended thus: "Ja-a-a—Ja-a-a—tol de riddle cob!"

When is a lawyer strongest?—When he is fee-blest.

Why is whisky like the rising sun?—It is an Irishman's day-light.

HOW TO SAVE A DYING DUCK—Send for a quack doctor.

LADIES' SLATES.—In popular phraseology a man's hat is sometimes called a tile, but that word seems much rather applicable to the species of head-dress which ladies now use instead of a bonnet. This really is, as to size and shape, extremely like a tile, differing from one only in color, and in being decorated with artificial flowers, foliage, and other embellishments, in place of the house-leek, lichens, and other forms of vegetation which commonly garnish a roof-tile in position. The fashionable covering of ladies' heads may also be said to resemble a slate; but it differs from both a slate and a tile in the disadvantage of not standing the weather, being spoiled by a very few drops of rain, to the sorrow of the husband or father who has to replace it at considerable expense, if not much to the grief of the wearer who gets a new coiffure. Regarding this thing, in connection with monstrous chignons, under the name of a slate, one can not help observing that many girls appear to have a slate loose in the upper story.

### EPITAPH ON A DOG.

All dogs, like men, from earth must pass:
  This one's short life is over;
As people say, "he's gone to grass"—
  Let's hope, poor "Patch," it's *Clover!*

An old maid is more liberal than a young one. The latter may always be willing to lend you a hand; the former will give you one, and thank you too.

At Niagara Falls, a few days ago, an elaborately-dressed woman was observed to be looking at the Horse-Shoe Fall who seemed to have no eye for any thing but the delicate green of the tumbling water. "What a delicate shade!" she said. "How becoming it would be to a light blonde like me! When I return to New York I intend to have a dress just like it."

What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal?—The one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

BERRY LIKELY!—An Italian poet has, we are informed, written a poem of 900 lines on strawberries. We should not like to give *berry* much for what is not, perhaps, worth a *straw*.

In a small party, the conversation turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match. I think you want the brimstone." To which she replied, "No, not the brimstone; only the spark."

"Sister," said one of the brethren at a love-feast, "are you happy?" "Yes, deacon, I feel as though I was in Beelzebub's bosom." "Not in Beelzebub's bosom!" "Well, some of the patriarchs, I don't care which."

...LOOK OUT."—FROM AN ETCHING BY K. BODMER.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

SCENE ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMER.—"THE PARTING SONG."—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 717.]

## "DEER ON THE LOOK-OUT."

THE general reader will be attracted by the large and spirited engraving which we give on page 712 of *Chevreuils aux Aguets*, representing a stag and roe on the look-out for the object which has just startled them. The artist is KARL BODMER, one of the first of French designers, who as late as 1855 obtained the medal for designs of the French Academy, and who spent some years in this country in making studies for a map of the interior of North America. Our engraving is a fac-simile of the etching as it came from the designer's hands, and all the beauties of his graceful and skillful work are faithfully reproduced.

## A PLEASANT CORRESPONDENCE.

A STARTLING ring at the door of Mr. Nelson's house preceded the news of the accident. Henry Nelson, Mr. Nelson's brother, had left them immediately after breakfast that morning. He was going out a few miles into the country, and would return just in time for the twelve o'clock train West. So they had bade him good-by, with no thought of seeing him again immediately.

This grave-looking man of thirty-five, whom people called "odd" and "whimsical," or sometimes, more respectfully, "eccentric" and "independent," was always a welcome guest at Maurice Nelson's; and if sprightly Mrs. Nelson had been less confident of her own position she might have been jealous of the warm affection existing between her husband and this older brother. But, with no thought of jealousy, she had always made her house seem home to this restless, homeless man of business.

Now, the man on the steps announced his return, and Maurice Nelson hurried out to the carriage to find his brother sitting, pale and helpless, with a broken leg. Returning from his ride he had met with this accident, occasioned by frightened, unmanageable horses; and now he had come back to remain his brother's guest for an indefinite period.

"This is bad business," said Maurice, pressing his brother's hand, "but fortunate that you were so near us."

"Yes, that relieves the ugly features of it wonderfully," said Henry, putting one arm around his brother's neck, as they lifted him out; "but there is danger that I shall wear out my welcome this time."

"I'm not afraid of it," said Maurice; "careful there; careful John. Don't you see you hurt him? Perhaps it will prove a blessing to you in some way."

"Painfully disguised, then," groaned Henry, clenching his hands and setting his teeth hard together.

They carried him to the pretty front-chamber and laid him on the bed; and after a great deal of pain and groaning the broken limb was set, the confusion subsided, and Henry Nelson seemed established, comfortably miserable, in his pleasant apartment. Mrs. Nelson was as kind and sisterly in her attentions as a sister-in-law could be, and Libbie Lee—a cousin of Mrs. Nelson's who was visiting there—looked in occasionally with a cheerful word. But Mr. Nelson had been accustomed to health and active life; this confinement was irksome, and as his brother had but little leisure, and his sister could spend but a part of her time with him, the days dragged heavily along. One day he had been alone almost since morning; reading had become tedious; all the defects of the little unproportioned figures on the wall, a curtain hanging a trifle awry, or a chair left out of place, had been detected, mentally corrected, dismissed, and recalled again, until they were painfully prominent every time he opened his eyes; and, as sleep seemed impossible, time had become almost intolerable to him, when Libbie Lee tapped at his door.

He had met this Miss Lee at his brother's often. She was pretty and good-natured, he had always thought. He had heard a story of a sad sort of struggle she had had with life; a story of which he remembered nothing but the impression it gave him. It had rather touched him, he remembered, and he felt sorry for her. But he always avoided these people that the world had dealt harshly with. They were weak, complaining, bitter; demanding expressions of sympathy; expecting to be condoled with; and he shrank from their approach. But the Libbie Lee looking into his room to-day, with the wavy yellow-brown hair, bore no resemblance to the sad, mistreated Miss Lee of his imagination, and his face brightened with welcome.

"The paper has just come, and I thought you would like to see it. How are you feeling to-day?"

"Dismally. I haven't spoken to a soul but John since morning, and am thoroughly tired of myself."

"The folks are gone, you know; they were obliged to leave you."

"I know. But can't you devote a little of your valuable time to my entertainment?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; as soon as I have finished the letter I am writing."

"A letter! Are you writing to a young lady?"

"I am," said Libbie, opening her blue eyes very wide at his question.

"Then it will be tediously long, of course," he said, with a despairing sigh. "Couldn't you just give her my love, and be excused from any thing further this time?"

Libbie laughed, as much at the doleful expression as at the proposition.

"It is nearly done. I'll bring it in here, and add a longer message, if you choose."

"Please do."

She brought her port-folio and sat in a low chair by the window while she finished her letter. Mr. Nelson watched her, as she bent over the paper, wondering how her bright, cheery face had ever seemed despondent.

"I've finished, Mr. Nelson; what shall I say for you?"

"If she is a kind, sympathetic soul, say that I am a lone, lorn cripple; and ask her to write to me."

Libbie's pen scratched busily for a moment.

"What else?"

"I guess that will do for this time. The idea has just occurred to me, Miss Lee, to write to her myself. What is her name? And how does she look? Do you think it would be advisable?"

"I think it would be capital," said Libbie, catching the idea readily. "Her name is Emma Lusk, and I have her photograph that I will show you. Here it is," she said, a moment after, placing her album in his hand, "and that is a very good picture of her."

Mr. Nelson gave it an indolently critical examination.

"Not remarkable-looking in any way, but passable; if I can not find one that I like better. I used to flatter myself that I could read people's characters in their faces," he continued, idly turning over the leaves, "but all I claim now is to know whether I like a face or not without attempting to give a reason."

"That is intuitive knowledge, that comes without reason, I suppose," said Libbie, counting the stitches on the work she had taken. Mr. Nelson did not answer for a moment. He was studying a face in the album.

"Yes, I suppose it is; intuition or imagination," he said, at last. "But I have found a face here that interests me. The mouth is rather wide and the forehead too low to suit my idea of beauty, but I like it. I think I prefer this to the other; so please introduce her to me; that is, as nearly as present circumstances will allow, and I will address my letter to her."

"Who is it? Let me see," said Libbie, rising and going to his side. "What, that!" looking aghast and perplexed for a moment; then, carelessly, "I thought from your tone that you were speaking seriously."

"Seriously? Indeed I am. Why not? This is not a married lady?"

"Oh no," said Libbie, resuming her seat.

"Then there is no reason why I should not propose a correspondence with her?"

"None that I know of," looking at him sharply as he examined the picture; "only I did not think of your fancying her. I had almost forgotten that I had her picture."

"Who is she?" he said, laying the book before him without taking his eyes from the picture.

"A friend of mine—Amanda Gray. That was taken several years ago, when she wore her hair short; she wears coils now, and has grown older and changed some in looks."

"Is she an intelligent, amiable young lady?"

"Yes, ordinarily so. As you said of Miss Lusk, I don't know that she is 'remarkable in any way.' Can't you trust to your intuition to discover her faults?"

"I am not discerning enough to read her biography from a picture of her face, but I want to hear all you can tell me of her; and then her address, a note of introduction, and as favorable a recommendation as your conscience will permit you to give me; for all of which I shall appreciate my indebtedness to you."

"I have known her a long time; but hardly know what to tell," commenced Libbie, hesitatingly. "That picture is one of some she had taken for her brothers, when they enlisted. She had two brothers, all the near relatives she had. They were noble boys. You might not have guessed it from her looks, but she was older than either of them. Their father died when they were small, leaving them with a consumptive mother. When Amanda was eighteen her mother died, and she went into a store as clerk; this was done from necessity, of course, for all they had left, and more, would be required to help her brothers in getting an education; and this situation was the best she could find. Her constant attendance upon her mother for years previous had nearly unfitted her for any thing. She was not very strong; nor quick enough with her needle to hope to maintain herself by sewing. Her education was too sadly deficient to think of teaching; for she had left school to read to and care for her mother, and nearly forgotten the little she had acquired. But, you know, there is always something to do for those who will; she found it in a little store. I don't like to tell how it pinched and perplexed her to make a respectable appearance, while trying to save a mite to help her brothers. She had a sensitive pride about it then, but had great faith in the time when the boys would be men, for they were every thing to her, and would more than repay her then. But that time never came; for, as I told you, they both enlisted. The temptation was too great for enthusiasts of eighteen and twenty. A great bounty that would make their sister's life easier; and then all those great surging feelings that made the individual so insignificant and the country so great just then. And Amanda, as fond and foolish as she was proud, sewed more firmly every button of their new uniforms, and packed little parcels in their knapsacks, with her eyes blinded by tears." Here Libbie stopped and gazed intently out of the window for a moment. "And they didn't come back, you know," she added; "neither of them."

"So her life is rather a sad, gloomy one now," suggested Mr. Nelson, as she stopped again.

"No, I think not;" said Libbie. "Among her treasures she has a package of old letters, a Minié ball, an almost illegible pocket-diary, and two or three slips cut from the county newspaper that she keeps to cry over once in a while. But her brothers' generous thoughtfulness made her life easier, and the world is very kind to her now. Then, to have had two such brothers to give seems a great deal to her. It makes it easier to get above little troubles."

"Your story has made your friend's face more interesting than before," said Mr. Nelson, taking the book in his hand again. "Where did you say she lived?"

"You remember the little town of Hungerford, about ten miles out on the Central road? That was her home."

"Miss Amanda Gray, Hungerford." Mr. Nelson wrote and rewrote it, on the margin of the morning paper. "I am afraid you can not give your friend as favorable a representation of me; but you must introduce me in the best reasonable terms," he said, with amusing seriousness.

"To be sure," said Libbie, gayly. "I shall tell her how patient and forbearing you are; how John never has to open and close the blinds oftener than twice in fifteen minutes; that Cousin Electa succeeds in getting your coffee right almost every third time; that you have exhausted all the literature in the house and are pining for amusement; and that, you know, is all I can write, except of the flattering notice you gave her picture, and as good a description of your personal appearance as I am capable of."

"I see, Miss Lee, that you are not favorable to my attention to your friend. I suspect that you do not like to recommend me, and that I can not depend upon your assistance."

"I will write any thing you wish," said Libbie, laughing, "only you must dictate. But I think Cousin Electa, who knows you better, could help you more."

"No indeed! You want her to tell stories about window-blinds, and every third cup of coffee, don't you?" I'll just trouble you to write a short note of introduction, stating the circumstances of my misfortune—as pathetically as possible, if you please—and then I'll plead my own case."

"Very well," said Libbie, with an amused look. "When do you wish me to write it?"

"To-day—immediately. You have paper there—haven't you?"

"And pen and ink also," said Libbie, dating her page. Mr. Nelson watched her curious smile, as she rapidly wrote a few lines. "This is all you require, I believe," she said, as she concluded, handing it to him. Mr. Nelson read:

"DEAR FRIEND,—You have seen my cousin Electa's husband, Maurice Nelson—the dearest, pleasantest cousin in the world? If you have not, you have heard me speak of him. A short time since his older brother, Henry Nelson—a fine-looking, enterprising, *unmarried* man—while riding in our town had the misfortune to break his leg, and has since been trying to patiently endure the pain and weariness of getting well. To-day he has selected your picture, in my album, as that of one whose acquaintance he wishes to make; and he earnestly requests to be allowed to communicate with you by mail. I promised to intercede for him—hence this hasty epistle. I am, dear Amanda, as ever, Your Friend,
"LIBBIE LEE."

"It was not positively necessary to write that '*older* brother,'" said Mr. Nelson, dryly; "but it will do. Now, leave the pen and ink here, and I will write when I am alone. No, you need not leave me for that. I am not *crowded* with company usually."

Their conversation was interrupted soon after this by the return of Mrs. Nelson.

"This is my secret, Miss Lee; you must not betray it," said Mr. Nelson, as he heard her entrance.

"But Electa would enjoy it so much; and it takes three to keep a secret."

"Yes. You and I and Miss Gray. I don't want any body else to enjoy it."

That evening Mr. Nelson gave Libbie his letter ready for the mail.

"I am to read it?" she asked, noticing that it was unsealed.

"Yes; this and the reply. After that I shall be more exclusive."

It read as follows:

"MY DEAR MISS GRAY,—In proposing this rather unusual form of acquaintance, I do not wish to be regarded as one looking for amusement only. I have been interested in the little sketch of your life that our friend Miss Lee has kindly given, and desire to know more of the person represented in her album. Believing that an acquaintance would be a source of pleasure—I hope of mutual pleasure and benefit—I intrust to Miss Lee my brief petition, and await your reply. With much respect,
"Yours very truly,
"HENRY NELSON."

"And how soon do you think she will be pleased to answer it?" he asked, as she refolded the letter.

"I can't tell. Perhaps not at all—perhaps to-morrow. If she answers immediately, you will get it to-morrow evening."

Mr. Nelson did not see Libbie again until the next evening. Once he sent a message requesting her company, but was told that she had gone out. Just as the gas was lighted he heard her voice in the hall below, and soon she came bringing him a letter.

"I suppose you have been waiting very patiently for this?"

"Yes, moderately so."

"And what reward am I to have for acting as agent in this affair?"

"The reward the good always have; that of an approving conscience," replied Mr. Nelson, opening his letter.

"MR. NELSON,—I am quite unable to decide concerning the prospective pleasure and benefit you predict, as your letter modestly omits the enumeration of your merits, and does not show what has recommended me to your notice. I claim no other motive than that of curiosity, or a love of novelty, in thus promptly replying to your note. I am respectfully,
"AMANDA GRAY."

Mr. Nelson read the letter over once—twice.

"Which means," he said aloud, "that she is not particularly impressed in my favor, and doesn't expect to be; but thinks the novelty of the affair will be a diversion. Very well. I am grateful for such a concession. And now let us see what we can read in this letter, besides the words. You are not foolish and fanciful, Miss Lee, but come and be amused by my imaginary discoveries."

Libbie looked at him wonderingly as she sat down by his side.

"There," he said, apologetically, "I must trouble you for that book on the bureau. Here"—turning over the leaves—"are some autographs I want to refer to. This"—pointing to a line written in diminutive characters—"what do you think of the person who wrote this?"

"A school-girl," said Libbie, smiling.

"You are right. My niece, a miss of fifteen. But how did you know? It is not awkwardly written."

"Oh no, I did not say that. The careful little flourish of the capitals I guess; or the neat, conscious look of the words. I could not have mistaken it."

"And this?"—turning to another page.

"An old person; an old lady."

"Yes, that identifies itself readily; my mother's. And this?"

Libbie took the book and studied it a moment. "I don't know," she said, slowly, shaking her head.

"But you have an idea?"

"Yes; of a rather positive, conceited person."

"Why so?"

"I can't tell. The impudent ostentation of her indistinct characters, perhaps. It is not so easy to analyze as to conjecture."

"You were right, however. And now for Miss Gray's," he said, turning to her letter. "Plainly written, easily read at a glance, which discovers—"

"That she had a good pen," suggested Libbie.

"More than that. It denotes the same self-respect and good taste that a becoming toilet or a pretty arrangement of the hair does."

"How very philosophical!" laughed Libbie.

"And now for the peculiarities; they are not very marked or striking. The same would be remarked of her manner probably. There is a decided look about each word, don't you see? But a careless grace about each letter. She is energetic, piquant, lively."

"I don't see that you need any personal acquaintance with people, Mr. Nelson; you read character so easily without."

"You mean that I *assume* to. But the 'make-believe' is not as satisfactory as more tangible evidence. So I will write to Miss Gray again."

For a month a lively correspondence continued between Mr. Nelson and his fair friend. It was evidently an interesting one to both parties, as their long and frequent letters indicated. Libbie Lee seemed no longer interested in it. She brought Mr. Nelson his letters, and took charge of those he had sealed and addressed; sometimes with a jesting query about their contents, sometimes feigning serious apprehensions about the result, but with no apparent curiosity. A considerable part of her time was spent in reading to or chatting with Mr. Nelson; and now that he could get down to the parlor, his time passed so pleasantly that he hardly coveted his returning strength. He expressed something of this to his brother one evening, as they sat together in the dusky twilight.

"You know I predicted a blessing from your misfortune, and you thought it rather meagre consolation," replied Maurice.

"I recollect that I thought it an easy thing to say then; but sometimes since I have had a glimpse of a blessing that I hoped might be mine. At all events, I do not regret the accident."

Maurice did not reply, but laid his hand familiarly on the arm of his brother's chair, and hummed a tune. Presently Mrs. Nelson came in.

"What, sitting here in the dark yet! Why, Maurice, aren't you going to the lecture? Here I am, all ready."

"I had almost forgotten it, but here I am," said Maurice, rising.

It had grown quite dark when Libbie Lee came in, bringing a light.

"You here alone!" she said, as the light flashed upon him.

"Yes, sitting in the darkness, waiting for you to bring me light," he replied, in his gravely jesting way.

"And behold I came and dispelled your darkness," said Libbie, in a monotone.

"Not quite, Miss Lee. I am very gloomy. Let me confide my troubles to you. Come and sit here, won't you? and read this letter."

Libbie sat down and held out her hand for the letter.

"Wait until I have told you something about it," he said, taking her outstretched hand in his. "Perhaps you did not know how eagerly I have waited for these letters you have brought me, though I think I have all the time protested my earnestness, haven't I?"

"Yes; in that mock-serious way of yours. I did not know whether to believe it or not."

"I had no very sanguine expectations, but I hoped that my letters would interest Miss Gray in the writer. I hoped she would *like* me; and that would mean a great deal to me. I could more than return it. Yesterday I wrote her a long letter, telling her what I had hoped, what I still hope, and asking her permission to go and see her, now that I am better. In reply she sent me this letter. Read it now, please."

"Excuse me, Mr. Nelson, but I am not interested in your correspondence with Miss Gray."

"Oh! yes you are; deeply interested. You know you are."

"I am not, Sir."

"But you were; you began it, and—and she is your friend."

"I have, once for all, no interest in the correspondence or the—the correspondents; and I I do not care to read your letter."

"But, my dear Miss Libbie, read it for my sake—in order to advise me. I want your advice—your assistance. I want you to tell me if

I shall persist in my suit—I want you—I want—you—to answer me 'yes' or 'no' to-night."

She looked at him steadily and earnestly for a moment, and then stretched out her hand for the letter. He gave it to her, and she read:

"You will readily believe me, my dear Mr. Nelson, when I say that I am more than delighted at your decision, and gratified at your proposition. I accept with pleasure."

She stopped at this point, and threw the letter carelessly on the bed.

"You do not need advice on that subject. Miss Gray is only less delighted than yourself."

She would have risen, but he held her arm.

"Please read to the end, won't you?" he said, in a singularly nervous, importuning tone.

"I accept, with pleasure, your invitation, and as soon as you shall have fixed the day I shall be ready."

"Obliging young lady, truly," said Miss Lee, with a slight sneer. "She resigns all the privileges of her sex."

"Go on, please."

"If you had hunted the whole world over you could not have found a more lovable nature—"

"Modest, I must say."

—"or a wife who will devote herself more untiringly to your happiness—that is, if she loves you."

"Oh, she is not certain that she loves you?"

"I have not asked her."

Libbie looked strangely at him, and then at the letter again.

"If she does, you must have already discovered it; for nothing can if this long-continued correspondence has not aroused the jealousy of poor Libbie."

"Me!" exclaimed Libbie.

"Has it? Say it has, my darling," said Mr. Nelson. "Forgive the stupid trick with which I sought to read your character, to divine your feelings, to—to learn my fate, and answer me truly, Libbie, has it? Yes or No?"

But Libbie never answered that question with words, but she placed the letter in his hand, and let her own lie there as she answered,

"This has been a very pleasant correspondence, hasn't it?"

"And my accident has indeed been a blessing in disguise."

## DR. THORNTON'S CASE.

"IT is so strange that you do not marry, Paul!" said Harry Needham to his friend, Dr. Thornton, when the tea things had been carried out, and they sat pleasantly talking by the bright fire of Pennsylvania anthracite that lit up the cozy back-parlor of his pleasant New York home.

The remark was a most natural one, since the cozy back-parlor was so suggestive of all sweet home-comforts. There were marks of somebody's tasteful fingers every where, and Harry's eyes dwelt lovingly on the closed door whence his household fairy had disappeared with the year-old baby asleep in her arms.

Dr. Thornton looked around with a slow, sweeping glance, which took in all the graceful appointments of the room, from the pretty Fayal work-stand, whose tremulous shadow quaintly interlaced the fire-light cast upon the floor, to the looping of the snowy curtains, and the training of the parlor-ivy on the wall. He had the face and manner of a master; and, looking at him, you would not wonder that, although still young, he held already an assured position among men of his profession who could count twice his years of practice.

"It *is* strange, Harry; I wish I could."

"Why not?" asked Needham, in surprise at his friend's earnest tone.

There was no answer for a moment. Thornton bent forward and looked musingly into the coals.

"The witchery of the fire-light must be on me to-night," he said at last, with a smile. "It is not often that I am in a mood for confidences. Why not, did you say? Because I believe I am hopelessly in love—with a memory. You would scarcely suspect me of such romantic impressibility that the face of a girl whom I saw only once, and that years ago, should have power to come between me and every other woman whom I might have loved; yet, looking back to-night, I know it is true. Having once seen my ideal, I can not be content with less.

"It was my first year at the German University. I had been miserably ill, and my physician positively insisted upon outdoor air and active exercise. So I set out, although I could ill afford either time or money, in company with two or three others, with staff and wallet, to visit on foot various places of interest.

"We stopped for a week in Dresden. One day—how well I remember it!—I had been strolling along the Elbe, through the public gardens, watching the groups of quaintly-dressed people sipping their coffee in the shade and chatting gayly to each other. My walk ended, as usual, in the Art Gallery, for pictures were my enthusiasm then as now. Going into the hall where hung the Sistine Madonna, I saw a party of tourists standing before the painting. My first glance assured me that they were Americans, and this of itself would have attracted me—a home face is so dear in a strange land—had not the central figure of the group riveted my gaze in a moment. The others were engaged in conversation, pointing out the various features of the picture, and indulging in the familiar rhapsodies; but this girl, a slender creature of not more than fifteen, stood motionless and silent, her lips parted, a faint flush on her cheek, and the whiteness of her finger-tips showing the firm pressure of her clasped hands together. You want me to tell you of her face; but it is useless to try—I can not describe it. It was very beautiful; but no mere beauty could have held me with undiminished charm at this distance of place and time. Her expression indicated not so much simple admiration of the picture as a complete merging of her own personality into the sublime emotions which the theme inspired. The wonderful mingling of tender adoration with dimly foreshadowed suffering in the face of the Madonna seemed to have reproduced itself in her own until the canvas might have been a mirror, where the image of the dark-eyed, oval-faced girl who stood there was portrayed.

"'We must be going,' said a lady, whom I judged to be her mother; 'the train leaves at six, you know, and there is the packing to be finished. Come, Annie! Why, the child would stay here a whole day!'—touching the girl's arm, who had not moved. She started, looked about her with a deep breath, and, still without speaking, turned to follow the company from the room. As she passed me at the door a knot of leaves disengaged itself from the brooch at her throat and fell to the floor; I stooped quickly and returned it to her, and to this day I can not breathe the spicy fragrance of geranium without feeling again the thrill with which her smile repaid me."

Dr. Thornton might have said more, but little Mrs. Needham came in at that moment.

"What! the gas not yet lighted?" she said, in surprise. "You gentlemen must have been asleep, or telling secrets. Shall I break the spell?"

"I wish it were always as pleasantly broken," answered Dr. Thornton, gallantly, while Needham rose to light a taper at the grate.

"Your new croquet-table is finished, I see, Mrs. Needham—can not we have a game? Harry shall take two balls, and you and I will play against him." Then in an aside, "It is but fair, Harry; I have played my game of life alone so long."

"Later, when the strife had been triumphantly concluded by Mrs. Needham, who compassed two arches and the stake at her final stroke, and they were quietly seated again, Needham said:

"You will hardly thank me, Paul, for sending you another case when you are overcrowded already. Our house has just lost the services of a young lady, one of the very best designers we have ever employed. You have seen our last edition of the 'Christmas Hymns?' The illuminations are mostly hers—some splendid work there, which you know how to appreciate. Our last order had not been filled, so I looked up her address, and called to-day. I found her sitting with bandaged eyes in a darkened room and suffering great pain. Knowing that you made diseases of the eye a specialty I recommended her to you. I had still another reason for doing so, which I will explain. She lives alone with her widowed mother, who has been an invalid for some years, and they are poor. I suspected as much before, but now I am sure of it. Their room was small, and scarcely comfortable, but several articles of furniture indicated former luxuries. A piano stood in one corner, and I learned incidentally that she had given music-lessons in addition to her other work. I doubt if they have any resources beyond her hands, which must now be idle. Both mother and daughter are evidently refined and sensitive; and although I felt great sympathy I could think of no way of making an offer of substantial assistance. But I thought I would ask you, in case of her application to you, to make your terms for the treatment of her eyes as nearly nominal as possible without offending her sense of propriety."

"I should do so most gladly; what is the lady's name?"

"Miss Brayton—Annie Brayton," answered Needham; "here is her last work, a part of the unfinished order of which I spoke." He rose and took three or four sketches from a port-folio, marginal designs for a book of poems. "See here!" he said, holding one of them in the light, "did you ever see any thing drawn with greater spirit than that cliff with its bold lines and apparently inaccessible approach, yet the bit of irregular wall at the summit shows human presence and effort, and so appeals to the universal sympathy of the race. One who could sketch that must know what it is to be at *home* among the mountains."

"I like this one particularly," said Thornton, after a pause, "although it is the simplest of all—this tuft of moss shot through by a spray of scarlet partridge-berries; I like it because of the marvelous faithfulness with which it is finished, the evidence of a touch so tender and delicate as to be almost a caress. I am anxious to see my patient."

"Perha s there is a charm about the name she bears," said Needham, playfully, while Dr. Thornton drew out his watch and rose to take his leave.

Among the visitors in the ante-room, when the physician's office-door was thrown open next day, sat a young lady dressed in deep black. She awaited patiently her turn for examination, then rose and went into the inner apartment.

"Dr. Thornton, I believe?" she said, in a voice singularly clear and musical. "I am Miss Brayton; will you please look at my eyes?"

As she spoke she threw back the heavy veil, whose double folds had protected her from the light, and lifted toward him—the face of the Dresden Gallery! The same, yet not the same! By the influence of years of trial, patient endurance, and earnest hopeful effort, the ungrouped capabilities of the girl had been crystallized into many-sided character. She stood before him, the perfection of his dream, his own out of all the world, he thought—yet he must school himself to the utterance of professional common-places, while not the tremor of a nerve should betray his long constancy.

"It is only a temporary difficulty, Dr. Thornton?" she said, with trembling eagerness.

"That depends upon the care you shall take of yourself," he answered, gravely; "as yet there is no organic disease. You must have strained your whole nervous system by some kind of over-work. Only rest and a careful obedience to prescribed treatment can give you back your eyes."

"For how long?"

"I can not tell; six months at least."

The poor girl uttered an involuntary exclamation of dismay, and her lip quivered for a moment, but she controlled herself by a strong effort.

"I ought to be thankful for the hope of being well at all," she said, wearily; "but it seems very long to wait."

The autumn and winter wore on. Miss Brayton's eyes improved but slowly. It was true that she needed utter rest of body and mind; the former she took of necessity, but the latter was beyond her power. To find her way through the glare of the street was a task so trying that Dr. Thornton forbade it, visiting her at her own home instead. Her heart sank at thought of the long bill of charges to come in by-and-by, even while she could not repress a thrill of pleasure at the sound of his familiar step. There was the piano as a last resort, she thought; her treasured jewels, her father's gift, had been sold already to meet the emergencies of the present.

Mrs. Brayton's watchful and tender eyes could not fail to detect the brightness which Dr. Thornton's lingering calls brought into her daughter's face, and a secret trouble grew at her heart which she would not for the world have put into spoken words. Must a greater grief still be in store for the young heart that had labored so patiently and suffered so nobly?

One day the Doctor brought a basket of rare fruit; again it was a bunch of hot-house flowers, fragrant with geranium and heliotrope; or a magazine, with passages marked for Mrs. Brayton to read aloud. Indeed, he so succeeded in interweaving himself with all her few pleasures that it was no wonder if poor Annie said a dozen times a day, "How kind of him, mamma!" with her pale cheek in a glow.

The time came at last when the bright sunshine might find its way unchecked through the windows. Annie's eyes were not yet strong enough for her painting, but the days of idle darkness were past, and she could at least look forward to the speedy resumption of her music-lessons.

"You will not need me much longer, Miss Annie," said Dr. Thornton, finding her alone one day; "shall you be glad?"

She did not reply, but he went on, as if he had not noticed her silence: "I have brought you something quite in your line," unrolling an engraving.

"You have seen the original, Miss Annie."

"Yes; how did you know?"

"The poor student who picked up your bouquet in the Dresden Gallery has remembered you too well to be mistaken."

A sudden illumination broke over her face.

"Can it be possible?" she cried. "Now I understand the strange consciousness I have often had of having seen you somewhere long ago! Here is the lost thread which has eluded me so long!"

"Annie," said Dr. Thornton, softly, "since then your face has been with me always. It has helped to subject the baseness of my nature and lift me toward all things noble and true. When I saw it again in my room that day I dared to hope that God had given you to me. These few months of your darkness seem to have concentrated all the light of my life. Annie, have I presumed too much?"

Dr. Thornton's house is rich in painting and statuary. Connoisseurs go there to study and admire.

"Mrs. Thornton," said Harry Needham, as he went from wall to wall the other day, "your husband has mistaken his vocation—with his taste he should have been a great artist."

"No, Annie, tell him no!" said Thornton, coming to his wife's side and drawing her within the shelter of his arm; "no immortality on canvas or in marble could have made up to me for the loss of the *case* which I have so often blessed him for sending me, by merit of my plain profession!"

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ONE can scarcely open a newspaper in these careless, reckless times without seeing the record of some serious accident from the thoughtless, frivolous, or sportive use of fire-arms. Murders are committed in fun. The revolver is *supposed* to be unloaded, or there is no *design* to pull the trigger of the rifle, but a murderous weapon is aimed in sport at a human being—a brother, a sister, a companion—and the jest proves a deathly one. Usually it is a near relative who is thus deliberately shot, which makes the deed the more full of horror. One of the latest cases of this kind occurred in Michigan. A young man shot his elder brother in fun. Both had been out hunting. The younger brother attempted to fire his rifle. The cap seemed to explode, but the rifle failed to be discharged. On reaching home he aimed at his brother in sport, and pulled the trigger. This time the rifle was discharged, and the elder brother fell down dead. The Detroit *Post*, in commenting upon this accident, remarks that this fooling with fire-arms at the expense of human lives can and should be stopped by law.

When a lady (perhaps a gentleman may experience similar feelings) has donned her wedding-dress, and the cake is all cut, she does not fancy having the important ceremony indefinitely postponed. And in some cases the special *individual* seems to be of minor importance, provided only the great event can be brought about. Not long ago, somewhere in Connecticut, a young lawyer wooed and won a young war widow. The day for the marriage was fixed, and all arrangements made; but at the appointed hour the bridegroom came not. Inquiries were made, and it was proved that he had left town. The bride was disconsolate, the friends outraged. Worse than all, the dinner was getting spoiled by waiting. Seeing the state of affairs, one of the invited guests, a middle-aged farmer, who had been a secret admirer of the bride, and whom she had encouraged before the lawyer's advent, stepped up, offered to take the groom's place, and was accepted. They were married, ate their dinner, and promise to make a happy couple.

This reminds us of an incident which occurred many years ago in a quiet little town in Maine. The gentleman in this case was a young but somewhat eccentric clergyman, who had offered himself more than once to a young lady to whom he was much attached, and pressed his suit, but all in vain. She would not marry him. Time wore on, and the young clergyman, wanting a wife, but seeing no hope of gaining his first love, proposed to another lady, and was accepted. The wedding-day came, the guests were assembled, the bride in readiness, and the bridegroom also. But just before the ceremony was to be performed a note was handed to the bridegroom. It was from his first fair, fickle love, saying she had changed her mind, and would have him! The astonished man declared nothing would tempt him, under these new circumstances, to marry the expectant bride; and presently a sensation was produced among the waiting guests by the announcement that the ceremony would be indefinitely postponed. And so indeed it was. But the gentleman married, after a while, the lady of his choice, with whom, however, as might be supposed, he did *not* live happily; and the rejected lady, thankful for even such a *narrow* escape, did not claim damages.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, in speaking of the sudden death of Mr. Lorillard, remarks that he took rank among that class of merchants who have never failed in business, and whose word is equal to their bond. There are many other representatives of the same class who have proved that business integrity and mercantile honor are a good capital; that to obtain mercantile success, and to realize a fortune, even in New York, a man is not compelled to be mean, tricky, false, or dishonest. William B. Astor says what he means in trade, and abides by his word, though it be to his damage. A. T. Stewart's success does not proceed from the fact that every variety of article can be purchased at his store, but from this, that every article is found to be what it is represented to be. Nobody asks a guarantee of Peter Cooper that he will not cheat in the commodity which he sells. Young America panting for fortune and honor would do well to study the business characteristic of the old school merchants.

Lovers of the "weed" may congratulate themselves on the good crop. During the month of September over one million pounds of tobacco were shipped from Richmond. A tax of $500,000 was paid on this account.

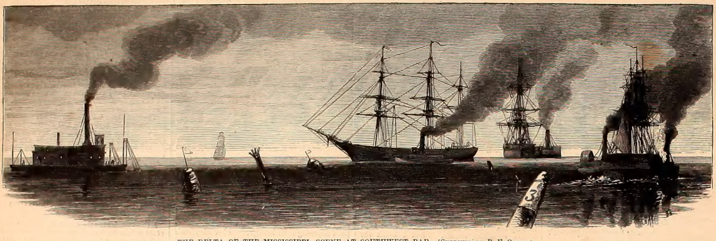
The inhabitants of many English towns, where the greater part of the population gain their bread by plaiting straw, complain bitterly of the loss of occupation which they have sustained by the introduction of the small bonnets, in the manufacture of which ribbon, lace, feathers, flowers, or fluff, have superseded the use of straw. In consequence of the prevalence of this fashion, there is no longer any sale for their work, and if it should continue great distress may be expected in those localities. Fortunately the freaks of fashion are so whimsical that ere long there may be a reaction in favor of the discarded material, which will restore to these poor straw-plaiters their means of procuring a livelihood.

A writer from Baden, describing the dress of French and English visitors, says: "Their clothes are so tight that if they once get wet they must be dried before the fire and removed by a scalpel, or when in a natural state pulled off by pincers. They are, as was once said of the island of England, 'nice little, tight little' people, and I should say were gradually reducing their tailors' accounts by cutting their coats according to their cloth."

A novelty has recently appeared in a certain portion of the park connected with the Paris Exposition, which excites great interest. This is nothing less than an arrangement for doing as much cooking in five minutes as is usually done in an hour or two. The principle is a simple one. You can only obtain a certain amount of heat in a common sauce-pan, and that is more than sufficient for all ordinary purposes of cookery. If you can keep that, or a sufficient amount of heat, inside the sauce-pan, it matters not whether there is a fire beneath or not. This is putting the matter in a general way, and taking no note of exceptions. The way in which the plan is carried out is as simple as possible. The boil or stew is placed over the fire, and kept there five minutes after it boils. It is then whipped off the fire into a box lined with non-conducting matter. Every day a stew-pan is boiled, shut up in the presence of witnesses, and opened before them again, one, two, or three hours afterward. The cooking is said to be, and seems to be, perfect; and although left in the box for hours, the contents of the sauce-pan remain still hot, and the flavor, it is said, quite uninjured. It will keep a dish hot for fifteen or sixteen hours. The apparatus is nothing more than a square box with a lining of three or four inches of felt all round as well as above and below. This plan of cooking is practiced in Norway, and found very valuable, particularly for the army and navy.

Quiet labors often work great results. What a single woman may accomplish may be seen by what has gradually been revealed of the efforts of Mrs. Emma Sheppard, an English woman. She desired to save some of the fallen and unhappy of her own sex. She rented a small house, furnished it plainly, and gave it in charge of a faithful housekeeper. On a certain day, about eight years ago, she sent invitations to many of whom she had heard, to visit her in the evening. About fifteen came. A bright fire gave out a cheerful welcome—a table was spread with refreshments. After supper Mrs. Sheppard sat down pleasantly among her guests, and talked about herself and about them. She told them of her plans, her wishes, her hopes. She had prepared rooms for a certain number, and they were at once taken; she depending upon the honor of the occupants to observe certain regulations. No reproaches were uttered, no dismal doubts expressed; but lovingly and cordially she extended a helping hand to all who came within her reach. From time to time she opened other small lodging-houses, and thus commenced a good work which has been the salvation of many.

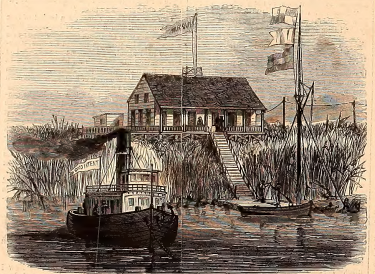
Alexandre Dumas pays nobody. For a long time he sent his servant for ice to a particular dealer. At length a neighbor, who was destitute of ice, money, and conscience, bethought him of the expedient of sending his servant to ask for ice in Dumas' name. The servant did so, and was supplied, but blundered out the question, "How much is to pay?" The instant the words passed his lips the proprietor caught him by the collar, with, "Fellow, you never belonged to Alexandre Dumas. Give me back my ice directly!"



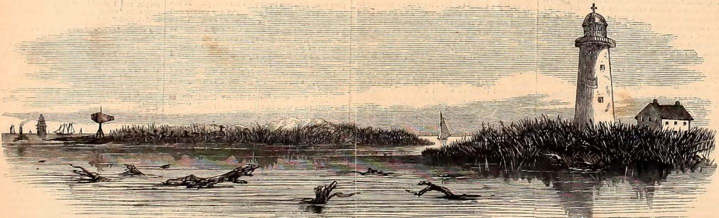

THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—SCENE AT SOUTHWEST BAR.—[SKETCHED BY B. F. OSBON.]

## THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

THE "Father of Waters" is not only the greatest and grandest, but also the most peculiar of rivers; and his ways, though not past finding out, are certainly very queer and singular and mysterious. It was only the other day that either he or one of his tributaries, having no respect for State lines, suddenly indulged in an extensive crevasse, and transferred one of the most enterprising towns of Iowa to the State of Wisconsin. Along the upper Mississippi the soil consists of sand deposits, without cohesiveness, "and is cut," says RICHARDSON, in his admirable book *Beyond the Mississippi*, "by the water like saw-dust. The shifting channel sometimes moves forty or fifty yards in a single week." "Its water will deposit a sediment an eighth of an inch thick upon the bottom of a tumbler in five minutes." "Navigating the Missouri" (or upper Mississippi) "at low-water, is like putting a steamer upon dry land and sending a boy ahead with a sprinkling pot." This is on the upper Mississippi; more than thirty thousand miles of large rivers are collected to form the volume of the Mississippi, and this mighty current below the mouth of the Ohio is less in width, but increased in depth and volume, and rushes with a greater velocity than above that point, thus naturally producing another character of country. And in this is displayed one of its greatest peculiarities. One would imagine that it would require a mountainous country to confine this volume of water to proper limits, while the fact is that the Southern country through which it passes is almost entirely level. Sir CHARLES LYELL records that an old Mississippi pilot pointed out to him an island in the Delta of the Mississippi which he described as "*very* high land," and explained, in answer to a second query, that by high land he meant "3 or 4 feet above the sea." "In all Louisiana there is not," says PARTON, in his *Life of Jackson*, "a hill 200 feet high." The streets of New Orleans are only 9 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico, and are actually below that of the levees which confine the river to restricted limits. "The Mississippi," says PARTON in the work from which we have just quoted, "is apparently the most irresolute of rivers; the bed upon which it lies can not long hold it in its soft embrace. Wearing away the concave side of its numberless bends, rushing through new channels, slicing off acres in an hour, leaving lakes where it found forests, holding dissolved in its yellow tide land enough for a plantation, and carrying down in one season more trees than the Black Forest can boast, it reaches at last the Delta—that cess-pool and general emptying-place for half a continent. Arriving there with its deep, narrow volume of waters—two hundred rivers in one—it can no longer contain itself, but breaks into several channels, and pushes its way through the black ooze of its own depositing, in a manner which looks helpless and sprawling, but which is in reality the shortest and directest way by which that prodigious torrent could find its way to the deep waters of the Gulf. There are so many streams, bayous, lagoons, and branches of the great river in the Delta, that it looks on the map like a damaged spider's web, with New Orleans in the midst thereof representing the spider."




THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—TELEGRAPH STATION AT SOUTHWEST BAR.
[SKETCHED BY B. F. OSBON.]



THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—STAKE ISLAND.—[SKETCHED BY B. F. OSBON.]

THE DELTA OF THE MISSISSIPPI—SCENE AFTER THE HURRICANE OF OCTOBER 5.—[SKETCHED BY B. F. OSBON.]

The eccentricities of the river itself are not more curious than many of the customs of the people who live along its banks and upon its waters. Many have been the apocryphal stories told of the people who had settled on its banks; even DICKENS has had his sly thrust at them, and every American has heartily laughed at Martin Chuzzlewit's experiences along the shores of the great river. Who has not heard and repeated the story of the boat-race wherein the nervous old lady, opposed on principle to boat racing, was represented, under the excitement of the race, as urging the captain to fire up with "that 'ar lard and butter o' hern;" or that still more incredulous tale wherein a reckless Southerner ordered the deck hands to use one of his "fat and lazy niggers" for fire-wood? Who has not heard of the great disaster on the Mississippi in which a "Southern gentleman" was blown through the roof of a neighboring house and descending to the floor coolly asked what the amount of the damage was; or in which a "Yankee peddler" was found to have been blown into the river where he had secured a plank and was rescuing less fortunate fellow-passengers at fifty cents a head? The apocryphal stories of steamboat life on the Mississippi would make a huge volume.

Our illustration on page 713 is of a scene frequently to be witnessed on the Mississippi River boats. The deck hands of the boats on that stream are almost invariably negroes, and, as the negro is a musical character, he enlivens his labors by snatches of song. Every boat's crew is a chorus; and strong, full, grand choruses they sometimes are. Whenever a boat is leaving a landing-place the deck hands, led by some chosen leader, generally the hardest fisted or strongest voiced of the crew, join in a "parting song" addressed to those left behind on the shore, and consisting of any thing which may suggest itself to the leader's mind. The chorus generally consists of a "halloo" or "heigh-ho" sung in a loud but still melodious tone. Since the war these "parting songs" have grown to be as a general thing patriotic songs; and the words are usually addressed to and inspired by the old flag which floats at the mast-head of the vessel. Our illustration was drawn by Mr. A. R. WAUD from an actual scene witnessed on the Mississippi immediately after the close of the rebellion.

We give on the preceding page several illustrations of actual scenes at the mouth of the Mississippi which will be of interest in this connection, though not of the peculiar character of our other illustration. And yet these pictures, though they do not illustrate any singular custom or habit of the people or peculiarity of the river, have their peculiarities. The "Bar" at the "Southwest Pass" was once, and for that matter still is, the great obstacle to the entrance of the Mississippi River; and years ago the great horror of the visitor by the Gulf to New Orleans (after the fear of quarantine) was the "Bar." During the past season of low-water the "Bar" has been reduced considerably by means of a dredging machine; and Congress is expected to do something more soon toward its entire obliteration; but it is believed that the work of keeping the "Bars" at the Delta of the Mississippi obliterated will require the constant and eternal working of more than one dredging-machine. As there is good reason to believe that the whole Valley of the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico, has been formed from the deposits of the Mississippi River, and as such deposit still continues at its mouth, it is not difficult to suppose that there will be trouble in keeping the "Bar" at "Southwest Pass" open. "Forty thousand years ago, as Sir CHARLES LYELL computes, when whales sported where now the alligators of the Delta bask in the sun upon wet land, when the line of Gulf coast was two hundred miles north of where it now is, and the river's mouth was near the bluffs of Baton Rouge, the Father of Waters may have ended his wonderful course in a manner answerable, in some degree, to his volume and importance. Not so in these latter centuries;" his mouth is continually choking up with his own deposits.

There are also some curious facts connected with Stake Island, of which we give a view. The white leaning tower, which serves as a guide to the entrance of the Mississippi, and which is known as the "Southwest Pass Light-House," has for its foundation *thirty-four hundred cotton bales* and an immense number of cypress logs laid in the swamp to the depth of thirty feet. It is soon to be replaced by an iron screw-pile tower. Stake Island itself is the burying-ground of the Delta; and the cemetery has its appropriate light-house. It consists of a great beacon surmounted by a coffin!

Southwest Pass is also one of our great news points, like Farther Point, Halifax, etc.; and is the place at which the news from Mexico and Texas and the Gulf ship news is collected in order to be distributed by telegraph throughout the country. The Telegraph Station, of which we give a view, is one of the principal features of the Delta. An agent of the New York Associated Press resides there, and with his boat, the *News*, collects the shipping and other intelligence which passes that point in ships and announces it to the world. The Station is 110 miles below New Orleans; and hence the coming of a steamer is known at New Orleans by telegraph from Southwest Pass long before the arrival at the former place, just as we of New York daily know what vessels are passing Sandy Hook.

Our fourth illustration on the preceding page shows the appearance of the beach at Southwest Pass on the morning after the hurricane of October 5. On the left of the Telegraph Station are seen the wrecks of the sloop *Lois Gerau*, schooner *Jackson*, and tug *Heroine*; on the right those of the pilot boats *H. B. Neilson* and *Robert Bruce*, the Spanish bark *Carmin* and ship *Merchant*, as also that of the dredging-machine. These several vessels on the morning after the gale were piled up against the river bank and along the shores of Stake Island, amidst the débris of coals, lumber, logs, etc., as represented in our engraving.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, THE GREAT ITALIAN COMPOSER.

## ROSSINI.

THERE are two ROSSINIS; the one of legend, and the one of reality. The legendary ROSSINI; the indifferent man, the idler, the gastronomist, the mocker, the skeptic, and, above all, the improviser whose master-pieces cost him so little trouble that, in truth, the world owes him no more obligation for them than to the pear-tree for its pears, or to the vine for its grapes, is known to every one through the thousand anecdotes which for half a century have passed current in all the journals and throughout the world. Far different is the real ROSSINI in the eyes of those who have the honor and happiness to know him well enough to penetrate his true character, and who have taken the trouble to study his life.

What constitutes the incomparable power of ROSSINI'S organization is the perfect balance of the admirable qualities of which it is formed. Imagination, reason, memory, impressibility, will, and practical good sense, all these the author of "William Tell" possesses in an eminent degree, and in the most complete harmony.

He was the only child of a poor city trumpeter, who was at the same time inspector of the shambles, and the daughter of a baker of Pesaro. Before he was seven years old his father lost his humble office, the sole resource of the family, and was thrown in prison, through political reasons, on the return of the Austrians. His mother, the beautiful, good, and courageous ANNA GUIDARINI, carried him to Bologna, where she adopted the theatrical profession as a means of bringing up her son, whom she left during the numerous absences entailed on her by her new calling in the charge of a pork butcher of her acquaintance. It was there, among the sausages and hams, that the future author of the "Barber of Seville" and "William Tell" received his first lessons on the piano, or rather spinnet, from PRINETTI of Novara; and it was there, too, that he took his first lessons in "reading, writing, and arithmetic" from an abbé. At the age of ten he supported himself and his parents by singing in church at thirty sous per service, blowing the organ, and teaching their parts to the singers. When his voice changed as he grew older he became an accompanist *al cembalo* in the theatres, and entered the Commercial Lyceum at Bologna, where he took lessons in counterpoint from Father MATTEI. Here he worked like a galley-slave. Whenever he had a moment's leisure he rushed to the libraries and eagerly devoured the works of the Old Masters. He also studied with indefatigable ardor the compositions of HAYDN and MOZART, which a Bologna merchant, into whose good graces he had insinuated himself, had ordered from Germany for his use. He learned by himself to play the violin, horn, and almost all other instruments, well enough to understand and use them, but not to merit the title of virtuoso. The piano and violoncello were the only ones on which he took regular lessons. He had scarcely attained the age of manhood when he produced Haydn's Seasons, till then wholly unknown in Italy, in the Philharmonic Society of I Concordi, and publicly conducted its performance, which was very remarkable and excited much notice.

It will be readily understood that amidst the unceasing labor needed to earn his bread and obtain a musical education, young ROSSINI had little time for literary and scientific studies. Happily his talents had won him the friendship of a distinguished engineer, the Chevalier GIUSTI, who read to him in their long walks Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and the great prose writers, and conversed with him on science. With his brilliant intellect, his inconceivable memory, and his wonderful power of assimilation, ROSSINI derived the greatest advantage from this oral instruction.

In ten years, from 1810 to 1820, ROSSINI produced thirty of the thirty-four operas which form his Italian repertory. At the end of this time he left Italy and settled in France, where "William Tell" was written. At the conclusion of this work he contracted with CHARLES X. to write four operas for France; but the Revolution of 1830 broke through all these arrangements. He subsequently returned to Bologna, but the Italian Revolution obliged him to quit that city in 1848, and retire to Florence, where he remained till his final return to Paris, in 1855, where he has ever since resided. In summer he lives at Passy, in a charming villa built for him, after his plans, by the architect DOUSSAULT. In winter he occupies a suite of apartments in the house on the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin and the Boulevard, Paris. In all seasons he receives his friends on Saturday evenings, and repeats to them the unpublished works with which his repertory is filled.

## HARLEM BRIDGES.

*Apropos* to the opening of Harlem Bridge, a ceremony which took place on October 16, we give in this issue of the *Weekly* engravings of two of the bridges which now span Harlem River, and known as the "New Harlem" and "High" bridges.

Harlem Bridge is located at the northern terminus of Third Avenue of New York City, and was begun in Nov., 1860. In 1861 it was found that the plan could be changed to advantage by the present Chief Engineer, ERASTUS W. SMITH. It was expected in the start that the bridge could be built in two or three years, at an expense of a quarter of a million of dollars, as reported in the beginning of the work; but unexpected difficulties—the late war, strikes among mechanics, the delay in getting land for the site of the Westchester abutment, and the increase of the cost of material—has delayed the completion of the structure, and greatly increased its cost. The bridge, as now finished, is a beautiful specimen of architecture. No description is necessary with the engraving which we present. The following facts and dimensions will be of great interest to professional engineers as well as to general readers:

With the exception of the abutments at each end and the flooring of the roadway and foot-paths, the bridge is made entirely of cast and wrought iron

The cast-iron work is in the Gothic style of architecture, and the wrought iron is of box tubular girder style. The abutments are 100 feet front, 20 feet deep, and 18 feet above tide-water. The length between the abutments is 486 feet; the extreme length, including abutments, is 526 feet; length of the bridge, abutments, retaining walls, and approaches 876 feet; width of roadway 28 feet; width of sidewalk 7½ feet; extreme width of bridge 52 feet; extreme width of intermediate piers 60 feet; length of south fixed span 127 feet; length of north fixed span 141 feet; length of swing span 118 feet, giving a clear opening for passage of vessels on each side of centre pier of 80 feet; height of arch of north fixed span above roadway 19 feet 10 inches; height of south fixed span 17 feet 1 inch; height of arch of swing span 24 feet 9 inches; tubular box girders 36 by 41 inches; depth of floor beams 12 inches; length of abutments 100 feet; width 20 feet; height above low-water 18 feet; diameter of columns under north abutment 8 feet; length of column 31 feet; diameter of columns of supplementary intermediate piers—two of 8 feet, and three of 6 feet; length of same 60 feet; diameter of columns supporting swing span 6 feet; length of same 65 feet to 70 feet; extreme height from bottom of foundation columns of swing span to top of arch 105 feet; height of low-water to underside of draw 20 feet.

The amount of cast and wrought iron used in the construction of the bridge exceeds 3000 tons, of which over 400 tons are used in the draw. The masonry amounts to 5000 cubic feet, and lumber to 125,000 feet.

High Bridge, the other structure which we illustrate, was begun in 1839 and completed in 1848, at a cost of $900,000, and is the grandest stone bridge on the continent. Its purpose is not that of a foot, roadway, or railway bridge, but it serves as an aqueduct to convey Croton water across Harlem River. It is built of solid stone, and is 1450 feet long and 120 feet high from the level of the water, and contains 15 arches, under which can pass any boat that can navigate the river. On the Westchester side, where the Croton enters, there is a stone-house built, in which there is a large wire-screen, through which the water passes, and on through 14 pipes, 8 of 80 feet and 6 of 60 feet span, over the bridge to the New York side, where it is again introduced into other pipes, and thence conveyed to the reservoir at Eighty-sixth Street and Sixth Avenue, covering 85 acres, and containing 150,000,000 gallons of water.

Of late years a number of improvements have been introduced at, though not a part of, the bridge. Among the most important is the erection of a large reservoir, 420 feet square, and a tower, 184½ feet above the level of the water in the reservoir, for supplying the high points in the upper part of the island. A fountain with a jet of four inches has been built in the centre of the reservoir, and will throw a stream 70 feet high. In order to fill this reservoir an engine-room has been built at the southern end of the aqueduct. The amount expended in these improvements falls little short of $1,000,000.

## CANADA WEST.

LACY TOOKER came out from a crowded church in the old French town that sits and looks at itself all day in the beautiful St. Clair River.

"There! I know just what I want, Cousin Julia! A white moss-velvet hat trimmed with rose-buds and bugle-lace, an embroidered cloak, ermine furs, and a blue silk dress just the shade of Mrs. Desquindre's. Wouldn't that be *lovely*, though?" said she, turning suddenly upon the lady beside her, who was looking at the icicle-fringe which adorned every thing and thinking of the text she had just heard, "He hath made every thing beautiful in His time."

The lady, Cousin Julia, who was Mrs. Mull, was somewhat astonished at such a sudden change of thought; but she was not of the generous sort who are always ready with their views and feelings when not asked for, so she smiled a little and replied, "It would, *indeed*."

Then she went on looking at the glittering glory about her, and Lacy Tooker went on with her thinking.

The next morning in the breakfast-room, between the oysters and the buckwheat cakes, Lacy spoke again, just as though she had been in a state of suspended animation from that moment to this: "The cloak and furs I don't expect, but the dress I can and will have! And I'll tell you, Cousin Julia, I will manage the hat and some gloves besides. Now, you see!"

Cousin Julia from behind the coffee-urn smiled again, nothing doubting, for she knew Lacy to be almost equal to a Chinese conjuror in expedients. But directly Lacy added, "What do you think of going to Canada to-day, you and Miss Triss and I? We've talked of it so long!"

"Oh, Lacy, you *don't* think of trying to smuggle a dress, do you?" cried Mrs. Mull, pouring the coffee upon her fingers instead of into her cup, in her surprise.

"Well, I may *look* at silks on the other side; there is no law against that, as I know of. Any way, it is as good a day to take that walk as we shall be likely to have this winter," replied Lacy, coolly.

So Mrs. Mull was persuaded, and they went across the ferry to the little Canadian city which lies along the river, so fair to look at from the opposite shore, and so inferior and filthy from its own.

Mrs. Mull was to Miss Triss what the knob is to a bureau drawer; and, besides, they were just then planning a novel they were to write together, so they paid very little attention to Lacy and her doings—waiting willingly at shop doors and windows as she directed.

"What do you think of 'Only an Onion' for a title?" suggested Mrs. Mull.

"It can't be improved! Now, *that's* so!" answered Miss Triss, with enthusiasm.

Then Lacy broke in, holding up a fold of dazzling blue silk. "Just look at this, Cousin Julia! Isn't the color *sweet?* Only twelve shillings a yard, and *look* at the quality! What do you think of such a dress as that for twenty-five dollars? And see these gloves with laced backs, at only twelve shillings!"

Then Lacy disappeared into a back-room of the dark, dingy shop, which, like a Jew peddler's pack, was nevertheless full of rich and beautiful wares; and when she appeared again it was with nothing in her hand but an innocent little velvet muff that couldn't hide more than a pocket-handkerchief if it tried. But the heavy, shining silk was tucked away snug as a chrysalis's wings under Miss Tooker's shawl, tied around her waist with tape, after a manner which Border shopmen and States' ladies understand very well.

Then the ladies went down the level road, bordered on the one side with pleasant Provincial homes, and on the other with the wide, blue river and the busy, cleanly city beyond it. It was a walk of two miles to the lower ferry where they proposed to cross and take the street cars in returning home; but the air was fresh and clear, the sun was bright, and Mrs. Mull and Miss Triss were too absorbed to think of the distance, or even the delay, when they came to the Sandwich wharf and found the boat on the other side.

Not so Lacy Tooker. "I do wish they would hurry over with that old boat! This is a terribly slow ferry; not half as prompt as the one at Windsor," said she, walking restlessly about, then sitting a moment, then rising again, and watching impatiently the smoke that floated above the chimney of the boat in a beautiful silver cloud. Presently she came up to the other ladies.

"Did you ever see such an insufferable old noser as that custom-house officer is? He has been sniffing around that girl as though he thought she might have a barrel of whisky in her little tin pail."

"Has he? I hadn't noticed there was an officer here," returned Mrs. Mull, who had nothing illegal on her conscience or on her back.

Then the boat reached the landing, and the ladies stepped on deck.

But lo! the custom-house officer stepped on also, close behind.

"I am afraid I shall be obliged to detain you, Madam," said he, politely, touching Lacy's shoulder.

Startled and conscious, she looked around and saw, oh horror! the smooth, stiff silk, which had slipped from its band, trailing behind her like the train of a peacock.

There was no possible escape. There was the silk, and there was the officer; so the only way out of it was by way of a fine. And when she had paid the three hundred dollars required Miss Tooker did not find shopping in Canada so very much cheaper than in the States.

## THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

WITH laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heart-felt revelry!
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blithe as voice of May,
Chanting glad nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy, like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope toward the heaven of love.

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace;
Though happy still—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loneliness.
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams;
Thy smiles, slow kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed;
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time!
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent,
When earth's affections nearly o'er,
With peace behind, and faith before,
Thou renderest up again to God,
Untarnished by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul: then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality!

## LOTTERIES IN ROME.

A NATURAL love for the excitement peculiar to games of chance is dominant in the character of the citizens of Rome. Pope Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., and Clement XII. put a stop to lotteries. But the public sentiment soon clamored for their restoration, and now they are in full blast, and are not likely to again be proscribed, as the Papal Government realizes a very fine revenue from that source.

Every Saturday at noon a lottery is drawn in the Piazza Madama in the presence of an immense assemblage of poor people, who are the buyers and the eager expectants of a fortune. The managers are accused of bettering their own circumstances quite as much and often too as their customers. The method of drawing numbers from a barrel is different from the ordinary course in this country. The prizes are small; but if a poor devil, who has staked his last baiocco, happens to draw one scudi it elates him to a paroxysm of enthusiasm to venture more, and as often as he can procure the means. They dream of lucky figures, and should some one come within one number of the prize he is almost as happy as he would have been with a pocketful of their great heavy copper coin. Lotteries in Rome have become a branch of the department of finance under the special direction of a Monseignore, who has tickets on sale in convenient places. Large sign-boards may be seen over windows and doors, where combination numbers are to be had, which are supposed to be very choice chances.

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*Franklin Square, New York, October,* 1867.

### HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1867.

**Terms for 1867.**

One Copy for One Year . . . . . $4 00

*An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

**Circulation 112,000.**

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

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|---|---|
| One Page . . . . . . . . . . | $250 00 |
| Half Page . . . . . . . . . | 125 00 |
| Quarter Page . . . . . . . | 70 00 |

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

**Circulation nearly 100,000.**

### HARPER'S WEEKLY.

**Terms for 1867:**

| | |
|---|---|
| One Copy for One Year . . . . . | $4 00 |
| One Copy for Three Months . . . | 1 00 |

*And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cloth Binding . . . . . . | $7 00 per Volume. |
| Half Morocco . . . . . . | 10 50 " |

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

*"In the hours of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Natioaality."*—LINCOLN.

# GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT
TO ERECT THE
# GETTYSBURG ASYLUM
## *FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,*
## Under a Special Charter from the State of Pennsylvania,
PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

## AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

## THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground—about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

## EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,

*Whereas,* the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfantory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

*Permission is hereby granted* to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th,* 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

*From the Postmaster General.*

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. BROWNE & SPALDING, 568 and 570 Broadway.

*October 25th,* 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. HERMANN, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of* 600 *Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

## GRAND MUSICAL PESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

## $641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. 1 Grand Cash Award | $100,000 |
| 2. 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres) | 60,000 |
| 3. 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta" | 50,000 |
| 4. 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants | 30,000 |
| 5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings | 15,000 |
| 8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting | 8,000 |
| 9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants | 7,000 |
| 10. 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds) | 7,000 |
| 11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants | 6,000 |
| 12. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings | 5,000 |
| 15. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 4,000 |
| 16. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 18. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 19. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings | 4,000 |
| 20. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 21. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 22. 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin | 4,000 |
| 23. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 24. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 25. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 3,500 |
| 26. 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch | 3,500 |
| 27. 1 Pearl Necklace | 3,500 |
| 28. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,500 |
| 29. 1 Diamond Cross | 3,000 |
| 30. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 31. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 32. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,000 |
| 33. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 34. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 35. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs | 3,000 |
| 36. 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver) | 3,000 |
| 37. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 3,000 |
| 38. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 39. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 40. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 2,500 |
| 41. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,500 |
| 42. 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch | 2,500 |
| 43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament | 2,500 |
| 45. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 46. 1 Diamond Cross | 2,500 |
| 47. 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament | 2,500 |
| 48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,000 |
| 50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin | 1,500 |
| 51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring | 1,500 |
| 52. 1 Diamond Cross | 1,500 |
| 53. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings | 1,500 |

| | |
|---|---|
| 54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | $1,500 |
| 55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 1,500 |
| 56. 1 Diamond Bracelet | 1,500 |
| 57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 1,500 |
| 59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 1,500 |
| 60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud | 1,500 |
| 61. 1 Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 62. 1 Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 63. 1 Cluster Brooch | 1,500 |
| 64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 65. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings | 800 |
| 66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 800 |
| 67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 68. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin | 800 |
| 69. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 800 |
| 70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring | 800 |
| 71. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 72. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 800 |
| 73. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs | 600 |
| 74. 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain | 600 |
| 75. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting | 500 |
| 76. 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring | 500 |
| 77. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 500 |
| 78. 1 Emerald Knob | 500 |
| 79. 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings | 500 |
| 80. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 400 |
| 81. 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin | 400 |
| 82. 1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch | 400 |
| 83. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 350 |
| 84. 1 Gold Watch | 300 |
| 85. 1 Diamond and Opal Ring | 250 |
| 86. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 87. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 88. 1 Diamond Three Stone Ring | 150 |
| 89. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 90. 1 Pearl Scarf Pin | 150 |
| 91. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 150 |
| 92. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 93. 1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring | 150 |
| 94. 1 Diamond Cluster Pin | 100 |
| 95. 1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 96. 1 Cameo Brooch | 100 |
| 97. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 100 |
| 98. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 100 |
| 99. 1 Ladies' Gold Watch | 100 |
| 100. 1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 101. 1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons | 100 |
| 102. 1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 103. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 104. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 105—1104. 1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each | 20,000 |
| 1105—2104. 1000 Photograph Albums, at $5 | 5,000 |
| Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each | 120,000 |
| Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at | $641,950 |

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 5 Tickets to one address | $ 4 50 | 40 Tickets to one address | $35 00 |
| 10 " " | 9 00 | 50 " " | 43 50 |
| 20 " " | 17 50 | 100 " " | 85 00 |

Address all orders and communications to GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION, 1126 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
[NEW YORK OFFICE, 611 BROADWAY.]

# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
## TWO FULL CARGOES
OF THE
## FINEST NEW CROP TEAS
### 22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,
### 12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

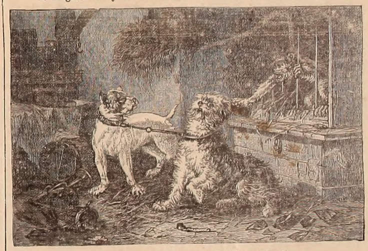
N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

## Great American Tea Company,
Nos. **31** and **33** Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

### To be given away with No. 129 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.



REDUCED COPY OF "STOP THIEF; OR, THE MONKEY,S GRIP."

The Picture to be given away is 28 inches by 22. It was produced in Paris, under the directions of Mr. LESLIE, from the original Picture in the Paris Exposition.

### Read Pierce Egan's Adventures among the Brigands, in No. 129 of Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner.

# RUPTURES CURED

RUPTURED PERSONS may secure relief and cure, with perfect retention of Hernia during the most active and violent exercise, by the use of Dr. SHERMAN'S PATENT APPLIANCE and RUPTURE CURATIVE, without the inconvenience and annoyance found in other trusses, at his office, No. 697 Broadway, cor. Fourth Street. An illustrated circular of persons cured furnished to those who call or send for it.

## Wright's Alconated Glycerine Tablet

Of SOLIDIFIED GLYCERINE softens and smooths the skin, prevents chapping, imparts beauty and brightness to the complexion, is deliciously fragrant, transparent, and superb as a toilet soap. Sold by all Druggists. R. & G. A. WRIGHT, Philadelphia.

A WATCH FREE. Given gratis to every live man who will act as agent in a new, light, and honorable business. Agents sell them as fast as they can reach them out. 30 Dollars per day can be made sure. No Gift Enterprise, no Humbug. For full particulars address R. MONROE KENNEDY & CO., Corner of Fifth and Wood Streets, Pittsburg, Pa.

**The Book of Wonders** tells how to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made, and sold at large profits. Sent postpaid for 25 cents, by O. A. ROORBACH, No. 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

## AGENTS WANTED

To engage in a highly lucrative employment. $5 to $20 made readily in a day by attention and industry. Send for circular. Address
B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers St., New York.

## Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.
THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

*Oroide cases,* a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. We are at present making watches only of the first quality; Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery, *customers paying all Express charges.* C. E. COLLINS & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., New York.

## EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.
DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

NEW BOOKS NOW READY.—Pope's Essay on Man, illustrated, $1 00; Temperance in Congress, 25c.; Gospel among Animals, 25c.; Æsop's Fables, illustrated, $1 00; Extempore Preaching and Speaking, $1 50; New Physiognomy, 1000 illustrations, $5 00. Illustrated and descriptive Catalogue on receipt of two red stamps. S. R. WELLS,
Agents wanted. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

CHILDREN ARE SO ARTLESS!

BAKER. "Another penny, my dear; bread's up to-day."
GIRL. "Yes; but Mother wants yesterday's bake."

COMING TO THE POINT.

The next Sweet Thing *à la Porcupine.*


## Thos. Russell & Son,

Watch and Chronometer Makers to The Queen,
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.
A. W. RUSSELL, 57 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, Sole Agent.

## Chickering & Sons,

Manufacturers of GRAND, SQUARE, and UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTES, were awarded at THE PARIS EXPOSITION the FIRST GRAND PRIZE, the LEGION OF HONOR, and a Grand GOLD MEDAL, making 59 First Premiums during the past 44 years.

WAREROOMS, No. 652 BROADWAY.

**Cheapest and Best.**
THEY ARE NEW
*AND NOVEL,*
VERY STRONG
AND LIGHT,
*And do not CURL up.*

These METAL EDGE CARDS are intended for advertising all kinds of business; also for THEATRES, CONCERTS, CIRCUSES, SHOWS, BALLS, &c.

PUBLISHERS of Books, Periodicals, Newspapers, &c., and MANUFACTURERS of Druggists' Articles, Yankee Notions, Stationers' Goods, Inks, &c., Hardware, Tools and Implements, Machines and New Inventions, or specialties in any line of business, will find the Metal Edge Cards both effective and attractive. Supplied either plain or printed. Send for Price-List.
B. M. SMITH, 4 Dey Street, New York.

**BUY** And **TRY** The PATENT **REVERSIBLE STITCH** LINEN FACE **Paper Collars**

Showing the Stitch on both sides alike.

Patented Feb. 7, 1865

Manufactured by the
**Reversible Collar Co., Boston.**

MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
Agents, Winthrop Square, Boston, Mass.
**Send for Price List.**

AGENTS WANTED—$10 to $20 a day—to introduce our new patent STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price $20. It uses two threads, and makes the genuine LOCK STITCH. All other low-priced machines make the CHAIN STITCH. Exclusive territory given. Send for circulars. W. G. WILSON & CO., Manufacturers, Cleveland, Ohio.

PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS.
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO, N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL.

**Stereopticons and Magic Lanterns,** with the improved Lime Light, and an assortment of several thousand artistically colored Photographic Views on glass, to illustrate Art, Science, Religion, and History. Indispensable to academies and Sunday schools—a refining parlor entertainment—an attractive public exhibition. The light is equal to that of 100 candles, at an expense of $1 for the materials. Priced and illustrated catalogue free by mail on application.
T. H. M'ALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

## PETER COOPER'S GELATINE

WILL MAKE
DELICIOUS JELLIES
With great ease. Also Blanc Mange, Charlotte Russe, &c. Directions for Use with the Packages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists. Depot, 17 BURLING SLIP, N. Y.

A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR **NEURALGIA,** AND ALL **NERVOUS DISEASES.**
*Its Effects are Magical.*

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package, $1.00, postage 6 cents; six do., $5.00, postage 27 cts.; twelve do., $9.00, postage 48 cts. Sold by all druggists.
TURNER & CO., 120 Tremont St., Boston.

**ALL WANTING FARMS.**
Good soil, mild climate, thirty-four miles south of Philadelphia. Price only twenty-five dollars per acre. Best of grain and grass land. Also improved farms. Hundreds settling. Information sent free. Address C. K. LANDIS, Proprietor, Vineland, New Jersey.

## The Great New England Remedy.

DR. J. W. POLAND'S
**WHITE PINE COMPOUND**

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of twelve years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

The White Pine Compound

Cures Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

For PILES and SCURVY it will be found very valuable.

This medicine is *free from any thing deleterious*; it is pleasant to the taste, safe, yet sure and effective in its action.

*From the Boston Journal, January 20, 1866.*

POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND.—After having given it a thorough trial, we can confidently recommend Poland's White Pine Compound as a very valuable article for the cure of colds, coughs, and pulmonic complaints generally. In several cases we have known it to give prompt relief when all other remedies which had been tried had failed. It is an article which ought to be in every family; and we are sure that those who once obtain it and give it a fair trial will not thereafter be willing to be without it.

*From the Independent.*

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials to its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists.

The *White Pine Compound* is now sold in every part of the United States and British Provinces.

PREPARED AT THE
NEW ENGLAND BOTANIC DEPOT, BOSTON.

## FREE OF CHARGE.

**$50,000 IN GREENBACKS!**
Returnable to the patrons of the new illustrated Weekly, the "PEN AND PENCIL," in sums ranging from $10,000, in cash, to $100. Mailed three weeks, on trial, without pay, together with the tickets which may secure to the holder $18,000. Postage only five cents for three months, payable at the office where delivered. Send your address to
T. R. DAWLEY & CO., Publishers, New York.

METTAM'S GALVANO-ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS, for the cure of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, cold feet, and all diseases of the blood and nerves. Send for a circular. Depot, 434 Broadway, New York.

℞ "THEY CURE!"
What cures?
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for a cough, AYER'S PILLS for a purgative, and AYER'S SARSAPARILLA for the complaints that require an alterative medicine.

## Kennedy's Salt Rheum Ointment

CONTAINS NO MERCURY
Or other mineral substance. One trial is sufficient to convince the most skeptical that its efficacy in allaying inflammation and reducing swellings is wonderful.
FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists.

**Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.**

WHEELER & WILSON,
625 Broadway, New York,
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## California Wines.

Having united with the Parent House in California, Kohler & Frohling, and owning and controlling the finest vineyards in the State, we are now offering the finest and largest Stock of California Wines in the market. An experience of FOURTEEN YEARS has given us decided advantages in the production of these Wines, and at the various State and National Fairs our Wines have carried the highest premiums. They stand unrivaled for use in sickness, and for dinner or dessert wines are unsurpassed.

We would call particular attention to the following Preamble and Resolution of the California State Wine-Growers' Association, passed unanimously November 5, 1866:

Whereas, the firm of Perkins, Stern & Co., in New York and Boston, have, for six years last past, been legitimately engaged in the sale and introduction of California Wines and Brandies in the Atlantic States, be it

*Resolved*, That we hereby tender our thanks to said firm for their perseverance and good business tact in bringing our Wines in their pure state before the public in the Atlantic States, thereby creating a demand and market for our generous Wines.

Attest: CHAS. V. STUART, President.
J. ROSS BROWNE, Secretary.

I am glad of an opportunity to say that the California Wines introduced by your house seem of excellent quality. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Hon. J. A. GILMORE, late Governor of New Hampshire, says: My physician ordered me to use California Wine. That purchased from you has answered the purpose, and been just what was recommended.

Hon. JOHN G. DOWNEY, late Governor of California, says: I most cheerfully recommend your Wines to all who desire a pure juice of the grape.

The following from the U. S. Senators from California will carry conviction to the most incredulous:

We are satisfied that the firm of Perkins, Stern & Co. sell only GENUINE California Wines.
C. COLE,
JOHN CONNESS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 8, 1867.

Messrs Perkins, Stern & Co.:
In reply to your letter of the 7th, I would state that the Wines purchased from you by this Department in 1865 corresponded in all respects with the samples examined in the Surgeon General's office, and gave satisfaction. Your obedient servant,
C. SUTHERLAND,
Assistant Medical Purveyor, U.S.A.

SURGEON GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C., Feb. 25, 1865.

All Wines submitted by your house for examination are pure. J. K. BARNES, Surgeon General.

I can recommend your Port Wine as better calculated for use for the sick in the army than any other I have seen. J. J. WOODWARD,
1st Asst. Surgeon, Surgeon General's Office.

The Committee of the Chicago Medical Society, to whom the subject of California Wines was referred, united in the following Report:

Your Committee, having examined the Wines presented, and also the evidences of their purity and general excellence, unanimously report the following:

The California Wines from Perkins, Stern & Co., of New York, presented before this Society, by their purity and general excellence are worthy of our confidence and patronage, and we hereby commend them to the profession.

The American Pharmaceutical Association, at their recent yearly meeting at Detroit, commended these Wines as equal to any Wines now offered for medicinal use.

The American Medical Association endorsed them as the finest and best Wines with which the profession are now acquainted.

☞ *See that our name is on each Bottle.*

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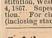

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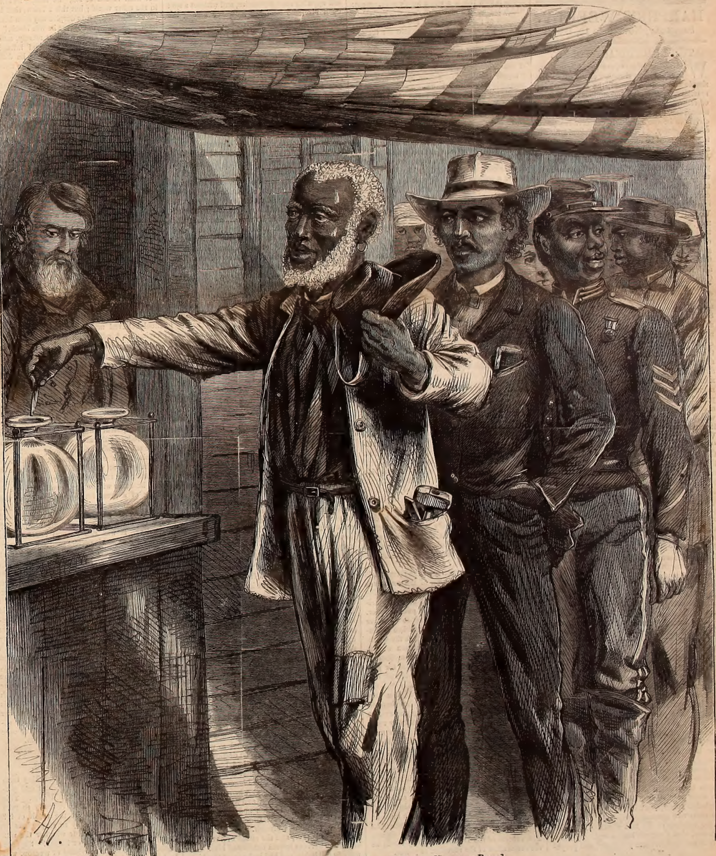
# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 568.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



"THE FIRST VOTE."—Drawn by A. R. Waud.—[See next Page.]

## THE FIRST VOTE.

EVERY one of the several Southern States which have voted under the reconstruction acts of Congress have been carried by the white and colored loyalists. Louisiana, Virginia, Alabama, and now Georgia, have declared by large majorities of Union men in favor of Conventions to remodel the State Constitutions on the basis of equal rights to all, and in each and all of them positive and decided Unionists of both colors have been chosen to assist in this labor of remodeling the State laws.

The good sense and discretion, and above all the modesty, which the freedmen have displayed in the exercise, for the first time, of the great privilege which has been bestowed upon them, and the vast power which accompanies the privilege, have been most noticeable. Admiration of their commendable conduct has suggested the admirable engraving which we give on the first page of this issue. The freedmen are represented marching to the ballot-box to deposit their first vote, not with expressions of exultation or of defiance of their old masters and present opponents depicted on their countenances, but looking serious and solemn and determined. The picture is one which should interest every colored loyalist in the country.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.


## THE REACTIONARY POLICY.

WHILE the policy of the Republican party in the present situation of the country is simple and plainly defined, the Democratic or reactionary party, alert and anxious for a chance of returning to power, contents itself with denunciation, appeals to the lowest prejudice, and claims to be the peculiarly conservative party of the country. Its policy, if it should return to power, must be inferred from its antecedents and the principles announced by its orators and organs. Its view of the origin of the present political situation is evident from the views of those who speak for it, and this view must dictate its measures. Thus at the late Democratic meeting in the city of New York the chief speakers were Mr. JAMES S. THAYER, Mr. VOORHEES of Indiana, Mr. COX, Mr. O'GORMAN, and Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR. The latter gentleman's performances and opinions are of no significance, because he is a mere political shyster. But the four others are representative men of the Democratic party. They were all known during the war as the most virulent Copperheads.

Mr. O'GORMAN, indeed, spoke at the great New York meeting after the fall of Sumter, and urged a show of force to persuade the Southern brethren to see that they had made a mistake; but the fighting, if there were to be any, he begged might be of the most fraternal character, and he had no conception whatever then, nor does he seem ever to have acquired any, of the real nature and necessity of the great struggle. When the war really began Mr. O'GORMAN opposed it, and denounced the Government with a bitterness which was nowhere surpassed. Mr. THAYER was an open and frank advocate of secession; and declared that if what he called a revolution were to take place, it should begin at home in the free States. Mr. VOORHEES was implicated in the conspiracy of "the Sons of Liberty" and "Knights of the Golden Circle," and declared with fervor that he would "never vote one dollar, one man, or one gun" to carry on the war. Mr. COX was of opinion that "LINCOLN and DAVIS ought to be brought to the same block together." These orators spoke for the Democratic party then as they speak for it now. The war, in their opinion, was unconstitutional, unnecessary, and wicked. It was occasioned by the aggressions of the free States upon the rights of the slave States. Upon the abstract question of Slavery these gentlemen held the doctrines of their party. The negro was of an inferior race; Slavery tended to civilize him; and whether Slavery were right or wrong it was none of our business. To condemn Slavery was "to poison the wells" of our Southern brothers; it was to breed dissension; it was to foment disunion.

Such were the views of these representative Democrats before and during the war. Since the surrender of LEE they have declared, upon all occasions, that arms having been laid down every thing returns to its previous condition; and the only constitutional method of dealing with the situation is to indict and try as many persons for treason as may be thought wise. At the same time they decry such a course as impolitic. The policy of reconstruction, therefore, which a party holding such views must necessarily put into practice, should it regain power, is that which springs from the theory that the rebellion is now a suppressed riot, and that it is impolitic to prosecute any rioter. During the war the Democratic party denied the constitutional power of the Commander-in-chief to emancipate slaves, and prophesied a servile insurrection and universal massacre of the white population of the rebel States as the inevitable consequence of emancipation. But the party now generally acquiesces in the fact of the freedom of the late slaves. It insists, however, that Congress has no authority whatever to enfranchise them politically, and prophesies, as a consequence of negro voting, the lapse of the late rebel States into a barbarism as universal as the massacre which it foretold as the consequence of emancipation. The Democratic policy of reconstruction would therefore be the surrender of the emancipated class to the care of the white class of the population. What kind of care that would be, what justice or mercy slaves emancipated as a means of subduing their masters might expect from their masters after they were subdued, experience and common-sense assure us. Under the name of fraternity the Democratic policy would replace DAVIS and TOOMBS in the Senate, and LEE in the army. Under the name of conciliation it would intrust the political prosperity of ten States to those who do not disguise their regretful reverence for baffled rebellion. As it formerly betrayed human nature and struck at nationality under the plea of State sovereignty, so it would now dishonor the nation and outrage justice under the name of conciliation and heavenly good-will.

Yet the chief Democratic argument is an appeal to hatred. It expends its force and eloquence in defaming the negro. Its highest strain is that this is a white man's government, which is true as a matter of fact, since of thirty millions of people only four are colored. But it is wholly untrue as an argument for the exclusion of colored men from the suffrage, for there has never been a time in the history of the country when they have not voted in some of the States. By incessant denunciations of "nigger equality," as well as by the most contemptible falsehoods, the Democratic party tries to inflame the hostility of race. While in the city of New York and elsewhere in the North there is no degree of bestiality into which a white human being can sink so low that he is not still a good enough voter and an intelligent fellow-citizen, yet the colored man every where is of necessity of an inferior race, semi-civilized, a barbarian, ignorant, and degraded. The staple of Democratic speeches is ridicule of the negro, or a solemn effort to prove his total incapacity for intelligent citizenship. Now we ask for a single evidence of that incapacity as a class which is not equally true of the foreign-born voters of the city of New York as a class. And we ask any man who wishes the speedy return of peace and prosperity to the country whether he trusts the statesmanship of a party which systematically excites hostility between the Irish-born and the colored population. It is the old tactics of the slaveholding oligarchy, which always fostered the mutual jealousy of the poor whites and the slaves.

The Democratic party also claims to be peculiarly conservative. Conservative of what? Of the great principles of liberty, of equality before the laws, of equal defenses of rights, of governments of all the people? By no means. It is merely conservative of the traditions of caste and slavery, which the country has outgrown; of class supremacy, of class legislation, of unequal laws, of governments from which half of the people are arbitrarily excluded. Of what is the Democratic party conservative? Is it of the Constitution? One of its chief candidates for the Presidency, Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR, attacks the Senate as unjustly constituted. Is it of the national good faith and fame? The other of its Presidential candidates, Mr. PENDLETON, demands repudiation. It will not be denied that the most intelligent and highly-civilized parts of the country are politically Republican, and the most ignorant sections Democratic. In the city of New York it can not be disputed that the parts which are the least enlightened give the heaviest Democratic majorities. Now is ignorance truly conservative? Does any body who is competent to pronounce suppose that the political majority in the city of New York represents as real a conservatism as the majority in the State of Iowa or Massachusetts?

We repeat that the policy of the Democratic party in the present situation of the country is founded upon bitter hostility to a part of the population, and upon disregard of the principles of the Constitution and of public honor. It is conservative in no other sense whatever than that of the old Tory conservatism in England which protested that to abolish the death-penalty for stealing a leg of mutton was to sweep away the bulwarks of the Constitution. Its whole course is a series of tactics for getting into power. There is no evidence any where of a serious desire to deal fairly with the pressing questions of the country. The only thing every where evident is that it has changed no opinions, that it holds as strongly as ever to the spirit of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98; that it honors and trusts most the men who were the most subservient to the domination of slavery in the government; and that it wholly and contemptuously denies that government should rest upon the expressed consent of the governed. Should it return to power we must expect every question settled by the war to be reopened. We must anticipate repudiation and a commercial convulsion such as no country ever experienced. We must be prepared for a policy toward the freedmen upon which the civilized world would cry shame. The success of the Democratic party would be the restoration of the rebellion to power.

## JOHN A. ANDREW.

BEFORE he was fifty years old, in the vigor of his prime, respected and beloved as few men ever are, suddenly and with no pain to himself, but with an indescribable sorrow to the country, JOHN A. ANDREW has gone hence. How strong his hold was upon the hearts of all good men among us nobody probably fully estimated till he died. How much good men counted upon him in the future even they could not know until they found themselves, as now, looking vaguely about and seeing no man in his place. Not since the news came of ABRAHAM LINCOLN's death were so many hearts truly smitten. Not since the bright spring days in which that memorable funeral procession wound through the land were so many sincere tears shed as for a personal, private loss, in thousands of homes, as on the soft autumn day when Governor ANDREW, as he will be always fondly called, was buried. Yet whatever might have been hoped and expected in the future, his service to his country and to mankind was already great and complete. Not only by signal ability but by noble character he had impressed himself upon his contemporaries, and without a spot upon his fame he takes his place among the really representative Americans.

Before the war he had been representative in the Legislature and member of the Constitutional Convention; and there was no man in his State better known or more wholly trusted. We first heard his name in 1859 from a Massachusetts man, who said "JOHN A. ANDREW will be Governor if he wants to be." But when the war was evidently at hand it was Massachusetts which wanted him, and turned to him at once as her leader. How he led her is already a familiar tale. Those of her citizens who felt most deeply and truly all that her history and a certain moral renown of the State demanded, also felt that the demand had been fully satisfied by him. Almost his first act upon his accession to office in January, 1861, was to order equipments for the soldiers. He knew that war was imminent, and he thoroughly understood its scope and probable results. On the 19th of April Massachusetts blood—the first in the war—was shed at Baltimore, and Governor ANDREW's dispatch to the Mayor of that city introduced him to the country. "I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by the Commonwealth."

From that moment until the end of the war there was no more untiring and efficient soldier of the Union and of liberty than he. His executive ability was remarkable, his industry astonishing, his devotion unflagging. He worked with hand and heart and head. He equipped and organized the troops, but he also nerved the moral sentiment which sustained the public opinion upon which the war rested. He was the best of counselors. His insight was seldom at fault. He measured men accurately—how justly, indeed, experience has since shown in some conspicuous instances. There were good and able men in the executive chairs of the loyal States during the war. But it was a just instinct upon their part which selected Governor ANDREW to write the address of the loyal Governors at Altoona.

From the beginning Governor ANDREW saw plainly the relation of slavery to the war. When General BUTLER moved into Maryland in April, 1861, he offered his troops to Governor HICKS to aid in suppressing servile insurrections. Governor ANDREW, who instinctively knew that Slavery was the rebel, instantly felt the weakness of the reasoning which had probably influenced General BUTLER, and wrote to him very kindly, but very decidedly, regretting that Massachusetts troops had been offered for such a purpose, and stating that such an insurrection must now be contemplated from a military point of view, and was one of the inherent weaknesses of the enemy. General BUTLER replied with the favorite allusion to "the horrors of St. Domingo," which would follow the arming of the slaves. He failed to convince the Governor, however, and probably himself; and the next year Governor ANDREW, after long and urgent solicitation of the authorities at Washington, obtained leave to raise three years' colored volunteers. And the Fifty-fourth Massachussetts was the first colored regiment that marched from the free States. The Governor addressed it upon its departure, and gave to its young Colonel the flag for which he and so many of his brave soldiers heroically fell.

Five times Governor ANDREW was elected by a vast majority. The confidence of the State in him was unbounded, and so were its pride and love. But in 1865 he declined a renomination. His magistracy had begun with the war, and he was willing that it should end with it. He was not rich, and he could not afford to be Governor except when the public necessity was overpowering; and when it ceased to be so his duty to himself and to his family withdrew him from public life. But he had doubtless overtasked himself. Early and late he was at his post, and the strain of the whole moral and nervous system exhausted him. He was of a full habit, and had had one or two hints of the uncertainty of his health. But while the war lasted he could not heed such hints, and when it was ended it was probably too late. Yet, with the blithe ardor of a boy, he threw himself again into his profession, and into the undisturbed domestic happiness to which he had been so long a stranger. Every morning he passed across the Common, swinging his lawyer's bag, as if he were just sixteen and were on his way to the Latin school with his satchel. His tastes were simple; his life unostentatious. Every body knew him. He was the best-beloved citizen; and his genial greeting was as warm as a sunny May morning. But "the shadow feared of man" walked very near him: and suddenly, holding the hand that was dearest to him in the world, he died.

Governor ANDREW was in the truest sense a statesman. That is to say, his discretion was as remarkable as his principles were profound; and he had that sagacious perception of practicability which enables a man of great executive faculty to achieve great good results. He was a Radical in the truest sense. That is, he believed justice to be the best policy. "I know not what record of sin," he said, "awaits me in the other world; but this I know, that I was never mean enough to despise any man because he was ignorant, or because he was black." He valued party as an instrument merely, and his moral independence and political intrepidity were alike unsurpassed. It would be difficult to find an American statesman who so naturally attracted popular sympathy, and so heartily scorned to flatter the mob. He never lost his self-respect, and therefore always retained his respect for others. If he differed with his friends about methods, he kept his temper; and if they lost theirs, their sharpest censure or angriest menace did not swerve him the very least step from the line of his conviction. When the war ended, although he had been an early and devoted anti-slavery man, he said plainly, "I have been for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and now I am for a vigorous prosecution of the peace." But he meant by that no sentimental confusion of right and wrong; no blubbering blunder of surrendering the very victory so hardly won. He meant a calm and patient reconstruction upon the broad foundation of equity and common-sense.

No man was ever more truly a Puritan in the liberal sense of believing in the moral basis of good government, but certainly no one ever less a Puritan in supposing that legislation can produce results which in the nature of things are solely due to moral causes. He had also the sinewy religious faith of the Puritan, but under a very different form. He was a Unitarian; but no Calvinist of COTTON MATHER's school believed more fervently than he. His imagination kindled with the grandeur of the Hebrew religious spirit and the Biblical phraseology; and his speeches, and often his official documents, when it was becoming, were impressive from a rich and solemn Scriptural rhetoric. At a camp-meeting upon Martha's Vineyard in the summer of 1862 he spoke to thousands of people one Sunday in the open air with the fire and unction of a great religious leader.

In social intercourse Governor ANDREW's sweet and opulent nature sparkled and rejoiced. Truly modest, cultivated, sprightly, sympathetic, the same candor and simplicity which dignified his public conduct endeared him to his friends. Those who had had no chance of measuring the man were ready to see him fail when he came without preparation to the direction of a great State during a great war. But there were few men in Massachusetts, whatever their politics, who did not acknowledge their mistake and concede his masterly capacity. It was this general conviction of Governor ANDREW's perfect rectitude, sagacity, and political candor and ability, which had already indicated him, in the minds of many who felt that General GRANT's nomination to the Presidency was inevitable, as the most proper candidate for the Vice-Presidency. That cheering hope has disappeared. Public life in the United States has lost a man whom it could not spoil, and who made it truly noble and inspiring: a man who was cultivated without loss of popular influence: who worked with a party and was never its slave; who kept faith with himself, and was in every fibre of his being, and in the best sense, an American. And he, too, is one of the victims of the war. None of the brave young men who loved him, and whom he loved, whom he commissioned and sent with his benediction to the great struggle, spent his life for the country more truly than Governor ANDREW. With theirs, his memory is a sacred and immortal appeal to the living to take care that the dead have not died in vain.

## THE TRIAL OF DAVIS.

IT is now said that at the next May term Chief Justice CHASE will be present and preside at the trial of JEFFERSON DAVIS. This seems to show that the trial is really to take place. And what is to be the result of it? What can be? What folly so stupendous as to ask twelve men to decide whether the war was right or wrong, legal or illegal! Suppose JEFFERSON DAVIS is convicted of treason, will he be hung? If he be convicted and pardoned,

is it conceivable that any convicted traitor would ever be hung in this country? If not hung, does the conviction establish the fact of his treason more decisively than it is already established? Or if he be acquitted, is he any the less guilty? Will any body believe him to be less guilty? If he be acquitted, of course the Government is convicted. If the jury say that he was not guilty, then he was engaged in lawful proceedings, and the Government, that is, the loyal people of this country, are guilty of all the horrors of the war.

There is no conceivable use in the trial of Jefferson Davis. No verdict can settle any thing. If the jury acquitted him in the morning, and a rebellion should begin in the after noon, it would be put down as decisively and unconditionally as that of which Davis was the chief. The verdict of twelve chance men in Richmond can not snuff out the United States of America. A nation instinctively defends itself, and a league, or a confederacy, or a combination, or by whatever name you may describe a political community when it has become nationalized, will not be destroyed upon any constitutional or unconstitutional theory without a struggle for its life. And if Davis shall be adjudged to have committed treason within the plain intention of the Constitution, we ask again whether he will be hung, or suffer any penalty whatever? If he should be hung, upon what ground is Robert E. Lee to escape, or any of the equally active and conspicuous leaders of the rebellion? Do we propose to erect a line of gibbets, or is it that we wish to have a jury find Davis guilty of the most monstrous and inexcusable treason not that he may be punished, but that we may have the satisfaction of knowing that he is guilty?

To the question which is so pertinaciously urged, whether his offense is any less heinous because it is so enormous, we answer no; but because of its enormity and its character the method of dealing with it is necessarily different. Indeed, there is nothing that can be settled by this trial except the fact that a man in this country can be tried for treason. And that has been already established by the trial of Aaron Burr. The American people have determined by war that there shall be no secession, so that it is quite too late to argue whether or not it is a Constitutional right. Having determined that, they have necessarily settled that a citizen who attempts secession by force bears arms against the United States, and is guilty of treason. The Court may confirm these judgments, but it can not reverse them. Why, therefore, should it express itself upon the subject?

## OUR GRAIN PRODUCTS AND EXPORTS.

Last week we glanced hastily at the Grain Market and its fluctuations for the past six months. Some dealers and speculators have taken exception to our estimate of a large Southern surplus, and maintain that the crop of the present year is short; but information obtained from the most trustworthy sources has not induced us to change our opinion previously expressed. Personal interviews with well-informed persons from all parts of the South justify the conclusion that, with the exception of certain few localities, the crops throughout are excellent. In Louisiana, which never was a grain producing State, a very large area has been laid waste by floods. Also within a circuit three hundred miles in diameter, embracing eastern South Carolina and western North Carolina, there is a dearth. With these exceptions the South has produced enough and to spare. In Virginia, Texas, Tennessee, and Georgia, the crops have been superabundant; large quantities of wheat and flour of excellent quality have been received from those districts at prices remunerative to the seller. There is a surplus of corn in Mississippi and other States. In Alabama the standing ungathered crop has been offered at 45 cents per bushel, and in Texas as low as 35 cents. In New Orleans the market is bare and corn has ruled as high as $1 50, owing to prevalence of yellow-fever and a low stage of water in the river; but the market rates in New Orleans are no criterion for the rest of the country.

In many districts lack of facilities prevents the moving of grain, and causes prices to rule low. Large quantities are lost which would otherwise be thrown upon the market. This has always been the case. Even during the most trying period of the war the South managed to raise more than it needed for its own consumption. There can be no doubt that the South has this year all that it requires for its own wants. All that it has shipped to the North may be set down as surplus.

Much stress is laid upon the fact that we are now sending flour to the South, and that buyers from that section are in our market—as if that proved a short crop. The real aspect of the case is, that the South has been able to reap pecuniary advantage by being first in market. It sent forward its wheat and flour early, and sold it when prices were high; it is now purchasing inferior grades of flour at low figures, chiefly for negro consumption, most of which goes to Savannah. [It seems that the negroes, who used to be content with corn before the war, have since learned to appreciate the luxury of flour.] Georgia flour sells now in the New York market at $14 50, while the grades sent thither range from $8 50 @ $12 50. Not so much Southern flour is coming forward as formerly—necessarily, because the harvest is early and the bulk of shipments have already been made.

There is no doubt that the grain crop of the entire country is what dealers would call "short." The harvests of the North and West have not met the expectations formed early in the season. Last year the crop was much below an average one, and we had actually to import grain to meet the deficit. This year the crop is not an average, and yet it is estimated at full 40 per cent. above the last; that is, say, thirty million tons against twenty-two millions last year. The exports of grain from the port of New York alone since September 1 (which is the beginning of the cereal year) reach 2,000,000 bushels of wheat, 190,000 of rye, 700,000 of corn, and 23,000 barrels of corn meal. These figures help to sustain our estimate of the crop as above given.

Hitherto we have been sending forward freely under the impetus of a large foreign demand. Although the receipts at this port have been as high as 249,000 bushels in a single day, the market has nevertheless been kept closely drained, and there is very little in store. While this foreign demand continued prices were firmly sustained, and were largely in advance of those of September 1, when prices softened under the reports of a harvest universally abundant. At the date last-named, flour ruled at $6 65 @ $14; on October 16 it was $9 35 @ $16 50, which was about the top of the market. On September 1 wheat was $2 25, and corn $1 22 @ 23 per bushel; on October 16 wheat $2 35 @ 40, and corn $1 43 @ 45. As soon as the shipments were made there was a reaction, and the price of flour fell off to $8 @ $16, of wheat to $2 35, and corn to $1 36, which are the prevailing rates now. Besides, the foreign market is becoming temporarily glutted. Our foreign customers are buying only what they need for their immediate wants. Although they require our grain, yet they can not take it at the prices at which it has been going. This helps the reaction. As soon as the shippers return, however, we may expect the market to stiffen again. They come and go in "schools," as sailors say, and their movements always have a marked influence upon prices. It is this foreign demand and the expectation of its continuance that sustains the present high prices. Without it, flour would doubtless decline fully $1 50 in ten days.

One element in our grain trade that has never been taken into account until the present year is the California production; and those who are estimating the harvest just closed do not seem to consider it even now. The Golden State is a new and exceedingly fruitful source of supply, and destined to occupy a relation of as great importance to us as India does to Great Britain in the staple of cotton. The shipments of wheat and flour from thence to Atlantic ports have already been very large this year, while the direct exportation of wheat to Europe has reached 2,000,000 bushels since September 1. We may, in some future evil day, have to look to California to keep starvation from our doors.

It is a singular coincidence that, while there was a scarcity of grain throughout the Continent of Europe in the years 1860-4, our crops were the most abundant that we ever had, notwithstanding the war greatly occupied the attention of husbandmen; since then we have had no market there, and short crops until this year, and now when we have a fair yield the crops abroad are again short. During the four years named we exported to the other side of the Atlantic no less than 9,000,000 barrels of flour, 1,500,000 bushels of rye, 105,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 39,000,000 bushels of corn. In estimating at this late the exports of the present year, we are assisted by knowledge of the fact that both the Southern and California stocks are now nearly exhausted. What is shipped hereafter will be taken chiefly from what the West has to spare. But Western grain is not coming forward freely, and it is believed that the stock in store here will be light this winter, and that prices will advance considerably from present quotations.

## A "CONSERVATIVE" ARGUMENT.

The Democratic papers and orators vehemently denounce the ignorance of the new Southern voters. The *World*, especially, has a great deal to say about "barbarism," and so forth. But if it be dangerous to allow ignorance to vote, is it safe to encourage drunkenness? Just before the late election in New York the *World* quoted an earnest appeal to temperance men from a Republican paper to support the Republican ticket; and added, that the paper might have strengthened its appeal by stating the fact that General James B. M'Kean, at the head of the Republican ticket, was a Worthy Grand Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance.

The statement was untrue; but what was the object of the *World?* It was to rally the "Conservative" grog-shops against the Republican nomination. It was to stigmatize a candidate in the Democratic mind by proclaiming him—not a prohibitionist—but "a temperance man." It was an appeal, harmonious with the whole Democratic policy, to the meanest prejudices of the most worthless class of the population. Was General M'Kean likely to be a worse officer because he was a temperance man? How the cheek of an honest man must tingle when knowledge of what will persuade his party compels him to say as an argument against a candidate that he is a friend of temperance, and consequently of public order and of low taxes!

## SOME OF THE ARTISTS.

We have before reminded our friends who live out of the city that there is no pleasanter recreation when they are here than the studios of the artists. They are gregarious, like birds. They cluster together in pleasant places, and the studios are so tranquil and so tapestried with delightful sketches and pictures that no resort is more refreshing. Just now many of the artists congregate in the upper part of Broadway. From Madison Square upward they are to be found at almost every corner, and especially in the block between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets there is a suit of studios occupied by Kensett, Baker, and Lang, which are delightful. To these rooms the closing autumn brings the occupants. Mr. Kensett, who has been in Paris to see the famous gallery of the great Exhibition, is upon his homeward way; and his friend Mr. Lang, who has the next studio, has reopened in it his Art Institute for Young Ladies. Mr. Lang is a most competent teacher and most courteous gentleman, and his rooms are so accessible and so pleasant that any young lady who wishes to pursue her art studies in painting, drawing, and modeling, and in the most cheerful and agreeable retirement, will naturally go to Mr. Lang. In the Studio Building in Tenth Street, between the Fifth and Sixth avenues, there is an exhibition of some of the works of one of the true American masters, William Page, to which we especially commend our friends and readers. The sincerity of his genius, the fervor of his devotion, and his remarkable skill, are fully illustrated in these pictures. Later in the season there will be the Winter Exhibition of the Academy and that of the Artists' Fund Society. Let us hope, too, that the Water Color Society may show what it has been doing.

## THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Attention has been frequently called in this journal to the marvels of engineering skill accomplished in the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. No road of its length and magnitude was ever before contemplated, much less attempted; and no such work was ever before prosecuted by the most energetic of men or races, under such adverse circumstances as a war with the barbarous tribes whose country the road traverses, and the present high and unexampled cost of all necessary building materials. Few roads were ever built in a country of greater natural difficulties, for it crosses the two highest ranges of mountains in the country. And yet, in spite of these natural, social, and financial obstacles five hundred miles of the road have been completed in an incredibly short period of time, at once astonishing the scientific and laboring world.

But this very material revolution thus accomplished in the construction of the Pacific Railroad is insignificant compared to that commercial revolution which is to follow, of necessity, its completion. When the line stretches unbroken from Omaha to Sacramento, it will affect, not merely the rapid settlement of our vast Western States and Territories; it will not merely influence the tide of German and Irish emigration, swelling it, and facilitating that transfer of energy, industry, and genius from the East to the West which has been going on for scores and scores of centuries; it will not merely affect the cultivation of the wide prairie lands of the West, where corn and wheat grow almost without care, and countless cattle can be grazed and reared without cost; it will not merely develop fully the riches of the vast mining regions of the great mountains, bringing the most extensive mining field of the richest and purest of all the metals in the world within the grasp of the capitalist, the reach of the laborer, the centre of civilization; but it is to affect the trade of all the world, and to pour into the lap of this metropolis and this country the riches and labor of the Old World as well as the New. Ten thousand emigrants from China delve in the tunnels of the road through the Sierra Nevada, and fifty thousand from Germany and Ireland have followed it across the Plains. It will in the same way attract hither the capital of the East, and will make America not merely the short route from Asia to Europe, but the stopping-point, the mart for both Europe and Asia, and Americans will be the merchantmen of the world. It will not merely shorten by many hours the various routes for travelers from India and China to Europe, but it will make this country the terminus for the various freight routes of the world, and the Exchange Place for the Universe. Europe will, when this road is completed, come to New York, and San Francisco, and St. Louis, and Chicago, not only for our own corn and wheat as heretofore, but for the teas and silks of China, India, and Japan, which these material advantages will place under the control of our capital.

The road is to be finished in two years. Five hundred miles of the route across the Plains were finished last month; the mountain line across the Sierra Nevada was finished the month before, and the line across the Rocky Mountains and the Humboldt Valley, 419 miles, alone remain to be constructed. This great progress in the work ought to be sufficient inducement to capitalists of the country to invest in the bonds of the Company which are now on the market; but, as if it were not, the treasurer, Hon. John J. Cisco, has lately put forward a statement of the financial condition of the Company of the most interesting and encouraging character. From this statement it appears that to meet the estimated cost of the road—$83,445,012—the Company already has in government bonds and land grants, paid in capital, etc., over $85,000,000, or about $2,000,000 more than the estimated cost. The bonds are in the market, and are being largely invested in, and there is little doubt that the present Company will finish the road in the time promised; but if it does not, the Government, which authorizes and charters the line, must complete it, for the work is now one of such national importance that the people insist upon its vigorous prosecution as positively as they insisted on the prosecution of the late war. It is really necessary to the material reconstruction of the Union, and will add equally to its strength, vigor, vitality, and wealth.

The bonds now thrown on the market are the Company's First Mortgage bonds. The Company is authorized by Congress to issue its First Mortgage bonds in the same amounts as are issued by the Government on the various sections of the road as they are completed, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| On the first 517 miles at $16,000 per mile | $8,272,000 |
| On Rocky Mountain region, 150 miles, at $48,000 per mile | 7,200,000 |
| On 433 additional miles at $32,000 per mile | 13,856,000 |
| Total for 1100 miles | $29,328,000 |

These bonds have thirty years to run from last July, and bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum *in gold*, payable on the first days of January and July in the city of New York. As they are coupon bonds, the semi-annual coupons will be cashed by any bank or banker throughout the country. Congress has taken more especial care that the interests of the bond-holders of this road shall be secured than has ever been shown toward a similar enterprise. The mortgage is made to Hon. E. D. Morgan, United States Senator from New York, and Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of United States House of Representatives from Massachusetts, who alone can deliver the bonds to the Company, and who are responsible for their delivery in strict accordance with the terms of the law. To give every facility for the negotiation of the First Mortgage bonds now issued, the Government makes its own bonds issued to the Company a second lien upon the road, with the understanding that the interest, and a part, if not all the principal, may be paid by services rendered at a future day. We may say without danger of contradiction that no bonds issued by any other Company in this country, or, so far as we know, in the world, are made so secure by a responsible government as the First Mortgage Bonds of the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Another feature of the impeachment schemes of Congress has been discovered by "several prominent Southerners." It is no less than a general outbreak of the colored people of the South about the time of the proposed trial. These gentlemen say the negroes are all well armed, while the whites are without means of defense; and the President is urged to increase the military force at the South. Possibly they desire that the State militia should be called out.

Two hundred and eight thousand four hundred and twenty-eight emigrants arrived at this port during the year ending October 31.

Santa Cruz, St. Thomas, and St. John, the three principal islands of the Danish West Indies, have, by treaty with Denmark, been purchased by the United States as coaling and shipping stations.

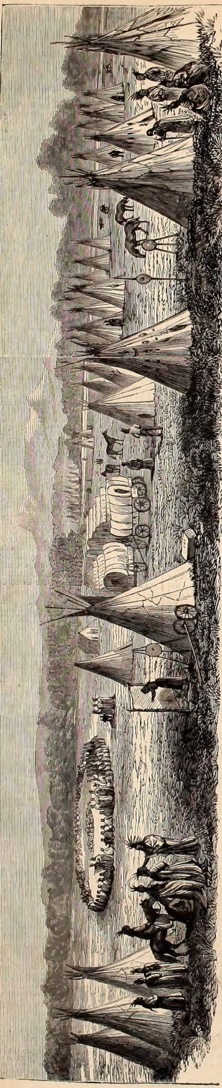
## FOREIGN NEWS.

The French fleet reached Civita Vecchia and the troops disembarked and marched to Rome in time to occupy it before the anticipated assault of Garibaldi. About the same time (October 29) the Italian army crossed the frontier and marched toward Rome. Thereupon Garibaldi abandoned the siege of the city and retreated to Monte Rotondo, where he intrenched a camp in a strong position, refusing to disband his army or abandon his enterprise against Rome unless the national will is obeyed and Rome occupied by the Italian troops as the capital of the kingdom. In this position he was attacked on November 4 by the Papal troops, supported by the French forces, and defeated. He fell back toward the Italian frontier, and finally surrendered to the Italian army, which had crossed the Papal frontier as a corps of observation. The Emperor Napoleon made a proposition to the King of Italy to submit to the citizens of Rome and the inhabitants of the Papal provinces the settlement of the Roman question by a popular vote; and a vote, or *plebescitum*, was had on November 3 in the Papal provinces on the question of annexation to Italy. The vote was almost unanimous in favor of annexation.

St. Domingo has declared war against Hayti for complicity in the plottings of Baez. President Cabral was on the Haytien frontier on October 29 with an army of 4000 men. Baez was at Caracas, plotting for a return to St. Domingo.

Bavaria and Wurtemburg are now a part of North Germany, and their representatives have been admitted to the Parliament of the "reconstructed German Empire."

Russia, France, Prussia, and Italy have united in a note to the Sultan of Turkey on the Cretan question, in which, after rehearsing the diplomatic representations which have from time to time been made to the Sublime Porte by the European Powers, jointly or singly, in favor of granting the demands of the Cretans, and for a general amelioration of the condition of the Christians in the Ottoman empire, all of which seem to have failed to make any impression, it is announced that the Great Powers will hold the Sultan amenable for rejecting their advice, and responsible for whatever consequences may follow.



INDIAN LODGE AT MEDICINE CREEK, KANSAS—SCENE OF THE LATE INDIAN PEACE COUNCIL.—SKETCHED BY J. HOWLAND.—[SEE PAGE 725.]

COUNCIL AT MEDICINE CREEK LODGE WITH THE KIOWA AND COMANCHE INDIANS.—SKETCHED BY J. HOWLAND.—[SEE PAGE 725.]

## THE INDIAN PEACE TREATY.

A PEACE which might have been as readily arranged two years ago as at present was made with four of the tribes of Indians of the Plains in October at an Indian camp on Medicine Lodge Creek, Kansas. By its terms the location of the reservations of the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, and Cheyennes are changed and enlarged. The tribes are to remove farther south—that is, away from the line of the Kansas branch of the Pacific Railroad, and are not to disturb the laborers on that route.

Our two large illustrations on page 724 give the scene of the treaty and the council which concluded it. The full terms of the treaty give to each Indian on the reservation annually a suit of clothes, consisting of coat, pantaloons, hat, and socks, and, in addition to this, $35,000 annually, in such articles as the Indians most need, is to be given to the several tribes. Several other provisions are made to furnish seeds and agricultural implements to such Indians as may commence farming. The Indians agree to let all the railroads be built, and especially the Smoky Hill and Platte roads. They also agree to keep lasting peace; to capture no women or children; to attack no more trains, and to cease killing men; and it is also agreed to allow them to hunt on the old reservation, south of Arkansas, until the settlements drive them away from that hunting-ground.

## THE PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

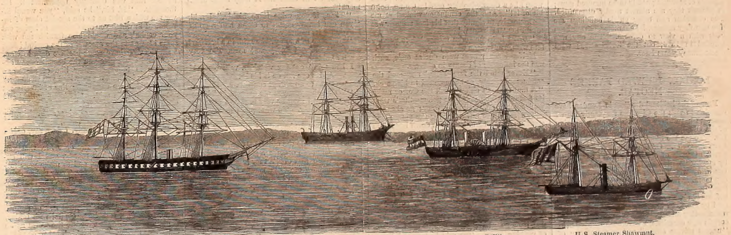
EDWARD P. WESTON, a young pedestrian of New England, has undertaken on a wager of $10,000 to walk from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, a distance of 1237½ miles in twenty-six days, the second one hundred miles, from Dedham, Massachusetts, to Washington, Rhode Island, to be made in twenty-four hours. He left Portland at noon on October 29, and reached Saco at 3.25 P.M., 35 minutes ahead of time. One hour later he left Saco, reaching North Berwick at midnight, having missed the road twice and walked three miles out of his way. On October 30 he passed through eight towns, reaching Salem betimes. On October 31 WESTON walked from Salem to North Attleborough. At 12.41, on November 1, he was at Dedham, Massachusetts, beginning the 100-mile feat, passing through Providence at 8.45 P.M. on the same day. The crowd was so great the police had to open a passage for him through the streets. He stopped at the City Hotel 15 minutes, and then proceeded. In response to the cheers of the crowd, he said he had walked 32 of the 100 miles to be done in 24 hours, and was 18 minutes ahead of time. He was in excellent spirits. The 100-mile feat was not accomplished on the first effort owing to injuries received by WESTON from the crowd in Pawtucket. On November 3 he was at Plainfield, Connecticut, in good spirits and in attendance at church.

The pedestrian is accompanied by six men in carriages, who see that all is fairly done. Relays of horses are provided at certain specified points, in order that there shall be no delay. WESTON is a fine looking young man, about 27 years of age, 5 feet 7½ inches in height, is well-built, and weighs 125 pounds. His walking-dress consists of a jacket, tight-fitting black pantaloons, stout brogans with red tops, a round-top light silk hat, and buff gloves. He also carries a light walking-stick. WESTON is a canvasser by occupation, and takes with him on his trip 30,000 copies of his little paper, *The Time Table*, for distribution. When he started up Federal Street, Portland, he was enthusiastically cheered, and all along the route he has received the most hearty encouragement.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN.—[PHOT. BY C. D. FREDRICKS & CO., 587 BROADWAY.]

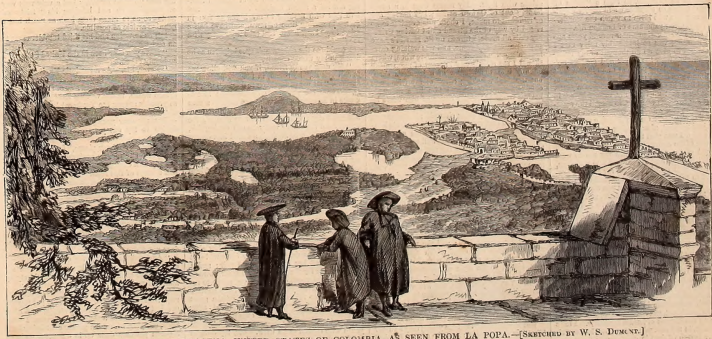
## THE COLOMBIA REVOLUTION.

THE grant to an American company of the Panama Railroad for the next ninety-nine years, was the first circumstance of the late revolution in the united states of Colombia, South America, which indicated that the government of that country was not enlisted entirely in English interests. Later developments and the revelations of correspondence captured with General MOSQUERA, late President of the Republic of Colombia, indicate clearly that there was no secret treaty between England and Colombia as was thought in this country a year or more ago; but that a secret treaty existed between Colombia and the South American States, at war with Spain—Peru, Chili, and Bolivia—by which Colombia became a special or secret partner, as it were, in that war, and by which the Government, or rather MOSQUERA, engaged to purchase a number of iron-clads and privateers for the use of the allies for a descent upon Cuba. The only vessel that MOSQUERA did actually purchase was the steamer *R. R. Cuyler*, obtained in this port and owned by American capitalists. The terms of this secret treaty were very curious. All the



Gerano. R. R. Cuyler. Antonio D'Ulloa. U. S. Steamer Shawmut.

SPANISH MEN-OF-WAR WATCHING THE PERUVIAN PRIVATEER "R. R. CUYLER."—[SKETCHED BY W. S. DUMONT.]



CITY AND BAY OF CARTAGENA, UNITED STATES OF COLOMBIA, AS SEEN FROM LA POPA.—[SKETCHED BY W. S. DUMONT.]

advantages were in favor of the allies; to all appearance Colombia derived no advantage from this treaty. And, in truth, Colombia did not; the treaty was dictated by the selfish aims and ambitious schemes of MOSQUERA. His purpose was to obtain by the use of the money of the allies the temporary command of a number of war vessels in the chief ports of the Republic, and by and through the power thus obtained declare and maintain himself as Dictator of Colombia. By the publication of this treaty the scheme of MOSQUERA was defeated; he was arrested and thrown into prison by General ACOSTA, and the *R. R. Cuyler*, the only vessel which had been purchased for the allies and turned over to MOSQUERA, was blockaded by the Spanish fleet.

Our illustrations on page 725 are of the blockade, and a view of the city and bay of Cartagena, as seen from La Popa, the convent which commands it. The *Rayo*, as the *R. R. Cuyler* is now called, is watched by the Spanish men-of-war the *Gerano*, 50 guns, and the *Antonio D'Ulloa*, 6 guns. The *Gerano* has the *Rayo's* steam-valves on board. The authorities at Cartagena consider the *Rayo* as Peruvian property, and intend to send her to New York; the Spanish commander, however, threatens to take possession of her if she leaves the place; and has even said that he thinks he ought to take her at once where she lies. The Spaniards claim to be in their own waters there, as the independence of the province has never been acknowledged by the Government of Spain.

The bay of Cartagena is the finest and most commodious port on the north coast of the united states of Colombia; it is of sufficient capacity to harbor a very numerous fleet, and has a depth of water enabling the largest vessels to anchor there in perfect security. It is formed by the main land on the east, Tierra Island on the west, and Barú Island on the south. The eastern extremity of Tierra Bomba stretches so far across as to divide the bay into two great basins. There were formerly two entrances to the port, Boca Grande and Boca Chica. The first was closed up when the town was fortified by a sea-wall of one mile in length, formed of limestone blocks of one-half to one ton in weight. Now all vessels have to enter through Boca Chica, and pass between two forts erected there, capable of mounting sixty guns. The city of Cartagena, which is the capital of the province, and has about 10,000 inhabitants, is situated at the north end of the bay, on a low point about two miles in length, and is inclosed by walls and fortifications of the most solid description, capable of mounting nearly three hundred guns; at present they are almost totally dismantled. The churches and other public buildings are also of a very substantial character, having been built with a view to defense. The city was founded in 1525, but the fortifications were erected many years later.

## LONDON BREWED YANKEE NECTAR.

FEW of the habitual dwellers in London have occasion to visit the City less frequently than I have. I have never set foot inside the mansion of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in my life. To me the Stock Exchange is a complete *terra incognita*. Of the thousand-and-one different methods of coining money, as practiced by merchants, bankers, brokers, and that countless army which flocks City-ward every week-day morning from nine till eleven, I know absolutely nothing. Neither, to the best of my belief, has the Money Article of the *Times* ever been read by me from beginning to end. Yet, notwithstanding all this, it has so happened that, on certain rare occasions, I have been compelled by "urgent private affairs" to join the throng of City bees for a few hours, and wing my way eastward with the swarm. At such times I have generally chosen to survey mankind from the box-seat of an omnibus, as from a "coign of vantage" not to be surpassed, and hardly equaled, for any one who loves to watch the wonderful, ever-shifting panorama of London life.

On one such occasion—now several years ago—the morning was so intolerably rainy that I was obliged to give up all thought of my favorite perch aloft with the driver and content myself with the humbler position of an inside. At that time I was only three-and-twenty years old, and had been in London about a couple of years, having been sent up from my far-off home, in one of the northern counties, to attend the classes of, and to study under, a certain then famous analytical chemist. On the morning to which I have just referred, after waiting twenty minutes in the rain, I was glad to find a vacant place inside one of the numerous City 'buses that passed the end of the street in which my rooms were situated. After having squeezed into my place, and been well scowled at for my pains, I proceeded to take stock of my companions in misery. We were eleven men and one woman. All of us men were more or less moist, and each of us had a very damp umbrella. We had all put on our severe business air, and we were all more or less suspicious of the company in which we found ourselves; and—in consequence, perhaps, of the badness of the weather—we were all more than usually inclined to bully the conductor, and to poke him viciously in the ribs with the ferrules of our umbrellas.

But the twelfth inside? Well, she was a lady, young and nice-looking into the bargain; and enveloped with the prettiest air of unconsciousness that she was in the company of eleven blocks of wood, rather than in that of as many beings of flesh and blood, not quite unsusceptible, let us hope, to the charms of female loveliness. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that if she had traveled any length of time in our company the mere fact of her presence would have softened our manners, and have weaned us in some measure from that touch-me-not boorishness, with which, as a rule, all passengers by omnibus love to cloak themselves. But fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, journeys by omnibus are of short duration, and our young lady asked to be set down at the corner of Cheapside. Previously to this, however, we had stopped some half-dozen times to let down and take up other passengers, all of them of the masculine gender, so that I was beginning to look upon myself quite in the light of an old acquaintance, when our young lady got up to leave us. I was sitting next the door as she alighted, and I could not help noticing how pale she seemed all at once to have become. Without heeding the rain that still kept falling, she began to feel for her purse in a trembling, nervous sort of way, first in one pocket, and then in another.

"I have either lost my purse, or else my pocket has been picked," she said at last, with a sort of gasp.

The conductor expressed no surprise, but merely put a fresh straw in his mouth, and then asked us "gents" to move while he looked for the purse, "which, if young ladies was 'bus conductors," he murmured softly to himself, "they would learn to take better care of their money."

But the purse was not to be found. "If it really ain't any where about you, Miss," said the conductor, as he emerged from among the straw, "then your pocket has been picked. How much was there in it?"

"Half-a-sovereign and five-and-sixpence in silver," answered the young lady, with tears trembling on her eyelids. "But that was not all. It also contained a valuable diamond ring, the property of the lady with whom I am living, and which I was taking to a jeweler's not far from here to be repaired."

The conductor turned an eye of compassion on her. "Well, I'm blowed!" he muttered; "to think of any body in their senses being so green!" Then turning quickly on the remaining insides, he scanned us over one by one, ending with a solemn shake of the head. "Can do nothing for you, Miss," he said. "You had better go to the police, and give them a description of your property. I knows most of my morning passengers for respectable City gents; but there was one fishy-looking cove—him as got in at Edgeware Road, and sat next you, Miss, all the way to Farringdon Street—what I didn't like the looks of; and if your purse was taken by any body after you got into the 'bus I'll lay odds that was the cove as took it. And wasn't he a downy-looking card! Oh no, not a bit of it!" And the conductor winked at me portentously, to signify that his last remark was meant for "sarkasum."

"But I have not even money left to pay my fare with," urged the young lady.

Half-a-dozen purses were out at once, such was the influence of beauty in distress.

"Never mind the fare, Miss," answered the conductor, affably, as he mounted to his perch. "A tanner won't either break the Co. or make its fortune. You go to the police—that's what you've got to do. All right, Joey; go ahead."

The 'bus drove away, leaving the young lady standing on the curb. She put down her fall to hide her wet eyes, and was turning sadly away when our conductor leaped nimbly down, ran back to her, said a few words, and was on his perch again in less than two minutes. "Thought it best to give the pore young creetur my number," he remarked confidentially to me, "and the address of our secretary, in case of any think turning up. But that ain't likely, you know, Sir. Ah, it was that fishy-looking cove, you may depend upon it."

I was detained in the City till five o'clock. At that hour I set off westward, with the intention of walking home. The rain had ceased hours ago, and a fresh crisp breeze was now blowing; over the murky City roofs the moon was rising in an unclouded sky, and all the shops were ablaze with light. My rooms were in a street leading out of Oxford Street; but having one or two calls to make, I chose this evening to go round by way of the Strand and Charing Cross. My calls all made, I turned up St. Martin's Lane as my nearest way home, and was walking carelessly along that classic thoroughfare when, whom should I see a little way in front of me, staring intently into the window of a jeweler's shop, but the "fishy-looking cove" of my friend the conductor! I recognized him in a moment, having taken particular notice of him while he was my fellow-passenger in the morning. Not that there was any thing either in his appearance or manners that made me suspicious of his honesty, but rather that he offered such a marked contrast to the respectable, well-to-do-looking City men who made up the rest of the passengers. He was a thin, frouzy, disreputable-looking man, dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a hat and boots that had been carefully "doctored," and might still do some fair-weather service, but which were ill-calculated to stand the brunt of a rainy day. His mouth was that of an habitual dram-drinker. His eyes were weak and watery; and his high-ridged aquiline nose had an inflamed look about it suggestive of many a deep potation. His chin had evidently not felt a razor for several days; and the minute fragments of straw and chaff which clung to his dress, and were mixed up with his unkempt hair, hinted at the style of accommodation to which he had been reduced during the preceding night. Yet, with all this, the fellow carried a jaunty little cane, which he swung to and fro as though he had not a care in the world; and he had on a pair of dog-skin gloves that would have looked stylish if they had not been quite so dirty.

But was it he who took the young lady's purse? That was the question; and the oftener I looked at the man the more inclined I felt to indorse the opinion of the 'bus conductor. A brown morocco purse, containing fifteen-and-sixpence in cash, and a lady's diamond ring of the value of fifty guineas—not a bad morning's work for a gentleman in reduced circumstances. In such a case, however, all the surmising in the world was of no avail. No one had seen him take the purse, and so long as he kept his own counsel he was safe from detection. The grand point was to ascertain whether he really had the ring or a pawnbroker's duplicate for it about his person. But how to do this?

This was the problem that I kept turning over and over in my mind as I cautiously followed up my man when he went on his way from the jeweler's shop. At the top of the Lane he seemed to hesitate for half a minute, then he turned to the right and went up Long Acre, I still following cautiously about a dozen yards in the rear.

"I will put you to a simple test, my friend," thought I; "and as you come out of it, so will I adjudge you innocent or guilty."

Hurrying up behind him I tapped him lightly on the arm. "I beg your pardon," I said, "but did you drop this pencil-case just now?"

He started as I touched him, and seemed for a few seconds as if he could not take in the meaning of my question. He looked at me with eyes full of suspicion. Whether he recognized me as one of his fellow-passengers by the morning's 'bus I could not determine. We had halted opposite a large shop, and the light from the window shone full on my silver pencil-case, on which, at length, when he was apparently satisfied with his scrutiny of my face, his glance fastened greedily.

"Picked it up, did you say?" he asked, as he began to fumble with thumb and finger in his waistcoat pocket.

"Just behind you," I answered. "But if it's not yours I sha'n't bother any more about it but pocket it myself."

"But it is mine," he put in, eagerly. "How stupid of me to lose it!" I put the pencil-case in his hands without hesitation. "I am really much obliged to you," he went on, "for your kindness in returning it. As you grow older, young gentleman, you will find that honesty is the exception in this world, and not the rule."

"Well, I'm glad to have found the owner," I said, with a laugh. "You seem to value the case?"

"I do value it, young gentleman," answered the old hypocrite. "Less, perhaps, from its intrinsic worth than from the fact that it is the sole relic now left me of a very dear friend. Friendship ever let us cherish. A truly noble sentiment!"

"Then, if you value it so highly," I said, "you can hardly object to stand half a go of brandy for its recovery."

"Half a go of brandy!" he said, in a horrified tone. "Young man, young man, I'm very much afraid—"

I had taken out my watch, a valuable gold lever. As his eye fell on it his intended remonstrance came to an abrupt conclusion.

"Well—ah—yes, you are quite right," he resumed, "and I shall be very happy to treat you to a go of brandy. To what place shall we adjourn?"

"To the nearest house, please. I want to get home to my dinner."

So we went into the nearest tavern, where my new acquaintance ordered a glass of brandy for me, and half a pint of stout for himself. Not to be behindhand I ordered a couple of cigars.

"Been in London long?" asked my companion as I was lighting my weed.

"No—only a few months. Fresh from the country."

"At the risk of being thought impertinent, may I just inquire to what particular line of business your talents are devoted?"

"To no line at all just at present. The fact is," I added, lowering my voice to the proper confidential tone, "I had a little money left me about a year ago, and I am up in London looking out for a sound business investment. But I've met with nothing to my liking so far: in fact, I'm getting tired of town, and have half a mind to go back home, and take my money with me."

I could see the old scamp's eyes brighten as he drank in my words eagerly.

"My dear young friend, if you will allow me to call you so," he began, in blandly persuasive accents, "let me counsel you to do nothing rashly. There are thousands of excellent investments in London. But what *you* want is a man at your back who knows all the ins and outs of this great city; who knows how to separate the wheat from the chaff; and who can distinguish, almost as it were by instinct, a sound investment from a rotten one."

"All very fine. But where is a greenhorn like me to find such a man?"

The gesture with which my scampish friend bowed to me, and laid his hand on his heart, had in it a touch of the sublime. "It is not for a modest man like me to vaunt himself or his qualifications, but I—*moi qui vous parle*—have lived in London all my life, and I have not lived with my eyes shut. Although I am, just now—why attempt to deny it?—in some measure under a cloud, my fortunes, I am proud to say, have not always been at their present low ebb. My wife—she is dead now, poor creature!—at one time kept her brougham and pair; and I had my hack for the park, and a hunter down at Melton. But those days are gone, never to return. (Drink up, Sir, and let us have another glass.) I was ruined in the year of the great panic. All the more, then, am I fitted, after passing through such a bitter experience, to fill the part of a judicious Mentor to inexperienced youth with capital at its back. Sir, my humble services are yours to command."

"Well," I said, with a dubious air, "it is just possible that you might be able to put me up to a useful wrinkle or two. But in any case this is not the spot to discuss such matters. Come and have a bit of dinner with me at my rooms, and we can talk things over afterward with the assistance of a pipe and a tumbler."

"A bit of dinner, a pipe, and a tumbler! Ha, ha! I will attend you, my young friend, with the utmost satisfaction."

I hailed the first cab I could find, and we rattled off to my lodgings. No conversation took place while we were going over the stones; but in imagination I saw before me a certain sweet, tearful face, and I felt more determined than ever to go through with the scheme, wild and preposterous as it might have seemed at another time, which had flashed suddenly across my brain while I was following the rascal by my side up St. Martin's Lane.

Having instructed my landlady to put down another cutlet, and to send out for one or two extras, we ascended to my rooms.

"In the hope, my dear Sir, that our friendship will be a long and flourishing one," said my unwelcome guest, "allow me, as a needful preliminary, to present you with my card."

He handed me, as he spoke, a very limp and rather dirty piece of pasteboard, which he had had some difficulty in finding among his multifarious pockets, and on which was inscribed the name of "Mr. Reginald Tracy." Of course I could do no less than return the compliment.

Dinner was served a few minutes later; and while it was in progress the conversation between Mr. Tracy and myself was of the most intermittent character. I gathered enough, however, to enable me to discover that he was a man of some education, and must at one time have mixed in superior society. By the exercise of what knavish arts he had contrived to forfeit the position he once held I could not, of course, tell; therein, no doubt, lay hidden the great secret of his life. Poor wretch! it was easy to see, from the style in which he got through his food, that a plentiful and wholesome meal was what he had not partaken of for some time. At length he lay back in his chair in a state of happy repletion. "Not another morsel, my dear boy!" he said, with a benignant smile. "Positively, I could not. Let good digestion wait on appetite—you know the rest. A bountiful meal! But Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb! And now for the pipe and the tumbler. Ha, ha! I have not forgotten."

As soon as we were fairly under way with our first tumbler Mr. Tracy broke ground on the subject that was evidently uppermost in his thoughts. "If, Sir," he said, "you would favor me with a hint as to the special class of investment in which you are desirous of laying out your capital, and would also furnish me with some idea as to the amount of the capital itself, I should then have some positive data to work upon, and could give you the benefit of my experience in that particular line of procedure which your inclinations may lead you to prefer."

"Capital, three thousand; line of investment not decided on," I said. "Something light and genteel would be preferred."

"Such as an importer of wines and spirits, for instance?" said Mr. Tracy.

"That would do capitally, I dare say, only I happen to know nothing in the world about it."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear Sir, that you should. Only find the money, and I will engage to find the brains, and to make your fortune into the bargain." Mr. Tracy sighed deeply, took a long pull at his tumbler, and then proceeded to enlighten my ignorance as to the various methods by which extraordinary profits might be realized, without the slightest risk of failure, by any one who, combining capital with brains, might choose to appear before the world as an importer of wines and spirits. That some of the methods indicated by Mr. Tracy were several degrees on the shady side of honesty might at once have been predicated from the character of the man; but he certainly had a very neat way of wrapping up and labeling his "tricks of trade" so as to make them look as much like a genuine article as possible.

His exhortation and his third tumbler came to an end together.

"Have you ever been in the United States?" I suddenly asked.

"Never, Sir. As a patriotic Englishman my love of travel never took me so far from home."

"Then you never tasted any of those delicious drinks which, under various strange names, are so popular among the Yankees?"

"Once more a negative must be my answer.—But, my dear young friend, if you will only decide to lay out your capital in accordance with—"

"A moment, if you please," I said. "Before going into any further business details, what do you say to a change of tipple? I think we have had enough of this stuff. Let me try whether I can not brew you one of those delightful American drinks of which I spoke just now. I had the recipes for several of them from an uncle of mine who is captain of a liner."

"Just as you like, *cher ami*—just as you like," he said; "though I don't think much improvement on this delicious toddy is possible."

"We can come back to it again, if the other does not prove to our liking," I said.

"And not be flouted for our inconstancy," added Mr. Tracy, with a laugh. "So now for this Yankee nectar of yours. I grow thirsty by anticipation."

Two large tumblers and the various ingredients required for my purpose were quickly got together; last of all, I went into my study; and after staying there about a couple of minutes, I went back, carrying with me a packet containing half a dozen powders done up in differently-colored papers. The degree of knowledge I had laid claim to as a concocter of American drinks was by no means fictitious; and I now proceeded to

mix one after the most approved fashion, and ended by opening one of the colored papers and pouring the contents of it into the tumbler, and then offered the whole to Tracy.

But the putting in of the powder had evidently roused his suspicions, and with a polite wave of the hand he refused the proffered tumbler. "After you, my dear Sir," he said. "I must really insist on your imbibing the first tumbler yourself. The second one will do excellently well for me."

"As you please," I said, with a shrug. With that I proceeded to drain the first tumbler, expressing by pantomime, as I did so, my appreciation of its excellence. After this I mixed a second tumbler, into which, as before, I poured the contents of one of the colored papers, and then handed the whole to Tracy. His lips having once touched the glass, stuck there till it was empty.

He gave a sigh of intense satisfaction as he put down the glass. "Ambrosia, by Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "The man who invented that tipple ought to be immortalized by a statue of the whitest marble. I have no wish to be thought presumptuous, but I can not resist asking you to mix me one more potation."

"One? half a dozen, if you like," I replied, "and all of them different. Unless your taste differs very much from mine, you will find No. 2 an improvement on No. 1."

He refilled his pipe while I was mixing the second tumbler, but still kept a watchful eye on my proceedings, not that he was any longer suspicious of my good faith, but because he was desirous of taking a lesson in the art of concocting such delicious drinks. When all the other ingredients were properly combined I opened one of the packets, as before, and shook the contents into the tumbler; and then having well stirred the whole, I handed the glass to Tracy. But the powder, in this case, possessed properties very different from that of the innocent alkali of which I had made use previously.

As before, Tracy's lips seemed glued to the tumbler till he had drained the contents to the last drop.

"How does that suit your taste?" I said. "Is it equal to the first?"

"Such a question is hard to answer," he replied. "The beauties of both are so evenly balanced that Bacchus himself would find it difficult to decide between the two. I have to thank you, my dear young friend, for having opened up a new vista of pleasure undreamed of by me before."

"I must give you one or two of my recipes, and then you can mix for yourself. One more tumbler, and then to business."

Even while I was speaking the pipe dropped from his lips, and his eyes began to wander. Slowly and deliberately, I proceeded with my preparations for another tumbler. Tracy, after glancing down reproachfully at his pipe, took no further heed of it, but planting both his elbows firmly on the table, and taking fast hold of his head between his hands, he tried his utmost to bring his weak, wavering gaze to bear on my manipulating fingers. But the effort was too much for him. His eyes closed, opened, closed again; and then, with a few incoherent words of apology, his head drooped forward on the table; his nerveless arms lost all powers of tension; and in twenty seconds he was faster asleep than he had ever been in his life before.

It was to this end that all my efforts had been directed. The powder put by me into his second tumbler was a powerful Indian narcotic, which I had latterly had occasion to use in some of my chemical experiments. Although successful so far, it was not without a more unequal beating of the heart than usual that I proceeded to carry out the remainder of my design. However honest one's intentions may be, there is something nefarious in the act of feeling a man's pockets—something that goes utterly against the grain; yet that was precisely what I had now got to do. Before proceeding any further, however, I thought it advisable to have a third person by me to act as a witness of what might follow. So I went down stairs to my landlady's room, with the intention of getting either the worthy dame herself or her husband to act the part of chorus in my forthcoming little drama. Fortunately I found the old lady's son, who is a strapping sergeant in the Guards, and who made no difficulty about going back with me.

We found Tracy still soundly asleep, with his head on the table. From this posture I gently raised him, and laid him back in the easy-chair in which he was sitting. My next proceeding was to insinuate my hand into each of his pockets, one after the other, in search of the missing diamond. I found the young lady's purse, but the ring was not in it; I also found a number of pawnbroker's duplicates, but none of them having reference to the object of which I was in search. Here, too, was my pencil-case, which, together with the stolen purse, I did not fail to appropriate. One after the other I searched all the pockets I could find, but still the ring was not forthcoming, and I began to fear that he had already disposed of it, in which case it was probably lost beyond recovery. My friend the sergeant, seeing my perplexity, suggested that the ring was perhaps sewn up inside the lining of his coat or waistcoat. Acting on this hint, I felt all over the lining of his coat, but without success; but on coming to his waistcoat I found something hard, over which a patch of wash-leather had been carefully stitched. A few seconds sufficed to unrip the sewing, and there, wrapped up carefully in cotton-wool and tissue-paper, was a lady's diamond-ring. In silent triumph I held it up on the tip of my finger for the sergeant's inspection.

"Hurrah! that's jolly, and no mistake," shouted the Guardsman, with a wave of his pipe. "How will Mr. Slyboots feel when he wakes up?"

We were not left long in doubt on that point. Mr. Tracy began to yawn, and stretch, and pull himself together. It was a peculiarity of the narcotic I had given him that its effect, when administered in small doses, was of very short duration, and I knew that Tracy's stupor would not last above half an hour at the most. To assist his recovery I held a vial of strong smelling-salts under his nose. He opened his eyes, sat up, sneezed, and stared vacantly around.

"Good-evening, governor," said the sergeant. "You seem to have had quite a refreshing little snooze."

Mr. Tracy did not respond to this friendly greeting. His fingers were busy fumbling at his waistcoat, and next moment he started up with a tremendous oath, and declared that he had been robbed.

"Of what have you been robbed, Mr. Tracy?" I asked.

"Of a valuable diamond ring, which, for better security, I had stitched up in the folds of my waistcoat."

"Probably this purse also belongs to you?" I said, holding up the article in question.

He changed color at once, and all the defiance seemed to ooze out of him as I kept my eyes fixed steadily on his.

"That, too, is my property," he said, with a poor attempt at bravado; "and I must ask you at once to explain how it came into your possession."

"Let me first tell you how it came into yours," I said. "You took it this morning out of the pocket of a young lady who sat next you in an omnibus. At that time it contained, besides a small sum of money, a diamond ring, now in my custody, and which I mean to restore to its owner to-morrow. Are you satisfied?"

"A lie! an infernal lie!" he said, with an angry stamp of the foot.

"You are *not* satisfied," I said. "Such being the case, let us adjourn to the nearest police-station, and each tell his own story to the inspector. For my part, I am quite willing to bear the brunt of such a proceeding. Are you ready to accompany me?"

"Sold! most damnably sold!" cried Tracy, flinging up his clenched hands. Then he turned and picked up his hat and cane; then, facing me, he said: "You villain! You have tricked me this time, but I'll be revenged on you yet. Next time it will be my turn, and I advise you to beware."

"If you are not out of this house in two minutes," I said, "I will give you in charge to the police."

He turned on me with a snarl, and made as though he would have struck me across the face with his cane. My friend, the sergeant, was on his feet in an instant.

"Now, governor, you just hook it quietly, or it will be worse for you," he said. "I may as well light you to the street-door, or you might perhaps find your way by accident into one of the other rooms. Now just step out, will you?"

I called next morning at the office of the Secretary of the Omnibus Company, and found, as I had anticipated, that the young lady had left her address there. To this address, which was in a certain West-End square, I hurried as fast as a cab could take me. I found the young lady and the old lady with whom she was living as companion terribly put about by the loss of the ring, and therefore proportionately pleased at its recovery. That first visit was not the last by any means; but all the rest merely concerns Minnie and myself, and may remain left unwritten.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SPORTING ITEM.—Young ladies conversing with one another may be said to be deers—talking.

A fellow contemplated in utter wonderment the magnitudinous dimensions of a by-stander's feet, and in a tone of astonishment said, as he surveyed the man's proportions: "You'd have been a tall man if they hadn't bent you so far up."

THE GREEK WHICH STUDENTS ARE OFTEN "HIGHEST UP" IN—The Attic.

REGULAR "LOAFERS"—Bakers.

### THE LATEST CURIOSITIES.

A fence made from the railing of a scolding wife.
A plate of butter made from "the cream of a joke."
The small coins in the "change of the moon."
The original brush used in painting the "signs of the times."
The latest contract with the "Trade Winds."
The chair in which the sun sets.
A garment for the naked eye.
The hammer which broke up the meeting.
Buckle to fasten a laughing-stock.
The animal that drew the inference.
Egg from a nest of th eves.
A bucket of water from "All's well."

TO BE DIGESTED AT LEISURE.—One of those fool-hardy freaks in which people who had ought to know better will occasionally indulge occurred the other evening. A gentleman before retiring to rest had the imprudence to swallow a *night-cap*. On inquiring at his residence we learn that he is as well as—indeed, better than might have been expected.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE SOLE—Creaking Boots!

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

### EPITAPH OF ANOTHER DOG.

Paws, stranger, paws! Here lies poor Jack,
His case was truly hard,
A dog that over four feet stood,
Lies buried in a yard!

A clergyman going to a miserly old lady to beg for a worthy object found himself refused on the ground of poverty. Feigning himself much interested in her story, he expressed great surprise thereat, and said: "I had not thought you in such want;" and then taking out some money he said, "here is something that will do for the present purpose; when I call again I will bring you more." The old lady was so enraged that she gave him a good round sum to show him that she did not mean she was a pauper.

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that these two were late and were called out to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said the favorite, "I was dreamin' that I was goin' to Californy, and I thought the school-bell was the steamboat-bell as I was goin' in." "Very well, Sir," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite; "and now, Sir (turning to the other), what have you to say?" "Please, Sir, please, Sir," said the puzzled boy—"*I! I! was waitin' to see Tom off!*" It was the same boy who, being asked the next day if his father was a Christian, answered, "*No, Sir, he's a Dutchman.*"

### LATEST FASHIONS.

Eyes continue to be worn, one on each side of the nose, and immediately under the brows. The color is varied to suit the occasion, and just now the prevailing tint is green—a fine sea-green. Black, blue, and gray are still worn in the home circle.

Noses maintain their position on the centre of the face. The Grecian or aquiline is generally preferred, but the snubs have held their places on very pretty faces.

Lips are midway between the nose and point of the chin, and are a pale pink. The coral variety is no longer tolerated, except in girls not yet come out.

Teeth will be somewhat larger, and of bluish tint, to correspond with the complexion, which must be a dead white and magenta red.

Ears are worn, one on each side of the head, with the hair all carried up so as to give them a peculiar appearance of alertness.

ADVICE TO UNMARRIED LADIES WITH INDEPENDENT RESOURCES—Husband them.

BY A BACHELOR.—Why is a married man with a family of small children like a sailor at sea?—Because he is on the look-out for squalls.

WOMAN'S TRIALS—Bonnets.

THE STRANGER'S GUIDE TO PITTSBURG.—The smoke.

### A VERSIFIED "JOURNEY OF LIFE."

When a man travels the journey of life
He gets a few rubs of the bustle and strife;
And if he's in want of a guide-book, perchance
I can give him a sketch of the route at a glance.

Mammy's lap—coral and pap—fussery, nussery—cry, cry.
Heaps of toys—racket and noise—hummery, dummery—fie, fie!
Off to school—dull as a mule—fag away, drag away—slow, slow.
Early love—coo like a dove—sighery, fiery—glow, glow.
Choose a career—prospects queer—failery, wailery—gruff, gruff.
Lesson learnt, candle burnt—flickery, wickery—puff, puff.
Fussery, nussery, hummery, dummery, fag away, drag away, failery, wailery, flickery, wickery, laughing, chaffing, moaning, groaning, illery, pillery, doctor's billery, sad enough, mad enough, glad when you've had enough.

When a man travels the journey of life
He gets a few rubs in the bustle and strife:
Gets, all his life,
A few rubs in the bustle and strife.

"SHAMPOOING CHARLIE WAS HIS NAME."

*Hairdresser.*—"WELL, MY LITTLE GENTLEMAN, AND HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR HAIR CUT?"
*Charlie.*—"OH, LIKE PAPA'S, PLEASE, WITH A LITTLE ROUND HOLE AT THE TOP. [*Unutterable bliss of parent who sits within hearing.*

### HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTATIONS.

Drawing across the lips—Desirous of being acquainted.
Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry.
Taking by the centre—You are too willing.
Dropping—We will be friends.
Twirling in both hands—Indifference.
Drawing across the cheek—I love you.
Drawing through the hands—I hate you.
Letting it rest on the left cheek—No.
Twirling in the left hand—I wish to get rid of you.
Twirling in the right hand—I love another.
Folding it—I wish to speak to you.
Over the shoulder—Follow me.
Opposite corners in both hands—Wait for me.
Drawing across the forehead—We are watched.
Placing on right ear—You have changed.
Placing on left ear—I have a message for you.
Letting it remain on the eye—You are cruel.
Winding round forefinger—I am engaged.
Winding round third finger—I am married.
N.B.—Practice makes perfect.

"Wife," said a broker, a few days since, "do you think I shall ever be worth fifty thousand dollars?"
"Ain't I worth that to you?" said the confiding spouse.
"Y-e-s," hesitatingly replied the other half; "but I can't put you out at interest."

WOMAN'S CRUCIAL TEST—Cross Looks.

When is it desirable to be on the sick list?—When one is "laid up"—in lavender.

A boy and girl of tender years were disputing as to what their mothers could do. Getting impatient, the little damsel blurted out by the way of climax and as a clincher: "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that yours can't; my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once."

IRONICAL.—When will the laundresses most likely strike?—When the iron's hot.

PRECOCITY.

BELLE OF THE JUVENILES.—"Oh, Aunt Charlotte, do let us Stay a little longer!"
CHARLOTTE.—"But, my dear, you're not Sent for yet."
BELLE.—"Ah, but I mean when we *are Sent for!*"

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."—[See Page 731.]

ATTACK UPON SMUGGLERS BY UNITED STATES REVENUE OFFICERS AT MASONBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA.

## FIGHT WITH SMUGGLERS.

ONE of those infrequent encounters between the United States revenue officers and smugglers came off at Masonborough, North Carolina, on October 29. The Inspector of Customs at Wilmington states that on that day a vessel was observed standing out from shore at Masonborough, off Wilmington, from which a small boat was lowered. Upon this the Inspector took a boat to watch the strange craft; those in the ship's boat, finding they were discovered, went in another direction, followed by the Inspector in his boat; the smugglers, seeing they could not land without being discovered, stopped and fired upon the revenue officers' boat. The fire was returned, but without injury to either party. The two boats then came together, when one of the smugglers struck at the Inspector with an oar, and bruised him badly. Another attempted to get into his boat, but in doing so the ship's boat was capsized and several boxes of goods and the three smugglers all went to the bottom and were drowned. The smugglers were foreigners, speaking broken English, but nothing transpired as to who they were or what was the name of the vessel, which set sail immediately afterward and disappeared.

THE AMERICAN PRONG-HORN ANTELOPE DEFENDING ITS YOUNG FROM WOLVES.—[SEE PAGE 732.]

## THE KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA.

I THINK, till my head grows dizzy with thought,
Of the Kingdom under the Sea,
And vaguely I wonder, but never decide,
What kind of a place it may be.
Can it be there's another world like this,
With the dark blue waves for a sky?
And, deep in the haunts of the coral caves,
Are there beings like you and I?

Have they from the sinning of Adam been free
So they knew not humanity's bane,
Nor sacrifice dying on shivering tree
To restore forfeit blessings again?
Have their brows never bent to the weight of a sin,
Nor their hearts shrunk away from the right?
Or have they the nature of down-fallen man,
As well as the blossom, the blight?

Or is it the summer resort of the gods?
And have they pearl palaces there,
Where Neptune and suite may sit at their board
And Hebes their jeweled cups bear?
Do the mermaidens gather their beautiful locks
In fillets of pearl, seeded o'er,
And float through the liquid blue streets of their town
The same as the maidens on shore?

Do they race with the dolphin and laugh at the fish
In Lurley's sweet, silvery tones?
Do they flirt with the men of the sea, and enjoy
Their jealous complainings and groans?
Do they gather the sea-weed to twine in their hair
And make them anemone crowns,
And, woman-like, catching their hearts in the snare,
Reward their devotion with frowns?

Do the mermen, to please them, take Argonaut shells
And make of them miniature sails,
Or, driven by tempests beneath the rough waves,
Do they capture the violet snails?
Do they build up their palace of coral and shell
Till the sunshine above strikes the dome?
Do they carpet with jewels and curtain with mist,
And have they the comforts of home?

And do they talk politics under the sea,
Or have they no choice of a king?
And when they have weddings (they surely must wed)
Do they marry with rector and ring?
And when the brave sailor-boys crowd to the deck
To look at the sea in a glow,
Have not the mermen caught medusas and formed
A torch-light procession below?

Oh! marvels untold and wonders unsung
Of the Kingdom under the Sea,
Who will brave old Neptune and bear back the news,
And tell it to you and to me?
Are the mermen real men? Oh, tell me who can!
Are the maidens so treacherously fair?
Do they lie on the rocks, as the sailors report,
And comb out their waving green hair?

Oh mightiest work of an Almighty hand!
Oh wonders and marvels untold!
Who will go down to this unexplored land,
And all its strange stories unfold?
When the last trump shall sound and the sea give its dead
His hand shall the wonders reveal;
When He shall throw open the sapphire gates,
And shatter the amethyst seal;
When the sound of His voice shall go down to the deep,
And the hosts shall arise at His call,
Oh then, when they all awaken who sleep,
We, trusting in Him, shall know all!

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book VI.

### CHAPTER VI.

HIDING.

IN a miserable bedroom of a miserable tavern in a squalid street on the Surrey side of the river sat two young men. On the dirty table before them was placed a muddy decanter half full of coarse brown brandy, tumblers, and a jug of water. They had been smoking, and the chamber was filled with heavy clouds of tobacco, which hung about the frouzy curtains of the bed, and made the already close atmosphere almost insupportably stifling. But, notwithstanding, the one window was closed, and the yellow blind partly drawn down. Of the two occupants of the room, one—a young man with a remarkably handsome dark face—was well and even elegantly dressed; the other, with unbrushed clothes, matted hair, red eyes, and pallid cheeks, appeared the very picture of reckless despondency. He sat with his head bent down and his folded arms resting on the table before him, while his companion, leaning back in his chair in an easy nonchalant attitude, darted a glance at him, from time to time, of mingled impatience and a sort of contemptuous pity. Presently, as the other continued mute and motionless, the handsome young man uttered a sharp ejaculation, and turning irritably in his chair, said, "Well, upon my soul, I do think you're the most ungrateful chap I ever encountered in the whole course of my life!"

The other looked up at him for an instant, and then dropped his eyes again, with a gloomy knitting of the brows.

"Ungrateful, am I?" he muttered; and, after a minute's pause, added with a short bitter laugh, "Ungrateful! yes, I'm so surprisingly happy and fortunate, that it is wonderful I'm not grateful. Grateful! who have I got to be grateful to, I should like to know?"

"To me," retorted his companion, coolly. "You are ungrateful to *me*. What you are to any body else is not my business."

This time the pale young man fixed his eyes upon the other, and kept them steadily bent on him, as he repeated with an elaborate show of profound astonishment, "Ungrateful to *you!*"

The black malignant frown that came over the face of the handsome youth changed its beauty with startling suddenness. He struck his hand—a supple hand with long slender fingers—sharply on the table, and said, with an indescribable coarse insolence of manner, "To me? yes; to *me*. Don't try to come any of your stuck-up airs over me, Mr. Walter Charlewood. It won't do. You and I know each other from old times. Why, who is it that's providing you with food and shelter at this moment?"

"You lent me a trifling sum that I asked for, I don't deny it. But you've had fifty times as much from me before now."

"You have a pretty good cheek, my friend, to talk in that manner. It runs in your family, I suppose. How stands the case? Long ago—or, at least, it seems long ago, now, so much has happened since then—and when you had never known what it was to want a pound, while I had practical experience now and then of wanting a dinner, chance brought you in my way, or brought me in your way, if you like that better. You and your friends thought yourselves very high and mighty personages, no doubt, and looked down upon the poor devil of a fiddler from a great elevation."

"Was I ever arrogant? Did *I* ever show that I looked down upon you?"

"You were the best of the lot, or I shouldn't be sitting here now; but there were other members of your family who—ah! never mind that just now. Your particular pal, Arthur Skidley, tried to be saucy to me; but I cured him of that, I fancy. You played billiards. I played better, and told you so, fairly. Skidley's set had flattered you up for their own purposes—don't interrupt, I know what I'm saying—and you didn't believe me. The consequence was, that you got into my debt for a pretty considerable sum of money."

"Which was paid," cried Walter, excitedly, "which was paid to the uttermost farthing!"

"It was; but not until after a considerable delay that was highly inconvenient to me. However, I waited patiently, because you begged and prayed that I wouldn't split about the affair to your governor. I could have got my money directly by a hint to him. For he was proud, like your dearly beloved brother, and would have given ten times the money to hush up a good many things that I could have told him. Is that the truth, or not?"

Walter bowed his face on his trembling hands, and merely replied by a low moan. It was piteous to see how weak he was, how broken and abject. His jaunty, self-satisfied ease, the fresh brightness of his fair boyish face, were all gone.

"Well," pursued Alfred Trescott, for it was he, "I needn't recapitulate all that passed in Dublin. Those were good times for both of us; and if you did buy your experience at a tolerably expensive rate, why you had your fun for the money. And money was plenty enough with you then. Then came the smash at Hammerham, and—"

"Why, in the name of all the devils, do you torment me in this way?" broke in Walter, dashing down his clenched fist on the table. "What's the good of talking about all that? It's past and gone, and nothing that you or I, or any one else can say will avail to alter it."

"Quite so," replied Alfred, coolly, at the same time dropping his handsome eyelashes over his eyes, with a half-suppressed smile. "All that can not be altered, as you justly observed. But, though it can not be altered, I don't choose that it shall be altogether forgotten, especially when you ask what you have to be grateful for. It's necessary to refresh your memory a little, do you see? When we met again in London, was it I who sought you out, or you who sought me? In addition to your other accomplishments you had imbibed a taste for cards. Did I, or did I not, say to you that I thought card-playing an expensive amusement for a clerk at a hundred a year, or whatever your wages were?"

Walter rocked himself to and fro in his chair as though he were suffering bodily pain. He answered without looking up, "I know very well what you said, and how you said it. You know that it was impossible for a fellow of any spirit to—to—"

"To refrain from doing what he liked? Ah! that has been the case with a good many fellows of spirit, I believe. However, I gave you good advice; and if you were too great a fool to follow it I couldn't help that, you know."

"It was you who urged me to leave the rest of them, and go into lodgings by myself. That was the beginning of it all. If you had let me alone, I might have gone on steadily enough in time."

Tears of bitter humiliation and mortified pride were standing in the wretched boy's eyes as he spoke. Always weak and undisciplined in temper, his health had been latterly so undermined by dissipation and ceaseless fretful repinings at his lot, that he had scarcely more self-control than a child. Alfred threw himself back in his chair with a short, mocking laugh.

"Bah! I urged you! Are you a baby? I thought it was you who first said that you were tired of living under the rule of that precious brother of yours. It *was* a little too laughable. I wonder he didn't tie a string to your leg!"

"I have cut the string now, once and forever," said Walter. "I shall never go back and face them all. After all Clem has said and done—oh, when I think of his face that Sunday night when I came home"—he hesitated, and Alfred coolly supplied the word—"drunk, eh?" "When I saw him and my sister standing there in the passage, I felt as if I should have been glad to drop down dead rather than face them."

"Did he blackguard you?"

"No. He didn't say one word, but just stood aside to let me pass, and looked at me—oh, that look was the worst of all! I would sooner he had said *any thing* than have looked at me like that."

"Ah, the old game. Trying to overawe you with his superior virtue. Humbug! But why the devil you ever stood his hectoring airs *I* can't understand."

"Clem has been good to me, too. But he—he expects too much of a fellow. If you ain't quite up to his mark, he always seems, somehow, to have such a contempt for you."

"Really!" sneered Alfred Trescott. "He must be a paragon himself, to be able to look down so magnificently on the rest of the world. You'd better go home, like a good boy, and beg pardon, and take your whipping pretty, and try to profit by such a moral example."

"Never!" said Walter again, with a sort of nervous tremor. "I *can't* do it. I know what Clement is. He wouldn't desert me, but he'd go to M'Culloch and tell him that I must be withdrawn from the bank, and he'd talk in his stern way about not venturing to make other people responsible for my good conduct any more, and he'd make me go, cap in hand, to some d—d tradesman fellow or other to try for a situation. He told me, once, that if I could get no other honest work to do, I ought to take a broom in my hand and sweep a crossing."

"Affectionate brother!" said Alfred, scoffingly.

"Well, upon my soul, I believe he'd do it himself."

"But, not possessing any taste or talent for crossing-sweeping on the whole, you don't mean to return to the bosom of your family."

"I *can't* do it, I tell you. When I think of all the things that will have come out, now, in this day or two that I've been away, I feel that I *can't* face it. You don't know what it would be."

"My dear fellow, don't distress yourself to apologize. *I* don't want you to go back. It's nothing to me. Only I'm rather curious to know what you do mean to do. Your prospects appear a little hazy."

"When I left home I didn't intend to run away altogether. I only wanted to avoid Clem. Then, as I walked on, and began to think of it all, I resolved not to go to the bank. I knew Clem would seek for me there first thing. Then gradually, by little and little, the idea came into my head that I would not go home any more. I wandered about all day until I was sick for want of food, and then I went into a chop-house, where—"

"Where you chanced to find me. You could not possibly have lighted on any body more sure to keep the secret of your whereabouts. I wouldn't tell your brother where to find you to save him from being burned alive."

"Why?"

"Why? Because I believe he'd be glad to know."

"How you hate Clem!" exclaimed Walter, looking with something like fear at the handsome face before him.

"Humph! There's not much love lost between us. But what do you intend to do? You haven't yet unfolded your plans for the future. This is a charming place, no doubt, but you can't stay here forever. And, even if you could, there would be something to pay, and as I can't go on lending you money, and as you appear to have none of your own—"

Walter had been drinking the vile brandy before him at intervals, and his mood had gradually changed from despondency to a feverish excitement. His face became flushed, and his speech thick.

"I shall go to Australia," he said, looking up defiantly. "To Australia. That's the country. I sha'n't always be the poor unlucky devil you see before you, Trescott. I shall make my way there, mark my words. I shall come back some day, a rich man, and then see what Penny will say to me! Aha? In Australia I shall have a clear field. No one will know any thing about me. I shall take another name. No black looks, no lectures, no—I shall be a man there!"

"But how are you to get there? What's the use of talking such infernal nonsense?" cried Alfred, irritably. He had been able to contemplate poor Walter's misery with great equanimity, but this sanguine mood exhausted his patience at once.

"I shall go in an emigrant ship," said Walter, looking at him with blinking eyes, "I've been hanging about the docks all day. I have picked up a great deal of information. I've got my watch and chain—they cost fifty guineas—and one ring that I carry in my waistcoat-pocket. I shall sell them for—what they'll fetch. Plenty to take me—to—Australia. You shall be paid, Sir, the trifling loan—" His heavy head fell forward as he spoke. He recovered himself for a moment, nodded again, and then with an effort rolled off his chair, and flinging himself on the wretched bed, appeared to fall instantly into a dead sleep.

Alfred stood looking at him for a moment. "Australia," he muttered, contemptuously. "ay, you're cut out for an Australian life! poor, weak, childish creature! I know what it will be. You'll hang about here, shilly-shally, wasting hour after hour, and coming to no conclusion until every penny's gone of the money your watch brings, and then you'll have to crawl back and lick your brother's shoes in the dust. Damn it! If I had the money I would ship him off myself, if it was only that that sneaking arrogant cur shouldn't have the triumph of crowing over him and getting him back!" He closed the door quietly behind him, and went down stairs. In the bar he stopped for a moment to say to a woman who sat there, "You won't allow the young gentleman to be disturbed, if you please. He is not quite well, and, if any body should come to see him—it isn't likely—you had better—yes, I think you had better say he is not here."

### CHAPTER VII.

STORM.

THINGS were not going altogether well with Mr. Alfred Trescott. The prospect of his *debut* seemed further off than ever, and he had almost quarreled with his patroness, on the score of an offer she had made to pay for a year's study for him at one of the great foreign conservatories of music. This offer Alfred had indignantly rejected, and had irritated "my lady" into one of her brief fiery fits of anger. But this he had cunningly contrived not only to soothe, but to convert into increased sympathy with, and admiration for, his sensitive genius. It was the more easy to do this, in that Lady Popham had undergone a good deal of mortification before so far abandoning her expressed opinion that Alfred was already a finished artist, as to entertain the idea of sending him abroad for a further course of study. It was not, therefore, difficult to strengthen her in her original conviction that Alfred Trescott was a great violinist, that Lady Popham was a great connoisseur, and that the musical critics of London were great bunglers. Still, things were not going altogether well with Mr. Alfred Trescott. Since he had been in London, his secret conviction of his own incompleteness as an artist—almost deadened by the brilliancy of his Irish triumphs—had revived again; and great as he pretended his disappointment to be, and loudly as he continued to deplore the postponement of his appearance in the metropolis, it is certain that he would have felt very grave and anxious doubts as to the result, had the chance been offered him of an immediate trial. For—from various causes—he was now even less prepared for such a trial than he had been in Dublin. His hand was losing steadiness, his intonation was becoming occasionally uncertain, and, from the absolute cessation of any practice whatever, his passage playing was more unsatisfactory than ever. That his musical instinct was too fine and sure to allow him to deceive himself on these points, made him neither more submissive to criticism, nor more tolerant of those who administered it. Then the future! Alfred was not much wont to look forward, but there were times when the question, what was to become of him? forced itself very disagreeably on his attention. Fortune did not seem inclined to favor him in his love either. Corda's visit to Desmond Lodge, which he had looked forward to as a means of gradually re-establishing the intimacy between Mabel and himself, had hitherto produced no such result as he had anticipated. The child had provokingly fallen sick after her visit to Mabel, and had been unable to go again. Then, too, Corda had latterly taken a strange habit of reticence in her talk with him. On the rare occasions when he had formerly condescended to converse with his sister, she had shown, by the eager, artless outpouring of her thoughts, how she prized the opportunity of affectionate confidence with him. Now, on the contrary, although more loving and tender in her manner than ever, Corda could not be tempted into speaking openly of Mabel. She would answer such questions as she could briefly, but would volunteer no word. Sometimes, if Alfred were in a gentle mood, she would twine her little slender fingers in his, and rest her head on his shoulder, and sit so, silent, for half an hour together. Once, after remaining thus for some time, she suddenly threw her arms round him, crying, "Oh, Alf! oh, Alf! be good, be good! I love you so, Alf, do be good!" and had fallen into almost hysterical weeping. This singular proceeding had been highly displeasing to her brother, who, to do him justice, was uneasy at the extreme weakness which the child showed, and which appeared to increase daily. Alfred had said some word to his father about having another doctor to see pussy-cat, and getting her wine and strengthening things; but Mr. Trescott, with the sort of infatuation not unprecedented in similar cases, had refused to acknowledge the least cause for alarm in Corda's state of health. Certainly she should have wine, and soup, and jelly, and whatever she fancied; but as to danger! pooh, it was absurd. The child had never looked better. She was growing fast, and was naturally thin in consequence, that was all.

Alfred Trescott walking away from the Surrey side of the river, where he had left Walter in the obscure tavern, toward the aristocratic though somewhat old-fashioned square in which Lady Popham's mansion was situated, had his little sister's image unaccountably in his mind. "By Jove," he said, mentally, "if pussy-cat doesn't get stronger soon, and if nothing turns up for me here, I would almost—almost—be tempted to accept the old woman's offer, and go abroad for a year with Corda. The governor could rub on all right with only himself to keep, and perhaps thorough change of air and scene, and the delight of being with *me*—poor pussy-cat, how fond she is of me!—might set her up again. And if I were to work in earnest, who knows? Away from all these people, and with no face that I know except that pretty, fair little one—it *is* a sweet little face—who knows?" It was in this unwonted gentleness of spirit, and with these unwontedly kind thoughts in his mind, that Alfred reached Lady Popham's door. He had so long been treated like a petted child of the house, privileged to be admitted at all hours, that it never occurred to him to inquire if Lady Popham were within, or to go through any of the formalities usual on making a call. The servant who had opened the door stopped him as he was walking across the hall. "I beg pardon, Sir, but I'm not sure that my lady's at home."

"No matter; I will go into the little morning-room, and wait for her. There is some music there that I want."

"Very sorry, Mr. Trescott, but my lady isn't at all well, and can't see any body."

"Not well? Is my lady unwell? However, I shall not disturb her; I will go into the morning-room and get what I want."

"Really, Mr. Trescott, I can't allow—"

Alfred turned and looked at the man. There was something unusual in his tone, and he had planted himself so as to bar the access to the morning-room. Alfred's face darkened.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked, with the haughty insolence of manner which characterized his intercourse with inferiors.

"Oh yes, Mr. Alfred Trescott?" rejoined the servant doggedly; "I know who you are, perfectly. But my orders are not to allow you to pass, and I mean to carry out my orders."

While Alfred was standing, literally speechless with astonishment, the man called to the butler, who was passing down the stairs, "Oh, Mr. Mitchell, ain't there a note for this gentleman?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mitchell, advancing with a letter in his hand; "yes, there is a note. My lady particularly desired that I should deliver it myself into Mr. Trescott's hand. You will please to observe, James, that I do deliver it into Mr. Trescott's hand. You had better show the gentleman out, if you please, James. If my lady hears voices in the hall it will worry her, and my lady's hearing is very quick."

Still speechless, stunned, bewildered, Alfred allowed himself to be half-elbowed, half-led out of the hall, without having uttered a syllable. The sharp closing of the door appeared to rouse him as though from a dream. The furious temper began to surge up like an angry sea, but utter astonishment still kept him outwardly calm. He looked at the closed door, and then at the letter in his hand. "Insolent hounds!" he ground out between his clenched teeth, "you shall pay for this." Then a thought darted into his mind, "Can she be *very* ill? dying? and are they already calculating on her death, and think it no longer worth while to be civil? Or Skidley and Miss O'Brien, are *they* trying to keep me out of her sight, for fear she should leave me any thing in her will? At any rate she thinks of me, since she has written, and given orders that the note should be put into my own hand. Yes, yes, she is all right." Though he said the words confidently, there must have been some secret misgiving in his mind that made him hold the letter tightly in his hand without opening it. He looked at the superscription. It was to "Mr. Alfred Trescott," written in Lady's Popham cramped characters. and even more trembling and illegible than usual. "The old woman must have been very shaky when she wrote that," muttered Alfred. "I wonder what it's all about. No matter! I'll read it quietly, and at my leisure."

Although it might have been supposed that he would be eager to learn the contents of Lady Popham's communication, he walked along the streets at a singularly dilatory pace, staring absently in at the shop windows, and even sometimes stopping outright. At last, by slow degrees, he reached the neighborhood of his lodgings. Even then he did not bend his course homeward immediately, but turned down the blind alley in which the tavern was situated where he had left Walter Charlewood. The woman to whom he had spoken was no longer in the bar when he entered it, but in her place a very fat man, with a cowskin cap on his head, was leaning with both elbows on the counter, poring over a graphic account of the last prize-fight. The fat man looked up as Alfred entered.

"What can I do for *you*, Sir?" he asked, in rather a surly tone. He had just reached the fourth round, and was becoming so deeply interested as to make any interruption unwelcome. Alfred nodded carelessly.

"I am going up stairs," he said.

"Where to, Sir?" demanded the fat man.

Alfred passed on without heeding the question, and was in the act of ascending the stairs, when the fat man called after him, huskily, "I say, there ain't nobody there! The young gent's gone."

"Gone! Where?"

"How the doose should *I* know?" retorted he of the cowskin cap, doubling down the newspaper, and commencing to trace the course of "Round the fifth" with an inexpressibly dirty thumb.

Alfred returned hurriedly to the bar, and faced him. "The gentleman's coming back, I suppose?" he said, rather in the tone of an assertion than a question.

The fat man dented the paper before him with his thumb-nail, so as to make a landmark by which to find his place again, in the—to him—difficult country of the printed columns, and with a heavy sigh of resignation looked up. It was clear that he was not destined to enjoy uninterruptedly the delicious tid-bit prepared by the penny-a-liner's skillful fingers.

"Well, Sir," he replied, tilting back the cowskin cap, and passing his hand over his forehead, "the gent may come back, or he may not. But if you was to ask me my opinion, I should say he wouldn't. Hows'ever, he didn't say nothing to me, one way nor the other. His score's paid, and that's all *I* know."

"Oh, he paid his score, did he?"

"Well, no, *he* didn't, but t'other one did."

"T'other one; what are you talking about?"

"Why, his friend as fetched him away in a four-wheeler. There was two on 'em—a young light-haired party, an' a rum-looking old chap with a dog."

Alfred uttered a great oath.

"What! didn't you know?" asked the fat man, with some semblance of curiosity on his stolid countenance. The only reply he received was a volley of curses, as Alfred turned and strode out of the place. The man's sensibilities were apparently not in the least ruffled by this very unexpected demonstration. He stared after the lithe retreating figure for a second or two with a ruminating expression of face, passed his hand once more over his forehead, replaced the cowskin cap in its original position, and, guided by the landmark, found his place, resumed his perusal of the great prize-fight, and was soon apparently as absorbed in its vividly-written details as before.

Alfred's footsteps did not lag now, as he pursued his way homeward. He rushed along like a fleet, keen wind. Corda, reclining in the sitting-room, on the little low chair she seldom quitted now, heard her brother knock violently at the street-door, heard his rapid step mount the stairs and enter the room overhead, and then, after a pause of dead silence, heard him descend as rapidly and approach the parlor-door. In an instant he had entered, closed the door again behind him, and stood before her with a face so full of fury, so distorted and malignant, that the child uttered a little, low cry of terror, and half rose in her chair. Alfred held Lady Popham's letter open in one hand, and was pointing to it with the other. For the space of half a minute—it seemed a long, long time to Corda—he stood panting and speechless, absolutely unable to articulate from rage. At last his voice came forth, broken and husky:

"You little devil! You little whining, canting, deceitful devil!"

Corda's pale lips moved, but no sound came from them.

You treacherous, false-hearted, cursed little spy! Cringing and fawning with your infernal carnying ways and false white face!"

The child was trembling violently from head to foot; she struggled breathlessly to speak, but her voice did not rise above a whisper. "Alf! Alf!" that was all she said.

Her brother stood regarding her with eyes that seemed to blaze beneath his knitted brows.

"Read that! Look there, that is *your* doing. Are you satisfied? Is your end gained? I am ruined. You have done your work thoroughly, and I hope your dear friends are content. Cunning, hypocritical little *devil!*"

"Alf, if there is any mercy in your heart, listen to me for one moment. Let me speak, Alf! I beg and pray of you to let me speak!"

"Speak! you have spoken, and to some purpose. Read that. Its contents will be no news to you, I dare say. But feast your eyes on your precious handiwork. Read it, I say!"

Corda mechanically took the letter from his hand and cast her eyes on it. Once or twice she pressed her trembling hands together, as though to steady them. After two or three attempts she dropped the letter in her lap, and sank back in her chair.

"I can not read it," she murmured. "Indeed, indeed, Alf, I tried to read it, but I can not. The letters swim before my eyes."

"Oh, you can't read, can't you? But you could write, it seems, and prowl, and spy, and betray your own brother. Hear what she says; it will please you."

He read rapidly: "'These disclosures have caused me the greatest pain, but there is no possibility of doubting their truth. I need not recapitulate the charges which Mr. Charlewood'—curse him!—'has brought against you, as your own conscience will, no doubt, accuse you more heavily than any words of mine can do.' You see you have been highly successful; there is a tribute to your talents! And again, here: 'I can only trust that you will wreak none of the anger which this letter is calculated to cause you on the amiable child who has thus innocently been the means—'"

Alfred broke off in his reading to crush the letter in his hand and to pour forth the most terrible imprecations. Corda shudderingly raised her clasped hands, and cried to him:

"Oh, Alf, you *must* not say such dreadful things! not for my sake, but for yours; it kills me to hear them. It kills me, Alf, it kills me!"

"Not for my sake, but for yours," he repeated, with a sneer that drew his lips back from his white, glittering teeth. "Do you think you can humbug me still, you canting little hypocrite? For *my* sake? What did you ever do, or care, for my sake? It was a lie, all a lie, from beginning to end, your pretended fondness and affection! You never loved me!"

The child fell down before him, quivering like a wounded bird, and clasped his knees.

"Alf," she gasped, "Alf, if you knew, if I could tell you how it was, you—you—wouldn't say—such cruel, cruel things. I—it was by accident—I saw a letter—partly copied out—and then I knew by it that—that others had gone before—and there was the address. And, Alf, I prayed—oh, I did pray so hard to do right. It was cruel to injure Mr. Charlewood, dear Alf."

At the name he made a rough, sudden movement to shake her off, but she clung to him still.

"Oh, it was not cruel to injure *me*, I suppose? Your own brother, your darling Alf? Lying little devil!"

"No, Alf—only hear me, I humbly beg of you—I didn't think it would injure you. I—I tried to screen you, God knows I did. But I couldn't let that evil be done, dear, dear Alf, and be at peace. I—I—even hoped and prayed—that—that if I could set it right—and no—harm came of what you had done—it might be—easier for you to be forgiven—and to grow good, dear Alf—and when you say—I—I never loved you, darling Alf, my own, own brother—it breaks my heart, it does—it does."

The tears came at last in such a passion of weeping as shook her feeble frame with convulsive sobs. It might have moved him to compassion to see her clinging round him, kissing his hands, and covering them with her bright hair, all wet and stained with tears. But the demon temper within him made him blind and deaf to all save the promptings of his ungoverned fury.

"You have betrayed me, and ruined me, like a cold-hearted, ungrateful, treacherous little spy as you are," he cried, struggling to release himself from her clasp. "Only this very day, almost within this hour, I was planning to take you abroad with me, to make you well and happy, and to have you live with me always. I little thought what a treacherous little viper—let me go, I say; tears are easy enough to you, no doubt. Now, from this time forward, all is over between us; remember that. You have been clever enough to deceive me for a long time, but if you were a thousand times more clever you could not make me believe in you again. You never loved me—let me go—I say again you never loved me; you're a canting, lying hypocrite, and I hate the sight of you!"

By a sudden exertion of his strength he unclasped her clinging hands, and, in his mad rage, thrust her from him with such violence that the blood gushed from her mouth as she fell heavily upon the floor at his feet.

## "THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

WHAT is the whispered lesson which those ruddy petals have to tell as they are held in the fair taper fingers and pressed against a cheek that can only be made to look fairer by contrast? The picture on page 728 itself is as suggestive to the spectator as are those scattering blossoms to the young beauty who forms its subject. It is as full of only half-revealed thought as it is full of dainty coloring, and combines two very rare qualities—richness and sobriety. There is no meretricious glare—no metallic lustre. The soft but brilliant hues of the flowers are toned down as they are in nature to a harmony which seems partially to blend them; and the tint of the dress, with only just enough of a sheen upon it to distinguish it as *fabric*, is exquisitely chosen. It is that of the cool side of a peach which yet has its sunny side. There is a world of fancy, and thought too, in that sweet face, on which the last roses of summer will not fade for many a day; a pensive, almost melancholy charm, which sets us thinking, as she too seems to be thinking, of that poem of HERRICK. She might be repeating, softly:

"Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

"What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IT is impossible to glance through the daily journals of even a single date without being impressed by the strange phases crime assumes, as well as the numerous singular accidents which happen to mankind. It is true that *insanity* is the plea usually offered for any serious crime which is attended by unnatural and peculiar circumstances. But *moral* insanity may give no *legal* ground of acquittal. This subject was discussed at length in the late trial of Jacob Van Arsdale, the "spiritualist murderer." A sad and horrible tragedy recently occurred in Ohio. The mother of two bright and beautiful little girls conceived the idea that there was something "wrong" about her children, and that they would become idiots. Though apparently sane on all other subjects, this impression had gained such power over her that she procured a razor and cut the throats of her little girls, and then attempted to take her own life. Afterward she seemed to realize that it was an awful deed, but said, "I could not help it; I wanted to get my children out of trouble, and I wanted to go with them. Something forced me to do it." She is not expected to recover from the self-inflicted wounds, and one can not regret it. Life in any event would be a torture to herself or to her friends.

A thief by the name of Knight was arrested at New Haven on suspicion; but was convicted of previous misdeeds by a letter found in his pocket, which he himself had written to a citizen of Wiscassett, acknowledging himself guilty of burglary. In this letter—which he had failed to send to the one to whom it was addressed—he spoke of a diamond pin which he had taken from a young lady in the house he robbed. This young lady had made vigorous efforts to seize him; and he expressed his intention to return the pin to her, saying: "She is a noble and a brave woman—as brave as any man I ever saw in the army." A curious instance of gallantry in a thief. This brings to mind another similar incident. Some years ago a prosperous business man of St. Louis captured a thief in his bedroom, but released him on promise of good behavior, and also gave him some money. Shortly afterward the merchant failed. One day, when very shabbily dressed, he was accosted in the street by an elegantly attired individual with "How do you do, Mr. K——? Glad to see you! Still in business on Main Street?" The reduced merchant, vainly endeavoring to remember the stranger, replied that he was not in business, in fact, was hunting a situation. Stranger said, "Please walk with me a short distance." He then introduced himself as the repentant thief, and forced the merchant to accept a loan of $10,000 with which to commence business; saying that he had made money during the war, and had long desired to express his gratitude in some substantial manner.

Among numerous strange accidents which have recently occurred may be mentioned the death of a gentleman caused by falling from a window of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had been spending the evening in company with some friends in his room, and after their departure it is supposed that he attempted to open the window, standing on a rocking-chair for the purpose. It is thought that the window, which is hinged, opened unexpectedly, and that, losing his poise, he fell into the street.

A young woman residing in a family in Thirty-fourth Street fell through the dumb-waiter last week into the basement, a distance of some seventy feet. It appears that she mistook the entrance to the dumb-waiter for that of her own apartment, and going in hurriedly she plunged down to the basement with terrific force, fracturing her right arm, dislocating the wrist and elbow of her left arm, and sustaining a frightful wound upon the head, besides other severe injuries.

A curious case of poisoning occurred in Detroit a short time ago, which proved very nearly fatal to an entire family. Some beef-steak was purchased and put into a refrigerator, where it remained a day or two. When the cook took it out she observed that the meat had fallen from the wooden rests upon the zinc lining. Some doubts as to the propriety of eating the meat were expressed, but it was finally concluded that no harm would result from it, and the steak was cooked and eaten. Soon the family exhibited symptoms of having been poisoned. Whether the meat was poisoned by contact with the zinc in the refrigerator or whether it was diseased was the question. Certainly if the zinc lining of refrigerators poisons food housekeepers should give the matter some special attention. Lucifer matches are generally conceded to be injurious when taken internally. Therefore it is a matter of surprise that any one should attempt to make *coffee* out of them. But a couple of gentlemen a week or two since drank freely of coffee at dinner, and presently died. The landlady sent at once for the police. Some query being raised as to whether the coffee had not been poisoned, she declared it to be perfectly harmless, to prove which assertion she swallowed a cupful of the beverage, and immediately fell down dead. Then somebody was bright enough to look inside the coffee-pot, when a bunch of matches was discovered! There is no limit to the record of strange crimes and casualties; but we will end this paragraph with an incident more comic than serious. A young boy caught a cold when out fishing. It seemed to result in a sort of catarrh, and his breath grew so offensive that his parents became greatly alarmed, and consulted a noted physician. "Ah! yes," said the doctor; "have often had just such cases; and I can give him a medicine that will cure him." The powder was taken home to be administered at bedtime. Meanwhile the atmosphere about the child was fearful. But when he was being prepared for bed his jacket-pocket revealed the cause of his illness—*two little fishes* in the last stages of decomposition, which had been snugly tucked away by the young fisherman when first caught! Of course the powder was thrown away. But when the doctor made his second call he exclaimed at once, "There! I never knew *that* medicine to fail!"

An energetic woman residing in Ontario County, New York, has cut and harvested this season over twenty-five acres of wheat with her own hands. Her health improved immensely by the operation; she acquired the bronze complexion so fashionable just now in Paris, and is said to have gained fifty pounds of flesh.

A respectable and wealthy merchant in Troy is said to be afflicted with *insurance on the brain*. He is about sixty-five years of age, and has thus far secured policies on his life to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars.

A curiously affected monomaniac lives in Gardiner, Maine, by report. He thinks that he can fly. There is a hill near his house, and every day he goes on to this hill and flaps his arms like a veritable chanticleer, doing his utmost to soar aloft. He flops and flounders, but *terra firma* holds his legs down, and he can't rise. Somebody has suggested that a little yeast will do the business.

A worthy dominie in a certain town in Tennessee had occasion to correct a little fellow named Johnny. Consequently Johnny had a fit of the "sulks," and his teacher attempted to convince him that the punishment was necessary, as follows: "Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any further, what would you do?" Johnny stifled his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, replied, "I'd cluck to him, Sir." "But suppose he wouldn't go for your clucking, what would you do then?" "I'd get down and lead him, Sir." "And what if he were obstinate, and would not let you lead him?" "Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, Sir." The teacher concluded further argument was useless.

There was in October a storm of grasshoppers in Texas. The appearance was said to be like that of an immense fall of snow, and in ten minutes after the shower commenced the ground was literally alive with them. In twenty-four hours every thing was stripped.

One of our exchanges tells a story of what it calls remarkable *presence of mind*, which was recently exhibited somewhere in France. "Monsieur J—— was talking with his mother-in-law at her country château, when a streak of lightning almost reduced her to ashes. The domestics ran into the room, when, without moving a muscle, Monsieur J—— said, 'John, sweep up my mother-in-law.'" What definition of *presence of mind* could be deduced from this incident?

The Nicolson pavement is rapidly going down in Nassau Street. In those streets where it has been laid it has thus far proved a decided improvement upon other pavements. It is said that the first block was laid in this city by private subscription at $4 per square yard, but the Common Council contract calls for $4 75, and the gossips are busy with that 75 cents.

A colored citizen of Indianapolis lately applied at the office of the county clerk for a marriage license, at the same time inquiring the cost of the document and the additional charge for tying the nuptial knot. He was informed that the entire bill would be one dollar and forty cents, at which he demurred, saying that he had promised the "woman" to go a dollar on it, but she'd have to pay the other forty cents. He left without the license to see if his intended bride would "go" the change. This is reducing love and marriage down to rather a fine point.

A huge laundry is established in the suburbs of Paris, at which is washed the soiled clothing of the guests of the principal hotels, at the rate of 40,000 pieces a day. The clothing is boiled with soap and soda, and then washed in hollow wheels, rinsed, dried by centrifugal machines and in hot-air ovens; and is finally ironed between polished rollers, and then packed ready for return to Paris.

There is a quiet parish in Scotland, Kirkgunzeon by name, which until very recently had neither post-office, public house, nor church; neither doctor, lawyer, butcher, nor baker. With the exception of the minister and schoolmaster, the blacksmith, a couple of shoemakers, a few small shop-keepers, and the laird's game-keeper, every individual in it was directly dependent on agriculture.

## THE LATE JOHN A. ANDREW.

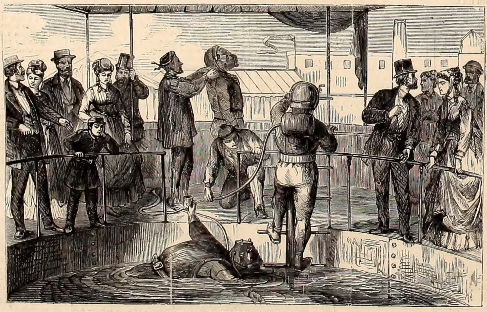
Ex-Governor John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, died of apoplexy at Boston on October 30. He was born at Windham, Maine, May 31, 1818, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1837. He immediately entered upon the study of the law in Boston, where in 1840 he was admitted to the bar. Until the outbreak of the war he practiced his profession in that city, attaining special distinction in the Fugitive Slave cases of Shadrach, Burns, and Sims, which arose in that city under the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. From the year 1848 he was closely identified with the Anti-slavery party of Massachusetts, but held no office until 1858, when he was elected a member of the State Legislature from Boston. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Chicago Republican Convention, and after voting for Mr. Seward on the early ballots, announced the change of the vote of part of the Massachusetts delegation to Mr. Lincoln. In the same year he was elected the twenty-first Governor of Massachusetts since the adoption of the Constitution of 1780, by the largest popular vote ever cast for any candidate. He was specially energetic in placing the militia of Massachusetts on a war footing, in anticipation of the impending conflict between the government and the seceded States; and, after the war had actually begun, was equally active in raising Massachusetts's contingent of volunteers on the various calls for troops. He was twice re-elected Governor, and during the three terms was one of the most urgent in impressing upon the Administration at Washington the necessity of adopting the emancipation policy, and of accepting the services of colored troops. The meeting of Governors at Altoona, mainly at Governor Andrew's instance, had these objects in view, and was the forerunner of the Proclamation of Emancipation. His third re-election, in November, 1862, over General Devens, the Conservative candidate, was by 25,000 majority. On the expiration of this term he declined renomination, to attend to his private business, as he was unable to sustain the pecuniary sacrifice involved in holding the office. Soon after he was tendered and declined the Presidency of Antioch College, Ohio. The distinguished ability which shone out in his administration as Governor of Massachusetts, the many sterling qualities which were summed up in his character, his social address, and the charm of his conversational powers, which were brilliant, together with his clear and forcible style as an orator, will ever remain impressed on the memories of all who knew him.

THE LATE HON. JOHN A. ANDREW, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SUBMARINE ARMOR—EXPERIMENTS WITH THE APPARATUS IN THE SEINE, FRANCE.

## SUBMARINE ARMOR EXPERIMENTS.

To England reverts the honor of that daring invention which enables man to discover the secrets of the deep. The astronomer Halley constructed the first diving-bell, and himself experimented with his invention. Until 1830 the diving-bell alone was employed in the numerous submarine works; since that time a new apparatus, known by the name of scaphanger, has been used—a water-proof costume which permits the wearer full liberty of movement in an almost unlimited space. This apparatus has been improved by Messrs. Rouquayrol, mining engineer, and Denayrouse, lieutenant in the navy. It was very curious and interesting to see, in the late Paris Exposition, through the panes of glass which form the sides of that kind of reservoir which has justly been styled a human aquarium, and which we lately illustrated in the *Weekly*, the divers gently descend from the surface to the bottom, sit down, recline, rise, and dart to the top as swift as lightning by merely closing a little air-cock in the upper part of their caps, and which corresponds with a regulating reservoir. We give on this page two illustrations of the manner in which this submarine armor is used.



SUBMARINE ARMOR—EXPERIMENTS IN THE AQUARIUM IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

## THE AMERICAN ANTELOPE.

The stately and beautiful variety of the antelope family exemplifies the inefficiency of those closet-naturalists who, without sufficient knowledge, arbitrarily classify animals under scientific names, being called antelo-capra, or goat-antelope, under a misapprehension that its horns were permanent, whereas the animal sheds them annually, as any old hunter can bear witness.

Vast herds of these quadrupeds inhabit our great Western plains, and migrate north or south according to the season. During the time they are feeding one of the herd, usually an old buck of experience and discretion, is placed at some prominent outlook. On the approach of any suspicious object the sentinel signals to the flock, and the animals in a body trot forward to examine for themselves the character and urgency of the danger with which they are menaced. Having satisfied their doubts or curiosity the herd "turns tail," and at once makes off at a gait and speed that defy competition or approach.

A large white patch on the rump consists of stiff hairs of a considerable length; these, when the animal is running, are elevated and thrown back or ruffled, as a bird ruffles its plumage, giving to the distant, foreshortened animals an appearance ludicrously suggestive of white cotton balls bounding away across the plains. Moving at a little distance directly away from the spectator, no one who has ever beheld them has failed to remark this peculiarity in their appearance. The winter coat of the grown prong-horn is about two inches long, and the hairs are as brittle as glass. The prong-horn antelope of this country has considerable likeness, not only in form but in habit, to the chamois of the Alps, especially in the structure of the horns.

The hoofs are very sharp and pointed; with them the antelope will in an instant cut a rattlesnake to pieces as cleanly as though it were done with a knife.

The antelope is remarkable for its attachment to its young. Instances of its having successfully defended the fawn against prairie wolves are not uncommon. Such defense, however, is necessary only while the fawn is very young, as it is soon able to accompany its fleet-footed mother, and can then bid defiance to all the ills that antelope "flesh is heir to," except "the fateful rifle" of the hunter. In the incident illustrated on page 729, related by Wm. H. Beard, as witnessed by him while traveling in Colorado with Bayard Taylor, the buck and doe were both defending the fawn.

ALGERINE JUGGLERS—THE SWORD BALANCE.

## THE ALGERINE JUGGLERS.

We thought that the Japanese jugglers who lately appeared in this city were marvelous smart fellows at sleight-of-hand tricks, and undoubtedly they were, but their exploits would be considered tame and commonplace if compared to the feats of the Algerine jugglers who, under the Frenchy name of *Les Aissaoua*, are astonishing and horrifying Paris.

And Paris is as much mystified as horrified by the *Aissaoua*, for, though they come from one of the conquered provinces of France, Algeria, the Parisians do not seem to know who or what they are. The general impression prevails that they form a religious sect widely spread through Africa, and especially through Algeria. Its aim is not known; its foundation dates back, it is said, to Ayesha, the favorite slave of the Prophet; and the *Aissaoua* claim that their pious founder bestowed on them the privilege of being insensible to suffering.

The performances of the band now in Paris have not been described by the Parisian press, but there are several accounts on record of the manner of their performances at home. An Eastern traveler in describing Constantine thus speaks of what he saw in the Rue de Zouaves in that little Arab city, which is at once the richest grain dépôt and strongest fortified city of Africa:

The Aissaoua—the proper term as used by the Algerines themselves is Ayeshas—came in one after another. When a number had arrived three young men seated themselves on the ground, with their legs crossed, around drums, and two others installed themselves opposite, in the same position, by the side of lighted brasiers, armed with huge *krakeuls*—a kind of metal castinets. Each Ayesha as he came in ranged himself against the wall, near those who had already arrived, and soon the ceremony began. At a signal given by the chief they began to beat the drums, to sound the *krakeuls*, and to chant one of those interminable songs which are heard nowhere but in the East. One of the chief's assistants threw a quantity of incense into the lighted brasiers; the chain of human beings along the wall moved; all inclined their bodies at the same moment, and horrible howls rose from every mouth. Thereupon began one of the most disorderly dances that I ever witnessed in my life.

All the men began to leap, first on one foot and then on the other, without, however, quitting their places. By degrees the musicians quickened their song, and the drums and *krakeuls* beat faster; the dancers followed the measure, and ere long their dance acquired a blinding rapidity. The mosque in which this performance took place was lighted by four lamps, in which perfumed oil was burning; the fumes of the incense rose to the brain; the noise of the drums and *krakeuls* was deafening; the voices of the singers dinned the ear; and the eyes were dazzled by the giddy flight of the dancers, who from time to time gave vent to unearthly yells, and threw off their garments reeking with perspiration. The poor madmen felt their brains reeling: they no longer danced, they flew; they no longer cried, they vociferated. At this moment an Ayesha quitted the ranks, still dancing; he advanced to the musicians, who slackened their measure, while the singers lowered their voices almost to a whisper. He began to chant a melancholy song, and soon burst into tears, dancing all the while. He implored Divine mercy, and supplicated Ayesha, the favorite of the Prophet, to intercede with Allah to insure the triumph of truth and justice. Ere long he abandoned himself to contortions of which it is impossible to give an idea, throwing his head backward and forward so violently that his neck appeared completely out of joint. After a few moments of this exercise the poor wretch, panting and exhausted, rolled head over heels and fell like a lifeless mass. The drums began to beat with new fury, and the singers, as if to make up for lost time, raised their voices to the shrillest notes.

A second fanatic, a negro, left the ranks, threw himself on the ground, and began to walk on all fours, howling like a jackal. He approached the chief like a dog begging his master for a bone; the latter took a living and writhing scorpion from a basket and flung it to the negro, who devoured it with marks of the most evident satisfaction. When he had finished the chief gave him a viper, which he ate with the utmost eagerness, then returned to his place. Another came, who devoured a branch of cactus, the thorns of which pierced his tongue through and through. Another crushed glass with his teeth, and afterward swallowed it without appearing to suffer. I did not think that the wretch could survive such a repast, but I saw him subsequently go through the same exercise.

The invulnerables then entered the lists and performed their usual tricks, but they seemed to me less astonishing than the others, and produced the impression on my mind that they were mere charlatans. The exercises which they went through, nevertheless, were extraordinary. One of them, a tall fellow, twenty-five or six years old, approached a burning brasier, took a plate of iron heated red-hot, and tossed it several times from one hand to the other, ending by licking it with his tongue. A negro then came out who picked up a live coal from the ground with his mouth, walked around the mosque in this manner, so that all might see it, and finally crunched it with his teeth. He several times repeated this horrible performance. When he had enough of it he approached the brasier and trod out the fire with his bare feet.

Another presented himself who walked on the blade of a sword just sharpened, without even breaking the skin. Two men then seized the sword by the ends, and an Ayesha stretched himself on the blade and remained thus for more than half a second without sustaining any injury. A third, with the aid of a dagger, tore one his eyes from the socket and replaced it with his fingers.

I can tell what I saw, but it is impossible to depict the horror of these performances in the midst of howls that seemed to belong to wild beasts rather than men. The imagination could conceive of nothing more frightful; for my own part, I had never dreamed of the like.

The performances lasted more than two hours. At last the high-priest gave a signal, and the singing and dancing instantly ceased. The most profound silence succeeded the din. At a second signal all the Ayeshas prostrated themselves on the ground. After a few moments these men, calmed by a few moments of repose, arose one after another, picked up the clothing that they had scattered amidst the fracas, and withdrew noiselessly without speaking a word. For myself, I was horribly fatigued, physically and morally, and I am persuaded that, had the ceremony lasted another hour, I should have fallen a victim to hallucination, like all these poor wretches. I did not breathe at my ease till I was far from this infernal mosque.

An English traveler, in a new book entitled "Under the Palms," says he witnessed similar feats in the city of Algiers. He describes one old negro who had arrived at the proper pitch of idiocy, by the help of fumes of vapor emanating from a low table in the centre of the hall, as screwing a sword into his cheek as far as it would go, all the while enjoying the process. "Red-hot shovels were then brought in, and a wicked old Arab proceeded to lick one of them with his tongue; and, placing it on the ground, deliberately stood on it until the flesh crackled and hissed, and smelled most horribly. We examined his feet, and found them charred; but the custom of going barefoot gave him a horny sole, which protected him from real injury."

ALGERINE JUGGLERS—EATING COALS OF FIRE.

## HINT TO BRICKMAKERS.

There are many scores of historical societies in the United States which are doing good work in collecting and preserving the early history of the country, and many new and valuable facts have in the last few years been established through their agency and labors; but there are also many blanks in our history which can never be filled up. For the sake of future historical societies, and for the benefit of future generations, we throw out this hint to architects and builders generally, but more especially to the makers of those bricks with which the greater proportion of our private and public edifices are built.

ALGERINE JUGGLERS—THE DANCE OF TOMBOUETON.

Some very difficult problems in chronology have been determined by names and characters on bricks. They are of very great antiquity—the oldest work of human hands which have been preserved to us—and they bear on their faces not only evidence but actual record of having been made in the earliest ages of the known world. Persia, Syria, Armenia, and Egypt are strewn with well-manufactured bricks which antedate historical periods. Ancient Rome furnishes bricks of a very superior make, which have stood an exposure of at least twenty centuries in the arches of their magnificent aqueducts, millions upon millions of which would do good service another thousand years in any structure where they might be used. The Babylonians appear to have been careful to have a record on every brick made and used by them. Every one of the cuneiform letters seen on the bricks found among the ruins of Babylon may have expressed a date, or was intended to refer to an event or epoch that was memorable. But unfortunately the meaning of these is unknown to modern archæologists, and these valuable dates are lost.

If modern brickmakers would place in the bottom of the mould in which the brick is formed the date of the year and the name of the place in which manufactured they would confer an immense benefit upon posterity. Each brick would become a striking witness of the progress of time, and refer back in the history of a nation, a city, or town, of incalculable value to future chroniclers and historians. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and indeed each city in the United States, must, in the course of events, have a history which, thousands of years hence, will be studied with as much interest as we now read of the ancient glories of Athens or Troy. A date on every old brick would be an important bit of evidence to establish many a disputed fact.

## WANTED—A DERBY RACING PARK.

The autumn meetings of the New York Jockey Club at Jerome Park, which recently closed, are said to have been very successful. To call a race-course a park was an adroit move to render horse-racing respectable. Fashionable people have taken up the sport, and sanction the club meetings by their august presence. But while eminently nice people, if not eminently good people, go to these races, they are not likely to become widely popular under the arrangements as they exist. We as a nation need out-of-door sports, and if any thing can excuse the horse-races it is the sort of holiday, picnic character which it is expected to assume. The Jerome meetings have not the picturesque, open-air aspects of the great English races. The field-room is very limited, only sufficient for the carriages to be packed closely together in it, and the people adjourn to the Grand Stand, where they sit as if in an amphitheatre, and beyond the mere temporary excitement of the race there is evinced very little enjoyment or holiday hilarity. An English race, with its carriages covering the field, the open-air eating, drinking, and merry-making, the sports that fill up the time, is something quite different from the Jerome Park gatherings. If we must have the race, let us give it this out-of-door character, the people assembling on the field, where the sun, the air, and their own good spirits may conduce both to health and pleasure.

## THE FLOWER TAX.

There has been of late years a marked increase in the use of flowers for social purposes. Every dinner-party or dancing-party must now be graced with these "stars of the earth." At larger assemblies there is always a lavish display of flowers, as if it were designed to intoxicate the guests with the delicious odors of innumerable blossoms. The passion for flowers is, in

ALGERINE JUGGLERS—THE CACTUS-EATER.

ALGERINE JUGGLERS—TAKING OUT THE EYE.

fact, becoming a serious society tax. If we go to the Opera with a lady we must provide a bouquet. If we take an ice at Maillard's, the bouquet-seller is at the door. If we visit a lady, flowers must precede our coming; if we drive out with her, the odor of flowers must sweeten the pleasure. Superb presentation baskets and bouquets are now seen in almost every parlor, and are the horticultural compliments of gentlemen to ladies. The favorite flowers are the camellia japonica, the sweet Neapolitan violet, and the white and tea rose. Although a large capital is employed in producing these, the supply is always unequal to the demand, and they bring high, even extravagant prices, on great occasions in New York. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston are swept clean of flowers to supply the demand. Flowers are, of course, extensively used at weddings, but, according to the florists, they are employed more liberally at funerals. Five hundred dollars are not unfrequently expended in crosses and wreaths for these solemn occasions. As weddings and funerals require white flowers only, they cause these to be more rare and of higher price than colored ones. Some of our churches of late years have employed flowers extensively on occasions of religious festivals.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*"In the hours of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Nationality."*—LINCOLN.

## GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT

TO ERECT THE

# GETTYSBURG ASYLUM

## *FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,*

UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

### AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

#### THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

#### EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same*, That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold*, and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest*, from *association* with the *late war*, or any *moneys, effects, property*, or *estate, real* or *personal*, whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever*, as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

*Whereas*, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

*Permission is hereby granted* to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner*.

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th*, 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

*From the Postmaster General of the United States.*

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. BROWNE & SPALDING, 568 and 570 Broadway.

*October 25th*, 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
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In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of* 600 *Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

### GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

## $641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

#### SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

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| 5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings | 15,000 |
| 8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting | 8,000 |
| 9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants | 7,000 |
| 10. 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds) | 7,000 |
| 11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants | 6,000 |
| 12. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings | 5,000 |
| 15. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 4,000 |
| 16. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 18. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 19. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings | 4,000 |
| 20. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 21. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 22. 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin | 4,000 |
| 23. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 24. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 25. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 3,500 |
| 26. 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch | 3,500 |
| 27. 1 Pearl Necklace | 3,500 |
| 28. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,500 |
| 29. 1 Diamond Cross | 3,000 |
| 30. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 31. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 32. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,000 |
| 33. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 34. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 35. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs | 3,000 |
| 36. 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver) | 3,000 |
| 37. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 3,000 |
| 38. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 39. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 40. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 2,500 |
| 41. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,500 |
| 42. 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch | 2,500 |
| 43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament | 2,500 |
| 45. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 46. 1 Diamond Cross | 2,500 |
| 47. 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament | 2,500 |
| 48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,000 |
| 50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin | 1,500 |
| 51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring | 1,500 |
| 52. 1 Diamond Cross | 1,500 |
| 53. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings | 1,500 |
| 54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | $1,500 |
| 55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 1,500 |
| 56. 1 Diamond Bracelet | 1,500 |
| 57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 1,500 |
| 59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 1,500 |
| 60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud | 1,500 |
| 61. 1 Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 62. 1 Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 63. 1 Cluster Brooch | 1,500 |
| 64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 65. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings | 800 |
| 66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 800 |
| 67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 68. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin | 800 |
| 69. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 800 |
| 70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring | 800 |
| 71. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 72. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 800 |
| 73. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs | 600 |
| 74. 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain | 600 |
| 75. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting | 500 |
| 76. 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring | 500 |
| 77. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 500 |
| 78. 1 Emerald Knob | 500 |
| 79. 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings | 500 |
| 80. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 400 |
| 81. 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin | 400 |
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| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
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| 20 " " | 17 50 | 100 " " | 85 00 |

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#### The Entire Grand Line

to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WORK HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WHOLE LINE IS NOW IN RUNNING ORDER, AND MORE LABORERS ARE NOW EMPLOYED UPON IT THAN EVER BEFORE. More than

#### Forty Million Dollars in Money

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution. The available means of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, derived from the Government and its own stockholders, may be briefly summed up as follows:

#### 1. United States Bonds

Having thirty years to run, and bearing 6 per cent. currency interest, at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of $48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of $32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States take *a second lien* as security.

#### 2. Frst Mortgage Bonds.

By its charter the company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the bonds issued by the Government, and *no more, and only as the road progresses.* The Trustees for the bondholders are the Hon. E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senator from New York, and the Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of U. S. House of Representatives, who are responsible for the delivery of these bonds to the company in strict accordance with the terms of the law.

#### 3. The Land Grant.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant, or *absolute donation* from the government, of 12,800 acres to the mile on the line of the road, which will not be worth less than $1 50 per acre at the lowest valuation.

#### 4. The Capital Stock.

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is $100,000,000, of which over $5,000,000 have been paid on the work already done.

#### The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building 914 miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense except surveying, have been made with responsible parties (who have already finished over 500 miles), at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars ($68,058) per mile. This price includes all necessary shops for construction and repairs of cars, depots, stations, and all other incidental buildings, and also locomotives, passenger, baggage, and freight cars, and other requisite rolling-stock, to an amount that shall not be less than $5000 per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Pacific Company to be $90,000 per mile,

THE TOTAL COST OF ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

| | |
|---|---|
| 914 miles, at $68,058 | $62,205,012 |
| 186 miles, at $90,000 | 16,740,000 |
| Add discounts on bonds, surveys, &c. | 4,500,000 |
| Amount | $83,445,012 |

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the

AVAILABLE CASH RESOURCES FOR BUILDING ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES:

| | |
|---|---|
| U. S. Bonds | $29,328,000 |
| First Mortgage Bonds | 29,328,000 |
| Capital stock paid in on the work now done | 5,369,750 |
| Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at $1 50 per acre | 21,120,000 |
| Total | $85,145,750 |

The company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly or in part by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

Active inquiry has already been made for a portion of these lands, and arrangements are now proposed to offer a part of them for sale. The lands of the Illinois Central Railroad Company are selling at from $6 to $12 per acre, and other land-grant companies in the West are receiving equal prices for similar properties.

#### Future Business.

The most skeptical have never expressed a doubt that when the Union Pacific Railroad is finished the immense business that must flow over it, as the only railroad connecting the two grand divisions of the North American continent, will be one of the wonders of railway transportation; and as it will have no competitor it can always charge remunerative rates.

#### Earnings from Way Business.

During the quarter ending July 31, an average of 325 miles of the Union and Pacific Railroad was in operation. The Superintendent's Report shows the following result:

EARNINGS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Passengers, Freight, Telegraph, and Mails | $723,755 54 |
| Transportation of Contractors' Materials and Men | 479,283 41 |
| Total | $1,203,038 95 |

EXPENSES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fuel, Repairs, Offices, Conductors, Trains, &c. | $395,530 92 |
| NET EARNINGS to balance | 807,508 03 |
| Total | $1,203,038 95 |

The net operating expenses on the commercial business for the quarter, were $237,966 50. The account for the COMMERCIAL BUSINESS stands as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Earnings for May, June, and July | $723,755 54 |
| Expenses " " " | 237,966 50 |
| Net Profit | $485,789 04 |

The amount of Bonds the company can issue on 325 miles, at $16,000 per mile, is $5,200,000. Interest in gold, three months, at 6 per cent., on this sum, is $78,000; add 40 per cent. premium, to correspond with currency earnings, is $109,200—showing that the net earnings for this quarter were *more than four times the interest* on the First Mortgage Bonds on this length of road.

#### First Mortgage Bonds,

whose principal is so amply provided for, and whose interest is so thoroughly secured, must be classed among the *safest* investments. They pay

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## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 569.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## "THE PUMPKIN EFFIGY."

Many of the quaint old customs prevalent in New England a few years ago are now almost forgotten, and many of the old autumn out-of-door and winter fireside sports are no longer observed by the rising generation, the majority of them being abandoned for the more popular "bees," in which such numbers of the country-folks throughout all parts of the land engage. Among the minor sports now but seldom practiced by the urchins of the country is that which we illustrate on this page, under the title of "The Pumpkin Effigy," and to which Whittier has alluded in his beautiful poem of "The Pumpkin," which we also give complete. The sport of the pastime consists in paring a pumpkin to resemble a human head, and placing a light within to illuminate it, suddenly expose the monster thus created to the view of passing persons, frequently to the very considerable horror of more youthful and more timid persons. The pastime came to this country from England, whence we naturally derive, with our blood and language, many others of our customs. The Fifth of November—"Guy Fawkes's Day"—is annually observed in England with something like this custom as it prevails here, though the effigies, which are called "Guy Fawkeses," are made of turnips instead of pumpkins, and being placed on a long stick, and attired in a long coat, are paraded about the streets. The "pumpkin effigies" as used in this country had no particular design, as those of England, and no other purpose than amusement, though the writer of this can remember an instance in which the use of one produced much terror and pain. "Pumpkin effigies" were little known in the South fifteen years ago, and the first appearance of one in the little country town in which the writer resided was, owing to certain unfortunate circumstances, long remembered and talked of. It was known that what was there called a "gang of negroes"—literally a chain-gang of slaves on their way further South—were to pass through the town that evening, and a number of mischievous urchins prepared a "pumpkin effigy," with which to frighten them and amuse themselves. The negroes had never seen such an object, and when it was suddenly displayed as they were passing they were panic-stricken, and fled in great fright. As they were handcuffed together at the wrist—men, women, and children alike—and united by a strong chain which ran the whole length of the file, they soon became confused in their flight, and the weaker ones were thrown to the ground and much bruised and injured. Their overseers, or "drivers" as they were called, on securing them, abused and maltreated them still further. "Pumpkin effigies" became thereafter very unpopular in that region of the South; but few seemed to think the originator of the evil was the individual who had thus bound the helpless creatures together.

The following is the poem by Whittier to which we have alluded. It is entitled

### THE PUMPKIN.

Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within;
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

Our artist has chosen for the subject of his charming illustration the fruit as it is "loved of boyhood," and represented a merry group gathered around the "pumpkin effigy" in the barn-yard; and it is the fourth verse of the poem which refers more particularly to the pumpkin in this form.

"THE PUMPKIN EFFIGY."—[Drawn by L. W. Atwater.]

## THE BALLS OF PARIS.

The Frenchman is pre-eminently a dancing animal. To appreciate him you must not only study the restless working of his brain, and the turbulent beating of his heart, but the sprightly movements of his feet. In fact, this last is about all that is left of him to study. The modern Cæsar holds France so tight in his iron grasp that all liberty is quite squeezed out of it except that of jigging at its will. The Frenchman of our day, in the grasp of his cruel and resolute master, is like some snake so held and throttled by a firm and cunning hand that it can neither breathe nor sting but only wriggle an innocuous tail.

Louis Napoleon, profiting by the lessons of his ancient exemplars, the tyrants of Rome, takes care that uneasy Paris shall be so gorged with cheap bread and exhausted with pleasure that it may have neither the disposition nor the power to shake off the iron collar he has put on its neck.

It is well known that amusements of all kinds in the capital of France are greatly fostered by the present Government, and that a license, such as was never before conceded, is now allowed to the disheveled balls of Paris. Louis Philippe, in concession to the moral respectability of his citizen friends, secured by his *gens d'armes* a public decorousness which has been designedly permitted by the Emperor Napoleon to relapse into the utmost licentiousness.

The Frenchman, as we have said, is a dancing animal, and, no longer in fear of a too inquisitive police, takes the full benefit of the imperial license, and indulges in a freedom of agility that must be seen to be appreciated. Such a vision is granted by our artist, who has caught Paris in the supreme crisis of its dancing frenzy, to every eye that may look upon his pictures, which are as faithful as truth.

The Mabille in summer and the Casino in

winter—for Paris ceases not to dance, whatever may be the season of the year—are the two principal balls to which foreign visitors chiefly resort, prompted, no doubt, by the commendable and philosophic motive of observing French life. That stern moralist, Mrs. STOWE, has shown the example and left a record on the moral pages of the *Independent* of her observations of the Terpsichorean phase of Parisian character as displayed at the Mabille. We can not hesitate to follow where her virtuous foot has so delicately trod. The foreign visitor, whoever he may be, whether Russian prince, Turkish mufti, English lord, or American citizen, is not long in Paris before he drives through the Place de la Concorde, with its gilded fountains pouring out their showers of diamonds glittering in the gas-light, and along the broad avenue of the Elysian Fields, to the gate which opens from that brilliant thoroughfare to the embowered garden of Mabille, all ablaze with illumination. Feeling secure in the presence of those vigilant guardians of order, the French police, he does not hesitate to enter. He feels an assured sense of security in the fact that the license within, however startling, is by imperial authority, and guarded by imperial soldiers and *gens d'armes*. He has therefore no anxiety about the safety of his watch, his person, or his pocket-handkerchief. They are under the special protection of the sabre and bayonet. His conscience and his morality are left to his own keeping.

Winding walks leading to sheltered nooks and gayly-painted kiosks, spouting fountains, blooming beds of flowers, grassy embankments, and a spreading shade of trees, with all their many colors glistening brilliantly in the variegated blaze of light, give to the garden a smiling and seductive aspect. A throng of those well-dressed, gracious, courteous, and miscellaneous men and women, native and foreign, that compose the gay multitude of Paris, is seen every where. Some are sauntering among the groves; some refreshing themselves with ices, wine, liquors, coffee, or beer, as the case may be; some are dancing; while most are watching, with curious eyes, every movement of the dancers, who, both male and female, seem stirred by the music and excitement to a perfect madness of motion. Such tension of muscular effort, such impossible agility, such audacious steps, and such unreserved revelations! It is said that some of the most active and agile of these dancing men and women are paid by the proprietors of the Mabille and Casino mostly for the delectation of the foreign visitors, who may thus be sure of having a view of those supreme efforts of agility which are to them the chief attractions. If the dancers are paid, they earn their money; for it is easy to see, by their intensity of muscular exertion, their panting breasts, the great drops of sweat which roll down their faces, and the breathless, limp, and exhausted state in which they are left after each dance, that they do their work thoroughly.

We shall not venture to look into the abyss on the brink of which these frenzied men and women are dancing, and this too curious crowd of spectators is treading. This is work for the severe and steady eye of the preacher and moralist.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

## THE POLITICAL YEAR.

THE elections of the year are now over. The result is that the Republicans have lost some of their States by large majorities; in all, except Iowa, their majorities have been reduced; and even when the Republican candidates have been elected, the equal suffrage amendment, if presented, has been defeated. What is the explanation of this sudden overthrow of the party which was so confident of permanent power, and whose general policy is unquestionably approved by the country as it is consonant with common sense?

Is it that the Republican party has not gone far enough? Is the country indignant because the President has not been impeached, or Southern property confiscated, or equal suffrage established by Congress throughout the country? Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS is understood to be of this opinion. But does he really suppose that public opinion can be coerced by law, and that if the people are opposed to a policy they can be made to support it if Congress only passes a bill? This may be the opinion of the sturdy Pennsylvanian, but his opinions are seldom those of his party or of the country. He is certainly not afraid to stand alone, and unquestionably he does so in thinking that the people have demanded more stringent measures.

Is it that the Republican party has gone too far, and that the country is of opinion that the unorganized States should have been left to reconstruct themselves? Nothing is easier than such an explanation. It is as easy as saying that any body's eyes can show him that the sun goes round the earth. But it is by no means a true and satisfactory explanation because it is easy. The Republican majority in Massachusetts is reduced some forty thousand. Yet we all know that except for the issue of prohibition Governor BULLOCK would have had as large a majority as ever. So in Wisconsin the Republican vote is reduced. And we know that CARL SCHURZ, a radical of the radicals, declined to stump the State because of some prohibitory issue. In California the corruption of which the Republican candidate was the representative was known, and the mere name of corruption hurts a Republican more than the fact a Democrat. In saying this we do not wish to be unjust; but in the State of New York there were various Republican bolts from "regular" candidates who were at least supposed to be tainted. How many Democrats in the city of New York refused to vote for known candidates of the ring? In New York the excise law and the canal frauds were also cardinal elements in the election. If there had been no prohibitory issue, no disgust with corrupt political intrigues, and the question of the elections had been simply the policy of equal rights as the law of reconstruction, it would undoubtedly have been approved.

The truth is, that probably every voter knows many Republicans who even voted against the party in order to admonish it. The number of Republicans who did not vote is also very large. Many voted under protest. And surely never was so cheerful a defeated party. "The best thing that could happen to us," "Just what we need," were very common expressions. The shrewder Democrats fully understand this, and they half deprecate their own victory, foreseeing its inevitable result.

That result is plain. The Republicans will trim ship; the Democrats will crowd sail. The success of a party always develops and strengthens its radical or extreme tendency. The country, it is said, is tired of Republican extremes. Very well; if it chooses it may try Democratic extremes. The Republican extreme is impeachment, confiscation, and equal rights secured by national law. The Democratic extreme is rebel reconstruction and repudiation. Do the elections mean approval of that? The Republicans, we say, will trim ship. We must remember that while many Republicans are good Temperance men we are not a Prohibition party. Many also favor a high tariff, but we are not a Protection party. Political parties must deal with paramount issues. The great vital necessity of the country, upon which all other interests depend, is reconstruction. It is to that, therefore, that the Republican party must address itself, and not wrangle by the way upon other questions that may or may not hereafter divide the country.

The Republican policy of reconstruction is already declared, and it is in operation. Its fundamental principle is the consent of the governed, expressed in the usual American manner, by the voice of the majority. A certain number of the governed are to have no vote because of conspicuous perjury and rebellion; but the disability is to be removed at any time by Congress. This policy can not be revoked without national dishonor and danger. Side issues may and should be dropped. Legislation should be calm and sagacious, lightening the public burden, and looking to immediate harmony. A narrow and fierce leadership should be promptly and plainly repudiated. But the policy of restoration, founded on equity and common-sense, must be maintained. That is not extravagant, nor fanatical, nor extreme. It reorganizes civil government upon the only acknowledged basis of a popular system. Just as strenuously as the Republican party opposed the extension of slavery into free territory, which was the paramount issue of 1860, must it insist upon equal rights as the corner-stone of reconstruction, which is the paramount issue of 1867. If the country is not ripe for it, it is a profound misfortune. But our duty is none the less plain. The country was not ready for a policy of non-extension in 1856. But the Republican party did not feel that it must therefore relinquish its faith and its policy. Had it done so nothing could have saved the United States from becoming a vast slave empire.

If in the present situation the party should abandon its national policy it yields to what? To a policy which restores the Southern States to the unqualified control of the most disaffected element of the population, disfranchises the freedmen, and repudiates the debt. The approval of such a policy by the country would be the condemnation of the war, and of the American doctrine of liberty and government.

We have the most unshaken confidence in the good sense of the American people, and therefore we do not suppose that they mean to write "fool" upon the brow of every supporter of the war, and upon the head-stone of every dead Union soldier.

## THE SOUTHERN CONVENTIONS.

THOSE who wonder whether Congress will now repeal the Reconstruction bill and invite Mayor MONROE and Governor WISE and Governor PERRY and Mr. HILL and the other gentlemen who solemnly protest against that bill to reorganize the Southern States upon their own terms, do not reflect that the Reconstruction bill is already in operation. The Constitutional Convention of Alabama is in session. That of Louisiana will soon be. Those of the other States will follow. It may be assumed that their work will be accomplished and the Constitutions accepted or rejected by the voters of the States before many months. The Constitutions will then be submitted to the present Congress, and if approved the States will be restored to the Union and will take part in the Presidential election of next year. If any Constitution is not accepted by the voters of the State, that State will not vote in the Presidential election. If it is not approved by Congress the result for that State will be the same.

It is easy to see that if a good Constitution is adopted in any State and approved, and its Representatives and Senators are received in Congress, it will not be very easy to exclude the State again; and any party which proposes to do it will not be very popular with a nation which demands political tranquillity. On the other hand, if a good Constitution, establishing equal suffrage, providing for general education, and not favoring proscription or confiscation, shall be adopted by the State and disapproved by Congress, the party of the Congressional majority would be equally repudiated by the popular voice.

If, again, such a Constitution should be rejected in the State by a majority known to be largely composed of the disaffected element of the population against a loyal minority, and the rejection should be urged by any party in the other States, the country would be naturally indignant, and the State would find that it certainly had not hastened its restoration.

The question in the Southern States is therefore twofold—what kind of Constitution will the Conventions frame, and what is the probability of its acceptance by the registered voters?

We believe that the loyal men in the Southern States count us among their friends; certainly they have reason to do so. They will, perhaps, then believe us when we say that they could not do the cause of equal rights, of just government, and of national peace and union so cruel a wrong as by embodying class and personal hostility in the Constitutions they are about framing. They must remember that some risks must be taken. The very fundamental idea of a popular government is, that it is better to take the risk of a government resting upon the votes of all than of allowing a class to govern. If all male adults, freely voting, choose to limit the suffrage to those of a certain education, that is obviously not a class distinction in the usual sense, because it is not an arbitrary limitation, and allows any one who wishes to vote easily to do so.

But to disfranchise all, for instance, who favored the rebellion would be to create so large and disaffected a class as to imperil the peace of the State. No community with our political traditions will be tranquil when great numbers are disfranchised. One of two things will follow. The disfranchised will renounce political agitation and quietly submit, which can not be expected; or they will secretly intrigue, which is a greater danger than to suffer them to vote. The true policy of every government is to favor publicity of political action. In a popular system secrecy of such action, under whatever pretense, will justly excite suspicion; and a policy which necessarily encourages secrecy favors conspiracy. When the civil and political equality of all the citizens and freedom of debate are really secured in the fundamental law there is not a State at the South which might not more wisely trust itself to the chances or rapid development under it than under a proscriptive Constitution which aims to secure tranquillity by political exclusion. We have seen it suggested that the Alabama Convention might possibly adopt the Vermont Constitution as a model. In many essential respects it could not have a better.

The important point, it seems to us, which every Southern Convention ought to bear in mind is this: that the great controlling public opinion of the country will sustain any action which shows that the wish of the Convention is merely to found the State government upon the equal consent of the governed. Such a course is not only the sole one which is harmonious with the principle of our government, but it will strengthen the Republican party incalculably. If the contrary policy prevails, and the passions of the war instead of its principles are perpetuated in the proposed fundamental law, the sympathy of the country will be repelled, and our friends will have postponed their triumph.

## THE ROMAN QUESTION.

THE present European point of interest is Italy. But the telegrams are so confused and contradictory that it is difficult to understand more than the great results. There is no doubt that GARIBALDI and his followers have been routed, and that he is a prisoner of the King of Italy; but it is evident also that the Italian army did not fight the Garibaldians. Whether the Papal troops, or the French, or the two combined, defeated the volunteers is not clear. It is now stated that the French and the Italian troops are both withdrawn from the Papal States; and some kind of negotiation will follow. As we supposed, the Pope is the weakest of all monarchs, but he can be dethroned only with very great difficulty. And of all movements to that end that of an enthusiastic body of Italian volunteers is perhaps the most hopeless. The shock of enthusiasm works wonders, but it is baffled by the steadiness of system, discipline, and numbers. Those who are disposed to take a gloomy view of Italian affairs, and to despond of the unity and regeneration of the country, should reflect that the late movement was not a rising of the Romans; it was an invasion. Apparently Rome did not so much as try to rise even when GARIBALDI was known to be within a dozen miles. This shows how rigid is the Papal police, but it also shows how strong is the reactionary party.

The recent history of Italy seems to prove that it is men like CAVOUR and RICASOLI rather than MAZZINI and GARIBALDI who secure the real advance of the nation. Or rather, the work of the latter is wholly abortive without the former. If GARIBALDI had succeeded in entering Rome, and had proclaimed the religion of NEWTON and of science from the Vatican, how long could he have remained? and if foreign powers had done nothing, was he likely to have established a practical, working government? An emotion is not a government. MAZZINI and GARIBALDI are like PETER THE HERMIT. It is their part to arouse the people, but popular progressive action must be organized by others. Unquestionably the man who has done most for Italy in our day is CAVOUR; but GARIBALDI could accuse CAVOUR of being the enemy of his country! Until the strong sense and discreet purpose of Italy unite with the devotion and enthusiasm of GARIBALDI, the melancholy spectacle of Aspromonte and Monte Rotondo will be constantly repeated.

The present disposition of the Roman question it is not easy to foresee. The natural solution is to leave Italy alone to work out her own destiny, and keep the Pope or dismiss him as the people may choose. But unluckily the Pope is not Italian, he is European; and as there is supposed to be a very vital relation between his traditional temporal royalty and his religious dignity, to dethrone the king is to lessen the Pope. But so long as the movement is one of Catholics it has a prospect of success; while it is of very little promise when it aims to dethrone the Papal king under a cry of Down with the Papacy.

Another curious difficulty of the situation is that GARIBALDI, who repudiates the Pope as Pope, leads a movement of Catholics against the Pope as king. GARIBALDI'S enemy has, therefore, a stronger hold upon GARIBALDI'S soldiers than the General himself; for the religious superstition of an ignorant Italian peasant is probably stronger than his political feeling. The peculiarity of the position is seen in the story reported from Rome to the London *Pall Mall Gazette*—a story which is intrinsically probable. The Pope went to the castle of St. Angelo to see some two hundred of the Garibaldian prisoners who were confined there. They fell upon their knees when he appeared, and he made particular inquiries as to their comfort and promised relief. Then the old man said to them kindly, and whoever remembers his peculiar benignity of aspect can imagine how effective his words and manner must have been: "My children, I am he whom your General calls the Vampyre of Italy."

It is not probable that the Pope will be dethroned as king until there is a general movement toward it of all Italians inside and outside of Rome. That would be a declaration which no power in Europe could rightfully question. But so long as the temporal fall of the Pope is a measure urged by a small body disowned by the Italian Government and unsupported by any evident general Italian sympathy the Holy Father is likely to retain his seat.

## "LAPSING INTO BARBARISM."

WHEN President LINCOLN issued his preparatory proclamation we met an intelligent foreign minister who said, "Good Heaven! he means to stimulate insurrection and massacre!" Such a view was pardonable to a foreigner. The "Conservative" organs also echoed the cry in the most vociferous manner. "It is an incitement to murder, rape, pillage, anarchy." Such a cry was unspeakably contemptible in an American. For there was nothing in the history of the enslaved race to justify any such aspersion. Every precedent was against it. It was but another stroke of the "Conservative" tactics of exciting class and race jealousy. Croaking is an old weapon of prejudice.

Two years ago in England Mr. ROBERT LOWE said of the Reform Bill and the working classes: "Once give the men votes, and the machinery is ready to launch those votes in one compact mass upon the institutions and property of the country." He merely echoed in 1865 the similar Tory prophecies of 1832 in regard to the protective Factory Labor Acts and other reforms. It was said that they would reduce wages and diminish production, and that the workers would waste the leisure given them. The result has been that wages and production have increased, and a very large number of the workers make "excellent use of their leisure."

Did any body ever hear of the horrible insurrections and massacres that were to follow emancipation? Dr. DRAPER, who is no negrophile, says, in his History of the Civil War, that the enslaved race passed through the or-

deal of war, and from slavery to emancipation, unspotted by a crime.

The prophets who announced insurrection and universal massacre as the consequence of the personal freedom of the late slaves, are now very busily declaiming upon the "barbarism" which is to follow their political liberty. The freedmen vote, consequently the Southern States are to "lapse" into a savage condition. We do not share this apprehension. The Conservative prophets control the city of New York by more than sixty thousand majority, and an enormous multitude of them are quite as unfit voters in every way as the freedmen. Yet although under Conservative government the city "lapses" into the most outrageous corruption, it is not exactly "barbarism." We do not certainly consider slavery a good school for voters. But we are very sure it is a worse school for masters than for slaves. And if it has incapacitated the slaves, it has certainly not qualified the masters for political power.

But grant for a moment what the dismal prophets say, and then what? Equal liberty will barbarize the South. Then it will do what slavery did, that is all. Slavery barbarized the master-class more than the slave. But if you were satisfied with the barbarism of slavery, why object to that of liberty? What right has a man to be horror-stricken with the present prospect who never found any thing horrible in the abject degradation of the Southern States before the war? What could the present political majority in any Southern State, of whatever color it might be, do more and worse than to deprive the minority of liberty and every personal right, reduce them to chattel slavery, scourge them to work, and steal their wages, sell their wives and children, and justify it all as Christianity and sound political policy? And if it did this, what would it do but what the late political majority did? The great multitude of barbarous acts, of deeds that show a savage and degraded state of society during the last ten years in the Southern States, were the work of the master-class, not of the slaves. Who carved skulls into drinking-cups, and bones into bracelets? Who stimulated and sustained the unimaginable woes of the prison-pens? Those who did this insist that society will "lapse" into barbarism if those vote who went through the war without a crime. And the Conservative prophets who denied the bone-carving and extenuated Andersonville cry Amen.

Of course we do not justify barbarism by barbarism. But the simple question is, whether we do not promote it by giving all the political power in the Southern States to the late master-class, and whether we do not oppose a barbarizing tendency by giving every body an equal defense of all his rights. We fully comprehend the necessity of intelligence to a wise suffrage. But it is a sounder political policy in our situation to trust the intelligence of instinctive loyalty rather than the intelligence of intense hostility. Nor do we think that a government of colored citizens exclusively is desirable or politically safe in the Southern States. We have seen the consequences of an exclusively white government there. It was horrible injustice, barbarism, and bloody rebellion. We do not think a government exclusively of Baptists, or Methodists, or Presbyterians, would be safe or desirable in New York, and it is avoided by the enfranchisement of all citizens without regard to sect So it must be with color. There is no folly so suicidal as to disfranchise arbitrarily a half or even more of the population.

There would be no difficulty whatever in the political situation of the Southern States except for the folly of men of our own color. If they had said at once, "Slavery is gone, and with it go all political distinctions based upon it," there would have been no political division by color. And they would have said this if the course of the President had not stimulated the Copperhead element at the North, and through that the Southern rebel element, to believe that we meant to renounce our victory. But the colored citizens will now be found to be truly conservative. They have not elected colored Conventions exclusively, nor in great part. The Union majority has certainly shown no stronger preference for color than the Democrat majority elsewhere shows for foreign descent. The great and inevitable confusion of the South must have time to work itself clear. Every step will make the next easier by removing difficulties and shadows; and common-sense and the principles of free government will prevent barbarism in Georgia as in New York.

## STOCKS AND GOLD.

SINCE November 1 the market has sustained another of those spasms of excitement which periodically occur to break its everyday monotony. The general course of the Stock Market has been toward firmness, taking its cue from the more cheerful disposition prevailing in commercial circles, although extraneous influences have operated to create a sort of panic among the holders of certain shares which have always been favorites either for investment or speculation. This is especially true of Pacific Mail.

The affairs of this gigantic Company, which have been for many months in a state of unrest, seem approaching a crisis which must soon determine its future management, as well as how the interests of shareholders are to be affected. Last spring we printed a sketch of this Company's operations from the date of its organization to the time that the last break occurred in March, in consequence of the reported failure of one of its principal stockholders through private speculation in its shares. Within the past few days, also, such statements and counter-statements have been published by the Directors and disaffected shareholders as have made the public quite familiar with the Company's operations. The latter complain, with a fair show of justification, that the management has been in the interest of heavy capitalists who are the leading Directors, to the detriment of common shareholders. They are now working energetically to remove Mr. M'LANE, the President, reduce the present salary of his office (which is equal to that of the President of the United States), and so conduct the Company's affairs that its enormous earnings shall inure to the greater immediate benefit of hungry shareholders whose dividends have latterly been materially cut down. This antagonism has naturally tended to depress the shares in the market, and a break of several per cent. has occurred—the quotations being now lower than for many months past.

In addition to Pacific Mail, special movements have occurred in that inevitable foot-ball Erie, Northwest Common, and Michigan Southern, the brokers being in a state of perplexity respecting the two first-named especially. An attempt to trace the course of the market to a satisfactory solution of these movements would be as tedious and difficult as the effort to thread a labyrinth. It is not the province of this journal to enter much into details of stock operations.

The decline in Gold of 5 per cent. has perhaps been the chief feature of the Market since the first of November. It is attributable in great part to the disbursements by the Treasurer of the November gold interest; but there are other causes even more potential. One is the returning confidence every where in the good faith of the Government, not only as respects the Five-Twenty bonds, but in all matters touching attempted repudiation. All the efforts of wild financial schemers to impair the credit of the Government, or to introduce so-called reforms which could not prove otherwise than extremely prejudicial, will be discountenanced or crushed in their incipiency. Another cause of the decline in gold is the brightening of the commercial prospect, with an already improved state of trade: also the evidences that milder counsels and a sounder financial policy will govern the deliberations of Congress at its next session. And still another cause is the adherence of Secretary M'CULLOCH to his theory of a gradual judicious contraction of the currency, coupled with the idea that is gaining ground that, so soon as the funding of the public debt is completed, the Secretary will bring forward a practical scheme for the speedy resumption of specie payments. It is noteworthy that all the persistent efforts in the Gold Room and outside to resist this decline in gold have been unavailing—even when assisted by the threats of war in Europe and the eccentric utterances of Hon. THAD STEVENS and others who sustain his views. The tendency has been and is inevitably downward; the course of the Gold Market, and the influences that may affect it, will be watched with special interest the coming winter.

Government stocks continue in fair request, especially the Ten-Forties, which seem to be the favorites now in Germany, where the people have not yet recovered fully from the scare respecting the reported payment of the Five-Twenty interest in currency. The Ten-Forties bear only five per cent. interest; but the payment of the principal is nominated in the bond, which seems to satisfy them better than the Five-Twenty six per cent., with the contingency aforesaid.

Activity continues in converting the Seven-Thirties into Five-Twenties.

## THE COTTON TAX.

THE New York Chamber of Commerce, at a recent meeting, approved a resolution to abolish the tax on cotton, and appointed a committee to memorialize Congress accordingly. It will be borne in mind that the originally imposed tax of 3 per cent. has been reduced to 2½ per cent., under the provisions of the act which went into operation on September 1, a measure which met our expressed approval; but we still agree with those who advocate a continuance of the present tax, that as the South ought certainly to pay *something* toward canceling the great debt incurred in the rebellion, and as this is the only tax that can be collected there at present which will yield any considerable revenue, it ought to be continued in force until something better can be substituted. Last year it yielded $17,500,000. The income-tax paid there does not, it is stated, equal that collected in a single ward in New York city.

## DR. WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

DR. WORTHINGTON HOOKER, who died recently in New Haven, at the age of sixty-one, was one of the most amiable, genial, and accomplished of men. He was Professor in the Medical school of Yale College, and a practicing physician, and was well and widely known as the author of a series of delightful and popular scientific works. HOOKER'S "First Book in Chemistry," his "Natural Philosophy," "Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," and "Geology and Mineralogy" are familiar to thousands of families, and are among the very best of elementary scientific works. The same simplicity and modest charm of manner which marked his personal intercourse also distinguished his books. In commemorating the virtues and learning of Dr. HOOKER we pay a tribute to one who had been an occasional and most acceptable and effective co-worker in the columns of the *Weekly*.

## THE NEWS-BOYS.

HAVE our readers ever talked with a New York news-boy? He is an American *gamin* as characteristic and individual as was GAVROCHE himself. Witty, shrewd, generous, and extravagant (when he has any thing to spend), kind to those who are poorer than he, knowing every trick of the streets, and able to take care of himself from six years of age on. He is never a child like the children of the better classes; and yet he has a child's weakness, and feels hunger, and cold, and nakedness. Before the beneficent charity of the News-Boys' Lodging-House was opened to him he slept in boxes, under stairways, on hay-barges, and in every possible place. One was known to have spent a winter in the *tubular pipes* of the Harlem iron bridge; another made a bedroom of an old locomotive; two others slept in a burnt-out safe in Wall Street. One said, on entering the Lodging-House, "Oh, Mr. BRACE, there's nothin' like a *box o' sand* to keep warm in! you can snuggle down in it so! Next to that I likes the steam-gratin's!" The Lodging-House (at 128 Fulton Street) provided these lads comfortable beds, taught them habits of cleanliness, trained them to save their money, gave them school instruction and religious teaching, and, above all, showed them kindness and sympathy, and then started them in life by putting them in places in the country. Thus thousands who would have grown up as thieves or vagabonds were saved to the country.

An interesting illustration occurred lately of the influences of the Lodging-House. Mr. O'CONNOR, the excellent Superintendent, was taking a large party of the boys to place them on farms in Minnesota. They were on an up-river boat. It was discovered soon among the passengers that an aged and poor man on board had lost his pocket-book, containing $18. Search was made, but nothing was found, until at length one of the poorest of these lads, in an out-of-the-way part of the boat, discovered the wallet and returned it to the old man. The captain of the boat, hearing of it, took the boy by the hand, with tears in his eyes, and said, "God bless you, my boy! you'll make an honest man! I'll give you a place on this boat at once," and he offered him a good situation. But the boy said he was determined to make a farmer of himself. Another boy wrote lately from the West, inclosing some money, and asking Mr. O'CONNOR to make restitution in various places where he had committed petty thefts.

During the last year 8192 boys were inmates of the Lodging-House; 2926 of these were orphans, and 3904 half-orphans, 707 were rescued from vagrancy and placed in country homes, and 719 returned to their relatives and friends. 33,633 meals, and 49,519 lodgings have been furnished. During the fourteen years since its foundation, 323,488 lodgings, and 194,203 meals, have been furnished to these lads, of whom the whole number lodged is 48,910. In this time $14,501 70 have been deposited by the boys in the Savings' Bank of the rooms, and $14,739 74 have been paid by them toward the expenses of the Lodging-House.

The trustees of the Children's Aid Society desire now to make this beneficent charity permanent by procuring a suitable building for it, so that when they and the present supporters are gone there may be a lasting shelter and a place of refuge and of Christian instruction for the homeless children of New York. The present accommodations are not at all suitable for the large number of boys thronging to them. The building may be wanted for other purposes at any time, and it would be very difficult to find other rooms in that quarter. The Society proposes, therefore, to appeal to the public for contributions to found a *permanent Lodging-House* for News-Boys and Street-Boys of New York. It will be glad to receive for this object the smallest contribution of the poor, and it can not succeed without liberal ones from the rich.

All donations for a "Building Fund for the News-Boys," may be sent either to WM. A. BOOTH, President of the Society, No. 95 Front Street; or to J. E. WILLIAMS, Treasurer, Metropolitan National Bank; or to C. L. BRACE, Secretary Children's Aid Society, No. 8 East Fourth Street, New York.

## LITERARY.

"The Champagne Country," by ROBERT TOMES. Dr. TOMES was lately our consul at Rheims, which is the very heart of the Champagne country; and in this vivid, sprightly, sparkling little bumper of a book he tells all the secrets of the lively wine, and the pleasant story of out-of-the-way travel in France. The consul devoted his official leisure and turned all his official opportunities to the best purpose. He has made a valuable report upon an industry in which the whole world is interested, and of which it has hitherto known very little. It was not difficult for an intelligent and courteous gentleman in his position to put himself upon the most friendly relations with the lords and ladies of the most famous French vineyards. Dr. TOMES tells us that there are thirteen millions of bottles of Champagne sent annually to market from Rheims and its neighborhood, of which quantity the United States takes at least two millions. England, Russia, and the East Indies receive each about the same quantity, and these countries, with the United States, are the four chief consumers. Yet the Doctor tells us that, although we get "good and wholesome" wine, it is of inferior quality to that sent elsewhere and to that which is retained for home consumption. Indeed, the first taste of the best liquor at the table of noted manufacturers convinced our author that all the HEIDSIECK, MUMM, MOET and CHANDON, CLICQUOT and ROEDERET, he had ever drank were an extremely composite mixture. They "seemed to me to have been brewed in the same vat, of the same proportions of sirup, brandy, and soda water." There is plenty of information agreeably given in this modest little volume; and we wish that every fresh book of foreign experience showed the same open eye, ear, and mind as "The Champagne Country" of Dr. TOMES.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE ELECTIONS.

STATE elections were held on November 5, in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Minnesota. Four of the seven States were carried by the Republican party; the remaining three, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland, went for the Democrats by large majorities.

In New York State the Democratic ticket for State officers was chosen by a majority unofficially but doubtless reliably reported at nearly 50,000. The majority is without doubt over 40,000.

The Democratic majority in Maryland is estimated at 40,000; and large gains are conceded the same party in all the other States.

Massachusetts gave the Republican ticket a majority of over 20,000; Minnesota over 4000; and Wisconsin about 5000.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The Alabama Reconstruction Convention met at Montgomery November 5. Eighty-two members were present, of whom fifty odd were old citizens of the State. E. W. Peck, a white man, was elected president, and the offices of assistant secretary and door-keeper were given to negroes.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

SERIOUS food riots have occurred lately in Exeter and Axminster, England.

The ratifications of the treaty of peace between the United States and St. Domingo were exchanged on November 5.

A petition is in circulation among the people of the British colony of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, praying for annexation to the United States.

General Garibaldi on being captured was placed in prison in Piedmont, when he asked the protection of the United States Minister at Florence, claiming to be an American citizen. General La Marmora has announced to the French Government that he and his two sons will go to the United States.

The Sultan of Turkey has rejected the peace overtures of the European Powers for the settlement of the Candian troubles.

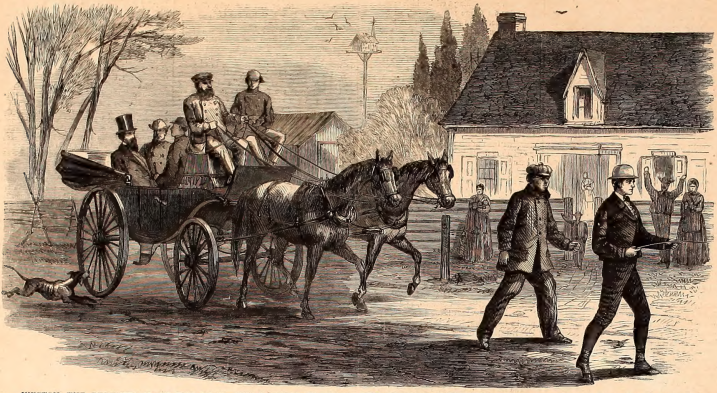
A hurricane in the West Indies on Oct. 29 destroyed eight millions of dollars worth of shipping and other property, and over five hundred human lives. Not a vessel in the harbor of Saint Thomas was left uninjured. Only one American vessel was lost.

## WESTON THE PEDESTRIAN.

WE give on page 740 of this Number of the *Weekly* a second engraving of the pedestrian WESTON, now walking from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, on a wager of $10,000 to accomplish the distance, 1237¼ miles in twenty-six secular days—thirty days in all. The present illustration shows the manner in which the walk is conducted, and was sketched by our artist at the time WESTON was passing. He is accompanied, as will be seen from a glance at the engraving, by six men, five of whom ride in a coach engaged for the purpose, and the other of whom walks beside or near him. The six men share this labor between them, and are at the same time the judges in the contest.

WESTON began this unparalleled feat in pedestrianism at noon on October 29. On November 9, at 2.45 P.M., he had reached Utica, New York, a distance, by his chosen route, of 487½ miles from Portland. He ought to have reached this point on November 8, and to have remained over on Sunday, the 10th, at Weedsport, seventy-six miles further on his way. The half-mile post on the route is Rochester, New York, where he was due on November 12, about noon. Half the allotted time expired at noon on November 13, when WESTON calculated to be at Buffalo, New York, 692¾ miles on his way. Thus far, it will be seen, he is nearly a day behind his proposed time, and will have to struggle hard to make it up.

Two of the five chances which he has in which to make one hundred miles inside of twenty-four consecutive hours have been lost, WESTON having failed in both efforts thus far made. Once he failed in consequence of the heaviness of the roads; the other was the result of injuries and detentions received from a crowd in one of the towns through which he passed. It is noteworthy that all along his route crowds of citizens have greeted and encouraged him. At Utica, New York, Mayor WILSON and a great concourse of people assembled to greet him, as if he were a conquering hero come. No feat of strength and endurance has ever attracted so much attention in this or any other country, and the "pluck" of the young pedestrian is every where admired.



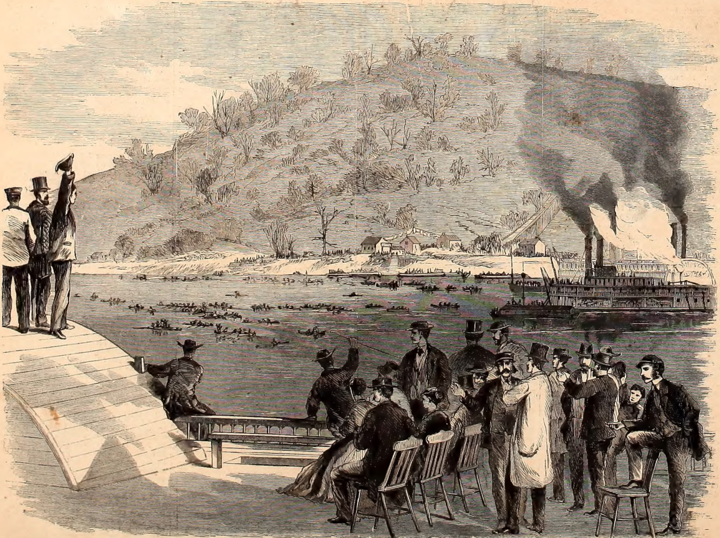
WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN, ON THE ROAD—THE MANNER IN WHICH THE WALK IS CONDUCTED.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

## SCULLING MATCH AT PITTSBURG.

WE illustrate, as part of our history of the out-door sports of the country, the great five-mile sculling contest between HARRY COULTER, of Manchester, and JOHN MEKIEL, of Cold Spring, New York, for a purse of $2000, which came off over the Upper Monongahela River, on October 31. The race was a most exciting one throughout. The contestants were followed over the entire length by steamboats and by smaller craft, and the friends of the two did their utmost to cheer on their particular favorites. COULTER's superior muscle, however, brought him off triumphant, as he reached the stake-boat eight lengths in advance. The distance was made by COULTER in 41 minutes and 51 seconds.

## DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

AT the Centennial of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1866, Mr. DANIEL DREW, of New York, announced his intention to endow a Seminary. The necessary steps were at once taken, with Mr. DREW's characteristic energy; an estate and the necessary buildings, at Madison, New Jersey, were purchased, and on November 6 the Seminary was formally opened. The estate is called "The Forest," and is twenty-eight miles from New York, on the Morris and Essex Railroad. The buildings are very large, and include a dormitory, a club-house and dining-room, a chapel, and a library. The grounds are very tastefully laid out. It is the intention of Mr. DREW to endow the institution with $250,000 as soon as the charter is obtained next winter, and a further sum of $100,000 will be expended upon a library and other appurtenances, swelling the entire gift to half a million. The dedicatory services embraced addresses by Bishops SIMPSON, AMES, and JANES, and Rev. Doctors PORTER, M'CLINTOCK, and others. Rev. Dr. M'CLINTOCK will be the first President of the Institute. When all the buildings shall have been completed and furnished the cost will have reached over half a million dollars. We give on page 741 an engraving of the Seminary.



SCULLING RACE ON THE MONONGAHELA RIVER, OCTOBER 31.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN DONAGHY.]

## REV. NEWMAN HALL.

NEXT to Mr. SPURGEON, the most popular preacher of the Gospel in England is the Rev. NEWMAN HALL. To him the working classes of London are indebted for most faithful efforts in their behalf; to him the whole Christian world owes that brief, powerful treatise, *Come to Jesus;* to him the temperance cause owes the influence of an earnest advocacy; to him the American people owe a great debt of gratitude for his eloquent defenses of the *Union* and *Emancipation* before the British public through the late conflict. He was our unflinching advocate from first to last. Week after week he defended our cause from the pulpit and the platform. When Mr. GLADSTONE uttered his famous declaration that "JEFFERSON DAVIS had succeeded in founding a nation," Mr. HALL wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer so powerful a reply to the unfortunate assertion that Mr. GLADSTONE laid the reply before the British Cabinet at an official meeting. After six years of untiring devotion to American freedom the pastor of Surrey Chapel has come over to receive the first installment of our country's gratitude. He has had a more remarkable reception than any British clergyman since the days of WHITFIELD.

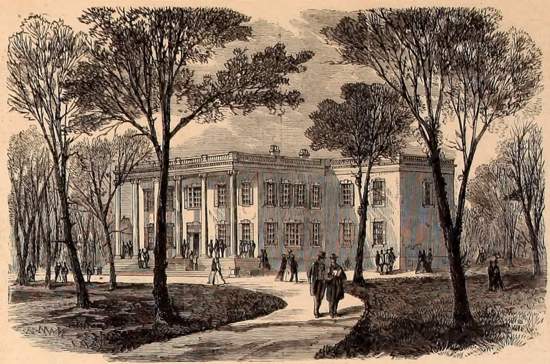
NEWMAN HALL was born at Maidstone, England, on the 22d of May, 1816. His father was the late JOHN VINE HALL, famous through Britain as the author of the "Sinner's Friend." His biography has had a wide circulation in America. One of NEWMAN HALL's elder brothers, Captain VINE HALL, was the first commander of the *Great Eastern.* His mother was the "pretty MARY TEVERILL" whom JOHN VINE HALL, then a wild youth, met and fell in love with at first sight at a chapel-door in Worcester. She is still living—a sprightly matron of over four-score.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL was the fourth child of his parents. While an infant his nurse playfully called him "little *new-come.*" This suggested to his father to name him *Newman,* after the son of an intimate friend. His early life was spent at Maidstone, and he pursued the study of the law very thoroughly, and obtained an honorary degree.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. HALL left his secular profession to enter the Congregational ministry. He said to himself, "I don't feel as if business would call out my greatest energies, and I want to address my fellow-men to *persuade them to Christ.*" This has been the key-note of his ministry. He does not preach *subjectively,* like Mr. BEECHER, dissecting human nature; but objectively presents Jesus to the eye of his audience continually.

He began his ministry at Hull. A discourse on the words "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," delivered at the opening of a new chapel, secured him a call to the chapel at once. He preached the same sermon in Dr. CUYLER'S church a few Sundays since. In 1854 he was invited to the famous Surrey Chapel, which was built for ROWLAND HILL in 1793. It stands near Mr. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle, in a region thronged by the poorest of the laboring classes. Among this class he has labored with extraordinary success.

Mr. HALL preaches to an average congregation of twenty-five hundred; and his church numbers fourteen hundred communicants. On Monday evening the chapel is opened for a popular lecture to the working classes on such topics as chemistry, history, and the American war. Monthly mass-meetings for temperance have been maintained for twelve years with great success. A prayer-book is used at the Sabbath services, although Mr. HALL has been the President of the British Congregational Union, and is a stanch opponent of church-establishments. Amidst his vast parochial duties he has found time to write several popular works. His celebrated little treatise, *Come to Jesus,* has reached a sale of over two millions of copies! At home he averages five sermons a week, and since he has been in America has delivered fifty sermons in a month. In Brooklyn he addressed ten thousand people on a single Sabbath, and after the fourth sermon showed no symptom of fatigue. "I nurse myself," said he, "in the morning as I would a horse at the beginning of a forty-mile drive; but I put on the whip on the last stretch." He is a rigid teetotaler, and in London walks a dozen miles on every Sunday.

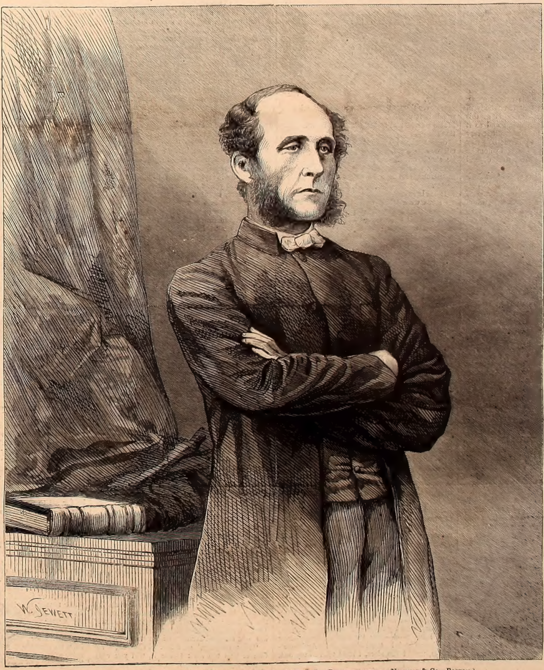


THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MADISON, NEW JERSEY.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 740.]

Mr. HALL'S reception in America has been a complete ovation. Such citizens as LONGFELLOW, SUMNER, BEECHER, and Mrs. STOWE have been his entertainers; and the leading churches have been thronged to listen to his tender and beautiful discourses. The New York Stock Board invited him to address them, received his speech with hearty applause, and then struck up "God save the Queen!" "Only think," said he to us, "of the London Stock Exchange suspending their business to listen to a parson!" No other British clergyman has earned such a compliment from American civilians. He expects to preach before the Houses of Congress at Washington before his departure.

Mr. HALL is a slender, wiry man of five feet eleven, of great muscular strength and prodigious capacity of endurance. He is an easy worker, and a graceful, fluent speaker. In delivering his powerful address on "America and England" he used a brief; but most of his best efforts have been entirely extemporaneous. He acquired the habit of off-hand speaking by shutting himself up in a room and addressing an imaginary audience for fifteen minutes every day. While he was speaking before the Union Theological Seminary he was disturbed by the janitor's coming in to light the gas on the rostrum. He stopped, struck up a hymn, offered a brief prayer, and having thus collected his thoughts, went forward with an address of great finish and beauty.

The secret of this distinguished preacher's success seems to lie in three or four effective qualities. He is a true man, of noble sympathies, and has prodigious *heart-power.* He has great simplicity of speech, using SPURGEON'S nervous, homely English without SPURGEON'S occasional coarseness. His speeches and sermons are characterized by a rare *tact* that seldom makes a false step. No diplomatist could have woven a more skillful argument




REV. NEWMAN HALL, PASTOR OF SURREY CHAPEL, LONDON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN & CO., BOSTON.]

in behalf of Great Britain than did Mr. HALL in his lecture on the relations of his native land to ours during the late struggle. If England ever finds herself embarrassed in her diplomacy with America we would recommend her to send as her embassador the warm-hearted and honey-tongued pastor of Surrey Chapel.

The memory of his sweet persuasive voice and rich evangelical discourses will long linger with our countrymen. He has come as a messenger of peace between the two great nations of Christendom. The benedictions of our people will follow him to his home; and among all the philanthropists who have visited our shores not one has left a more beloved and honored name than NEWMAN HALL.

# MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

## Book VI.

### CHAPTER VIII.

EXPLANATORY.

JACK'S unremitting exertions, guided by the practical common-sense and single-mindedness which he inherited from his mother, had succeeded in discovering Walter Charlewood's whereabouts. The clew afforded by poor Corda's letter, which led to the detection of her brother's anonymous calumnies, had set Jack thinking of Alfred Trescott. It had not been difficult to discover, on inquiry, that Alfred had been a frequent associate and companion of Walter during a great part of the time that the Charlewoods had passed in London.

"The idea of seeking any information about my brother from young Trescott never entered my head," said Clement, when Jack uttered his opinion that it might be well to set a watch on Alfred as a means of tracing the missing Walter. "I did not even know that they had met since we came to town."

"No; I dare say not," said Jack, "but that is not hard to account for, is it? Your brother knew pretty well, I suppose, that that double-distilled young scoundrel was not exactly the sort of companion you would approve of for him."

"True. And I had often warned Walter against associating with him in days gone by. My brother is so easily influenced by those around him."

"Exactly so. And you may depend that Trescott impressed upon your brother the desirableness of not mentioning his name to you. But I have a strong notion that if anybody in London knows where your brother is at this minute Alfred Trescott is the man; and as it clearly would be of no use to question that very amiable young gentleman, I think the best way will be to watch where he goes to, and whom he sees. We shall find out something so, depend on it."

In the pursuance of this line of conduct Jack found an invaluable ally in old Jerry Shaw, who threw himself into the business with great zeal. By his assistance, and that of Lingo, with whom Jerry said the whole credit of the discovery ought rightfully to rest, Jack soon found out that young Trescott had been seen with a gentleman answering to Walter Charlewood's description in a tavern not far from the neighborhood inhabited by the fair Mrs. Hutchins. That lady, with a rat-like instinct, began to divine that misfortune and disgrace were hanging over the head of her "poetical" and high-minded young friend, Alfred Trescott, and she consequently became very pliant in Jack's hands, imparting a great deal that she knew to Alfred's disadvantage, and a vast deal more that she did *not* know, with her accustomed florid eloquence. The truth was, that Mrs. Hutchins (to whom Jerry Shaw presented Jack as a cousin of "Miss Bell," and at the same time a friend of Mr. Charlewood) began to have sundry misgivings as to the policy of her violent animosity to Clement and the scandal she had spoken of him to Betty. If Mr. Charlewood were still on good terms with Mabel, it might be no passport to the favor of the latter to abuse him; and a good or bad word from Miss Bell was important to a person employed as Mrs. Hutchins was in the Thespian Theatre. By Clement's consent Jack and Mr. Shaw undertook to induce Walter to return home with them, thinking that a stranger's face would be less likely to startle the truant than the sight of his brother arriving unexpectedly. They accordingly watched Alfred enter and leave the tavern, and immediately on his departure made their way to Walter, with what result the reader knows.

It is needless to speak of Mrs. Charlewood's joy over her re-found boy, or of the relief of mind to Clement and Penelope at finding their brother alive and safe, although looking broken and abject. For the first two days after his return home Walter did not recover either his health or his self-possession sufficiently to face Clement and Penelope. He shut himself in his own room on the excuse—but too well founded—of indisposition, and refused to see any one except his mother, who left her own sick-bed to tend him. But by degrees, as he became aware of the forbearing kindness which actuated all around him, a spring of good feeling and gratitude was touched in his weak but not wholly depraved nature, and he began to come among the family again, and even to make some approach toward asking pardon for the suffering he had caused them, and to promise amendment. In his heart, spite of all he had said to Alfred Trescott, he was inexpressibly thankful to have been compelled, as it were, to return home without making the first advances toward a reconciliation himself. He told himself and told his mother that within four-and-twenty hours of the time when Jack surprised him in a drunken slumber on the tavern bed he should have been aboard an emigrant ship, and on his way to Australia. But at the bottom of his conscience he well knew that it would not have been so. Clement had one interview with his brother alone, and what passed between them he never fully disclosed to any one; but the two chief points spoken of were the discovery of Alfred's secret and malignant enmity, and the project discussed between Clement and his sister Penelope, of applying to old Stephens on Walter's behalf. Walter caught at the idea of going abroad, and even added a postscript to Clement's letter, begging the old clerk (in a strain of very unwonted candor and humility) to hold out a helping hand to him, and promising solemnly not to dishonor his recommendation.

To Jack Walton, as he called himself, the whole family were extremely grateful, and the singular circumstances of his first introduction to them made an intimacy arise between them with peculiar rapidity. "But, after all, we owe it to Mabel Earnshaw, first and foremost, that I have got my boy back again," said Mrs. Charlewood, stanchly. She had never relinquished her old liking for Mabel, although the fact of the latter's having gone on the stage continued to be, theoretically, an unforgiven sin. It was at Mabel's intercession, and in deference to Mabel's pleadings, that Corda was spared any questioning as to what she knew of her brother's anonymous writings. The fact that the child had written the note to Mr. M'Culloch, justifying Clement against the evil that had been said of him, could not be doubted; and once on the right track, a thousand pieces of internal evidence came to light, all showing plainly that Alfred Trescott, and he only, had been Clement's anonymous maligner. At first Clement had been utterly unable to conceive any sufficient motive for so persistent and bitter a hatred; but old Jerry Shaw, piecing together what he had observed for himself of Alfred's pursuit of Mabel, and what he had gathered from Corda's artless talk about Mr. Charlewood's attachment to her dear "Miss Bell," had arrived at a pretty accurate conclusion on the subject, which conclusion he communicated to Jack, who in turn communicated it to Clement.

"The ruffian was jealous of you, it seems," said Jack. "He had the outrageous audacity to aspire to my cousin Mabel, and hated you, as I suppose he would have hated any one who was in a position to have the chance of being on an intimate footing in Mrs. Saxelby's house."

"Then your cousin never—" Clement stopped abruptly.

"Never thought of *him?* Good God, Charlewood, is it possible that you, who have known Mabel so well and so long, can ask such a question?"

Jack spoke with indignant warmth, but Clement was so far from being offended by it that he shook him heartily by the hand, and said, humbly, that he begged pardon, that the idea *was* monstrous, and that he ought to have known better.

It has been stated that, at Mabel's intercession, no steps were taken which could make Corda aware of the discovery that had been made. But Jack insisted upon enlightening Lady Popham as to the true character of her protégé without delay, and volunteered to accompany Clement on the visit which was to be made for that purpose.

They had a terrible time of it with my lady. For nearly an hour she persisted in disbelieving all their statements, called them vile calumniators and treacherous scandal-mongers, abused them in very choice Italian, and flounced up and down her drawing-room in a whirlwind of wrath. Then suddenly, and quite without any preparation, she veered round to a firm and rooted conviction of Alfred's baseness, and wept gingerly behind her point-lace-bordered handkerchief, and bemoaned herself, and reproached him, and told the two bewildered young men that, from childhood upward, she had been an impulsive, sensitive creature, liable to be the victim of strong emotion, and totally deficient in British stolidity and self-repression. But there was, under all the froth of her demonstrative affections, a substratum of feeling in the kindly old woman, which feeling had been deeply wounded by the disclosure of Alfred's utter worthlessness. It was not merely the mortification of finding that she had been utterly fooled and deceived from the beginning—though that mortification was keen to a person who, like Lady Popham, prided herself on the acuteness of her judgment—but there was real regret for her protégé's unworthy conduct, and real compassion for the innocent little girl in whom Jack and Clement earnestly tried to interest her. "Poverina, poverina!" cried my lady, wiping her eyes. "C'est touchant. C'est vraiment touchant. The innocent little fool. But that Alfred—viper! However, my dear people, we must hush it up. No esclandre. For Heaven's sake, no esclandre! You English people always put every thing in the newspapers. Now, if this story is put in the newspapers, I shall, tout simplement, expire!"

She was assured that there was no intention of putting the story into the newspapers; and then, after a minute or two's reflection, she undertook to get rid of her latest and most unfortunate speculation in *geniuses*, by the simple process of running away from him! "I shall go to Vienna," said my lady—"I shall go to Vienna, and leave a—a—note for that scelerato—how handsome he is! Quel dommage! And meanwhile, until I can start, I shall take to my bed, and tell my people not to let him pass. A few lines, you know, and—and a—check, I think. Oh, of course it's wrong, I know; highly immoral. Don't preach to me, I implore. It *never* was of the least use to preach to me. But the fact is, I *was* the means of dragging this *birbante* out of his obscurity, and giving him hopes and tastes and aspirations that— Ah, Dio buono! Yes, yes, there must be a check, and meanwhile I shall go to bed."

Not the least gratified person at the return of Walter Charlewood, and the clearing away of the cloud which had hung over Clement, was Mr. M'Culloch; and before Jack left London to return home his friend and patron resolved to give a farewell dinner ostensibly in his honor, to which he invited Clement and Penelope Charlewood. "I wonder," the old Scotchman had said to Jack, "I wonder whether your cousin and Mrs. Saxelby would honor me with their presence! I have had the pleasure of calling on them with you, but I don't like to seem intrusive. Public people, celebrities like Miss Bell, get worried a deal in that way, I dare say."

Jack, after a word or two with his cousin, had undertaken to say that she would be very happy to accept Mr. M'Culloch's proffered hospitality; and thus it came to pass that the invitations to dinner at the Hawthorns included Mabel and her mother.

### CHAPTER IX.

IS IT TOO LATE?

MR. M'CULLOCH'S dinner-party consisted of Clement and Penelope Charlewood, Mrs. Saxelby, Mabel, and Jack, and a wealthy picture-dealer, whose acquaintance Mr. M'Culloch had thought might be useful to the young painter. The presence of this stranger prevented any allusion to the recent events which had so nearly concerned all the rest of the party, and directed the conversation to general topics. The host exerted himself successfully to make the evening pass pleasantly, and Penelope Charlewood quite captivated the old Scotchman by her keen, sharp wit and shrewd sayings. It was long since there had been so bright a light in poor Penny's eye, or so genial a smile on her lips. And the trouble she had passed through just served to soften her biting humor, and to give a touch of gentleness to her manner. Mrs. Saxelby, in the place of honor at Mr. M'Culloch's right hand, was all suavity, and Jack was in his usual state of high spirits and unclouded good-humor. Mabel and Clement were the most silent of the party. They had met but once since their interview at the little house in Barnsbury, and then their meeting had taken place in the midst of the excitement consequent on Jack's discovery of Walter. Both were silent, but in Mabel's face there shone the reflection of an inward happiness, while Clement was grave and preoccupied. He reproached himself for the words he had been hurried into saying. His feeling might have been rendered by the old lines,

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more.

And, in his judgment, honor required him to refrain from a suit which could result only in a humiliating repulse, or—he scarcely admitted the alternative—in tying Mabel to his fallen fortunes. But yet as he sat near to her, listening to her rare, sweet words, watching the quiet, modest grace of her movements, and the pure light that shone in her clear eyes, he felt that she was so dear to him that all life without her looked blank and gray. Nevertheless, he "loved honor more," and made up his mind to endure his sorrow manfully.

The preceding evening had been the last of the season at the Royal Thespian Theatre; consequently the popular actress was free to enjoy the sweet breath of Mr. M'Culloch's flowers, and to sit in his pretty garden in the August twilight, instead of hurrying away to her professional duties. The host had had a table brought on to the lawn after dinner, and sat sipping his wine in the pleasant air with much gusto.

"It's a better smell than the gas-lamps—eh, Miss Bell?" said he, observing Mabel with a bunch of carnations in her hand.

"I dare say Miss Bell likes the gas, too," said the picture-dealer, "or, at all events, the incense that mounts to her nostrils with the flare of the float. The breath of public applause is very sweet."

"I think," said Mabel, with her shy smile, "that the flowers are better."

"Come, Mabel," cried Penelope, "be honest; I used to cite you as one of the few truth-telling people I knew. Tell the truth now, you *do* love the incense of praise and applause. We all love it. It's only the folks who can't get any that are allowed to pretend to despise it, and that is not your case, at all events. You *do* think the incense a sweet thing."

"Yes," answered Mabel, slowly; and then, after a minute's pause, she laid one hand on Penelope's shoulder, and gently touching her lips with the rich fragrant carnation that she held in the other, added, in a low voice, "but still I think the flowers are better."

"One can't live upon perfume, though, Mabel," said Jack, laughingly, "any more than one can live upon—upon love or moonshine, both very charming things in their way! Whereas the public approval translates itself into very tangible coin of the realm."

"Jack talking worldliness and common-sense is a delicious spectacle," cried Mabel, "when I know so well that he would not allow all the bright gold that ever was minted to weigh against the lightest wish of any one he really loved!" Looking up, she caught Clement's eyes fixed upon her, and dropped her own with a bright flush.

"Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. M'Culloch, "before it gets too dark to see it, will you walk round my little place? I have some rather choice shrubs down yonder, and ferns—I don't know whether you care about ferns—"

"I do!" said Penelope; "may I come too?"

"Of course, my dear Miss Charlewood. Allow me. There. Now, Charlewood, if you will give Miss Bell your arm. You two fellows are going to have cigars, I see." And Mr. M'Culloch walked away with Mrs. Saxelby and Penelope, leaving Clement and Mabel to follow. Jack and the picture-dealer remained to smoke under the veranda.

Clement stood for a moment by Mabel's side.

"Will you come?" he said, hesitatingly.

She touched his offered arm lightly with her hand, and they walked on together. For some paces they proceeded in silence, then Mabel spoke:

"I am so, so glad that your trouble about Walter is all at an end."

"Thank you. I hope, if we can get him abroad, he may do well yet."

"And I am so very glad, too, that—that—the calumnies against you have been traced to their source. When Jack told me of the letters I was so indignant—so grieved!"

"You are very good."

There was another pause. The hand on his arm trembled as Mabel said, at length,

"Have you not forgiven me, Clement?"

It was the first time she had ever called him by that name, and the sound of it, uttered by her voice, thrilled him to the heart. He would have given the world to take her in his arms and fold her in the shelter of his great love. He would have given the world, but not what he prized above all—his self-respect. No; he loved her so much, she was so dear to him, *because* he "loved honor more." He answered, steadily:

"I told you, Mabel, that I had nothing to forgive you. What pain you once caused me is past and over, and was given unwillingly."

"God knows it was given *unwittingly*. But—"

"Let me say one word; it shall be the last with which I shall trouble you about my own private feelings. The other day, when you came to our house on an errand of kindliness and friendship I was hurried into saying words that should not have been spoken. I had been harassed out of all self-command, and the unexpected sight of you opened an old wound."

"You said what you did not mean then?" she murmured, half-withdrawing her hand from its resting-place on his arm.

"No, Mabel. Even to spare you pain, I can not tell you a lie. I meant then what I mean now, and what I shall mean all my life long. But, nevertheless, I should not have uttered such words to you. To what end should I have uttered them? Forget them, Mabel, and be my friend again, as you were in the old days, if you can."

"But I can not."

"I am grieved to hear it, but it must be borne like the rest."

"Do you know why I can not be your friend again, as in the old days? Clement, Clement, you call me proud. I believe I am so by nature. My pride once hurt you, and, perhaps, blinded me to my own feelings. I do not know. I was very young. I had never thought of—of—your seeking me in that way, and I had received a warning which cut my girlish spirit to the quick that I must not aspire to the honor you might be led to offer me. But, Clement—dear Clement—I lay down before you my old pride—I throw it at your feet. Those words that you bid me to forget filled me with joy and gratitude. I have been learning all this time—learning by absence—by the jealous pang at my heart when I thought you cared for another—by the yearning to help and comfort you in your great trouble—I have been learning that I love you, Clement—that I love you very dearly."

For one moment, in the ecstasy of hearing her speak those words, he caught her to his breast and kissed her. But almost directly he released her from his clasp, and stepped apart from her.

"Noblest, dearest Mabel," he said, "I have no right to take advantage of your generous goodness. What should I be—think, what should I be—if I could avail myself of your sweet compassion to bind you—you with your brilliant prospects—to a man so poor, so burdened, as I am?"

Mabel had hidden her face in her hands. She raised it slowly now, and it looked pale and white in the gathering dusk.

"You would show yourself to be strong and good," she answered, with a quivering voice. "You would prove that you know how small and poor all worldly considerations are in the presence of a true love."

"All mere worldly considerations, Mabel. But there are others which—Ah, think what it must be for me to plead thus against myself!" He broke off abruptly, and pressed his hands to his head.

"And think," she answered, "what it must be for me to plead *for* myself! But, Clement, be sure—nay, I believe you *are* sure—that if I had not thought you spoke the full and simple truth when you told me that you loved me still, there is no power on earth which could have made me speak the words I have spoken!" The old haughty curve on the delicate mouth, the old proud drooping of the eyes! He might have measured the depth of her love for him by the struggle that her pride was making to subdue all manifestation of tenderness. But in an instant she went on impulsively, "What is money, or what money can bring, between you and me? You would have bestowed your great wealth upon me, a poor penniless girl, because you loved me. Did the sacrifice appear very great?"

"You know, Mabel, that there would have been no sacrifice. If I could have been made ruler of the world, my highest pride would have been to call you my wife."

"And yet you can not credit me with feeling in that way! You talk of my brilliant pros-

pects! In another year I shall, if my health is spared, have earned money enough to achieve one great purpose of my life, a provision for Dooley's education, and a sum sufficient (with what she has already) to provide a comfortable subsistence for my mother. Those are my 'brilliant prospects.' I do not despise them. I am glad and grateful to have succeeded so far. But when once that is done, what are the 'brilliant prospects' before me? And you? Shall you be happy? Ah, a man's love is not as a woman's! He can *bestow* royally, but he can not be generous enough to *accept!*" Tears were falling down her cheeks as she spoke, and she turned away to hide them.

"Mabel! Mabel!" shouted a voice at a little distance, and in a moment Jack came running toward them. He was breathless and agitated. "Mabel," he cried, "they are looking for you. Jerry Shaw is here. He went first to Desmond Lodge, and not finding you came on here. He is come on a sad errand. Poor little Corda Trescott they think is dying, and she has been begging to see you and Mr. Charlewood. Will you go to her?"

Mabel flew along the garden-path to the lawn, where a little group of persons was standing. Jerry Shaw was in the midst, leaning on his stick, and with a face full of woe. Lingo was not with him. When he saw Mabel and Clement, he advanced toward them hurriedly. "She's going, the darling," he said. "The sweet, loving little angel is ready to take flight from among us. Will you come to her, Miss Bell? It's for the last time. She'll never trouble you nor any body else any more." Old Jerry wiped his eyes on his checked handkerchief. "He wouldn't leave her a minute," he went on; "there he lies stretched by her bedside, and it's hard to get him away, even to take his food."

"Her father?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"No, Ma'am. My dog Lingo. Her father's a poor demented kind of creature. He does nothing but moan and bother her. She went to sleep this afternoon, and woke up about an hour ago, and says she, 'Mr. Shaw, I know I shall not be here very long, and I'd be very thankful if I could see my dear Miss Mabel before I go away, and Mr. Charlewood too. I want to speak to him. Would you ask them to come to me?' And when I promised that I would set off to find the two of ye that minute, she just gave a smile that seemed to light up the room, so bright it was, and laid down again as quiet as a lamb. I have a cab waiting here at the gate, Miss Bell."

Mabel and Clement followed the old man to the vehicle, and in a few minutes they were driving at a rapid pace toward Blackfriars.

## CHAPTER X.

### CALM.

As they went along through the rattling streets old Jerry related to them at intervals, and in a broken manner, how Corda had been found insensible on the floor three days ago; how they had thought her dead at first, for that her mouth and clothes were stained with blood; how, when she had come to herself again, she had merely declared that she had hurt herself in falling over a footstool; and how she had been in bed ever since, and growing rapidly weaker. "I knew in my heart," said Jerry, "that she wasn't very long for this world, but I little thought it would be so soon. In these three days her strength has been going, going, like snow-flakes melting in the sun. And I believe, on my soul, that that brother of hers has been murdering her."

"You don't suppose," cried Clement, hastily, "that he used any violence to the child?"

"I don't suppose he took a cudgel and knocked her brains out," said Jerry, nodding his head portentously, "but I do suppose that there are more ways of killing than one. She couldn't bear unkindness from those she loved any more than a little tender blossom can bear a northeast wind. And she had the purest, most sensitive conscience in the world. She suffered for all her brother's sins that she knew of, more than a good many tough people—who call themselves pious, too—suffer for their own!"

Mabel noticed with a heavy heart that Jerry spoke of little Corda in the past, and as if she were already gone from them. "Is there no hope for her?" she asked, tearfully. "Have they good advice? Has any thing been left undone? So young a creature! Are they sure they can not save her?"

"My dear young lady," said Jerry, solemnly, "when you see the little angel face of her, you will know, as I know, that her life is ebbing away fast. And when you see, too, how peaceful and tranquil she is, and think of what her life has been and was like to be in future, I think you won't desire to keep her here."

"Is—is the brother in the house now?" asked Mabel, as they approached their destination.

"He is in the house, but not in her room. He sits like a log in his own chamber, next to hers, neither moving nor speaking. When she asks for him, he goes in to her bedside and holds her hand, and lets her kiss him and talk to him, but he gets away again directly she will let him go, as if the sight of her were dreadful to him. And well it may be. The old father, up to yesterday, refused to believe in any danger at all. Now I think he sees it, and he is like a demented creature."

"It is a blessing for the child that you are near her, Mr. Shaw," said Mabel.

"Indeed, then, I'm afraid it's the first time in my life that I have been a blessing to any one! But she *is* very fond of me, the dear little bird; and as to Lingo! Ah, Miss Bell, you know something of him, but what he has been in these days is more than ye could credit."

They reached the house, and entered softly. The cross-grained servant, a good deal subdued in manner, was on the watch for them. "Come up stairs by yourself first, Miss Bell, dear," said Jerry. "It's a melancholy scene for ye, but you wouldn't have had me disregard the last wishes of the poor darling. I know you've always been good to her, and she loves you with all her heart."

Mabel followed the old man up stairs, and entered the room. Corda lay passive in the little white bed, and at the first sight of her face, Mabel could not restrain her tears. And yet there was no expression of suffering on it. It was peaceful and serene, with a strange, far-away look in the lustrous eyes. Her bright hair lay all curling and waving in rich masses on the pillow, and Mabel could not help observing the singular contrast between the rich, strong life there seemed to be in those chestnut tresses, and the evident fading of the pale little countenance beneath them. When the child saw her she smiled, and feebly held out her arms. "Don't cry, dear Miss Mabel," she whispered. "I am not sorry now. I think it is best. I think it may do some good to—to others if I die."

She lay still again for a minute or two, holding Mabel's hand pressed to her cheek. "My little Corda—dear little Corda, is there any thing in the world that I can do for you? Any thing that you wish?"

"I wished to see you, and you are here. It seems to me that every one is very good to me. See, papa," she said, weakly, trying to move the curtain on the other side of the bed, "see, dear papa, here is Miss Mabel. Look how happy I am. Do look, papa, it will make you more unsorry."

Mr. Trescott bowed down his head on the side of the bed, and moaned, "Oh, Corda, Corda, don't leave me, Corda. Don't go away from me, my little one, my little one."

A look of trouble flitted across the child's face. "It won't be for long, dear papa," she said. "You will see me again. And I am going to mamma. I am glad mamma is there. She will know me, though I may not know her at first. I am so glad," she repeated in a whisper, "that mamma is there!"

There was silence again, only broken by Mr. Trescott's sobs. Presently Corda drew down Mabel's head, and put her lips to her ear. "Is he here with you?"

"Mr. Charlewood? Yes, darling."

"How good of him to come! He was always good to Corda. Papa, dear, I am going to ask one thing of you, perhaps the last thing I shall ever ask. You won't refuse me, dear?" He could not speak, but made a sign with his head. The child went on: "I want to say a word to Mr. Charlewood and Miss Mabel all by themselves. It won't take a minute, papa. Will you wait outside while I say it?"

Her father rose slowly and left the room, staggering as he went like a drunken man. Jerry Shaw went down to call Clement, and Mabel remained alone with Corda. "See," said the latter, pointing downward to where Lingo was lying perfectly motionless, with his head between his paws, "he has staid so all day. Poor Lingo!" At her voice the dog raised his head, and looked at her with his wistful eyes. Corda stretched down her hand to him, and he licked it gently; but the little effort of the movement seemed to have exhausted her strength, and she fell back on the pillow with closed eyes. Mabel silently bathed her forehead with some eau-de-Cologne, and presently, when she heard Clement's footsteps on the stairs, the child opened her eyes, which looked larger and more lustrous than ever. "Tell him to come in, please," she said to Mabel. Her own voice was growing too weak to be heard at any distance from the bed.

Clement entered and placed himself near Mabel, by Corda's pillow. A smile that was almost joyous in its brightness came into Corda's face as she looked at them both.

"Do you remember, Mr. Charlewood," she said, putting her wasted hand into his, "how you used to come and see me in New Bridge Street, when my bone was broken? You were so kind to me!"

"Poor Corda! You were very kind to *me* to forgive me for running over you."

"Oh no, no! I was glad afterward, because if you had not run over me I should never have known you or *her*." She moved her face toward Mabel as she spoke, and the latter bent down and kissed her.

"Now I must try to say what I want to say to you, because poor papa is staying away on purpose. Dear Miss Mabel, would you give me some of that stuff on the table?"

Mabel poured a draught of some medicine from a vial that the child pointed to and gave it to her. Then she raised the pillows so as to support her in a sitting posture and sat down by the bedside, holding Corda's hand in hers.

"Mr. Charlewood," the child began, "I found out the other day that you know about—about—some letters that were written, and that made me so very dreadfully sorry and unhappy that I could not rest until I had tried to do something to prevent their hurting you."

"Dear little Corda, they had done and could do me no harm. Do not let us speak of that, my child."

"Oh, Mr. Charlewood, I must speak of it. It is about that that I so wished to speak. If you had not found out—I do not rightly know how you found it out, but I guess that it was through me—if you had not found out who wrote those letters, I do not think that I should ever have told you. I dare say I was very silly, but I had the hope in my mind that I could make that gentleman, Mr.—"

"M'Culloch?"

"Yes; Mr. M'Culloch know that you were very good without betraying—any body."

"Poor little one!"

"Yes; of course it was very silly. But I did not know what to do. And now it has all come out. But what I wanted to say was this: Mr. Charlewood, can people be punished—put in prison—for writing letters like those?"

"Corda, if any such fear is weighing on your mind be at peace. For your sake, little Corda, those letters shall be put away and forgotten, as though they had never been. And, further, you may believe, for I tell it you in all truth and seriousness, that they have done no real evil to me or to any one except to the writer."

"Ah, yes, to him! Thank you, Mr. Charlewood. And now I want just to say one word more. Miss Mabel knows—don't you, dear?—how I love Alf. He has done wrong, I know, and I know you have reason to be very angry with him; but if you would try—oh, if you would try, for my sake, to—to forgive him it would make me so happy! You can't quite understand, perhaps, but Miss Mabel can, because she knows how she should feel if it were little Dooley, who was a grown man, and had gone wrong, like my brother, how dearly I love Alf. You know, Mr. Charlewood, my mamma died soon after I was born, and Alf was only quite a little boy, and poor papa was so sorry when mamma died that perhaps he did not take so much care of Alf, nor seem so fond of him as he might have done if mamma had lived. Alf used to be very good to me when I was a little, tiny, weakly child. I remember when he would carry me up and down stairs in his arms, because I was so small and weak, and got tired so easily."

Mabel bent down over the sweet pleading face and kissed it. Her tears fell warm on Corda's chestnut curls as she did so.

"And do you know," continued the child, gazing up at Clement with earnest eyes, "do you know that, when Alf was so successful, and that rich lady made so much of him and offered to bring him to London, he said, all the time, that he would take care of me, and that if he grew rich I should grow rich too. And it is only two or three days ago that he was planning to take me abroad with him to make me well and strong."

"I hope he loves you, Corda. He would be worse than I have words to say if he did not."

"Oh, but he does; he does, indeed!" cried Corda, eagerly; "and I wanted so much to tell you so for fear you should think that he had been unkind to me. He is cross sometimes, because his temper is passionate. But, now that I am ill, you don't know how sorry he is. He sits in the next room all day long without going out that he may be near me when I want to see him. And they say he looks so melancholy and scarcely speaks a word. If ever he did any thing to vex me I know he is very, very sorry for it now. And when I am gone away he will be more sorry still. But though it grieves me sometimes to think of that, I like to know that he is sorry, because, perhaps, it may help to—to make him good."

Two large tears, the first they had seen her shed, rolled down Corda's cheeks as she spoke, and she put up her hand to cover her eyes and lay silent for some minutes. By-and-by she looked up again, this time at Mabel, and said:

"Dear Miss Mabel, you were always so kind to Corda, and I loved you from the first day I saw you, that I think you will be good to poor papa, if you can, for my sake. He may be glad to talk to somebody about his little girl, to somebody who loved her as you did—"

"As I *do*, Corda," broke in Mabel, weeping, "as I do love you, my sweet, good darling!"

"Yes, dear. But it will soon be over. And then papa will be very lonely; and if you would let him come and see you sometimes, and talk of the old times, it would be very good of you."

"I promise, dear child, I promise faithfully to fulfill your wishes. But, Corda dear, perhaps you may yet get better. You are so young there should be so many years of life before you."

The child shook her head gently. She smiled, and the same far-away gaze came into her eyes that they had seen there before.

"No, no; I am going to mamma. I am not sorry—only a little sorry for *them*—and I shall be so happy with mamma."

Then, turning her eyes on Clement, she said, softly:

"Give me your hand, please, Mr. Charlewood."

He gave it, and she took Mabel's also, and joined the two together in her feeble clasp.

"My two good friends," she whispered, "my two kind ones. Some day, when you are married to each other—" She broke off, feeling Clement start, and looked up. "You will be married to each other, some day, won't you? I always used to like to think of that long ago. Some day, when you are very glad and happy together, you will think of little Corda, and it will be sweet for you to know that you were good to her, and that she was very, very grateful."

The two hands she held met in a long, clinging pressure. Strange that the two beings whom the brother had striven so hard to sunder should be joined in one clasp by the sister's innocent childish hand!

"Yes," said Corda, smiling faintly, you will be very happy. Nothing is so happy as really *loving*, I think. And you do love each other."

Mabel was kneeling, with her cheek on the pillow beside the little head covered with bright burnished waving tresses. There was silence, only broken by the low sobs which Mabel could not altogether repress. Corda closed her eyes again, and remained so motionless that, for a moment, they thought she had fainted, but presently she opened them wide and looked around her. There was a change coming over her face, a change that heralded the end, as both the watchers felt too surely.

"Papa," said Corda, in so low a voice that Mabel, whose ear was at her lips, could scarcely hear it. "Call papa and Alf."

Mabel signed to Clement, who left the room, and presently returned with Jerry Shaw and the child's father. The latter flung himself on his knees, by the bed, opposite to Mabel. He seized one of the dying child's hands, and pressed it to his breast, as though by holding it fast he could keep her with him. Corda's glance wandered uneasily around the room.

"Your brother?" said Jerry Shaw. "Yes, mavourneen. He is coming."

As he spoke the dog uttered a low growl, instantly suppressed, and Alfred Trescott entered the room. The child's face lighted up at the sight of him, even at that moment, and she made a sign with her eyes that he should approach her. It would be hard to conceive a countenance so haggard, worn, and terrible in its evil beauty as Alfred's, standing there, with his dark eyes fixed on his little sister, and seeming neither to heed nor see any of the other occupants of the chamber. All the history of his wasted and perverted youth was written on his face. He came slowly toward the bed, and suffered the child to take his hand and kiss it.

"Good-by, darling Alf," she said. "Be good, Alf. Be good, dear, and you will be happy when I am gone."

"Corda!" The voice that came from his lips startled all present. It did not seem to belong to him. It was hollow, and hoarse, and broken. "Corda, you are not going!"

"Yes, dear, to mamma. Love me, Alf, and —and—be good to poor papa."

"No, no, Corda. No, you must not die. You shall not die. Stay, Corda! Little Corda, the only creature on this earth who cares for me, stay a while, Corda. I *can not* let you go; I must have time to be better to you. Live, Corda, only live, and you will see; I will be good to you—I will—I will."

His face was convulsed, but there was no tear in his eyes, and he stood with his hand on hers, looking down upon her with the despairing gaze of a drowning man who sees the last plank to which he clung shattered and lost.

Mabel passed her arm around the child, supporting her, and gently wiped her forehead with a handkerchief. "Don't cry," said Corda. "Don't be sorry, all of you. I think—I—hear mamma. It seems as if—as if—there were a voice calling me, ever so far away. It must be—mamma. Good-by, papa. Kiss me, Alf, my own brother —my darling—be—good—God bless you, Alf. How dark it is! That is Mabel's hand, I know. God bless you, dear." Suddenly she sat upright, as though struggling for breath; but in a moment the most lovely smile beamed over her sweet face, she stretched her arms out before her, crying, "Yes, yes, it *is* mamma! She is calling me again. Oh, mamma, mamma, take Corda!" And fell back in Mabel's arms as softly as a little wave that melts upon the summer sea—dead.

## A FREE VOTER.

Seated here on the slope of this ditch—
The ditch, my friends, by-the-way, is dry—
Dry as a bone, or a stick, or a chip;
And in this we're alike, the ditch and I:
Take an old tramp's word, this November wind
Has something in it to stir one's thirst,
That fact by itself I should hardly mind,
But 'twixt me and the post it isn't the worst.

I'm not rich enough to carry a flask,
And I haven't tick at the tavern down there;
Water is something I seldom use,
So you're perfectly welcome to drink my share:
The truth of the matter is this, you see,
Though the temperance people say it ain't,
This total abstinence doesn't agree
With the serious nature of my complaint—

A taste for whisky, it isn't much,
A throat disease of the milder kind,
Affecting the palate more than all else,
And common enough, so it doesn't mind.
But seated here in this ditch to-day,
All alone by myself, I've been taking note
Of certain matters and things, by-the-way,
And one of 'em is the right to vote.

Suffrage, that's what they call it, I've heard,
A rum sort o' name, too, it seems to be—
What heaps of knowledge a cove picks up
Knocking about the world like me!
Impartial suffrage, eh, what a go!
Just look at it once in a Christian light,
The right to a free vote, whether or no,
Whatever your color, black or white.

Now, I'm a white man; I haven't much
In the way of property, that I'll own,
But as to my skin, why, that's all right,
Though its hue is a little dingy grown—
Owing, in fact, as you may suppose,
To a strong aversion, with latent fears
Of "pure cold water," that somehow grows
With the riper judgment of later years.

But down in yon field where they're raking hay
There's a chap as black as the shades of night,
Whom all the water and soap in the world,
Rubbed inside and out, wouldn't render white,
And he's the sort that the radical kind
Would give the right to of voting free,
This "man and a brother," do you mind?
Along with white men like you and me.

'Tis a fact he's the owner of that small house
And the cabbage garden that near it stands,
But then he's vulgar besides being black,
And earns his bread by the sweat of his hands;
While I'm a gentleman—never so rich
That the world would be richer for having my share—
Who through eccentricity sits in a ditch,
And chooses to sleep in the open air.

And because of this I haven't a vote:
Well, little it matters at most, I think,
For just at this moment, in case I had,
I'd sell it out for one "good square drink."
I'm tired of this ditch, so I'll stroll along,
With "Heigh-ho! the lark's in the sky;"
I'll tip 'em a stave of my favorite song,
Though my coppers, I own, are something dry.

A PARISIAN BALL—DANCING AT THE MABILLE, PARIS.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See First Page.]

A PARISIAN BALL—DANCING AT THE CASINO.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See First Page.]

## HAPPY TIDINGS.

The sharp rat-tat—the post has come!
Tidings are here of friends long parted:
To some of hope and joy—to some
The news that leaves them broken-hearted.
That heap of letters which he bears—
Who knows what destinies are in it?
Sorrow and laughter, mirth and tears:
The post! some bless, some curse the minute.

But if the face can tell one aught,
One scarcely now need be afraid, he
The best of good news must have brought
To yonder bright-eyed smiling lady.
Good news, good news has come, 'tis plain—
Is it from sister, brother, cousin?
Or is it from some sighing swain?—
Lovers she has at least a dozen.

What words precisely writ are there
One need not now stay to discover;
Besides, it would not quite be fair
The reader's shoulder to peep over.
Enough proclaim those glistening eyes—
The postman here has brought a treasure;
And if at times my lady sighs,
'Tis not in sorrow, but pure pleasure.

We'll leave her here alone to read—
To gloat in secret o'er her letter;
Her looks, whate'er its theme, concede
It could not well be any better.
Or, as we mentioned "theme" above,
We'll simply offer one suggestion—
It is *not* unrequited love;
And so we may dismiss the question.

## A SUN-STROKE.

Two persons were walking backward and forward under the apple-trees. The shadowy, uncertain moonlight only revealed the outline of their figures; but nobody mistook them: it was Jason Woodruff and Mary Howell. Squire Woodruff, who, in his tireless round of chores, was putting up the bars in the field below, saw them, and standing a moment, with his broad, stooping shoulders lifted almost straight, and his scowling face turned toward them, muttered something impatiently, and then turned away. Steve Sayles, who sat in the door of the little brown house by the orchard, spoke to his two loaferish sons who were lounging near, making some coarse remark about the lovers, and then to his wife, a quiet, patient-looking woman, asking her, with an oath, why she didn't call that girl into the house; and Mrs. Sayles, Mary's aunt, replied evasively that she guessed Mary would come in pretty soon. Charley Allen, riding leisurely along the road, saw them, and remarked to his companion, Tom Porter, that he didn't wonder that Jason preferred walking in the orchard with his sweet-heart to sitting in Steve Sayles's shanty; he only wondered how so sensitive a fellow got along when the weather was unfavorable to outdoor courtship.

"He shuts his eyes and ears to every thing but Mary, I suppose," replied Porter, "which wouldn't be so difficult a matter either, I fancy."

"Not for you or I, perhaps, but he is naturally as aristocratic as his little lady sister, Nellie; and I've thought from appearances since he came home this time that 'love in a cot' wasn't so charming a prospect as it had been. That doesn't look like it, however."

Jason Woodruff was the only son of the "old Squire," who, if he did not own all the land joining his, owned nearly all that could be seen from the piazza-front of his house. A great deal was expected of this son. His father, while giving him greater advantages than farmers' sons often have, had taught him something of their value, in the application to work or study that he required of him. And so active, so aspiring, so exemplary was Jason that it would seem a strange accident that would make life a failure with him. But something more than two years ago he met Mary Howell, the niece of his father's tenant, and since then he had been her lover. Nobody but himself and Mary believed that the infatuation would last, for it was a case of black eyes and laughing red lips, or at most of the power of a rich, strong nature against every thing that friends, position, wealth, and culture could bring. It had lasted, however, until it was no longer a wonder, but accepted as a fact by sensible people.

Of course it had been strongly opposed by Squire Woodruff, who disapproved of the whole vocabulary of romance, and was not anxious that his son should marry young; by a proud mother and sister, who had more ambitious plans for him. But, as opposition seemed only to make him more obstinate, it had lately been but a silent pressure. Since his recent return from college the gossiping detectives of the neighborhood had remarked a change in his demeanor, and poor Mary hardly needed to-night's explanation to tell her the difference.

They had walked backward and forward a long time, for Jason felt very cowardly and loth to say what he had resolved he would.

"Mary," he said, locking her fingers in his, and speaking in a forced way, "I have been trying to tell you something ever since I came home, but I am afraid you won't understand me."

"I am not so very dull"—withdrawing her hand and looking away. "Try it and see. Perhaps I understand it now."

Jason stopped and twisted a branch from a tree, and broke it in his hands.

"What do you understand?" he said, at last.

"What every body told me would be—that you have changed. I have seen it a long time. Do you think I can't understand why it is?" she went on, passionately. "That there is every reason why you should change, and none why you should not. I have known it all the time, only I tried not to believe it," she said, breaking off with a sharp sound of pain in her voice.

"Mary," he said, drawing her hand through his arm again, "I can't bear to have you angry; but all I can do is to tell the truth. I am not changed toward you, and never can be; but there are a great many things troubling me that I don't know how to decide. I want you to help me. There is my father working from morning till night to give me a chance. He says there was never any thing but work for him; but he has been bending his back for me to climb on. He wants me, when I have finished at college, to go right on and study and travel until I am fitted for any position that I have capacity to fill. He seems rough and hard to people that don't know him; but it is easy to see that he has set his heart on me. It isn't that he dislikes *you*; but he says that I have no business with engagements while I depend on him; and that there is time enough to choose a wife when I know what I want."

"But you knew all this at first," said Mary, bitterly. "You knew it when you first knew me. What made you come here at all? Why have you just remembered what your father says when you knew it two years ago?"

"I haven't 'just remembered' it. It has troubled me all the time; only I hadn't courage to either obey or disobey. I want you to *tell* me what to do."

"Then you think that you have courage enough to obey him now, and want me to tell you you are free. Very well."

"No, that isn't what I mean; and yet perhaps it *is*; only you put it in such a miserable way. Since I have been away and learned more of the world, I have realized something what the difference between that life and settling down to support myself and family by hard work would be; but," he said, clasping her two hands tightly in his, "I can give it all up, and go to work to-morrow, and as soon as I can take care of a wife be married, feeling it no sacrifice if I have you, Mary."

She leaned back against the trunk of a tree, and covered her face with her hands. How could she choose but to keep him? What else had she in all the world? But to cling to him when he was so ready to shake her off?

"No!" she broke out, in a shrill, impetuous voice; "if you had chosen that you would not have asked me to decide. You wish me to say good-by." She turned to leave him, but he passed his arm around her.

"You are angry now; wait until you have had time to think; wait until to-morrow."

"I don't want time to think. I am not angry. I wish I was," she said, dropping her head upon his shoulder with a sob. After a moment she said, "You have been kinder to me than any body else ever was, and I have been very happy; that was why it was so hard; but I did not mean to blame you. Now let me go."

Jason tried to speak again, but there was a choking in his throat, and they parted without any word of good-night.

Mary crouched by her little window up under the eaves to watch him as he passed back through the orchard and meadow home. Bitter thoughts crowded themselves upon her mind. She was the offering he threw into the river, while she could easier have burned herself on his funeral-pile. But she ought to have known how it would be; her aunt had told her from the first; and her uncle, when he sneeringly congratulated her. What right had *she* to expect such happiness?

Hardly more enviable were Jason Woodruff's thoughts as he lay waiting for sleep that night. He did wish to rise in the world; to realize all of his father's hopes for him. He not only had the ambition, but a sense of the power necessary; and it was hard to refuse the keys that unlocked the heavy gates. Then thoughts that were only the reflections of his father's pictures had weighed heavily in his mind—of looking enviously at those standing where he might have stood, and thinking with regret of opportunities lost; of energy all absorbed in rough work, and a young wife growing old five years in one; of two people bound together to creep through life where one at least might have risen. But to-night he felt ashamed of these paltry excuses. What was his happiness more than hers? He was doing a sneaking, unmanly thing for the sake of some time seeming great, and he would no longer try to gloss it over. Last night he had wished it settled; it was settled now if he could afford to remember the half-stifled pain of Mary's tones and tears.

Squire Woodruff had not attributed the moonlight walk to any thing but moonshine sentiment; so he was not much surprised the next morning when Jason, with a decision and manliness unabashed by his frowns, announced his intention of going to work. As much as he wished to please his father he could not conform to his wishes respecting Mary Howell; but he could act honorably toward both of them.

"What do you propose to do?" asked Mr. Woodruff, bluntly.

"To go to work at any thing I can, until I can do better. To choose for myself, and depend on myself," said Jason, boldly.

"All very fine to plan and talk about," growled his father; "and now is a favorable time to try it. I want another hand in haying—a prime hand, to work against Hicks. If you keep up with him I'll pay you the same wages; if not, I'll pay you what you earn."

"All right. I'll do the best I can," said Jason, taking off his watch, and exchanging his coat for a frock.

"You won't want much to keep you warm out there," said the old man, contemptuously, looking him over from head to foot. "I'd advise you not to try for the highest wages to-day; a stack that has grown in the shade like you 'll need toughening to the sun first."

"I'm stouter than you think," said Jason, determined not to be vexed at his father's sarcastic tones.

The hottest of July suns blazed down upon the men in Squire Woodruff's field that afternoon. The men who were raking and pitching stopped occasionally to wipe their faces and exclaim at the intense heat; and Squire Woodruff standing on the load would turn his bent figure uneasily to look at the two mowers at the farthest end of the meadow. Hicks's great burly form was bending steadily to the work, and close after him was Jason. Not working with great even strokes like Hicks, but sometimes yards behind, and then with a great effort bringing up his swath. A gleam of pride at the "grit" his son manifested, and a grim smile that said, "We'll hear what you have to say about 'honorable independence' after a day or two like this, young gentleman," would be followed by an anxious, troubled look; and the old man would call to him to rest a while, or change with one of the men; he hadn't got broke into that kind of work yet. But each time Jason by word or gesture refused, and kept on.

Mary Howell, from her little chamber window, had been watching them. Once or twice since he came home she had seen Jason at work for an hour or two in the hay-field. But now since early this morning he had been toiling in the heat. Perhaps he felt stronger since he was free from his perplexing engagement, she thought wearily. The great circles around Mary's eyes told how she had sobbed the night through; and and now a sense of the heat, or of any thing but the pain succeeding last night's hurt, was dull and indistinct. Suddenly she started to her feet and gazed breathlessly at the men in the field. Jason had sank down in the grass, and Hicks was lifting him up, while the other men were hurrying that way—Squire Woodruff first, carrying the great water-jug in his hand. Was he hurt, or faint? She could not tell. The men bustled around him for a few minutes, then lifted and carried him to the house. Presently she saw that one of them had taken a horse from the harness and was galloping off. For Dr. Allen it must be. Then he *was* seriously hurt. She started instinctively to go to him, when that nightmare recollection checked her—but only for a moment. He was badly hurt—dying maybe; she would go. She ran across the fields the way Jason went last night. One horse was standing in the harness by the half load of hay, and the rakes and forks lay in the grass where they had dropped them; but up by the gate two men were talking together, and she saw them shake their heads gravely.

"What is it?" she asked, as she stopped, panting, near them.

The men knew the story of her engagement to Jason, as who did not? They were rough men, Steve Sayles's cronies, but they felt a kindly pity for her now.

"It's a sun-stroke, we think," said one of them.

"He isn't dead?" gasped Mary, her lips growing white.

"Oh no," said the man, assuringly. "We can't tell how bad he is till the doctor comes. They are doing every thing they can for him, but he don't know any thing yet. I don't believe," he said, hesitatingly, as she was about to pass on, "that you'd better go now. You can't do any good, and they ain't likely to let you in where he is. Just wait till Dr. Allen goes by, going back, and he'll tell you all about it."

Mary shrank back as if she had met a reproof. These men knew all about it then; that she had no right by him now, and thought her going improper. She was sensitive to such things, she turned quickly and walked toward home.

"Why didn't you let her go?" said the man who had not spoken. "She wanted to see him, and it's her privilege if it's any body's."

"Yes, but she couldn't do any good, and the old man don't like her, and he's so near crazy just now that he'd order her out of the house like as not. I thought 'twould save a fuss, maybe, if she waited a little."

An hour later, when Dr. Allen passed, returning from his hurried summons to Squire Woodruff's, Mary Howell stood waiting by the gate. Accompanying his father was Charley Allen, a medical student, and a warm friend of Jason Woodruff's. The good-natured doctor stopped a moment to answer Mary's question.

"Well," he said, slowly, hitting his horse light strokes with his whip as he spoke, "he will live probably. It's a pretty severe case, and I think he must have been demented to begin with; no sensible person would have been so fool-hardy."

"Maybe you don't understand all about it, father," said Charley Allen.

"If you think *you do*, I will leave you to prescribe for him," retorted the doctor.

"I should only prescribe a great deal of attention and care," said Charley, with a meaning look at Mary. Mary did not notice its significance.

"Then you think he will be well soon, doctor?"

"I did not say that. I said he would live. I think the best thing they can do is to take him to Dr. Sanders's institution for treatment as soon as he is able to go," said the doctor, hitting his horse a harder cut as an injunction to move.

A few evenings before Jason was taken away Mary went to see him. Squire Woodruff sat on the back porch as she went in. He acknowledged her good-evening only by a surly grunt. Nellie Woodruff met her at the door; she was Jason's sister; a haughty miss who recognized Mary as that "Howell girl" who had been the cause of all this trouble. And her salutation was hardly polite. Although they had expected earlier attentions from Mary they by no means wished to encourage them. Mary asked to see Jason, and was shown into the room where he sat leaning upon his pillows. She was cautioned not to talk to him as he must be kept quiet; so she only looked sadly into the eyes that regarded her with such a stupid stare, and silently followed Nellie out of the room.

Squire Woodruff turned to her, as she passed down the steps, saying,

"Well, young woman, I suppose you are satisfied now." Mary gave him a frightened, appealing look. He looked a little more kindly at her as he added, "We have no need to act ugly toward each other about this now. No doubt you think you feel bad; but your best way is to let this all drop now."

"I want him to know that I came to see him; but I will not trouble him any more," said Mary, looking a little bewildered.

"Very well. Good-evening, ma'am," said the Squire, a little surprised at her readiness to adopt his advice.

A few days after Mary saw the carriage passing slowly over the hill that was taking him away to be treated for insanity. It seemed to her, as she watched it, as if all these dark days she had been mourning a death, and this was the hearse bearing him to his burial.

For several years but little was seen of Jason Woodruff in the neighborhood where he had lived. It was understood that he had recovered his reason, and was traveling for his health, which was still feeble. Meantime Dr. Charley Allen had married Nellie Woodruff, and was succeeding his father in practice there. Steve Sayles, with his family, had moved away, and been lost sight of in the mass of floating population. People did not so easily forget Mary Howell; and many a good wish was expressed for the poor girl; but by-and-by, when it was reported that she had gone West and married—married well, it was told—many who like Charley Allen had been her warmest friends, wondered reproachfully if she could so easily forget the man who was living a sad, broken life because he had chosen to keep his promise to her. They only knew the part of the story of which she was ignorant.

The almost forgotten romance was revived and talked over when, nearly ten years after the incidents I have related, Jason Woodruff came home to sit by his father's sick bed. It was told that the sick man, in his reviews of the past, recollected Mary's visit, and told Jason about it, and Jason, nervous and irritable as he now habitually was, asked peevishly why this had been kept from him, and left his tea untouched to go wandering through orchard and meadow, until late at night he came in shaking like ague, his clothes wet with dew. The neighbors who shook his hand at his father's funeral, and noted his hair, whiter now than the old Squire's had ever been, pronounced him a broken-down man. It is always sad to meet one whom we have looked forward to admire, and find that they elicit only our pity. Something of this disappointment these old friends of Jason Woodruff felt. They remembered a bright, active boy, pressing eagerly toward the future that seemed to promise so much. Now he was grown old without the dignity of age. That withering sun had left enough of vitality to extend life, but nothing for growth and expansion. It was the conceited student changed to a petulant, fussy, pedantic old man; surprising you sometimes with a beautiful thought, but more often tiring you with his wordy discourse.

Late one summer he accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Charley Allen on a journey around the lakes. He attached himself to this brother and sister in an affectionate, dependent way, and they with careful regard tried to shield his acute angles from contact with the rough world. The return trip found the boat crowded, the weather cold, and the lake rough, and all the petty annoyances so hard to be borne seemed combining to make Mr. Woodruff's homeward journey a miserable one. The waiters were inattentive, the steward curt and uncivil, and the passengers disagreeable. And now, while he was sitting on deck, shading his head from the pale wintry sun with his umbrella, a troop of restless, climbing children were disturbing him. Presently he started with horror, as one little chubby four-year old nearly lost her balance trying to look over at the waves.

"Why, child!" he exclaimed, catching her suddenly by the arm. The baby's unterrified eyes looked wonderingly into his, as she explained,

"I ain't 'Why, child!' I'm Maggie Smiff."

"Maggie Smith," he said, the fretful look softening to one of fondness. "Haven't you got any mother to take care of you, little one?"

"Yes, her mother's in there," said a larger girl, "and she let me take Maggie a little while; but she hasn't got any father, Sir."

"Well," said Mr. Woodruff, taking her in his arms, "tell her mother that I'll keep her until she can take better care of her."

Mrs. Smith, the child's mother, was sitting in the saloon, talking with Dr. Allen. Mrs. Allen had made her acquaintance, and begged leave to present her husband; and now, though he seemed only talking in his easy, pleasant way, the Doctor was carefully observing the fine face and figure, and dignified repose of manner of the lady by his side.

"I am afraid," she said, looking anxiously toward where Maggie sat with her new friend, "that the gentleman will be quite tired of my little Magpie. I see that she is chattering to him constantly."

"Oh no. I don't think he has been so happy since we started out," replied the Doctor. "He

is a little singular sometimes. This is one of his peculiarities."

"Is he an invalid?"

"Yes, his health and life were destroyed ten years ago, and all the circumstances connected with it make him seem sad. He had promised to marry a beautiful girl to whom he was very much attached, but his friends were strongly opposed to the match, and tried to persuade him to give it up. He chose rather to give up every thing else, and go to work independently. He went into the hay-field to work one terrible day, and received a sun-stroke, from which he has never fully recovered."

"This is a strange story you are telling me," said the lady in a quick, disturbed way.

"I thought—I was young then," resumed the Doctor, "and took a romantic view of the case—that she would go right to him, caring as much for him in sickness as health; but she did not. She went away soon after, and was married, we heard."

"Are you sure," said Mrs. Smith, in a compressed voice, "that what you tell me is correct?—that he went to work for *her?* Because he chose *not* to give her up?"

"Oh yes; I am very sure he may have *been* undecided, but that morning he was very resolute!"

"Dr. Allen," said the lady, looking directly in his face, "there is a mistake somewhere. Is it you or I that is wrong? Has he never told you what was said when we walked in the orchard together the night before?"

"He never told any thing, Mary, except to talk wanderingly of you before he recovered his reason. Perhaps neither of us have known the whole truth."

"Do you think," she said, starting to her feet, "that he will know me?" He has not seen me yet. Will he recognize me?"

"I knew you, and so did Nellie; he will be sure to, for he remembers you better."

Late that evening the passengers noticed "that odd white-haired man" sitting on a sofa by "the handsome widow," and little Maggie fast asleep with her head in his lap. One daring youngster ventured to guess that the "old gentle" was making love, and was not entirely wrong. He had laid one hand on Maggie's curly head, and was saying:

"But the fate that has denied me every thing has been kind and generous to you, thank God."

"Yes, for it has brought *you* back to me."

"With only a wasted life; a feeble old man, Mary," he said, sadly.

"If it was wasted it was for *me*. If he is feeble he needs my strength," she whispered, bending to kiss Maggie's cheek and the hand that lay among her curls.

## MY DREAM.

A SLENDER form, a girlish face,
Blue eyes and golden hair;
Sweet lips, dear lips! and sunny smiles,
A vision angel fair!
Oh, gentle eyes! oh, cruel eyes!
Why will you haunt me so?
Filled with the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

A merry laugh, a pleasant voice,
Sweet chimes, like silver bells;
Sweet music, unforgotten still,
Around me rings and swells.
Oh, wooing voice! oh, cruel voice!
Why will you haunt me so?
Speaking the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

An angel form, a blessed face,
A picture fading never;
The anguish of a vanished hope,
That clings to me forever.
Oh, blessed dream! oh, cruel dream!
Why will you haunt me so?
Sad with the old sweet tenderness,
The love of long ago.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

TRIALS of physical strength and endurance are quite the fashion nowadays. Walking and rowing matches, trotting and swimming races, have long been common enough to excite no extraordinary attention, unless accompanied by some special feature. But novelties in this line occur every little while. A few weeks ago a man, somewhere in the vicinity of Boston, entered the lists against a horse as a *trotter*. Of course he was beaten, as he ought to have been, if the horse was worth any thing. Recently a climbing match was announced. A certain number of poles were to be erected, and the contestants were to climb them one after another in rapid succession. A wood-sawing match took place a short time since in Indiana. This trial was between four parties of young men—nine in each party. The wood was of about the same quality, and was placed in four beautiful piles of nine cords each. The thirty-six wood-saws commenced rasping through the wood and splinters at the same instant—some of the boys going in with all their might and strength, others taking it slow and easy, after the manner of experienced knights of the saw. The swiftest party completed their task in just three hours and ten minutes, the slowest in about three hours and fifty minutes. Then the result was summed up thus: "Thirty-six cords of nicely-sawed wood, seventy-two blistered hands, thirty-six lame backs." And similar delightful results—exclusive of the "nicely-sawed wood"—usually follow foolish expenditures of strength. A certain amount of moderation is wise.

It is said that Brooklyn boys are crazy on the subject of base-ball, and Brooklyn housekeepers nervous on the subject of glaziers' bills. So the Police have taken the matter in hand. It is certain that the "boys" in many other places are insane on the same subject. A humorous writer thus gives his experience:

"I've played five games, and this is the glowing result: Twenty-seven dollars paid out for things. One bunged eye. One broken little-finger. One bump on the head. Nineteen lame backs. A sore jaw. One thumb dislocated. Three sprained ankles. Five swelled legs. One dislocated shoulder. Two raw hands. A lump the size of a hornet's-nest on my left hip. A nose sweetly jammed, and five uniforms spoiled. I've looked over the scorer's book and find that in two weeks I've broken seven bats, made one tally, broken one umpire's jaw, broken ten windows, killed a baby, broke the leg of a dog, mortally injured the bread-basket of a spectator, knocked five players out of time, and knocked the waterfall from a school-marm who was standing twenty rods from the field. I've used up fifteen bottles of arnica liniment, five bottles of lotions, half a raw beef, and am still full of pain.

"All ladies in favor of 'universal suffering' are invited to join our club!"

In imposing a fine for absence without leave upon a member of one of the Hook and Ladder Companies in this city, the Board of Fire Commissioners censured the man for his slovenly and dirty appearance when before the Committee. It was remarked, that, "while the general appearance of the men was creditable to the Department, individual members are daily seen in the streets whose carelessness alone will soon make their leaving the Department necessary for its credit. *New* clothes are not necessary to cleanliness, but benzine and soap to old or new ones which are soiled is necessary to a decent appearance."

A newly-invented powder was recently tested at the rock-cuttings near the Central Park. In blasting the rock was lifted out in vast masses and not blown in small fragments through the air to endanger the safety of life and limb. Successful experiments were also made in using it like ordinary powder in rifle charges. It is said that this powder can be manufactured at a less cost than ordinary powder, and with entire safety to the men engaged in the work.

The new Selwyn Theatre, which has been opened to the Boston public, will seat about 1700 persons. The building is finished and furnished in a tasteful and elegant manner. The drop curtain, painted by an artist of Philadelphia, portrays South American scenery at the source of the Amazon, and is said to be a highly finished and very brilliant work of scenic art.

A Mississippi paper states that a singular and fatal disease has appeared among children in some sections of the State. When a child is first seized with it, the whole nervous system is contracted, and the most excruciating pain, and great sensitiveness to the touch ensues. Convulsions follow, the nerves become contracted, and the neck is suddenly broken.

On some of the railroads in North Carolina the proprietors have placed cars in which meats and other articles of food are cooked and served out to travelers at reasonable prices.

A ludicrous mistake was recently made by a clergyman in Columbus, Ohio. A couple presented themselves before him in church desiring to be united in marriage. The reverend gentleman got confused in some way, and, placing himself in front of the groomsman, nearly married him to one of the bridemaids in place of the groom and bride. When the ceremony was about half through the mistake was discovered, and the matter set right before it was quite too late.

A young lady recently asked at a New Bedford bookstore for "Extra Homo." This reminds us of another lady—young in some respects, certainly—who made inquiry at a place of sale for a copy of "The *Baz*-zar." After some polite investigation the clerk discovered what she wanted, and furnished her with "Harper's Bazar."

"Liquor is a good thing in its place," remarks a unique character in "Norwood," "but, as a general thing, I'm of opinion that the very worst place you can put good liquor into is a feller's stomach!"

Some one pointedly says: "Every stamp you put upon a deed, a check, or a mortgage, is a Democratic sticking-plaster to remind you of a Democratic rebellion."

"Swagan" is sometimes spoken of as one of the principal articles of diet among the lumber-men of Maine, in olden times. But probably very few have any idea of what this ancient dish consisted. It was made of beans, pork, bread, and molasses all stirred up in a great kettle and boiled together. And nothing was considered so good "to cut and haul all day upon" as swagan.

Some idea of the complexity and length of legal trials may be gained from the following statement: "The papers in the Yelverton case weigh about three tons, and would fill a good-sized room. A verbatim report of the whole trial would fill dozens of folio volumes, and more than one readable book could be made up from the incidents of the different trials." And if, as a morning journal recently declared, the case is not yet "half finished," and the documents continue to accumulate, what an array they must finally make!

Lord Rosse, whose name will ever be distinguished in the annals of astronomy, has lately died. He was born June 17, 1800, and spent much of his life at Birr Castle, Ireland, where he set up his first telescope. He held, during life, many honorary offices, and was a member of numerous literary societies in Europe.

A Nashville paper tells a curious story of a negro with a bullet-proof skull. He was detected in an assault, and an attempt made to arrest him. The negro ran away. The policeman followed. The negro wouldn't stop. So the policeman fired a pistol at him. The ball lodged in the negro's head. But he was taken to the station-house, where the ball was extracted; and it was found that, although his skull was not injured, the bullet was mashed almost perfectly flat.

The cultivation of cranberries has become an extensive business. The whole crop in the country this year is estimated at 300,000 bushels, valued at $1,200,000. In many places cranberries have been raised upon land which from its swampy character had previously been regarded as worthless.

In a town in Kansas it was noticed that the prairie was on fire. The residents collected for the purpose of putting it out, when their attention was called to a man who was riding along the road dismounting and setting fire to the prairie in different parts, some half a mile or a mile apart. The indignant people pursued the wretch, captured him, and hung him.

Some months ago Congress passed an act appropriating a suitable sum of money for inclosing the various national cemeteries with proper fencing, and placing over each grave a commemorative tablet. A commission was also designated for carrying the act into effect. It is said that the necessary arrangements are nearly completed; but the number of tablets required make a fearful item—three hundred and thirty thousand tablets for Union soldiers who fell on the battle-field!

A story is floating through the papers with a moral appended to the effect that if you write a letter to a lady and to a gentleman on the same day you should *not* shake them up in a bag together, and send the one to the lady that comes out first. Some other conclusions may be deduced from the story—*first*, that the telegraph is an increasingly important invention; *second*—but we will tell the story before drawing further inferences: A young gentleman of Galena, Illinois, wrote two letters on the same day. One of them was written to a young lady, whose acquaintance he had made, and whose friendship, if not a stronger passion, he felt not a little anxious to secure. Of course, he selected his words, and weighed them with the usual caution in such cases. Indeed, there is no telling what he did say. The other was addressed to a school-chum, and was worded and thrown together in quite a different way. Indeed, there is no telling what he did *not* say. He addressed the one to the lady in the neatest and most delicate way possible, and deposited it, with trembling hand and palpitating heart, in the post-office. The other he put in his pocket, to be posted next day. But the next day he discovered that he had retained the female letter and sent off the male one! He was struck with horror, but his wits did not leave him. He calculated the time of transmission by post, and found that his case was not altogether hopeless. The mis-sent letter would not reach its destination for an hour or two from that time. He rushed to the telegraph office, and coolly dictated a dispatch to the lady to return the letter that she should receive at a particular time, with such a post-mark, to the writer, unopened. The telegraph was faithful, and the next day his letter, which had caused him so much tribulation, was returned safe into his hands unopened, whereat the young gentleman's joy at his lucky escape may be more readily imagined than described. Inference the *second*—the curiosity of women, nowadays, evidently does not equal that of Eve, or the young lady above-mentioned would have felt called upon to peep into *her letter* thus strangely recalled.

Pedestrian tours, both singly and in parties, have been very common among young men during the past season. And just now the walking public are specially interested in the progress and success of Weston, who left Portland on Oct. 29 for a little trip to Chicago, on foot, which he expects to accomplish in thirty days. Weston, however, walks for a wager and for renown, rather than for health and vigorous muscular development in connection with recreation. The latter are the true objects to be attained by the pedestrian, and overstrained and unnatural exertion seldom accomplishes any real good. In England the pedestrian tourist is often to be met; and sometimes, though less frequently, in France. Recently a young Parisian made a daring foot-journey in the land of William Tell. He was a leader of fashion and a noted waltzer. Last month, attired in a convenient but exceedingly rough walking costume, wet, sun-burnt, and covered with mud, he arrived at the hospitable doors of the monastery on the Mont St. Bernard, and his appearance was so unprepossessing, that, in spite of his "noble mien," he was refused admittance, and escorted to outlying quarters where the wandering and homeless members of society were lodged and fed, in a sort of quarantine. The Parisian *élégant*, the incomparable waltzer, had been taken for a beggar! He had outwalked his two intrepid friends, but after some explanation, given by himself and his guide, he was admitted into the monastery. Instead of being hurt at his reception, he took it as a delightful proof of how thoroughly he had flown in the face of society, and told the story with great glee in Paris.

A statue of Mr. George Peabody is to be erected in London. A large sum has already been subscribed for the purpose, and it has been decided that the work should be intrusted to Mr. Story, the American sculptor, to whom Mr. Peabody will give sittings in Rome during the forthcoming winter. The statue is to be in bronze, and a site near the Royal Exchange has been asked for from the Corporation of London.

A diamond in the rough state was found at Camden, Miss., during the war, but at the time was considered of no value. Since then it has been examined, and in the opinion of intelligent men is worth $50,000.

A very good anecdote is told of Victoria's strict domestic discipline, illustrating her method of managing her children in their early life: "One day, when the queen was present in her carriage at a military review, the princess royal, then rather a willful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. Her majesty gave several reproving looks, without avail—'winked at her, but she wouldn't stay winked.' At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it—too evidently *not* accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprang from their saddles to return it to her fair hand—but the awful voice of royalty stayed them. 'Stop, gentlemen!' exclaimed the queen; 'leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief.' There was no help for it. The royal footman let down the steps for the little royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and she was doubtless angry enough, but the mortifying lesson nipped in the bud her first impulse toward coquetry. How many American mothers would be equal to such a piece of Spartan discipline?"

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LITTLE boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, entered and said:

"My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day."

"I am drawin' meetin'-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

### THE DICKENS!

In drawing crowds there is no doubt
Charles Dickens will succeed,
And when the crowds Charles Dickens hear
They then will hear Charles Read.

A very religious old lady, being asked her opinion of the organ of a church the first time she had ever seen or heard one, replied: "It is a pretty box of whistles, but it is an awful way to spend the Sabbath!"

"Do you like fish-balls, Mr. Wiggins?" Mr. Wiggins, hesitatingly—"I really don't know, miss; I never recollect attending one."

### PEEPING THROUGH THE BLINDS.

IN place of books, or work, or play,
Some ladies spend the livelong day
In scanning every passer-by,
And many a wonder they descry.
They find among the motley crowd
That some are gay and some are proud,
That some are short and some are tall:
They get their information all
By peeping through the blinds!

You walk the streets (at common pace),
You catch the outlines of a face;
The face seems strange; again you look;
Dear Sirs, she knows you like a book!
She knows the color of your hair,
The very style of clothes you wear;
She knows your business, I'll be bound,
And all your friends the country round,
By peeping through the blinds!

She knows the Smiths across the way,
And what they dine on every day;
And thinks that Miss Matilda Jane
Is growing very proud and vain.
She knows the Browns at Number Four,
Just opposite her very door;
Folks quite as poor as they can be,
For don't they sit and sew while she
Is peeping through the blinds?

Dear ladies, if you don't succeed
In gaining knowledge that you need,
Then at your window take your seat,
And gaze into the busy street;
Full soon you'll read your neighbors well,
And can their tastes and habits tell,
And know their business to a T,
Much better than your own, you see,
By peeping through the blinds.

A lady who has a great horror of tobacco got into the New Haven cars the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor: "Do you chew tobacco, Sir?" "No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply; "but I can get you a chaw if you want one."

### FASHIONS.

Elegant longitudinal style of female dress is at present antipodean to the latitudinal extreme, lately in vogue. The skirt, or "scavenger," is long and sweeping—the street; and with which dirty stockings are indispensable. Its clinging effect to the figure is suggestive of having tumbled into the water and walking about until the clothes are dry.

Any gent desirous of keeping his boots clean has only to follow a lovely creature wearing the "scavenger," and he will find his path cleared of all kinds of filth. Wellington boots are making great strides among ladies, who wear them in *fine weather*.

That celestial tone of hair, ranging between the two tints observable in the carrot, is now being superseded (the knob at the back of the nob remaining) by the "Gipsy," or intense black.

On account of the increasing size of the knob, or "chignon," the bonnet is becoming "small by degrees, and beautifully less, and will no doubt become extinct."

Gents exhibit in their costume a weak *understanding*, the "tobacco pipe" trowsers giving the effect of "hardly a leg to stand on."

In some "cases" they re—veal *calves*, which would be all the better for "going to grass."

The "tobacco pipe" is of two very decided characters, the "walking" and the "sitting."

Should any gent, while dressed in the "walking," be indiscreet enough to attempt the "sitting," a burst of astonishment will ensue, which for obvious reasons need not be explained, and which will be greatly increased in effect by the brevity of the coat tails.

The hat which has ranged from the soup basin to the muffin will no doubt elongate into the chimney-pot style.

### PAPER.

The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.

Paper for the "roughs"—sand-paper.

Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles.

The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins.

Papers illustrated with cuts—editoral exchanges.

Drawing paper—dentist's bills.

A paper that takes—a sheriff's warrant.

Ruled paper—the French press.

The lady who was driven out of her mind has since recovered a little bit, and given the reins to her fancy.

Wine is poison, and so is tea—
But in another shape:
What matter whether one be killed
By canister or grape?

The following is told of a Professor of Amherst College: A student was called to describe the peculiar characteristics of the shark. He was a fluent speaker, and answered at some length. "Incorrect!" said the Professor. Unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, the student tried again. "Incorrect!" "Well, to tell the truth, Professor, I don't know any thing about it." "Correct!"

REMARKABLE FISHING.—All Angles who delight in angling will read with great interest the following account of Irish Fishing:

"In dragging a pond a formidable pike was landed measuring nearly eight feet in length; some others were likewise taken possession of—by the Police."

Ought a hair-dresser to be a Cook?—Certainly not.

Ought a gardener's wife to have any thing to do with rakes?—Hoe dear no!

A Providence boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk his mother took him to task with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming: "What in the world was you going to do with the milk any how?" I was going to steal a little dog to drink it," was the crushing reply.

### BE WISE.

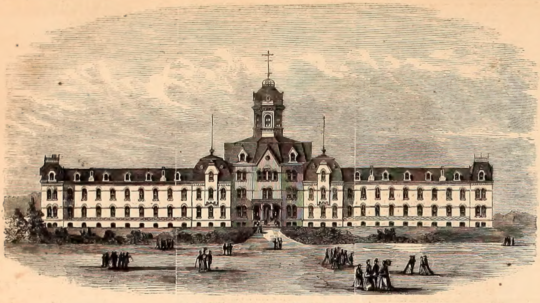
One more insane one,
Ruined for life,
The reason a plain one,
He's taken a wife

Loving him tenderly,
This widow so fair,
Trim and so slenderly,
Took him in snare.

Where was his father?
Where was his mother?
Where was his sister?
Where was his brother?
Or was there no sharper one
Still than another?

For the bleak winds of March
He cares not a staver,
But his wife's "frowning arch"
Makes him tremble and shiver:
Once he looked boldly,
No matter how coldly
Life's currency ran.
The girls he could wink at them,
Smile at, and think of them,
Like a gay single man;
His miseries now shrink at them—
Be wise! wise when you can.

BY A MONEY-LENDER.—If "distance lends enchantment to the view," what interest per annum does it charge for the accommodation?"



NEW GERMAN HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY.

## THE NEW GERMAN HOSPITAL.

THIS building will be complete in the early part of the ensuing month, when it will be opened to the public. It is situate on the grounds between Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh streets, and on Lexington and Fourth avenues. It is constructed on the principle of separate pavilions, and when fully completed will consist of seven buildings, the cost of which will be one million of dollars. Each pavilion will be 167 feet long, and 52 feet wide at the ends; and the centre, in which are the wards, will be 30 feet wide. The pavilions will have cellars, basements, first and second stories, with attics. The principal wards on the first and second stories will be 106 feet long by 27 feet wide and 16 feet high. They will accommodate 32 patients each, allowing 1431 cubic feet to each patient. At one end of the pavilions, adjoining the wards, will be the physicians' and nurses' rooms, convalescent and dining halls, pantry, linen-room, hoistway, and dumb-waiter, with a stairway six feet wide, with a platform at half the height of the story. At the opposite ends of the pavilions will be the other necessary closets, baths, and laboratories and janitories, which are separated from the wards by a lobby. The wards are to be heated by hot air. The basement is to be devoted to accident and ophthalmic wards, store-rooms, and examination apartments. The attic will be appropriated to private wards, attendants' rooms, tanks, and ventilating chambers. Each pavilion has a surgical operating ward. On each side of the first-floor of the pavilions will be balconies. There is a dead-house and *post-mortem* examination-rooms, with a *morgue*, etc. The building fronts on Seventy-seventh Street. It is in the Rhenish style, with a slated Mansard roof, and a high dome on the central building.

The front is of Philadelphia brick, and the cornices and windows of cream-colored stone from Ohio. Mr. CARL PFEIFFER, of No. 6 Broad Street, is the architect, and has been highly successful in this design, as also in others of a similar nature intended for charitable purposes. The funds for the erection of this Hospital were raised by private subscriptions of the German citizens. Other nationalities will be welcomed, and no exclusiveness will be tolerated. Mr. MARK EIDLITZ is the mason, HAVILAH SMITH & SON the carpenters, and the firm of H. H. CRAIGUE has the plumbing-work. The annexed sketch of the building will more adequately illustrate the plans and designs.

## THE WORTH MONUMENT.

NEW YORK is noticeably deficient in its monuments; there are not more than a dozen statues or other memorial works of art in the city, and few of those are of special value. Among the most interesting is the Worth Monument, which we illustrate on this page, and which is located at the intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, in front of Madison Square. It was erected several years since to the memory of General WILLIAM JENKINS WORTH, a distinguished officer during the war of 1812, and one of the heroes of the Mexican war, winning great distinction at Monterey and Molino del Rey. His remains lie beneath the monument erected in his honor.

## ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE is situated at Yellow Springs, Ohio—a town which boasts the most romantic and beautiful scenery in the Southern portion of the State. The College buildings are said to be the finest educational buildings west of the Alleghanies.

The College is chiefly known to the outside world through its first president—HORACE MANN. In the fullness of his fame and powers he entered upon the work of founding a broad, scholarly, religious, though unsectarian, institution in the West which should provide equal opportunities for the education of both sexes, and that should thoroughly discard the system of prizes and class-honors on which the older Colleges rely so much. Hampered as he was by financial mismanagement and failure, hard-beset by ignorance and bigotry, he lived long enough to make the infant College a noble success, and to lay the West and the country under lasting obligations.

He was succeeded by Rev. DR. HILL, whose eminent fitness for such an academic post was attested three years afterward by his being called to the presidency of Harvard University, in which position he still remains.

In 1865, the Unitarian friends of the College, under the lead of Rev. Dr. BELLOWS and Rev. E. E. HALE, assured its success by furnishing it an endowment of $100,000.

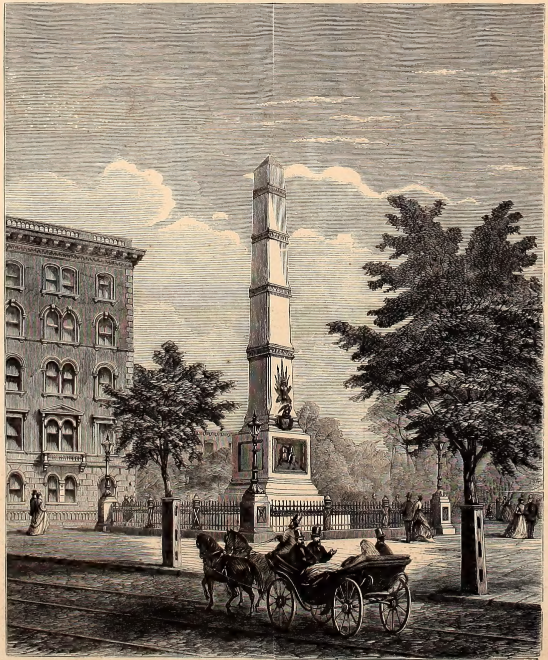
In 1866 Rev. GEORGE W. HOSMER, D.D., was called from an honored pastorate in Buffalo of thirty years' duration to the Presidency of the College. The first years of his administration give the happiest omens of success.

To meet more fully the wants of the community, Antioch College adds to its higher course of study a Preparatory School, in which students are fitted thoroughly for the College classes, or are carried on in the various branches of common and scientific education. Its services in this department are scarcely less than in any other.

## THE LATE SURROGATE BRADFORD.

ALEXANDER WARFIELD BRADFORD, late Surrogate of New York, died on the morning of November 5, aged 53 years. The loss of few men in the community will be more widely felt or lamented. As a private citizen, an eminent lawyer, and the firm supporter of the Union and of freedom, he had become equally distinguished; while his ready benevolence and general good-will endeared him to a wide circle of friends.

Judge BRADFORD was born in Albany, in this State, in the spring of 1815; he was the eldest son of the Rev. JOHN BRADFORD of that city, and at an early age developed a mind of no common order. After completing his primary studies he was entered as a student in Union College, Schenectady, in 1832, where he graduated in 1835, receiving his diploma as Master of Arts and of LL.D. in 1852, at which time he was elected a trustee, a position he filled up to the time of his death. He was also a trustee of Columbia College for some years. After leaving college the deceased removed to this city, where he engaged in the study of law, with the view of adopting it as a profession. In 1838 he graduated, receiving his degree in the Superior Court, and immediately commenced the practice of the law. This position he filled with considerable success, and in 1843 was elected Corporation Attorney, discharging the important duties of the office with ability and honor. In 1848 Mr. BRADFORD was chosen as Surrogate of the city and county of New York, which office he filled with honor to himself and satisfaction to the whole community until the year 1858, when he was elected a member of the Legislature. After serving out his regular term he resumed his profession in this city, and again became engaged in a lucrative practice, which he retained until his death, at which time he was trustee of Union



THE WORTH MONUMENT, NEW YORK CITY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

College, member of the Historical Society, vestry-man of Trinity Church, and president of the Law Institute of this city.

He entered into public affairs at a very early period of his life, and before his majority was known as one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the old Whig party. He was for many years the chairman of the Whig committee.

As Surrogate, Mr. BRADFORD lent dignity to the office. His learning, prudence, and humanity, joined to unspotted integrity, made him the most eminent of all those who have filled that important station. His decisions, indeed, are looked upon as the foundation of American Ecclesiastical Law. They were prepared with great labor and research, and unite every where an equitable interpretation of the strict observance of the well-established rules of legislation. In early life he published a work upon "American Antiquities," which drew considerable attention at the time, and which is still one of the authorities upon that subject. He was always fond of literature, particularly of poetry and romance, and would perhaps have excelled in the path of letters had he not given his chief energies to his profession.

THE LATE SURROGATE, A. W. BRADFORD, OF NEW YORK.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

## THE BEST IRON FOR MAKING STEEL.

SINCE the close of the war the attention of mining speculators has been turned to the South, and several prominent ones have been severely bitten in Georgia and North Carolina gold-mining ventures. The speculators almost invariably indulge in the stocks of *gold*-mining companies; and it is a fact that immense and valuable mining fields of the baser metals in the very heart of the thickly-settled States have been almost totally neglected for the pursuit of gold in distant countries. In Iowa alone it is estimated that there is a mining field of lead at least seventy miles square as yet untouched; and Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, and Wisconsin, are full of iron and copper ore.

Many years ago Dr. William Scoresby, the celebrated Arctic explorer, stated that he believed that the truest test for ascertaining the best kind of iron for making steel was this: Draw out of any given number of specimens small, thin bars, about six inches long by half an inch in width, and have them as nearly as convenient of equal weight. They are then to be tested with a magnet, and the piece that adheres with the most tenacity will answer the highest requirements of a cutler who produces the best cutting instruments. If a process so simple is an infallible guide, it is worth while to give a wide circulation to the discovery, as it would save useless expenditures of money and manual labor in attempts to develop qualities in the iron of one locality which do not belong to it, but which may exist in that of other sections of our great mineral country. Steel is rapidly taking the place of iron in a variety of ways where it was once hardly contemplated, and the better the quality the more economical in whatever manner it may be used, whether in railroads, war-ship platings, or in surgical instruments.

## MARKET MANAGEMENT.

EVER since this world began marketing has been a chief source of vexation to mankind; and it seems too that, for the same length of time, "how to manage markets" has been a troublesome question to municipalities and even nations. A late report of the Citizen's Association of New York shows how the Metropolitans are swindled and abused in their markets, and calls loudly for reform. Perhaps New York may learn a lesson from some of the cities of ancient times. No municipal governments took more unwearied pains than the citizens of Athens in the palmy days of ancient Greece to regulate their markets. There were five officers appointed by the people to watch over the every-day transactions in the markets in the city and five at the Peiræus, the port, five miles distant, who walked constantly from morning till night, armed with whips, to punish on the spot any unjust transactions or violations of the market regulations. They were called *agoranomoi* or market inspectors. To assist them in carrying out measures required by them for preserving the peace and suppressing tumults which were frequently occurring in those active foci of trade, there was a municipal police guard of Scythians, 1000 strong, always encamped in tents near the principal market-house, not far from the temple of Theseus, entirely supported at the expense of the city, who never flinched or hesitated to grapple with mobs the moment their services were commanded by the inspectors. Cheating by false weights, measures, or vending unwholesome articles, decayed, putrid, or calculated to impair the public health, were severely punished immediately on discovery. There was no primary examination before a justice; entering under bonds and then a long indictment, a trial by jury, and, lastly, non-conviction by the influence of money, as in our boasted age of civilization. We might originate a better system; but still that of the Athenians would, if adopted and enforced by Superintendent Kennedy's two thousand Scythians, improve the status of the New York markets.

## SUNRISE AND SUNSET LIGHT.

SINGULAR as it may appear in this epoch of science-made-easy, no satisfactory explanation has been given for the red-glowing splendor of sunset and sunrise. Philosophers have puzzled themselves exceedingly with an expectation of either explaining the phenomenon upon well-known principles, or, at least, framing a theory that would meet general approval. But, thus far, they have not succeeded in either. On the whole, however, it must be admitted that the transmission of light through an aqueous vapor must produce modifications of the prismatic rays, and to some extent, perhaps, may account for the varying tints observable at morning and evening, when the atmosphere is apparently remarkably clear. If the sun looks red through smoked glass, a condition of the clouds above or an atmosphere laden with vapor might produce very nearly the same phenomena. Varying shades of light must necessarily be due to the presence of matter of some kind mingled with the air above, and the change of particles, by whatever force, would of course vary the direction of the rays of light, and consequently a tint or shade of color would follow, resulting from an actual mechanical cause; and hence, if some mathematical genius has the patience to find out how many sides of reflecting surface an atom of aqueous vapor possesses, then there will be less difficulty in solving the foregoing rather difficult and perplexing and interesting problem.

## MULTIPLICATION OF CONVENIENCES.

YANKEE ingenuity and invention have furnished such multitudes of convenient things for facilitating or saving labor that there is perhaps some danger of having nothing left for human hands to do. We have novel machines for every conceivable operation which formerly not only required personal manipulation but brains also. We now sew, knit, turn, plane, saw, ride, sail, black boots, brush the head, knead bread, bake, boil, churn, make cheese, reap fields, cut grass, and thrash grain by ingenious mechanical contrivances; and from appearances, according to the latest report of the Patent Office, very little will soon remain for human beings to undertake. Church organs already go by water-power, and doctors, too, by scores attack diseases with that potent element both hot and cold. As soon as preaching is carried on by a patent-right improvement upon the old method of putting some congregations to sleep the sturdiest stickler for the good old times of our plodding forefathers will be compelled to acknowledge that the ingenuity of man has sought out about as many inventions as are profitable, convenient, or economical in this age of advancing civilization.

## FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

A GRAVE question has been agitated for a long time in this country, which is beginning to move the social elements in Europe, respecting the propriety of having medicines prescribed by female medical practitioners. While some argue against it as a monstrous perversion of professional custom, others have the independence to say a dose of medicine may produce its specific effects just as well when given by a doctress as a doctor. Very much the same kind of warfare has been proclaimed by medical colleges against the medical education of ladies, as the alopaths have practiced toward the new school of innovators on the good old monopolists, by the homeopathic brotherhood. "Off with their heads," is the cry; "no one has any business to be progressive in our department of science." That was the objection to Gallileo. He disturbed the learned expositors of the Mosaic cosmogony when he announced the sun to be a common centre about which the earth revolved.

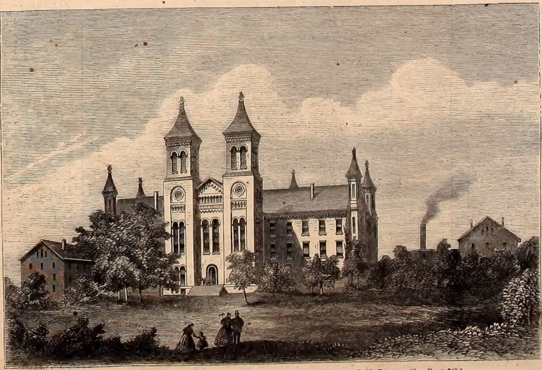
Notwithstanding the most determined hostility to the demands of the age for female physicians, institutions for their educational preparation for professional rssponsibilities are rapidly multiplying. The ball first began to move in the United States, and now a female medical college is in successful operation in old fogy medical London, where the favored monopolizers of physic and surgery were resolved to keep out all new ideas in their line by acts of parliament. But, alas! the ice-walls of opposition have melted away, and even in Russia a woman has graduated with high medical honors. Female physicians are increasing rapidly, and their services are sought for by their own sex, as they should be, with thankful hearts for such balm in Gilead.

## DECAYED TEETH.

IN Dr. Allen's "Physical History of Various Nations" attention is called to a means of preserving teeth, which is at once so simple and important that it can not be omitted from the *Weekly*, and ought to have general circulation in every paper of the country anxious to diffuse useful as well as entertaining information.

"In 1860," says the learned dentist, "there were in the United States 13,868 milling establishments for manufacturing flour and meal, requiring 27,620 men, at an annual cost of $8,731,391—all for the sole purpose of bolting out of the grain the material which contains the essential chemical materials which form human teeth! The result of ignoring the bran, which is retained partially in Graham bread, is a prominent cause," he continues, "of the national calamity of bad teeth, of which twenty million are lost yearly. There are not far from nine thousand dentists in successful practice in all the States and territories, who, besides extracting the 20,000,000 of teeth, are using annually, it is conjectured, all of two millions of dollars of gold in filling prematurely - decayed ones, and furnishing solid foundations for artificial ones. The fees of that profession depend on the reputation of the operator; but their charges, on the average, far exceed those of the surgeon or physician."

By our mode of subsistence on bread deprived of the tooth element, in connection with a scrofulous, hereditary tendency to an early decay of the front teeth in



ANTIOCH COLLEGE, YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. M. FOSTER.—[SEE PAGE 748.]

many families, especially in females, it should engage the thoughtful consideration of mothers, if no one else, to ascertain whether it does not behoove them to commence a revolution in the nursery, that their children may not be as unfortunate as thousands of themselves in losing their teeth. Give children plain food, plenty of milk, fruit, and vegetables, with open out-door exercise—that is the first process.

THE health of my friend is improving. I consider HOFF'S Malt Extract as the most certain remedy for diseases of the lungs. C. H. BLECKEN, M.D., of Red-wing. Depot, 542 Broadway, New York.

FOR brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Mettam's Galvano-Electro-Metallic Insoles, Belts, and Armlets,**
For the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Cold Feet, and all diseases of the Blood and Nerves. Send for a Circular. LORIN BROOKS & SONS, Boot and Shoe Dealers, 434 Broadway, New York, Sole Agents.

DR. McLANE'S
**Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.**

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

These justly celebrated remedies have been before the public for the past thirty years, during which time they have been thoroughly tested in every way, and in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have given universal satisfaction.

McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the TAPE-WORM. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

Twenty-five cents expended in this way may obviate the necessity of paying many Dollars for Doctors' Bills.

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OF THE

# UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,

RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

ARE NOW COMPLETED.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company have built a longer line of railroad in the last eighteen months than was ever built by any other company in the same time, and they will continue the work with the same energy until it is completed. The Western Division is being pushed rapidly eastward from Sacramento by the Central Pacific Company of California, and it is expected that

**The Entire Grand Line**

to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WORK HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WHOLE LINE IS NOW IN RUNNING ORDER, AND MORE LABORERS ARE NOW EMPLOYED UPON IT THAN EVER BEFORE. More than

**Forty Million Dollars in Money**

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution. The available means of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, derived from the Government and its own stockholders, may be briefly summed up as follows:

**1. United States Bonds**

Having thirty years to run, and bearing 6 per cent. currency interest, at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of $48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of $32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States take *a second lien* as security.

**2. First Mortgage Bonds.**

By its charter the company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the bonds issued by the Government, and *no more, and only as the road progresses.* The Trustees for the bondholders are the Hon. E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senator from New York, and the Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of U. S. House of Representatives, who are responsible for the delivery of these bonds to the company in strict accordance with the terms of the law.

**3. The Land Grant.**

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant, or *absolute donation* from the government, of 12,800 acres to the mile on the line of the road, which will not be worth less than $1 50 per acre at the lowest valuation.

**4. The Capital Stock.**

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is $100,000,000, of which over $5,000,000 have been paid on the work already done.

**The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.**

Contracts for the entire work of building 914 miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense except surveying, have been made with responsible parties (who have already finished over 500 miles), at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars ($68,058) per mile. This price includes all necessary shops for construction and repairs of cars, depots, stations, and all other incidental buildings, and also locomotives, passenger, baggage, and freight cars, and other requisite rolling-stock, to an amount that shall not be less than $5000 per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Pacific Company to be $90,000 per mile,

THE TOTAL COST OF ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

| | |
|---|---|
| 914 miles, at $68,058 | $62,205,012 |
| 186 miles, at $90,000 | 16,740,000 |
| Add discounts on bonds, surveys, &c. | 4,500,000 |
| Amount | $83,445,012 |

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the

AVAILABLE CASH RESOURCES FOR BUILDING ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES:

| | |
|---|---|
| U. S. Bonds | $29,328,000 |
| First Mortgage Bonds | 29,328,000 |
| Capital stock paid in on the work now done | 5,369,750 |
| Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at $1 50 per acre | 21,120,000 |
| Total | $85,145,750 |

The company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly or in part by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

Active inquiry has already been made for a portion of these lands, and arrangements are now proposed to offer a part of them for sale. The lands of the Illinois Central Railroad Company are selling at from $6 to $12 per acre, and other land-grant companies in the West are receiving equal prices for similar properties.

**Future Business.**

The most skeptical have never expressed a doubt that when the Union Pacific Railroad is finished the immense business that must flow over it, as the only railroad connecting the two grand divisions of the North American continent, will be one of the wonders of railway transportation; and as it will have no competitor it can always charge remunerative rates.

**Earnings from Way Business.**

During the quarter ending July 31, an average of 325 miles of the Union and Pacific Railroad was in operation. The Superintendent's Report shows the following result:

EARNINGS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Passengers, Freight, Telegraph, and Mails | $723,755 54 |
| Transportation of Contractors' Materials and Men | 479,283 41 |
| Total | $1,203,038 95 |

EXPENSES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Fuel, Repairs, Offices, Conductors, Trains, &c. | $395,530 92 |
| Net Earnings to balance | 807,508 03 |
| Total | $1,203,038 95 |

The net operating expenses on the commercial business for the quarter, were $237,966 50. The account for the commercial business stands as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Earnings for May, June, and July | $723,755 54 |
| Expenses " " " | 237,966 50 |
| Net Profit | $485,789 04 |

The amount of Bonds the company can issue on 325 miles, at $16,000 per mile, is $5,200,000. Interest in gold, three months, at 6 per cent., on this sum, is $78,000; add 40 per cent. premium, to correspond with currency earnings, is $109,200—showing that the net earnings for this quarter were *more than four times the interest* on the First Mortgage Bonds on this length of road.

**First Mortgage Bonds,**

whose principal is so amply provided for, and whose interest is so thoroughly secured, must be classed among the *safest* investments. They pay

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October 28, 1867.

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THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

Treasury Department, Office of Internal Revenue.

*Whereas,* the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

*Permission is hereby granted* to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. Rollins *Commissioner.*

Lexington Avenue, New York, *October 28th,* 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, Chas. G. Halpine.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. Theodore Thomas.

*From the Postmaster General of the United States.*

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. Randall.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. Browne & Spaulding, 568 and 570 Broadway.

*October 25th,* 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

Henle Bros., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. Hermann, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

# $641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. 1 Grand Cash Award | $100,000 |
| 2. 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres) | 60,000 |
| 3. 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta" | 50,000 |
| 4. 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants | 30,000 |
| 5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings | 15,000 |
| 8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting | 8,000 |
| 9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants | 7,000 |
| 10. 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds) | 7,000 |
| 11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants | 6,000 |
| 12. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings | 5,000 |
| 15. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 4,000 |
| 16. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 18. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 19. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings | 4,000 |
| 20. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 21. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 22. 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin | 4,000 |
| 23. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 24. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 25. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 3,500 |
| 26. 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch | 3,500 |
| 27. 1 Pearl Necklace | 3,500 |
| 28. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,500 |
| 29. 1 Diamond Cross | 3,000 |
| 30. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 31. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 32. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,000 |
| 33. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 34. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 35. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs | 3,000 |
| 36. 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver) | 3,000 |
| 37. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 3,000 |
| 38. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 39. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 40. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 2,500 |
| 41. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,500 |
| 42. 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch | 2,500 |
| 43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament | 2,500 |
| 45. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 46. 1 Diamond Cross | 2,500 |
| 47. 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament | 2,500 |
| 48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,000 |
| 50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin | 1,500 |
| 51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring | 1,500 |
| 52. 1 Diamond Cross | 1,500 |
| 53. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings | 1,500 |
| 54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | $1,500 |
| 55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 1,500 |
| 56. 1 Diamond Bracelet | 1,500 |
| 57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 1,500 |
| 59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 1,500 |
| 60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud | 1,500 |
| 61. 1 Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 62. 1 Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 63. 1 Cluster Brooch | 1,500 |
| 64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 65. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings | 800 |
| 66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 800 |
| 67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 68. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin | 800 |
| 69. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 800 |
| 70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring | 800 |
| 71. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 72. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 800 |
| 73. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs | 600 |
| 74. 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain | 600 |
| 75. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting | 500 |
| 76. 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring | 500 |
| 77. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 500 |
| 78. 1 Emerald Knob | 500 |
| 79. 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings | 500 |
| 80. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 400 |
| 81. 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin | 400 |
| 82. 1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch | 400 |
| 83. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 350 |
| 84. 1 Gold Watch | 300 |
| 85. 1 Diamond and Opal Ring | 250 |
| 86. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 87. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 88. 1 Diamond Three Stone Ring | 150 |
| 89. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 90. 1 Pearl Scarf Pin | 150 |
| 91. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 150 |
| 92. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 93. 1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring | 150 |
| 94. 1 Diamond Cluster Pin | 100 |
| 95. 1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 96. 1 Cameo Brooch | 100 |
| 97. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 100 |
| 98. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 100 |
| 99. 1 Ladies' Gold Watch | 100 |
| 100. 1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 101. 1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons | 100 |
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| 103. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin | 50 |
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We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills

Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

# Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,

For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

### Diseases of the Liver.

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of CONSUMPTION have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

### Symptoms of a Diseased Liver

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled witn pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites*, or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

### Fever and Ague.

DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

# Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,

OR

# VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE MAY BE DEPENDED UPON TO EFFECT A CURE.

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We pledge ourselves to the public that DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of DR. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

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## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XI.—No. 570.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.


## "THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND."

An incident lately occurred on one of the New York and Jersey City ferry-boats which is illustrative of more than one trait in General Grant's character, and which one of our artists, who happened to witness it, has placed on wood and engraved for our readers.

General Grant lately paid a visit to West Point, and being desirous of avoiding that greatest of nuisances to a modest man like himself—the over-civility of the people along his route—traveled incognito; not exactly in disguise, but dressed so differently from his usual habit that he was recognizable to but few. But our artist, Mr. Jewett, had made during the war too many portraits of the General to be deceived by a change in his wearing apparel, and at a glance recognized in the shaded face the features of the "first General of the age."

While General Grant remained in the cabin of the boat he was approached by one of those disabled veterans who are employed, or who employ themselves, in selling the newspaper known as "The Soldier's Friend," a journal, by-the-way, of unusual merit aside from its charitable object, and a copy was laid on his knee. The General, recognizing and admitting the claim of the disabled veteran on his aid and charity, drew from his pocket a $5 greenback and quietly handed it to the much astonished soldier. The latter was in doubt what to do until the General, with a nod, dismissed him. As he turned away, the soldier, observing his friend more closely, recognized his old leader, and would have spoken: but a glance from the General silenced him and he bowed and passed on.

Very few persons on the boat noticed the incident or recognized the General, the incognito was not generally penetrated, and General Grant had the satisfaction of getting through New York without one of those involuntary ovations which the people every where pay him, and which are so very disagreeable to his retiring nature. The modesty of General Grant is as excessive as it is genuine. In his manners, dress, and style of living General Grant displayed during the war more republican simplicity than any other general officer of the army, and maintains the same custom still. In manner he is very unassuming and approachable, and his conversation is noticeable from its unpretending, plain, and straightforward style. There is nothing declamatory nor pedantic in his tone or language. His rhetoric is more remarkable for the compact structure than the elegance and the finish of his sentences. He talks practically, and writes as he talks; and his language, written and oral, is distinguished by strong common-sense. He dresses in a careless but by no means slovenly manner, and wears no article which attracts attention except the three stars which indicate his rank.

## STRAYED FROM THE FLOCK.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"491.—'Strayed from the Flock.'—B. Rivière.

'I call the effects of Nature the works of God, whose hand and instrument she only is. Nature is not at variance with Art, nor Art with Nature: they being both servants of His providence.'—Sir T. Browne's '*Religio Medici.*'"

The wind goes sobbing
 Over the moor;
Far is the fold, and shut its door:
White and still—beyond terror or shock,
Lies the foolish lamb that strayed from the flock:
While overhead, from his frozen branch,
With a tender pity, true and stanch,
 Thus sings the robin:

"The wind howls, heavy
 With death and sorrow;
To-day it is thee—may be me to-morrow:
Yet I'll sing one tune o'er the silent wold,
For the little lamb that never grew old;
Never lived long winters to see,
Chanting from empty boughs like me,
 Boughs once so leafy.

"The snow-flakes cover
 The moorland dun;
My song trills feebly, but I sing on.
Why did God make me a brave bird-soul,
Under warm feathers, red as a coal,
To keep my life thus cheery and bright,
To the very last twinkle of wintry light—
 While thine is all over?

"Why was I given
 Bold strong wings
To bear me away from hurtful things,
While thy poor feet were so tender and weakly,
And thy faint heart gave up all so meekly;
Till it yielded at length to a still, safe Hand,
That bade thee lie down, nor try to stand?
 Was it Hand of Heaven?

"The wind goes sobbing"
 (Thus sang the bird;
Or else in a dream his voice I heard):
"Nothing I know, and nothing can;
Wisdom is not for me, but man.
Yet Some snow-pure, snow-soft—*not* snow-cold,
May be singing o'er the lamb strayed from the fold,
 Besides poor Robin."

"THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND"—AN INCIDENT IN GENERAL GRANT'S LIFE.—(Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.)

## THANKSGIVING.

It is a fortunate circumstance that our annual thank-offering festival has become a national affair in which a whole people participate upon a common day. This community of thanksgiving is due to the war, and shows how firmly that struggle has bound together the different sections of our country. We forget that we are States, and come to offer tribute to God in our capacity as a nation. The festival thus becomes more significant not only in its altered character, but in its larger suggestions and motives.

The Thanksgiving festival originated in New England, and has been called the "New England Christmas." Like many other Puritan ideas, it has been communicated to other States until it has become national. It must not be inferred, however, that the world waited for the Puritans to teach it the propriety of public thanksgiving to God for His bounty. All the ancient religions recognized the most intimate connection of the Divinity with human affairs. Apparently this recognition of Providence was more manifest in ancient than in modern times. The tendency of the human intellect, as its development progresses, is to interpose certain abstractions which it terms *laws* between God and the events of nature or of our own life. The ancients were certainly more religious than we are. But it must also be remembered that they had a darker theology—one of fear rather than of love. The dynasty of gods which Christianity dethroned was a terrible dynasty—one which frowned upon mankind, a dark, relentless Fate, to be appeased rather than loved. Indeed, in heathen theology we can easily detect a sentiment toward the Deity nearly akin to hatred. Even in the progress of Christianity we can trace a change forever going on which transforms the divine aspect, giving it a brighter character. The God of the nineteenth century is not the God of the sixteenth. And this transformation of human theology is continually going on; so that, notwithstanding the abstractions of science, we are growing ever up to a more perfect idea of a divine Being, who is not arrayed against humanity, but with whom men co-operate in the great mission of this world.

We can trace the results of this change of theological ideas in the history of our Thanksgiving festival. This festival originated upon some special occasion of gratitude for an uncommon harvest in New England, following upon a season of dearth, over two hundred years ago. At first it was a form[illegible] affair, but upon its re[illegible]tition, year after y[illegible] became at length [illegible]pe-[illegible]ar, it [illegible]val of the fam[illegible] a festi-[illegible] as of the St[illegible]ly as well [illegible]mality ar[illegible]te. Its for-[illegible] feature[illegible]d its severer [illegible] it be[illegible] disappeared, and gla[illegible]ame in New En-[illegible] i[illegible]d what Christmas was [illegible] the rest of the world.

Our illustrations on pages 760 and 761 are very suggestive in this connection. One of these re-

resents a Thanksgiving dinner of the old time, under strictly Puritan auspices; and the other the Thanksgiving dinner of our own day. The brighter and more cheerful elements of the modern festival are apparent at a glance, while the religious sentiment thereof still remains, though taking a less austere and formal phase. It is because of this change that the old Puritan custom has been adopted by the Middle and Southern States, and has become American.

This festival differs from the Protestant Christmas in that it is public as well as private. It is celebrated first in the church service—where its public significance is more prominent—and afterward at home about the generously-laden table. This private celebration, in the Thanksgiving dinner, is the most attractive feature of the occasion. It is not the costly dinner that gives it its value and chief attraction, but the opportunity thus afforded for the social mingling of family relatives and nearest friends. The occasion is always full of solemnity as well as of rejoicing, not only because of the religious element which always to a greater or less degree must enter into it, but also on account of the profound nature of those sympathies which bind to our hearts those who are near and dear to us. Peculiarly solemn is it when our joy in the presence of friends is mingled with sorrowful longing for a face which a year ago was with us but is now hidden from us in this world forever!

Not the least pleasant feature of this occasion is the opportunity which it gives us to remember and minister to the wants of the poor. The rich man who sits down to his Thanksgiving dinner, and who can think of no home made brighter by his love-offerings on that day, can truly make no thank-offering to God who is the common Father of all men. Our Thanksgiving sermon to all our readers is: Thank God for his good dealings toward you, and try to feel that you are doing his work in this world as far as you can, forgive all your enemies as you hope to be forgiven: remember the widows and orphans; and then sit down with your friends to the best Thanksgiving dinner which you can afford and enjoy.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

THE BEST READING CHEAP.

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK'S *new Love Story, "The Woman's Kingdom," will be commenced in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for January, and will be continued through the year. It will occupy about one-eighth of each Number, and so will cost subscribers* fifty cents. *When completed the English edition will cost* 10s. *sterling; about equivalent to $7.*

MR. JAMES DE MILLE'S *Novel, "Cord and Creese," now appearing in* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will run through several months. When published in book form the probable price will be $4. In the* BAZAR *its cost is about* twenty-five cents.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S *new Novel is soon to appear in* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *If it runs to the usual length of his stories it will occupy about one year; and when published in London the cost will be* a guinea and a half; *equal to about $11. The cost to those who obtain it in the* WEEKLY *will be about* one dollar.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied together for* ten dollars, *or any two at* seven dollars.

## A PROPOSED COMPROMISE.

THE situation of the country demands the calmest and most sagacious consideration of every citizen. We should all be willing to compare views with each other, disposed to regard party ascendency only so far as party instrumentality is indispensable to great public results; but not at all disposed to conclude that the way of wisdom is necessarily a little different from any thing yet proposed. It seems to be a favorite theory with some well-meaning persons that under all circumstances a middle course is best. Neither hot nor cold is substituted for neither *too* hot nor *too* cold. But in great emergencies very positive measures are often both the safest and the swiftest; and true wisdom consists in knowing exactly when the emergency demands such measures.

Our paramount present question is that of reconstruction. However essential the subject of the finances of the country may be, the interest that precedes it in immediate importance is that of the national unity. How shall this be most rapidly, most wisely, and most permanently secured? It is our misfortune that this question has been discussed under circumstances which have inflamed party passion, so that the debate has rather exasperated than pacified us. Yet this also was unavoidable. When the contest of two tendencies for the final and absolute control of a government culminates in a civil war which convulses a country for four years, desolating whole States, ruining the great proprietors, utterly subverting the industrial system of a large section, and finally ending in the total military subjugation of one party, it is impossible that the throes of so tremendous a struggle can readily subside; the original hostility will be only the more embittered, and the contest shifting from war to politics will be waged with undiminished fury.

Such is the situation in which we are both actors and witnesses. The country is really divided into two vast hosts, each of which resolutely presses its policy as the one which is alone both just and practicable. If in this great debate we have warmly supported one of these policies, it is from no other feeling than the profoundest conviction of its wisdom under the circumstances, and its consequent permanent advantage to the whole country. The opposing views have been presented by men whose antecedents are not assuring, and in a temper of the most reckless partisanship. When those who seemed to us to have no comprehension of the real character of the war, who steadily and, as we thought, unscrupulously withstood the effort of the Government to save itself, and who excused and palliated the most causeless and cruel rebellion, rushed forward at the end of the conflict, hoping to assume the direction of affairs, we felt as our fathers would have felt if after the surrender of CORNWALLIS the Tories had flocked back from Nova Scotia and England to claim the chief place in organizing the new Government. But when the New York *World*, one of the chief organs of this party, after an apparent reaction of public opinion in its favor, proposed to consider impartially the immediate question, and to suggest a course of action in which all well-disposed citizens might properly unite, we gave it the most attentive consideration, in the sincere hope of finding a wise, just, humane, and honorable proposition. Whether it be so or not, whether it be what it claims to be, a truly conservative policy, our readers shall judge.

The circumstances are familiar. The slaves have been emancipated and remain within the late slave States. They are perhaps considerably more than a third of the population. They are as a class wholly loyal. The whites as a class are disaffected to the Government. They own the land; they are the traditional political class; and they have been subdued by the Government, which has freed the slaves, conferred upon them civil rights, and admitted them to the suffrage. The important point, then, as the *World* admits, is the treatment of the colored population: and it proposes substantially that after five years from the date of emancipation a certain number of colored men shall be allowed to vote upon a property qualification, and that at some later period, when they are more educated and have acquired property, the suffrage shall be virtually universal. Meanwhile there is to be a general amnesty, and certain changes of official tenure are to be made in the Constitution.

What would be the effect of this scheme? The five years from emancipation, which the *World* would of course reckon from the official proclamation of the adoption of the amendment, not from President LINCOLN'S act, would expire in 1870. Until then the colored population would not vote. The result of the scheme, therefore, would be that the States would be reorganized solely by the disaffected, or what is popularly called the rebel element of the population; the colored and other loyalists would be wholly at their mercy; they would own all the property and control the education, which are to be the qualifications of the future voting of the colored population; and the vote of all these States in question would be cast for the Democratic candidate in the Presidential election of next year. For some inscrutable reason this extraordinary plan is called a compromise.

It is unnecessary to consider the utter impracticability of this scheme, even were it wise or honorable. The *World* suggests a kind of unofficial conference between certain Northern and Southern gentlemen, who are to propose this plan. In what way the voters of the various States are to be bound by it—in other words, how the necessity of party action is to be obviated—is not stated. Indeed, there is nothing new in it whatever, except the admission in a Democratic journal that colored men may properly be voters under certain circumstances. For the rest it is merely the policy which the President calls his own. It is the surrender of the States which we have recovered to the sole political control of those who rebelled, and of the freedmen to the late master-class. The objection to it is the objection to the policy of the President. It betrays the colored population to those who have shown in their black codes, passed under the President's auspices, what their treatment of the freedmen would be; and it aims at peace by intrusting political power to a single class, not always numerically the largest, and which is least in sympathy with the spirit of the Constitution and government. But not so can our difficulties be removed. The situation is peculiar, and must be regarded not simply in the light of abstract principles, but of actual necessities and practicabilities. The necessity of the time is loyal State governments at the South. We do not mean necessarily party Republican governments, or colored governments, but we do mean governments of those who are truly loyal to the Union, which such leaders as HILL, HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, PERRY, and THROCKMORTON are not. If State governments like those of Kentucky and Maryland were to be established in the unorganized States, there would be twelve State governments no more really faithful to the Union than before the war. They would not probably force any further rebellion, at present, but they would secretly honor "the lost cause" and its defenders.

Our problem is to reorganize those States loyally. Perhaps we have begun too soon. Perhaps it would have been wiser to hold them by military authority until the loyal part of the population of every color could have been educated. But the one thing of which there is no doubt whatever is, that those States should not be reorganized by their disaffected citizens. Yet this kind of reorganization is gravely proposed by the *World* as a compromise, and by the President as "constitutional" statesmanship.

## THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

CONGRESS will have assembled before this paper is issued; and never did a Congress need more sagacity in its deliberations. We do not presume it will impeach the President, nor confiscate Southern property, but it will undoubtedly devote itself earnestly to the consideration of the finances, simplifying the system of taxation, and looking to see whether any serious change is necessary in the plan of national reconstruction. The main principle is plain enough, but the details of method are matters of experiment, as Congress discovered when the President and Attorney-General drove through the first bill.

Those who suppose that the result of the elections will persuade Congress that its plan is not approved, will probably find themselves mistaken. Two things it counted upon, of course. One was the uncompromising hostility of the Democratic party to any system of reconstruction that the other party might propose; the other was the inevitable friction in the first working of any system whatever. The first it has encountered in full force; the second is apparent in the refusal of the mass of the white population to take part in the first elections.

Congress will not, we hope, underestimate the force of the reaction. The duty of statesmen is to understand the signs of the times. It is not enough in Government to have good principles; the statesman must understand how to make them acceptable and practicable. If every party were to interpret every election by the rule of contraries, politics would be a very simple science, but the world would make very little progress. In that case, when the Democracy were overwhelmed in 1864 they should have been of the opinion that they had not opposed and maligned the war with sufficient vigor; and by the same rule the prohibitionists in Massachusetts should now be sure that they are defeated because they have not included tobacco and coffee in their condemnation. The result of the autumn elections is very serious. We may see the reasons; we may even welcome our defeat as an admonition; but we must no less see the difficulty of reversing great majorities within a year; and we ought to know that unless we heed the admonition the majorities will be increased.

The admonition is not to renounce our policy, but to pursue it reasonably and not recklessly. We hope Congress will leave vituperation and angry rhetoric to the President; and that Speaker and members will promptly discountenance the extravagance of speech which merely heats party spirit and harms the public welfare. No party which has the national honor and the elevation of the people at heart can gain by General BUTLER'S letters upon repudiation, or by such talk as a correspondent attributes without contradiction to Mr. WADE. Special pleading and fury are not statesmanship. Vehement denunciation of the dishonesty or cowardice of every body who does not accept our methods to a common purpose is simply ridiculous. Moreover, honesty is not ability. The country has a right to require of Congress not only an honest intention to deal justly with all interests, but the capacity to do so. If CAVOUR had merely honestly desired the unity of Italy he would have been like multitudes of his unknown countrymen. But his ability to compass his honest desire redeemed Italy and made him illustrious.

In all measures of a firm, wise, and humane policy Congress may be sure of the aid and comfort of the most intelligent and loyal of American citizens. It is not necessary to swear by any leader, nor to pronounce any shibboleth, but it is essential to display calmness, independence, conviction, and sagacity. Let Congress do that, and the country will not wish to turn to other leaders.

## SECTARIAN LIMITS.

THE report of the Committee upon Charities and Charitable Institutions to the Constitutional Convention of New York provides that no State aid shall be given to any institution except upon the recommendation of a Board of Charities. And then only upon condition that a majority of the directors are not of one religious sect. The charter of the Cornell University also provides that a majority of the trustees shall never be of any one religious denomination. In both cases the intention is to destroy sectarian influence in matters of general public interest.

Whatever may be thought of this policy in the case of charitable institutions, there is no doubt that it should be the rule in all schools and colleges to which State aid is given. We need have no fear that sectarian feeling will not be strong enough to found sectarian academies. There are more than twenty institutions in this State called universities or colleges, and every one of them has a sectarian character. This is not to be complained of as an illustration of zeal, but it does not secure better instruction. Such is the infirmity of human nature that a Baptist college will be very much tempted to choose that one of two candidates for the Greek Professorship who is the best Baptist, even if his scholarship lags a little; and an Episcopalian college, not a thousand miles from the city of New York, once rejected one of the most accomplished chemists in the country who was not an Episcopalian, for another candidate of inferior acquirements and capacity who was a good Episcopalian, and, as it proved, an equally good rebel, who went off to Richmond and offered his services to the War Department there. Let each sect compete for superior excellence in the education imparted by their schools; but the State is of no sect, and the State school system must be rigidly unsectarian.

How essential this principle is may be seen from the late appeal of the Catholic clergy of Austria to the Emperor. There is a proposition to loosen the hold of the priesthood upon the Austrian schools, and the priests thereupon claim "a right for the Church to have a position in national schools, so as not only to provide the people with religious [Romish] education, but to take care that no tares be sown with the wheat;" in other words, that only the doctrines of the Romish sect be inculcated. The priests also insist that no one "whose faith and conduct are not unimpeachable [that is, Romish] should be appointed a teacher, and that no book should be used in the schools that contains any thing in opposition to eternal truth"—that is, the tenets of the Romish Church. This action springs from the same instinct which produced the controversy in this State upon the demand of the same sect to have their share of the State school money. Shrewd sectarian leaders know that if they can control the schools they can mould the minds of ductile scholars. They also know that the influence of a wholly unsectarian school is adverse to the supremacy of any sect.

If one sect should receive as a sect its share of the public school money so must every other. The consequences of such a policy are evident. The only safe rule in this country is to insist upon the absolute divorce of Church and State. Leave to every sect unbounded liberty of thought and action, except to interfere with the equal liberty of other sects and of the State.

## THE MAYORALTY.

AT the late election the Republican vote in this city was about twenty-five thousand; the combined Democratic vote was about eighty-five thousand, divided quite equally between the two factions of Tammany and Mozart. The Republicans therefore hold the balance of power, and nothing more. They can not elect a Mayor; but they can decide between the two Democratic candidates.

Those candidates are JOHN T. HOFFMAN and FERNANDO WOOD. They are both strictly party men, and have received party nominations. Mr. HOFFMAN is a man of unblemished character; a judge who did not hesitate to enforce the full rigor of the law against the rioters of 1863, and a Mayor who has shown himself officially ready to respect the laws of the State which he individually disapproves and opposes. As a leading Tammany politician his political associations are not the purest conceivable, but even FERNANDO WOOD, in his late speech, concedes that Mr. HOFFMAN has not derived any personal pecuniary advantage from those associations. He is undoubtedly the most reputable Democratic Mayor of later days.

FERNANDO WOOD is the most conspicuous of all notoriously unprincipled politicians in the land. No man has ever dared in this country to make such base appeals to the worst passions of the worst men, nor did he hesitate to array himself against the laws of the State when they restricted his power. He was the most humble slave of the rebel ringleaders, and tried to prostitute his official authority to screen the transport of arms into the Southern States to be used against faithful citizens of the Union. There is probably no man who has done more to debauch the public conscience and degrade public life than FERNANDO WOOD.

One of these men is to be the next Mayor of New York. Our Republican friends have nominated Mr. DARLING, who, like Mr. HOFFMAN, is of high personal character, and who is also a strict party man. But he can not be elected, and every vote cast for him is a vote for FERNANDO WOOD. If Mr. HOFFMAN were not personally honorable—if his policy as Mayor could in any way involve political principles or affect great measures of national policy—if the municipal election were not, by its very nature, removed from the proper sphere of politics—if it were necessary to party organization for other purposes that in a city election

party divisions should be strictly observed, we should agree that the nomination of Mr. Darling was wise. A third party, however small in numbers, is often necessary to assert and maintain a principle. But that is not the situation in the city election. The duties of a Mayor are not political, and their just fulfillment depends upon his personal probity, experience, and ability. The execution of the laws can not safely be confided to Fernando Wood; they can be to John T. Hoffman.

If the choice lay, or could lie, between Mr. Darling and Mr. Hoffman, we should hope to see the former elected. If the policy of Mr. Hoffman's political party could be in the least advanced by his election as Mayor, no man who believes with us that it is most dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the country would favor his election. But it is not so. So little is it so that, under ordinary circumstances, any party man might properly vote for the candidate of the opposite party for Mayor, if he were of better personal character and greater ability than his own party candidate. But when the circumstances are extraordinary—when the question is, whether Fernando Wood or a man of good character, and obedient to the laws, shall be Mayor, there can not be a question what good citizens ought to do.

## SPECIE PAYMENTS.

It is said that as soon as Congress meets the whole financial question will be brought before it at once. The people are pressing it upon the attention of members, and there is good reason to hope that their deliberations may result in the adoption of a policy whose benefits to the whole country shall become speedily visible. Not only are they better informed than they were at previous sessions, but experiment has shown where defects exist and what remedy is likely to prove most efficacious.

It is admitted that the management of the past fiscal year has not given full satisfaction. Secretary M'Culloch's views we believe to be correct in the main; but both the contraction of the currency and the reduction of the public debt have been too rapid for comfort or prudence. Under the policy pursued business has been cramped and disordered, while the reduction of the debt has been accomplished through a surplus revenue raised by excessive taxation. We are avowed advocates of contraction, but we contend that the pressure should be so gentle and gradual as to cause no rupture. We believe it should continue, in such greater or less degree as the state of trade may admit, until the desired limit is reached, and then stop.

What is that limit?

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the amount of currency absolutely needed by the country. Some are in favor of extreme contraction, others of indefinite inflation. It should always be borne in mind that the times have greatly changed since 1860. It is as impossible to return to the specie basis of that date as it is to wipe out the results of the war and restore the Union "as it was." Our population is larger, and the requirements of business greater in proportion; hence we absorb a much larger amount of currency. Besides, prices are constantly rising with the increased gold production here and throughout the world. A gold dollar will nowhere buy as much as it did; we could not expect, with a return to specie payments, to see prices as low as they were formerly. The standard of gold value has actually risen to a point that reduces the present nominal gold premium fully one-half. Now, the Secretary of the Treasury usually keeps $100,000,000 of specie on hand. It might be increased to $150,000,000 and upward. When the amount so held shall bear a proportion to the currency of 25 per cent (which was thought sufficient in specie-paying times), resumption will become tolerably easy, and, we may venture to say, unattended by a crisis of any great severity. The abundance of gold in the country, to say nothing of silver coin (which, not having been exported, remains undiminished), is a feature most favorable to resumption; and the annual production of $100,000,000 ought to keep the existing supply good and prevent any drain upon it.

Another important point to be considered is, that the Treasury notes alone are redeemable in specie. No specie need be provided for the National Bank circulation, because they are redeemable in legal-tender Treasury notes. The whole matter of resumption, therefore, would be solely in control of the Treasurer. He alone would have to look to his ability to maintain *specie* payments; while the Banks would only have to keep legal tenders enough on hand to meet any possible contingency. (Some theorists have clamored to substitute legal tenders for National Bank notes, but they will here perceive how much more difficult a return to specie payments would be under their plan.) The effect of the existing financial system is to make resumption possible at half specie cost. No trifling evidence of the wisdom of its authors was the nationalizing of the currency, by which it became scattered immediately not only to the remotest parts of the Union, but through the adjacent Provinces—thus making a damaging run upon the Treasurer next to impossible. So far removed from the point of issue would most of these notes be, that but a small proportion could be presented for redemption at one time, whether of legal tenders at the Treasury and Sub-treasuries, or of National notes at their respective banks. And it is more than probable that if the Government attempted resumption it would be sustained by the public confidence. The knowledge that $100,000,000 to $150,000,000 of gold were at the Treasurer's disposal for the redemption of legal tenders would make them at once available every where for their specie value; but little disposition would be shown to exchange them for gold; they would circulate freely as specie, and thus a solution of the financial problem would be reached. As soon as general confidence prevailed and became permanent, but a small amount of specie would be required to sustain the currency circulation. In fact, scarcely more gold coin would be seen than now.

Whenever such a condition of the finances is reached as we have suggested, Congress, co-operating with the Treasury and the Banks, has only to fix a period of resumption, and a gradual decline in gold would inevitably follow. The coming year will be more favorable than ever to such a consummation. Increased economy is promised in all branches of the military and civil service; the expense of maintaining the Freedmen's Bureau is to be saved; and if reconstruction should only make such progress as to render military occupation of the South unnecessary, the burdens we now have to bear would be materially lightened. Still, the most important part of the financial question will not be set at rest until it is decided whether we are to go on laboriously reducing the principal of our great debt in the ratio we have heretofore done, or whether the greater portion thereof shall be left to future generations, whose increased population and resources will make them better able to bear it. The latter view is the popular and the rational one. If the preservation of the Union is to bestow blessings upon succeeding generations, those blessings are certainly worth paying for. For ourselves of the present generation, we demand that we shall be taxed no more than is absolutely necessary to meet the current expenses of the Government, to pay the interest on the public debt, and a moderate proportion of the principal.

## CLASS PREJUDICE.

It is one of the unhandsomest aspects of the Democratic party that it devotes itself to the derision of the colored population. From so accomplished and scholarly a gentleman as Senator Murphy down to the loudest brawler at a Ward meeting there is a disposition to treat the colored man as virtually beyond the pale of humanity. In the Constitutional Convention Mr. Murphy has seriously argued an essential inferiority of race, and consequent social and political incapacity, and Mr. John Van Buren, in his last speech at Albany in the autumn of 1865, said that colored men were chiefly fit to black boots and cut hair. This strain is caught up and echoed with the most disgusting ribaldry, and we wonder that decent and honorable men of the Democratic party can listen to their orators or read their papers without hanging their heads with shame.

If the colored men in the District of Columbia or elsewhere form military companies, they are dangerous and must be suppressed. Why are they supposed to be dangerous? Why must they be suppressed? For the same kind of reason that in the slave States there was a curfew for the slaves, and a midnight guard against them, and the calaboose if any one were found in the streets after nine o'clock. These laws implied a sense of injustice in the minds of their framers. The colored race were unjustly treated; it must therefore be assumed that they would seek revenge at every opportunity. Now these military organizations must be put down. But are they a peculiarly dangerous race? Are they constantly tumultuous and disorderly? No one asserts it. If the public mind were conscious that they were treated with the simple fairness with which every other class of the population is treated, would there be any more disposition to disarm them than any other citizens?

A colored man named Lindsay in Richmond talks threateningly. Lindsay is probably a lately emancipated slave. But the colored men do not suffer it to be thought that he speaks for them; and they publicly disclaim his violent speech. It seems to us to show a singular dignity and self-respect upon their part. Lindsay was what is called an incendiary. He was supposed to instigate violence. Compare now what he said, something about the streets of Richmond running with blood in a certain contingency, with the following from the leading New York Democratic paper upon the morning of the late election:

> "Last evening, in the different station-houses of the Metropolitan District, was read by the captain or sergeant in charge an order issued privately to the police by Superintendent John A. Kennedy, ordering them to refuse obedience to *any* warrant issued by a magistrate for the arrest of inspectors who may illegally interfere with the rights of our citizens in voting. This bad man has already made himself notorious by his utter defiance of the law and public opinion, but it is possible that in this case he may overstep the limits allowed to fellows such as he by the long-suffering citizens of New York. Democrats! watch the Police Superintendent to-day as you go to swell the column of regenerative liberty, and for every time that he dares defy the legal warrant of the Constitutional Magistrate register a complaint for his malefeasance, which, in the total summing up, will weed him from his present office, little weak-kneed tyrant that he is. Watch him, Democrats! Watch John A. Kennedy."

Such a "conservative" appeal to those who have once nearly killed Mr. Kennedy for fidelity to the law seems to us, we confess, quite as "incendiary" as Lindsay's remarks in Richmond. Had Mr. Kennedy been assaulted by a mob on election-day, as he was in the riots of 1863, the paper which issued such an inflammatory appeal in the morning would have been morally responsible.

The colored population of this country are here because of the rapacity and cruelty of white men. They have been outraged beyond precedent, beyond conception, and no people known have ever suffered so patiently and nobly. When their masters, stimulated by their political allies at the North, rose in rebellion and left their homes and families literally at the mercy of the long-suffering race, that race did not raise a hand and passed through the terrible ordeal unstained by a crime. Freed by the war, and clinging to the part of the country in which they were born and have lived, they had a right to expect the heartiest sympathy and co-operation from every generous and sagacious American citizen; and they hear from the party which assumes to be especially "Conservative" and peculiarly to reverence the Constitution, the single phrase, more or less amplified, "d—n the nigger!"

All that is asked for them as for other men is a treatment of common fairness and humanity. The crusade of contempt against them will sooner or later recoil upon those who encourage it. No people can accustom itself to despise any class of the population without paying the penalty in a dangerous public demoralization; and the difficulty with the Democratic party in dealing with the actual situation is that its tone instantly assures every sensible man that it can not deal with it fairly. Those citizens who were born in Ireland will remember that many of the loudest assailants of the colored population were formerly as zealous in denouncing "foreigners." The cry, then, was not "negro supremacy," but "Put none but Americans on guard." It was a cry of the same proscriptive spirit. It aimed to make dangerous distinctions among citizens. The party which attempted it had a momentary triumph, and then disappeared amidst utter contempt. Now if any thing is plain it is, that the tendency of our institutions is to give to every body who is subject to the Government and helps to support it a voice in the Government upon equal conditions. Therefore, those who carry into politics the most earnest desire and effort for the education and political equality of all citizens are the true friends of public order and national prosperity.

## THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL'S SPEECH.

The speech of General Sherman to the Society of the Army of the Tennessee is very interesting and very frank. Dogmatic and erratic as he is, his mind is incisive and alert, and he is too ardent and sincere to trim or prevaricate. If any body, therefore, has regarded General Sherman as a possible successor of General M'Clellan as a candidate for the Presidency, this speech will undeceive him. The orator condemns the rebellion too decidedly for availability. Those who nominated M'Clellan in 1864 must now nominate either an open friend of the rebellion, like Pendleton, or a covert friend like Seymour. It will hardly like to ask those who chuckled over Bull Run to vote for the leader of the march to the sea.

In his speech at St. Louis General Sherman begins by recalling the circumstances at the opening of the war, and then enters upon a series of graphic and interesting reminiscences of the great final campaign. He then proceeds to some views upon the philosophy of the struggle. "Surely no men," he says, "ever had a more glorious cause than we." In his general view of the origin of the war he follows Dr. Draper, whom he highly praises and whose history he has evidently faithfully studied. The General shows how the supremacy of cotton was due both to Southern fertility and Northern ingenuity; how it became arrogant and rebelled. "Nothing on earth could justify such a rebellion;" but we at the North must not forget our part in the original cause.

The war has stricken us all; but it has materially desolated the Southern States; and the General, after describing the sorrow and ravage of the contest, exclaims:

> "How any Southern gentleman, with these facts, plain and palpable every where, staring him in the face, and recorded forever in the book of history, can still boast of his 'Lost Cause,' or speak of it in language other than of shame and sorrow, passes my understanding; and instead of being revived, I know that their lost cause will sink deeper and deeper into infamy as time more keenly probes its hidden mysteries and reveals them to the light of day."

In the future, he continues, we must understand that remedies for suffered grievances must be sought in courts, not upon battle-fields. We must unreservedly trust the great resources of the land and the laws of civilization; and the orator says: "If our friends at the South will heartily and cheerfully join with us in this future course, I, for one, would welcome them back, our equals, but not our superiors, and lend them a helping hand." General Sherman ends his speech by speaking of the peaceful dispersion of its great army, its absorption into the mass of industrious citizens, and mentions by name several of his Generals, and the occupations in which they are now engaged.

It is a speech which will very greatly confirm the regard which the country has for the Lieutenant-General. It shows that he is not, as has been alleged, demoralized by political ambition, but preserves the same intellectual and moral independence which attracted the country three years ago. It is not the speech of a Presidential candidate; and it seems to us to show, as General Grant and General Sheridan had already shown, that the three most famous soldiers of the war are still in sympathy with those who sustained them in the struggle.

## ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

The Italian question remains as it was. Louis Napoleon, as usual, proposes a European Congress. The Italian government protests upon the ground that the temporal rule of the Pope is incompatible with the welfare of Italy, and the Pope himself objects to a conference, probably because he fears the result. Garibaldi, meanwhile, is a prisoner. The feeling of the Italians is very hostile to France, and Victor Emanuel, who has certainly been in a very difficult position, is apparently out of favor with all sides. The most hopeful sign is the declaration of General Menabrea, the Italian Prime Minister, that the peace of Italy requires the temporal dethronement of the Pope. When that demand, as we said last week, is made by Italians and Catholics authoritatively and unanimously the end will be at hand. The Catholic monarchs can hardly fail to see that the dethronement of the Pope is an advantage for them, because it tends to destroy that foreign allegiance of a powerful part of their subjects, which has always been one of the chief troubles of Europe.

During all the excitement Prussia has been silent. The reason of the silence seems, however, to be plain; for however warmly Bismarck may desire the unity of Italy under the government of his ally, Victor Emanuel, it would be very unwise for him to appear to support King Victor against the Italian volunteers on the one hand, because there can be no Italian unity if the regular government and the Garibaldians are at issue; and, on the other hand, it would be extremely impolitic for Prussia, as a Protestant power, to support the Italian government against the Papal throne. It is a difficulty which Prussia wishes of course to see settled without the necessity of taking part, and the king, therefore, says in his late speech that Prussia is upon friendly terms with all other powers, and that the peace of Europe is not likely to be broken.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### NEWS ITEMS.

General Lovell H. Rousseau telegraphs that he reached Sitka, in our new Russian possessions, on October 18; the transfer of the territory followed on the same day, and the protocol was executed on October 26. General Rousseau had reached Victoria on his way to his command at Portland, Oregon, on November 16.

Official returns of the Kansas election show the majority against negro suffrage in the most populous counties is 7568, and against female suffrage 8455.

A brilliant meteoric shower, pronounced by Professor Loomis, of Yale College, superior to that of 1833, was observed in various parts of the United States on Thursday, November 14, at 4 o'clock A.M.

The report of the General Land Office Commissioner shows, among other things, that the United States is 3000 miles in advance of England on our routes to China, Japan, and the Indies. There are 1,400,000,000 acres of public land undisposed of, in which is included our Walrussian purchase: and there are 37,000 miles of railroad already completed, which, counting from the time of commencing to build them, averages 1000 miles a year. There are 17,860 miles in course of construction.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Roman question remains the exciting topic of Europe, and is still unsettled. The French troops have evacuated Rome, but still occupy Civita Vecchia, though Napoleon has announced himself satisfied that Victor Emanuel intends to enforce the September Convention of 1866. Napoleon has issued a call for a conference of the nations of Europe, including the third-rate powers, for the settlement of the Roman question. Both Victor Emanuel for Italy and the Pope for the Church decline to accept the conference as unnecessary. Several of the powers invited to participate in the conference have expressed doubts of its utility.

Greek dispatches say that the war in Candia has been renewed since the failure of the Turco-Cretan mission.

Mount Vesuvius is at this time in volcanic action more fierce than has ever been previously known.

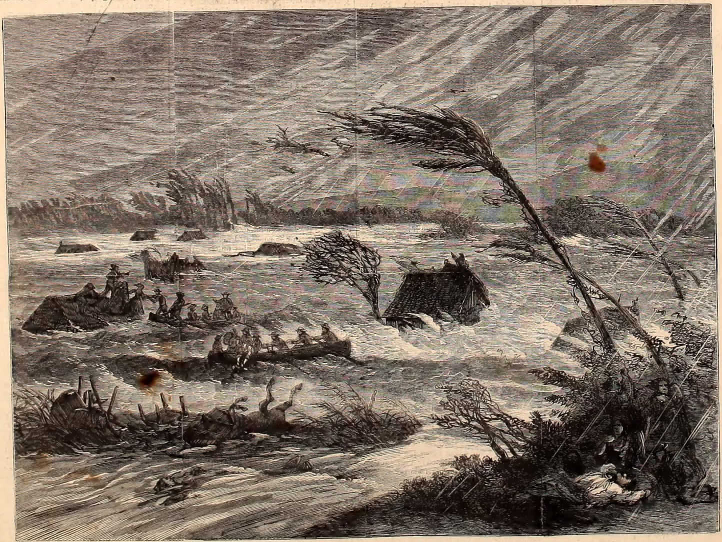
The King of Prussia, on opening the North German Parliament on November 15, said, that the unity of Germany by the admission of the South German States into the new confederation or empire, and the peace of Europe, had been at once secured. Napoleon, in opening the French Chambers, on November 18, affirmed that France had no further objection to the consolidation of the German States.

The body of Maximilian, of Mexico, has been delivered to Admiral Tegethoff.

WOOD-SAWYERS' TOURNAMENT AT LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 758.]

## THE WEST INDIA FLOOD.

ONE of those terrible hurricanes which occasionally occur in the tropics has lately passed across the Gulf of Mexico, laying waste portions of Texas and Mexico, and devastating many of the islands of the West India group. Galveston, Texas, was very much damaged; the destruction at Matamoras and Brownsville was very general; but two houses were left standing in Clarksville; and Bagdad was entirely blown and washed away. In St. Domingo the capital was desolated, and two hundred lives lost; and nearly all the shipping was wrecked. In St. Thomas over sixty vessels were destroyed. The island of Tortola was partly inundated and several persons were drowned, but the island was not submerged and ten thousand lives lost, as at first reported. None of the previous hurricanes which annually prevail there has been so destructive as that of this year.



THE FLOODS IN THE WEST INDIES—INUNDATION OF THE ISLAND OF TORTOLA.

## CHARLES DICKENS.

"I WAS a young man of two or three-and-twenty, when Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, or had just written in the old *Monthly Magazine* (of which one series had been lately collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by Mr. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or, I believe, to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by peddlers, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life.

"When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, a paper—in the 'Sketches' called *Mr. Minns and His Cousin*—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business."

The author who writes this is CHARLES DICKENS. The event occurred in the year 1836, and Mr. DICKENS was then twenty-four years old. The business to which he and Mr. HALL fell resulted in the appearance of the first number of the "Pickwick Papers," and a new era in English literature. There is something very pleasant, something peculiarly agreeable to young persons who have just dropped into the post-office their timid offering to some awful magazine, in this simple story of the exquisite delight of the youth who saw himself in print in a periodical which he revered, and was compelled to hide his glistening eyes in Westminster Hall. And can it be possible that this youth, who ran through the London streets in the twilight, clutching his precious prize, is the famous author, now fifty-five years old, of whom we read in the late papers that "At the farewell dinner given last Saturday evening at Freemasons' Hall, in London, to Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, prior to his departure for America, Lord LYTTON occupied the chair, and the following gentlemen officiated as stewards: Earl RUSSELL, the Earl of SHAFTESBURY, Lord HOUGHTON, ALFRED TENNYSON, Mr. GLADSTONE, ROBERT BROWNING, Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, Sir EDWIN LANDSEER, the Dean of St. Paul's, Professor OWEN, A. H. LAYARD, THOMAS CARLYLE, WILKIE COLLINS, JOHN FORSTER, J. A. FROUDE, CHARLES KNIGHT, W. C. MACREADY, JOHN MURRAY, B. W. PROCTOR (Barry Cornwall), ANTHONY TROLLOPE, and the Lord-Chief-Baron KELLY." What stewards! And what a guest! And what a dinner it must have been! Are the stewards waiters? Did the Dean of St. Paul's hand the soup, and THOMAS CARLYLE the fish, and JOHN MURRAY the roast, and Mr. GLADSTONE the boiled, and ALFRED TENNYSON the *pâtisserie*, Professor OWEN the pudding, and the Lord-Chief-Baron KELLY the old Stilton? And as the honored guest, to whom this illustrious host of famous men offered the banquet, looked down the tables, and thought of them and of himself, did his eyes fill as in Westminster Hall, and with a purer pleasure?

It is in the very height of his renown that Mr. DICKENS makes his second visit to America. Those who look at our admirable and accurate portrait, and who recall the Boz of twenty-five years ago, will hardly recognize in this mature and thought-worn, even care-worn face, the blooming countenance of the young man with fresh cheeks, large, dark eyes, and flowing and abundant dark hair, in whose honor the ball at the old Park Theatre was given, and attended by every body. What a simple folk we were! We could no more give such a ball to any body now than we could annihilate the twenty-five intervening years. The old theatre was curiously changed for that great occasion. The pit—theatres had pits in those days—was of course floored over, and the balustrades of the various tiers of boxes were covered with canvas, and the ornaments painted upon it were representations of little libraries, and shelves of books, and piles and groups of books, with all the titles very plainly lettered, and they were all "Pickwick," and "Oliver Twist," and "Nicholas Nickleby." During the evening, from time to time, there were tableaux, and all the tableaux were scenes from the works of the immortal guest. And all the managers had ribbons suggestive of the great novelist. And when he came in, there was such a tremendous rushing and squeezing that those of us who wore costly lace and delicate dresses wished we had left them at home. Mr. DICKENS indulged in a red waistcoat upon the occasion, and we have been always of the opinion that it added greatly to the splendor and festivity of the evening. He was very quiet and modest, yet not without a sly twinkle sometimes in his eye, as if, like his Captain Cuttle, he were making a note of every thing. And, indeed, what could a young man do in the focus of such public adulation? We complained bitterly that he made fun of us. But think of what he did *not* say! Think how comical it really was, and then imagine what it must have been to the greatest humorist living! We do not mean it was any thing to be ashamed of in itself; but the manner was droll. Yet, let the manner go. It was a good thing to show that if elsewhere cities and countries arose to honor kings and princes, worthy or unworthy, it was the great author whom we saluted with childlike enthusiasm. One, at least, of the youngest of the guests at the famous Boz ball remembers it and its occasion with complacency when he recalls the visit of GEORGE IV. to Edinburgh, and the banquet, and the request of Sir WALTER SCOTT—of all men in the world!—that he might preserve the precious glass from which the sacred royal lips had drunk the toddy!

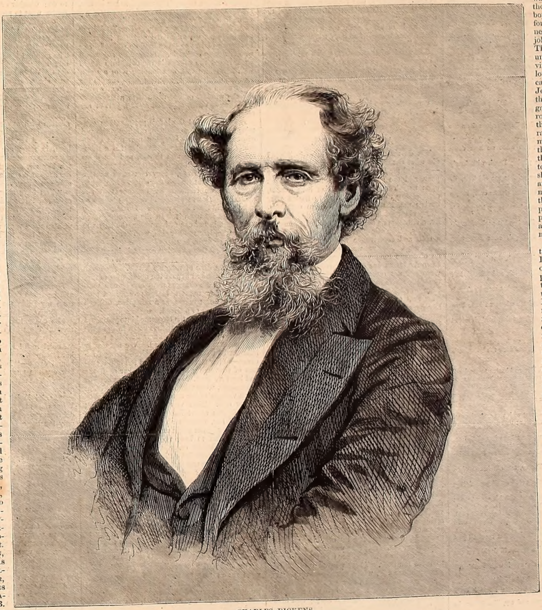
Mr. DICKENS is not a Londoner born. He was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February, 1812, and when he was a boy of three or four years old his father, who had held an office in the Navy Pay Department, became a reporter for the London newspapers. He intended CHARLES for an attorney, and he passed some time in an office, where he evidently kept his eyes and ears open. But he read literature rather than law, and following the leading of his taste and preference he, too, became a newspaper critic and reporter. He wrote for the *True Sun* and the *Morning Chronicle*, and it was in the latter paper that he published the series of "Sketches" of low London life, by *Boz*. This whimsical signature he had adopted from the nickname of a petted younger brother, whom CHARLES called Moses in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, "which," he says, "being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz." It was this series of sketches which led to the interview with Mr. HALL, which he has recorded. Since then the events of his life have been the publication of his stories.

With the beginning of the year 1846 he became editor of the *Daily News*, the liberal journal which was then started, and in this his "Pictures from Italy" were published. But he did not remain long in the daily editorial harness, although since 1850 he has been the conductor of a weekly periodical, first *Household Words*, and now *All the Year Round*. The editorship of these magazines, with the writing of his novels and all the other work which must inevitably fall upon a man so conspicuous, shows that he is a most faithful laborer. But a recently published letter speaks of his health as perfectly robust. Mr. DICKENS lives at Gadshill, some twenty miles or more from London, and he frequently walks into the city, which he and MACAULAY and DICKENS's old and warm friend, JOHN FORSTER, the historian, are said to have known more thoroughly than any men of their time. Like all English authors, he often slips over to the Continent (oh, brother-penmen, think of Paris as near as Boston!), with the utmost refreshment both for himself and for his readers. To his thoughtful observation in France and of French history we owe his "Tale of Two Cities," which in this country was first published in this paper, and which is one of the most powerful of his works, and a terribly vivid chapter of real history. The hidden springs, the essential character, the social aspect and condition of France just before and during the Revolution, are nowhere more wonderfully exposed than in this story; and its conclusion is one of the most profoundly pathetic passages in English literature.

Mr. DICKENS now comes among us to devote some three months to the readings which have become very celebrated. They are a kind of dramatic monologue, wholly original and unique, and of prodigious effect. They are another illustration of his extraordinary and exuberant genius. For DICKENS is not a writer of books merely. The force which is displayed in them is hardly less striking in other forms. His acting is so good that the spectator is ready to wish he had never done any thing else; while the sparkling geniality of his nature is a well-spring of delight to his social companions. How well we remember a dinner at the artist CATTERMOLE's, in London, some years since. He lived in a suburb, and at considerable distance from a garden or park in which the manager of the Italian Opera that day gave a feast, at which Mr. DICKENS had promised to be present. But he had also promised CATTERMOLE to be at his dinner. The guests assembled and the dinner-hour came, but still the host waited for Mr. DICKENS. When, however, it was pretty evident that it was impossible to wait longer, the company descended to the dining-room. There was an obvious shadow upon the feast, a palpable depression of disappointment. Every body had counted upon something which had not appeared, and the dinner proceeded as it were under a cloud. But after an hour a ring was heard, and a bright look of expectation lightened along the table. The next moment there was a noise overhead in the hall, as if a party of boys had arrived at home for the holidays. It came nearer, and there was a jolly clattering down stairs. The door opened, and a universal smile of the reviving table saluted the long-delayed guest, who came in with his friend JOHN FORSTER. From that moment the feast was gay; and when the ladies rose and left the table and the children came in, they ran to DICKENS as a familiar friend. He seated them upon his knees, told them stories, and drew grotesque figures upon their slates, until they shouted and roared, and the good magician vowed that if they did not stop he would pull an enormous sugar-plum out of his pocket and shoot them in the mouth.

THACKERAY, who was the only contemporary of DICKENS's who ever seriously disputed his laurels, pays the most generous tribute to him in his lecture upon Charity and Humor. Nor does he forget this fondness for children: "As for this man's love of children," says Mr. THACKERAY, "that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do, and read his books ten times for once that they peruse the dismal preachments of their father." And to DICKENS's immense and genial sympathy Mr. THACKERAY does full justice. It really seems as if by his early Christmas books DICKENS had revived the true, kindly, Christian, Christmas spirit. They all make peace and good-will to all men the plainest and most pressing duty and pleasure. "Was there ever," says THACKERAY, "a better charity sermon preached in the world than DICKENS's 'Christmas Carol?' I believe it occasioned immense hospitality throughout England; was the means of lighting up hundreds of kind fires at Christmas-time; caused a wonderful outpouring of Christmas good-feeling; of Christmas punch-brewing; an awful slaughter of Christmas turkeys, and roasting and basting of Christmas beef."

And now he comes to wish us a merry Christmas, and to help us to have it. He comes to set the chimes ringing and murmuring; the bells of a thousand happy associations, tender memories, sweet hopes, and bright faith. He comes as the chief of living lay-preachers, who from books as from high pulpits, and to Christendom as a congregation, preach the great, true, original, and eternal Gospel of love to God and love to man.



CHARLES DICKENS.

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## A WELCOME TO DICKENS.

I'M told the ship is waiting, Boz, to bring you to the land
Where once we pressed so eagerly to clasp your genial hand.
You'll find the same kind people, Boz, that welcomed you before,
Save many hundred thousand souls that walk the dreamless shore:
For Time and War have thinned our homes: yet still enough remain
To dine you to your heart's content, and pour the flattering strain.

You'll find us somewhat altered, too; for twenty years, or more,
Have wrinkled brows and withered hopes since last you trod our shore:
Another growth of manhood now shall greet you with delight,
As hearty and as generous, but not so fulsome, quite.

Your "Notes" are mostly honored, Boz: for neither Age nor Youth,
In this fair land of equal rights, repudiates the truth.
Some thought them most ungrateful, Boz; but *we* do not complain
If vulgar men and parasites incur thy just disdain.
'Tis true you run as fierce a muck beneath Britannia's glance,
And gore her knaves and silly lords with just as sharp a lance:
The Barnacles that fatten on the needy peasant's corn,
The Chadbands that belie their God have felt thy blighting scorn.
But honest, virtuous people, Boz, of high or low degree,
A kindly heart, a friendly hand, have ever found in thee.
You could not spy among our men (this truth you will admit)
A demon Quilp, nor "'umble" Heep, nor Jonas Chuzzlewit.
You did find many a worthless "Brick" to hurl about our ears,
But none, save Britain's lettered Isle, could furnish you with Squeers.
You found our ranting Pograms, Boz, our Colonel Divers, too;
But Pecksniff grew on your own soil, a loyal son and true.
Had you but sought with earnest will, you'd learned that London fogs
Are not the only climate breeds a Cheeryble and Noggs.
And you must own, my charming Boz, whene'er you wish to sketch
A villain of the deepest dye, the most abandoned wretch,
You draw from your own countrymen, and find in every class
Ralph Nicklebys and Riderhoods, and Billy Sikes and Brass.

We own thy vast magnetic power, we feel its mystic spell,
And shake our sides at Swiveller, and weep for little Nell.
We love thy beauteous offspring, Boz—we love them one and all—
And we bedew with frequent tears the grave of little Paul;
Our very souls are tempest-torn while we look down upon
That mournful scene where pitying Death with lonely Jo "moves on:"
What anger mingles with our grief to see old Betty fly
In terror from the Poor Law's grasp, and in defiance die.
And then what boisterous merriment shakes every bosom when
Micawber—dear, delightful sage!—takes up his graphic pen.
And Weller!—sly, sagacious Sam!—what peals of laughter greet
Both sire and son, as that droll pair come swaggering up the street.

The sparkling wit, the genial warmth, that in thy pages glow,
Have sweetened all the toils of life, and solaced half its woe;
And since the silver-throated Swan that sang by Avon's shore,
Nor bard nor author e'er has been whom we have honored more.
And though some few can not forget that hard, deserved blow
You dealt your over-civil host some twenty years ago,
The many love you fondly, Boz: we love the very quill
That traced the noble Peggotty, and drew the "Orphan's will."

So, board the anxious vessel, Boz, and hasten to our land,
With that illustrious progeny that sprang at thy command:
Miss Summerson, and Ada Clare, and dear Kate Nickleby,
Sweet Florence, Agnes, Lizzie, Bell, and Caddy Jellyby—
The cautious Bunsby, grave and wise, and Copperfield—(but he
Is but yourself personified)—must with you cross the sea.
And don't leave Little Dorrit, Boz; that sweetly-pensive face
Among your splendid retinue must have its quiet place.
And bring Inspector Bucket here, to teach our dull police
To ferret out the "Whisky Frauds," our rev'nues to increase.
And we would have Mark Tapley, too, our hearts when sad to cheer:
And Captain Cuttle, to "make note" of all your doings here.
The Charitable Grinder, Boz, must with his parent rove;
In spite of his ingratitude we like that saucy "cove."
Bring all the noble fellows, Boz, the gallant ship will hold,
But you must leave behind your "Brass," if you would have our gold.
We're rather short this present time, but meet all just demands;
And Seward says our Russian farm will double on our hands.
And there's the *Alabama* claim;—I wish you'd tell John Bull
To settle up that little bill, and take receipt in full.
'Tis just; and we're in want of coin:—if you will bring it o'er,
We'll press you to our hearts, and cry, like Oliver, for "more."
But should this business harass you, then let the matter rest;
Some other day we'll try ourselves to have the wrong redressed.
Our debt to *thee*, my genial Boz, our wealth can never pay,
Across our lonely war-scathed hearths thy genius sheds its ray;
And in thy treasured volumes, Boz, the stricken mother finds
The tender thoughts, the sympathies for which her bosom pines.
Come over, then, beloved Boz, and taste again our wine;
We've forty million grateful hearts, and every one is thine.
Come, at our cordial greeting, come, and tarry with us late;
God bless the ship with prosperous gales that bears so dear a freight!

F. J. PARMENTER.

## THE WOOD-SAWYERS' TOURNAMENT.

THE base-ball excitement which has prevailed to such an excess in the East appears also to have affected our Western friends, and the little town of Lafayette, Indiana, boasts three clubs, each possessing a champion nine. Lately some anonymous writer in one of the papers of that town, not having the fear of "base-ballists" before his eyes (and probably coinciding with Mr. HORACE GREELEY, who believes in giving prizes to the *worst* base-ball players, inasmuch as their want of skill at the outdoor sports indicates a more commendable love of home and fireside), cast a slur upon the national game, and suggested to the various clubs that if they needed physical exercise they had better turn their attention to sawing wood for the poor. Mr. HATCHER, a prominent member of one of the clubs, known as the "Hoosiers," at once donated nine cords of hard wood—maple and hickory, and the "Hoosiers" challenged any nine in the city to a contest, and more particularly challenged the Christian Association—not a base-ball club, by-the-way. Dr. JEWETT, on behalf of the Young Men's Christian Association, followed with a donation of the same number of cords of the same character of wood. Two other gentlemen followed these offers with similar donations on behalf of the base-ball clubs, the "Independent" and the "Fenians." The tournament came off on November 1, and resulted in the complete triumph of the "Hoosiers," who have been declared the champion wood-sawyers of the world. The "Independent" club was ruled out on the score that its wood was all soft, and the "Fenians" were barred because they allowed outsiders to assist too freely, and for not sawing the wood thoroughly. The athletic "Hoosiers" and the muscular "Christians" sawed honestly through nine cords of wood each, the former being declared "champions" and easy winners "by half a cord."

The result of the contest, which we illustrate on page 756, was summed up as follows: About $300 in hard cash from the admission fees, sale of saws, etc., thirty-six cords of nicely-sawed wood, seventy-two blistered hands, thirty-two lame backs, and thirty-six pairs of sore legs.

Our illustration is from photographs furnished by W. L. SMITH of Lafayette.

## A LIFE WATCH.

WE do many foolish things in early life. I did what the world esteems a very foolish thing—married for love. Harry and I were equally poor, and the affronted world turned its back upon us. The wealthy heads of both houses, determining to give us leisure to repent after having married in haste, left us to ourselves. Harry obtained, through an old friend of the family, a situation as clerk in a mercantile house in the City. The salary was a small one, and many a shift and contrivance was endured by us in those days. And yet we were very happy. Like an obstinate fond young couple, we refused to learn the lesson our offended elders set us, and we would not repent, but struggled on through the battle of life in the ranks with the rest. Yes, I am proud to say that we fought and conquered. Now that our mansion is built in the favored locality of the West; now that I rumble along streets in my carriage that I have trodden once burdened with galoches and umbrella, when the weather would not smile, however much we smiled at Fate; now that, among not a few good and true and tried friends, many throng to our gay parties who would not then have condescended to cross our threshold—now I can look back and call to mind many an incident of our early life with pleasure. There is one story, however, mixed up with those days that is fraught with inexplicable horror. And that is the story I have promised to relate. I must premise that we considered it—in those early and struggling days—a rise in life when we took a small cottage at Hampstead, with woodbine growing over the door, and resolved to eke out the very moderate rent by the assistance of a lodger. It was a rise, because we had previously occupied apartments, and one who has not experienced similar feelings can hardly fancy with what joy we hailed the idea of dwelling at last under a roof of our own.

We entered into possession of our cottage, and then came our lodger, through the ready intervention of the *Times*, in the shape of a lady, and a singular one. We took her to be about fifty years of age. She was a tall, fine woman, but not graceful because of a remarkable rigidity in her movements. Her step was slow, measured, and dull, and as she trod her foot never seemed to leave the floor. There was no rebound, no pliancy in her gait, which seemed rather that of a statue on wheels than of a creature throbbing with the pulses of life. Her hair was thick, but entirely gray; she arranged it simply and neatly, without ornament and without a cap, but also with a total absence of style. Her face was ashen pale and deeply lined. She came late at night in a cab, and my one servant remarked to me how curious it was that she, being evidently a lady, rode outside next the driver. I thought it very extraordinary, but the fact soon glided out of my memory as too trivial to retain a place in it. When I say "glided out of my memory," I am using an incorrect expression. It rather slid into some remote, unused corner, to be furbished out again at any distant time, like the present, when it might be wanted as one of the small colored bits that fit into the puzzle of my eccentric lodger's horrible story.

She came outside the cab, dressed in an old barathea gown, a black cloak and bonnet, and an imperviously close gauze veil of the same sombre hue, which she held about her face as if that were a secret enemy every one was curious to detect, and she terribly interested to conceal. There was a large box upon the top of the cab. It was of very old-fashioned make, and evidently originally designed as an addendum to a traveling-carriage. The exterior was covered with leather, bound with iron, studded with nails, and secured with a big foreign lock, supplemented by a clumsy hasp. It was not unlike its owner—old, worn, and of a rusty black. The great handles clanked as the man lifted it with difficulty and due assistance to the ground. It was not easy to get it up stairs. Did it contain books, that it was so weighty? It evidently held something very precious to the owner, for she watched its ascent with strained eyes; and judging from the nervous interest she appeared to take in it, I did not doubt she had ridden outside to be near her treasure, and selected the time of night on purpose to do so. When the box was fairly up stairs she sat down upon it and remained there. Within the cab we found only a small portmanteau.

She had given no name when answering our advertisement, but simply forwarded a stamped envelope addressed to "Alpha, Post-office, Dover." Kitty, the servant girl, asked if she would like some tea, and also by what name she should address her.

"I will take tea, thank you," was the reply, in a half absent, slow, inward tone peculiar to her. "My name is of no consequence. What am I to call you?"

"Kitty, if you please."

"Very well, then, Kitty, you will have occasion to address me in no other manner than as 'Madam,' or, as you will pronounce it, 'Ma'am.'" And with that she gave Kitty a month's rent and asked for a receipt. "Money is better than a name," she added, in her listless, slow way, muttering to herself, "What is my name to them? what *is* my name?"

As it appeared to vex her, and really did not matter to us, we asked the question no more, but spoke of her as "the lady up stairs." She was evidently eccentric. Sometimes she would walk round the garden in the twilight, covered with her gauze veil, and holding it in a tight, nervous grasp with a gloved hand, as she did the night when she came, her eyes apparently seeking the window of her room with a suspicious restlessness, which appeared to be a part of her eccentricity.

It appeared that the lady's portmanteau contained only a change of linen, originally fine and trimmed with costly lace, but now most elaborately but neatly mended. Besides this, a thimble, scissors, needle and thread, and the dress she arrived in, our lodger might have been destitute. Yet the large, heavy box must contain something. But though the object of so much solicitude, we could never discover that she opened it. It was placed in such a position as to be visible from both rooms. During the day she always sat upon it. In the morning, when Kitty took in her can of hot water, the lady was ever awake, lying on her side, with her eyes fixed upon her precious box.

When first this quiet but eccentric inmate entered our house she had with her a roll of bank-notes and a case of valuable jewels. Although she barely allowed herself the necessaries of life, the former were changed away one by one, until at last, at her request, Harry procured a purchaser for her trinkets, at a fair price, through the intervention of a friend.

The budding months blossomed into years and fructified into the seed that is sown in the eternity of the past, and we knew that the means thus procured were exhausted. We felt deeply interested in our tenant, in spite—perhaps because—of her strange habits, and fell into a custom of conversing together about her as if she had been a friend. If these jewels were her last possessions, what was to become of her? What was a woman of her age to do?

Her age? That was a question. We felt some doubts about her age. Kitty, who saw most of her, thought she had not passed so many years in the world as we at first supposed. She appeared to have no friends or acquaintances. No letters came, no visitors called, no post-bag was troubled on her account.

Well! There was that mysterious chest. Our conjectures and anxieties on her behalf always found a refuge and a consolation in that. It must contain something. It was the hope, the *Ultima Thule*, of our fancies—the sword with which we cut the Gordian knot of our perplexities.

"Depend upon it," Harry remarked, "the box holds plate—you remember how heavy it was. Or perhaps it contains diamonds of greater value and more in number than those I sold some time ago."

Our speculations regarding the age of the lady were set at rest by the arrival of the census. Armed with the formidable paper, I rapped gently at the drawing-room door.

"Come in," responded the low, dull, measured voice.

I entered and explained my errand. "Shall I leave the paper with you?" I suggested.

"My writing might be—" She commenced as if thinking aloud, and stopping suddenly upon remembering that she was no longer alone. Turning on me her eyes—peculiar gray eyes, that looked as if she never slept or wept—she added, "Will you have the goodness to add the particulars for me?"

"The name?" I inquired, dipping a pen in the ink.

"What is yours?" was the counter question.

"Mary Herbert."

"Write Martha Herbert then; that will do."

I looked inquiringly. "You know there is a penalty?"

"Yes; but the name is of little consequence—the name of a lone woman. I have given you a name; will you not write it?"

I said no more, but inscribed the paper as directed. But the appellation was evidently feigned.

"Your age?"

"Twenty-eight."

The pen actually dropped from my hand as she said twenty-eight, and I looked up very quickly.

"Nay," she replied, meeting my gaze, and without altering her monotonous tone, "that is the simple truth. Are you very surprised? I suppose with my white hair I look an old woman."

"I can hardly believe, my dear Madam, that you are not mistaken," I ventured to remonstrate.

"I have given you reason to doubt me, perhaps; but I have answered your query with regard to age truly. I am but eight-and-twenty—barely eight-and-twenty."

Good Heaven! thought I, what can have been the circumstances of your life that your hair is gray, your face thus lined, yourself all but turned from a being of flesh and blood to a thing of stone?—that you are thus self-immured and solitary, that you shun our society, and have refused all our efforts at kindness? We had gathered even from her scanty denials of our offers of amusement that she was a linguist, a musician, an artist; and yet there she sat all day, on that chest, nursing her hands, or at most adding a darn to her worn linen.

The census further told me that she was born in the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, and was a widow. Harry and I talked about her more than ever. We knew that she had spent all the money obtained for the jewels, even on her frugal wants. For two weeks she had paid no rent, ordered no food. We knew not what to do; whether or not to speak to her, or, if we spoke, what to propose.

It was Monday morning, and we were seated at breakfast, when Kitty hurried in and told us that the lady up stairs was in a fit. I ran up, begging Harry himself to hasten for a doctor. The girl had spoken truly. The fit was not fatal; but the poor woman lay unconscious for days. When her reason returned it was evident that she was rapidly sinking. The doctor informed us she had only a few hours to live. There were no friends to summon; and vain were my persuasions to induce her to see a clergyman, to confess any faith, or acknowledge connection with any church or sect. I sat by the bedside I had not quitted day or night since her illness. After lying quiet some time with her hand in mine, she at last said, feebly, "Open my portmanteau and take out the book." I took the key she offered, and obeyed by bringing to her bedside a common clasped account-book, the only one I saw.

"You have shown me kindness. You have appeared interested in me. I have yearned to make you my friend. But my secrets are such as during life could be confided to none. I have written them there for you. Promise me not to open that book till I am dead."

I gave my word, and, in obedience to her request, put the book into my pocket.

"My gray hair, my wrinkled face, my twenty-eight years—you will understand them; but will you feel pity?"

She was sinking rapidly like a sun at eventide; and I pressed upon her again my request to read from my Bible the words of One whose mercy and forgiveness were more needed than mine.

She consented. I read for some time, and thought the words were comforting, when she started up, her manner wild, her eyes starting. "Look! look! look!" she cried, pointing with her forefinger and white-draped arm to the iron-bound chest—"look! look! look!" and with a low cry the poor lady sank back on her couch dying. The struggle was soon over, and all was quiet.

"Look! look! look!" What had she seen? What vision had fancy, or conscience, or sudden delirium roused before her? I know not. I saw only the large, dark chest in the place where it had ever rested—dull, shabby, and cumbrous.

We were worn out and tired, and glad to retire early to bed. I do not know how long Harry and I had been asleep when we were startled by a heavy noise in the room underneath. Harry sprang up and seized the night-light. Surely it is the lid of the heavy chest suddenly slammed, and there are thieves in the house, thought I, as I ran after my spouse, lest there might be danger for him alone, and just as if a feeble woman in her night-array, like myself, could be any protection. In moments of sudden fear we do not stay to reason, but act upon impulse. In another moment we stood in the double chamber below. It was untenanted, save by the dead. The great box stood as I had last seen it. I tried the lock; it was quite secure. We called up Kitty, and searched the house; bolts, bars, and locks were all intact. Then we began to reason how absurd we had been to suppose that thieves would slam a box-lid, or make a noise loud enough to wake the inmates of a house had they entered. We could not sleep any more that night, but dressed ourselves and sat up, watching; and Kitty lighted a fire, prepared some tea, and shared our folly. The truth is, we had all been fagged and distressed, and our nerves were unstrung. As for the noise, it was one of those mysterious sounds never accounted for, but cast among "things not generally known" even to the inquiring mind of a Timbs.

In the morning the doctor called in to see us, as he had promised to do, and with him and Kitty as witnesses we determined to open the chest or box and relieve our minds of doubt as to what it contained. There might be property—in fact we had no doubt but what there was—and possibly traces of family connections, or friends with whom we ought to communicate.

The key was turned; the lid raised. The ticking of a bed, old, yellow, and discolored, was folded over the contents. As we essayed to remove it, it fell to fragments in our hands, disclosing—good Heaven!—such a sight as eyes have rarely rested upon. Kitty shrieked; I almost fainted, and Harry involuntarily caught me in his arms. Even the doctor blanched, and fell back a step or two. For there lay, under the fragments of the old ticking, the remains of a man. Little more than a skeleton, little more than a heap of rags, and more or less mouldy dust, hidden among which was a costly watch

and chain, a set of studs, and a diamond ring of very great price—trinkets whose value would have kept the lady who lay dead in comfort for two or three years.

Who was this man? and what the motive that led to this strange inclosure of his body? Were the remains those of a husband from whom, like Queen Jane, she could not part? or was it the body of a murdered man—a guilty lover—a jealous spouse, thrust from sight and concealed at the expense of a life watch? This was the secret of the eccentricity of the woman who had kept ghastly companionship under our roof so long.

I remembered her book, and putting my hand into my pocket pulled it forth; for in the solemn hour of death, during the grief and fatigue that followed, and the subsequent foolish alarm of the night, I had forgotten it. Closing the lid over the ghastly spectacle, turning the key in the lock, and securing also the chamber-door was the work of a short time; and afterward we gathered in our little parlor together, to learn the terrible facts which Harry read us, and which I here copy from

THE CONTENTS OF THE CLASPED VOLUME.

I know not whether I am mad or sane. I know not whether I was mad when I did it. There is madness in our family. My mother died raving mad. The old earl, my grandfather, was methodically mad, and was kept under disguised restraint in his ancestral mansion, that the world might not know it. But it oozed out, as things concealed usually do, with exaggerations. If I am mad I was not accountable for it, and can not be judged for it. And if I am sane I have expiated it by a long life watch of cruel and horrible self-torture. To live all my days in a house converted into a mausoleum; to be condemned to sit upon a grave as upon an arm-chair; to be encumbered every where with a tenant who should be in the tomb; to sit alone with death; to eat side by side with a skeleton; to taste food out of a red hand, and have a red sky ever before me—are parts of my punishment. I never see a blue sky or a gray distance. Every thing has a sanguinary haze over it, as if I looked through spectacles of flame-color. And yet I did not shed blood—ah no, I did not do that.

I have formed a friendship for this woman, and I should like to talk to her; yet I can not divulge my secret. She seems to love her husband; yet not as I loved mine. As I loved him? As I do love him—passionately, wildly, fearfully, madly, so that I can never take my gaze off his coffin; so that I rise in the darkness and silence of the night to kiss and embrace the cold wood; and I feel my passion and my remorse eating out my heart. I can not weep. I never shed a tear now, as I never shed a tear then. My grief is cold and tearless, as my rage was cold and tearless, and my happiness cold and tearless, when he lived. Outwardly, only outwardly. Within I was and am a human volcano, and the fire is consuming my heart and brain, sense and being, slowly, slowly—Heaven, how slowly! It is retribution.

In my girlhood I was beautiful, and gifted with extraordinary talents. Whatever I undertook I mastered. I studied astrology, and cast my nativity. I saw the doom then, but did not comprehend it. Could we literally know the future, of what use would it be? Should we be warned, advised, or guided? No! Doom is doom, and we should rush on blindly toward it.

In every accomplishment I excelled. And yet I was but fifteen years of age, living in retirement at a country seat with my governess, when I met my beloved Carlo. I was sketching the stump of a tree in a grove, he out with dog and gun. Our eyes met with a flash of light, and we loved each other. He was so handsome a heathen might have thought him a deity descended from the clouds. His hair was fair, rich, and waving, over eyes blue as skies, set in a complexion more delicate, if possible, than my own. His voice was soft, rich, and manly. He had traveled, and was as well-read as myself. I did not discover all this at first. But we loved as our eyes met. Then we were impelled to speak. We walked home and saw my chaperon—an interview which resulted in his seeking my father, whose parliamentary duties yet held him in London. No parent could object to such an unexceptionable match as Carlo; but an obstacle existed on his side, whose father, Lord —— (I will betray no names, not even to her I fancy my friend; but for the credit of those so unwillingly related suppress all nomenclature, and carry shame and crime alone to the grave)—Lord —— refused to sanction his son's union with the daughter of a lunatic, the grandchild of an idiot.

But Carlo and I were mad for love. We met; we eloped; we married, and fled to the Continent to avoid the reproaches and interference of angry parents.

After I had consented to elope I looked round our place for a receptacle wherein I might pack the few clothes I intended to take with me. In the coach-house I saw the old box or chest destined to play so awful a part in my wretched story. I contrived to deposit what I needed unobserved; and in the silence of night, when all slept, I aroused the young groom, who slept over the stable, and offered him a handsome gift of gold, yellow and shining in the light of the lamp I held, if he would harness the horses and take me and that dingy box to where Carlo awaited us.

The coachman, an old family servant, might have refused to drive so young a mistress on so doubtful a journey. But Sam was of an age when such deeds raise sympathy in the breast; so he took his reward, and I, with my box, was hurried from my home.

Weary of traveling, we returned to England, and rented a small house—a mere cottage—not far from Broadstairs, where, as we thought, we ran little risk of being seen by any one who knew us. My husband, being fond of bathing, sought the shore every morning, and I sat in the garden until he returned.

We had not been at Broadstairs very long when I fancied that there was a change in his manner. I was certain some secret rested upon his mind, and I became aware, also, that though he sought the shore, he ceased to bathe. Sitting alone with busy thoughts I grew jealous, and determined to watch him; so instead of remaining at home, one day I hurried along a by-road to a part of the esplanade that overlooked the sands. I cast my eyes downward, and saw him walking with a young lady about my own age. After a time they left the sands and walked toward our home. They were too preoccupied to detect that they were followed, but sat down to talk by a quiet bank near a corn-field, where I hid myself among the wheat. I was not near enough to hear his words, to which she listened so earnestly, or hers, on which he seemed to hang with tender interest. I noticed him holding her hands fondly, twining her curls in his fingers; and I observed him print a kiss upon her cheek ere they parted. I watched this day after day, and yet I said nothing. She only passed a few moments each time in his company, as if fearful of being missed by her friends. But was not that enough? was it not too much for a young loving wife to witness?

One morning I noticed a bouquet of flowers, just gathered, lying on the escritoire where he had been writing. Full of suspicion I diverted his glance to another part of the room, and with a hasty glance read the words scribbled upon a slip of paper: "I will meet you at sunset on the sands, and, if your plans are ripe enough, we will leave Broadstairs to-morrow." He returned to his desk, folded the note, and went out with it and the flowers. Could I not guess how the one would be concealed in the other, and for whom? Did I not know the golden-haired siren with the sweet baby-face that had bewitched him?

That morning I spent at home, a wretched prey to love, jealousy, and wrath. At all hazards the sunset meeting must be prevented. Should I charge him with perfidy, upbraid, entreat? Should I prevail? Should I risk failure? No; a thousand times no. As our dinner-hour drew near, a foolish, an evil, a vile idea entered my miserable mind. I was mad then; I know now that I was mad. I laughed when I remembered the laudanum that stood with the hair-oil on the mantle-shelf of my dressing-room. I emptied it into the wine-decanter. Carlo drank wine, but I did not. After dinner he slept. Coffee came up, but still his slumber lasted. It was as I wished. I sat still and smiled. The hours went on slowly. I sent the servants to bed, and the house was very quiet. It grew late, the wax lights—there was no gas—burned down low; he was still sleeping very heavily. One, two sounded—then three. It was broad daylight; and I drew up the blinds, for I was getting restless and alarmed. Daylight was let in, and it fell upon the arm-chair and upon the face of a dead man. I dropped at his feet; I tried to pray, but knelt there wordless and thoughtless. Then surely I was mad—carefully, cunningly, strangely mad. As Heaven is my witness, I had only meant to cause a sleep to stop that meeting and to put off an explanation so bitterly humiliating, so stormy in the aspect of its gathering clouds.

I knelt before my dead husband and laughed. I had no part in the laughter; it was as if the voice of some strange spirit came up through my throat and sounded curiously in my ear. I was aroused suddenly by hearing the servants come down stairs. I was alone with him; and they would say I had murdered him, and the fair girl with the golden-hair and the baby's face would stand by and see me strangled out of life on a scaffold. How I found strength for the terrible task I can not tell, but I took Carlo in my arms and carried him into our sleeping-chamber, which adjoined, threw open the windows that led from the dining-room into the garden, and locked myself and my crime away together. I put him on the floor by the great box, and knelt down.

Suddenly an idea came into my head. I opened the box, and taking out my clothing made it into a bundle. There was a closet in the room which I had once opened, and had seen among other domestic curiosities the old ticking of a bed. I took it out and covered it over Carlo, and with the same strange strength lifted him into the box. He was barely dead then, for his limbs were not stiff, and I folded them into the space. Then I locked up the box and dressed, and went in to breakfast. A note lay on the table. It was contained in a little pink envelope, directed in a girlish hand. As my eyes rested upon it my jealousy and anger rushed to life again. I felt glad Carlo was dead. I took up the note which she with the yellow hair and pink face must have sent, and tearing it open read, "Dear Carlo'—dear Carlo! How the letters ran before my eyes! Did *she* dare to call him *her* dear Carlo! Ay, it was there, written upon the pink paper with perfumed ink:

"DEAR CARLO,—I have pleaded your cause with papa and mamma, but can not move them; and because they think I must have seen you here, our governess is ordered to bring us all home by the first train to-morrow. But do not despair, for if I can do nothing at present I will yet reconcile them to you some day. I fear I shall not be allowed to write, but in silence and absence do not doubt that I am, and ever shall remain,

"Your affectionate and loving
"SISTER."

His sister! Ah! was ever climax so terrible? This, then, must be his favorite sister Edith, of whom he had so often talked, but who was unknown to me. Alas! why had he kept their meeting secret? That, too, was obvious: could he expose me to the mortification of knowing that she was pleading for my recognition by his family, or that he was forced to meet a dearly-loved sister by stealth because he had taken me to be his wife?

And Carlo was dead! I hardly recognized that. Fear was upon me. I must fly, and I must conceal the deed. Twenty miles from my own home a lonely house stood in the midst of a wood. Report called it haunted, and no one of the simple country folk dare approach, far less inhabit it. In a feigned name I wrote to the landlord, and requested he would let it to me, with permission to enter immediately, saying that I was anxious to secure a good house at the low rent I did not doubt he would be happy to accept. I would have given any price for the house, but I wished to give a likely reason, not the true one. My offer was accepted by return of post.

Meanwhile I had told my two servants that their master had left early in the morning for town, whither he wished me to follow him, as we found it necessary to take a long and unexpected journey. I had paid all debts when the landlord's letter came. Hurrying to London I there disposed of our valuable plate and whatever I possessed, except a little linen, a few jewels, and the horrible sarcophagus hereafter my life watch. I was anxious to gain my new abode, as I knew the delays of a day or two would cause detection. But my route was purposely circuitous and broken to baffle any efforts that might be made to trace me, though under the family ban it was likely.

The chest was placed in a large room—a sort of loft—at the top of the house, and after a few preparations had been made by three women who were induced to come together while it was day, and for a large reward, I was left alone. The fact of my having a large box put in the loft excited no suspicion. The conjecture was that it contained books.

There, without servants, without the companionship of a living soul, I dwelt alone for many years, until upon the death of the old landlord a new master of the soil desired to pull the house down. Then with my chest I traveled from place to place, a haunted, restless woman, asking of myself eternally, "Am I sane or mad?"

I had written so much of my history, in this poor cottage at Hampstead, to give it some day to one who has been kind to me; but going over the details of my life has raised in my mind a horrible suspicion, more exquisitely agonizing than all that has gone before—a suspicion, the bare form of which, as it suddenly came before me, cast me into that frenzied fit which has closed the weary life of one who neither wants nor wishes to die—one who only desires to live her vague life on and on, gazing eternally at the sarcophagus. The idea, the certainty so terrible in its nature, is, that Carlo was not dead when I placed him in the chest. Carlo was under the influence of the narcotic, but living—Carlo, my love, my husband, the young and perfect Carlo, put living into the tomb and stifled by his beautiful wife's mad hands; and his young wife of sixteen summers locked up his life and the secret of her crime, and sat down heartlessly beside it to perform her cruel life watch. Let her die.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

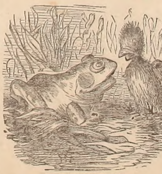
A NAME FOR A SENSATION NOVEL.—*The Rake's Progress:* by the *croupier* of a gaming-table.

An inquisitive chap asked a soldier with an empty sleeve "how he lost his arm?"
"In a thrashing machine," answered the soldier.
"Were you running the machine?"
"Well, no; General Grant had charge."

FROM LIVELY TO SEVERE.—Coming home from a dinner late to one's wife.

THE CAREER OF A TURKEY.

He enters upon this world of trouble.


He sees astonishing sights.

He makes his first acquaintance with his enemy, man.

Time passes, and he is enabled to have revenge.

He gobbles well.

But he is gobbled.

THE "SKULL HUNTERS."—Phrenologists.

A lady found occasion to call upon a dentist to have her teeth filled. Among those filled were two front ones; and when in a pleasant mood the lady's face shone with smiles, while polished gold shone from the upper incisors. These were observed with admiration by her little niece, who by-and-by seriously remarked: "Aunt Mary, I wish I had copper-toed teeth like yours!"

A well-known poet sent two poetical letters to the "post-office" of an Episcopal fair at Pittsfield. In one of them the first stanza was:

"Fair lady, whosoe'er thou art,
Turn this poor leaf with tenderest care;
And hush! oh hush! thy beating heart—
The one thou lovest will be there!"

On turning the "poor leaf" there was found a one-dollar bill, with some verses, beginning:

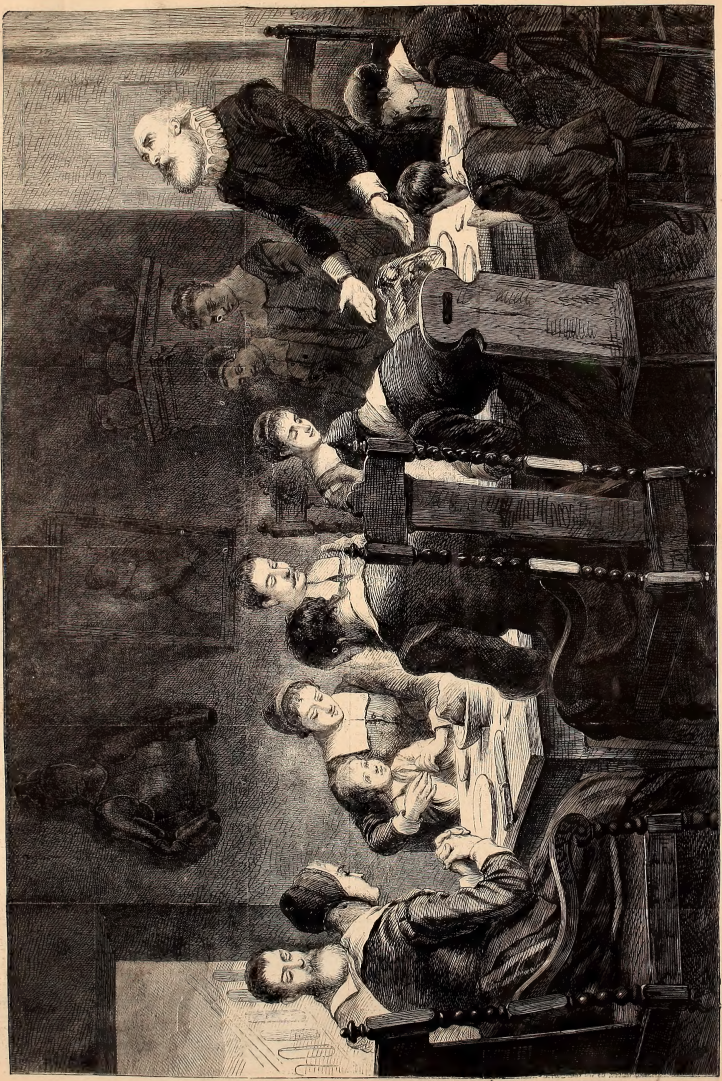
"Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter:
This is the one (1) thou lovest well,
And naught (0) can make thee love it better (10)."

"Contraction and expansion are convertible terms as applied to currency," said an inveterate humorist to a financial friend. The friend, as in duty bound, asked, "How so?" The reply came thus: "You admit that our currency is a debt?" The friend nodded. "Well, then, when you contract a currency you contract a debt; which, I take it, is equivalent to expansion. So you see the two things mean the same thing."

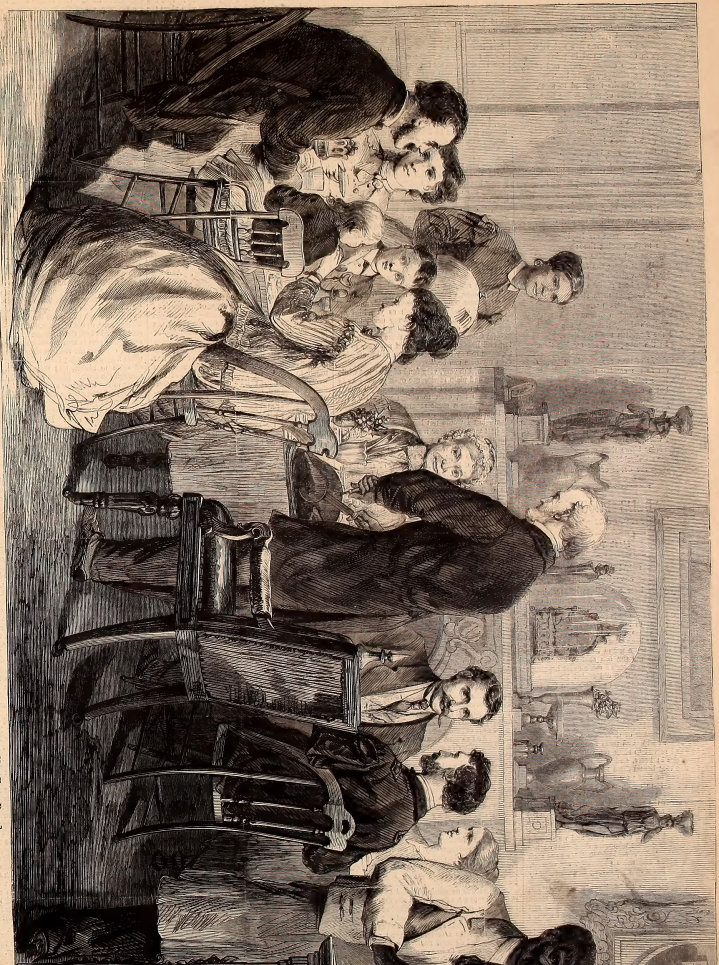
There are several works teaching us how to cook an egg in a hundred different ways; how to cook a potato, cabbage, etc., in a hundred different ways; in fact, every thing connected with the culinary art: but we venture to say that if a work could be published showing how to cook accounts in a hundred different ways, it would meet with a most unprecedented sale.

A MORNING CALL.—Milk below.

An old woman was recently tried in England for feloniously taking a pair of boots, and the jury, to the amusement of the court and spectators, returned the following verdict: "*Not guilty, but admonished never to do the like again.*"



THANKSGIVING—A THANKSGIVING DINNER AMONG THE PURITANS.—Drawn by J. W. Ehninger.—[See First Page.]



THANKSGIVING—A THANKSGIVING DINNER AMONG THEIR DESCENDANTS.—Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See First Page.]

## THE COMING TIME.

THE hearts of men are beating
On to the coming time:
The weight of selfishness and sin
That clogged their motion from within—
The rust, forever eating—
The outward frosty rime—
Are passing from each valve and vein,
Though in convulsion and in pain;
And love's pure currents, swift and sweet,
Welled by a stronger, holier beat,
Rise in their banks the flood to meet,
In the heart of the coming time.

The hopes of men are winging
On to the coming time:
In wider rings and longer flights
Up the far future's luminous heights,
From the dark past upspringing,
Their tireless pinions climb.
Old mole-hills, that were mountains, sink;
And high, untrodden ranges shrink;
And summits, all unscaled before,
Lie level as the ocean's floor,
Bathed in the light for evermore
Of the hopes of the coming time.

The thoughts of men are leaping
On to the coming time:
Old wrongs and specious forms of wont
In pallid lines along the front
Vainly their watch are keeping;
Another host sublime
Of truths confront them strong as life,
And see beyond the narrow strife
The flag of freedom overwave
Oppression's slowly-sinking grave
And the forgotten name of slave,
In the thought of the coming time.

The deeds of men are marching
On to the coming time:
The little toils of yesterday
Are but a child's forgotten play:
The stones are rough for arching
The temple of man's prime.
But iron sledges clash and roar
Where velvet hammers clinked before:
Great works the greater strengths beget,
And cooler blows than ever yet
The air on throbbing foreheads wet
With the deeds of the coming time.

## MABEL'S PROGRESS.

**By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."**

### Book VI.

### CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

TWO years later the village of Hazlehurst, near Hammerham, was full of excitement early on a bright October morning; and the not very musical bells of the little parish church were doing their best to inform the world, with their tinkling old voices, that a man and woman had then and there been joined together in holy wedlock. It was not a grand wedding, nor even a gay one; but the sun has seldom shone on a bride whose face reflected more quiet happiness and trusting love than did Mabel Earnshaw's, as she stood by Clement's side before the mild old clergyman (Dooley's friend), and repeated after him the solemn words that made her a wife. Yes; they were married. After the death of little Corda—long wept and always lovingly remembered—Clement and Mabel had spoken solemnly together of their future. The sympathy which had united them by the child's dying bed had served to show them how entirely they were one in heart, and how strong was the affection that bound them together. In the passing away of that pure spirit, and the last links that tied it to earth, they had recognized the omnipotence of love, and had acknowledged that without it the world and all that it can give is but dust and ashes. Clement did not swerve from the plain duty that lay before him—the duty of providing a home for his mother and sister. And Mabel, on her part, had no thought of sacrificing those who were dependent on her exertions. "But," said Clement, "we can each work better and more cheerfully, my dearest, when we know that we belong to each other by a solemn engagement."

"Ah, Clement," Mabel made answer, "you are good, and strong, and wise. How much wiser and stronger than the undisciplined girl who once rejected your proffered love from the promptings of a foolish pride!"

By which it may be seen that our heroine, in her progress, had learned some good lessons.

They had made up their minds to wait for years—to wait until Clement's prospects were clear and unencumbered, but an unexpected circumstance had enabled them to marry sooner than they had dared to hope. Mr. M'Culloch proposed to Penelope Charlewood. The old Scotchman had become a frequent visitor at De Montfort Villas, and had observed very shrewdly that the neatness, order, and economy which reigned there were mainly owing to Penny's thrift and energy. Mrs. Charlewood, after Walter's departure—he sailed for Rio Janeiro with a letter for Stephens's brother in his pocket, and many solemn promises of amendment on his lips—sank into a state of almost childishness. Her health was good and her body still active; but her memory deserted her almost entirely, and the only two things in which she took an interest were, first, a letter from her absent boy, and, secondly, the condition of the street-door lock, which she insisted on keeping oiled and cleaned with her own hands.

Mr. M'Culloch, pleased and amused, in the first instance, by Penny's keen repartees and sharp sayings, gradually conceived a great respect and regard for the notable, self-sacrificing, brave woman who was the wise and successful ruler of a little territory, the absolute conditions of whose government were economy, industry, and forethought. How the idea of removing Penny's administrative talents to a wider and less hard-working sphere of action gradually entered into his head it boots not here to tell. But certain it is that he astonished every body very greatly one fine day by soberly and deliberately asking Penelope Charlewood to be his wife, and that she still more astonished every body by accepting him!

"I have bargained that mamma shall always have a home with us, Clem," said Penelope, imparting the unexpected tidings to her brother, with an assumption of great coolness and unconcern, "and you will be free to—to do as you like, and to find your own happiness, Clem, when I am no longer a millstone round your neck, my poor boy; and I hope, Clem dear, that you may be as happy as you deserve to be; and I would wish you a better wish if I knew how, but I don't know how. Dear, good, kind, brave, darling Clem!"

Here Penny's self-possession forsook her, and she clung, sobbing, round her brother's neck.

"My dear, dear sister," he said, embracing her, "I trust you do not consent to this marriage from any consideration such as you hint at. You are no millstone round my neck, Penny, nor have you ever been any thing but my dear, helpful fellow-worker. After these years of loving and living together, I could not bear to resign you to any but a better care and protection than my own can be."

"Clem, I'm very, very fond of you; but while charing and plain sewing are open professions in the land I shouldn't think of marrying a man I didn't care for, even to oblige you. No; the fact is, I have a great regard for Donald—who is, I need not tell *you*, a thoroughly good fellow, Clem—but I would not have left you to marry the best man that ever trod, if I had not plainly seen that—that there was one nearer and dearer ready to take my vacant place, dear."

So it came to pass that Penelope Charlewood became Mrs. Donald M'Culloch, of the Hawthorns, Highgate. And it may here be stated that the marriage proved in all respects a happy and well-assorted one. If Mrs. M'Culloch's nimble tongue occasionally outran the limits of good-humor and discretion in its fondness for sarcastic sayings, her husband merely smiled placidly, and patting her hand—gradually restored to something like its former plump whiteness—observed quietly:

"Hoot, hoot, Penny, woman! We know better. You're the best-hearted creature betwixt the Land's End and John o' Groats. Yer bark's a deal worse than your bite, my lassie!"

Within six months after his marriage Mr. M'Culloch offered his brother-in-law a share in the business, and the style and title of the firm became thenceforward M'Culloch and Charlewood. Clement was thus enabled to offer Mabel a home, not rich or elegant, but comfortable, and above the reach of want. Mrs. Saxelby was installed again in the old cottage at Hazlehurst, newly decorated and somewhat enlarged, and was enabled to keep another servant besides the faithful Betty, who remained with her in the nominal capacity of parlor-maid, but who gradually assumed the position toward her mistress that a prime minister assumes toward a constitutional sovereign. Betty—who enjoyed the immense advantage of being responsible to no parliament—made the laws, and Mrs. Saxelby, with a good deal of pomp and circumstance, indorsed them. And as Mrs. Saxelby extremely disliked the trouble of active government, and Betty much enjoyed it, maid and mistress jogged on together in the most amicable fashion possible. Dooley, now grown strong, and arrived at that glorious stage in life's march when knickerbockers are a part of the daily costume, lived and throve, and was already looking forward to the time when he should be entered at the Hammerham Grammar School, and become a great scholar, and get an exhibition and go to college. All which duly befell. And it has been whispered to me lately, that as soon as Julian Saxelby, Esq., is called to the bar, a marriage may be expected to take place between him and the bright-eyed, flaxen-haired Jeanie, only daughter of Donald M'Culloch, Esq., of the Hawthorns, Highgate, and Penelope his wife.

Augusta was so much offended at her sister's marriage "to a *tradesman*," as she said with just indignation, and so piously shocked at Clement's engagement to a person who had not only performed on a public stage, but who (as Augusta had been able to ascertain on good authority) absolutely had devoted nearly the whole of the money so earned to her own family, instead of bringing it as a marriage-portion to her husband, which was a piece of cold-hearted iniquity altogether unforgivable, that she declined to hold any further communication with those degenerate scions of the house of Charlewood. Except—it is well to be just—in so far as sending them a large bundle, per book-post, of her husband's sermons, printed by subscription, on highly glazed cream-colored paper, and intended for private circulation only. Geraldine O'Brien was abroad with Lady Popham at the time of Mabel's marriage, but she wrote the latter a warm-hearted letter, full of good wishes, adding to them Lady Popham's kindest remembrances. "Godmamma is wonderfully well," she wrote, "and has, I think, quite got over the shock of the handsome Alfred's bad behavior. She has found a new protégé—a Tyrolese who plays the guitar, and who fills our apartment here in Vienna with a kind of tinkling hum, like fifty thousand musical grasshoppers made of fine steel! I say nothing of the clouds he puffs from his meerschaum, nor of the odors of garlic which hang around him perennially. However, he is a harmless creature, and strums away peacefully without hurting any one." At the close of the letter came a little postscript—"*for Mabel alone.*" "You are a fortunate woman, and have got the best man in the world. Make much of him, and be very happy. The latter wish is not the less sincerely uttered that I was once a little—just the 'laste taste in loife,' as they say at Kildare—in love with your husband. But he?—ah no; be quite easy. I *know* now, and I *suspected* then, that there was one little slip of a girl who stood between him and all other women. He loved you always, truly and faithfully. Be grateful to him, and think sometimes of your sincere friend, G. O'B."

Mr. Alaric Allen was dreadfully disgusted by Mabel's announcement that she intended to leave his theatre, and the stage altogether, at the close of her second London season.

"It is too bad," he said, confidentially, to some friends, "altogether too bad! A girl who had the ball at her foot, a girl who might have made the greatest reputation—ay, and the greatest fortune—of any actress since Fanny Kemble, to throw it all away in this manner! And she is not even making a good marriage, as I hear. Some trading fellow or other, whom she knew in her early youth at Hammerham. A wretched business! But that is the worst of women, as I often say. The cleverest of them—and this girl *is* very clever—in fact is, in certain things, an undoubted genius—but the very cleverest of them are *such* fools!"

Of the rest of the personages whose lives were more or less involved with Mabel's, or who had any influence on her career, there remains not much to say. Mr. Trescott, utterly lost and wretched after his child's death, became a confirmed drunkard, and sank lower and lower, until at length he was almost totally unfitted for the exercise of his profession, and became a pensioner on the bounty of a few persons who were kind to him for little Corda's sake. Among these, Jerry Shaw was to be counted. The queer old man gave out of his poverty to the wretched drunkard, who came, with tearful eyes and quivering voice, to talk to him by the hour of his "lost angel." And many were the serious harangues with which Jerry favored Lingo on the evils of drunkenness; harangues to which Lingo appeared to listen with an argumentative, unconvinced air, one eye blinking slily, as who should say, "It's all very well; I let you go on for the present, but I mean to pose you by-and-by!"

Another shock awaited Mrs. Malachi Dawson in connection with old Mr. Shaw, a personage, one would have said, unlikely enough to cross her path in any way. The aged relative, from whom the Reverend Malachi Dawson was to inherit considerable estates in Ireland, died in the fullness of time, and in his last will and testament there was a bequest of a modest annuity to his second cousin and former friend, Gerald O'Shaughnessy, "whom I believe to be still living," so ran the will, "and whose forgiveness I hereby beg for an injury I did him in our youth." And when inquiries were made for the said Gerald O'Shaughnessy, in order to carry out the last desire of the testator, behold, whom should he prove to be but old Jerry Shaw, the strolling player! He had run away from his home, when quite a lad, in a fit of despair and jealousy at the falsehood of his lady-love, whose affections had been beguiled from him by the second cousin, now deceased. He had joined a troop of wandering comedians under a feigned name, and had purposely concealed all trace of himself from his friends and family. Wounded feeling, at first, and a stubborn proud independence that belonged to his character, afterward, had kept him aloof from all who had known him in former days. And by degrees his nearest relatives died off (his mother had died in his childhood), and he remained without kindred in the world, save his former rival, himself a widowed, childless old man. But, nevertheless, the shabby, hatchet-faced old actor known as Jerry Shaw proved himself to be, beyond a doubt, Gerald O'Shaughnessy, third son of the late Patrick O'Shaughnessy, Esq., of Castle Belford, in Ireland. And consequently he was a relative of the deceased gentleman, and consequently—it was *too* dreadful, such people ought to be sent to the tread-mill, Augusta declared—a distant kinsman of the Reverend Malachi Dawson himself! Jerry, however, showed no disposition to call cousins with any one. He received his yearly income quietly, and remained in obscurity as before. He did not even cease to perform in public, saying that he was used to the theatre now, and should miss it; but he departed from beneath Mr. Hutchins's roof, and removed to a neat lodging near to a suburban cemetery, wherein he caused to be erected an unpretending monument over a little grave, with a broken lily carved in marble for its only ornament.

Miss Fluke, after presiding impressively at the weddings of two or three of her younger sisters, began to grow discontented and uneasy at home, and finally—the departure from England of some friends of hers favoring the project—she resolved to emigrate to Australia. Thence she wrote immensely long letters home to all her friends, which letters were most frequently overweight, and necessitated the payment of double postage. The vast extent of that new land appeared to afford scope for the fullest development of Miss Fluke's remarkable energies. She visited several of the gold-diggings, and distributed tracts to the heterogeneous population which was to be found there. One of her chief converts was a Chinese, about the hopefulness of whose spiritual condition Miss Fluke wrote quires of pious rapture. But, suddenly, all mention of this interesting individual ceased, and it afterward appeared, on Miss Fluke's own solemn testimony, that her Celestial protégé had decamped one night, no one knew whither, bearing with him his instructress's gold watch, doubtless as a memento of her teaching. Mrs. Malachi Dawson was the fortunate recipient of a great deal of Miss Fluke's epistolary eloquence, but as the correspondence on her side was by no means kept up with similar vigor, it languished by degrees, and at last died a natural death. The last letter which Augusta received from her friend was chiefly remarkable for a novel and striking division of mankind into four classes. There had been a conflagration in some new settlement where Miss Fluke was temporarily residing, and in describing the efforts of the inhabitants to subdue the fire, she wrote: "I must bear witness to the very great zeal and energy displayed by our dear flock. Every one labored with edifying eagerness. Men, women, children, *and missionaries*, all exerted themselves to the utmost."

At the latest accounts Miss Fluke was Miss Fluke still.

Alfred Trescott had disappeared from London after his sister's death, and for a long time no clew to his whereabouts was discovered. But one autumn, five or six years after their marriage, when Clement and Mabel were staying for a while at a much-frequented German watering-place, they had a strange glimpse of him. It happened thus: The children—Dooley was now an uncle, and made one of the family party on their holiday tour, as did also Mrs. Saxelby—had been sent home to bed, and Clement and his wife were sauntering arm in arm together through the trim alleys, enjoying the twilight sweetness of the air, when a figure, coming from behind them, brushed close to Mabel, and flitted swiftly onward through the dusk. Mabel started violently, and clung to her husband's arm.

"What is the matter, love?" he asked; "what has alarmed you?"

"Dear Clement, that was Alfred Trescott who went by us just now! He or his ghost, I am certain of it."

"Probably himself in the flesh, then, Mabel. But how can you be sure? It is so dark, and you scarcely caught a glimpse of the man's face."

"No; but yet I am sure it was he. There was something in the gait, in the turn of the head, that I recognized instantly. He went toward the gaming-tables. Let us follow, Clement, and convince ourselves."

They entered the brilliantly-lighted rooms, where around the green tables the same old crowd of faces, so well known and so often described, were intent on their game. For a time they saw no one at all resembling Alfred, but presently a long, thin hand was thrust out from behind some one in the front rank, and laid down a trifling stake. Mabel silently pressed her husband's arm, admonishing him to watch, and in another moment they saw rise up over the shoulder of a smiling florid German burgher a face that seemed like one looming up out of those depths, the entrance to which bore the terrible inscription, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" It was a face almost perfect in the harmonious beauty of its outline, but covered with a death-like pallor, and so thin that the jaw and the cheek-bones were sharply defined beneath the skin. The large, dark eyes glittered restlessly in their hollow sockets, and the straight, black brows above them were permanently contracted, as though with ceaseless pain. It was a dreadful face—dreadful in its haggard youth, dreadful in the settled malignity of its expression. Mabel shuddered and shrank back; but Alfred did not see her, neither did the rest take any heed of him. They were all too much absorbed in the changes of the game to pay any attention to each other.

"Let us get away from this place," whispered Mabel; "I feel as though I could not breathe here."

They walked home together almost in silence. Mabel was trembling greatly, and the tears were in her eyes. Clement made inquiries of the people about the place whether they knew or had ever seen such a person as he described. Oh yes, they had seen him; knew him quite well. He was often there. Did not stay there always. They thought he went to other gambling-places when he left theirs. He was a desperate and inveterate gamester. Poor? Yes, he was poor. It was not exactly the way to grow rich to play as he played. He was an artist—a violinist. He sometimes boasted that he had been a great famous player once in England, but who could tell? He was quite young still, and great artists were not made in a day. Still it was certain that he could play well yet when he chose. Sometimes, when he was absolutely penniless, he would obtain permission to play in the public room of some hotel, and he always got money. Once they had offered him an engagement in the local band. He accepted for a time, but he could not keep the situation. He was terribly fierce and wild sometimes, almost mad, they thought, and nothing could keep him from the green table. Every farthing that he could get went there. They supposed he would put a pistol to his head some day. Herr Gott! Such things *had* happened. Clement, returning to his wife with this news, found her weeping and still greatly agitated.

"My dearest," he said, "do not let this distress you so much. It is sad, it is terrible. But, after all, I do not suppose that any one

could have predicted a brighter ending to such a career as this wretched young man's."

"No, no, dear Clement, it is not that. But when I think of all that that sweet, loving little heart suffered, of how she clung to him, and hoped for him, and loved him to the last! Ah, Corda, poor, patient, gentle little Corda!"

He soothed her, and held her fondly in his arms, and by-and-by they sat calmly, looking out on to the silver moonlight edging the black masses of foliage beneath their window.

"Do you remember, Clement," said Mabel, leaning her head upon her husband's shoulder—"do you remember when that dear little one was dying, and held our hands clasped together in her own, how she prophesied that we should one day be married to each other, and should think of little Corda, and be glad to know that we had been kind to her, and that she—poor darling—had been very grateful?"

"Yes; and, my Mabel, she said another truth—that we should be happy, because we loved each other."

"I remember her very words. 'I think nothing is so happy as really loving,' she said; 'nothing is so happy as really loving.'"

END OF MABEL'S PROGRESS.

## AUTUMN.

When dawn breaks chill the birds are still—
Not a wee numb throat that twitters—
And meshed in the grasses, pearl on pearl,
The marvelous hoar-frost glitters.

The sun rides up, and the hollyhock's cup
Has lost its crimson wassail,
And the poppy stirs a ruined crest,
And the corn a bleached tassel.

A sharp wind tears the pippins and pears
Off branches onward sweeping,
The blue plums drop, and the ivory gourds
Through wilted leaves are peeping.

O'er meadowy ways there floating strays
A silken fleece of thistles,
And the swarthy chestnut's yellowing husk
In lane and pasture bristles.

To a sound of sighs the fair year dies,
And the brief day waxes older,
And every gust that strips the pomp
From the gaudy wood is colder.

Now twilight falls, and the chamber walls
Grow dim, and the white stars glisten,
And out in her gloom the katydid calls
For lonely hearts to listen.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

MORE FAMILY AFFECTION.

"The prettiest, quietest place we can afford without giving a thought to the social consideration in which it is held, will be the place for us," Lionel Talbot had said to his wife when the subject of their future abode had been under discussion. But pretty, quiet places that are accessible to bread-winners who must travel by omnibuses, are rare shots that slay those unfortunates with fatigue who are compelled to search for them. Lionel and his wife traversed many a weary mile of London suburb, lured on by the fallacious hopes the penny paper advertisements of "sequestered cottages in salubrious localities" had raised, before they fixed upon the spot in which they would first pitch their tent, and set up such humble household gods as can be procured by young people who marry on love, and whose fortune is in the future.

It was a small six-roomed house in a long, airy road, with an open space at the end of it occupied in imagination by a church, that was Mrs. Lionel Talbot's first married home. There was nothing pretty or romantic in the situation—nothing graceful or elegant in the interior arrangements. On the contrary, the view from the windows was of other houses precisely like unto itself, and within absence of decoration reigned—together, it may be added, with such a perfect love for each other as cast out all doubt and fear.

But though there was nothing pretty or romantic in the situation, nothing graceful or elegant in the interior of it, the house perfectly fulfilled one condition which they had made: it was quiet; and this quality in an abode has a matchless charm for those who are seeking to curry favor with fortune by their pen or pencil.

They went to work with hopeful hearts and willing hands as soon as they were settled—went to work at their respective arts, separating early in the morning, hard as it was to do so in these early days of life's realized romance, and not meeting again till the late dinner, which was eaten with the appetite that only comes from the knowledge that the labor and burden of the day is over. One of the six small rooms was made into a studio by Lionel, and another on the floor above it was given up exclusively to Blanche and the one luxury she had afforded herself—a writing-table of fair proportions on which the sheets of MS. could be thrown about without distracting care being given to the position in which they fell.

They were very happy in these days—very happy, despite being so entirely "out of the world," as Mrs. Sutton declared them to be when she came at length to see them.

"You can't expect people to call on you here," she said to Blanche; and when Blanche replied, "I neither expect nor wish them to call on me," Mrs. Sutton added, considerately—"And how bad for you, as a writer, and Lal as an artist, to be living out of the world in this way! You'll both get bored; and when one's bored one's best goes."

"I quite agree with you; when we are bored our best will go," Mrs Talbot replied, coloring freely. She was vexed by being put in the position of the pitied and imprudent one, by this woman who had been opposed to her from the very commencement of their intercourse.

"Of course you think that you are all-sufficient to each other—you have been married six weeks, I believe?" Marian laughed.

"Did you think Mr. Sutton and yourself all-sufficient to each other when you had been married six weeks?" Blanche asked, innocently. Then Mrs. Sutton got up, carelessly shrugging her shoulders and saying:

"Not at all; but I knew that his money, and the comforts it would surround me with, to be all-sufficient, and I have not proved mistaken."

Then she left Blanche (whom she had ruthlessly interrupted in an installment of a story for a magazine that was overdue) and went down to Lionel.

"Shall I disturb you?" she asked, in silvery tones, giving an impatient rap at the locked door as she spoke. The instincts of the artist overcame the instincts of politeness, and Lionel answered,

"Not now, Marian; I'm really very busy."

"But I've something to say to you—something you ought to hear; do, Lal, let me in."

He opened the door quickly enough, and she glided in at once, and held up her face for him to kiss.

"I am very penitent for interrupting you, Lionel; but I did not wish to leave your house the first time I had ever entered it hurt, and sore, and unsoothed."

"Hurt and sore!" He repeated her words in astonishment.

"Yes," she said, softly. "I am only your sister, and she is your wife, and I suppose knows how to please you into forgetfulness of brotherly feeling."

"Are you speaking of Blanche?"

"Yes."

"Give my wife her name, then," he said, quietly; "she is 'she' only to me."

Marian caused her eyes to look placid. The secret of sudden tears had been thoroughly discovered by this woman.

"Mrs. Lionel Talbot does not need you to take her part, Lal," she said, softly; "she can hit very hard now she dare."

"What do you mean?" he asked, wearily.

"What have I ever done, Lal, to her (or to any body else for that matter) that she should suddenly rise up and ask me, in taunting tones, when I spoke of her young married happiness, 'whether I could speak with the same satisfaction when I had been married six weeks?' It was hard of her to say that, Lal, when she must have known how it would cut me. Her life's venture has succeeded; mine has failed. Did I not know it already, that she thought it needful to take such ignominious triumph over me?"

"I can not judge my wife unheard."

"I do not ask you to judge her; for your judgment would deal hardly toward me. Lionel, I am very far from being happy; and when I came from sisterly kindness, I was met by a jeer at that over which I am powerless. I have my troubles as well as the rest, thanks to our estimable Edgar. If ever a girl was sacrificed to her family I have been."

"Poor Marian!" Lionel said, fondly. He was entirely ignorant as to how her family had benefited by the sacrifice; still, as a man he could not be harsh to her when she asserted that she had made it.

"Lionel," she said, quickly, looking up, "I am very unhappy; I am frightfully pressed by Hortense, and I dare not ask Mark for money. Can you give—lend me fifty pounds?"

"At the present moment I have not quite fifty shillings in the world," he said, dejectedly.

"Yet you married," she said, scornfully.

He knit his brows a little, and looked her firmly in the face.

"I married, trusting to God and such talent as I have to support her. I married without—I allow that—any consideration for other people's milliners' bills. What then?"

"I beg your pardon—I forgot," she said, hurriedly. "I omitted to tell you that Mark's last impoverishing effort was made to give Edgar the means of playing for the redemption of your pittance, which you have rashly allowed him to risk, and lose."

"Has Mark suffered too?" he asked.

"Mark suffered too," she repeated after him, impatiently. "Do you call it suffering to lose all he has ever gained; and not that only, but his sister's money into the bargain—to lose it through Edgar! to lose it through my brother! Oh! I owe my family much."

She bent her head down, and burst into a passion of tears; and her tears, as they streamed over her face, scalded her brother's heart.

"Things are worse than I thought them. We are men—Edgar and I; and our losses ought only to nerve us to further exertions, which I am ready to make. Don't reproach me, Marian; the risk Mark ran for the recovery of my pittance was run unknown to me. Blanche and I will not forget it now we do know it."

Mrs. Mark Sutton lifted her face up in an instant, smiling through her tears.

"You have great faith," she said. "Your wife's, Mrs. Lionel Talbot's (I hope I speak of her respectfully enough) knowledge of the position into which we are plunged is likely to avail us much, I should imagine."

"You are speaking bitterly, Marian," he said, calmly.

"I am speaking the words of soberness and truth, hard as they may sound to you. Granted that she had the will to help the family into which she has come (only to further encumber it)—grant that she has the will; she has not the power."

"Not at the present hour."

"Nor at any time in the future. Lionel, you are infatuated, blinded, deceived, if she has led you to suppose that the choicest works of her imagination are worth much more than the paper they are printed upon. Why, if she writes the tips of her fingers off, she can't make more than a hundred a year."

"We will not go into the question of what she may make, or what she does make. I know this of her, that when she can give help she will give it."

"Easy generosity; that time will be never," Mrs. Sutton said, turning to leave the room. "Spare me the humiliation of letting your wife know that I have been driven to ask you for money. Promise me that."

"As you will," he said, drearily. His ideas had been rudely dispersed; his working hours roughly broken in upon; his wife had been attacked, and he had not been quite able to defend her. Altogether his future was a touch less bright when he went down at two o'clock to luncheon than it had been when he left Blanche after breakfast. She was sitting at the head of the table when he entered, looking paler and more weary than he had ever seen the brightly-colored, active woman look before; and it was not in him at the moment to cheer her up at once.

"You look tired, Blanche," he began.

"I am; by what I can not tell, unless it is by my utter inability to write three consecutive sentences of sense this morning," she replied.

"What is the obstacle?"

"It is thus; and I can't define it: Suddenly I lost my vivid interest—my heart—in my work. My plan of the plot seemed weak, tame, and unprofitable—the latter especially; and when I attempted to let the gay fancy lead me my pen became stubborn, and I fell to doubting the grammar of every word I wrote."

"You have been vexed about something," he said, suggestively.

"By something indefinable, then," she answered, quickly. "It will all be well with me again very soon, if I could only feel that 'very soon' would suit our purpose as well as 'now.'"

"Don't be despondent, my own darling. Remember whatever burden there is, it is not your back that is bound to bear it."

In an instant she made that effort to cast off care which women can make when the care is crushing the spirit of the man who is dearest to them.

"My back is ready to share it, dearest," she said, going over to him fondly. "Come, Lal, the truth shall be told now. Mrs. Sutton disheartened me a little—just a little—and then all fancy for glib fiction fled; and I have been feeling very unworthy of you and of myself."

"But you feel so no longer."

"I feel so no longer. Honestly and with all my heart, I can assure you of that. How about yourself? What have you been doing?"

"Well—not much."

"What do you call 'not much,' Lal? Your 'little' means a great deal generally."

"I wish it did mean a great deal to-day," he said, a little moodily. "I had a long talk with Marian."

"What did Marian say to throw you out of gear?" his wife asked, coaxingly.

"You can't get on with her," he answered, abruptly; and Mrs. Talbot shook her head and laughed, and said:

"No, no, Lal, that is not your grievance; the root of the evil lies deeper. Tell it to me."

He looked at her, and he could not tell her so harsh a thing as that his untruthful sister had been able to give him a pang about his truthful wife. Love and reason both opposed themselves to such an exercise of veracity on his part. Marian had made him uneasy and suspicious, and in his heart of hearts he did feel that the weapons which she had used were not true and doughty ones. But for all that he could not help feeling that there was a little to be urged in extenuation of Marian also. If Blanche had uttered but a few words with even a lighter malicious meaning, of the sentences which Marian had ascribed to her—if she had done so, then Blanche was to blame and Marian was to be pitied. As he thought of this possibly extenuating clause in the page of Marian's misrepresentation Lionel felt that it was well within the bounds of possibility for a wife to be less perfect than she of six weeks' standing was on the day she became one.

"Tell it to me," she repeated; "say the sum of your troubles, and I will cast them up—and 'out,' I hope."

Then he told a few of the things which Marian had told to him, reserving only the taunts which Mrs. Sutton had uttered relative to the expediency of the match.

"The Suttons ruined! Marian poor! I don't realize that at all, Lionel."

"They will have to realize it soon, I fear."

"And how fearfully hard such realization will be to her, poor thing! Lionel, I am quite strung up again—"

"By the thought of another woman's privation?" he asked, laughingly, and in a tone that showed her he did not mean what he had said.

"No, but by the thought that I may relieve that privation in the glorious 'time to come,' in which we artists have so comforting a faith. Marian may have her faults," Mrs. Talbot went on, with the judicial air which is the safety-valve both of the most sympathetic feeling and the sincerest spleen—"Marian may have her faults, but we will forget them all now, poor thing!"

Then the young husband, touched by the exceeding generosity of the sentiments that were so strong in theory, and that had never been put to the rough test of practice yet, gave prudence her *congé* and went into further details respecting Marian's interview with himself.

"Wonderful thing it is that you women contrive so utterly to misjudge one another," he said. "Men never, or very rarely, fall into that error. Now there's Marian thinks that you dislike and would almost destroy her, I believe, when in reality you would aid her to the utmost."

"What did she say that could make you think that, Lal?"

"She did not say much, but she let me see that she felt hurt at your reminding her that hers was not a marriage of affection," Lionel said, deprecatingly.

"She said I did that—what next?"

"Nothing next, you dear ferocious little creature," Lionel said, smiling, as his wife came up to him and laid her crimsoned cheek upon his forehead, and grasped his hand in her own small, muscular, sensibly-strong, white one.

"Nothing next? nothing to account for my remark?"

"Oh yes, she gave a leading one on the happiness you seemed to be enjoying; she did say something about that, I suppose, Blanche."

"Yes, she said something about it," Blanche replied, absently. She was cut to the soul by this first evidence which had been given her of Lionel deeming it possible that she could be in the wrong—and resenting it.

"And you replied by contrasting your relative positions rather more freely than you would have done had you liked Marian better," Lionel replied, gravely. "My poor darling, it was hard on you to be interrupted when you had got yourself into a good groove for work; but deal more gently with the erring another time for my sake."

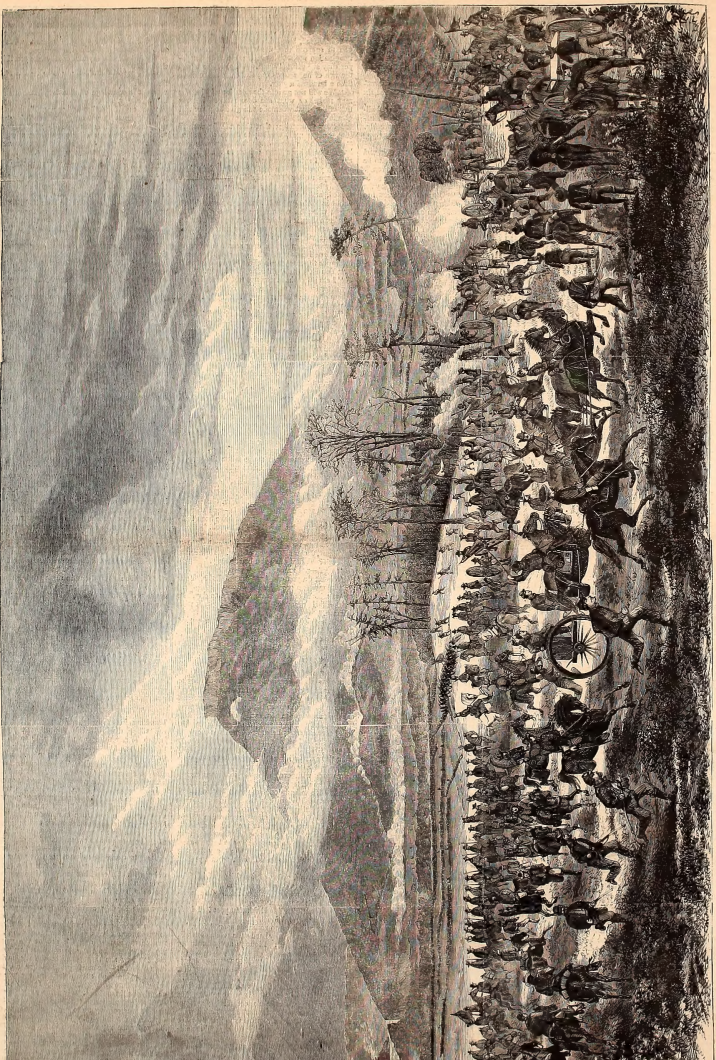
"For your sake I will do any thing," Blanche replied, passionately. "I will say all that I can say now to make you feel my fault less; I was too hasty, too severe altogether on Marian;" and then she halted, and did not add that she had not been altogether untried.

"That ample confession would gain absolution for far severer sins, my sweet," Lionel said, gently. Then as his wife went away, rather softly and sadly to her work again, he did wish that he had not forced her to make confession quite so ample; it savored slightly of humiliation, and it had been far from the wish of his heart to humiliate her. For the remainder of that day this consideration haunted him, causing him to paint less lightly and brightly than his subject, "Forming the Household of the Fairy Queen," demanded. But he dared not to break in upon that time which was money and honor to himself and his wife now by going up to her quiet room on a mission of reconciliation.

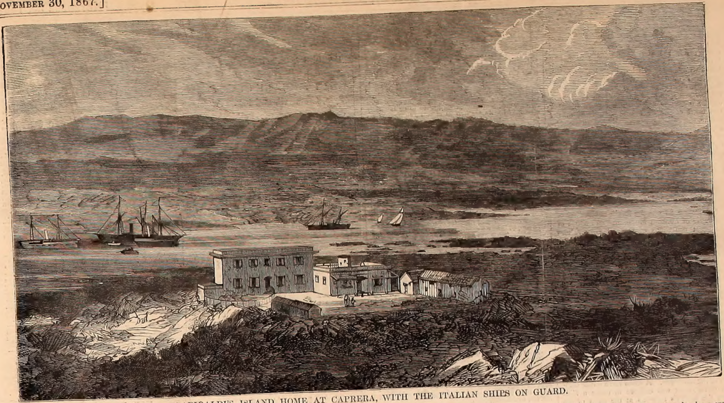
She meanwhile was having a tough tussle with herself up stairs in that little room where the fairest creatures of her brain had been born and were being nurtured. She had been thrown out of her grooves, ruthlessly thrown out of her grooves, for no sufficient end—for nothing, indeed, save for the furtherance of vexation in her spirits. Worse than this—far harder to bear than this original, upsetting, imagination-destroying fact, was the one that the man she had married seemed to think that she was in some trifling measure to blame for the uproar in her mind. She could not tell her husband how his sister had spoken of that mutual poverty which made their marriage such a reckless thing in her (Marian's) eyes. She could not do this, for the bloom of slight reserve hung about the loving intercourse of the young husband and wife as yet. Mistakenly, but femininely, she deemed it better to bear the burden of a secret which might pain him unshared by him than to give it half into his keeping, and so lighten the weight on her own mind and soul. In truth, she had it in her to be very generous—the pity of it was that the fruits of such generous growth do not ripen quickly.

"'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear"

how long, how fiercely, and how unsuccessfully she struggled with herself, and still was powerless to do any thing, or at any rate to do the thing she most desired to do. This first jarring together (it did not quite amount to a misunderstanding) of the chords which had been so finely attuned hitherto in the souls of her husband and herself, cost her such a twinge of anguish as can only be experienced once. The horrible truth came home to her that it was in her to give offense to Lionel, and in Lionel to take offense with her. He had done it now on what she, looking at the subject according to her lights, which were by no means dim, was justified in thinking very small provocation. She could not write of fictitious joys or woes—she could not evolve plots or depict characters that never existed—she could not wield the pen of a ready writer with this crushing reality weighing down upon her heart. How she hated this cheap London suburb in which they dwelt when this feeling first came to pass! How she loathed the accessible locality, and longed for the inaccessible woods in some far-off country district, where the burr of rivers that ran away and lost themselves in remote bays, and that rose in even more remote moorlands, and the coo of the wood-pigeons, would be the sole sounds she should hear! How she reproached herself for having been petulant—for having risked her all, her life's happiness, on such a trifle as the rise of this misunderstanding now seemed to her! How eagerly she listened now and again for some sound of Lionel—some sound that should forewarn her that he was coming up to condone her little offense against his family feeling! How slowly and sadly the day wore itself in weariness! and finally she rose up as the dinner-hour struck, with her day's appointed work unfinished—with her head aching, and her heart sore, and the conviction strongly upon her that she was very much in the wrong.



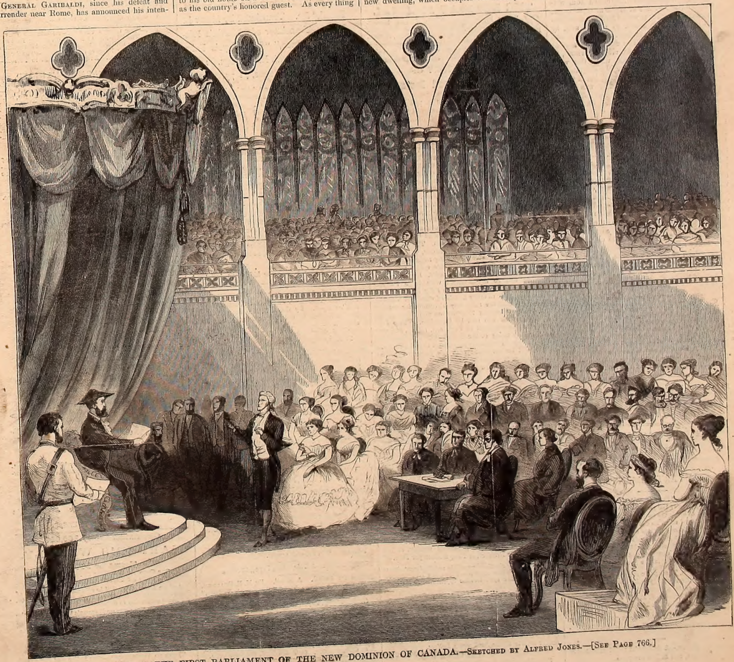
THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, November 25, 1863—THE SCENE FROM LOOKOUT VALLEY.—Drawn by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 766.]



GARIBALDI'S ISLAND HOME AT CAPRERA, WITH THE ITALIAN SHIPS ON GUARD.

## GARIBALDI'S HOME.

General Garibaldi, since his defeat and surrender near Rome, has announced his intention of coming to America to reside; he is about to leave his island home at Caprera and return to his old home on Staten Island, but this time as the country's honored guest. As every thing connected with Garibaldi is of interest we give in this issue an engraving of his residence in Caprera, with the Italian ships on guard. The new dwelling, which occupies the most prominent position in our present view, has been erected since 1860; the old home of the great liberal, however, remains in existence, and is seen in our view to the right of the new structure.



OPENING THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE NEW DOMINION OF CANADA.—Sketched by Alfred Jones.—[See Page 766.]

## THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

THE confederation of the several Canadian Provinces was decided upon and pushed forward by the present English Cabinet last winter and spring; and the first Parliament of the new "Dominion of Canada" was opened on November 6 with all the usual ceremonies. On November 7 Lord MONCK, the newly-appointed Viceroy, was enthroned in the Senate chamber. Of this scene we give an excellent illustration on the preceding page. The Senate chamber was filled chiefly by ladies. In front of the throne, surrounding a small table, were the clergy, and behind them the members of the House of Commons, summoned to hear the Speech from the throne. The ladies on the right of the clergy belong to the family of Lord MONCK. On the right of the Viceroy is his aid-de-camp, holding a port-folio of papers.

## A BATTLE-ANNIVERSARY.

NOVEMBER 25 was the fourth anniversary of the battle of Lookout Mountain—an episode of the great operations of General GRANT, now known as the Battles of Chattanooga—and altogether one of the most remarkable combats known in history. We present, as in celebration of the event, a beautiful engraving of the battle from an original painting in the possession of General JOSEPH HOOKER, the hero of the engagement.

Lookout Mountain, for the possession of which the battle was fought, is 1400 feet above the Tennessee River, and was held by a force of at least 6000 rebels strongly fortified. There are but two routes by which the summit can be reached. One of these is twenty miles from the scene of the assault. The other is by a road which winds up the eastern side of the mountain. General HOOKER's plan of operation was to get possession of the road. To do so was to gain possession of the mountain. A small force under General OSTERHAUS was ordered to make a feint upon the enemy's rifle-pits at the point of the mountain, while General GEARY moved up the valley west of the mountain until a mile in rear of the enemy's position; the troops then ascended the side of the range until the head of the column reached the palisades which crown the mountain, and formed in line of battle at right angles with them; they then marched forward as OSTERHAUS made a sharp attack as a feint, and, by taking the rebel works in flank and rear, secured about 1300 prisoners. The enemy fled around the "nose" of the mountain, closely pursued, to a position on the opposite side, where they were again attacked. After one or two desperate efforts the rebel works were carried, but it was at such a late hour (midnight) that it was impossible to dislodge them from the Summertown road, a route by which they evacuated during the night.

General M. C. MEIGS has given the combat its name of the "Battle above the Clouds." It is true that HOOKER fought above the clouds, but more than this, he manufactured the clouds that he might fight above them. During the night before the engagement a slight, misty rain had fallen, and when the sun rose, cold and dull, next morning, a fog hung over the river and enveloped the mountain, serving as a convenient mask to HOOKER's movements. As the day advanced, however, the fog began to lift, and was fast disappearing, when the battle on the west side of the mountain began to rage heavily. Then the smoke of HOOKER's musketry and artillery began to mingle with the mist and clouds; they grew heavy again, and settled down close upon the mountain, so that at one time the clouds thus formed hid the contending forces from the view of those in the valley, and HOOKER literally fought the battle above the clouds of his own making.

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**COMMENCEMENT OF VOLUME XXXVI.**

**HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1867.**

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TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

*"In the hour of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Nationality."*—Lincoln.

# GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT

TO ERECT THE

# GETTYSBURG ASYLUM

## *FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,*

UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

## AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, Republican America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

### THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

### EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

Treasury Department, Office of Internal Revenue.

*Whereas,* the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

*Permission is hereby granted* to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. Rollins *Commissioner.*

Lexington Avenue, New York, *October 28th,* 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, Chas. G. Halpine.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. Theodore Thomas.

*From the Postmaster General of the United States.*

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. Randall.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. Browne & Spaulding, 568 and 570 Broadway.

*October 25th,* 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

Henle Bros., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. Hermann, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $380,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

### GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

## $641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

### SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. 1 Grand Cash Award | $100,000 |
| 2. 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres) | 60,000 |
| 3. 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta" | 50,000 |
| 4. 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants | 30,000 |
| 5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings | 15,000 |
| 8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting | 8,000 |
| 9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants | 7,000 |
| 10. 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds) | 7,000 |
| 11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants | 6,000 |
| 12. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings | 5,000 |
| 15. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 4,000 |
| 16. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 18. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 19. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings | 4,000 |
| 20. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 21. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 22. 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin | 4,000 |
| 23. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 24. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 25. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 3,500 |
| 26. 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch | 3,500 |
| 27. 1 Pearl Necklace | 3,500 |
| 28. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,500 |
| 29. 1 Diamond Cross | 3,000 |
| 30. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 31. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 32. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,000 |
| 33. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 34. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 35. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs | 3,000 |
| 36. 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver) | 3,000 |
| 37. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 3,000 |
| 38. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 39. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 40. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 2,500 |
| 41. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,500 |
| 42. 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch | 2,500 |
| 43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament | 2,500 |
| 45. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 46. 1 Diamond Cross | 2,500 |
| 47. 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament | 2,500 |
| 48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,000 |
| 50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin | 1,500 |
| 51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring | 1,500 |
| 52. 1 Diamond Cross | 1,500 |
| 53. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings | 1,500 |
| 54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | $1,500 |
| 55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 1,500 |
| 56. 1 Diamond Bracelet | 1,500 |
| 57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 1,500 |
| 59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 1,500 |
| 60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud | 1,500 |
| 61. 1 Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 62. 1 Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 63. 1 Cluster Brooch | 1,500 |
| 64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 65. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings | 800 |
| 66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 800 |
| 67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 68. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin | 800 |
| 69. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 800 |
| 70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring | 800 |
| 71. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 72. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 800 |
| 73. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs | 600 |
| 74. 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain | 600 |
| 75. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting | 500 |
| 76. 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring | 500 |
| 77. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 500 |
| 78. 1 Emerald Knob | 500 |
| 79. 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings | 500 |
| 80. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 400 |
| 81. 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin | 400 |
| 82. 1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch | 400 |
| 83. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 350 |
| 84. 1 Gold Watch | 300 |
| 85. 1 Diamond and Opal Ring | 250 |
| 86. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 87. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 88. 1 Diamond Three Stone Ring | 150 |
| 89. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 90. 1 Pearl Scarf Pin | 150 |
| 91. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 150 |
| 92. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 93. 1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring | 150 |
| 94. 1 Diamond Cluster Pin | 100 |
| 95. 1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 96. 1 Cameo Brooch | 100 |
| 97. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 100 |
| 98. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 100 |
| 99. 1 Ladies' Gold Watch | 100 |
| 100. 1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 101. 1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons | 100 |
| 102. 1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 103. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 104. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 105—1104. 1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each | 20,000 |
| 1105—2104. 1000 Photograph Albums, at $5 | 5,000 |
| Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each | 120,000 |
| Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at | $641,950 |

### HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

| | |
|---|---|
| 5 Tickets to one address | $4 50 |
| 10 " " | 9 00 |
| 20 " " | 17 50 |
| 40 Tickets to one address | $35 00 |
| 50 " " | 43 50 |
| 100 " " | 85 00 |

Address all orders and communications to
GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
1120 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 611 BROADWAY.


# The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

## FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,

12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations.* We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

## Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

Are now supplying families throughout the country with TEAS, warranted in all cases perfectly pure as imported, at cargo prices, thus saving to them five or six profits of middle-men, which average from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound. Clubs can be formed in any city or town, by any person, male or female, and to such as will take the trouble we will furnish them Teas and Coffees for their own use free of charge, to the amount of five per cent. on each order they send us. On application, we send, by mail, circulars containing price list of all our Teas and Coffees, also club lists and terms to Agents in detail.

We forward all goods, collect on delivery, by the Express Company, and members of the Club can divide the Express charges equally among themselves.

Price List.

Oolong (black), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00 best.
Mixed (green and black), 60. 70, 80, 90, $1 00 best.
Young Hyson (green), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00, $1 10, $1 25.
Imperial (green), 90, $1 00, $1 25.
English Breakfast (black), 70, 80, 90, $1 00, $1 10, $1 20.
Japan, 90, $1 00, $1 25.
Gunpowder, $1 25, $1 50.

We import a very superior quality of Kiangsi Oolong and Moyune Young Hyson Teas, put up in original Chinese packages, which we sell at $1 30 the Oolong and $1 60 the Young Hyson, per package.

Ground Coffees, 20c., 25c., 30c. per pound. Best Old Government Java, ground, 40c.

All goods put up by us bear our trade mark, and no others are genuine. Address all orders to

Great United States Tea Warehouse of
T. Y. KELLEY & CO., 30 Vesey Street,
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HEGEMAN'S GENUINE MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL. Our Oil has stood the test of 20 years, and thousands of patients attribute their recovery to its use. It is warranted pure. HEGEMAN & CO., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

25 CENTS TO SAVE 25 DOLLARS.

HEGEMAN'S BENZINE instantly removes Paint and Grease Spots, and cleans Gloves, Silks, Ribbons, &c., equal to new. Sold by Druggists.

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EVERY PERSON cultivating a Flower or Vegetable Garden will be interested in the new Patent Trellis. For Illustrated Circular, address
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THE HADLEY COMPANY
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HADLEY AND HOLYOKE SPOOL COTTON,
for general superiority over all other cottons sold in this market.
A. T. STEWART & CO.,
General Agents,
NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND PHILADELPHIA.

**Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.**

THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.

*Oroide cases,* a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. We are at present making watches only of the first quality; Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery, *customers paying all Express charges.* C. E. COLLINS & CO., 42 and 44 Nassau St., (up stairs), New York.

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SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

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Of SOLIDIFIED GLYCERINE softens and smooths the skin, prevents chapping, imparts beauty and brightness to the complexion, is deliciously fragrant, transparent, and superb as a toilet soap. Sold by all Druggists. R. & G. A. WRIGHT, Philadelphia.

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CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16, $23, $30. Price of Office, $15, $20, $30, $42, $48, $70. Send for circular to LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 23 Water St., Boston.

*Courtship made Easy,* Woo and Win, Bridal Etiquette, 3 books for 45 cts. Correct Letter-writing, Behavior, Conversation, Etiquette, 4 books, 60 cts. Photographs, all kinds, 1 doz. assorted for $1. My mammoth catalogues given away. Send for them.
W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

ARTIFICIAL EARS for the Deaf. Can be concealed. Send to E. HASLAM, 266 Broadway, New York, for a descriptive Pamphlet.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES,

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THE TABLES TURNED.

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Naughty Little Girl. "No; *I* rang. Take Mamma away, please. She's very Cross and Disagreeable."


## C. G. Gunther & Sons,
Fur Dealers and Furriers,
502 and 504 BROADWAY.
**NOVELTIES**
For the Season, comprising:
BROWN FUR SEAL SACQUES,
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GRAY PERSIAN LAMB SACQUES,
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GRAY KRIMMER LAMB SACQUES,
FUR BASQUES AND VESTS,
LADIES' FUR TURBANS,
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Marks a new era in the history of Home Amusements. It fascinates the grown people, delights the little folks, and furnishes a charming amusement for all. It is

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Showing the Stitch on both sides alike.
Patented Feb. 7, 1865
Manufactured by the
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MARCH BROS., PIERCE & CO.,
Agents, Winthrop Square, Boston, Mass.
**Send for Price List.**
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Stellman, Hinrichs & Co., 21 Hanover Street, Baltimore, Md.
M. A. Evans & Co., 91 Wood Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
J. Lowman & Bro., cor. Pearl and Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.
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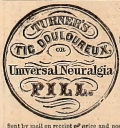


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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 571.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## DEATH OF HALLECK, THE POET.

THE death of the distinguished American poet, FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, took place on the night of November 19 at his residence in Guilford, Connecticut. Mr. HALLECK was one of the earliest poetical writers of the present century who arose to fame in this country, and together with PAULDING, DANA, BRYANT, PERCIVAL, DRAKE, SANDS, and others of inferior note, gave a powerful impulse to the higher manifestations of American literary art. Of that brilliant company of poets, Mr. HALLECK was among the last survivors; and his death at a ripe old age breaks another link between the present and the past. Although living of late years in great retirement, and seldom permitting any new production of his pen to see the light, he has not been lost sight of by the generation now on the stage, and his poetry continues to be cherished as a proud memorial of national genius and cultivation.

He was born, and for the greater part of his more mature life resided, in Guilford, Connecticut. His more active years were spent in the busy commercial metropolis of New York, and in pursuits apparently the most uncongenial to the development of a poetical taste. While a youth he entered, as a clerk, the banking-house of JACOB BARKER, of New York, one of the boldest and most prominent commercial men of his day. Here, singular as it may appear to those who do not believe that poets can be practical men, he made a reputation as an excellent accountant, and rose rapidly to the position of cashier. He afterward went into business for himself as a merchant, as he playfully mentions in the exquisite poem, "A Poet's Daughter," written for the album of a daughter of SAMUEL WOODWORTH, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket:"

'Tis a new world—no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
  Men's thoughts resign;
*I'm busy in the sugar trade*
  *And cotton line.*

In 1822 Mr. HALLECK visited Europe. Soon after his return he received an offer from JOHN JACOB ASTOR to fill a highly-responsible position in connection with the management of his vast estate, which post he occupied until the decease of Mr. ASTOR, when, finding himself possessed of a reasonable competence, he retired from his position in this employ, and lived for the rest of his life in his native town. He was one of the original Trustees of the Astor Library, but resigned on removing to Connecticut.

When HALLECK first became a resident of New York in 1803, it had assumed neither the metropolitan importance nor proportions to which it has since attained, but it lacked nothing in self-importance. Indeed, it is questionable whether Boston, with all its self-complacency, was more than a match for the good city of "Gotham" at this period. Its great men were very great men—at least in the eyes of their immediate worshipers—and their movements were recorded with as much care, if not with as much formality, as if duly chronicled in a Court Journal. Among HALLECK'S earliest poetical compositions were some admirable and witty hits at these very important characters—conceived in no spirit of spleen, but written with such genuine good-humor as to render his castigations popular with, if not palatable to, the good people of the town.

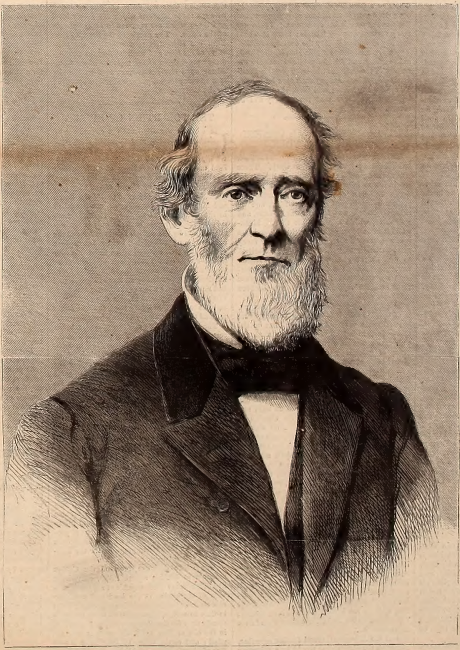
The original conception of these satires was due to JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE, a young gentleman of rare promise, who had already written four of them before he admitted HALLECK into the partnership, which continued until severed by the early death of their originator.

Previous to HALLECK'S association with DRAKE in the production of the "Croakers," he had already made his appearance, although anonymously, as an author, in a poem entitled "Twilight," which appeared in the *Evening Post* a few months previous to his acquaintance with DRAKE. At this time Mr. WILLIAM COLEMAN, a man of much literary taste, as well as a very sensitive one, was its sole editor. He was very tenacious as to the contents of the paper, and scrupulous about the productions of new contributors. When HALLECK'S poem was handed to him he gave it to the printer without comment, which was considered by those who knew his fastidious tastes as a remarkable instance of appreciation. He did not learn the name of its author for some months after.

"Fanny," his longest poem, in fifteen hundred lines, was composed in 1819. "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns" were composed after his visit to Europe in 1822-23, and were first published in a volume, in connection with other poems, in 1827. A collected edition of his works was published in 1852. Other editions of his poems have from time to time been issued.

When "Fanny" first appeared it attracted universal attention in New York, and was eagerly read. Apart from the admirable manner in which the story was told, it derived additional piquancy from the circumstance that every one supposed it to be a satire, and each could picture in his imagination the personages it was intended to caricature.

Although never disputatious, HALLECK was pretty certain in conversation to assume the weaker side, often to see what arguments could be urged by those who took the opposite; but his chief forte lay in narrating the facts with which his mind was stored. He was an acute observer of men and things, and the more impartial because he lived in a world apart from the great actors of the drama of life, neither partaking of their ambitions nor their jealousies. He was, moreover, imbued with a high sense of religious feeling. He constantly declared that all nature teaches the sublimest truths of religion; he loved to contemplate it in nature, and in man's worship he loved it best in its most idealized form, and in its most gorgeous displays. In the grand and imposing ceremonies of the Mass, amidst the peal of the organ, the rich decorations of the altar, and the burning incense, he found a more truthful delineation of his own conceptions of a befitting worship of man to his Maker than in any other.



THE LATE FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, THE POET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, 785 BROADWAY.]

## ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA.

THE young Prince ALFRED of England, Duke of Edinburgh, etc., etc.—the same who declined to race young BENNETT around the Isle of Wight, or to accept his victorious yacht, the *Henrietta*—has been elephant hunting in South Africa, and the English papers are full of his exploits. At first glance the sport would appear to be rather dangerous, but to our American huntsmen it will, on examination, prove to be not so very adventurous and daring as bear hunting in the Rocky Mountains, or buffalo hunting on the Plains. It is not unlike the English method of pheasant shooting, where a corps of huntsmen drawn up in line of battle go into the private parks and preserve grounds and shoot birds so tame that they have to be frightened into taking wing. One of our English exchanges thus describes the Prince's shooting:

On Friday, September 6, in accordance with previous arrangements, the Duke of Edinburgh left Capetown for Simon's Bay, in order to embark in H. M. S. *Racoon* for the Knysna, a coast district, 350 miles distant from Capetown, where it was expected that good elephant or buffalo shooting would be had. The party consisted of his Royal Highness, Sir P. E. WODEHOUSE, General BISSET, Sir W. CURRIE, Captain GORDON, R.N., Captain TAYLOR, R.A., Mr. OSCAR BRIERLY, Mr. J. RIVERS, Mr. CRIPPS, and Mr. VIGORS. H. M. S. *Petrel* accompanied the party as a tender.

The hunting party left the Knysna early on Tuesday morning, and made first for Springfield, a spot where a well-known old bull-elephant had been seen some time before. The belts of forest were searched and stalked about, and scouts were out in various directions, but with no result, and the party returned to camp. Next morning they were on the move again, and rode further up toward the Long Kloof way, a distance of some fifteen miles, where soon they were rewarded with a sight which made ample amends for the disappointment of the day before. In an open glade, between belts of forests, eleven elephants were seen together. The proper precautions and arrangements were made for stalking them without serious risk to the hunters, and shot after shot was fired among them. Several were wounded, but most of the hits produced but little effect. All the brutes managed to reach cover in the forest, through which they penetrated with loud trumpeting and resistless crash. Two of them, however, were so severely wounded that their blood-spoor could be followed for a long distance. In fact, it is still considered most likely that their wounds proved fatal, and the hunters are now searching for the carcasses. Thursday was passed without encountering any more elephants; and on Friday morning it was resolved to return to the original encampment at Springfield. Here the good fortune of the party was most marked. The hunters announced that two elephants were a few miles away, in a detached clump of trees—not more than half a mile long, by perhaps a quarter broad—while vast depths of forest were quite near on each side. It was necessary, therefore, to use every precaution to prevent their escape. Three or four separate parties were formed at different points around the centre of attraction. The dogs had roused the elephants into anger and disgust, which was plainly shown by their indignant trumpeting. One of the old hunters sent a mounted Hottentot boy to the further corner of the clump, where suddenly and unexpectedly he came upon one bull-elephant, looking sullen and ferocious as he stood there alone amidst the scrub. The moment the elephant saw the boy he charged at full speed, gaining upon him rapidly every instant, while the boy, in the utmost terror, rode toward the spot where the Prince and his party were standing, shouting out, at the top of his voice, "O God, O God! shoot, shoot!" The Prince, however, with the utmost coolness, waited until the elephant came within twenty yards of him. One shot, and then another, made the brute swerve: a volley of half a dozen balls followed, and a final ball behind the ear from Sir WALTER CURRIE'S elephant-gun brought the monster instantly to earth. Meanwhile, or rather shortly after, the rest of the party were engaged at the opposite extremity of the clump in getting at the second elephant, which was speedily accomplished. Shot after shot was fired at him, and within a very short time he also was added to the trophies of this princely and most successful hunt. It was now well toward evening. The party returned to their encampment more than satisfied with the result of their sport, and next morning back

again to Knysna, whence in the afternoon they embarked for Simon's Bay.

Before leaving, however, they measured the animal which had been slain. We give on page 776 illustrations of the killing and measuring of the "Prince's elephant."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1867.

THE BEST READING CHEAP.

MRS. MULOCK CRAIK'S *new Love Story, "The Woman's Kingdom," will be commenced in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for January, and will be continued through the year. It will occupy about one-eighth of each Number, and so will cost subscribers* fifty cents. *When completed, the English edition will cost 16s. sterling; about equivalent to $7.*

MR. JAMES DE MILLE'S *Novel, "Cord and Creese," now appearing in* HARPER'S BAZAR, *will run through several months. When published in book form the probable price will be $4. In the* BAZAR *its cost is about* twenty-five cents.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S *new Novel is soon to appear in* HARPER'S WEEKLY. *If it runs to the usual length of his stories it will occupy about one year; and when published in London the cost will be* a guinea and a half; *equal to about $11. The cost to those who obtain it in the* WEEKLY *will be about* one dollar.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR *will be supplied together for* ten dollars, *or any two at* seven dollars.

## THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

EXPERIENCE has taught us that the nomination to the Vice-Presidency must be hardly less carefully considered than that for the Presidency. Three times, as we all now carefully remember, but as we shall be very likely to forget in the nominating convention, the Vice-President has succeeded to the Presidency and betrayed the party that elected him. What was the reason of so singular a fact?

The first instance was that of JOHN TYLER, of Virginia, elected upon the ticket with General HARRISON. The country had been financially prostrated. As usual under such circumstances change itself seemed to promise relief, and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" were fairly sung into office. There was probably less reasoning and more feeling in that campaign than in any other since the Constitution was framed. The election was an act of enthusiasm, although enthusiasm was impossible for General HARRISON, and was a ludicrous idea in connection with JOHN TYLER. It was a Whig victory. General HARRISON was "a good enough" Whig for a figure-head, and JOHN TYLER was in good standing in the party. General HARRISON lived but a short time after his inauguration, and Mr. TYLER became President. He was a man probably of even less capacity than Mr. JOHNSON, and early in his term began to intrigue for the succession. For this purpose he deserted his own party, and was deserted by the other after it had used him. Like the fisher in the ballad, he slipped from the solid earth toward the outstretched arms of the false water spirit, but found no embrace, and sank hopelessly and forever.

The second instance was that of MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, elected upon the ticket with General TAYLOR. This also was a Whig victory. General TAYLOR lived rather more than a year after his inauguration, and Mr. FILLMORE succeeded to the Presidency. The condition of the Whig party was peculiar. The Mexican war and the discussions incident to it had developed a strong anti-slavery sentiment in its ranks, and threatened to divide it. In the State of New York Senator SEWARD was known to be a political anti-slavery man, and Mr. FILLMORE was of the opposite or Southern tendency. They were in some sense also rivals; and during the year of General TAYLOR'S official life it was understood that Mr. SEWARD had more influence with him than the Vice-President had. When the Vice-President, therefore, became President Mr. SEWARD had no further influence at the White House. The vital breach in the Whig party made by the Texan and Mexican debate was widened by the compromise legislation of 1850. The Fugitive Slave Law of that year was signed by President FILLMORE, and he lost the confidence of the great body of the earnest and active Whigs. In 1852 the Whig party disappeared, and while the mass of it united with the Free-Soil Democrats in forming the Republican party, a few, like Mr. FILLMORE and Mr. WASHINGTON HUNT in New York, and afterward Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP in Massachusetts, drifted into the Democratic ranks.

The third instance of the defection of a Vice-President from the party that elected him is ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee. In his case, as in the others, it was political ambition, and consequent political blindness, that explain his conduct. The controlling motive of his action has undoubtedly been the hope of a re-election. The siren that charmed TYLER sang to him a little, until he lost his course and went upon the rocks; and there he will struggle until he too disappears.

The Republican party is soon to nominate a Vice-President. Its great majorities are reduced in many States. It has been obliged to carry many burdens. Every thing that is deranged by the hurricane of civil war is laid to its account. The time is undoubtedly critical. But the purpose of the loyal people of the country is unchanged, and what they ask is security that their purpose shall be wisely and faithfully pursued. The Republican party, therefore, if it would retain popular support, must show by its nominations both for President and Vice-President that its policy is to be as sagacious and practical as it is resolute and patriotic and pure. It must regild the letters that spell equal rights upon its banner, but it must show also a clear appreciation of the meaning of equal rights; a steady hostility to mere partisan intrigue and corruption; a heroic refusal to add other issues to those which are paramount; and withal a plain and practical and sagacious method of dealing with the financial difficulties, and relieving the burdens of the country.

Its nominations must be a kind of earnest of this disposition. For Vice-President its first question must be, whether it would willingly nominate the proposed candidate for President. It must consider whether he be a man of such spotless personal character, so true in word and deed, that he can be wholly trusted. It must ask whether he be a man well known to the whole country for ability, and endeared by public service and political fidelity. If the proposed candidate be such a man, every honest citizen may gladly vote for him. But if he be a mere partisan politician, with no evidence of statesmanlike ability; who, if he has been in office, has been an intriguer in the politics of his own State; who has prostituted his patronage to his own personal ambition, and has been surrounded not by the best men, but by the small men of his party; and who has been long and painfully plotting to secure a nomination—if he be such a man—and such men appear as candidates in every nominating convention—then he is precisely the one whom the party ought not to nominate. Let us put something more than a politician into the chair which may become that of the President of the United States at a moment of great gravity. We do not want a man of local, limited reputation, but one whose name is his credential. There are many such among our friends: many in whose sagacity as well as fidelity the country confides. There are men whose frank, simple, dignified, independent, and faithful public careers are the earnest of the qualities which the possible Presidency demands. Among such men let us look for a Vice-President; and then, should calamity come, we know that the country will be secure.

## THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF NEW YORK.

THE Constitutional Convention of New York has reassembled, and is hard at work. There was never during its whole term a more evident resolution to labor earnestly. It has already accomplished a great deal, and should the present spirit inspire the Convention, and we sincerely trust it will, its task will be done, and well done, within a reasonable time. Meanwhile it must bear, with as much philosophy as it can command, the gibes and sneers of many papers friendly to "the responsible majority," as well as the ghastly humor of the Democratic journals. Yet we have pretty good reason for supposing that it will hardly give up the ghost until the object of its existence has been achieved.

The Attorney-General of the State, however, is of opinion that it is officially defunct. He has written a very extraordinary letter to the Controller, in which he suggests that the Convention is now a voluntary body, like any group of gentlemen talking politics around a dinner-table or a country caucus.

But the fact is that the Convention is a body deriving its authority from the Constitution of the State, which provides that if at the election of 1866 a majority of voters shall decide to call a Convention, the Legislature, at its next session, shall provide by law for the election of delegates to such Convention. And there it ends. The Constitution does not even require a submission to the people. But the intention is plain that the Legislature shall make all necessary arrangements for the Convention. The Legislature, as Jameson says, may provide the when, where, and how, but not the what. Consequently it can no more assume to say how long the Convention shall sit than to dictate what subjects it shall consider. If the Legislature can put an end to the deliberations of the Convention at one time, it may at another. If it could dissolve on the 5th of November the present Convention which met on the 4th of June, it could equally have dissolved it upon the 10th of June. Besides, if, as the Attorney-General declares, the Convention were an official body until the 5th of November, it might have sat until midnight of the 4th. That is to say, it might have acted strictly under the law, and yet the intention of the law, namely, submission on the 5th of November, would have been defeated.

But the Attorney-General further says that, although the Convention would be a voluntary body after the 5th of November, yet the Legislature might recognize its work and submit it to the people, and if it were ratified it would become the fundamental law. A more extraordinary proposition is not conceivable. Unless the Legislature can adopt the suggestions of any tea-party and submit it to the people as a Constitution, it can not adopt and submit the suggestions of any other voluntary assembly of persons. The Constitution provides how it shall be amended. There are but two methods. One of them is the provision of a Convention, which we have already mentioned; the other provides that if a proposition, passed by a majority elected to a Legislature, is approved by the same majority in the next Legislature, it shall be submitted to the popular vote. It certainly does not provide that, if the Legislature "recognize" any body's voluntary suggestion, it may be voted upon by the people.

In passing the law which provides for the submission of the Constitution to the people on the 5th of November, 1867, did the Legislature *intend* to dissolve the Convention at that time, or did it merely suppose that its work would probably be ended and so direct a submission at that time? If the former were the case, whence does the Legislature derive its authority absolutely to control a Constitutional Convention? If the latter, then the Controller may certainly continue to pay until the appropriation is exhausted; because it must be assumed that the Legislature did not mean to stop the payment of the Convention if its work were not done.

Whether the Convention will find it necessary to adjourn to make room for the Legislature can not yet be determined. An excellent spirit animates it. Political difference is not painfully apparent, and the debates upon the Judiciary article will undoubtedly tend to promote the general good feeling. The question of final submission has not yet arisen; but we shall be very much disappointed if it is not determined in a truly judicious manner. The debate upon the city article will be very warm. The differences of opinion are radical. But we shall be again very much disappointed if the Convention does not draw the line distinctly between those interests which are purely local and those which are common to all the people of the State. The people of the State of New York are ultimately responsible for the good order of the city, and we trust that the extraordinary proposition of the majority of the Committee upon city government to erect the city into an independent power will not be approved by the Convention.

## THE POLLUTION OF RIVERS.

IF we take warning from the experience of England, the Croton may be saved from such pollution as renders the water of the Thames, Irwell, and Mersey so objectionable for household uses. The proceedings of an important meeting held a few days since in Manchester, England, at which the Mayor of the City presided, having for its object to purify the Irwell and Mersey, and their affluents, are published in the Manchester *Guardian*. It seems from this interesting report that not only is the water polluted by the deposit from sewers and the refuse from manufactories, but the atmosphere of Manchester is affected so as to be injurious to the city. The Town Clerk of Manchester observed at the meeting that the Royal Commissioners (appointed by an Act of Parliament) had asked him for a list of the trades and manufactures which produced this damage. "If he were to give that information fully, he ought to hand them a directory of the whole district."

The remedy, among others proposed, was the construction of sewers running parallel with the rivers through numerous towns (159 in number, each containing more than 500 inhabitants), for the purpose of receiving and carrying the objectionable deposits either to the sea or some suitable place, where they could be used for purposes of irrigation. The great expense of the remedy, and its injurious effect on the vast industry of numerous mills located in the basins of the Irwell and Mersey—mills, many of which damage the water by dyes and other impurities—were serious obstacles in the way of the scheme. The Conference, composed of representatives from all the towns interested in the injury, separated without determining on any particular plan, but recommended that all their local boards consider the subject maturely, and present their views to the Royal Commissioners.

Mr. HIBBERT, of the British Parliament, stated at the meeting that the irrigation scheme adopted for the Thames worked without injury to health; that it affected three millions of people; and that over three and a half millions were interested in the system proposed for the Mersey and Irwell basins.

The entire drainage area of the Croton amounts to $338\frac{82}{100}$ square miles, comprising 216,320 acres of land, capable of supporting, in view of the quality of the land and considerable water-power, a population sufficiently large in time to pollute the stream so as to render it utterly unfit for the domestic purposes to which, in the city of New York, the water is now applied; and as the valley of the Croton is now free of many of these establishments which damage the water, it is the policy of the city and State to adopt such measures as will certainly prevent its further pollution.

This drainage area comprises most of Putnam County, a large portion of northern Westchester, a part of Dutchess, and a few square miles of Connecticut bordering on those counties. The river is composed of three branches, the east, middle, and west, and of various smaller tributaries. They have their rise at elevations that reach to about twelve hundred feet above tide, and in their descent to Croton Lake, at which the reservoir for the city commences, have various and frequent falls, which constitute excellent manufacturing power. At Croton Falls, for instance, on the Harlem Railroad, fifty miles from the City Hall, where the river descends sixty feet in half a mile or more, there are already three mills in operation, a saw-mill, a paper-mill, and one for making tools. A fourth, for manufacturing paper, was in process of erection; but the owner of the power, a Mr. TOMPKINS, having been suddenly killed a few weeks ago, its erection is now delayed. The process of cleaning rags, which the paper manufacturer requires—rags often loaded with filth and poisoned with contagious matter—is not pleasant to be thought of on a hot summer's day as one is quenching his thirst from the waters into which the refuse is inevitably carried from these mills, but it is an infliction which may be borne as long as these structures along the stream are dotted at only wide intervals. It is certain, however, that water-power so near the city will be used to the utmost extent of which it is capable, and that the extensive system of lakes which mark this desirable basin (Lake Mahopac is within it) will invite a population sufficient, with all the inducements offered for residence and industry, to turn the attention of some future Mr. CRAVEN, the intelligent engineer, to the question how pollution may be corrected, at great cost, if the subject is not now handled with the attention and skill that are required.

It is easy to see that the subject is not free of difficulty. The subjection of the entire river and its affluents, and of a strip of land along its margin sufficient to prevent pollution, to the control of the city of New York, will greatly damage the extensive basin of the Croton, and keep away those forms of industry which collect large populations together; but these results must be borne, or a city capable of supporting two millions of inhabitants must ultimately suffer a still deeper injury from being deprived of pure water—a blessing now enjoyed to an extent unknown to any large city on the globe. Injury is already complained of by inhabitants of Croton valley from the appropriation of large quantities of land for reservoirs hereafter to be made, intended for stowing water, preventing the improvement of such land for building purposes. The city of New York has made surveys for fifteen of such reservoirs, at various places in Putnam and Westchester counties, which call for nearly five thousand acres of the best lands, and, although but few of them may be wanted for years, the question is now presented to each owner whether or not the survey is not of itself sufficient notice of ultimate possible use to prevent adequate compensation being awarded by the Commissioners of Assessment for improvements made subsequent to the survey. On the west branch, about sixty miles from the City Hall, one of such dams is being constructed to cover with water over 303 acres of land, a place selected after two or three others had been fixed upon and abandoned, and after it had been given out by agents of the city that any one of the fifteen might be chosen at the option of the Croton Department. This uncertainty has a damaging effect, to be further increased by such prohibition as the future may require, aimed at noxious industries.

But we see clearly that the bed of the river itself, and a sufficient margin along it to prevent pollution, must be acquired, if we would preserve the inestimable advantage of pure water, the want of which drives London to the scheme of taking from Wales, at a distance of between one and two hundred miles, and at an enormous expense, the water of rivers running through a thinly inhabited region.

## ERNEST JONES ON LABOR IN ENGLAND.

THE relative situation of the different classes in England, and the complaints of oppression and injustice made by the operative classes, will attract more attention than ever in view of the concessions lately made in the Reform Bill, and the renewed agitation in behalf of persons not allowed to enjoy the right of suffrage. The agitation now existing is the more observed from the coalition between Fenians and Reformers which is expected and not a little feared by many Englishmen. It is doubtless the hope of such a coalition that emboldens the Fenians into the imprudence manifested in the riot at Manchester, and in the trials and executions which have followed that event. The prisoners convicted, one and all, gloried in tones not unlike those of EMMET in the part they had severally taken; and although the sentences passed have been mitigated in some cases from death to moderate imprisonment,

the effect of the punishment of those who were executed will be of more value as an instrument of agitation than they will be of terror to like offenders. Indeed, the tone of agitators in all parts of England is so open and defiant that threats from this quarter are weighed, at least by the timid, against the power of the Government. The mere fact that in England these things can occur in open day, and with undoubted effect upon the sensibilities of the people, must attract great attention. They open the question afresh what further concessions must be yielded to the Reform movement, and at what point, if at any, agitation will be satisfied.

Mr. JONES, in a lecture delivered in Manchester during the pendency of the Fenian trials, directs his assaults mainly at the system of land-holding—the chief bulwark of the aristocracy; and he presents statistics of a very imposing character. "A constantly diminishing number of landlords owned land. In 1770 there were 250,000; now less than 30,000, of whom nearly 9000 were in Ireland. Five of the aristocracy, the Earl of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyle, Athol, Sutherland, and Buccleugh owned one-fourth of the land in Scotland; twelve men possessed one-half; and half of England belonged to about 150 persons." It was for this reason that out of the seventy-seven millions of acres in the United Kingdom, thirty-four millions seven hundred thousand acres were uncultivated. Labor, he claimed, was therefore driven from agriculture to the already choked manufacturing districts; that although the population from 1851 to 1861 had increased nearly 2,000,000, the agriculturists had diminished by 400,000. "More mouths to feed, and fewer hands to feed them." That only 300,000 persons were engaged in agriculture, out of thirty millions of population, and that of the 34,700,000 acres of uncultivated lands, ten millions of acres might be cultivated with advantage, giving employment to one million farmers and support to their families, amounting to say five million persons. The wages of agricultural labor in England, he said, were 12*s.*, 10*s.*, 9*s.*, and 8*s.* per week in as many counties (not taking into view the periods of non-employment every year); and the 30,000 land-owners received a clear income of £150,000,000 sterling per year. He insisted that if these 10,000,000 acres were not opened for cultivation there was no resource for the people, as the channels of manufacturing industry were full, and England is not able to compete with the Continent in manufactures without reducing the wages of labor, which to the laborer amounted to destruction.

The remedy proposed by Mr. JONES is a better tenant-right in Ireland, and the repeal of the laws of primogeniture and entail in England and Scotland. "He would not confiscate a single acre; but the rights of private property in land had their limits. Every acre of fruitful land kept out of cultivation was a national crime and a landlord's theft. Though a king gave it to him who gave it to the king? Back, back, he says, to the land."

Mr. CALHOUN, in one of the stirring speeches made by him in the early stages of the war of 1812 with Great Britain, against the policy of an embargo and in favor of active measures, declared that Great Britain was then at her zenith, and that she would begin to decline. "The tide," said he, "dates its ebb from the flood." Mr. CARLYLE intimates that the shoot of Niagara is in full view of the people of England. So many prophecies about the fall of English power have been made in our day, that, grave as are the present circumstances, we prefer instead of indulging in conjecture to wait, and continue waiting, as Mr. RANDOLPH said, for the latest advices; for whenever the shoot of Niagara becomes in full view, the sturdy and determined spirit of the English people will be terribly aroused to save the solid structure of her power from internal destruction.

## REDUCTION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

A STRINGENT money market, a further advance in gold, and several mercantile failures have characterized the past few days. These disturbances have their origin in the prevailing uncertainty as to the probable action of Congress upon the financial question; and such mistrust and derangement must continue until a settled policy is reached. But a prolonged squabble without decisive result would work greater mischief than the mere letting the matter drift as it has hitherto done.

One important part of the Congressional business will be to determine the duties of the present generation respecting the reduction of the national debt.

While the war was in progress the people freely emptied their purses without stopping to count the cost, for the unity of the nation was paramount to every other consideration. They submitted to the severest exactions, trusting to the Good Giver and the future for ability to pay the huge debt which they saw accumulating. How this was to be accomplished was, of necessity, a secondary consideration then; but certainly no one imagined that it could all be paid by the present generation, under any possible conditions, any more than that the pyramids were to be completed by those who laid the first tier of bricks. Ten years ago the payment of the mere interest would have been deemed scarcely practicable. Still, with the desire and purpose to do all they could, they permitted themselves, when the war closed, to be taxed so heavily that they have been over-strained in the effort. They did not realize how much their available resources had been diminished, nor how much the country needed rest until it could recuperate. They have now discovered their mistake. They find that the wear and tear is too great for long endurance, and they demand a change of tactics, with measures of relief. Their burdens, instead of becoming lighter every year, as should be expected, have not sensibly diminished; or, if they are intrinsically lighter, the people feel them more, because the period of fictitious prosperity is past, and fortunes no longer come at their bidding. Under the present policy, the people raise an annual revenue of $150,000,000 more than is needed for government expenses and the interest on the debt. This surplus is supposed to be applied to the reduction of the principal of the debt. If there was any overwhelming necessity why this vast sum should be raised annually, the people might still attempt it; but what matters it whether our obligations are paid in thirty or sixty years? Why crush the industry and enterprise of the country in the endeavor? It is small satisfaction to hear of increased economy in the Departments and promised reduction of expenditures every where, when the people are to enjoy no relief therefrom, when the amounts thus saved are to go toward a still more rapid reduction of the debt, and not into the people's pockets.

Individuals, if they are wise, regulate their expenses according to their income. The Government regulates its income according to its expenses. It sets out to raise a certain sum annually, or as much greater sum as possible, and wears out the country in the endeavor. It gives it no time for rest, for repairing its working-tools, or inventing and obtaining improved ones. It simply exhausts, while it increases its demands. Its error lies, not in an attempted reduction of the debt (which should always be an earnest national purpose), but in reducing it with a rapidity too great for the nation's ability. England does not now overtax her citizens to pay her enormous debt; but if there be a surplus revenue, she may, and often does, so apply it. What Americans desire and need at present is a reduction of their burdens by the amount of the annual surplus raised, until such time as the recuperative industry of the country and the state of the currency shall permit them to raise extraordinary revenue with less inconvenience and waste of productive power.

As we have previously urged, the Government makes the same error as regards the contraction of the currency. It is not the policy of contraction that is to be set aside, but it is the degree to which contraction is now pressed that is to be deprecated. Or it might be deemed advisable, in view of the powerful Western inflation interests, to make a compromise, as a contemporary suggests—to declare alike against any farther inflation or contraction, but to let the growing wants of the country absorb any existing surplus in the volume of the currency.

Now, if we relieve the country of its present incubus, its wants will measurably and rapidly increase. The debt, the currency, and the question of taxation, hang so much one upon the others, that until we can ascertain whether we can be relieved from reducing the debt only through excessive taxation, there is little chance of adjusting the currency satisfactorily. The relief which $150,000,000 annually would give the country, would at once stimulate business in all directions, invite greater immigration, encourage the investment of capital, and induce all our neighbors to look more kindly upon us in a commercial point of view. It would not take long, then, to absorb the present surplus of currency, or so much of it as would render resumption of specie payments easy.

The whole question requires careful manipulation, but the general principles of a judicious adjustment are all so plain that we should think some satisfactory plan could be reached by Congressional legislation.

## "CONSERVATIVE" PLANS.

AFTER declaring that the State governments of the rebel States authorized by Congress will be tumbled into rubbish by the late rebels, whom it calls the "Southern people," the New York *World* adds: "The only thing that could prevent it would be acquiescence by the Southern whites in the Radical scheme. Whoever expects that is better entitled to a strait-jacket than a reputation."

The Richmond *Enquirer* responds in the same vein: "Northern sentiment will sustain us in resisting to the last extremity that vile scheme of Congressional Reconstruction which aims at the supremacy of the negro." And the organ of the Conservatism in Virginia which the *World* represents in New York thus welcomes the Convention about to assemble in that State:

"To that unclean gang of human reptiles—to the mongrel renegades, the truculent black brutes, and outlawed white reprobates—the foul Frankensteins of the secret negro leagues, who are to defile the capitol of the State on the 3d of December, we bid alike open and contemptuous defiance.

* * * * * * * *

"The swinish 'delegates' who have been sent up by 800 negro leagues to disfranchise, tax, and confiscate the white men of Virginia will, by attempting in the face of the recent elections to commit these crimes, render their access to the Penitentiary more easy than to the places of power in this old Commonwealth."

This is the spirit which pleasingly calls itself "Conservatism." This is the Democratic tone. Is it reassuring of the "peace of the country?"

## A NEW SERIAL STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

WE are very glad to announce that the publication of "The Moonstone," a new serial story, by WILKIE COLLINS, will begin in an early Number of the *Weekly*. By a special arrangement with the author himself, the story will be printed from his own manuscript, and will be regularly issued simultaneously with its appearance in England. It will be profusely illustrated with original designs by PARSONS, JEWETT, and others.

WILKIE COLLINS is now an acknowledged master in English fiction. In that great art of the story-teller, a skillful construction of plot, and the maintenance of an intense and sustained interest from the beginning to the end, he has no rival. The "Woman in White," which the readers of the *Weekly* will remember, was one of the most extraordinary of English novels; and the opening of "The Moonstone" which we have read is not less striking than that of the "Woman in White." It has the same crisp, clear-cut description; the same strange spell of mystery, and introduces an element quite unfamiliar hitherto in the multitude of novels—which the reader will discover in due season—and which the author will be very sure to manage with the utmost skill.

We strongly urge our readers to begin with the beginning of "The Moonstone," and to follow it carefully as it proceeds, for no stories, from their peculiar construction, better repay serial reading than those of WILKIE COLLINS.

## LITERARY.

THE last little book of GOLDWIN SMITH'S, just issued by the HARPERS, "Three English Statesmen," is not only of the highest interest in itself, but has a peculiarly timely application to the situation of this country, which is just emerging from a civil war. It is understood that Professor SMITH is engaged upon a history of the Commonwealth and the Rebellion—a subject which can not be exhausted, and which few Englishmen could be better fitted by learning, insight, and sympathy to treat. GOLDWIN SMITH is himself a Puritan of the highest type. He might have been the counselor of VANE and the friend of WINTHROP. In a certain moral loftiness of view, in the clearest perception of the great fundamental principles of free government, in affluence and mastery of historical research, and in a nervous, idiomatic, luminous style he has no superior among living historians. The lectures upon PYM and CROMWELL, in this volume, may be regarded as chapters from the history, and noble chapters they are. The portrait of PYM, powerfully and tenderly painted, will be new to many readers. MACAULAY, who has been one of our chief modern authorities upon the men and times of the Great Rebellion, does not seem to regard PYM as so much a leader as GOLDWIN SMITH describes. SMITH calls him the great master of the House of Commons, and the energizing force of the early revolution, and certainly he justifies his praise. The sketch of CROMWELL is not less excellent, although the incidents of his career and the general outline of his character are more familiar. Professor SMITH is not blinded by his admiration, and in his criticism upon questionable points in the career of CROMWELL he is both delicate and just. He does not impress the reader as an advocate, but as an intelligent and honorable judge. So in the two papers upon WILLIAM PITT, which complete the volume, the author rapidly and comprehensively sketches the tumultuous life of that statesman, perfectly just to his abilities, and plainly exposing the fatal mistakes and weaknesses of his public conduct. Incidentally, also, he reviews the part which BURKE took in public affairs, and speaks of him with a severity of censure which will surprise many readers, but not those who have reflected upon the influence of the spirit represented by BURKE upon society at large, as well as upon the condition of his own country at a particular time. "His philosophy," says GOLDWIN SMITH, "afforded no firm and lofty ground of immutable faith in things unseen, from which he could form a rational estimate of political systems as things merely subservient to the higher life of man, venerable only for their utility, not to be altered without good reason; but, when there was good reason, to be altered or abolished without superstitious scruple, and destined, like all other parts of the outward vesture of humanity, to pass away before the end." It is very interesting, after the adulation with which the reaction from the French Revolution during the first half of this century covered BURKE, to ponder the judgments now passed upon him by the most thoughtful scholars. In reading what Professor SMITH says of BURKE, it must be remembered that it is the opinion of a great historical student and a profound political thinker. There is no recent work better worth attentive study than this fascinating little volume.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

THE Fortieth Congress reconvened at Washington on November 21, a majority of the members of both Houses being present.

A resolution was offered in the Senate to the effect that the public debt must be paid in coin.

In the House, on November 25, Mr. Butler introduced a bill providing for the payment of a portion of the national debt in legal tenders.

In the House, objections were urged against the admission of the Tennessee delegation, Mr. Brooks of New York declaring that Messrs. Mullins, Butler, and Arnell aided and abetted the rebellion; and Mr. Etheridge, who was once court-martialed for disloyal utterances, objected to Mr. Stokes, formerly a Colonel in the United States Volunteer army, as also disloyal.

The reports on impeachment were read in the House on November 25. The majority report favors the impeachment of President Johnson, and is signed by Representatives Boutwell, Thomas, Williams, Laurence, and Churchill. There are two minority reports. Representatives Wilson and Woodbridge, while condemning the President's actions, agree in declaring the evidence elicited before the Committee inadequate for his conviction on the charges preferred, and ask to be discharged from further consideration of the subject. Representatives Eldridge and Marshall agree with this latter opinion, but dissent from the censure of the President. December 4 was fixed upon for the consideration of the subject.

Under a suspension of the rules of the House, on November 25, a resolution forbidding the further purchase of territory by the United States officials was adopted.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The *Quaker City* returned from the trip to the Holy Land on November 19.

The elections in North and South Carolina commenced on November 19, and resulted in both instances in the election of the Republican tickets by immense majorities.

An explosion of nitro-glycerine at South Bergen, New Jersey, on November 25, killed nine persons, wounded many others, demolished three houses, and damaged every other dwelling in the vicinity.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

IN his speech on the opening of the French Chambers on November 18, the Emperor Napoleon, referring to his actions in Italy and the defense of Rome, claimed that he was actuated only by a desire to preserve the peace. He declared that Italy had not carried out the terms of the treaty of 1866, and that in sending troops to Rome he had not intended any thing hostile to the independence of Italy.

There is serious opposition in England to participation in the European Conference on the Roman question. The proposition that the United States shall send representatives to the same Congress is laughed at in this country. America has no desire to indulge in such entanglements, and England, of late years finding herself powerless and without influence, is anxious to escape any responsibility in European affairs.

The European Conference on the Papal affairs is to be held at Munich on December 11.

The announcement is made that the great Powers and Turkey have agreed to settle the Cretan question without the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire or the further persecution of the Christians. But the Christians are to remain, as heretofore, the subjects of the Mussulman.

The Queen's Speech, on the opening of the English Parliament on November 19, gives promise of reform bills for Scotland and Ireland.

Affairs look badly in Mexico in spite of the peaceful election lately held there. General Porfirio Diaz, the unsuccessful candidate for President, has quite an army of followers at the capitol, and his successful rival, Benito Juarez, has requested General Mariano Escobedo to assemble his command there as a sort of "balance of power."

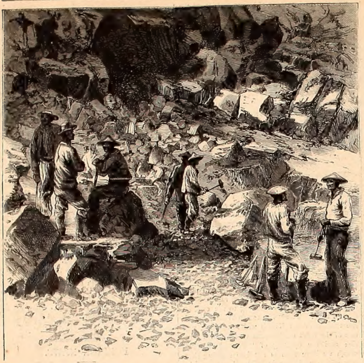
President Prado, of Peru, lately marched against the insurgents in the mountain regions of his republic, and the Acting-President, La Puerta, was publicly urged by a deputation to take the reins of Government in his own hands! It is encouraging to know that he indignantly refused; but it is unsatisfactory to be left in ignorance of the fate of the conspirators who proposed the rebellion.

Stots Bashi, Tycoon of Japan, has resigned, and his brother, Shogornati, has resumed the reins of power. This materially alters the existing state of affairs in that country, and the opening of Jeddo to American commerce will be indefinitely delayed. Another consequence of this unfortunate change of rulers is the rude and uncivil treatment of foreign officers. Two English officers had been murdered, and the United States steamer *Wachusetts* had been threatened.

The Fenians Allen, Gould, and Larken were hanged at Manchester, England, on November 23.

## THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

IN speaking lately of the railroad which is shortly to span the continent, and unite the Mississippi and the Pacific, and which ought to be called the "Continental Railroad," we purposely ignored the separate existence of the two roads known as the Central Pacific and the Union Pacific, and spoke of the entire route from Omaha to San Francisco as one line, as, when they are finished, they will be practically. Some of our friends have supposed this to be an inadvertence, and several letters have suggested to us that perhaps, after all, the public does not generally understand that two corporations are engaged in this gigantic work; and that though the Union Pacific from Omaha west, and the Central Pacific from Sacramento east, are to unite at Salt Lake City, and become the great Pacific Railroad, they are for the present not only distinct and separate, but, in a certain sense, rival corporations. The rivalry exists in this—that the first company which shall complete its road to Salt Lake City shall be entitled to the national charter and national land and money grants for the whole line from Omaha to Sacramento. We give in this Number of the *Weekly* a diagram which will perhaps better explain this, and which at the same time shows the work completed on each route, the work to be done, the distances, and, with the aid of the profile Map which we give, in a measure the *nature* of the difficult labor. By this Map it will be seen that the Central Pacific Company has built something over 160 miles of its road, and reached the summit of the Sierra Nevada, next to the highest level on the road, and has 385 miles to finish to Salt Lake City; that the Union Pacific Company has built 516 miles of its road, and has 439 miles to finish to Salt Lake City. The immense work is prosecuted with the utmost vigor by both parties, and it is confidently believed that it will be finished before 1870. The latest report of the United States General Land-Office Commissioner shows that this country is now

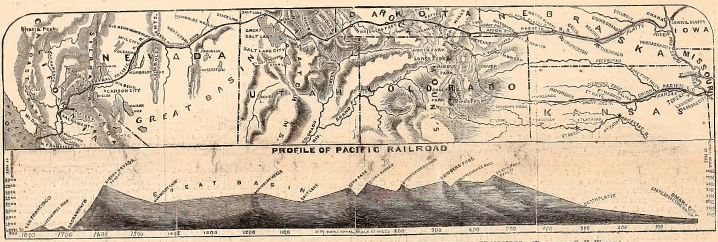


CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—CHINESE LABORERS AT WORK.

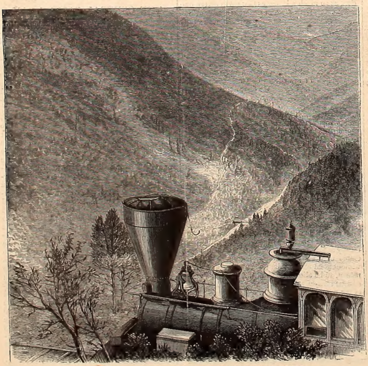
CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—THE GIANT'S GAP.

3000 miles in advance of England on our routes to China, Japan, and the East Indies. When this line of railroad is completed, and passengers can be carried across the continent in a week, instead of taking three times as long *via* Panama, and six times as long around the Horn—when goods can be sent from Hong-Kong to London in forty days, and to New York in thirty, it is easy for the most unimaginative person to see the effect which will be produced on American commerce.

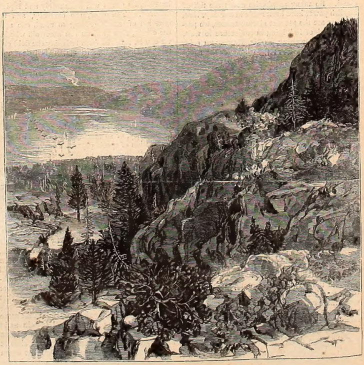
Accompanying this very suggestive Map are several views on the Central Pacific Railroad, which still further illustrate the difficulties encountered in its construction. The first of these represents the Chinese laborers at work on the road up the Sierra Nevada. The Central Company has over 10,000 of this race in its employ. The picture gives some idea of the Herculean nature of the work of tunneling and excavating through the solid granite of the mountains. The "Giant's Gap," a gigantic opening in the mountains, shows the rugged nature of the country. The third engraving is a view on American River, which flows through a narrow valley between peaks which tower 5000 feet above its waters. "Donner Lake" has an elevation of 5964 feet above the level of the ocean, and is surrounded by lofty peaks. The view obtainable from some of these peaks can not be surpassed in grandeur, beauty, and extent in any part of Europe, save by that from Mont Blanc.




CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—MAP AND PROFILE MAP OF THE LINE FROM OMAHA TO SAN FRANCISCO.—[DRAWN BY C. H. WELLS.]



CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—VIEW ON AMERICAN RIVER.



CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—DONNER LAKE.

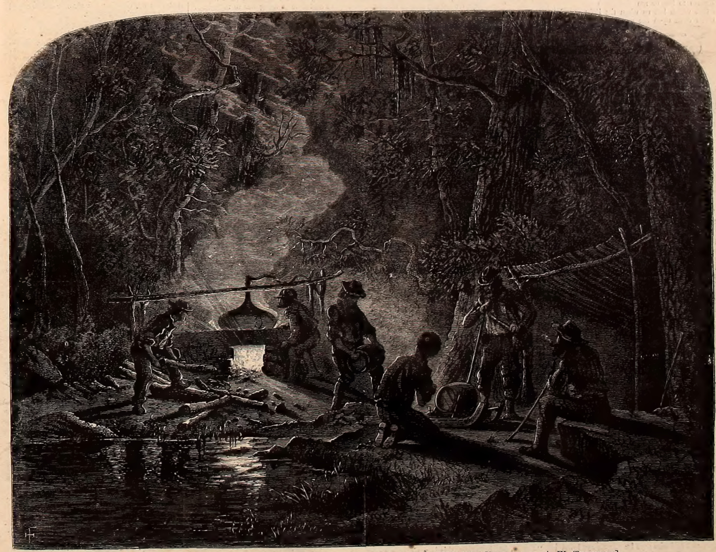
ILLICIT DISTILLATION OF LIQUORS—HOW THE ARTICLE IS CARRIED TO THE SOUTHERN MARKETS.—[Sketched by A. W. Thompson.]

## ILLICIT DISTILLATION OF LIQUORS.

Many of the methods employed by the army of speculators who are defrauding the Government by the illicit distillation of liquors are as unique as they are effective. Wooden stills have been invented and manufactured so cheaply that a single distillation in one of them leaves such a profit to the illicit distiller that he can afford to destroy the still in order to remove the evidences of his guilt. Stills are also placed upon old tug-boats, and the work of distillation conducted in the Lower Bay, and the whisky thus made is smuggled into the city.

This method of defrauding the Government is very largely practiced at the South. In some of the mountain regions of the Southern States this species of smuggling has become an immense business.

The stills are located in unfrequented districts, sometimes in the midst of an impenetrable jungle or laurel brake, and carefully concealed when not in operation. The grain or fruit to be distilled is sometimes brought from a great distance, as in those elevated regions very little cultivation exists. The liquor is stored in kegs, and carried down the mountains on sleds; as there are no roads the use of vehicles on those rough trails is unknown. One would suppose that the spirits so manufactured would be of a good quality (as smuggled liquors generally have that reputation), but it is nearly all *very bad*, owing to the quantity of buck-eye bean used in its preparation, to give it what is called a *bead*. The buck-eye grows in all parts of the South and West, and is said to be very poisonous. It is held in superstitious veneration by the lower classes and negroes, who believe that to carry one in the pocket is a remedy for some diseases. Of late many parties have been arrested for smuggling in Western North Carolina, as detachments of cavalry are continually on the look-out for them. Our engravings on this page illustrate one of these mountain-stills in operation, and the method of carrying the article to market. After reaching the confines of civilization—if the region where it is vended and consumed can be called civilized—it is sold in small quantities to the country grocers, or shipped by the cargo to neighboring ports, and smuggled ashore to perform its work of ruin.



ILLICIT DISTILLATION OF LIQUORS—SOUTHERN MODE OF MAKING WHISKY.—[Sketched by A. W. Thompson.]

## RECOLLECTIONS.

'Tis past, but yet I see it still,
That sunshine on the shore,
The roses on the window-sill,
The ivy round the door,
The light and shadow flitting round
Each old familiar tree
Along the line of grassy ground
That slopes toward the sea;
And through the western windows low
The setting sunbeams pour,
And flit and flicker to and fro
Upon the matted floor.

The little porch—I see it yet—
Where summer flowers twine,
And all their fragrant blossoms net
With leaves of glossy vine;
And with their sweetness stealeth slow
A thought of hours gone by,
All lighted with a golden glow
Of sunset in the sky—
And memories of the pathway fair
That wound along the bay,
And one sweet hour wasted there
One blessèd summer day—

One little hour along the shore,
As arm in arm we strayed,
And listened to the ceaseless roar
The restless waters made;
And watched the shadows on the deep,
The sunlight on the land,
And saw the little wavelets creep
To kiss the golden sand—
Till all the glory seemed to die,
And daylight was no more,
And darkness crept along the sky,
And silence on the shore.

That hour is past—it came and fled
As all life's beauties will.
The roses—they are long since dead
Upon the window-sill.
The little porch is lying low,
The shore is far away,
And other eyes may watch the glow
Of sunset in the bay.
And where the shining pathway gleams,
And on the golden sand,
Now other hearts may dream their dreams,
And other feet may stand.

And softer sounds may come and go
Upon the summer air,
And other lips may whisper low
The words we whispered there;
And other roses climb the wall
And wreathe the self-same spot,
And blush at other vows let fall
Like those that we—forgot!
But never shall an hour so bright
Return to her or me
As that which left us when the light
Grew dark upon the sea.

## DRIFTING INTO LOVE.

NELLIE RIVERS sat in her window at the Clearview House watching the tide come in. She heard a footstep in the passage and a light tap, but before she could say "Come!" the door opened and let in Ethel Lang, who walked into the little room with the same calm stateliness which she would have carried to parlor or court. There was no affectation about Ethel; the shallowest belle, whose heart beat wild with envy of the "Lang air," must acknowledge that at least.

The little figure at the window started up with a quick gesture of welcome.

"You, Ethie? I am so glad!"

Ethel stooped to kiss her on both cheeks, as if she had been a child. The two presented the contrast which may frequently be marked between dear friends. Nellie was slight and fair, and her light curls, touched by the mellow moonlight, gleamed like golden threads against Ethel's black braids.

"I thought I should find you here," said Ethel; "I just looked in at the parlor as I passed, but saw you nowhere."

"I came away an hour ago. I am so tired of the people down stairs sometimes! I was to-night. I am not brilliant, I know; but when gentlemen say stupid things to me, and want me to smile and be pleased, I feel like running away up here, to be alone with the sky and the water, and the great, sleepless eye of the light-house yonder. Do you think it's quite so pleasant this summer as sometimes, Ethie?" a little plaintively.

"I don't know," said Ethel, absently, a strangely weary expression creeping over her face.

"Let me see," Nellie went on: "two years ago—Willis Hargrave was here then; and—why, Ethel, how pale you are! Your father is not worse?"

"No; he is quite bright this evening. He has had a better day than usual. I came up here to tell you something, little Nell."

"What, Ethie?"

"I am going to be married next week—to Captain Weldon."

Nellie threw up both hands.

"Oh, Ethel!" she exclaimed, when she had found her voice; "and you have kept it from me till now!"

"It is a very sudden decision; it was not a certainty until to-day."

"But you have known him such a very little time, Ethel!"

"I knew him when I was a little girl—have I never told you? His father was papa's oldest friend. They used to talk this over years ago, it seems, and Malcolm says he has always loved me. Papa understood it when he came here, though I did not. He sails next Tuesday, you know, and papa's heart is set upon having it all over. 'Oh, Ethel!' he said to-day, 'I shall never, never see you Malcolm Weldon's wife unless you are married before he goes away!' Poor, dear papa! When I looked into his pale face, and saw how large and eager his eyes were, I could not refuse. So rested and happy as he seemed when it was all arranged! Every thing will be done very quietly, of course, for papa could not endure excitement."

"How long will Captain Weldon be gone, Ethel?"

"Only one year this time."

"Oh, Ethel! I can not make it real! It is all like a dream, and you are so calm and quiet; just as if nothing were going to happen. Ethie, dear! forgive me! are you sure you love Captain Weldon quite enough?"

"Nellie," said Ethel, taking both her hands, "life is a very real thing to me. I am not romantic like other girls, I think. There is no reason why I should not love Malcolm Weldon—that he is good and lovable, I know. It would break my father's heart, if I were to refuse him. Why should I?"

"Oh, I don't say you ought!" answered Nellie, quickly. "I did not mean that. You know your own heart, dear, and I am sure you could not do wrong. You must not mind what I said."

They sat talking for half an hour longer, then Ethel said, "Good-night!" and went to see that her father's room was comfortably arranged for the night.

Mrs. Lang had been long dead, and Ethel had concentrated upon her father all the love and reverence which might have belonged to both parents. Since he had become a confirmed invalid, with strength visibly declining, the two clung to each other with a daily increasing tenacity of affection.

He greeted her with a bright smile.

"In bed already, papa?"

"I was a little tired, and Malcolm was here to help me. It is very pleasant to have a son as well as daughter," with another smile. He drew her head down on the pillow, saying, wistfully, "You are happy, my darling?"

"If you are, papa."

"And I am so happy, dear! I shall not fear to leave you now," smoothing her hair tenderly. "You know that must come some time. There is no one in the world with whom I could so gladly trust you as with Malcolm. He comes of a grand stock, Ethel—sound fibre to the core!"

He paused a moment, then he said: "You won't be lonely with me, Ethel, and Malcolm away? One year is not *very* long, dear."

"Oh, papa!" She wound her arms around him, a red spot glowing in her cheek, and her whole attitude an embodied caress. After all, this pale, calm girl could show her loving "like the lave." "Oh, papa! as if any one or all the world could tempt me away from you!"

The wedding-day came, and the little group gathered in the invalid's chamber. Joy and sadness were strangely blended. Scarcely were the bridal congratulations spoken before they were exchanged for farewells. The gallant sailor bent reverently to receive a last blessing from the lips that would never speak to him again, then he pressed his new-made bride in a parting embrace, and was away to the port whence next day's favoring breezes would waft him toward the tropic seas.

The flutter of excitement and gossip which the little episode caused in the hotel circles ran its short course. "Where is Willis Hargrave?" said one of the last summer's boarders. "Gone abroad," answered some one who knew; "he has a fortunate appointment, and will make his way." "I thought *they* cared for each other," said another, ceasing suddenly as Mr. Lang came slowly down the stairs, leaning heavily on Ethel's arm, and took his accustomed easy-chair in the shady veranda.

So the days wore on—the long days of the lingering summer, till the winds of approaching autumn warned them from the sea-shore. The homeward journey wore sadly upon the invalid's little store of strength, and the winter brought sore watching for Ethel. At the opening of spring he died.

Ethel's first passionate grief subsided into a settled melancholy, which imminently threatened her health. Her friends urged her to await her husband's arrival at the accustomed summer resort. She refused at first to leave the home, now doubly consecrated by the last memories of the father she had loved so well, but yielded at last to repeated solicitations, and took up her abode at Clearview House, a shadow of her old self.

It was already August when the *Storm-wind* came safely into port. Captain Weldon telegraphed his arrival, hurried through so much of his business as could not be delayed, and took an early train for Clearview. He was not surprised to find no one awaiting him at the station, knowing that Ethel was not strong. Some mistake had been made about the baggage, and while he lingered to have it righted the various carriages picked up their nightly freight and drove away. So he was forced to walk the half mile, carpet-bag in hand.

He passed up the long drive-way quite unnoticed for the confusion which organized itself about several new-comers, who had just been set down. He scanned eagerly the various groups in the porch as he came nearer, and quickened his pace with the anxious thought, "She must be ill: she would surely be looking for me!" Standing there, the centre of a welcoming circle, was a man who had been his fellow-traveler in the car, whom he had noticed for his handsome face and fascinating address.

"Really, Mr. Hargrave, this is a pleasure as great as unexpected!" and "Hargrave, old fellow, you have been thriving, on my word!" they were saying, while the gentleman responded with an ease and heartiness very pleasant to see.

Suddenly Malcolm caught sight of a tall, slender figure in a mourning-dress, standing just within the shadow of the doorway. He started forward, but checked himself as the stranger gentleman turned toward the lady with a simultaneous glance, his whole face changed and radiant.

"Miss Lang! Ethel!" he said, holding out his hand, but some one at his elbow corrected him, laughingly,

"*Mrs. Weldon*, Mr. Hargrave! Begging your pardon!"

None but Malcolm saw how for an instant the man shrank back with a sudden, shocked recoil, while the swift blood rushed to Ethel's very temples in a crimson tide—only a brief instant—then she answered his greeting with her own calm grace.

"Times change, and we in them," he said, with a forced laugh; and on the instant Ethel saw her husband standing in the path, and, with a low cry fell forward in a swoon.

Malcolm caught her in his arms with a pain at his heart that whitened his very lips.

"She was not expecting you, Captain Weldon, and the surprise was too great," said Nellie Rivers, chafing her temples.

"She did not receive my telegram?"

"No; you sent one then? And she did not look for you so soon, or we should have watched the shipping lists more closely. You have had a quick passage. There! she is better now—hadn't you better take her to her room?"

Ethel opened her eyes, trying to smile. Malcolm gathered her up to his lips as he followed Nellie up the stair. "Oh, Ethel! Ethel!" he said, in a voice in which love and yearning struggled with agony.

"You will never go away without me again—you will take me with you? Tell me that you will!" said Ethel, by-and-by, when she could speak.

"Do you really wish it?" he answered, hesitantly; "I fear you are not strong enough."

"Oh yes!" she said, with eager pleading; "I want to go away! I must go!"

"How is she?" asked Nellie Rivers, at the door.

"Better," answered Malcolm; "can you sit with her for a little while?"

Nellie came in, and Malcolm went down the back-stairway to avoid the people, and so out to the beach, lying bare and brown in the dim twilight. Back and forth he paced upon the sand, while the darkness deepened and the heavy moan of the swell throbbed in and out of the silences.

"And is this the end?" he thought. "The end of all my hopes by day and dreams by night—the inspiration that made me fearless in danger, the strong desire that would have annihilated space and time to bring her to my heart? Oh, my love! my love! Better I had gone down in mid-ocean than to have come home to stand between her and one who might have been more dear!"

He grew calmer by degrees. He looked back to the few weeks of his hasty courtship, forcing himself to remember how quietly self-contained she had been—no tremulous lips, no tell-tale blushes answering to his tenderest words—gracious and kind always, no more. How could he have been so blind as to fancy that through all the years of separation since their early acquaintance he could have been to her what she had been to him! To the plan of the hasty wedding she had not consented without hesitation. "For my father's sake," she had said at last. "Oh, my dear old friend!" he thought in an agony; "when you gave me your best gift, and your blessing with it, we little questioned, you and I, what our selfishness might cost her filial heart!" He would cast no blame upon Ethel. Whatever power the presence of this stranger might have to disturb her peace she showed her wifely loyalty by her earnest wish to go away. He would take her with him then; not to weary her with protestation or caress, but to let her lack no watchful care or gentle courtesy, which could be prompted by a love which only sought her happiness, claiming nothing for itself.

Meanwhile Ethel lay within with closed eyes, and Nellie thought she slept. Willis Hargrave could be nothing to the wife of Malcolm Weldon. "Duty, a servant, kept the key" of her heart, and yet, at his sudden coming, and without her will, that summer of three years before had lifted itself, mirage-like, out of the purple glamour of memory. The long walks on the pleasant country-side; the swift gallops along the beach, with the salt sea-breeze infusing new life into every nerve; the idle dropping down of white-winged sail-boats over dimpling waters; glances that had been eloquent; words that had ventured near the treacherous boundary-line of friendship—all these had rushed before her, when she saw him start backward at the sound of her married name, and so disclose in the same swift moment the face of that other to whom even the allegiance of her inmost thought was pledged. She was too faithful to her vows to say, "It might have been!" The one controlling thought which she dared put in words, even to herself, was the wish to go away, any where, any where, by land or sea, only with her husband.

The *Storm Wind* discharged her cargo; and when busy workmen had effaced the scars which wind and wave had made upon her, she took on another burden and was once more outward-bound.

Ethel found every thing arranged with the most thoughtful care for her comfort on ship-board. Should she grow weary of the great, new page of nature spread before her eyes; the ever-shifting panorama of sea and sky, she might find in her cabin choice books and pictures, and the hundred little comforts of a home. Her husband, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, seemed to read her thought and anticipate her wishes. Each day brought renewed proofs of his constant thoughtfulness, and yet between these two, who had stood together in their marriage vows, there was a subtle barrier never once withdrawn—a barrier impalpable and indefinable, yet no less impassable and real.

Ethel, from her side, began to study her husband. To be a commander of men, either by sea or land, is a searching test of true manliness. Ethel saw him unspoiled by his "little brief authority," holding his way with a steady hand and firm judgment, so tempered by discriminate kindness that his crew, in their eagerness to do his will, forgot that they dared not disobey it. With her he showed another phase of character; he was the deep and earnest thinker, whose knowledge was no mere "solution of books," but a cup in which the priceless pearl of experience had been melted. The sea, his foster-mother, had brought the soul of her child into communion with the elemental forces, and taught him "what the winds and waves are saying" to the soul that wills to hear. She began to measure him by other men whom she had known—thrilling with something akin to pride to find him standing, Saul-like, head and shoulders above the host—a true and reverent soul, "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" She was not consciously studying her own heart also, yet I think some faithful instinct must have told her that she stood already in less perilous places when she dared to weigh him against Willis Hargrave in the balances of her judgment—the old love "kicking the beam." She began to weary of mere care and kindness. "He might speak harshly to me," she thought, "and still love me more."

Blind Captain Weldon! not to see that all he cared to win was his already; that outside his very window fluttered the dove weary with beating her

"Bruised wings
On the dark floods and water-springs,
The ruinous world, the desolate sea!"

Ethel awoke suddenly one night out of a deep sleep. The wind had risen while she slept, and she felt the ship laboring through a heavy sea. She had heard the creaking of cordage, and the groaning of strained timbers too often to be alarmed at mere sounds; but now every nerve seemed alert with a strange prescience of coming disaster. She rose hastily, throwing a heavy cloak about her and went out, meeting at her door the pale faces of two or three lady passengers. She spoke a few words to them, then made her way on deck, with an eager longing to be near her husband.

"You were not frightened, Ethel?" he said, as he turned from shouting an order to the helmsman through his trumpet; "this is nothing—there is no danger." But even while he spoke the sound was snatched from his lips by a cry that rose up, cleaving the air like a two-edged sword of terror and despair.

"Fire! fire!"

The driving moon grew pale behind a lurid light that flashed from stem to stern, as a red column of flame shot aloft from the quarter-deck, wreathing the singing shrouds as if for a demon's holiday. One moment Malcolm looked at Ethel, and his cheek blenched with agony; then his voice, clear and strong, sounded above the tumult.

The fire had progressed too far before discovery to leave any hope of extinguishing it. There was no resource but in the boats, which all together would have accommodated amply all on board; but, although the men worked for their lives, the storm made their task difficult almost to hopelessness, and the largest boat was swamped in launching.

Into one of the smaller ones, already overcrowded, Malcolm would have lowered Ethel.

"And you?" she asked, in a thrilling voice.

"Listen, Ethel! There is not room for all. I can not peril others. I trust in God. Come!"

"I will not!" She evaded his grasp and stood before him, her eyes flashing, and her form erect and fearless.

"Ethel! why do you trifle *now?*" His brow darkened and his voice was stern.

"Because I will *never* leave you! Malcolm, I love you! I love you!" She sprang forward and hid her face on his breast.

"My wife!" He folded her in one arm and with the other made a sign, and the boat parted from the burning ship.

During the night the gale veered to an opposite tack, leveling the sea far more rapidly than an absolute calm could have done. At dawn a French vessel, bound for Havre, picked up the fragile float, to which the two had clung, when the terrible death from behind pressed them to risk a less dreadful fate below. Was it a special miracle that saved them, or are we all the subjects of such miracles daily without

"The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible?"

I can not tell—I only know that to them it was given that night to be tossed over the waste of lonely seas, trusting Him who made all, and at sure anchor in the rest of a human love, the best earthly type of the Divine, "perfect through suffering."

At Paris, where they rested for a time, came news of the rescue, by another friendly vessel, of the rest of the ship's company; and afterward a reply from Nellie Rivers to the letter in which Ethel had narrated their disaster and escape. I quote a single paragraph:

"I wish you were to be at my wedding, Ethel dear, but you will hardly come home in time, I fear. It seems so strange that Willis Hargrave should choose me—I am not half good enough. I used to think he would love you, and so I told him one day. You won't think me vain if I tell you his answer? 'She would have been too wise and grand for me. There is no one in all the world like my little Nellie—my girl-wife to be.'"

## LAUNCHED AWAY.

LONG, long beside the moaning sea
  I waited while the great ship grew
To perfect shape, and till set free
  Like some wild loon it seaward flew.

And far, far still my yearning eyes
  Pursued it on its less'ning way,
Till on the glowing twilight skies
  As jet in molten gold it lay.

And while I gazed came one by one,
  Slow-gliding in, like white-winged doves,
Small craft that till the set of sun
  Had lingered in the outer coves;

As, crouching 'neath the leaves in fear,
  The roving covey near the nest
Will watch some terror disappear,
  And then go flutt'ring home to rest.

O Day! I said, whose sweet decline
  Now leaves this world so fair to see
In pictured beauty, more divine
  The lesson which thou leavest me!

Could I unto Time's balmy sea
  Commit in faith this grief that grows
And darkens all the days to be,
  And robs the Present of repose—

Then might it float into the Past,
  Its gloomy outline, now so clear,
To melt in heaven's own light at last,
  Wherein life's woes like gems appear.

And softly on the evening tide,
  Home to my lonely heart, maybe
Small craft of hope and love would glide
  To furl their sails and rest with me.

## WHY AUNT RUTH IS AN AMERICAN.

THE parlor-door opened wide and then shut with a bang as little Willie sprang forward toward his mother, who sat knitting—yes, actually knitting in November, 1867—at a pair of socks for this same Willie.

"What about shutting the door quietly, Willie?" said the mother, looking up with a smile.

"Oh, mamma, I forgot! but please don't send me back this time," said the child, coaxingly; "I've so many things to tell you, mamma!"

"Did you have a nice time with Aunt Ruth?"

"Oh! it was splendid, mamma; and you can't ever guess where we've been so long."

"To Barnum's, I presume."

"No."

"Then somewhere looking at pictures?"

"No. You can't ever guess; I know you couldn't."

"No. I can't guess; you'll have to tell me."

"It was the very queerest place ever I was in: a great big house, and not a bit pretty like ours; and there were so many children—some were at school in a great big school-room, and some were playing. It was fun to watch so many together, and some of them looked so funny. We went all over the house, and, mamma, what was queerest of all was, that the man who went with us knew Aunt Ruth, and seemed just as glad to see her as you are when she first comes here; but when we were coming away she gave him a great many greenbacks. Did she have to pay him for seeing the big house?"

"Hush, Willie, here she comes now."

The door opened, and Aunt Ruth herself entered—a woman more commanding than pretty, but withal graceful and prepossessing. Scarce thirty now, she would have seemed much younger but for the look of sadness which invariably came over her features when in rest. She looked very earnest now. As she came in Willie slipped out, doubtless with the intention of finding his sister, in whom he hoped to find a listener to the rest of his story.

"Willie has told you that we have been at the Children's Home. I find things much improved; the new building will accommodate so many more than the old." And then after a pause, "How sad Anna seems this morning! and when I went into the library a few minutes ago I found her sitting at the piano weeping. One of her music-scholars had just gone."

"Poor child! she can't accustom herself to think that we are not so rich as we were. My husband and Annie take it hardest. Willie don't realize it, and to me, after my plain country bringing-up, it makes little difference but for their sakes. But it is hard for Annie. She herself proposed giving music-lessons. It is not really necessary that she should do it; but she is a brave girl, and felt that she wanted to help, and so I made no objection. I thought, too, that she would be happier to have something to fill up her time; but most of her pupils are from the families of old friends, and it tires her sadly sometimes. She is proud, and we have trained her too aristocratically. Perhaps there is some other trouble—she does not give me her confidence so fully as I wish she did. You know she is engaged to George Hollingsworth. He is in South America now. He will be fully able to give her her old position again. He is the only child of a wealthy father, and is, besides, doing a handsome business himself. He is not the one to let this change of circumstances make any difference to him; and though I should not want my child to marry for money, or any merely material advantage, yet I have been glad that her affections were so worthily placed."

"You are sure that she loved him, then?"

"Yes, quite sure; he was very acceptable to us all. Lately, I have sometimes wished he might come back, for she does not speak of him as often as formerly, and there is a German who comes here frequently. Cousin Andrew introduced him first; he had met him in the South—Colonel von Schuler. He is said to be a baron, too; but we know very little of his antecedents. I know he admires Annie, but have not thought that she showed any preference for him. He will be here to dinner, and you can judge of him for yourself. I have thought little about him before."

The dinner passed off pleasantly. This was, after all, a happy family. The loss which Mr. Hammond had sustained had only embarrassed him, and he still hoped to regain his old position in a few years. He was always pleasant at home. He loved his wife, and was proud of his children, and nothing annoyed him so much as to see shadows on their faces.

Aunt Ruth had ample opportunity for observation. Colonel von Schuler was ceremonious and deferential; his attentions to Annie not too marked; but then they meant more, coming from a German, than they would have done from an American, and this Annie knew. She read character well, and did not need to be told that his fate was in her hands.

Later in the evening, after he had gone, and all had left the room but Aunt Ruth, who sat reading, Annie sat long by the grate, musing. She was very much like other girls, rather practical than sentimental, but given to dreaming over her future, and it is only fair to add, taking into due consideration all the substantial blessings of life. She liked the Colonel very much. She had liked George Hollingsworth very much; but then he had been absent almost a year, and a year is long enough to work wonderful changes. Then, too, there was Laura Markham, a proud, rather conceited young lady, who had slighted Annie since her father's losses, and she had set her cap for the Baron, and what a triumph it would be to carry him off, and a very suitable revenge for the slights, one of which had been the cause of the tears of which Aunt Ruth had spoken! Then, too—she judged George by herself—a righteous way to judge, surely—and thought, perhaps he didn't care so much for her after all. And wouldn't it be vastly more brilliant to be taken to Vienna as a Baroness than to live in New York a merchant's wife?

Ruth Averill had sat there ostensibly reading, but really watching her niece. After a little while she came and stood beside her.

"Well, Annie," she said, breaking the reverie, "for which have you decided?"

"Why, Aunt Ruth, how do you know what I was thinking about?" she said, blushing and stammering.

"Your face is easily read, child."

Annie was silent. Should she submit her thoughts to this clear judgment? Poor child, she was sadly perplexed. She looked up at Aunt Ruth: she had somehow crept into her confidence, she didn't know how; but after all she was glad she was there, and she couldn't shut the door on her now. So she jumped up and pressed her aunt down into the large comfortable chair, and took a low seat beside her, and told all her troubles, winding up with:

"But I ought not to have told you, for I remember how disparagingly you spoke of foreigners last evening."

"No. I did not mean to; but I had seen an incident which annoyed me very much yesterday. You remember the dress-maker who brought my brown silk home?"

"Yes. She was such a pretty little German woman I couldn't forget her."

"Well, her husband is a baron. They live in a little attic room in the fifth story of a house in Eighth Street. Mrs. Alford told me of her; and when I went to find her I overheard her husband swearing at her because she hadn't brought up enough coal at once, and wasted her time going twice. When she opened the door he was lounging on the bed smoking. He is too proud to work because he has a title, so she keeps them by sewing; and he won't let her put out a sign because it would disgrace his noble name; so she must pick up work as best she can. But when I stepped in he was just as courtly in his manners as Baron Schuler was in your parlor to-night."

"Why, Aunt! you don't mean—"

"No, Annie. I don't mean to say that Baron Schuler is an imposter. But do you know any thing of him?"

"No. That is to say, very little."

"George Hollingsworth is an American gentleman, a good true man, and loves you?"

"Yes; but he isn't so polished a gentleman as Colonel Schuler."

"He does not bow so low, and is perhaps not quite so ceremonious; but I thought him a polished man, and there is no truer gentleman in all the world than a real American gentleman."

"You always defend Americans, Aunt Ruth; and though I have known a long time that you were English, and that it was from your uncle in England that you have inherited all your property, yet you always call yourself an American."

"I am very proud to have the right to do so, Annie."

She was silent, looking into the fire.

"If I should not love my country who should? She has been father, mother, and home to me, as she is to-day being to thousands of just such desolate orphans as I was. You know that I was born in England, Annie. Do you know more?"

"No, mother told me only that. I have asked a hundred times, but she would tell me nothing more."

"I will tell you to-night. How beautiful the fire is! I remember one November night when the wind blowed as cold as it does to-night and I had no fire."

"*You*, Aunt Ruth?"

"Yes, I, Annie. When I was a child twelve years old my father and mother emigrated to America. I remember very little of our lives previous to that, only that my father was an artist and that we were poor, for my mother used to make my dresses out of her old ones, trimming them somehow tastefully to make them seem like new; and she never had a servant; but we were very happy, for my father loved his art, and mother was very proud of it and of him. He was a younger son. While my grandfather lived it made little difference; but when he died and my uncle took the estate it came very hard, for the brothers had not been good friends. Father had been educated at Oxford; but he had no practical knowledge of life, and so the art which had been cultivated as a pleasure, and used only to fill the old hall with pictures, became suddenly his only means of support.

"I remember living in a little cottage near London. My father painted incessantly; but he could not sell his pictures. We grew always poorer, and one article of luxury after another, and, finally, even needful articles, disappeared. When the piano went mother only smiled and said:

"'My little girl's voice is sweet enough without an accompaniment. She must learn from the little birds now.' But at last a time came when even she could smile no longer, and my father's face grew sadder every day. Annie, have you ever read of the iron cell, in which a prisoner was placed? It had seven little windows when he first entered; the next morning it had but six, the next five, and so on; and as the days passed he could see the iron walls narrowing—a great monster ready to crush him. Poverty is like this. Every day the dollars go but none come in; and the poor victim can only stand helpless and wait to feel the cold iron against his flesh.

"At last father came in one evening. 'Mary, my dear,' he said; 'you are growing paler every day. All day I have been trying to sell my pictures. It is in vain. If we stay here it will be to starve. Shall we go to America? They say it is the home for the poor. We neither of us have many ties in Old England now. Why should we stay here to starve?'

"My mother threw herself into his arms and wept. It was the outburst of a long pent-up storm. There was then a beacon of hope left, and tears came to her relief.

"With what was received from the sale of the remnant of the furniture they took steerage passage from Liverpool to New York. Steerage passage, Annie, can you imagine what that is? Eight hundred people—men, women, and children—Irish, Dutch, German—the poorest of the poor—the filthiest of the filthy—crowded together in their rags and misery. Driven up on deck by day, we used to sit looking at the waves, and were lulled into rest by their monotonous rolling; but at night it was terrible. The groans and curses of the sick haunt me yet.

"At last it was over, and the struggle commenced again. Landed in New York without money and without a friend in America. I look back upon it now and shudder. My father knew as little how to make his way as you do; perhaps less. He had brought some pictures with him which would scarcely sell at home for the cost of the canvas on which they were painted. He had taken a room on Monroe Street, and here he worked and we waited. At first he sold one picture for a better price. It was to a gentleman in Fourteenth Street. I saw the picture yesterday. You remember the landscape over the piano in Mr. James's parlor? He paid $50 for it; he would not take $500 now. But fifteen years ago was too early for an artist of ordinary talent to reap much profit in New York. Mr. James promised to send his friends, but the days went by and we saw no more of him. At last father took the remaining six or seven pictures to an auction-room. There was no money left, and they must be sold. But I will not tell you how the miserable days passed. They grew always worse, and my mother began to sew for others. I could help her some, but I know it must have been little.

"At last my father died, and left us alone. The days went by just the same, only there were no more pictures to cheer us up even for a moment, and the tears fell over the work. We used to sit for hours without speaking.

"A few times mother went to the post-office for a letter. My poor father had been too proud to ask any thing for himself; but when he knew he must die, he wrote to his brother and asked help for his wife and child. But it never came.

"I can not tell you of my mother's death. Children can not see death coming, and it stunned me. I sat all night beside her cold form calling her back. The next morning they took her away. In the evening another family moved in, and I was homeless with my great grief."

Annie had crept closer to her aunt, and her arms were around her in quiet sympathy now.

"For weeks I tried to get work to do, but what could a child of thirteen do? I never told my story. If I had I should have succeeded better, but I was too proud and too sensitive. I used to wander down to the river and look in, and wonder if it would be wrong to jump in. How I prayed to God to take me to my mother! Jean Valjean, when he left the galleys and found every door closed against him, felt as I felt. He went out into the stubble-field, and the very earth and sky seemed to shut him out. I was bitter against man and against God. Even the dogs were fed from their masters' tables, but I had not even the crumbs.

"Every day the weather was growing colder, and one November night—it was just such a night as to-night—I sat down upon the stone steps of a house in East Broadway. The street was almost deserted. Presently two young men turned the corner and came down past where I was sitting. It was not yet dark, and though I drew myself back into the corner they saw me.

"'See here, Jack, what bundle is this?' said one.

"'We haven't time to stop and see, that's certain,' said Jack.

"But they did stop.

"Jack grew impatient, so I shrunk away.

"'Come on,' he said to the other, 'we won't get around in time for the theatre.'

"'Go without me then to-night. You know I don't care much to go, any how. I've heard this play a dozen times.' Then in a whisper: 'There's something about this child that reminds me of the little sister who died. I can't leave her here.'

"Then he knelt down on the step and began to talk to me. He thought me younger than I was, for he talked as he might have done to a child of eight years—so kind—I looked into his face and wondered if my mother had sent an angel to help me. He was only a boy still, eighteen perhaps. He took me by the hand then, and led me up to the home for children. He left me there, and I saw no more of him."

"Have you never seen him since?"

"Yes. I heard him preach last Sunday morning. He is a missionary. I was not the only poor child he had taken there. But I have never seen him since except in the pulpit."

"How strange! I expected it was Uncle Henry," said Annie.

"You think it would have been more romantic. But I scarcely believe in the saying that 'Pity is akin to love.' Love is apter to grow out of respect."

"And were you well treated where he took you? And this is why you go there now whenever you come into the city, and why you give them so much money always."

"Yes; but I did not stay there long. Your grandfather and grandmother came in one day; and when they went back again they took me with them. It was some time after your mother's marriage, and they had spent lonely years since she had been gone. She was an only child.

"They did not adopt me—that is, I kept my own name, and my history was no secret; but you know they are very democratic in Western New York, and only my own sensitiveness made me feel my position painful. I grew to taking almost the position of a daughter to your grandparents, and when your mother used to come out to spend the summers she called me 'Little Sister,' and taught you to call me 'Aunt.' My lot was cast in pleasant places."

"But where did you meet Uncle Henry?"

"First one summer, when he was spending his vacation at his uncle's in the neighborhood. It was very strange that he should have been attracted to me. You know how aristocratic he is, and how proud of his family."

"But your family in England were still more so."

"Yes; but they never recognized me till after my uncle's death when the fortune came to me; and that, you know, was two years after my marriage."

"And this is why you love America so well, and always call yourself an American?"

"Have I not reason? I shudder when I remember that I might have been left a beggar in the streets of London. Nowhere but in America could I have become what I have."

"And Uncle Henry knew all this before he sought your acquaintance?"

"Yes."

"I shall like him better than ever, now."

Ruth Averill lay awake long that night thinking over the past. But Annie did not try to sleep till she had written a kinder letter to South America than she had done for months before.

## CHARLES LAMB'S LOVE OF OLD BOOKS.

CHARLES LAMB is an author who never has, perhaps never will, occupy a very foremost place in English literature. His position in this respect seems analagous to the character of his own writings, which were gentle and retiring. He never forced himself on the public, but bided his own time, and waited for the tender inspiration which came upon him like a whispering zephyr. He himself loved to linger in the by-ways of literature. He went aside to tread upon unknown and long-forgotten paths. An old, black-lettered volume, an edition of the Elizabethan playwrights on soft brown paper, with thick yellowish type, his "ragged veterans," as he used to call them, had more attractions in his eyes than the freshest volume just issued from the press of Cottle or Longman. His horror of horrors was an old writer done up in modern binding. "I do not know a more heartless sight," he says, in one of his essays, "than the reprint of the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'" While other writers may be compared to the more prominent flowers of the well-trimmed garden, Lamb was pre-eminently

"A primrose by the river's side."

He shunned publicity, and only sought to be allowed in quietness and self-content to give forth from time to time the thoughts that welled up within him. "He had great liking," says Barry Cornwall, "for unpretending men, who would come and gossip with him in a friendly, companionable way, or who liked to talk about old authors or old books. . . . He loved old books and authors, indeed, beyond most other things. He used to say (with Shakspeare), 'The heavens themselves are old.'" The very circumstance of a volume having been cast away, perhaps thrown into the waste-basket of a book-stall, gave it an attraction in his eyes.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA—PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND ENGAGING IN THE SPORT.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN AFRICA—MEASURING THE ELEPHANT KILLED BY PRINCE ALFRED.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE RAILROAD DISASTER IN OHIO—TERRIBLE COLLISION NEAR LOCKLAND.—[SKETCHED BY FRANK D. SKIPP.]

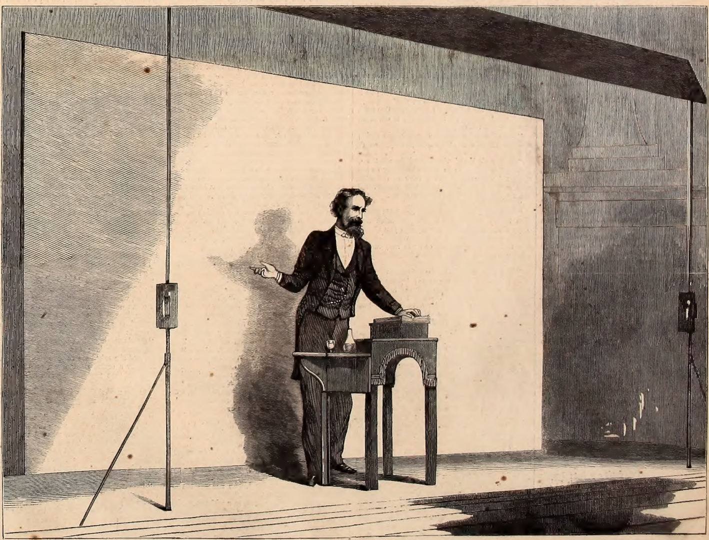
## THE RAILROAD HORROR.

THE full particulars of the late railroad disaster near Lockland, Ohio, which we illustrate on this page, are of the most painful character. The collision occurred about six o'clock on the morning of November 21. A freight train, becoming disabled, had to stop at a bridge near Lockland, and the New York Lightning Express train was halted immediately in its rear. Another way train was due at the same point a few minutes subsequently, and before it could be signaled it came dashing along, and ran into the Express train.

The rear-car, the sleeping coach of the train, was split almost in two. The smoke-pipe and front part of the engine were completely demolished, and the box of the tender lifted from its place and thrown forward. In the collision the kerosene reflecting head-light of the engine was broken, and the contents of the lamp were emptied on the floor of the sleeping-car, and ignited by the fire from the stove, which had been overturned. The flames spread with fearful rapidity, and soon the whole rear portion of the car, or rather what was left of it, was in flames. Some of the passengers, who were either dressed or in the act of dressing, escaped with only injuries; others, and among them four sisters—SALLIE, RACHEL, HANNAH, and MARY MORGAN—were asleep, or at least had not arisen. These four lost their lives. They had all occupied berths near the rear end of the car, and it is supposed that three of them were instantly killed by the concussion. The other, supposed to be RACHEL, had the lower part of her body completely wedged in among the broken seats, and found it impossible to extricate herself. A young man named JACKSON, from Boston, attempted to rescue her, but perished in the attempt, and both were burned alive.

When the fire had exhausted itself, the wreck was cleared away from the track and search for the dead was made. A headless trunk and a trunk that lacked limbs were found; and three others were found less mutilated. While the dressing of the wounded was in progress these ghastly remnants of humanity were picked out, all charred and blackened, and still smoking with heat, and carefully laid aside. So far as possible the parts were placed together. There were remnants of two bodies, however, that amounted to nothing more than several unrecognizable masses of broiled flesh and broken bones.

Our engraving, from a drawing made on the spot, represents the trains just after the collision.



CHARLES DICKENS AS HE APPEARS WHEN READING.—SKETCHED BY C. A. BARRY.—[SEE PAGE 782.]

## A MORNING CALL.

The last touch of all on my hat I bestow,
Then draw on my gloves, and, descending the stairs,
Pass through the dark hall to the street, all aglow,
To make a short call at my sweet Cousin Clare's.

Clare's an heiress and handsome—a blonde, by-the-way—
With pale golden hair where the sun's yellow beams
In the bright shining tresses seem always to play,
And eyes lit with mischief when not filled with dreams.

I reach the grand house where my cousin resides,
Ring the bell that so often I've pulled at before,
And Thomas, who answers with slow, solemn strides,
Leads the way up the stairs to my good aunt's boudoir.

The snug little room is complete in itself,
With its books and its pictures, its vases and flowers,
The bronzes that stand on the low mantle's shelf,
And the ormolu clock that ticks softly the hours.

Seated there is my aunt in a new morning-cap,
And Ma'mselle with the sunbeams all rife in her hair;
And beside her, with scissors and spool in her lap,
Is the dress-maker fashioning dresses for Clare.

In its wire gilded cage in the window's recess,
That looks on the street and its gay passing throng,
A canary, some theme striving hard to express,
Takes the ear, as by storm, with its shrill-throated song.

We talk of the opera, pictures, and books,
The last published novel, the latest French play;
Of our friends and their fortunes, their dress and their looks;
And in this sort of gossip the time flies away.

And so ends my call on my sweet Cousin Clare—
Just an hour by the clock—how much shorter it seems!
For my thoughts, like the sunbeams, got lost in her hair,
And drowned in the light of her eyes filled with dreams.

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XXX.

"AND DOES NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"

WHEN Ellen Bowden returned to town with her uncle and aunt Sutton, after the Talbots' marriage, she found that Mr. John Wilmot had not regarded her wish as to his not wasting his time by waiting to see them. There was a note from him among the other letters on the hall table, telling her that she would see him as soon as he could possibly come to her after receiving her acknowledgment of the receipt of this missive, and that when he came to her he should come with the determination of knowing what she purposed to do with him, and with herself.

She took in the contents of the letter as she ran up stairs, and when she reached her own room she sat down and tried to think what answer she should give him. She could not trifle with him. Independent of her strong feeling that he would not suffer himself to be trifled with, was the equally strong one against doing it to such an old friend. She was very sure she could not trifle with him, but she was equally sure that she could not marry him. A vision of Arthur Eldale, and all the glories with which Arthur Eldale could surround her, rose up to prevent the possibility of her making such a *mésalliance*. But how should she tell John Wilmot this? That was the question.

"I will speak to Aunt Marian," she said to herself, at last; and then she got herself into her dressing-jacket, took her letter in her hand, and wended her way to her aunt's dressing-room. That lady was lying on a sofa, with a cup of tea in one hand and a long bill the items of which she was lazily overlooking in the other.

"I'm in a small trouble, Aunt Marian," the girl said, nervously, as she entered the room.

"And I'm in a big one," Mrs. Sutton replied, captiously. "Hortense does impose on me in the most glaring manner."

"Why do you go on dealing with her then?"

"Simply because I can't pay and have done with her, and she knows it. I have more than half made that woman's fortune, and now she is insolent to me; that is just the way with people—you load them with favors, and when you're down they turn upon you."

"But—'down!'—you're not 'down?'"

"No—oh be joyful! I'm not down in one sense," Mrs. Sutton said, rising up quickly and casting the long bill carelessly into an open drawer; "but that woman thinks I am, and acts upon her thought. Now tell me your small trouble."

"It is about John Wilmot." Ellen tried to speak very steadily, and failed.

"Well, what about him?" Marian asked, sharply.

"You may read his letter, if you like," Ellen replied; "there is nothing in it that you may not see, as you know so much already."

Then Mrs. Sutton read John Wilmot's letter, and as she read it a little satirical smile flashed out from her blue eyes and flitted over her mouth.

"I suppose you believe every word he writes or says, do you not?" she said, contemptuously, handing the letter back to the girl.

"Yes—I do."

"Then there is nothing for me to say." Mrs. Sutton shrugged her shoulders and sat down again.

"Oh! Aunt Marian, don't say that; I really want your advice; will you not give it to me, dear?"

"My advice would be quite thrown away upon you while you are in such a childish state of blind faith in a man. What would be the use of my telling you how you ought to act about John Wilmot when we think so differently about him?"

"I thought you liked him very much, Aunt Marian; and—I don't very much more than like him now."

"Don't you really? My dear child, do you really think I had not discovered that little fact long ago? But what is the use of it while you believe in him to the extent you do? I like him certainly, but I estimate him properly, which you do not."

"No one can more thoroughly appreciate John Wilmot than I do," Ellen said, seriously.

"There is such a thing as over-appreciation; now, of course, I can not say whether he has blinded you, or whether you are blinding yourself; but this I must say, you delude yourself about him if you think that much more than his vanity will be hurt when he finds out that your love has lapsed into only liking. Young men say a good deal more than they mean to many people."

"I can not believe that John Wilmot does that—he is too honorable."

"Of course he is," Mrs. Sutton said, sneeringly; "too honorable to actually proffer vows of love to more than one, because that might be actionable; and your unsophisticated young farmer is wise enough to steer clear of damages, but not too honorable to seek to make more than one in love with him, and not too honest to be mortified when he fails in doing so."

"But, Aunt Marian, he never has been a flirt; there was not a girl in our part, down there, who would not have been glad to get his attentions if she could."

"He told you so, I suppose? Poor silly child! From his own report you are of course justified in pronouncing him to be a most honorable moralist. The 'girls down there.' I can understand why temptation did not come to him in their guise."

"Don't make me doubt him."

"Why not? You are anxious to break with him; you don't wish to break his heart; and at the same time you cling with absurd tenacity to the belief that your breaking with him will make him very miserable: this is inconsistent."

"I don't like to think him dishonest because I am weak," Ellen said, dejectedly.

"'Dishonest!' that is a harsh term to apply to that amiable 'humbug,' which men bring to bear upon women whenever they find it answers. John Wilmot will console himself very quickly. Don't you doubt that, Ellie."

"I shall be very glad if he does console himself. I do not wish to doubt his doing so," Ellen said, with a slight trembling in her tone.

"No, you will not be any thing of the kind, my dear," Mrs. Sutton said, with an affectation of being very tolerant to the weakness she was detecting; "you will not be glad if he does console himself. I am a woman, and though I have not had to bear any thing of the sort myself, I know that you will be mortified; but you will be less mortified if you hear reason beforehand, than if you go on in blind faith believing all he suggests to you."

"Then what do you think I had better do?" Ellen asked, dejectedly.

"Do—oh! let me see; why write and tell him you have got his letter and will be happy to see him; be courteous, of course; but when he comes tell him what you want to tell him—you know best what that is."

"Aunt Marian! he will think so badly of me."

"For what?"

"For not going on with it and marrying him."

"Of course he will think badly of you for not going on with it; men always do think badly of women who do not 'go on with it,' as long as it is the men's pleasure it should go on."

"It will break his heart I believe," Ellen said, quickly. "You don't know about it all, Aunt Marian—you can't judge."

"Come here," was Mrs. Sutton's sole reply; and Ellen went over and knelt down by the side of the couch.

"Now look here," the elder lady went on, patting the younger one on the shoulder as she spoke; "what object can I have in speaking save to spare your feelings in this matter? tell me, do you think I can have any other?"

"None whatever, Aunt Marian."

"Well then, listen, and don't be a little goose. You hardly like to say it, but you think that John Wilmot is devoted to you, and you alone; that he could not care for another woman's love; and that no other woman can win his; that is what you think, plainly worded."

Ellen was silent.

"You need not speak," Mrs. Sutton went on, after a pause of a few moments; "you need not tell me whether I am wrong or right. I know without your telling me. Now I am not vain enough to fancy that John Wilmot is in love with me; but I tell you this, he has tried to make me in love with him."

"In love with him!—you!" poor Ellen stammered.

Mrs. Sutton nodded.

"With you—a married woman?"

"Not criminally so," Mrs. Sutton laughed lightly. "Your virtuously brought up birdie would shrink horror-stricken from that; but he is what men of his stamp call "taken with me" to the degree of wishing to make me feel a rather stronger than mere friendly interest in him."

"I can't believe he means it in the way you think he does, Aunt Marian," Ellen stammered.

"Naturally it is hard for you to believe that it is any thing more than a vicarious tribute to you," Mrs. Sutton said, laughing. "I am so likely to deceive myself about any thing of the sort: the liking of such a young man as John Wilmot would be such a dazzlingly flattering thing to me! My dear child, do not pin your faith on any man's constancy, or you will find yourself so egregiously mistaken."

"Where is safety then?" Ellen sighed.

"Where? in good settlements and the marriage service, certainly not in the selfish exactions of young men who would have girls waste their best days in waiting on the forlorn hope of marrying by-and-by. However, you must please yourself; only, for your own sake, don't cultivate the romantic notion that any man will break his heart about you. Now you had better leave me to dress: leave your note till after dinner."

Ellen did as she was bidden; and after dinner it was too late, Mrs. Sutton said, "to send a servant out with it." So John Wilmot did not get the answer he had asked for until the following day. It was a very slight and unsatisfactory answer when he did get it. It was even cooler than the last one to him which has been read in these pages:

"DEAR JOHN,—I could not manage to write last night when I came home, as I had to dress for dinner. I shall be at home after luncheon to-day if you like to come.

"In great haste, yours truly, ELLEN."

He stood looking at the letter for some few moments after he had finished reading it, with his face burning and his heart beating. He had waited for it so anxiously, and now it had come, and it was so cruel. She could not "write to him because she had to dress for dinner;" and she should be at home after luncheon "if he liked to come." The poor young fellow ground his teeth together as the truth came home to him that he should go to very little purpose.

He had not staid at a hotel all this time, but had gone into lodgings in one of a row of houses that stands in that new part of Kensington called "Albertopolis." They were neat, clean, new rooms that he occupied over a fruiterer's shop, but they were not cheerful. There was no more cheerfulness in them than there was in his heart, as he re-read Ellen's letter in the vain hope of finding something kinder in it than had been apparent on the first reading. But he did not find that which he sought, for the simple reason that it was not there to be found.

That morning appeared a very long one to him. He had not the habit of taking sufficient interest in the topics of the day to enable him to be absorbed in a newspaper. London hours and London haunts and occupations were so many sealed books to him. Therefore he could not go out and while away the time until the moment for keeping his appointment with Ellen came. He longed with a pained yearning longing for the quiet of his own home, and the comfortable occupation his own surroundings would have given him; for here he was quite alone—quite alone and very desolate.

It had been his hope for so many years that Ellen would be his wife. Now, when there seemed to be a prospect of that hope being dashed to pieces, a vision of what his life down in the old familiar place that had been so dear to him, flashed before him and nearly broke his heart. His whole life to be darkened because of the idle folly and vanity that had prompted her mother to send Ellen out of her proper sphere. It was too cruel, too hard to be borne, and yet he must bear it.

How he had deceived himself about Ellen! This change that had been wrought in her toward himself had been her own work entirely; this he never doubted. He never for an instant, during the whole of these bitter hours, suspected that the bright, sweet-looking lady who was always so warm and kind to him had any share in it. But though he did not suspect pretty Mrs. Sutton of being his secret enemy, no other solution of the difficulty occurred to him. He could only feel that his love had been lightly esteemed and wronged, and sorrow that it was so; that was all, and the "all" was very hard to bear.

His inquiry for "Miss Bowden" was answered satisfactorily about two o'clock that day at her uncle's door. Miss Bowden was at home alone, and he could see her. Clogs seemed to fix themselves upon his feet as he followed the servant to that same room in which Mark Sutton had begged his niece to "keep honest and true in order that he might not curse the atmosphere of his house."

His name was announced, and he was in the room with the door closed behind him before he saw that the lady advancing so gladly toward him was not Ellen but Mrs. Mark Sutton. Then he did not know whether to be sorry or glad that it was so, when that lady giving him her cordial hand and genial smile the while said:

"Not left town yet? How very good of you to stay to see us safely back!"

"Didn't Ellen tell you I was coming to-day?" he asked, bluntly; and Mrs. Sutton shook her untruthful little head and said:

"No indeed! did she know it?"

"Why of course she knew it, Mrs. Sutton," the poor boy broke out vehemently; "of course she knew it. I wrote to her begging to see her, and she sent me a note this morning saying she would see me after luncheon; isn't she at home?"

"Ellen is a very extraordinary girl," Mrs. Sutton said, solemnly, evading his direct question as to Ellen's being at home. "What I would have given to have inspired a true noble affection in the heart of a good man!"

"You!" he said, admiringly; for the lady before him was very touchingly appealing to the taste and heart of a man—she was so lovely, and so gentle, and (at this moment) so tenderly sad. "You! why, Mrs. Sutton, you have done it; you must have done it."

Mrs. Sutton put her little white jeweled hand up to her forehead, and pretended to push back her nut-brown hair, in utter weariness.

"I started in life thinking I must do so. I was young and happy, and had my dreams of joy for a time; but—well, it does not fall to every woman's lot to be really loved, I suppose; I have had an indulgent husband, who has left me to myself—very much to myself."

She sank her voice almost to a whisper as she said this; and John Wilmot pitied her profoundly as he saw her glance at her wedding-ring, and then turn her eyes away from it suddenly, as if the recollections it recalled were more than she could bear. Beauty, unappreciated, appeals strongly to the better feelings of most men who are not legally called upon to appreciate it; but worth and gentleness, such as John believed Mrs. Sutton to possess, appealed to him still more. He felt very sympathetic toward this fair fellow-sufferer, and he looked very sympathetic; and Mrs. Sutton read men's looks very readily.

"I suppose we all have our troubles," he muttered.

"Many people make their own troubles—I at at least can not reproach myself with that," Marian replied, virtuously; "mine have been made for me by others; however, I don't see why I need bore you about myself."

"I should never be bored with any thing you could say," he said, heartily.

"I do feel that we are very true real friends," the lady said, gratefully; "there is some comfort in that to both, I hope."

"Yes," John Wilmot said; but in his heart he felt conscious that there was very small comfort to him in Mrs. Sutton's friendship while Ellen staid away from him.

"I wish I had known you years ago," the lady went on, abstractedly, apparently forgetting that "years ago" John Wilmot was a very little boy, while she was a grown-up young lady; "if I had known you, I might have been a happier woman than I am."

His honest brow flushed to the roots of his hair as he took in the full force of the dangerously obvious allusions Marian had made. It staggered him; and yet "there could be no real harm in it, since good, sweet Mrs. Sutton had made it," he thought. Still, it was embarrassing. Married women who spoke the truth, and the whole truth, with respect to their domestic happiness or misery, had not come within his limited experience before. He wished more earnestly than ever that Ellen would come down; and Mrs. Sutton read his wishes, and took a faint pleasure in thwarting them.

"Girls are so weak and foolish," she went on, as if his visit there was made solely for the purpose of discussing the subject; "the exercise of a little moral courage would often save them a life of wretchedness—would it not?"

"Yes," he replied, not knowing at all at what she was driving.

"We get engaged," she said, softly and sadly, "and then, no matter whether or not we discover that we are not loved, or that we do not love, we think we must go on with it. If I could live my life over again, how differently I would act! if I had daughters, how cautious I would pray them to be!"

"But you wouldn't pray them to change their minds and break their promises for every idle new fancy they formed, would you?" he asked; and Mrs. Sutton tried not to blush guiltily as she replied:

"No; but I would not presume to decide as to whether any new fancy they formed was an idle one or not. A woman's instincts tell us when she can love on and be loved on for all time; she should obey her instincts; no other woman's opinion can avail her; am I not reasonable?"

"Very reasonable; but why do you say this to me, Mrs. Sutton?" he asked.

"Because I do like and regard you so very warmly," she said, in an irrepressible burst of very neatly portrayed genuine feeling; "because I should really be very sorry to see you with an unloving wife."

"Then you think Ellen does not love me?" His voice shook; but she was very pitiless.

"Do I think she loves you?—can I or any one else think she loves you, as you want to be loved by her? She likes you as an old friend and neighbor, and as the first man, probably, who discovered any charm whatever in her; but as for loving you as you deserve to be loved, Ellen Bowden is not capable of doing it."

"Why, I thought you liked her, Mrs. Sutton," he said, quickly. Mrs. Sutton might be wounding to heal; it was quite possible that she was being kind as well as brave; but this was certain, that she was "wounding" very deeply.

"So I do like her; she is a great, unformed country girl, not gifted with the grace to value the incomprehensible love you lavish upon her; but as for liking her as a wife for you, to tell you the simple truth, I do not."

"I don't suppose I shall ever get her to be my wife," he said, dejectedly; and then Mrs. Sutton held out her hand to him, and he had to get up and go over and take it.

"I will forgive you this folly," she was saying, and withdrawing her hand from his at the same moment, when the door opened, and Ellen Bowden came quickly into the room. She stopped at once, looked from one to the other with a mortified, suspicious look for one moment, and then said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Wilmot; a thousand pardons, Aunt Marian; but Madame Hortense is here, and she asked me to give you this." The girl threw a sealed letter down on the table as she spoke, then turned away and left the room in silence.

"Is she mad?" John Wilmot asked, angrily; and Mrs. Sutton shrugged her shoulders, and opened the note.

"Poor girl! she has been madly extravagant," Marian said, with a sigh, when she had finished the note. "I don't know what you would say if you saw this bill." The bill was her own, and for fifty pounds, but she did not intend that John Wilmot should see it. "How angry her mother will be," she went on; "and I can't pay it: poor child!"

"How much is it?" he asked.

"Fifty pounds."

"I will pay it, if you will promise never to let her know that I have done so," he said, with an agitated voice. "Let me; I am not quite such a poor country farmer as you think me; let me do that for her, at least."

"If she ever finds it out she will never forgive me," Mrs. Sutton said; "but I can not allow you—I will not allow you. What am I to do?"

"Do take it," he pleaded; "I will go back at once to my lodgings and draw a check, and I won't try to see her again. Thank you for all your kindness—bless you for it!"

Mrs. Sutton shook him heartily by the hand, begged him to write to her, and a minute afterward he was out in the street without having had that explanation with Ellen for which he had been pining. That night Madame Hortense was pacified, and Ellen was told by her aunt that "John Wilmot had accepted the situation her (Ellen's) coolness compelled him to take very quietly."

It was not a pleasant evening that which the aunt and niece spent alone together. Mark Sutton was absent on business with Edgar; Ellen had been stung, and made to smart very severely by Mrs. Sutton on the subject of John Wilmot's facility for falling in love with other people the day before, and this day she had, as she believed, received ocular demonstration. She did not know (and Marian would not tell her) that Marian's speech, "I will forgive you this folly," had reference to something else, not to his "folly" of having taken Mrs. Sutton's hand in his. "Mr. Wilmot entirely forgot that he came to see me, Aunt Marian," Ellen said, trying to laugh about her discomfiture, and Mrs. Sutton replied:

"You will be less scrupulous than you were last night about doing what you want to do; he is a very weak young man."

"He may be that," Ellen thought, "but what must Aunt Marian be to encourage him?" However, she did not word her thought. Still, it was not a pleasant evening, not one bit more pleasant than the one John Wilmot spent alone, endeavoring "to realize it all."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### IN TROUBLED WATERS.

Small as Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Talbot's establishment was, it took them some time to get it into perfect working order. Bright and active minded as Blanche was, domestic arrangements outran her at times and became unmanageable. Indeed, it must be acknowledged that Lionel's dinner would have been more punctually served very often, if his wife had not entirely forgotten to order it until very late in the day. That dream of "working on steadily in happy unbroken quiet," in which she had indulged before her marriage, was quickly dispelled. The knowledge that Lionel was at work in a room near to her, and that if she pleased she could at any moment go in and be welcomed warmly and lovingly by him, was disturbing, though gratifying. It led her thoughts off from the people whom she was portraying, and steeped her in a dreamy, happy idleness that was not conducive to the successful doing of the real "work" there is in fiction writing.

Each night Mrs. Lionel Talbot made excellent resolutions, as to the way in which she would on the following day abstain from making unnecessary errands to her husband's studio, and each day she broke them. "Before, when I had nothing to look back upon, and nothing to look forward to, when I knew that the evening would bring me no relaxation, I could work on without wearying; and now that I am so happy, and that I know the close of the day will bring me your companionship, Lal, I do little besides draw faces on my blotting-paper and yawn, when I am not rushing in here to bore you," she would say to Lionel, by way of apology for sauntering in to see "how he was getting on." Then Lionel would put down his pallet and brush, and waste a good deal of time in reassuring her as to the impossibility of her ever "boring him," and so Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Talbot got into the habit of leading what some practical people without half their power of work termed "an idle, desultory life.

At last, when they had been married about three months, their privacy was broken in upon in a way that at first promised to make them very happy, and that afterward made them very miserable. Beatrix wrote to her brother from Mrs. Lyon's house at Haldon, and asked him "would he be surprised and sorry, or glad as she herself was, when she told him that Frank Bathurst had asked her to marry him?" Then she went on to ask if "Blanche would have her up with them for a little time? and if it was not all very delightful?"

It was very "delightful" to them all, especially when Trixy came up to-day with them, and Frank wrote to Lionel in the best brotherly vein. Mr. Bathurst's happy knack of ignoring that which is best ignored, was too well known to Blanche for her to have a single doubt as to the way in which he would meet her now that he was engaged to Beatrix. But it was not known to Beatrix, or if it was, she chose to forget it on the occasion of Frank's first coming out to see and be hearty to her brother and his wife. Beatrix was of that order of women who love wholly and devotedly, and (if they may) engrossingly. Her affection for Mr. Bathurst was the one feeling of her life. It was very terrible to her to know that, four months ago, he had been quite as ready to marry some one else as he now was to marry her. It was even more terrible to her to know that this "some one else" was her brother's wife, likely, according to all the laws of chance, to have frequent intercourse with them. She was fond of Blanche, and she thoroughly believed in the purity and probity of her predecessor in Frank's heart. But not the less did she chafe under the knowledge that Blanche had preceded her, and that Frank would neither be forgetful nor ashamed of the fact.

Down in the solitary lanes and wooded glades of Haldon, Trixy had, during the last three months, almost forgotten that Frank had not always been devoted to her as he now was. But the recollection returned in a little sharp spasm, when she saw his face kindling with joy at the sight of the cousin who would always be dear to him, though she would not be his love. In this Beatrix, who adored him, was more unjust than Blanche, who did not adore him; she overestimated his regard for her sister-in-law, and the extent of Blanche's influence over him. As both Mr. Bathurst and Blanche were unconscious of this, the elements of mischief and unhappiness were in their midst to a dangerous degree.

There was another element of unhappiness in their midst, too, that would soon, Blanche feared, make itself manifest in most cruel form—and this was poverty. They had married on hope and love, and the possible proceeds of their respective arts. Now, though love was still as active a power as ever, hope was fading a little in the woman's heart. So her work grew weaker, she fancied, because of that undefined disturbance in her mind which money difficulties are sure to create. Still, she kept her sorrows of doubt and fear to herself for a while, lest Lionel's artist power might lessen under what she felt to be ignoble pressure.

When the depressing conviction first struck her that she did not write with the physical energy and vigor of former days, and that consequently the mental energy and vigor which had marked her works was wanting, Beatrix had been with them a week. So in order that there might be no cloud over the glorious sun which was shining on the bride elect, Blanche suffered with smiles on her face, and seemed altogether gayer than Trixy had ever seen her (Blanche) before. At first this pleased the sister, who was willing to take it as a tribute to the happiness-conferring power of her brother; but after a while the effort which Blanche could not entirely conceal struck Trixy, and made her watchful for a reason for all not being so fair as it seemed.

She searched about and dwelt upon the subject until she found one that seemed all-sufficient to her. Blanche was not quite happy, that was evident; and yet she was so lately married, and Lionel loved her so well! Then the jealous suspicion arose, that Blanche could not be quite happy in the presence of Frank Bathurst, or of the woman he was going to marry. It made Miss Talbot very miserable, and she dared not lighten her misery by wording it.

In absolute unconsciousness of the dark error into which Trixy had fallen Blanche deepened that error at times by her manner. Out of the great desire she had to thoroughly understand her husband, in order that she might save him every sort of unnecessary annoyance, grew a habit of talking quietly about him to Frank, who had known her husband familiarly so long. This habit became one of sore annoyance to Beatrix; not that she wronged either Blanche or Frank to any greater extent than this—namely, that she believed Blanche to be mentally more congenial to Frank than she herself was.

This mind-jealousy is harder for some women to bear than a heart-jealousy would be. No vulgar dread of coarse unfaithfulness can implant such a sting in the breast as does the dread that the man who is loved may find a higher pleasure with another than with the woman who loves him. The coarse infidelity may be despised; the contempt it shows may be met with contempt; but the loftier feeling that is gratified by the loftier sympathy can not be despised and treated with contempt. Again, through all her dread of its being so, Beatrix had a strong feeling that it ought not to be so, that there was no good and sufficient reason why Frank should not to the full feel the "higher pleasure" in conversing with her that he had in conversing with Mrs. Lionel. When she came to think about it thoroughly, she could but discover herself to be possessed of certain mental qualities that were superior to those possessed by Blanche. In reality, the things she thought about most of the topics that were broached were more logical, and more sensible, and more capable of being defended by sound argument than Blanche's thoughts were. But Blanche had the knack of so wording hers without hesitation, that they made their mark. Consequently, Blanche always seemed to send forth her darts with a brilliant aim, because she cared little which special ring of the target that was the topic she struck; while Trixy was bent on hitting the gold, and the gold only.

But Mr. Bathurst never seemed to appreciate this wonderful grace (for a woman) of thinking before she spoke which Trixy had. His attention rather seemed to be riveted when Blanche's brilliant darts came flashing in. Then he would look up with an admiring earnestness, with a listening watchfulness that made Trixy sick with the sickness of a jealous dread that she scorned herself for feeling, and still could not kill. Still, through it all they were as friendly as sisters-in-law usually are; so Blanche had no idea of the vitality there was in the sort of bitterness which had been implanted long ago in Beatrix.

There had been a great question in the family as to whose house Beatrix should be married from. Mrs. Mark Sutton had come forward magnificently, with an offer of providing the breakfast, and of Mark to give the bride away. But this offer Beatrix had refused. "Her brother Edgar had been her first friend in her own family," she said; "he should give her away if he would, and she would stay with Lionel till she was married."

That time "till she was married" was a very sorry one with the Talbots. All Blanche's high spirit and good resolves were not sufficient to keep the little bark in which she had shipped afloat. Lionel, it was evident, had not the money-getting power; she did not wish him to have it at the sacrifice of one higher thought or feeling. But the want of it would soon leave them in a sore strait, and the wreck would be seen by all. "If we could only hold on till May his picture would be seen and bought, and then—" But it was hard, nay, almost impossible, to "hold on till May" on the small proceeds of a few magazine articles, which she would not even have him know she had written, because they were not worthy of the woman he had married.

It was a sorry time. She had to bear much from unconscious ones, "who wondered she did not sell her books to So-and-so, and get the same prices Mrs. So-and-so did for hers." Mrs. Mark Sutton came out as a tremendously strong private critic on the subject of her sister-in-law's books. "I assure you, I hear it remarked in society that, until you depict higher types, your books will be failures," she would say, with a great air of being grieved at the truth of her own remark. "People are sick of sensation; they do not mind it in real life, but they will not have it in fiction; what they want now are strong characters, and strong incidents strongly painted; not sensation."

"It is so easy to draw the line between 'strong incidents strongly painted,' and sensation, is it not?" Blanche said, quietly; and Mrs. Sutton shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"Not easy, but quite worth trying to do, I should imagine; I'm not speaking of you, of course, Blanche, but really the twaddle one has to get through in most of the books one gets from the library must be very easy writing. I wonder you do not attempt something like a plot."

"Plot is not my strong point." Blanche tried to speak good-temperedly.

"Is it not? I thought you had tried it in one or two books and not managed it quite properly; what do you consider your strong point?"

"My weak one, since even you haven't found it out," Blanche retorted, angrily; "I fancied I knew something of character."

"Ah!" Marian said, amiably—it always made her amiable when she had succeeded in irritating Blanche, "you want to see a great deal of society before you attempt to depict it."

"I spoke of character, not society; perhaps you don't know that there is very little of the first in the last."

"Your point of view at the Grange, for instance, was a bad one, you know," Mrs. Sutton went on, kindly; "you never get such a clear idea of any thing when you look up to it, as when you look down upon it."

"I got a very clear idea as to all the guests at the Grange," Blanche said, smiling; "perhaps you will accept that statement as strengthening to your argument."

"Good-by, Lal," Mrs. Sutton said, shortly after this, going into her brother's studio. "I ventured to make a remark to Blanche about her books, and I suppose it annoyed her, for she tells me she always looked down upon me when she met me at the Grange."

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There is nothing perhaps that so quickly kindles a righteous wrath in every true and noble heart as the knowledge of brutal cruelty practiced toward the dependent and helpless. And when these helpless ones are *children*—poor children, it may be, or sick, or orphan children—a just indignation in the name of humanity demands that the guilty be punished and the suffering relieved. Some months ago an outraged community called for an investigation into the management of the Paterson Alms-house. It matters not in this connection whether *all* the accusations made were true or not; enough was proved to show that gratuitous inhumanity had embittered the lives of the unfortunates there.

And now there comes another cry—a sad cry of orphan children.

"Do ye hear the children weeping,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They look up with their sad and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see.
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary;
Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak;
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.'"

Such lines as the above come to mind as we listen to the rumors which reach us from Pennsylvania in general, and Philadelphia in particular. We have no personal knowledge of the interior management of the Girard College for Orphan Children; but such fearful reports are abroad—of cruel punishment and tyranny, of barbarous neglect, of utter want of sympathy and care—that the public should demand an investigation for the sake of humanity, and the authorities of the College for their *own sake*, if these things are *not* true. It is said that for some time past there has been in Girard College a sort of moral mould and rust upon every thing, and all want of heart in the treatment of the orphans. As a natural result, hundreds ran away, and all grades of crime were committed. In six months one hundred and three pupils absconded, and in the three months following ninety-five more of them ran off. During the period of five months there were no less than 243 cases of flogging in the College; and ingenious methods of punishment, or, rather, torture, were invented, which filled the children with horror.

In this connection it may be suggestively mentioned that the provisions of this College, which was opened about twenty years ago, were so arranged by the founder, Stephen Girard, that no ecclesiastic, minister, or missionary of any sect, should be among its managers, nor be admitted to the premises even as a visitor; that pure *moral* instruction should be given to the children, but they should be left without any special religious guidance.

It is also rumored that the children in the State Orphan Asylum at Orangeville, Pennsylvania, are under the most despotic tyranny. While such cases of wholesale cruelty are before the public, individual instances of brutal flogging are of common occurrence. Not long ago a teacher in Hudson City inflicted three serious wounds upon the head of a boy of twelve, then four upon his hands, and finally attempted to choke him, and so far succeeded as to leave her finger-prints upon his neck. In Buffalo a school-teacher cudgeled a small boy with a broom-handle. But the most horrible instance recently took place in Woolwich, England. We are thankful it was no nearer. A little child, less than two years old, was beaten morning and evening by its step-father—until it died. Neighbors had heard the screams, and remonstrated in vain. But the fiend declared that he had "only beat" the child, and that it was "better off now, for it was an angel in heaven!" Again, with Mrs. Browning, we say:

"And the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

A singular and fatal mistake was recently made by a Miss Vance of this city, which resulted in her death. Not feeling very well one evening she requested a friend to procure for her a bottle of tincture of rhubarb. The next morning a member of the household was startled by hearing Miss Vance cry, "Come quickly, I have swallowed cyanite of potassium by mistake for tincture of rhubarb!" It appears that she had on her bureau with the tincture of rhubarb a vial containing cyanite of potassium, which she used in removing ink stains from her clothing and fingers. Wishing to take a dose of the rhubarb she uncorked the vial containing that mixture, as she believed, but by mistake she opened the bottle of potassium and swallowed a quantity of the poison. The unfortunate lady expired in a few moments.

No doubt every man ought to consider his education incomplete until he has learned to swim. And it will be a happy time for the community when the "rights" of women are so far conceded and *enforced* that the art of swimming shall be deemed an essential part of *her* education also. Then we trust that casualties on the water, which have been so distressingly common during the past season, will seldom be fatal. Recently a grand swimming match took place at the Swimming Academy in this city. It was a novel and exciting entertainment and awakened much enthusiastic interest. Five prizes were offered; and the successful contestants were warmly applauded. Undoubtedly such exhibitions awaken a public interest which will tend to increase the number of swimmers. But the following statement, made in reference to the match indicates that careful and prudent arrangements should be insisted upon, or more harm than good may result: "Numbers of the men were exhausted before the race was over, and were pulled from the bath in a fainting condition."

An unhappy man, in great mental agitation, a short time since came into one of the sleeping cars on a Western railroad. He was asked the cause of his trouble; when it appeared that at Milwaukee he had been enticed into a gambling saloon and had fallen a victim to two sharpers, who left him penniless. He had borrowed money enough to defray his expenses to Buffalo, where his family resided, but was heard repeatedly to exclaim: "Oh! my poor family, what will become of them this winter? They will starve, they will starve!" In the middle of the night a crash of glass was heard, and the unfortunate man was found attempting to climb through the broken window. He was a raving maniac, and it was necessary to remove him from the car at the first station.

At a lecture recently delivered in this city by Mr. Gough, he expressed, in his own peculiar style, his feelings in regard to the class of "empty-headed, shallow-brained, hollow-hearted imitations of women who adorn society." On the other hand, he did not like "strong-minded" women; he seemed to prefer a happy medium. "I should not like," said he, "to see women running to fires, or training with the militia, or going up to the roof of a building with a hod of bricks, or climbing a pole, or reefing topsails, or holding office; although," he continued, "when we grow a little older we may be able to say that there was once a time when the Presidential chair might have been filled by any old woman, to the entire satisfaction of the people of the country."

A novel case of assault and battery has been brought up in a Philadelphia court. A young man was tried for casting reflections at a woman, by means of a looking-glass and an opera-glass. He was very improperly spending his Sunday morning on the roof of a house, armed with these offensive weapons, and was amusing himself by reflecting the rays of the sun in the faces of people passing along the street.

The plaintiff testified that upon looking out of her window she was suddenly dazzled by an intense light which deprived her of sight for several minutes. Soon after the same occurrence took place a second time. The judge, in making his charge to the jury, acknowledged the novelty of the point of law, but solved it upon the theory that all material things, no matter how ethereal, are substantial, and may be used for the purposes of assault and battery. Blows inflicted by light, heat, electricity, sound, vapor, and the like, are as actionable as those delivered by clubs, fists, or pistols. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff.

An exchange records, as one of the results of the "great Democratic victories," the fact that "immediately after the elections the mill-owners of Lewiston, Maine, reduced the wages of their work-people."

The Young Men's Christian Association in this city have received liberal donations to their "building fund." Lots have been purchased on the southwest corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, opposite the Academy of Design, and plans for the building are now preparing. They intend to have a large, cheery reception-room, which will also be used as a conversation and coffee room; a commodious reading-room: a large and well selected library; an attractive lecture-room, seating some fifteen hundred persons, where free popular lectures and concerts will be given; class-rooms for free evening instruction in all useful branches; rooms for social, religious, and devotional meetings; music-rooms; a good gymnasium, and every thing to make the building an attractive evening resort for young men.

A scene took place at the election in Dayton, Ohio, which was enough to make the blood of every humane, not to say patriotic, man, tingle in his veins. Seventy-five invalid soldiers, inmates of a soldier's home, were taken to the polls, and voted, as Union soldiers naturally would, the Republican ticket. They were all crippled and helpless; but the Democratic crowd was cowardly enough to insult them with coarse epithets, while some yelled: "Pity you hadn't lost both your arms!"—"Sorry that other leg was left!"—"Pity the rebels hadn't killed you!" He who will insult the helpless, especially those made so in their country's service, is unworthy the name of man.

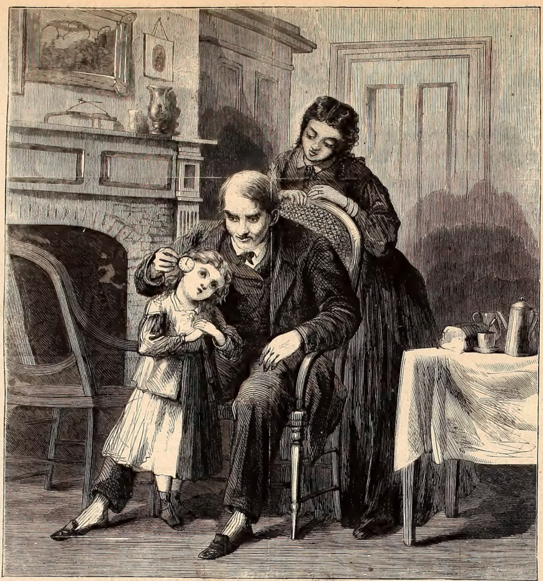
The story, in a recent *Weekly*, of the man in Massachusetts who took off his hat to bow to a lady, and let fall a parcel of eggs, which he had stowed away there, is now matched by one from the West, of a girl who lost the check for her trunk, while traveling on the railroad. The baggage-master agreed to give up her trunk notwithstanding, provided she would "prove property" by describing the contents. She gave an inventory. So many dresses, so many handkerchiefs, so many night-caps, so many pairs of stockings, a few bottles of herb sirup (in case of sickness), and, lastly, *three dozen and a half of fresh eggs in the till*. The trunk was opened, and, sure enough, the things were all there—*especially the eggs*. The whole trunk was a vast omelet. Dresses, stockings, night-caps, and bottles of sirup were beaten up among the broken eggs. The baggage was yielded without a word of opposition. The owner accepted it with a silent look of dismay, closed the lid, and ordered the trunk to be wheeled away.

## GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

The pleasing sketch entitled "Grandfather's Watch," which we publish on this page, will explain itself readily to the understanding of all ages, for it will go direct to the hearts of all people, young and old, and in all conditions and degrees of life. That pleasant mystery, "Grandfather's Watch," has been not only a joy of childhood but a delight of old age, ever since there were grandchildren and grandfathers and "Grandfathers' Watches;" and our picture and these remarks will be as appropriate a thousand years hence as to-day; for it is highly probable that those delightful, necessary, and useful articles, grandchildren, grandparents, and watches, will continue to exist until the "crack of doom." Every child who sees this picture will recognize it as a familiar scene; and every grown person will recall on seeing it some instance in which he played, in idle, generous mood, the part of the grandfather.

## FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Among the noticeable pictures in the late Royal Academy Exhibition, London, was that of Mr. J. W. Bottomley, entitled "Forbidden Fruit," which we reproduce on this page. It is a pleasing and well-painted picture, but the English critics accorded it praise chiefly as a successful effort to represent animal life, and to introduce animal paintings among the landscapes of the Royal Academy with happy effect. The noticeable thing—indeed, it is not a little so—about this picture, unpretending, unforced, and natural as is its treatment, is that the painter has found some novelty of circumstance under which to introduce his sheep. The typical animal of the genus *ovis* is, we know, an essential figure in bucolic poetry; he is an indispensable accessory in all pastoral representation; very many emblems and parables in Holy Writ are derived from him, and his character and habits have enriched the language of every race in every age with countless epithets, adages, and proverbial comparisons. And yet artists are almost invariably content to represent him browsing or sleeping on his fat meadows or thinner mountain pastures, under the most tame, prosaic, unmeaning, uninventive conditions. In this amusing picture, however, it is not so. The spectator is supplied with material wherefrom, if in the mood, without much exercise of ingenuity, to "point a moral and adorn a tale." For, can we not read the humble, homely moral of the "hireling shepherd" who has omitted to fasten the gate of this inclosure where is gathered the harvest of the year; who is alike heedless of the pilfering of sheep and birds; who is absent with his more watchful dog, or asleep, guarded by that faithful creature? and is there not the old story of the habit of the silly sheep (so closely resembling that of the gregarious animal, man) to follow in flocks through any gap without knowing what is beyond, where one may lead to good or evil? If, however, this is the kind of immunity from control these sheep commonly enjoy, the taking advantage of their opportunities and stealing "the forbidden fruit" is by no means an illustration of their constitutional silliness, unless, perchance, it be that the occasional regimen of corn, accounting as it would do for their plump condition, brings them only nearer the butcher's knife.



"GRANDFATHER'S WATCH."

"FORBIDDEN FRUIT."—[From a Painting by J. W. Bottomley.]

EGGS-CEEDINGLY CLEVER.

MISTRESS.—"Bridget, I told you to Boil the Eggs soft—and they're quite Hard!"
BRIDGET.—"Soft is it, Mem? Why I've been Bilin' 'em this hour, and the Water won't get 'em Soft anyhow!"

PERFECTLY DREADFUL.

FLORENCE.—"Oh! Kiss. Do Kiss!"
[*N.B.—Aunt Fanny is upset for a week, and asks every body to imagine* "WHAT HER FEELINGS MUST HAVE BEEN."

SIGHT-SEEING IN ENGLAND.

GUIDE.—"That Heffigy of them two halabaster Habbots in 'elmets hare from a tomb in the Habby of St. Holive's, founded by 'Enery the fust Tooder, fort'n 'undred 'n heighty-seven. Their mortal remains was haxumed by horder hof the R'yal Hantiquarian Serciety seventin heighty-three; their Bodies was found himbammed, and henwelluped in Jules!" [*Procession moves on.*

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT WEAPON GIVES THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL?—The Butcher's Bill.

SUBSTITUTE FOR A CARD TABLE—A Deal Board.

### MORE NEW NOVELS.

*Never Flirt*: a sentimental novel, written by the author of *Hever Court*.
*Goeth down like an Oyster*: a meditative novel, by the author of *Cometh up as a Flower*.
*Six Penn'orth of Ha'pence*: a realistic novel, being a Sequel to *Half a Million of Money*.
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ANIMALS MOST SUBJECT TO BRAYIN' DISORDERS—Donkeys.

### THE BRIDEGROOM'S LAMENT.

I thought all women good and true;
But now I've learned a thing or two,
And can't restrain my passion.
From sad experience of the rage
For humbug, in this present age,
When "shams" are all the fashion!

For oh! what innocence was mine,
When Mary Jane appeared divine,
With those fictitious dimples!
How little did I dream that art
The bloom of roses could impart
To what I know is—pimples!

With falt'ring voice and accents low,
I swore eternal love; but, oh!
In time I came to search her,
And found that all my hopes and fears
Had fallen on adhesive ears—
Of colored gutta-percha!

O Woman! Woman! Man must know
How false you are from top to toe!
In vain you take a pleasure
In what may please the fashion's eye—
Forms rounded by a purchased lie,
A falsehood made to measure!

O Woman! If, as we are told,
Girls nowadays are bought and sold
Without of shame a particle·
If marriage is reduced to be
A mercantile expediency—
One ought to get the Article!

But what have I to cheer my life?
A silly, manufactured wife,
All sorts of folly made for!
I've cracked my nut, but—sad to tell—
I find it but an empty shell,
And that I haven't paid for!

### RULES ON HEALTH.

Never hang yourself out of an open window when you go to bed at night.

In cold weather always wear thick, warm clothing about your body. If you haven't money enough to buy it, attend an extinguishable conflagration in the vicinity of a first-class clothing shop.

If you are quite a small baby be careful that there are no pins in your clothes, and always take a drink of milk-punch out of a bottle with a gum thing on the nozzle before you get into your cradle.

In eating raw oysters always peel the shells off before swallowing. The shells are indigestible and apt to lie on the stomach.

Abstain entirely from alcoholic drinks. The best way to do this is not to drink any alcohol.

Never travel on the railroad trains. Many persons have died quite unexpectedly by this imprudence.

Always come in when it rains; and if a rattlesnake bites you in the leg cut it off, unless you wear false calves or a wooden leg. In that case just untie and take it off.

I don't say that those who follow these instructions will never die and let their friends enjoy a ride to the cemetery, but they won't get choked off in the bloom of their youth and beauty.

### MODEL FOR "PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS."

Subscribers for one copy of the —— will be presented with a box of Patent Petroleum Paste Blacking. This is a superior article. It blacks boots or stoves, and may be used as a hair dye.

Subscribers for two copies will receive a box of sardines.

Subscribers for five copies will be presented with a pair of iron-clad spectacles, with glass eyes, warranted to suit one age as well as another.

Subscribers for ten copies will be entitled to a patent adjustable bootjack, which can also be used as a cork-screw, a coffee-mill, or inkstand.

Subscribers for twenty-five copies will receive a marble bureau with a mahogany top.

Subscribers for fifty copies will receive a seven-octave sewing-machine with the Agraff attachment.

Subscribers for seventy-five copies will receive a basswood parlor suit of furniture.

Subscribers for one hundred copies will receive a burial plot with an order for tombstones delivered when required.

Subscribers for five hundred copies will receive a nomination for Congress.

Subscribers for a thousand copies will be presented with a farm in New Jersey fenced and mortgaged.

### FASHION ON THE BRAIN.

It seems to me the women now
Dress up most awful queer,
In narrow skirts and little hoops—
How funny they appear!
Their hair they riz in fancy shapes,
I've laughed, and laughed again,
To see how queer the women look
With chignon on the brain.

Last night I met a little miss
Rigged up in wondrous style,
She had a little bonnet on
That really made me smile,
'Twas smaller than a cabbage-leaf
Dried up for want of rain;
How very queer the women look
With bonnets on the brain!

They say they wear their dresses short
To show their pretty feet,
But if their shoes are No. 7's,
Extremes will never meet;
And when they wear their dresses long,
And dragging in a train,
I always think of bean-poles with
Gored dresses on the brain.

Oh well, this is a curious world,
False teeth, false calves, and oh!
They speak of palpitators, but
The truth I do not know;
But let them wear whate'er they will,
Remonstrance is in vain,
And they are really charming with
The fashion on the brain.

### A CLINCHER.

DOCTOR (*to Tailor, petulantly*). No, Sir; I will *not* have it. I'll return it on your hands.

TAILOR (*meekly*). Ah! Doctor, you ought to be a happy man.

DOCTOR. Why?

TAILOR. Because you never have any of your bad work thrown on your hands.

"REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES."—Photographs of children.

## CHARLES DICKENS READING.

THE second advent of Mr. DICKENS in this country has been accompanied by even greater demonstrations of delight and affection on the part of his American admirers than greeted him on his first arrival; and it appears to us to be more genuine as well as more general. The desire to hear his readings is manifested among all classes; and nearly ten thousand tickets were sold for the short course of readings in Boston. In this connection we illustrate on page 777 the appearance which Mr. DICKENS presents when reading, the faithfulness of which we hope our readers throughout the length and breadth of the land will have an opportunity of testing before Mr. DICKENS sails for home again.

## STORMS AND STORM-SIGNALS.

THE late terrible tornadoes in the West Indies, by which Tortola, St. Domingo, and Porto Rico were devastated, and the entire shipping in the harbor of St. Thomas destroyed, have drawn attention to the lately-projected storm-telegraph, which it was proposed to establish along our coast, and by which the various sea-port towns might be warned of approaching storms. In the mean time, while this project is under consideration, would it not be well for harbor-masters as well as navigators to study the laws of storms? When Professor Espy some years ago called attention to the laws of wind and weather he was ridiculed instead of thanked for his devotion to a department of science which is now cultivated with considerable zeal. Mr. Tebbut has recently written learnedly on Australian storms in his "Philosophical Transactions." It is admitted by careful scientific observers that very accurate knowledge has been gathered of the highest importance to navigators. Many noble ships, freighted with treasure and human beings without number, have been lost at sea for the want of a well-grounded knowledge of the law of storms. Old seamen become pretty accurately weather-wise by watching the winds; but of the mere elements of scientific information on the formation and origin of storms, their rate of movement, direction, and character in different quarters of the globe, they know too little. Hereafter these established laws should be studied with the same degree of care that is bestowed on all other branches of science essential to the preservation of human life.

## PLANTS AND ANIMALS OF INDIA.

ACCORDING to the investigations of Dr. A. S. Adams, as explained in a recent publication called "Wanderings of a Naturalist," the plants and animals of India are not essentially different from those of Europe, the Himalayas, or Cashmere. He states that he saw British birds there, such as the lark, house-martin, and bracken. He also found in Afghanistan raspberries, blackberries, field-clover, and white daisies. On the northern frontier of the Punjab jackdaws, choughs, and rooks were seen, even in winter. Ring-doves, chimney swallows, cranes, sparrows, owls, and a vast variety of common birds known in England and on the Continent, seem to migrate to India and punctually return annually. Some plants, however, although apparently the same in external appearance, have different habits. For example, the primroses are not yellow when they peep up through the snow, but pink and purple.

## SACRED CROCODILES.

THERE is a crocodile-pond near Kerrachee, India, which is alive with monstrous specimens of that reptile, carefully protected by the people under Fakir guidance, who worship one monster known as the "King of the Crocodiles." Its age is believed to be upward of two hundred years. A young Beloshee was empowered to feed and *show* the crocodile family. They are supplied so abundantly with food that neither men nor animals are attacked by them, even when wading in the water. It is customary for strangers who visit the abode of the sacred reptiles to purchase a sheep, which, being cut into bits, is thrown into the water, when a mighty splashing and foaming of the surface follows, as the army of sluggish, aquatic inhabitants contend for the pieces. Thus protected and nourished the crocodile attains an immense size, but its natural ferocity is very much subdued.

## SUICIDES.

AN extraordinary document for the study of the scientifically learned has emanated from the office of the Registrar-General in England. From 1858 to 1865 the annual average of suicides in that country was 1300 to every million of the population. Hanging has usually been the mode of self-destruction, as it has been ascertained that 28 of the ratio of 67 per million die by the cord. Next drowning, self-poisoning, and fire-arms are resorted to. In France the ratio of suicides per million of the population was 110; in England, 64; in Belgium, 45; in Italy, 30; and in Spain, 15—in the year 1864.

Suicide in the United States is not unfrequent; but no reliable statistics have been gathered to show how extensively it prevails, or in which of the States or cities the largest number annually occur. It may be assumed, however, that they bear a certain ratio to the population as in Europe. Where the population is dense there the difficulties and strife of life are greatest. Disappointments weaken the moral forces, and a suicidal tendency is really a disease. Where a community is prompt to assist the unfortunate, and manifests a sympathy that relieves them promptly from pressing physical wants, self-destruction is scarcely known, but on the contrary, where poverty, crime, and selfishness are common, that self-destroying malady is often recognized.

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### INFANCY AND OLD AGE,

Occupying the two extremes of life, are peculiarly liable to the recurrence of disease. The intermediate class also comes in for a full share of ills, various in their nature as are the modes of treatment for their cure. While some periods of human life are considered comparatively safe from certain affections, it is nevertheless true that serious mistakes occur in selecting the class of affections, and the period of life which enjoys immunity from their attacks. In consequence of these mistakes, individuals often suffer severely—the supposed freedom from subjection leading to the neglect of appropriate remedies. An instance is afforded in the case of intestinal worms—many people supposing them to be an affection peculiar to infancy and childhood. But these opinions are clearly opposed to general experience, as each variety of the intestinal worm is met with in all periods of life. The great American Worm Specific—DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE—is adapted to the relief of persons occupying any stage in life. So mild are its properties that the tenderest infant may take it; and so certainly efficacious is it in action, and so thoroughly does it seek out the offending cause of disease, that the mature adult finds in it the *infallible remedy* which its thousands of friends claim for it. *It is a family medicine, and a remedy for each member thereof*; and years of trial but confirm the exalted opinion entertained of its virtues, as well by the medical profession as the people in general.

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Untasted food, and a social atmosphere
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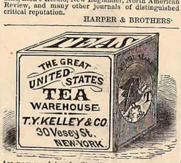


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SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

*Whereas,* the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

*Permission is hereby granted* to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th,* 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

*From the Postmaster General of the United States.*

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. BROWNE & SPAULDING, 568 and 570 Broadway.

*October 25th,* 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

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In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

### GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

# $641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

### SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

| No. | Award | Value |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | 1 Grand Cash Award | $100,000 |
| 2. | 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres) | 60,000 |
| 3. | 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta" | 50,000 |
| 4. | 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants | 30,000 |
| 5. | 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 6. | 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 |
| 7. | 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings | 15,000 |
| 8. | 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting | 8,000 |
| 9. | 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants | 7,000 |
| 10. | 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds) | 7,000 |
| 11. | 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants | 6,000 |
| 12. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 13. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 |
| 14. | 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings | 5,000 |
| 15. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 4,000 |
| 16. | 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 17. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 18. | 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 19. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings | 4,000 |
| 20. | 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 21. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 22. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin | 4,000 |
| 23. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 24. | 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 25. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 3,500 |
| 26. | 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch | 3,500 |
| 27. | 1 Pearl Necklace | 3,500 |
| 28. | 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,500 |
| 29. | 1 Diamond Cross | 3,000 |
| 30. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 31. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 32. | 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,000 |
| 33. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 34. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 35. | 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs | 3,000 |
| 36. | 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver) | 3,000 |
| 37. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 3,000 |
| 38. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 39. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 |
| 40. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 2,500 |
| 41. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,500 |
| 42. | 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch | 2,500 |
| 43. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 44. | 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament | 2,500 |
| 45. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 46. | 1 Diamond Cross | 2,500 |
| 47. | 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament | 2,500 |
| 48. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 |
| 49. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,000 |
| 50. | 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin | 1,500 |
| 51. | 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring | 1,500 |
| 52. | 1 Diamond Cross | 1,500 |
| 53. | 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings | 1,500 |
| 54. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | $1,500 |
| 55. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 1,500 |
| 56. | 1 Diamond Bracelet | 1,500 |
| 57. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 58. | 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 1,500 |
| 59. | 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 1,500 |
| 60. | 1 Choice Emerald Stud | 1,500 |
| 61. | 1 Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 62. | 1 Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 63. | 1 Cluster Brooch | 1,500 |
| 64. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 65. | 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings | 800 |
| 66. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 800 |
| 67. | 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 68. | 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin | 800 |
| 69. | 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 800 |
| 70. | 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring | 800 |
| 71. | 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 72. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 800 |
| 73. | 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs | 600 |
| 74. | 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain | 600 |
| 75. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting | 500 |
| 76. | 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring | 500 |
| 77. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 500 |
| 78. | 1 Emerald Knob | 500 |
| 79. | 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings | 500 |
| 80. | 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 400 |
| 81. | 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin | 400 |
| 82. | 1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch | 400 |
| 83. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 350 |
| 84. | 1 Gold Watch | 300 |
| 85. | 1 Diamond and Opal Ring | 250 |
| 86. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 87. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 88. | 1 Diamond Three Stone Ring | 150 |
| 89. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 90. | 1 Pearl Scarf Pin | 150 |
| 91. | 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 150 |
| 92. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 93. | 1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring | 150 |
| 94. | 1 Diamond Cluster Pin | 100 |
| 95. | 1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 96. | 1 Cameo Brooch | 100 |
| 97. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 100 |
| 98. | 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 100 |
| 99. | 1 Ladies' Gold Watch | 100 |
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 572.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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## "THE LONG SERMON."

THE artist who drew the charming picture entitled "The Long Sermon" is evidently rather fond himself of preaching—at this time his sermon is leveled at the pulpit itself. He holds forth, and rather forcibly, too, to the preachers who sometimes, and rather often, too, tax our patience with long sermons. Our artist sets the example of delivering on this occasion a very *short* sermon, and only touches on one or two of the many bearings of his text. His text being a "long sermon," he shows its effect on little more than one pew, instead of on a large part of a whole congregation. Brevity, they say, is the soul of wit, if not of preaching; and may his homily, in virtue of its shortness, have the more pointed and salutary effect!

Our artist has, moreover, the peculiarity of preaching rather humorously, like certain popular preachers of the present day, who, in their humility, enliven with a little jocularity what they seem to think might otherwise be tedious or unattractive. But assuredly the artist's sardonic mirth is as well-meant and acceptable in his short sermon as a long sermon from the pulpit, however good the intention, and whether wise or witty, or both or neither, is sometimes unacceptable to poor human nature. It will be observed that the painter restrains himself from direct allusion to the worthy but mistaken pastor who inflicts "the long sermon." We are in the position of many others in those high, old-fashioned, square pews who have not that invaluable aid to keeping up the attention—to wit, the power of fixing a resolute gaze upon the movements and gestures of the minister. We are left to imagine the monotonous voice—gradually subsiding with our relaxing attention into a long, dull, soporific cadence, rising and falling, gently swaying to and fro, cradling us, as it were, to sleep, and, finally, sinking with our parting consciousness into a pleasant, soothing, far-off "droning, like the hum of many bees," till, in fact—Oh, shame and terror!—we suddenly find our noses in our bosoms; detect ourselves, perhaps, even audibly asleep; and start, dreaming we are falling from the church-steeple, as, awoke by some friendly (or unfriendly?) hand, we suddenly rein in our nodding head, or else turn, expecting to see one of the messengers sent by Sir Roger de Coverley to arouse the sleepers whose snoring disturbed the congregation.

Before coming to the fore-ground, where the painter rests the chief force of his argument, we must glance at one or two of the incidental allusions in his discourse. There is that bald pate, for instance, *now* seen just over the edge of the pew: we wonder how many times it has ducked under and jumped to the surface again, like a large pumpkin suddenly thrust under water. The bonnets do not do so, of course, because they are thinking too much of themselves. Then look what a row of blank, stolid, poor, helpless dummies there is up in yonder gallery. As for the clerk and his sternly-folded arms—well we will not say what we *have* thought of him while in vain seeking to escape from his remorseless eye. And now, who can blame that poor child, although from his seeming to have been long slipping slowly through his clothes, the painter tells us cleverly that his sleep has been neither short nor light? No doubt the child did its very utmost to be "good." Who can blame even his poor old nurse or mother from letting him go to sleep in her arms? although she should not have subsided also into the arms of that heathen god of sleep. But, you see, if she had not been guilty of this wickedness, our artist could not have given us such an amusing study of the old wrinkled sleeping face so full of latent goodness, and those thin lips leaving the straight breathing slit, just like the hole in the poor-box.

SYDNEY SMITH says that long-winded preachers seem to believe that, if sin is to be taken from man's breast, it must be as EVE was from ADAM—by casting him into a deep sleep. But these long sermons have assuredly a very serious as well as a comic side; and our artist appears to have discovered it. Do not long sermons drive many from hearing the Word altogether? Have not the seeds of fatal disease been sown in the long hours passed in that icy-cold and draughty stone church? Have not some of the poor children, who, after being exhausted in a Sunday-school, are placed, without being permitted to sleep like this little fellow, up in those hard-seated galleries for other long hours, been brought to dread the name of a church? Such questions are surely deserving of consideration, and our motive in asking them can not possibly be misunderstood.

## ST. THOMAS, WEST INDIES.

IT appears, though unofficially stated, that the United States has purchased the island of St. Thomas, West Indies, "with all the rights, titles, inhabitants, floods, and hurricanes thereunto pertaining;" and knowing how interested our citizens are in all real-estate transactions of this nature, we hasten to give them an idea of the character of the island by the illustration which we present on page 792.

The island of St. Thomas, one of the group called the Virgin Isles, with the isles of St. John and Tortola, a few miles apart from it, occupies the most convenient position in the West Indian archipelago for the rendezvous of the mail steam-packets and other vessels plying to and fro between this country and the colonies in that part of the world. It has an area of only 24 square miles, and a population of only about 15,000 inhabitants. The soil is sandy and not very fertile. Only about 2500 acres are under cultivation, and cotton and sugar-cane are the principal crop. The port of St. Thomas is its chief value and attraction: it is open to the commerce of all nations, and is capable of "floating the navies of the world." The port is visited by about 3000 vessels annually. Its chief value to the United States will be as a coaling station and rendezvous for our fleets.

Our engraving, from a sketch taken a year or two since, represents the ordinary aspect of the town and port.

## THE FIRE HUNT.

AMONG the favorite methods of hunting the deer practiced in the South, and particularly in Texas and New Mexico, is that which we illustrate on pages 792 and 793, and which is known as the Fire Hunt. The mode is thus described by an old and practical hunter:

"After supper, whoever desires the pleasure of killing a deer procures a quantity of pine knots, arms himself with a frying-pan, and, accompanied by a negro or a fellow-hunter, takes his gun, mounts his horse, and makes his way into the forest. As soon as he reaches the spot marked out in advance he ties his horse to a tree, arranges his frying-pan in front of him in such a manner as to look out upon an open space, a clearing if possible, fills it with the pine knots, and, taking a match from his pocket, sets fire to the latter. The flame soon illumines the neighboring objects, while in the distance all remains in obscurity. In a few moments the hunter spies two luminous points—the eyes of the deer reflected in the fire. The animal at first stands motionless like a phantom, or a gnome lost in the woods; but the hunter, accustomed to this strange sport, knows what to do; he approaches, often near enough to distinguish the form of the animal, raises his gun to his shoulder and fires; and if the hunter be a practiced shot, the deer falls dead to the ground.

"When a large supply of venison is needed the hunter continues his watch all night, and the price of this patient waiting is frequently six or eight deer of all sizes and ages. It sometimes happens that the domestic animals of the neighboring farms fall victims; for cows and horses are sometimes attracted to

"THE LONG SERMON."

the fire-light and shot down by the hunters, who mistake them in the darkness for wild animals. In one instance even, a negro was shot by his brother while hunting by fire-light on the plantation of a Mr. REMSEN, a wealthy Louisiana planter."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1867.

## WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL.

*In the first Number of the ensuing Volume of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be commenced the publication of* "MOONSTONE," *a new Serial Novel by* WILKIE COLLINS, *Author of* "Armadale," "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc. This Novel, printed from the *Author's Manuscript, will be published here simultaneously with its issue in Mr.* CHARLES DICKENS'S *paper*, "All the Year Round." *In* HARPER'S WEEKLY *it will be illustrated with Original Drawings by* PARSONS, JEWETT, *and other American Artists.*

## IMPEACHMENT.

THE report of the majority of the Judiciary Committee recommending impeachment of the President has unquestionably surprised and disappointed the country; nor are the temper and reasoning of that part of the report which has been published likely to inspire general confidence. In alluding to the subject some two months since, we said that "technically and verbally up to the present moment the President has not violated the law." We were reminded that he had issued an Amnesty Proclamation in defiance of the law which forbade him. But he held that his authority for such an act was derived from the Constitution, and that the law itself was in violation of that instrument. That is, his action was but another illustration of the difference of constitutional interpretation between himself and Congress. What we had in mind was that no law of undoubted constitutional sanction had been violated by him; and that, however unwise, for example, his removal of SHERIDAN and SICKLES may have been, they were both acts strictly within the reconstruction law.

The charge of usurpation made by the majority of the Committee is, in a certain sense, valid. There is no doubt that the subject of reconstruction belongs properly to Congress; and we can all now see that it would have been better to assemble Congress before beginning the work. But there is equally no doubt that the action of the President was at the time justified by the country, for the reason that it was felt to be necessary to do something to restore civil government, and because it was supposed that his action was temporary and provisional. It was an assumption of power condoned by the conscious necessities of the situation. But it was not felt to be then, nor do we believe any large number of persons now suppose it to have been, a usurpation with treasonable or injurious intention. It was in no proper sense a high crime, or even a misdemeanor.

When Congress assembled and it became evident that the President meant to insist upon his theory of Reconstruction as final the hostility between him and Congress began. His theory was undoubtedly both false and foolish. But he maintained it within his Constitutional prerogative. His spirit was hateful as his understanding is mean. But when his theories were confuted and his Constitutional efforts through the veto were overborne; when the Freedmen's Bureau was continued; when the civil rights of the freedmen were declared; when the Reconstruction bill was passed; the President retained General HOWARD as chief of the Bureau; he did not formally resist the extension of civil rights, although he was morally guilty of the New Orleans massacre; and he appointed under the Reconstruction bill the very commanders who were most agreeable to its framers. He has opposed the whole Congressional policy of reconstruction; he has vituperated Congress and publicly insulted eminent citizens; he has in express terms denied the authority of Congress as now constituted; and his conduct has incalculably prolonged and deepened the difficulty of reconstruction. But while as a stump orator he has denied the authority of Congress, as President he has recognized it; and the encouragement which he has given to the spirit of disaffection is that which a President in opposition may always give to the party opposed to Congress.

The charge of usurpation is the only really grave charge, and that this was criminal can not be proved. The report of the majority has not revealed, so far as published, any thing new upon the point; and if there were any thing new of importance it would have been published in the abstract of the report. The vague charge of complicity in the assassination of President LINCOLN wholly disappears; and we do Mr. JOHNSON the justice of saying that we do not believe it was ever seriously believed by any body. Indeed we feel more strongly than ever that the impeachment project sprang from the hot impatience of those who felt that the President was an "obstruction" to the rapid success of their views of the true policy of reconstruction; and was not the result of a profound conviction that he was clearly guilty of impeachable offenses. Yet if Presidents are to be impeached because they obstruct or oppose the will of the Congressional majority, it is very evident that it will become an ordinary party measure.

As we have often said, there can be no doubt that in extreme cases, when the great powers of the Government come into conflict, Congress will prevail. However cunning a system of "checks and balances" and "co-ordinate powers" there may be, the supreme authority of every government resides somewhere, and extreme pressure will develop it. It is none the less true, however, that in our system the Executive is a well-contrived check upon the Legislative Department; while, if it transcends its restraining powers, it is submitted by the same system to trial and removal by the Legislature. The Legislature, however, is again and radically checked by the popular vote which elects it; and therefore its indictment and possible punishment of the Executive becomes also a question of expediency. To impeach and fail to convict would destroy the impeaching party. This consideration should not, of course, restrain any party when the positive guilt of the President is conspicuous and the national injury plain. But a party which believes that its possession of power is essential to the wise and permanent settlement of the most vital public questions ought to hesitate long before it impeaches the President under circumstances like those at present existing in the country.

It has been lately said with great vigor that a party must be plucky if it would succeed. Undoubtedly; but what is pluck in a party? It is invincible fidelity to principle. It is not obstinate tenacity of a measure merely because it is extreme. This kind of "pluck" in GEORGE III. lost England the American colonies. The same "pluck" in CHARLES X. of France lost him his crown; and in CHARLES I. of England his head. What principle is involved in the impeachment of a President upon doubtful grounds? What principle is involved in straining the interpretation of evidence to reach him? The principle by which the dominant party in this country is solemnly bound is equal rights; and the policy to which it is pledged is reconstruction upon that principle. It holds to that policy because it believes it to be of the highest expediency. But impeachment has never been more than the whim of a few. It has never been sanctioned by the intelligent judgment of the country to which all the facts are familiar; and we do not believe it will be sustained by Congress.

## NEW YORK CITY GOVERNMENT.

THE government of a great sea-port like the city of New York is necessarily very expensive. But the important question is: does it get its money's worth? or is the money squandered and wasted? The late municipal contest provoked a searching discussion of the question, in the course of which the most extraordinary misstatements were freely made. Those who are anxious to intrust the government of the city wholly and unreservedly to the vote of its inhabitants, and without the least reference to the rights in the city of the people of the State, labor strenuously to make it appear that the bulk of the expenses of the city arise from the Commissions established by the State. That this is not so can be shown by a reference to the facts and figures. But even were it so, the question is, whether the services performed by the Commissions could be dispensed with, or whether the same efficiency could be secured at a smaller expense. Let us see, however, what the facts are.

The Mayor's message of January 7, 1867, states the tax levy of 1866 at $16,950,767 88. Adding to this sum, however, the city and county revenues applicable to the support of the Government, amounting to $1,878,215 84 there is a total of $18,828,983 72.

Of this whole tax levy, the Mayor estimated —including 3 per cent. additional to meet deficiencies—$15,926,134 35 for city and county purposes exclusively.

How much of this was under the control of "irresponsible Commissions?"

The allowance for the Central Park Commission was $339,779 93.

For the Metropolitan Fire Department, $870,000.

For the Metropolitan Police, $2,270,984 70.

For the Board of Health, $225,000.

Add allowance for construction of Harlem Bridge, for Commissioners of Record, etc., and we have a sum of $4,174,106 32, for disbursement by the Commissions.

The aggregate of the principal and interest of the city and county debt to be paid was $2,401,472 35. Add this to the sum allowed for Commissions, and we have $6,575,578 67, and deducting this total from the whole sum of $15,926,134 35 for city and county purposes, we have a balance of $9,350,555 68 under the absolute control of the city government, against $4,174,106 32, for the State Commissions.

Is this money wasted, or is it likely that the necessary services performed could be more cheaply accomplished by the city? To the Central Park management no serious objection is made. If that work should be intrusted to the city Rings, we can easily foresee the result. The expense of the Board of Health in 1866 was $102,587 93; the expense of the City Inspector's Department in the year 1865, having the same subject in charge, was $221,086 39. That Department also cleaned (?) the streets at a cost of more than $1,000,000. The present expense, under Commissions, is about $500,000. The Volunteer Fire Department was an increasing source of disorder, costing, directly and indirectly, more than $1,000,000. The force was about 3700 men, under the new system it is about 600; and of the amount expended for this Department in 1866, some $600,000 was for payment of the men. Is extravagance or fraud charged upon this Department? Do the Insurance Companies ask to return to the old system?

The Police Commission is, however, the object of especial hostility upon the part of those who complain that the city is not left entirely to its own management. For the year ending November 1, 1866, the expenses of this Commission for the city were $2,338,406 70. Of this sum $2,240,183 30 were for payment of the salaries of the force, leaving $98,223 40 for other expenses. By its energetic action as the executive of the Board of Excise, this Department has paid to the city more than $1,000,000 for excise fees, instead of less than $20,000 received in previous years from the local officers. Are there too many policemen, and are they too highly paid? In the great cities of Europe police are employed at the rate of one to every five hundred of population, and they have a standing army behind them. Our rate is about the same, without the army, and the force is certainly not overpaid. Of the efficiency of the police, and of the general sense of security which they inspire, every intelligent citizen of New York is a grateful witness. There are thousands of those whose party ties force them into an attitude of hostility to the Metropolitan Police, who would most earnestly deplore its abolition, and who will very gladly see that Mr. Opdyke and the minority of the City Committee in the State Convention have reported in favor of continuing the State appointment of the Police and the Health Board.

The efficient government of the City of New York is not a local question, nor even a State question merely; but the whole country has a peculiar interest in it. It is impossible to conceal the vital relation of the city to the State, or to deny that the population living upon Manhattan Island can rightfully exercise no political power whatever except that which is delegated to it by the political community, or State, of which it is a part. The subject will soon engage the attention of the Constitutional Convention, and we shall next week speak of the various propositions of the City Committee now before that body.

## WHEN TO RESUME.

THE "sense" of the people is unmistakably in favor of resumption of specie payments. The question of greatest difficulty is, when can it be made practicable?

We have heretofore suggested that if Congress were to fix a period for such a consummation, the act itself would facilitate resumption, because a decline in gold would inevitably follow its passage. We do not mean that resumption can be secured by mere legal enactment, but we may refer to history for precedent to prove how great assistance legislation can render. The course of the Bank of England, from the date of the commencement of its embarrassments in 1796, may be reviewed with special interest and advantage at the present time.

When, through various causes, the specie in its vaults had been reduced to £1,270,000 in February, 1797, the Parliament, in order to prevent any further drain, passed the celebrated Bank Restriction Act, exempting the Bank from redeeming its notes in specie, and authorizing it to issue £1 and £2 legal tender notes in place of coin. This initiated that famous suspension of specie payments which so enhanced the price of the precious metals in England as to drive all gold coin out of circulation and raise the premium on specie, as compared with the notes of the Bank, to a maximum of nearly 30 per cent. This maximum was reached in 1813. It was not as great as the highest rate reached for American gold during the continuance of the late rebellion, but it was sufficiently large to make the peculiarities of the case entirely applicable to our present and immediate requirements, and the remedies then adopted equally efficacious for our relief.

As in our own case, so in England, the return of peace in 1814 brought about an immediate and considerable decline in the rate of premium, and this was assisted by a forced system of contraction imposed by Parliament. (As between contraction and inflation as a remedy for our financial difficulties, there can be but one rational choice. Adding more promises to pay will not liquidate indebtedness; canceling those promises certainly will, proportionately—but a man, by too strenuous effort to clear himself of debt, may so cramp or impoverish himself as to render the payment of the balance of his obligations utterly impossible. From the same point of view, we deprecate too rapid contraction in our national management.)

We have remarked that the first step toward resumption in England was contraction. Parliament attempted to designate when full resumption should take place. How successful the attempt proved is shown in the fact that, although the Restriction Act of 1797 named "six months after the signing of a treaty of peace," it was not until *twenty-one years after* the signing of such treaty (the treaty of Amiens) that full resumption was accomplished. It was found utterly impossible to enforce resumption at the period first designated—as much so as to make water run up hill by legal enactment—and therefore the time was postponed. The suspension was continued from year to year until 1819, when a new plan was devised and recommended by a Committee of the House of Commons, Sir ROBERT PEEL, chairman, and embodied in what is known as the "First Peel Act;" this was a scale of graduated prices, to continue in use and operation for two years and a half, and to regulate the exchange of paper for specie. The Bank, however, did not fully avail itself of the privilege, but commenced a full resumption in May, 1823, just twenty-six years after the date of suspension. During all this time the Bank of England notes were employed as legal tender throughout the Kingdom.

Now, if the United States were to continue to do business on a paper basis for ten years longer, it need not feel humiliated before nations on that account. Perhaps, it may find, upon experiment, that it will be obliged to, as England did; but that is not probable. With a capital doubling every ten years, as ours does, and the taxes we raise absorbed directly by the productive industry of the country; with new inventions flooding the Patent-office as they do, and our population increasing in wonderful ratio; with our mercantile reputation kept untarnished, and the national credit sustained by a prompt and honest canceling of its obligations as they fall due, we may at least devote our serious thoughts to the question of when shall resumption take place. Should Congress fix the time, either in the immediate or more distant future, it may be found necessary, when that time comes, to postpone resumption, as England did time and again; or if the attempting resumption in full is too great an undertaking, then we can adopt a scale of graduated prices to continue until such time as "par" is reached, and paper and bullion meet on an equal footing. One thing, however, is positive, and this we have always insisted upon, that no resumption can take place without an accumulation of specie in the Treasury amply sufficient to serve as a basis for redemption.

## GENERAL GRANT'S TESTIMONY.

THE testimony of General GRANT before the Judiciary Committee reveals his remarkable good sense in a striking light. It has unquestionably deepened the general respect for his sagacity and confidence in his ability. The two subjects of interest in his examination were his view of the scope of the parole of General LEE and his soldiers, and of the reconstructive measures of the President.

Upon the first point General GRANT is very emphatic. He holds that as Commander in the field he was authorized to receive a surrender which was not unconditional. That the army before him were rebels was, under the circumstances, not vital. He was making war, and was governed by the laws of war. "The parole," he says, "gave them protection and exemption from punishment for all offenses not in violation of the rules of civilized warfare so long as their parole was kept." LEE and his army would certainly not have surrendered if they supposed they were to be tried and hung, and, except for the parole and surrender, an endless guerrilla and bushwhacking contest would have ensued. He did not consider that the parole gave those who surrendered any political rights whatever. "I thought that was a matter entirely with Congress, over which I had no control whatever." General GRANT reasoned not like a casuist, but like a man of sound sense, and a statesman.

Upon the second point, the "President's plan," the General is equally direct and sensible. It was his wish, as it was Mr. LINCOLN'S intention, that some kind of civil government should at once be established in the Southern States, "until Congress could meet and establish governments there." With that understanding, which was certainly that of the country, he gave no specific opinion unless it was requested; but he was very anxious that some kind of temporary system should be adopted, and that speedily.

The Democratic journals try very hard to show from the General's testimony that because Mr. LINCOLN wished provisional governments to be established in the disordered States, and had prepared a proclamation to that effect, therefore Mr. JOHNSON'S performances are merely

fulfilling the intentions of Mr. Lincoln. If these papers really think so they ought to have decried Mr. Johnson as a gorilla long ago. They also labor with admirable zeal to show that General Grant's testimony shows his want of sympathy with the Radicals. The failure of these excellent efforts is signal. The General says that he regarded the President's plan as temporary, and was of opinion that reconstruction was the business of Congress. These are very sound views. General Grant's enunciation of them is perfectly simple and manly. If they are agreeable to those who hold that Congress has nothing to do but to admit the members whom the ex-rebels send, they are certainly satisfactory to us. And if those who think that General Grant may be nominated by either party, suppose that his opinions as shown by his testimony will be adopted as the Democratic platform, we wish them joy of their remarkable faith.

## GOLD OR PAPER?

General Butler has opened his financial campaign in Congress with great vigor. He has prepared a bill providing "that the national indebtedness be paid in exact accordance with the acts of Congress creating it." Is the General alarmed? Does he think the Government is in danger of repudiating its obligations? Does he think the debt is likely to be paid in some other way than its creditors expect? Is he afraid that Mr. Pendleton's influence is growing? Let the General be comforted. During the sale of the Five-Twenties of '64 Messrs. Barclay and Livingston, of New York, asked Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, a question to which the Assistant Secretary replied: "I am directed by the Secretary to say that it is the purpose of the Government to pay said bonds, like other bonds of the United States, in coin at maturity." This does not bind the Government, indeed, but it shows at least what the Secretary of the Treasury thought, and he was supposed to have known something of the meaning of the bill. Did the General ever hear of any one who bought those bonds with the understanding that they were *not* to be paid in coin? Mr. John Law writes to Mr. Thaddeus Stevens that when he voted for issuing the bonds he supposed they would be paid in the lawful currency of the United States. But Mr. Law does not add, what he undoubtedly thought, in common with all other good citizens, that when those bonds were payable the lawful currency of the United States would be gold and silver coin.

Mr. M'Culloch also, the present Secretary of the Treasury, writes on the 7th of October, 1867: "I consider the faith of the Government pledged to pay the Five-Twenty bonds, when they are paid, in coin." Why then should General Butler doubt that these bonds at least will be paid in exact accordance with the act of Congress creating them? The law of February 25, 1862, authorizing the Five-Twenties of that year, and the Five-Twenty law of June 30, 1864, provide expressly that the interest shall be payable in coin, but are silent as to the principal. Certainly they are silent as to the principal, and for the same kind of reason that there was no law against parricide in Rome. It was regarded as an impossible crime. In like manner it was assumed, without the possibility of question, that the debt would be paid in gold. It was, therefore, not necessary to say so. But the law specified the payment of the interest in coin because specie payments were suspended. The law; therefore, practically said to every lender, "Although coin is not in circulation we will still pay your interest in gold, as well, of course, as the principal."

It is true that the question was raised, as we have seen. It is true that Mr. Thaddeus Stevens said that the principal was not payable in gold. But, so far as individual opinions are concerned, that of Secretary Chase is quite as decisive as that of Mr. Stevens. And behind all individual interpretations lies the great question of good faith—what was the universal understanding? Can any man be produced who took the bonds expecting, either from reading the law or from its intention as expounded by the Government agents, that they were to be paid in any thing but gold or its equivalent? When Secretary Chase said that such was the true view, was he deceiving or deceived? When Jay Cooke & Co. said that the interest and principal were payable in coin, were they deceived or deceiving?

Perhaps General Butler is afraid that some ingenious lawyer may construe the law so as to favor repudiation; may insist, for instance, that as the promise to pay gold is not express and verbal, there is no promise at all; may contend that "the faith of the Government" is a very vague term and "understanding" a meaningless phrase. There have been, indeed, attempts of this kind. It has been asserted that the specification of coin payment for the interest and not for the principal means, of course, that the interest only is so payable. But this is only repudiation made easy. When the country is ready to repudiate it is ready to be dishonored. Until then it will insist "that the national indebtedness be paid in exact accordance with [the spi it and understood intention of] the acts of Congress creating it." So great a departure from all precedent as payment in paper must be justified by express stipulation. Where is the law which says payment shall be made in paper?

## BUNCOMBE AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

That the Fenians in this city who have carried on the war against the perfidious Saxon by denouncing him at a distance of three thousand miles should devote a public holiday to a solemn memorial procession and services in honor of the men lately executed in Manchester was natural. But that those who are not Fenians should seize the opportunity of the execution to gather in great numbers at the Cooper Institute and talk about "the last resort" in case England does not respect the rights of American citizens, is the most deplorable piece of Buncombe that has been lately performed.

Is there a single intelligent person in this country who seriously believes that England is likely, under existing circumstances, to be careless of the rights of American citizens? If there were not a large Irish vote in the city of New York, does any body suppose that the execution of the men at Manchester would be chosen as the moment to assert abstractly the duty of the American Government to defend its citizens peaceably traveling in England or elsewhere? There are large numbers of Irishmen who seem to imagine that this country is chiefly designed as a safe asylum in which they can declaim against England, or from which they can depart to foment trouble in English territory, protected by their naturalization papers. They hope to use this country as a convenience in gratifying their grudge against England. Such persons are the most undesirable of all who come to these shores. They are neither good Americans, nor good citizens of the world. They are mere restless agitators; and as useless here as they are unwelcome every where else. Yet all their honest rights must be protected. Wisdom and usefulness are not required of American citizens of whatever birth; and the Government knows no great and no small among them.

Now the facts are that the traditional Irish hostility to the English has recently taken the form of a conspiracy called Fenianism. It has been extremely popular in this country, and large sums of money have been raised to promote its objects. It has culminated here in a frantic foray upon Canada, in which several innocent Canadians were murdered while defending their homes against a mob, which professed to be an army making war upon Great Britain. Further crimes being prevented by the energy of the American Government, many of the more daring of the people interested have gone to England and Ireland. There also there have been outbreaks disturbing the peace; nowhere rising into serious proportions, but every where harassing the country. The Government, fully alert, has made arrests, and some of the arrested persons have appealed to Mr. Adams, our Minister, for protection and relief as American citizens. We do not learn, for it is not seriously charged except by a Fenian in Congress, nor do we believe, that Mr. Adams has been negligent of his duty in the matter.

At length some of the English authorities, having made certain arrests in Manchester, are attacked, for the purpose of rescuing their prisoners. Defending themselves, one of the officers, at least, is killed. Some of the leaders of the riot are arrested, tried, convicted, and executed. The offense was unquestioned. The wisdom of enforcing the penalty is very doubtful. But it is during the excitement occasioned by this execution that certain noted political gentlemen hasten to the Cooper Institute and solemnly resolve that the time has arrived when the dignity of the Republic demands, etc., etc., etc., and if the British Government should refuse, etc., etc., etc. What is the inevitable result of such a performance but immense aid and comfort to those who are engaged in raising riots in England? And what does every intelligent man feel to be the intention but propitiation of "the Irish vote" and pandering to the popular hostility to England?

When we consider the enormous immigration from Europe to this country, mainly directed upon this city of New York, and amounting to nearly four million persons during the last twenty years; of whom more than 163,000 arrived in the first seven months of this year; and reflect that the very worst portion of the whole remains in the city swelling its vote, so that three-fifths of the whole city vote is now foreign born, we can anticipate the vast demoralization which such a mass of ignorance and prejudice is sure to work in our politics and upon our politicians, and perceive that there is no remedy or hope but in the most strenuous efforts at universal education. Yet it is sad to see that instead of assisting the great work of education by a reasonable and judicious restraining of popular prejudice and passion, there are men of good character and intention who hasten to stimulate prejudice and pander to passion.

But public education is not confined to the school-house. Every public speaker is a teacher of the people. John Bright never showed himself so truly a statesman in the loftiest sense as when he withstood the whirlwind of indignation against this country which swept through England at the time of the capture of the *Trent*. Nothing would have been so easy, so popular, and so contemptible, as to have kindled the popular feeling to frenzy. But John Bright exhorted his countrymen not to be swift to believe an intentional wrong, but to consider all the circumstances and learn all the facts. Then, if America were found to be clearly in the wrong, let reparation be demanded. He knew that the honor of the English name could not be tarnished by friendly forbearance with the United States. Were John Bright an American he would certainly have taken the same tone toward England at the Cooper Institute, and he would have been hooted for his pains.

## PAUL DU CHAILLU.

This famous traveler has just returned from England, where he has made a brief visit for the purpose of superintending the foreign publication of his new book. This is to be entitled "*Stories of the Gorilla Country, narrated for Young People, by* Paul Du Chaillu." The scope of this book is clearly expressed in a brief Preliminary Chapter. "In such a wild country as Africa," says Du Chaillu, "one does not go far without adventures. In this book I have attempted to relate some of the incidents of life in Africa for the reading of Young Folks. In it I have entered into more minute details concerning the life of the native inhabitants than I could do in my other books, and have shown how the people build their houses, what are their amusements, how they hunt, fish, eat, travel, and live. Whenever I am at a friend's house the children ask me to tell them something about Africa. I like children, and in this book have written especially for them." This book of Paul Du Chaillu, profusely illustrated, is in the press of Harper & Brothers. It can not fail to be, in the department to which it belongs, the Book of the Season. M. Du Chaillu proposes also to deliver a series of lectures describing his adventures and observations in those regions of Africa which he was the first white to penetrate. If he is as animated and graphic on the platform as he is in conversation, his lectures will be among the most entertaining as well as instructive to which the public will have an opportunity of listening.

## THE PACIFIC RAILROADS.

In the multiplicity of articles which we have published regarding the Central and Union Pacific Railroads some slight errors have naturally been made. One of the most important of these is thus set right by the Hon. John J. Cisco, Treasurer of the Union Pacific line:

Union Pacific Railroad Company,
No. 20 Nassau Street, New York, *Dec. 2, 1867.*

*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

The Union Pacific Railroad Company and the country generally are under great obligations for the liberal manner in which you have presented their enterprise to the public, by artistic illustrations and able articles in your very valuable publications; but a writer in your issue for December made an error while commenting upon the financial relations of the Central Pacific Company of California building the Western part of the line, and the Union Pacific Company building the Eastern part. He says: "They are in a certain sense rival corporations, and that the rivalry exists in this—that the first Company which shall complete its road to Salt Lake City shall be entitled to the national charter and national land and money grants for the whole line from Omaha to Sacramento."

The acts of Congress provide that *each* of the Companies constructing the Pacific Railroad line shall be entitled to Government bonds in varying amounts per mile, according to the difficulties encountered, and to Government lands, at the rate of 12,800 *acres* to the mile, as *each section of twenty miles* is completed and accepted by the United States Commissioners. These provisions are absolute, and are without reference to the number of miles to be built by either Company. I believe that the only rivalry existing between the two companies is which shall have the honor of doing the most of this greatest work of ancient or modern times.

Please accept my thanks for the generous interest you have manifested toward it, and believe me to be

Very truly yours,
John J. Cisco, *Treasurer.*

## LITERARY.

Some months since, perhaps about last Christmas—or was it the year before?—Miss Mary L. Booth introduced all of us children, large and small, to the delightful fairy tales of Laboulaye. The younger part of us received the book with enthusiasm; and if they are satisfied it matters little whether the older part are or not. And now just as the holidays are coming the same good friend offers us another fairy book so fresh and charming that it seems as if she had found a new flower for us. She has translated "Macé's Fairy Book, or Home Fairy Tales," which the Harpers have published in the handsomest form and beautifully illustrated. The vast company of lovers of Laboulaye's fairy lore will enjoy to the utmost the delightful humor of "Little Ravageot," and "Goldielocks," of "the Necklace of Truth," and "the Enchanted Watch." These are some of the stories in Macé's Fairy Book.

And who is Macé? Why, dear little people, don't you know that about thirty years ago Mademoiselle Verenet, a kind French lady who was not well, went into the pleasant country of Rhenish France and lived in a beautiful cottage covered with vines called "the little castle?" And don't you know that a little cousin was sent to her to be educated, and then another, and another, and another, until as her family grew in this way her house grew too, until at length there was the most delightful school for girls ever heard of at the little castle in the pleasant country of Rhenish France? And don't you know that Mr. Jean Macé, who had been a scholar, and a teacher, and an editor, and a politician in Paris, was blown out of that city, like a leaf, as he says, by the great gust of December, 1851, when Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor; and having been before at the little castle and always most kindly remembering it, he went thither at once with his family, and has lived there ever since; for, as he says, "after capriciously trying a little of every thing it was found that I was born for a professor in a young ladies' school."

Now you know that Mr. Macé is a French schoolmaster, and these stories of his are called "Tales of the little Castle;" but with his consent Miss Booth has called them Home Fairy Tales. And so they will be! In many thousands of homes in this country they will be read and told, and told and read again. They are simple, and fanciful, and original, and have such a mannerly moral! And we will all hope that by the holidays of another year Miss Booth will have discovered another fairy book as delightful as Laboulaye's and Macé's.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Message of President Johnson to the second session of the Fortieth Congress was laid before the Senate and House of Representatives on December 3.

He announces that his well-known convictions on the reconstruction measures of Congress are not only unchanged but strengthened by late events and further reflections. He reiterates his old arguments that the Southern States never having been out of the Union are entitled to all the rights and privileges conferred by the Constitution of the Union, and that the establishment of the present military governments at the South are usurpations on the part of Congress not justified by the Constitution. He recommends the repeal of the acts which established these governments as unconstitutional. He charges that "it is manifestly and avowedly the object of these laws to confer upon the negroes the privilege of voting, and to disfranchise such number of white citizens as will give the former a clear majority at all elections in the Southern States," and declares that "the subjugation of States to negro domination would be worse than the military despotism under which they are now suffering."

He calls this effort to clothe the negroes with a power which may be their protection in the future an effort to establish "negro governments," and asserts that after being established in control of the South, the negroes can not maintain their supremacy, and that without military power they are wholly incapable of holding in subjection the white people of the South. He therefore argues that these "negro governments" will have to be maintained at a cost of $200,000,000 to the General Government.

In alluding to matters of lesser moment, he recommended the repeal of the "Tenure of Office Bill," in order that the Executive may correct, by the removal of certain officers, the system of collecting and disbursing the national revenue, and prevent the now frequent frauds on the Treasury. The circulation of the national bank notes and legal tenders amounts to $700,000,000, having a commercial value of not more than $350,000,000, and he argues in favor of the redemption of all national bank issues. A thorough revision of the revenue system by the adjustment of the revenue laws and import duties is urged. The military strength of the regular army is 56,315; its expenses for the ten months ending on October 29, 1867, was $109,807,000. Seven million forty-one thousand one hundred and fourteen acres of the public lands were sold during the fiscal year. The pension-roll contains 165,474 names; the pension disbursements foot up for 1867 $18,619,956.

Eleven thousand six hundred and fifty-five patents were issued during the year ending September 30, 1867. The seven squadrons of the navy comprise 56 vessels, carrying five hundred and seven guns. The whole naval force comprises 238 vessels, and cost for the year ending June 30, 1867, $31,034,011. The receipts of the Postal Department were $19,978,693; the expenditures were $19,235,483. Official announcement is made of the treaty with Denmark for the cession of St. Thomas.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The extra term of the first session of the Fortieth Congress came to an end on December 2; and at noon of the same day the second session of the same Congress began.

The extra session has been devoted chiefly to financial matters. In the House, on November 26, a resolution requesting the Committee on Banks and Currency to report a bill withdrawing National Bank currency from circulation and substituting greenbacks therefor was referred. An effort to table it was defeated by a vote of 101 to 51, and the subject comes up again for discussion as part of the business of the regular session.

A resolution inquiring into the expediency of establishing a new scale of taxation by which only sufficient revenue will be obtained to bear the expenses of the Government and pay the interest on the national debt was adopted.

Mr. Morill, in the Senate on November 29, introduced a bill providing for the redemption of legal tender and national bank notes in coin after July 1868, and the selling of all gold in the Treasury in excess of $75,000,000 after January 1869. It was laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

### NEWS ITEMS.

Jeff Davis's trial has again been postponed; this time until March 22, 1868. The trial will be under a new indictment found on November 27 by the Richmond Grand Jury.

Weston, the pedestrian, arrived at Chicago, Illinois, the end of his journey of 1237¾ miles, on November 28, at nine o'clock, two hours ahead of time. He failed in his attempts to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours but is to attempt it again on the Dexter race-course at Chicago.

General Hancock, in assuming command of the Fifth Military District, issued an order declaring that freedom of speech, the *habeas corpus*, and the right of trial by jury must not be infringed.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Italian question still continues the absorbing one of Europe. The conference called by Napoleon has not yet been acceded to by the great powers nor consented to by Italy and the Pope. Austria has officially declared that "the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope is necessary to the peace of Europe." Russian papers semi-officially declare that "the present boundaries of Rome can not be maintained in the conference." Prussia has accepted the conference; England has not yet decided. Italy demands explanations of the intentions of France; and Napoleon has been finally compelled to announce that the expedition to Rome was intended merely to guarantee the safety of the Pope, and that the question between the Holy See and Italy was one of "distrust," which the conference was intended to remove.

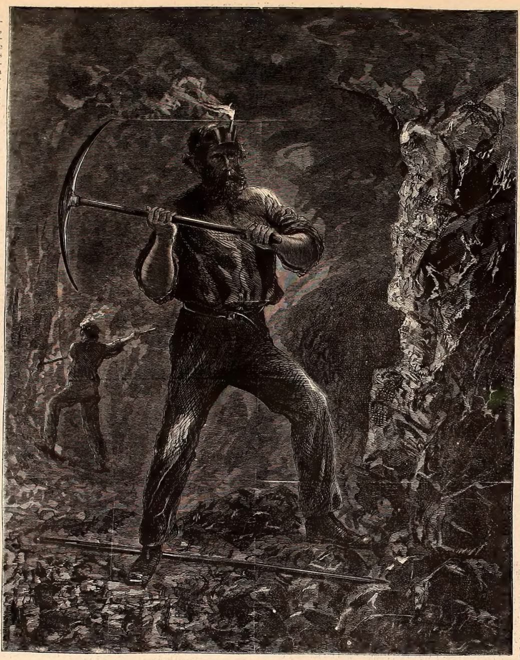
A revolution has broken out in the State of Durango, Mexico: and Ortega, who claims to be the rightful President of Mexico, is at the head of it.

Another hurricane and earthquake visited the West Indies on November 18 and 19, and many lives and vessels were lost at St. Thomas, St. Croix, Tortola, Peter's Island, and Little Saba. At St. Thomas the sea rose fifty feet, and the earthquake was very violent and did great damage.

## COAL-MINING.

THE great bituminous coal-field of the United States, called the Appalachian, commences near the northern line of Pennsylvania; and, in this portion of the State, in Bradford, Lycoming, and Tioga counties, it is represented by several isolated basins, separated from each other by the conglomerate or still lower strata forming the summits. Toward the south, bounded on the east by the main Alleghany ridge, the coal measures spread over the surface, including the whole central and southwestern part of the State, the southwestern part of Ohio, the eastern parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, and the western portions of Virginia. The formation terminates in Northern Alabama, but appears again as far south as Tuscaloosa. Including the outlying anthracite basins further to the east, the whole area has been estimated at 65,000 square miles. Another coal-field of almost equal extent occupies the greater part of Illinois, the western portion of Indiana, and a small district in the north-western part of Kentucky. It is separated by only a narrow tract, occupied by lower strata, from the great coal-field of Southern Iowa and Northern Missouri.

The area of coal lands in the United States is nearly three-fourths of all the coal-producing land in Europe and America; yet the amount of coal annually mined in this country is only about one-tenth of the total amount produced on the two continents. The whole coal-field of Europe is less extensive than that of Illinois and Indiana; England and Ireland have less coal than the State of Ohio, about one-fourth that of Pennsylvania; and yet England produces three times as much coal annually as is mined in Pennsylvania.



THE COAL-MINER AT WORK.—[DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.]

Rondout, New York, situated on the Hudson River, 90 miles north of New York City, is one of the principal outlets for coal in the country. It is at the eastern terminus of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and here is to be found the scene illustrated by our artist on this page. There are no less that eight hundred canal boats engaged in bringing coal from the Pennsylvania mines by this canal to Rondout, and they annually carry over 1,000,000 of tons to this point for the New York and Boston markets. The canal is 108 miles in length, and passes through some of the most picturesque country in New York State.

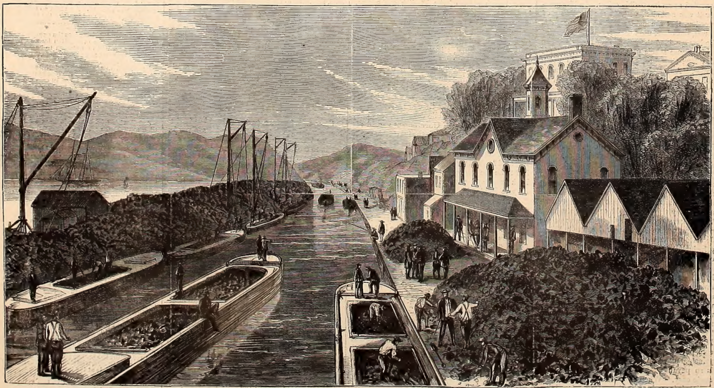
Our other illustration shows a coal-miner at work in the mine.

## SEDENTARY HABITS OF WOMEN.

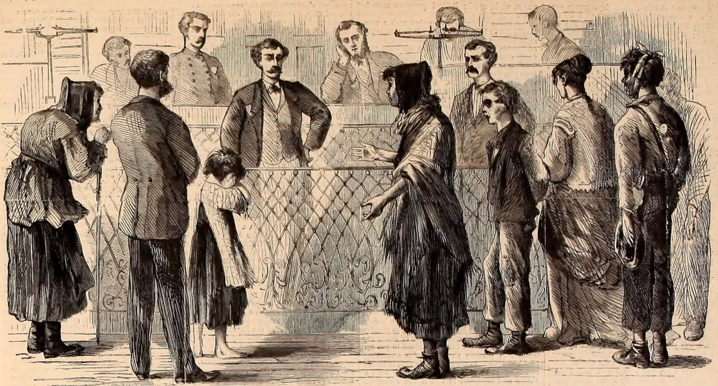
WHEN a foreigner comes to the United States and writes a book on the people of this country he is sure to mention two facts about American ladies—first, that they are very beautiful, and, secondly, that they are very unhealthy. The United States is always spoken of by foreigners as "a country abounding in sick ladies."

One of the reasons why women generally are weaker than men, and why American ladies are not so ruddy as the English, and enduring and vigorous as the French, and why the ladies of the United States outside of New York are generally less ruddy and strong than the ladies of the Metropolis (and such is the case), is the very circumscribed manner in which they pass their days, their lack of exercise—in short, their weakness results from their sedentary habits. Humanity was designed for activity. It is necessary to have action of body and mental excitement to develop the individual.—Any departure from that law invariably shows itself in a degree of feebleness which, in some cases, terminates in the early failure of all vitality.

It is a noteworthy fact, and one quite familiar to all persons of observation, that the conditions of health are determined by circumstances of social position. Poor women and the daughters of poor parents have a certain amount of robustness and vigor which those who are watched over with ceaseless care, that nothing may interfere with their progress in physical and intellectual development, seldom possess. We look at the broken panes in the sleeping-rooms of the children of poverty, and pity the poor exposed creatures, when their very deprivation is a blessing to them. Those who sleep with "the sky for a covering," or in rooms through which the air freely circulates because there is nothing to keep the wind away, have usually sound lungs, while the



THE COAL DEPOT AT RONDOUT, NEW YORK.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE JEFFERSON MARKET COURT, NEW YORK CITY.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

young lady who is waited on by a dressing-maid, and is boxed up in air-tight apartments, usually has none to speak of. Their thin wearing-apparel of gossamer materials, too light for warmth, offer no protection when they are permitted to inhale an atmosphere which the poor are obliged to breathe indoor as well as out. Coarse food is another element of youthful health. If the children of the rich were provided with a simple diet, instead of the mixed condiments and highly-flavored dishes on which they are, as a general thing, unfortunately pampered, there would not be such vast numbers of sickly ones; and if the young women of America were compelled to walk more, ride less, work more and idle less, there would be more healthy ones.

## JEFFERSON MARKET COURT.

THERE is no person or thing for whom or which the petty rogues of New York have a "holier horror" than the presiding Judge and his Police Court in Jefferson Market. We give a view of the interior of this court-room during a busy session, with the calendar full and the work in hand progressing with spirit.

## HOWARD MISSION.

WE have given in this volume of the *Weekly* some very interesting statistics about what may be called the "Homeless of New York"—the little waifs of society that come under the name of "News-boys," "Lost Children," and "Little Wanderers"—and have attempted, in the same connection, to explain the operations of the charitable institutions and city authorities which endeavor to provide for and reclaim them. We have seen how the police have for many years past annually returned nearly 1000 lost children to their parents, and how the News-boys' Lodging House has given food and shelter from year to year to eight thousand children. The statistics of the other branches of the "Children's Aid Society" are equally startling and interesting.

Among the many admirable charities of this city is the Howard Mission, begun and incorporated in 1861. Its object is "to do all the good it can to the bodies and souls of all whom it can reach," and it is at once a home and a school. Though started as late as 1861 the Mission has been highly successful, and 7581 children have been received at its doors, fed at its tables, clothed from its wardrobe, and taught in its schools. So successful indeed has been the operation of the Mission that on November 28—Thanksgiving Day—the first of the new large buildings or homes was opened, although in an unfinished state, to the public. The exercises of the occasion consisted of singing and short addresses, and a grand dinner, of which five hundred children partook.

The new building when finished will have accommodation in its various departments for

THE HOWARD MISSION—SCENE IN THE MUSIC-ROOM.—[SKETCHED BY W. S. L. JEWETT.]

one thousand children. The departments consist of a Chapel, 50 by 80 feet, with 35 feet ceiling; Basement, of same size, with 13½ feet ceiling; a model Hospital for poor sick little children; a Day Nursery, where poor mothers can leave their babies while they go out to work; and a Laundry, where the same class of mothers can come and do their own washing—also wash for others. Lodgings are provided for poor girls, who are without friends, money, work, food, or shelter. There is a Home for Children until they are provided for by friends or sent to homes by the Mission. There are four School-rooms, 44 by 26 feet, Dining-rooms, Work-rooms, Offices, Baths—in short, every thing necessary to render it a model worthy of imitation.

We give on page 789 of this number of the *Weekly* an interior view of the Mission, representing the children engaged, under the direction of a lady teacher, in learning to sing.

The Howard Mission is sustained entirely by the offerings of private citizens, and has never asked or received city, State, or national aid.

## HIGH AND LOW.

A little nook, a barren nook,
Lowest and darkest in the hollow,
Where never sunbeam came to look,
Forsaken of the willful brook
That turned aside to follow
Where the first faint April sun
Through greening meadows let it run.

On the happier slopes anigh
I watched the sunlight flickering,
And heard the lonely hollow sigh
(Was it my own heart's murmuring?),
"I am forgotten of the spring,
Now will the earth grow warm and light,
I can hear through all the night
The buds awake in the trees above,
For they think the birds are on their flight
Back to the nests they love.

"Trees are stately things," it said,
"What they cover, who should know?
They will take on their glorious heads
All the bounty the heaven sheds,
And grandly they will spread and grow,
When the hill-side is daisied white,
And the summer is perfect quite,
I shall be silent, and mute, and lone,
Never a thing to call my own
Of all the summer's green and white.

"Poor little lonely nook!" I said,
"Alas! for things that are overgrown,
Alas! for things that were only made
To live in a royal beauty's shade,
And not for any of their own!
Sad fate that lesser lives must bear,
To that which hath is the double share."

Ah, subtle heart, that so will feign,
Shape to an unavowed regret,
Pitying self by another name,
Did ever hollow so complain?
Did ever Nature so forget?
When I followed the brook again,
Nor leaves nor buds were open yet,
But in the spot so lone and bare
Lo! the spring's first flower was there!

Carl Spencer.

## THE TELL-TALE PICTURE.

"Yes," said the old artist, "you are undoubtedly right, the special power of those who may be truly called the great masters of portrait painting was their ability to bring out upon the canvas not the mere everyday face of their subject, as it might be known to his most casual acquaintances, but his *inner life*. They seemed, at times, to have painted the soul rather than the body."

"What a pity," I answered, "that we have no living masters to whom such power has been given!"

"I am not so sure of that," said he; "at all events I know of one at least, who is now living, in whom this faculty was developed in a very high degree."

"Who was he? Where could he be found? I will be bail that he has sent nothing to the Academy of Design since my day."

"He does not paint any more. At least he will paint no more portraits; but I believe there are few, if any, of his friends besides myself who know the reason why. If you have time, and will light another Havana, you may find the story worth hearing, though, of course, I must use names of my own invention."

Any thing with a touch of romance or mystery about it had always a charm for me, and so I prepared to hear the story. The old artist was a very good *raconteur*, and, after a few preliminary whiffs, he began:

"Paul Maynard was, in the eyes of all who knew him, one of the favorites of the Fates; he was young, rich, handsome, and a genius. He loved his art for his art's sake, and was rapidly winning a most enviable reputation.

"It is the custom, in spite of Titian and Vandyke, and the rest, to look down upon portrait painting as one of the lower walks of art, but Paul did not share the notion. Portrait painting was his forte, and some of his pictures were truly wonderful. There were not many faces that he cared to paint, and for most people he would not paint at all; but the most 'sphinx-like' faces, if that's a fair expression, came out upon his canvas *interpreted*. Nor were all his interpretations flattering by any means. Some people made haste to burn their likenesses as soon as possible after obtaining possession.

"He himself did not attempt to explain his power, but I used to think that there was something uncanny about his deep-gray eyes while he was at work, and he disliked spectators exceedingly.

"It was a matter of course that such a man should fall in love, and he did full justice to his artist perception of the beautiful in making choice of Camilla Vraine. Such a face she had! perfectly classical, and with just enough of color flushing at times through its marble paleness to keep you from being reminded of the cold beauty of some old Greek statue. In the very arrangement of her dark hair she seemed, whether consciously or not, to follow the antique. Her eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, with an unreadable something in them that fascinated you even more than the extreme sweetness of their everyday expression. Every body envied Paul his success, for it soon became plain that his love was passionately returned. Paul was indeed the favorite of the Fates.

"Camilla was only seventeen, and old Vraine, though pleased with the match, exercised his parental authority gently but firmly, and postponed the wedding for a year, during which time he proposed to make a trip to Europe with his daughter.

"'When they returned, if both were of the same mind' (you know what prudent fathers are apt to say); and the young lovers, after some chafing and a good many vows of constancy, dutifully submitted. A year was an age to look forward to, but it would soon pass away. After all, what was one year to a love like theirs?

"Nevertheless, Paul and Camilla made good use of the time that remained to them before her departure. They were together almost constantly, and every day's communion seemed to bind them still more strongly together.

"Much as Paul admired the wondrous beauty of his betrothed, he had never essayed to portray it. Not but he had often thought of doing so, but whenever he had half determined to put his thought in practice an undefinable something kept him back. Something nearly akin to superstition seems to be a necessary part of such a nature as Paul's, and in him it was somewhat stronger than usual.

"Now, however, that Camilla was going away, now that he could no longer daily feast his eyes upon the lovely original, he so far overcame his unreasonable reluctance as to ask her to sit to him for a likeness.

"'I only want your face, Camilla, to smile on me when you are beyond the seas.'

"A strange expression of pain and bewilderment shot across the fair face, and if Paul had not been blind he would have seen that it was with a feeling of extreme reluctance that Camilla at last yielded to his entreaties. Her consent once given, however, her disinclination seemed to pass away entirely, and she was more than usually merry and cheerful during the few brief hours which the time permitted her to pass in the luxurious studio of her artist lover.

"Paul worked diligently, and, though evidently hastily done, the portrait was a master-piece of art, and received the warm encomiums of the few near friends who were permitted to see it. Paul had laughingly forbidden Camilla so much as one look while the work was in progress; but when, at last, full of loving pride at what he justly deemed his success, he exhibited to his beautiful 'subject' the exquisitely truthful image of herself which had grown so swiftly under his subtle fingers, he was astonished that again a deadly paleness, and the same expression of puzzled pain took the place of the approving smiles which he had been expecting.

"'Oh, Paul, it is perfect! But I do not want you to keep that picture. Do not keep it!'

"'Not keep it, Camilla! Why not? You are not jealous of your own picture, are you?'

"'I do not know; it is so strange. Well, I suppose I am foolish, and you must have your way. Perhaps I shall change, and not be like that when I return.'

"'Then,' said Paul, 'I shall have to paint something more beautiful still. But your heart will not change, Camilla?'

"'No, Paul, never! But the eyes! How perfectly you have painted the eyes!'

"'Indeed I have not,' said Paul; 'and that is just where I find fault with myself. I shall try and improve them after you are gone.'

"'Oh no, Paul!' exclaimed Camilla. 'Do not touch them. Promise me that you will leave them as they are—promise me!'

"Paul readily gave the desired promise, and it was but a few days from that time that he found himself alone in his studio, with no better company than the portrait; while the beloved original was far away on her journey to those classic regions to whose earlier and better day she seemed so truly to belong. Sorely was he tempted to attempt the work of retouching and improving the cherished likeness; but he was restrained by his promise to Camilla.

"Week after week went by, and, if the truth must be told, many an hour that should have been given to work or study was spent by the foolish lover in dwelling upon the one idol for which his 'chapel of art' was a shrine. Still, as he gazed upon it again and again, a strange feeling of almost shuddering uneasiness would at times come over him. In vain he sought for its cause, either in his own mind or in the picture. Certainly every line of that sweet face was truthful, and he had even ventured to transfer to the canvas the smile of love with which she had watched him at his labor.

"The feeling grew upon him until he was half inclined to hate that which he had at first very nearly worshiped.

"Letters came and went, and Camilla wrote enthusiastically of her enjoyment of all the treasures of Art which the Old World has inherited from the past. For a long time she seemed to studiously avoid any allusion to the picture, but at last a letter arrived, dated at Rome, in which, after dwelling with feverish and somewhat extravagant eloquence upon her experiences in the Eternal City, Camilla adjured her lover to send her the portrait at once.

"'Do not fail,' she said, 'if you love me. I can not explain myself, but I shall be forever unhappy if you refuse my request. Send it to me *at once!*'

"The letter closed with more than usually warm expressions of affection, and Paul at once felt that he must comply with her request. He was almost surprised at himself to find that he did so with so little of real reluctance.

"'Ah,' he thought, 'her face is so clearly painted on my memory and on my heart that I do not need any reminder.'

"And so the picture was sent. Camilla was still at Rome when the coveted treasure arrived. Could she have desired to compare it with any of the matchless achievements of the old masters upon which she had been so long feasting her eyes? No; she would have given more for that one picture than for all the art-treasures in Rome.

"There was a fire in her room, for the day was of that raw and chilly kind which ushers in the Italian winter, and Camilla had always been sensitive in matters of temperature. She sat cowering before it, alone, and the negligence of her toilet accorded well with the troubled and mournful expression of her face. Her cheeks were flushed, and the long folds of her hair fell heavily over her rounded shoulders.

"'Will it never come?' she murmured. 'Oh! why did I let him have it? I must have been—' Here she was interrupted by a low knock at the door, and a servant entered, bearing a square parcel, evidently packed with great care.

"'A package for mademoiselle,' said she; 'it has just arrived.' And she lingered a moment, as if with a hope that her curiosity would be gratified with a sight of its contents.

"A gleam of pleasure shot across the face of her mistress as she took the parcel, but she said, hastily, 'You may go, Lisette!' and the inquisitive French girl had the mortification of hearing the door bolted behind her.

"The flush alternated with a marble paleness on the cheeks of Camilla as she tore off with trembling hands the many strong coverings of the package, and she fairly screamed with delight as she at last held up for an earnest scrutiny the coveted treasure—*the portrait*.

"'At last I have it! Oh, Paul, your fatal skill! But it shall never tell tales of me now—never! Has it told any? Does he suspect? He must never know. What if he has already found it out? If he has, would he tell? I will not let even him tell tales of me, much less this bit of painted canvas. If he did not see it he was blind. There it is. *I* can see it! I saw it then, but I did not know what it was. I know now, but nobody else ever shall. It is my own secret, and I can keep it. Fire does not tell any tales.'

"She stirred the glowing coals with nervous energy for a moment, and then the picture, with its slight and graceful frame, was laid, face downward, upon the consuming mass. For a few moments it smoked, crackled, and blazed, and then nothing but ashes remained of that evidence of the weird skill of Paul Maynard.

"'Safe now!' she muttered, almost fiercely. 'Fire tells no tales;' and again she sat down before the fire with a somewhat quieter expression upon her face, and now and then breathing long sighs of relief, as if she had been delivered from some great peril.

"Perhaps, if she could have looked in upon Paul in his studio that afternoon she might not have been as well satisfied. At first Paul experienced a positive feeling of relief over the absence of his usual company; but as the days went by he began to long for its presence again.

"'She has not forbidden me,' he thought, 'to paint another; and I will surprise her on her return with a portrait that will be as much superior to that as Titian is to a sign-painter.'

"And so, in an evil hour, he sat down to what he regarded as pre-eminently a labor of love. He had plenty of time now, and he threw his whole soul into the work. He entirely neglected society, and almost forgot to eat. Her face came up in his memory more and more vividly as he labored; and day by day the colors on the canvas assumed more and more nearly an almost living semblance of the beloved image. He himself was astonished at his wonderful success.

"'It will do all but speak,' he said to himself. 'But then the eyes; that must be my greatest triumph. And what eyes she has!'

"It was with something of his old feeling of dread, nevertheless, that he approached this part of his work, which he had purposely left until the last; and the feeling grew upon him as he went on. More than a month had now elapsed since he had parted with the first picture, and for that whole time he had received no word from Camilla. This had annoyed him, although her seeming silence could readily be accounted for in many ways. He had sat before his easel all that day, somewhat pale from overwork and confinement, but congratulating himself that his love-work was so nearly completed. Slowly he toiled away, touch after touch, utterly absorbed in his employment, and recalling, with thrills of pleasure so keen as to be half-way pain, a thousand fleeting expressions which he had so fondly watched in happy days gone by.

"'Oh, if I could only paint them all!' he muttered.

"But his fatal genius was sadly choosing for him the one expression which was to look out upon him from the unfathomable eyes of Camilla.

"Already the light from the high window was beginning to soften with the waning day when, as he laid by his pencil, the young artist drew fondly back to gaze upon his finished work.

"For a moment he gazed lovingly and admiringly upon the exquisite curve of the proud neck, the almost speaking lips, the perfect contour of the noble head; but then the eyes of the picture caught and irresistibly chained his own, and the smile of satisfaction fled from his face. What fearful meaning was that which he had so deftly painted?

"His white lips parted with a whisper: 'God in heaven! Can it be possible? Is it the truth, or am I—'

"The door had opened noiselessly, and one of his most confidential friends approached him with an open letter in his hand, and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said:

"'Paul, my friend, read this; it will explain the picture.'

"Paul's hand closed mechanically upon the paper, and his eyes fell with expanding horror upon the words to which his friend pointed. They read thus:

"'You must break it to Paul, for I can not. I have long feared it, and now it has come. We have put her into an asylum at Lyons, but the physicians all say that there is no hope. Since it must be thus, I thank God that they also assure me that her sufferings will be brief. I shall not return to America.'......

"I watched with Paul all that night, and during the brain-fever which followed. His genius had truly read and interpreted the latent madness in those beautiful eyes; and Camilla, with the keen perception and cunning instinct for concealment which belongs to insanity, had seen what others had not.

"I do not know that Paul ever again touched his easel, though Camilla has slept for many a year under the soil of France.

"But for that one tell-tale picture we might have had another great artist, and I burned it while Paul was in bed with the fever. I suppose he imagined as much, as he never asked any questions about it."

## TEN YEARS.

Softly the sun's last rays are glinting
Over the meadow, over the lea,
Flushing the fleecy clouds, and tinting
With gold and crimson the azure sea,
Where hand in hand there wander together
Youth of twenty and child of ten,
Over the sea-beach, across the heather,
By sloping hillock and shady glen.
The breeze is stirring each rippling curl
On the sunny head of the little girl,
And her eyes from the shading hat's broad brim
With childish affection are raised to him.

Ten long years, and the mellow gloaming
Casts its glamour o'er glen and lea,
And gilds the sands where a maid is roaming,
With eyes that wander beyond the sea.
Ten long years has that daily glory
Dawned and darkened o'er wood and grove,
Lighting the page of that lasting story,
That old, old story of maiden's love.
But duty severed those clasping hands,
And a rolling ocean divides the lands;
And the heart grew sad, and the eyes were dim,
Wearily watching, watching for him.

Ten years more, and the restless billows
Fret and foam on the patient shore,
And the red light slants through the drooping willows,
And writes strange things on the green-sward floor.
But far from ingle, and glen, and heather,
From purple hills of their native land,
Wander those two as of yore together,
While heart answers heart, and hand clasps hand.
No more watching through heavy tears,
No more waiting through weary years,
But eyes with woman's deep love that brim
Through a life-long devotion are turned on him!

## WIVES AND NO WIVES.

Once I thought I would go out West.

"Here I am!" said a bucket of water. And it hissed and sissed and whistled and steamed, and I began to go.

"Hum! bum! rattletebang!" went the wheels.

"Fuzz! buzz! luzz!" cried the engine. Then the smoke blew and the sparks flew; and when we stopped to take on or to put off we heard the church-bells ringing, and the katydids chaffering and interrupting each other like gossips over their tea-cups.

Thus the noise and hurry of a night express-train, and the peaceful, sleepy, country life for an instant blended in a kind of harmony, and then by contrast went wider and wider of each other than ever.

By-and-by the moon came up with a slice gone off the upper side, as though she had never got the better of her last eclipse, just in time to look at herself in the shining river—the river, which pretended in the light to be so placid and easily entreated, but was all the while stubborn of will and using secretly a mighty power to sweep every thing away and away into the ocean.

And now that the moon had come up to keep an eye on the world I felt I might drop it all off my mind. So I put down my bag and my water-proof and my head and shut my own eyes. But my ears were not shut by any manner of means; they were wide open as an owl's at midnight.

"Mum, mum, huddlety-buddlety, jing ming, clear the way! Here we come! Here we go!" These were all the sounds for a while, excepting the cooing of a pair of turtle-doves on their way to Niagara. And presently the head of turtle-dove the less drooped confidantly on the shoulder of turtle-dove the greater; and then every body was asleep but the moon, the engineer, and me.

But pretty soon something was the matter with the box of one of the wheels (I was sitting exactly over it so I ought to know), and there was a flurry of lanterns and oil-cans and men for a little season. Then "Scud! scud!" screamed the whistle, and off we went again. And now it was that kid really began to go, and the moon began to see something worth seeing.

Which was this: A person (namely *me*), comfortably settled for the night, after having se-

cured the monopoly of a whole seat, voluntarily giving up half of it to a stranger. And I had my record before the night was over in witnessing a living romance a hundred times more absorbing than sleep, which is a commonplace affair to be had almost any night "by the poorest comer."

The woman who sat by me was elderly, with a sharp, handsome face, worn and marked with time and trouble. A man followed her into the car, and presently found a seat before us.

Directly he turned about to my seat-mate. "He is really your husband, you know, Mrs. Evans," said he, in a low, but perfectly distinct voice.

"He is *not!*" she replied, with sudden emphasis.

Instantly how wide awake I was!

"I beg you not to be hasty," continued the man, persuasively. "I do not pretend he did right in leaving you and his child for so many years without a word. And his second marriage is more inexcusable yet. But this second Mrs. Evans has been worse treated than you have, and if *she* will overlook her wrongs and permit him to leave her for you without making any trouble, it seems to me *you* may find it possible to forgive him; for the sake of your boy, if you would not for yourself."

"For the sake of my boy!" broke out Mrs. Evans, passionately. "A great gift such a father would be! I tell you, Mr. Crafts, every drop of blood in my body flies into motion thinking of such cowardly meanness and terrible wrong; and you may be perfectly sure I will never acknowledge or even see him. This is my final answer, and you may take it now."

The handsome face grew handsomer and more immovable at every word, and I wondered at the man's hardihood in persisting any farther; but he turned still more in his seat, with a determined and thoroughly business air, as though he had just so much to say, and should say it in any event.

All this time the man who occupied the seat before me with Mr. Crafts, was sitting leaned against the window, with his hat slouched over his eyes, apparently asleep in his corner, but in fact listening all over, as his whole attitude in some indescribable way showed. Mr. Crafts and Mrs. Evans were both too absorbed and too excited to notice him; and indeed I suppose he had as good right to listen to what was none of his business, as I had, if it was forced into his ears.

"But, Mrs. Evans," began Mr. Crafts again, "your husband is very penitent, and ready to make any promises you may require, and to submit to any conditions whatever, if you will only acknowledge him *as* your husband. The other woman will never intrude or interfere. You shall have what property you possess secured to yourself personally, and you can not ask any more humble confessions than he is willing to make. Besides, although he has showed lamentable and even criminal weakness in neglecting to send for or to you, yet I believe he was never really base at heart or intentionally a scoundrel. He kept hoping his business affairs would brighten, as he says, and was ashamed and discouraged about letting you know of his failures. So time passed along in this way until the woman beguiled him into a marriage, quite unconscious of what she was doing. Indeed, Mrs. Evans, your husband has apparently been more weak than wicked; and I do not think you show a Christian spirit of forgiveness in refusing to see him, at the very least."

"Mr. Crafts, I *have* no husband. He was lost to me twenty-one years ago, and I have no wish or intention of seeing or hearing any thing more respecting the creature who wears his name," returned Mrs. Evans, cold and immovable as Bunker Hill Monument.

As she spoke she rose, and just then, coming to a "Know-Nothing Station," we halted an instant, and she took the opportunity to pass into the next car. I never saw Mrs. Evans again, but the story did not end for me with her.

She was scarcely gone when a voice came from under the slouched hat in front of me. "Crafts are you going to let her go so?" it said, in a tone startling in its woe and despair.

"I can do nothing with her, Evans. I told you so before; and now you have heard her talk for yourself, and now can't you be satisfied?"

"You *won't* desert me now, Crafts. I don't care so much for her, but I want my boy," said the voice, in pathetic and agonized entreaty.

"I can do nothing more for you. You have sowed, and now you must reap. You hear what she says," repeated Mr. Crafts, in an indifferent manner.

"Then why did you tell me in the beginning she had left England with my boy, and say you would intercede for me? Why didn't you leave me with Marianna and my farm in peace? Marianna was kind and cheerful and made me comfortable enough, and I should have been contented and satisfied all my life if you had never come and told me Eugenia and my boy were living and on this side of the ocean; and then persuaded me I could come out into the world and take a place among men once more. Marianna has left me, and Eugenia will not come to me. You have lost me both my wives and taken my money besides. Marianna's boy is dead, and Eugenia's is lost to me. There is nothing for me in this life or the next," said the man, forlornly.

"Business is business," returned Mr. Crafts. "I must live as well as the next man, and you can not say but the bargain was fairly made, and the money fairly earned. You were to give me the farm outright, and in return I was to inform the second Mrs. Evans that she was not, and never had been, your legal wife; as well as do my best to bring about a reconciliation with the first Mrs. Evans—none of which was desirable work. I have closed up with Mrs. Evans the second, and made suitable and comfortable provision for her future; and I have tried my utmost with Mrs. Evans the first. But it is not my fault that she declines to have any thing to do with you. I did not engage to furnish a character for you; that was beyond my power, as well as not in the agreement. It is a pity about you, but I can do nothing more; and you must admit I have fulfilled all my engagements, and done all I promised, which it appears is more than you have always done."

The man seemed already too wretched to mind this cold-blooded thrust. He only crushed his hat lower on his forehead, and settled back in his seat, a living image of forsaken and hopeless desolation. So we whirled along past sleeping villages, over long reaches of open country, under the quiet stars, and at last into the great heart of a waking city, where he left the cars, disappearing from me in the gray morning among the crowd of men gathered about the station.

"To be weak," we need not the voice of the great archangel to tell us, "is to be miserable," even if the weakness does not lead us into crime. And this man, who had evidently been sinfully weak all the way, and who doubtless deserved the woe he had brought upon himself, I pitied with my whole heart.

## CURVED LINES.

How remarkable it is that throughout the domain of Nature, in every vegetable and animal form, a curved outline is recognized. The margin of every leaf, the shaft of every tree—and, in fact, every internal individual organ—represents somewhere on its exterior a segment of a circle. There are no straight lines any where, inside or outside. All the vessels circulating fluids are round, or at least present curves of various diameters, although they may not at first view appear to be so. An exception is noticeable in what is called by anatomists the *longitudinal sinus*, which carries the blood out of the head that has been carried there by four arteries. It is nearly triangular, but its direction is the arc of a circle.

Sound moves in wavelets, which are convex on the outer surface; water, running in waves, assumes segments also of circles; the earth revolves on its axis, which is round; and the whole solar system moves with incomprehensible momentum round the sun. Still further, astronomers believe that the starry heavens, with all the celestial machinery of the milky way and nebulæ of undefined worlds, shining gloriously far beyond the boundaries of that most distant of all discovered planets of our system, Neptune, are coursing in a vast circle round a central point of universal attraction, which may be the throne of Deity—the God who created and controls the destiny of all.

## REBEKAH THE SECOND.

JULIANA CARHART was deep in love with Clarence Eckels. And Clarence Eckels was deep in love with the girl he chanced to be nearest at the moment. So by turns Juliana was gay and by turns she drooped.

Now Juliana had a mother, as we have all had at one blessed time or another; and this mother was a woman so full of plots and schemes that she ought to have been born a fox-trap or a bird-gin. In fact, she never enjoyed any thing that came to pass without managing; and the very flavor of her tea was vastly improved if drank by seeming chance, but really by deep-laid design, from her neighbor's cup.

Juliana Carhart and I had been to the same red school-house together, with our dinner-baskets on our arms and the multiplication-table in our heads, and I had known her all my days. Her, and her secret also, for she was transparent as a window-pane, and how she came by such a tricky mother, or how her mother came by such a guileless daughter, is more than I know. Though, as for that, Mrs. Carhart's manœuvrings were easy enough for any body to see through who had two eyes and a tolerably sharp nose.

So when I ran in one day to carry a basket of early roses (we at Meadows are always running in with flowers, for our gardens are the pride of our lives and the staple of our talk) and found Clarence Eckels playing chess with Juliana in the back-parlor, I saw as plainly as two and two why Mrs. Carhart was personally so delighted to see me, and why she should insist on taking me at once into her chamber to look at the beautiful effect of the sunlight after a shower on the deep green river and the green Canada shore beyond.

"You are so fond of pretty views, Jane, dear, I felt I must have you see this before it changed. You will excuse me, won't you, for taking you off so abruptly?" said the managing mother, throwing open the shutter, and putting a chair for me by the low window. "I wonder what that white spot can be! Do you make it out? Just in a direct line above that tug. It can't be a house, and it can't be cattle. It looks to me something like linen bleaching on the grass, if that were possible. Oh! by-the-way, did you ever hear me tell about my great-grandmother on my father's side, who came from England, and my great grandfather from Scotland? One from each side of the Tweed, so near they could see cloth whitening upon the opposite shore, as I have often heard my grandfather say; and yet so far that they never met until on this side the ocean. By-the-way" (every thing was by-the-way with Mrs. Carhart), "that would be a very romantic foundation for a story; suppose you take it, Janey?"

So she went on, bringing presently a heavily-bound volume containing an article written by the Dean of Canterbury, on "Murdering the Queen's English," and began to read from it various illustrations of the way we murder it. The woman knew my weakness as well as I do, and she knew I should inevitably drag forth Webster's Unabridged, to see if the reverend dean was right in all his autocratic innovations, and so should be safe until Clarence had seen Juliana's white eyelids rise and fall over her blue eyes, and her plump little fingers flutter over the board like white sea-birds, until he was nearly or quite at the point of insisting on buying the ring at once.

Indeed I did not distract his attention again at all, for after the fallible Dean and the infallible Daniel had lasted as long as they could, singly and collectively, and I exclaimed that I had no sort of idea that it was so late, and could really stay not a moment longer, she said,

"Oh, Janey, dear, you must see my verbena-bed, and help me decide whether to finish it in a circle or an oblong!"

So we went down the back stairs, and out at the garden-door, and straying on to look at a new variety of currant-bushes at the farther extreme of the garden, we found ourselves so near the stile which led directly across the green to my father's gate that it was by no means worth while to go back to the house.

"I will make your apologies to Clarence and Juliana, and take the blame of carrying you off so unceremoniously. Come again soon, dear, and I will promise not to monopolize you," said Mrs. Carhart, at the stile.

I wonder if she thought I didn't know she brought me that way on purpose that Clarence need not be drawn away from Juliana to walk home with me. The dear woman need not have taken the trouble so far as I was concerned; for I had refused Clarence once, and stood ready to do it again on the slightest provocation. However, I presume she did not feel as afraid of me as of Clarence himself. You know the old Italian proverb: "Do not disturb Camarina;" the turbid lake which once agitated was so long in coming quiet and clear again. But nothing came of the unbroken interview excepting a good many games of chess and a dainty supper of cream biscuits and strawberries, with a little vase of syringas and scarlet geraniums at each plate. Nothing more, only a silent, dreamy sweetness in Juliana's simple heart, and an impression on the mobile brain of Clarence that Juliana Carhart was as charming a girl as any in Meadows, which impression lasted until he saw Maude Simfrock down on her knees before a clump of white day-lilies making a cross to lay in the little dead hands of Mrs. Captain Pearlash's baby. Dear little baby Ruth who had gone to see her Heavenly Father before she had ever seen the face of her earthly father. Captain Pearlash's boat was expected that very day, and his first look at his only child must be through the coffin-lid.

No wonder tender-hearted Maude Simfrock covered the white lilies with her tears, weeping for the woe which was not hers. And no wonder Clarence Eckels, being made of just the elements he was, came and stood beside her, begging her not to cry, and pitying her a great deal more than he did the "empty arms" of the mother, while he thought Maude Simfrock, even when crying, more beautiful than other girls when laughing.

So he forgot that Juliana Carhart would sit in her bower (wherever that might be) waiting for him all the weary evening through, according to implied, though unspoken, promise, and instead of going to make Juliana blest as a brooded dovelet milord was reading Tennyson aloud in Mr. Simfrock's porch—

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, oh Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

It did come back though over and over to Juliana; thanks to the tireless heart and brain and hands of Juliana's mamma.

One of these blissful returns was in the twilight of a summer day, when Clarence and Juliana sat in the recessed doorway bound together by a chain of water-lilies which lay lightly over their two necks. The garland was long enough, so that at first the width of the doorway stretched between them, but lily by lily it was shortening until one lily less would bring them shoulder to shoulder; when who knew what next? Mrs. Carhart, sitting behind, just out of the draught, with her motherly eyes wide open, at this point stole away with such a rustle and flurry that there was no mistake about her going, and now there seemed nothing in the way of Juliana's passing into a state of perpetual blessedness.

But what "might have been" was not; for while Clarence Eckels's hand was on the next lily, the one whose absence from the wreath would annihilate distance between them, and while his whole nature was swaying toward the heart which loved him so true, a song floated out upon the deepening twilight from the open windows of the opposite house. Not a song but a hymn, as the listeners presently knew:

"For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand
Our friends are passing over;
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover."

Clarence dropped his hand from the lily and turned his head to listen.

"Who is it, do you think?" he asked, after the singer was silent.

"It must be Mrs. Brand's friend, Miss Jeffrey, who came to-day; it is no voice I ever heard before," returned Juliana, feeling the band of lilies loosen on her shoulder, and conscious that the moment had gone, and the unwitting siren had lured the impressible heart into the whirlpool of indecision once more.

"She has a magnificent voice. Let's go over and call on her."

"Well," replied Juliana, who would have leaped into the river without hesitation if Clarence had asked her to go with him. So she tied on her little lace hood, much as though it had been "the black cap," and picking an exquisite bouquet of moss rose-buds for Miss Jeffrey—a sort of sop for Cerberus—she took Clarence's arm and walked across the street with feathers on her feet, but something like a heavy biscuit beating under her buff muslin gown.

And the buscuit grew no lighter when she saw that Miss Jeffrey added to the magnificent voice shining brown eyes, and heavy black hair with waves like the river in a southerly wind; that she was brilliant as a peony, and sweet as a violet; and that, from the first sight of her, Clarence was struck blind and deaf to the rest of womankind.

Miss Jeffrey staid for several weeks; and as every body always makes a party of some sort for any stranger who comes among us, we saw a great deal of her. Never too much, for she was like real lace—good to wear.

On the day of Mrs. Brand's party, which was a picnic on Crouse Island, Clarence Eckels followed Miss Jeffrey, as usual, as though he had been the tag of her boot-lacing; and Juliana Carhart went around like a nun forced to renounce the world while her heart is still in it; so that the "fellow-feeling toward a human being as such" made me try to cover her weakness as much as possible by devoting myself entirely to her. Little good it did, however; for Crouse Island, though ever so shady and picturesque, is hardly large enough for a good-sized swan's nest; and Juliana's pathetic face, like a tombstone at a tea-party, couldn't be hid in a corner. Happily it was quite lost on Clarence, as he was occupied in looking at Miss Jeffrey.

We were hardly home when Mrs. Carhart came in—ostensibly to bring me a slip of eclipse verbena, but really to ask me, with more frankness than I thought her capable of using, if I supposed Clarence Eckels and Miss Jeffrey were engaged, or likely to be.

"I have seen nothing which seems like it, Mrs. Carhart Clarence is always very polite to strangers, you know," I replied, wise enough in my generation to say nothing which might be remembered against me in the uncertain future.

"That is true; but I have sometimes thought he was too easily attracted by new faces, and if Mrs. Brand has brought on her friend in order to take advantage of this peculiarity of his, I consider it very meddlesome and unladylike. A designing match-maker is a character I have no respect for," said Mrs. Carhart, with bitterness of emphasis.

"Oh, but I don't think it *at all!* Miss Jeffrey is a dear school-friend of Mrs. Brand, and it is quite natural she should invite her, and then that she should wish her visitor to enjoy the visit. Clarence is capital to help entertain company, and he is always asked every where, you know; but I haven't an idea Mrs. Brand thinks of interesting him particularly in Miss Jeffrey," I replied, jealous for the reputation of Mrs. Brand, who is my most particular friend.

But while I was yet speaking the blended voices of Clarence Eckels and Miss Jeffrey came over the clover-field which lay between Mrs. Brand's garden and ours.

One voice was so entirely the complement of the other that we could hardly analyze the harmony and distinguish between them. Together they made a melody so sweet and clear and delicious that one felt they should never be divided.

At this unfortunate commentary on my words Mrs. Carhart exclaimed, vehemently, "Those wretched people are breaking Juliana's heart, and I can not excuse Mrs. Brand for her part in it."

I couldn't tell her she was breaking my handsomest Japan lily with her foot as she spoke, and indeed I felt as sorry as I could feel for Juliana, who I knew was at home crying her silly eyes as red as Indian pinks. But there was nothing more to say, though I was sure as Gibraltar that Miss Jeffrey would not marry Clarence any more than the Queen of England will marry the Emperor of Madagascar, and that as soon as she was gone Juliana would have him to herself; unless, indeed, somebody else stepped into the troubled fountain before her.

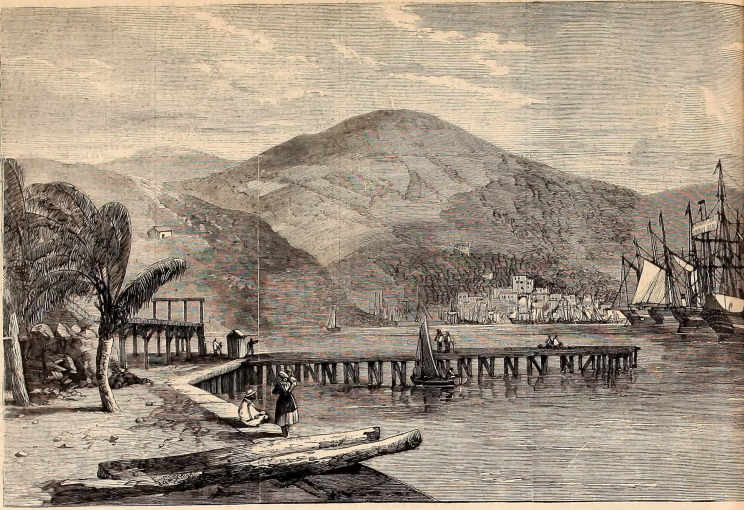
And so it was. I more than half suspect he offered himself to Miss Jeffrey, but as it turned out she had left her heart behind her. If she *hadn't* I promise you she wouldn't have married Clarence more than I would; though, as for that, there is no accounting for tastes or for girls.

However, September came and Miss Jeffrey went; and now Clarence sat again of moonlighted evenings in Mrs. Carhart's doorway (we have an idea at Meadows that houses were made to stay in when it rains, or when the thermometer is below zero); and Juliana's tender eyes brightened, while her mouth looked as though it would tell a secret to-morrow.

So I went on gathering my flower-seeds, thinking I could let *her* off my mind and give my whole thought to a wardrobe for Mrs. Brand's baby, when one day Juliana came in looking as though she had just heard she was a foundling and the child of a tramp. As I had seen her picking grapes not half an hour before with Clarence I inferred he had done something he ought not to have done, or failed to do something he ought to have done, even before Juliana, who was not a girl to keep one in suspense, broke out with "Oh, Jane, Clarence is going to California, and he has just been to tell me good-by!"

I knew by the despairing tone that he had told her nothing more, and I could have shaken him, for I know nobody on the round earth would ever care for him as Juliana did, and that he would care for nobody more than he might for her if he would only give his undivided attention to the subject.

But not he! Off he went to California, and we didn't see him again for two years, while Juliana wiped her eyes suspiciously dry and tried to pretend there was nothing so interesting under the skies as pencils and crayons. And off *she* went to a school of design. Then I sup-



VIEW OF ST. THOMAS. WEST INDIES, LATE

posed Mrs. Carhart's tactics were at an end in their direction. But it seems I was mistaken, as I have been once or twice, and possibly three times before in my life.

One bright June morning, as this worthy follower of the mother of patriarchs was coming from the store where she had been for glass nest-eggs—to deceive the hens—whom should she meet but Clarence Eckels, brown as any sailor.

"It is Clarence Eckels as true as you live!" she cried, holding out the hand which was not filled with make-believe eggs, in right motherly welcome.

And, true to himself, Clarence thought he was gladder to see her than he could have been to see any body else.

"Your face is the first familiar one I have seen, Mrs. Carhart. I have just come, and am off again to-night, so I've no time to run about. I have to go directly to New York, to finish up some business, and then shall come back and take a little leisure," he said.

"Then you will lose Maude Simfrock's wedding to-morrow evening. What a pity! You would have such a good opportunity to see your old friends. I am so sorry!" returned Mrs. Carhart, sympathetically. (If it had been in the good old days of S

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SHOOTING BUFFALO FROM THE TRAINS OF THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 797.]

PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES.—[See First Page]

...s that remark would have been "But, however, I am so glad ...ith you; and, by-the-way, you ...nd eat a slice of my warm gin... plate of cherries and a glass of home-taste in your mouth."

...d into the spider's parlor, and the spider prepared the "savory meat such as Isaac loved," while she "wove a subtle web in a little corner sly."

"By-the-way, if you will not be too busy while ...n New York I should be so glad to send a little package to Juliana. I hate to trouble you, but there are some things I don't like to express, and then it will seem so good to the poor child to see some one *right from home.*"

Of course Clarence, who was good-natured as the sun, was delighted to take the parcel; which consisted of whatever Mrs. Carhart could lay her eager hands upon, some cake, some spools of thread, an old daguerreotype, and a linen collar. But it made no difference what, a roll of brown paper would have answered every purpose. For sending him to see Juliana's glad smile and girlish ways while he was fresh to the first charm of meeting familiar faces, was the arrow that struck the heart of the oak. So when Clarence came home from New York Juliana came with him, wearing a heavy ring of California gold and a watch-guard of nuggets as big as Lima beans.

So they were married, and have ever since been happy as ducks in a mill-pond, ducklings and all.

Moral.—"*To make a Hare Pie:* First, catch your hare."

THE FIRE HUNT—METHOD OF SHOOTING DEER IN THE SOUTH.—[See First Page.]

## A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I placed you far above the throng
Of meaner clay, the vulgar crowd,
Because I thought your soul was strong,
And great, and proud.

I made your eyes my chosen chart,
To guide me through the bitter years;
I let you creep into my heart,
And still its fears.

I held your warm, white hands in mine,
And loved the quick, electric thrill
That fired my blood, as rosy wine
That bends the will.

You calmed my heart's prolonged unrest;
You thronged my soul with new desires;
You fed the hopes I then possessed
With fervid fires.

To summer seas and summer skies
Your warm, impassioned fancies lent
The charm that brings to woman's eyes
Profound content.

To violet days you gave the light
That passion-tempest never mars,
And to the purple plains of night
Perpetual stars.

Your presence haunted every place,
The wood, the mountain, and the stream;
And nightly, like a star, your face
Lit up my dream.

My subtle hope your future wrought
With genial skies and sunny ways;
The larger faith would light and thought
Your fading days.

But you have proved how more than vain
It is to trust to worldly things;
My transient bliss is whelmed by pain
That darkly stings.

I deemed you strong, but you are weak;
Proud once, but very paltry now;
The touch of shame is on your cheek
And on your brow.

You sought, but did not win success,
You fought the tawny fiend and lost;
Your soul was never made to press
Through fire and frost.

I loved you once; that love is changed
To hate, and Time can ne'er restore
Its faded light; we are estranged
For evermore.

## A DISTRACTED HUSSAR.

"Gussie, darling, Sir Frederic Luttrell is here."

"Is he? Oh, how delightful! I shall go to him at once. You must excuse me, General Fraser, if you please, and allow Lily to finish the game with you. She plays very well." Out of the room bounced Miss Augusta Gaythrope, hurrying down stairs with a velocity which sorely jeopardized the most lovely neck fair maiden ever possessed. She had just been engaged in a realization of the most quietly humorous and delicious sketch that John Leech ever drew—"Playing eighteen to Frederick's love." Who does not remember it? In this case the blissful Frederick was a handsome cornet in the 10th Hussars, and the fair and amiable cousin playing eighteen to his love was the young lady who had just bounced out of the billiard-room at Gaythrope Hall. A handsome cornet was our blissful Frederick, the owner of the pre-Adamite name of Fraser, to which his sponsers, with whom he was personally unacquainted, had prefixed Archibald Henry. Archibald Henry Fraser, cornet, was not a man to be elbowed! The moment that Augusta ran out of the room the hussar laid down his cue and gazed out of the window. In this position he remained for three or four minutes without speaking, apparently forgetful of Lily Gaythrope's presence.

"I should like to sit upon that fellow's head and smother him," he observed, presently.

"General!" exclaimed Lily—he was always called general or field-marshal—"General!"

"I should like to do him an amount of grievous bodily harm that would have the effect of making him wretched for the term of his natural life."

"Field-Marshal, I am surprised to hear you talk in this way. Come and finish the game."

"I can not, Miss Gaythrope, I can not, indeed. I am upset—I am distracted—I am wretchedness incarnate—I am the most miserable creature unmarried—there are few married men more to be pitied than I am. But tell me, tell me, please, is this Sir Frederic a myth? is he a reality or is he merely a phantom called up every now and then to distract and make me jealous?"

"He is a most substantial myth, I assure you; six feet high, and quite as heavy as papa."

"And does your sister love him, Miss Gaythrope?"

"I believe she is very much attached to him, and that he dotes upon her."

Archibald Henry Fraser looked wild. He had loved with all the depth of passionate affection for months and months; and various little inexplicablenesses had all but convinced him that his love had found a home in the heart of her he worshiped.

"It's all up with me now. Oh, that I were a boy going to be flogged! Oh, that I were a scoundrel about to be hung! Oh, that I were any body but Archibald Fraser, writhing on the hooks of hopeless love! Miss Gaythrope, I must go—I must indeed. I shall go mad if I don't go!"

"You will not leave this room, General," replied Lily, locking the door, and barring all egress with her pretty person.

"I must! I must! I must! I am half-mad! Oh, do not plague me! do not thwart me! please unlock the door and let me go."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, General. Let me explain."

"No, no, no—I'm off—I'll leave this very day, and—" The rest of his speech was lost, for, placing one hand on the sill of the open window, he sprang out and deposited himself upon a flower-bed. He came down upon his side, smashing rose-trees, carnations, tulips, dahlias, and every thing that came within the range of his long, prostrate body. He was not hurt; the window was but a few feet from the ground, and he was only a bit shaken, though covered from head to foot with wet soil.

"I'll see the fellow, I will; I'll just have one look at his odious face before I bolt forever."

He walked half round the house, till he came to one of the bow-windows of the drawing-room. He looked in. He at once perceived a strange pair of arms and two unfamiliar legs. These were doubtless the property of Sir Frederic Luttrell, Bart., M.P. There was no seeing his face, as he sat upon a high-backed sofa, and was hidden by some very ample window-curtains. The distracted hussar gazed at the strange arms and unfamiliar legs, and with all his heart wished them a long attack of gout, cramp, and rheumatism! Augusta sat by the side of the lucky M.P., and the merry expression on her lovely face made her look, in the cornet's eyes, one million times lovelier than ever. Presently he shuddered and shook from crown to sole. What was happening? Augusta now stood before Sir Frederic; she leaned forward; a pair of arms encased in brown tweed were stretched out; Augusta inserted her glorious head and shoulders between the brown-tweed arms; the arms closed like the *tentacula* of a crab, and Augusta lowered her pretty face to that angle—oh, what an acute angle it was for the poor cornet!—at which no doubt it would be met by the hideous visage of the odious creature who sat before her. The unhappy cornet had no doubt whatever but that Augusta suffered herself to be tenderly embraced by him of the brown-tweed arms. There was not much doubt now of her affection for this any-thing-but-mythical personage. Augusta stood up again, fetched an album from the drawing-room table, and sat down by the high Tory gentleman on the sofa. (By-the-way, what is a low Tory? and by-the-way again, what sort of a crime is low treason?) She opened the album, turned over the leaves hurriedly, and at length stopped at the *carte* of a gentleman in uniform. Good gracious! she was showing the most ardent supporter of the new Reform Bill, the portrait of Archibald Henry Fraser! What on earth could be the meaning of this? The distracted hussar stared, and wondered, and stared. She got a magnifying-glass for the Conservative gentleman, and the cornet could see him place it before the *carte*. Was he trying to discover the defects in the features of the personage thus scrutinized? Was he endeavoring to see if the nasal organ of the hussar were hooked, in order that he might hang a satirical joke upon it? Augusta took out her pocket-handkerchief, and gently wiped the cornet's face. Then she wiped the magnifying glass, and then the enlightened politician on her left recommenced his scrutiny. Presently some leaves were turned over until the *carte* of Augusta herself was reached. This the brown-tweed arms raised from his lap, and undoubtedly pressed to his lips. The agony was gradually being piled unpleasantly high for our cavalry friend. Presently the leaves of the album were once more turned over, and a stoppage made before the *carte* of an apparently tall and handsome gentleman, whose face Archibald Fraser could not distinctly make out. The True-blue politician on the sofa treated this portrait lightly, flipping his fingers at it, and otherwise showing his small regard for the original; but Augusta—horror of horrors!—thrust aside his flippant fingers, bent down her lovely head, and actually kissed the abominable portrait. What could this imply? Why doubtless that the *carte* was that of Sir Frederic himself. This was too much altogether for the cavalry. He could stand and watch no longer. He rushed round to the hall-door, tore it open, slammed it, and flew up to his room. He seized his carpet-bag, and crammed into it every thing that happened to be within reach.

In went a massive pair of well-nailed shooting-boots, a box of shaving-soap, two clean dress-shirts rolled up in a ball, a bottle of ink, a white waistcoat, two towels which he mistook for handkerchiefs, a dress-coat, a box of tooth-powder the lid of which came off, a wet sponge, a hair-brush, a snuffer-tray, two white ties, another pair of boots, a water-bottle (happily empty), a boot-jack, a tumbler, and—well, now the bag was full, and this being the case the hussar concluded that he had packed every thing, and might therefore start for the train.

Having ineffectually tried to fasten the padlock with a latch-key, he seized the bag and bolted full speed down the slippery oaken staircase, rushed across the entrance-hall, and flew to the door.

Here he was met by Frank Gaythrope, Augusta's eldest brother.

"Halloa, Fraser! what on earth is the matter with you? Where the dickens are you going? Now don't tear at that handle as if you wanted to wrench it off. Leave it alone, or else turn it the right way."

"Why the deuce don't you open it for me? Don't you see that I want to go? Don't you see that I'm in a hurry?"

"Oh yes, General; I see all that. But I should particularly like to know the reason of this unceremonious departure. Now don't make such a noise. Fraser, leave that handle alone, confound you. Where on earth are you going with that carpet-bag, its mouth wide open, like your own? Now, I will not let you go." The cornet at this moment got the door open and was about to evaporate, when Frank seized him resolutely, and though the smaller man of the two forced him into the squire's study, and pushed him backward into a huge arm-chair.

"I wish to be off, Frank. What do you mean by stopping me in this way? I may go if I like: I'm my own master. I wish to catch a train, for I won't stay here. I'm half mad."

"Half! Excuse me if I think you are a miniature edition of Hanwell itself. Now, sit still, Fraser, or I'll throw a jug of water over you. Be quiet, man; be quiet, and loose that yawning carpet-bag."

"I will not loose it, and it doesn't yawn. It's my own; and if I choose to say it doesn't yawn I shall say so."

"Well, you *are* cracked, General, beyond doubt. Now please to explain the cause of this extraordinary conduct."

"I'm going to the station, Frank; so please to let go my carpet-bag, and get out of my way."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. Give me that carpet-bag, and sit still. Let the bag go, man."

The hussar had no intention whatever of giving it up, and he clung to it with stout determination. The bag was his emblem of flight, and while he had it in his hand he believed that he was bound to start sooner or later. Frank wrenched it out of his grasp at last, pitched it into the middle of the room, and then, of course, smash went water-bottle and tumbler. Deprived of his symbol of flight, the distracted hussar sat helpless, like Samson without his locks. Then Frank Gaythrope said to him, "Now, General, don't you think you are a big fool?"

The cornet paused, but presently answered, "Well, I don't think I am"—a reply given in an argumentative kind of tone, which seemed to say that the hussar had dispassionately considered the subject; that he had debated and argued the matter; and, after an impartial summing up, had come to the sound conclusion that he was *not* a fool. Frank laughed, for the tone amused him.

If Archibald Henry Fraser were really a fool, it was love that had made him don the cap and bells. He was one of the most impulsive fellows alive, and could take nothing quietly—except perhaps a nap. His love for Augusta was unfathomable, and no wonder, for she was a most fascinating, lovable beauty, who had always treated with singular favor the handsome cornet, who adored her. She was only eighteen, fair, bright-eyed, and merry—well formed, well grown, well favored. She was altogether enough to upset a brigade, squadron, or troop, let alone a single cornet. Our worthy friend could only love her in under-tones, so to say, for he was a younger son, and she was one of five. The old squire, however, loved him; Mrs. Gaythrope loved him; and if it were possible for any younger son—for any member of the vast army of Ineligibles—to win Miss Gussie, that one was A. H. Fraser.

The events of this morning had utterly distracted our military friend. He did not stay to argue or reflect, but he went head first into a sea of most horrible fears full of breakers and quicksands, of rivalry and jealousy; and the idea that Gussie was in love with Sir Frederic Luttrell drove him wild. He, however, pronounced himself no fool, and Frank Gaythrope laughed at him.

"Oh yes! A cold-blooded muff like you can laugh, and think it a tearing good joke to find a fellow in my present state. Give me that bag and let me go. I've half a mind to batter that fellow's head to dust. He kissed her; I'm certain he did. I'll smother him. She let him kiss her; she let that hideous—"

"Whom are you talking about, madman?"

"Sir Frederic Luttrell, of course; the fellow that— Oh yes; you may grin. Only please go outside to grin, or I shall fancy myself in the monkey-house at the Zoo's." Then there came the sounds of Augusta's merry, sweet laugh, and these finding their way to the poor cornet's ears distracted him ten times more than ever. He leaned back in the chair, his face assuming an expression of intense pain and wretchedness; he hid his face in his hands and sobbed till even Frank was moved.

"My dear Fraser, my dear fellow, do not distress yourself in this way. Sit up, man; sit up and do not sigh and sob in that piteous way. Here comes Augusta. Sit up, General; do, that's a good fellow. Gussie, come here a minute."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the beauty.

"Behold poor Fraser half killed with the idea that you are in love with Sir Frederic Luttrell. He's not shamming; he's not, indeed."

Gussie soon saw this, so she came beside the poor fellow, whose love for herself she had long since been aware of, and essayed to comfort him. The situation was somewhat embarrassing for her, inasmuch as Frank's speech, delivered in the General's presence, had plainly told her that the General was jealous.

"It's no use you attempting to comfort me, Miss Gussie," said Archibald Henry, taking hold of one of the beauty's wee white hands. "I have gone half-cracked over you a score of times this last year, because I have been so awfully in love with you, and now—now I have just discovered that—that—"

"What have you discovered, Mr. Fraser?"

"Well—" He paused, for he dared not confess what he had seen take place over the album. "Tell me, Miss Gussie, do you really love that Sir Frederic Luttrell? Don't be shocked. My question is an awfully indelicate one, I know, but I can't help asking it. A man in love is fearfully exacting; and moreover, he'll take any fence in the world, if he thinks he'll be all the better for being on the other side of it. Oh! my dearest, dearest Augusta—my darling, darling Gussie, if—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Fraser; and please don't hold my hand as if you wished to smash every finger."

"Do answer me; do tell me if you love him?"

"I do, certainly."

"Enough, enough—I'm off. Where's my bag? Where the deuce has Frank put my bag? I'll go without it. Good-by, Miss Gussie, good-by. I shall love you as long as I live; ay, and even when I go to—to—good-by."

"Do not be foolish, General. Let me speak half a dozen words to you."

"No, no—you love him. You could not say more if you went through Johnson's Dictionary from A to Z." And the gallant fellow got up in a state of bewildered excitement and rushed out of the room. As he crossed the hall the drawing-room door was opened, and he heard somebody say, "Well, Gaythrope, when am I to see this charming Mr. Fraser that you are all so fond of?"

The voice was a strange one; it could be none other than that appertaining to the distinguished Ministerial supporter—to the owner of the brown-tweed arms, and the unfamiliar unmentionables. The General paused.

"I'll go to him, I will. I'll see the fellow before I bolt; he's only a man—and a fool into the bargain, perhaps."

"Halloa, General Fraser. The very man I want," said the old squire, coming into the hall. "I want you to come and make the acquaintance of Sir Frederic Luttrell."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Gaythrope, that I have no very great desire to make his acquaintance. If you'll excuse me—"

"Why, whatever do you mean, General? What has come to you all of a sudden?"

"Oh! nothing, nothing. I'll follow you with pleasure. I—I should like to know him v—very much."

So the cornet accompanied Mr. Gaythrope into the drawing-room.

"Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Fraser."

"I am sure it is very good of you to say so, Sir Frederic."

"I couldn't leave the house without exchanging a few words with a gentleman of whom every body at Gaythrope appears to entertain a most flatteringly high opinion. Miss Gussie showed me your *carte* a little while ago, and it struck me that she was rather proud of her acquaintance with the original."

"Proud?" The hussar smiled, stroked his mustache, and ahem'd, presently observing, "Well, Sir Frederic, I hope there's not much about this humble cornet to be ashamed of!"

"Why, you're a funny fellow this morning, Fraser," observed the squire.

"I assure you, Mr. Gaythrope, I've been feeling any thing but funny this last hour."

Verily, he spoke the truth. But what think you, most excellent reader, was the General's opinion of Sir Frederic Luttrell? He pronounced him the finest old gentleman he had ever seen—a fine, tall, handsome, aristocratic, courtly man, a year or two on the Heavenward side of seventy!

After some further conversation, Sir Frederic said: "Well, Mr. Fraser, the squire tells me he thinks you have lost your heart to my god-daughter, Gussie. I wonder whether she has repaired your loss by the gift of her own?"

The General looked at Sir Frederic a minute, and then said: "I'll let you know in two minutes," and he bolted out of the room, leaving every body in a roar of laughter. In and out of half a dozen doors until at last he found Augusta.

"Oh! you darling, sweet, beautiful angel. I have found you at last!" he exclaimed, feeling twenty times more distracted than when he thought he had lost her. "I have seen him; and a glorious old fellow he is, too. He knows I adore you; and you know it, too, don't you? Oh! you darling, superb angel, it's all right now. No, don't try to wriggle away. Do—do tell me that you love me. My darling Gussie, you must tell me, and now, too, because I have a particular reason. Do say 'Yes,' my ducksy-diddle-um!"

"What am I to say 'Yes' to? General, how dare you kiss my hand, Sir!"

"Because I love you, you magnificent queen of beauty! May I tell that glorious old fellow you love me? He is dying to know. He is really. May I?"

"Well, I suppose you may. Oh! don't be so rough, you great Hussar bear. If you must kiss me—and really I do not see the necessity—can not you do it Light Cavalry fashion? You're not a Heavy!" Off he rushed to the drawing-room.

"Got it over, Sir Frederic—got it over, Mr. Gaythrope! Gussie loves me to distraction!"

How every body roared!

"And how about endowing her with all your worldly goods, General?"

"Oh! bother take that, Mr. Gaythrope. Don't talk about the unpleasant part of the affair. The money is sure to turn up from somewhere. I shall write to my godmother and tell her she must pay for the distinction to which my birth elevated her. What is the use of a godmother if she does not come down with something handsome at a time when a fellow is awfully in want of a little sponsorial assistance? She never looked after my morals."

"Because you never had any!" suggested Frank.

"Well, the money-matters are all right, Fraser, I am glad to say. I heard from Lady Downfal yesterday, and she wrote: 'Tell my godson that if he thinks a check for £5000 worth having he had better come and fetch it. I can not tell you how pleased I am to think that he has a

good chance of winning dear Gussie's affections.' What say you to that, General Fraser?"

"Well, I really think that the least I can do will be to fetch the check!"

"Exactly so; but you don't fancy that Gussie can live comfortably on half a cornetcy, with the magnificent addition of your allowance and the Downfal gift?"

"Well, Mr. Gaythrope, if Sir Frederic Luttrell will excuse me making a small observation, I would say that, inasmuch as it was entirely his fault that I proposed to Gussie three minutes ago, why—"

The venerable Conservative Progressionist in the tweed coat smiled, and said, "Well, Mr. Fraser, you have got me there, I confess; but I'll be even with you. Suppose you take this piece of green paper to Miss Gussie, with my love, and tell her that Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, of St. James Street will give her £10,000 for it with pleasure."

Archibald Henry took the check, and shook the old gentleman most warmly by the hand, presently saying, "Well, Sir Frederic, you *are* a godfather! Cornet and Mrs. Fraser, 10th hussars, thank you with all their hearts," and he turned to fly out of the room to Augusta.

"Stop a minute, General," said Frank; "shall I tell Thomas to take your carpet-bag to your room and unpack it?"

"Yes, Frank, do, please—no, no, stop, don't. Thomas may carry it up stairs, but, all things considered, it would perhaps be as well if I unpacked it myself!"

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A MOST terrible and fatal kerosene-lamp explosion recently occurred in St. Paul, Minnesota. It is well that the details of such accidents, which have become fearfully common, be made public as possible as a warning to others. All who use kerosene oil should understand and realize that the first principle of safety is to burn only the *pure* article—the cheap mixtures which are palmed off upon the public are often exceedingly dangerous. In the second place, every individual who ever has occasion to touch a kerosene lamp, or to use kerosene in any way, should know something of its nature—at least so much as to refrain from blowing down the chimney of the lamp to extinguish it, from filling it or putting it in order in any way when lighted, from setting a can of oil on a hot stove, or near a fire, and from pouring the fluid over wood to hasten the kindling of a fire. Accidents may occur in other ways, but the means above mentioned should never be adopted except when the special object is to blow up the lamp, or to produce an explosion of some kind.

The explosion already referred to was caused by a servant attempting to trim a lighted kerosene-lamp. The servant herself and the entire room were almost instantly wrapped in flames, caused by the sudden explosion. Those who attempted to extinguish the fire were severely injured, and the unfortunate servant-girl died soon after from the effects of the burns she received.

The shocking nitro-glycerine explosion which took place at Bergen Hill last week, and which caused the death of nine persons, was the result of gross carelessness, ignorance, or fool-hardiness. There was a can of damp glycerine, and the drying process by ordinary means becoming tedious, one of the men thrust a red-hot poker into the explosive material. Poor fellow! he was absolutely blown into fragments in an instant. The building was scattered in all directions, and eight other persons, some in the building, and some without, were killed.

Speaking of explosions reminds us of a very uncomfortable theory which a well-known astronomer has suggested. Probably the idea never would have occurred to him if there had not been such a succession of boiler explosions during the past few months. He thinks it not impossible that sufficient steam might be generated in the burning centre of the world to blow the whole globe to pieces. A volcanic eruption under the sea, it is said, may at any moment convert the earth into a huge steam-boiler, by letting the water in upon the certral fires, to be followed, for aught we know, by an explosion that shall rend it apart, and send the fragments careening through space, each bearing off some distracted member or members of the human family, to make, perchance, new discoveries in other parts of the planetary system.

An elm-tree was lately cut down, in Ohio, which is said to be 792 years old. If its age is rightly fixed, it dates from the year 1075, or only nine years after the Norman invasion of England; and it was 417 years old when Columbus discovered America. Near Lake Otsego there stands, it is said, a tree known as the "Silent Pine," which has the credit of being one thousand years old.

Report says that Dickens receives an average of fifty letters a day, soliciting his autograph, and that he is thinking of employing a secretary for the sole purpose of writing his name.

An amusing case of uncertain identity was recently developed in Worcester. A woman with two children claimed a certain Englishman by the name of Brown to be her husband. Brown declared he had never seen the woman before. She said she married him in England eight years ago. He asserted that he was never married in England at all, but was married a year ago in this country to his wife, who was with him. The woman said he came to America four years ago. The man said he came seven years ago. Mrs. Brown No. 1 stated that her husband had a certain mark on his body. The mark was found, but whether it was *the* mark, or only *a* mark was uncertain. The interview between the two wives was described as pathetic.

A chivalrous Kentucky gentleman, under *spirituous* influence, attempted to kiss a couple of young ladies. They declined the honor; he persisted; they retreated into an inner room; he followed; he got his leg through the door, but they fastened it there by pressure against the door, and procuring a saw, amputated the leg below the knee. This is said to be a fact, but query—was it a wooden leg, or one of flesh and bone?

It is generally conceded that it is wise to hear both sides of a question—if it is at all questionable—before deciding an important subject. We think also that it is highly desirable to read *both sides* of a newspaper—*all* sides, perhaps we should say, before grounding our faith on any one statement. For example, not long ago one of our daily journals, in commenting upon some scientific meetings recently held in this city, remarked: "It is one thing to hold meetings of this character in Boston, where there is a large audience always ready to turn out on the slightest intimation that there is something abstruse to listen to, but it is quite another matter to waken an interest in New York in any thing philosophical or scientific. If Faraday himself were to come to New York—at which the Scotchman might say he can't, being dead—it would be long before he would collect an audience that would pay the rent of his lecture-room, and even then those who came to see the brilliant experiment would go away as soon as he began to draw deductions."

Turning the newspaper over, we read as follows: "Professor R. Ogden Doremus delivered the opening lecture of a series by distinguished speakers, in the lecture-room of the Church of the Holy Trinity. The lecture, the subject of which was "The Creation," was illustrated by brilliant chemical experiments, and attracted such a multitude that no foot of standing-room was unoccupied."

People grumble nowadays at our hydra-headed system of taxation. Well, it is a vexatious evil; every body will rejoice when it is so modified as to be less annoying, and still more when the necessity for so much taxation ceases. But after all we are by no means so badly off as many nations have been. At the commencement of the Christian Era the Roman provinces were cruelly taxed. "These provinces," remarked a recent lecturer in this city, "were called tributary since they did little else than contribute to the already plethoric treasury of the luxurious Roman capital. Every thing in a Roman province was taxed. Every article exported paid for the privilege of going out. Every article imported paid for the privilege of coming in. Every article sold paid a tax of one per cent. of the purchase-money; every slave, twice that amount. To manumit him cost the owner five per cent. additional. Every house paid one tax, every door in it another, every column which adorned it a third. Every man of property paid for its peaceable possession a tax ranging sometimes as high as twelve per cent. Every poor man paid for the privilege of living a tax practically determined by the greed of the gatherer and the poverty of the victim. And finally, every old bachelor paid a special tax for the privilege of his independence."

A paper was lately read before a Medical Society in England containing evidence to prove that the form of nervous blindness known by the name of amaurosis is frequently produced by excess in tobacco smoking. The subject was recommended to the serious attention of the profession.

Many foolish things are done every day by persons who think themselves wise. Perhaps no follies are more common than these: To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study the faster they learn. To conclude that if exercise is good the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning.

It is curious to study the origin of words, and see how new ones are coined from year to year and introduced into our language. A new word is easily started in life, if it be only appropriate. When the first schooner ever built, on the coast of Massachusetts, slid from her stocks and floated gracefully upon the water the chance exclamation of an admiring by-stander, "Oh, how she *scoons!*" drew from her contriver and builder the answer, "A *scooner* let her be, then," and made a new English word.

Last summer an agriculturist living "down East" required several reapers. A number offered themselves, and all were engaged with the exception of one—a small Irishman.

"Master, won't you hire me?" inquired the man.

"No," said the farmer.

"Why not?"

"Because you are too little."

"Too little!" exclaimed the astonished Irishman; "does your Honor reap your grain at the top?"

What could the farmer do but roar with laughter and send the little man to join his comrades in the field?

Mrs. Jemima Jipson—of course every body knows Mrs. Jipson—has recently made some discoveries. The enthusiasm with which those most nearly concerned in the matter received the news will be encouraging to those engaged in similar investigations. Mrs. Jemima Jipson never could go to bed without first looking underneath to see if somebody was not there, but her search had been bootless. At last one night she espied, or thought she did, which is all the same, the long looked-for boots and legs.

"Oh, Mr. Jipson! Mr. Jipson! there's a man under the bed!"

"Is there?" coolly drawled the husband. "Well, I'm glad you've found him, my dear, for you've been looking for him for the last twenty years."

Some years ago an old English judge, who sometimes took a drop too much, stopped one night at a hotel, where he sat up late and imbibed as usual. An hour after going to bed he awoke, and, to his horror, saw a robber staring at him through the window near the foot of the bed. Judge dodged back; robber dodged back. Judge peeped; robber peeped. Judge put his hand under pillow, drew out a revolver, and fired—through a looking-glass, the] trade-price of which was an even £10! The robber did not again appear; the judge, it is said, never alluded to the matter, but somehow it leaked out.

Truly this is an age of wonderful inventions. A telescope for the examination of objects situated under water is said to have been devised in Paris, and to have been tested in one of the French canals. It is reputed to have enabled the observers to see pencil-marks distinctly at a depth of more than five feet. Its practical application will be to the examination of the hulls of ships without placing them "in dock." If this telescope can be used on dry land we wish it immediately to assist us in reading some of the manuscripts that are submitted to us for publication.

The Emperor of Russia while traveling in France patronized on several occasions a small cigar shop. One day he happened to look at some of the cigar cases, which the tobacco-vendor informed him were of Russian leather. "I do not think so; you are mistaken." "Oh, Sir, I am quite sure." "Well, I am a Russian, and I am pretty well acquainted with the productions of my country. I will send you some real Russia leather, and you will see the difference." Then, turning to a chamberlain *incognito*, the Czar said, "Take down the name and address of this gentleman." The tobacco-seller fancied he was speaking to some great Russian merchant. Imagine his amazement when he discovered he had been for some days selling cigars to an emperor unawares.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BEST SHARES OF ANY—Plow-shares.

Why is a lovely creature practicing archery typical of love?—Because she draws her bow (beau) toward her.

### INSIDE THE PRINTING-OFFICE OF A DAILY PAPER.

FOREMAN OF THE OFFICE. "Jones, what are you at now?"

COMPOSITOR. "I'm setting 'A House on Fire,' almost done."

"What is Smith about?"

"He's engaged on 'A Horrid Murder.'"

"Finish it as quickly as possible."

"Bob, what are you trying to get up?"

"'A Panic in the Money Market.'"

"Thomas, what are you distributing?"

"'Prizes in the Lottery.'"

"Stop that and take hold of 'A Runaway Horse.' Slocum, what in creation have you been doing this last half hour?"

"Justifying the 'Compromise Measure' my sub set up."

COMPOSITOR. "How about these 'Municipal Candidates?'"

FOREMAN. "Run 'em in. What do you say, Slocum?"

"Shall I lead these 'Men of Boston?'"

"No; they are solid, of course."

COMPOSITOR. "Do you want a full-faced head to 'Jenny Lind's Family?'"

FOREMAN. "No; put 'em in small caps. Joseph, haven't you got up that 'Capital Joke?'"

"No, Sir; I'm out of sorts."

"Well, throw in this 'Million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it I'll give you some more."

EDITOR. "What do you want now?"

DEVILJOE. "More copy, Sir."

"Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?'"

"Yes, Sir, and I have just set up 'A Warm Winter.'"

TRUE.—Those that speak falsehoods should live in a house of many storys!

### TO CURE FITS.

For a fit of passion, walk in the open air.

For a fit of idleness, count the ticking of a clock.

For a fit of extravagance or folly, go to the work-house.

For a fit of ambition, go into a church-yard and read the grave-stones.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted.

"Well, Jim, how did you make it down South?" "First-rate; made plenty of money." "What did you do with it?" "Laid it out in houses and lots." "Where?" "Every place I have been where there were any." "What kind of houses and lots?" "Coffee-houses and lots of whisky."

In the criminal court in Newport, Kentucky, the other day, when they were engaged in making up a jury for the trial of a felony, and the regular panel had been exhausted, the sheriff went into the street and brought in a rather bewildered-looking customer, who was sworn to answer questions. The usual question was asked, and the following colloquy ensued:

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY. "Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner?"

JUROR (*hesitatingly*). "I've no farm, Sir; but I've an express wagon."

ATTORNEY. "If the Court please, I think this juror should be excused."

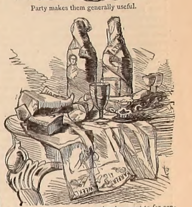
He was excused.

### SHOWING HOW I SUCCEEDED IN SAVING "HARPER'S WEEKLY" FOR ONE YEAR.

I determine on having one year of *Harper's* bound. Accordingly procure back Numbers of same to date.

Having Company, I very generously tender their use for amusement of same.

Party makes them generally useful.



Showing different uses paper has been put to for convenience of Company during evening.

The way things looked in the Kitchen.

The way things looked in the Parlor.

### WISE SAYINGS.

An egg to-day is worth more than a hen to-morrow.

He that can travel well afoot keeps a good horse.

The worst wheel of a cart makes the most noise.

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Scarlet silk and velvet have put out the kitchen fire.

A false friend and a shadow attend only while the sun shines.

What makes the "Eternal City" an eternal abomination to delicate nostrils?—Its a-Roma.

"Betsey, get up, and get me something to eat."

"Why, John, there's nothing cooked."

"Well, get up and cook something."

"There's nothing to cook."

"Nothing at all?"

"No."

"Well, get up, and get a clean knife and fork—I'll go through the motions anyhow."

A Brooklyn Presbyterian who has great faith in catechism, and teaches it with a pertinacity that would challenge the admiration of a Luther or Calvin, was putting a youngster of four through a course one day, when the question came up:

"Who tempted Eve?"

The little fellow, after a few moments' thought, with an air of confidence, exclaimed:

"It's the gentleman who lives in hell, but I've forgotten his name."

"THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER"—Gold.

The destiny of the world often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. Suppose a little miff had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

## EARL ROSSE.

THE famous constructor of that most powerful telescope in existence, well known to every school-boy as "Lord ROSSE'S telescope," has just died in England at the age of sixty-seven; and we herewith present our readers with a portrait and sketch of him.

This distinguished nobleman, whose family-name was PARSONS, was a member of the House of Commons from 1821 to 1834, and a member of the House of Lords since 1845, being elected in that year one of the representative peers of Ireland. He was President of the Royal Society and Chancellor of the University of Dublin. He stood high in his own neighborhood as a good landlord and country gentleman; but it is by his great merits as a practical astronomer and as a patron of astronomical science, more especially as the constructor and proprietor of his powerful telescope, that he has gained a world-wide renown. The matchless instrument erected by Lord ROSSE, at a cost of more than $100,000, in the park adjoining his mansion of Birr Castle, Parsonstown, in King's County, occupied sixteen years in its construction, under the owner's personal direction and superintendence. It is a reflecting telescope, consisting of a speculum or mirror, six feet in diameter, placed at the lower end of a huge tube, which is suspended to massive scaffolding, between piers of solid masonry, about fifty feet high, with step-ladders, platforms, and galleries, affording convenient access to the point of observation near the upper end of the tube; as the astronomer, while using this kind of telescope, does not look toward the star or other celestial object itself, but looks into the interior of the tube, and sees the image of that object reflected upward from the mirror. The manufacture of the circular disc of bronze, measuring six feet across, and weighing about four tons, with a very slight concavity of its upper surface, which must be shaped not exactly as part of a sphere, but must depart from the spherical proportions only to the ten-thousandth part of an inch, was a most difficult task of metallurgy; and the history of Lord ROSSE'S studies and experiments for the purpose of solving this problem shows him to have been a man of great ingenuity and extraordinary perseverance. In all the processes of compounding the metals, designing the mould, casting the bronze, grinding and polishing the mirror, and in contriving special machinery for these last operations, the Earl of ROSSE took the most active part, himself ordering the workmen, and constantly superintending their labors. After many years of toil, frequent disappointments, and the spending as much money as would have purchased a fine estate, he achieved a perfect success. He made, likewise, another reflecting-telescope, with a mirror three feet in diameter; but it was by means of the great six-foot telescope that he was enabled to carry out a series of observations of the remotest star-clusters or nebulæ, reported by him to the Royal Society in 1861, and published in their "Philosophical Transactions." The general reader will find, however, in Mr. G. F. CHAMBERS'S compendious volume of "Descriptive Astronomy" an account of the most important of these observations, beautifully illustrated by a set of wood-engravings which show the appearance of each nebular group as viewed by Lord ROSSE, compared with the imperfect view of it previously obtained by Sir JOHN HERSCHEL. The difference is particularly striking in the case of the so-called "crab" nebula in the constellation Taurus, and in that of the "dumb-bell" nebula in Vulpecula, while the discovery of the spiral or whirlpool nebulæ is acknowledged to belong to Lord ROSSE. It is probable that these observations may lead to the explanation of some of the most interesting questions relating to the constitution of the starry heavens.

THE LATE EARL ROSSE.

Lord ROSSE is succeeded by his eldest son, hitherto known as Lord OXMANTOWN, who was born in 1840.

## "AU REVOIR, CHARLES DICKENS."

THE farewell blessings which have been bestowed on CHARLES DICKENS on his departure from England have been only less warm and affectionate than our greetings of welcome on this side of the water. Almost all the English papers have had a kind word at parting, and have wished him "God-speed" and a pleasant voyage. "Mr. CHARLES DICKENS," says the London *Review*, sketching the man in an *apropos* biography, "now sailing on the seas which divide America from England—with the avowed purpose of 'laying down a third cable' between the old mother land and the vigorous race which has sprung from her—but ere this time often to be seen walking the Strand, or more vigorously that Kentish road which leads to Rochester—is a small, compact, well-built man, with a remarkable face; handsome, intellectual, and lined with thought, surmounted with hair once richly abundant, but now thin and wiry, and surrounded with beard and mustache which tell of hard work and much outdoor progress in all sorts of weathers. That man is the best known of all English authors; is a power in England, in America, and in Europe; has been able to mould the thoughts of thousands of his countrymen; and has by successive and fortunate endeavor won a name with his countrymen nearly as much known as that of SHAKSPEARE."

Among the best things said and done, however, is to be found in the new London comic, *Judy*. It consists of a full-page cartoon, in which Mr. DICKENS is represented as about to embark, and the characters which he has created have gathered about him to say farewell. We reproduce this cartoon on this page as of especial interest at this moment. Mr. DICKENS is seen shaking hands with John Bull. Near him on his right Mr. Pickwick is advancing, while Mr. Micawber stands near by ready prepared with a high-sounding eulogium on his creator. Sairey Gamp is evidently determined to come with him, while Captain Cuttle looks solemn, and Barnaby Rudge grows more than usually melancholy over the prospect of parting.

*Judy* gives, in addition to the cartoon, the following parting word:

### AU REVOIR!

'Twas not without a serious thought
  We saw depart, across the deep,
The man who has so nobly taught
  His fellows how to laugh and weep.

'Twas not without a touch of pride
  We sent, to greet our Yankee brother,
The man whose lessons, far and wide,
  Instruct all men to love each other.

FAREWELL TO DICKENS.

EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS AT DELFT HAVEN.—[FROM ROBERT W. WEIR'S PAINTING IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.]

'Twas not without an anxious hope
To see him safely back once more,
We saw the severing of the rope
That held his vessel to our shore.

'Twas not without a glistening eye,
A trembling of her shapely paw,
That *Judy*, at the last "good-by,"
Exclaimed "CHARLES DICKENS, AU REVOIR!"

## PLYMOUTH ROCK.

DECEMBER 11 was the two hundred and forty-seventh Anniversary of the Landing of the Puritans on Plymouth Rock, and "the institution of government on the basis of 'equal laws' for the general good." We have endeavored to memorialize the occasion for our readers by the two engravings which appear on this page.

The first of these is a reproducing of ROBERT W. WEIR'S painting in the Capitol at Washington representing the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," at Delft Haven or Delftshaven, Holland. The other represents Plymouth Rock and its surroundings, as they appear at the present time, and is a faithful reproduction of an admirable photograph by WHIPPLE, of Boston. Both pictures, in connection with the recurrence of the Anniversary, will be interesting studies to the readers of the *Weekly*.

## BUFFALO HUNTING.

ONE of our engravings on pages 792 and 793 represents a sport that is peculiarly American. At this season of the year the herds of buffalo are moving southward, to reach the cañons which contain the grass they exist upon during the winter. Nearly every railroad train which leaves or arrives at Fort Hays on the Kansas Pacific Railroad has its race with these herds of buffalo; and a most interesting and exciting scene is the result. The train is "slowed" to a rate of speed about equal to that of the herd; the passengers get out fire-arms which are provided for the defense of the train against the Indians, and open from the windows and platforms of the cars a fire that resembles a brisk skirmish. Frequently a young bull will turn at bay for a moment. His exhibition of courage is generally his death-warrant, for the whole fire of the train is turned upon him, either killing him or some member of the herd in his immediate vicinity.

When the "hunt" is over the buffaloes which have been killed are secured, and the choice parts placed in the baggage-car, which is at once crowded by passengers, each of whom feels convinced and is ready to assert that his was the shot that brought down the game. Ladies who are

PLYMOUTH ROCK, AS IT NOW APPEARS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

passengers on the trains frequently enjoy the sport, and invariably claim all the game as the result of their prowess with the rifle. This solution of the case is, of course, accepted by all gentlemen, and a more excited party of Dianas it would be impossible to imagine.

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EMERSON BENNETT'S exciting story of "Sol Slocum; or, The Maid of the Juniata," has just been commenced in the *New York Weekly*, and the reputation of Mr. BENNETT has already added thousands to its circulation. The *New York Weekly* is acknowledged to be the best story and sketch paper in the world, and it seems that the public generally are aware of this fact; for the *New York Weekly* has already achieved a circulation of 150,000 copies. Read the advertisement in another column.—*Communicated.*

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A MOST suitable holiday present to a smoker is undoubtedly a genuine Meerschaum, which Messrs. POLLAK & SON sell at manufacturers' prices at their stores, 27 John St., near Nassau, and 692 and 693 Broadway, near Fourth St., N. Y. Also repairing, boiling, and amber work done. Send for circular to letter box 5846.

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*Stammering Cured* by Bates's Patent Appliances. For pamphlet address Simpson & Co., 277 W. 23d St., N.Y.

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From CHARLES DICKENS, Esq.: "With my best thanks for your Malt Extract, I remain," etc.
From His Excellency Governor FENTON: "HOFF's Malt Extract is a pleasant beverage."
HOFF's Depot, 542 Broadway.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.


### Timothy Titcomb's New Book.

THE THIRTIETH THOUSAND IN PRESS.

KATHRINA: HER LIFE AND MINE, in a Poem. By J. G. HOLLAND (TIMOTHY TITCOMB). 1 vol., 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; full gilt, $2 50.
The THIRTIETH THOUSAND of this poem—the most popular ever published in America, not even excepting "Bitter Sweet" by the same author—is now in press. *Copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.* CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO., 654 Broadway, New York.

DR. McLANE'S

**Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.**

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

These justly celebrated remedies have been before the public for the past thirty years, during which time they have been thoroughly tested in every way, and in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have given universal satisfaction.

McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the TAPE-WORM. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

Twenty-five cents expended in this way may obviate the necessity of paying many Dollars for Doctors' Bills.

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so honest and true."

If they had been wise, the dire necessity of opening the grave for one so lovely might have been averted. Plantation Bitters, if timely used, are sure to rescue the young and lovely, the middle-aged, and the ailing from confirmed sickness.

Almost all diseases have their beginning in some slight difficulty of the Stomach, which would eventuate in Dyspepsia, Headache, Liver Complaints, Night Sweats, Consumption, Death. Plantation Bitters will prevent these premonitory symptoms, and keep the blood pure and the health good.

While they invigorate the system, they enliven the mind.

MAGNOLIA WATER.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

Metzlar's Patent Leaping Hobby Horse, for Boys and Girls from 2 to 16 years of age.

Best Horse in use. Also Toys of all kinds for the Holidays. Send for circular. LEWIS P. TIBBALS, 478 Broadway, near Broome Street, New York.

**A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.**

Good wide-awake Agents wanted in every town in the United States, to engage in a very lucrative business, that can be operated every where *successfully*. Only a small capital required. For full particulars, send for a descriptive circular. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, 14 Chambers Street, New York, or Lock Box No. 400, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

Is a reliable and safe remedy for Coughs, and all Throat and Lung difficulties. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

THE

**New York Weekly,**

The Greatest Story and Sketch Paper in the United States.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

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**EMERSON BENNETT,**

Entitled,

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OR, THE
MAID OF THE JUNIATA!

The NEW YORK WEEKLY now has a circulation of 125,000 COPIES!

**SOL SLOCUM;**
OR,
THE MAID OF THE JUNIATA!

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EMERSON BENNETT,
Commenced in the
*NEW YORK WEEKLY,*
No. 6—NOW READY!

Sol Slocum;
OR,
THE MAID OF THE JUNIATA!
BY
**EMERSON BENNETT,**

Is the greatest product of his transcendently great pen. It is a tale of the great border, and the characters which figure in it are as various as the many scenes through which they have to pass. One after another are introduced the hardy pioneer, the cunning trapper, the wily savage, the eccentric seeker after adventure, the tender maiden, severed by the force of circumstances from friends and kindred, the heroic and daring youth whose aspirations are lofty, whose soul is fearless, and whose deeds are daring, together with a miscellaneous crowd of adventurous spirits presenting almost every phase of human character, each of whom plays his or her part in the thrilling drama. The story is replete with scenes and incidents which cause the blood of the reader to leap with electric force; and constantly alternating between joy and sorrow, tears and laughter, indignation and admiration, he suffers and rejoices with the characters, absolutely seeming to act with them, so intensely is he interested—so deeply is he spell-bound. The story never flags from the beginning to the end, and the love portions of it are especially beautiful, and such as to enlist the sympathies of every lady reader. This great story is commenced in No. 6 of the present volume, and those who desire to read it should send in their orders. Once more we say, buy the

***NEW YORK WEEKLY,***
and read
SOL SLOCUM,
BY
EMERSON BENNETT.

Among the romance writers of the NEW YORK WEEKLY may be mentioned:

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In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

## $641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. 1 Grand Cash Award | $100,000 | 54. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | $1,500 |
| 2. 1 Splendid Farm (600 acres) | 60,000 | 55. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 1,500 |
| 3. 1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta" | 50,000 | 56. 1 Diamond Bracelet | 1,500 |
| 4. 1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants | 30,000 | 57. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 5. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 | 58. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 1,500 |
| 6. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds) | 25,000 | 59. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 1,500 |
| 7. 1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings | 15,000 | 60. 1 Choice Emerald Stud | 1,500 |
| 8. 1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting | 8,000 | 61. 1 Single Stone Ring | 1,500 |
| 9. 1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants | 7,000 | 62. 1 Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 10. 1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds) | 7,000 | 63. 1 Cluster Brooch | 1,500 |
| 11. 1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants | 6,000 | 64. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 1,500 |
| 12. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 | 65. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings | 800 |
| 13. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 5,000 | 66. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 800 |
| 14. 1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings | 5,000 | 67. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 15. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 4,000 | 68. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin | 800 |
| 16. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 | 69. 1 Camel's Hair Shawl | 800 |
| 17. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 | 70. 1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring | 800 |
| 18. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 | 71. 1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring | 800 |
| 19. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings | 4,000 | 72. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 800 |
| 20. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 | 73. 1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs | 600 |
| 21. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 | 74. 1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain | 600 |
| 22. 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin | 4,000 | 75. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting | 500 |
| 23. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 | 76. 1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring | 500 |
| 24. 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 | 77. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 500 |
| 25. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 3,500 | 78. 1 Emerald Knob | 500 |
| 26. 1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch | 3,500 | 79. 1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings | 500 |
| 27. 1 Pearl Necklace | 3,500 | 80. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 400 |
| 28. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,500 | 81. 1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin | 400 |
| 29. 1 Diamond Cross | 3,000 | 82. 1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch | 400 |
| 30. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 | 83. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 350 |
| 31. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 | 84. 1 Gold Watch | 300 |
| 32. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,000 | 85. 1 Diamond and Opal Ring | 250 |
| 33. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 | 86. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 34. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 | 87. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 35. 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs | 3,000 | 88. 1 Diamond Three Stone Ring | 150 |
| 36. 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver) | 3,000 | 89. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 150 |
| 37. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 3,000 | 90. 1 Pearl Scarf Pin | 150 |
| 38. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 | 91. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 150 |
| 39. 1 Diamond Single Stone Stud | 3,000 | 92. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 150 |
| 40. 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 2,500 | 93. 1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring | 150 |
| 41. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,500 | 94. 1 Diamond Cluster Pin | 100 |
| 42. 1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch | 2,500 | 95. 1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 43. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 | 96. 1 Cameo Brooch | 100 |
| 44. 1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament | 2,500 | 97. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 100 |
| 45. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 | 98. 1 Diamond Cluster Ring | 100 |
| 46. 1 Diamond Cross | 2,500 | 99. 1 Ladies' Gold Watch | 100 |
| 47. 1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament | 2,500 | 100. 1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings | 100 |
| 48. 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 2,500 | 101. 1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons | 100 |
| 49. 1 Diamond Single Stone Ring | 2,000 | 102. 1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 50. 1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin | 1,500 | 103. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 51. 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring | 1,500 | 104. 1 Emerald Scarf Pin | 50 |
| 52. 1 Diamond Cross | 1,500 | 105—1104. 1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each | 20,000 |
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FUR BASQUES AND VESTS,
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A SAFE, CERTAIN, AND Speedy Cure FOR **NEURALGIA,** AND ALL **NERVOUS DISEASES.**

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Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage. One package, $1.00, postage 6 cents; six do., $5.00, postage 27 cts.; twelve do., $9.00, postage 48 cts. Sold by all druggists.

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AT RETAIL,

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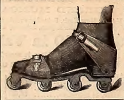

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**Cheapest and Best.**

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PHYSICIANS, Ministers, Lawyers, and thousands of others have used the WHITE PINE COMPOUND for Throat and Lung Diseases and Kidney Complaints, and found it just what was wanted. It is truly a remarkable remedy.

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# IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS, FARMERS, and PLANTERS.

We have been informed that the usual practice of Merchants, Farmers, and Planters, in ordering their supplies of our

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Vermifuge

Has been to simply write or order "Vermifuge." The consequence is that, instead of the genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, they very frequently get one or other of the many worthless preparations called Vermifuge now before the Public. We therefore beg leave to urge upon the planter the propriety and importance of invariably writing the name in full, and to advise their factors or agents that they will not receive any other than the genuine DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

We would also advise the same precautions in ordering Dr. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS. The great popularity of these Pills as a specific or cure for LIVER COMPLAINT, and all the Bilious Derangements so prevalent in the South and Southwest, has induced the venders of many worthless nostrums to claim for their preparations similar medicinal virtues. Be not deceived!

## Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills

Are the original and only reliable remedy for Liver Complaints that has yet been discovered, and we urge the planter and merchant, as he values his own and the health of those depending on him, to be careful in ordering. Take neither Vermifuge nor Liver Pills, unless you are sure you are getting the genuine McLANE'S, prepared by FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PA.

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# Dr. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills,

For the Cure of Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Sick Headache.

In offering to the Public DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS as a remedy for LIVER and BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, we presume no apology will be needed. The great prevalence of LIVER COMPLAINT and BILIOUS DISEASES OF ALL KINDS throughout the United States, and peculiarly in the West and South, where, in the majority of cases, the patient is not within the reach of a regular physician, requires that some remedy should be provided that would not in the least impair the constitution, and yet be safe and effectual. That such is the true character of DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS there can be no doubt. The great success which has invariably attended their use will, we think, be sufficient to convince the most incredulous. It has been our sincere wish that these Pills should be fairly tested, and stand or fall by the effects produced. That they have been so tested, and that the result has been in every respect favorable, we call tens of thousands to witness who have experienced their beneficial effects.

DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not held forth or recommended (like most of the popular medicines of the day) as universal cure-alls, but simply as a specific for LIVER COMPLAINTS, and those symptoms connected with a deranged state of that organ.

### Diseases of the Liver.

The Liver is much more frequently the seat of disease than is generally supposed. The functions it is designed to perform, and on the regular execution of which depend not only the general health of the body, but the powers of the Stomach, Bowels, Brain, and the whole Nervous System, show its vast and vital importance to human health. When the Liver is seriously diseased, it in fact not only deranges the vital functions of the body, but exercises a powerful influence over the mind and its operations, which can not easily be described. It has so close a connection with other diseases, and manifests itself by so great a variety of symptoms of a doubtful character, that it misleads more physicians, even of great eminence, than any other deranged vital organ. The intimate connection which exists between the Liver and the Brain, and the great dominion which I am persuaded it exercises over the passions of mankind, convinces me that many unfortunate beings have committed acts of deep and criminal atrocity, or become what fools term hypochondriacs, simply by reason of a diseased state of the Liver. I have long been convinced that more than one half of the complaints which occur in this country are to be considered as having their origin in a diseased state of the Liver. I will enumerate some of them: Indigestion, Stoppage of the Menses, Deranged State of the Bowels, Irritable and Vindictive Feelings and Passions from trifling and inadequate causes, of which we afterward feel ashamed; last, though not least, more than three-fourths of the diseases enumerated under the head of CONSUMPTION have their origin in a diseased Liver. This is truly a frightful catalogue.

### Symptoms of a Diseased Liver

Pain in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constipated, sometimes alternating with looseness and with unhealthy stools; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. *Ascites*, or abdominal dropsy, is also frequently met with, produced by the deranged liver. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease; but cases have occurred when few of them existed, yet examination of the body after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

### Fever and Ague.

DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS in cases of FEVER AND AGUE, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the same happy results attending their exhibition in diseases of the Liver. No better cathartic can be used preparatory to or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are are afflicted with this disease to give them a fair trial.

DIRECTIONS.—Take two or three pills on going to bed every second or third night. If they do not purge two or three times by next morning, take one or two more; but a slight breakfast should invariably follow their use. The Liver Pills may be used where purging simply is necessary. As an antibilious purgative they are inferior to none, and in doses of two or three they give astonishing relief to sick headache, also in slight derangements of the Stomach.

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# Dr. McLane's American Worm Specific,
OR
## VERMIFUGE.

No diseases to which the human body is liable are better entitled to the attention of the philanthropist than those consequent on the irritation produced by WORMS in the Stomach and Bowels. When the sufferer is an adult the cause is frequently overlooked, and consequently the proper remedy is not applied. But when the patient is an infant, if the disease is not entirely neglected, it is still too frequently ascribed, in whole or in part, to some other cause. It ought here to be particularly remarked that, although but few worms may exist in a child, and howsoever quiescent they may have been previously, no sooner is the constitution invaded by any of the numerous train of diseases to which infancy is exposed than it is fearfully augmented by their irritation. Hence, it too frequently happens that a disease, otherwise easily managed by proper remedies, when aggravated by that cause bids defiance to treatment, judicious in other respects, but which entirely fails in consequence of the presence of worms being overlooked. And even in cases of great violence, if a potent and prompt remedy be possessed, so that they could be expelled without loss of time, which is so precious in such cases, the disease might be attacked, by proper remedies, even-handed and with success.

### Symptoms of the Presence of Worms which can not be Mistaken.

The countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull, the pupils dilated; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eyelid; the nose is irritated, swells and sometimes bleeds; swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE MAY BE DEPENDED UPON TO EFFECT A CURE.

The universal success which has attended the administration of DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it proves ineffectual, "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult warrant the supposition of worms being the cause"—in all cases the medicine to be given in strict accordance with the directions.

We pledge ourselves to the public that DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY IN ANY FORM; and that it is an innocent preparation, and not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

DIRECTIONS.—Give a child, from two to ten years old, a teaspoonful in as much sweetened water every morning, fasting; if it purges through the day, well; but if not, repeat it again in the evening. Over ten, give a little more; under two, give less. To a full-grown person give two teaspoonfuls.

### Beware of Counterfeits, and all Articles purporting to be Dr. McLane's.

The great popularity of DR. McLANE'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS has induced unprincipled persons to attempt palming upon the public counterfeit and inferior articles; in consequence of which the proprietors have been forced to adopt every possible guard against fraud. Purchasers will please pay attention to the following marks of genuineness: 1st. The External Wrapper is a fine Steel Engraving, with the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. 2d. The Directions are printed on Fine Paper, with a Water-Mark as follows: "DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE AND LIVER PILLS, FLEMING BROS., PROPRIETORS." This Water-Mark can be seen by holding up the paper to the light. The LIVER PILLS have the name stamped on the lid of the box in red wax.

PREPARED ONLY BY

**FLEMING BROTHERS, PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA,**

SOLE PROPRIETORS OF

## Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS and VERMIFUGE.

**Sold by Dealers Every Where.**

The Proprietors will forward per mail, postpaid, to any part of the United States, one box Liver Pills, or one vial Vermifuge, on receipt of 40 cents in Government stamps.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 573.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

## "WATT'S FIRST IDEA OF STEAM."

IT is, as the reader may be aware, no mere fancy of the artist which we have engraved on this page. On the contrary, it is a recorded fact that the great inventor to whom we almost entirely owe the steam-engine commenced his experiments with steam while yet a boy, just as here depicted. In Mr. MUIRHEAD's biography of his kinsman, the great engineer, we have extracts from an interesting document entitled "Memoranda of the Early Years of Mr. Watt, by his Cousin, Mrs. Marion Campbell," in which occurs the following: "Sitting one evening with his aunt, Mrs. MUIRHEAD, at the tea-table, she said:

"'JAMES WATT, I never saw such an idle boy. Take a book, or employ yourself usefully; for the last half hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup and now a silver spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, and catching and connecting the drops of hot water it falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in this way?'"

Let us here say, by way of parenthesis, that JAMES WATT was then in the fifteenth year of his age; a lad not in robust health, but with an active, ardent mind, subject to distressing headaches, employing much of his time in experiments, and the fourth son in a family, all the male members of which seem to have had a taste for scientific pursuits.

Mr. MUIRHEAD continues with a commentary on the incident just related by M. ARAGO. "In the year 1750," said M. ARAGO, in addressing the assembled members of the Institute of France, "each one of us in the same situation as Mrs. MUIRHEAD would perhaps have used the same language. But the world has made a stride, and our knowledge has grown greater; and so, when I shall immediately explain to you that the principal discovery of our fellow-member was a particular mode of converting steam into water [the condensation of steam in a separate vessel from the boiler], Mrs. MUIRHEAD's reproof will present itself to our minds under a totally different aspect: the little JAMES before the tea-kettle becomes the mighty engineer preluding to the discoveries which were to immortalize him; and it will by every one undoubtedly be deemed worthy of remark that the words CONDENSATION OF STEAM should naturally have come to find a place in the history of WATT's early childhood."

"JAMES WATT'S FIRST IDEA OF STEAM."

## PRAIRIE-CHICKEN SHOOTING IN KANSAS.

THIS season of the year is the time for prairie chicken or grouse shooting in the West, and we illustrate on page 805 the manner in which the sport is conducted. In Kansas it is enjoyed to an extent that would astonish our Eastern sportsmen. A party of gentlemen mount their horses, which have been thoroughly broken to stand the report of a gun near them; the dogs set out in advance, and occupy the first few miles of the start in opening new, or extending old, acquaintance among the dogs of the neighborhood. Usually the party proceeds to the home of some friend, a Kansas farmer, blessed with plenty, and ever ready to extend a hearty welcome.

From the farm-house the party proceed toward the vast corn-fields. The horsemen are formed in line much like that made by cavalrymen when deployed as skirmishers. The dogs are well in front, but not too far. When the dogs come to a stand the sportsmen ride forward with guns ready for immediate use, the reins are dropped on the horses' necks, the steed being managed only with the spur. When the flock is forced to take wing the huntsmen fire, and the rattle of shot-guns reminds one of the sounds of a sharp skirmish. As fast as the birds fall the dogs mark and secure them, and take them to their respective masters. As fast as the birds are brought they are tied to thongs attached to the saddle.

As winter sets in, and the weather becomes sufficiently cold, thousands of the birds are shot and shipped in barrels to the Eastern markets.

## DICKENS AND HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS.

IT has been apparent from his first (or rather his second) encounter with the custom-house officials, and the several gentlemen who sailed to meet him in Boston Harbor, that Mr. DICKENS is to find no diminution in the number, and, we fear, little change in the humor, of his friends in America. They have already appeared equally as numerous and as violently demonstrative as they were 25 years ago; and they promptly began the siege of his quarters as soon as he was safely ensconced therein. But Mr. DICKENS, if we are to believe the telegrams from "the Hub," is wiser in this age and generation than he was in the previous one, and does not intend to be at once bored out of humor, and deceived as to the American character by that class indigenous to every soil, and to be found in every society which thrusts itself unasked and uncalled on every distinguished individual who visits us, be he Lord, Snob, or Genius. To the multitude who endeavored to invade, in platoons, his quarters at the Parker House, Boston, it is reported that he wisely answered, "Not at home."

Any one can imagine, as our artist has, the style of the "American friends" who endeavored to thrust themselves upon Mr. DICKENS. They are doubtless the identical representatives of the identical classes whom he encountered on his first visit, and whom he has described, not in the American Notes at which we so foolishly grumble, but in that broader satire on our peculiarities, "Martin Chuzzlewit." Of course his first visitor was the pre-eminently American news-boy with the identical *Sewer*, full of the same slang and abuse with which he was greeted on his first advent. Papers of that style, Colonel Divers to edit them and Jefferson

Bricks to report for them, are no more likely to die out than are the race of news-boys; and many such have ere this heard "Mark Tapley" or Mr. Dolby answer through the keyhole, "Not at home." The country can still muster any number of the youthful Pograms of the South, equally economical of soap and extravagant of hair, who will ruminate as seriously over their tobacco-plugs as did their great original; and who, in lieu of having slavery and other "Institootions" to talk about will, if permitted, tell this "morbid British hater of the institootions of our country" all about "the oppressions of the Chivalry," and renew their allusions to "Repudiation." The "Jineral Fladdocks" are multiplied by dozens, and Mr. DICKENS will hardly be able to turn a corner of the street without encountering one, looking as important "as if the city were in a state of siege, and no other general to be got for love or money." The "Edens" and the "Mr. Scadders" and "Chollops" are no longer to be found along the Mississippi; Mr. DICKENS will have to make a visit toward the western end of the Pacific Railroad to encounter the genuine Scadders and Chollops; but the "man and the brother" can be seen in his old abiding-place, though under very changed circumstances from those under which he first encountered him. He need journey no further than New York to find "Major Pawkins" in all his glory and importance, regulating ward elections and imagining himself a BISMARCK, controlling the destinies of the nation. He will find "mothers of the modern Gracchi" and LL's in any quantity in all parts of the country, including Boston; and in short, if he is to keep open house, it will go hard if his old friends whom he immortalized in Chuzzlewit are not among the first to turn up.

But it appears Mr. DICKENS intends this time to study American character at his leisure and not by wholesale. He is to choose his acquaintances. We are heartily glad of it; we trust that Colonel Diver, Mr. Brick, Mrs. Hominy, and Mr. Pogram will keep or be kept in the back-ground; and we may hope that Mr. DICKENS's new American Notes and novels, in which he is to paint the changes of the past quarter of a century, will contain fewer uncomfortable facts and more agreeable characters than did his former ones.

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

## WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL.

*In the first Number of the ensuing Volume of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for January* 4, 1868, *will be commenced the publication of* "THE MOONSTONE," *a new Serial Novel by* WILKIE COLLINS, *Author of* "Armadale," "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc. This Novel, printed from the *Author's Manuscript, will be published here simultaneously with its issue in Mr.* CHARLES DICKENS's *paper*, "All the Year Round." *In* HARPER'S WEEKLY *it will be illustrated with Original Drawings by* PARSONS, JEWETT, BUSH, *and other American Artists.*

## HOW TO DO IT.

THE Constitution provides that the President "shall, from time to time, give to the Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient." The President has accordingly recently informed Congress that the Union is still disorganized, and that it is so because Congress does not obediently accept his view of the policy necessary to restore it. In his Excellency's present opinion—for he has by no means been always of his present mind—the true course is to consider that there has been a riot in certain States, which is now subdued. Not to take this view, and be satisfied with it, is, in the President's judgment, to destroy the Constitution. To invite any body but the former voting class in the late rebel States to reorganize civil governments in them, is to "violate the Constitution in the face of a positive interdict." That there has been a rebellion, and war, and emancipation, and a total upheaval of society, and that something more may be necessary than an order of "as you were!" is a view of the situation of which in the President's estimation no well-regulated mind can be guilty.

This is, as every body sees, but the same dreary old story. There is not a new stroke in it. But the reasoning which did not satisfy two years ago is still wholly unsatisfactory, for it omits the facts. Congress has reasoned upon the facts. Leaving the President's futile theories behind, it has adopted a plan of reconstruction which is even now in process of development; and because the late elections have gone against the party of the Congressional majority the President declares that the people have decided between him and Congress, and recommends that the work be undone. In what manner it should be renewed he does not directly say. But the argument of his Message plainly shows that, having repealed the Reconstruction law, the States in question should be reorganized by the late rebels exclusively, and that the colored population should be left entirely at their mercy.

In what a melancholy circle the Presidential mind swings around! A year ago last summer we had an illustration of the results of the policy now proposed by him. The massacre in New Orleans indicates exactly the peace, and prosperity, and serene reconstruction which would result from the abandonment of those States and their loyal population to the control of the late rebels, or what the Democratic journals call "the people" of the South. And what does the President, or what does any sensible man, suppose would be the result of depriving the newly-enfranchised population of political power and remanding them into the "tutelage" of the whites? There is no folly so insane as the supposition that such a course is possible or practicable.

One of the chief Copperhead newspapers in the North, the New York *World*, announces, with all the emphasis of italics, that the Republican policy of "negro reconstruction will not be suffered to stand." Now we are of opinion that the *World* can prevent that reconstruction exactly as much as it prevented the successful issue of the war, and no more. During the war the *World's* sympathies and efforts were for the rebels, and its affectation of patriotism deceived nobody. As it hoped for a rebel success then, so it hopes for a rebel success now. But it may make up its mind that the Copperhead policy of rebel reconstruction will not even begin, much less stand. To suppose that the majority of the voters in the loyal States, in reorganizing civil government at the South, will enfranchise the whole rebel class, and disfranchise the whole loyal class, is simply absurd. With the mass of voters it is not a question of humanity in the first place, but of policy. They wish peace, and reason and experience show them that peace is not possible in the Southern States unless the freedmen have the protection of the ballot. The Democratic party has just carried the State of New York by fifty thousand majority. If it should to-morrow propose to the State its policy of rebel reconstruction and loyal ostracism at the South, it would be defeated.

The situation in the Southern States is far from agreeable; but it is incomparably better and more promising than any situation of those States which this generation has seen. It is neither morally, socially, industrially, nor politically so perilous as it was twenty years ago. The apparent prosperity, the apparent repose, the apparent occasional luxury of life there, were, as the event has proved, mere glittering delusions. To restore the old condition as nearly as possible would be merely to undo as nearly as possible the last six years. It would be to suppress education, free thought, and free speech, and to establish a system whose security depends upon ignorance and silence. The President and the Democratic party might as well hope to restore Judge TANEY to the Supreme Bench, and to establish slavery in the Territories, as to renew the old division of the Southern States into a master and subject class, under whatever name or pretense the task might be attempted.

Yet the whole object of the Message, and the reaction of which it is an expression, is to recommend this kind of restoration, while the only possible and practicable policy is to proceed with reconstruction. It must not be forgotten that the suffrage was not given to the enfranchised class at once. It was not given to them until experience had plainly proved that without it the rights of that class were not safe. If those to whom the President would alone intrust the practical power had shown that they would use it for the common protection they could have had it. But they eagerly hastened to show that they would not use it justly or with safety to the country. Therefore Congress wisely declined to surrender to them, and by making suffrage general opened the way for every man to protect himself.

There will undoubtedly be much that is grotesque and unwise in the action of the new constituencies. But the constitution which "Mr. POPE's Convention" (as the *World* calls it, with a touch of the same exquisite humor that describes Senators SHERMAN and FESSENDEN as disunionists) frames, although some of its provisions may be crude, will not have the deep and damnable cruelty of the old State government before the war; and whatever the Virginia Convention may do, its action can not be more savagely denounced by the Democratic papers than the Albany *Argus* denounced the action of our own Constitutional Convention of which it said, with a pompous absurdity that makes the *World's* gibes at the Southern Conventions inexpressibly tame: "Their course is the last phase of that 'Higher Law' drama, which, opening in fanaticism and hate, and dragging on through tragedies of blood and woe, now drifts toward anarchy and chaos, and that night of despotism that lowers beyond."

If the work of reconstruction—a work in its nature slow and difficult—has been complicated and delayed, the President and his supporters may thank themselves. It is they who have taught the late rebels to believe that they could reorganize their States as they chose, and not as the victorious country chose. And it is that belief which has made and still makes the trouble.

## THE RIGHTS OF NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

DURING the forty years between 1820 and 1860 more than five millions of foreigners came to this country, and the greater part of them, eighty-five per cent., remained. If there is a principle which is popularly precious to the heart of the country it is that those millions had the right to come, the right to stay, the right to make themselves citizens by complying with the laws, and the right as citizens to be defended by the Government. This is a truth, as we said last week, quite irrespective of Fenian folly or political Buncombe. A million of Irishmen come to this country, are naturalized, and vote. Great Britain says: "Those are my subjects." The United States reply: "These are our citizens." If Great Britain attempts to enforce her claim and to require allegiance of the American citizen, the duty of our Government is plain. It must show at once and emphatically the reason of its position. It must show that the persons in question are admitted by our law to be citizens and voters; and that to acknowledge the demand of Great Britain would be practically to concede that subjects of that power help to elect and administer our Government.

Yet, before the claim of the British or of any foreign government in the matter of allegiance is vehemently denounced, it is well to know precisely what our wisest commentators upon public law have said. There is a plain conflict of law between the countries. Great Britain holds that allegiance can not be alienated. The United States, by their naturalization laws, hold that every man may elect the government to which he will be subject. The question practically arose at the late trial of Colonel WARREN in England. He was charged as a Fenian conspirator, and he replied by producing his naturalization record as a citizen of the United States, and, as an alien, claimed a "mixed jury" under the law of Edward Third, which allows an alien to be tried by a jury of six Englishmen and six aliens of any country, if they can be found. The Lord Chief Baron PIGOT admitted the law but denied its application in the case before him, because, he said, no subject of the crown of Great Britain can alienate his allegiance. Yet Dr. TWISS, a publicist of authority, says that the English doctrine is the creature of municipal law, finds no countenance in the law of nations, and is in direct conflict with the incontestable rule of that law.

Chief Baron PIGOT read passages from American authorities which seemed to show that the American doctrine is substantially that of Great Britain. Judge STORY says: "There is no authority which has decided affirmatively in regard to the right of expatriation, and there is a very strong current of reasoning opposed to it, independent of the known practices and claims of modern nations of Europe." Chancellor KENT says that the question has never been settled by judicial decision. And speaking of Americans, he adds, "The better opinion would seem to be that a citizen can not renounce his allegiance without permission of the Government of the United States to be declared by law." This leaves the question to be decided by the Government and not by the citizen. But, on the other hand, the Supreme Court of the United States decided in 1827: "In the United States expatriation is considered a fundamental right. The doctrine of perpetual allegiance grew out of the feudal system, and became inoperative when the obligations ceased upon which that system was founded." And in 1859 Mr. LEWIS CASS, Secretary of State, wrote to our Minister at Berlin: "The right of expatriation can not at this day be doubted or denied in the United States."

This is the official voice of the Government, and would seem to mean expatriation in the broadest sense; the right, that is, of any person to leave the United States at his pleasure and become subject to a foreign government, and of any foreigner to come to this country and acquire complete citizenship under our laws, to the exclusion of every claim of his native country. This is the view of President WOOLSEY in his late treatise upon International Law: "There is no doubt that a State, having undertaken to adopt a stranger, is bound to protect him like any other citizen. The nation which has naturalized him, and has thus bound itself to protect him, can not abandon its pledges on account of the views of civil obligation which another nation may entertain."

Yet, as a matter of fact, the Government of the United States has always acknowledged that it would not defend a naturalized citizen against the claims of another government for duties actually due before naturalization. Even Mr. CASS admits a certain claim. He wrote in 1859 to our minister in Prussia: "I confine the foreign jurisdiction in regard to our naturalized citizens.........to the case of actual desertion or of refusal to enter the army after having been regularly drafted and called into it by the Government." Mr. WHEATON, Mr. WEBSTER, and Mr. EVERETT did not claim as much as Mr. CASS. They held that if a country does not acknowledge the right of a native to renounce his allegiance, it may enforce his claims if he is found within its jurisdiction. The present international agreement, so to say, is, that if a native voluntarily emigrates and settles permanently in another country, and is there naturalized, his native country can not enforce claims upon him which originate after naturalization. But what a nation may do to enforce obligations existing before naturalization elsewhere is not settled by international practice.

In 1812, when Great Britain threatened to punish as traitors its native subjects naturalized in the United States and bearing arms against England, our Government arrested British officers as hostages. But the question, although it is popularly supposed to have occasioned the war, was not settled by it. The treaty of Ghent is silent upon this most vital point of the controversy. But public opinion in this country has been steadily settling into the conviction that a naturalized citizen must be protected equally with the native. Yet it is not a settled question. It is not a point upon which we can insist as if there were no doubt; as if all precedent and treaty and understanding were harmonious and conclusive. It is a subject for discussion and deliberate settlement; and for the utmost moderation and calmness, which are entirely compatible with the utmost firmness.

## CITY GOVERNMENT.

THE question of the government of the city of New York is one of the most interesting which the State Convention has had to consider. It has not yet been debated in committee of the whole, but four reports have been submitted to the Convention: that of the Majority, that of the Minority, that of Mr. FRANCIS, and that of Mr. MURPHY.

The Majority Report proposes for all cities a Mayor to be elected for three years, who shall be ineligible for the next term, and removable by the Governor, after due notice and for causes assigned. In case of a vacancy in the office, the presiding officer of the Board of Aldermen is to be invested with its powers and duties until the vacancy shall be filled. The Mayor is to appoint the heads of Departments, and they their subordinate officers; all other executive agents to be named by the Mayor, and to be removable at pleasure. In New York and Brooklyn there is to be a Board of Aldermen of twelve members, to hold for four years, a fourth going out every year. There is to be one assistant alderman from each ward, to be annually elected. The Mayor is to have a veto as in the national Constitution. The Controller is to be elected for three years, and to be removable like the Mayor. Justices of the peace and police justices are to be elected for four years, removable by such court as the law may direct.

The Minority Report of Mr. OPDYKE proposes the annual election of a Mayor, removable for cause by the Governor, and upon due notice, a vacancy to be filled by the Governor. In New York there is to be a Board of Aldermen of eleven members, to be elected by tax-payers upon property of not less than a thousand dollars' value. The term of office to be two years, five going out at the end of one term and six at the end of the other. The assistant Aldermen are to be twenty-one, elected annually in separate districts. The Controller is to be elected for three years by the same tax-payers, and to be removable by the Mayor. The heads of Departments are to be nominated by the Mayor to the Board of Aldermen, and appointed with their consent. With the same consent he is to nominate justices of the peace and police justices. The right to provide for the preservation of the public health and to appoint and control the police is to remain with the Legislature, as also the interests of the port and of commerce.

The Report of Mr. FRANCIS provides a single article only, continuing the present police organizations of the several districts, and creating a State Superintendent of Police to reside at the capital, and to supervise the police system as the law may direct.

Mr. MURPHY agrees in general with the Majority Report, but protests against the vast power proposed for the Mayor, which he urges would enable that officer to name his successor.

The conclusive reasoning of the Report of Mr. FRANCIS, to the effect that all municipal authority is delegated by the State, and that the State must insist upon deciding under the circumstances as they arise how much and in what manner the delegation shall be made, we have heretofore mentioned. Mr. OPDYKE's carefully-considered Report, the result of much experience and thought, holds that local interests are safest under local control; and that, while municipal powers may be enlarged, they can be enlarged safely only under certain limitations and safeguards, which the Report designates. Thus the Report would leave with the State the control of the police, sanitary, and commercial interests in cities, because they are not exclusively local interests; and in the cities of New York and Brooklyn it would create a tax-paying constituency for the Board of Aldermen, so that all municipal money bills shall originate in a body elected by the tax-payers. The property qualification is urged by the Report not as conferring political knowledge, but upon the ground that municipal governments are not political. They chiefly supervise and preserve

property. The qualifications for city magistracy are integrity and business capacity, and such a magistracy will be best chosen by those who have acquired and preserved property. This is especially true of the city of New York, and the Minority Report prefers the present "disjointed government" of the city to the unrestrained system proposed by the Majority.

It is impossible to foretell the action of the Convention; but we shall be very much surprised if it shall advise the State to abdicate its rights in the cities, and to put the security of the people and property of the whole State in the city of New York at the mercy of the voting population of that city.

## EXTRAORDINARY LIBERALITY.

The American public has been aware of no little interest and stir, during the last year, among the people called Methodists, in commemoration of their origin, as a religious denomination, a hundred years ago. They proposed to signalize its centenary jubilee in a thoroughly American style, by thoroughly practical aims. Some of these aims seemed marked by our nationally-characteristic spirit of exaggeration. The Methodists had, doubtless, much to boast of, and much to hope for. They had become, numerically, the predominant religious communion of the nation, comprising in their different branches (all essentially identical in every thing but a few points of ecclesiastical polity) two millions of communicants, and about seven or eight millions of the population, in their congregations—that is to say, about one-fifth of the American people. Though beginning as a Church of the poorer classes, they had, by the habits of frugality and industry which Christianity inculcates, and by the facilities of American life, been rapidly growing wealthy, like their less successful contemporaries, the Quakers. Still, when their last "General Conference" proposed to them the sum of two millions of dollars, as their centenary contribution, besides all their usual annual religious expenditures, the public gave them credit for a very generous calculation, but hardly expected to see it realized. No little surprise is therefore expressed to find that the contribution actually amounts to about *seven millions*—the largest sum of money by far ever voluntarily given to religious purposes, in one year, by a single denomination. A late number of *The Methodist* devotes a whole page to tabular statements of these donations, and figures up $6,931,255 96. This, however, is but a partial exhibit; it comprises but partial reports from forty-five conferences, whereas there are sixty-six conferences. No less than twenty-one, or nearly a third, of these large sections of the Church are yet to be heard from; and these sixty-six bodies pertain to the single "Methodist Episcopal Church," which includes but about half of the Methodists of the country.

This remarkable example of liberality is, indeed, a national indication, and may well be considered a matter of national pride. Added to similar examples, connected with the late war, it reveals a public spirit and generosity altogether novel in the history of the world, and flatteringly characteristic of the country.

It shows not only the spirit of the American people, but the really boundless resources of the nation. Coming out of a terrible and wasteful war, and burdened with hardly equaled taxation, the common people, the bone and sinew of the Republic, are nevertheless equal to these great things—these magnificent and voluntary achievements. And they are not heedless or fanatical in them; they know what they are about, for they are a practical and calculating people. It may be doubted whether any Methodist citizen is sensibly poorer for what he has given on this memorable "centenary" occasion. The fact is that our resources are illimitable, and the American people may propose and accomplish things that would seem utterly hyperbolical to any other country. As Secretary Harlan (himself a Methodist) told his church, at one of its centenary meetings in this city, the wealth of the nation doubles every ten years. Was there ever an equal fact known among any other people? What can not such a people do, so far as money is concerned? When we think of all our present national wealth—our ships, manufactures, farms, railroads, etc., and remind ourselves that in ten years the aggregate valuation is to be duplicated, in twenty years quadrupled, the calculation becomes almost stunning, and we are half inclined to doubt our calculations, though they are based upon well-ascertained data and ratios. What is even the national debt to a people in such a condition? We get along tolerably well even now with its immense taxation, but in a decade our taxable resources will be doubled; in other words, the debt will be half reduced relatively to its credit basis. Our people may then well feel rich and liberal; and this unparalleled self-taxation of American Methodists, for their church purposes, need not be regretted by their fellow-citizens as a wasted or misdirected liberality, an extravagant use of a large amount of the wealth of the country. This remark will be the more readily accepted when the chief object of these prodigious contributions is considered. That object is education—a fact of exceeding significance, for it shows that the denomination is prudently looking to the future, and to the fortification of its remarkable forces by permanent means of security. It is a fact also which gives a sort of national, or at least patriotic, character to the contribution; for education, by whatever provisions, ecclesiastical or civil, is a public, a national good. Judging from the tables in *The Methodist*, it would seem that a great proportion of these millions of money is consecrated to educational institutions, actual or prospective. We have lately given illustrations of two of the "centenary" edifices of Methodism, the schools at Evanston, Illinois, and Madison, New Jersey, and they are both proofs that the Church is up to the times in architectural taste. Aside, then, from any sectarian considerations, its centenary munificence deserves general and grateful acknowledgment as an example of public beneficence.

With such energy, and especially with such a direction of its energy, Methodism seems destined to a future as important as its past. Its official organ (*The Christian Advocate*, of this city) reports that its progress in the centenary, and the present year has been surprisingly great. In these two years it has increased in church membership more than 215,500—equivalent to nearly one-fourth of the whole Church as reported in 1865, the year before the centenary. Meanwhile, and notwithstanding the financial efforts of the centenary, all its stated pecuniary contributions (except for Missions) have gone on with greatly augmented momentum. It has erected the present year no less than 932 churches and parsonages, equivalent to nearly three a day, if we except Sundays. Its increase of church property (in these two items) for the year amounts to nearly seven millions of dollars. It reports more than a million of children in its Sunday-schools, instructed by one hundred and seventy-five thousand teachers. It must be borne in mind that these great results pertain to but one branch of the denomination, and that this embodies but about half the Methodists of the nation.

## THE NOMINATION OF GENERAL GRANT.

The meeting at Cooper Institute to nominate General Grant for the Presidency is chiefly significant as showing the confidence reposed in him by the capital of New York. Capital finds something very consoling in his steadfast moderation, and is willing to make him President upon no platform but his character. That is but saying that Capital has no political opinions. It has no great national policy to maintain. It asks rest and the prosperity that follows tranquillity; and it very naturally and justly believes that tranquillity is more probable under Grant's Presidency than under that of any other man.

But Presidents are not elected by those who have no policy. The popular instinct has designated Grant as President not because he has no policy, but because he is believed to be sincerely in sympathy with the policy of the Republican party. He is a silent man; but by no word or act has he ever indicated the least approval of the spirit or the measures of the Democratic party; and by a wise instinct the Democratic leaders are very careful not to speak of him as their possible candidate. The positive men of the meeting at Cooper Institute were Republicans; the speeches were Republican, and so was the enthusiasm. It is very amusing to read in the *Times* of a day or two afterward that the speakers "were scarcely representatives of such a movement as this meeting proposed to inaugurate," and that "those who have the movement in hand will do well to be more careful in their future proceedings."

The mysterious "movement" mentioned in these extracts is what is called a "no-party" party. But it is not quite time yet for that consummation. In our political system an election for the Presidency is a contest of opposing political views. We contend for the crown as well as for the government under it; so that even were it possible that both parties should decline to nominate a President and suffer General Grant to be elected by common consent, the struggle would be merely shifted to the Vice-Presidency and the Congressional election. Then the President would be compelled to choose. He must favor the one policy or the other, or else fall into the unhappy plight of a President without a party. "Those who have the movement in hand" are the people of the United States who hold to the Congressional policy as opposed to that of the President; and Grant is an irresistible candidate, because he has shown by his acts and words that he feels with them.

He is, moreover, a man of the new epoch, and instinctively understands it. The great question of the election and of his administration is reconstruction; and a man who brings with him no traditional prejudices from old party conflicts brings an essential qualification for the settlement of that question. There are no old grudges to forget, no old hostilities to forgive. The men who are instrumental in producing revolutions seldom organize their results. Sam Adams was a hero of 1772, not of 1789. Those among us who were most active and efficient in the great anti-slavery debate before the war are not necessarily the best leaders now that the war has abolished slavery.

Besides this, there is a profound distrust of party machinery which inclines the nation to look hopefully upon a wholly independent candidate. Nothing has harmed Mr. Chase as a Presidential candidate more than the universal consciousness that, although Chief Justice of the United States, his heart was set upon the Presidency. This, also, repelled public sympathy from him in 1864 when he was Secretary of the Treasury, but was also supposed to be cognizant of the Pomeroy movement to make him Mr. Lincoln's successor. The same party machinery is understood to have been arranged for Mr. Chase's nomination some months since; and the people are tired of a candidate who is imposed upon them by politicians, although they know by sad experience that they can not always help themselves. Here, however, is a chance. There are many and many of the best men in the Republican party who are glad that at length the people can impose a candidate upon the managers, and compel his nomination both because of his popularity and of the general faith in him.

We say imposed upon the managers, because party action is necessary to General Grant's election. Should the Republican Convention nominate another candidate, the probability is that there would be so formidable a bolt that the party ascendency would be overthrown. The defection might not elect Grant, but it would defeat any other candidate. It is therefore to be hoped that the managers will be warned in time. They must have sense enough to see that in the present temper of the public mind it is their duty to follow an evident lead. They must not hope, by professing to abide by the nomination of the Convention, and then working to determine that nomination, that they can induce the public mind to distrust itself. It is not a contest which should be carried into the Convention. The mass of the party having unmistakably indicated their choice, it is idle to attempt formally to defeat it.

General Grant is not a coward. He has never sought to win by an ambush. He does not expect the country to make him President without knowing his sympathies and opinions. Does his career leave any doubt what they are? If it does, does any body suppose he will decline a Republican nomination upon the platform of the security of equal rights at the South, of the preservation of the public faith, in the payment of the debt, and of the most rigid economy in national administration?

## Mr. E. DELAFIELD SMITH.

Some two years since Mr. E. Delafield Smith was removed from the office of District Attorney, under charges which were very injurious to his character, but which are now shown to be wholly false. Mr. Hurlburd, the chairman of the committee which was responsible for the imputation, Attorney-Generals Bates and Speed, who are now fully informed of the facts, and the latter of whom advised his removal, are earnest in their regrets at the serious injury which has so causelessly been done to Mr. Smith, and the four members of the committee who signed the report of Mr. Hurlburd—two of each party—unite in the complete, although tardy, exoneration. The letters of these gentlemen remove every shade which rested upon the reputation of the late officer, and show what an enormous wrong may be unintentionally done to the most innocent person.

## THE CHRISTMAS "WEEKLY PRESS."

The Philadelphia *Press* is one of the best of the chief newspapers in the country, edited with peculiar sagacity and knowledge in both its political and literary departments. The senior editor is a man of the widest experience in public affairs, and during the war his journal was a patriotic power. The literary editor is thoroughly familiar with authors and books, and the personal literary reminiscences with which he often enriches the paper are always interesting and valuable. The *Weekly Press* of December 21 is to be a Christmas Number, to which Captain Mayne Reid contributes two of his stories, "Christmas on the Back of a Cachalot," and "A Christmas Mistake." The Number will contain in addition a sparkling holiday miscellany; and we advise all parents to remember how popular Captain Reid is with the young folks, and we especially recommend the young folks not to let papa forget to remember.

## A NEW CHROMO.

With the approach of the holidays every art that produces pleasant little gifts is quickened into activity as we are reminded by the very pretty chromolithograph "At Mischief," made by D. C. Fabronius and published by N. Stafford. It represents a pert kitten who has tipped over a work-basket and is rapidly unwinding a spool of white thread. It is brilliantly done, and there is no brighter little ornament for the nursery, and none surer to be popular.

## LITERARY.

The Harpers continue to issue their cheap and convenient edition of the best current English novels, besides those which they serially issue. "Circe," and "Birds of Prey," by Miss Braddon—if, indeed, Babington White be she—which seems to be generally understood; "The Curate's Discipline," by Mrs. Eilvart, which is highly praised; "Alec Forbes of Howglen," by George Macdonald, always humorous, quiet, and simple; "Mr. Wynyard's Ward," by Holme Lee, always, like Douglas, "tender and true; "The Brothers' Bet," by Emilie Carlen, the Swedish novelist; "The Tenants of Malory," by Le Fanu, are some of the latest published. They are but a part of the constantly-increasing list of really entertaining stories which are now being told by the score, and the best of which are immediately reproduced by the Harpers.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The details of organization in the Senate were completed on December 4, and the President's Message was read. We gave a synopsis of this document last week, and also the substance, as embodied in the President's Message, of the various reports of the heads of Departments.

On December 3 Mr. Schenck, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill providing for the abolition of the tax of 2½ cents per pound on all cotton grown in the United States after 1867. An effort was made to make the bill apply to cotton raised in 1867, and to secure the immediate repeal of the tax; but it was represented that four-fifths of the crop of 1867 is already sold, and that speculators and not producers would realize the advantage of such a repeal of the tax. The bill of Mr. Schenck passed the House on December 4 by a vote of 145 yeas to 20 nays.

The effort to get the Senate to officially declare that the debt of the country shall be paid in specie was resumed in the Senate on December 4, and Mr. Edmunts, the originator of the bill (which is merely intended as an official expression against repudiation in any form), made a lengthy argument in favor of making such declaration for the financial and commercial quiet of the nation. Action on it was, however, delayed until December 6, when it was referred to the Committee on Finance, along with a similar resolution offered by Mr. Hendricks of Indiana.

The impeachment debate began in the House on December 5, and was continued by Messrs. Boutwell and Wilson through that and the session of December 6, when Mr. Wilson, favoring the Minority Report of the Impeachment Committee, moved to lay the subject on the table. Considerable excitement ensued, in which a motion to adjourn was lost by a very decided vote. Subsequently two hours were consumed in efforts to prevent a vote on Mr. Wilson's movement, and the House finally adjourned. On December 7 the question again came up; Mr. Wilson withdrew his motion to lay the subject on the table, and the vote was taken on the main question as expressed in the resolution, "That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors." The vote resulted as follows: for impeachment, 58; against impeachment, 108.

In the Senate, on December 9, a series of resolutions on a proposed treaty with Canada was offered, and ordered to be printed. The object of the treaty is twofold, viz.: the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty and the accession by the United States of the British territory lying between Oregon and Alaska, and between the ninetieth degree of longitude and the Pacific Ocean. Six millions is the sum proposed in payment.

The Civil Rights Bill for the District of Washington passed the House, on December 9, and now goes to the President.

### NEWS ITEMS.

The mayoralty election in New York city on December 3 resulted in the selection of John T. Hoffman, Democrat, by a majority of 44,466 over the Republican nominee, and 40,099 over Fernando Wood, Democrat. The vote of the city was as follows: Hoffman, 62,931; Wood, 22,832; Darling, 18,465: total, 104.228.

Judge Underwood was elected President of the Virginia Convention, which organized on December 4

The United States steamers *De Soto* and *Monongahela* were driven ashore at Santa Cruz and St. Croix, West Indies, during one of the late hurricanes, and lost. The crews of both vessels escaped with life.

The Alabama Convention passed an ordnance on December 5, providing for the submission of the new Constitution to the people on February 4, 1868, when Congressmen and State officers are to be elected.

The ship *Lord Brougham* arrived at New York on December 6, with twenty cases of Asiatic cholera on board. Seventy-five passengers died on the trip from Hamburg.

The December statement of the public debt ($2,639,-382,572) shows that $48,425,487 of the indebtedness of the government have been canceled during the year 1867.

In the Alabama Reconstruction Convention on November 30 an ordinance was passed organizing a militia force of one company to every thousand voters, to be officered only by persons of known loyalty. The war debt of the State was declared null and void.

A Zoological Garden is planned for Central Park, to embrace, when completed, the largest zoological collection in the world. The array of animals at present on exhibition, which form the nucleus of the grand project, is either confined to the arsenal or scattered through the grounds. The plot selected for the gardens is situated on Eighth Avenue, and is bounded by Ninth Avenue, Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first streets. Animals from every quarter of the globe will be domiciled in the building. The temperature of the air will be graduated to the natural climate whence they come, whether from the frigid or the torrid zones, and native keepers, acquainted with their disposition and wants, will be selected for them.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The *Alabama* claims came up again in the English Parliament on December 4, and Lord Stanley has submitted a second installment of the correspondence on the subject. In one of his communications to the English chargé d'affaires at Washington he says that England will never submit to foreign arbitration claims involving her right to recognize belligerents, but is willing to refer all indemnity claims to a mixed Commission of Englishmen and Americans. The publication of this correspondence and President Johnson's Message created considerable feeling and affected the English markets unfavorably.

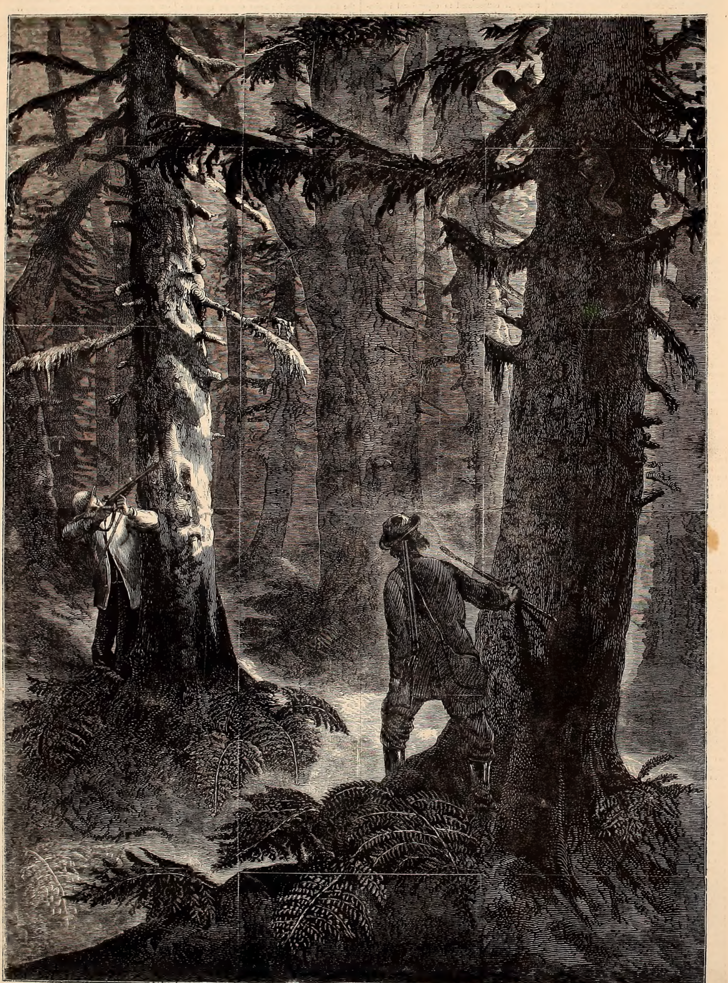
The Roman Conference is to assemble, if it ever meets, at Paris and not at Munich. Prussia and Austria are the only Powers that have positively agreed to be present. The Powers most interested in it—Italy and Rome—have not as yet consented to be present. Russia and England refuse to attend unless the purpose of the Convention is clearly defined.

Victor Emanuel has granted an amnesty to Garibaldi's adherents.

The Mexican Congress assembled at the Capital on November 20, and organized by the choice of Rafael Dondè as President. Ortega, who claims to be the rightful President of the republic, is a Congressman elect, though he is still a prisoner.

## SQUIRREL HUNTING.

Nearly one-third of all the squirrels in the world build their nests in the hollows of American trees, and consequently the most of the sport of squirrel hunting is to be found in this country. There are several species known to this country. The largest of the North American species is the fox-squirrel of the Southern States. It is about 2¼ feet long, the tail alone measuring 15 inches. The color varies from a gray above and white below through various shades of rusty to uniform shining black. The gray variety is found in all parts of the Union. It prefers elevated and open pine ridges where there are occasional oak, hickory, and nut trees; the nest for the winter and breeding seasons is made in a hollow tree, and in summer in the forks between the branches. The young are born in March and April, being fed by the parents for 4 or 5 weeks. The food consists of acorns, nuts, fruit of the pine cones, green corn in the summer, buds and roots in spring, and whatever it can get in the winter, as it does not appear to lay up any winter stores, or to resort to any hoards previously buried in the ground. When alarmed it makes for a hollow tree; it is a swift runner, defends itself boldly, and is very tenacious of life; it is generally seen toward the middle of the day; it is easily domesticated, but is less active in the cage than the smaller species. They are very fond of nuts, and of green corn and young wheat, on which last account wars of extermination are often waged against them, whole villages turning out on an appointed day to hunt them, killing great numbers. At irregular periods they sometimes collect in large troops in the Northwest, migrating eastward, crossing rivers and mountains, and committing great destruction in the fields in their course. Our illustration on this page gives a clear idea of the manner in which they are usually hunted by sportsmen and dogs in this country; and forms an interesting addition to our series of sporting pictures.



SQUIRREL HUNTING.

PRAIRIE-CHICKEN SHOOTING IN KANSAS.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See First Page.]

## MAKING UP FOR IT.

My family never intended that I should follow the stage as a profession. They considered themselves above it, though for what reason I could not clearly understand, seeing that the position and comforts they enjoyed were derived from a fortune amassed by my father, who was himself an actor. He died when I was very young, but the talent which he possessed was supposed to have descended to me.

There is no doubt nature intended me for a "mummer." The thousand impudent mocking antics of boyhood increased as I grew to man's estate. I used to "take off," as it is called, every body and every thing to perfection, from the popular tragedian of the day to Punch and Judy; not a novelty, from a street-cry to a new tenor, escaped me; and it was the generally-expressed opinion among my acquaintances that I was only fit for the stage, and should do no good at any thing else.

Yet my elder brothers and sisters—great people in their own circle—would not hear of it; so I was eventually installed as a junior clerk in a Government office. Here, however, my propensities soon brought me to grief. Sundry overheard derisive imitations of my chiefs, mingled with impromptu war-dances with ruler-and-desk accompaniments, performed during office-hours, to the immense delight of my fellow-clerks of my own age, chiefly brought about this result. Reprimand followed reprimand, until finally it was politely intimated that my resignation would be acceptable. This was duly sent in, amidst a great storm in my family.

Now, from what I may call the first of my latch-key days, I had contracted many theatrical friendships to which my well-known name was a certain passport. I was free of nearly all the theatres, before and behind the scènes, and many a time, for the fun of the thing, assisted in a piece requiring a multitude for a row, or other demonstration.

Private theatricals, of course, were my hobby; and, in the association for the encouragement of this amusement to which I belonged, I was a leading star.

Thus, when my retirement from office begot so much indignation at home, I retaliated by indulging in my long pent-up wish to join the brotherhood of the "sock and buskin." There was no difficulty about my doing so. The knowledge of my determination, once circulated in the profession, several engagements readily offered themselves, and two in the metropolis, when I should have served a fair apprenticeship in the country.

At it, then, I went, *con amore*, and very hard work did I find it. Still the love was there, and I hope the ability. I played a round of the most ridiculously opposite characters, from very old men down to very young ones; from grim warriors to the tenderest of lovers; from weird witches to a dragon in an extravaganza; in short, I served my time, and in due course achieved a sufficiently prominent rank in my profession.

It must be admitted that a theatrical company in the country does not offer to a man of any refinement a very large field for the acquisition of desirable friendships; yet I had formed one in the person of a young fellow of really good family, who had taken to the stage, under not dissimilar circumstances to mine. In fact, we were rather alike in stature and person generally, so much so that the manager of the Swellboro' circuit took advantage of this resemblance and played the *Comedy of Errors* for many nights with great success, the parts of the two Dromios of course being cast to me and Richard Hallerton.

A mutual understanding had existed between us from the first time we met, and for several years we laid our plans so as to be engaged as much as possible at the same theatre, during which time we grew more and more appreciative of each other, and a really very warm and hearty friendship was the result.

He, poor fellow, never made much way in the art. His health failed him frequently; more than this, he married and had a family, and having broken entirely with his own people through his adoption of the stage as a profession, it was as much as he could manage to keep things going. I was not quite so badly off for private resources; moreover, I earned a larger salary, which enabled me not unfrequently to be of service to him. At the close of a particularly arduous season I returned to the familiar locality of Swellboro'. This time, however, as a visitor to that fashionable watering-place to recruit my health, give my razors a holiday, and study one or two new and important parts. My friend Richard Hallerton was there as usual, slaving away in the old groove, and had sunk, I am sorry to say, into a third-rate actor.

His family had increased, as was to be expected, and with it his normal state of impecuniosity. This became more than usually apparent after our first meeting was over, and we had entered somewhat into domestic affairs. It appeared that he had been laid up for three months shortly before this time, consequently his salary had been stopped; and he had fallen fearfully into arrears with his landlord. Credit to a certain extent he had no difficulty in obtaining, as he was especially a favorite among all who knew him, for his good-nature and kind-heartedness, and seemed to be as permanently a part of the theatre as its chandelier or act-drop. There was no chance of poor Dick Hallerton running away, and no one feared that their pockets would eventually suffer. He had a hopeful, I may even say a graceful, manner of getting over the importunities of creditors when they became pressing. Indeed, truth to tell, he was one of those curious anomalies which are only to be met with in connection with the stage. Thoroughly gentlemanlike, somewhat good-looking, with a pleasant voice and manner, he gave you the idea in private life of being a man who would of necessity look well on the stage—a "jeune premier" born and bred. But, alas and alas! once with the foot-lights between himself and an audience, the whole bearing of the man seemed to change. It was not that he lacked confidence—stage fright had long since disappeared—yet somehow or other his voice did not tell; he lost the entire grace of his bearing, and, despite great skill in his make-up, his face had no expression; and certainly altogether to my thinking, even fond of him as I was, he was one of the worst actors I ever saw.

This fact struck me more forcibly than it had ever done before on going in front the first night after my arrival in Swellboro.' We had spent the afternoon together in the full enjoyment of each other's society. I went with him to his dressing-room door, and then took my seat to see part of the performance.

They were doing a new piece in which I had gained some reputation in town, and tempting offers had been made by the manager for me to "star" in the part at Swellboro' for a week or two. This, however, was not my policy; and I had resisted all his overtures. Dick consequently had retained his *rôle*; and I was a little curious to see what he would do with it. As it was a favorite part of mine, my adverse criticism of his performance may possibly be attributed to the proverbial jealousy of the profession; I don't think it was. However, be this as it may, my honest opinion is that, at the aforesaid dressing-room door, I left an accomplished and refined gentleman. When the curtain rose upon the comedy, I saw before me, in one word, a mere puppet, possessing not two ideas about the part he was playing. The only thing he did not fail in was his accurate get-up, so wonderfully like mine that had those been the days of photography it would have been scarcely possible to distinguish one from the other, had we both been taken in the same position.

It was on walking home that night that poor Hallerton disclosed to me the real state of his finances, and touched me to the quick by the unobtrusive and earnestly-pathetic appeal he made to me for help. "Ah, my poor friend!" thought I, "if you could only speak in that way upon the stage you would very soon be able to do without my assistance, or that of any one else." The result of our conference was that I promised him what he required; but, as I knew I should be occupied the whole of the following day, I arranged to bring him the money (£30) to the theatre the next evening.

He resided in a lonely, out-of-the way suburb—gaps of open country, interspersed with patches of brick-fields, heralding the erection of more tenements, intervened between it and the town, which was now gradually outgrowing itself. We shook hands at the top of a road, still almost rural, and which led across the fields to the three or four houses, in one of which he lived. We parted with a hearty good-night; he in better spirits, as he said, than he had been for months; but for myself—well I was not particularly elated; I felt that this kind of life could not last for him, poor fellow! And a foreboding of evil crept over me, mingled with a curious speculative regret at the mysterious cause which seemed to operate so pertinaciously against his success as an actor.

"I'll tell you what it is, Jack. I must have that money; there's no mistake about it. You've been a promising, and a promising, until I'm pretty nigh sick of the word. It seems as if you'd remembered what they used to tell ye at school, though I 'specs you hadn't much o' your larning from there—that some promises are made like pie-crust, only to be broken."

"Don't I say you shall have it next week? and I can't do more. You can't get blood out of a stone. Next week the Lancashire Spring Handicap comes off. I've had a first-rate tip; I've got my money on; and I am safe to pull off a pretty round sum—when I'll pay all your —— calls at once."

"Yes, you've got your money on; my money you mean; and half a dozen other people's money. What business has a chap like you to go betting? you know nothing at all about horses—how should you? And you gets taken in, and taken in, and loses enough a'most every year to keep a large family. You think you are very knowing about your 'tips,' and stables, and good things; but if it warn't for what you earns in the the-a-ter, through having your head on the right way for that sort of work, you'd have been lagged long ago. When I lent you the tin you promised you'd never go into another o' them betting-houses for a year; and three weeks afterward, didn't I see you a-coming out o' Lington's with a mug on you more like an undertaker's than a—"

"Now, you'd best shut up. I don't want no more o' your —— sermons here. When I want to hear that kind o' game, I can go round the corner. You mind your own—"

This edifying conversation, to which I had been an involuntary listener, was here brought to a conclusion by the shrill sound of the prompter's whistle, and the noise and bustle ensuing upon a change of scene.

I had arrived at the theatre, according to my arrangement with Hallerton, during the progress of the performance. He happened then to be on the stage, and I strolled down to the O. P. wing. It was while waiting there, as it chanced all alone, that I heard what passed on the other side of the flat against which I was leaning. I paid no attention to this dialogue at the time, and it was only subsequent occurrences which invested it with any thing like interest for me.

When Hallerton came off at the conclusion of the scene, as he did by the entrance where I was standing, we walked away together up to the back of the stage. Nearly every body was now engaged close down to the front—that is, in technical language, before the first grooves—and we were left by ourselves.

"Here are the notes, dear old boy!" said I, handing him the crisp little packet. "Don't say a word about thanks; I am only too glad that it has pleased the Fates to make me able to help you. I hope it will put you straight for a time; at any rate, don't bother yourself by thinking how or when you are going to pay me: if the time ever comes when you are able to do so (and for your sake I hope that it is not far off), all well and good; but, for the present, pray take it without any thing like a thought for the future."

Hallerton was touched evidently by what I said, murmuring many earnest thanks as he squeezed my hand in reply. We were soon interrupted by the call-boy's well-known words, "You are called, Mr. Hallerton," upon which he walked hastily down to the entrance, there to await his cue. As I turned slowly to follow him, one of the carpenters, shirt-sleeved and white-capped, emerged from a door in the set scene, close to which Dick and myself had held our short interview.

This trivial circumstance did not impress me at the moment, and I only set it down here as a slight thread thrown out to be taken up at the proper time, as bearing rather importantly upon the fabric of my story. When the performance was over for that night, the lights nearly all put out, the auditorium covered with the long dangling canvas, the stage cleared of its scenery, and only now occupied by the night fireman, who was lazily dragging the snake-like water-pipes across the boards, I idly lingered to take my friend's arm as far as his road and mine lay together.

He had been engaged in the last scene of the last piece, and almost every one had left the theatre by the time we emerged from the stage-door into the dark, drizzling night. A carpenter, putting on his coat and hat, with his back toward us, was the only person in the hall as we passed out. The weather was uncomfortable in the extreme—one of those soft, greasy nights when you made, as the saying goes, two steps backward for every one forward.

Indeed it was so bad that Hallerton would not allow me to walk to the corner of the road where we had parted the previous evening, saying, "It will be awfully muddy out of the town, and so dark that you will hardly find your way back."

I did not press my company on him, for the prospect was not inviting; it was very late, the people at my hotel seemed to be all in bed; so my proffered glass of grog was rejected by Hallerton, and we parted at the door-steps of the inn. Poor fellow! I little thought, as I saw him disappear into the darkness, that we should meet no more!

An earnest conversation in the coffee-room the following morning between a waiter and one of the guests of the hotel, a few words of which I caught, arrested my attention, and when the man began to serve my breakfast I said, "What was that I heard you talking about to that gentleman? What was it you said had been found in a brick-field?"

"Oh, haven't you heard, Sir? terrible thing! only just discovered! Body found this morning out in the brick-fields, near the road leading to them new houses—mean little place, you know. A good many gents from the theatre lodges out there. Beg your pardon, Sir, not gents o' your standing—I don't mean that. They tell me this was one of them; he that used to play the first young men—Hallerton, I think they called him—"

"Hallerton!" exclaimed I, springing from my seat. "What do you mean, man? what do you say? Mr. Hallerton found in the brick-fields?"

"Yes, Sir; murdered—dead."

"Great powers!" I went on, hardly able to understand his words. "Speak out, explain yourself. Why, he was my dearest friend! I only parted from him at this door late last night."

"Yes, Sir; that's what they say. He was alone as he crossed the brick-fields, leastways, not quite alone neither; he'd got one companion, at any rate, one too many for him, poor fellow," continued the waiter, and how much more to the same purpose I know not—he had said enough to take all thoughts of breakfast away from me.

I interrupted him, as may be imagined, by an earnest demand for his authority for the name of the unfortunate man, at the same time begging for all details, which were only too readily supplied, in such a circumstantial manner as left little doubt of their truth. Yes, poor Richard Hallerton had been found, as the waiter said, brutally murdered; his body and the ground near him bearing strong evidences of a struggle.

The chief cause of death appeared to have been a heavy blow dealt by some weighty instrument at the side of his head; but there were marks also of strangulation, his neck-cloth being twisted, as if it had been used as a noose. A bunch of keys and a few coppers were all that was found upon him, but his pockets had been evidently rifled, for they were nearly every one of them turned inside out. Robbery obviously had been the object of the assassin; but it was urged by those who knew Richard and his circumstances that the villain could have obtained but a poor reward for his desperate deed. I, of course, alone knew of the two ten and the two five pound notes that I had given my friend only a few hours before. The commotion, horror, and excitement which prevailed in the town can be easily imagined, as may also my feelings.

Every thing possible under the circumstances was done. The police were set on the alert, and by the evening they had gained something like a clew to the discovery of the murderer, but it consisted merely in the absence from his post of the master-carpenter of the theatre.

It turned out that this man had only recently been taken on to the establishment. He had the reputation of being a very clever stage machinist and contriver of trap effects, but he did not bear the best of characters; indeed it was well known that he had lost several good berths through his dangerous carelessness, having been the cause by it of many a sad accident in pantomime time. Moreover, he was a drunkard, given to gambling and betting, and frequently had "stood in," as the slang goes, in divers petty and discreditable card-playing transactions.

Within the last month the discovery of something of this kind obliged him suddenly to leave a large northern metropolis.

His known ability in his calling, however, was sufficient to gain for him an engagement at Swellboro', the liberal management there being ever ready, as the bills frequently stated, to procure the best available talent, "regardless of expense." It now appeared that this man had never been seen or heard of at his lodgings since he left the theatre on the night of Hallerton's murder, and the stage-door-keeper stated that he was the last person to leave the place. A description of him, and an offer of a large reward for his apprehension, was sent all over the kingdom. The efficiency of the detective service in those days had not reached its present pitch of excellence, and many months elapsed before the fellow was taken, which fact was not made known to me until a considerable time after.

As may be imagined, I had long ere that returned to the metropolis, and the affair, even in Swellboro', had passed off as a nine-days' wonder.

The man was arraigned, however, upon the charge of murder, but the evidence for the prosecution utterly broke down. Indeed, there was *none* save the suspicious circumstance of his mysterious disappearance at the time of the tragedy. This he accounted for easily by an assertion that he got drunk; and in one of his habitual fits of recklessness went straight off to some race-meeting in the midland counties, whither, he asserted, he walked. He utterly denied the charge; and the long time which had elapsed before he was apprehended rendered the authorities lukewarm in endeavoring to obtain any minor details that might have been used against him. Slight suspicion was all he had to contend with; and country justices did not even deem it a case for a jury; so the fellow was once more let loose upon the world.

Thus all hope of clearing up the mystery ended. I had told every thing I knew at the inquest; and when the circumstances under which I and my poor friend had parted are remembered, it will be evident that the murder could not have been laid to any one's charge without further proof, the obtaining of which seemed impossible. I threw a certain light upon the motive for the deed, but as I could not give the numbers of the notes, that went for nothing.

It is true, I then remembered the conversation which I heard between two men respecting the payment of a debt, one of whom was doubtless the fellow in question. This, however, I could not swear to, for I had never seen him. Strong, also, as was the likelihood of this same man being the rascal who had emerged from the scene-door just after I had given Hallerton the money, and who probably *saw* me do so, it proved nothing, for I could not identify that man with the one who had been pressed for payment in the conversation referred to. Again, had it been possible for me to do all this, it would have been no evidence.

So, as I have said, the sad event died out of men's minds, and passed away into one of those many undiscovered murders, only half, perhaps, of which number are ever heard of at all—ever heard of, at least, as murders.

Not so, however, was it to my mind—not to me was it the mere removal of a poor country player from this world's stage. The mimic drama had not lost much, but I had lost an affectionate and true-hearted friend; and it was not likely I should return from my trip to Swellboro' the same man I had been. Any thing like forgetfulness of his loss, and the sad manner of it, were out of the question.

Mingled with the sorrow that hung over me from this period of my life was a strong desire to bring the murderer to justice. There seemed to be no way by which I could accomplish this; yet, despite my misgivings, an inward conviction often intruded itself upon me that I should some day or other prove the instrument of retribution. The money I had given Hallerton was doubtless the cause indirectly of his death; and I never abandoned the hope that, as through an act of mine he had lost his life, so also by me would his death be avenged.

A sound, an odor in the air, a word, a relic of a dress, who has not felt the influence of any or one of such trifles, in recalling a whole train of thought and circumstance long since passed and gone? All is brought back vividly before us, and we feel as if we were again going through the time and condition; knowing, nevertheless, that it has happened before, yet feeling that it must rather have been in another world, or in our dreams, that we were chief movers in the scene.

I first realized this mysterious kind of feeling some nine months after the events just recorded had happened, and while I was fulfilling an engagement at a large northern town.

In making my arrangements with the manager, it was decided that I should go through a round of my principal parts, one of which was the identical *rôle* which poor Hallerton had been playing at Swellboro' at the time I recorded a criticism on his acting. I had not appeared in it since, but when the name of the piece was mentioned, the sensations hinted at above crept over me in all their subtle influence.

I would willingly have escaped from playing it

altogether, and even made a feeble effort to get out of it; but the manager calculated on its being one of his trump cards, and refused to listen to any proposal for its withdrawal.

Moreover, it was settled that I was to open my engagement with it. The piece had been frequently done at the Ferrarspool Theatre, and as my presence in my original part was the only novelty, no full rehearsal was considered necessary—an hour or two's coaching of those concerned in my principal scenes being all that was requisite. Indeed, there was no time for more, as I was prevented by various arrangements from reaching Ferrarspool until within a few hours of the rising of the curtain.

I went straight to my dressing-room at the theatre, and long before there was any occasion for it I made my dresser prepare every thing for me. Somehow, I was unusually nervous; I had never played before this audience; and though conscious of being quite safe as to my success, I experienced a certain disquiet which was inexplicable.

The public are apt to imagine that a successful veteran of the stage can know nothing of such discomfort; but they are quite wrong. I think I am safe in saying that, among all our best actors, there is no commoner sensation than nervousness, especially on the occasion of "first appearances," or in new parts.

Still, my present state was hardly warranted by the surrounding circumstances. The piece in question was a modern comedy, the dress that of twenty years ago. Tight gaiter-fitting trowsers with straps, showing only the tip and heel of a varnished Wellington-boot, frock-coat with close-made sleeves buttoned at the wrist, where the shirt-cuff overlapped them; while a high black-satin stock, with a gorgeous display of it adorned by pins and chains to match, backed up an open-fronted white waistcoat, with a thin ridge of a crimson under one just peeping out between the satin and the jean. A small sharp-pointed upright shirt-collar, a clean-shaven chin and upper lip, with the mutton-chop whisker then in vogue, a rather long head of hair, parted very much on one side, and highly suggestive of the barber's block, formed an appropriate apex to this relic of the dark ages of morning costume.

Such was the dress which I noticed at the time Hallerton had so rigidly copied from mine, and which made our personal resemblance more absurd perhaps than it had ever been before.

Miles, my loquacious dresser, as he one by one produced these different articles of attire, was good enough to say, "I am glad to see these things in use again, Sir; it is a long time since you played Captain Theodore—more than a year, I think. Did not somebody tell me they were doing this piece at Swellboro' when Mr. Hallerton was murdered? I heard that this was the last part he played, poor gentleman!—not that he ever *could* play it, though he would *look* it well enough, because he would look exactly like you. I never saw him in it, I am happy to say, but I know just what he would do. I know to a *t* how he'd have spoken those lines beginning 'Lady Isabel, I swear to you, since we parted in the crush-room that night—'" And then Miles favored me, as was his wont, with a long quotation from my part.

Whether this habit of his had arisen from a latent idea, which he was known to possess, that if he had chosen he could have startled the town by his histrionic powers, or whether it was done as an act of kindness to brush up my memory, I never clearly knew; but certain it was that he never dressed me without quoting some important speech from my *rôle*, whatever it was.

This habit often tickled me, but on the present occasion I was scarcely in the mood to be amused by it; for as the familiar words struck on my ear, the whole fatal miserable time at Swellboro' came back forcibly, tangibly almost, to my mind.

I had done little more than glance at my cues, feeling pretty safe as to the words, and being glad to avoid their repetition as much as possible. So I stopped Miles rather abruptly; yet as I did so a certain fascination took possession of me, and I irresistibly thought what a close imitation I could give of Richard in this part if I chose. His voice, his stilted manner, his immobile face, all were at my command.

As I contemplated my make-up, and involuntarily assumed his expression, the likeness in the looking-glass was so startling that I was tempted, to Miles's infinite delight, to give a little imitation of my friend.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Miles; "perfectly wonderful; it is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw! Do, pray do a bit more of it, Sir; try his exit at the end of the fourth act." And I was compelled, it seemed to me by some inward motive power, to do as he requested. "Bless my heart, Sir," he went on, "why don't you give an entertainment like old Mathews did? You would make three times the money if you had it all to yourself. Of all the many imitations I ever saw, this is the finest."

Even the deep sense of regret I felt for my friend's fate was overruled by my inborn turn for mimicry, and except for the difficulty I have always had in curbing this power, such a proceeding would have appeared heartless in the extreme. But, indeed, I must say I was myself conscious that the imitation was marvelously close; and I continued now, perhaps out of gratification to a sort of vanity, walking up and down the room, repeating the part on and on, until my own voice sounded to myself like Hallerton's, and in my mind's eye I actually saw him, as I had done the night I went into the front at Swellboro'.

A knock at the door, and the words "Overture's on, Sir," restored me but partially to myself, and do what I would, I could not throw off an irresistible notion which seemed to be gaining upon me, that with a very little tempting I should play the part right through with an imitation of Hallerton.

"Confound it!" I thought, "this will never do;" but the absurdity possessed me, and I walked down stairs to the prompter's call exactly as Hallerton would have done.

Just as I was entering the green-room a carpenter, with a somewhat unsteady gait, was backing out from a recess or scene-dock with a heavy piece of scenery, and at the very moment I was turning into the doorway ran right up against me. I, in not very measured language, cursed him for a blockhead. He turned, with a half-sort of apology on his lips. As he did so the most curious sensation I had ever experienced ran through my brain.

In an instant, strongly impressed as I then was with the recollection of poor Hallerton, I remembered the man's face—the master-carpenter at Swellboro'!—clear, defined, unmistakable, not a doubt of it; yes, the fellow was before me, looking exactly as when he emerged from the scene-door directly after I gave the packet of notes to Richard.

Like a flash of electricity it all passed through my mind; with it, and as rapidly, came an unswerving conviction that I stood face to face with Hallerton's murderer!

More rapidly than it is possible to describe, and in the hundredth part of the time it takes me to tell it, I settled what to do; for not less impressed by me did this man seem than I by him. He grew deadly pale; his eyes, already swollen and bloodshot, now almost started out of his head, as, throwing his hands up into the air, he cried, "My God! a ghost!"

With a tight grasp I seized him by the throat, and brought him on his knees. "You ruffian!" I exclaimed, closely continuing my Hallerton imitation, "you thought you had done for me, did you? but you see I am alive, and strong enough to transport you for life. Be thankful that I did not die, and instantly confess your guilt. I am no ghost, as you shall find. And when you took the money from my pockets in the brick-fields by Swellboro' Common you might well have thought from the blow you dealt me that it was not likely I should trouble you again; but here I am, and you shall pay dearly for your cold-blooded atrocity!"

As I delivered these words in a pompous, theatrical tone, precisely similar to that which I had often heard my old friend use upon the stage when bringing an offender to justice, I pulled the fellow into the green-room, where great commotion was reigning.

"Look at this scoundrel, ladies and gentlemen," I went on. "You all remember how one night last year, at Swellboro', I, Richard Hallerton, was foully robbed and nearly murdered on my way home from the theatre; how for months I lay at death's-door, most people supposing I was dead; how, after much care and surgical skill, I recovered, to be here once more among you; and how I swore sooner or later to bring my assassin to justice. Fate this night has helped me, and this villain here shall soon have a pair of handcuffs on him, for it was he to whom I owe all my suffering. Hear him now, ladies and gentlemen, with my hand at his throat, confess that he is the culprit. Admit it, you thief!" said I, shaking the breath nearly out of his body; "as you hope for mercy hereafter, admit it!"

The poor, trembling wretch was from the first moment paralyzed by fear. Also, I could tell, he was slightly the worse for drink; and now, as I forced him to the all-important point, it was with difficulty he could articulate a syllable. Nevertheless he managed to stammer forth, loud enough for all in the room to hear, "Yes, it's true; it's all true; but I didn't go to murder ye; I never meant that; only ye fought so gallus hard, I thought I wouldn't get off clear; but I never meant to murder ye, so help me!"

He was a pitiable sight, and even now scarcely seemed to believe, though my grip was pretty hard on him, that I was not an apparition rather than flesh and blood.

A maudlin condition brought on by drink doubtless favored this opinion, and conduced not a little to the facility with which I extracted his confession. Excited and earnest of purpose as I then was, serious as the issue at stake had also become, I was not unmindful of the mingling with it all of a certain comicality. As I continued my imitative tone in a raised voice, many of the people then in the green-room who had known and acted with Hallerton, possibly in this same piece, seemed as equally skeptical with regard to my substantiality as the malefactor then in my power. At a glance I saw some of the ladies shrink back from me, while one or two of the men looked dazed and confounded.

Prolonging the illusion, therefore, yet a little, a policeman was sent for, and I then and there gave the carpenter in charge for robbery and attempt to murder. He was consequently taken off by the constable, with his conviction of a resurrection undisturbed.

I had but a short time then for a full explanation of this sensation drama of real life, in which I had been "playing in earnest" behind the scenes. The overture had been twice played, and the audience were beginning to manifest considerable impatience. Little conscious were they how much more exciting and serious a performance had just been enacted in the rear of that green curtain than they would witness upon its rising for their edification.

The result can be pretty well anticipated. I obtained a private interview with the magistrate the following morning, explained all that had taken place, then entered the court in my proper person, together with many brother comedians, to charge the prisoner, upon his own confession, with the murder of Richard Hallerton.

Meanwhile, despite the caution given him at the police-station, the fellow had written a full account of his crime. A remand gave the Swellboro' police an opportunity of identifying the prisoner as the man they had previously had in custody.

A jury, of course, eventually pronounced him guilty; but recommended him to mercy on the plea of his confession, the way in which it had been brought about, and his solemn assertion that he never intended to commit murder.

Sentence of death was consequently commuted to transportation for life; and thus was my conviction fulfilled that upon me would devolve the onus of clearing up this mystery. It was but a poor satisfaction after all; yet it was the only glimpse I ever had of the "silver lining" to the cloud that has hovered over me ever since the time in which my luckless friend met with his sad fate.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ADVICE TO ROMEOS.—If a woman doesn't love you, make her hate you. Hate is an unnatural extreme to her, and the rebound to affection is easy and eventually certain.

"Can you do all sorts of casting here?" said a solemn-looking chap at the iron-works the other day.

"Yes," said Frank, preparing to take his order, "all sorts."

"Well, then," returned the solemn inquirer, "I would like to have you cast a shadow."

He was immediately cast out.

A girl who was making a dress put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

On Cupid's bank Love drew a draft
  In favor of myself,
And payable in kisses quaffed
  From some fair maiden elf.

I clutched the check with eager grip
  Before the ink had dried,
And let not many moments slip
  Ere to the bank I hied.

With trembling heart, yet firm resolve,
  I felt a sheepish fellow,
When I demanded payment of
  Mary, the paying teller.

She gazed upon the scrip askance,
  In coquetry well trained,
Conceiving, at a single glance,
  The import it contained.

Then backward threw her curly head,
  As if she had intended
To pay me off, but simply said,
  "This bank has just suspended!"

An Irishman decapitated a turtle and afterward was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed: "Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?" "So he is, ma'am, but the crather's not sensible of it."

THE HARVEST OF THE SEA.—When did the ancient Greeks find it profitable to plow the ocean?—In the days of Ce-crops.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.—The Brain.

THE "POOR IN SPIRIT"—Bankrupt Publicans.

A lady visiting New York city found a ragged, cold, and hungry child gazing wistfully at some cakes in a shop window. She took the little forlorn one by the hand, led her into the shop, bought her cake, and then took her elsewhere, supplying more needed wants. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent woman full in the face, and with artless simplicity inquired, "Are you God's wife?"

A man who has tried it says that all the short cuts to wealth are overcrowded.

"Good-morning, Uncle Jim."

"Good-morning."

"Well, you got your daughter married off, have you?"

"Yes."

"Really, Providence smiles upon you."

"Smiles! no, bless you, she snickered right out!"

### THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
  Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
  Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
  Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dress enough to be tasteful,
  Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
  Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember
  Your heart through their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
  Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
  Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
  Just mischief enough for to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
  That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain for to put down presumption,
  Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Cool contempt enough shown to assumption,
  Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
  Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material
  Poets and painters are made.

Generous enough, and kind-hearted,
  Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
  For such is the maiden I love.

Gross people are to be severely avoided, but we see no reason why one who is a grocer may not be cultivated in a friendly way.

### BOARDING-HOUSES *versus* MATRIMONY.

*Axiom:* Man can never be an independent creature until the necessity for buttons can be dispensed with.

In a boarding-house a man has considerable conceit taken out of him.

His interest in the establishment is limited—authority he has none.

The landlady agrees to fodder him two or three times a day, and stable him at night somewhere on the third floor.

He can't complain of the coffee, or growl if the potatoes are underdone.

In the evening he has all the world before him.

He has perfect liberty of choice between his bedroom and the street.

There is the parlor, to be sure; but the young lady who has steady company is already there.

If he doesn't like it he can leave it. There are other boarding-houses.

"Nigger, who am de fuss man dat interduced salt perwishuns into the navy?" "Dar, now, you's too hard for dis colored individual." "It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham board his ark."

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be to have a cigar and nothing to light it with.

This is pretty sound advice: "If you have a cough, don't go to church to disturb the *rest* of congregation."

### ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

*Showing inducements for "People to take out Policies."*

Every body should get insured against accidents. No matter if you belong to one of the "best of families"—accidents will happen in them.

The other day a man in Chicago fell out of a fourth-story window. He had no insurance, and consequently was killed. Another man on the same day fell out with his wife. He was insured in the "Breakneck," and is ready to fall out again.

Near Paris, Kentucky, a man while engaged in running a circular saw had his arms taken off. They consisted of a cavalry sabre and a double-barreled shot-gun. The man who carried them off had an accident insurance—and he hasn't been caught yet.

At Dubuque, Iowa, a man was kicked by a horse. The horse wasn't insured, and he got kicked back.

A fellow took a drink of whisky at a saloon in Cincinnati. Suddenly recollecting that he had no insurance, he immediately took an emetic, and then he took out a policy in the "Breakneck." He now takes his drinks with impunity—if impunity treats.

HOMEWARD-BOUND.—

[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

## TWILIGHT DREAMS.

The shadows were dancing, waving—
While the fire-light's flickering gleams
Lit up those two still faces.
Dreaming their twilight dreams.

The dreams of an aged woman
And a young girl, side by side;
Age in its calm resignation;
Youth in its confident pride.

Forth to what comes so quickly—
Back to what fled so fast:
One divining her future—
One regretting her past.

Yet, as I gazed and watched them,
By the fire-light's glancing flame,
I saw the two dreams they were dreaming—
And lo! they were both the same.

## A WOMAN'S "NO."

"Isn't that the Warburtons' carriage?" asked Tom Otis.

"Yes," replied Gordon.

"Who was in it?"

"Florence, and her admirer, Fred Avery.

"Is Florence Warburton going to marry that atrocious flirt, after having refused the best men in New York?"

Tom Otis was one of those best men who had been refused.

"I don't know; but I scarcely think Fred Avery is much of a marrying man."

"Of course you are going to the Warburtons' ball to-morrow?"

"Oh, of course. Every body will be there."

"Good-by, then. I stop here—my tailor, you know."

"Oh yes. You'll be in there for the rest of the afternoon. But I suppose you'll come out quite new for the ball?"

"Ugh!" groaned Tom Otis, "what can a man wear at a ball that's fit to be seen? We are condemned to a solemn livery like a pack of restaurant waiters."

"A very nice style of dress," said Gordon. "What would you have?"

"Why, colors, of course. Rich velvet coats, and satin breeches, and—"

"Bless me! you'd look like an actor."

"That's better than looking like a man-servant."

"Well, good by to you, then, once more."

"Opera to-night?"

"I think so. But club afterward, sure."

As these two gentlemen separated, the carriage which they had noticed stopped at the door of a handsome house in Thirtieth Street."

"Don't let my dress brush against that dirty wheel," said a light, merry voice from inside the carriage as Fred Avery sprang upon the pavement and extended his hand.

"Oh dear, no. I'd rather be broken on a wheel a dozen times than permit your dress to be soiled against one."

"Any orders, Miss?" asked the coachman, touching his hat.

"Why, let me see," said Miss Warburton. "You will come in with me, will you not, Mr. Avery?"

"Too happy."

"Then the carriage may as well wait for you. Stay here, Jones, and take Mr. Avery wherever he wishes when he leaves here."

The man said nothing, but deliberately getting down off his seat, unfolded a couple of blankets, with which he carefully covered the heated horses.

"In fur a long stay, *he* is," was the coachman's comment on the length of time he must, in all probability, wait for the conclusion of Mr. Avery's visit.

The coachman must have been a keen observer. Two hours had passed by the coachman's great silver watch, on whose large round face the snow-flakes fell as he pulled it out at the moment Fred Avery stepped on the door-step.

"Where shall I take you, Sir, please?" said the coachman, slipping on his India rubber coat over his gray livery—for the snow was now falling thick and fast.

"Um—drive down Broadway till I call to you to stop."

Off they went—down Broadway with a whirl. The horses, chilled with long standing, now dashed on madly to put some warmth in their blood.

Outside, the coachman swung his arms and beat his hands to keep them warm. Inside, Fred Avery, with his feet on the warm fur rug, the lap-robe over his knees, and the collar of his over-coat turned up snugly about his ears, indulged in soliloquy:

"She loves me—loves me dearly! That's plainly to be seen. And I love her—I do indeed. I shall propose to her at once—propose to her, and, if she will have me, marry her; and then I'll settle down and stop flirting."

As he spoke he looked out of the window on the hurrying crowd which filled Broadway, and was hastening on through the driving snow. How much more fortunate, he reflected, was he than the generality of people! With a comfortable fortune, an agreeable presence—oh yes, a *very* agreeable presence; all these successful flirtations of his could testify to that—and now, best of all, the love of the sweetest, most elegant girl in their set! He would show his gratitude for the many blessings which had been showered upon him by ceasing his frivolous life of flirtation.

Could it be possible that that was Edith Rowson standing there on the corner of Broadway, trying in vain to induce one of the overcrowded stages to stop for her, while the snow fell heavily on her pretty head?

She had not even an umbrella!

Ah! now, this is an exceptional case; and, besides, it need not necessarily be a case of flirtation.

"Driver, stop! There—draw up to that curb where that young lady is standing."

The driver had drawn up before Mr. Avery had quite finished speaking; and before the horses had altogether made up their minds to remain entirely quiescent Fred Avery was on the pavement.

"My dear Miss Rowson," he exclaimed, "who ever would have thought of seeing you out on such a day?"

"On such a day!" returned Miss Rowson, shivering with the cold; "why, the day was fine enough when I came out, not more than a couple of hours ago."

Fred suddenly remembers it was fine enough when he went in with Florence Warburton, and snowing when he came out. He must have staid a good while, he thinks.

"The worst of it is," said Miss Rowson, "all the stages are full, and I can't get home."

"Just step in the carriage and I'll take you home," said Mr. Avery.

She did not require a second invitation. In a blinding snow-storm one is not apt to be squeamish about getting a shelter.

"What is your number now—Madison Avenue?" asked Fred.

She gave it, and he repeated it to the coachman, who, Mr. Avery fancied, looked cross. "As if it were any of his business," said Mr. Avery to himself, with a shrug.

As the carriage rolled smoothly on Edith began to thank him for his kindness in picking her up. It was *so* good of him, she said; and, by-the-way, is this his carriage? How very elegant it is!

No, this is Florence Warburton's carriage, which she has lent him to take him where he wishes.

"Ah!" and Edith Rowson bit her lip and became suddenly pettish.

Little by little it came out. How all the girls say Florence is crazy for love of Fred Avery; and all the gentlemen say that Fred Avery is awfully "spoony" on Florence.

"Spoony, indeed!" ejaculated Fred. "A hateful word! Now, Edith, can you believe a *man* like me capable of being 'spoony' on any woman?"

His arguments were very convincing. How handsome he was!

Oh dear, here's the house in Madison Avenue. How short the drive has been! Will Mr. Avery come in with her?

Yes, Mr. Avery will. Mr. Avery has much to say to her. He must beg her to deny all those reports calculated to throw a slur on his manliness. He went in with her, and bade the driver wait for him again.

The driver, thinking this would only be a short stay, was careless enough not to trouble himself to cover the horses. But when three quarters of an hour had passed, and evening came, and the snow kept falling faster and faster, the driver made his horses and himself as comfortable as possible under the uncomfortable circumstances.

At length Fred Avery came out. He had had two or three glasses of wine, and being of a temperament easily affected by the spirituous, the intellectual was not so clear as it might have been.

"Drive to the Club!" he said, huskily, and puffing a breath laden with wine-odor straight in the coachman's face. "Drive there, and hurry—then you can go!"

At the club he was again "chaffed" for his *penchant* for Florence. He denied it stoutly, with another bottle open before him, and half of its contents flown from his stomach to his head.

And yet, spite of his tipsiness, spite of the stuff he is talking, Florence Warburton was the only woman Fred ever loved.

Back at the house the coachman was desirous of knowing whether Miss Florence had any further orders; and, while seeking that knowledge, he also took occasion to impart some which was not altogether pleasant knowledge for Florence.

She learned of Mr. Avery's having found a lady in the street whom he took home, and with whom he staid a long, long time. The number and the street of this house being given her, she recognized the residence of Edith Rowson, who was known to be as desperate a flirt feminine as Fred Avery's reputation made him a flirt masculine.

The next day was the day of her ball. Fred did not come to see her. But it was just as well. She was so busy; and, besides, he would be sure to come early to the ball in the evening.

He came very late. Tom Otis and his friend Gordon had been there dancing away for two hours. At length he came, and Florence met him in the hall-way.

"You are late," she said, coldly.

"Yes; a fellow from the West whom I was obliged to dine, and couldn't get rid of afterward. Ah! Florence," he whispered in her ear, and meant it too, deeply, "how dearly I love you!"

Her frame quivered with delight, for she loved him with every fibre of her being.

Fred entered the ball-room, and the first person he saw was Edith Rowson. Witching little creature! How *piquante* she looked, in her clouds of tulle and her coral ornaments! He instantly remembered that she was engaged to him for the first dance.

The first dance, and the second, and the third! Are they engaged to each other for all the dances? Florence looked at them with amazement. With her head and her heart throbbing with acutest pain, she whispered to her mother that she was so ill she must go up stairs, but there need be no cessation of the festivities.

Up stairs her maid met her and caught her in her arms just as she was on the point of falling.

"Why, Miss," she said, "how pale you look! Sha'n't some one go for the doctor?"

No; no doctor. Miss Warburton says no doctor can help her.

In the morning Fred Avery reviewed his conduct with supremest disgust.

"Was I insane to act as I did? Is there a fatality which drives me from the woman I love to a woman who is nothing to me—whom I despise—loathe—as I do myself?"

He shuddered with disgust.

"But I will see her," he said; "tell her I love her—love her dearly—in spite of all my folly. She loves me, I know. She will not refuse to see me."

He went at once to the house. Miss Warburton was too ill to see any one. Days passed; she was still ill.

"I will write to her," he said at last.

He wrote this note, and sent it:

"Oh my Darling,—Can you forgive my folly—wickedness? Will you marry me? Answer, if but one word."

The answer came very promptly. It was but one word:

"NO."

No more flirting now for Fred Avery. No; but there is Lethe in the wine-cup, as there is oblivion in opium-eating.

Down, down he goes, sinking steadily from one grade to another until he has reached the lowest. But long before this stage his former friends have cut him, and in the fashionable circle, where he was once a brilliant light, his name is almost forgotten.

Mrs. Warburton wondered if her daughter had forgotten it. She knew Fred Avery once proposed to Florence, and that she rejected him.

"Do you think Florence ever loved him?" asked Florence's aunt of her sister, Mrs. Warburton.

"Never. She never mentions his name, and she wrote 'No' to him when he proposed to her."

One day they were at breakfast, and they read in the morning paper of a handsome young man who, crossing Broadway in a state of intoxication, was knocked down by a heavy truck and killed.

"What name?" asked Florence.

"Frederick Avery."

Florence said nothing further.

They ordered the carriage and went out.

She went through the routine of visiting and shopping and visiting galleries of paintings and a matinée at the Opera. But every where she sat off alone, and said nothing.

"Do *you* think she could have loved him?" asked the mother now, in turn, of the aunt.

"I can not say," she replied.

In less than a month Florence was stricken with a fever.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" came the mother's last agonizing question.

"No. There is no hope. Frame too emaciated by a previous, silent wasting away to resist this hot tyrant of a typhoid."

An anniversary came, and found Florence still alive. It was the anniversary of the ball which took place five years ago.

Just as the clock pointed to the hour when Fred Avery came that night, so late, and meeting Florence in the hall-way, whispered in her ear "How dearly I love you!" she turned to her mother and said:

"Mother!"

"Yes, dear."

"Mother, good-by. Come, dry your tears. Kiss me good-by, dear mother. I am dying!"

That night she died, whispering:

"Bury me by his side."

## SALT TEARS.

### A FISHERMAN'S TALE.

I've seen that same face of hers scores of times since, and though it makes me shudder, and nips me to the heart, I always go and have a good long earnest look at it, and come away a better man. You may see that face yourself—as much like as if it had been taken from her sad, anxious looks—you may see it at the picture-shop windows, and it's of a woman tying a handkerchief round a man's arm, and she looks up at him pitifully, and it's called "The Huguenot." That's like the look, and the face that gazed up into mine after she'd told me what I know now was the truth; and I—yet I'm most ashamed to own it—I flung her away from me, and wouldn't believe what she said. There was a tear upon each cheek, and the bright drops were brimming in her eyes, and ready to fall; but I was hard and bitter, and whispered to myself that they were false tears, put on to cheat me, and I ran out of the house swearing that I'd enter it again no more.

It wasn't a large house, that house of ours, but if it had been a palace I don't think it could have been a happier home than it had been for years; and of course I know that that's a foolish way of talking, for happiness isn't a thing to be found in palaces, any more than in the smallest of cottages. It seems to me that real happiness grows, as it were, out of the true faith and trust that a man and his wife have in one another; while the strength of two working together the same way gives them a help forward in the world that nothing can resist.

Speaking as a fisherman, and one who was brought up with the sound of the sea always in his ears, I may say we rowed well together in the same boat, Mary and I. I had a long fight of it before I could persuade her that it would be best for her future that she should take me for pilot, and not Harry Penellyn; but I did persuade her at last, and we were married down at the little fishermen's church at the head of the cove.

Four years of as happy a life then fell to my lot as could fall to that of any man in this life, I believe. My ways were rough, and hers were not those of a lady, but they suited our stations in life, and what more would you have? Living the life I do now, busy here about this great city fish-market, I look back upon that bright bit of life as if it was some dream; and though I can't settle to go back to the old place, I cling to the fish, and look upon those days when a west country boat comes in, as days worth recollecting; for they bring the blood in one's cheek, and a bit of light into one's eye.

I can see it all now as plain as can be; the little fishing village under the cliff; the stout granite pier running out so as to form a harbor for the fishing-boats; and the blue sea stretching away far as eye could reach. Down by its edge, too, the weed-fringed rocks, piled high in places, with the sea foaming among the crevices, and again forming little rock-pools where the bright sea-growths flourished; and as the tide came in, with its fresh, cooling waters, you saw the limpets and sea-flowers wakening again to life, while many a spider-crab and shell-fish crept out of the nook or crack where it had hidden from the warm sun. I can see it all now at any time, though I am growing gray, and a score of years have passed since; but brighter than all seem to stand out those two mournful eyes, with the same tearful look they gave me as I flung out of the door and saw them for the last time; for when next I looked upon that face the eyes were fast closed, and could I have opened them the lustre would have gone.

A fisherman's life is one which takes him a deal from home, for sometimes we go off for perhaps three months at a time to the north coast, when the herring season is on; and, like the rest, I used to be off in my boat, sorry enough to leave home—happy enough to return after a busy season, till one year, when I took it into my head to think it strange that Harry Penellyn, my wife's old beau, should spin his illness out so long and stop ashore, time after time, when the boats went out, and him seeming to be well and strong as any of us. There had been a heavy gale on the coast some weeks before, and, as we always do at such times, we had run in for the harbor as soon as we saw it coming; but, through bad seamanship, Penellyn's boat came inside the rocks, when she should have come outside, and then, through their not having water enough, she grounded, lifted again, caught by the stern, and then swung round broadside to the waves, which swept her half-deck, while a regular chorus of shrieks rose from the women standing ashore.

It was a rough time, for even our boats that were in the harbor were groaning and grinding together, while every now and then the sea washed over so as to threaten to kill them, and sweeping the pier from end to end. In an ordinary way we made a custom of laughing at the crew of a boat who, from bungling, got her on the rocks; for born as we were in the bay, with our fathers fishers before us, we knew every stone along the coast, and could almost have steered our boat to them blindfold; but this was no time to jeer, for now the poor fellows were being swept one by one from their hold, and borne struggling through the surf to the rocks, where they were in danger of being dashed to pieces, for ours was no smooth, sandy beach. Some were swimming, some beating the water frantically; and clad as our men are, in their thick, cloth trowsers, heavy sea-boots, and stout shirts, they stand a poor chance of keeping afloat long, for the weight of their boots is enough to drag them down.

There was every one in a state of excitement; men running out as far as they could and throwing ropes—men shouting orders that nobody attended to—women tossing their arms up and crying, while first one and then another of the boat's crew was dragged ashore, and carried half-drowned up to the cottages.

I was standing looking on, with Mary by my side, for she was out on the cliff when my boat ran into the little harbor, while her hand was the first to clasp mine when I got ashore, thankful for the escape we had had, for the sea had risen wonderfully quick. I had taken no part in trying to save the boat's crew, for there were plenty of willing hands, and there being now but little standing-room down below the cliff, I had thought I should be in the way; but now it seemed to me that one poor fellow would be lost with the efforts they were making to save him, for he was too weak to cling to the ropes thrown out, and as fast as he was swept in by the waves they sucked him back again three or four times.

I had not seen who it was; but just then, as I made a start as if to go down, my wife clutched my arm, and there was a wild look in her face as she said aloud, "Harry Penellyn."

The excitement of the moment carried almost every thing before it, but I had a strange feeling shoot through my heart, and something seemed to say, "Keep back:" but the next minute I was fighting with the waves, with the noose of a rope round my body, and plenty of stout mates ashore fast hold of the end; while, after a strangling battle, I got tight hold of Penellyn, and we were drawn ashore, and both of us carried up to my cottage, though I tried hard to get upon my feet and walk; but I might have known that our fellows would not have let me on any account.

Well, Harry Penellyn lay at our place three or four days, and Mary tended him; and all that time I had to fight against a strange, ungenerous, cowardly feeling that would creep over me, and seemed at times to make me mad, till I got myself in a corner and asked myself questions, to all of which I could only answer the same word—nothing. Then Penellyn got better, and went to his mother's house; and time went on, till I grew bitter, and harsh, and morose, and was always haunted by a suspicion that I would not put into words, though now the question came again and again—"Why doesn't Harry Penellyn go to sea?"

But no answer came to my question; and though he seemed now to be well and strong as ever, he always kept at home while we went out; and in my then state of mind this troubled me, and I kept feeling glad that we were only out now on the short trips of a few days in length. I grew angry with myself and with all around. Ay, and I grow angry even now, when I think that a few earnest words of explanation—a few questions that I know would have been answered freely—would have set all right, and perhaps saved the life of as good and loving a woman as ever lived in the light.

But it was not to be so; and I went on willfully blinding my eyes to every thing—placing a wrong construction upon every look and word, and making those true eyes gaze at me again and again in wonder; while Harry Penellyn, who had never before shown me much good-will, now that I had saved his life, would have been friends, only I met his every advance with a black scowl, when he always turned off and avoided me.

One evening it had come to the lot of my boat to run into harbor with the fish of several other boats; for the takes had been very light, and somehow or another I felt more light and happy that night than I had done for weeks. I got ashore, left my mates tending the mackerel, and ran up to our cottage to find my wife out.

This did not trouble me at first; but after a few minutes' fidgeting about I felt a flush come in my face, and hurrying out, I made an excuse at Mrs. Penellyn's, and got to know that Harry was out too.

The hot blood rose from my cheeks to my forehead, and seemed to blind me, while a strange singing sensation came in my ears; but the next minute I was tearing along the cove in the dark of the evening, so as to get away where I might be alone with my thoughts, for that vile suspicion that was struggling with me before had now conquered and beaten me down, so that I was its slave, and for the time a regular madman.

I had run about half a mile, when I stopped panting, and began to walk slowly along beneath the trees close beside the fern-hung rocky bank, while it was now too dark to see far before me. But the next instant I was standing with my breath held, and one hand resting on my side, for as I crouched close to the bank I heard Penellyn's voice talking earnestly as he passed a few yards from me, with his arm tightly clasping a woman's waist, while just as they had passed they stopped, and there was light enough for me to see him bend over her, and their lips meet in a long, clinging kiss—a kiss which sent the mad blood bubbling through my veins, as, without stopping to think, I leaped from where I was hid, and, as the woman stricked and fled, I had Penellyn by the throat, and we joined in a fierce struggle.

If an angel had told me I was deceived, I should not have believed him then in my blind fury; and it was not until, having dashed his head against the ground again and again, I felt my enemy's hold relax, that I leaped up, kicked him savagely, and then ran back.

Just as I expected, Mary was at home, looking hot and flushed · but she jumped up with a smile, and hurried to me, saying,

"I was down at Mrs. Trevere's, dear; but I heard your boat had come, and—"

She stopped short, half frightened by my wild looks and disordered clothes, and half by the savage curse I gnashed out at her as I seized her arms; while, as the truth flashed upon her, she was the next moment at my feet, appealing to me, uttering vow after vow, clasping her hands, and seeming half crazed with horror; while I, poor mad fool, glared on her, and thought her anguish was caused by guilt. Ah me! that I could have been such a fool—so blind, so mad—that I could turn from those true, appealing eyes, and rush from the place, meaning never to return, and feeling savagely glad as I saw her fall senseless upon the floor!

Would weeping blood for my folly have recalled all that, would giving up my life have crushed it out, I would have done it a hundred times; but it was done—it was one of the hard things of fate, and I rushed from the room and from the village, heedless that the girl who had been Harry Penellyn's companion had spread the alarm that he had been attacked, and that he had been brought in nearly dead. I knew nothing, saw nothing, except my own mad misery, and at times was wild that I had not slain the wife who had lain in my bosom, till something rose up whispering me of the past.

I found my way to Bristol, and then to London, and after a time I learned from one from my own part that Harry Penellyn had recovered and was married, and that my wife was ill.

I fought with myself one week—two weeks—a month—and then I went, getting taken round the coast in a fishing-boat. I landed and went up the old slip, on to the cliff in the dusk of evening, just as I had walked up a year before, and I roused myself up to my task, saying I would go and forgive her, and then see her no more.

Forgive her! What had I to forgive? Had she forgiven me before her eyes closed in that long sleep, and her pure spirit fled? I asked myself that again and again when her mother had led me to the room I dared not enter alone, and, with the few words she had uttered, made the black veil of mad jealousy drop from before my eyes.

But it was too late—too late—and I could not see those eyes look their forgiveness, for they were sealed close, and I was alone.

Her mother left me there for a while, and then fetched me away; and I followed her like a child, listening to her long tale of her child's sorrow, and the upbraidings she heaped upon my head.

What could I do but groan and bear it—bear it as part of my punishment here for my folly? It was a mistake—the act of a fool—but I have suffered for it; while with me ever, seeming, too, at times, even to smile upon me—upon me, a broken man—a man of rough toil and a hard life—there are those two faithful, loving eyes, and the memory of their last look seems to grow brighter as I get nearer and nearer to the end of my bit of life.

There, Sir, that's my story—a sad enough one, too, you will say—and I'm obliged to try and laugh it off, or I should get no work done. We all have hearts, Sir, and more or less they're moved by the same feelings. Nothing's good without a moral, Sir—never be beyond listening to reason.

## THE GUESTS OF THE HEART.

SOFT falls through the gathering twilight
  The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
  The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar in the midst of the shadows
  I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the autumn,
  That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
  They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
  Make harmony still in their strain;
As the voices of sentinels mingle
  In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
  Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
  The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
  Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time:
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
  From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
  The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
  To take all its wanderers home,
Or afar in the regions of fancy
  Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
  The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
  Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
  Should even the household depart—
Deserted, I should not be lonely;
  There still would be guests in my heart.
The faces of friends that I cherish,
  The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
  And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
  The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the sweet songs of the angels
  In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, O evening of autumn,
  Your rain and your shadows may fall;
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
  My heart holds a feast with them all.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A *sad* truth it may be—a *melancholy* truth, and very humiliating, at times, to our higher faculties; yet no less a truth, that, with most people,

"Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives—that is, *to dine.*"

And going a step farther, we incline to agree fully with the poet when he said:

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouths, or I mistake mankind."

Acting on this principle, and knowing that *heart* is often synonymous with *pocket*, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Jones never think of asking their husbands for pin-money, or present a household bill to them just before dinner. No, indeed! they are too wise to make such a fatal mistake. And if they have any great and special favor to solicit—if they have run up a fearful bill at Mr. Chargum's, quite against rules, they are pretty likely to feed their good lords well for several days before broaching the subject. There is no doubt that such a method is based on sound physiological principles—provided the prospective benefactor is not dyspeptic—then it is useless.

Without touching upon various points which would lead properly to following conclusion, we skip intermediate steps, and say *ergo*, the hearts and pockets of all good folks are supposed to be specially yielding and tender about this season of the year. Did you not have a luxurious Thanksgiving dinner, gentle reader? And has not the "gude wife" kept up a kind of subdued Thanksgiving ever since? And is not Christmas, with gifts and good things, just at hand? And then New-Year's, bringing blessings? Your Christmas dinner will surely digest better if you first learn "the luxury of doing good." The ways are myriad. "Homes" and "Missions" and charitable institutions of all kinds are calling for aid. Is there not some poor, struggling widow, some honest, disabled soldier whose heart would be made glad, and whose home would be brightened for weeks by a ton of coal or a barrel of flour? Have you thought how happy a warm hood and shawl would make that poor girl who comes to sell you matches? Would not the pale, thin cheek of your occasional seamstress flush with pleasure if you kindly gave an appropriate gift? The little lame boy who sells apples and peanuts just around the corner, do you know whether he has a home, or a mother, or any thing to keep Christmas with? Look about you. Choose your own way. But let somebody be made happy before the 25th of December, who would, perhaps, have been forgotten except for *you*.

Boston has enjoyed the luxury with earnest enthusiasm and whole-hearted delight; and before this paragraph is read New York will have listened with rapt attention and eager excitement to the readings of Charles Dickens. It is said that Mr. Dickens spends much time in careful study of the parts he is to read; that this study extends not merely to the analysis of the text, to the discrimination of character, to the minutest points of elocution; but decides upon the facial expression, the tone of the voice, the gesture, and the attitude. And though eminently fond of society, he deliberately excludes himself from it until his work is done and his time his own. Every new thing this winter will doubtless receive its name from Mr. Dickens's characters. Some one writing from Boston last week remarked: "Nothing is smoked, chewed, or taken in snuff to-day but 'Little Nell Cigars,' 'Mr. Squeers's Fine Cut,' the 'Mantilini Plug,' and the 'Genuine Pickwick Snuff.'" And we may expect the ladies will soon appear in the "Lady Dedlock Hat," the "Bardell Skirt," the "Dame Durden Paletot," and "Trotwood Boots."

The distinguished poet Fitz-Greene Halleck was of the sixth generation from Rev. John Eliot, the "Apostle to the Indians," his mother being Mary Eliot, the great-great-grand-daughter of the "Apostle."

A lady having a comfortable home in Cairo, Illinois, has recently most mysteriously disappeared. Her mind has been for years past somewhat unsettled on religious subjects, and she once joined the Morrisites and fled to Idaho. It is thought she may have been induced to join them again. The Morrisites are a strange sect, founded by Joseph Morris, an Englishman, in the town of Weber, near Salt Lake City, in the year 1860. The creed is sometimes called Morrisism, and is substantially as follows: That the spirits of the old prophets, commencing with Seth and running through the regular lineage of the Melchizedek priesthood to Jesus Christ, in all one hundred and forty-four thousand, are now reappearing upon the earth in the flesh; that he (Morris) was Seth, the first of the priesthood, and Joseph Smith was the second, having preceded him as a forerunner, to establish Mormonism. The work of Morris was called by himself "The Fullness of the Gospel," Mormonism being only the Gospel in part. His object was to establish a universal temporal kingdom on the earth, in accordance with the prophecy of Daniel; and his belief was that in the last days the Morrisites would inherit the earth alone. Morris collected about him seven hundred men and women. But Brigham Young became alarmed, and, in 1862, sent a thousand soldiers to attack their camp. Morris surrendered, and was afterward shot; and the Morrisites dispersed into various Western States and Territories, and have made but little commotion since.

A clergyman in Springfield, Massachusetts, who is given to figurative expressions, said in a sermon a Sunday or two ago that "the columbiad of a pure heart should be loaded with the projectile of prayer." Living near the Armory seems to be very inspiring. And the clergyman who used the following metaphor at a funeral in Paris must have had a train of cars in full view from his study window:

"At the death of the just the locomotive of his soul, driven by the coal of faith and the steam of hope, dashes along the rails of charity toward that immovable dépôt where is found the eternal symbol which is God."

Report says that every third young woman in Kentucky elopes; that an ordinary wedding, without any romance about it, is considered quite unworthy of a girl of spirit. They get up romances more easily than that nowadays in New York, and among old folks too. Some thirty years ago a couple were married in Cattaraugus County, and moved to New York City. They did not agree very well, and soon after the young wife returned to her native town, and married an old man there, whereupon the deserted husband took revenge and another wife in this city. The two couples lived pleasantly, and each brought up a family of children; but a few years since the hand of death took the second partners, and now the original dear one has returned to his old love in Cattaraugus, and persuaded her to try him again. No ceremony was necessary, the second marriages being invalid, and they are said to have been living in blissful harmony over a year.

Some practical joker in Cincinnati advertised in one of the city papers that a certain merchant—giving his name and place of business—was in want of a cat, and that for a good one ten dollars would be paid. The next morning the store was literally besieged by urchins with their arms full of cats—black cats, white cats, speckled cats, Thomas cats, ancient cats, and juvenile cats, and every urchin demanding his ten dollars. Later in the day a distressed-looking gentleman, covered with cats' hairs, presented himself at the office of the advertising paper, and with extreme indignation announced that he never owned a cat, never wanted a cat, and devoutly hoped never again to see a cat. The publishers sympathized, and declared it was a cat-astrophe.

A specimen medal of the proposed international coin of twenty-five francs, recently struck by the government of France, has been presented to the President, through the delegate of the United States to the International Monetary Conference. The new coin is about the size of the present half-eagle of the United States. It bears on its obverse the conjoint inscription, "Five Dollars," "Twenty-five Francs," and is a type of the proposed monetary union of the three nations. If adopted by the governments of the United States and Great Britain, this international coin, bearing the denominations and the emblems of the respective nations, will circulate side by side in perfect equality, and without impediment, throughout the world.

A man in Hartford recently saw an advertisement in a paper to the effect that if he sent one dollar to a given address he would receive, by return mail, instructions how to make a fortune. He wanted a fortune, and sent the dollar. The directions returned were as follows: "Peddle cigars, half Havana and half home-made, as I did, and if that fails, advertise as I do that you will instruct others how to make a fortune—and pocket the proceeds."

Most advertisements of a similar kind are based on similar valuable "instructions."

The venerable Dr. Humphrey once remarked in a lecture: "In selecting your partners for life, first choose persons of naturally good dispositions—persons that are naturally cheerful and gentle. You will, perhaps, be surprised," he added, "to hear a minister of the Gospel put cheerfulness and gentleness before piety; but I am of the opinion of Baxter, who said that the grace of God could live with persons that he could not."

Henry Ward Beecher, in speaking of the same subject, says: "A man that marries a good wife has very little more to ask of the Lord until he dies; because, when the Lord makes up his mind to give a man a good wife, he makes up his mind to do every thing else that he wants. A good wife is a blessing of the Lord, and there are few blessings that he gives, now or hereafter, that are comparable with it."

Children are quick-witted, and notice many incongruous things, both in regard to their own training, and in the affairs of other people. The mistaken woman who used to tie her mischievous boy to a bed-post on Sunday—while she went to church—and made him learn the hymn, "Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love," will find the hymn and the bed-post and Sunday very much mixed up in his mind, and he will hate them all alike for many years, if not always. Many a worthy but long-winded minister might find food for reflection in the remark of a young urchin who asked his father, "Does the Lord know every thing?" "Yes, my son," was the reply; "but why do you ask?" "Because our preacher, when he prays, is so long telling the Lord every thing I thought he wasn't posted."

A new method of cooking turkeys has been invented. It will be a rarity for Christmas, but can only be indulged in by the wealthy. The fowl must be garnished with banana leaves, and boiled in a volcano. This novel method of preparing this delicious bird for the table was invented by a party of travelers in Hawaii, who lately stopped to lunch on the side of Mauna Loa, and after investigating the crater, boiled their turkey by the volcano. They wrapped the noble bird in banana leaves, and thrust it into a crack in the mountain, and it was cooked by steam.

At Pillau, in Prussia, lives a woman who has for some years consecrated her life to the dangerous task of rescuing persons from shipwreck and drowning. This Prussian Grace Darling, who has saved more than three hundred persons, is held in the highest veneration among all classes with whom she lives.

## TERRIFIC CONTEST OF WILD BEASTS.

AN eye-witness of the startling incident which we illustrate on page 813 furnishes the following particulars: The animals belonged to the Southern branch of the Barnum and Van Amburgh Museum and Menagerie Co., and was brought about in consequence of the beasts being liberated from captivity by a railway accident. It appears the entire menagerie was *en route* from Montgomery to Mobile, and a broken rail precipitated seven cars down an embankment 40 feet from summit to base. Most of the cages were more or less damaged by the accident, and those containing the Himalaya bear, the Bengal and Brazilian tigers, the Thibet bear, and a hyena, were so much shattered as to liberate the occupants, and permit them to escape to the adjoining forest, whence they were speedily attracted by the carcass of a deer that had been in one of the cages, and was killed by the casualty. Now occurred one of the most remarkable contests of brutes that has ever taken place on this continent. During four hours the tigers and the bears and the hyena contended for the mastery. Nor did the terrified attachés of the menagerie dare to interfere. The noise of the contest is described as being appalling in the extreme, and did not cease until the participants had satisfied the cravings of their appetite. After which the Himalaya bear and one of the tigers played together as cat and kitten. At this juncture Captain HALL, the "Lion King," and former companion of Dr. LIVINGSTONE, together with one or two courageous assistants, made an essay to recapture the animals. The cages containing the ruminating animals were discharged of their occupants and brought to a close proximity to the fugitives. The bears and the hyena were then lassoed and dragged into the dens. Captain HALL then courageously approached the tigers, caressed and patted them, and finally led them without resistance to their dens. The driver of the band-wagon was instantly killed by the accident, and the company sustained a loss of two lions, a panther, and a leopard.

## AMERICAN POULTRY EXHIBITION.

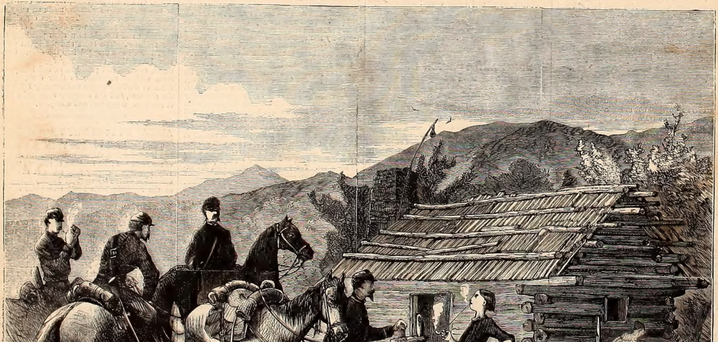
THE bird-fanciers of New York have been of late indulging in a display to the public of some of the results of their breeding of poultry; and a very interesting display they made of it. The exhibition of the "American Poultry Society," as the fraternity calls itself, took place at the Masonic Hall, in East Thirteenth Street, New York City, on December 3, 4, 5, and 6; and a vast number of exhibitors were present with their birds. The sounds with which the visitor's ears were saluted on entering the exhibition-room were suggestive of those with which the passengers in the ark are believed to have become familiar. The scene, as presented to the eye, was more agreeable. Magnificent fowl, bellicose gobblers, and comfortable-looking ducks, in almost endless variety of plumage and breed, were to be seen. The common barn-yard fowl was represented in greatest number by the Brahma, Spanish black, game, and bantams. A pair of Brahmas exhibited were valued at $100. Mr. BOOLE, President of the Society, contributed a pair of imported white doeskins, which were valued at $200. Some French varieties, such as Crivecœurs, Hondons, etc., were also to be seen.

Our illustration on page 813 shows a group of the prize birds; among them are the Common Turkey; Japanese Brahmas, Light Brahmas, Buff Cochin, Spanish, and White Leghorn Chickens; Blue Pied Pouters and Red Carrier Pigeons; the common American and the Muscovy Ducks, and the common American Goose.

## HUNTING FOR STILLS.

THE suppression of the illicit distillation of whisky appears at this time to absorb the whole attention of the Internal Revenue Department, and in addition to the army of inspectors and detectives who keep an eye on the distillers who are defrauding the Government, the Department has lately employed the Army in the search for illicit distilleries. Our engraving on page 812 shows the manner in which our cavalrymen engage in this labor—a "labor they delight in" from patriotic and other motives, and one which, when successful, doubtless "physics pain."

Mr. CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS FORMER AMERICAN ACQUAINTANCES—"NOT AT HOME."—Drawn by C. G. Bush.—[See First Page.]



UNITED STATES CAVALRY HUNTING FOR ILLICIT STILLS IN THE SOUTH.—Sketched by A. W. Thompson.—[See Page 811.]

TERRIFIC CONTEST OF THE WILD BEASTS OF A MENAGERIE LIBERATED BY A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See Page 811.]

EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN POULTRY SOCIETY, NEW YORK.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 811.]

## USEFUL PRESENTS.

BEAUTIFUL Inlaid Tables, Bouquet Stands, Turkish Chairs and Lounges, Parlor, Library, and Chamber Suites, are the most sensible Holiday Gifts, and may be had at reasonable prices of WM. H. LEE, 199 Fulton Street, New York, near Broadway, where he has been established for twenty-five years.

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THE WEED SEWING MACHINE COMPANY have been exceedingly fortunate in the introduction of their machines to the public. Their latest and most popular design, the *Family Favorite*, is a perfect model of beauty and elegance, at the same time combining those essential features of great strength and durability with a high rate of speed.

Not a lady who has once become a possessor of the WEED Machine can be found who has any desire to part with it. Office, 613 Broadway.

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A MOST suitable holiday present to a smoker is undoubtedly a genuine Meerschaum, which Messrs. POLLAK & SON sell at manufacturers' prices at their stores, 27 John St., near Nassau, and 692 and 693 Broadway, near Fourth St., N. Y. Also repairing, boiling, and amber work done. Send for circular to letter box 5846.

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From CHARLES DICKENS, Esq.: "With my best thanks for your Malt Extract, I remain," etc.

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UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

## AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

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*Whereas*, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

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| 18. | 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 19. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings | 4,000 |
| 20. | 1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet | 4,000 |
| 21. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
| 22. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin | 4,000 |
| 23. | 1 Diamond Cluster Brooch | 4,000 |
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| 31. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
| 32. | 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings | 3,000 |
| 33. | 1 Diamond Single Stone Pin | 3,000 |
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| 35. | 1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs | 3,000 |
| 36. | 1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver) | 3,000 |
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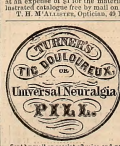


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## OUR CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

As our younger readers have already detected, nearly all of our illustrations in this Number are for the children. Christmas is in an especial sense the children's festival. "For unto us *a child* is born," sang the angels to the Bethlehem shepherds. It is the God-child rather than the God-man that we are thinking of at Christmas tide. We behold the Nativity—

> "The babe yet lies in smiling infancy
> That on the bitter cross
> Must redeem our loss;
> So both himself and us to glorify."

There is much beyond the Nativity—the sacred life of Jesus, the words He spoke, the wonders He wrought, His crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension; but now we go back to the beginning, to the cradle in the manger, to a time when all the good of Christianity was a promised good, not fulfilled as yet. We go back almost within hearing of the angels' song on the Bethlehem hills—we can almost look upon the stars which those glad shepherds saw "bending one way their precious influence" toward the manger-cradle, and can almost seem to join the wise men of the east (whose journey to Bethlehem is illustrated on this page), and to offer our gifts with theirs. The greatest of Italian painters have found their best subjects in connection with the Nativity.—The pictures which they have left us of the Madonna and Child are almost numberless. One of the finest of these—that painted by MURILLO two hundred years ago—we have engraved on page 824.

Going back now to the wise men, we are told in the Gospel that they were guided in their long journey to Bethlehem by a star in the east, which went before them until it stood over the place where the young child lay. For ourselves, we believe that on each Christmas-eve since then some bright star like that of Bethlehem stands over the place where *every* young child lies. Is not every child an image of Christ? It is then peculiarly fitting that on each return of Christmas we should seek out all the children and bring them our gifts, thinking of their childhood as the symbol of that which we then commemorate. We said that on Christmas-eve some star stands over every young child; and we have a fancy that this is what helps dear old Santa Claus find his way so surely to each one of them. He keeps a good look-out for every star, we may be sure. Sad, indeed, and drearily empty are those homes where there are no children, and over which no star stops as a reminder to Santa Claus!

Thinking that Santa Claus—this modern wise man of the east, who travels all over the world on Christmas-eve, and hunts up all the children—might happen to be puzzled how to find a sufficient variety of gifts for so many young people, our artist has, on page 821, good-naturedly volunteered a great many hints (some of them pretty broad hints too, we think, considering the size of stockings) to help the sage old fellow in making up his mind. Generally, however, Santa Claus finds very little difficulty of that sort; and it may be that our artist had in mind a large number of bachelor uncles, who might possibly stand in need of some suggestions. But as to Santa Claus, *he* knows pretty well what's wanted. There he is with his pack, as you see him on page 820. The star, or, in this case, the *stars*, have stopped right over the chimney, and Santa Claus has scrambled down into the chamber. He has just taken one glance at the sleeping faces there, and has read exactly the wish written on each—and pat into the stockings go the answers. Sometimes a child has so many wishes that his face becomes a tangled scrawl, and old Santa drops his pack in amazement, and mutters something about a very crazy little head, or a fearfully short stocking—which is it? Let us hope, at any rate, that he deciphers the most important parts of the scrawl, and does his best, so far as the stocking allows.

Christmas morning is the merriest time of all. Then all the fun comes out—all the discoveries, the surprises—the greetings. Of course the children are out of bed before any one else in the house and hold a mad carnival, having every thing their own way. They have discovered their presents (see page 825) even before they have got up. Then there is a jump, a scramble among the tell-tale stockings and among the various articles in the room that could not be got into stockings. Now a mad freak takes possession of them, and see in what style they have got themselves up (on page 820) for an unannounced call on papa and mamma! This is fun! Only once a year, dear children, you know that; and you don't mind it if papa does shake his fist at you—you know it's all in fun—would be a monstrous brute if he meant any thing by it!

So all day long and the carnival has no end till Christmas is over, and weary roysterers are all in bed again, dreaming the merriest dreams, in which jumping-jacks, dolls and rocking-horses, toy-elephants, toy-roosters, toy-engines, music-boxes, drums, and old Santa Claus himself are jumbled together in the maddest confusion!

But don't forget, little children, that this is the day that Christ was born; and may your childhood be in truth, as it is in symbol, an image of His divine childhood. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," said, and always says, our Saviour. Is it strange then, dear children, that we invest you with something sacred and divine on this Christmas-day; and that we gather you about us, because you are the beautiful flowers of our life and the most precious earthly images of God's love? And here you are all alike; remember that. The pets of fashionable homes and the ragged children of the street climb up together into Christ's arms and receive the same blessing. On this day there are no (and why should there ever be any?) Pariah or outcast children

THE WISE MEN GUIDED BY THE STAR IN THE EAST.—[DRAWN BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.]

This is the lesson which our common Father taught us when His own Son "was born in the oxen's stall," and not in a palace chamber, "not amidst gold and purple." But the angels did not check their song on that account, and the wise men were not abashed because of the manger. See! it is the lesson of Charity, which is greater than Hope or Faith. And because this thought, so appropriate to the season, is the burden of Mrs. MARY HOWITT's "New Christmas Carol" for 1867, we give this beautiful poem to our readers entire:

### Anno Domini 1.

Of all the days throughout the year,
The gladdest day and best,
Comes in the heart of winter,
When nature is at rest.

When the days are at the shortest,
And the nights are dark and long,
And only of the singing birds
The robin pipes his song.

When not a flower is on the hill,
Nor a green leaf on the tree,
And only the holly and ivy
Are beautiful to see.

Then cometh the best day of the year,
The blessedest day of all,
When Jesus Christ, the Saviour,
Was born in the oxen's stall.

Not amid gold and purple,
In pomp of worldly pride,
With chancellors and archbishops,
And ladies on every side;

But all among the oxen,
Those plodding and patient things,
Was born, in the depth of winter,
The King of earthly kings.

And the simple country shepherds,
Keeping their flocks by night,
Beheld the glory of heaven
Shining round in golden light.

And a grand, majestic angel,
That spake, like music clear,
Of the joyfullest glad tidings
That earth or heaven could hear—

Of the Christ, the promised Saviour,
Who on that blessed morn,
In the city of great King David,
Of humble folk was born.

Then chorusing ten thousands
Their songs of praise began,
Glory to God, in the highest,
Peace and good-will to man!

And down the stream of ages
Has flowed, without surcease,
In ever-increasing fullness,
As human wants increase,

This great, good gift of blessing,
This joy from heaven above;
A river whose measureless fountain
Is God's eternal Love!

### Anno Domini 1867.

And now 'tis the Christmas morning,
The same day of the year,
The sky is heavy with snow-clouds,
The last green leaf is sere.

The little birds sit cowering
Upon the frozen bough,
And the beggar-children murmur
"'Tis winter fairly now!"

'Tis winter, pitiless winter,
The earth is barren and cold,
But the Christmas fires are burning,
And pockets are lined with gold.

For the great, good gift of blessing
That came down long ago,
When earthly rivers are frozen,
Is fullest in its flow.

Then the rich stint not in giving,
The loving stint not in love,
And earth in the Christmas season
Resembles heaven above;

Where the rich are the richly giving,
And the hungry lack not food,
And the loving, like Christ, the Saviour,
Can always be doing good.

So the sickly work-house children,
That know not childhood's play,
They laugh and sing for the gladness
That comes on Christmas-day.

And the old men and the women,
Bent double with age and pain,
Are ready to think at Christmas
They're almost young again.

The children are home from the school-house,
For tasks and lessons are o'er,
And the poor little weary teacher,
She rests, if she does no more.

But the loving, who stint not in loving,
Have seen her weary and sad,
And she now, in the blessing of Christmas,
Is gladdest where all are glad.

For God, the most bountiful giver,
To whom times and seasons are naught,
Has seen her patience in working,
Has heard the prayer of her thought;

And has given, though she never asked it,
Nor had dared so high to aspire,
The love of a man, honest-hearted,
The wealthy and good village squire.

For God is so willing to give us
A blessing our hopes far above,
If we only are patient in duty,
And seek to be like Him in love.

So let us rejoice in the Christmas,
The season of gladsomest cheer,
And make the great blessing it bringeth
Joy-giving the whole of the year.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867.


## WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW NOVEL.

*In the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for January* 4, 1868, *will be commenced the publication of* "THE MOONSTONE," *a new Serial Novel by* WILKIE COLLINS, *Author of* "Armadale," "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc., *illustrated with Original Drawings by* PARSONS, JEWETT, BUSH, *and other American Artists.* This Novel, printed from the *Author's Manuscript, will be published here simultaneously with its issue in Mr.* CHARLES DICKENS'S *paper,* "All the Year Round."

## PRACTICAL RECONSTRUCTION.

IN a late speech at Richmond Senator WILSON said that he believed seven of the late rebel States would be restored to their relations in the Union by the 4th of July, and he added that there were not more than fifty thousand persons disfranchised by the Reconstruction bill in all the unorganized States. The bill permits every registered male citizen to vote who can swear that he has not been disfranchised for rebellion or felony, that he has not been a State officer and afterward engaged in rebellion, or a United States officer and violated his oath to support insurrection. Unless every body without regard to previous conduct were allowed to vote, this exclusion is reasonable.

Under these conditions a Convention has been held in Alabama which has completed a Constitution and adjourned. The utmost ridicule has been thrown upon it by the newspapers which call themselves Democratic, and mainly upon the ground that the delegates were humble, unlearned, and inexperienced men. But these delegates have framed a moderate and wise Constitution. There was extravagant speaking, but no extravagance so revolting and ridiculous as has characterized many a Convention in the Southern States heretofore; and although it was loudly declared that the delegates would proscribe large classes and ruin the State, there has been no general proscription and a willingness to trust the will of the whole people.

Meanwhile there have been other Conventions, called Conservative, in some of the Southern States. They were composed chiefly of leaders and followers in the late rebellion. These persons profess acquiescence in the result of the war, but insist that they shall be allowed to monopolize the political power in their States, and that the loyal freedmen shall be left at their disposition. Now if the derided Conventions of which some of the freedmen were members had proposed that the political power of the States should be exclusively reserved to the loyal citizens we should have heard a howl from the New York *World* to Mr. BRICK POMEROY of the Lacrosse *Democrat*, and from Mackerelville to the Albany *Argus*, that so abominable a suggestion would never be tolerated by a free people, et cetera.

The people of this country have now an opportunity of determining the wisdom of trusting the great body of the people of the Southern States to reorganize their governments, instead of summoning a single class of them to the work. We doubt if so gratifying a spectacle was ever witnessed as that of an assembly springing from the votes of a constituency largely composed of a newly-emancipated population, which, with so little delay, and with such moderation and sagacity, completed an organic law in which no revenge is perpetuated. It inspires the profoundest confidence in the fundamental doctrine of the American system of government, and is the sure earnest of the final popular rejection of the spirit of caste and oligarchic government which survives under the name of the Democratic policy.

## THE READINGS OF MR. DICKENS.

THE readings of Mr. DICKENS can not disappoint any one who has any conception of what a reading must be. The natural excitement at the presence of so famous and beloved an author may very easily confuse an ardent mind as to the character of the entertainment, and so lead to a kind of disappointment like that which so many feel at the first sight of Niagara. It is only a waterfall, they say, after all. So it is only an author reading his story with wonderful dramatic art. But how wonderful the art is no one can understand until he perceives it. The reader, indeed, has the advantage of the perfect familiarity of the hearer with the scene he portrays. The mind and imagination and sympathy of the audience are set with the scenery of the play. The audience, moreover, is ready and eager to admire. But these admissions do not in the least affect the judgment which must pronounce Mr. DICKENS's reading the perfection of that art.

A gentleman in full evening dress stands before you. He says in a veiled and not rich or sympathetic voice, with the English tone and inflection, and with entire composure, that he will have the honor to read to you, and he begins as it were in the same breath. It is very simple and expressive descriptive reading, and his right hand moves continually upon the wrist, slightly indicating actions or movements which are described. At length some one speaks, Scrooge, perhaps, or Buzfuz, or Bob Cratchit. His voice, his expression, his personality, are palpably there. The impression is vivid and complete; and for an hour you live in the world of the story, hearing and seeing its persons, laughing, musing, tearful, as its varying aspects unfold; and when at last the parent of Sam Weller calls from the gallery in his fat, wheezy voice, "Put it down with a we, my Lerd, put it down with a we," you scarcely refrain from raising your eyes to see the jolly red face of the becoated and bewrapped victim of vidders.

Through the whole, the movement of the reader's hands and body, although he stands generally quietly in one spot, and the marvelously modulated voice, and the shifting expressions of the face, never seem too much or too little, are indeed scarcely observed in themselves, and are but part of the means by which the spell is woven around the imagination of the listener. The reader never fails to resume the descriptive strain in the same tone, however rapidly it interchanges with the dialogue. He makes no points; he strains at no effects; and there is a perpetual consciousness of reserved power. Meanwhile, as you gaze and listen, with all the full and eager absorption in the story, there is a half-consciousness of the intense interest with which you watch the man who created Sam Weller and Oliver Twist, and the innumerable company so familiar and so dear.

The feeling with which the author is scrutinized is the homage of the heart to great genius greatly used. His stories are pleas for humanity. They are protests against popular and traditional wrongs. They sympathize with struggling poverty, with the outcast, and neglected, and forlorn. They cherish the simple virtues that sweeten life like sunshine. They deal tremendous blows at hoary iniquity. Every school-keeping tyrant and miser in England winced when Nicholas Nickleby came, and scores of them cried out, "It isn't I!" And how many and many and many a kinder word has been spoken, and loving look given, and generous deed done, because of this man's written words! The pathos, the humor, the analysis, the insight, the experience, the power—these are noble gifts and qualities, and he shares them with others. But what other series of stories in any literature is so prodigious and various and efficient an illustration and enforcement of the essential precept of Christianity—"Love one another?"

## THE TRUE STORY OF THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Chicago paper furnishes what purports to be a conversation with STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS on this subject, which, being copied into the New York *Times*, with an introduction calling attention to it, may be regarded by many as an accurate statement. The subject is of such great importance, and the errors of the correspondent are so manifest, that we present a true history of the transaction.

In the conversation alluded to Mr. DOUGLAS appears as the author of the clause of repeal, and President PIERCE as remonstrating against its introduction. The agony of Mr. PIERCE was, according to the letter, so intense that he remarked: "If I could prevail with you, I would go down on my knees before you." The effect of the measure of repeal, it would seem, was fully understood by President PIERCE as a powerful disturbing element of the peace of the country; but the fact that the organ of the Administration sustained the measure to the extent of pledging the use of the appointing power in its behalf, and that President PIERCE signed the bill, are not weighed against the force of this statement. If President PIERCE at first opposed the measure, which he may have done, he undoubtedly supported it before its passage. The Washington *Union*, during the pendency of the measure, said: "It need not now be repeated that President PIERCE was an early and that he has been an ardent and constant advocate of the Nebraska Bill."

The real authors of the clause of repeal were Senator JONES, of Tennessee, and Mr. DIXON, Senator from Kentucky. The Nebraska Bill was introduced into the Senate in December, 1853, by Mr. DODGE, of Iowa, and referred to the Committee on Territories, of which Mr. DOUGLAS was chairman. In January, 1854, the bill, which established a territorial government for Nebraska *only*, was reported to the Senate by Mr. DOUGLAS, in a form which conformed to the territorial bills passed in 1850 for Utah and New Mexico. In the report which accompanied the bill, after quoting the language of the Missouri Compromise, which "forever prohibited" slavery north of 36° 30′, the Committee say that its legality was questioned by many statesmen, and that a large portion of the people hold that every citizen may go into the Territories with his property, but "*your Committee do not feel themselves called upon to enter into the discussion of these controverted questions. They involve the same grave issues which produced the agitation, the sectional strife, and the fearful struggle of* 1850;" and further, that they will not depart from the course pursued in 1850, "*either by affirming or repealing*" the Missouri Compromise.

The bill as reported was printed in the Washington *Sentinel* early in January, 1854; but it was reprinted a few days later with another clause added, which to some extent contradicted the express statements of the Report, as it gave the people of the Territory which was wholly north of 36° 30′ power to decide all questions relating to slavery for themselves. On the 16th of January Mr. DIXON, of Kentucky, proposed his amendment (*Congressional Globe*, 213), which declared that the Missouri Compromise shall not be construed to apply to Nebraska "or to any other Territory of the United States," and that all citizens may take their slaves to, and hold them in any such Territories. This amendment produced, as was observed, much fluttering and some consultation. It was suggested by Mr. JONES, of Tennessee, who prepared himself to support the amendment, and a few days afterward attended the Senate with that view, but on rising for the purpose he learned from Mr. DOUGLAS that the latter on that day had reported his bill anew, adopting in effect the clause offered by Mr. DIXON. Mr. DOUGLAS at the time went over to the seat of Mr. JONES, and said, "I accepted the amendment. I was in the position of a lawyer whose declaration had been well demurred to. I did not need to argue the question." The reply of Mr. JONES proved that he had not expected this from Mr. DOUGLAS. It can not be repeated here.

That Mr. DIXON was thus the real author of the clause of repeal, and that it had not before been thought of by Mr. DOUGLAS, may be inferred from this, and the remark of Mr. RICHARDSON, Representative from Illinois, in answer to the charge that the latter then supported repeal, although two years before he had introduced the Nebraska Bill without that provision. He said, "When the Senator from Kentucky introduced his proposition to repeal the restriction at this session I determined upon my course" (*Congressional Globe*, 795). His close relations with Mr. DOUGLAS confirm the inference that the latter had not till then determined to touch that measure.

It is very probable that Mr. JONES (who was a Whig and a political opponent of Mr. DOUGLAS) had no idea that the amendment suggested by him to Mr. DIXON, also a Whig, whose successor had been elected, would be accepted. His real object was probably to compel Mr. DOUGLAS (who he said was riding at the same time two horses) into a position which would hazard his claims to be the successor of General PIERCE, by exposing him to the animosity of the South for opposing Repeal, or to the animosity of the North for giving it support. The language of Mr. DOUGLAS which subjected him to criticism was this—that the measures of 1850 in *effect* repealed the Missouri Compromise, although in a letter of October 23, 1850, extensively circulated at the North, he had affirmed "that neither party had gained or lost any thing so far as the question of Slavery is concerned." His elevation to the Presidency was considered probable, unless the situation were changed by his rejection or acceptance of some measure relating to Slavery deemed vital by one or the other of the two sections. The trap, for such it probably was, to ensnare Mr. DOUGLAS was readily entered by his acceptance of Mr. DIXON's amendment. The terrible results of this scheme, which soon became a favorite measure with the South, are now in part historical.

Mr. DOUGLAS was probably led into acquiescence in the amendment, as was the *Journal of Commerce* and other kindred prints, if there were any such, from the tone of the North on the proposition made by the *Journal of Commerce*, in advance of the adoption of the Compromise Measures of 1850, to extend the Missouri line from the western boundary of Texas out to the Pacific Ocean. On the very day the proposal was published the same proposition was made in the Senate and sustained earnestly by Mr. DOUGLAS; but, although the Missouri Compromise was supported in 1820 by the votes of a nearly unanimous North against a divided South, the proposition to extend the line to the Pacific, through our then recent Mexican acquisitions, was opposed in the North with such vehemence as to induce Mr. DOUGLAS to decide, when Mr. JONES and Mr. DIXON placed a square and bold amendment before him, to go with the South, which professed to look upon the line of 36° 30′ as a stigma, rather than with the North, which had shown such apparent indifference.

The prophetic warnings of Mr. JEFFERSON on this subject, and the threatening aspect assumed while repeal was in progress by the North, were disregarded. Mr. JEFFERSON said of this line:

"This momentous question, like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I considered it at once as the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment. But this is a reprieve only, not the final sentence. A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral and political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated, and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper."

It is very certain that President Pierce might easily have defeated this repeal by the influence of his administration, quietly used, or by means of the veto power; but no conception could have been formed, either by him or by Mr. Douglas, of the whirlwind of passion which the measure was destined to produce. That Mr. Douglas proved his want of true statesmanship in this policy must now be conceded.

Although the line was obliterated in its application to the Territory in question, its ultimate effect was the obliteration of slavery itself, reached through "innumerable woes." The bill, as first reported by Mr. Douglas, treated the territory as one (Nebraska); but in the report accepting Mr. Dixon's amendment it was, after mysterious consultation, cut into two (Kansas and Nebraska), doubtless with the intention that one should be free and the other slave, thus giving to the South the fruits of its victory.

## THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.

Mr. Disraeli has persuaded Parliament to give him the money for his expedition to Abyssinia; but we doubt if Mr. Chandler will persuade Congress to fit out privateers to devastate English ships during the war that may follow. Perhaps Mr. Chandler did not understand the object of the war, or perhaps he cared nothing about it, seeing merely a chance to deal a blow at England. But whoever encourages hostility between England and this country seems to us neither a friend of the United States nor of civilization; not because we have reason to fear that we might get the worst of a struggle, but because the welfare of nobody in either country could possibly be promoted by it. And a proposition like Mr. Chandler's seems to us as unworthy of the grave attention of the Senate as Mr. Schenck's suggestion of a gold medal for the President and the filibustering upon the impeachment seemed to us unworthy of the House.

It is now many months since sixty-five European captives fell into the hands of King Theodore of Abyssinia, some of whom were English missionaries. They have been held closely imprisoned, and every hope of their peaceful release having failed, the English Government were obliged either to abandon them altogether or to attempt their rescue. It has resolved upon the latter and has appropriated two millions of pounds for the purpose, and dispatched an expedition which will comprise not less than 12,000 trained troops and will very probably double the number. There is a natural desire to know something about Abyssinia and King Theodore, and something also of the chances of such an expedition; and Mr. Henry Kingsley, who has served in similar enterprises, writes an article to help satisfy curiosity.

Father Labos, a Portuguese priest, said, nearly two centuries ago, that the Abyssinian climate is a perpetual spring, more delicious and charming than that of Portugal; and Father Poncet, in 1698, declares that there is no country more populous and fruitful, the lilies, jonquils, and tulips making it a perfect Paradise.

In 1863 Mr. Dufton, a missionary at Khartoum, rode upon a donkey through the country and visited King Theodore; and more recently Sir Samuel and Lady Baker also went into Abyssinia to learn Arabic. Mr. Dufton describes the highlands of the country as resembling the Scotch highlands, covered with the fertility of the Rhine-land, except that the vegetation is tropical and the flowers magnificent. The whole region is remarkably healthy, and neither of the two modern authors, Dufton and Baker, mention any case of fever contracted in Abyssinia.

Mr. Dufton found the famous King Theodore in a hut, dressed in plain and rather dirty cotton shirt and trowsers, and his majesty and the missionary breakfasted together upon arracky and honey-wine, with "teff bread" and stewed meat. The royal Theodore looks about forty-five years old, is of medium height, and of a tough, wiry, and well-knit frame, rather than powerful. His complexion is dark, but he has apparently no negro blood. His features are altogether European; the nose arched and pointed, the mouth "perfect," the eye black and fiery, the forehead high and rather prominent, and he has very little beard or mustache. The king's manner is very pleasant, even polite; his smile fascinating, and his general expression intelligent and benevolent.

After advancing eighty miles from the Red Sea, the troops will be on the watershed that pours the floods toward Egypt. This is the difficult part of the expedition. There is a rise sometimes of five hundred feet in the mile, "which is mere climbing," and the troops must march in single file. If this pass were defended the invading army would have serious work before it, but Mr. Kingsley says that Theodore has lost possession of the heads of the pass, which are held by a tribe hostile to him. King Theodore's troops are divided into cavalry, infantry, and fusileers, of whom the last only are armed with guns. They are reputed to be brave fighters until they are once defeated, then they become a mere rabble. Sir Robert Napier commands the British forces.

If the commissariat is efficient there seems a good chance of success in all but the rescue of the prisoners. If the king does not surrender them at once, and is defeated, he will hardly suffer them to escape. Then all that will be done, we suppose, will be as revenge and punishment. There is also the alternative of distress and disease among the troops. Indeed the expedition is overhung by a heavy cloud of doubt; and there must be many an aching heart in England waiting further tidings, and remembering the ghastly scenes in India.

## THE ASPECT OF IRELAND.

The immense demonstrations which have followed the Fenian executions at Manchester, and which the British Government have forbidden, are signs of a profound and perilous discontent. Goldwin Smith, who has been a close student of Irish affairs, and has written a very valuable work upon Ireland, has recently stated in a public letter what he believes to be the root of the difficulty. It is the want of a national life; and he goes so far as to suggest a session of Parliament in Ireland to consider grievances. John Bright, in his Dublin speech of last year, indicated a remedy to be sought in relieving Ireland of the established church, and especially in a system of change of ownership of the land by Parliamentary action. But this policy, if Goldwin Smith be correct, would not avail; and if he be correct, his own policy would be perhaps resultless. "Nothing short of the independence of Ireland will ever satisfy the Fenians," says a late letter in the *Times*; and if that be so, England has no alternative but surrender, or a still more absolute conquest, or an indefinite prolongation of the present situation.

That this feeling of independence is the inspiration of Fenianism is as evident as that it has always been the spring of Irish rebellion. Lord Dufferin is reported as saying that three-fourths of the Irish are thoroughly loyal. But the disaffected element is so large and so influential that it overbears the other. Mr. Greeley is always fond of saying that a majority of the Southerners were averse to rebellion. But they certainly did not have their way; and if a minority is able to keep Ireland constantly disturbed and the English Government constantly anxious the duty of the Government is plain. It must either overpower by force, or it must conciliate by statesmanship. If, indeed, the minority are, as the letter alluded to, insists, bent upon the independence of Ireland, no conciliation would avail. Yet there is no way to ascertain so sure as the trial of a new Irish policy. Much has been done in that country; but the anomalies of the British system of government there are extraordinary, and still more extraordinary is British persistence in them.

Emerson says that in talking with an Englishman every thing goes very smoothly until you come to the established church; then a valve seems to shut in his brain, and there is an end of the conversation in that direction. But Ireland is an Englishman's insanity. Carlyle can think of no policy but submersion for twenty-four hours. The practical statesmanship upon which England incessantly prides herself seems to fail, and to become sheer unreason when it is applied to Ireland. What folly can be so supreme as the English Church establishment in that country? Large districts are of the Romish faith; the people are poor, ignorant, superstitious, and wholly under priestly influence, and they are forced to support a church which they hate nationally and religiously. The two strongest passions that affect great populations are in constant exasperation against British rule. The danger and the difficulty are complicated by the dispersion of the people through England, where they maintain an incessant irritation and consequent alarm.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* argues that there are no "positive grievances," and that the sole grievance is the presence of the Government. It is idle, however, to deny what many of the most intelligent men in England acknowledge, and what the whole world knows. There are very positive and grave grievances in Ireland; and to say that there is nothing to do but to relinquish the island or continue the present situation is to beg the whole question. The case demands the experiment of some sweeping measures of reform such as John Bright proposes. Let the Parliament meet in Dublin. Let it investigate. Let it reform the Church system and the land-tenure. Let it make Ireland feel that it received equal justice with all other parts of the kingdom, and await the result. It can not be so disastrous as awaiting the result of sullen persistence and defiance, and refusal to recognize grievances.

If we are told that we don't understand the situation, and that nobody but an Englishman can, we shall remember that Americans used to say precisely the same thing about slavery; and their foreign friends proved to be the wiser when they said the situation could not endure.

## THE WRIT *DE LUNATICO*.

It is getting to be necessary to issue the writ of *De Lunatico Diplomatico Inquirendo* in the case of the Secretary of State. While the mind of the whole country is intently devoted to the vital point of the reduction of taxation and the resumption of specie payment, Mr. Seward, by buying the Russian Possessions at the North and the island of St. Thomas in the Gulf of Mexico, is inviting extraordinary offers of real estate from other governments, and is adding scores of millions of dollars to the public debt.

The Secretary was never famous for economical views of the management of public affairs. As Senator he was always favorable to national grants and subsidies and of a certain magnificent style of government, which is impressive but onerously expensive. The later political philosophy, if known to him, is rejected with superb disdain. That governments should discharge very precise and limited functions, and not undertake what may be called private business, is a view which is not tolerated by him. In obedience to the tenets of the political school to which he belongs, Mr. Seward seems also to consider mere territorial acquisition a cardinal advantage to a nation, and he is evidently anxious to signalize his name in connection with an immense enlargement of our domain.

Now national aggrandizement, including territory and population, by purchase, is as perilous as that by conquest. That enlargement is alone safe which results from what may be called natural gravitation, or the tendency of a similar political system and state of society. It has indeed long been a theory of Mr. Seward's that this whole continent politically gravitates to the United States; but he seems to think that the gravitation is accomplished whenever a bargain can be made for the transfer. But it seems to us that if there be any truth in his theory, it is merely that weak powers are always in danger from strong neighbors, or that when the condition of this country and of some neighboring state shows that absorption will be advantageous to both, it should be completed upon honorable terms. The doctrine of political gravitation, like that of manifest destiny, is very apt to turn out piracy or purchase. Piracy, as a national policy, is not commendable, and purchase may be very doubtful.

The last acquisitions mentioned as possible are the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, which Spain is said to have offered to the United States for $150,000,000, one-third to be paid in cash, one-third at the end of one year, and the remainder at the end of six years. If we acquire Cuba we get a territory nearly as large as New York, and a population of some 1,200,000, about that of New York in 1820. It is the last stronghold of slavery, the colored people being about half of the population, and slavery, of course, would end with annexation. In the present condition of this country we must closely consider the political consequences of every such increase of territory and population; and we must ask whether it is highly desirable at this time to add to the United States a foreign population of ex-slaveholders and freedmen, with their territory in the neighborhood of our own late slave section. Even if the annexation were in itself desirable, the time is peculiarly ill-chosen; nor need we be troubled by any fear of the acquisition of Cuba by England, if we fail to snap at the opportunity. England can not now strengthen herself by any extension of her colonial system, nor is her experience of remote dominion such that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who lately asked with diffidence two millions of pounds, as a first payment for the rescue of a few Englishmen in Abyssinia, would be very forward to ask thirty millions to buy an island upon the American coast.

The report about Cuba would not excite attention except for the fact that Mr. Seward has evidently set his heart upon the policy of territorial extension. And even should it prove incorrect, no man knows how soon we may be bargaining for Brazil or Mexico.

## TOO MUCH DOCTORING.

Every candid physician of large private practice will confess that nine-tenths of the cases to which he is called to administer are such as require neither the advice of the doctor nor the use of a drug. Most of such voluntary patients, eager to display their tongues to the inspection and to submit their pulses to the titillation of the fashionable Sangrado of town or village, and to reveal to him the mysteries of their digestion and other functions, are women. Of these there are many, doubtless, who are afflicted with what may be considered a real malady—hypochondria. Such believe themselves to be ill, and in fact are so, and require, if not a doctor or a drug, both physical and moral treatment.

There are many more, however, who know that they are well, and yet pretend to be ill. It seems strange that any one should be so fond of being drenched with draughts and scorched with blisters as to affect a disease that does not exist. A celebrated divine, in making an eloquent appeal in behalf of a city dispensary, assured his listeners that they might bestow their money without fear of its being wasted upon impostors, for where, he asked, could you find a human being who would lie for a taste of castor-oil or the sensation of an active dose of Epsom salts?

Such impostors probably are not frequent among the poor who are forced to resort to the unsophisticated drugging and rude handling of the Dispensary doctor. They abound, however, among the rich and delicate females who compose the larger portion of the patients of the sympathetic physician of fashion.

The fact, astounding as it may appear, is no less a fact, and is confirmed by the writings and experience of the most intelligent medical observers. There is one remarkable case of undoubted authenticity, recorded by a famous physician of Dublin. A young girl belonging to a family of wealth and distinction complained of a pain in her elbow. Medical counsel was sought, and medical advice given. Treatment of the severest kind was submitted to year after year, without apparent result, until finally physicians and surgeons, finding that they could not cure the arm, determined to get rid of it by cutting it off. Amputation was performed, and then upon dissection of the limb the secret was discovered. The elbow was stuck full as a pin-cushion with pins. The young girl, for no other motive than to put herself in the interesting position of a sick patient, and thus to awaken the sympathy of her family and friends, had for years tortured herself, and finally submitted to the agony of mutilation.

It is seldom, perhaps, that such heroic examples of imposition are found, but the same morbid desire of sympathy is filling every where the lists of the doctors with patients and their pockets with fees. Spinsters and young widows form by far the most numerous portion of these cases. The former, either from want of personal charms or some other obvious cause, despairing, and the latter by accident being suddenly bereft of that great source of human sympathy, marriage, are apt to seek what they desire elsewhere. This desire for sympathy, like all other desires, when not gratified naturally, becomes excessive as well perverse in its manifestation; and one of the most frequent forms it assumes is the affectation of disease, for no other purpose than to obtain the visit of the good-looking and favorite doctor, to provoke his *tactus eruditus*—his "skilled touch"—and to awaken the interest that the sick never fail to do among friends and acquaintances. The obvious consequences are, the useless expenditure of a great deal of money, and much unnecessary inconvenience to every one brought into relation with the pretended patient. More serious results may follow, and indeed have followed. This yielding to a morbid desire for sympathy is in itself a moral debauchery, which unstrings the nerves and unfits the female mind for every duty in life. A woman thus places herself, moreover, at the mercy of the first unprincipled medical attendant she may call to act as a confederate in her imposture.

The causes of the evil are easily traced to the senseless training of women. Their superficial education deprives them of those resources which alone can supply the serious interests, mental, moral, and physical, which divert from unhealthy sentiment and lead to judicious views and right conduct of life. Girls are brought up with too exclusive a view to the mere act of matrimony, without regard to the performance of its duties. The practices of fashionable life, too, seem to be established for no other purpose than to bring the two sexes in close proximity for pairing. Balls and parties it is well known are the matrimonial markets of fashion. If a healthful tone were given to female emotion by a more substantial education and a less free indulgence in social excitement, there would be no such morbid desire for sympathy, and the physician would not be called in until his presence was absolutely necessary. Then, with less of the doctor, there would not be so great reason to complain of "Too much Doctoring."

☞ We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Althof, Bergman, & Co., Maiden Lane, for the use of the models from which the engraving of toys on page 821 of this issue was made.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE FORTIETH CONGRESS.

The Confiscation bill of last session which had for its purpose the disposal by the government of certain property in the South, came up in the House on December 10, and after several speeches *pro* and *con* further consideration was postponed until January 21.

The bill from the Senate Committee on Territories for the regulation of the jury system of Utah came up in the Senate on December 13. It provides, among other minor matters, that marriages in the Territory shall be solemnized only by justices of the Supreme Court or justices of the peace, and expressly forbids polygamy; and to be present at a Mormon marriage is to commit crime, and incur a fine of $1000.

In the House, on December 16, a resolution declaring that the House of Representatives will never retrograde from its position relative to reconstruction was adopted by yeas 111, nays 32.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The conference on the Roman question has proved another of Napoleon's many failures. All idea of arranging the affairs of Italy on a new basis by a conference of the European powers was abandoned on December 13, in consequence of the refusal of the great powers to attend.

A singular method of effecting a rescue was attempted in London on December 13, by the friends of the Fenian prisoner Colonel Burke. A barrel of gunpowder was rolled against the wall of the prison and exploded. The prison-wall was blown down, several houses shattered, four persons killed, and about forty wounded. The prisoners did not escape.

SANTA CLAUS.—Drawn by Charles G. Bush.—[See First Page.]

AN EARLY CHRISTMAS CALL.—[See First Page.]

CHRISTMAS TOYS—A QUIET HINT TO UNCLE JOHN.—[See First Page.]

## JOHN WARDER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

IT was a lonely room of a lonely house—a house against which, as the needs of the city's growth in trade encroached upon the older building sites, the tide of improvement had surged vainly, leaving it at every ebb unmoved as ever. The shadows deepened as the fire burned lower and lower, a film of white ashes inclosing the smouldering coals. The master of the house sat at a table, with his head resting on his hand; a stern man of forty, or thereabouts, though the deep lines of his face made him seem older.

There is nothing sad in gray hairs and wrinkles, *per se*. When they come as the genuine mark of duteous toil which has kept pace with the marching years, they but testify—not sadly, surely—that the soul is surpassing the limits of its garments, and that the time is coming by-and-by for its

"Leaving its outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

But locks that have silvered slowly through still night-times, when a torturing conscience "murdered sleep;" deep corrugations furrowed into plastic cheek and brow by the convulsions of pride, passion, or remorse, there is nothing in all the world more sorrowful to see than these.

John Warder had been made for a nobler life than he was living. In the quarrel which he had waged, years before, with all that was dearest to him, he had done to nothing else such deadly hurt as to his own better nature.

Sorely wounded and bleeding, he had not dared to leave it to die unguarded, but had walled it up in a prison-house of pride and selfishness, lest haply he might feel within it some stir of reviving life and warmth. Whatever shadow he had cast on other lives, he had blighted none so utterly as his own. Even he knew that, sitting still to-night, and accepted the knowledge with a certain defiant bitterness.

A merry peal of bells from some neighboring church-tower came to his ear, mingled with the hurrying tread of the passers outside, and he remembered suddenly that it was Christmas-eve. His face changed for an instant; perhaps some tender thread out of the past was tugging uneasily at his heart. If it were so he snapped it with a resolute hand, and turning toward the light began to read. It was an old, cold book of philosophy (?) which he opened, yellow and worn with frequent use.

John Warder could read such words as these on Christmas-eve!

"Since God, if there be a God, hath withdrawn himself far away from his works, within the impenetrability of his own essence, leaving the elements of evil let loose in this lower world to compass in the end dire confusion and ruin, or haply to work out their own elimination, every soul shall sustain the results of its own action, and the presumption of a supra-human redemptive agency is no more than the thin figment of an enthusiastic imagination."

As his eye lingered on the closing words of the paragraph there was a sudden, sharp ring at the street-door. No one seemed to answer the summons, and directly there was a second ring, more prolonged and importunate than the first. At the sound he recollected that there was no one in the house besides himself, old Mrs. Hall, the housekeeper, having gone to superintend the decoration of a Christmas-tree for her grandchildren, and taken Peggy, her little handmaiden, with her. With an expression of impatience he laid aside his book and went down stairs, but on throwing open the door started with surprise to find no one standing without.

"Some rogue of a boy has played me a trick," he said to himself, looking up and down the street; but while the words were yet on his lips, the faintest possible rustle at his feet made him look downward. There on the broad door-stone stood a large covered wicker-basket, half-hidden in the shadow of the wall. Slowly and cautiously he lifted it inside, and as he closed the door behind him the figure of a woman rose up from a crouching posture in the darkness not far off, seemed to listen a while at the door, and then flitted hurriedly away.

In the light of the hall-lamp John Warder lifted the cover of the basket. No more than a bundle of flannel appeared at first, but its folds moved gently as if to the regular breathing of a sleeping child. With a trembling eagerness to which he had long been unused, he drew aside the careful covering and disclosed a little face set in fair curls, and rosy with the sweet sleep of infancy. While he looked the little one stirred uneasily as if about to waken, and with a strangely-mingled feeling of haste and helplessness he rushed up stairs to the library again, carrying the basket in his hands. He sat down upon a low settle before the open hearth and lifted out the babe, a little girl, perhaps eight months old. She was quite awake now, but she did not cry, as he had expected. She looked all about the room, taking in her new surroundings with wide, wondering eyes; at last, swaying slowly backward, she looked up into his face with a long, questioning gaze, which grew momentarily more self-possessed, as if she were trying his very soul before the tribunal of her pure judgment. Perhaps her baby instinct penetrated to the deep springs of tenderness in his nature, locked up so long within the icy incrustations of selfish stubbornness, for suddenly a sweet smile broke over her little features, and she held up both her tiny hands with a crow of delight. John Warder's heart swelled in a great human throb, and something like a tear gathered in his eye. He held the child close and kissed her, while she wound her fingers in his long beard, laughing gleefully. The very fire blazed up again as if in answer to the unwonted sound of baby-laughter in the house; and the child tried to grasp the flickering shadows, and stretched her pink toes in the ruddy glow. Warder was a wonder even to himself—he fondled her, danced her on his knee, called her pet names long-forgotten, and, wondering suddenly if she were in need of food, he set her on the carpet, with his heavy chain and seals for a plaything, then he went down stairs to grope his way through the pantry in search of milk and a cup in which to warm it at the coals.

When the baby had drank and played, and drank again, the long fringes began to droop over her violet eyes, slowly her curly head sank on his shoulder, and she was fast asleep. He laid her down upon the sofa, tucked up in wraps and pillows which he brought from his own sleeping-room; then he sat down beside her, and watched the long night through.

Some of the thoughts which came to him in that silence were known only to God and his own soul. All his past life moved before him like a panorama, and in the clear, wondrous light that shone upon it, and irradiated it through and through, he could not choose but see all things as they were—his own ingratitude and stubborn pride, the love he had crushed, the blessings he had thrown away. Once more he stood at the bedside of his dying mother, when she gave him, as her last trust, his little fair-haired sister, the child of her old age—just such a child as this babe might grow to be—saying, "John, you will be brother, father, and mother to her, all in one!" He remembered how the little May grew up, a sunshiny creature, making the house glad with her bird-like music and her winning ways; how she loved him, and hung about him with kisses and caresses when he came home at night; how proud he was of her beauty and her sparkling wit; the splendid match he planned for her; and then—oh beginning of dark days!—the time when a penniless clerk came between him and his cherished schemes, with nothing but his love and honest name to give her, yet daring to offer both; how she turned from the rich suitor to smile upon the poor; his own fierce anger; her gentle entreaties, the day when he cursed her with cruel words, which he shuddered now to recall, and she rose up from his feet with the Warder pride in her pale, sorrowful face, and went out of his home, but oh! never—he knew it to-night!—never yet out of his heart. He remembered how, maddened by the news of her marriage, he had been guilty of a well-directed insinuation, which had lost her husband his situation. He had lost sight of them since; he had tried year by year to banish them from his thought; he did not know to-night if she were yet alive. The lonely years filed past him, in which the old home had grown still and dreary, while he stifled the yearnings of his heart and made no sign—years in which he had become more rich and powerful without, but always more lean and shriveled and bankrupt within.

His eye fell on the old book which he had read that evening, and he saw how he had dared to fill his exiled soul with the husks of willing doubts, denying God, and starving for the want of all that might have fed a higher life. Was there no hope? He turned to look at the babe sleeping still. The gray dawn of the new Christmas-day stole in between the heavy curtains, lighting up her face, and he thought—no doubting now!—how, eighteen hundred years ago, a little child was born, poor and friendless, like this one, heir to a heavenly throne, indeed, yet cradled in an earthly manger. "And they shall call his name Emmanuel, for he shall save his people from their sins." The words came like long-forgotten music—he had learned them to say at his mother's knee. While they still sang themselves over in his thought, the babe awoke and stretched her little hands to him, with a smile of recognition. John Warder had forgotten how to pray as others do; he could not shape his petitions according to the creeds of men; and yet I think that God met his broken, shame-faced soul, where it stood afar off, not daring to come nearer, and gave it, in the sweet confidence of the innocent child, the token at once of a shriving and a benediction.

Old Mrs. Hall, bustling into the library in the early morning, thinking to dust and put the room to rights before her master rose, started back upon the threshold as if she saw an apparition. Years after, when the lovely child was the light and joy of the reorganized household, she never tired of telling of that sight.

"I stopped as if I'd 'a been shot," she would say; "and there sot the purty creetur' in the middle of the sofy, and Master John a buildin' tents around her with the blankets and pillows, and then a divin' at her with his head, to make 'em tumble down again, and her a crowin' and laughin' and pullin' at his hair. 'A merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Hall!' says he; 'you didn't know what a Christmas gift we had las' night, did you?' And then he told me about the bell ringin', and the basket and all, and that I was to look out for a nurse-girl for the baby. Then, after he'd stopped a minute, says he, very soft like, 'We'll take good care of her, Mrs. Hall, and keep her in Miss May's place.' I was so struck that I couldn't speak a word, for in all the six year since Miss May went away we'd never durst to speak her name before him. 'Master John's a changed man,' I said to Peggy when I went down stairs; 'and if Miss May draws the breath o' life he'll find her—mark my word!—and he'll bring her back again!'"

John Warder thought as he walked down street that morning that the day had never been half so bright before, or the shop-windows so gay, or the faces he met so smiling and happy. Yesterday he would have shrunk within his great over-coat and behind his frosty muffler, intent only upon reaching his place of destination as quickly as he might; but now his look and mien so accorded with the holiday that some little boys ran up to him with a "Merry Christmas, Sir!" and he actually drew off his great fur gloves to feel in his pocket for some pennies to give them. Then he stepped inside a toy-shop, where a crowd of people were gayly chatting and handling the fancy wares, and bought a baby's rattle—a bright thing with gilded chains and tinkling bells. As sometimes, in New England, a single day of driving wind and rain will swell the slender mountain streams to noisy torrents, and carry off the accumulated ice and snow of the long, frozen winter, so the melting process once begun in John Warder's heart had swift and resistless way.

Some procession was marching up the street with floating banners, and he stepped into a fruiterer's shop to wait until they should have passed by. A woman stood before the counter in an old and faded cloak, her face turned away. She held a bunch of grapes in her thin hand.

"You have none cheaper?" she was saying. Something in the voice made him start.

"A dollar and a half a pound, ma'am—you can't expect them for less at this season," was the answer, in a careless tone, as if the shop-keeper anticipated but little profit from his customer.

"Could you give me ten cents' worth?"

"I suppose I *could*, but they're hardly worth the trouble of weighing," said the man, roughly; and at the words the woman turned with a quick, hurt motion, her lips trembling, and her face contracted with pain—a young face, thin and worn, but wearing traces of great delicacy and beauty.

Warder was at her side in an instant—he grasped her arm with breathless eagerness, making her look up into his face. Her own turned white as death, she gasped and would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms. "Oh, little May!" he said, with a great sob; then mindful of the curious gazers who began to gather around them, he half carried, half led her out, and, beckoning to a carriage waiting near by, lifted her inside and sat down, still supporting her in his arms.

"May! May! my darling!" he whispered, "speak to me—forgive me!"

"John! my own brother!" and she drew down his face and kissed him on the lips.

Few words were spoken at first; there was no noisy demonstration. The current of such emotion runs deep, indeed, but it is still.

"God sent a little child last night to be my teacher," he said at length, but ceased suddenly as a swift flush dyed her face.

"It was yours!" he cried.

"It *was* mine!" answered the mother. "Oh, John! it was a hard thing to do, and harder even for—for my husband, John—than for me; but my first two babes lie in their little graves, and now the foul air and unwholesome living were withering my tender little flower. I thought perhaps you would not reject her; I watched till I saw you take her in with your own hands. I never meant to let you know until some time when she had come to be to you what—what I was once, dear John, and then I thought perhaps—perhaps a little of the old love might live again through the new!"

He did not answer, only held her closer—closer.

"Where are we going?" she asked, anxiously.

"Home, May!"

"Oh, John! I can not! I can not! My poor husband! You must let me go to him now, this moment! He lies sick and helpless, and I have been gone so long already!"

"Your address, May!"

She gave it, and when he had directed the cabman he drew forth, by a few sweeping questions, the condensed history of six years.

"Walter was turned away from his situation soon after we were married," she said; "we never knew why, for he had done his duty faithfully. He tried vainly to find another without recommendations, and, discouraged at last, we left the city, and he found a little farm to work at shares. Our first years were very happy, for we did not mind poverty or toil while there was strength to meet them; but Walter's constitution was not firm enough for the hard life, and at last he sickened. Little Johnnie was three years old then, and Alice a baby of six months. Walter was ill so long that the land had to be given up, and then came sore troubles. The children took scarlet-fever; I watched them day and night; but God called them—both our lambs to the upper fold. We tried not to murmur, but oh, John! the loneliness that came after! Walter has never been well since; three months' work has often disabled him for twice that length of time. We came back to town, hoping that he could find lighter work, but he has been more ill than ever. Sometimes I despair of his life."

"Oh, May!" groaned her brother; "he must live! God will not make my punishment more than I can bear!"

The carriage was stopping now at the entrance of one of those great human hives, the tenement-houses of New York. Warder ordered the carriage to wait, then he followed his sister up the long flights of stairs to the poor room she called her home.

There was a wonderful Christmas dinner at John Warder's that day. Mrs. Hall laid the table in the library, so that the invalid, who lay there on a cot-bed, with a bright, restful smile on his thin face, might not be for a moment exiled from the circle. May was constantly making short pilgrimages through the house, with childish eagerness reviewing the familiar rooms, and coming back to sit beside her husband, holding his hand, and tracing in his animated face the promise of new health and strength—a promise which the weeks and months would not linger to fulfill.

But the baby! John Warder would not spare her even to her mother; he held her on his knee at table, and grudged the unconscious moments of her after-dinner nap. "You can not take her back, May," he said, solemnly; "she is mine!—not your gift to me, but God's!"

## TOUCHED TO THE HEART.

I'M not a romantic man, and, if I had had any leaning in that direction, a few Monday morning visits and reprimands from the board of directors would soon have cured me of the failing; but somehow or another I have found out that railway men are made of the same stuff as other men, and have hearts under their uniform-coats.

It was no business of mine, if, while I was at the London terminus of the Great Dividend and Longshare Railway, I examined the tickets and unlocked the carriages on the departure platform—it was no business of mine if a tall, fair girl, in deep mourning, came twice a week regularly, and showed me her ticket for Westgate, return, second-class. But somehow it seemed to be my business, when I had unlocked an empty carriage and handed her in as well as I could, that I should lock that door again without banging it, and then take care that no one else went in but lady-like females. Of course I could not help it, but from the very first day—cold, winterly day—when, thinly dressed, she came shivering along the platform, I seemed to have some strange interest in her; and, as the weeks slipped by, I found myself looking out for her regularly. It was easy to see, from the music-roll she carried and the return ticket, that she went down the line to give lessons.

I called myself a fool, and thought of my salary as a guard, and my position in life as compared with the graceful, lady-like girl who used to come floating along toward me every Monday and Wednesday morning, looking so pale and sad and care-worn that I first began by pitying her, and then—well, never mind now.

One cold December day I was shifted for a week on to the arrival platform, and so missed seeing her leave; but I carefully watched every train that came in till I saw her get out. Without seeing me she hurried away. Well, there was nothing to sigh for there, you'll say; but I did sigh all the same, and was turning away, when I saw the searching porter with a music-roll in his hand, which some one had left in a carriage.

"Here! I know who that belongs to," I said, snatching it from him; and then, seeing that he was going to make a bother, I slipped a sixpence into his hand, and ran out of the station.

Just in time: I could see her at the bottom of the street, and, catching hold of one of the boys hanging about for a job, I pointed the tall figure out, and told him to follow her to where she lived, and come back and tell me.

And not send the music-roll? No; I meant to take that. I did not know why, but there seemed something pleasant in the idea of being servant to her, and waiting on her; and I kept telling myself so as I walked back to attend to my duty.

Next morning I was in a quiet, shabby, lodging-letting place leading out of Gower Street North, with the music-roll in my hand, looking out for No. 21. It was easy enough to find, but something seemed to make me walk past two or three times before I could summon courage to go up and ring. But at last I did, thinking how foolish it was, when I only had to deliver the lost parcel, and come away.

So I rang gently, and waited; rang again, and waited; and then a red-faced woman came to the door.

"You have a young lady who teaches music—"

"Second-floor front," she said, snappishly. "Why don't you knock twice? Bell's for the ground-floor. There, go up!"

I took off my cap, wiped my shoes, and feeling ashamed of my uniform for the first time in my life, went slowly up to the second-floor, and then stopped; for I could hear a piano, and the sweetest voice I ever heard was singing to it in a low tone. I stopped, listening and drinking in the sweet sounds with my heart beating heavily, for it was a long way up; and I should have stopped longer, had I not heard some one coming up the stairs. Then I knocked, and a voice cried, "Come in!"

I turned the handle two or three times for it was old and worn, and then, entering, stood blushing like a great girl, and trembling before the tall pale lady and some one lying upon a sofa in front of a very miserable fire.

Such a bare, chilly room, and so cold and pale both the inmates looked, as I stood observing all I could in the first glance.

"Oh, mamma, the music!" cried the pale girl, rising from her seat by the piano, and running toward me; and then, as I clumsily held it out, I saw that I was recognized, as she thanked me for bringing it, and also for what she called my kindness at the station.

"Ask him to take a glass of wine, Louise," said the lady on the sofa, when I saw the color flush in her daughter's cheek, as she said, hastily,

"I think, mamma, we have none in the house."

I clumsily protested that I would rather not take any wine, and was backing toward the door, when a sudden pain shot through me, for I had detected a motion on the part of the pale girl, and caught sight of a shilling in her hand. I suppose I showed what I felt, for she paused and colored deeply, and as I stood outside she once more thanked me, and passed the shilling hastily into her left hand, and held out the right to me.

I have some recollection of having taken it, and pressed it to my quivering lips, and then I was blundering along the streets in a sort of wild dream, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, but apparently lost.

The days went on till Christmas-eve. I had watched for her next coming to the station, and, as usual, seen to the carriage in which she went. I knew that I had nothing to hope for, being only a railway servant, and she a lady; but for all that it seemed my duty to watch over her, though since the day I returned the folio her bows had

been a little more distant, and she had hurried into the carriage.

But it was Christmas-eve, and all through that week I had not seen her. "Holidays," I said to myself, and then tried to be as busy as possible, to keep myself from thinking that it would be perhaps a month or six weeks before I saw her again. But there was no fear of my not being busy, for most people know what sort of a Christmas railway servants keep—all hurry, drive, bustle, worry, and rush. Dull, heavy weather it was, yellow fog and driving snow. The trains came in covered with white, which slowly thawed and dripped off, so that the terminus was wet, and cold, and miserably dirty. People didn't seem to mind it, though; for the station was thronged with comers and goers—friends coming to meet those from the country, and as many coming to see others off. "By yer leave," it was all day long, as the barrows full of parcels and luggage were run here and there along the platform. The place seemed alive with fish-baskets, oyster-barrels, and poultry; while somehow or another, from the poorest and shabbiest third-class people up to the grandees of the first class, every one looked happy and comfortable.

So there I was at it, helping to get train after train off—all late, of course; for, do what you would, there was no finding room enough for the people, and so it got to be past four, with the gas all alight and the snow and fog thicker than ever. A train was just starting, when there was a bit of confusion at the door. Some one shouts "Hold hard!" and then from where I was—some distance up the platform—I saw a gentleman hurry up to a first-class carriage, almost dragging a lady with him—a lady in black. Before any body could stop him he had opened the door, pushed her in, and then followed, just as the train began gliding off.

This happened to be a carriage just put on, and the compartment the gentleman entered was locked; but he had one of the pocket railway-keys, for before the carriage reached where I stood, with my heart somehow beating very strangely, I saw his hand out of the window, locking the door again. In the momentary glance I caught, as the lamps of the station flashed into the carriage, I could see that there was no light inside, while two little gloved hands pressed down the window the man tried to draw up; and there, pale and horror-stricken, eyes starting, and lips open, as if she were crying "Help!" I saw the face of the young governess.

The time did not appear long enough to see so much, but I saw all that, and my mind seemed to keep up with my eyes and explain it all; and I knew that there was some infernal piece of villainy on the way.

"What to do?" seemed rushing through my mind, as in the agony I felt I turned all of a tremble. Telegraph to the station in front to stop the train, which was the express, with fifty miles to run before pulling up?—send a special engine and tender after them? How could I do either on my own responsibility, and only on suspicion? Should I go and report it? I should have half an hour wasted in questioning, and then perhaps be told that it was time enough to act when there was proved ground to work upon. And what had I to advance? Nothing but that appealing look for aid from her I loved.

"Her I loved!" Yes, I knew it now; and I knew, too, that to be of service, I must act—act at the risk of life or limb. I thought all this, running after the train, fast gliding along past the platform.

I had lost too much time already as I darted along, for in a few more seconds it would have been impossible to overtake the fast-receding carriages. There was a shouting behind me as I ran; one porter stood right in my way looking after the red lights, and in passing, I knocked him over. The platform past, and bounding along the incline at the end, I was out in the snowy night, when I tripped over one of the point handles, and fell heavily, uttering a cry of despair; but I was up again directly, and running along the rough line amidst crossing metals and rods that threatened to throw me every instant.

It seemed the act of a madman to run now, for the red lights were some distance ahead, and gradually growing dim and blurry amidst the fog; but through the thick snow I ran panting on, with my breath coming shorter and heavier, and a hot, burning sensation at my chest, while it seemed that I could taste blood, though my mouth was dry and hot.

All at once my heart leaped and every nerve tingled. From the fast-vanishing train came a long shrill whistle, which I knew well enough meant red signals in front, while, to my unutterable joy, the end lamps of the guard's van showed plainer and plainer as I panted on.

Another stumble and fall over the point rods—and I was up again, heedless that my hands and forehead were bleeding, and that I had lost my cap. There were the lamps plainer and plainer, for the train had almost stopped; but now, a hundred yards ahead, could I overtake it before it started again? The suspense was horrible. I felt my head swim as I panted on.

Fifty yards passed, and the red lamps still receding, but bigger and less dim. On still, gasping and choking, and drawing my breath with difficulty. Not twenty rods off, and, if I could have run, another few seconds would have seen me holding on by a carriage handle; but I could only go at a heavy trot.

"Bang! bang!" went a couple of fog-signals, and hope rose again as the engine slackened pace once more, and, almost at a walk, I panted on—nearer, nearer, nearer—the red lights growing brighter and plainer; and at last, just as the engine gave a final shriek and dashed on all clear, I laid my hand on the red bull's-eye, and the next moment was sitting clinging to the foot-board of the guard's van.

The fog had been my friend. In another few seconds I must have dropped; while, in an ordinary way, the train would have been miles down the line by this time.

"Bang! bang!" went the fog-signals again, as I sat helplessly there, with my legs drawn up, and again we slackened for a few seconds; but all clear once more, and we were dashing on, and fast getting into full swing as I rose up, and, opening the door, stood with the guard of the train.

"Pooh! nonsense!" he said. "You're mad. I sha'n't stop the train."

"Then I shall," I shouted, making toward the wheel connected with the gong upon the engine.

"Not if I know it, you won't," he said, stopping me.

I was too weak and done up to scuffle with him.

"Will you come with me to the next carriage, then?" I said.

He only shook his head.

"Will you lend me your key?" I said; for I had dropped my own when I fell.

He shook his head again, and then it struck me that perhaps he might stop me, seeing how rough and wild and excited I looked. I backed slowly toward the door, facing him all the time. He told me afterward, if he had not felt afraid, he would have pinned me while I turned my back.

But I didn't turn my back, and the next moment I was outside on the long step, clinging to the door-handle, and with the guard leaning out and watching me.

"Come back!" he shouted, as we dashed along at full speed now, rushing through the darkness ahead, and giving a wild shriek as we passed a station, the lights looking like one streak. There were the carriages shaking and the wind tearing at me as if to beat me off; but I was recovering myself fast, and in a few moments I was at the end of the guard's van, leaning toward the carriage I wanted to reach.

So far my task had been easy, though, of course, very dangerous, with the train dashing along at fifty miles an hour; but now there was a gap to pass between the van and the carriage, for the buffers keep the carriages at some distance apart. For a few moments I stopped in dread, but, as I got my breath more and more, courage and the recollection of her wild appealing face came to me, and, clinging to the buffers, I contrived to get one foot on to the step of the carriage, and, still holding on by the iron, tried to get the other there.

Just then the train gave a jerk, and I thought it was all over; but the next moment I was on the step, and had hold of the door-handle.

"At last," I muttered, as I drew myself up on to the next step, and tried the door, which was, as I expected, fast. Then I looked back. There was the guard, with half his body out, and his hand screening his eyes, trying to follow my motions; but, with the darkness all round, the snow cutting by like knives and points, and the dense fog-clouds we kept entering, I felt sure he could not see me, though I could make him out from the light in his compartment. Then I listened, and my heart seemed to stand still; for I fancied I could hear the sound of a struggle going on inside, though I was not sure, from the rattling made by the train. I was not wasting time, for I had tried to look in at the window; and, after opening my knife with my teeth, was trying to open the door. But the interior of the carriage was dark as pitch, and my knife was useless, while now I was sure there was a struggle going on inside. Directly after, one of the little side panes of glass was broken, and I heard a faint cry.

I dashed in the door-window in an instant, cutting my hands with the thick glass, and then, beating out the loose pieces, made a place for entrance, and had half my body in before I felt myself seized by some one who tried to force me back.

Two hands held me by the throat, while I grasped the door with one hand, half in and half out of the carriage. My blood was up. I had hold of my unseen enemy by the collar, and I dug my knuckles into his neck as I held on for life like a bull-dog.

I had the advantage of him there, for, while I had on a stiff collar and buttoned-up uniform-coat, he had only a thin dress shirt-collar, and one of those black wisps of ties. It was a struggle for life and death with me, but I got further and further in. At last, I suppose, feeling half choked, he started back and drew me with him, so that I fell heavily on the floor.

Here, though, I lost my hold, and he had me again at a disadvantage. For what seemed a good five minutes, it was an up and down struggle, while more than once I felt myself dashed against somebody who was crouching in a corner of the carriage.

Sometimes I got the better and sometimes the worst off. After the struggle had been going on some time, it seemed that the far door was open, and that there was no one else in the carriage but us two, hanging on to one another like a pair of wild beasts. Then came such a horrible reaction that my strength seemed to leave me, for I felt that in her fear and dread the poor girl had leaped out.

But she had not, for she was outside, clinging for life to the handles, as in one brief glance I saw by the end light of the train flashing upon her. In a last fierce struggle my foot tripped, and I and the man I was struggling with fell headlong out of the door. There was a flash of light, the sound of rushing wind, and then I seemed to be dashed with fearful violence upon the ground.

The next thing I recollect is the sound of voices, and the hissing of the steam of an engine close by me, while some two or three people were moving about with lanterns. I found some one supporting my head; and then I gave a shudder, for there were horrible red patches and marks on the white ground. As the men spoke in whispers, I could see they were collecting together something horrible, that steamed in the cold air. A mist came over me, and I fainted dead away.

When I could think again, I found that I had been some time in a London hospital, and was lying there in a ward, looking at a pair of soft white hands that didn't seem to belong to me, while my head felt cool through my hair being cut off.

But I got stronger every day, and soon I had visitors to see me; and one face that came, and used to lean over my poor bare pallet, was, as it were, the face of an angel—so sweet, so loving, and so tender in its compassionate look; and once, while the old lady stood back, two tiny soft hands smoothed my pillow, and a tear fell on my cheek, as a voice whispered:

"God bless you, my brave preserver!"

I shut my eyes then, and trembled, for there was a bitter feeling of sorrow came over me, and in spite of those tender words, I seemed to be standing on the brink of a great gulf, far away from her.

As I grew stronger I learned from her mother how they had been deceived. It was through answering an advertisement for a governess that the poor girl had met with insult. She had been deluded into accompanying the gentleman, under pretense of his taking her to his home, a few miles down the line. He had paid the penalty of the crime he had meditated with his life. An up-train tore him to pieces—an up-train which must have passed within a few inches of my head.

The train from which we fell had been stopped by the guard a few miles further down, when the poor girl was found clinging outside the carriage. An engine and tender were sent back in search of us, to find us as I have already told.

I only saw her once again, when she gave me this—this little purse, just as you see. She spoke to me kindly and tenderly, and they were words of praise, I think; but I saw her only through a mist, and the thought that it was for the last time seemed to fill my mind so that I could only speak huskily. I kissed one of her hands as she said "Good-by;" and then I was standing alone—alone in the world, without aim or hope. You will please to remember that she was a lady, and that I am—only a railway servant.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HAS your boy a pair of skates? and is he gathering strength and vigor these cold, bright, winter days from delightful recreation on the ice? If not, and you are undecided what to get as a Christmas gift, pause a little before you spend all your money in buying house toys, which will only keep him cooped up by the fireside during his play hours. Get him a pair of skates, and do your best to make some arrangement for him to use them as often as possible. And get another pair if your boy has a sister big enough to go with him; and by all means get a third pair for yourself and have a good time with the children.

The truth is that city boys and girls do not have half the vigorous outdoor exercise that young and growing human beings require. They walk demurely in the streets, and ride in the cars, but how much does that do toward stirring up the blood into healthful action? The many pale, thin, young faces we meet indicate that all who live in the city, especially young folks, need to avail themselves of every opportunity to breathe good, fresh air, and to give the body wholesome exercise.

The Central Park affords excellent facilities for skating. It has four ponds—the large one at One Hundred-and-Tenth Street, the one at the intersection of Seventy-Second Street and Eighth Avenue, the Sixth Avenue and Fifty-Ninth Street pond, and what is called the Conservatory Pond, Seventieth Street and Fifth Avenue. These ponds are kept in the best possible order by the Park Commissioners, every precaution against accident is taken, commodious buildings for shelter and refreshment have been erected, skates can be hired by the hour, and attendants are ready to give any desired assistance. A plan has been projected by which the extra snow, which the skaters don't want, is to be packed upon the hill-sides at each end of the Park, so that the little folks who have sleds can enjoy something analogous to country coasting.

In addition to these free ponds there are several private ones, where pleasant and convenient arrangements are made for those who desire the use of them. Two or three of these are situated on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-fifth and Forty-eighth streets, and Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets. A series of skating excursions to the Jerome Park Skating Pond is also announced, and will doubtless afford to many a real and wholesome treat.

What a consolation it must be to the nine persons who were blown up in South Bergen the other day to be assured by the ablest scientific men in the country that nitro-glycerine is not such a very dangerous compound, and that in proper hands it may be used with comparative safety! And what a comfort to their friends to understand definitely that in this particular instance the explosion was caused by the pressure of frozen glycerine at the orifice of the can, *and* the introduction of hot iron into the can!

The admirers of Charles Dickens's writings find themselves fascinated in a strange manner as they take one of his books and sit down in a corner to read it quietly by themselves. They can not themselves understand what it is that so moves them to sympathy with the writer; but some link connects them to him closely, and they are moved as he is moved. And to hear one who has touched the deepest springs of emotion in the human heart through the medium of words *read* some of the choicest of his own productions is an event to be remembered with great pleasure. Mr. Dickens's appearance before an audience is quiet and unpretending, his dress plain and simple. His voice is not strong; and notwithstanding a favorable seat, and the hush that fell upon the audience at the first sound of his voice, we found it not always easy to catch every word. Yet the voice is sympathetic and well-modulated; and the dramatic action, including change of tone, gestures, and variations in the muscles of the face, is admirable. When he is reading pathetic passages you are so touched that you believe he is most effective in those; but in three minutes you are heartily laughing at the irresistible humor of some description, or the comic effect of some tone, or movement, or single look. You do not feel that you are listening to a set reading—for Mr. Dickens is not at all confined to the little book whose leaves he turns from time to time with his left hand—but rather to a charming story, told in a most natural and vivacious manner. Mr. Dickens has been received with great enthusiasm in New York. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear him read consider themselves lucky; and those who tried in vain to obtain tickets *hope* there may yet be another chance for them. There is no question but that he would draw appreciative and delighted audiences if he should continue his readings all winter.

From the sanitary reports of the six months ending November 1, 1867, it appears that no less than 6434 infants died in this city before reaching their second year, and more than half of this number perished ere the first anniversary of their birth was reached. Every summer there is a fearful slaughter of infants in New York. Bad air, improper and insufficient food, and want of cleanliness are the chief causes.

Some four years ago, according to report, a colony of gipsies came to this country from England. In the process of time a portion of them encamped in the woods at Flushing; but the approach of winter warned them that warmer quarters were requisite, and a short time since they sought shelter in some cottages on Flushing Avenue. And it is also said that some of these gipsies are soon to remove from Brooklyn to New York City. These strange people live in rude and simple style, eating, talking, and telling fortunes being their principal business. Indeed some of them make a good thing of fortune-telling; and stealing, which is usually regarded as a necessary characteristic of the race, is quite needless. In fact, they have, so far as has been ascertained, conducted themselves in a very exemplary manner; and their more civilized neighbors, who at first experienced a panic in regard to their own safety and that of their goods, have settled down into a calm and comfortable frame of mind. The gipsies are profoundly ignorant, and seem to fear the influence of education and civilization—at any rate they insist on isolating themselves from all contact with people in general.

The walking-fever has reached the following point, which may be safely regarded as the crisis. An amateur pedestrian makes the following offer: "I will walk with any good-looking girl, who has a fortune in her own right, upon any given moonlight night, both parties to go as slow as they please, and neither to hurry back to the starting-point. I will then, on the word, walk into her affections, and walk off with her fortune."

Henceforth whoever picks chicken-bones with his fingers may be considered as quite *au fait*. We presume the same is as true of turkey-bones, or partridge-bones, but we should not like to speak positively in regard to them. Our authority for the chicken-bone fashion is no less a personage than the Austrian Emperor. It is reported by the court chroniclers that during his late visit to Paris the Emperor, at a very grand dinner, picked chicken-bones with his fingers. It has often been remarked that any person of good *taste* can set a fashion—so we suppose this fashion is "set."

A "countryman" of Tim Donovan's was severely hurt. The doctors said he had "a compound comminuted contused fracture of the 'tibula,' a stellated fracture of the cranium, and abrasion of the *os frontis*." Tim listened, awe-stricken. And when his wife asked how the injured man was: "Bad enough!" said Tim. "Bad enough! The docthors (Heaven be praised for larnin'!) have towld me all about it. He's a dead man! All his Latin parts are wounded, and he won't live foive minits!"

It seems that rats obtained admission to the Paris Exhibition without any tickets. During the recent removal of articles from one of the sections, a workman called on one of his comrades to assist him in lifting an immense cheese, which had stood against a wall, into a packing-case; the men stooped and put out all their strength, but what was their surprise to find that the article was as light as a drum. A family of rats had installed themselves in it, and nothing but a mere shell remained.

Eight cities in Europe have streets named in honor of President Lincoln, so it is stated.

Romantic weddings are frequent enough nowadays; but years ago they might not have been so common. An anecdote is told of Dean Swift, who being overtaken by a thunder-shower one day, took shelter under a tree, where he found a party of young girls waiting for the rain to cease. One young girl was weeping, and the Dean learned that she was on her way to church to be married to a young man who was with her. "Never mind, I'll marry you," said the Dean; and took out his prayer-book, and there and then performed the ceremony; and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

Under a tree in stormy weather,
I married this man and woman together.
Let none but Him who rules the thunder,
Sever this man and woman asunder.

JONATHAN SWIFT,
Dean of St. Patrick's.

Loud talking and laughing, whether in the social circle, in the public car or street, in the painting gallery or in the restaurant, is not an indication of good-breeding. And Americans are often criticised on this very point, especially when in foreign countries. Some Americans—cultivated and refined they were too—were introduced by letter to a London gentleman, who made a dinner-party for them, composed mostly of their countrymen. In speaking of it afterward, he remarked that "they laughed and talked so loud that he was afraid the police would come in and see what the row was." It is not unfrequently the case that a party of two or three enter a public car, and chatter and laugh in an unpleasantly loud manner, without apparently the least conception that their conduct is disagreeable to others, and very far from being in good taste.

A mendicant, living alone in a wretched hut at Courbevois, near Paris, in abject misery and intolerable privations, was lately found dead on the floor of his filthy hovel. He had been in the habit of receiving the food charitably offered him by a neighbor through an aperture in the door of his miserable hut. A medical examination proved that the man had died of starvation. A sum of thirty francs in copper coin having been accidentally found in this abode of human misery, a further search was made, and immediately under the roof was discovered, carefully wrapped up in many folds of dirty rags, no less than 18,000 francs in gold (£720).

"MARY WITH THE CHILD JESUS."—BY MURILLO.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

CHRISTMAS MORNING—AWAKING.—[See First Page.]

# PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.

By MISS ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "Denis Donne," "Walter Goring," "Played Out," etc.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### "WHO COULD IT BE?"

IT was a long time before Edgar Talbot could make up his mind to go and see his brother and Blanche together as man and wife. Her turning from him in his trouble to Lionel had embittered Edgar Talbot very much; and as he was fully aware of the force of his bitterness and of its injustice, he would not go near them while he could stay away. But when Beatrix came up on a visit to the bride just before she became a bride herself, there was just so much courteous coercion used in the matter of inviting him as compelled him to go to the inaccessible suburb and see them.

Out of genuine good feeling for the man who might still be supposed to have rather a sore feeling about her, Blanche decided that Edgar should not find them alone. "Let us ask the Suttons and their Mr. Eldale and Miss Bowden to dinner to meet him, Lal," she said, suggestively; and when Lionel, who would have acquiesced in any proposition of hers, even if it had embraced inviting the moon and the stars to a family repast, when he nodded assent she added:

"Not to a swell turbot and Palestine soup and chablis and oyster dinner, you know, Lal; but I feel that a dinner is the only thing that will bring Edgar here comfortably."

So the invitations were sent and accepted, and then Blanche found that a dinner in theory is easier than a dinner in practice if the establishment be small. It was smooth sailing enough so long as she was saying what she would have, and how she would have it. But their one domestic was that most unmanageable of all animals, an obtuse human being, who would act on her own instincts, which were invariably bad. Accordingly Blanche's hopes of "things going off well" were much dashed during the morning.

"The table will look sweet—till the eatables come upon it," Blanche said to Trixy, "for Lal, in his character as artist, has picked up a quantity of quaint old German and Venetian glass; that with two or three flowers—"

"But where will you get the flowers and the wine for the old German and Venetian glasses?" Trixy asked, laughingly. "They won't walk in to see you by dinner-time, Blanche, and you haven't ordered them, have you?"

"No, I have not," Blanche said, candidly; "but ale and sherry won't taste the worse for being drunk out of antique goblets that are meant for hock and Champagne; as for the flowers—well, they are a difficulty, since I can't toil up to Covent Garden Market for them."

"I am afraid we must give up the flowers," Trixy said, pensively. "It is a pity, because, if other things fail, a rose is nice to look at."

"I haven't risked a failure," Blanche said; "soles can't be very badly fried, can they? unless they are spoiled by malice intent; and mutton can't be burnt in boiling; and the weakest-minded person can tell how long chickens ought to be roasting; as for the sweets, I shall tackle that part of the entertainment myself."

"It really is not worth the trouble," Beatrix said, languidly.

"No—you swell in anticipation; I quite agree with you as far as you're concerned," Blanche said, laughing; "but it's worth all the trouble I shall have, and a great deal more, if it brings Edgar among us comfortably again. Oh, if I had some flowers, what a sweet nook of a drawing-room I would make of this part of the room beyond the alcove! even you should not sigh for your palatial chambers, young lady."

"What shall you do, as we have no flowers?" Trixy asked.

"Oh, make the best of it; easy-chairs (we would have them when we were furnishing), and nuts, and sherry, and the strongest coffee, and the best intentions; when these pall upon our guests they may go home."

"You do make the best of things," Trixy said, in a sudden burst of good feeling. "Poor dear Blanche! ought you not to be writing?"

"Yes; I always ought to be writing—and I can't always be doing it. Now, Trixy, the present need is always the greatest to my mind; it's four, and they are coming at seven. Before that hour a complete transformation must be effected in my house and in my person; and Lal must not be disturbed through it at all; so for two hours I must be a house-maid."

As she spoke she put on a long brown holland apron with sleeves in it, and armed herself with a duster and a brush, and under the dextrous management of her supple hands the little room and the alcove beyond it soon assumed a different air.

"I always think it prettier to dine near to a window instead of in the middle of the room," she said, pulling the table to where the one who would sit at the head would be shrouded in the curtains; "and in our case beauty and expediency unite: it gives more space for the free movements of the excellent man who sold me my potatoes this morning and will serve them to us to-night."

Then she paused, out of breath a little with her exertions, and wished once more for a few flowers, to brighten that air of barrenness which might make Edgar think that there had been more haste than judgment in their marriage.

It was therefore no trifling pleasure to her, when she came down dressed at last to her little sitting-room, to find one of the chairs occupied by a trayful of choice flowers. As she bent over them, inhaling the sweetness of their blooms, the feeling of intense delight in having them at all overcame all curiosity as to how they came there. There would be nothing wanting so far as the pride of the eye was concerned, she felt, in a room adorned by these flowers. They would redeem it from all that plainness and sombreness which she had been feeling rather acutely this day. Then she remembered that she had no specimen-glasses, no three-tier vases—nothing which modern art has designed for the fitting holding of flowers. So she set to work at once to improvise something. Taking a soup-plate for the foundation, placing a lamp-stand in the middle of it, and putting a tall, old-fashioned ale-glass on the top of the lamp-stand, she achieved a very fair result. When the whole structure was decked with carefully-disposed flowers and a great deal of foliage the "fair result" became a glorious one.

She forgot how time was passing as she hung over her flowers, they were in such luxuriant masses, though it was mid-winter. She grouped them every where; it was the first pleasure of the kind she had had since she left the river-side hotel which had been the scene of her honeymoon happiness. An hour slipped away as she grouped crimson camellias with thin, dark, glossy green leaves, in small old china bowls on brackets against the white-watered paper. The plain, rather narrow white marble mantle-piece supported the broad, gorgeously-beautiful leaves of a rare foliage plant so excellently well that Blanche's love of the lovely kept her idly gazing far too long. Then suddenly a knock at the door startled her, and she stood still surrounded with unarranged flowers, waiting the advent of her guests. Feeling guiltily that she had neglected the prose of life for the poetry—knowing that she ought to have gone to the kitchen to see how matters progressed there—that she ought to have laid out Lionel's evening-dress for him—that, above all things, she ought not to have been surprised in this state of confusion by Mr. and Mrs. Sutton, now the hour she had named for dinner had fully come.

"Some good genius, knowing my love of flowers, has sent me a whole green-house, and I have been fascinated into forgetting how much room they take up," she said, apologetically, as Mrs. Sutton came into the room.

Perfect as Mrs. Sutton's tact was, she never would exert it for the purpose of making things pleasanter to Blanche. So now, when she saw that Blanche was embarrassed by being thus taken unawares, Marian added to that embarrassment to the best of her ability. She smiled a very faint smile as she gave her hand to Blanche, and muttered something relative to "fearing they had mistaken the hour."

"No, you have not," Blanche said, gathering up all her flowers as she spoke. "Dear me! where can Trixy and Lionel be? Do sit down in here" (she indicated the alcove), "and I will look for them; this" (laughing) "is our only drawing-room."

Mrs. Sutton glanced at the alcove, and then walked into it with a little sigh of resignation, and a slight movement of her shoulders which was not lost upon Blanche. Nor was it lost upon Miss Bowden, who deemed it the correct thing to follow in her aunt's footsteps and be supercilious too.

"Let me help you," Mark Sutton said, kindly taking the tray from Blanche; "where shall I put them?"

"You must not trouble yourself, Mr. Sutton."

"It's no trouble to help you, and you shouldn't treat us like strangers," Mark said; and then Mrs. Sutton made a remark to the effect that "really they could not complain of being treated too ceremoniously."

Blanche went up stairs considerably mortified at the untoward commencement of her well-meant entertainment. "I'm sure I did not mean to be pretentious or negligent," she thought, "and I seem to have been both." Then she knocked rather humbly at Trixy's door, and asked that young lady if she were "ready to go down and help to amuse Marian?"

"Are they come?"

"Yes—and caught me in confusion—arranging, oh! such lovely flowers."

"Where did you get them?" Beatrix asked, briskly coming to the door.

"I don't know at all. They came, sent by my kind star, I suppose; they're superb!"

"And you don't know who sent them?" Beatrix repeated, her pale face flushing a little; "that is singular."

Something in Trixy's tone made Blanche blush too as an idea smote her. Then she said, boldly:

"I have not thought so before, but now I think it must be Frank; do you know, Trixy?"

"Oh dear, no!" Trixy replied; "I know nothing about it. Yes, I am ready; I'll go down."

When she said that, Blanche went on to Lionel's room, feeling sadly that through no fault of hers Lionel's sisters were both antagonistic.

She got ample compensation from Lionel for all this worry and wear and tear of spirit. "My darling, don't distress yourself about what you can't help," he said, affectionately. "What if they did find you arranging your flowers, and if they have to wait half an hour for dinner? Because I can't give you an establishment, they don't expect my wife to be a slave. Come on; come down."

"In your velveteen, Lionel?"

"Why not?" he asked, laughing. "You say it's becoming and artistic, and I know it's comfortable. A dress-coat means so much more than we are going to give them that you must let me wear this."

So she said nothing more against it; and when they went down Mrs. Sutton said to Mr. Eldale, who arrived just at the moment, that she was sorry to see her brother had grown so negligent about conventionalities; "he used not to be—it comes from his having married a thorough Bohemian."

The whole party had assembled now, and still there were no signs of the approach of dinner. Blanche's heart began to go down; it seemed impossible to avert silence, and Edgar watched her closely. So, partly to create a diversion, and partly in pursuance of her plan of being perfectly open with regard to her relations with Frank Bathurst, she asked "if she had to thank him for the lovely flowers?" adding quickly, that "it was so kind and thoughtful to send them—just what she expected of him."

"Then I'm sorry to disappoint your expectations, Blanche," he said, gayly. "I never thought of them; I know nothing about them."

"Who could it be?" she asked, wonderingly looking round the little circle; and Mrs. Sutton replied:

"Some other thoughtful and considerate friend. How nice it must be for you, Lionel, to have a wife who is so warmly regarded! What lovely flowers you get!"

"Perhaps it's some hero-worshiper," Mr. Eldale suggested—"some one who has read your last work, and dares only to lay floral offerings at your shrine."

"Accept Mr. Eldale's reading of the mystery, Blanche. You will find compensation in it for your last bad review. It must be delightful to be an authoress."

Marian spoke very sweetly; but the dulcet tones did not conceal the latent sneer; and as Blanche crimsoned under the blow, Edgar Talbot said, quietly:

"Do not you be fired by the spirit of emulation, Marian. If you wrote from experience you would give us such hideous pictures of society that we should not like to show in it again."

"Mrs. Sutton would act the part of censor, then," Mr. Eldale said. He was the only one who was outside the pale of relationship. It was not pleasant to him, therefore, to hear the hard fraternal truths which were being told.

"Marian whipping the faults and follies of the age would be an improving spectacle," Edgar said, laughing.

"A panoramic view is not the best, I allow. One who had mingled in those faults and follies would whip them better than Mrs. Sutton," Mr. Eldale said, eagerly. "Do you remember what the stinging little poet wrote—

"'I know the thing that's most uncommon
(Envy, be silent, and attend);
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.'

"'Has she no faults, then?' Envy says, Sir.
'Yes, she has one, I must aver:
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.'"

"Your long quotation goes to prove that Pope had not Marian in his mind's eye when he wrote those lines," Edgar said; and Marian put in:

"If I were not so stupid I would say something neat about Edgar being so epigrammatic; but he might take me to task as to the exact meaning of the word, and that would be fatal."

Just as she said that the tardy dinner came, and poor Blanche partially recovered her spirits as she sat down to the table that seemed to be lacking in nothing by reason of the multitude of flowers that were upon it.

To narrate each little drawback to the perfect serving and ordering of this well-intentioned banquet would be to descend to dreary, dull details. Accordingly, though dreary, dull details make up a large portion of the sum of life for most, they shall not be dwelt upon here. It is enough to say that the dinner was not what it would have been had a French *chef* cooked and an attentive footman served it, and that the shadow of each shortcoming was mirrored in Blanche's face.

"The game has not been worth the candle," she thought, as she led the way up stairs to her own writing-room after dinner. "Marian despises it all; Edgar is cool to me and to his brother; and Trixy is put out by the flower mystery. Why should she suspect Frank of practicing such a small deception, and why should she mind it if he had sent them to me? people are very funny." As she thought this she tried to arrange three rather dissatisfied women in a small room containing one easy-chair, and the attempt was a failure.

"Thanks; it's hardly worth while my sitting down," Marian said, with ill-concealed rudeness; "we are so far from home that we must start soon."

"Don't you dislike having nothing but a blank wall to look at when you're writing, Mrs. Talbot?" Ellen Bowden asked, patronizingly.

"I don't think the view of the blank wall the loveliest in the world," Blanche said, good temperedly, "but when I am writing I have no time to look up."

"You haven't much time for any thing but writing, have you?" Mrs. Sutton asked, turning her head round over her shoulder to look at Blanche, with an air of constraining herself to take an interest in her hostess that was scarcely concealed.

"No; very little time for any thing but writing."

"Rather a bad thing for a married woman," Mrs. Sutton said, considerately; "if you can't look after things yourself, with Lionel's means, you will soon find yourself in an awkward position."

"I hope not," replied Blanche; "I hope not, for his sake much more than my own;" and she did not add that she was wearing out her youth and strength in trying to add to his means, as it was her pleasure and duty to do.

"Well," Marian said, "I have pointed out one element of success that is lacking in your books; if you take my advice you would be read by people who would not have your novels in their houses now. I often recommend your works—but it's no use."

Blanche bowed her head slightly in acknowledgment of the—insolence, for it was nothing loss. How dared this woman come to her house and insult her in this way? It had indeed come to a strange pass when Blanche had to stand by and listen to Mrs. Mark Sutton's statement of how she had recommended Blanche's books, and heard them rejected, in silence.

Things were a little better when they all went back to the alcove that was her drawing-room; for by that time the men had warmed toward each other—and there was only about a quarter of an hour longer of each other's society to be endured. Then at length Edgar spoke to her.

"I have been fortunate since I saw you, Blanche," he said; "my dream of regaining all that I have lost is over; but I do look forward to being regarded as something better than the black sheep of the family again."

"I am very glad to hear you have been fortunate again—I won't call it being 'fortunate' only—to hear you have been better rewarded for your exertions."

"Can you guess what has been the first extravagance I have indulged in since my return of luck?"

She shook her head, and he turned round and took up a group of the rarest flowers which had been sent to her.

"I am glad you liked them," he said. "I shall come again, Blanche. I am working now to add to the happiness of others. I can face Lionel and you better than before."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### TRIXY'S SECRET.

THE description of one bridal has already been given in these pages; it would be scarcely fair to inflict another upon the reader. It is enough to say that Frank Bathurst and Beatrix were married—married under very different circumstances to those which attended the ceremony that made Lionel and Blanche man and wife; married, in spite of all Trixy's doubts and fears as to his love for her not being as powerful, perfect, and pure as hers was for him; married, and so, according to the ordinary routine of fiction, done for.

Their tour was a triumphant progress: a very different sort of affair to that quiet one which inaugurated wedded life for Mr. and Mrs. Lionel. Mr. Bathurst bore his wife to Rome, when she was made happy by the sight of the studio he had worked in with Lionel; when that close friendship with her brother had been formed which had ended in this—this happiness which she still regarded tremblingly, in terrible fear that something would come to mar it.

They were home again, back at beautiful, quiet Haldon, before that fear was realized. It was late in April, and in May they were going up to town for the season. The little cloud came from an unexpected quarter, from Mrs. Mark Sutton.

They were such early risers, and the post-office was so far from them, that they had generally finished breakfast and were walking about on the lawn between the house and the lake before the bag was brought in. At any rate they were doing so this day; and when Frank had taken out the contents of the bag they went down and sat under the tree under which Lionel and Blanche had lounged with them long ago, and sorted their several epistles, and began to read.

"A tolerable budget from Marian," Mr. Bathurst said, tossing a thick letter into his wife's lap; "she is sending you all the fashions, I should think."

"How dull she must be to send me such a long letter!" Beatrix said, laughing. Then she opened the envelope and began to read.

It was a long letter, a very long letter, and it need not be transcribed here in full. It commenced by Marian's telling Beatrix how grieved she was to pain any human being, much more "one whom she had always regarded as a sister." Mrs. Sutton was not above the vulgarity of dashing words on which she desired particular stress to be laid. Those that stand in inverted commas were triply underlined. Then she went on to say that Beatrix might have heard of old Mr. Talbot's will; she (Marian) would quote one sentence from it:

"To Marian Talbot, his eldest daughter, one thousand pounds and her mother's jewels."

The jewels were not worth much, excepting as articles of curiosity. They were too heavy in their barbaric massiveness to be agreeable to wear, but they were very curious. The bracelets, for instance, were some of them perfect little boxes. Marian had been amusing herself by looking them over and trying to find out secret springs in them lately, and she had succeeded, to her own sorrow (she begged Beatrix to remember always *very* much to her own sorrow), in lighting on such a secret as would be a spring of grief in the family.

Poor Trixy had read as far as this, when her husband finished his letters, and asked her "What on earth Marian could have found to spin such a yarn about?" "I don't know yet, Frank," she replied; "some 'secret' she says, but I have not come to it yet."

"I'll just stroll round to the stables," he said, rising up. "By the time I come back perhaps you will have come to it, dear." Then he walked away leisurely, and Trixy went on with her letter.

Presently her hands fell into her lap, and she threw her head up as if she wanted fresh air, and to face the worst. There was a hot flush on her brow and cheeks, and her eyes were flashing painfully. She had just read this paragraph—

"I am sure you will pity me for having been the one to find it, but my conscience will not allow me to conceal the truth from you now that I have discovered it. Whether I consent to conceal it from your husband will be a matter for after consideration. A paper that I found behind a spring in one of mamma's old bracelets proves that you are not my father's daughter. He knew it, and left you nothing, as you know. You had better write to me on the subject and say what you mean to do."

What she meant to do! It was hard indeed

to say what she meant to do—what there was left for her to do. Her first impulse was to tell this terrible thing to her husband, and leave him to direct her. Her next was to conceal it from him. Frank thought so very much of pure descent, and no one would be wronged by the concealment of the fact that she was basely born. Basely born! the mere utterance of the phrase to herself nearly crushed her to the earth! She could not tell Frank. She would write at once to Marian, and beg her, for the sake of all good womanly feeling, to keep this secret which could harm no one, and which, if made known to her (Trixy's) husband, might estrange him from her. That was the rock on which she split: her horrible dread that any thing might occur to estrange the man she worshiped from her. The feeling, good in itself, became of undue weight, and swayed her out of the right honest course.

She got up at last, pale enough now, pale and very miserable. A thousand doubts assailed her. She had been married as "Beatrix Talbot;" her marriage even might be invalid, since she had no right to the name. What if Frank should repudiate her for it! Men who had loved their wives far more passionately than her passionately-loved Frank had separated themselves from those wives for pride's sake, or ambition, or revenge. Frank was very proud. He might feel about his children, should she be blessed with any, that the mother had come across and marred the breed. There was only one thing for her to do, and that was to throw herself upon Marian's mercy.

She shuddered as she thought this, for she knew what Marian's tender mercies were likely to be were they very much needed. Still Marian could gain nothing by giving the secret forth, and she might gain something by keeping it. Then her spirit revolted at the notion of bribing any one, and she nearly decided upon taking the only safe path and telling her husband the sad truth, concerning which she was only unfortunate, not blamable. But again the dread of losing the smallest particle of his esteem and love, or of his pride in her, set in, and she felt that she dared not tell him.

How coldly Nature mocks such a social misery as this on a fair spring day in a beautiful country! The trees decked out in their earliest, loveliest green; the lake, whose silvery shimmer was only broken by the slow, majestic progress of the swans across it; the white cloud-flecked blue sky, the cooing wood-pigeon in the distance—none of these things were less fair or sweet to her because she was basely-born. Yet, in the eyes of her kind, she would be a different being should the truth get known.

But it should not get known. She quickened her steps almost to a run as she thought this. She would write her letter to Marian at once, get it off her mind, and then try to occupy herself with something that should take her thoughts off the subject till luncheon, when she could meet Frank with an unruffled brow, with her plumage in such order as he loved to see; in fact, when she should be so perfectly gay and bright that he should forget to question her about that luckless letter of the morning.

She wondered if this thing would ever be other than a gnawing pain to her—if she should ever forget it, or come to think lightly of it, or cease to tremble when the possibility of its being made public occurred to her. Her mother had been very cruel to leave this heritage of woe to her child, this lasting shame, this wound for which there was no balm!—very cruel to work such a change in any woman by her evil deeds, as Trixy saw with surprise was wrought in herself as she came into her room and faced herself in the glass. She was looking so pale and haggard that she began to dread the look that would come upon her husband's face when he saw her. The tears would fill her eyes and break from them, and tears always left their mark upon her for hours.

Her hand was shaking and her heart was swelling when she sat down to write to Marian. She made her appeal very briefly, very strongly, very earnestly. Since no one could lose by the terrible truth being withheld, and she might lose fearfully by its being given out, she implored that it might be withheld. And as she wrote she grew easier in mind, for she deemed that such an appeal from woman to woman must tell.

The letter was soon written, and then she arranged her hair freshly, and reorganized some of those delicate details of dress which give a new look to a woman. Then she took up some work and went down to the library, where she generally sat with her husband before luncheon, and found him turning over the papers, and rather disgusted with her for having staid away from him so long.

"What have you been about, child?" he asked, as she came in. "I went back to look for you by the lake, to hear the contents of that wonderful letter, and you had fled."

"And what did you do then?" she said; "sat down and smoked, I believe."

"Well, I did smoke, and thought what a bore it was that my wife was not there to read the papers to me: what have you been about?"

"This." She held up her hands, in which she held an ivory shuttle and a gold pin, and some fine cotton, to indicate that she was "tatting."

"What nonsense! what's the good of it?" he said, contemptuously.

"It trims things," she said.

"I have had a letter from Lal to-day," Frank then said; "he is very hopeful about his picture; it's accepted, and well hung, and Blanche has induced him to put a swinging long price on it."

"That's silly of her; she should have been contented with a moderate price."

"I advised her to advise Lal to do it."

"Still I think it silly," Trixy repeated; "it is so essential to their well-being that his pictures should sell at some price, that I think it silly to be exorbitant; his picture will be unsold at the end of the season."

"I tell you I advised her to urge him to do it," Frank said, quickly; "I shall take care that it does not remain unsold at the end of the season, for if no one else buys it I will."

"It's a pity you can't publish her books too," Trixy said, quietly; "what sums she would receive, and how many editions you would force them into, and what a success she would secure in the columns of the daily press!"

"She will have a better success than any one can make for her. Poor Blanche! I should like to see her on the top of the tree. Do you remember how Mrs. Sutton tried to crush her when we all dined there before we were married, by being fine and mighty? By-the-way, what does Marian say to you to-day?"

"Oh, Marian's letter would not interest you," Trixy replied, feeling dolefully the while what an agonizingly painful interest this letter would have for him.

"I beg your pardon; they do interest me intensely; they are perfect studies of conceit and selfishness. I look upon myself as defrauded of a very innocent amusement when you won't let me read M[ar]ian's letters."

"Now, Frank, if you say that, how can you expect I shall let you see my sister's letters?"

"My darling child! I always forget that you are sisters; and now I think about it, it's hard to realize that the same blood flows in your veins; I offer no slight to you in laughing at Marian; besides, why should you make yourself responsible for other people's sins?"

"Why, indeed?" Trixy sighed, trying hard as she spoke to seem very much absorbed in her tatting. Every one of the kindly sentences he had spoken had gone straight to her heart, cutting and lacerating it with the keen consciousness of the deception she was practicing upon him. She almost made up her mind to tell him at once; but she hesitated; and then the luncheon-bell rang, and the opportunity was lost.

When luncheon was over, she could not bear to mar the soft, smiling, quiet beauty of that spring afternoon, by referring to a disagreeable topic; so she tried hard to put the thought of that letter away from her own mind even, and to thoroughly enjoy the glorious present, when Frank said to her:

"Shall we go for a ride, Trixy? there are two or three picturesque, little, sequestered villages about here that I should like to show you; they are as lovely as any thing I have seen in Switzerland; will you come?"

"I shall enjoy a ride; yes, Frank."

"It will do you good, too; you're looking pale."

"I'm always pale," she said, quickly.

"But you're awfully pale to-day; get ready, dear, and we will start."

They were soon off; she on a horse whose canter was as the easy undulations of a rocking-chair, and Frank on a good strong roadster, who was highly accomplished in the matter of opening gates. For a time their course lay along the high-road, but at last they turned out of it on the brow of a hill, and rode down a steep narrow declivity, where the hedges rose so high above them that not even the fresh April air could be felt, and the stillness of the place was as the stillness of death.

"How completely out of the world! I can hardly imagine life and death going on here," Beatrix exclaimed, when they came at last to a village—or rather in sight of a couple of villages, for a narrow arm of a tidal river ran up and divided the two sets of houses, which bore respectively the names of Bosen and Cass. A rustic bridge crossed the water at its narrowest part; and on this they pulled up their horses, to take in what Frank declared to be the best view of the valley.

Quiet, intense quiet, that was its prevailing characteristic. The hills rose abruptly on either side of the valley, along the centre of which the river ran. For some little distance up the base of the hills, small houses crept and poised themselves in perilous places—or, at least, in places that seemed perilous when looked at from below. Round most of these cottages apple orchards, in full bloom now, were thickly clustered. Down quite in the hollow, a couple of houses, of rather more imposing aspect than the others, covered with pale pink monthly roses, and backed by stacks and farm buildings, gave out signs and sounds of agricultural occupation, in the lowing of cattle, the grunting of pigs, and the quick sharp cackle of geese and hens. Nearer to the bridge, boats turned keel upward, nets drying in the sun, and a few pilchard kegs and crab baskets, spoke of the chief trade of the quiet little place, that looked, as Beatrix said, "no more than a hole in the coast."

"It is out of the world," Frank said, after a pause. "I can hardly fancy social laws obtaining here, or social obligations being regarded; yet I can believe their lives are far more pure and moral than those led in more accessible places."

"Yes, I do believe a country life is that," Beatrix replied, absently. Then she roused herself, as some little children came out of a cottage near at hand, and added:

"Do look, Frank, what wonderfully pretty children! see that yellow-haired one, with those intensely blue eyes."

Frank stooped down and held out a penny toward the little one she indicated.

"Come here, little woman," he said, "the horse won't hurt you."

The child advanced with all the honest fearlessness of its age (it was only about three years old), took the penny, applied to it that invariable childish test, its tongue, and then made a sudden tumultuous tumbling little rush at the horse's leg, round which it clung confidingly.

"You pretty thing, take care!" Trixy cried. "Take it away," she added, looking round at a bigger child who had kept its distance contemplatively. But before she could be obeyed—before Frank could rescue it—all in one moment, as it seemed, the impatient horse struck out with its hoof, and the little child lay senseless and crushed on the ground.

As soon as she could conquer the sickening sensation which overwhelmed her for a moment or two, Beatrix sprang from her horse, and went up to take the child, that was already in her husband's arms. It felt limp and icily cold when she touched it, and she asked, in a faltering tone, "Is it dead?"

"No; I think not; but where can one get a doctor?—where's its mother? Some of you tell me where to take it!" he cried, as three or four of the idlers that apparently spring from nowhere in an instant, even in a deserted village, came round him.

In the broad accent of the county, which I can not do justice to in writing, he was directed to a little cottage close by; and there he wended his steps, his helpless little burden still quiet as one dead in his arms.

Beatrix followed him, quaking. Her great dread was the child's back was broken; it hung about as if it were boneless. What should they say to its mother? she thought. How should they ever make her understand how it happened, and how blameless Frank had been?

The cottage-door opened at their knock, and they went in on such a quiet scene. An elderly woman sat by the fire knitting; the hearth was trim and tidy; a few flowers in the window-sill let the light fall in flickeringly upon a table at which a young, hard-faced, handsome woman stood ironing. At one glance Beatrix recognized a likeness to the little injured child in this woman's face, bronzed as it was by exposure to the sun and wind. She had the same wonderful blue eyes, fringed on both lower and upper lid with black lashes. Her hair was auburn now, but yellow gleams through it proved that it had been golden as the child's. She was very handsome, very composed, until she saw what Frank carried; then she started, dropped her ironing-box, and came hurriedly to them.

"She has been knocked down by my horse," Frank said, gently; "she came and clasped its leg, and before I could save her, poor little darling, she was down."

"Thank you, Sir," the girl (she was scarcely more than a girl) said, taking her child from him.

"We are so grieved," Trixy said, softly. "You are its mother?"

"Yes, I am its mother," the girl said, blushing furiously. Then, while Trixy was marking that there was no wedding-ring on her finger, the elderly woman came up to them with a courtesy, and said, in a querulous tone:

"Yes, m'm, worse luck, for it's a chance child. Don't take on, Milly," she added, almost roughly, as the girl began to cry; "better for it to die than live, poor fatherless thing!" And the old woman looked for approbation of her sentiments toward the beautiful rich young lady who stood by.

For a moment Beatrix stood silent. Then, as the little child opened its eyes, and smiled and stretched itself, and they knew it had only been stunned, she went and knelt down by its mother's lap, and kissed its little white innocent brow, and nearly broke her heart with her strong fellow-feeling for it. What the old woman had coarsely called the baby, she (Beatrix) knew herself to be. Was the fact to be thrust before her perpetually?

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BIBLE class was asked to name the precious stones named in the Bible. After several scholars had given answers, one little fellow called out. "Well, Thomas, what precious stones have you found?" "Brimstone," was the reply.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE—A stable mind.

What stone should have been placed at the Garden of Eden after the expulsion? Adam ain't in (Adamantine).

### THE GOBBLER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Ah, hungry reader! gormandizer!
  How blest your lot, how foul is mine!
Pray realize it—realize, ah!
  Mine 'tis to *die* that you may *dine*.

When from the natal shell I bursted
  To fledgeling life and parent hen,
That precious life I little trusted
  Would be so soon *shelled out* again.

Amid the barn-yard's rare attractions,
  Strutting the feathered herd among,
I little dreamed such fowl eggs-actions
  On Christian holidays were wrung.

I never troubled the Hereafter:
  The present was sufficient bliss—
Alas! it is no cause for laughter
  To find our *necks' twirled* short in this.

Yet 'twas for this betimes I fattened,
  For this alone so fully fed:
That when a Christmas-day next happened
  My *veins* should not in *vain* be bled.

For this I proudly strutted, hobbled!
  I dreamt not of this bitter cup.
Long time I gobbled, gobbled, gobbled,
  But now at last I'm gobbled up.

Say, reader, am I justly treated?
  Should that which is of right my meet
Be freely out to strangers meted?
  Confess it now, I beg, entreat!

Regard my end with melancholy—
  Drawn and quartered, basted, sauced—
And when you sing the yule and holly
  Contemplate, too, the holocaust.

EX-PENSIVE.—What more natural than that sentimental young ladies, when they change their condition of single-blessedness, ceasing to be pensive, should be expensive!

NONSENSE!—A correspondent writes to ask whether it is probable that the "*funny* bone" is supplied with blood by the "vein of *humor*?"

A SEASONABLE INQUIRY.—Why should winter be called the dead time of year? Is not autumn rather the berry-ing season?

A few weeks since a man approached the rope to which is attached the balloon in which the people of Paris are making ascensions. He drew a knife, when the attendant asked him his intention. "My wife," he replied, "is up in the balloon, and I'd give a hundred francs for the privilege of cutting the rope." The offer was refused.

THE REAL CHAMPIONS OF THE RING—Mothers with daughters to marry.

Why is an author the most wonderful man in the world?—Because his tail comes out of his head.

Why is the letter D like a squalling child?—Because it makes ma mad.

A cynical old bachelor who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects, recently asked a female friend: "Well, Madam, what do *you* hold on this question of female suffrage?" To him the lady responded, calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

Josh Billings says: "I am violently opposed tew ardent speerits as a bevridge, but for manufacturin purposes I think a little of it tastes good."

A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of ear-rings and a collar upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

Lady Margaret Herbert asked somebody for a pretty pattern for a night-cap. "Well," said the person, "what signifies the pattern of a night-cap?" "Oh, child," said she, "you know *in case of fire!*"

A little four or five years old boy was seated at the table eating his dinner. A small cut of beef-steak was given him, and taking it up in his hands he resolutely endeavored to get a bite off the end of it. It being pretty tough—as beef-steak sometimes happens to be—he pulled and jerked and grunted at the task a little more than was consistent with modern ideas of polite dining. After a few earnest struggles all in vain, he turned to his mother with a look of mingled energy and despair, and said, through his vexation and tears, "Mamma, me's going to have a piece off this meat or pull my mout out!"

A little girl, happening to hear her mother speaking of going into half mourning, said: "Why are we going into half mourning, mamma; are any of our relations half dead?"

## A COUNTRY CHRISTMAS.

FOR sports, for pageantry and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays,
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintals, here thou hast
Thy May-poles too, with garlands graced;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revelings.

COWLEY.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SOFTLY the echoes come and go
Over the crackling frost and snow—
The echoes of the bells which ring
A welcome to the Saviour King!
While children's voices, low and mild,
Sing praises to the Heav'n-born child.
  Far and near, high and low,
  Softly the echoes come and go.

Softly beats the list'ning heart,
In all the music taking part;
And through the corridors of thought
Come breezy tones with mem'ry fraught—
The tones which in our youthful days,
Taught us to kneel in prayer and praise.
  Far and near, high and low,
  Softly the echoes come and go.

## CHRISTMAS-EVE AT HOME.

*Thank you.* I heard the cheerful noise,
  The joyous shout, and ringing laughter,
With which the "merrie, merrie boyes"
  Shook wall and floor, and roof and rafter.
I heard their carol as they sought
  A block made to their hearts' desiring;
Enjoyed the song with which they brought
  The old brand to the new log's firing.

*Thank you again.* I own 'tis cold;
  But, like the exemplary Horner,
Of whom our infant classics told,
  I'll eat my mince-pie in the corner.
While you observe the ancient way,
  And hug the earth I leave forever;
Let me be human while I may,
  And snatch the comfort of a shiver.

*Lonely?* Oh no! I share your glee,
  And Some One, cloaked, sits by me smiling,
Who, with a gladness sad to see,
  My heart is of its cares beguiling.
*Yes.* It is fitting that you should
  Go forth to give the orchard wassail;
*We* will remain—a liegeman good
  Must pay his homage as a vassal.

*Returned?* May apple, plum, and pear,
  By no rude, blustering tempest shaken,
Yield you ripe fruit, and luscious cheer,
  Months after my last leave is taken!
I shall not see or pip or rind,
  But trow the last will serve me better,
If it, by Some One thrown behind,
  Will only shape my name's first letter.

Then, fair and Christian friends, to-night
  Fly not into a prudish passion,
If I bespeak a Christian rite
  To be performed in Christian fashion.
Some One will pardon if I take
  Too kindly to the sacred pastime;
If I kiss all, 'tis for her sake,
  And 'tis, as well she knows, the last time.

THE BEAUTY WITH THE HOLLY—[SEE POEM, "A COUNTRY CHRISTMAS," PAGE 827.]

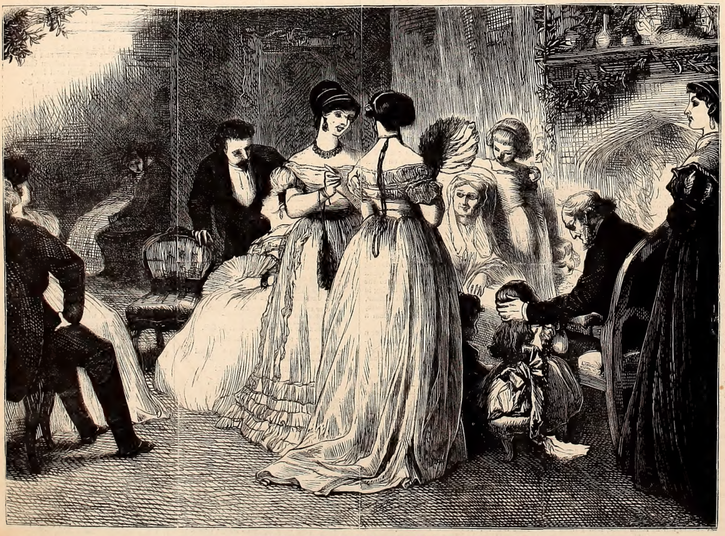
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.—[SEE POEM, PAGE 827.]

Good friends and dear, who stay at home,
Your loved and loving ones caressing,
Let us, before I Eastward roam,
Exchange a homely, hearty blessing.

Enjoy your wassail, Christmas mirth,
Your forfeits, and your feasts of reason
I, severed by near half the earth,
May but in dreams repeat this season.

And if, ere the next Christmas come,
Some One, a pattern of devotion,
Should find me in my distant home,
O'er half a world of land and ocean;

Think, as you muster side by side
Another year in just such weather,
We, though three thousand leagues divide,
In heart may still be all together!



CHRISTMAS-EVE AT HOME.—[SEE THE POEM.]

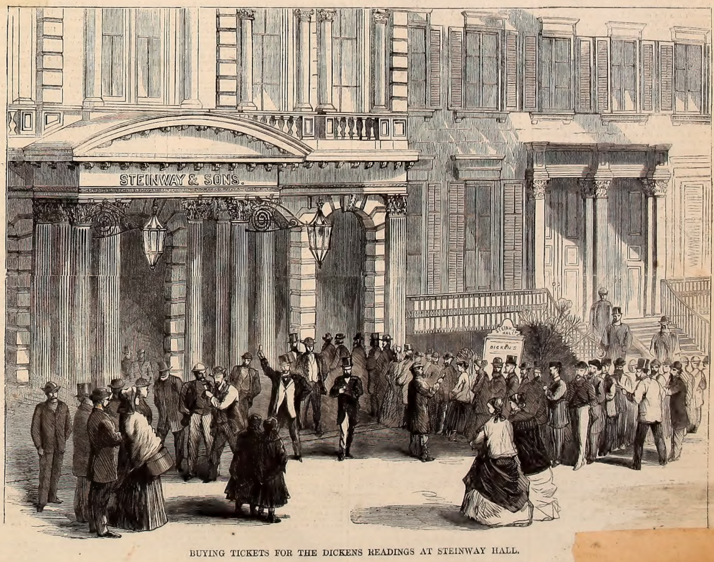
WRECKS IN THE HARBOR OF SAINT THOMAS, WEST INDIES, AFTER THE LATE HURRICANE.

## SALE OF THE DICKENS TICKETS.

THE excitement in Boston over the purchase of tickets to Mr. CHARLES DICKENS's readings was only excelled by that which was witnessed in this city. Our illustration shows the scene at Steinway Hall on December 11, when the sale of the second course tickets was begun. Although the sale was announced to begin at nine A.M., on December 11, the throng of purchasers began to assemble at ten o'clock on the night before, and at least 150 persons waited in the line or queue all night. When the sale began not less than five hundred persons, including two women, were in the line. So successful have been the readings of Mr. DICKENS in this city that the original course of four readings has been twice repeated. Our illustration gives the spirit of the exciting scene.

## THE ST. THOMAS WRECKS.

WE gave in a previous Number of the *Weekly* a view of the city and bay of St. Thomas, the chief town and principal harbor of our new possessions in the West Indies. We give on this page an engraving, from a sketch made by an officer of the English mail packet ship *Douro*, which shows the aspect of the city and harbor the day after the first of the late terrible hurricanes in that region. The artist who sends the sketch writes that "the harbor was strewn with wrecks, the light-house gone, and many houses roofless. A confused mass, near the middle of the harbor, built up of crushed hulls, broken spars, and loose cordage, was formed by the ship *British Empire;* alongside her was the steamer *Colombian*, now showing nothing but funnel, masts, and rigging above water; right underneath these two were a French bark and a brig. Nearer to the shore lay the Spanish war-steamer *Nunez de Velasco*, and a French mail steamer. These two alone out of the many vessels lying in the harbor lived through the hurricane, having cut away their masts, and trusted for safety to the strength of their cables, chains, and anchors. Against the floating dock was the American brigantine *Nellie Gay*—a pitiable object—every mast and spar either carried overboard or lying on her deck. The floating dock itself, just approaching completion, would in a few weeks have been available for docking and repairing; but, in common with every thing else belonging to this ill-fated town, it met with accidents, the *Nellie Gay* and the *Colombian* having been driven against it. As a consequence of this, one of its pontoons has sustained some damage which, though found by the divers to be of no great consequence, prevents the dock being made use of for some little time. Had it been preserved from injury its value at the present crisis would have been immense. Dotted over the harbor were masts showing a few feet above water, marking the spots where the various schooners and other craft had gone down; and on the beach all round lay other vessels, hurled by the force of wind and wave far upon the land, some positively in the streets of the town. A further survey showed more equally terrible casualties. Round the island, to the left of the town, looking from the sea, lay in one cluster five large steamers, including the *Derwent*, so crushed together that to distinguish masts and funnels proper to each was impossible. At a distance of a quarter of a mile lay one funnel thrown across and resting on the deck of a large ship, some feet of whose stern had been cut away sharp and square, showing her decks




BUYING TICKETS FOR THE DICKENS READINGS AT STEINWAY HALL.

in section. But cases like these repeated themselves on every hand in the terrible scene of destruction."

On landing and walking through the town our correspondent found the wharves and buildings adjacent entirely destroyed along the shore, and the streets almost blocked up with broken rafters, zinc roofs, heaps of bricks and rubbish, and fragments of household furniture from the many houses which had been overthrown. Even ponderous articles, such as an anchor, some cart-wheels, a piano-forte, and slabs of marble, had been carried by the wind to the distance of some yards. The walls were marked by the stones and bricks dashed against them as if bombarded with cannon, while the windows of every house were dashed in, though protected by iron-bound shutters. Of the trees in Coconnut Square and on the suburban hills a few bare trunks only were left. Dead bodies were still hourly cast ashore by the sea, and were immediately placed in coffins on the beach to be carried away for interment; by the afternoon of the 30th nearly 300 were thus buried.

The loss of the United States steamer *Monongahela*, which we have already announced, has been officially confirmed. She was lifted by the tidal wave which accompanied the hurricane over the warehouses in the town of Frederickstadt, St. Croix, and landed high and dry in the streets The steamer *De Soto*, announced as lost at the same time, was not badly injured, and arrived safely at Fortress Monroe on December 12.

## EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.

THE intelligence and judgment of the Imperial Commission in the matter of awards are clearly evinced in the following extract from *The Exposition Universelle Illustrated* ("publication authorized by the Imperial Commission").

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"To these gentlemen the gold medal was awarded as manufacturers of machines; to Mr. ELIAS HOWE a similar medal was awarded as propagator. The distinction made by the jury explains itself.

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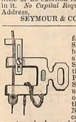

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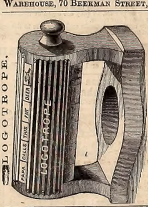

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